

A New Adventure Serial By Sidney Drew Starting To-day! (See Inside.)

Week Ending—
June 17th, 1922.

New
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No. 178.

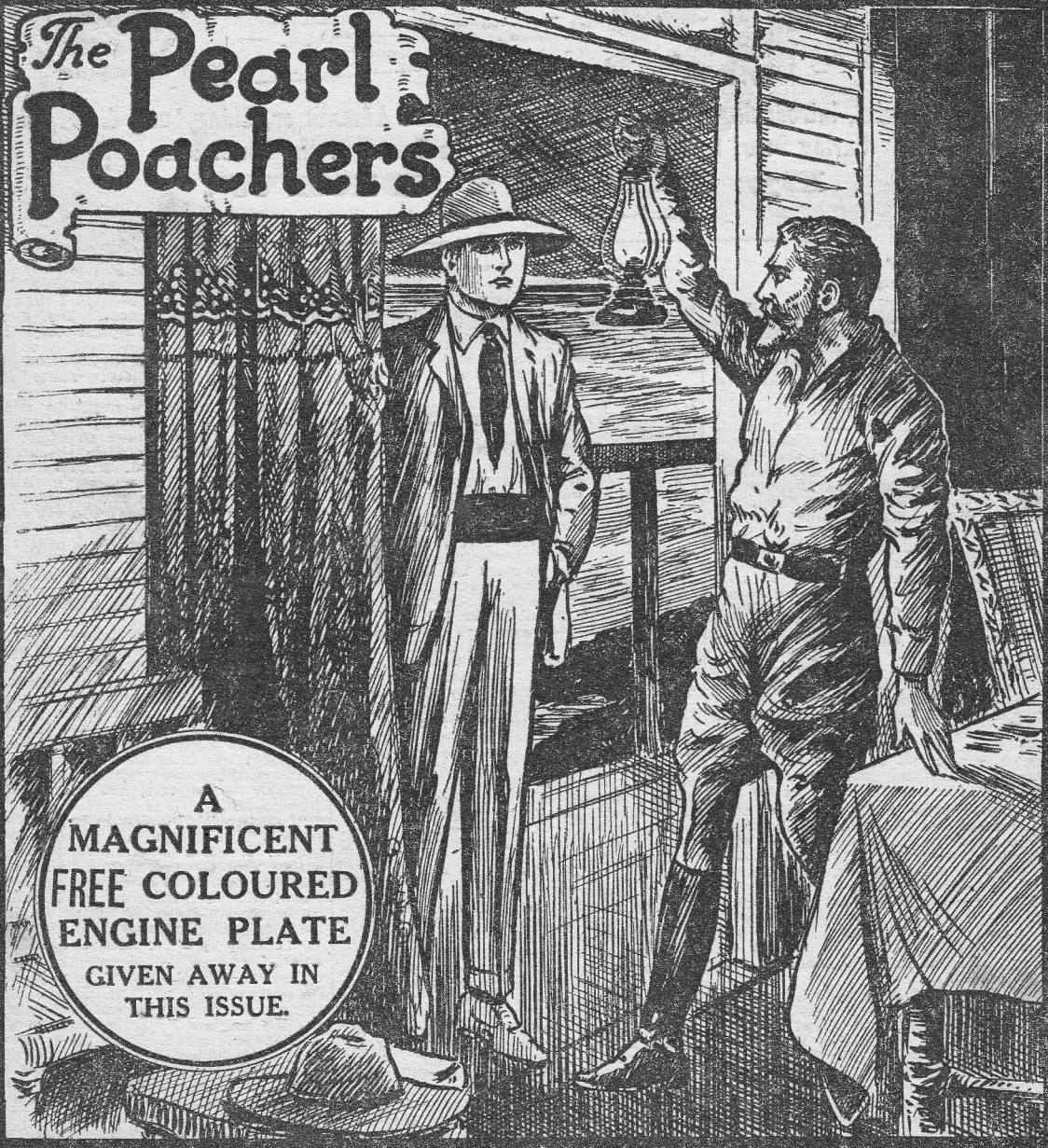
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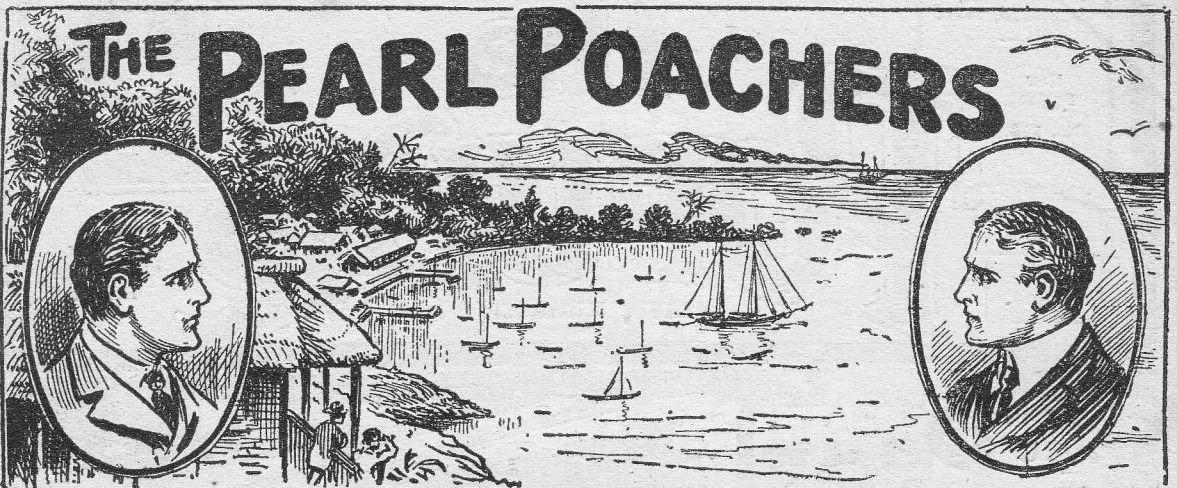
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MAGNIFICENT
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FERRERS LORD OR HIS AMAZING DOUBLE?

(A Dramatic Episode from the Magnificent New Adventure Serial in this issue.)

2 More Wonderful Coloured Engine Plates Coming! Look Out For Them!

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A WONDERFUL NEW SERIAL OF ADVENTURE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE SUNNY SOUTH SEAS.



A Grand New Serial, introducing Ferrers Lord, the Millionaire Adventurer, Ching Lung & Co., and the Daring Pearl Raider, Harper Blaise, the Terror of the South Seas.

By **SIDNEY DREW,**

(Author of "Gan Waga's Island.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Pearler and Raider.

BRUCE DONELAN walked heavily up and down the veranda of the bungalow he had taken possession of when Roland Marrison died. He had stepped immediately into the dead man's shoes as he had stepped into his bungalow. Donelan was big and round-shouldered. His shirt was unbuttoned at the neck showing a chest covered with tawny hair that matched the colour of his beard. His skin was deeply tanned, and his grey eyes were very bright and clear, the eyes of a man who has lived long under shining skies and in pure air. He shaded them with a brown hand, and stared out across a sea of perfect blue.

The stretch of beach between the bungalow and the sea quivered white in the hot sunshine. It was hard and smooth. Green jemmied the blue water. A spur of coral rock jutting outwards from the shore formed a natural shelter for the flotilla of boats that lay there at anchor. They were all sculling-craft except one, and that was the station motor-launch. It was a holiday, and that was why the boats were not away gathering pearl-shell along the reef. In the native village they were singing and dancing, and probably getting drunk on the vile stuff, half spirit half wine, the native women concocted. To Donelan these pearl gatherers were a lot of brute beasts. But the manager had an iron hand, and he always carried a loaded revolver at his hip.

The breeze came at last, earlier than usual, for the sun was still high and hot. A white sail appeared. Bruce Donelan went into the cool, shady bungalow. Ten minutes later the boat was at anchor, and Donelan's visitor came striding up the beach. Donelan took down the porous jar that hung from a beam of the veranda, and had been dripping steadily since he had filled it, and wrapped it in wet flannel. In spite of the burning heat the water it contained was almost ice-cold.

"Cherio, chum!" cried the visitor in a deep, musical voice. "A bit quick, aren't you? Are you giving them a rest?"

"The lazy hands are taking a holiday," said Donelan. "I don't know whether it's a funeral or a wedding, but they wouldn't work to-day. Help yourself to fire-water. Isn't that smoke out there? That's what I've been watching for since sunrise."

The visitor looked in the direction of Donelan's pointing hand. He was an unusually handsome man, with clear-cut features and dark hair. He was dressed in

white duck, and the suit was spotless, neatly pressed, and of excellent cut. His canvas shoes were pipe-clayed and as white as his panama hat. A crimson silk tie drawn through a gold ring set with diamonds, added a dandyish splash of colour.

"Smoke right enough," said the visitor. "Not the Wallaby for a fact, for she's fast on Sharkin Reef with three tugs from Sydney trying to pull her off. What is she then, Donelan? How do you come to be watching for her?"

"Because it's the sixteenth of the month," answered Bruce Donelan. "A letter came for Marrison after he'd pegged out, and I opened it. It was to say that the boss would visit the station about the sixteenth. He was going first to some island he owns somewhere in the Antarctic. I've never set eyes on him, you know. Marrison gave me the job, and told me to carry on. He used to rave about this fellow, Ferrers Lord. He'd been working on the island, and he told me they took gold out of it like dirt. Marrison had a bit of a weak chest and couldn't stand the climate, so the boss sent him here. And now I'm looking for trouble, Blaise!"

"Why for trouble? Marrison can't talk, and I guess you kept the copy of the letter you wrote and can stick to your yarn!"

"Yes, but I don't suppose Ferrers Lord ever got the letter," growled Donelan. "Ferrers Lord has been to his island for the gold he sweats out of it and he's expecting to pick up a big bunch of shell and a parcel of pearls from me. I've got to spin the yarn of that midnight attack on the bungalow and the robbery all over again. As things are getting a bit notorious, perhaps he'll swallow it."

The man who called himself Harper Blaise laughed, and took a sip of whisky and water. He was certainly making himself notorious. The Australian cruiser Wallaby, now wedged in Sharkin Reef, had been out searching for him. Pearl-stations all along the coast had been raided by a gang of masked and armed men, and the whole season's accumulation of pearl, and mother-of-pearl carried off. No one had seen the mysterious vessel from which these modern pirates landed, and to which they escaped, but the air was full of rumours.

"I've heard of this bloated millionaire," said Harper Blaise, lighting a cigarette. "If he doesn't believe your story after what has happened, he must be a highly suspicious sort of chap. Lucky thing I took a fancy to you, Donelan, or I'd have had the stuff without offering to go shares with you. After all, if he isn't satisfied he can only sack you. My game seems up. I wanted to

raid the Southern Cross station at Ongwalla, but they've got the wind up so much that it's like an armed camp. Perhaps I shall swoop down again next season. The Southern Cross would have been a great scoop, but it's too risky!"

The smudge of smoke on the blue horizon had darkened in colour. Blaise lighted another cigarette.

"Well, I suppose it's over," he said. "A sensible man would pack up and get away. Financially, I've not done so badly, rather better than I thought when the mad idea first came into my head. Realising will be a slow job, for pearls aren't so easy to get rid of. The shell isn't so much trouble, for I know a Japanese merchant who will take the lot and ask no questions. Perhaps I'm greedy, Donelan, but before I pack up, I'd like one last big scoop. The Southern Cross is a wash-out now they are on their guard. They carry gold, eh?"

He nodded towards the nearing patch of smoke.

"I got that from Roland Marrison," answered Bruce Donelan, as he poured out more whisky. "He told me Lord bought the island from the Portuguese Government for a song. He knew there was gold in it, I reckon, and the Portuguese didn't. Desolatia, I think he called the place, some frost-bitten island down amongst the icebergs. Anyhow, his yacht has been there to pick up the winnings. Makes your mouth water—eh?"

Harper Blaise rose, and picked up his panama hat.

"I don't think I'll stop to be introduced," he said. "You've been paid, Donelan, so we're square. It was a bit useful for me that the cruiser went aground, though I'd have given her three months to catch me. I'm not sure that I shall see you again, but I shall hang on for another week. If you should hear of anything profitable, or want me for anything, hang a lamp up in the veranda, and I'll come ashore."

They shook hands, and Blaise walked down the white beach to his little boat, and hoisted the sail. The warm wind was blowing briskly, and the surf was beginning to roll in with a dull, booming sound. From the evil-smelling village of palm-roofed huts came the notes of an old barrel-organ. Donelan shouted something over his shoulder, and a bony, yellow-eyed native with a shock of iron-grey hair came from the back of the bungalow, bringing a pail of water, soap, towel, and brushes.

Donelan washed. The coming of the owner of the pearl fishery was an abominable nuisance. Marrison had made the natives keep their village scrupulously clean. They

had been better looked after and better paid than any on the whole reef. It was their nature to be dirty and careless, and since Marrison's death Donelan had allowed them to go their own way. He tidied up the bungalow a little. The yacht was visible at last, gleaming white against the blue. Evidently her steersman knew the course, for she did not signal for a pilot. Ginger Sam came along, and he was fairly sober. As the yacht dropped anchor, Bruce Donelan started the engine of the launch, and put off to her.

"So that's what poor under-dogs like myself sweat and bake for!" he thought, as he looked at the beautiful vessel. "So that our boss can go cruising about like an emperor in a floating palace. All the pearls he'll get off the station this trip won't pay for the coal he's wasted."

He brought the launch alongside. A bearded man in a white uniform gave him a friendly nod, and pointed aft to where two men were sitting at a table under an awning. One of them turned as he approached, and a look of wonder sprang into Donelan's eyes. For an instant he fancied he was again face to face with Harper Blaise. His common-sense told him this could not be so. For Blaise had sailed his little boat in amongst the islands, and the yacht had come straight out of the blue sea. Then he saw that the man at the table was older, and that his dark hair was turning grey at the temples, but the resemblance between the two was startling. The thought came into his mind that they must be father and son, but the man at the table was not old enough for that. He stood up, broad-shouldered like Blaise, and it might have been Blaise speaking.

"Mr. Bruce Donelan, I think," he said, in a deep musical voice. "I am Ferrers Lord."

Donelan took off his old straw hat. On the reef every white man was supposed to be the equal of every white man, but his hat came off.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "that's right. I'm glad you heard, sir. I thought you might not have got my letter. When he was dying of fever poor Marrison told me to carry on till you could fix things. I did my best, but I couldn't help what happened. There's been nothing like it since the bushranging days. The only station on the reef that escaped is the Southern Cross, and they were lucky. I'm not to blame for it, sir!"

"You may rest assured that I am not blaming you, Mr. Donelan," said Ferrers Lord. "This is my friend, Mr. Rupert Thurston. I am extremely sorry about poor Marrison, for he was a good fellow. Sit down, Mr. Donelan, please! We are having a humble cup of tea, but as tea is almost the national beverage with you, no doubt you would like a glass of wine for a change."

A steward brought champagne. Donelan had not tasted champagne for many a long day, and at the sight of the gold-topped bottle his eyes sparkled.

"Now, Mr. Donelan, I would like to hear about what has happened," said Ferrers Lord, "for I don't quite understand you."

"But you got my letter, sir?"

"I did not get your letter, but I got the gist of it wirelessly to me by my agents," said Ferrers Lord. "I knew that Marrison was dead, and that you were in charge."

Bruce Donelan stared.

"Then you've not heard about these raids, sir? But, of course, you were at sea. I sent a full account to your agents, and—"

"I am waiting to hear, Mr. Donelan," said Ferrers Lord quietly.

The man had a good memory. He remembered exactly what he had put in the letter. He told the story of how he had been awakened at midnight, to find half a dozen masked and armed men in the bungalow. With a pistol at his head, he had been compelled to open the safe and give up the pearls. The raiders had also carried off the pick of the shell, discarding the second-grade stuff. Then they had gagged him and tied him firmly to one of the posts of the balcony, where old Jimmy had discovered him next morning. Similar raids had taken place at pearl-stations all along the reef, the Southern Cross alone escaping. The Southern Cross Company employed a good many whites who would have made a stern fight for it, and no doubt, on this account, the armed robbers had refrained from attacking the richest and most productive station on the reef.

"An extraordinary state of affairs," said Rupert Thurston. "And what has been done?"

"Nothing much," answered Bruce Donelan. "They sent up the Wallaby, and a lot of police are coming. In a big fog the Wallaby hit the submerged end of Sharkfin Reef, and there she's stuck. All we can make out of it is that the blackguards have a very fast craft, and lurk about amongst the islands. The only thing to round them up—for those channels are a regular Chinese puzzle—would be a fleet of armed petrol-launches, and they might miss. And I reckon it's too late now. They've skinned the lamb, and the mischief's done. Barring Southern Cross, they've about wiped the reef clean, gentlemen!"

"Curious," said Ferrers Lord, looking at Donelan with lazy eyes—"very curious!"

He did not invite Bruce Donelan to dinner. The sun sank in a crimson furnace, and the white surges boomed along the reef like an incessant cannonade. In the deepening gloom Ferrers Lord and Rupert Thurston paced the yacht's deck together.

"If such incredible things hadn't happened since the war, I'd have taken this yarn of the pearl-raiders as sheer bluff, Chief," said Rupert Thurston. "It can't be spoof, of course, for if this fellow Donelan had wished to rob you, he could have seized the goods and cleared out long ago. It may be just a foolish prejudice, but I didn't cotton to the man. I wonder if you have lost very much?"

"It's hard to say," answered the millionaire. "Marrison was a very clever judge of the market price of a pearl, and no doubt he kept his books until the time he was taken ill. The fishery has its fat years and its lean ones. There is a good deal of poaching, and the pearl-ers themselves are arrant thieves. I have had serious losses on a season, and some substantial profits. It is rather an amusing gamble for a rich man, and very profitable if he is lucky."

Just before midnight Thurston came up to finish a last cigar on deck. A velvet darkness shrouded the land, and the tireless surf kept up its ceaseless booming. Only one

solitary light gleamed from the shore. It shone from the veranda of Bruce Donelan's bungalow.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
The Plotters!

BRUCE DONELAN sat alone in the dark bungalow and pondered. Now and again the glow of his pipe dimly lighted up his bearded face. He was confident of one thing, and that was that he had lost his job. The spotless cleanliness and orderliness of the yacht and the dapper smartness of her crew had told him that. He had often thought Marrison a fool for the trouble he took with the natives and his regular inspection of the village. Since Marrison's death he had let the natives go their own way, and sink back into their lazy, dirty habits. This sort of thing, he knew, would not do for Ferrers Lord. When the millionaire came ashore to inspect the village, and saw the insanitary condition it was in, and the danger of some epidemic, such as typhoid, that would kill off the inhabitants like flies in a frost, Donelan felt sure that he would receive his marching-orders.

Thomas Prout, who navigated the yacht, had shown him over the vessel. She had sailed from ice-bound seas into the sunshine and blue waters of the reef, and Donelan had visions of iron-bound chests lying in her strong-room filled with ingots of yellow metal. The dominating thought in his mind was the amazing resemblance between Ferrers Lord and the mysterious adventurer, Harper Blaise.

Donelan had often heard it said that somewhere on earth every man has his double. He could scarcely believe that such a striking likeness between the two men could be purely accidental. It seemed to him that there must be some blood relationship between the reckless pearl-raider and the millionaire. And Harper Blaise was longing for a last scoop—one last big adventure—before the reef became too hot to hold him. "Great thunder!" exclaimed Donelan, in the darkness. "If he's only got the nerve, for he's got everything else!"



THE CRIME!—The sham Ferrers Lord and Donelan lifted their glasses and clicked them together. As they did so old Jimmy, the black, crawled in. Raising himself on his bony arm, Jimmy gazed at them, his yellow eyes round with terror and his toothless mouth wide open, and then shuffled away as noiselessly as a snake. (See Chapter 3.)

He felt for his matchbox, and struck a match. Two minutes later a lighted lamp was hanging from one of the rafters of the balcony. Though the stars were shining, Donelan could scarcely make out the yacht, but he could see her lights and their reflection on the water. The warm, humid breeze was blowing. It was filled with fragrant tropical scents; but there was an unpleasant odour mingled with them that had become as familiar to Donelan as the eternal booming of the surf—the odour from a rotting dump of oyster-shell some miles away up the beach. Loneliness had taught Donelan patience. He drank a good deal of whisky and smoked many pipes as he listened for the sound of oars or the slatting of a sail. Two hours passed, and, fancying that the signal had not been seen, he was thinking of turning in, when a shadowy figure loomed up against the grey whiteness of the coral-beach, and Harper Blaise appeared.

Donelan took down the lamp, and as the two passed into the inner room he dropped the mat curtains, shutting out the night. Holding the lamp so that the light fell full on Blaise, he looked the raider up and down with his keen, searching eyes.

"Seems to me you'll know me again when we meet," said Blaise lazily. "Is this a new stunt? Are they offering a big reward for me, dead or alive?"

"Great thunder!" said Donelan, more to himself than to his visitor. "You're it! You're it, only you're about ten years too young. Not that he isn't as straight as you and as nimble and as strong. A bit of grey in your hair over the temples, and you're his walking image. It's wonderful!"

"Perhaps, when you've done mumbing to yourself, and glaring at me, you'll tell me what it's all about!" said Blaise.

"And the voice, too," said Donelan. "Man, it's uncanny! On the reef, it's not manners to pry into a chap's private affairs, but don't you know anything about this Ferrers Lord, Blaise? Aren't you related to him in some way?"

"No such luck. There were no bloated millionaires in my family, sad to say. We were poor, but proud, Donelan, and a lot poorer than prouder."

"And yet you're his double," said Donelan. "When I went aboard and met him I thought it was you. And, by thunder, it was you, only a bit older. You'd pass for him anywhere. He's a bit greyer, that's all—just a touch of it. I'll bet you're the same height to the eighth of an inch, and the same weight to a pound. When I realised Ferrers Lord wasn't Harper Blaise I thought you must be his son, who had gone to the bad and been fared out. That wouldn't do, either. It's a puzzle to guess his age, but he's not old enough to have a son of your years. And you're for it!"

"This is quite interesting!" said the handsome raider lazily. "Our bloated millionaire must be quite good-looking. But how am I for it?"

"If you've got the pluck and grit, I'll put you on the biggest thing you ever did in your life, and leave it to your honour to give me a fair whack of the plunder when it's over. If you can trust your mates, and hide your vessel for a month or two, you and me ought to be able to retire into private life with bulging pockets, and be good and respectable ever after. See?"

"That has always been my laudable ambition," said the raider, with a laugh. "I've made many attempts, Donelan, but the loot has never been big enough. I had to lay out a lot of money over this stunt. It has panned out fairly well; but when men run big risks they want big pay. And my tastes are extravagant. If I get away safely, I shall be dead broke again in a couple of years."

"There's gold on the yacht there."
"That may be; but I'm not hero enough to attack her," said Blaise. "Safety first, is my motto. I'm not really a fighting-man, and she's too tough."

"But if you could loot her and sink her without risk, I guess you wouldn't be so scrupulous about it," said Bruce Donelan. "Now, listen to me."

"Go ahead," said Blaise. "I'm a gambler, Donelan, but I don't gamble for halfpence. And for big risks it must be a big stake. Then I'm a plunger."

"It is a big stake," said Donelan slowly, "and, putting it in just plain words, you might think you hadn't a dog's chance of pulling it off. Don't turn it down on that

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account, for, if you're the man I take you to be, you'll change your mind. You were born for the part, and I'm jolly sure you can play it right through. And I'll help. Ferrers Lord will shunt me out, but I'll know a lot of things before then, so listen."

They talked in low tones for nearly an hour. Both had drunk heavily, but the spirit had no perceptible effect on either of them.

"You have a very seductive way of asking me to commit suicide," said Blaise, smiling. "It is a charming idea, but too much of a one-man show. At any rate, you may use the gimlet. I shall be watching. When you have arranged things, show the lamp in good time." He opened his cigarette-case, and lighted the last cigarette it contained over the chimney of the lamp. "You might do me a favour. Cadge some cigarettes from your friends, for my stock is running low. Good-night, Donelan! You have astonished me, for I never dreamed that you possessed so much intellect."

He laughed a deep, musical laugh as he went down the beach. The waves were breaking like liquid silver outside the spur of coral reef, but inside the spur, where the boats lay, the water was perfectly calm. Donelan stroked his beard as he watched the gleam of the moving sail.

"Where does he come from?" he muttered. "What has he been? What has he done to be here on the crook? He's got the pluck of a tiger, the nerve of a surgeon, and the soul of— By thunder, I don't suppose he has any soul at all. Funny, with his good looks and the chances he must have had, he couldn't go straight. But will he bite? What a scoop! By thunder, what a scoop!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Crime.

IN the morning Donelan went out to the yacht, taking Marrison's books and his own accounts with him. It was too early for an interview with the millionaire. Prout welcomed him in a breezy sailor fashion, and asked him to breakfast. He was introduced to Mr. Benjamin Maddock, the bo'sun and to several of the more important members of the crew. Donelan was there for information, and he used his eyes and ears. He had been aboard a couple of hours, learning all he could, when a steward brought him a message.

"Mr. Ferrers Lord will take supper with you to-night," said the steward. "He will come ashore between eight and nine, and will you please give me the accounts?"

"Great Scott! I can't entertain Mr. Lord!" cried Donelan. "I haven't anything fit to put before him, not even a clean tablecloth or an uncracked glass."

"That need not trouble you, for it will all be attended to," said the steward, taking the books. "Mr. Ferrers Lord will not need you until then."

It was nearly noon and baking hot before the last of the boats put off to the peering-grounds. Donelan remained in the bungalow. A petrol-launch put off from the Lord of the Deep, and Rupert Thurston and Ferrers Lord landed, Thurston clad in white duck, and the millionaire wearing a suit of blue serge and a yachting cap with a white cover. The two made for the native village, Ferrers Lord carrying a slender cane with a gold top. After a time they came back, walking slowly. From his chair on the veranda Donelan could guess what they were talking about, and he guessed correctly.

"I was right, Chief, if only for once in a way," said Rupert Thurston. "The man is no good at all, or he would not have left the place become so disgusting."

"No good in the world," said Ferrers Lord. "It is detestable. Marrison was just the opposite. We must burn that hole down and build a new village on another site. I shall discharge Donelan to-night. I suppose the fellow turned up on the reef dead-broke, as they say, and down on his luck, and Marrison took pity on him. There's plenty of timber out at the back there for the cutting, and it will give the men something to do."

"Then you intend to remain for some-time, Chief?"

"Till Ching Lung arrives. I expect him in a few days. Perhaps I forgot to mention that to you?"

"It's another of your surprises," said Thurston, "and a very pleasant one. I knew Ching Lung was having his yacht refitted, and that you had lent him Harold Honour to test the new engines and machinery, but I had no idea that we were going to meet him. Your surprises are usually very happy ones."

"The prince is not coming for nothing," said the millionaire, with a smile. "I have his share of the gold to hand over to him under the arrangement we made with the real owner of the island, to whom gold is no use at all. I think, if Gan Waga had his way, every ounce would have gone to Ching Lung."

Thurston laughed. The desolate island in the Antarctic seas had been looked upon as a worthless, barren rock. As a matter of fact, and as a joke, the millionaire had offered to sell it to any of his friends for a thousand pounds, provided the buyer presented the purchase money to a hospital in which Rupert Thurston was interested. It ended in Thurston and Harold Honour, Ferrers Lord's engineer, pooling two hundred and fifty pounds each, while Prince Ching Lung added another five hundred pounds, being one share for himself and one for Gan Waga, the Eskimo.

The spin of a put-and-take top was to decide the ownership of the island, and, amid laughter, the Eskimo won, and became sole owner of the despised island.

But Gan Waga's island had turned out to be a gold-mine, and money was as useless to the Eskimo as a pair of stilts to an ostrich. All Gan Waga needed on this earth was something to eat and drink and smoke, a pair of old pyjamas to wear, and plenty of water to swim in. If he had known the value of money or how to spend it, Ferrers

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Lord, Thurston, and Ching Lung would have held the lucky spin of the put-and-take top as sacred and binding as a legal document stamped, signed, and sealed, and every farthing of profit would have been paid over to Gan Waga.

When the tropical night shut down black and soft as velvet, a lighted lamp was hanging in the veranda of the bungalow. Ferrers Lord's servants had come and gone. On a spotless tablecloth a cold supper was laid for two. There was gleaming glass and polished silver. A silver electrolier, with eight shaded lamps, shone down, and an electric fan, spinning noiselessly, caused a cool, refreshing draught. Donelan looked at these wonders with frowning eyes.

"And this is what we sweat for!" he growled. "And the game's up, too, for to-night, that's certain, for he's sure to bring a servant with him."

The doors of the veranda creaked, and Harper Blaise confronted him. He pursed his lips as he saw the elegant table, the electric light, and the fan.

"Get out of sight, quick—where I showed you!" said Donelan hoarsely. "He may arrive at any minute. I've used the gimlet, but don't make a sound. I've sent Jimmie off, so we're all alone. There's no chance to-night. I only want you to watch and make up your mind."

"Oh, I'm in no desperate hurry," said

Blaise; "but a man who can make up his mind can often make chances, so be prepared."

Donelan lifted a rush mat, and Harper Blaise entered the bed-room. The partition that divided it from the living-room was only built of matchwood, and Blaise saw the light streaming in through the peephole Donelan had bored. And then Ferrers Lord came, and he came alone. The spy behind the partition drew in a deep breath. Except that the watcher was dressed in white and the visitor in blue, it might have been Blaise himself who had entered the bungalow. The millionaire placed his yachting-cap and gold-topped cane on a side-table.

"The launch is waiting, Mr. Donelan," he said, "so we must make a quick supper of it. Personally, I only need a sandwich and a glass of wine. As a sensible man, I don't think it will spoil your appetite if I tell you why I came alone. Unpleasant news—you understand, perhaps?"

"That I'm sacked? Oh, yes, I was quite expecting that, sir," said Donelan. "Excuse me one moment, sir. That lamp outside smells vilely."

The lamp on the veranda was only an excuse to make sure that they were alone. He turned it down, and dropped the mats that acted as curtains. Something, some instinct, had warned him that the tragic moment had come, and that Blaise would

act. As Donelan looked round he saw the white sleeve of Blaise's coat lift slowly. There was an object in the raider's hand that Donelan could not see distinctly. The shapely hand rose and fell swiftly, and Ferrers Lord, who was taking a cheque from his pocket-book, pitched forward without a groan and lay limp and still.

Five minutes later he was still lying there, stripped of coat and waistcoat, either dead or utterly unconscious. Beside him stood another Ferrers Lord, his absolute counterpart even to the little streaks of iron-grey in the hair at his temples. The sham Ferrers Lord and Bruce Donelan lifted their brimming glasses of champagne and clicked them together. As they did so, old Jimmy, the black, crawled in. Raising himself on his bony arms, old Jimmy gazed at them, his yellow eyes round with terror, and his toothless mouth wide open, and then shuffled away as noiselessly as a snake.

Presently Donelan and the impostor walked down to the writing launch, and the men sprang to attention.

"Good-night, Mr. Donelan!" said Ferrers Lord's deep voice. "Right away, Prout!"

"Good-night, sir!" said Bruce Donelan, and dashed back to the bungalow like a man in a desperate hurry.

(There will be another instalment of our wonderful new serial of adventure in next week's issue of THE POPULAR.)

CAN YOU READ THIS PUZZLE PICTURE ?

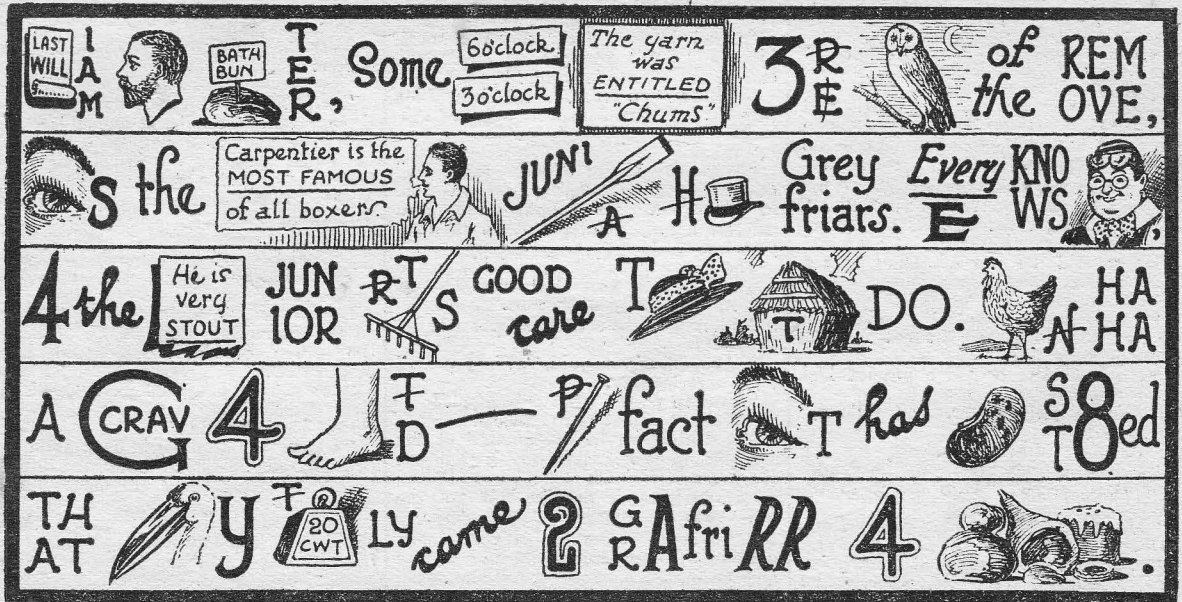
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6 More Wonderful Coloured Engine Plates Coming! Look Out For Them!

AN AMAZING STORY, TELLING HOW THE LUMBER SCHOOL IS INVADED BY A STRANGE BAND OF SUITORS CLAMOURING FOR MISS MEADOWS' HAND.



The Cedar Creek Suitors!

A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of

FRANK RICHARDS

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Astounding!

"HALLO, there's somebody with Beau!" said Frank Richards. "And it's a Chin!" remarked Bob Lawless.

Frank and Bob cantered up the trail from the Lawless ranch to the fork where they were accustomed to meet their chum, Vere Beauclerc, on the way to Cedar Creek School.

Beauclerc was waiting for them at the fork of the trail.

He was not alone this morning, as the two cousins rode up, and jumped down from their ponies.

A fat man in loose garments, with a yellow complexion and almond-shaped eyes and a pigtail, was standing in the trail, talking to him with many gestures.

The man was evidently a "Chin," one of the Chinese laundrymen who washed and mended for the citizens of Thompson Town.

He saluted the two schoolboys gracefully as they joined their chum.

"Goodee-mornee!" he said.

"Good-morning, John!" said Bob Lawless cheerfully. In the Far West all Chinamen are "Johns."

Vere Beauclerc turned a puzzled look on his comrades.

"This is jolly queer, you fellows," he remarked.

"What is?" asked Frank.

"I met Ching Ling on the trail," said Beauclerc. "He's going to the school."

"Me goee!" grinned Ching Ling. "Oh, yes. Some!"

"And he's told me what he's going for," continued Vere Beauclerc. "I think he must be a little potty."

"Chinee allee light," said Ching Ling. "Allee same Melican man."

"Well, what's he going to the school for, then?" asked Bob Lawless. "Laundry work, I suppose?"

"No. He's going to propose to Miss Meadows—he says so, at least."

THE POPULAR.—NO. 178.

"What!" yelled Frank Richards and Bob Lawless simultaneously.

The Chinaman nodded and grinned expansively.

Evidently Ching Ling, the laundryman of Thompson, did not see anything extraordinary in his journey to Cedar Creek School to propose to Miss Meadows, the Canadian schoolmistress.

"Allee light!" he said. "What you tinkee? Me poppee question. Some!"

"My only hat!" ejaculated Frank Richards. "Is he dotty?"

"You'll be fired out!" said Bob warningly. "Can't you see it's like your cheek, you blessed heathen?"

"Chinee good fellee," said Ching Ling warmly. "Miss Meadee wantee husband!"

"What!"

"Beautiful Missee Meadee sayee so," said Ching Ling. "Lots Melican man in Thompson goee poppee. Me first, catchee nice Canadian girlee. What you tinkee?"

The three schoolboys gazed blankly at Ching Ling. The laundryman of Thompson was evidently in earnest.

And it was clear that he was not intoxicated.

"Miss Meadows said so?" repeated Beauclerc blankly.

"Yes; in papee. Advertisement."

"What!" yelled Bob Lawless.

The Chinaman looked amazed at the surprise of the Cedar Creek fellows. He was a serious Chinaman, bound upon a serious errand, and he did not see any cause for surprise or merriment.

From some recess in his voluminous garments Ching Ling produced a greasy and crumpled copy of the "Thompson Press," the local paper in that section of the Thompson Valley.

"Miss Meadows has an advertisement in that paper," said Frank Richards, with a nod. "I took it to the office for her a couple of days ago. I understood that it was for a handy man, to take Black Sam's place while he's laid up."

"You lookee!" said Ching Ling.

He unfolded the paper and held it out, pointing to a paragraph at the top of the "Matrimonial Column."

That column was a new enterprise of Mr. Penrose, the pushing editor of the "Thompson Press."

It was full of matrimonial advertisements, some of them genuine, and some of them fictitious, the work of the jokers of Thompson.

The three schoolboys read the special paragraph to which Ching Ling pointed with a yellow finger.

They fairly gaped as they read it. For it ran:

"SCHOOLMISTRESS, age twenty-three, tall, considered good-looking, would be glad to hear from a bachelor of equal position, with a view to matrimony. Photographs exchanged.—MISS MEADOWS, Cedar Creek School, Thompson Valley."

"Great Scott!" gasped Bob Lawless. The schoolboys could scarcely believe their eyes.

It was there in plain print, but it was simply incredible that Miss Meadows, the grave schoolmistress, could have inserted such an advertisement.

"It's a spoof!" exclaimed Frank at last.

Bob Lawless nodded.

"I know the pilgrims in Thompson put in funny ads. in that column for a joke," he said. "Billy Cook did once. It's a rotten joke!"

"But Mr. Penrose knows Miss Meadows," said Beauclerc. "He would know it was spoof, and he wouldn't put it in."

"My hat! That's so, too."

It was an utter puzzle—to the three chums. But to Ching Ling it seemed quite comprehensible. He saw no reason why Miss Meadows should not look upon him as an eligible bachelor.

Frank Richards knitted his brows.

"That must be the advertisement I took to the newspaper office in

NEXT TUESDAY:

"A ROGUE FOUND OUT!"

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Thompson for Miss Meadows the other day," he said quietly. "I remember Mr. Penrose was astonished when he saw it, and I couldn't understand the reason then. You fellows remember I told you; it was on Tuesday, when you stayed at the school to help Mr. Slimmey split logs. That cad Gunten lassoed me on the trail, and tied me to a tree for an hour!"

"I remember," said Beauclerc. "This must be the advertisement you took, then. But—but—but what can be the meaning of it?"

"I can't understand." "Allee light," said Ching Ling. "Missee Meadee wantee nicee bachelee. Me goee and poppee. What you tinkee?"

The chums had nothing to say. The Chinese laundryman was quite within his rights in answering that extraordinary advertisement in person.

"Well, it beats me," said Bob Lawless. "All the same, I'd advise you to hop off home, Ching Ling."

"Me goee." The chums of Cedar Creek strode up on the trail towards the school, Frank and Bob leading their ponies. Vere Beauclerc walked with them; he had no horse. Ching Ling trotted along with them, smiling expansively.

The four of them arrived together at the gate of the school, Ching Ling fat and satisfied, Frank Richards & Co. puzzled and mystified.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Disappointment for Ching Ling.

IT was close on time for morning lessons, and most of the Cedar Creek fellows had arrived, and were in the school-ground. Some of them gathered round the Chin as he came smiling in.

"Hallo, who's your Oriental pard?" grinned Eben Hacke.

"It's the laundryman from Thompson," said Chunky Todgers. "There's your way, John!"

Ching Ling shook his head. "Me comee see Missee Meadee," he said.

Kern Gunten and Keller, the two Swiss schoolboys came forward. There was a peculiar expression upon Gunten's heavy, sallow face.

"You want to see Miss Meadows, John?" he asked.

"What you tinkee? Me comee poppee question!" said Ching Ling calmly.

Evidently Ching Ling was prepared to take the whole wide world into his confidence on that subject.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom Lawrence.

"You cheeky heathen!" shouted Chunky Todgers.

Gunten laughed. "Miss Meadows is in the porch," he said. "This way, Chin!"

"Tankee!"

"Shut up, Gunten!" growled Bob Lawless.

Gunten, unheeding, led the Chinaman to the schoolhouse porch, where Miss Meadows could be seen chatting with Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master. Ching Ling trotted contentedly after the Swiss.

He left the crowd of schoolboys in a buzz of astonishment. Most of them gathered round to look on.

Gunten was evidently pleased. The rogue of the lumber school had a bitter animosity towards Miss Meadows. Only a few days before, the schoolmistress had caught him in an act of rascality, and Gunten had been severely punished.

"I've a jolly good mind to punch that

foreign cad's head!" growled Frank Richards.

"Why don't you?" said Bob cheerily. "I'd have snatched him bald-headed if he'd roped me to a tree, as he did you the other day."

"He made me promise to let it drop before he untied me," said Frank. "I was taken by surprise, and lassoed."

"He tied you to a tree, and left you there," said Vere Beauclerc thoughtfully. "Yes, for an hour in the timber."

"You had Miss Meadows' letter to the 'Press' with you?"

"Yes; I was on my way to Thompson with it."

"Did Gunten touch the letter?" asked Beauclerc very quietly.

Frank Richards started. "Yes, Beau. He took it away from me, and pretended that he was going to deliver it himself, and leave me tied to the tree all night. He came back afterwards and let me loose, though."

"Had he tampered with the letter?"

"I—I think not. It looked just the same." Frank Richards drew a quick breath. "Beau, you don't think he could have—"

"I know that's a very extraordinary advertisement for Miss Meadows to have put in the paper," said Beauclerc. "If the letter was in Gunten's hands—"

"It was for a good hour—in his pocket, anyway."

"That may account for it."

"But it hadn't been opened, so far as I

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could see," said Frank, "or so far as Mr. Penrose could see, either."

"Gunten is a cunning beast!"

"But—but he wouldn't dare—"

"Hallo! Ching Ling's getting down to business," said Bob Lawless. "This is going to be funny!"

Half Cedar Creek was looking on, as Ching Ling entered the porch.

Miss Meadows gave him an inquiring look.

The Chinaman took off his broad hat, and bowed to the ground before the surprised schoolmistress.

"Beautiful missee!" he murmured.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Lovelee missee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the school-ground outside. Miss Meadows frowned.

"Is the man intoxicated?" she exclaimed in amazement.

"He must be, I should think," said Mr. Slimmey, blinking at Ching Ling over his gold-rimmed glasses. "Get away at once, my man!"

Ching Ling did not heed. He was there to propose to Miss Meadows, and he had his way of doing it. Certainly he was not to be stopped.

"Lovelee Missee Meadee, with eyes like blight staree!" he said. "Ching Ling lovee Miss Meadee. Lovelee missee makee Ching Ling velly happee if takee. Ching Ling goodee Chinee. Makee first-late husband!"

Miss Meadows almost tottered,

"The—the man must be mad!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"No maddie!" exclaimed Ching Ling anxiously. "Me lovee beautiful missee! Missee Meadee wantee husband. Ching Ling wantee wiffee. Is it a tlade? What you sayee?"

"Bless my soul!" was what Miss Meadows said.

"You sayee yes!" said Ching Ling. "What you tinkee? Chinee lich man—good laundry in Thompson, thlee Chinee workee for Ching Ling—seven hundred dollar in bankee. Nicee housee, allee samee Melican man. You sayee yesee, and Ching Ling goey to Mission and fetchee parson. What you tinkee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ching Ling had no objection to making his flattering proposal in public. Miss Meadows' face was crimson as she heard the howl from the school-ground.

"Ching Ling, go away at once!" she exclaimed. "How dare you speak to me like this! You must have been drinking!"

"No dlinkee," said Ching Ling eagerly. "Chinaman teetotallee. Nevel touchee tanglefoot. Little opium some'time; allee lightee. You marry with Ching Ling, lovelee missee, me velly happee."

"Will you go away?" exclaimed Miss Meadows angrily.

Ching Ling looked very disappointed. "No wantee Ching Ling?" he asked sorrowfully.

"Certainly not, you stupid man!"

"Ching Ling's heart velly heavee," said the Chinaman sadly. "Me goee smokee opium if Missee Meadee no takee."

"You are a ridiculous, silly man!" said Miss Meadows severely. "Go away at once!"

"Chinee solly."

And Ching Ling, with a downcast face, bowed to the ground again, and trotted away. Miss Meadows went into the house, crimson with vexation.

"Poor old John!" gasped Bob Lawless. "He's got it in the neck! Miss Meadows wasn't advertising for a Chinese husband, at any rate!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The rejected suitor disappeared, and the school bell began to ring.

Miss Meadows appeared a few minutes later to take her class. And that morning the usually kind and good-tempered schoolmistress was a little sharp.

The ridiculous scene in the porch troubled her, and she knew that the whole school was greatly tickled by Ching Ling's extraordinary proposal.

What could have induced the sedate Chinese laundryman to act in such a manner was a mystery to Miss Meadows, unless the man had been drinking.

Cedar Creek School settled down to work.

Fortunately, the morning finished without any further claimants for Miss Meadows' hand arriving at Cedar Creek. School was dismissed at last.

But as the Cedar Creek fellows streamed out of the log School House there was a sound of wild uproar at the gates.

"Hallo! There's a scrap on!" yelled Bob Lawless. "Come on!"

And there was a rush to the scene of the conflict.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Rivals!

"TAKE that, you galoot!"

"I guess I'll lay you out, you jay!"

"Yah!"

"G-r-r-r-r!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 178.

8 Introduce Your Chums to Our Splendid New Adventure Serial!

Frank Richards and the rest gathered round in utter astonishment.

Two powerfully-built fellows were locked in deadly conflict in the gateway of the school. Some of the fellows recognised them.

One was a big-limbed cattleman, who rejoiced in the name of Sam Huggins. The other was a tall man in store-clothes, who was bar-tender at Gunten's store in Thompson, and was called 'Frisco Bill.

Why they had chosen the school gateway as the scene of combat was a mystery. But the fight was in deadly earnest.

They were clutching and thumping one another at a terrific rate. Both noses were streaming crimson, one eye of each was closed, and they were gasping, panting, and threatening furiously.

"Hallo! What's the game?" shouted Bob Lawless.

"Go it, 'Frisco!"

"Lam him, Sammy!"

The Cedar Creek fellows gathered round in great excitement. Mr. Slimmey came hurrying down.

"My good fellows, you must not fight here!" he exclaimed. "Please desist at once!"

The combatants did not heed Mr. Slimmey.

That gentleman essayed to separate them.

It was an unfortunate attempt.

A powerful drive from 'Frisco Bill, intended for Sam Huggins' nose, landed upon Mr. Slimmey's chest instead.

The unfortunate young man went spinning away, and collapsed in a heap on the ground, gasping.

The fight in the gateway went on uninterrupted.

"Dear me!" gasped Mr. Slimmey, sitting up. "Bless my soul! Where are my glasses? Thank you, Richards!"

Mr. Slimmey did not interfere again. He realised that he was not quite equal to the task.

But Miss Meadows had observed the scene from her window now, and she came hurrying down to the gates with knitted brows. Miss Meadows was really having a most exciting morning.

"Stop this at once!" she exclaimed authoritatively.

The combat ceased as if by magic at the sound of Miss Meadows' voice.

Sam Huggins and 'Frisco Bill, exchanging mutual glares of defiance, separated, and stood panting for breath.

"How dare you fight at this school!" exclaimed Miss Meadows indignantly. "Where the boys and girls can see you! Are you not ashamed?"

"Skuse me, marm," said Sam Huggins, in a gasping voice. "I kim hyer as peaceful as any lamb, but that stab-sided, bottle-nosed galoot—"

"I guess I came hyer quiet and peaceful as the pastor at the mission, marm," said 'Frisco Bill. "Bot that sneaking, mouse-coloured mugwump—"

"Well, please go away!" said Miss Meadows.

"But I guess I'm hyer on business, marm."

"Same hyer, marm," chimed in 'Frisco Bill. "And the same business, too. And when I found that that lantern-jawed apology for a Digger Injun was hyer to cut me out, marm, naturally I socked it to him. Any gentleman would have, I guess."

"The cheeky, sassy, pink-eyed rabbit is hyer to cut me out!" roared Sam Huggins. "And I guess I ain't taking a back seat before any mouldy mugwump from 'Frisco—not Sam Huggins!"

"Look hyer, you goat—"

"Look hyer, you greaser—"

THE POPULAR.—No. 178.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"A ROGUE FOUND OUT!"

"Stop!" exclaimed Miss Meadows, as the combat was evidently about to recommence. "Stop at once!"

"What you says, marm, goes," said 'Frisco Bill. "But for your presence, marm, I'd lay him out as flat as the top of a cask!"

"If it wasn't for you lookin' on, marm, I'd tie him up in so many knots he'd never get hisself untangled!" said Mr. Huggins.

"Please—please be quiet!" exclaimed the distressed schoolmistress. "If you have any business here, please tell me what it is!"

"I'll tell you wot, marm," exclaimed Mr. Huggins, as if struck by a bright idea. "You see us hyer, marm, and you shall choose. That's a fair game."

"I guess I'm agreeable to that," said 'Frisco Bill promptly. "The school-marm has too much hoss-sense to choose a scraggy, bottle-nosed—"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Miss Meadows, her heart sinking.

"Marm, we happened along together," said 'Frisco Bill. "I was for knocking that mugwump out, but it's your funeral, you're to choose. Marm, I'm a bar-tender at Gunten's store, in Thompson, with enough dust saved to open a store of my own. I guess, marm, that if you take me I'll look arter you like I would arter a prize bull-pup."

"And hyer's me, marm," said Sam Huggins persuasively. "I'm foreman on Lawrence's ranch, with a nice little cabin, firewood full, and three acres of garden, with a Chinaman to look arter it. Marm, you wouldn't go for to throw yourself away on a blue-nosed bar-tender from 'Frisco."

There was an irrepressible chuckle from the Cedar Creek fellows. The epidemic of proposals was evidently spreading.

Miss Meadows' face was crimson. "Choose, marm!" said 'Frisco Bill.

"Say I'm the man, marm," urged Mr. Huggins.

"Will you both please go away?" exclaimed Miss Meadows, with asperity. "I never heard of anything so ridiculous. I suppose it is not your intention to insult me!"

"Insult you, marm!" exclaimed Sam Huggins, in astonishment. "Let me catch any galoot insulting you, marm, and I'll let daylight through him so's you'd think he was a colander, marm!"

"You're insulting the schoolmarm, you bandy-legged son of a coyote!" said 'Frisco Bill scornfully. "That's what the schoolmarm means. I'm the man, ain't I, marm?"

"Certainly not!"

"Oh gosh! Then who's the man?"

In spite of her vexation, Miss Meadows could hardly repress a smile.

"Neither!" she exclaimed. "I am not thinking of anything of the kind, and I wish you would both go away quietly."

"Burn my socks!" exclaimed Sam Huggins, in surprise. "But hearing as you wanted a husband, marm—"

"How dare you!" exclaimed Miss Meadows angrily.

"No offence, marm. But the galoots in Thompson—"

"Kindly say no more! I have asked you to go away!" said the schoolmistress tartly.

"Sure, marm! 'Frisco, old sport, we've been lambasting one another for nothing," said Mr. Huggins dejectedly. "Get a move on, pard! We ain't wanted here!"

And the two suitors plodded away on the trail to Thompson, probably to seek consolation at 'Frisco Bill's own bar.

Without a glance at the boys, Miss Meadows went hurriedly back to the house.

She was in a troubled and distressed state of mind.

This sudden eruption of proposals was utterly inexplicable to the schoolmistress.

Kern Gunten could have explained it, if he had chosen.

"Well, my hat!" said Frank Richards, after Miss Meadows was gone. "This is getting rather thick. I suppose there'll be more."

"You bet!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Miss Meadows is the greatest catch in this section. The boys won't let a chance like this slip!"

"Blessed if I see why she should cut up so rusty," said Chunky Todgers. "Gunten's got a copy of the 'Thompson Press,' and there's Miss Meadows' advertisement in the matrimonial column there. I've seen it!"

"So have I," said Lawrence. "It beats me. 'Tain't like Miss Meadows!"

"It is a trick!" said Beauclerc quietly.

"A trick?" exclaimed Gunten. "How could it be a trick?"

"I fancy I know," said Beauclerc contemptuously. And he turned away, leaving the Swiss shrugging his shoulders.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

More and More.

AFTER dinner, another visitor arrived at the lumber school. It was Poker Pete, the smooth-faced, well-dressed, silky-mannered "sport" of Thompson.

The schoolboys watched the card-sharper as he went into the school-house. They could guess why he had come.

He came out in about two minutes, with a dark and angry face.

Evidently, Poker Pete's suit had not prospered.

The "sport" cast an angry look at the grinning schoolboys, as he strode away to the gate. He jumped on his horse and rode away, followed by a general chuckle.

"Who'll be next?" grinned Bob.

Afternoon lessons came next.

During lessons, several visitors were heard to arrive, but Miss Meadows had given instructions to Sally, and they were sent bootless away.

Lessons passed off without interruption.

Miss Meadows' temper was not so sweet as usual that afternoon, as was not to be wondered at, under the circumstances.

She was puzzled, and mystified, and vexed.

Mr. Slimmey glanced at her very curiously once or twice, and coloured deeply when he caught her eye.

After lessons, when the school was dismissed, and Miss Meadows retired to her study, Mr. Slimmey followed her there, and tapped at the door. The schoolmistress' voice bade him enter.

"Pray excuse me, Miss Meadows," said Mr. Slimmey, blushing deeply. "I-I have twice had the honour to ask

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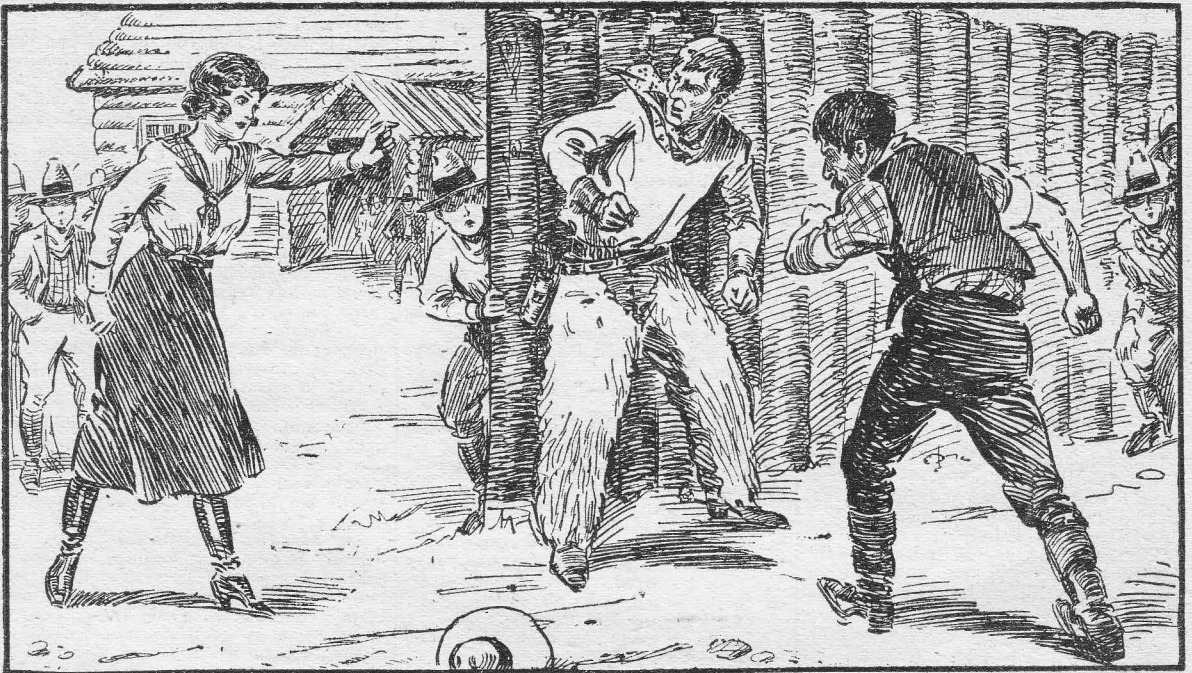
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A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.



RIVAL SUITORS! Miss Meadows came hurrying down to the gates with knitted brows. "Stop this at once!" she exclaimed. The combat ceased as if by magic. Sam Huggins and Frisco Bill, exchanging mutual glares of defiance, separated and stood panting for breath. (See Chapter 3.)

you—" He began to stammer. "I—I— You are aware, Miss Meadows—that—that I should be honoured and glad if you would consent—"

"Really, Mr. Slimmey, as I have twice answered your question in the negative, it is somewhat inconsiderate to ask me again," said Miss Meadows, with much less kindness than she usually showed to the assistant-master of Cedar Creek.

Mr. Slimmey's blush deepened. "Pray forgive me," he said. "I—I should not have repeated my question, only—only—"

"Only what?" asked Miss Meadows, with what was perilously like a snap. "Only, as I saw the 'Thompson Press' this morning, I—I—" Mr. Slimmey floundered hopelessly.

Miss Meadows raised her eyebrows. "What has the 'Thompson Press' to do with it?" she asked.

"Nothing!" gasped Mr. Slimmey. And he retired hastily.

He brushed against a plump, pink-nosed gentleman in the porch. It was Mr. Penrose, the editor, publisher, and printer of the local paper in Thompson.

Mr. Slimmey glanced with some surprise at the editorial gentleman.

The proprietor of the "Thompson Press" was not usually troubled by any idea of editorial dignity. He dressed as carelessly as any man in Thompson.

Now he was clad in "store" clothes, and was neat and trim from head to foot.

His beard had been trimmed. He wore a white collar, his boots were shiny, and he carried gloves in one hand. Even his nose, which had been reddened by long devotion to the potent fire-water, had been dabbed with powder, to tone down its rich hue.

Mr. Penrose was "dressed to kill." "Good-day to you, Slimmey!" said Mr. Penrose. "Is Miss Meadows at home?"

"Yes," gasped Mr. Slimmey. He could guess what Mr. Penrose wanted now, and what his unaccustomed finery meant.

It was another proposal that was hanging over Ethel Meadows. And others could guess, too, for Mr. Slimmey caught sight of several grinning faces outside the porch.

Mr. Penrose tapped at Miss Meadows' door, and entered.

Paul Slimmey sank on a seat in the porch, with a pale face, and polished his glasses nervously.

Poor Mr. Slimmey had been a humble and devoted admirer of Ethel Meadows ever since he had come to Cedar Creek as assistant-master.

Such rivals as 'Frisco Bill and Poker Pete he did not fear; but he wondered whether Mr. Penrose would have better luck, and the thought was anguish to the unfortunate young man.

Without giving a thought to Mr. Slimmey, the editor of the "Thompson Press" presented himself in the schoolmistress' study.

Miss Meadows greeted him civilly, without showing her surprise at the unusually gorgeous "get-up" of the man from Thompson.

"Possibly you can guess the object of my call, Miss Meadows," said Mr. Penrose genially.

The schoolmistress started, and compressed her lips. It was evidently "another of them."

"Really, Mr. Penrose—"

Mr. Penrose bowed deeply. "Madam, I have the honour to lay my heart at your feet!" he exclaimed.

"Miss Meadows—Ethel—will you deign to accept—"

Miss Meadows' eyes flashed. "If this is meant as a joke, Mr. Penrose, I can only say that it is in the worst of taste!" she exclaimed angrily.

Mr. Penrose straightened up, with a jump. "A—a—a joke, Miss Meadows!" he stammered.

"Yes, I consider—"

"Could you suspect me of joking upon such a subject, madam?" said Mr. Penrose, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Then what does it mean?" exclaimed the exasperated schoolmistress. "The whole day I have been persecuted by proposals from men I hardly know by sight. Since you have added yourself to the number, Mr. Penrose, you may be able to explain what it all means!"

Mr. Penrose fairly blinked. "Madam, I have long adored you," he said. "I should never have ventured to put my fortune to the test, however, having little to offer but a devoted heart, but for the encouragement I received."

"Encouragement?"

"Certainly, madam!"

"How can you possibly say so, when I have not even spoken to you twice in as many months?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"But—but your advertisement, madam, in the 'Press'!" said Mr. Penrose, in bewilderment. "Surely I had a right to take that as an encouragement?"

"My—my advertisement?"

"Yes, madam, in my own paper, set up in type by my own hands," said Mr. Penrose. "If that is not an encouragement, I guess I do not know what is!"

Miss Meadows looked bewildered. "But—but what has my advertisement to do with it?" she exclaimed. "What encouragement could anyone draw from an advertisement for a handy man?"

"For a what?" yelled Mr. Penrose. "An odd-job man required at the school—"

"I have received no advertisement from you, madam, for an odd-job man or a handy-man," said Mr. Penrose.

"You must be mistaken. Richards assured me on Tuesday that he had delivered the advertisement at your office, and he brought me your receipt."

"Undoubtedly; but that was not the advertisement you describe. That advertisement, madam, appeared in our matrimonial column."

"In—in—in what?" Miss Meadows sank back into her chair, aghast.

THE POPULAR.—NO. 173.
A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"A ROGUE FOUND OUT!"

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"In our matrimonial column, madam. Here it is. Read for yourself!"

Mr. Penrose was never without a copy of his paper. He drew it from his pocket, unfolded it, and placed the matrimonial column under Miss Meadows' eyes.

The schoolmistress' eyes dilated as she read:

"SCHOOLMISTRESS, aged twenty-three, tall, considered good-looking, would be glad to hear from a bachelor of equal position, with a view to matrimony. Photographs exchanged. Miss MEADOWS, Cedar Creek School, Thompson Valley."

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Guilty Party

THERE was a dead silence in the room for some minutes.

Mr. Penrose gazed curiously at the schoolmistress. He could not understand.

"Good heavens!" said Miss Meadows, at last faintly. "You—you have dared to insert that wicked, false advertisement in my name, Mr. Penrose!"

Mr. Penrose coloured.

"Madam that is the advertisement handed to me, with an accompanying letter written by yourself, by the lad Richards on Tuesday."

"Impossible!"

"Madam!"

"It is some wicked trick!" exclaimed Miss Meadows, recovering herself.

"Have you the letter with you?"

"I have it here."

Mr. Penrose laid a letter on the desk. Miss Meadows recognised her own letter, written two days before. It ran, in her well-known handwriting:

"Dear Mr. Penrose.—Please insert the enclosed advertisement in this week's 'Press.' I should very much like it to appear this week, if possible, as the man is badly wanted here.

"Yours sincerely,

"E. MEADOWS."

"That is my letter," said Miss Meadows steadily. "It was accompanied by an advertisement for a handy-man for the school."

"Madam!"

"Do you doubt my word, sir?"

"Nunno!" gasped Mr. Penrose. "But that is the advertisement I received. Here is the original."

Miss Meadows glanced at the pencilled sheet he handed her.

"That writing is something like my own," she said. "It is not mine, however. The advertisement was, in fact, written by Mr. Slimmey." She stepped to the door. "Mr. Slimmey, please step in here!"

The young man came in. "Mr. Slimmey, you drew up my advertisement for the 'Thompson Press,'" said Miss Meadows—"the one that was taken by Frank Richards?"

"Yes," said Mr. Slimmey. "You refer to the advertisement for a handy-man, to take Black Sam's place while he is ill."

"Quite so. There was no other."

"No other!" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey.

"None."

"But—but—but—" stammered Mr. Slimmey.

"Mr. Penrose, how many advertisements did you receive from me?"

"Only one, madam!" said Mr. Penrose, with a bow.

"Then you can see what has happened," said Miss Meadows, with a flash in her eyes. "The advertisement enclosed in my letter to you was taken out and destroyed. This wicked advertisement was put in its place!"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Penrose.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey.

"How could you imagine that I should insert such an advertisement in your paper?" exclaimed Miss Meadows, almost crying with vexation.

"I—I—I confess I was very much surprised," said Mr. Penrose. "I—I certainly was surprised, Miss Meadows! I remember questioning the boy Richards. But—but there was your letter with the enclosure. I knew your hand well—and there was certainly no sign that the envelope had been opened."

"What an infamous trick!" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey.

Miss Meadows compressed her lips.

"The boy Richards took the letter to Thompson," she said. "It must have been opened, and the advertisements changed, while in his hands. Heaven knows why that boy should have played so mean and cowardly a trick upon me. I have never given him, or anyone else, cause to take so cowardly a revenge."

"By gad!" said Mr. Penrose. "I

—I can only apologise, Miss Meadows, I—I don't know what to say—"

"I cannot blame you, as you had my written authority from the advertisement," said Miss Meadows. "You might have known—but even Mr. Slimmey believed that that wicked advertisement was my own!"

"Miss Meadows, I—I beg your pardon!" stammered Mr. Slimmey, overwhelmed with remorse. "I—I was astounded when I saw it, but—but I could not imagine—"

He stammered miserably.

"The boy Richards is to blame," said Mr. Penrose, taking up his hat. "I am sorry I have troubled you this afternoon, Miss Meadows—but it has at least led to clearing up the matter. An explanation shall be inserted in the 'Thompson Press,' in a prominent position."

"That is the least you can do."

"Madam, a second edition of this week's paper shall be printed!" exclaimed Mr. Penrose. "The story shall be told plainly, and this unfeeling trick exposed. I will see about the matter this very evening."

And Mr. Penrose departed hastily.

Miss Meadows sank into her chair again. In spite of her self-control, the tears were flowing down her cheeks—tears of bitter chagrin and humiliation.

Mr. Slimmey stood in great distress.

The schoolmistress looked up at last. The colour burned in her cheeks.

"It is infamous!" she said. "Mr. Slimmey, will you kindly see whether that boy has left the school yet? If not, bring him here to me!"

"Certainly, Miss Meadows!" said Mr. Slimmey, glad to be able to do something. And he hurried away.

But he returned in a few minutes alone.

"The boys are all gone, Miss Meadows."

"It matters little," said Miss Meadows quietly. "I shall see Richards to-morrow morning. Thank you, Mr. Slimmey."

Mr. Slimmey went out slowly, and closed the door behind him. He hardly dared look at Miss Meadows, but he knew that he left her in tears.

The young master's feelings towards Frank Richards were not amiable as he went slowly to his cabin by the creek.

Meanwhile, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless were riding cheerily on the home trail, after leaving Beauclerc, as usual, at the fork.

The merry Bob was chuckling over the epidemic of proposals at the lumber school that day—Bob's eyes were always keenest to see the comic side of any occurrence.

But Frank Richards was thoughtful.

The more he thought of it the more he realised that that advertisement in the matrimonial column of the "Thompson Press" could not have come from Miss Meadows. It was simply incredible.

It followed, therefore, that the letter had been tampered with while it was in his charge. Only Gunten could have done it, and he had never suspected it.

If it was so, there would be stern inquiry, and what proof could he adduce that the Swiss had ever touched the letter at all?

Frank Richards did not feel happy as he looked forward to the morrow at the lumber school. And, if he had only known, he had ample reason for his misgivings.

THE END.

(Another grand long complete story of Frank Richards & Co., the Chums of the Backwoods, entitled "A Rogue Found Out!" in next week's splendid Bumper Number.)

A SPLENDID TALE OF GREYFRIARS.

:: By FRANK RICHARDS. ::

**THE COMPANION PAPERS.
THIS WEEK'S GRAND
FREE GIFTS!**

MONDAY.—In this week's issue of the "Magnet" are presented **TWO REAL PHOTOS OF A. WILSON and J. GILL**, who are prominent players for Middlesbrough and Cardiff.

MONDAY.—In the "Boys' Friend" is given away a splendid **REAL PHOTO OF SEAMAN HALL**, the boxing star of the Navy.

TUESDAY.—In the "Popular" will be given away a **MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATE** of a tank engine of the North Staffs Railway.

WEDNESDAY.—In the "Gem" Library will be given away a marvellous **REAL PHOTO OF W. BLYTH** of the Arsenal **IN ACTION** on the field of play.

MOST IMPORTANT!

If you have not already done so, place an order with your newsagent for copies of ALL the above-mentioned papers to be saved for you, and participate in

THE COMPANION PAPERS' GRAND FREE GIFTS!

THE POPULAR.—No. 178.

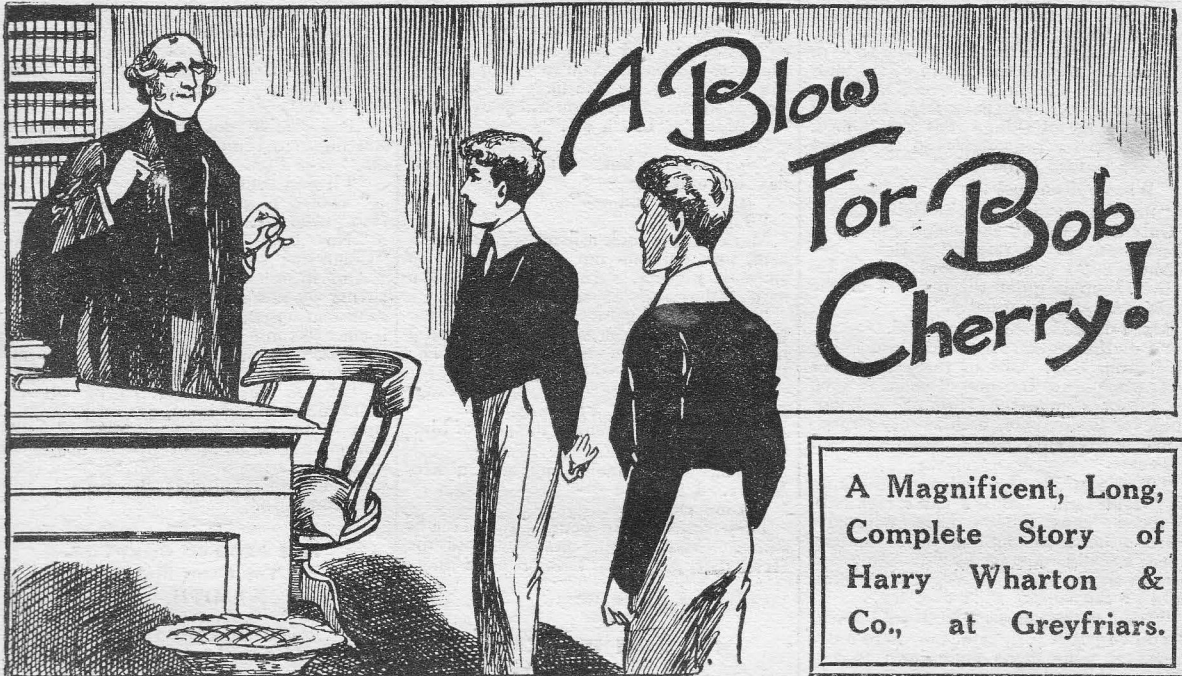
NEXT TUESDAY!

"CHUMS AT LOGGERHEADS!"

A

SPLENDID TALE OF GREYFRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS. ::

CIRCUMSTANCES ARISE WHICH MAKE IT NECESSARY FOR BOB CHERRY TO TURN "SWOT," AND ENTER FOR THE NEXT EXAMINATION.



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Tales appearing in the "Maguet" Library.)

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Bob Explains!**

SOMETHING was wrong with Bob Cherry of the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

Bob had cut cricket. And when Bob Cherry cut cricket there was something radically wrong with Bob Cherry. Harry Wharton wanted to know what was wrong, but Bob had nothing to say on that point.

There was one junior who remained with Bob when the others went down to cricket. That was Mark Linley, the scholarship junior from Lancashire, and Bob Cherry watched his chum working hard at his books for some time with a glum expression on his usually cheerful face.

He groaned suddenly. "I wish I could do it—swot, I mean," he said lugubriously.

"Why?" said Mark, with a smile. "You don't want to get a prize or a scholarship? You don't have to buy your books here out of the prizes you get for papers."

"You do that, don't you, Marky?" Mark nodded.

"Yes. I haven't cost my people anything since I came here. A good many of the fellows don't like my doing it—Vernon-Smith calls me the prize-hunter, you know—but I can't help it. I'm not going to ask my poor old dad for money out of his little bit of wages. And the prizes were founded to help poor scholars. That's what they were intended for, and I don't see why I shouldn't bag them. I wouldn't stand in the way of another chap who needed them as much as I do; but I don't see why I should stand out and let a millionaire's son like Vernon-Smith bag the prizes. He doesn't need them, and if he's out for glory, he can try for the medals. I'll leave him the medals," added Mark, laughing.

"I wish I could do it," said Bob, with a sigh.

"But you don't need to." Bob grunted.

"That's all you know!" Mark looked at him curiously.

"Bob! Is that it? Are you hard up?"

Bob was silent.

"Look here, Bob!" said Mark quietly. "You can tell me. I'm your pal, you know. When I came here, a factory lad, on a scholarship, a lot of fellows were down on me. They called me an outsider, and a cad, and lots of things. You stood by me from the first, like the splendid chap you are, and helped me to pull through. If it hadn't been for your friendship, I should have had a much harder tussle here, and I might never have stood it out. I don't know; it was hard enough, anyway. You made a lot of difference by sticking to me."

"Did I?" said Bob, his rugged face softening.

"Well, I'm glad I've done some good somehow, anyway, though I'm fit for nothing myself."

"Stuff!" said Mark. "You're fit for a good many things, Bob. If there's ever anything I can do in return, Bob, old man, you've only got to say what it is. Perhaps I can help you—you never know. What's the trouble?"

"I may as well tell you," said Bob heavily. "It will be out soon, anyway. I've got to leave Greyfriars, Marky."

Mark Linley started.

"Leave Greyfriars, Bob?"

"Yes."

"What on earth for?"

"Because my father can't afford to keep me here any longer."

Mark looked astonished.

"But—but I thought Major Cherry was well off, Bob?" he said. "I know your people aren't rich—you've said so—"

"It's all the fault of a rotten cousin of mine," said Bob. "You've seen him. He came here once. He went to the bad, and robbed his employers, and the money had to be found to save him from arrest. I knew the pater was hard hit—he had to stand the lion's share—but—but I thought he'd got over it. But now it seems that he hadn't the money. He raised it by getting a loan from a moneylender—the English Loan Office, I think it's called—and the poor old chap has been paying awful interest on the loan ever since, and never telling me a word about it. He hasn't always been able to meet it. I fancy they've swindled him, you know. The dad is an awful duffer in business matters, and now it's come to a head. The blessed Shylock has claimed his pound of flesh, and the dad is going to be sold up at the end of the month! He hasn't an earthly chance of raising the money—not an earthly! You see, he's paid back the principal nearly twice over, but the interest has piled up somehow till he owes more than ever—you know the rotten tricks of moneylenders, and an old soldier isn't the kind of chap to deal with them. Now it's come to a head, the home is going, and I've got to get out of Greyfriars at the end of the term—and not come back!"

"Bob!"

"The dad suggested that if I could get one of the scholarships vacant this term, it would be possible for me to stay on," said Bob wearily. "Of course, I can't do it. I've thought it over, and—"

"And tried. But I can't do the work. If there was a scholarship for getting goals or hitting boundaries, I could capture it, perhaps. But ancient history, and Latin prose—oh, my hat!"

"It's rotten, Bob!"

"Rotten isn't the word!" said Bob

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A SPLENDID TALE OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

miserably. "I'm thinking more of the dad than of myself. A fellow like you could be useful if he went home. You could get a job somewhere, and put in something to help. I couldn't. I shall be a helpless brute, having to be fed, and not able to do anything even to earn my keep. And it will be an awful blow to the pater for me to leave Greyfriars. I can't do anything that's any use, but I can do a lot of things that are useless. And the pater fully expected to see me row for Oxford some day."

"What rotten luck!"

"So I'm done in," said Bob Cherry. "Only don't tell all the chaps, Marky. I don't want to be pitied." Bob's face flushed. "I couldn't stand that. I'd rather keep it quiet till the end of the term, and get out quietly."

Mark looked very thoughtful.

"But there are two scholarships going this term, Bob. One of them would be over your head, but one of them is open to junior chaps—the Bishop's Scholarship, for three years, with twenty pounds down and twenty pounds each year for expenses."

"That's what the dad was thinking of," said Bob. "But I can't tackle it. A good many fellows have entered—Vernon-Smith among the rest. Smithy doesn't really want it—he wants to get it just to show that he can work if he likes. And he can simply walk over me."

"It's not too late to enter," said Mark. "You've left it jolly late, but there's still time. If your name goes down to-day, Bob, you can go in."

Bob growled.

"I've been thinking it over this afternoon," he said. "But—"

"That's why you've cut the cricket?"

"Yes. But it's no good," said Bob despondently. "You see, I should be bottom of the list, and only make myself look an ass by entering at all. All the fellows would chuckle if they saw my name down on the list. It's no good."

"The Head's in his study now," said Mark. "He has to take the names. Come on!"

The Lancashire lad rose from the table.

"Come on where?"

"To the Head?"

"What for?"

"To put down your name."

"My name?"

"Yes—an entrant for the Bishop's Scholarship examination."

"Rot!"

"Come on!" repeated Mark.

"It's no good!"

"You can try."

"And look a silly ass!"

"Better than slacking."

"Look here, Marky—"

"I'm waiting for you," said Mark quietly.

"Don't be a jossler!" roared Bob.

"I'm not coming."

"Yes, you are. Come on!"

"What's the good of entering, when I can't possibly hope to get within miles of it?"

"You're going to swot."

"I can't! I tell you I've tried, and—and I fell asleep over it."

Mark grinned.

"You'll try again, and keep awake! I'm going to help you. I'm going to coach you. You're going to enter!"

"I'm not!" growled Bob.

"Look here, Bob, you owe it to your father to do your best," said Mark earnestly. "Suppose you were last man in a cricket match, and it seemed impossible to get the runs wanted to win,

would you let them knock your wicket down?"

"No fear!" said Bob promptly.

"What would you do?"

"Play the game out to the last gasp," said Bob.

"Exactly; and that's what you're going to do now. You're going to bag the scholarship, or else have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your best," said Mark. "Come on!"

"But—"

"No time for buts. To-day is the last day for entering—"

"But I tell you—"

"This way!"

Mark Linley took a firm grip on Bob's arm, and led him out of the study, in spite of himself. In the passage Bob made a last resistance.

"Look here, Marky, it's only playing the giddy goat," he said. "I tell you I haven't any chance—not an earthly. The fellows will cackle—"

"Let 'em cackle," said Mark, dragging Bob along. "This way!"

Bob burst into a laugh, in spite of himself.

"What an obstinate beggar you are, Marky. I tell you—"

"Come on!"

They reached the door of the Head's study. Mark Linley knocked, and the Head's deep, pleasant voice bade them

enter.

Bob Cherry would have retreated even then, but Mark Linley did not let go his arm. Bob was marched into the study. Dr. Locke smiled at them as he surveyed them over his glasses.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Cherry wants to put his name down for the Bishop's Scholarship, if it's not too late, sir," said Mark.

The Head looked surprised.

"It is not too late," he said. "But I—"

"I told you so, Marky!" murmured Bob. "The Head knows—"

"Then Cherry's name can go down, sir?" asked Mark.

"Yes, certainly. But I think I should tell you, Cherry, that this is a very difficult examination," said the Head gently.

"Have you considered the matter?"

"Yes, sir!" said Bob grimly. "I've considered it, and I know I haven't a chance. But if you'll let me enter, sir, I'm going to try."

"You may certainly enter, Cherry, and I wish you every success," said the Head.

"Thank you, sir!"

When they left the Head's study, Bob Cherry looked grimly at his chum in the passage.

"It's done now!" he grunted.

"A good thing done!" said Mark.

"But it's no good. The Head doesn't think I've got a ghost of a chance—you could see that by the way he spoke."

"We shall see."

"It's all rot, Marky. You can't help me pass the exam. It's not in me," said Bob despondently.

"We'll put it in you, then," said Mark. "You're going to swot, and I'm going to coach you. I'll get some of the old exam papers, so that we can see just what you've got to get into form for—and we'll slog at it."

"But you've got lots to do, without wasting your time coaching a fathead like me," said Bob.

"I'll find time."

"You're a good chap, Marky," said Bob gratefully. "But—"

"No buts allowed," said Mark. "Come on; we're going to begin now."

And in ten minutes more they were sitting at the study table, with the old examination-papers before them, conning them over, and ascertaining just the kind of work that Bob had to prepare himself for—much to Bob's dismay. But, in spite of himself, he was cheered by Mark's determined hopefulness, and, in the long run, he began to feel a glimmer of hope himself. And, at all events, he meant to do all that hard work could do; and that was the state of mind Mark wished to get his chum into.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Form Match.

VERNON-SMITH, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was lounging on the cricket-field when Harry Wharton & Co. arrived there.

There was a cloud upon the Bounder's brow.

It was a beautiful afternoon for cricket, and the Bounder would have been very glad to play in the Form match. He was a splendid cricketer when he chose, and if he had cared to "play the game," he would have been assured of a place in the Form team on all important occasions.

But, instead of "playing the game," the Bounder had chosen to accomplish his ends by "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain." With the result that he had failed; and, instead of forcing Harry Wharton out of the captaincy of the Remove, he had lost for himself the chance of playing in the eleven.

After his many tricks, Wharton would not trust him again; and he could hardly be blamed for that.

The Bounder was wondering, as he leaned against the pavilion and looked over the bright green playing-field, whether he would not have done more wisely, for all his cunning, if he had simply "played the game."

He glanced at the chums of the Remove as they came down to the field, in spotless white, and in merry humour. Hobson & Co. of the Shell were waiting for them.

"Oh, here you are!" said Hobson.

"Here we are again!" said Nugent.

"As large as life, and twice as natural," said Tom Brown. "And ready to give you the licking of your lives."

"The readyfulness is terrific, my worthy and esteemed ludicrous Hobson!"

Hobson sniffed.

"Well, if you've screwed your courage up to sticking-point, we'll begin," he said.

Vernon-Smith walked over to the Remove cricketers.

"Isn't Cherry playing?" he asked.

Wharton shook his head.

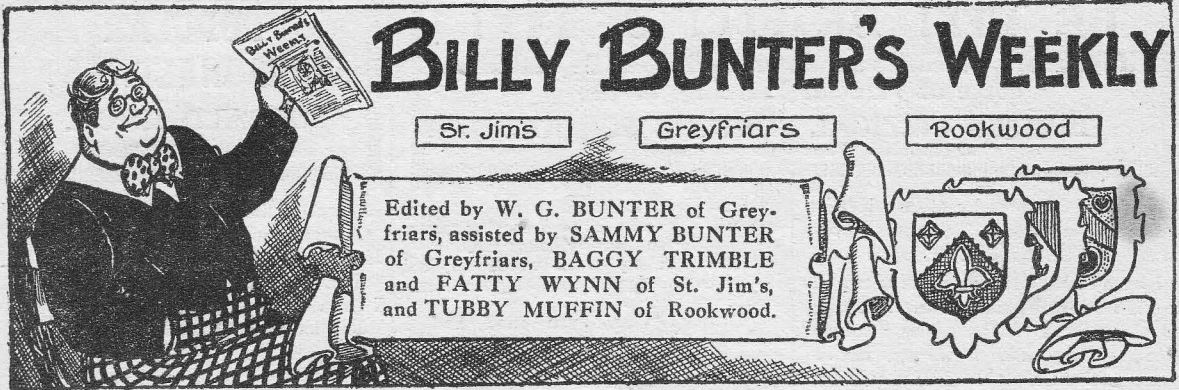
"Nor Linley?"

"No!"

"Then you want new hands," said the Bounder.

(Continued on page 16.)





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,—What a fine thing it is to be strong! I often say to myself, when I look round upon the weaklings of the Remove, "Thank goodness I'm not a scraggy fellow like Snoop, or a skellington like Skinner! Thank goodness I'm not a skinny bag of bones like Alonzo Todd!"

Health and strength are the basis on which true happiness depends. That's what they call an epigram. I shall make some more as I go along. If you take down what I say from time to time in notebooks, as you should do, you will have quite a choice kollection of epigrams.

It is serprizing how few fellows at Greyfriars are fizically fit. Nearly all of them would have been graded "See three" had they joined up in the Grate War.

Tom Dutton is deaf. Hurree Singh suffers from Indigestion. Johnny Bull has something the matter with his larrinx, for he can't talk. He can only bellow. And my miner, Sammy, suffers from eating dyerbeatous.

These are only a few cases, kwoted at randum, of unfitness at Greyfriars. When I look round on these poor sufferers I say, with all my hart, "Thank goodness I am not as other fellows are!"

A Special Health and Strength Number of my "Weekly" is what all the world has been waiting for for weery weeks.

There will be much to interest and amuse you in this issuw. I have taken grate panes in kompiling it, and I make so bold as to say that it is one of the finest numbers standing to my kreddit.

Those who wish to get strong and fit should carefully study every word of this issuw. It will be an enormus help to them. And it has been eddited, don't forget, by the strongest and most berly fellow in the Greyfriars Remove—to wit, W. G. Bunter.

Munney is no good by itself. Fame is no good by itself. But add health and strength to them, and you have lifelong happiness. That's another epigram. Don't forget to jot it down in your notebook.

Your sinseer pal,

YOUR EDITOR.

BUNTER THE STRONG MAN!

By Dick Penfold.

Everyone calls me Hackenschmidt, Because I am so strong and fit. When I clench my fists, from force of habit, A fellow will scoot like a frightened rabbit!

I tell you plainly that my muscles Are firmer far than Todd's or Russell's. My biceps are like iron hoops, They'd make a dozen or so of Snoop's!

My legs like marble pillars are, Stronger than other chaps', by far. Broad, deep, and strong my manly chest: Its measurements beat all the rest.

I am a burly sport of chap Who's always pulling for a scrap. Said I to Cherry, in the ring: "You'll have to suffer now, old thing!"

At lifting weights, and things like that, I'm jolly good, I tell you flat. I carried Sammy yesterday Five miles, and dropped him on the way!

Say what you like, say what you will, There's none so strong as Beefy Bill. All Britain worships me, no doubt— The chap who throws his weight about! Strong, Silent Men—they rule the earth, They are of peerless, priceless worth. And the strongest champion known to me Is a youth named Bunter, W. G.!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE

By George Kerr.



LUKE SCROPE. (of St. Jim's.)

ANOTHER FAMBLY TREE!

By Sammy Bunter.

MY bruther Billy has already published his Famblly Tree. Strictly speaking, mine should be the same as his. But it isn't.

I happen to be the most powerfully built fag in the Second Form. And some of you may wunder how I obtained my grate strength. The fact is, I inherited it.

The Bunters have been mity men of valler, all along the line. And if you will carefully perooze my line of dessent, given below, you will find it jolly interesting.

SAMSON

(one of the strongest men in the history of the world. He pulled down the pillars of the temple as if they were made of matchwood.)

GOLIATH

(the chap who got it in the neck when he fought David. But he was a tremendous giant, all the same.)

WILLIAM THE WRESTLER

(a man who furnished in the days of Nero. His wrestling exhibitions in the Capitol at Rome were simply capitol.)

STRONGBOW

(one of Robbin-Hood's right-hand men. A good shot with bow and arrow, and a man of grate muscular strength.)

MITY MICHAEL

(a man of immense statcher, who lived in the rain of Henry the Eighth, and stood nine-foot-six in his sox.)

THE VILLIDGE BLACKSMITH

(the mussels of whose brawny arms, according to the poet, were strong as iron bands.)

BEFFY BUNTER

(a famus boxer in the days of the Corinthians, and a tuff nut to crack.)

WILLIAM SAMUEL BUNTER

(my pater, who is known as the strongest man on the London Stock Exchange. He isn't afraid of bulls or bears.)

MYSELF.

There you are. That's my famblly tree, complete and up-to-date. And if it happens to differ in any way from my bruther Billy's—well, it's not my fault!

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BE FIT! BE FIT! BE FIT!

If you are feeling run down or below Pa, take a course of Fizzical Training at the **BUNTER FIZZICAL CULTURE SCHOOL.**

Proprietor: William George Bunter.

Don't be deseeved by other advertisements you may see in the papers. Come to me—the Strong Man of Greyfriars!

I have devoted many years of my life to the study of fizzical culture. I know all about it. I can transform a mizzerable weekling into a strong, healthy giant—and ALL FOR FOURPENCE! That is all the course of instructshun will cost you.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THE FOLLOWING KOMPLAINTS?

1. Nervus Ability.
2. Lassic-chewed.
3. Nervus Tremmers.
4. Sleepless Nites.
5. Morbid Feers.
6. Craving for Jinger-beer and other stimulants.
7. Tim Iddity.
8. Blushing and Hart Palpitaashun.
9. Lowered Vi Tallity.
10. Dread of being left a-loan.

If you suffer from any or all of these komplains, the **BUNTER SCHOOL OF FIZZICAL CULTURE** will set you right!

We will kwote just a few of our resent testimonials:

ALONZO TODD, ESQ., writes:

"Gentlemen,—Before taking a course of instruction at your School I was a nervous wreck. I had a horror of being left alone, I could not sleep at nights, I could not go on the River Sark without feeling seasick, I could not talk to a schoolfellow without blushing and stuttering. Moreover, I was very weak and anemic.

"Your treatment has altered all that. I am now as strong as a lion, and as fearless as a savage. No words of mine can fully do justice to your wonderful treatment.

"I enclose sixpence in stamps for my course of instruction. (The extra twopence is a gratuity.)

"Gratefully yours,

"ALONZO TODD."

BAGLEY TRIMBLE, ESQ. (the well-known journalist), writes:

"Dear Sirs,—Owing to lack of nourishing food I became as weak as a rat and as thin as a lath. My dockter declared I had developed waisting disease. He added that nothing could possibly cure me, and that the only thing I could do was to sit down and wait for the end.

"I was lying in bed in the sanny, when a friend told me of your School of Fizzical Culture. At first I was septical. I thought it was a catch-penny stunt. However, I gave you a trial, with the rezult that I made a most marvellus recovery. Day by day, in every way, I grew fatter and fatter and fatter. I was

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soon declared to be in perfect health, and when I came down from the sanny my skoolfellows hardly knew me.

"How can my week words do fool justiss to the eggssellence of your treatment?"

"I cannot thank you enuff, and I enclose a check for fourpence, in payment of my course of instructshun.

"Wishing your wonderful vencher every sucksess,

"Very trooly yours,

"BAGGY TRIMBLE.

"P.S.—I haven't let anybuddy know that you sollicitid this testimonial."

WILLIAM GOSLING, ESQ. (Keeper of the Gate at Greyfriars), writes:

"Dear Sirs,—What I says is this here. I used to be as weak as a rat, as ever was, until I started to take a course of instruction at your School of Physical Culture.

"Dr. Short, of Friardale, pronounced me to be suffering from the rheumatics, with gout and lumbago and a touch of dropsy thrown in. He says to me, says he, 'Gosling,' he says, 'you are old and stricken in years. You will never be fit and strong and active any more. Your number is up. You had better ask the headmaster to put you on the retired list.'

"That's what the doctor said, and it made me feel pretty hopeless. Then I came to you, and after a course of dumb-bell exercises, and so forth, I felt a new man.

"Which I am now completely recovered from all my ailments, and am as strong as a horse, as ever was.

"With tears in my eyes I send you this expression of gratitude. I will also send you fourpence as soon as some young gent gives me a substantial tip.

"Yours respectfully,

"WILLIAM GOSLING."

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR OTHERS WE CAN DO FOR YOU!

Dozens of weak, worn, and wasted subjects have been restored to new health and strength by our treatment.

BILLY BUNTER attends personally in the jim to put pupils through their paces.

DON'T DELAY! ENROL TO-DAY!

Let **THE STRONG MAN OF GREY-FRIARS** Take You Under His Wing! And Don't Forget! A Weekling Can Be Turned Into An Atherlefe. All For Fourpence!

"MY GREAT TREAT FOR YOU NEXT WEEK!"

**A SPECIAL ADVERTISE-
MENT NUMBER.**

W. G. B.

POPULAR PERSONALITIES!

GERALD KNOX.

(Sixth Form, St. Jim's.)

A giant of the Sixth am I,

A tyrant and a bully;

If you should chance to cross my path.

You'll understand it fully.

I am a terror to the fags,

I'm long and lean and lanky;

So long as I'm a prefect—why,

I'll stand no hanky-panky!

Strictly speaking, you know, I ought not to appear under the heading of "POPULAR PERSONALITIES." I'm anything but popular—in fact, I'm dashed unpopular.

If the school were asked to vote, and to place all the prefects in order of popularity, I should finish up at the foot of the list.

And why?

For the simple reason that I don't worship public admiration, like Kildare and Darrel and Baker. I don't "keep in" with everybody, or allow myself to be fawned upon by the juniors. I always do my duty as a strong disciplinarian. And a fellow who throws his weight about is never popular.

I am a believer in "iron hand," and "mailed fist" methods. When I say "Come," I expect a chap to come. When I say "Go," I expect him to go, and no bunkum about it.

I carry an ashplant with me wherever I go, and I use it unsparingly. Only this afternoon, I lamned that cheeky fag Lowther, for rigging up a booby-trap for my benefit. I should have made the young brat howl for mercy, if Kildare hadn't happened to come along. Of course, he interfered—called me a beastly bully, and so forth—and won Lowther's undying gratitude. Kildare's always doing things like that, in order to keep up his popularity.

As you probably know, I am fond of having a "little flutter" occasionally. I'm not going to tell you what I do, or where I go, because some of the masters might get hold of this paper, and then there would be ructions.

I'm not very keen on sports. I consider cricket a mug's game, and swimming and boating don't appeal to me. Kildare, on the other hand, is the idol of the crowd. I wish him joy of the hero-worship he gets. He can continue to bask in the sunshine of popularity, for all I care. As for me, I am quite content to let things rip, and go to the bow-wows!

I fancy you don't want to hear anything more about me, so I'll ring off, first of all treating you to a final ditty:

A giant of the Sixth am I,

A bully and a swanker;

I give all healthy sports a miss,

Preferring "Crown and Anchor."

I'm hated by the common herd.

No matter; I can stand it;

I'm treated with as much respect

As any rogue or bandit!



IT was Jimmy Silver who first spotted the advertisement. "Uncle James" read it aloud to us in the junior Common-room:

"Happy, healthy home provided for school-boys during summer vacation. Every comfort and attention. Unlimited good food. Terms, 3 guineas per week. Apply 'Benefactress,' Greycourt Towers, Pinehaven-on-Sea."

"Sounds all right," remarked Lovell. "But I wonder if it's as nice as it sounds?" said Raby. "Anyway, it's of no interest to anybody here," said Kit Erroll. "We're all going home for the vac."

Erroll was wrong, however, in saying that the advertisement was of no interest to anyone present.

Tubby Muffin, the Falstaff of the Fourth, pricked up his ears. "I say, you fellows, that sounds top-hole!" he exclaimed. "I don't know who 'Benefactress' is. A titled lady, I expect. But I like that bit about unlimited good food."

"That's all you think about—stuffing!" said Newcome scornfully.

"No, it isn't. I badly want to get away to the seaside for the benefit of my health."

"What!"

We regarded Tubby Muffin in astonishment. The fat junior was in perfect health. The only form of illness he ever developed was an occasional bilious attack through over-eating.

"What's wrong with your health, Tubby?" I asked.

"I'm run-down, you know. My nervous cistern is out of gear."

"Ass! You mean 'system'?"

"Well, it's the same thing, isn't it? Fact is, you fellows, I'm all at sixes and sevens. The air of this district doesn't agree with me. It's too relaxing. If I can only get down to Pinehaven-on-Sea for a few weeks, I shall be a new fellow."

"But you'll be going home for the vac," protested Jimmy Silver.

Tubby shook his head.

"I'm going to write and ask my pater if he's prepared to pay three guineas a week for me at Pinehaven," he said. "It costs him much more than that to feed me at home. He'll be only too glad to get me off his hands."

Tubby Muffin did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He borrowed a writing-pad from Peele, and a fountain-pen from Gower, and a postage-stamp from Lattrey. Then he sat down and indited a letter to his fond parent.

Two days of suspense, and then the answer came.

"My dear Reginald," wrote Tubby's pater,— "I have no objection to your going to Pinehaven for the vacation, and I am making all arrangements with 'Benefactress,' the hostess at Greycourt Towers. I hope you will thoroughly enjoy yourself, and get plenty of good, nourishing food. I had intended to send you some pocket-money, but, on second thoughts, I will not do so, as you are bound to have everything you require at Pinehaven."

Tubby was tremendously bucked when he got this letter, in spite of the omitted pocket-money.

He borrowed Jimmy Silver's paper, and had another look at the advertisement.

"Happy, healthy home." That sounded jolly nice. "Every comfort and attention." Better still. "Unlimited good food." Ah! Tubby Muffin murmured those magic words

to himself over and over again. He rolled them deliciously on his tongue, as if they were strawberry ices.

"At last I'm going to have a holiday that I shall enjoy up to the hilt!" he muttered. "They never give me enough to eat at home. And when I went to Aunt Susanna's last Easter she jolly well starved me! I got as thin as a skeleton. This time, I shall be well looked after. I shall be able to feed a dozen times a day, if I want to. Unlimited good food. That's the stuff to give 'em!"

Tubby Muffin was well pleased. His Aunt Susanna, at Easter, had given him a "dud" time. But the lady who styled herself "Benefactress" would see that he had all he wanted. Life at Pinehaven-on-Sea would be one grand, sweet song!

But, alas! This life of ours, gentle reader, is made up of tricks and chances. Things seldom pan out as we expect them to. We plot and plan and arrange to have a good time, and it turns out a failure. On the other hand, we sometimes resign ourselves to having a rotten time, and things turn out quite decent. A queer world, this. One never knows what's going to turn up.

But I am digressing.



With a great effort Tubby Muffin heaved his bag over the wall, and he then followed himself.

To return to Tubby Muffin. When at last the holidays arrived, he joyfully boarded the train to Pinehaven. It was a couple of hours' run from Rookwood, and Tubby was feeling quite peckish when he arrived at the other end.

He asked a porter to direct him to Greycourt Towers.

"You go along this main road," said the porter. "Take the second to the right, second to the right again, third to the left, first to the right, across a couple of fields, past the Dog and Pheasant, through the park, and there you are!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Tubby. "Would you mind saying that little lot over again?"

The porter did mind. He had no time to waste in directing stray porpoises, he remarked. He had been quite explicit, he said. And he wasn't going through the whole rigmarole again.

Lifting his heavy gladstone-bag, Tubby Muffin trudged on his way.

He had proceeded about a mile, when he encountered a thin, sullen-faced youth in spectacles.

"I say," said Tubby, "can you direct me to Greycourt Towers?"

"Another victim?" he inquired.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Are you going to the Towers as a paying guest during the vac?"

Tubby nodded.

"Then you have my sympathy!" said the spectacled youth. "I'm staying there myself."

"What's it like?" asked Tubby eagerly.

"It's a sort of convict prison and nursing-home combined. The grub's awful. Consists mainly of beef-tea and gruel."

"My hat!"

"We're never allowed outside the grounds—"

"What are you doing here, then?"

"Oh, I bunked out! Took French leave, you know. I expect I shall get a licking for it."

"A—a licking?" gasped Tubby, in startled tones.

"Yes. The old girl gives us handers every time we break one of the rules of the house."

Tubby Muffin stood blinking at the spectacled youth in dismay.

What sort of place was he going to? He had pictured it to be a land flowing with milk and honey—not with beef-tea and gruel! He had conjured up visions of glorious freedom. Yet the place seemed to have all the petty restrictions of a reformatory.

"Come along," said the spectacled youth; "I'll show you the way."

"And will you carry my bag for me?"

"No, I won't! I'm a public-school boy, not an outside porter!"

The couple set off side by side. After a long and weary tramp, they came in sight of Greycourt Towers. It was a grey-stone building, of grim appearance. Around it was a wall, adorned with bits of broken glass.

"We shall have to shin over this wall," said Tubby Muffin's escort. "The gates will be locked."

It was no easy task to scale the wall. With a great effort, Tubby Muffin heaved his bag over to the other side, and he then followed himself.

Five minutes later, in the hall, he stood face to face with the lady of the house.

Tubby nearly had a fit. For "Benefactress" was no other than his Aunt Susanna!

"Welcome, Reginald!" said the dame; but there was precious little welcome in her tones. "I've rented this house for the summer months, and I have a number of children under my care. You will join them."

"Oh crumbs!"

Aunt Susanna frowned at Tubby over her spectacles.

"I wish you would refrain from making ridiculous ejaculations, Reginald!" she said.

"You will be very happy here. It is a home away from home. Nice beef-tea in the morning—"

"Groo!"

"Delicious thin soup for lunch—"

"Ugh!"

"And a basin of gruel before going to bed."

"Help!"

Tubby Muffin began to realise that he had dropped into a hornets'-nest. He was to be a prisoner in this grim house, with this grim woman, for the duration of the vac! It was a truly terrifying prospect. And Tubby wondered how it was all going to end.

(Next week: "A Country House Tragedy.")

—Part II. You must on no account miss the further misadventures of TUBBY MUFFIN.)

A BLOW FOR BOB CHERRY!

(Continued from page 12.)

"I'm putting in young Penfold in Linley's place," said Wharton, "and Bulstrode is going to play instead of Bob."

"I say, Wharton," Billy Bunter, the fattest junior in Greyfriars, rolled up, and blinked at the Remove captain through his big spectacles. "I say, you fellows, I'm ready."

"Ready to be booted off?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! Penfold can't play, and I'm going to take his place—if you want a really good and reliable bat, and a fellow who's handy in the field, and a fast runner."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you chaps remember a catch I made in the St. Jim's match, I hope," said Billy Bunter, with an indignant blink. "I pulled that game out of the fire, at any rate. And as young Penfold can't play—"

"What's the matter with Pen?" asked Harry Wharton sharply. "Where is he?"

Bunter sniffed scornfully.

"Gone home for the afternoon, to help his father mend boots, I suppose. He didn't know you wanted him, you see. He's cobbling now—"

"Oh, shut up, you fat rotter!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I've come here to offer to play instead of Penfold," said Bunter. "You fellows must admit it's pretty infra dig. to have a cobbler's son in the Form team. I consider—"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Don't be an ass, Bunter!" said Wharton. "You can't play for toffee. Anybody seen Morgan about—I'll ask him."

"He's gone on the river!" said Ogilvy.

"Then there's Newland—"

"He's gone with Morgan."

"Dash it all!" said Wharton crossly. "The reserves might stick here till they see whether they're wanted, when there's a Form match on. Where's Hazeldene?"

"Gone over to Cliff House to see his sister," said Vernon-Smith, with a grin.

"Anybody seen Dick Rake?"

"He's out on his bike, with Elliott," said Nugent.

The Bounder smiled sarcastically.

"I suppose you'd rather put in little Banthorpe, or a fag of the Third, than me?" he suggested.

"I don't want to play you!" said Wharton shortly.

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm aware of that. But I'm a member of the Remove Cricket Club, and I suppose I've a right to be played sometimes? And you've not got another player anything like my form to fill the vacant places!"

"Sure, that's thrue enough," said Micky Desmond. "Put him in, Wharton darling."

"I don't see why not," said Bulstrode.

"But I see why not!" said Wharton tartly. "When Smithy's in the team, he won't obey orders, and he seems to think he's the skipper. He shoved himself into the team for St. Jim's, and got a pair of spectacles for his innings."

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The Bounder flushed. He did not like to be reminded of the inglorious result of his playing for Greyfriars on the historic occasion of the visit to St. Jim's.

"Well, do as you like!" he growled. "I think I ought to be played, and I'm willing to toe the line; but you can't expect me to kowtow!"

"I don't want you to kowtow, but I want a team that can pull together," said Wharton. "I'll play you, but if there's any of your rot, I shall shift you out, and we'll play the Shell a man short, that's all!"

"Right-ho!"

"Aren't you a bit rough on the Bounder, Harry?" murmured Nugent, as Vernon-Smith hurried away for his bat. "I think he means to play up this time!"

Wharton frowned.

"He's willing to agree to anything, to get into the team," he said. "Once he's in it, he will show the cloven hoof as usual. He's a fellow who simply can't endure to play second fiddle at any time, and he has no idea of fair play at all. If he's batting with a fellow he dislikes he will try to run him out, without caring what becomes of the game. I wouldn't put him in now—I'd rather play young Bolsover of the Third—only I can see all you fellows think I ought to give him a chance. I'll give him one, and we'll see how it turns out. Anyway, we can beat the Shell!"

"We've beaten them before—but young Penfold did the hat-trick that time!" remarked Johnny Bull. "Still, I think we can knock spots off them!"

"I suppose you fags are going to be ready some time to-day?" asked Hobson of the Shell sardonically.

"We're ready now!" growled Wharton.

And the two junior skippers tossed for innings. Wharton won the toss, and elected to bat first. He opened the innings for the Remove with Nugent and Johnny Bull.

Benson of the Shell went on to bowl. Benson was a good bowler, and as a member of the Shell—almost a senior Form—he cultivated a lofty contempt for fags. He went on with a flourish, intending to show the crowd of onlookers what quick work it would be to take Remove wickets, and send Remove batsmen home without scoring.

Luck, as it happened, favoured Benson. Nugent was caught napping, and his wicket went down at the first ball of the over. The Shell fellows grinned. Frank Nugent came out looking rather blue.

"Ducks' eggs are cheap to-day!" murmured the Bounder.

Nugent flushed angrily.

"See if you can do any better!" he snapped.

"I'll try!" said the Bounder imper- turbably.

"Next man in!" said Wharton.

"You're next, Smithy!"

"I'm ready!"

Vernon-Smith buttoned his gloves, and went in. He received the rest of the over from Benson, and knocked the bowling right and left. The Bounder was certainly in good form on this occasion. A four and three twos resulted from his batting in that over, and some of the Remove fellows cheered him.

Then Johnny Bull had the bowling, and was unfortunate. Hoskins of the Shell caught him out after two runs. The Shell fellows grinned more emphatically.

"Man in, Bulstrode!"

"Right!"

Bulstrode joined Vernon-Smith at the wickets. He did not stay there long. The Shell were in unusually good form that afternoon; Hobson & Co., in fact, had been training hard to avenge their recent defeat at the hands of a Lower Form. The score was at 30 when Bulstrode was dismissed; and of that total, 23 belonged to the Bounder.

"Smithy's in good form, that's one comfort," Ogilvy remarked, as Bulstrode came tramping out.

Wharton nodded shortly. The Bounder was certainly doing well for his side—not so much from a desire to help his side to win, as from the wish to show what he could do, and what a mistake it would have been to leave him out. He wanted, too, to show that he could bat as well as Wharton, the champion bat of the Remove. But, whatever his motive, he was piling up the runs; and that was really what was wanted.

Wharton took his bat in when Bulstrode came off. He passed the Bounder as he went on his way to the further wicket, and Vernon-Smith called to him.

"Wharton, just a word!"

The Remove captain paused.

"What is it?"

"Back me up!" said the Bounder coolly. "I'm doing the batting—you've seen that! I could get a century against bowling like this—if I'm given a chance. There's no need for you to flourish, you know. Just you do some good, steady stone-walling, and give me a chance to score, and I'll get all the runs that are wanted. Savvy?"

Wharton turned red with anger.

He was captain of the team, and generally admitted to be the best junior bat at Greyfriars. And to be told by a casual member of the eleven to "stone-wall," and leave the run-getting to the other, was a little too much.

"You cheeky ass!" he said sharply. "I was a fool to play you—I knew you'd never know your place."

"My place is to score runs," said the Bounder. "If you want to swank, go ahead and do it! If you want the side to win, back me up and let me get the runs!"

"And you consider that's the way to talk to your skipper on the cricket-field?"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

Wharton choked down the things he would have liked to say; he could not make a row with a member of his own team, with the grinning Shell fellows waiting for the batsman to get to the wicket. He had guessed that something or other of this kind would transpire if the Bounder were let into the eleven. But he said no more, and went on to his wicket. There was a wicked gleam in the Bounder's eyes. He certainly could not have expected his captain to accede to his astounding request. Wharton was the better bat of the two at any time. But the Bounder had no intention of allowing his own performance to be put in the shade. He was well on the way to making a record score for the Remove, and he did not intend that a better bat than himself should over- top it.

Hobson of the Shell bowled to Harry Wharton. Wharton let himself go at the ball, which was an easy one, and sent it whizzing far.

He ran.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

NEXT TUESDAY!

"CHUMS AT LOGGERHEADS!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

Vernon-Smith watched the ball for a moment before he ran, though he ought, of course, to have obeyed his captain instantly. However, he ran, and they crossed the pitch, and then crossed it again. The Shell fieldmen were panting after the ball, and there was time for a third run, and Wharton started at top speed to make it.

The Bounder remained at his wicket. There was a shout from the Remove fellows before the pavilion:

"Run! Run, you ass!"
The Bounder did not move. Either he did not consider the chance good enough, or he did not choose so to consider it—and Wharton had reached the middle of the pitch before he saw that his partner at the stumps was not moving.

He understood, and raced back to his own wicket to save it. But the ball had come in from the country, and it had been caught, and was crashing at the wicket now.

Wharton put on a desperate spurt. But the few seconds of halting, turning, and getting back had been a few seconds too much! His bat was inches from the crease when the ball came in.

Crash!
The stumps were down!
There was a yell from the Shell fellows. "How's that, umpire?"

"Out!"
Wharton halted, breathing hard, his face crimson with rage. Out! His wicket was down, and from the other end of the pitch the Bounder grinned at him, allowing, for a moment, his thoughts to appear in his looks.
"Out!"



ORDERED OFF THE FIELD!—Wharton clenched his fists. "I felt that you would play some rotten trick if I put you into the team," he said. "You've done it! I told you that if you did, we'd play one man short, and I'll shift you off. Get off the field at once!" The Bounder stared blankly at Harry Wharton. (See Chapter 3.)

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Ordered Off the Field!

HARRY WHARTON strode along the pitch, his face aflame.

The Bounder, in spite of his coolness and his nerve, quailed before the angry gleam in the Remove captain's eyes.

There was a hush of silence on the field; all the team, and all the spectators, could see that something was about to happen.

"You cad!" Wharton's voice was loud enough for everybody to hear. "You did that on purpose!"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders. "I kept here on purpose," he said.

"There was no time for a run."

"You saw me start."

"Yes, I saw you start, and I saw there was no chance," said the Bounder coolly. "You ought to have got back, as I didn't start."

"Who's the captain of this team?"

"You are; but I don't see that I'm bound to throw away my wicket when you make a mistake," said the Bounder.

Wharton clenched his hands.

"I felt that you'd play some rotten trick if I put you into the team," he said.

"You've done it! I told you that if you did, we'd play a man short, and I'll shift you off. Get out!"

"What!"

"Get off the field!"

The Bounder's jaw dropped.

He had deliberately sacrificed the best wicket on the Remove side for his own ends; and the fall of Wharton's wicket, of course, made it all the more necessary that Vernon-Smith should go on batting, and batting his best.

That Wharton would venture, under the circumstances, to turn him out of the team, at such a risk to his side, was a thing the Bounder had not dreamed of.

He stared blankly at Harry Wharton. "You don't mean that!" he muttered.

Wharton's eyes blazed. "I do mean it! You've played a rotten trick, as I knew you would! You're not going to have the chance to play another! Get off the ground!"

"Do you understand that you're throwing a wicket away?" said the Bounder, between his set teeth. "You're throwing away the match!"

"I'm not here to argue with you. Get off!"

"I won't!"

Wharton's jaw set squarely.

"You'll get off this ground, or I'll throw you off!" he said, in a low, steady voice. "So long as I'm cricket captain I'm going to give orders. Now, are you going?"

The Bounder was white with rage.

He gave one look at Wharton's set, savage face, and walked off the pitch with a scowling brow.

The Remove captain followed him off. "Ogilvy and Desmond in," he said curtly.

Ogilvy and Desmond went silently to the wickets.

The Bounder left the field. All his hopes of making a huge score, and of shining forth as the greatest batsman of the Remove, had been shattered. He had treacherously lost his captain's wicket, but in doing so he had lost his own. His play for that day was ended.

Wharton stood breathing hard. The other Remove fellows were very silent. Opinion was divided as to whether the Bounder had deliberately sacrificed the captain's wicket. But it was not divided for the rest—all the team were against throwing a wicket away. But they knew it was useless to argue with Wharton when his mind was made up. He

preferred to fight an uphill battle a man short rather than continue to play a traitor in the ranks, and doubtless he was right. But the Removites' hopes of beating the Shell in that match had sunk to zero.

It was a single-innings match, and the best Remove bats were out. Five wickets down for thirty, counting the Bounder's wicket.

And the scene on the field had not inspired the Remove batsmen. The tail of the innings ran dismally out, and the score had reached only 44 when the last wicket was down.

"We've got to make it up in the bowling," said Wharton quietly.

Judging from the looks of the Shell fellows, the Removites were not likely to make it up in the bowling. Hobson and Benson opened their innings for the Shell, and they swaggered to the wickets with a great flourish. Harry Wharton led his men out to field, a man short, of course. He handed the ball to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. The dusky nabob was the champion bowler of the junior team.

"Do your best, Inky, old man," said Wharton in a low voice. "You know what all the fellows will be saying if we're licked—that I oughtn't to have ordered the Bounder off. Not that I care twopence what they say, only—"

The nabob smiled. "Rely upon me, my worthy chum," he murmured. "I shall do my honourable and ludicrous best, and I will tryfully attempt the honourable hateful trick."

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh went on to bowl with deadly determination.

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A SPLENDID TALE OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"CHUMS AT LOGGERHEADS!"

The nabob was in great form. His second ball whipped Hobson's leg stump out of the ground, and the captain of the Shell carried out his bat without having broken his duck.

Next man in was clean bowled with the next ball.

Then the faces of the Removites brightened up. There was a roar of cheering for the dusky Indian.

"Bravo, Inky!"
"The hat trick, old man!"
"Go it, Jampot!"

The nabob smiled. His bowling was first-class, and he knew that it was above the weight of the Shell batsmen. Third man in received a ball that whipped away his middle stump before he knew it was there, and there was a roar from the Remove.

"Hurrah!"
"The hat trick! Hurrah!"

The Shell were looking serious now. Hobson urged his men as they came in one after another to do their deadly best. They did, but the Remove bowlers and the field were doing better. In the second over Benson was bowled by Nugent. Four down for two! Then there was a catch by Harry Wharton, and another wicket was down.

The Shell were playing hard now, and

Then a roar.
"Caught!"
"Oh, well caught!"
And the Shell looked blue!
"How's that?" roared the Remove with one voice.
"Out!"
"Hurrah!"
The Remove had won the Form match after all!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Very Funny!

"HA, ha, ha!"
Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, burst into a roar of laughter that drew many eyes upon him at once.

He was standing before the notice-board in the hall. Upon the board was pinned, as usual, the list of the names of the entrants for the forthcoming scholarship examination.

Vernon-Smith had been looking glum enough since the Form match.

He had had an unexpected opportunity of doing well for his Form, and of winning credit for himself, and he had lost it through his own incurable duplicity.

The Bounder was far from blaming himself. He laid all the blame on Harry

believe their eyes, as, indeed, they hardly could.

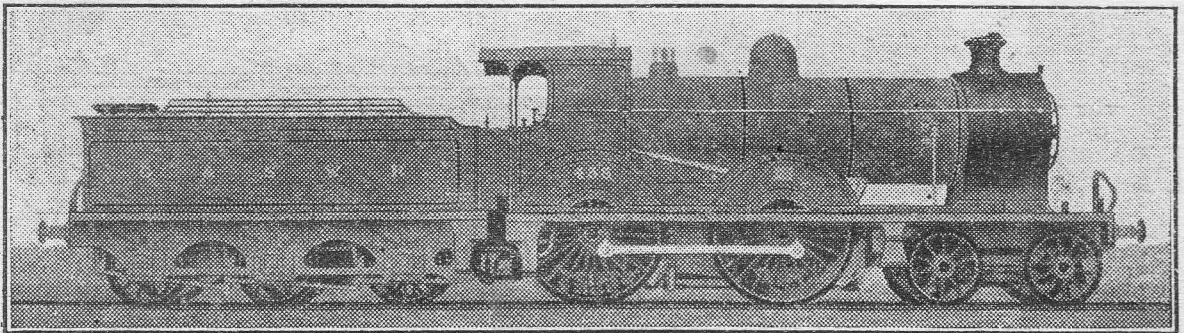
Billy Bunter's name there would have hardly surprised them more.

Bob Cherry was not at all a duffer. He was a good footballer, a good cricketer, a good oarsman, a good swimmer. There were few athletic exercises at which he did not excel. At boxing, even Bolsover major could not stand against him. But in the classroom Bob Cherry hid his light, if he had one, under a bushel.

He did not excel in Form-work. He was more than half-way down the class, and Mr. Quelch, his Form-master, was somewhat exasperated with him. Bob did his best; he was not a slacker, inside the Form-room or out of it. But his gifts did not lie that way. He was not a dunce but he was not brilliant. And the Bishop's Scholarship was one that could only be carried off by a scholar who was very brilliant.

In the Remove there were not more than four fellows who could be considered to have a chance—Mark Linley, Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith, and Russell. Linley and Russell had not entered, and Wharton's name had evidently been withdrawn, as it did not appear in the list.

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The latest type of Express Locomotive of the Glasgow and South Western Railway.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

even the nabob found his bowling stopped. The runs piled up at last. If the Shell had had a big score to equal they could never have done it. But 44 was not a large figure to reach. By the time the sixth wicket fell the score was at 26. Another wicket down—for 34. Then another, and the figure was 40. And then another—nine down for 42!

"Last man in!"

"We shall do it all right," said Hobson, with a breath of relief. "I began to think the young rotters would beat us! But it's all right now."

"Right as rain!" said Benson.

But was it?

Hurree Janset Ram Singh was bowling again. Shell and Remove watched with deepest anxiety. They knew that upon this over depended the result of the match.

The ball was soaring away, the batsmen were running.

"It will be three, and a win!" grinned Hobson.

But Hobson was a little too early.

For Harry Wharton was running as well as the batsmen, with his eye steadily on the round red ball in the air, his hand outstretched.

Click!

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"CHUMS AT LOGGERHEADS!"

Wharton & Co., and his feelings towards the Co. were very bitter.

But the scowl departed from his face as he read down the list on the notice-board.

Fellows came round to see what it was that was amusing the Bounder so much.

"What's the joke, Smithy?"
"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the Bounder.

"Sure, and phwat is it intirely?" demanded Micky Desmond.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Blest if I can see the joke, begad!"

said Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove. "Would you mind explaining, my dear fellow?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Look!"

Vernon-Smith pointed to the list of names. The last name on the list caught the eyes of the curious juniors at once:

"ROBERT CHERRY, LOWER FOURTH."

"Bob Cherry!" gasped Vernon-Smith. "He's entered for the Bishop's! Bob Cherry, who just knows a declension from a duck's egg! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bounder's laugh was echoed now on all sides.

The juniors stared at Bob Cherry's name on the list, as if they could hardly

Several other Remove fellows' names were down, certainly; but now that Wharton's name was gone, no one could doubt that the exam, as far as the Remove was concerned, would be a walk-over for the Bounder.

But Bob Cherry!

His entering for the exam was a joke! "Well, this is rich, and no mistake!"

said Bolsover major, wiping his eyes. "I suppose it's a joke on the Head!"

"Wharton's name is withdrawn," Temple remarked.

The Bounder sniffed.

"He's standing out" on Cherry's account, you may be sure," he said.

"Not that it will do Bob Cherry any good. Fancy Bob Cherry winning a scholarship!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It's the giddy joke of the season,"

grinned Snoop. "It must be a joke. He can't be in earnest."

But Bob Cherry was very much in earnest. He knew he had got to work, or leave Greyfriars.

And Bob meant to work!

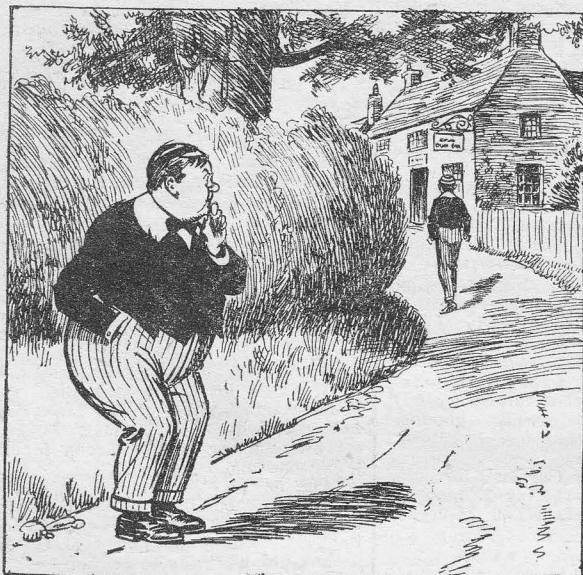
THE END.

(Don't miss the splendid tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "Chums at Loggerheads!" in next week's issue.)

SPLendid TALE OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

CARDEW HAS A LAST CHANCE TO PLAY IN THE ROOKWOOD MATCH, BUT HE PREFERS TO LET IT GO SOONER THAN GO BACK ON HIS WORD!



CARDEW'S LAST CHANCE!



A Splendid Long Complete Story,
dealing with the adventures of Tom
Merry & Co., the Chums of St. Jim's.



By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

(Author of the Famous Tales of St Jim's
now appearing in The "Gem" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Dropping Practice!

"ALL here?"
Tom Merry, leader of the Shell Form at St. Jim's, asked that question as he strode upon the cricket-field, resplendent in flannels and a brand new blazer.

"We is!" said Monty Lowther cheerfully. "I say, Tommy, you look as you've just jumped out of a schoolboys' fashion book!"

"And you look as if you've just been liberated from the Zoo," said Tom Merry curtly. "So I'm nicer to know than you are!"

Monty Lowther reddened as the juniors broke into a hearty laugh. "Ass!" he said witheringly. "Don't be funny!"

"Aren't we being funny?" asked Tom Merry innocently.

"We're supposed to be playing cricket," put in Jack Blake sarcastically. "If you asses are going to argue all day—"

"Where's Cardew?" asked Digby suddenly.

Ralph Reckness Cardew, of the Shell, was conspicuous by his absence. Tom Merry looked round the assembled cricketers with a frown.

"Hasn't he been down here?" he asked quietly.

"Haven't seen him, your worship," said Monty Lowther.

"Not at all?" asked Tom Merry hopefully.

"Not at all," said Blake. "It's time you definitely chucked that dummy out of the team, Tommy."

Tom Merry frowned again.

"I gave him a last chance," he said thoughtfully. "I thought Cardew would buck up if he got warning that if he didn't turn up for practice he would not get another chance to play for the Lower School."

"The ass is too lazy to put one leg in front of the other!" said Blake, with a snort. "Why you keep him hanging about puzzles me!"

"He's not a bad player, when he sets his mind to play!" said Tom Merry stoutly.

"When!" said Manners, with a grunt.

"Put Gore in—" began Herries, of the Fourth.

Tom Merry shook his head, and looked contemplatively at the toe of his white boot.

Ralph Reckness Cardew was a nuisance. He was lazy, and cared little for exertion of any kind. Tom Merry had always held the opinion that he could play cricket when he wanted to. The difficulty was in finding out when Cardew wanted to play, and it was useless to include a man like that in a team when playing against an important team like Greyfriars or Rookwood. Ralph Reckness was too uncertain.

It was because of that Tom Merry had given the Shell fellow a final warning that unless he put some go into his cricket, he would be left out of the forthcoming Rookwood match.

Cardew had promised to attend practice.

But now Cardew was absent on this, the first, practice match for the team which was to represent St. Jim's juniors against Jimmy Silver & Co., the stalwarts of Rookwood.

"It's too bad," said Tom Merry, more to himself than to his chums.

"Bad isn't the word for it!" said Monty Lowther. "Drop the slacker out of the team, and put in somebody you can trust to play hard!"

That was sound advice, and Tom Merry knew it. But he was loth to carry it out. He wanted the best men in the Lower School of both Houses at St. Jim's to play in the Rookwood match, which was really the first important match of the season.

"I'll go and see if I can find the ass," said Tom, after some little hesitation.

He went off the field to the accompaniment of much advice and not a few

snorts of disgust. Tom felt that he had not much backing from the team so far as Cardew was concerned. The juniors thought that Cardew ought to be dropped out, and they made no bones about showing their belief.

"The champion dummy," grunted the Shell leader, as he walked quickly towards the school and Cardew's study. "Why the dickens can't he keep his word?"

Cardew's study was empty, as Tom Merry soon found out. The thoughtful frown upon Tom Merry's brow began to darken, and the junior captain was very grim when he tapped upon the door of Taggles' lodge. The school porter, grunting expressively at being disturbed, came out of his lodge in response to the summons.

"Seen Cardew, Taggy?" asked Tom Merry.

"Which I 'ave!" said Taggles. "He's gone hout!"

"Out?" said Tom Merry, in surprise.

"That's what I said, Master Merry—hout!" said Taggles. "And if that's all you wants to know, I'm going hin!"

Tom Merry grinned. "You're quite certain, Taggy?" he asked.

"I ham!" said Taggles, with emphasis. And Tom Merry nodded his thanks, and walked away thoughtfully towards the cricket-field again.

Jack Blake & Co. and the rest of the team were practising with the leather when their leader came upon the scene. Play ceased at once, and the juniors looked at Tom Merry's thoughtful, grim frown, and grunted again.

"I suppose the ass is asleep?" said Monty Lowther.

"No—he's out!" said Tom Merry. "We'll, carry on without him, you fellows. Figgy & Co. can bat—"

"What about a thumping man to take Cardew's place?" demanded Manners warmly. "Blessed if I see the savvy in leaving Cardew's place open for him! I expect the dummy has gone for sleep by

the river, where it's cool and no one will disturb him in his peaceful slumbers!"

"I'd disturb him, if I knew where he was!" said Herries grimly.

"Weally, Hewwies, it would be un-faiah to wag a sle-pin—" began Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of the Fourth.

"Oh, don't let him start!" interrupted Digby, with a groan.

"Weally, Digbay—"

"Who's the new man, Tommy?" broke in Blake. "We're wasting the whole of the giddy afternoon!"

Tom Merry shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"I'll keep my word!" he said.

The juniors stared at their leader as if he had suddenly gone mad.

Monty Lowther tapped his forehead significantly.

"Sun!" he murmured expressively.

"Oh, don't rot!" snapped Tom Merry.

"I was thinking of what I had told Cardew. I said I wouldn't play him unless he came to practice, and I won't!"

"Good!" said Jack Blake, with a nod. "Now perhaps you'll get another chap to play in Cardew's place!"

"Hear, hear!" said Manners and Lowther together.

Tom Merry had given Cardew his last chance, and Cardew had refused to take it. Henceforth, Ralph Reckness Cardew's chances of playing for the Lower School at St. Jim's were remote—extremely remote.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Cardew Pleads!

"I—I—I—I say, Tom Merry!"

Tom Merry stopped as he was entering his study in the Shell passage at St. Jim's. Practice for the Rookwood match was over for the day, but Tom Merry had left his chums on the field with Jack Blake & Co. and Figgins & Co., Fatty Wynn of the New House having thoughtfully provided several bottles of ginger-beer for the perspiring cricketers.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry ungraciously. "Where have you been, Cardew?"

Ralph Reckness Cardew frowned.

"I—I—I—I—did rather you didn't ask me that question, you know," he said. "It would—"

"You cut practice?"

"I had to. You see, I can't very well explain how it happened, but—"

"But you fell asleep?" said Tom Merry sarcastically.

"No—not exactly. But I couldn't come, you know," said Cardew. "Look here, Tom Merry, I want to play in the Rookwood match."

"You're cut out of the team," said Tom Merry. "You didn't expect me to keep your place open, I suppose?"

"Yes."

Tom Merry stared.

"You did?" he said, in amazement. "Why, you cheeky ass! After I'd given you a final warning that unless you turned up for the practice to-day, you'd get left out of the Rookwood match?"

"Circumstances alter cases, you know," said Cardew, with a faint smile.

Tom Merry grunted.

"What circumstances?" he asked.

"The—the circumstances, you know," said Cardew hesitatingly.

Tom Merry looked sharply at the Shell fellow's rather dejected expression, and his curt tone softened a little.

"Trouble in the giddy family?" he asked.

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"Not exactly," replied Cardew. "I can't explain, Merry, but I give you my word of honour that I could not get to practice to-day. There's a special reason, and I can't tell you what that is. Won't you take that as being good enough?"

Tom Merry bit his lip.

"I said I wouldn't play you if you did not turn up," he said. "All the fellows heard me. What do you think they are going to say if I play you, after all?"

"Let 'em think what they like," said Cardew.

"Rats! The chaps were jolly wild because I took the trouble to hold up the match this afternoon," said Tom Merry sharply. "When I told them I had found that you had gone out—"

"You found that out?" said Cardew quickly.

"Of course I did, dummy! I was willing to give you another chance; to wake you up, if you'd fallen asleep, and drag you down to practice by the scruff of your neck," said Tom Merry warmly. "But you'd gone out—where, goodness knows!"

"Oh!"

There was relief in Cardew's tone, and Tom Merry looked sharply at him.

"So that's that!" said Tom Merry.

He turned and went into his study, and Ralph Reckness Cardew walked slowly down the passage to his own study.

It was ten minutes later when Jack Blake & Co. came in with Manners and Lowther, who shared the study with Tom Merry.

"Cardew's back," said Blake.

"I've seen him," said Tom Merry, with a grunt.

"Got anything to say?" asked Manners.

"No, except that he couldn't turn up," said Tom Merry.

"Detained, was he?" snorted Herries.

"No; he says he can't say why," said Tom Merry. "That ends the matter, so far as I am concerned!"

"If Cardew is in twouble, deah boys, I—" began D'Arcy.

"Good old Gussy!" said Blake, with a grunt. "Ever ready to make excuses. Didn't the ass say that he couldn't say—"

The door opened suddenly, and Bagley Trimble, the fattest junior at St. Jim's, entered the study more hastily than politely.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"Buzz, Baggy!" said Blake. "We're busy!"

"I've news!" said Trimble, rather mysteriously. "Cardew didn't turn up to practice this afternoon, did he?"

"Eh? What's it got to do with you, any old how?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Nothing—nothing!" said Baggy, with a smirk. "Only I happen to know why he didn't turn up."

"Weally, Twimble, if you are awah of a fellah's secwets, you ought to know bettah than to blurt them all ovah the school!" said D'Arcy remonstratively.

"Who's blurring them about?" hooted Trimble indignantly. "It isn't my fault if the rotter goes into a low pub, is it?"

"My hat!"

"Cardew in a pub!" exclaimed Digby. "Oh, great pip! Gentlemen, the giddy old mystery is a mystery no longer. Cardew's been pub-haunting."

Tom Merry frowned.

"Did you see him enter a pub, Baggy?" he asked sharply.

It was not a bit of use hiding the news now, and Bagley Trimble, who hoped to make some capital out of the information, grunted.

"I didn't actually see him—" he began cautiously.

"Then how do you know he entered one?" demanded Blake wrathfully. "You'll get your ear in a sling if Cardew hears you babbling out that he's been in a pub if he hasn't!"

"Oh, really, Blake!" said Trimble. "You know jolly well that the lane that leads to the Blue Boar is a cul-de-sac."

The juniors did not answer that remark. They knew quite well that Trimble was correct in that statement. The Blue Boar was an inn which had stood in the old cul-de-sac up Rylcombe Lane for many centuries.

"There are only a few cottages in the lane, and you don't suppose a chap like Cardew is on visiting terms with the inhabitants, do you?" went on Trimble warmly.

"You mind your own business, Baggy!" said Tom Merry, frowning.

"It's got nothing to do with you!"

"It has a lot to do with me," said Trimble indignantly. "You know jolly well that only Cardew stands between me and a place in the eleven for the Rookwood match—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not a laughing matter at all, you howling asses!" howled the wrathful Baggy. "Now you know that Cardew prefers pub-haunting to cricket—"

"Eh? What's that?"

Baggy Trimble jumped, and even some of the juniors looked uncomfortable. The interruption came from the open doorway, and in it stood Ralph Reckness Cardew, his face flushing with anger.

"I—I—I say, Cardew, old fellow—" began Baggy nervously.

"Pub-hauntin', did you say?" asked Cardew. "Who's been pub-hauntin'?"

"He says you've been pub-haunting, and that that is the reason why you didn't turn up to practice," said Tom Merry bluntly. "I should have asked you if it was true, anyhow. So there's no harm in having it out here."

"Wathah not!" said D'Arcy firmly.

"You think I've been pub-hauntin'?" asked Cardew, turning to Tom Merry.

"Blest if I know!" said Tom Merry, flinging himself down into a chair.

"Baggy is a tattling young ass, as we all know. But—but the cul-de-sac—"

"Leads to the Blue Boar," said Cardew, with a mirthless laugh. "Think what you jolly well like."

And he went out and slammed the door.

The juniors stared at one another in amazement for a moment, then Bagley Trimble gave vent to a fat chuckle.

"There you are!" he said.

"And he didn't punch Baggy's nose!" gasped Blake. "Well, my only aunt!"

"Oh, really, Blake!" said Baggy. "He wouldn't dare—"

The door opened again, and Baggy broke off hastily. It was Cardew again, and when he spoke his remark was addressed to Trimble.

"By the way, Trimble, dear boy," said the Shell fellow, "if that yarn gets about I shall come back and give you the hiding of your life!"

And for the second time in less than a minute the door was slammed behind Ralph Reckness Cardew.

"Why didn't you tell him to jolly well get on with the hiding, Baggy?" asked Monty Lowther, with a chuckle.

"Ahem!" said Trimble hesitatingly. "You see—"

"I see a fat, spying little toad!" snapped Tom Merry. "Clear out, or you'll go out on your neck!"

"About that place in the team——"
Tom Merry rose from his chair, and stepped towards Baggy Trimble. That was sufficient for the fat junior of the Fourth. He did not stop to point out that the vacant position in the St. Jim's team for the Rookwood match undoubtedly should go to him.

He went, just missing Tom Merry's boot as he did so.

When the door was closed again Tom Merry looked at his chums.

"Well?" said Blake. "What about it now?"

"Blest if I know, you chaps!" admitted the junior captain. "I think there is more in this than meets the eye."

"Oh, rats!" said Blake crossly. "The ass must have been up to some shady game, or he would have punched Baggy's fat head!"

"Weally, he might be tweating the maitah with the contempt it deserves, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "In the circs I should do the same!"

"Let me catch you pub-haunting, Adolphus!" said Blake grimly. "I'll—I'll——"

"Weally, Blake——" began D'Arcy indignantly.

"Cardew's got something at the back of all this," put in Tom Merry. "He's the slackest of slackers, but he comes up to scratch sometimes. And I really believe he wanted to play in the Rookwood match."

"Well, why the dickens doesn't he say what's the matter?" asked Manners pointedly. "That would settle the matter."

Tom Merry shrugged his shoulders. That was a question to which he could not supply an answer.

Certainly Cardew could have settled the matter once and for all by saying why he had not turned up for practice. But he chose not to give his reason; and Tom Merry, for one, flatly refused to believe that Ralph Reckness Cardew had been pub-haunting.

There the affair rested for the night, and when Tom Merry & Co. went up to bed they carefully avoided meeting Cardew. The subject was closed between them, and if he wanted his place in the team it was up to Cardew to speak the first word.

But Cardew went to bed without addressing any remark to the Co.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Tom Merry's Discovery!

THE next morning Tom Merry & Co. were down early, and they went into the Close for a stroll before breakfast. And there they saw Ralph Reckness Cardew walking restlessly and listlessly up and down.

"Cardew's got the hump," said Monty Lowther with emphasis.

Tom Merry nodded thoughtfully. "I say, you chaps," he murmured, "I wonder if old Cardew is really in a bit of a stew somehow?"

"No business of ours if he is," said Manners warmly. "Let Cardew explain if he wants to; if he doesn't, that's his affair!"

"That's all very well," said Tom Merry, who appeared to be rather worried on account of Cardew. "If there was really trouble, I think we—I ought to give him another chance."

"The ass ought to practise!" grunted Manners.

"Yes, but if he was prevented by—by illness or something like that, he would



A STRANGE DISCOVERY!—Tom Merry & Co. looked over the garden fence upon the perspiring Shell fellow as he toiled with the gardening fork. "Cardew!" roared Jack Blake. Cardew dropped the fork as if it had suddenly become red-hot, and turned a wet and furious face towards the juniors. (See Chapter 3.)

be able to offer a reasonable excuse," persisted Tom Merry.

Manners and Lowther groaned. "That's our good little ass again," said Manners deprecatingly. "Always wanting to make the best of every fellow. Baggy says that——"

"Hang what Baggy says!" snapped Tom Merry. "I'm jolly well going to speak to Cardew."

"He ought to speak to you——"
Tom Merry did not stop to hear the remainder of Lowther's sentence. He walked briskly across to Ralph Reckness Cardew, and caught him by the sleeve of his Eton jacket.

"I say, Cardew——" began Tom Merry.

"You'd better not be seen talkin' to a pub-haunter, dear boy," said Cardew.

"I haven't said——"

"You think I was on the razzle yesterday?"

"I haven't mentioned my thoughts in that direction," said Tom Merry, determined not to let Cardew anger him. "I came to offer you a last chance."

"Thanks!" said Cardew eagerly.

The next moment the eager light died from out of his face, however, and the dejected expression returned.

"When is the match?" he asked slowly. "On Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Tom Merry. "There will be some practice at the nets to-night and to-morrow night. If you turn up for that you'll get your place in the team."

Cardew frowned thoughtfully. Manners and Lowther had returned to the School House, and the two Shell Fellows were alone in the Close.

"Can't be did!" said Cardew at last. "It's your last chance!" said Tom Merry angrily.

"You mean you'll stick to it—that you won't give me a show unless I turn up for practice?" said Cardew bitterly.

"That's the size of it!"

"Even though I give you my word of honour that I can't help it—that I've got to go out to-night and to-morrow night?" said Cardew.

"There's precious little doing in Rylcombe or Wayland to keep you from cricket practice on important occasions," said Tom Merry sharply. "Unless it really is——"

"Pub-hauntin'?" said Cardew, finishing Tom Merry's sentence for him. "You can jolly well go and eat coke, Tom Merry! I'm not dyin' to play, begad!"

"All the same, it's your last chance to play for the junior eleven, so long as I am captain," said Tom Merry bitterly. "I expect it's because you're a lazy ass——"

He broke off. Ralph Reckness Cardew had walked quickly away, and after a moment's hesitation, Tom Merry followed him into the School House. He had given Cardew a last chance, and it remained to be seen what Cardew would do.

Tom Merry thought the slacker of the Shell would come round and turn up for practice. But in that Tom Merry was wrong, for when the team went down to the nets after tea that evening Cardew was not there.

Baggy Trimble strolled down just as the juniors were commencing, and tapped Tom Merry lightly on the shoulder.

"I say, Merry——" he began.

"Oh, buzz off!" said Tom Merry.

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"Railton wants you, Merry!" said Baggy Trimble. "That's stashed you up, any old how! It's a hicking! Yah!"

Tom Merry groaned. "I wonder what the thump Railton wants?" he asked.

"Better go and see. I expect Baggy's been half an hour on the way to deliver the message now," said Blake, with a grin. "Housemasters don't like being kept waiting as a rule!"

Tom Merry grunted, and ran off the field and up to the Housemaster's study. He tapped upon the door, and the tone with which Mr. Railton bade him enter certainly did not seem to suggest that he was in a tantrum.

In fact, the Housemaster was as genial as ever, and he smiled pleasantly at the Shell leader.

"I had a 'phone message for you, Merry," said Mr. Railton kindly. "Your new bat has arrived at the outfitter's. You may go down and get it now, if you like."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom Merry eagerly. "I can get back before locking-up time, so sha'n't want a pass, sir!"

And he ran light-heartedly out of the Housemaster's study, and across to the bicycle-shed. Then, leaving a message to Blake & Co. that he had gone to get his new bat, Tom Merry mounted his machine and rode off in the direction of Rylcombe.

Tom was elated at the prospect of using his new bat in the forthcoming Rookwood match. His old one was decidedly the worse for wear, and had lost a lot of its power. With a new bat, Tom Merry hoped to do wonders when it came to facing Jimmy Silver & Co.'s bowling.

He had ridden nearly half a mile when he suddenly applied his brakes.

He was passing the cul-de-sac in Rylcombe Lane, and in the lane he had caught sight of a St. Jim's cap. Tom Merry guessed instantly that it was Ralph Reckness Cardew whom he saw, and, scarcely knowing what to do, the Shell leader pulled up and dismounted.

If he went into the Blue Boar and warned Cardew, he might cause a scene. On the other hand, if he left Cardew to carry on as he was apparently carrying on, Cardew would be getting it in the neck before very long.

Tom Merry was torn between a reluctance to poke his nose into another fellow's business and a desire to save Cardew from himself. After a few moments' thought, Tom Merry decided to risk it, and go and point out to Ralph Reckness that he was an ass of the first water.

With that idea in view, Tom Merry wheeled his machine up the lane, keeping a wary eye open for any other St. Jim's cap which might herald the arrival of one of the prefects.

He had reached the first cottage, when he came to a sudden stop.

In the vegetable garden at the rear of the cottage was Ralph Reckness Cardew, and the Shell fellow had taken off his coat, and was working vigorously with a gardening-fork.

Tom Merry gasped, and his first impulse was to yell a cheery greeting to Cardew. But he suddenly thought that many of the juniors at St. Jim's had an idea that Ralph Reckness Cardew had been pub-haunting. It would, therefore, be just as well to let the doubting Thomases see for themselves what had taken Cardew up that cul-de-sac.

With scarcely a sound, Tom Merry mounted his bicycle and rode desperately for St. Jim's. In less than a quarter of an hour he was back again, and with him were Jack Blake & Co., Figgins & Co., and Manners and Lowther.

They looked upon the perspiring Shell fellow as he toiled with the gardening-fork in the hot evening, and they gasped.

"Cardew!" roared Jack Blake. Cardew dropped the fork as if it had suddenly become red-hot, and he turned a wet and furious face towards the juniors.

"Shut up, you thumpin' asses!" he said sulphurously. "If you wake her—"

"Her!" repeated Tom Merry. Cardew came quickly towards them, red as a beetroot and panting heavily.

"Mrs. Wilkes has been ill," he explained breathlessly. "Clear off, you dummies! I promised to see that her garden was kept—"

"So that was why you cut practice yesterday?" said Tom Merry.

Cardew nodded.

"Buzz off, you chaps!"

"Rats!" said Manners warmly. "This is where we cut practice—"

"But—" began Cardew.

"Rats! Roll in, you fellows, and put your backs into it!" said Manners heartily.

"What-ho!" said Tom Merry. "You had a last chance, Cardew, and you preferred to let it go sooner than go back on your word. You're a brick—and we want bricks in the team for the Rookwood match."

"Where's that blessed fork gone?" demanded Manners.

He found it, and in a moment he was working upon the ground which had been partly turned over by Ralph Reckness Cardew—generally considered to be the slackest of the slackers!

With so many willing and helping hands, the garden was soon done, and Ralph Reckness Cardew was conveyed back to St. Jim's in triumph.

And with Cardew in their midst, the juniors made their way to the School House, up to the notice-board, where the name of Ralph Reckness Cardew was added to the list of the team to play against Jimmy Silver & Co.'s team from Rookwood.

Cardew played in the cricket-match against Rookwood, and never for one instant did Tom Merry regret having included his name in the team, after all. For once in a way the slacker forgot to slack, and put his best work into both batting and fielding.

Perhaps Cardew thought it was up to him to show that missing practice was not so serious, after all. Perhaps it was this thought which caused him to give his best attention to the game.

Whatever it was, Ralph Reckness Cardew played the game of his life, making thirty-nine runs before Jimmy Silver knocked out his middle stump. And, remembering Baggy Trimble's yarn, the juniors cheered lustily.

THE END.

(There will be a splendid Long New Tale of St. Jim's, entitled "Harry Manners' Brain-Wave!" By Martin Clifford. You must not miss it!)

A RAILWAY—AND SOMETHING MORE

(The N. S. R.'s. Varied Enterprises.)

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of our Free Plate.

IN the Five Towns and all through the Potteries there is only one railway—the North Staffordshire—and that is an institution of which the district is proud. The part of Old England from which this enterprising line takes its title by no means limits the sphere of operations of the railway which has for its coat-of-arms the Staffordshire Knot.

On its own lines the North Staffordshire trains run as far west as Market Drayton, north-west to Crewe, north to Macclesfield, south to Colwich, and east to Repton, where is the famous school.

The N.S.R. serves a district in which much lucrative traffic arises, and for the favour of hauling this traffic after it passes from the N.S. system there is great competition, so that the L. & N.W.R., M.R., G.C.R., G.N.E., and G.W.R. all work in harmony with the local line. The L. & N.W.R. is the prime favourite, and works trains to and from Manchester and London over the N.S.R. In return, the N.S.R. exercises considerable

running powers over the L. & N.W.R. Its passenger trains may be seen every day on the L. & N.W.R. at Manchester and Birmingham, and at Derby and Burton-on-Trent on the Midland. In addition, during the summer, its trains go as far afield on the Midland as Nottingham, pass over the N.S.R. to Crewe, and then over the L. & N.W.R. to Rhyl. They are merely passenger trains. In the matter of goods services, N.S.R. trains come as far south as Rugby, and as far north as Warrington and Liverpool on the L. & N.W.R. The company has also a line jointly with the G.C.R., which extends from Macclesfield to Marple. Although the Potteries loom largely in N.S.R. activities, the line passes through some of the finest dairying districts in England, and many thousands of gallons of milk are sent daily over it to London and other big centres. N.S.R. milk-vans are quite a feature on the G.N.E., M.R., and L. & N.W.R.

Many types of locomotives are employed for hauling the diverse traffic of the N.S.R. The latest for the fast passenger trains is

the 0-6-4 tank-engine, of which design a picture of No. 119, in facsimile colours, is presented with this issue.

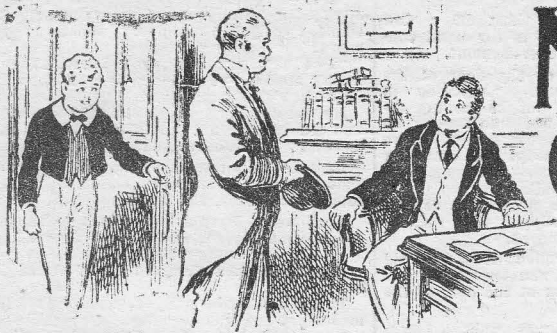
These fine, smart engines have six-coupled wheels 5 ft. 6 in. diameter, cylinders 20 in. diameter by 26 in. stroke, heating surface 1,016 sq. ft., grate area 21 sq. ft., and weight, in working order, 77½ tons.

The N.S.R. is also a big canal proprietor. It owns the Trent & Mersey Navigation, a waterway 119 miles long, on which are the two famous Harecastle Tunnels, each a mile long; one of them is so small in diameter that the barges have to be "legged" through it by the boatmen lying on their back and pushing against the roof of the tunnel to propel the boat. The railway runs through another tunnel, so the N.S.R. has three parallel tunnels under Harecastle Hill.

This enterprising company, besides working a railway and owning a canal, also quarries limestone at the famous Caidon Low Quarries, 500,000 tons being disposed of each year.

The N.S.R. is a business concern of which the Five Towns think a lot.

A HUMOROUS STORY TELLING OF THE UNIQUE WAY IN WHICH JIMMY SILVER GETS EVEN WITH CARTHEW, THE BULLY OF THE SIXTH FORM.



NICE FOR CARTHEW!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

O:O

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Unspeakable Carthew.

"POOR old Jimmy!" Lovell and Raby and Newcome spoke together in tones of deep commiseration. And Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, replied: "Wow-wow!" Jimmy Silver was standing in the end study, wringing his hands. His face expressed mingled anguish and wrath. "It's too bad," said Raby. "We've got to make Carthew sit up, somehow." "Oh, the rotter!" mumbled Jimmy Silver. It was really a hard case. Carthew, the bully of the Sixth, and the most intensely disliked prefect on the Classical side at Rookwood, had come down very heavy.

Jimmy Silver had undertaken to punish Carthew, the prefect having bullied Jimmy's cousin Algy, of the Third, in a way that Uncle James did not approve of.

Possibly Carthew did not care very much about Uncle James' approval.

Jimmy's method had been to arrange tin-tacks in Carthew's armchair, and glue in his slippers, and gum in his inkpot.

Unfortunately, Carthew had come into his study unexpectedly while Jimmy was thus engaged.

Though Jimmy was not exactly tearful, his feelings were expressed in emphatic ejaculations.

Carthew had given him six on each hand. It was a punishment quite out of proportion to the offence—at least, from the point of view of the end study.

"Poor old Jimmy!" repeated the Co. "Yow-ow-ow!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Never mind. Can't be helped. Yow-ow-ow! My blessed hands are on fire! Wow! Let's get out!"

"Come on, then, old chap!" said Raby.

The Fistical Four went downstairs.

Jimmy felt that a walk in the pleasant summer sunshine would make him feel better.

But his luck was out.

Mark Carthew of the Sixth was standing in the doorway, chatting with Knowles, of the Modern side.

The Classical prefect grinned at the sight of Jimmy's pained face.

"Fag!" he called out.

Apparently Carthew wanted a fag—or, more likely, he had invented the want on the spot, for the purpose of worrying the captain of the Fourth a little more.

The Fistical Four passed on, affecting not to hear.

"Silver!" rapped out Carthew.

Jimmy had to stop then. A prefect was a prefect, even if he was a bully of the first water in addition.

"Yes, Carthew?" said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth.

"Take this fiver to the school shop, and ask Sergeant Kettle if he can change it for me."

Carthew, with rather a flourish, drew the five-pound note out of his pocket-book, and tossed it to the junior with an air of carelessness.

The banknote fluttered to the floor. Jimmy Silver did not catch it.

Indeed, he was debating in his mind whether he should tell Carthew to go and eat coke, instead of taking his banknote to the tuckshop for him.

"You clumsy young ass!" exclaimed Carthew. "Do you want another taste of the cane, Silver? Pick that note up at once!"

Jimmy's eyes gleamed. But Lovell hastily picked up the note, and handed it to his chum.

He did not want to see Jimmy given further punishment; and the prefect was quite within his rights in calling on the services of a fag.

"We'll take it," Carthew, said Lovell. "Come on, Jimmy!"

The Fourth-Formers went out into the quad.

Jimmy Silver crumpled the banknote in his aching fingers.

"Jolly good mind to chuck it into the fountain!" he grunted.

"Tain't much trouble to change it for the beast!" said Newcome.

"I don't believe he cares twopence about having it changed. It's only to give me a job!" growled Jimmy.

"Never mind. Come on!"

The Fistical Four walked to the school shop which Sergeant Kettle kept in the ground floor of the old clock-tower.

Jimmy threw the note on the counter.

"Can you change that for Carthew, sergeant?" he asked.

Mr. Kettle shook his head.

"Sorry, Master Silver; change is short," he said.

"Right you are!" said Jimmy, taking up the note again.

He was not sorry to have to return it to Carthew unchanged.

The chums of the Fourth returned to the School House.

Knowles was strolling away to Mr. Manders' House, and Carthew had gone to his study.

Jimmy repaired there.

"Well, why haven't you changed it?" demanded Carthew, in his most bullying tone, as Jimmy laid the banknote on the table.

"The sergeant's got no change."

"Most likely you've been too lazy to ask him!" growled Carthew. "Is that it, you scowling young rascal?"

"I asked him."

"I suppose you're telling lies!" snapped Carthew.

"You shouldn't judge others by yourself, Carthew!" retorted Jimmy Silver.

The prefect's eyes glistened.

It had been his intention to provoke the fag into a cheeky retort, and he had succeeded.

"Is that the way to talk to a prefect, Silver?"

"A prefect of your sort—yes," answered Jimmy Silver recklessly.

Carthew snatched up a cane.

"Hold out your hand!" he thundered.

"Don't you think I've had enough of that, Carthew?" said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth.

Carthew did not answer that question.

He caught the junior by the collar, and the cane came down across Jimmy's shoulders.

Jimmy Silver wrenched himself savagely away, and dodged out of the study.

He just escaped another lash as he went.

Carthew tossed the cane on the table and grinned.

"I fancy I shall bring that young cub to heel in the long run!" he murmured. "I'll take the check out of him, or I'll know the reason why."

But Jimmy Silver's feelings, as he scudded away from the Sixth Form passage, could not have been expressed in words.

That afternoon, in the Fourth Form-room, Jimmy Silver was very thoughtful.

He was not thinking, however, of the valuable instruction he was receiving from Mr. Bootles.

He was thinking of Mark Carthew, of the Sixth and of ways and means for making the bully sorry for himself.

When classes were dismissed Jimmy was looking a good deal more comforted, for which it might have been guessed that he had thought of a scheme of vengeance.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Jimmy Has an Idea.

"FEEL up to cricket, Jimmy?" asked Lovell, as the Fourth Form came out after lessons.

Jimmy shook his head.

"I couldn't hold a bat," he answered. "I've got something else on, too. Like to come for a walk?"

"Where?" asked Raby.

"Coombe. I've got to see a man," answered Jimmy Silver.

"You haven't said so before," said Lovell.

"What blessed man have you got to see in the village?"

"Joey Jones, the potato merchant."

"But you don't want any spuds!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Quite so. I want him to write a letter for me."

"Well, my hat! Why?"

"Because his handwriting is different from mine."

"Great pip!"

Jimmy Silver's chums stared at him, greatly mystified.

But they followed him as he started for the gates.

"Is it a wheeze?" asked Lovell, at last, as they turned out into the road.

"Guessed that at last, old top? You must have been giving your intellect Swedish drill, or something," said Jimmy Silver affably.

"Oh, rats!" answered Lovell. "I don't see what you're at. I could write a letter for you if you wanted it."

"Carthew would know your fist, if he went down to the office, and inquired after the letter."

"What office?" yelled Lovell.

"The local paper office."

"I say, this is getting serious," said Lovell, with a look of concern. "Does it run in your family, Jimmy? Now I come to think of it, I've seen signs of insanity before."

THE POPULAR.—No. 178.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY! "JIMMY SILVER & CO. ON THE ROAD!"

"Bow-wow!" answered Jimmy Silver. The Fistical Four walked down to the village.

Joey Jones was an old acquaintance of the Classical chums.

He was an old soldier, discharged for wounds, and he had taken up potato-growing at Coombe.

The Fistical Four had sometimes gone down on half-holidays to lend him a hand with the digging.

He lived in a cottage outside the village, and he was resting in his little porch after working in the fields, when the juniors came along.

Jimmy drew a crumpled sheet of paper from his pocket as he paused outside the garden gate, and glanced at it.

"I think that will do," he murmured.

"What on earth is it?" asked Newcome.

"Look and see, old chap!"

Lovell & Co. looked at the scribbled paper. It ran:

FOUND!

£5 NOTE. No. 00010101. Owner can have same by applying to M. Carthew, Sixth Form, Rookwood School, near Coombe. Apply personally, not by letter."

The three juniors rubbed their eyes. "D-d-d-do you mean to say that Carthew found that banknote, and kept it?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Not at all."

"But—but this—"

"That's an advertisement for the 'Coombe Times,'" said Jimmy Silver calmly. "It goes in this week's paper."

"But the note's Carthew's, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. He's a rotter, but I don't suppose he's a thief."

"But—but that advertisement sounds as if the note's been found, and Carthew's keeping it for the owner to call," said Lovell, in bewilderment.

"Exactly!"

"Nobody will call for it if it's Carthew's," Jimmy Silver grinned.

"My dear man, there are a certain number of dishonest persons in existence," he answered. "It's sad, but true. Take that gang, frinstance—Hook, the bookie, and his friends at the Bird-in-Hand. There are others. Even in this delightful countryside there are persons who are not above annexing other people's property. You ought to have found that out by the prices you've been charged for things."

"Yes; but—"

"Every chap who sees that advertisement will know that the banknote's to be had by applying personally. Ninety-nine in a hundred won't take any notice of it, of course. The hundredth will. See? This advertisement is enough to bring half the rogues in the county calling on Carthew and demanding his banknote. It will keep Carthew occupied a bit in his spare time, and he won't have so much time to waste on little us."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell. "It's a jape!"

"Got that at last?" asked Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

"My hat! Why a dozen people may come asking for that banknote!" exclaimed Raby.

"I suppose there's as many rogues as that around this part."

"Shouldn't wonder. May be more. I think Carthew will be kept busy for a time," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

"There'll be a terrific row when it comes out that somebody's shoved the ad. in the paper!" gasped Newcome.

"That's why I'm not going to write the letter. Joey Jones' fist isn't known to anybody, and it won't hurt him. See? Carthew's a suspicious beast, but even he wouldn't think of suspecting the potato merchant of japing him."

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Wait for me," said Jimmy. "I'll only be a few minutes."

Jimmy Silver went up the path to the cottage.

He was sure that Mr. Jones would oblige him by copying out that letter, as there was evidently no harm in it.

Lovell & Co. waited for him. They were grinning now.

Exactly what results that advertisement in the local paper would have they could not guess, but it was pretty certain that the results would cause Carthew of the Sixth a

THE POPULAR.—No. 173.

NEXT TUESDAY! "JIMMY SILVER & CO. ON THE ROAD!"

considerable amount of surprise and disturbance.

Jimmy Silver rejoined them in a few minutes, with an envelope in his hand containing the copy of the advertisement.

"We'll shove this in at the door of the 'Times' office," he said. "Anything in before six to-day comes out in the rag tomorrow. Carthew's not likely to see it; he never reads the local paper, of course. We've got to put in a bob—stamps will do. You can't trace stamps."

"Oh, my hat!" said Lovell.

A dozen stamps were purchased at the village post-office, and slipped into the envelope, which was then closed.

The Fistical Four strolled down the old High Street of Coombe, and the letter was duly dropped into the box at the door of the "Coombe Times" office.

Then the Classical chums walked homeward, smiling.

"That's a bit safer than gumming his ink-pot, or glueing his slippers," remarked Jimmy Silver, "and I fancy it will worry him a bit more, the beast!" Jimmy rubbed his hands.

"The worst is, he won't know I did it. I can't very well tell him that."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Better not!"

The Fistical Four were feeling far more cheerful when they reached Rookwood. Jimmy Silver especially was particularly chirpy, for he was anticipating the success of his scheme for getting even with Carthew.

ARE YOU COLLECTING
our Beautifully Coloured
Engine Plates?
There will be another
Splendid Plate given away
FREE with next week's
issue of
THE POPULAR

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Rival Claimants.

THE next day Mark Carthew was in his study, when a tap came at the door, and the Sixth-Former snapped:

"Come in!"

Muffin, of the Classical Fourth, came in. He was looking a little nervous, and he had the "Coombe Times" folded in his fat hand.

Carthew stared at him.

"What do you want, fat ribs?" he asked politely.

"Please, I've come for the five-pound note, Carthew!"

Carthew sat bolt upright in his chair. He was so astonished that he could only stare at Reginald Muffin for some moments.

As he knew nothing whatever about the advertisement in the "Coombe Times," naturally he did not know that he was supposed to have found a banknote, and advertised for the owner.

"You've come for what?" he ejaculated at last.

"The five-pound note, Carthew, please!"

"You've come here for a five-pound note?" repeated Carthew, still scarcely able to believe his ears.

"Yes, please!"

The Sixth-Former started to his feet.

"Are you potty, you young idiot?" he exclaimed.

"Nunno! I—I've called for the fiver," said Muffin, backing away in some alarm. He did not see why Carthew should be either surprised or angry. "I—I lost it, you know."

"You lost a fiver?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, you young idiot, do you think I'm a magician, to find the things you lose? If you've lost a fiver, go to your Form-master, and he will put a notice on the board."

"B-b-but you've found it, Carthew!" stammered Tubby Muffin, more surprised than the prefect.

"What?"

"You've got it, you know."

"I—I—I've got it!" repeated Carthew amazedly. "You idiotic little rascal, do you think I've got your fiver? What do you mean?"

"I—I say, you have, you know!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "You found it, you know!"

Carthew's eyes glittered.

He did not know about the advertisement, and Tubby did not know that he did not know, so a misunderstanding was inevitable.

He could only conclude from Muffin's words that the fat Classical supposed that he had found a lost fiver, and was keeping it.

That would have made a better-tempered fellow than Mark Carthew very angry.

He did not answer Tubby Muffin.

He picked up a cane, and came round the table.

Tubby, much alarmed, executed a strategic movement towards the door.

"So you've lost a banknote, and you think I've got it!" spluttered Carthew, crimson with wrath.

"I—I— Why, you— Look here!

What's this mean, then?" stuttered Muffin, holding up the paper.

Whack!

Carthew did not even look at the paper.

He did not see any connection between that and Tubby's claim for a lost fiver.

He brought down the cane on Tubby, and the fat Classical gave a fiendish yell and bolted for the passage.

Whack!

The cane came down again on Tubby's fat shoulders as he escaped, and he fled down the passage, howling.

"Come back!" roared Carthew, glaring after him from the study doorway.

Tubby Muffin was not a very bright youth, but he was too bright to think of obeying that command.

He bolted round the nearest corner and vanished.

Carthew snorted, and turned back into his study.

He was angry, and with reason.

He knew that he was disliked among the juniors, and he had never supposed that they had a high opinion of him; but it was rather a shock to find a junior suspecting him of keeping a banknote he had found.

And why Muffin should suppose he had found one was a deep mystery.

The prefect returned to his chair, and picked up the pink paper he had been studying when Muffin interrupted him.

He was destined to be interrupted again.

"Come in!" he snapped, as there was a respectful tap at the door, and he slid the paper out of sight again.

It was Albert Leggett, of the Modern side, who entered this time.

Carthew gave him a glare.

Modern juniors had no business visiting Classical prefects.

"What the dickens do you want?" he rapped out. "Can't a man have a bit of quiet in his own study? Out with it, sharp!"

"Sorry to interrupt you, Carthew," said Leggett. "It's about the banknote."

Carthew jumped.

"The banknote!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, please, Carthew," said Leggett. "It's mine."

"Yours!" stuttered Carthew.

"Yes. I—I lost it," said the rogue of the Fourth, rather surprised by the excitement in Carthew's looks.

He did not see anything for the Classical prefect to get excited about.

Carthew picked up the cane, which had already seen so much service that day.

"You cheeky young rascal!" he exclaimed.

"Is this a put-up job between you and Muffin?"

Then Leggett thought he understood the cause of the prefect's excitement.

"Oh, has Muffin been here?" he exclaimed.

"The rotter! He's got my paper! Don't you believe him, Carthew. It's not his. He simply happened to hear me reading about it to Pele."

This was so much Greek to Carthew.

"I know it's not his, you young idiot!" snapped Carthew. "It's mine, I suppose. What do you mean?"

"Yours!" ejaculated Leggett, in amazement. "But if you found it, Carthew—"

"Who said I found it?" roared Carthew.

"Why, you did!" said Leggett, more and more amazed. "You— You— Yaroooh! Here, keep off, you bully! Oh, my hat!"

Whack, whack, whack!

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

Carthew was irritated already by Tubby Muffin's extraordinary claim to his banknote. The second claimant simply exasperated him.

If a fellow in the Sixth Form could not show a fiver without having that fiver claimed by cheeky juniors, it was time something was done, and Mark Carthew did it.

He collared Leggett, and laid the cane about him, and Leggett danced round him, yelling.

"Yah! Yaroo! Stoppit! Help! Oh crumbs! Oh scissors!"

"There!" panted Carthew, sending Leggett spinning out of the study when he had finished, which was not till his arm was fatigued. "There, you cheeky young scoundrel! Now come back and give me some more of your cheek!"

Leggett did not!

He would sooner have gone into a lion's den, like a second Daniel, as into Mark Carthew's study just then.

He ran for his life

what you want," said Bulkeley, rather perplexed.

"I 'ope so," said Mr. Hook emphatically. "P'raps one of these young gents would be so kind as to show me where 'is quarters is."

"Certainly," said Jimmy Silver, at once. "Shall I take him in, Bulkeley?"

"You may as well," said Bulkeley. "This way, sir!" said Jimmy.

"Thank you kindly, young man!" Jimmy Silver led the way, followed by Mr. Joseph Hook and quite an army of juniors.

Mr. Bootles met them in the doorway. The Fourth Form-master knew the disreputable Mr. Hook by sight, and he was surprised, shocked, scandalised, and several other things, to see him in the midst of a Rookwood crowd, in the Rookwood quadrangle.

"What—what does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, barring the way into the house. "Kindly explain what you are doing here! What—what?"

Joey Hook explained urbanely. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

hardly have dismayed them more than the sight of Mr. Hook.

"I—I don't know the man, sir!" gasped Carthew. "I—I've never seen him before. I've certainly never had any dealings with him. If he says—"

"I've called about that there banknote, sir," interposed Mr. Hook, anxious not to alarm his young acquaintances. He realised what was passing in Carthew's mind. "Course you've never seen me afore, sir. 'Ow should you? It's simply the matter of the fiver, sir."

"The—the fiver!" stuttered Carthew. "There was a howl round the passage: 'Pay up, Carthew! Pay your losses!'"

"Did your geegee come in eleven, Carthew?"

A yell of merriment followed the question. Mr. Bootles hastily closed the door.

Arthur Edward Lovell squeezed Jimmy Silver's arm ecstatically. "Did you see Carthew's face? Ha, ha, ha!"

"I did!" gasped Jimmy. "He knows Hook.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Joey Hook Looks In.

LOOK out, Peele! Look out, Gower!" Peele and Gower, the black sheep of the Fourth, were chatting in the quadrangle when Tommy Dodd, of the Modern side, called out that warning.

Peele and Gower were discussing "geegees," and something's chance of winning somebody's race; but they left off that interesting discussion to stare at Tommy Dodd.

"What are you burblin' about?" asked Peele.

"Here comes a pal of yours!" grinned Tommy, jerking his thumb towards the school gates.

The two nuts of the Fourth glanced in that direction.

A stout gentleman with a red face and a spotted tie was coming in, looking very warm after his walk.

"By gad!" ejaculated Peele. "It's Hook!"

"Joey Hook!" stammered Gower.

The fat bookmaker was the cynosure of all eyes as he came in, and Peele and Gower looked quite pale.

They had certain surreptitious dealings with the bookmaker at the Bird-in-Hand public-house; but, of course, that was strictly under the rose.

The two alarmed nuts scuttled away among the beeches, anxious to avoid the glance of Mr. Hook.

Tommy Dodd chuckled.

On some occasions, with great secrecy, the nuts sought Mr. Hook's congenial society; but evidently they did not want to see him at Rookwood.

Bulkeley of the Sixth bore down on the bookmaker with a grim brow.

Joey Hook was not the kind of visitor that was wanted at Rookwood, and George Bulkeley was prepared to see him off the premises if necessary.

Mr. Hook gave him an affable smile. "Nice evenin', sir!" he remarked.

"What do you want here, my man?" asked the captain of Rookwood grimly.

"I've called on a little matter o' business," explained Mr. Hook. "Master Carthew is at 'ome, I 'ope?"

"Carthew!" murmured Jimmy Silver. The Fistical Four had joined the crowd gathering round. "Carthew, you fellows! Guess what he wants!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome chuckled softly.

It was easy enough for the Co. to guess what Mr. Hook was after when he mentioned that name.

"You've called to see Carthew?" exclaimed Bulkeley, scarcely crediting his ears.

Bulkeley had his doubts about whether Mark Carthew was quite up to the right Rookwood level of conduct, but to find a bookmaker calling on him at the school was a "fac'er."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Hook calmly. "I've seen the advertisement. Master Carthew's found the banknote I lost t'other day, and I've called for it."

"Oh!" said Bulkeley. "Is that it?"

"Why, what did you think it was?" asked Mr. Hook. "Nothin' in a professional way doin' 'ere, I suppose? He, he!"

"I suppose you can see Carthew, if that's



A FORCED EXIT!—Bulkeley gripped one arm of Mr. Hook's and Neville gripped the other. "This way!" said Bulkeley. "I says—I ain't going to be diddled!" roared Mr. Hook. Between the two prefects the bookmaker was walked out of the study, helpless as a baby. (See Chapter 5.)

"Under—under those circumstances, you—you may, I suppose, speak to Carthew. But—but—"

"Will it do the feller any 'arm, me speaking to 'im?" demanded Mr. Hook, rather belligerently.

"Ahem!—ah!—ahem! I—I will conduct you to Carthew's study personally," said Mr. Bootles hastily. "You—you juniors need not remain. Please follow me, Mr.—er—Hook!"

Mr. Hook followed him. The juniors followed Mr. Hook.

They did not intend to be left out of this if they could help it.

Arrived outside Carthew's study, Mr. Bootles knocked at the door and threw it open.

Mark Carthew was having his tea, and Knowles of the Sixth was at tea with him. Both the seniors jumped up as Mr. Bootles whisked in.

Knowles and Carthew stood almost petrified at the sight of the fat bookmaker behind Mr. Bootles.

"Afternoon, gents!" said Mr. Hook, as affably as ever, fanning himself with his hat. "Warm, ain't it?"

"Carthew, this—this gentleman has called to see you!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "I deem it my duty to remain present at the interview, to avoid—ahem!—misunderstandings."

The two prefects stood dumb.

Both of them knew Mr. Hook—both had had dealings with him, as a matter of fact, in the strictest secrecy.

The sight of a tiger at Rookwood could

Ha, ha! He thought Hook had come to give him away. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Fistical Four roared. Jimmy Silver's jape was working out better than they had ventured to expect.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Nice for Cardew.

JEST the matter of that fiver, sir," said Mr. Joey Hook reassuringly.

"If you'll 'and it over to me, Master Carthew, I'll thank you 'earlyly."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Carthew shrilly. "Do you dare to say that I owe you money? Mr. Bootles, it is false!"

"My dear Carthew—"

"I can back up Carthew in that, sir," said Knowles hurriedly. "I am perfectly certain that he has never been guilty—"

"You don't catch on, gents," said Mr. Hook, before the Form-master could speak. "I ain't sayin' as Master Carthew owes me any money. Course he don't! 'Ow could he when he don't know me? It's simply the matter of the fiver."

"What—what fiver?" stammered Carthew, wondering whether he was on his head or his heels.

"The fiver you found, sir," said Mr. Hook, also wondering.

"That I—I found?"

"Yes, sir! That's what I've called for." Carthew stared at him dazedly. "Please give the man his banknote, and let

him go, Carthew!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles impatiently.

"I—I—I—" stuttered Carthew. "But—but I haven't a banknote, sir—I—I mean, I haven't found one!"

"What—what?"

"I—I assure you, sir, that I have found no banknote!" said Carthew dizzily. "I have a five, certainly, but it is my own."

"Oh, come," said Mr. Hook impatiently, "if you haven't found a five-pound note, for which the howner is to apply personally, what for did you advertise so, Master Carthew? Answer a man that!"

"I've never said so!" gasped Carthew. "I certainly haven't!"

"There appears to be some mistake," said Mr. Bootles. "There ain't any mistake," said Mr. Hook obstinately. "I know I've walked 'ere in a 'ot sun for that banknote what I lost, and what Master Carthew found. I'll be obliged to Master Carthew for 'anding it over."

"Carthew, have you found a banknote, or not?"

"Certainly not!" gasped Carthew. "It is most extraordinary! This man declares that you have advertised the banknote in the local paper, for the owner to call for it here."

Carthew almost tottered. "Is that the fact, Carthew?"

"No!" howled Carthew. "Certainly not! I've done nothing of the kind! Why should I, when I haven't found a banknote at all?"

Mr. Joey Hook began to look ugly. "If you haven't found a banknote, what did you advertise that there banknote for?" he demanded.

"I didn't!" yelled Carthew. "You did!" roared Mr. Hook.

"I tell you I didn't!"

"And I tell you I read the advertisement with my hown eyes!" shouted Mr. Hook, sprinkling his aspirates freely as he grew more excited. "And that there paper is in the bar of the Bird-in-'And at this 'ere moment. Name and address given—Carthew, Rookwood School. If you've changed your mind, sir, and want to keep that there note, it's too late. You 'and it hover!"

"I didn't!" shrieked Carthew.

"This—is this most extraordinary!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "If you did not insert such an advertisement, Carthew—"

"I did not!"

"I saw it!" roared Mr. Hook. "Read it with my hown heyes. I says to the potman, says I, 'I'm on this!' says I. I—I means, I says to the potman, 'That must be the note I lost the luther day,' says I. And I comes 'ere, a long walk in 'ot weather, for that there note."

Mr. Hook's bull voice could be heard the length of the Sixth Form corridor.

Seniors as well as juniors were gathering there in wonder.

Carthew panted for breath.

He could only suppose that Joey Hook was intoxicated, and had mixed up the address given in some advertisement with his.

"It's a mistake, Mr. Hook!" he stuttered. "Quite a mistake! I certainly never put any advertisement into the paper. I have not found any banknote."

"You—you see there is some mistake, Mr. Hook," urged the Fourth Form master.

"Pray retire now!"

"Ave I come 'ere for nothing, then?" roared Mr. Hook. "I tell you, sir, I ain't going to be diddled!"

"Bless my soul! Pray—"

The door opened, and Bulkeley of the Sixth looked in, with Neville behind him.

"Can we be of use, Mr. Bootles?" asked the captain of Rookwood quietly.

"If—if you can persuade that—that man to go quietly, Bulkeley!" gasped the flustered Form-master.

"I think I can, sir!"

Bulkeley gripped one of Mr. Hook's arms, and Neville gripped the other.

"This way!" said Bulkeley.

"I says, says I—"

"This way!"

Between the two big prefects, Mr. Hook was walked out of the study, helpless as a baby.

He wriggled furiously, but the iron grasp on his arms did not relax.

His feet hardly touched the floor as he was borne along.

Mr. Bootles mopped his perspiring brow. "Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "What a—what a very distressing occurrence! Oh, dear! Bless my soul!"

"Let a man go!" roared Mr. Hook, as he was propelled out of doors. "Let Carthew stand up to a man and face 'im! That's wot I say! He's got my liver! He's made bets with me, he 'as!"

Carthew set his pale lips hard.

"Take no notice of the man's wicked falsehoods, Carthew," said Mr. Bootles. "No one will heed such libellous statements."

Carthew was not so sure of that.

There were fellows at Rookwood who knew that Mr. Hook's enraged statements were not libellous, at least.

"Let a man alone!" Joey Hook's bull-voice was growing fainter in the distance now, as the two prefects propelled him to the gates, followed by a cheering mob of juniors.

"I want to see the 'Ead! I want to tell 'im some things about that there Carthew! He's been at the Bird-in-'And, he has, playing billiards with the boys—'bettin' on greegees, too! That's the kind of 'ound he is! I'm goin' to see your 'eadmaster, I says!"

"Not this time, dear boy!" grinned Neville. Bulkeley's face was dark and grim.

He had a suspicion that Mr. Hook's furious accusations had some truth in them, but

that did not make him any the more merciful to the bookmaker.

They reached the gates, and Mr. Hook went spinning into the road.

He sat down there with a bump and a yell.

"Yow-woop! Oh, you young villains! I'm a-comin' in! I'm goin' to see the 'Ead! I'm goin' to tell 'im about that young rip!"

"I give you one minute to clear," said Bulkeley quietly. "After that I shall begin using my boots."

He drew back his foot.

Mr. Hook scrambled up. The minute was enough for him.

He gave up all desire of seeing the Head, and bolted like a rabbit.

Bulkeley watched him out of sight, frowning.

The captain of Rookwood strode back to the School House with Neville, without a glance at the chortling juniors.

Jimmy Silver's face was happy and serene.

"Carthew licked me yesterday, dear old beans!" he remarked. "I think we've licked Carthew to-day—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put your money on the end study!" chuckled Lovell.

And they roared.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Another Claimant.**

HALLO! Who's that merchant, I wonder?" remarked Algy Silver of the Third Form. "Looks a bit of a corker—what?"

Morning lessons were over on Saturday.

The fellows were coming out of the Form-rooms when the "merchant" was seen at the gates, engaged in a warm argument with old Mack, the porter.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped to look.

Carthew of the Sixth was on the steps, looking pale and worried.

Carthew had quite forgotten to bully anybody since Mr. Hook's visit; he had other matters to occupy his mind.

He glanced carelessly towards the "merchant" in the distance.

The merchant was a burly, square-jawed man, roughly dressed, with a stick under his arm.

He wore a bowler hat on one side of his head, and had a dog at his heels.

He looked like one of the roughest class of frequenters of racecourses, as doubtless he was.

His argument with Mack was growing warm.

Finally, he pushed the old porter aside and strode in.

"Hallo, it's another merry visitor!" said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell burst into a chuckle.

"My hat! I wonder if it's another man to see Carthew?" he exclaimed.

Smack! Lovell staggered and yelled as Carthew smote him.

Carthew's temper was not good that day.

"You—you—you—" stuttered Lovell.

"You—you rotten bully, Carthew! What did you do that for?"

Carthew only replied with a glare.

He had done it because he was ill-tempered, and wanted to wreak his wrath upon somebody.

It really was unnecessary for him to explain.

Lovell clenched his fists, but Jimmy Silver caught him by the arm.

Hammering a prefect was too risky an enterprise.

"Go easy, old chap!" whispered Jimmy.

"I—I—I'll—" spluttered Lovell furiously.

"Keep smiling! There's trouble coming along for Carthew," murmured Jimmy.

"Listen to that merchant."

The man with the stick under his arm was striding towards the house.

The juniors heard him speak to Smythe of the Shell.

"You Master Carthew?"

Evidently it was Carthew he wanted.

Carthew heard him, too, and he hurriedly retired to his study.

What the man could want he could not imagine, but he knew he did not want to see that rough customer.

"Nunno!" stammered Adolphus Smythe, backing away from the stranger. "Not at all, I assure you."

"Well, I've called to see Master Carthew," said the rough-looking merchant testily.

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THE POPULAR.—No. 178.

NEXT TUESDAY! "JIMMY SILVER & CO. ON THE ROAD!"

"Where is he? Take me to him. I got no time to waste. Tell 'im that Bill 'ichens wants to see 'im."

"Oh, gad!" gasped Adolphus. Jimmy Silver ran up. "This way, sir!" he called out joyfully. Jimmy was quite prepared to show anybody to Carthew's study.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Hichens. "I've called for my banknote what Master Carthew's found."

"I thought so," grinned Jimmy. "Follow me—this way! Oh crumbs! The—the Head!"

Jimmy Silver was piloting Bill Hichens into the House when Dr. Chisholm loomed up in the doorway.

The Head had seen the sporting-looking gentleman from his study window. "What is this?" demanded the Head, with a grim look at Mr. Hichens.

The man touched his hat civilly. "Master Carthew 'ere has found a banknote belonging to me, sir," he said. "I've called for it. Advertisement in this 'ere paper. Number 00010101. Pipun note, sir!"

"Oh!" said the Head. "You may take this gentleman to Carthew's study."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy. Jimmy led the way, and tapped at Carthew's door, and opened it, as there was no reply.

Carthew gave him a savage look. "This gentleman to see you, Carthew," said Jimmy serenely. And he stood aside politely for Mr. Hichens to enter.

The racy-looking gentleman tramped heavily in. Carthew kept the table between him and his visitor; he did not like his looks.

The Head was hovering in the corridor, frowning, and Jimmy had left the study door open.

"Master Carthew, hay?" said Mr. Hichens. "That's my name. What do you want here?"

"I've called for the banknote." Carthew breathed hard.

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed shrilly. "What banknote? Has everybody gone mad?"

The man stared at him. "The banknote you found, sir," he said. "I'm speakin' plain enough, ain't I? The pipun-note wot you advertised in the 'Coombe Times.' Lookin' at that there paper hower my breakfast this morning, sir, I saw your advertisement, so I comes along."

"I have not advertised any note! You must be mad or drunk!" shouted Carthew, exasperated. "Great Scott! How many silly idiots are coming here talking about a banknote, I wonder?"

Mr. Hichens looked ugly. "I don't foller you," he said. "Ere's the paper, and 'ere's the advertisement, and I'm the man wot that banknote belongs to."

He extracted a copy of the "Coombe Times" from his pocket, considerably stained with fragments of Mr. Hichens' last meal.

"I tell you I did not put any advertisement in that paper!" raved Carthew. "It's a mistake, or else you are drunk. Get out of my study!"

"Carthew!" The Head was looking in at the door with a severe frown. "Kindly control your voice, Carthew! What does this mean? Yesterday, I understand, there was an unseemly disturbance over this matter. If you have a banknote belonging to this man, hand it to him at once, and let him go."

"I—I haven't, sir," stammered Carthew. "I don't understand it at all; it simply beats me hollow."

"Look at that there, sir," said Hichens, handing the paper to the Head.

His dirty thumb pointed out the advertisement.

Dr. Chisholm, with a deepening frown, read:

"FOUND!—£5 note, No. 00010101. Owner can have same by applying to M. Carthew, Sixth Form, Rookwood School, near Coombe. Apply personally, not by letter."

"That seems perfectly clear, Carthew," said the Head, handing the paper to the prefect in turn. "Your conduct appears to me inexplicable, Carthew."

Carthew's eyes almost started from his head as he read the advertisement. The paragraph danced before his astounded gaze.

"That there's my banknote," said Mr. Hichens. "No. 00010101. I got the number 'ere on a bit of paper, sir."

"Have you a banknote with that number, Carthew?"

"I—I have a banknote, sir," articulated Carthew. "I—I have not noted the number."

"Show it to me!" snapped the Head. Carthew, wondering whether he was awake or dreaming, extracted his fiver from his pocket-book, and handed it to Dr. Chisholm.

"The number is that given in the advertisement," said the Head, glancing at it. "This gentleman has the number, too. The banknote is evidently his property, Carthew."

Carthew jumped. "It's not, sir! It's mine! It's my own banknote, sir!"

"Then why did you advertise it as found by you?"

"I did not, sir!" gasped Carthew. "I—I can't understand how that got into the paper. I never put it there."

"Do you mean to say, Carthew, that someone has inserted this advertisement in your name without your knowledge or permission?" said the Head coldly.

"I—I suppose so, sir!"

There was a snort from Mr. Hichens. "A most extraordinary thing," said the Head. "The unknown person must have known the number of your banknote, Carthew, since it is given here. Carthew, I am sorry to say that it appears to me that the note is not yours."

"Sir!"

"Having found it, you advertised it for the owner to claim," said the Head sternly. "A proper proceeding. Is it possible, Carthew, that since then you have entertained the dishonest project of keeping the note for yourself?"

"Believe me, sir," stammered Carthew, "I never found the note, I never advertised it, I never—"

(Continued on page 28.)

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

INTERESTING NEWS!

Particulars of the fine gifts which are being presented to readers of the Companion Papers will be found on page 10 of this issue. A mere glance at the framed announcement will interest you—a careful study of the notice will arouse your enthusiasm. Certainly not for many years has a group of papers made such astounding gifts to readers.

And, having seen the good "fare" for this week, I want to tell you something about next week's gifts. In the first place, there will be yet another magnificent Coloured Engine Plate given with every copy of the POPULAR. This plate will be of particular interest to Scottish readers, for the subject is the Glasgow & South Western Railway Co.'s finest express locomotive.

The "Magnet" Library will be on sale on Monday morning next, and with it will be given a special, large photo—a real photo, mark you—of famous Harold Gough, of Sheffield United. Great interest attaches to this photo, for it depicts the famous goalie in action on the field of play.

Our Monday Companion Paper, the "Boys' Friend," is presenting its readers with still another free real photo of the "Rising Boxing Star" series—Bugler Lake, who has earned a magnificent reputation as a forthcoming champion, especially in the Services. This photo is well worth adding to your collection.

Tuesday will see the POPULAR on sale, and Wednesday is "Gem" day. F. Roberts, of Bolton Wanderers, and Fletcher, of Barnsley, will be the subjects of two very fine FREE REAL PHOTOS which will be given away with every copy of the "Gem"

Library on Wednesday next. Readers of our Wednesday Companion Paper have a splendid new Duncan Storm serial. All readers of this paper know famous Duncan Storm. You really must read his latest story, my chums!

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES.

"CHUMS AT LOGGERHEADS!"

By Frank Richards.

The story, entitled as above, which will appear in our next issue, mainly concerns Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton & Co. Bob, very sore and worried is chipped a great deal by the fellows when it becomes known that he has entered for the Bishop's Exam. But when the chipping takes a turn to matters far more personal, Bob gets wild, and wants to know how it all came out.

Then we shall have another story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, entitled,

"JIMMY SILVER & CO. ON THE ROAD!"

By Owen Conquest.

Jimmy Silver & Co. start off upon a caravan tour. Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern House at Rookwood, have the same idea. You can guess what's going to happen—perhaps!

The third long complete school story is about Frank Richards at the school in the Backwoods. Gunten has laid his plans well, but when Sergeant Lasales comes along the whole of the school is set talking about

"A ROGUE FOUND OUT!"

The fourth complete school story is of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, and is entitled:

"HARRY MANNERS' BRAIN-WAVE!"

By Martin Clifford.

In this story we learn how the famous Co. get a little of their own back on a certain very unpopular prefect!

There will be a further edition of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," and another fine long instalment of our new serial, "The Pearl-Poachers!"

A new competition for big money prizes goes to make the POPULAR the finest

value-for-money periodical on the market to-day. See that you get your order placed early, or you may be disappointed!

Your Editor.

NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

D. J. Thomas, 3, Afan Terrace, Cwmavon, nr. Port Talbot, Glam, South Wales, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16, within twenty miles of his home.

Miss Gracie McKinney, 150, Lisburn Road, Belfast, wishes to correspond with readers interested in stamps, ages 11-14; also with those keen on the cinema.

Miss Kathleen Daly, Rock Street, Cloyne, Co. Cork, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers in Great Britain, ages 13-20.

Will the correspondents of John Pettit, formerly of 64, Queen's Gate and 70, Onslow Gardens, send their letters in future to Apethorpe Hall, Apethorpe, Peterborough, Northants?

S. C. Buckmaster, 32, Lesbia Road, Lower Clapton, E. 5, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-17, in Scotland.

John C. Allen, 36, Queen Street, Clifton, Rotherham, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. All letters answered.

G. Parfitt, 20, Canton Street, St. Paul's, Bristol, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 13-14, interested in drawing and football.

Elvin C. Bowles, 88, Mutual Buildings, Main Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, would like to correspond with readers anywhere, age 16 upwards.

NICE FOR CARTHEW!
(Continued from page 27.)

"I cannot believe any such nonsense, Carthew! Give the gentleman his banknote at once!" commanded the Head.
"Wha-a-at!"
"Give it to him immediately!" thundered the Head.
"But I—I—I— It's mine!" shrieked Carthew.
"You will obey me, Carthew, or you will leave Rookwood School by the next train!" thundered the Head.
Carthew, with a face that was simply extraordinary in expression, handed the five-pound note to Mr. Hichens.
That gentleman slipped it into his pocket, with great satisfaction.
"Thank you, sir!" he said. "Much obliged. Mornin' to you, sir! H, Teaser!"
And Mr. Hichens, with the terrier still at his heels, withdrew.
He lost no time in getting clear of Rookwood.

"I shall have to consider what action to take in this matter, Carthew," said the Head sternly. "I doubt whether I can allow you to remain at Rookwood after this."
"I—I swear, sir—"
"Nonsense!"
The Head swept from the study.
Carthew of the Sixth collapsed into a chair, gasping. He felt completely overcome.
He was under suspicion of having attempted to steal his own fiver. And he had lost the fiver!
The bully of the Sixth was paying for his many sins, with interest.
A dozen fellows had heard what passed in Carthew's study, and there was a buzz of excitement on the subject at Rookwood.
Jimmy Silver & Co. executed a war-dance of triumph in the end study.
That celebrated study had certainly "got its own back" on the bully of the Sixth.
As Lovell remarked, Carthew had been fined five pounds for assault and battery; that was what it amounted to.
And the Fistical Four agreed that it was just.

Carthew, of course, was able to prove his ownership of the note. A letter home brought a reply, with the number of the note in it, which he showed to the Head. Dr. Chisholm, very tartly, had to admit that the banknote was Carthew's, and it followed that the advertisement had been put in the "Coombe Times" by some practical joker.
The Head advised Carthew to give the police a description of Mr. Hichens, and he did so; but the racing gentleman and his terrier and the banknote had vanished together, and were not to be found.
Three or four more applicants for the banknote, who dropped in during the next few days, were turned away from the gates.
Carthew paid a special visit to the "Coombe Times" to learn who had inserted that advertisement, but he came bootless home.
And that week, unfortunately, his temper was very bad, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had the benefit of a good deal of it.
But they did not mind, for there was no doubt that they had got even with Carthew!

THE END.



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