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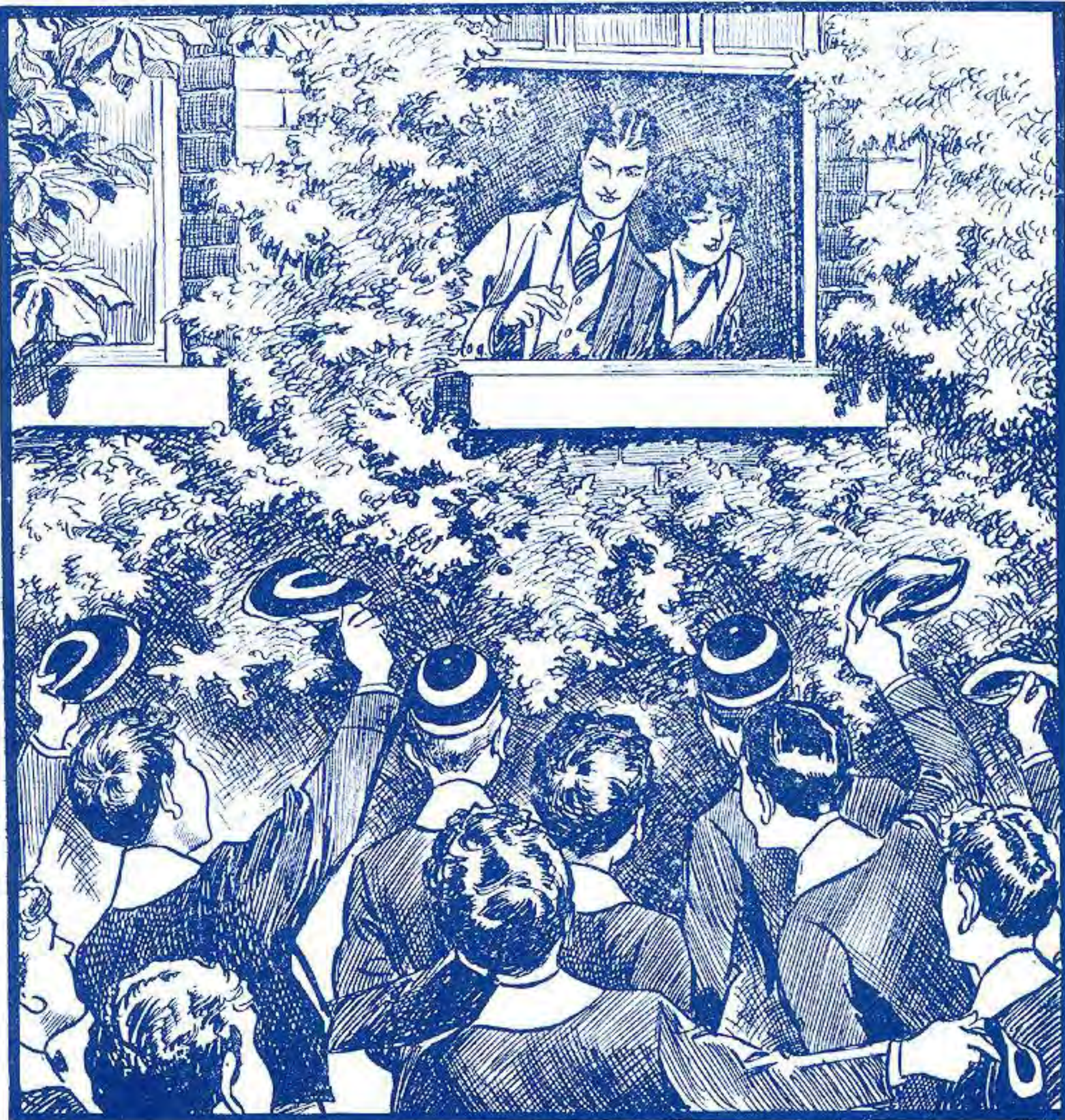
The **Magnet** Library

No. 663. Vol. XVIII.

October 23rd, 1920.



GRAND CINEMA SUPPLEMENT FREE
WITH THIS ISSUE.



CHEERING WINGATE AND HIS GIRL CHUM!

(The Juniors demonstrate their loyalty to the popular Captain of Greyfriars.)

THE EDITOR'S CHAT.

Correspondence from readers is cordially invited. Address: The Editor, "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

NEXT MONDAY'S ISSUE.

There is another splendid number of the MAGNET to look forward to next Monday. The Free Cinema Booklet, which was presented to all my chums in four parts, is now complete, and I hope all are pleased with the finished article. To follow up the four Gift Numbers I have a very fine series in preparation. In next Monday's great story, which is entitled,

"HIS LAST CARD!"

By Frank Richards,

Vernon Carson at last shows his hand, and reveals himself in his true light. The desperate lengths to which he goes in order to attain his end, and how his design was at last frustrated by the Greyfriars fellows, makes a story of absorbing interest.

The next instalment of

"MARCUS THE BRAVE!"

By Victor Nelson,

abounds with thrilling and romantic incident typical of those amazing times, when Rome, then the greatest empire in the world, was ruled by a tyrant whose cruelty is a byword in history—the monster Nero. Victor Nelson has caught the spirit of those times to perfection, and his narrative is both thrilling and convincing, and not one bit exaggerated, as any student of the period will admit.

Then there is another of the popular

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN—FORM-MASTER,"

series, a highly amusing set of pictures, showing the sort of thing that would probably occur if the famous film comedian were to adopt the scholastic profession! Mr. MacWilson, who is responsible for the admirable drawings, becomes funnier each week.

Two other items are another of George Howe's helpful little "first aid" articles,

and the fifth set of puzzle pictures in our splendid Competition, with its splendid list of prizes. Altogether, next Monday's number will fully uphold the MAGNET's great reputation as the Monday story-paper.

ETON CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

Mr. Frank M. Cattermole, High View, Agate Road, Clacton-on-Sea, writes to let me know that he has joined forces with his friend, Mr. C. A. Martin, and that the alliance is going to make the Eton Club go ahead in this country. The Eton Club has made things hum in Australia, and now that it has a representative in this country, not only is there a fresh link between the Old Country and the big Dominion down south, but we may expect a rush of new readers for the Companion Papers. By the way, the Australian address of the club is—C. A. Martin, junior, 45, Hope-town Street, Paddington, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

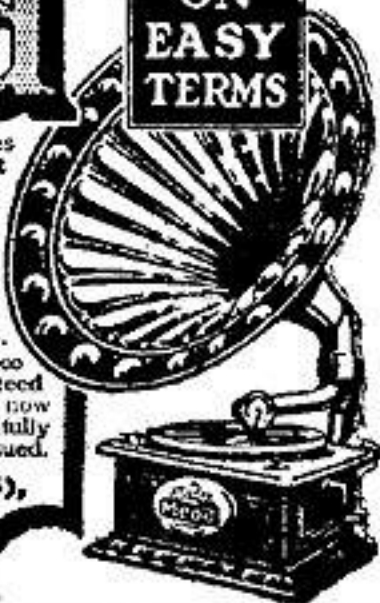
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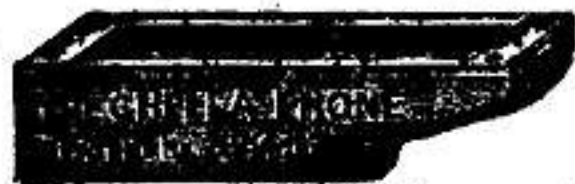


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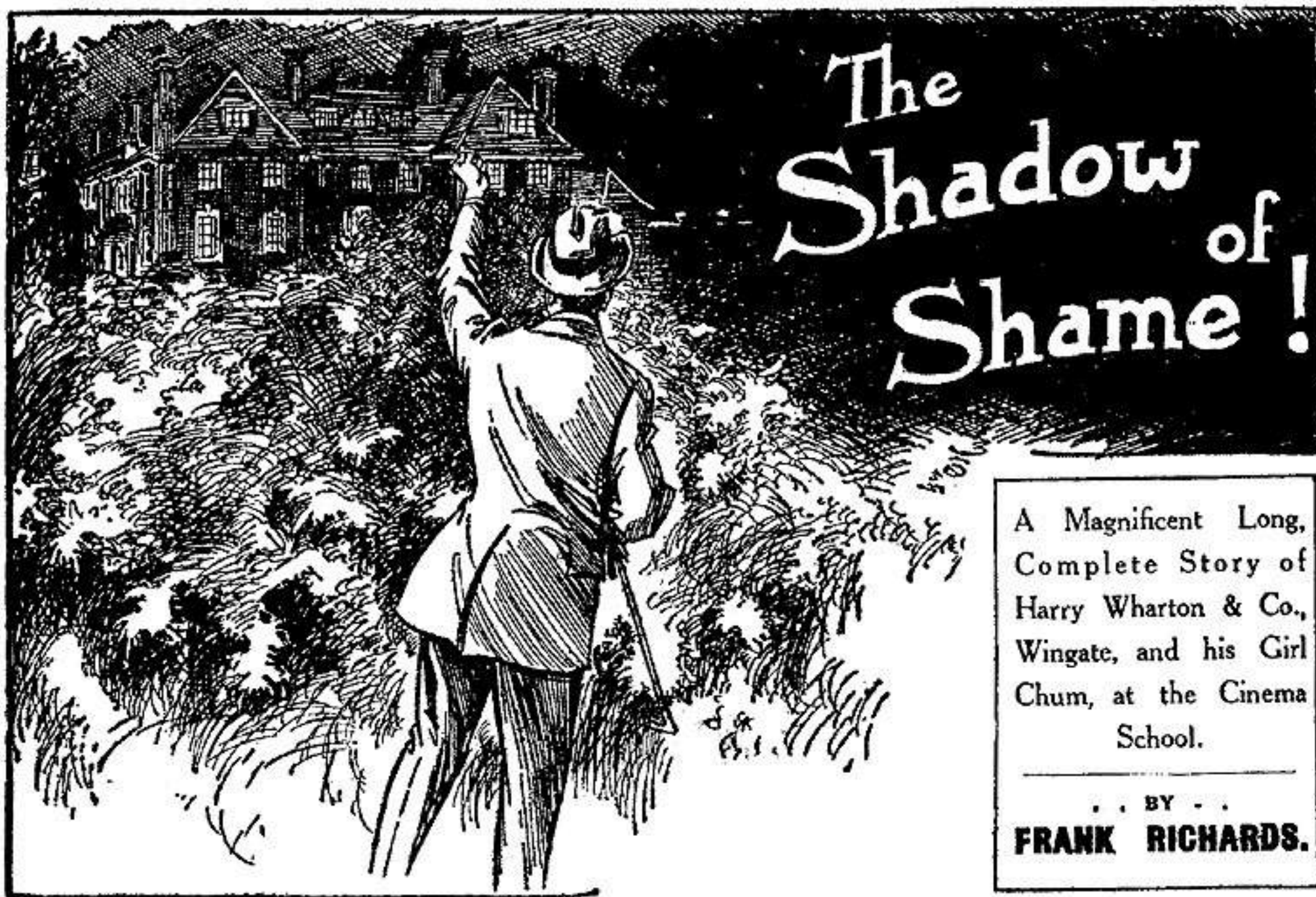
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A Magnificent Long,
Complete Story of
Harry Wharton & Co.,
Wingate, and his Girl
Chum, at the Cinema
School.

... BY ...
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Not on the Track!

"HUSH!" murmured Bob Cherry.
"What—?"
"Bunter—I think we've spotted him at last."

"Oh, good!"

Bob Cherry pointed silently, and Harry Wharton & Co. followed the direction of his finger with their eyes.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were sauntering in the grounds of Hawthorne Park, when Billy Bunter appeared in the offing.

The juniors were taking a stroll, after a spell of instruction in Cyrus Hunker's Cinema School; and, as it happened, they were discussing Bunter.

It was upon Bunter that their suspicions centred in the affair of the missing banknotes, and for a long time they had been keeping sharp eyes on the Owl of the Remove.

But if Bunter knew what had become of the missing "tenners," he had hitherto kept his knowledge carefully to himself.

So long as the mystery remained unsolved an unpleasant cloud of suspicion hung over the whole party at Hawthorne Park.

Cyrus Hunker had refrained from calling in the police, but he did not let the subject rest. His remarks on the topic of the missing tenners were "frequent and painful and free."

That his suspicions of Wingate of the Sixth still lingered Harry Wharton & Co. knew, and they were very anxious to bring the missing money to light.

"He's after it!" murmured Bob.

"Looks like it!"

The Famous Five watched Bunter from the distance, and, serious as the matter was, they could not help grinning.

Billy Bunter was stealing away towards the wood by the lake with an air of elaborate caution.

Like Moses of old, he looked this way

and he looked that way, to see that no man was nigh.

But as Billy Bunter was remarkably short-sighted, he looked this way and that way without seeing what would have been perfectly visible and obvious to anyone else.

He did not see the Famous Five, though he was fully visible to them, and his cautious blinks to and fro struck them as comic.

Satisfied that he was not observed—though there were five pairs of very keen eyes upon him—Billy Bunter edged into the wood, and disappeared among the beeches and ashes.

"After him!" murmured Johnny Bull. Harry Wharton & Co. trod rapidly on the track of the Owl of the Remove.

They sighted Billy Bunter again under the trees.

Still blinking round him cautiously and unseeingly, the fat junior rolled on under the trees towards the lake.

He stopped at last at a big oak near the water's edge.

Then his manner became more cautious than ever.

He blinked round in a circle suspiciously, and the Famous Five kept in cover among the trees and watched.

Quite at ease at last, Billy Bunter thrust a fat hand into a large hollow of the tree-trunk.

The chums of the Remove exchanged glances.

"That's it!" muttered Nugent.

"The cashful plunder!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"We've run the fat rotter down at last," he said, in a low voice. "That's where he's hidden the tenners. Now we'll make him hand the loot over, and take it back to Mr. Hunker, and we'll deal with Bunter ourselves."

"A jolly good ducking in the lake!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"And a jolly good larruping!" said Bob.

"An enormous and exemplary thrashfulness would be the proper caper," observed Hurree Singh.

"Come on!"

Billy Bunter drew a large packet from the hollow tree.

At the same moment Harry Wharton & Co. came on with a rush.

"Spotted!" chirruped Bob Cherry.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He spun round towards the juniors, the packet still in his fat hand, and his eyes dilated behind his big spectacles.

"Spotted at last!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Shell out!" commanded Wharton.

"I—I say, you startled me, you know," said Bunter, in a tone of indignant complaint. "Whatever you mean by rushing on a fellow like that?"

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AND INSET—

THE FOURTH PART OF OUR FREE PRESENTATION BOOK.

"Hand over the loot, you fat owl!"
 "Oh, really, Wharton—"
 "Give me that packet at once!"
 Billy Bunter snorted.
 "I'm jolly well not going to do anything of the sort!" he exclaimed warmly.
 "It's mine!"

"Collar him!" said Johnny Bull impatiently.

Bunter jumped back.

"I say, you fellows, play the game, you know!" he gasped.

Harry Wharton raised his hand.

"You're spotted, Bunter, and you may as well own up," he said quietly. "We know jolly well that you found Mr. Hunker's pocket-book, with ten ten-pound notes in it. You froze to it—"

"I—I say—"

"You asked us to change a ten-pound note for you," said Harry. "You hadn't sense enough to understand that you were giving yourself away. But that is what you did."

"Oh, really, you know—"

"We've been looking after you ever since," said Wharton. "Now we've spotted you. We knew you had the banknotes hidden somewhere."

Bunter grinned faintly.

"I—I say, this isn't banknotes—"

"Cheese it! Hand it over!"

"But, I say, this is mine!"

"Oh, we know all about findings keepings," said Wharton. "You're jolly lucky not to be taken before a magistrate, to tell him about findings keepings. We're going to take the money back to Mr. Hunker, and give you a jolly good ragging. Understand?"

"But, I say, this ain't banknotes!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—"

"Will you hand it over, you fat owl?"

"No, I won't! I—"

"Collar him!"

"I say— Yaroooh! I— Yooop!"

Billy Bunter was in the hands of the Amalekites.

Five pairs of hands were laid upon him at once, and he sat down at the foot of the hollow tree with a bump and a roar. Harry Wharton picked up the packet as it dropped in the grass.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter. "Gimme my tarts, you beast!"

"Rats!"

Wharton opened the parcel.

He fully expected to find in it the wad of banknotes belonging to Cyrus Hunker, of the Hunker Film-Producing Company.

But as he unwrapped the packet his expression changed.

Within was a paper bag, and inside the paper bag were half a dozen flaky jam-tarts!

Wharton blinked at them.

"Gimme my tarts!" hooted Bunter. "You beasts, you're not going to have my tarts! Yaroooh!"

"My only hat!" ejaculated Wharton.

"The money's there?" exclaimed Bob.

"N-n-no!"

"What!"

"I told you it wasn't!" howled Bunter. "They're my tarts! If Temple of the Fourth says they're his, he's telling whoppers. They're mine!"

"You fat rotter!" roared Wharton.

"Take your silly tarts!" And he squashed the bag of tarts on Bunter's head.

"Grooonogh! Yoooon!"

Billy Bunter roared again. The Famous Five gave him wrathful glares. They had felt certain that Bunter was going to the hiding-place of the missing banknotes. Instead of which he had been stealing off to enjoy a secret feast—evidently having raided the jam-tarts from Temple of the Fourth, and hidden

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them in the hollow tree till he felt safe in dealing with them internally.

"The spoofing rotter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly.

"Yaroooh! You silly ass, I didn't ask you to watch me, did I?" howled Bunter. "Yow-ow-ow! You've spoiled my tarts now!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" growled Bob. "They're not your tarts, anyhow! They're Temple's!"

"They're mine! I—I found them!"

"You fat rotter!" exclaimed Wharton, in disgust. "Where's the banknotes, then?"

"I don't know!"

"What have you done with them?"

"I haven't—"

"We know jolly well you had them!" exclaimed the exasperated captain of the Remove. "Where are they?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Bump him!" said Bob.

"Yaroooh! Help! Fire! Murder!" roared Bunter.

Bump, bump!

The disappointment was too great, and the amateur detectives felt that Bunter deserved to be bumped. They had counted on the recovery of the missing money as a certainty, and they were still certain that Bunter had it hidden somewhere. Their only possible solace was to bump Bunter—which they accordingly did.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yow-ow-ow! Yoop! Woop! Help! Yarooop!"

"There, you fat duffer!" gasped Bob Cherry. "That will do for you to go on with!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

And the Famous Five walked away in great disgust, leaving William George Bunter still roaring.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Thrashing a Ruffian!

"STOP!"

Elsie Mainwaring stopped.

The leading lady of the Hunker Company was coming up the lane towards Hawthorne Park, when Vernon Carson stepped out of the trees and confronted her.

The film-actor stood directly in her path, and Elsie had no choice but to stop.

The girl cast a quick look round.

Only a few minutes before Harry Wharton & Co. had passed her on their bicycles, going towards the village. But the chums of Greyfriars were out of sight now, and the lane was a lonely one, overshadowed by big trees.

She was alone with Vernon Carson, and he smiled under his black moustache as he noted her quick, hunted look round.

"What—what do you want?" she exclaimed breathlessly. "If you persist in thrusting your company upon me, Vernon Carson, I will appeal to Mr. Hunker—"

"Mr. Hunker is not present now," said Carson, with a sneering grin. "We are alone here, Elsie."

"If Wingate were near at hand, you would not dare to stop me!" exclaimed the girl.

Carson's eyes glittered.

"But he is not near at hand," he sneered. "You have been to the post-office."

"That is nothing to you!"

"It may be a great deal," smiled Carson. "I want the letter you have fetched from the post-office!"

"My letter?"

"Your letter!" he agreed coolly.

Elsie's grasp tightened on the purse that hung from her wrist. She backed away a pace, and Carson followed her.

"Do you think I have not watched you?" he said, with the same sneering smile. "Since that young hound Wharton interfered with me when I asked the postman for your letters, you have made it a point to call for letters yourself at the post-office. Usually you have Wingate with you. This morning, luckily, he is elsewhere. I have watched my opportunity, my dear. I want that letter!"

"You villain!"

"You have had a letter from your father," he said coolly. "Your face tells me as much, if I did not guess it before. That letter will tell me what I want to know—where to find John Mainwaring. The postmark, at least, will be a clue. Give me the letter!"

"I will not!"

He came a step closer.

"Listen to me, Elsie Mainwaring," he said, in a low, distinct voice. "You know I am not a man to stick at trifles."

"I know you are an unscrupulous villain," answered the girl disdainfully. "But even you will not dare to go to the length of highway robbery. I will not give you the letter! Let me pass!"

"That is your mistake. I intend to have that letter!"

"Let me pass! If you dare to molest me I will go to the police. There is a law to deal with ruffians like you, if you are lost to any sense of chivalry!" exclaimed Elsie.

He smiled.

"After the letter is in my hands I do not think you will care to go to the police," he drawled. "You will rather beg me not to go to the police, to tell them where to find your father, who has escaped them so long!"

Elsie shivered.

"You villain!" she breathed.

"Give me the letter!"

"I will not!"

"Then I shall take it by force."

"You dare not!" panted Elsie.

He came closer, his black eyes glittering. Elsie backed away, her face pale now.

She realised now that the man was ruffian enough for anything, and there was no help at hand. And his threat was well founded. Once he had found the track of her unhappy father she dared not invoke the law. John Mainwaring was a fugitive from justice, innocent, as Elsie believed him to be.

"Give me the letter, or—"

With a cry, the girl turned and ran along the lane.

Carson dashed in pursuit.

Fear lent the girl wings, and she ran fast, but the film-actor gained quickly upon her.

There was a faint hope in Elsie's heart that the schoolboy cyclists might have stopped, and she knew that if Harry Wharton & Co. had the least suspicion of what was happening they would rush back to her rescue.

But there was no one in sight in the solitary lane when Carson's grasp closed on her shoulder, and swung her back.

"Now, Elsie—"

"Release me!" she shrieked.

"The letter!"

"Coward!"

Elsie struggled frantically in his grasp. Carson's lips were set under his black moustache, and his eyes were glittering. In his own hard, brutal way, he loved the cinema star; but there was more of jealousy and bitterness in his cynical heart than of love. He grasped both her wrists, and Elsie struggled in vain in his powerful grip.

"Coward!" she panted. "Coward!"



Harry Wharton & Co. came on with a rush just as Bunter drew a packet from the hollow tree. "Spotted!" chirruped Bob Cherry. "Oh!" gasped Bunter, spinning round towards the juniors (See chapter 1.)

"Give me the letter!"

"Never! Help, help!" shrieked Elsie. There was a sound of running feet in the lane.

From the direction of Hawthorne Park an athletic figure came into view, speeding along like the wind.

It was Wingate of the Greyfriars Sixth. His eyes were blazing as he raced up.

So rapid was his approach that he was on the scene before either of them were aware of his approach.

As Carson gripped the girl, and strove to tear the purse from her, a grasp of iron was suddenly laid on his collar.

"You coward—you villain!" panted Wingate.

He tore the film actor away from Elsie, who staggered against a tree, with a breathless sob. The marks of the ruffian's grip were dark on her white wrists.

"Oh, thank Heaven—thank Heaven!" she panted.

Carson turned like a tiger on the Greyfriars Sixth-Former.

"Curses!" he panted. "You——"

"You hound!"

They struggled fiercely, but the film actor was no match for the stalwart Greyfriars captain.

He went with a crash to the ground.

He lay there, panting, his eyes glittering up at Wingate like those of a venomous serpent.

Wingate turned to Elsie.

"You are hurt?"

"No, no!" she breathed. "He—he

would have robbed me of my letter! Thank Heaven you came!"

"I came to meet you," said Wingate. "I am glad I came. That cowardly hound shall pay for this."

He turned to Carson again, with a blaze in his eyes. Carson had dropped the light malacca cane he carried, and Wingate caught it up.

"Now, you cur!"

"If you dare!" panted Carson, staggering to his feet.

Wingate looked at him grimly.

"This is not the first time you have molested Miss Mainwaring," he said.

"You are going to have a lesson now, you cur. I am going to thrash you like a dog, as you are!"

"You—you——"

Wingate's grasp was on him the next moment.

Vernon Carson struggled furiously, savagely; but in his wrath and indignation Wingate seemed to have the strength of two men. He twisted the film actor round, and fastened an iron grasp on the back of his collar, in spite of Carson's struggles.

Then he lashed with the cane.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

A yell of fury burst from Vernon Carson, and he struggled and kicked and scratched frantically.

Headless of his struggles, Wingate held him grimly by the collar, and lashed with the malacca.

Elsie gazed on the scene with a white face and dilated eyes.

She did not intervene. Even her voice would have had no influence now on George Wingate.

He thrashed, and thrashed till his arm was aching, and Vernon Carson's furious struggles died away into painful writhings and twistings. The film actor was yelling with pain now, and his yells died down into gasping and panting and screaming.

Still the malacca lashed on.

It was not till his arm ached too much to lash again that Wingate desisted, and tossed the rascal to the ground—a white, panting, writhing heap.

With a twist of his arm he flung the malacca away over the tree-tops.

"There, you cur!" he panted. "That will be a lesson to you! You dog, to lay hands upon Elsie—upon any woman! You coward, you will remember this!"

Carson panted and groaned. He had received an unmerciful thrashing, and he was utterly spent. He lay on the ground and writhed, while George Wingate turned to Elsie.

"Come, Miss Mainwaring! he said gently.

Carson struggled into a sitting posture as Elsie and Wingate walked away in the direction of Hawthorne Park.

His eyes burned as he gazed after them.

"Wait!" he gasped. "Only wait a little! This shall cost you dear! You shall pay for this! Wait—wait!"

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THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Cyrus Hunker Gets a Move On!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" Coker of the Fifth came up as Harry Wharton & Co. wheeled in their machines at Hawthorne Park.

"Mr. Hunker wants you, Wharton," he said.

"Right-ho, Coker!"

"He asked me to tell you," said Coker loftily. "He doesn't seem to understand that a Fifth-Former don't carry messages to fags. Old Hunker is a bit of an outsider."

The chums of the Remove chuckled.

"Dear old Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "You see, you're no use for anything else, but you can carry messages."

"You cheeky fag!" roared Coker.

"Hush, dear boy!" said Nugent. "You're not in the Fifth-Form room at Greyfriars now, you know. You're supposed to have some manners here."

Coker of the Fifth made no reply to that in words, but he made a jump at Frank Nugent.

It was an unlucky jump for Horace Coker.

Five bicycles were rushed at him at once, and Coker collided with them, and sat down, gasping.

Before he could recover his breath, or realise what had happened, the cheery five had passed him, leaving him sitting in a very dazed and dusty state as they went on towards the house.

"Take my bike, Bob," said Wharton. "I suppose I'd better go and see Hunker. Of course, it's about that dashed money."

"Keep him off the bobbies if you can," said Johnny Bull.

"Yes, rather!"

Harry Wharton hurried on to Mr. Hunker's office.

He found that gentleman in conversation with Vernon Carson, the "heavy villain" of the film company.

Carson scowled at the sight of the Greyfriars junior; but Wharton gave him no attention. He looked at Mr. Hunker.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" he asked.

Cyrus Hunker nodded.

"Sure!" he answered.

"Well, I'm here," said Harry.

"I guess time's up," said Cyrus Hunker. "It's over three weeks since my hundred pounds disappeared."

"I know; but—"

Cyrus Hunker interrupted him with a bony, upraised forefinger.

"I guess you told me you had a suspicion," he said.

"That's so."

"I guess I don't want to call in the police any more than any other galoot in this outfit," said Mr. Hunker; "but I've given you time to find the money, and you haven't found it."

"I hope—" began Wharton.

"Jest so; but you haven't found it," said Cyrus Hunker, interrupting the junior again. "What you hope don't cut any ice with me. I reckoned you were a smart lad and spry, and I gave you a chance. Have you found the banknotes?"

"Not yet; but—"

"Then that lets you out," said Mr. Hunker decidedly. "I guess that's the end of the reel so far as you're concerned. I'm 'phoning for a detective to-day."

Wharton's heart sank.

He felt an inward conviction that the banknotes were hidden somewhere about Hawthorne Park, and that Billy Bunter knew where they were hidden; but he had no proof of it. He had counted upon discovering the hiding-place and restoring the money without scandal;

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but the Owl of the Remove had been too astute for him.

"I guess I don't like fuss mor'n any other galoot," repeated Mr. Hunker, "and I ain't going to call in the police. I'm 'phoning for a private detective. I've told Mr. Quelch, your Form-master, and he agrees. He's anxious to have the matter cleared up. That detective comes along to-day, Wharton. I reckoned I'd tell you, as I gave you a chance to find the money, on your own word."

"But—"

Cyrus Hunker waved a bony hand.

"End of the reel!" he said.

"Vamoose!"

"But, Mr. Hunker—"

"Can't you do a fade-through?" inquired Mr. Hunker. "In case you've forgotten, Bub, there's the door."

There was evidently nothing more to be said. Harry Wharton quitted the office with a clouded brow.

Vernon Carson smiled evilly as he glanced after the junior. Cyrus Hunker turned to the telephone.

"You're right, Carson," he said. "It's high time the matter was cleared up."

"But why not call in the police?" said Carson. "The thief ought to be sent to prison."

Mr. Hunker shook his head.

"I guess I've figured it all out," he said. "It is one of the Greyfriars crowd, right enough."

"Well, then—"

"That crowd came hyer to oblige me," said Mr. Hunker. "Their headmaster gave permission, like an old sport, and I reckon the boys have been useful in making my films. I don't want to disgrace their school. So long as the money is found it's all O.K. They can deal with the thief themselves in their own fashion. So long as he's shown up and kicked out of this hyer shebang I'm satisfied."

"Better send him to prison!" muttered Carson.

Cyrus Hunker grinned.

"You calculate that it's Wingate?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you want the dear boy put on the treadmill!" chuckled Cyrus Hunker. "You don't pull with him. I know! But I guess I'm running this consarn from the point of view of Cyrus Hunker. That's me. Catch on?"

Carson bit his lip.

"A private detective will nose it all out, and find the cash and the thief, and no talk," said Cyrus Hunker. "That sees me through."

"But the thief ought to be punished!"

"I guess he will be. It's a pretty stiff punishment to be known as a thief and shown up. And I 'spose he will be kicked out of his school, after being kicked out of hyer. What?"

"You think it is Wingate?"

Cyrus Hunker pursed his lips.

"Waal, I ain't fixed on it," he said reflectively. "There's the fact that Wingate vamooseed the ranch the day the money was missing. But then he came back to speak up for himself. I guess it's a pesky mystery; but p'raps I suspect Wingate mor'n any other johnny. But Mr. Beaky will nose it out. I've employed the galoot before, and I know he's hefty."

"And if it proves to be Wingate—"

"Then he'll be fired out of this show instanter! Skuse me now, I'm ringing up Beaky."

Mr. Hunker picked up the receiver, and Vernon Carson strolled out of the office.

He was smiling now.

His back was still scored and aching from the terrific thrashing George Wingate had given him that morning. But for every stroke that had been laid upon

him there was a pang for Wingate's heart, and for Elsie's. When the captain of Greyfriars was held up to public scorn as a thief, turned out of Hawthorne Park in disgrace and shame, to be turned out of Greyfriars School in turn, then Vernon Carson felt that his score would be settled.

Elsie's schoolboy champion would be gone, then, and ere long, Elsie would be at his mercy. Vernon Carson felt that matters were shaping favourably for him at last.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Was it Bunter?

HARRY WHARTON rejoined his chums, after leaving Mr. Hunker's office, with a wrinkle in his brow. They regarded him anxiously.

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Mr. Hunker's telephoning for a detective to-day," answered the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, rotten!"

"Well, he's waited a long time," said Frank Nugent. "I suppose he was bound to take action."

Wharton frowned.

"Carson was with him when I went in," he said. "I've got an idea that Carson has been urging him to get a move on. He hates Wingate, and he's cad enough to think that Wingate was the thief."

"The detective will prove that he wasn't, if he proves anything," remarked Johnny Bull.

"That's so. But—"

"He will prove that it was Bunter, if it was really Bunter," said Bob Cherry. "Pretty disgrace for our Form!"

"The disgracefulness will be terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "But perhapsfully there is still time—"

"That's what I was thinking," said Wharton. "If we can get the banknotes out of Bunter before the detective comes it may be all right yet. It's not a question of watching the fat idiot now, but of making him own up. It's for his own sake, if the fat duffer could only understand it!"

"We'll try, anyhow," said Bob Cherry hopefully.

"Let's look for Bunter now," said Harry.

The Famous Five proceeded at once to look for Bunter, but they did not find him until he came in with the rest to dinner in the school bungalow. The fat junior eyed them morosely at the table. He had not forgotten the incident of the tarts.

After dinner the juniors made it a point to surround Bunter as he came out of the bungalow. The Owl of the Remove blinked at them through his big spectacles.

"You fellows can sheer off!" he said loftily. "I don't want your company. You can go and eat coke!"

"We don't want any of yours, as a matter of fact," answered Wharton. "But we're going to have it for a little while. Come on!"

"Where?" asked Bunter suspiciously.

"Is it a feed?"

"No, ass!"

"Then I'm not coming! Coker's had a tip from his Aunt Judy," said Bunter. "I'm going to see Coker. Not because of the tip, of course. I don't mean that. I'm going to ask Coker to give me some tips about footer."

"You're coming for a little walk with us, old top!" answered Bob Cherry, passing his arm through Bunter's.

"I'm not!" roared Bunter.

"You are, old porpoise. Kim on!"

"Help!" yelled Bunter.



Cyrus Hunker picked up the telephone receiver and was about to call for the police, when Carson turned upon him. "You can put up the receiver, Hunker," he said coolly. "I own up to the whole thing!" (See chapter 9.)

"You silly ass——"
 "Yaroooh! Help!"
 "Hullo! What are you doing to my prize porker?" exclaimed Peter Todd, hurrying up with Squiff.
 "It's naughty to worry the animals, you know," remarked Squiff.
 "I say, Peter, you keep 'em off, you know!" exclaimed Bunter. "You stand by me, Toddy, old chap, and—and I'll lend you a half-quid out of my next postal-order."
 "I'll make a note of that," said Peter Todd thoughtfully. "That will be ten shillings for me on my hundredth birthday, won't it?"
 "Why, you beast——"
 "Bring that fat idiot along!" growled Johnny Bull.
 "Leggo!" roared Bunter.
 "Hold on!" said Peter Todd. "Why this thushness, my cherubs? This fat boulder belongs to my study, and nobody is allowed to rag him but myself. Ease off!"
 "You see——" began Wharton.
 "I don't quite see," said Peter politely. "But I'm willing to see."
 "Oh, rats! Bump that ass over, and bring Bunter along where we can make him own up!" grunted Johnny Bull.
 "But what——" began Squiff.
 "Keep 'em off, Peter!" howled Bunter. "They're going to rag me! Yaroooh! Help!"
 "Shut up! What are you going to rag Bunter for?"

"You see——"
 "They think I bagged old Hunker's banknotes!" snorted Bunter. "They think I've got 'em hidden somewhere!"
 "Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Peter Todd. Harry Wharton & Co. stared at Bunter. They had not expected the fat junior to blurt the facts out like this. A chilling doubt smote them—was it Bunter, after all, who had bagged the missing tenners? This did not look as if they were in his possession, at all events.
 "Well, that would be like you, Bunter," remarked Squiff in a judicial way. "Did you bag them?"
 "No!" hooted Bunter.
 Peter Todd looked very serious.
 "Come along to a quiet spot, Bunter, dear boy, and explain yourself," he said. "I'll see that you have justice."
 Unfortunately, that was just what Billy Bunter was afraid of. He caught sight of Wingate of the Sixth coming out of the House, and shouted to him.
 "Wingate! I say, Wingate!"
 The Greyfriars captain looked round.
 "Hallo!" he said. "What's up?"
 "I'm being ragged!" howled Bunter. "Make 'em leggo, Wingate. You're a prefect! I think you ought to lick 'em! Ow-wow!"
 Wingate came up to the group.
 "What does this mean, Wharton?" he exclaimed. "Let Bunter go!"
 "You—you see, Wingate——" stammered Wharton.

"Let him go at once," said the Sixth-Former testily. "There's rather too much of your Remove ragging going on. Drop it!"
 "But——"
 "You hear me?" said Wingate. "Let Bunter go!"
 The Famous Five had to release Bunter. William George gave them a triumphant blink, and scuttled into the bungalow again, where he remained within a safe distance of Mr. Quelch till the coast was clear. Harry Wharton & Co. walked away with knitted brows. In order to get the truth from Bunter by drastic measures, they had to escort him to some secluded spot where he could be dealt with; and that was impracticable for the present. And as they walked in the grounds and discussed the matter, a motor-car rolled in and stopped at Cyrus Hunker's office. A slim, sharp-featured man descended from it, and passed into the office. The chums did not need telling that this was Mr. Beaky, the private detective.
 "Too late now!" said Bob Cherry. "That's the detective merchant."
 Harry Wharton nodded.
 "It's Bunter's own fault," he said. "We could have saved him; now he will have to answer up to a detective. It's his own fault."
 "After what you've said to Mr. Hunker, I suppose the detective will
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want to ask you questions," remarked Nugent.

Wharton looked uncomfortable.

"I don't see that," he said. "We suspect Bunter; but we haven't any actual proof, and we're not called on to state suspicions. By the way, we're not wanted this afternoon on the film bizney; let's go out for a spin."

"Good egg!" grinned Bob Cherry.

And while the detective was busy with Mr. Cyrus Hunker in his office, the Famous Five wheeled out their machines, and they were soon riding away at a good speed through the Kentish lanes.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Detective's Discovery I

"WINGATE!"

"Yes, sir!"

Wingate rose quickly, colouring a little, as the Remove-master addressed him.

Wingate had been seated by the window, with a slip of typed paper in his hand; he was supposed to be studying his part in the film play which was then being produced, and in which Wingate was acting an able part. But his attention had wandered from the typed lines; he was gazing from the window into the wide and open grounds of Hawthorne Park, with a deeply thoughtful expression on his brow.

Afar in the distance he had caught sight of a slim and graceful figure—that of Elsie Mainwaring. Elsie was speaking to Marjorie and Clara, of Cliff House, under the trees; the schoolgirls of Cliff House had taken quite a liking to the cinema star. Wingate was glad to see that. In his humble, quiet way he worshipped Elsie; he was glad when others liked her, too. And he liked to see Elsie with Marjorie, rather than to see her with the kind and good-natured, but somewhat loud and pronounced, film company. Mr. Quelch's voice startled Wingate from his thoughts, and, with a flush in his cheek, he rose quickly to his feet.

Mr. Quelch was looking very grave.

"You are aware, Wingate, that the affair of Mr. Hunker's banknotes has never been settled," he remarked.

Wingate's flush deepened.

"Surely Mr. Hunker is not still suspecting, sir!" he exclaimed. "My position is very awkward. I would not remain here another hour under suspicion, but—but—"

"To go, I fear, would be to confirm suspicion, if any," said Mr. Quelch. "You must be well aware, Wingate, that suspicion could not have fallen upon you but for your ill-advised departure the day the theft occurred. It is true you returned later; but suspicion once incurred is not easily got rid of. There appears to be no clue whatever to the missing money, and in the absence of that the slightest indication is naturally seized upon, especially by an over-sharp mind."

Wingate remained silent.

"Mr. Hunker has now sent for a detective—a Mr. Beaky," resumed the Remove-master. "He wishes to speak to you, Wingate."

"I am ready, sir."

"I have asked to be present," said Mr. Quelch. "I need not say, Wingate, that my faith in you is complete, and I shall see that you get fair play."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Mr. Hunker, of course, only wishes to discover the facts; but he is a very sharp and businesslike man—very sharp indeed. Excessive sharpness, I fear, is

liable to deceive itself," observed Mr. Quelch. "In spite of Mr. Hunker's certainty that he left the banknotes in his desk, I think it quite probable that he dropped the pocket-book containing them—perhaps altogether—outside Hawthorne Park. I have frequently observed that very keen gentlemen, who pride themselves upon complete efficiency, are liable to make quite as many mistakes as other persons with a less satisfactory opinion of themselves. However, come with me, Wingate."

Mr. Quelch, as could be guessed from his remarks, was in a state of suppressed annoyance.

The affair of the theft, if theft it was, irritated him extremely.

He felt it as a reflection upon all the Greyfriars party at Hawthorne Park, and possibly regretted that he had consented to come there in charge of the cinema volunteers.

His own opinion was that Mr. Hunker ought to have taken better care of his money; which might really have been expected of so very efficient a gentleman as the American producer.

It really was exasperating for a man to assume a manner of the very last word in efficiency and to act with gross carelessness—for that was what it amounted to.

Wingate followed Mr. Quelch to the producer's office. Vernon Carson was strolling near at hand, smoking a cigarette, and he glanced curiously at the Greyfriars captain; but Wingate did not even notice him. Mr. Hunker was in his office, and Mr. Beaky was with him—a very quiet, observant man, almost stealthy in his manner, shabbily dressed, with uncared-for finger-nails, which he frequently gnawed. Mr. Quelch had already met this prepossessing gentleman, and skilfully concealed the repugnance with which Mr. Beaky and his finger-nails inspired him.

"Hallo! Hyer you are, Wingate!" said Cyrus Hunker, in his brisk manner. "Trot in! There's a chair. Mr. Beaky wants to ask you a question or two. I guess you don't mind."

"Not at all sir!"

Wingate gave his attention to the detective, who was watching him in a queer, cat-like manner.

"Wade in, Beaky!" said Mr. Hunker.

Mr. Beaky waded in.

In short, staccato sentences he questioned Wingate as to his actions on the day the money was missed, and Wingate answered very curtly, but clearly. Mr. Quelch listened to it all in grim silence. Beaky had already heard it all from Mr. Hunker; but he was questioning Wingate in order to watch him, perhaps to trap him. But Wingate answered calmly and clearly to every question.

The detective turned to Cyrus Hunker at last.

"It appears that the stolen notes have not been passed," he said.

"I guess not. The police have the numbers," said Mr. Hunker. "That was done the first day. The notes were described as 'missing'; so far, no charge of theft has been made officially."

"No doubt the thief is waiting for a favourable opportunity."

"Sure!"

"In that case, the banknotes are still in his possession."

"I guess so, Beaky."

"Has any search been made?"

"Nope—not any personal search; only in the grounds."

"That step should have been taken," said Mr. Beaky. "I recommend that it should be taken at once."

Cyrus Hunker glanced at Mr. Quelch,

who frowned. Wingate made no sign. The producer drummed on his roll-top desk for a moment or two.

"I guess most of the people hyer are more or less guests of mine, Beaky," he said. "Searching a guest—ahem!"

"Suspicion has, to some extent, fallen upon Master Wingate," said the detective. "No doubt he would be willing to submit to a search of his belongings in order to clear up the matter."

Cyrus Hunker drummed again uneasily.

"I am quite willing," said Wingate, though he flushed.

"Very good," said Mr. Beaky smoothly. "Master Wingate's quarters are in this building, I understand?"

"Correct."

"Suppose we proceed there at once?"

"Let us go, then," said Cyrus Hunker.

And the quartette left the office together. Vernon Carson glanced at them once more, as they headed for Wingate's room, and he smiled. In a few minutes the four were in Wingate's room, which was on the third floor of the house. Mr. Quelch was striving very hard to conceal his annoyance. He looked upon the search of George Wingate's belongings as an insult; but at the same time he was aware that the private detective was only doing his duty. Mr. Beaky was there to find the missing banknotes, if they could be found.

The detective glanced round the room with a scrutinising eye.

It was plainly but comfortably furnished, and Wingate's belongings were lying about it—a locked dressing-case, a travelling-bag, and a cabin trunk.

"Will you unlock these, please?" asked Mr. Beaky.

"Certainly!"

Wingate produced a bunch of keys, and unlocked the dressing-case, trunk, and bag.

Mr. Beaky proceeded to go through them, carefully and scientifically.

Mr. Quelch and Wingate watched him quietly, and Cyrus Hunker lighted a cheroot, and let it go out again.

The detective finished his search at last. He rose to his feet empty-handed.

"Nothin' doing?" said Cyrus Hunker.

"Nothing as yet."

"Then you are finished here?" said Mr. Quelch.

"Not quite."

Mr. Beaky proceeded.

His search was now in the room itself; and undoubtedly Mr. Beaky was skilled as a searcher.

He scanned the most unlikely places. He tested a loose chip of wallpaper in a high corner; he sounded the floorboards; he looked into the clock; he took the drawers out of the chest-of-drawers and examined the vacant places; he removed every article of furniture and looked under it.

Wingate smiled a little.

But for the fact that he was conscious of innocence, he would have had grounds for alarm; for it was evident that if the banknotes were in his room, Mr. Beaky would indubitably unearth them.

"Ah!"

It was a sudden murmured ejaculation from Mr. Beaky.

He was feeling up the chimney, and evidently his hand had come in contact with something.

He drew it out—a little packet folded in a newspaper.

Wingate stared at it. Mr. Quelch started; and Cyrus Hunker gave a low, expressive whistle.

The detective's eyes glimmered at Wingate for a moment.

"Do you generally keep articles in

your chimney, Master Wingate?" he asked, with a grim dryness of manner.

"Certainly not."

"But this—"

"I have never seen it before."

"Oh!"

"This is—extraordinary," said Mr. Quelch haltingly. "Of—of course, the packet—that packet—may have been placed there before we came to this house."

"Not if it contains the banknotes," said Mr. Beaky drily.

"Oh, of course not!"

"Has Master Wingate occupied this room all the time he has been here?"

"Yes, from the first day."

"Very good!"

With an irritating slowness, Mr. Beaky unfolded the newspaper in which the packet was wrapped. He read out the title of the paper.

"The 'Fritchester Gazette'! Has Master Wingate any connection with Fritchester?"

"None," said Mr. Quelch. "But—"

"But he went to Fritchester when he left here," said Cyrus Hunker.

"On the day the money was missing?"

"Yep."

"I never bought that paper," said Wingate. "I have never even seen a Fritchester local paper that I remember."

"In that case it is rather odd that a Fritchester paper should be wrapped round a packet concealed in your chimney, is it not?"

"I—I suppose it is."

"Let us see what is in the packet, please," said Mr. Quelch impatiently.

"Quite so."

Mr. Beaky unrolled the newspaper further, and turned out a smaller packet, wrapped in a sheet of manuscript. The manuscript was covered with writing.

"Is this writing known?" asked Mr. Beaky, holding up the packet.

"It is Wingate's," said Mr. Quelch, his face paling a little.

"It is an old sheet, on which I scribbled lines I had to remember in the first film play we did here," said Wingate calmly. "I threw it away after the play was filmed. I dare say there are dozens of such sheets knocking about."

"Possibly."

"For Heaven's sake, open the packet, Mr. Beaky!" exclaimed the Remove-master, whose nerves were on edge by this time.

"Certainly."

Mr. Beaky unwrapped the manuscript sheet, and disclosed a roll of banknotes. Wingate caught his breath.

"Good heavens!" murmured Mr. Quelch, aghast.

"I guess—" began Cyrus Hunker.

With methodical fingers, Mr. Beaky smoothed out the banknotes. There were ten of them for ten pounds each. In the midst of a terrible silence, the detective compared the numbers with a list of numbers he took from the pocket of his shabby waistcoat. Having done so, he stepped quietly between Wingate and the door.

"The numbers are the same," he said.

"Then—" almost groaned Mr. Quelch.

"Wingate is the thief!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Black Shame!

"WINGATE is the thief!"

Mr. Beaky spoke quietly, sedately. It was a matter of ordinary business with the detective, and he did not display or feel anything like emotion. But his words seemed like a thunderclap in the room. Wingate stared at him.

He started, and his face was white; but he did not seem, at first, to take in the full force of the words.

Mr. Quelch groaned.

His faith in Wingate had been unshaken; he could as soon have believed himself a thief as Wingate of the Greyfriars Sixth. But now—

"I guess that lets us out!" said Cyrus Hunker. He was the first to speak. "There's the money, and there's the thief. I'm sorry for this, Mr. Quelch; but it's better to know the truth."

"Wingate!" said the Remove-master faintly. "Wingate, how—"

Wingate pulled himself together.

He had a dazed feeling. What had happened seemed to him incredible; it was like a dream, or a scene from a film. He had to make a mental effort to grasp the fact that the stolen banknotes had been found in his room, and that he was adjudged guilty of theft. He tried to speak, but for some moments the words would not come. He gasped out at last:

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ONCE.

"Mr. Quelch, you cannot, you surely cannot believe that I am a thief?"

The Remove-master did not answer. He looked utterly wretched and crushed. Wingate gave him a wild look.

"You—you believe it?" he stammered.

"I guess it's not much use taking that line, sonny," said Cyrus Hunker. "You may as well own up now."

"Own up to what?"

"Lifting my banknotes, of course."

"I have never touched your banknotes, Mr. Hunker. I have never seen them before."

Cyrus Hunker shrugged his shoulders.

"I think I have finished here," said Mr. Beaky, in his quiet, stealthy tones. "There is nothing more I can do, Mr. Hunker?"

"I guess not."

The producer picked up the banknotes, glanced at them, and crammed them into his pocket.

"Where's the pocket-book, Wingate?" he asked.

"What pocket-book?"

"The pocket-book the notes were in. Have you thrown it away?"

George Wingate's eyes blazed.

"I know nothing of the pocket-book or of the notes that were in it!" he said fiercely. "How dare you call me a thief!"

"Oh, if you're going to take that line—"

"What line do you expect me to take?" shouted Wingate. "Am I to admit that I stole your banknotes, when I did nothing of the kind? I tell you I have never seen them before."

"I guess that yarn won't wash, sonny," said Mr. Hunker. "Get along to the office, Beaky. I'll see you there again, and draw your cheque."

"Very good."

Mr. Beaky went quietly down the stairs. His work was done.

Cyrus Hunker fixed his eyes on Wingate.

"You're clean bowled out," he said. "It's a regular cinch, and you ought to have sense enough to see it, sonny. You took these hyer greenbacks to Fritchester, and you never dared to pass them. I reckon you guessed the police had the numbers. You brought them back, and hid them in your chimney, waiting for a chance to get rid of them. Can't you see it's as clear as the sun at noonday?"

"It is false!"

"I'm not going to charge you with theft," continued Cyrus Hunker, unheeding. "Your headmaster let his boys come hyer to oblige me. I'm not going to return the favour by disgracing his school. You're going back to Greyfriars for your headmaster to deal with as he thinks fit. Mr. Quelch will explain the matter to him, and I guess I shall give him the whole yarn in a letter. If you've got any more lies to tell, sonny, you can tell them to your headmaster. I wash my hands of the bizney from now on."

And Mr. Hunker walked out of the room.

Wingate stared after him, still dazed, and then turned to Mr. Quelch. The Remove-master leaned limply against the window.

"Mr. Quelch!" muttered the Greyfriars Sixth-Former.

"Unhappy boy!"

"You believe me guilty, then?"

"What can I believe?" groaned Mr. Quelch. "Unhappy, unhappy boy! What drove you to this act of madness?"

Wingate winced.

"I tell you, sir, on my word of honour, that I have never seen the banknotes before, and cannot imagine how they came to be hidden in my room," he breathed.

Mr. Quelch shook his head sadly.

The evidence was too clear; it was overwhelming, and he simply could not believe that denial.

"You do not believe me, sir?"

"I cannot, Wingate."

"Good heavens! And you—you had faith in me!" faltered Wingate. "If you do not believe me, who will?"

There was a long silence in the room. Mr. Quelch spoke at last.

"You had better pack your things, Wingate. There is an evening train you can catch to return to Greyfriars. I—I must come with you, to explain the matter to Dr. Locke."

"To tell him that I am a thief?"

"What else can I tell him?"

"But—good heavens!" Wingate staggered. "I am innocent—I am innocent! On this evidence the Head will expel me from Greyfriars!"

"He can do nothing else. You are fortunate that Mr. Hunker is merciful. You could be sent to prison for this."

"I am innocent!"

Mr. Quelch made a gesture of weariness and quitted the room.

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"Oh, Heaven!" breathed Wingate. He threw himself into a chair. The room seemed to swim round him. A thief—he was judged a thief! His good name was blasted for ever. He was to go forth from Hawthorne Park branded as a thief, ruined and disgraced! He passed his hand across his eyes.

What did it all mean? How had the stolen banknotes come to be concealed in his room. What remorseless enemy had played this fiendish trick upon him?

He had no enemies—Stay! The dark, ironically smiling face of Vernon Carson rose before his mind. He had one enemy—a bitter foe! Elsie's enemy was his enemy. Was it possible—

But he shook his head. Carson had not been a week at Hawthorne Park, and it was over three weeks since the banknotes had been stolen. The theft was already an old story when Vernon Carson had arrived.

Who had done this?

A feeling of something like terror came upon Wingate. Who had done it? Who could have done it? In all the Greyfriars party there was no one he could possibly believe guilty of such baseness—a thief who would hide his plunder in another fellow's room in case of a search. It was the act of a hardened criminal. Among half a hundred Greyfriars fellows it was possible that there was one capable of theft, but not of this far-reaching, cunning scheming. This was not the act of a schoolboy.

The cinema company—he hardly knew them, and he was on friendly terms with them all, so far as he knew them—with all excepting Vernon Carson.

Who, then, had done this?

The unhappy boy felt as if he were caught in the toils, like some wretched bird in the net of the fowler. He almost doubted his own senses—almost wondered whether, in some moment of aberration, he had actually been guilty of this thing.

He rose to his feet at last, with a groan. Who would believe in him now? Yes, there was one. A fair, kind face rose before his mind—the face of Elsie Mainwaring. She would believe in him, at least—she would not believe that he was a thief.

He hurried from the room.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY!

THERE was a buzz of excitement in Hawthorne Park.

The news was soon out.

Cyrus Hunker had made no secret of the discovery. The thief was not to be handed over to justice, but the truth was to be known. That was necessary, in fairness to others. So long as the theft remained a mystery there was a cloud of suspicion over all at Hawthorne Park.

That cloud was lifted now; the thief was known. And the thief was George Wingate, of the Sixth Form at Greyfriars!

The news was stunning. Fellows spoke to one another in whispers. Wingate—old Wingate—was a thief! The first suspicion that had fallen upon Wingate, owing to his sudden departure on the day of the theft, had been laughed to scorn by most of the Greyfriars party. But now—

"They've found the banknotes," said Temple to a group of Fourth-Formers—"found them in Wingate's room, hidden in his chimney, wrapped up in a paper, with Wingate's list on it!"

"Can't be much doubt now," said Fry.

"I—I suppose not; but it's awful!"

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"Horrid!"

Coker of the Fifth held forth on the subject to Potter and Greene.

"It's a clear case," he said. "It fairly knocks me over, though. Wingate was always cheeky—never had a proper respect for the Fifth—never rightly understood a fellow's claims to be in the eleven. But who'd have thought this? It's horrid! But there you are."

In the Remove there was simply horror. The Removes simply couldn't believe it. Harry Wharton & Co. were still absent. They had not heard of the discovery yet. But the rest of the Remove were buzzing with it.

"It's utter rot!" said Squiff. "Utter! Wingate a thief! I'd as soon believe that I bagged old Hunker's rotten banknotes myself!"

"Tain't possible," said Peter Todd.

"Utter rot!" said Tom Brown. "Hunker's a fool, and his precious detective is another!"

"The evidence is pretty complete," remarked Skinner, with his sour smile.

"Too complete, I think, from what I hear," said Peter Todd. "Unless Wingate was potty, he wouldn't hide the loot in his own room, wrapped in a paper written in his own hand. Anybody could have picked that sheet of paper out of the dustbin."

"There was a Fritchester newspaper, too."

"Anybody could get that."

"But the banknotes were there," said Skinner.

"Somebody put 'em there," said Squiff.

"Who, then?"

"Oh, don't ask me conundrums, you ass! Somebody."

"That somebody ought to be found, then," said Skinner, with a grin. "You fellows had better get a move on and find him, because Wingate is going by the evening train. And he's going back to Greyfriars to be sacked."

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter joined the group of

Removites, with a scared and startled look on his fat face.

"I say, what's this about Wingate?" he gasped.

"Haven't you heard, Fatty?" grunted Peter Todd, and a dozen voices explained to Bunter what had happened.

Bunter blinked in almost a terrified way.

"But Wingate never stole the banknotes!" he stuttered.

"Of course he didn't!"

"Utter rot!"

"Somebody planted them on him," said Squiff. "Was it you, Bunter?"

"Eh?"

"Well, Wharton thought you knew something about them," said the Australian junior. "But I don't see how you could have got at Wingate's chimney."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Peter Todd. "Even Bunter wouldn't play a trick like that!"

"You—you—you rotter, Squiff!" spluttered Bunter. "If you think—"

"Well, I don't!" said Squiff. "But somebody planted the banknotes on Wingate. I stick to that!"

"But who'd do it?" said Bolsover major. "It looks as if the blessed notes were taken simply to plant on Wingate. Who'd do it? Wingate hasn't an enemy in the world, I believe."

"It's a giddy puzzle."

"Well, he has an enemy," said Todd. "He's pretty nearly at daggers drawn with that dark boulder Carson, the actor."

"Carson wasn't here at the time—not for weeks after," said Bolsover major.

"That's so, too!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows, it's not true about Wingate—he jolly well isn't a thief! I'm sure of that!"

"That's the most sensible thing you've ever said in your fat-headed life, old chap!" said Peter Todd approvingly. "I say, let's go and see Wingate, and tell him we think it's all rot!"

"Hear, hear!"

Toddy's suggestion was acted on at once. A score of excited Removes set out in search of Wingate. But the Greyfriars captain was not to be found.

At that moment he was seated in Elsie Mainwaring's pretty little sitting-room that looked over the gardens. He had gone to Elsie, sure that she, at least, would have faith in him. And he was right. The girl had listened to his story, with startled eyes. As soon as she understood, she gave one cry:

"Vernon Carson!"

Wingate started.

"I—I thought of that," he said huskily. "But—but he wasn't here, Elsie. The banknotes were stolen the day before I left for Fritchester to find you! I had never met Carson then!"

"Have you any other enemy?"

"Not that I know of."

Elsie clasped her hands.

"It was he!" she said, with conviction. "How he has done it I cannot even guess; but this is his revenge! It is for my sake that you have suffered. I have brought you misfortune always!"

Wingate's eyes dimmed.

"At least you believe in me, Elsie?" he whispered.

"I know you to be all that is good and brave and true," said Elsie. "But—but you shall not suffer this! The truth shall be discovered—it must be discovered! I will go to Mr. Hunker—"

"He is certain of my guilt!" said Wingate heavily. "I—I cannot blame him—I cannot even imagine myself how it can have happened. It could not have been Carson, and I have no other enemy. Elsie, I leave this evening; in a few hours

LIGHTING-UP TIME FOR THIS WEEK.



OCTOBER.

18th Monday	- - -	5.30 p.m.
19th Tuesday	- - -	5.27 "
20th Wednesday	- - -	5.25 "
21st Thursday	- - -	5.23 "
22nd Friday	- - -	5.21 "
23rd Saturday	- - -	5.19 "
24th Sunday	- - -	5.17 "



The detective drew a little packet folded in a newspaper from out of the chimney and held it before Wingate. “Do you usually keep articles up the chimney?” he asked. (See Chapter 5.)

I shall be gone—with this stain on my name. But, at least, you will always believe in me?”

“Yes, yes—but—”

“I leave you without a friend to protect you from that villain!” groaned Wingate.

“You shall not go!” breathed Elsie. “My dear, dear friend, you shall not be sacrificed for my sake. I will find a way—”

Wingate shook his head sadly. “They are calling you!” said Elsie suddenly. From without came a shout of Wingate’s name.

He stepped to the window. “Here he is!” roared Squiff, as he caught sight of Wingate.

There was a rush towards the window. Twenty or more Removites of Greyfriars crowded beneath it.

“What—” began Wingate.

There was a roar.

“Good old Wingate!”

“Hurrah!”

“Cheerio, old top!” shouted Squiff. “We know it’s all rot—there isn’t a fellow here believes a word of it!”

“Not a word, Wingate!”

“Cheerio!”

“Hurrah! Three cheers for Wingate of the Sixth!” bawled Squiff.

And the cheers rang from one end of Hawthorne Park to the other. George Wingate tried to speak, but his voice choked. With a noble disregard for evidence, the Removites testified their faith in the popular captain of Greyfriars.

“Thank you!” gasped Wingate at last.

“I—I—”

“Hurrah!”

“Now come along and give that ass Hauker a yell!” said Squiff.

“Good!”

The juniors streamed away, and a couple of minutes later Cyrus Hauker was astounded by a terrific yell under his office window. It was not courteous; but it expressed the feelings of the Greyfriars juniors at that moment.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

At the Eleventh Hour!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. jumped off their bicycles at the gates of Hawthorne Park. The sun was setting, and dusk deepening over the Kentish landscape as the Famous Five returned from their spin.

“Hallo, hallo, hallo; something’s on!” Bob Cherry remarked, as the chums of the Remove wheeled in their machines.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 663.

"Wingate—is he going away, then?" exclaimed Wharton.

A cab stood outside the house, with two or three bags packed on it. Round the doorway was a crowd of Greyfriars juniors. George Wingate came out of the house, and stepped into the cab. Leaving their bicycles, the Famous Five ran up. They could see at a glance that something momentous had occurred.

Harry Wharton caught Squiff by the shoulder.

"Is Wingate going?"

"Yes!" gasped Squiff, on the point of blubbing. "Poor old Wingate—the best chap at Greyfriars!"

"But—but what's happened?"

"They say he's a thief!"

"Wingate!"

"The money's been found—in his room!"

Wharton staggered.

"Hunker's money—in Wingate's room?"

"Yes!"

"But—but—but—" stuttered Wharton.

The cab was moving. Harry Wharton left Squiff, and ran after it.

"Wingate!" he shouted.

The Greyfriars captain gave him a nod and a faint smile. Wharton raced along by the side of the cab.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Wingate—stop! For Heaven's sake, stop!"

Wingate spoke to the driver, and the cab slowed down. He looked out curiously at the excited face of the junior.

"I'm going, Wharton," he said.

"Stop!" panted Wharton. "Wingate, you're not to go! I know who took the money!"

Wingate started.

"You know?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, yes! It was Bunter! For Heaven's sake stop!" exclaimed Harry. "Bunter can be made to tell the truth! I tell you—"

Wingate looked at him very hard. The junior's words seemed wild to him, but they awoke hope in his breast. In his desperate position the unhappy lad was willing to catch at a straw.

He stepped from the cab.

"Come back—come back!" panted Wharton. And in his excitement he caught Wingate by the arm, and almost dragged him back towards the house.

There was a wild buzz of voices in the Greyfriars crowd. A dozen fellows had heard Harry Wharton's excited words, and the news spread like wildfire.

"Bunter—where's Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Bunter—Bunter—"

"I say, you fellows—leggo! I—I say, I'm just going for a walk! I say, leggo, you beasts!"

Billy Bunter wriggled in the grasp of Peter Todd and Squiff and Tom Brown. There was no escape for the terrified Owl of the Remove.

"Here he is—"

"Here's Bunter—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"What does this mean, Wharton?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, coming quickly out of the House.

Wharton gasped.

"It was Bunter, sir—"

"What? What was Bunter?"

"Bunter had the banknotes, sir—"

"Is it possible? How do you know?"

Mr. Quelch gasped. "Bring him into Mr. Hunker's office at once; this is no place to question him! Wingate, come with me!"

"Yes, sir," said Wingate, his heart throbbing.

"I say, you fellows, leggo—I—I've

got to see a man in the village—I'm going for a walk—I—I—"

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Ow! Yes, sir?"

"Follow me at once!"

"Oh dear! All right, sir! I don't know anything about the banknotes, sir!"

"That is what we shall ascertain, Bunter."

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter rolled after the Remove-master in a state of hectic palpitation. He felt that his sins were coming home to roost at last. The Famous Five brought up the rear, with watchful eyes, to see that the Owl of the Remove did not escape.

Mr. Hunker was not alone in his office. Elsie Mainwaring was there—pale, troubled, almost in despair. She had been pleading with Cyrus Hunker, who soothed her as he might have soothed a child.

This issue of
THE MAGNET
should contain (inset) the
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four sections together as per in-
structions given in the first part.

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MONDAY'S "MAGNET" AT
ONCE!

Elsie's faith in the honour of her schoolboy chum seemed, to Cyrus Hunker's mind, simply a case of feminine inconsequence. As a business man Cyrus Hunker was quite satisfied as to Wingate's guilt; conclusive evidence was good enough for him. It was not good enough for Elsie; and she was right. It was not the first time that feminine intuition had been right where masculine logic was wrong.

Cyrus Hunker spun round with an exclamation of impatience, as his office was suddenly invaded.

Mr. Quelch rustled in, with Wingate; and the Famous Five followed, with William George Bunter in their custody. Then the door was closed; but outside a crowd surged and buzzed.

"What the thunder—" began Cyrus Hunker.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Silence, Bunter!"

"But, I say—"

"I calculated you had vamoosed by this time, Wingate," said Mr. Hunker, with a dry look at the Grey-

friars captain. "What is all this pesky shindy about—what?"

"Kindly give me your attention, sir," said Mr. Quelch, with much dignity. "Wharton states that he can throw some new light on the matter—"

"I guess Wharton is chattering out of the back of his hat!" said Cyrus Hunker. "The matter's closed!"

"It's not closed!" exclaimed Harry Wharton indignantly. "Wingate is innocent, and if you had any sense, Mr. Hunker—"

"Wha-at?"

"If you had any sense, you'd know it as well as I do!" shouted Wharton, who was too excited to measure his words at that moment.

"By hokey—"

"Calm yourself, Wharton! That is not the way to address Mr. Hunker!" said the Remove-master severely.

"I kinder reckon not!" said Cyrus Hunker. "I calculate—"

"We know the truth, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"The knowfulness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "The esteemed and ridiculous Wingate is as innocent as the honoured man in the moon!"

"Silence, please! Kindly state what you know, Wharton, as briefly as possible."

"Certainly, sir! We know that Bunter had the banknotes. He asked us to change a ten-pound note for him, and so we guessed. We know that Bunter never has a ten-pound note of his own—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Silence, Bunter!"

"Oh dear!"

"He mumbled some rot about findings keepings, sir," continued Harry Wharton; "so we knew! Bunter has played the fool like that before! He always thinks a thing is his if he gets his fat paws on it!"

Mr. Quelch smiled slightly.

"I asked Mr. Hunker to give me time to find the notes, sir," went on Harry. "I hoped to get them away from Bunter, and save a scandal, because he's more fool than rogue, sir, as we all know, and he didn't realise he was stealing, in keeping Mr. Hunker's money. He thought it was his because he had found it. But we knew he had it—"

"I guess I gave you time enough to find it if he had it," said Cyrus Hunker. "There isn't any evidence hyer, that I can see. But what does Bunter say?"

"Oh dear!"

"I will question the boy," said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Did you take Mr. Hunker's banknotes?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anything about them?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"You did not hide them in Wingate's room?"

"How could I, sir?" said Bunter, in an injured tone. "We dig in the bungalow, and I never go near Wingate's room in the house. I hadn't the faintest idea that beast was going—"

"What beast?"

"Oh! Nobody, sir."

"Do you believe that Wingate took the money, Bunter?"

"Certainly not, sir! Everybody at Greyfriars knows that he wouldn't do anything of the kind!"

"Quite so. But in that case, somebody must have placed the stolen notes in concealment in his room."

"I didn't, sir."

"Do you know who did?"

"Oh dear!"

"Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, quietly and gravely, "you must realise that it is your duty to tell us what you know. Wingate is being branded for life with indelible disgrace. He is the captain of your school. Have no fear for yourself if you tell the truth."

Billy Bunter blinked hopelessly round him.

"Do you know who placed the notes in Wingate's room, Bunter?"

"I—I suppose he did, sir—"

"Who?"

"That rotter Carson, sir!"

Elsie gave a cry.

"I knew it!"

"Carson?" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Do you mean Mr. Vernon Carson, a member of Mr. Hunker's company?"

"Yes, sir!" groaned Bunter. "Oh dear! I'm sorry, Wingate! I—I never knew he meant to play such a trick on you! He said distinctly he was going to hand the notes back to old Hunker—I—I mean, Mr. Hunker. He said so plainly."

There was a sensation in Cyrus Hunker's office. Elsie pressed Wingate's hand for a moment; her heart was too full for words.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Lifting of the Shadow!

"CARSON!" said Cyrus Hunker. "I knew it!" whispered Elsie.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at Bunter. The Owl of the Remove blinked round Mr. Hunker's office again. Bunter was losing his uneasiness now, and beginning to feel important. He gave George Wingate quite a patronising grin.

"You say that Mr. Carson took the banknotes from you, Bunter?" came Mr. Quelch's deep voice, after a pause of astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"How did they come into your possession in the first place?"

"I—I—I—"

Bunter was uneasy again.

He wondered whether Mr. Quelch was quite intelligent enough to understand his theory of "findings keepings." The probability was that Mr. Quelch wasn't!

"Did you take the banknotes from Mr. Hunker's desk?"

"Certainly not, sir!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "I hope you don't think I'm a thief?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Silence, Cherry! Bunter, tell me at once!"

"I—I found them, sir," gasped Bunter desperately.

"Where did you find them?"

"In the grounds, sir."

"I guess I must have dropped that pocket-book," remarked Cyrus Hunker; "but I reckon that young jay knew whom it belonged to."

"You found a hundred pounds in banknotes, Bunter, and kept them?" Mr. Quelch exclaimed, in a terrifying voice. Bunter quaked.

"I—I—I— You see, sir, f-f-f-u-f-f-indings ki-ki-keepings!" he stuttered.

"You young rascal!"

"Oh dear!"

"You actually retained possession of money—a large sum of money—that you had picked up?"

"I—I thought, sir—" Bunter's voice trailed off. He did not state exactly what he had thought. Probably he had not thought at all.

"You knew that Mr. Hunker had lost banknotes?"

"I—I heard so, sir."

"You knew they were the same notes?"

"Oh, no, sir. Mr. Hunker said notes had been taken from his desk, and I found these in the grounds, in a pocket-book. So I—I thought—"

"You knew perfectly well that they were Mr. Hunker's banknotes, Bunter."

"I—I—"

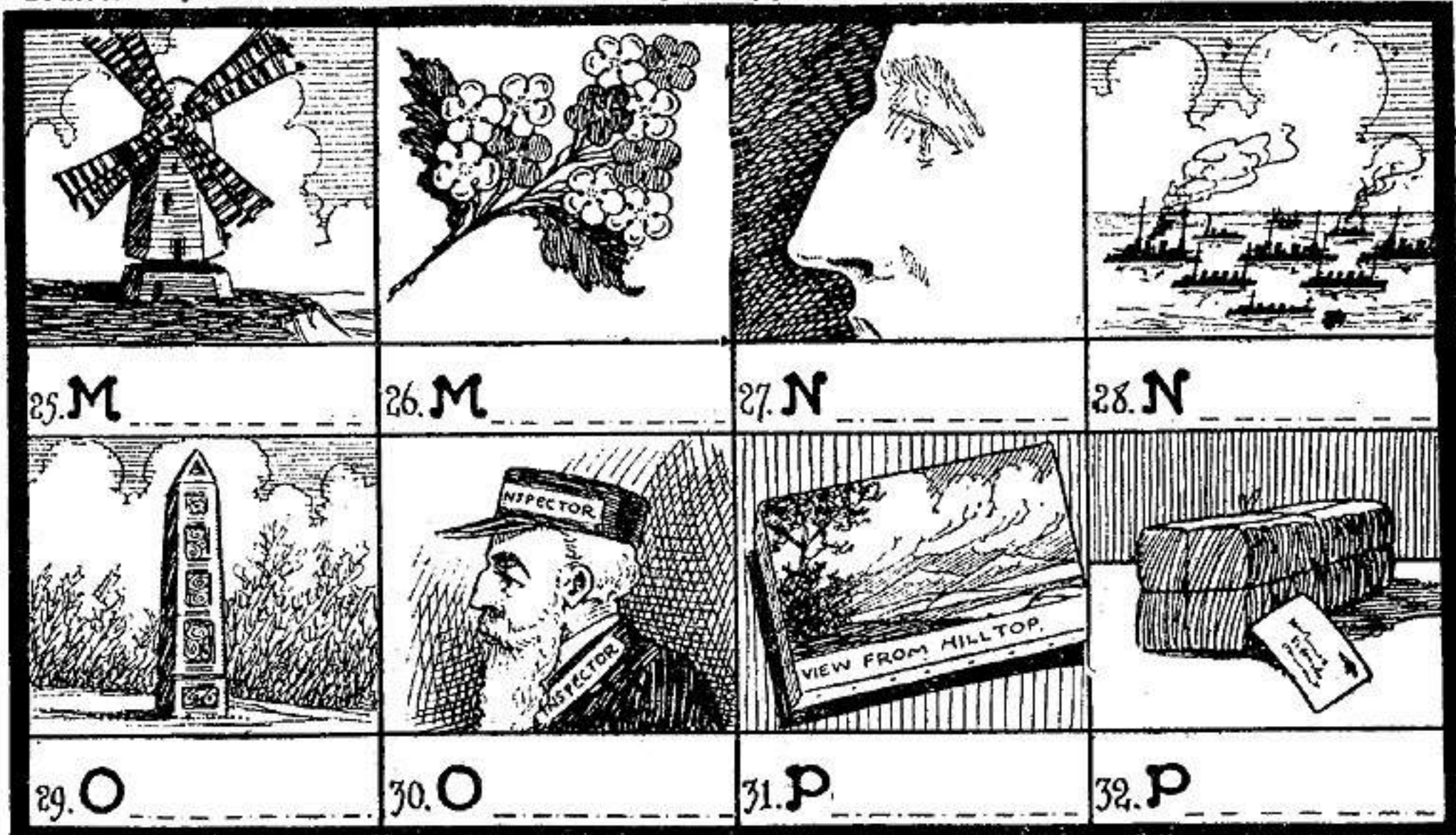
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Here is something novel for you in the way of competitions. On this page you will find a set of eight drawings, and beneath each drawing is an initial letter. The name of the word represented begins in each case with the letter shown. Thus No. 25 is MILL and soon. WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO is to fill in the missing letters, then cut out the picture puzzle and keep it by you until we publish direction, as to how and when your efforts are to be sent to us.

There will be six sets of puzzles in all—two more will appear after the one on this page. The above splendid First Prize will be awarded to the reader who sends in a complete solution of the words represented which corresponds exactly with the list which is in the possessions of the Editor. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Do not send in your efforts now ON ANY ACCOUNT. Keep them by you until final directions appear.



KEEP THESE BY YOU UNTIL THE SIXTH SET APPEARS!

"You attempted to get your school-fellows to change them for you?"

"I—I asked Wharton to change a tenner for me, sir. I—I never thought he would think I was a thief. I should have hoped that he knew me too well for that!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Bless my soul!"

"If pictures could be made to talk," remarked Cyrus Hunker, "that fat clam would make the fortune of a producer."

"Oh, I say——"

"And when Wharton refused to change the notes, Bunter, what did you do with them?"

"I—I kept them hidden in a hollow tree, sir," stammered Bunter. "I—I'm always careful with money, sir."

"And how did you come to give them to Mr. Carson?"

Bunter's fat face assumed a deeply injured expression.

"I knew he had lots of money, sir, so I asked him to change a tenner for me. I never thought he would be a suspicious beast like Wharton. But the utter rotter jumped to the conclusion at once that I'd got Mr. Hunker's notes. I don't know what put the idea into his head. Just his low, suspicious mind, I suppose."

"Upon my word! And then——"

"He said he'd give me away if I didn't hand him the notes at once, to be given back to Mr. Hunker, sir," gasped Bunter. "I—I told him they were mine, but he wouldn't take my word. A low cad, sir, to doubt a fellow's word. Don't you think so?"

"You gave them to him?"

"Yes, sir; in the pocket-book, just as it stood. I—I thought he was going to give them to old—to Mr. Hunker. He said he would, and promised not to mention my name, and warned me not to say anything. I wasn't going to say anything, either. It's all Wharton's fault that it's all come out now!" added Bunter, with a reproachful blink at Harry Wharton.

Wharton smiled.

It was scarcely possible to be angry with so obtuse a fat youth as William George Bunter, serious as his transgression was in this instance.

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch. "We seem to have got at the truth at last. I hope, Bunter, that you realise now the seriousness of what you have done."

"Oh, yes, sir! If there's a reward for finding the banknotes, I think I'm entitled to it."

"What!"

"I don't think Wingate ought to have it," said Bunter, blinking round at the astonished company. "The banknotes were found in his room, but he never found them. As for the detective chap, he was paid for his services, I suppose, so he can't claim the reward. Carson oughtn't to have anything—he practically stole the notes. If Mr. Hunker thinks he ought to give up half for finding them, I think that would be fair."

"Oh Jerusalem!" said Cyrus Hunker.

"Ain't he a coughdrop!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Ain't he the merry last word! Ain't he the limit—the very outside edge!"

"I would accept twenty pounds, sir," said Bunter—perhaps reading in Cyrus Hunker's face that that gentleman was not really thinking of rewarding him for his valuable services.

"I—I hardly know what to say to you, Bunter," gasped Mr. Quelch. "You have acted like an unscrupulous young rascal, but I hope that your conduct was due rather to crass stupidity than to inherent dishonesty."

"Eh?"

"I shall consider how to deal with

you," said Mr. Quelch. "I take it, Mr. Hunker, that Wingate is now completely cleared in your eyes?"

Cyrus Hunker nodded.

"Sure!" he answered.

"Wingate, I can only say I am sorry that I ever allowed a doubt of you to cross my mind," said the Remove-master.

"I guess I'm sorry, too," said Cyrus Hunker frankly. "But I calculate I don't blame myself; the evidence was a cinch."

"I cannot blame anyone who was deceived by the evidence," said Wingate quietly. "I am only glad to think that there were some who never lost faith in me, in spite of all."

"Hear, hear!" came from Bob Cherry.

"But for Wharton's intervention Bunter would not have confessed. I owe it to you, Wharton, that I have been cleared—you and your friends," said the Greyfriars captain. "I shall not forget it. Mr. Hunker, you will leave me to deal with Vernon Carson?"

"I guess I've got a few words to say to that galoot myself," said Cyrus Hunker. "I'm sending for him to come hyer, I reckon. One of you kids run and tell Mr. Carson he's wanted particular."

Frank Nugent left the office. He returned in a few minutes.

"Mr. Carson's coming," he said.

"Good!"

The door swung open.

Vernon Carson, with a cigarette between finger and thumb, and an air of cool carelessness, sauntered in.

He glanced over the assembly, and started slightly at the sight of Bunter. But he looked coolly at Cyrus Hunker.

"You wanted me?"

"I guess so," said Mr. Hunker dryly. "I reckon I want to hear whether you've anything to say before I telephone for the police."

"You are going to give Wingate into custody, after all?"

"Nope! You're the pesky thief I'm going to give into custody, Mr. Carson!" Carson laughed lightly.

"Is that a joke?" he asked. "I confess that I am not well up in the mysteries of American humour. I don't see the point."

"I guess I'll make it clear," said Cyrus Hunker. "You got my banknotes from that fat idiot, who found them; you planted them in Wingate's room, and made us all believe him a thief. I'm going to hand you over to the police. Got that?"

Carson's lip quivered under his black moustache.

"If Bunter says——" he began.

"Bunter has told the whole facts," interrupted Mr. Hunker crisply. "I give you one chance, Carson. I'm not hankerin' after a prosecution. Own up instanter, and get out of Hawthorne Park, or I telephone for the police to take you into custody. Say which."

"I deny the whole thing!"

"That does it!"

Cyrus Hunker picked up the telephone-receiver.

"Courtfield one-two-one!" said Mr. Hunker into the transmitter. "See that he does not leave the office, Wingate!"

"Rely on me!" said the Greyfriars captain.

Carson gave a hurried look round, but his coolness returned in a moment.

"You can put up the receiver, Hunker," he said.

"You own up?"

"Yes."

"Just in time," said Mr. Hunker grimly; and he jammed the receiver on the hook.

"I guess the affair ends hyer, then," continued Cyrus Hunker. "You are a

sneaking, slab-sided, cowardly skunk, Mister Carson—a crawling reptile, sir, that ought to be kicked out of any decent show! And you're going to be kicked out of this one. You hear me hoot? I calculate you're not fit to breathe the same air as decent white men, Mister Carson. I've a good mind to give you the lambastin' of your life before you crawl away—and by hokey, sir," roared Mr. Hunker, "if you curl your lip at me like that I'll do it, sir!"

And the excited producer whipped round his desk, and advanced upon the film actor in great wrath.

"Leave him to me, sir," said George Wingate quietly.

"I demand to leave this office," said Carson, backing away from the Greyfriars captain. "I——"

"Kick him out!" snapped Cyrus Hunker.

"Look here, we're not going to be left out of this!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Collar him!"

"Good egg!"

"Cherry—Wharton—Bull!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. But for once the heroes of the Remove were deaf to the voice of their Form-master.

They fairly leaped on Vernon Carson. Even Wingate had no chance against them. In a moment the struggling, yelling rascal was whirling out of the office in the grasp of the Famous Five.

They came out in a struggling heap into the crowd outside. Harry Wharton jumped up as the crowd surged round.

"What's happened?" panted Squiff.

"It was Carson—Carson planted the banknotes in Wingate's room!" shouted Wharton. "It's proved, and he's confessed! Mr. Hunker says he's to be kicked out of Hawthorne Park! Every fellow present is welcome to join in the kicking!"

"Hurrah!"

"Let me go!" screamed Vernon Carson. "You young fiends, I—I——"

He was unable to say more.

Like a tide the Removites of Greyfriars closed in on him.

Kicking and struggling and shrieking, Vernon Carson was rolled and hustled and dragged and bumped down the drive to the gates.

By the time he reached the gates he hardly knew what was happening to him.

He rolled into the road, propelled there by a dozen boots—dusty, dishevelled, wild-eyed, almost in tatters.

"Now hook it!" said Harry Wharton, with a wave of the hand. "If you're not gone in two seconds——"

Carson leaped to his feet and ran as the juniors started towards him again. Breathless and panting, he vanished down the road. And Harry Wharton & Co. streamed back into Hawthorne Park to cheer and cheer again the Greyfriars captain, who had been saved at the last moment from the shadow of shame.

As the stars came out a dishevelled figure stood on the cliffs, and looked towards the lighted windows of Hawthorne Park, and shook a clenched fist at the building.

"Your turn now!" Vernon Carson hissed the words between his clenched teeth. "My hour will come, and then——"

He choked with rage, and shook his fist again in impotent fury at the place which had cast him forth. He turned, and strode away into the darkness.

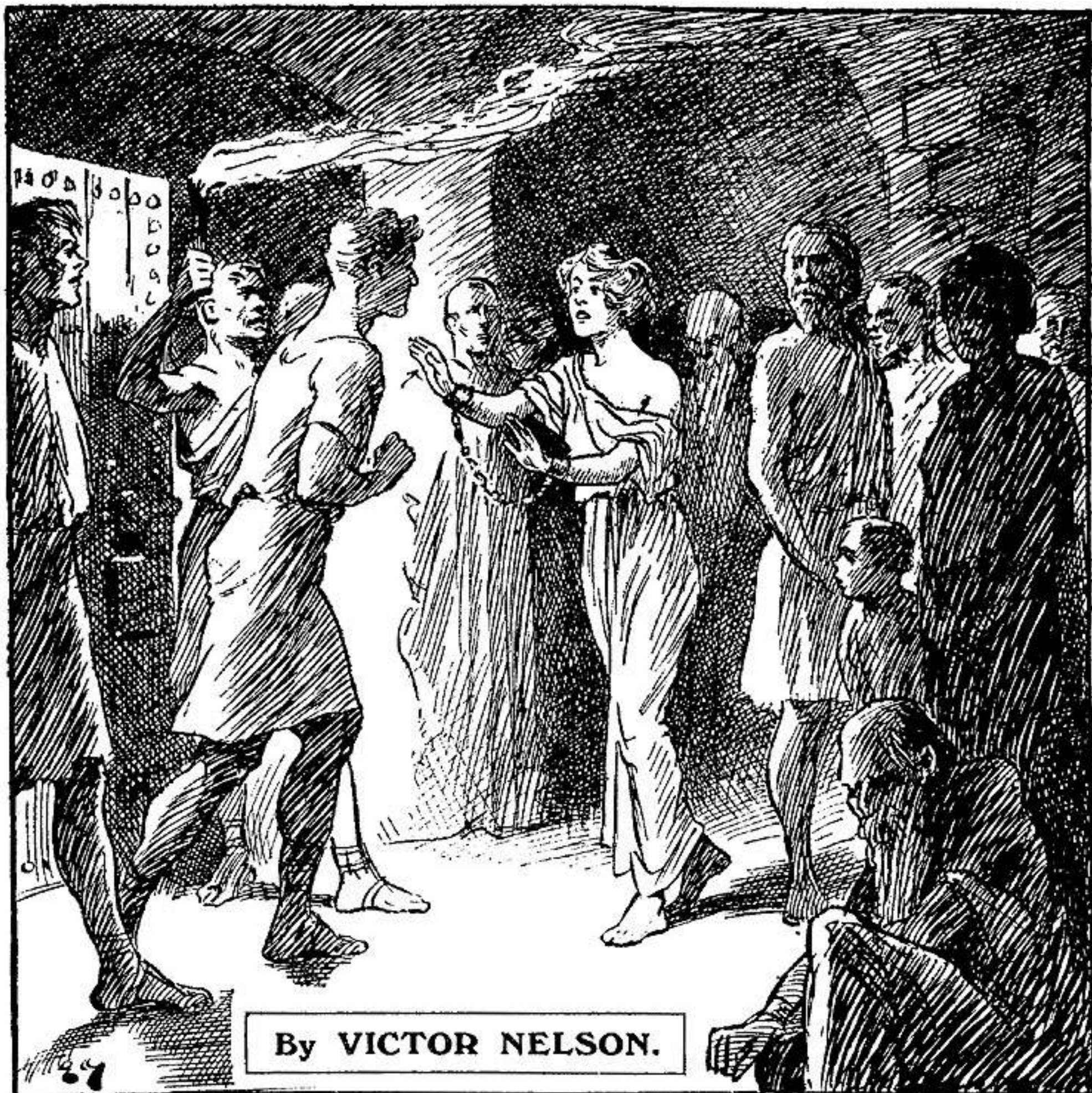
He was gone, but Elsie Mainwaring and her friends had not seen the last of Vernon Carson.

THE END.

(Another splendid long complete school tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday, entitled "His Last Card!" By Frank Richards. Order early.)

MARCUS THE BRAVE!

A Magnificent New Story of Ancient Rome.



By VICTOR NELSON.

At the sound of his voice, Eunice turned and tottered towards Marcus with outstretched arms. (See page 16.)

The Pursuit—At the Prison.

MARCUS, a gladiator of Ancient Rome, returned from a voyage during which he captured Strongbow, a notorious pirate. As his reward from Nero, the emperor, Marcus claimed the hand of Eunice, a Christian slave-girl, in marriage. Nero, however, spurned him, the girl having been condemned to death in the arena, with all the other Christians, on a pretext of having caused the great fire in Rome. Marcus was imprisoned, but his friend Leo, gaining access to the emperor's private apartment by means of a secret passage, compelled Nero, at the sword's point, to release Marcus. Leaving the emperor and one of his

guard bound in the secret passage, the two friends fled to Eunice's prison, with the order for her release, which they had forced Nero to sign. Meantime, the emperor and Epaphroditus, his captain of the guard, were being released by soldiers. Mad with rage at the trick that had been played on him, Nero rushed into his apartment.

The soldiers fell back, staring at their dusty, perspiring, and dishevelled monarch aghast; and, momentarily inarticulate in his passion, he clenched his fists and shook them in the air.

"To your horses!" he raved, when he could control himself sufficiently to utter the words. "And saddle one for me!" Then, as he saw that they continued

to gaze at him askance, he realised that even Epaphroditus was not fully aware of what had really happened, and quickly he told the guard how Leo had forced him at the sword's point to free Marcus and issue an order for the release of a certain Christian—Eunice.

"The caitiffs will make straight for the prison—that is certain!" he jerked out, in conclusion. "Away there, men! Wait neither for your officer nor for me! A purse of gold apiece to the men who first lay hands upon them!"

The latter words acted like magic. With all discipline temporarily gone, the soldiers collided with each other as a general rush was made through the door.

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way. Nero and Epaphroditus followed on their heels, and it was but two minutes later that the whole party was mounted and racing at a furious gallop down the hill on which the palace stood.

Nero had delayed only to don a hooded cloak, so that he should not be readily recognised as he passed through the streets. He rode in the wake of the pretorians, Epaphroditus by his side.

Those who did not know otherwise might have imagined that Nero would cut a ridiculous figure on horseback by reason of his bulk and flabbiness; but, on the contrary, he rode superbly, having spent much time in the hands of riding-masters since his conceit and vanity had let him into appearing in various roles in public.

And while the emperor and his score of Herculean soldiers thundered through the moonlit streets of the town, Marcus and Leo had come in sight of the prison, and, fearing to arouse suspicion if they showed undue haste, had slackened their pace to a smart walk.

The prison looked very grim and forbidding in the moonlight. It was a towering building of greyish marble, surrounded by high, impregnable walls. Outside the gates were mounted pretorian guards stationed there since the arrival of so many desperate and important prisoners in the pirate, Strongbow and his crew.

The soldiers numbered quite fifty, wore glittering armour and helmets, and carried wicked-looking lances. The foremost of them presented their weapons towards Marcus and his chum as they drew near.

"Hold!" one cried. "What is your errand?"

"We come from Cæsar, and carry his signed order for the release of a certain prisoner. Stand aside and let us pass!" Marcus answered boldly; and, as the man hesitated, he ignored the menacing weapons, stepped forward, and thrust the parchment bearing Nero's signature beneath the fellow's eyes. "You flirt with Libitina, the Goddess of Funerals, if you delay us!" he added coldly.

Instantly the soldiers fell away from the gates, as they saw their comrade start and assume a servile attitude. They were unlocked and flung open, and Marcus and Leo, outwardly calm but inwardly a-quiver with a wild excitement and suspense, passed into the courtyard beyond.

Here they encountered more pretorians, and again the parchment had to be shown. But it gained instant respect, and a soldier thundered on the massive doors of the prison, which were presently unbarred and unlocked and opened by a gaoler. A dozen more were at his back.

The man examined the order for the release of Eunice, and pondered for a moment.

"There is but one way to find the maiden you seek, masters," he said at length. "I know her not, and cannot identify her to bring her to you."

"Then you suggest?" Marcus asked haughtily, drumming the tips of his fingers impatiently and significantly upon the scroll bearing the all-powerful name.

"That I take you from cell to cell until you find her and pick her out from amongst the other prisoners, of which there are more than the prison hath ever held before," answered the man.

Marcus inclined his head.

"It is well, but hasten," he ordered briskly. "It is Cæsar's wish that we shall meet with no unnecessary delay, and"—he shrugged his shoulders mean-

ingly—"it goes badly with those who go against him!"

"Come, masters," the gaoler returned hastily, jingling his keys as he led the way towards a dark corridor.

He unlocked and opened the first great door to which they came, and his fellow-guards pressed near. A wave of hot, fetid air rushed out into the corridor and seemed to strike them in the face and grip at their throats. Then, as the gaoler raised a torch he had ignited, and led the way into the cell, a sight met the eyes of Marcus and Leo that was at once grand, awful, sickening.

Men, women, and children were herded together in the dark and noisome place—old men, young men, of many nationalities, including blacks, men who were of Strongbow's cut-throat crew, women who held babes in their arms. They were packed so closely together that most of them were forced to stand, though there were not a few on their knees—Christians—in an attitude of prayer.

Marcus had scarce recovered from his horror at the sight of inhuman persecution and cruelty when his eyes fell upon Eunice, who, white-lipped, and looking faint and ill, had been leaning wearily against the wall.

He could not suppress a cry—a cry of mingled joy and indignation—and at the sound of his voice she turned and tottered towards him with outstretched arms.

The next moment she was sobbing hysterically in his arms; but it was only for a moment that the lovers stood thus. For there happened that which turned the joy of their reunion into tragedy.

From among the other prisoners abruptly leapt a dishevelled, wild-eyed man—Strongbow, the pirate whom Marcus had captured and handed over to justice.

From the moment he had been brought here the pirate had begun to long for an opportunity to be revenged upon the young gladiator, and to his surprise the chance was suddenly put in his way.

There was murder in his blazing eyes, as he bounded forward with a panther-like spring and swung aloft his heavily-manacled hands. Leo let out a sharp cry of warning, but it came too late.

Even as the lad turned and saw his enemy the irons upon the rover's wrists crashed down upon Marcus' temple, and he fell to the stone-paved floor like a log.

With a laugh of savage delight, Strongbow fell back.

"Revenge is sweet!" he sneered, as his eyes met the horrified ones of Leo.

"You dog!"

With his hands clenched, Leo took a sharp step towards him, but only to pull up with a start at the sounds which with startling suddenness had arisen from the prison yard—the rattle of galloping hoofs.

There came a thunderous pounding upon the door which gave entrance to the gaol.

"Open, in the name of Cæsar!" a voice cried. "Open for Cæsar himself!"

All For Naught!

"O PEN, in the name of Cæsar—for the Divine One himself!"

Again the muffled command came from the other side of the gaol door, and once more it was hammered imperiously.

"Like rats in a trap!" The simile flashed grimly into Leo's whirling brain as he realised that all his efforts, all the risks he and Marcus had braved to rescue Eunice, had been for naught.

Given another few minutes, and they would have been hurrying across the fields with the girl, making for the Conqueror, and a fighting chance of escaping Nero's wrath.

As it was, they were hopelessly cornered—themselves in the prison as well as the girl, faced by six or seven sturdy, well-armed gaolers, with countless others doubtless in call, and the emperor and his pretorians were clamouring at the door.

Could the tyrant's arrival have been timed more unfortunately? For a moment despair gripped at Leo's heart, dauntless though he was, and he felt inclined to admit that a desperate gamble had gone wrong, and quietly submit to being made a prisoner.

Then, as a last desperate resource, he tried to bluff.

Summoning all his nerve and will-power, he laughed lightly.

"Some of the soldiers would play a joke on you, my friends," he said, with well-simulated carelessness. "Ha, ha! 'Tis a good joke, too, methinks, for, for the moment, I see that it took you in! As though the Divine Cæsar would trouble himself to come here, and at such an hour! 'Tis his time for feasting and making merry!"

But the gaolers were regarding him with disquieting suspicion.

They looked from him to his stunned comrade, from Marcus to Eunice, and, in turn, to Strongbow. The latter suddenly spoke.

"Open the door!" he said, forgetting for the time being that he was a prisoner, and speaking in a tone of one accustomed to command. "Perchance it is Cæsar who is without, and—"

"Silence, dog!" a gaoler ordered, striking him heavily in the mouth and sending him reeling back. But several of his comrades, awed by the dreaded name in which admittance had been demanded, sprang almost simultaneously from the corridor and commenced to unbar and unbolt the door.

Leo saw that in another moment all would be lost, and, counting on one slender chance, acted with the speed of lightning.

Only three gaolers were left standing near him, and a terrific blow under the chin from his bunched left hurled the nearer of the trio flat upon his back, unconscious. He had swung round upon the second man before he could recover from his surprise, and dropped him with a blow between the eyes with his right in a twinkling. Then he wheeled yet again to meet the rush of the third.

There was no time to think of scruples. The life of Eunice was at stake.

As the man came at him Leo raised his foot and drove it hard into his stomach, causing him to gasp like an expiring fish, and driving him with a thud against the stopwork of the corridor wall.

He collapsed as if he had been pole-axed, and, whipping the astonished Eunice bodily up in his arms, Leo raced away with her down the corridor.

There was the one hope—that there was some way out at the back of the prison by which he could contrive to hide with the girl until pursuit had passed, and smuggle her to the Conqueror.

What would happen then, if it ever came to pass, he had no time now to think. He had been compelled to leave Marcus behind, but knew that, if he could save Eunice by so doing, his friend would meet any fate, however terrible, with a smile upon his lips, and bless him with his last breath.

Besides—who knew?—if he got away he might find a means of rescuing Marcus from captivity at some later date. He had accomplished as much once, and might accomplish it again.

That Nero would order Marcus' immediate execution Leo did not think. He knew the arch-despot's nature too well for that. It would be no quick death to which he would sentence his chum, after what had happened.

Round a curve in the corridor raced the gladiator. To a young man of his strength the weight of the slender girl was as nothing, and but for her clinging arms about his neck and her warm breath upon his cheek he would hardly have noticed that he carried her.

Lamps illuminated the corridor to some extent; but they were placed at such long intervals that in places it was almost pitch dark, and once he cannoned heavily against the wall as there came another sharp bend in its formation.

He could hear sounds of grim pursuit—the rush of feet, the clatter of arms against the walls, and the clank of armour. He set his teeth hard, and ran round a third curve, to come to—a blank wall of solid stone!

It was the corridor's end—there was no outlet!

Leo choked back a groan of disappointment and despair. He had just time to set the girl gently upon her feet and spring in front of her when his enemies rushed upon him in a body.

The first three were gaolers, and Leo's swift blows hurled them back. They were followed by the giant-like men of Nero's Sicambrian bodyguard, and the fact that they flung aside their weapons and came at him with their bare hands was ominous to the mind of Leo.

There was no doubt that Nero had ordered both him and the girl to be taken alive. They were destined for the arena, or some worse torture, in the near future.

The thought roused all the passion of which the usually sunny-tempered Leo was capable. His eyes were blazing, his jaw thrust forward aggressively, and his lips set in a thin, straight line.

That both he and Eunice would be overpowered was inevitable; but, by Bacchus, these hirelings of Cæsar should pay for the taking of them!

Man after man thudded down before Leo's terrible blows. He was fighting now as he had never even fought in the contests in the arena, though clenched fists seldom played any part in suchlike bout. It was wrestling, striving to send one's opponent into insensibility by the power of grip, there, when the fight was not fought out in armour and with weapons.

The pretorians actually wavered, and for the moment the foremost of them hesitated to attack the lad who dealt such terrible, sledgehammer blows.

Six men lay at Leo's feet, two completely knocked out, the others so dazed that as yet they could not struggle up and renew the combat. Several out of the remainder had gone down before him, to stagger up only with difficulty.

"Cowards and hireling murderers!" Leo flashed at them. "Go you and get more craven-hearts like yourselves, if the score of you cannot find the pluck to stand up to one man! See! I have time now to draw my sword! How like you that?"

His weapon flashed from his girdle as he spoke, and he actually rushed for the leaders of the band, wounding two of them with as many lightning thrusts ere they could leap back out of his way.

"By Hercules, he speaks but the truth when he calls you cravens!" a voice said; and the Sicambrian's leader, Epaphroditus, thrust his way through them, facing Leo with a sword in his hand.

"My greetings to a brave man—but look to yourself!" Leo said, throwing himself on guard.

The weapons of gladiator and officer met with a resounding clash. Then it was thrust and parry; parry and thrust, until Epaphroditus staggered back, wounded badly in the shoulder.

His weapon fell to the stone flags of the corridor, and, with his face calm, he waited for Leo to spring at him and despatch him; but the attack did not come. Leo was not of the type who seeks to kill a helpless opponent.

Stung to shame by the example of their commander, the pretorians made yet another onslaught upon Leo.

Once, twice, thrice, his arm went up, and his sword was felt by three men, who collapsed at his feet. One of them, however, but slightly wounded, twisted his arms about the young gladiator's legs, and, jerking them from under him, brought him crashing down upon his back.

Like a pack of hounds falling upon an exhausted quarry, the rest of the soldiers hurled themselves upon Leo.

He had dropped his weapon, and he struck out hard with both his fists; but he had no chance against them now, and it was only the matter of seconds ere weight of numbers told, and he lay pinned to the floor, a soldier sitting on his legs, two more clinging to his arms.

Other soldiers stooped and struck him savagely in the face, causing his senses to reel. Then, as he lay half-dazed, his hands were forced together and heavy irons locked upon his wrists.

He was dragged to his feet, and, together with the trembling Eunice, forced back along the corridor to an ante-room of the prison, wherein Nero was seated.

The emperor raised his emerald to his eyes as they entered, and, with his heavy, bloated face going livid with rage and hatred, he came to his feet.

A sword that hung at his girdle flashed out, and he presented it at the helpless Leo's breast.

The gladiator faced him without flinching. He felt sure that, after what he had done, he had to die, and it was better if death was to come mercifully and quickly. But such hopes as these were quickly dispelled.

With a sinister smile, Nero lowered the sword.

"It would give me pleasure to kill you, you dog!" he said harshly. "But it will be even sweeter to watch you torn to pieces in the arena when the games start in a few weeks' time! You and your friend and the maiden shall die together, and I will see that you provide unusual sport for those who watch."

He laughed gloatingly, his cruel nature enjoying the sight of Eunice's distress.

"Away with them, men!" he ordered. "Cast them with the other prisoner into the deepest of the dungeons, and"—his voice became low and threatening—"guard them on your lives!"

In the Arena's Maw.

WEEKS had passed, and the gigantic new amphitheatre in Rome had been completed at last.

The city was in a condition of tumultuous excitement, for to-day the

games, long delayed by the great fire, were to commence. It was said—ay, and readily credited by all—that in the arena spectacles would be witnessed the like of which even Rome had never known before.

Every prison in the city and its suburbs was packed to suffocation with prisoners destined to die. The bulk of them were Christians, and, to find justification for the great crime he contemplated, Cæsar had invented a score of different falsehoods against them.

They had poisoned wells, slain and drank the blood of children, and burned others as sacrifices, as well as starting the mighty and tragic conflagration, he declared. Their punishment was indeed to be terrible; but it was well-deserved, and none would be spared.

The result of the enormous hunts organised in all parts of the world had yielded immense quantities of wild beasts, and by the command of Nero, Horace, the Prefect of Pretorians, had emptied all the menageries to obtain others.

Thus, in the hosts of dens in the basement of the amphitheatre were lions, tigers, wild elephants, hippopotami, crocodiles, fierce wild dogs, packs of wolves, leopards, and panthers.

For the past two days the animals had not been fed, and to make the hungry creatures even more savage pieces of raw meat had been placed near their cages, so that they saw and smelt the appetising, yet maddening odour. Their snarling and roaring rang out constantly from the building, giving people who lived near no chance to rest or sleep.

On this, the first day, there would be gladiatorial contests, chariot races, and other sports dear to the Roman heart, and no great number of Christians would as yet be put to death. That would come later, as the games progressed, though there was to be a thrilling exhibition, in which one Christian—a maiden—was to take part.

This was Eunice. She and Marcus and Leo were to enter the arena and meet their deaths, though up to the present the precise nature of their fate had not been disclosed.

Long before dawn crowds of people waited for the gates to open. They had been brought up in an age when cruelty was looked upon as grand and inspiring, and they listened gloatingly to the discordant and vicious voices of the famished animals.

Discussions arose as to the relative powers of the various beasts—which animals at the end of the weeks of games would prove to have slain the most Christians.

So callous was Rome in those days that bets were freely made upon such chances. Everyone who could afford it betted, including the all-powerful Cæsar himself, and those who had no money would wager their homes and other possessions quite readily upon the result of a gladiators' combat.

The gladiators were talked of. There were those who preferred the Gauls. Some liked the Samnites, some the Mirmillons, or Thracians, whilst still more wanted to witness the efforts of the net-bearers.

(Another grand instalment of this thrilling story in next Monday's MAGNET Library.)

A BEAUTY!

The Fourth of our splendid series of simple "First Aid" articles.

By GEORGE HOWE.

"**E**UPHEMIA!" or whatever it was that Greek Johnny shouted when he rushed out of his bath."

"You mean 'Eureka!' But whatever you've found, you haven't found time to shut the door. Thanks! Why all this excitement?"

"I've found my first 'victim,' as you called him. Young Briscoe and Chatterton were having a mill. Chatterton landed a lovely one on Briscoe's eye and knocked him down. When Briscoe got up his eye was a beauty. It swelled and went black almost at once. I offered to attend to it for him, laid him down, put my thumb on the place, and was going to put a pad and a bandage on, when Briscoe insisted on having a beef-steak. I told him not to talk and to keep still, but he would get the cash out of his pocket himself. When the steak arrived I put it on, then a pad over the steak, and a bandage over the pad. Wasn't that all right?"

"The idea of laying down a fellow with a black eye! And trying to keep him quiet, too, as if he might bleed to death! You'll be the death of me yet!"

"I don't see why you should laugh as you are doing. Everybody said a beef-steak was the proper thing."

"It wasn't the beef-steak that amused me. I was thinking of the other things you did. The steak would do no harm, but would have done much more good nicely cooked and eaten. Its only benefit to the eye was its coolness, for cold is the only remedy for a bruise, and that can be got much better from ice, or from some cold water with some spirit in it. I don't mean the spirit you showed just now when I chaffed you, but methylated or alcoholic spirit. The pro-

portion is a teaspoonful of spirit to a pint of water. Bathe the bruise with this as long as you like, allowing the spirit to evaporate. Evaporation, you will remember, lowers the temperature, so you get enough coldness to stop the bleeding under the skin. That means, you have stopped the bruise from spreading.

"When you have finished bathing the bruise put cotton-wool on, two or three inches thick, and a bandage over that. The wool can be left off after a day or two, and the bandage worn until the bruise is better. A broken nose needs the same immediate treatment, then taken to the doctor. Of course, the person whose nose is broken will want to go with it!

"A 'burst' nose is far more common than a broken one. Sometimes it bleeds without having first been 'tapped.' In all cases of nose-bleeding get the person near an open window or in the fresh air. Let him sit down, with his head thrown back and his hands clasped above his head. Undo his collar and anything tight round his neck, and put something very cold across the bridge of his nose and at the back of the neck, where the neck and the back join. If that doesn't stop the bleeding it is a case for the doctor. Holding up the hands and loosening the clothes about the neck allows the blood to flow more freely back to the heart, and the cold helps to contract the blood-vessels indirectly. If you can get him to sniff air through the nostrils very gently that will help to form the blood-clot which is needed to stop the bleeding; but he will probably prefer to breathe through his mouth. Don't let him blow his nose if you can prevent him."

"That's how to keep something in the nose. But how do you get anything out?"

"I suppose you don't mean when you have a cold? If you get something up your nose that ought not to be there take a pinch of pepper—get a sneeze on. If you can't get the thing down by sneezing or blowing the obstructed nostril go to the doctor."

"Once I got something out of my eye by blowing my nose."

"And you did a very foolish thing. You might have got it stuck in the little tube that runs from the inner corner of the eye to the inside of the nose. 'And what would poor Robin do then, poor thing?' Neither should you rub the eye. You may injure the eyeball."

"If the offender is under the upper eyelid, get hold of the eyelashes, pull the eyelid out and down, push the lower lid up under the upper lid, hold it there for a few seconds, then open the eye smartly. If two or three attempts do not move it, you will have to get someone to turn back the eyelid and begin hunting. He who does the hunting will not need a gun, but something soft and wet with which to remove the quarry when it is tracked to its lair. But first the lair will have to be opened—that is, the eyelid will have to be 'turned inside out.' This is neither difficult nor painful, if you don't try to keep your eye shut while the hunter is trying to open it, and if he goes about it in this way. Let him stand behind you—you should be sat down, to make it easier for you both—put a match-stem, or anything thin and not sharp, across the eyelid, just under the bone above the eye. Now let him press back gently, and at the same time take hold of the eyelashes and pull the lid back over the match-stem. He can see everything inside the eyelid and on the upper part of the eyeball."

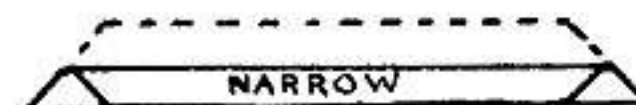
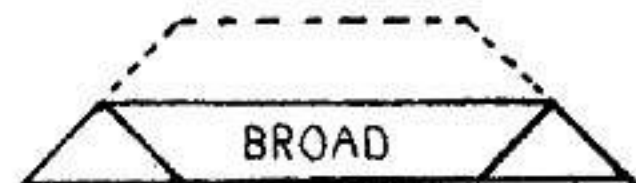
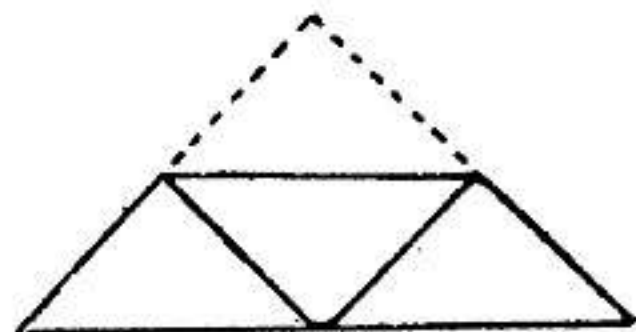
"If the German or other 'foreign body' is under the lower eyelid, it can easily be seen by pressing down the lid with the fingers just under the eye."

"Should the quarry be something sharp and stick in the eyeball, don't try to pick it out, but put two drops of olive or castor-oil in the eye—this is always good if the eye smarts after something has been got out of it—lay some cotton-wool, about two inches thick, over the closed eyelid, fixing it in place with a bandage. For this bandage you will need a large handkerchief, such as your grandfather probably carried in his youth. They were almost big enough to hold a sheep."

"You mean those nice silk ones with Paisley pattern?"

"Yes. And I've seen them in cotton, with squares like a chessboard. Fold this handkerchief corner to corner, bring the point to the middle of the base, then fold again twice lengthwise. Lay the centre of this bandage over the pad, carry the ends round the head, and tie the knot over the pad. The bandage should be firm enough to keep the eye from moving. Then hie thee to the doctor."

"As that bandage—it is called a narrow bandage—is used for many purposes, these diagrams will help you to remember how it is folded."



How to make the triangular bandage.

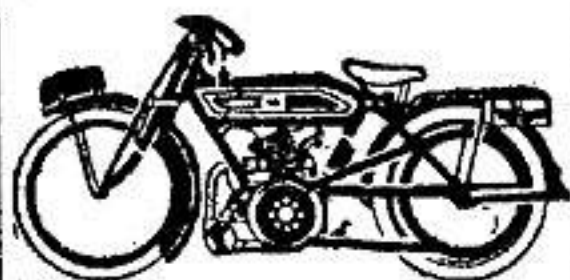
"This is the orthodox triangular bandage, and is made from thin, strong cotton, not less than a yard wide. A piece of the same length as the width, forming a square, is folded corner to corner, and cut in two along the fold. It must not be stitched or hemmed. Don't ask me what 'hemmed' is; ask your sister."

"If I get something in my ear, what shall I do?"

"If it is an insect, warm a teaspoonful of oil, lie down on the side that isn't affected, and get someone to pour the oil very gently into the ear. The oil will float the insect out, giving it a bath, which it may like. You know what to do with the insect, and I needn't tell you what to do with yourself, as you'll be all right."

"If you get anything else in your ear, especially anything hard, don't poke at it or try to syringe it out. It might shake out. The best thing is to go to the doctor. He has the tools to deal with such things, and the skill to use them without doing any harm."

(Another splendid article next Monday.)



Would you like
a Motor Bike?

If so, why not try to win the splendid £50 "Consolation" offered this week by the famous complete story-paper, "NUGGET WEEKLY." Full particulars of this great motor cycle offer and a magnificent budget of thrilling stories in this week's

NUGGET WEEKLY

No. 1, New Series. Out on Friday.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN—FORM-MASTER!

New Series of Really Funny Pictures, specially drawn by J. MacWilson.



1. T'other smiling morn, when cheerful Charlie presented himself at Dr. Swishem's Academy for the Sons of Retired Gasfitters, he was met with the olive-branch of peace, so to speak, in the shape of a luscious Pepstone pippin.



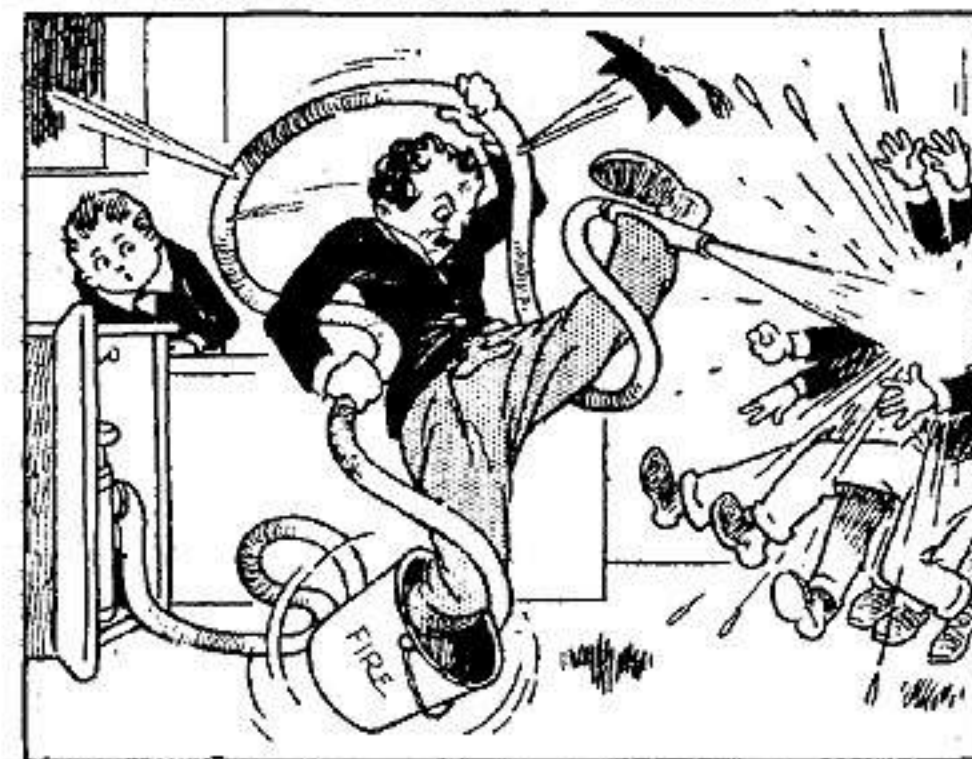
2. And, to show there was no ill-feeling, Charlie accepted the souvenir, and got his expensive set of gold ivories to bizney, and—"Oooph! Grr-ooogh!" he gulped with a cake-trap full of the best double-strength Colman's.



3. But it was hard lines when Charlie told the cheeky fags to write out the names of Henry VIII's wives, step-mothers, and great aunts, two million times! "Now for some useful old fire-drill practice!" said Charlie.



4. Whereupon that wily young scamp, Willie Wagg, wangled the water supply with great effect. "Tearing tornadoes!" spluttered our filmy Form-master. "I'm kicking the bucket, boys; man the lifeboat!"



5. Then the waterspout headed nor'-south by west, and proceeded to wash the thumbmarks from the collars of the frivolous faglets. Meantime, Charlie gave a marvellous snake-charming exhibition, while the hose-pipe applied a Venetian touch to the local scenery.



6. But at last our fun-merchant switched off the supply of watery wetness. "All right now, boys!" he chirruped. "You're dismissed without a stain on your collars. So's not to damp your spirits further, you're all excused bathing-parade this afternoon." Tooodle-oo till next Monday.

THE £ s. d. VALUE OF YOUR HAIR.

HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR MAY BE YOURS FREE!

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NOT everyone would barter their hair during life for money as do the poor fisher-maids of Brittany. For, after all, a really good head of hair has a higher value to its possessor than it would ever realise if offered for sale.

Every man and woman can have this priceless wealth of beautiful hair, if he or she will only devote two minutes a day to the practice of the wonderfully successful "Harlene Hair-Drill." To-day, too, you can prove the truth of that statement without fee or obligation.

THE FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

1. A free bottle of "Harlene," the most invigorating food and tonic for hair and scalp.

2. A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, a delightfully refreshing and cleansing preparation that prepares the hair for "Hair-Drill."

3. A free bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine that gives a final polish and lustre to the "Harlene" drilled hair.

4. A Free Copy of the new "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

This Trial Outfit does not cost you a single penny—the only small expense to which you are put being the outlay of 4d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing.

HAIR THAT IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

No man or woman to-day can afford to neglect his or her hair. Thick, lustrous and beautiful hair has a definite cash value to everyone. It adds to your personal appearance, and a good appearance opens all doors to you. A woman has no charms to equal long, silken and radiant tresses of beautiful hair, the

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MAGNET, 23/10/20.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")



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23-10-20.