

GRAND NEW LIMERICK COMPETITION!
MONEY PRIZES FOR READERS!

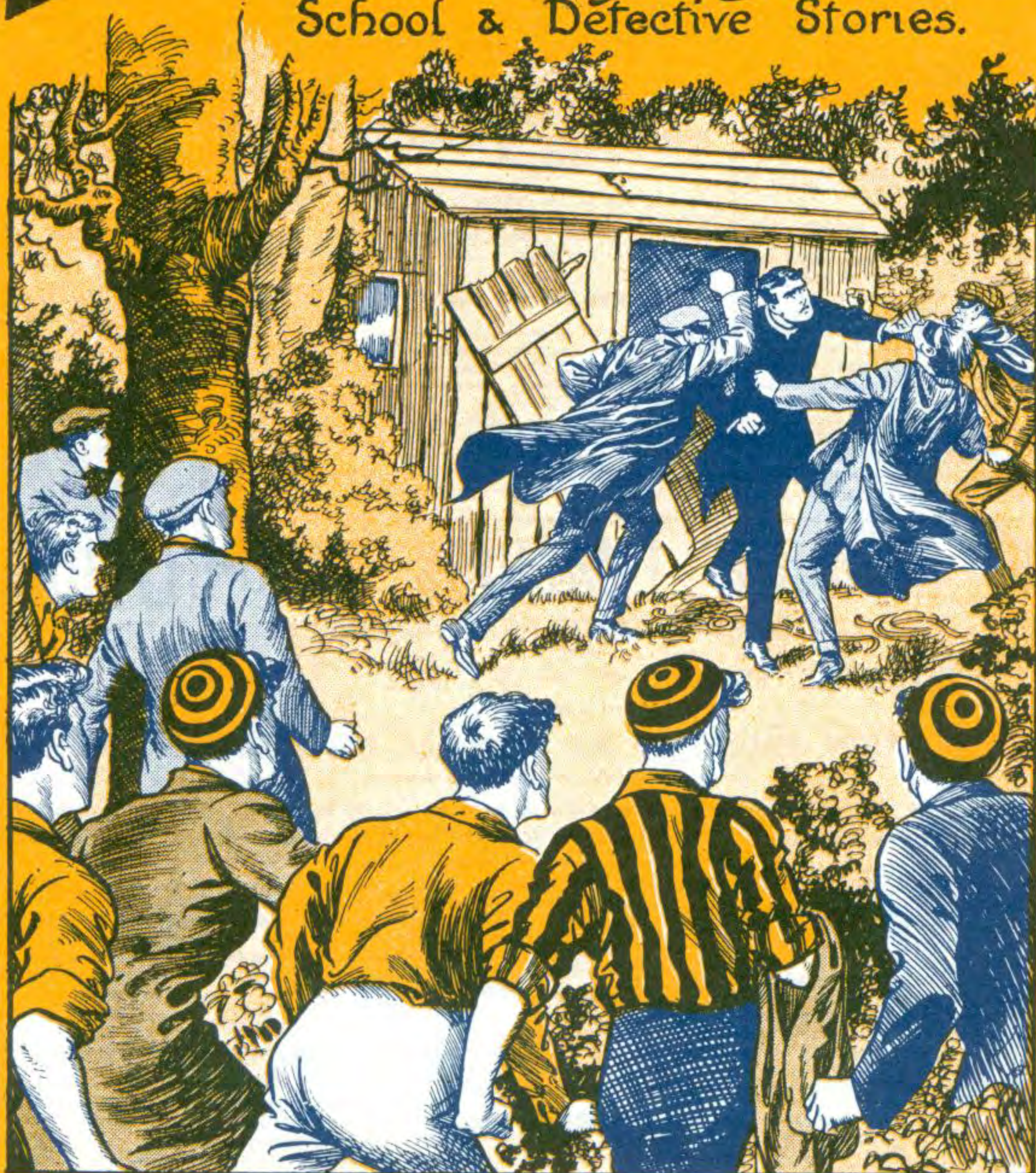
No. 792. Vol. XXIII.

Week ending April 14th, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library

School & Detective Stories.



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER!

A powerful incident from the long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.





OUR GRAND NEW LIMERICK COMPETITION!

At the bottom of this page you will find our simple Limerick Competition, of which mention was made in last week's issue of the MAGNET. Several hundreds of readers have requested me to start such a competition, and as each mail brought a further request I at once got to work to supply the need, as it were. And here it is! A glance at the verse given below will prove to you that there is nothing difficult about it—nearly as easy as falling off a log.

Those of you who imagine that rhyming is difficult would do well to read a few times the verse given below and then sit down with a pencil and paper handy. You will astonish yourself! Once you get the swing of the thing the rest is easy. A little time, a little patience, and—who knows?—you might be one of the lucky ones. Try your luck at once. Don't put it off until to-morrow. The other fellow might get there first!

"HOW LEVISON MINOR CAME TO GREYFRIARS!"

Next Monday's magnificent story reveals your popular author in great

form. The intricate plot woven around young Levison—formerly of St. Jim's—is exceptionally well handled. I am not going to dilate upon the theme of this coming treat, for that would be giving away a good thing, which is all the better for keeping; but I go so far as to say that this latest triumph from the pen of Frank Richards will live long in the memories of my readers. Take a tip. Don't miss

"HOW LEVISON MINOR CAME TO GREYFRIARS!"

In addition to the above-named yarn there will be another splendid story of Ferrers Locke, the famous detective, and his youthful assistant, Jack Drake, entitled:

"A HOUND ON THE TRAIL!"

The hound in question is none other than Lion, who, as the majority of my readers will recollect, played such an important part in one of our recent detective stories. Every boy at heart is fond of animals, dogs in particular, and Lion will soon endear himself to you all. In this magnificent story he proves the turning-point, so to speak, in the career of a crook, who has long defied the

far-reaching arm of the law. Keep your eyes on Lion—he has come to stay.

A PIRATE NUMBER!

The budding authors and poets of Greyfriars have come up to the scratch with a Pirate Supplement which will both soothe and gladden the heart. Such a delicate subject as piracy has been extremely well treated, and the results are, if somewhat improbable, highly entertaining. Therefore, my chums, keep your peepers open for next Monday's special Pirate Number.

ANOTHER £10 IN PRIZES!

Page 8 contains the names of the fortunate readers who share the magnificent money prize mentioned above. Why isn't YOUR name amongst them? Our Picture-Puzzle Competition is perfectly simple to solve, although at first sight it might appear frightfully intricate. Give it a five minutes' trial, and see what result you obtain.

I have much pleasure in awarding reader H. SWANN, c/o 54, Queen's Walk, Stamford, Lines, a money prize of 5s. for the following speech:

"A movement which is now progressing rapidly among boys is the Scout Movement. Many boys have recently become Scouts, because they can foresee the advantages of it when they grow older. They acquire a thorough all-round knowledge before they go out into the world to earn their living."

"Hundreds of boys go annually into the country to enjoy a spell under canvas. Not only does this good work keep them fit, but it teaches them to rely upon their own resources in time of need."

Your Editor.

THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION!

NO ENTRANCE FEE REQUIRED.

First Prize - - - £1 1s. Od.

and

CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 2/6 FOR ALL EFFORTS PUBLISHED.

In order to win one of the above prizes all you have to do is to supply the last line of the verse given below, taking care to see that your effort bears some apt relation to the theme.

RULES GOVERNING THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

1.—The First Prize will be awarded to the sender of what, in the opinion of the Editor and a competent staff of adjudicators, is the best Last Line received.

2.—Consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. will be awarded from week to week to those competitors whose efforts show merit.

3.—The coupon below entitling you to enter for this competition must be either pasted on to a postcard, in which case your Last Line must be written IN INK directly beneath it, or enclosed separately in an envelope with your Last Line effort attached.

4.—Competitor's name and full postal address must accompany every effort sent in.

5.—Entries must reach us not later than April 19th, 1923, and MUST NOT be enclosed with entrance forms for any other competition. They must be addressed "MAGNET Limerick No. 1," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

6.—Your Editor undertakes that every effort sent in will receive careful consideration, but he will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid, or delayed in the post. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of acceptance.

7.—This competition is open to All Readers of the Com-The MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 792.

panion Papers, but the result each week will appear only in the MAGNET.

8.—It is a distinct condition of entry that your Editor's decision must be accepted as binding in all matters. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

No. 1.

"I fear there's a burglar about,
With my rifle I'll ferret him out!"
Mr. Prout did exclaim.
Then he took careful aim

THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU.
And smashed the Head's window, no doubt!

M

CUT HERE



Rivals and Chums!

A long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, introducing a new character in the shape of a local curate—a real good sort, as you will all agree.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Surprise Attack!

"IT'S jolly windy!" said Johnny Bull. "The windfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Frank Nugent held on grimly to their toppers as they walked down the Friardale Lane, and agreed that the "windfulness," as Inky described it in his weird and wonderful English, was truly terrific.

Billy Bunter rolled along behind them, puffing and blowing prodigiously.

The Famous Five and Billy Bunter were arrayed in their Sunday best, with glistening toppers complete. They were returning to Greyfriars from Cliff House School, where they had had tea with Marjorie Hazeldene & Co.

Harry Wharton & Co. often went over to Cliff House to partake of tea with their girl chums, but not so Bunter. Billy Bunter was not a welcome visitor at Cliff House. Marjorie & Co. preferred Bunter's room to his company. But Billy Bunter had a sister—Bessie—at Cliff House, and he had taken upon himself the privilege of visiting his sister that afternoon. Billy Bunter would not have taken the trouble had he not known beforehand that there was to be a feed at Cliff House. And Bunter, with all his wiles, had insinuated himself into that feed.

"Br-r-r-r!" he growled. "I say, you fellows, you might wait for me, you know! This wind—groooooogh—makes me breathless, and—Yah! Woough! My topper!"

There was a bump, and Billy Bunter's topper went sailing into the air.

But it was not the wind that had carried Bunter's topper away. A huge lump of turf, whizzing at it from over the hedge near by, had struck the topper amidships, and knocked it from Billy Bunter's head.

Bunter gave a roar and made a dive after his topper, which the wind was now bowling merrily down the lane. Unfortunately he caught one of his feet in a rut in the road, and sat down heavily in a puddle made by the rain which had fallen that morning.

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Wow!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

Next minute, however, their laughter ceased, and cries of amazement burst from their lips.

Another chunk of turf, from the same source as the first, whizzed at Billy Bunter and struck him in the nape of his neck just as he was about to rise from the puddle. Bunter gave a wild yell and collapsed once more into the murky wetness. That lump of turf was followed by another lump, which landed beautifully on Bob Cherry's nose, and another which Johnny Bull caught on the left ear, and then several other chunks of turf whizzed amongst the Famous Five and sent their toppers spinning off their heads.

Whiz! Crash! Wallop!

"Yaroooooooogh!" howled Bob Cherry, as another large-sized chunk of turf smote him forcibly in the eye. "Wh-what the dickens—Yow-ow! I'll slaughter the chap who threw that! Yah! Great pip!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar of laughter from over the hedge.

The Removites wheeled round and blinked in amazement at a party of village boys who had ambushed them from behind the hedge. The boys of Friardale Council School were headed by a tall, lanky, freckled-faced fellow named Towler. They shrieked with laughter at the plight of the Greyfriars fellows.

"Mum-my hat!" gurgled Frank Nugent. "So it was those bounders who threw the turf! The fearful cheek! We can't stand that!"

"No fear!" exclaimed Harry Wharton grimly. "There's plenty of turf growing at the side of the road here. Give 'em a volley, chaps!"

"Back up, kids!" sang out the valiant Towler, leading a fresh attack with a lump of turf that hit Billy Bunter on the nose. "Sock into 'em!"

Whiz! Wallop! Thud!

The village boys had evidently supplied themselves with plenty of ammunition, for they sent a perfect hurricane of turfs at Harry Wharton & Co., and simply gave those luckless youths no chance to pull up turfs for themselves.

"Yoooooop!" roared Frank Nugent, as turfs crashed all over him. "This is too beastly awful for words! We shall have to run for it, Harry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Towler & Co., pelting away energetically.

Harry Wharton & Co. had no choice in the matter; they had to run away from that crashing fusillade. The village lads dashed out of their ambush, laden with armfuls of turfs, which they flung thick and fast at the retreating Removites.

Minus their toppers, and their beautiful Sunday clobber bespoiled with mud and mould, the Greyfriars juniors beat a hasty retreat down the Friardale Lane, with Towler & Co. in full chase.

It was not an unusual occurrence for the village boys and Harry Wharton & Co. to engage in a friendly rag.

Towler & Co. had decidedly the best of the present fracas, however, because they had come prepared. They fairly bombarded the Greyfriars juniors with turfs. Harry Wharton wondered where they had got them all from until, rounding a bend in the lane, he saw that road excavations were in progress, and that the labourers had dug up the grass at the side of the lane in order to make a trench, and had piled up the turfs by the hedge.

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"This way, chaps!" he shouted, making for the trench where the turfs were heaped up. "Plenty of ammunition here! Now we'll get our own back!"

"Hurrah!"

Towler & Co. looked alarmed, and, seeing Harry Wharton & Co.'s move, tried to head them off. But the Removites stuck to their course and reached their objective under terrific fire from the enemy.

They snatched up turfs from the large pile at the side of the road, and returned the fire with vim and vigour.

"Drive 'em away, boys!" shrieked Towler, prancing in the fore of the village contingent. "Surround 'em and then—Yarooooogh!"

Towler broke off with a yell as a turf of prodigious size crashed upon the side of his face and left it plastered with wet mould. Bob Cherry had aimed that shot, and he followed it up with another that found its mark on Towler's nose.

Harry Wharton & Co. aimed turfs into the enemy's midst as fast as they could gather them up, and the ranks of Towler & Co. became sadly serried.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 792.

Even Billy Bunter, who had scuttled away to a safe distance directly on getting out of the puddle, valiantly hurled turfs at the foe.

Wallop! Thud!

"Yaroooooh!"

"Wow-wow-wow!"

"Rush 'em!" shrieked Towler, who was smothered with mould and clinging tufts of grass. "We've got to get 'em away from that trench! Rush 'em!"

A wild and whirling struggle ensued round the excavation in the road.

The old and ancient watchman, who had been frying sausages in a pan over a fire, hobbled out of his little wooden hut and gazed upon the struggling school-boys in wrath and amazement.

"Ho!" he roared, brandishing a stick aloft. "Wot's all this? Gerraway, you little rascals! Which you'll 'ave all the poles down and—"

"Back up, boys!" yelled Harry Wharton.

"Kim on, kids!" shrieked Towler.

"Yarooooooogh! Yah! Help!" howled Billy Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove, in his excitement, lost his footing on the edge of the hole in the road, and fell headlong down it. His fat body just fitted the hole, and he got wedged upside down in it. His little plump legs kicked wildly in the air, and from below came the muffled sound of yells.

"Yarrrrugh! Groogh! Help! Murder! Yow! I say, you fellows, lemme get up!"

But Harry Wharton & Co. had no time to look to Bunter. Towler & Co. were pressing hard. There were seven village lads to the Famous Five.

Crash!

The watchman's little wooden hut went over and buried its occupants beneath it. Wild yells came from within. But Harry Wharton & Co. were unable to pull it up and release the watchman, for the simple reason that Towler & Co. were piling on top of the overturned hut, and looked like rushing the position, after all.

Suddenly Bob Cherry gave a wild whoop.

Three Greyfriars fellows came strolling down the lane. The Famous Five looked round and saw Harold Skinner of the

Remove and his two cronies, Snoop and Stott.

"This way, you chaps!" roared Harry Wharton. "You're just in time to give a hand! Rescue, Remove!"

Skinner & Co. hesitated at first. They were not of the stuff of which heroes are made. But they either had to lend a hand in driving off Towler & Co. or suffer a ragging at Greyfriars afterwards. So they chose the lesser evil, and, running up, joined in the proceedings.

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry, flinging turfs to left and right and straight before him. "We've got 'em on the hop now! Give 'em jip!"

Whiz! Wallop! Crash!

The arrival of reinforcements to Harry Wharton's side definitely turned the tide against Towler & Co. They retreated before the Removites' volley of turfs like chaff before the wind. There was still plenty of ammunition at the side of the road.

The village lads roared as the heavy missiles burst amongst their serried ranks, and they dashed into the bushes at the opposite side of the lane.

Harry Wharton & Co., shouting with laughter, sent volley after volley of turfs whizzing at the retreating foe across the road.

Suddenly a loud howl rent the air, and a tall, burly figure that had walked up from the direction of Greyfriars was seen to stagger in the very thick of the bombardment.

Gerald Loder of the Sixth had arrived just in time to receive the full brunt of Harry Wharton & Co.'s volley of turfs. Loder had heard the disturbance in the lane, recognised the voices of his old enemies, Harry Wharton & Co., and had come along to see what was the matter. Loder had come looking for trouble—and he found it! It really was a most hasty and thoughtless thing for Loder to do, to rush like that into the midst of the fray. He found himself being made the target of gigantic lumps of turf that came whizzing across the road in great profusion.

Whiz! Wallop! Thud!

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Oooogh! Help! Ow-wow!" yelled Loder.

He staggered about in the road and

waved his arms wildly, ducking and dodging in all manner of weird positions to avoid the whizzing missiles.

A turf, hot from Johnny Bull's hand, struck Loder in the nape of his neck, and loose mould disported itself down his back. Just as Loder was opening his mouth to give a long, loud yell, another turf, aimed by Bob Cherry, crashed into the wide-open orifice, and Loder's yell trailed off into a muffled, choking gurgle:

"Yarrrrugh! Oooooogh! Yah! Gug! Gug!"

"Oh, jeminy!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, blinking across the road in horror. "Hold on, chaps! Cease fire! It's Loder!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Rude Awakening!

"L ODER!"

The Removites fell back and gasped the name in horror.

"Mum-my only hat!"

gurgled Bob Cherry in a faint voice. "Is that Loder? He sounds like a raving Hottentot! My only hat!"

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott trembled violently.

"Loder!" stuttered the cad of the Remove, going pale. "Loder's caught a packet! Oh, crumbs! I'm off!"

"Same here!" said Snoop and Stott together.

Skinner & Co. slipped away quickly into the shadows, and disappeared just as Loder recovered sufficiently to look round.

"You—you little sweeps!" he rasped, his voice trembling with rage and hatred. "You dare assault me like that! You—you—you—"

"We're awfully sorry, Loder, old sport, but you shouldn't have barged in, you know!" said Bob Cherry sweetly.

"Are you hurt, Loder?" asked Frank Nugent innocently.

Loder gave a bellow.

"Hurt!" he raved. "I'll hurt you! I'll teach you to throw chunks of turf at me with impunity!"

"There was no impunity about it, Loder!" retorted Harry Wharton hotly. "You ought to have seen that we and the village chaps were having a friendly scrap! There's no law against harmless ragging!"

"No; but there is about assaulting a prefect!" snarled Loder. "You little sweeps can pitch a fine yarn, but it won't wash with me. I'll make it hot for you. Look at the damage you've done here, for one thing!"

"Yow-wow-wow! Lemme out, you fellows!" came a muffled gurgle from down the hole.

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned in spite of themselves. The sight of Billy Bunter's little fat legs still kicking wildly in the air from down the hole in the road was really funny.

The watchman at that moment managed to extricate himself from underneath his upturned hut. He hobbled forward, gesticulating wildly.

"Young rascals!" he hooted.

"Turned over my hut! Upset my sashdges! Look 'ere, sir, at my sashdges! They've been upset and trodden on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Silence!" grated Loder furiously. "I'll make an example of you young rotters when I get you back at Greyfriars. All right, my man, I'll see that they're punished!"

"I say, you fellows—wowp—wharrer—bout getting me out?" howled Bunter, from down the hole.

Make the acquaintance of Jimmy Silver & Co.



THE FAMOUS FISTICAL FOUR OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL,
in our Splendid Companion Paper,

THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

Out To-day 1s 6d Price 2d.

Don't forget—Frank Richards writes only for the MAGNET and the "Popular"!

The Famous Five, grinning in spite of themselves, went over to the hole, and succeeded, after a great deal of labour, in getting Billy Bunter out of the hole.

The Owl of the Remove looked a very funny spectacle indeed. There was a good depth of muddy clay at the bottom of the hole, and his head and face were plastered with it.

Billy Bunter groped for his eyeglasses, set them on his muddy nose, and glowered round him.

"Yow-wow!" he moaned. "I'm hurt! I've been shamefully treated! I say, Loder—groooogh—I wasn't in this, you know! I did all I could to stop Wharton and the others from engaging in such unseemly conduct with those village rotters—"

"Why, you fat toad!" roared Harry Wharton indignantly.

He was about to fall on Billy Bunter and smite him hip and thigh, when Loder's strong grip descended on him and he was swung round.

"Now then, Wharton!" said Loder, in his burly way. "There's been enough rowdyism this afternoon. I'm going to make you little rotters pay for this!"

"I tell you it was an accident that you got biffed, Loder!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Don't tell lies!" snarled Loder. "I saw Bull and Cherry deliberately take aim at me!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" exclaimed Bob.

"Cheese it, Loder!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Don't argue with me!" hissed Loder, picking up his muddy cap. "You little sweeps will follow me back to Greyfriars!"

"Look here, Loder—"

"Hold your tongues, and follow me!" snarled Loder, between his teeth.

The Famous Five looked helplessly at each other. Loder was a tyrant and a bully of the first water. He was always "down" on Harry Wharton & Co., and never missed an opportunity of getting them into trouble on the slightest pretext. Loder was in a royal rage now, and could not be argued with. Loder was a prefect, and a prefect's word was law.

The Famous Five exchanged grim glances, and, after whipping round to pay the watchman for his spoiled sausages, they followed Loder down the road.

Billy Bunter rolled behind them, mopping at his head and gasping.

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, who were hiding in the trees opposite, chuckled mirthfully. They had listened, and seen all that had passed between Loder and the others.

"My word! Wharton and his gang are in for it now, and no mistake!" breathed Skinner softly. "Jolly lucky we nipped out of the way in time—what?"

"He, he, he! Rather!" sniggered Snoop.

William Stott was looking uneasily round him. He had rather sharp ears, and he caught a sound from the trees opposite.

"I—I say, you chaps, what about getting out of the way?" he said. "I—I believe those village rotters are over there, and they mean business! I—Yaroooooogh!"

Stott broke off, and emitted a fiendish howl, for at that precise moment a large chunk of soft, clammy turf came whizzing at him and caught him in the eye.

Skinner and Snoop wheeled round in



A regular bombardment of turfs smote the Famous Five, and their toppers went spinning from their heads. Billy Bunter collapsed limply in a puddle of water, and caressed the back of his neck—where a turf had landed. A roar of laughter echoed out from behind the hedge. (See Chapter I.)

alarm, and next minute they both went staggering under a rain of missiles.

The Friardale boys had been away to fetch reinforcements and gather fresh ammunition. Spotting Skinner & Co. standing near the road excavations, they opened fire with deadly effect.

Whiz! Whiz! Wallop!

"Oh crumbs! Yah! Woooooop!" roared Skinner, as he found himself assailed from every side. "We're surrounded! Wow!"

"Yow-wow-wow!" wailed Snoop, dodging about like a Dervish in his vain attempts to avoid the whizzing turfs.

"Back!" gurgled Skinner, wiping a handful of wet mould out of his right eye. "They've got us in a cleft stick! Back to that blessed hut!"

The cads of the Remove gave ground, and floundered behind the poles which the watchman had just re-erected. A volley of turfs came flying at them, and the merry shouts of laughter of Towler & Co. rang loudly in the air.

Turfs thudded on Skinner, Snoop, and Stott from all sides. They ducked and dodged and hopped about wildly, but they could not avoid Towler & Co.'s devastating bombardment.

Skinner looked wildly round him, and a cunning gleam came into his eyes when he saw a heap of coke piled up behind the watchman's hut.

"Let's chuck some of this stuff at the rotters!" he panted. "We can't reach the turfs now. They've captured 'em! We've got nothing to chuck except earth, and that's too soft. Give 'em

the coke. That'll keep the rotters back!"

Snoop and Stott were nothing loth to follow their leader's suggestion. They scrambled back to the pile of coke, and, gathering up handfuls of the stuff, commenced to hurl it at Towler & Co.

Whiz! Crash!

Startled yells and cries of pain came from the village boys when the coke burst into their midst. The missiles, although fairly light, were painful enough, and Skinner & Co. did not confine themselves to throwing one or two, but, encouraged by Towler & Co.'s confusion, they took up the coke in large quantities, and threw it in a continuous volley at the village lads.

"You cads!" shouted Towler, clapping a hand to his forehead, where a piece of sharp coke aimed by Skinner had struck. "Where's your sense of fair play? You— Oh crumbs! Oooooogh!"

Another piece struck Towler's face—an extra-large piece—and a dull red mark showed at the spot where it hit.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner. "This is where we turn the tables! Keep the pot a-boiling, you chaps!"

"What-ho!" sniggered Snoop.

The Friardale boys drew back, many of them slightly cut and bruised. Skinner & Co., glorying in their success, sent volley after volley of the havoc-wreaking coke at the village lads.

"Play the game, you rotten cads!" shouted one of them angrily. "Is that the way Greyfriars fights?"

"Shame!"

On no account must you miss "How Levison Minor Came to Greyfriars!"—next Monday!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 792.

Skinner & Co. only jeered, and kept up their bombardment.

Towler & Co. retreated into the trees. The cads of the Greyfriars Remove sent up triumphant shouts and hurled a fresh volley spitefully after them.

Suddenly, quick footsteps were heard on the road, and, looking round, the Greyfriars juniors saw a young, handsome man, dressed in clerical garb, running towards them.

Skinner & Co. sneered, and paid no special heed to the clergyman. They did not expect him to do them any harm.

"You little rascals! How dare you adopt such cowardly methods!" came a ringing voice; and, wheeling round, Skinner found himself face to face with the young clergyman.

His handsome face was flushed, and his eyes flashing with rage and contempt.

He laid hold of Snoop and Stott, and, despite the struggles of those two youths, held them firmly in his grip.

"My hat!" ejaculated Skinner. "What the dickens—Don't you interfere with us! Mind your own business!"

"This is my business!" retorted the young clergyman, between his teeth. "I am going to see that you are punished for your cowardly conduct. I—"

"Bowl him over!" said Skinner recklessly.

The clergyman did not look any more than twenty-two years of age, and he was slim and by no means dangerous-looking. Skinner deemed it quite an easy task to get rid of him. Snoop and Stott were of the same opinion.

The three young rascals set about the clergyman, intending to bowl him over and run for it. But they found that that was not such an easy matter as it seemed.

A pair of particularly strong hands flashed out, and next minute the heads of Snoop and Stott came together with a resounding crash.

"Yow-wow-wow!" howled Snoop.

"Yarooooogh!" yelled Stott.

They collapsed on a heap of wet clay, and lay there moaning. The young clergyman stood over them, looking down with lips compressed tight and eyes flashing contemptuously.

Skinner, more valiant than his two cronies, pushed back his cuffs, and aimed a terrific blow at the young clergyman. But the blow did not land. The other side-stepped neatly, and a moment later Skinner received a cuff over the head which speedily evaporated his courage.

"Yarooooogh!" he yelped; and, losing his balance, he fell over near where Snoop and Stott were lying.

"There, you little rascals!" exclaimed the young clergyman angrily. "It is not a usual thing for me to engage in any kind of brawl with boys, but I think the present circumstances amply warranted my action. Do you want any more?"

Snoop and Stott certainly did not want any more. They dragged themselves up and took to their heels.

Skinner was not so fortunate. As he was jumping to his feet the young clergyman's hand descended on his coat collar, and Harold Skinner felt himself being whirled round like a sack of flour on a crane.

"Now, you little scoundrel! I'm not letting you off so lightly!" exclaimed the other grimly.

Skinner looked round for Snoop and Stott, but those two fellows had made themselves scarce. They cared more

about their own skins than that of their leader.

But, as it happened, Snoop and Stott did not escape without further trouble. In their haste they hadn't noticed which direction they had taken. Instead of running towards Greyfriars, they bolted towards Friardale.

And a little way along the Friardale Lane they ran into Towler & Co., who had halted and were taking toll of their casualties.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Towler, with a start, when he saw the two scared-looking Removites. "There are two of the rotters. Nab 'em!"

Snoop and Stott halted like trapped foxes. Next minute the angry Friardale fellows dashed at them. The Removites turned to flee, but too late.

"Yarooooogh! Leggo!"

"This way!" said Towler grimly. "Now we'll show you what we think about your caddish ways! We're going to rag you baldheaded!"

Meanwhile, Skinner, struggling in the grip of the young clergyman, hit out furiously. He still imagined he could get the better of him.

Skinner really asked for what he received. The young clergyman hit back—using an open palm, after the manner of a parent punishing a refractory child.

"Yah! Wow! Oh! Groooooogh! Stoppit!" gasped Skinner.

"Have you had enough?" demanded the young clergyman at length.

"Groooooogh! Yowp! Yes! Lemme go!" moaned Skinner.

"You asked for what you got," went on the other grimly. "And you deserve much more than I have given you. A thorough good thrashing would do you good!"

"Leave me alone!" snarled Skinner bitterly. "Who are you, anyway, to interfere with us?"

"I am the Rev. John Tremaine, the new curate of Friardale!" came the cool response. "I have formed a boys' club for the young fellows of the village, and am their president, so, you see, this affair is very much my business. I was never more shocked in my life than when I saw you boys, belonging to a large public school near here, behaving like hooligans and cowards. You certainly do not reflect any credit on Greyfriars, and I trust that you three are not true specimens of the boys of that school."

"I intend that you shall be made an example of, and shall not hesitate to report this matter to your headmaster. I have not long left college myself, and it rankles with me to have to bear tales to a master, but I consider that under the circumstances I am fully justified. What is your name?"

Skinner did not reply. His brain was busy with a cunning plan.

"Do you hear me? What is your name?"

"Wharton, sir!" muttered Skinner, avoiding the Rev. John Tremaine's searching gaze. "H. Wharton."

"And the names of those other two who ran away?"

"Cherry and—Nugent, sir!"

"Very good! I will see that your headmaster is acquainted with your despicable conduct. Go!"

He released his hold of Skinner's shoulder, and the cad of the Remove slunk away.

He turned and saw the tall, athletic, handsome-looking curate looking after him, with eyes glinting and lips curling with contempt. Harold Skinner averted

his gaze, scowled, and crawled painfully back towards Greyfriars grinding his teeth with rage and hate.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Drastie Consequences!

"YOWP!"

"Yow-ow!"

"Yooooogh!"

These and other weird expressions of a similar woebegone nature were uttered by the Famous Five as they walked down the Sixth Form passage. They had just emerged from Gerald Loder's study. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh had their hands clasped beneath their armpits, and they seemed to be trying to fold themselves up like penknives. Bob Cherry was wagging both his hands about in the air in a desperate endeavour to create a cooling breeze to relieve the smarting of his palms. Johnny Bull was blowing on his hands with the same purpose in mind.

"Wow-wow!" moaned Nugent. "I'm hurt!"

"The hurtfulness of my own esteemed self is terrific!" gasped Inky. "The rotten cadful Loder beast should be boiled put in oil!"

"Yerrugh!"

It did not require the deductive powers of a Sherlock Holmes to guess what had been happening in Loder's study since the rascally prefect of the Sixth had marched Harry Wharton & Co. in there.

Gerald Loder had laid it on hard and thick with his stoutest ashplant; and Loder had no end of vim in his strong right arm.

The Famous Five were all as hard as nails, and they could usually take a licking without wincing or betraying any signs of suffering. But the licking administered by the raging Loder had been more than human flesh and blood could stand. Harry Wharton & Co. were hurt, and they could not help showing it.

The Sixth Form passage re-echoed with their moans and grunts of agony as they crawled away in a sorry band towards the Remove quarters.

They gathered in Study No. 1, and there proceeded to "let off steam" against Loder.

"The rotten, bullying cad!" muttered Wharton, whose hands felt as though they were on fire. "He's pitched into us like this simply because he happened to catch a few lumps of turf. It was his own fault, too. Oh, that outsider ought to be pulverised!"

"Yowp! That's too good for him!" moaned Bob Cherry. "If I had my way I'd have Loder hung, drawn, and quartered!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Let's go for a walk in the quad!" said Johnny Bull. "My hands are so hot I feel I'd like to rub 'em on the flagstones!"

The others felt a desire to be in the open air, too, so they left Study No. 1 and went downstairs.

Three figures came in at the gates and crawled across the quad. One of the youths were dabbing at his nose, another was tenderly caressing his ears, and the other walked with a decided limp and hugged his chin.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, recognising Skinner & Co. "You chaps been in the wars, as well? My hat! What's happened?"

Harry Wharton & Co. are well in the foreground—

"You look as though you've been through the mill, and no mistake!" said Harry Wharton.

Snoop and Stott certainly did. Snoop's left eye was assuming a purple hue, and his nose appeared to be very much too big for his face, whilst Stott also looked decidedly the worse for wear. Skinner did not appear to be in such a parlous state as his cronies. Nevertheless, his brow was black as thunder, and ever and anon he paused to caress gently the side of his head, where the energetic curate's palm had landed.

"Grooough!" moaned Snoop. "We've been half killed by Towler & Co.—all through a blessed hooligan who calls himself a clergyman—"

"Eh?"

"It's true," chimed in Skinner, who had no strict regard for the truth. "Chap named Tremaine, the new curate at Friardale. He piled into us while we were being ragged by those village rotters. He took their part, and set about us—"

The Famous Five forgot their own aches and pains. They blinked at Skinner & Co. speechlessly for some minutes.

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton at last. "You don't mean to say that a clergyman pitched into you like that?"

"Grooough!" groaned Stott.

That interruption on the part of William Stott saved Skinner from plunging into further falsehoods. He merely nodded as if in assent.

The Famous Five looked at him. They looked at Snoop and Stott, and they gasped.

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" murmured Bob Cherry. "This Rev. Tremaine chap must be a regular fighting parson. I'm blessed if I can make out why he and Towler & Co. went for you like that, though. They must have had some reason. What were you doing?"

"Nothing," said Skinner savagely. "After Loder marched you off Towler and the others came back on us, and gave us a regular tousing with lumps of turf. Then this parson beast interfered. I suppose it went against his grain to see Towler and the others beaten back by you, and as you were gone he vented his spite on us."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, a frown crossing his handsome face. "Surely a clergyman wouldn't be so narrow-minded and unsportsmanlike to resent a thing like that. We defeated Towler & Co. in a regular stand-up battle, and it was all fair and above board. What interest has he got in the village chaps, anyway?"

"He's formed a boys' club for the Friardale fellows, and he's president and chief cook and bottle-washer!" said Skinner bitterly. "I suppose he's taken them under his wing and doesn't like to see the poor little things given a licking. I suppose the rotters went whining to him in the first place—"

"Towler and his friends wouldn't do that. I'm sure!" said Harry Wharton quickly. "I've always regarded them as decent sorts, and good sportsmen. Of course, we don't know anything about this new village curate. If what you say is true, Skinner, he's a narrow-minded bully with more sense of his own hitting powers than of fair play."

"He's a beast," said Skinner. "And he's got you in for it, too, Wharton, so you'd better look out!"

"Me!" gasped the Remove captain.

"Yes; he's got your name and the

names of one or two of you others from somewhere," said the cad of the Remove, darting a crafty look at his two cronies. "He'll be complaining to the Head next, I expect."

"Great pip!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Surely he wouldn't be such a mean cad! There's no law against ragging, so long as it doesn't turn to ruffianism. And we only had an ordinary harmless scrap with Towler & Co. If Tremaine complains, then he's as bad a rotter as Loder!"

"Towler, or some of the others, must have given him our names, as he doesn't know us from Adam!" growled Johnny Bull. "It looks as though those village chaps are a lot of sneaks and rotters, after all!"

A troubled look crossed Harry Wharton's face.

"I'm blessed if I can understand it," he said. "I always thought Towler & Co. to be true blue. Anyway, we shall see if anything comes of it."

The Famous Five went indoors with Skinner & Co.

Soon the whole Lower School at Greyfriars was buzzing with the news, as spread by the malicious tongues of the battered cads of the Remove. Unpleasant things were said concerning both the Rev. John Tremaine and Towler & Co., of the village.

Skinner & Co. were careful not to mention any reference to the coke-throwing episode. Harry Wharton & Co. would have been "down" on them immediately if they had known of Skinner & Co.'s cowardly tricks.

Just before bed-time that night

Trotter, the page, poked his tousled head in at Study No. 1, where the Famous Five and Vernon Smith, Peter Todd, and Tom Brown were discussing footer topics together.

"Dr. Locke wants to see Master Wharton, Master Cherry, and Master Nugent in his study at once," he said.

The Removites exchanged uneasy glances.

"My hat! More trouble!" said Frank Nugent. "I wonder what the rumpus is this time? I—I hope it's got nothing to do with that horrid rag!"

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton quietly, leading the way to the door. "It may not be trouble, after all!"

But the three chums of the Remove were doomed to disappointment.

They tapped at the Head's study door, and in response to his grave summons they entered.

Dr. Locke was seated at his desk, and he greeted them with a grim look. Loder was standing by his side, grinning maliciously.

"Ah, Wharton, Nugent, Cherry! I have to speak to you on a very serious matter," said the Head coldly. "I have here a complaint from the Rev. John Tremaine, the newly-appointed curate at Friardale, to the effect that you three lads were engaged, with others belonging to this school, in a fight with certain boys of the village this evening. Is that so?"

"That's quite correct, sir!" replied Harry Wharton.

"They can't deny it, sir!" said Loder. "I caught them at it red-handed



Crash! Down came the pail of whitewash, the clay, and the mould, completely swamping the luckless person underneath. He was bowled over like a ninepin, and sank beneath the white deluge with a wild, gurgling cry. The booby-trap had worked like a charm! (See Chapter 5.)

—and Billy Bunter hovers in the background!

in the Friardale Lane when the ruffianly affair was at its height. They actually had the impudence to pelt me with turfs. I had no alternative but to cane them severely for it."

"That's it, pile on the agony, Loder!" said Bob Cherry, raising his voice in the heat of his indignation. "If you had a spark of decency or fair play in you at all, you'd admit that it was your own fault, and—"

"Silence, Cherry! How dare you raise your voice in here!" exclaimed the Head angrily. "Loder has already told me the facts of the affair, and as he has already caned you, I should have let the matter rest. But I cannot overlook this complaint made by Mr. Tremaine, whom I have met and respect very highly. He says that you carried out your part of the affair with cowardly ruffianism, and, in fact, inflicted several injuries on a number of the village lads."

"That's not true, sir!" burst out Harry Wharton heatedly. "We are not ruffians! We fought squarely, and could not possibly have injured anybody. Mr. Tremaine's a liar!"

"Wharton! How dare you!" cried Dr. Locke, in horror. "Mr. Tremaine is a reverend gentleman, and—"

"I don't care, sir!" flashed back Wharton angrily. "If he says we fought like ruffians and inflicted injuries on the village boys, then he tells lies! We deny it absolutely!"

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent and Cherry together emphatically.

Dr. Locke rose, his eyes glinting with anger, his usually kind old face set in hard, stern lines.

"Wharton—Cherry—Nugent! Are you not ashamed of yourselves?" he exclaimed. "Such conduct is not worthy of boys of this school. I should never have believed it of you had not the complaint come from the Rev. John Tremaine, who assures me he was an eye-witness of the affair. Moreover, Mr. Tremaine's statements are corroborated by Loder, a prefect, who himself was a victim of your ruffianism. Mr. Tremaine particularly requests in his note that none of you should receive corporal punishment. You are quite unworthy of this gallant gentleman's leniency. I shall not chastise you, therefore, but you will be detained in your Form-room during the half-holiday to-morrow, and each will write out five hundred lines of Virgil, to be delivered to me by the evening."

"Bull and Hurree Singh were with these three young sweeps, sir!" put in Loder, with a malicious look at the three amazed Removites. "They should receive the same punishment. They're all tarred with the same brush, sir!"

"Very well," said Dr. Locke. "You will inform Bull and Hurree Singh of their detention and imposition, Loder."

"Look here, sir; there's a ghastly mistake somewhere!" exclaimed Harry Wharton hotly. "Mr. Tremaine has not told the truth about us. We are all quite innocent of—"

"That is sufficient, Wharton," said the Head sternly. "You three lads may go."

"But, sir—" began Bob Cherry. But the Head cut him short with an imperious wave of the hand.

"Go!"

The three Removites went, their chests heaving with rage and their hands clenched tight.

They were quite incapable of saying anything at the moment; but when they

got back to Study No. 1, Bob Cherry burst out with:

"Well, if that doesn't absolutely beat the band!"

"It doesn't seem real!" gasped Frank Nugent. "I shall wake up in a minute!"

The others looked curiously at them.

"What's happened?" demanded Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton, in quiet, subdued tones, told them.

The Removites gasped and looked astounded.

"Great Scott!" gurgled Johnny Bull.

"Detained to-morrow afternoon, and an implot of five hundred lines on top of it! It's too thick!"

"The too-thickfulness is terrific!" exclaimed Inky indignantly.

"Well, there you are!" said Harry Wharton, and he ground his teeth with rage. "We've got to grin and bear it. All through that cad of a curate, with his tale-bearing and mean interference! And Towler & Co. must have backed him up, too, by giving him our names and letting him carry matters so far. This absolutely licks everything!"

"Yes, rather!"

The chums of the Remove raged at the gross injustice of it all.

And when Skinner, Snoop, and Stott heard the heated discussion that took place in the dormitory that night concerning Harry Wharton & Co.'s hard luck, they winked at each other and chuckled craftily.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

More Trouble!

THE Famous Five and Squiff, the Bounder and Penfold, went together into the Hall next morning and crossed to the letter rack.

There were two letters for Wharton. One was from his uncle, for he recognised the writing. The other was addressed

ANOTHER £10 IN PRIZE-MONEY!

Result of Notts County Picture-Puzzle Competition.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

J. BOARD,
Dowell Street,
Honiton, Devon.

The Second Prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following five competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

Mrs. J. Board, Dowell Street, Honiton, Devon; T. Johnson, 2, Charlotte Street, Tidal Basin, E. 16; Tom Loynd, 17, Clementina Terrace, Carlisle; Robert Scott, 424, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow; Fred Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2.

Fifty-one competitors with two errors each divide the ten prizes of 5s. each, one shilling being added to the prize list to make up a round sum. The names and addresses of these prizewinners can be seen on application at this office.

SOLUTION.

There are few older football teams in the country than Notts County. It goes back practically to the commencement of the game. The club made swift headway, and reached a magnificent position in the First League table. Since then fortune has ebbed and flowed.

in a small, neat hand that was strange to him. The envelope bore the Friardale postmark.

With a perplexed look, Harry opened the letter, and read the missive inside. His face took on a look of blank astonishment.

"My only hat!" he ejaculated.

"What's up, Harry? Not bad news, I hope," said Bob Cherry.

"No, it's not bad news," replied the Remove captain, gritting his teeth. "But the fearful cheek of it! Read this, you fellows. It's from the new Friardale curate."

Bob Cherry took the letter, and a crowd of Removites gathered round eagerly to listen as he read it out loud.

"To Master H. Wharton," it ran. "I am writing on behalf of the Friardale Boys' Club to cancel the football match that was to have taken place on Saturday afternoon next between the Greyfriars Junior Eleven and the team of the above club. This step has been thought desirable in view of your conduct yesterday evening. I very much regret that the match has had to be scratched, but the Friardale Boys' Club team are all sportsmen, and would prefer to play only with teams having the same spirit."

(Signed) "JOHN TREMAINE.
"Hon. Secretary."

A chorus of astounded gasps arose.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Frank Nugent, looking at his leader aghast. "He had the nerve to send that to us! The insulting cad!"

Harry Wharton compressed his lips hard. His eyes were gleaming with anger.

"This is the last straw," he exclaimed. "I've never heard of anything like it in all my life! Towler & Co. are beginning to show themselves up in their true colours, the mean snobs! And this busy-body curate of theirs seems to be backing them up. Let them scratch the match! We wouldn't be found dead on the same football field with those worms."

"No fear!"

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Johnny Bull, in his burly way. "You're not going to take that insult lying down, are you? I vote we make up an expedition, go down to the village, and give those rotters, Towler & Co., a thorough good ragging."

Wharton bit his lip.

"No. We shall only make matters worse by starting reprisals," he said quietly. "The best policy is to hold aloof and treat all this with the contempt it deserves. We should only be lowering ourselves by going down to the village and ragging Towler & Co. Let them see that such petty spite is beneath us. We'll have nothing more to do with them, and when we see this Rev. John Tremaine, we'll cut him dead. That'll show him what we think of him."

"Hear, hear!"

"That's the best idea, Harry."

"I suppose you're right, Wharton," said Johnny grudgingly. "If we were on a level with those cads, we'd fight 'em for their cheek and insolence. I'd like to have a go at that Tremaine merchant."

"Up to now there's been no question of the Friardale fellows being as good as us," said Harry Wharton. "We were on friendly terms with them, and we always got on well together. But, as it seems they're out deliberately to make trouble, stirred up by this interfering curate of theirs, we'll let 'em get on with it."

He tore the letter from the Rev. John

With such a combination of characters, you can bank—

Tremaine into shreds and cast them into the fire. Then he turned on his heel and walked away with his chums, leaving the Hall in a buzz of excited conversation.

After dinner that day, when the other juniors went out for footer and other recreations, the Famous Five had to undergo detention.

They ground their teeth in rage at their undeserved punishment.

Gerald Loder, with a malicious leer on his face, came along the Remove passage and herded them away to the Form-room.

"You'll stop there till half-past five, you young rotters," grated the rascally prefect, with evident enjoyment of the Removites' plight. "The Head's asked me to keep an eye on you, so I shall be looking in from time to time to see that you're obeying orders. Woe betide you if I find any disturbance going on."

The Famous Five compressed their lips and remained silent. They could not trust themselves to reply to Gerald Loder.

As soon as the Form-room door closed behind their old enemy, however, Bob Cherry rose and commenced slogging away savagely in the air with his fists at an imaginary figure of Gerald Loder.

"I'd give a term's pocket-money just for an opportunity to push Loder's face back a fortnight!" grated the fighting-man of the Remove. "Five hundred lines of Virgil! Stuck in a musty Form-room on a lovely afternoon like this! It's unbearable!"

"I'm afraid we can't kick over the traces, Bob," said Harry Wharton, with a rueful shrug of his shoulders. "We've got to grin and bear it. Better sit down and get on with the washing, old chap!"

Bob Cherry sat down, and soon the only sound that disturbed the tranquillity of the Remove Form-room was the scratching of five pens as they churned out lines of Virgil at a furious rate.

Ten minutes passed, and there was a heavy step in the passage outside. The class-room door opened, and a fat form came in.

It was William George Bunter of the Remove.

Billy Bunter blinked at the five industrious juniors at the desks.

Harry Wharton & Co. glared at him with far from welcome looks.

"So you're hard at it, you fellows—what?" chuckled Bunter. "Jolly rotten, being stuffed up here writing impots on a half-holiday, I must say!"

"Buzz off, Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull, grasping a lexicon threateningly.

"Oh, really, you know," expostulated Billy Bunter, glowering through his spectacles. "You might be polite to a fellow who—"

"Are you looking for something, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry, with deadly calmness.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Well, if you're looking for a thick ear, porpoise, you've come to the right place to get it!" said Bob, rising from his seat. "In fact, you can have heaps of thick ears. We feel just like giving 'em to somebody this afternoon!"

"Really, Cherry, you beast—"

"Scat, Bunter!" howled a chorus of four voices.

Billy Bunter did not "scat." He blinked at the Famous Five reprovingly through his spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, I haven't come for a row! I want to do you a favour!" he piped. "I know how rotten you must feel in here. You'll be jolly



Smack! The Rev. John Tremaine took a step forward, his hand flashed out, and it landed with a resounding smack on Loder's face. "Yarooogh!" roared the prefect, staggering back. "Mum-my hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry in wonder. (See Chapter 6.)

hungry by the time you do get out. Look here, I'll be a pal and get a fine tea ready for you in your study. Gimme the money, and I'll do the necessary!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "You fat fraud! You don't think we'd be fatheads enough to entrust you with money for our tea!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"That trick won't work, Bunter! We know you of old!" said the Remove captain grimly. "You can go and eat coke! And clear off as quickly as you like! You're disturbing us!"

"Well, of all the ungrateful beasts!" exclaimed Billy Bunter indignantly. "As if I'd swindle anybody! I'm a strictly honourable chap, I am, and—Yah! Ow! Yarooogh!"

Johnny Bull took aim with the lexicon, and the heavy volume struck Billy Bunter's snub nose and caused him to give vent to those fiendish yelps.

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Bunter. "I'm hurt! Wow! You've broken my nose, and—"

"We'll break your beastly fat neck, Bunter, if you don't go!" roared Bob Cherry. "Will you vamoose?"

"Nunno! Yowp! I want that money! I—I mean, I want to do you chaps a favour and get your tea ready, and—Yarooogh! Hi! Wharrer you at? Yarooogh!"

Bunter gave a wild yell as the Famous Five, in great exasperation, arose from their desks, and bore down upon him. Billy Bunter was a short-sighted youth,

but he saw the danger lights gleaming in their eyes. He turned round, dragged open the Form-room door, and fled for his life.

"Mangalise him!" roared Bob Cherry ferociously.

"Yarooogh! Yah! Help! Murder! Ow-wow-wow!" bellowed Bunter as he ran.

Crash! Wallop!

Two resounding thuds sounded in the passage outside, followed by two yells—one in Billy Bunter's dulcet tones, and the other in a voice that brought up the Famous Five with a jerk, and caused them to gasp with horror.

"Yooop! Grooogh! Yah!" moaned Gerald Loder, who, in striding along the passage to see what was going on in the Remove Form-room, had been bowled completely over by Billy Bunter's headlong dash for safety.

Loder was hurt. His nose was smothered with dust where it had forcibly struck the linoleum. He dragged Bunter to his feet, and hauled him into the Form-room.

"Oh, jiminy!" gasped Bob Cherry, making a dive for his desk. "That's done it!"

"The fatfulness is in the esteemed fire now, my worthy chums, and no giddy error!" murmured Inky.

Loder glared round at the Famous Five.

"Yow-wow!" howled Bunter in terror. "It wasn't my fault, Loder! They were chasing me! Woorooogh! I didn't see you coming, and—"

—on next week's story being a real scorcher!

"Shut up, Bunter!" hissed the prefect between his teeth. "Go along to my study and fetch me a cane. Do you hear?"

"Ow-wow! Ye-es, I hear, Loder."

The Owl of the Remove scampered away. Loder looked at the Famous Five with eyes that glinted with rage and malice.

"I'll pay you little sweeps out for this!" he muttered. "I've never come across such an unruly lot of young reprobates in all my life!"

Harry Wharton made a hot retort, but the rascally prefect was in a royal rage. There was no arguing with him. The Famous Five exchanged melancholy looks. They were in for it again, with a vengeance. They felt like revolting, but saner counsels prevailed. They would only make matters worse for themselves by going for Loder.

Billy Bunter rolled in with the cane, a look of terror and apprehension on his fat visage. Loder took the ashplant, swished it menacingly in the air, and then called out Harry Wharton & Co., one by one.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Loder brought the cane down across their palms with all the force he could muster. He gave them four cuts each. Harry Wharton & Co. were biting their lips hard when they went back to their desks.

"Now, Bunter!" grated Loder.

"Oh, really, Loder, I don't see why I should be punished!" quavered Bunter. "I—"

"Hold out your hand!" roared Loder. Billy Bunter did so.

Swish!

"Yow-wow-wow!"

Loder gave him three cuts, and by that time William George Bunter was doubled up. His moans and groans were heart-rending. Loder drove him from the Form-room. Then the prefect turned and grated a threat to the Famous Five, and finally went away, slamming the door behind him.

Harry Wharton & Co. clasped their smarting hands together, and looked at each other with savagery in their hearts. They were too full for words. Their looks were eloquent enough. If ever five youths felt ready to commit homicide, Harry Wharton & Co. did. Their thoughts concerning Gerald Loder would not bear utterance.

And from the distance far away came the voice of William George Bunter bewailing his lot, and the burden of his plaint sounded something like this:

"Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Wrong Victim!

"WE'VE stood too much from Loder lately, chaps," said Harry Wharton in Study No. 1 next day, after tea. "He's got to be made to sit up for his caddishness!"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the Co.

The Famous Five were all present, also Squiff, Vernon-Smith, and Peter Todd.

Harry Wharton & Co. were still brooding upon the gross brutality of Gerald Loder's behaviour towards them during the past two days. There was never any love lost between the Remove and Loder of the Sixth, and the rascally prefect always had his knife particularly in the Famous Five. But now Loder's caddishness had passed all sufferance.

"Then it's resolved that my plan of revenge shall be carried out!" said Harry Wharton.

"What-ho!"

"Carried unanimously, old top!" said Bob Cherry. "A booby-trap in the wood is just the thing! Loder's going to the village now—I had it from young Myers of the Second."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Yes, Loder had an appointment with Cobb, of the Cross Keys. Myers told me. Loder always takes the short cut through the woods to get there; he stands less chance of being seen when he goes that way. Consequently he'll be returning in time for locking-up. That will be our chance to lie in wait for him and get our own back. He'll never know. He'll have no proof of who did it. Anyway, it's a risk, and it's worth it. There goes Loder!"

They looked out of the study window and saw the burly figure of Gerald Loder crossing the Close towards the school gates.

"Come on!" said Frank Nugent. "We've got to fox Loder, and then get the necessary articles in Friardale."

"Rather!"

The heroes of the Remove left Study No. 1. Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd had to go to their own studies to write out impots, but Squiff accompanied the Famous Five on their errand of vengeance.

They followed Loder down the Friardale Lane, into the wood, and down to the towing-path, where the Cross Keys public-house was situated.

Gerald Loder very often had dealings with Mr. Cobb, the rascally landlord of the Cross Keys. Betting and gambling went on in the little back parlour, and Loder was very partial to these pastimes. If the Head got to know of Loder's sporty ways he would have given him the "sack" instantly from Greyfriars. But Loder was wily, and he took good care that his surreptitious visits to the Cross Keys did not reach the knowledge of Dr. Locke.

Frank Nugent and Squiff waited in the vicinity of the Cross Keys, to keep watch lest Loder should come out before they expected him to, whilst the other four proceeded into Friardale to procure one or two requisites for their projected jape.

They were walking through the sleepy, old-fashioned High Street, when suddenly Bob Cherry gave vent to an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, look! That must be the Rev. John Tremaine, the new curate! He's helping old Blind Joe across the street!"

The Removites halted and looked at two figures that were crossing the road a short distance ahead. One was a wizened, bent old man, known locally as Blind Joe. He was being guided across the street by a tall, handsome, athletic-looking clergyman.

"My hat!" said Harry Wharton. "Surely that can't be Tremaine. He looks too decent to be the interfering cad who's caused us all this trouble lately. Hallo, here's Jerry!"

Jerry, the village printer's boy, came along just then. He raised his cap respectfully to the Greyfriars fellows. They knew Jerry well, for the school copies of the "Greyfriars Herald" were printed by Jerry's master, and the boy was a frequent visitor to the editorial den in the Remove passage.

"I say, Jerry, is that the new village curate?" asked Wharton, indicating the clergyman in front, who had by now safely piloted the blind man to the pavement.

"Yes, Master Wharton. That's Mr. Tremaine," replied Jerry heartily. "And a jolly good sort 'e is, too! 'E's wakened things up in the village since 'e's been 'ere. Perfect gentleman, and as kind-hearted as they make 'em. And 'e's a regular sportsman! You should see him box, and play football! 'E's formed a top-ole boys' club, and they 'ave football, boxing, fencing, wireless, games, an' all sorts of things! I'm joinin' next week!"

Jerry was evidently sincere in what he said, for he waxed quite warm to his theme.

Harry Wharton & Co. listened in great surprise. They looked in perplexity at each other as Jerry moved away.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "This Tremaine merchant is supposed to be such a good sort, yet he's behaved like a cad towards us!"

Johnny Bull gave a growl.

"He must be several sorts of a hypocrite, then!" he said. "I expect it's all done to curry favour in the village. With us Greyfriars chaps he's not so particular as to his conduct. He certainly hasn't behaved like a gentleman to us. We're not going to recognise him, of course!"

"No jolly fear!"

Harry Wharton & Co. set their faces grimly as the Rev. John Tremaine walked along the pavement towards them.

His handsome face flushed slightly when he saw the Greyfriars juniors coming.

Harry Wharton & Co. noted it, and took it to be the sign of a guilty conscience.

At a nod from Wharton they all swung on their heels and deliberately crossed the road without giving the clergyman a second glance. To all intents and purposes they were quite unaware of his existence.

They had given him the cut direct!

Johnny Bull chuckled when he saw the Rev. John Tremaine halt and glance after them with a troubled look on his face.

"That's got his goat out!" he said.

"He's looking quite peeved!"

"Serves him right!" growled Bob Cherry. "We don't want to have any truck with his sort. It's a rotten thing to do, and I don't like cutting anybody, but Tremaine deserves it. He started the ball rolling by carrying lying tales to the Head about us!"

"Yes, rather!"

The Rev. John Tremaine was now walking on, his hands clenched tight, and his face red and troubled looking.

Curiously enough, Harry Wharton was more than usually quiet as he walked along with his chums. His brow was wrinkled in perplexity. He was beginning to wonder whether there might have been a mistake somewhere. This was the first time he had seen the new village curate, and his appearance had been quite the opposite to what the Greyfriars fellows had imagined it to be. His looks and bearing seemed amply to justify Jerry's enthusiastic eulogy of him. The Rev. John Tremaine looked honest, straightforward, and a gentleman.

But it was impossible to set their faces against the facts.

The juniors turned to discussing the jape on Loder.

"We'll want a large tin tray, or something like it, to hold the whitewash, and some ropes!" said Bob Cherry. "My word, a booby-trap in a tree is a ripping wheeze. Loder won't suspect what's going to drop on him as he comes tramping through the wood, will he?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No fear!"

Be well advised—order your copy of the MAGNET now!

They secured a large tin tray from the ironmonger's, and a large quantity of about ropes, and a pail of whitewash. Chuckling, they made their way back to the Sark, and reached the Cross Keys.

"Good egg! You've got the necessities, then!" grinned Frank Nugent as they came up. "Loder's still in there. But time's getting on. We've got none to lose!"

"Kim on, then!"

The Famous Five and Squiff plunged into the wood and traversed the path they knew Loder would be taking. They chose a part of the path where it was narrow and heavily sheltered on either side by evergreen-bushes. Tall trees, their branches in full blossom, towered over the path.

The chums of the Remove set about fixing up their booby-trap.

The tray was suspended between two tree branches directly over the path, where it could not be seen by anybody coming round the bend. The tray hung by means of ropes, and it swung cradle fashion. A releasing-rope stretched down to a spot behind the bushes, where the japers would lie in hiding to operate it at the requisite time.

The pail of whitewash was then stood on the tray up above, and mould and lumps of clay were heaped all round it till the tray was full.

"Now the trap's all ready!" chuckled Bob Cherry, as he climbed down from the tree. "One jerk at this giddy rope, and the whole lot will come down on top of Loder. He'll have the shock of his life! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better make sure that he's coming," said Harry Wharton. "Franky, you buzz off down the path and see if you can see any signs of Loder."

"Right-ho!"

Frank Nugent ran off; and a short while later returned with an excited flush on his cheeks.

"Loder's coming! I saw him leave the Cross Keys, and I followed him a little way along this path. Then I cut back here through the trees. He won't be long now."

"Good egg!"

The Famous Five and Squiff waited in ambush, Harry Wharton holding the rope. A few minutes passed, and then a heavy step sounded on the woodland path.

The Removites exchanged glances. They were all bubbling with suppressed excitement.

"Loder's coming!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"S-hush-sh!" hissed Wharton. "Don't let him hear us, for goodness' sake, or he'll twig there's mischief afoot. Now!"

The footsteps came nearer, and a figure walked round the bend in the path.

At that precise moment Harry Wharton pulled the rope.

Swoooooosh!

Crash!

The tin tray overturned, shooting out its load in an avalanche as it did so. Down came the pail of whitewash, the clay, and the mould.

Swoooooosh!

The whitewash swamped all over the luckless person who happened to be underneath. He was bowled over like a ninepin, and sank beneath the white deluge, giving a wild, gurgling cry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Harry Wharton & Co.

Their booby-trap had worked like a charm!

"Ooooooogh!" came in gurgling tones from their hapless victim, who was reclining in a most ungraceful position on

the ground in the midst of a wide-spread puddle of whitewash. "Good heavens! Yah! Bless my soul! Oh dear!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were just preparing to make their exit, so to speak. They stood rooted to the ground in spell-bound amazement. It was not Loder's voice at all!

"Mum-my hat!" stuttered Bob Cherry. "We—we've made some horrible mistake! It isn't Loder! We've slopped that lot over somebody else! Who the dickens—"

"Look!" screeched Squiff.

The victim of the booby-trap was sitting up and gouging whitewash out of his eyes and mouth and ears. Harry Wharton & Co. fell back and blinked in horror at the features that at length became disclosed. They blinked and blinked again, hardly able to believe the evidence of their own optics.

"Good heavens!" gasped Harry Wharton in a faint voice. "It's the Rev. John Tremaine! We—we've bowled over the new village curate!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Truth Leaks Out!

"YOU little sweeps! What have you been doing?"

This time it was Loder's voice. The burly prefect came striding along the path, and he gazed at the scene in astonishment.

Harry Wharton & Co. almost collapsed. "Oh crumbs! The game's up!" moaned Bob Cherry. "Things couldn't

possibly be worse! Tremaine and Loder! Now for a real cartload of trouble!"

Loder's eyes glinted as he assisted the Rev. John Tremaine to his feet.

The clergyman was in a sorry state. It was quite useless for Harry Wharton & Co. to run now. They were bowled out completely. They stood there, quite dazed with their hard luck.

"Why didn't you come along a few minutes ago, Loder?" moaned Bob Cherry. "That little lot was meant for you! You've spoilt the whole giddy show!"

"Good heavens! Then you little rascals did not deliberately lay that trap for me!" exclaimed the Rev. John Tremaine, looking hard at the Removites.

"No, sir," said Harry Wharton. "We intended it for Loder. But now we're bowled out I don't mind speaking plainly. We're not sorry you caught it. You deserve it!"

"Bless my soul! You insolent boy!" Loder's eyes glittered.

"Wharton, how dare you speak so impertinently to this gentleman!" he rapped savagely. "You shall pay dearly for this!"

"I consider we've already paid—and with interest!" retorted Harry Wharton bitterly. "You and Mr. Tremaine have told the Head a pack of lies about us, and got us lickings, detentions, and lines for nothing. I'm not beating about the bush now. I'm speaking plainly, so that Mr. Tremaine can hear, and deny it if he can!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm backing up Wharton!"



Skinner & Co. were whirled across the trunks and roped face downwards. "Now, chaps, let's see what we can do at carpet-beating," said Wharton grimly. Three cricket stumps travelled aloft and then descended; and the cads of the Remove made the box-room echo with their howls. (See Chapter 6.)

What is the secret overhanging Levison minor?

"Same here!" said the others in unison.

The Rev. John Tremaine was looking at the Remove captain in perplexity.

"I fail to comprehend you, my lad," he said. "Did I hear your school-fellow here address you as Wharton?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Wharton," said Harry, looking unflinchingly at him.

"But—but there must be two Whartons, then. You are not the young rascal Wharton who is captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars?"

"I am, sir!" replied Harry quietly. "There are not two Whartons at Greyfriars."

There was a pause, during which time the Rev. John Tremaine seemed to be thinking swiftly. Then he turned to Loder.

"What are the names of these other boys?" he asked.

Loder, nothing loth, gave him the names of the Famous Five and Squiff.

The clergyman's look of perplexity deepened.

"But the two lads I know as Cherry and Nugent are not the ones you have pointed out to me," he said. "There must be a mistake somewhere. These lads apparently have a grudge against me. What is the nature of your imaginary grudge, my lads?"

"There's nothing imaginary about it, sir!" growled Johnny Bull bluntly. "You reported Wharton, Nugent, and Cherry to Dr. Locke for fighting with the village boys. You made the lying statement that they fought like hooligans and injured Towler & Co."

"The lads I reported to Dr. Locke certainly did behave like hooligans, and their despicable conduct fully warranted my complaint!" replied the curate calmly. "I do not consider that I was over-severe with them. I particularly requested Dr. Locke not to cane them, as I myself had already chastised Skinner, and the other two had suffered somewhat—ahem!—severely at the hands of Towler and his friends. They thoroughly deserved it! It is a very cowardly trick for boys to use such missiles as pieces of coke!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Harry Wharton quickly. "We didn't throw any coke at Towler & Co. We used turfs, the same as Towler & Co. threw at us."

"The lads I reported to Dr. Locke were gathered round an excavation in the road, and were hurling coke at Towler & Co., like little savages!" said Mr. Tremaine grimly.

"Great pip!"

"The rotters!"

The Friardale curate looked hard at the astounded Removites. He read genuine surprise and consternation on their faces.

"If you three lads are Wharton, Nugent, and Cherry, and have suffered for the misdeeds of the others, then I can understand your truculence towards me," he said quietly. "There has been a grave mistake somewhere."

He then proceeded to give Harry Wharton & Co. an account of the incident two evenings ago that had resulted in Skinner, Snoop, and Stott turning up at Greyfriars looking battered and bent.

The Removites gasped. Loder listened in wonder, with a sneer on his rugged face.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "From what you say, sir, I reckon that the fellows you pitched into were three shady rotters belonging to our Form—Skinner, Snoop, and Stott!"

"By Jove! You've got it, Harry!" chorled Bob Cherry. "They took our names in vain! The cads!"

Harry Wharton then told the Rev. John Tremaine how he and his chums had been detained and given lines—punishments which Skinner & Co. richly deserved.

He also gave a scathing description of how Loder had exaggerated and made matters worse for them.

"So you see, sir, we've had a lot to put up with lately," finished up the Remove captain with a rueful smile.

"We were naturally down on you and Towler & Co., for we were quite innocent of the charges laid against us."

"Yes, most certainly you were!" exclaimed the curate. "I can quite see now how the misunderstanding came about. Those boys, Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, and Loder here, have played a most unworthy part in getting you punished without cause. I am glad that the matter has now been cleared up, as I am the last person in the world desirous of being on bad terms with anybody. Let us now be friends, my lads."

The young curate held out his hand to Harry Wharton.

"My hat!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "You are going to make friends with us—after—after being swamped with our booby-trap?"

The Rev. John Tremaine smiled.

"Had it not been for that trap the misunderstanding would still have existed between us," he said. "It was worth it, my lads. Besides, the trap was not laid for me, was it? I assure you I bear you no ill-will."

Harry Wharton & Co. shook hands heartily with the young Friardale curate.

Gerald Loder scowled.

"Look here, sir, if you're content with letting these young sweeps off lightly, I'm not!" he grated. "That booby-trap, on their own admission, was laid for me."

"From what I have gathered of your character, Master Loder, you deserved it—and more!" replied the young cleric, looking Loder full in the eyes. "These lads have suffered two wholly unnecessary canings at your hands during the past two days. Your conduct proves you to be a surly, vindictive, bullying cad!"

"You—you—you—" stuttered Gerald Loder.

"In fact," went on the Rev. John Tremaine, his voice tremulous with anger—"in fact, you merit a thorough good hiding yourself, Loder!"

"Hear, hear," chorled Bob Cherry with great heartiness. "I beg to second that, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gerald Loder was quite speechless with rage. He looked at the dripping curate as though he would have liked to eat him. He gave a savage snarl.

"Mind your own business, you black-coated, wheedling mollycoddle!" he grated. "Who do you think you are? You aren't much older than I am. And you think because you're a curate you can put on airs and graces over me? You look a pretty fine specimen now, I must say! Ha, ha, ha! Taking the part of these young ruffians who, with their booby-trap, have swamped you with whitewash—"

Smack!

The Rev. John Tremaine took a quick step forward, his hand flashed out, and it landed with a resounding smack on the prefect's face.

"Yaroooooogh!" roared Loder, staggering back and clasping a hand to his face.

"Mum—my hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry in wonder.

The young curate stood facing Loder, his hands clenched tight and his eyes flashing angrily.

"That for your impertinence, you rascal!" he exclaimed. "You dare speak to me like that again!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood there amazed. The Rev. John Tremaine had smacked Loder's face! Gerald Loder, of all people!

Loder seemed to come out of a trance. He darted a baleful look at the young curate.

"You—you hound!" he snarled. "I'll pay you for that!"

He made a terrific rush at Mr. Tremaine, but a well-placed left-hander under the chin and a punch in the ribs sent him staggering back again.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on in wonder and elation. The Rev. John Tremaine took his stance like a real boxer, and when Loder came lunging at him again he gave him a volley of smashing drives that made the prefect howl and dance.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry, as the young curate landed a beauty on Loder's jaw. "This is prime! Loder's catching it! Go it, sir! One for his chivvy—that's it! Another on the nose—hurrah!"

Crash!

Loder went reeling from that last terrific drive, lost his footing, and went sprawling over, to fall into the puddle of whitewash on the ground. There he lay moaning and rubbing his injured nasal organ.

The Famous Five and Squiff sent up joyful chortles.

"Loder's licked!"

"Knocked out, by gum!"

"Bravo, sir!"

The Rev. John Tremaine looked down at the grovelling prefect.

"Have you had enough?" he asked.

"Yes, hang you!"

The young clergyman stepped back, and Loder rose. His nose was swollen, his face was the picture of hate and malice. He was smothered with whitewash. The laughter of the Removites rang mockingly in his ears.

"You can laugh!" he hissed furiously as he staggered away. "Wait till you get back to Greyfriars! The laugh will be on my side, then! This booby-trap was rigged up for me! I'll flay you little sweeps alive when you get back—Yah!"

He gave a yelp as a heavy grasp descended on his coat collar, and he was swung round like a rat in a terrier's mouth. He found himself looking into the handsome face of the young village curate.

"You will not dare to make further trouble for these lads, Master Loder!" said the Rev. John Tremaine meaningly. "If you do, I shall not hesitate to report you to Dr. Locke for frequenting a low public-house in this neighbourhood!"

Loder crumpled up at that.

"What—what do you mean?" he panted.

"I mean, that I happened to be inside the Cross Keys while you were in there, and saw you playing billiards and smoking with a disreputable character named Joliffe!" came the quick retort.

"What were you doing in there?" sneered Loder viciously.

"I entered the low-down place to fetch away one of my parishioners to his wife, who had been suddenly taken ill!" said the young curate grimly. "I recognised you, Loder, as a Greyfriars

(Continued on page 17.)

Why does he run away from St. Jim's?



Supplement No. 120.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week ending April 14th, 1923.

EDITORIAL!



By HARRY WHARTON.

AMONG the suggestions contained in our "Hints and Improvements" Number, some time back, was a plea for a Special Fishing Number. There are dozens of amateur fishermen at Greyfriars, and they have the advantage of being able to indulge in river angling or sea fishing, which ever they prefer.

Whitebait, pilchards, and turbot abound off our coast, and many fine young trout have been hauled out of their watery home in the River Sark.

Personally, I haven't much time for fishing—a pastime which requires the patience of Job. The last time I fished—from the jetty at Pegg—I caught a number of very tiny sprats, and I hauled up about half a ton of seaweed. I packed up in disgust, and went home.

The Remove's keenest fishermen are Mark Linley, Monty Newland, and Dick Penfold. It's all very well for Penfold, who is a poet. He can sit for hours on the bank of the Sark, holding his rod in one hand, and scribbling verses with the other. They say that poets are never lonely. But to a fellow without genius, who cannot beguile the time by writing on ode to a bloated bloater, fishing is rather a bore.

Fishing is by no manner of means the most popular sport in the Remove. Football, cricket, boxing, and cycling are the chief attractions, and fishing comes a long way down the list. But it certainly makes a refreshing change when one has an afternoon to spare.

Whether you are fond of fishing or not, you are bound to enjoy this number, for the cheery staff of the "Greyfriars Herald" can find humour in everything.

On the subject of fishing the Remove is divided into three camps. There are those who are simply crazy on fishing; there are others who are blandly indifferent to the sport; and there is a third section which condemns fishing as being a mug's game. To this last section Tom Brown belongs, and he has written a rather satirical article on fishing. But you mustn't take any notice of Brown's moods!

There is plenty of fun and sparkle in this issue, and those are qualities for which the "Greyfriars Herald" is renowned the world over. Even our bitterest critic, Billy Bunter, cannot accuse us of not being lively!

HARRY WHARTON.

OUR FISHING COLUMN!

Conducted by Monty Newland.

MARK LINLEY reports the capture of a large fat trout from the River Sark. "I had seen it twice before," said Linley, "and on each occasion it gave me the slip. But the third time I made no mistake, and managed to haul my catch on to the bank. It is a real beauty, and I'm thinking of having it stuffed and put in a glass case."

Another ardent fisherman, Billy Bunter, reports the capture of a gigantic whale in Pegg Bay. Here is Bunter's description of the event: "I was out in a rowing-boat the other afternoon, when suddenly something struck the boat with terrific force, nearly capsizing it. Looking round, I saw a huge wail, which had attacked the boat with its tale. I hadn't a harpoon handy, but I wasn't a bit scared, and I determined to slay the savvidge beast. Grasping an oar in both hands, I stood up in the boat and dealt the wail a terribul blow between the eyes. It sank like a stoan. The water was stained crimson with its blud. I then rowed ashore and informed the fishermen of Pegg, and, with their assistance, I succeeded in dragging the monster to the shore. Of corse, I shall have it put in a glass case, along with the butterflies I captured last summer."

If anybody believes Billy Bunter's grotesque fairy-tale, then he is capable of swallowing anything!

Master Dicky Nugent reports the capture of 2,000 winkles—all alive—ho! The fags have been busy on the winkle-beds for some days past, and they seem to have reaped a rich haul. The winkles will be publicly boiled in the fags' Common-room, and a great feast will be provided on Saturday night. Those who intend to come and join the merry banquet are requested to bring their own pins!

Bolsover major announces that he has discovered a pair of "muscles." We will forgive Bolsover his grim joke. He is not referring to shell-fish, but to the muscles of his brawny arms. Bolsover's fighting abilities are well known. Unlike Billy Bunter (who is heavily in debt), Bolsover is always "squaring up"!

The Greyfriars Deep Sea Fishing and Angling Association will hold its annual meeting in the Remove Common-room on Monday evening next. Mark Linley will take the chair, and Billy Bunter will report him to Mr. Quelch for stealing!

The finances of the association are in a rather unsatisfactory condition, as will be seen by the following balance-sheet for the past year:

Dr.		Cr.	
	s. d.		£ s. d.
To 50 subscrip-		By purchase	
tions at 1d.		of fishing	
each	4 2	tackle	10 4 2
		Debit Balance ...	£10.

We don't want to see the association go bust, so pull together, boys, and let's have a big revival!

FISHERMAN'S LUCK!

By Frank Nugent.



A new and handsome fishing-rod I borrowed from Alonzo Todd. I then set out, with much commotion, In Redwing's tub, the Queen of the Ocean.

I hoped to catch a portly plaice, Or, failing that, a dainty dace. I slung my line when it was baited, And, squatting in the stern, I waited.

The minutes passed, but nothing came. I murmured: "What a weary game! The fish seem none too pally, but Soon I shall land a halibut!"

Then, for three solid hours or more, I sat and fished, in sight of shore. My luck was out, I tell you flat— I didn't even catch a sprat!

"Now, all ye fish," I cried aloud, "Come and be captured in a crowd! Roll up, ye pike and plaice and perch, And please don't leave me in the lurch!"

But not a fish would come my way, Though there were thousands in Pegg Bay. I lingered on, in hopes of sighting A carp, a herring, or a whiting.

Dusk fell; the stars began to twinkle, I hadn't even caught a winkle! I felt inclined to dig for oysters, And then display them in the Cloisters.

But presently I felt a tug; My line I then began to lug. "By Jove! It is a heavy boulder! It's bound to be a sixteen-pounder!"

Alas, alas, for my fond dream! Things are not always what they seem. What did I catch? Well, naught that mattered— A pair of sea-boots, old and tattered!

Yo-ho! A special "Pirate" number next week!



Read what the Gay
'Friars have to say on
the subject.

BOB CHERRY:

Yes! Fishing is certainly worth while—if it's too cold for bathing, and too hot for footer, and too wet for cricket, and too stuffy indoors for ludo or snakes-and-ladders! Only under these conditions do I consider fishing worth while. But perhaps I am prejudiced, having fished for four solid hours in the River Sark and brought up nothing bigger than a baby tadpole! Other fellows may have different views.

MARK LINLEY:

If I had more leisure I should devote at least a couple of hours a day to fishing—preferably in the early morning. To my mind, there are few things to equal the joy of the angler when he lands a good-sized trout, and brings his own breakfast back to Greyfriars with him! Of course, fishing requires a certain amount of patience. You may be lucky, and get a "bite" as soon as you have cast your line. On the other hand, you may have to wait for hours. But the enthusiastic angler—the fellow who is heart and soul in the game—doesn't mind how long he has to wait. He goes on waiting and hoping until the cows come home! And he usually reaps a good reward at the finish. The fellow who cannot learn to wait would be wiser to give fishing a miss.

BILLY BUNTER:

Fishing is well worth while, if you know the way to go about it. A fellow who fishes for oysters with a rod and line will get nothing for his pangs; neither will a fellow who tries to catch spratts on the winkle-beds! Fishing is a fine art, and it calls for much skill and endurance. Before a fellow takes it up,

he is advised to come and have lessons from W.G.B., the greatest angler that ever dangled a wriggling worm into the water! I will give you lessons, using a jar of goldfish as a river. The rod and line will consist of a ruler and a piece of cotton attached to it. There will be a bate on the end, of course, and I'll show you eggsactly how to catch goldfish. Then you will be able to go fourth and catch wails, and other monsters of the Mity Deep! I might also add that I excel at another kind of fishing, namely, fishing for information!

ALONZO TODD:

I consider fishing is a very noble and manly pastime. It has none of the brutality and hooliganism of football and other sports. How sweet to sit among the buttercups on the bank, angling for minnows and other monsters of the deep! My Uncle Benjamin declares that fishing is a really splendid exercise, and wonderfully beneficial to one's constitution. The effort required in hauling up a large trout, for instance, considerably strengthens the biceps. If everybody took up fishing we should be a hardy, healthy, sturdy race, instead of a lot of undersized weaklings. (We can't say we have ever noticed anything particularly sturdy about the fragile form of Alonzo!—Ed.)

FISHER T. FISH:

I sort of guess and calculate that there's no fish worth catching in English waters. Gee! You want the rivers of America for fish! I once caught a conger-eel which measured forty feet after it was straightened out; and I've caught many a fine salmon which has turned the scale at thirty pounds!

These miserable little sprats that you catch off the coast of Kent—bah! Are they worth wasting a business man's time over? The answer is: "Nope—emphatically nope!"

DICKY NUGENT:

Yes, i konsider fishing well worth wile, but i am a bit fed up with catching tadpoles and minnows and such like. i want to have a go at octopuses and sea-lions and seals and crockerdiles and sharx, and other dennizons of the Deep. Will anybody come with me on a wail-catching eggspedition? i'll buy the boat, if sumbody will lend me the cappital. What about it? (Very daring of you, Dicky, but methinks there will be nothing doing!—Ed.)

WILLIAM GOSLING:

I don't hold with this here fish-mongering. What I says is this here, leave the pore fish alone, that's what I says. They ain't done no harm to noboddy. How would you like it, if you was bathing and a giant came along and dangled a doughnut on the end of a string, and when you made a bite at it you was caught on a hook and hauled out of the water? You'd start squealing, as sure as heggs is heggs. Very well, then. Leave the pore fish alone. I've got a puddle of my own in the backyard, but I forbids the young rascals of Greyfriars to fish in it. (How much do you charge for the fishing rights, Gossy?—Ed.)

NOTISS TO ALL GREYFRIARS FELLOWS.

If you want a light snack or a harty meal, come to

GATTY'S FISH & OYSTER BAR

(Third Form Common-room).

Kippers cured, whatever their komplaints. Herrings fried on penholders. Sackulent spratts served hot at any time. Tasty tadpoles, fresh from the pond. Squirming eels from the bed of the North Sea.

COME AND TASTE 'EM! YOU WON'T WANT TO WASTE 'EM.

Before going to bed, sample one of GATTY'S sellybrated Fish Suppers, and you'll sleep like a top!



THE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP!

By Tom Redwing.

A hungry shark is the last thing on earth—or, rather, in the sea—that any man cares to meet.

The only sharks that visit the coast of England are the blue sharks, and these only pay us a visit once in a while. But they are not nearly so big or ferocious as the white sharks. Some of the latter are over forty feet long. They are fearsome monsters, and they will often follow a ship for weeks, feeding on all the waste matter that is thrown overboard.

There are many types of sharks, but perhaps the worst type of all is the hammer-head shark, its head being shaped just like the head of a hammer.

Sharks have long been the foes of man, and the more ferocious of them will bite a man in two with comparative ease. Small wonder that shipwrecked sailors are terrified of them!

The whale is the biggest monster in the world. It is said that a boat and its crew could float in the mouth of the baleen whale. The length of its jaw is about sixteen feet.

The most objectionable type of whale is the grampus. It is the greediest beast in the sea, and this doubtless explains why Billy Bunter is often called a "greedy grampus." The grampus is a cannibal whale, and eats its own kith and kin.

The cruellest fish in the sea are the saw-fish and the sword-fish. The latter seems to have a spear growing out of it, while the saw-fish has horrible, saw-like teeth.

Other creatures of the mighty deep, much less formidable, are dolphins and porpoises. Dolphins are noted for the way in which they frisk and gambol and turn somersaults in the water. Porpoises also bound merrily along in shoals, as if they enjoy life.

Then we have the sea-lion, the sea-unicorn, and the walrus. These are all quite harmless by comparison with sharks and sword-fish.

Not many of us would care to have lived in the days of our earliest ancestors, when gigantic sea-dragons infested the coast. We have often seen pictures of them rearing their ugly heads out of the water. Truly terrifying these monsters must have been, and I expect the Ancient Briton, when he went for his early morning dip, was jolly careful not to go out too far! A sea-dragon would have made short work of him.

Fearful and yet fascinating are the monsters of the deep. But I shouldn't relish the job of capturing whales or sharks. I prefer to fish for minnows in the River Sark!

I HAVE never seen a sea-serpent. Very few people have, as a matter of fact. It is a matter for doubt whether they really exist.

I have never seen a shark, either, or a whale. But we know that these exist. My father has often told me about them. He has had some fierce duels with sharks in his time, and they are not nice creatures.

A peep into the dashing days of old—next Monday!



"NO tea for us this afternoon," I remarked to Bulstrode, my study-mate. "Hazel's out of funds, and you're out of funds, and I'm in the same boat. There's a famine in the land."

"We can have tea in Hall—" began Bulstrode.

"Perish the thought! A hunk of bread-and-margarine, and tea that's so weak that it can't support itself in the cup! That sort of thing may appeal to you, but it leaves me cold."

Suddenly Bulstrode was struck by a brilliant idea. At least, he called it bright. I called it something else.

"What about catching our own tea?" he suggested.

"Eh?"

"I've got a fishing-rod, and we can dig up some worms for bait. Then we can go and fish from the jetty at Pegg."

"What an exciting way of spending a half-holiday!" I said sarcastically.

"Better than playing footer, and then finding we've got no tea to come back to," said Bulstrode. "You'd better borrow Hazel's fishing-rod, Brownie, and come along with me."

"Oh, right you are," I said. "Anything's better than going without grub."

And so, armed with fishing-rods, we set out for the little fishing village of Pegg.

"What are you hoping to catch, Bulstrode?" I asked, as we tramped along.

"Oh, lots of things," said Bulstrode hopefully. "There's turbot, and skate, and whiting, and halibut—in fact, crowds of fish! Lucky I've brought a basket along."

"Do you think that basket will be big enough?" I said. "Are you sure we sha'n't want a pantechnicon?"

"Don't be funny, Brownie! I know you're not very keen on fishing, but after you've landed a twelve-pounder you'll be as keen as mustard."

"Perhaps!"

In due course we reached the little jetty, and strolled out to the end thereof. We sat down, dangling our legs over the side.

Bulstrode had brought some live bait with him in the basket, and we secured the wriggling worms to our hooks. Then, having cast our lines, we awaited developments.

Bulstrode glanced at his watch.

"It's two o'clock," he remarked. "We ought to have that basket full in an hour."

But he was an optimist—a super-optimist, in fact.

An hour passed, and the fish seemed strangely shy. We didn't get a single bite.

I began to yawn, but my companion was as keen as ever. These fellows who have a mania for fishing, like Bulstrode, possess a store of patience that Job would have envied. Nothing seems to ruffle them, or make them lose heart.

"How much longer are we going to sit here like a pair of graven images?" I growled.

"Be patient, Brownie."

"I've been patient for an hour, and nothing's happened."

"No; but the little beggars will soon begin to bite."

Even as Bulstrode spoke I felt a sharp tug. With feverish hands I hauled up my line, only to find that the worm had disappeared from the hook! Some daring fish had helped himself to afternoon tea, and swum gaily away.

Bulstrode had a similar experience. He hauled up his line, only to find that the bait had disappeared.

"This is rotten luck," he said. "They were the only two worms I had. We shall have to go and dig for more."

Digging for worms is not what you might call a thrilling and breathless pastime. I was jolly well fed-up by this time, and I told Bulstrode so, with more emphasis than politeness. But Bulstrode urged me to give fishing a fair trial.

"Don't condemn it on the strength of an hour's bad luck," he said. "As soon as we resume our luck will change. I shall land the biggest catch of the season, and you'll land the next biggest."

"Bulstrode, old chap," I said, "I used to think Bob Cherry was the biggest optimist in the Remove, but now I award the palm to you."

Having obtained more bait, we again took our seats on the end of the jetty.

A drizzle of rain began to fall, and the conditions were cold and cheerless. There we sat, like a pair of stuffed mummies, with our lines dangling into the water, and our cold and cramped fingers clutching the rods.

"Oh, what a game!" I groaned.

Another hour passed, and then another. And then darkness descended over land and sea. We became ravenously hungry, and the prospect of tea seemed farther off than ever.

At last, just as despair was beginning to gnaw at my vitals, Bulstrode uttered a joyful cry.

"A bite!" he exclaimed.

And he began to haul up, leaning forward in his excitement. He leaned forward a little too far, and lost his balance, and took a very ungraceful dive into the sea.

There was a splash and a yell.

Bulstrode was a fairly good swimmer, but it struck me that he might be in need of assistance, so I plunged in after him. It was a good thing I did, for he was half dazed by the sudden ducking.

Turning on my back, I supported Bulstrode under the arms, and towed him to shore.

We were like a pair of drowned rats when we emerged from the water.

"Gug-gug-gug!" spluttered Bulstrode.

"Gug-gug-gug!" I replied, joining in the chorus. "We're in a pretty plight, and no mistake! Better race each other back to Greyfriars, or we shall catch fine chills."

Bulstrode's rod and line were in the sea, and we didn't trouble to salvage it. I went and fetched Hazel's, and then we sprinted back to the school.

When we had changed our clothes we went down to the study. Hazel was there.

"Where on earth have you fellows been?"



The great W. G. B. as a pirate—next week!

Supplement iii.)

he demanded. "I had a remittance by the afternoon post, and I bought some ripping sausages for tea. But they began to get cold, and as you didn't come in I invited Penfold and Newland to come and help me out with them."

"You—you—" spluttered Bulstrode. "And here are we, simply famished!"

Hazel murmured his apologies, but they were wasted upon Bulstrode for the moment. He was visualising those sausages as only a hungry person can, and his appetite increased accordingly. Luck, it seemed, was dead against him, for the symptoms of a cold began to make themselves manifest—evidently the product of his dip in the briny.

Gradually Hazel learned the whole story, and a smile of amusement crossed his face, but Bulstrode, catching sight of it, picked up the nearest thing to hand—a cushion—and hurled it at his grinning study-mate's head, whereat Hazel's smile departed.

As for me, I threw myself down on to the sofa, with feelings too deep for words. And I'll never go fishing again—never!"

THE THREE FISHERS!

By DICK PENFOLD.

(After Charles Kingsley.)

Three fishers went sailing out into the Sark,

Out into the Sark as the sun went down;

They were Quelchy and Prout, who were after the trout,

And also old Capper, a gent of renown.

For Prout must sail, 'tis his obstinate wish,

And nothing will stop him from catching the fish,

Though the Quelchy-bird is moaning!

Three prefects were watching; they stood on the bank

On that bitter March eve when the sun went down.

And Wingate said: "Gee! It would not surprise me

If we saw those three fishermen capsize and drown!"

For Prout must sail, though it's fearfully dark,

And treacherous currents abound in the Sark.

And the Quelchy-bird is moaning!

Three fishers went floating a-down the dark stream,

And never a sign of a trout did they see.

And old Capper looked black, and he murmured, "Alack!

I don't think we'll have any fish for our tea!"

For Prout must sail, though the current runs strong,

And our top-heavy boat simply gallops along.

And the Quelchy-bird is moaning!

Three splashes were heard, and three panicky shouts,

As the vessel heeled over, discharging its crew.

The prefects plunged in, and they managed to win

Their fight with the current—a narrow squeak, true!

But Prout must sail, though he isn't a sailor,

And the face of old Capper grew paler and paler,

And the Quelchy-bird was moaning!



By H. VERNON-SMITH.

ARE you going fishing, my dear Prout?"

Mr. Quelch asked the question. His colleague, the master of the Fifth, was attired in a weird and wonderful suit of oilskins, and he wore hefty sea-boots. His oilskin hat was not the least amusing part of his sartorial equipment. It was flattened down over his head like a pudding basin.

It was a half-holiday, and Mr. Prout had forsaken his old love—golf—in favour of fishing. Mr. Prout was growing a little tired of the links. He was what is known as a plus-four man, and he could find no opponent worth contending against. Mr. Prout—in his own estimation, at any rate—towered over them all. Had not he defeated Tom Niblick, the Courtfield professional? Could not he defeat Duncan and Tolley, and all the lot of them, amateur and professional? Of course he could! And so, suffering from a surfeit of victories on the golf-links, Mr. Prout was seeking fresh worlds to conquer.

"Are you going fishing, my dear Prout?" asked Mr. Quelch, for the second time.

The master of the Fifth stopped short. An expression of annoyance crossed his face.

"My dear sir, surely you can deduce from my appearance that I am not going rabbit-shooting or polo-playing!" he said testily.

"Pray do not be annoyed," said Mr. Quelch. "I merely asked you a civil question. You are going deep-sea fishing, I take it?"

"Yes."

"Then I hope you will be bitten—er—that is to say, I hope you will get a bite!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I thank you, sir, for your clumsily expressed wishes," said Mr. Prout stiffly, "and I bid you a good-afternoon!"

So saying, the master of the Fifth passed on, and he was soon waddling along the road which led to the shore.

Mr. Prout was very anxious to make a good "catch." Most of the Greyfriars masters were good fishermen, and they sometimes scoffed at Mr. Prout's amateur efforts with the rod and line. Most of them had landed something really big during the term, and it was now Mr. Prout's turn to show what he could do.

On reaching the shore, Mr. Prout chartered a small fishing-boat for the afternoon, and an aged boatman of the "Beaver" tribe rowed the master of the Fifth out to sea.

For a couple of hours Mr. Prout fished without having any luck. The boat was stationary on the placid waters. The boatman kept yawning. Mr. Prout kept sighing for a bite.

And at last, at long last, he had his heart's desire. There was a tightening of his line, and he started to haul up. The boatman looked on with languid interest.

"It's a nallibut," he said morosely as a wriggling fish bobbed up above the water.

"A what?" gasped Mr. Prout.

"A nallibut. Ain't you never heard on 'em, sir?"

"Gracious!" said Mr. Prout. "Surely you mean a halibut?"

"That's jest wot I said!"

"It is a beauty, too," said Mr. Prout, as the fish was taken aboard. "How much should you think it weighed?"

The boatman cocked a thoughtful eye at the wriggling captive.

"About ten pounds," was his verdict.

"I must return to Greyfriars at once, and acquaint my colleagues with details of this remarkable catch," said Mr. Prout. "I will, in fact, lecture to the boys about it in the lecture-hall. Would you be good enough to clean this fish for me, and then bring it up to the school?"

The boatman nodded, and proceeded to row Mr. Prout back to the shore.

On the way back to the school, Mr. Prout happened to meet Mr. Capper.

"Capper!" he exclaimed. "I have just made a splendid catch—magnificent catch!"

"Surely you have not been playing cricket?" said Mr. Capper, in astonishment.

"No, sir; I have not! I have been fishing—a fact which you might have surmised from my attire."

"Not necessarily," said Mr. Capper. "You can never tell what particular form of sport a man is engaged in simply by what he is wearing. Many people go about in flannels, yet they never handle a tennis-racket or a cricket-bat. Many people wear 'plus-fours,' and do not know the first thing about golf. I am not being personal!" added Mr. Capper hastily.

Mr. Prout's eyes were gleaming excitedly.

"I have caught a halibut, Capper!" he exclaimed. "It weighs—let me see, what did the boatman say? Fifteen pounds!"

Mr. Capper was impressed.

"Truly a remarkable catch, Prout," he said. "I should like to see the fish in question."

"Then you had better come to the lecture-hall in an hour's time," said Mr. Prout. "I shall then exhibit the fish, and describe how it was caught."

"I shall be there," said Mr. Capper. And he nodded and passed on.

On reaching Greyfriars, Mr. Prout lost no time in spreading the story of his great catch—the catch of the season, as he described it. Like most anglers, Mr. Prout was too excited over his success to stick closely to facts. Consequently, the size and weight of the fish grew to alarming proportions. Originally, the halibut had weighed ten pounds. Mr. Capper was informed that it weighed fifteen. Mr. Quelch was told it weighed twenty. Mr. Lascelles was amazed to learn that it weighed twenty-five pounds, and was twice the size of a Rugby football.

"Surely it must have been a cod that you caught, and not a halibut!" said the young mathematics master.

"Well, a halibut is a member of the cod tribe," said Mr. Prout. "It certainly may have been a cod. But the boatman said it was a halibut, and I took his word for it. At all events, you will be able to see and judge the fish for yourself shortly. I am going to lecture about it at five o'clock."

Mr. Lascelles promised to turn up at the lecture.

Even the Head came to hear of Mr. Prout's

wonderful catch. He was the last person to be told; and by the time he got the news, the weight of the fish had increased to forty pounds.

"A gigantic fish!" said the Head. "I will certainly come and see it exhibited."

At five o'clock Mr. Prout took up his position on the platform in the lecture-hall. Crowds of fellows were present, as well as the Head and most of the masters.

The boatman had not yet turned up with the fish, but he was expected at any moment. And presently he came.

There was a dramatic silence as the aged boatman shuffled towards the platform. There was no sign of the wonderful fish.

Mr. Prout broke the silence.

"Where is the fish, man?" he exclaimed.

The boatman, keeping a perfectly straight face, took out of his pocket a small piece of paper. This he unfolded, and then he produced, to the amazement of the onlookers, a tiny, miserable-looking fish. It was a whitebait—one of the smallest fishes in the sea!

Thrusting the midget fish into Mr. Prout's hand, the boatman touched his forelock, and withdrew.

There was a roar from the audience.

"Oh, what a spoof!"

"It's a blessed sardine!" yelled Coker of the Fifth.

"And it was supposed to weigh about thirty pounds!" howled Potter.

Mr. Prout stood glaring and gaping at the tiny fish. He was at a loss for words.

Grimly the Head advanced towards the platform.

"I am surprised at you, Prout!" he thundered. "You have gathered us together under false pretences! So this is the monster of the deep which you caught this afternoon—an insignificant whitebait!"

"I—I—" stuttered Mr. Prout in dismay.

"You are an impostor, sir! You have wantonly and deliberately deceived me, and all concerned! I will dismiss this assembly at once! If you wish to lecture on the subject of this mighty monster—the Head's sarcasm was crushing—"you may lecture to yourself!"

So saying, the Head stalked out of the lecture-hall. And the others followed suit.

Mr. Prout hurled the whitebait to the floor, where it landed with a sickening thud. Then he, too, stalked out of the lecture-hall, utterly unable to account for what had happened.

Mr. Prout did not guess that Skinner of the Remove had played a little prank at his expense.

Skinner had met the boatman on the way to the school. A bribe had changed hands, and the halibut had been exchanged for the tiny whitebait. Skinner considered that Mr. Prout deserved this showing-up in public for having exaggerated so much.

Greyfriars laughed loud and long over the incident. And in the masters' room that evening Mr. Prout was regarded with icy stares by his colleagues. And when the conversation turned on the subject of fishing, Mr. Prout abruptly changed it in favour of golf!

On no account must you miss our

SPECIAL PIRATE SUPPLEMENT!

NEXT ON THE LIST!

RIVALS AND CHUMS!

(Continued from page 12.)

fellow, and was shocked at your presence in that place of ill-repute. I do not consider it within my province to bear tales about you to Dr. Locke, although I certainly think that he should be informed of your rascally ways; but I shall not hesitate to show you up in your true colours if you continue with your unreasonable oppression of these lads. Take this as a warning, Loder, and let your saner counsels prevail!"

Loder ground his teeth in a royal rage. He muttered something under his breath, and then turned on his heel and strode off.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked in great admiration at the Rev. John Tremaine.

"My word, sir, you're a brick!" exclaimed the Remove captain, drawing a deep breath. "We had no idea you were so splendid! Many other men would have reported us for that booby-trap, in spite of the misunderstanding that existed beforehand. You're a jolly good sport, sir!"

"And so say all of us!" chortled Bob Cherry. "The way you walloped Loder did my optics good, sir! You're a giddy hero! And we can't say how sorry we are that you caught that giddy booby-trap—"

"Yes, rather, sir!" chorused the other Removites.

The young clergyman smiled.

"Don't worry about that. I'm all right!" he said. "It was a mistake, and, as I said before, I bear no ill-will."

"You're a real brick, sir!"

Squiff, at a word from Harry Wharton, ran off and fetched the station cab along to the entrance of the wood in Friardale Lane. Harry Wharton & Co. escorted the Rev. John Tremaine through the wood, and they secretly had a whip-round and paid the driver.

The young clergyman was grateful for the conveyance, as he could not very well appear in public in his present state.

He shook hands warmly again with them from the cab door.

"Good-bye, my lads!" he said in his rich, deep voice. "I cannot say how gratified I am to find that you Greyfriars lads are the very opposite to what I imagined you to be. And with regard to that match on Saturday—"

"Come to tea with us to-morrow, sir, and we'll arrange it!" said Harry Wharton eagerly. "Bring Towler as well. You'll come, won't you?"

"Yes, most certainly. I shall be very pleased!"

"Cheerio, sir!"

The chums of the Remove looked at each other as the cab bowled away.

"Well, isn't he a sport!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "The way he knocked old Loder out was a sight for gods and men and little fishes!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went back to that fateful spot in the wood and cleared away all traces of their booby-trap. Then they set out for Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton had a very grim look on his face.

"The first job when we get back, kids, is to find Skinner, Snoop, and Stott!" he said. "Those rotters are going to get it where the chicken gets the chopper—in the neck!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll rag the cads baldheaded!"

Arriving back at Greyfriars, the Famous Five and Squiff went in search of Harold Skinner & Co., armed with cricket-stumps.

Skinner's study in the Remove passage was empty, so they looked farther afield. Harry Wharton had a shrewd suspicion where they would find Skinner & Co. He led the way up the back stairs to the upper box-rooms.

In Box-room No. 3 Skinner, Snoop, and Stott was seated on trunks quietly enjoying a packet of cigarettes between them.

Skinner & Co. were addicted to these shady little habits. Smoking cheap and nasty cigarettes was a pastime that appealed to their peculiar sense of enjoyment.

The dingy young dogs of the Remove jumped up in alarm when Harry Wharton & Co. entered.

"Here are the rotters!" roared Johnny Bull, brandishing his cricket-stump aloft. "Now we'll give it to 'em!"

"Look here, wh-what's the row?" demanded Skinner, turning pale and backing towards the window. "We've done nothing, and—"

"You've acted like the dirty, miserable, abject worm that you are, Skinner!" exclaimed Harry Wharton bitterly. "We've been talking to the Rev. John Tremaine, and have discovered the truth!"

Skinner & Co. went limp at that. They blinked at their grim-looking Form-fellows in dismay and terror.

Next minute Harry Wharton & Co. surged forward and laid violent hands on Skinner, Snoop, and Stott.

They whirled the three young rascals off their feet, and roped each of them across a trunk, face downwards.

"Now, chaps, let's see what we can do at carpet-beating!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "We'll take it in turns to swipe these rotters!"

"Yaroop! Yah! Yow! Lemme go!" wailed Snoop.

"Leave us alone, you rotters!" snarled Skinner. "Don't you dare hit us with those stumps! We— Yarooooooogh!"

Whack!

Harry Wharton took the first swipe. The cricket-stump descended heavily on the person of Harold Skinner, and a cloud of dust arose from that youth's trousers. The captain of the Remove set his teeth and proceeded to give Skinner a thorough lamming.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yooooooogh! Wow! Yow-wow! Stoppit! Yah! Yooooooogh!" howled Skinner, squirming in his bonds on the trunk.

Snoop and Stott were each whacked in turn.

Harry Wharton & Co. were justly incensed at the scurvy trick that Skinner & Co. had played, and they did not spare their victims.

When at last Skinner, Snoop, and Stott were allowed to get up from the trunks they could hardly stand.

Their moans and gasps and grunts were heart-rending to listen to.

"Let that be a lesson to you, Skinner, to play the game in future!" said Harry Wharton, looking at the cad of the Remove in contempt. "You deserve more than what you've had. Let us find you out in any more caddishness, that's all! Come on, you chaps!"

The chums of the Remove departed, leaving Skinner & Co. leaning against the boxes and bewailing their lot.

And when Skinner, Snoop, and Stott crawled downstairs half an hour afterwards and limped along the Remove passage, looks of condemnation and bitter remarks met them on every side.

Harry Wharton & Co. had told the rest of the Remove of the misunderstanding with the new Friardale curate and Towler & Co., and the part that Skinner & Co. had played in it, and the news had aroused anger and disgust from all the Form.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**The Wiles of the Wicked!**

"THIS way, sir!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"There's a spiffing feed ready in our study!" grinned Frank Nugent cheerily.

"The welcomefulness to Greyfriars is truly terrific, most esteemed and reverend sahib!" murmured Hurree Singh in his weird and wondrous English.

The Rev. John Tremaine smiled, and Towler of Friardale grinned cheerfully as they walked together across the quadrangle at Greyfriars next day.

True to promise, they had come to tea and to discuss Saturday's footer-match with Harry Wharton & Co. The Famous Five and a large number of other Removites had met them at the gates and were escorting them indoors.

The handsome, athletic-looking young clergyman attracted attention from all quarters. His genial smile seemed to radiate perfect good-fellowship.

Gerald Loder, crossing the Close, caught sight of the new Friardale curate and scowled blackly at him. The Rev. John Tremaine did not appear to notice it, however, but went on chatting cheerfully with Harry Wharton & Co.

An appetising smell greeted the visitors when they walked into Study No. 1 in the Remove passage. William George Bunter was kneeling in front of a huge fire. He was busily engaged in the operation of frying eggs and bacon and making toast.

Billy Bunter turned a fat, red visage round as Harry Wharton & Co. and the visitors came in.

"I say, you fellows, I don't think there's enough of these pork sosses to go round!" he said. "I've cooked all there were. I should advise you to get another few pounds. They're spiffing sosses—lovely flavour, and—"

"Why, you fat cormorant, you've been scoffing the sosses!" roared Bob Cherry. "Look at the grease round his mouth, you chaps! There are only five sausages left, and I counted nine when we bought 'em! Bunter's been helping himself, as usual! Oh, why did we let Bunter do the cooking!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked through his huge spectacles.

"Oh, I say, really, Cherry, you know, I haven't eaten four sosses!" he expostulated feebly. "I—I believe I ate one just to see whether they were good!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The greedy little toad's been scoffing the cakes, too, and the pineapple!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Bunter, you young burglar, we'd mop up the floor with you if we hadn't got visitors. As it is, we'll discharge you from our service. Buzz off before we slaughter you!"

"Oh, really, Wharton, I'm not going to be treated like that!" exclaimed Billy Bunter wrathfully. "You agreed that

How do you like our Wireless articles? Opinions, please!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 792.

if I did the cooking I could have my share of the feed—"

"Well, you've had your share—all you're going to get, at any rate!" retorted Harry Wharton. "You took your payment in advance, you know!"

"Why, you—you fraud!" hooted Billy Bunter, giving Wharton a glare that bade fair to crack his spectacles. "You cheat! I'm going to stay to tea! I've been slaving here, working hard to get tea ready, and now you tell me to clear off! I haven't been paid!"

Harry Wharton withdrew a sixpence from his pocket, and held it out to Bunter.

"There you are, Bunter!" he said. "Consider that the remainder of your payment. It's more than you're worth, anyway!"

"I—I won't!" roared Billy Bunter wrathfully. "I'm going to stay to tea!"

Harry Wharton turned to the Rev. John Tremaine and Towler, who were grinning.

"Do you mind if we kick this fat fraud down the passage?" he asked.

"Not at all!" smiled the young clergyman; "so long as you don't break any bones!"

"We'll try not to break his bones, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "Of course, we can't guarantee it. We're liable to do all sorts of things when we're roused, you know. Do you think we'd break his bones if we kicked him along the passage, chucked him down the stairs,

soon be over, and then we're going to show you what we can do at cricket!"

"You had a spiffing team last season!" said Harry Wharton. "If Mr. Tremaine can play footer and cricket as well as he fights—well, Greyfriars will have to look to its laurels, that's all!"

In the general flow of conversation nobody heard a stealthy movement at the study door.

Harold Skinner had been listening to the arrangements for the match on the morrow. His foxy eyes glinted with a cunning light, and when he had heard as much as he wanted he moved away from the door of Study No. 1 and went into his own room.

Ten minutes later Skinner tapped at the door of Gerald Loder's study in the Sixth Form passage. He pushed the door open and entered next minute, and caught Loder in the act of hastily throwing a half-smoked cigarette into the fire.

Skinner grinned and closed the door softly behind him.

"You needn't have chucked it away for me, Loder!" he said easily. "Don't mind me, you know. Carry on with the good work!"

Loder glared at the smiling Remove junior.

"What—what do you want, Skinner?" he panted.

"I've just come to have a chat with you, Loder, on a matter that is of great interest to both of us!" replied the cad of the Remove in an affable way. "We

Stott to come into the joke with me, but they're too funky. So I came to you, Loder, knowing that you'd be only too pleased to get an opportunity of paying back Tremaine for the licking he gave you."

Loder scowled.

"You needn't mention that again, Skinner!" he muttered. "What is your joke, anyway? If—if there's anything in it, I—I might take a hand with you."

Skinner came nearer to Loder's chair, and then began to talk softly and earnestly to the prefect. Skinner had worked out his scheme well beforehand, and Loder's eyes gleamed when he heard it.

"Great Scott! It's a bit thick, Skinner, but—but—"

"We can work it, can't we?" demanded Skinner eagerly.

"Yes, I think we can, Skinner. Two won't be enough, though—"

"What about getting Jeremy Slagg, of the Cross Keys, to come in with us?" said Skinner. "He'd do anything for a few bob. You know Slagg well, don't you?"

Loder glared at Skinner.

"How do you know, you young sweep?" he demanded.

"Oh, I know all about your little flutters at the Cross Keys, Loder!" said Skinner waggishly. "There's no need for us to argue on that, though. As I said before, we understand each other,

THE MAGNET MAKES THE BROADEST SMILE

and then jumped on him together? We—"

"Yarooooogh!" roared Billy Bunter, grabbing the sixpence and making a wild break for the door. "Yah! Murder! Help! Fire! Yoooooogh! Lemme get out!"

The Famous Five put on threatening looks, and advanced towards the door.

Billy Bunter ripped it open and travelled down the Remove passage as fast as his fat little legs would take him.

The occupants of Study No. 1 roared. They did not expect to see any more of Billy Bunter!

A fresh supply of sausages was fetched, and Inky and Frank Nugent did the cooking.

Soon the festive board was all ready, and Harry Wharton & Co., the Rev. John Tremaine, and Towler sat down to a most appetising spread.

The tea was a great success. The chums of the Remove and their visitors chatted cheerfully of things in general, but most particularly about the footer match which was to take place on the morrow between Greyfriars and the Friardale Council School.

Both Harry Wharton & Co. and Towler were keen for the event—especially as Mr. Tremaine was captaining the Council School team.

"You don't know all that Mr. Tremaine can do yet, you fellows!" said Towler, with a grin. "You should see him play footer! He's become captain of our team, and he's going to play in every match. Footer, of course, will

understand each other, I believe, Loder. You know me, and I know you—what?"

"Look here," said Loder grimly, "if this is a silly joke, young Skinner—"

"Well, as a matter of fact, it is a joke that I've come to see you about, but it's not a silly one!" grinned back Skinner. "It's about that beastly Friardale curate, Tremaine."

"Oh!" said Loder.

The prefect's manner changed, and a savage expression came over his face.

"He licked you in Friardale Wood yesterday, didn't he, Loder?" asked Skinner blandly.

Loder gave him a glare like that of a basilisk.

"Shut up about that, Skinner!" he rapped. "It's none of your business, anyway! I suppose you kids in the Remove have been simply chortling over it!"

"Wharton and the others have, certainly!" grinned Skinner. "That young curate chap has made you look pretty small, Loder. I've also got my knife in him. I've hit on a good wheeze to get a bit of our own back on him. I want you to help me."

"My hat!" exclaimed Loder. "What fearful cheek! You, a Remove kid, come to me to help you in a joke against—"

"Oh, cut that out, Loder!" said Skinner abruptly. "I'm looking at things from a broad-minded point of view. Both you and I have suffered pretty severely at the hands of this precocious parson chap of Friardale. You'd like to make him sing small, Loder, and so should I. I've asked Snoop and

don't we, Loder? You'll get Slagg into co. with us?"

"All right," growled Loder. "I'll be down at the Cross Keys to-night. I'll speak to Slagg. But this is strictly between ourselves, Skinner. If you dare breathe a word to anybody else, I—I'll flay you alive, even if it means my having to leave Greyfriars for it!"

"Rely on me, Loder!" grinned Skinner coolly. "I'll be as mum as a baby oyster. Cheerio, Loder!"

The prefect did not reply, and Skinner, with a soft chuckle, withdrew from his study.

Loder sat in the arm-chair and stared out of his study window.

He did not quite relish the idea of working hand-in-hand in mischief with a junior, but his desire for revenge on the Rev. John Tremaine outweighed that consideration. Skinner, he knew, was as unscrupulous a rascal as he himself. And the rascally prefect knew that he could trust Skinner.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

To the Rescue!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here we are again!" sang out Bob Cherry breezily.

"Come for a licking?" said Towler, with a grin.

"Ha, ha! Wait and see, old son!"

Harry Wharton & Co., looking fresh and vigorous in their footer togs, walked on the footer field belonging to the

The day when everyone smiles—Monday! It's MAGNET day!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 782.

down, and several lengths of rope were lying on the ground, to be trampled underfoot by the combatants.

The Rev. John Tremaine was acquitting himself magnificently with his fists. He drove them like flails at his three aggressors, and resisted all their efforts to drive him back into the hut.

"My only Sunday topper!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Those three cads have set about Mr. Tremaine! They're trying to keep him a prisoner in the hut!"

"Who the dickens are they?" gasped Frank Nugent. "I—"

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton, between his teeth. "We'll soon see! Don't let 'em get loose, for goodness' sake!"

Harry Wharton & Co. and Towler & Co. sprang out into the open to Mr. Tremaine's aid. They took the three disguised ruffians completely by surprise.

Biff! Wallop! Crash!

The lusty, healthy schoolboys hit out hard and vigorously, and the three disguised assailants went reeling under the sudden onrush.

Mr. Tremaine let out a glad cry when he saw the boys.

"All serene, air!" chuckled Bob Cherry, as he planted a terrific uppercut on the jaw of one of the mysterious attackers who tried to knock him out of the way. "We'll soon settle these rotters!"

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Wooooop!" came from the recipient of Bob's wallop.

The young curate dashed out of the hut, and lent his two fists to the deadly work. His three assailants were simply nowhere against him and Harry Wharton & Co. and the village boys.

They tried to break away and run for it, but the boys hemmed them in, and whirled them to the ground.

"Got you, my beauties!" said Harry Wharton grimly, when the disguised trio were lying on their backs in the grass. "Now we'll see who you are!"

The masks were wrenched from their faces, and, to the amazement of all beholders, Loder, Skinner, and Jeremy Slagg, the notorious loafer of the Cross Keys, were disclosed to view!

"Yah! Gerrugh! Lemme go!" moaned Skinner, writhing. "It was only a joke—"

"My hat!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Skinner, you rotter! Loder, you awful cad! So it was you who lured Mr. Tremaine here and attacked him!"

"Ow-wow-wow!" moaned Loder. Mr. Tremaine looked round with flashing eyes.

"You lads intervened at a most timely moment," he said. "I suppose this was an underhanded method of keeping me away from the match, thought out and engineered by these two rascals, Loder and Skinner. This was to be their revenge upon me. The telephone message which lured me into the wood was probably sent by Loder. When I reached this spot, they waylaid me, took me by surprise, roped me up and gagged me, and took me into the hut, intending to leave me there a prisoner for the afternoon."

"The rotten outsiders!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, clenching his fists.

"Their plot, however, did not work quite according to plan," went on the young curate, with a smile. "I managed to slip my bonds just after they had departed, and then I broke the door down, intending to escape. But they heard me, and came back. They attempted to get me back again into the hut. I was standing up to them when you came along."

"My word! You were fighting like a Trojan, sir!" breathed Harry Wharton in admiration. "We're jolly glad we chipped in. Loder, you cad, you're bowled out!"

Loder struggled into a sitting posture. His face was as white as a sheet.

"It was a joke, Wharton!" he muttered thickly. "There's no need to make a fuss about it. I—I admit it was rather silly of me to help Skinner in his idea—"

"You lie, Loder!" screeched Skinner desperately. "It was your idea! You put me up to it! You threatened to lick me if I didn't help!"

"You—you lying young scoundrel!" shouted Loder, going livid. "You—you dare to shift the blame on me! Why, I—I—"

"Oh, ring off, Loder!" said Harry Wharton curtly. "It's no use either of

you whining explanations. You're as bad as each other. As for this low-down rotter, Slagg—"

"Don't give me in charge, young gents!" wailed Jeremy Slagg, in abject terror. "Master Loder paid me ten bob to 'elp! I was 'ard up, and—"

"Just as I suspected!" rapped Mr. Tremaine. "Hand over the ten shillings to me, you rascal, and I'll put it into my Church Fund. Then you can go!"

Jeremy Slagg only too willingly turned out the ten-shilling note and gave it to Mr. Tremaine.

Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Towler then seized Mr. Slagg, and propelled him forcibly down the woodland path, helping him vigorously with their boots.

Jeremy Slagg's howls rose crescendo. He fairly tore through the trees when Bob Cherry & Co. let him go. The last they saw of Slagg was the spectacle of that gentleman losing his footing on the edge of a murky ditch in his haste to get away, and sliding headlong into the muddy water and slime.

Loder and Skinner wriggled in the grasp of Harry Wharton & Co. and the village boys.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" muttered Loder fearfully. "If you tell the Head—"

"You would be expelled from Greyfriars, Loder, and it is no more than you deserve!" said the Rev. John Tremaine sharply. "However, it is not my intention to wreak vengeance to the full on either you or Skinner. Although I can be violent when I like, as you have discovered to your sorrow, I am a clergyman and a man of peace. It is sufficient for me that you have been shown up in your true colours."

Harry Wharton & Co. and Towler & Co. exchanged grim glances.

"We sha'n't let them off so lightly, sir!" said the Remove captain meaningly. "We don't bear malice, but in this case I think these two miserable rotters should meet their just deserts. We're going to give them a thorough ragging—after the match."

Mr. Tremaine smiled.

"You may be sure I shall not interfere, my lads," he said. "What means of retribution you mete out to Loder and Skinner is no concern of mine. But what about the match?"

"We'll get back at once, sir, and take these cads with us."

Loder and Skinner protested wildly, and struggled; but Harry Wharton & Co. were adamant.

They utilised the ropes that had been used on Mr. Tremaine to bind the two crafty schemers, and they carried them back to the village boys' football-field.

Cries of welcome and cheers greeted the return of Harry Wharton & Co. and Towler & Co. with Mr. Tremaine.

The two prisoners were flung into the pavilion, and several Remove fellows, headed by Bolsover major, guarded them.

The "warders" could watch the match from the pavilion window.

Mr. Tremaine hurriedly changed, and the clock was chiming three when the two teams lined up for the commencement of the match. The young clergyman proved himself a pillar of strength in the ensuing game—a game which resulted in a single goal margin for the Greyfriars eleven. The pace was a forced one from beginning to end, and the members of both teams had bellows to mend when the final whistle blew.

BOXING	BEST BOYS' BOOKS!	SCHOOL
THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY. Fourpence Per Volume.	No. 661.— OUTLAWS OF THE YUKON. A Thrilling Yarn of Peril, Boxing, and Adventure in the Frozen North. By Eric W. Townsend.	
	No. 662.— THE BLIND BOY. An Engrossing Story of Pit Life. By Sidney Drew.	
	No. 663.— DON DARREL—FOOTBALLER. A Fine Tale of the Footer Field, introducing the Boy with Fifty Millions. By Victor Nelson.	
	No. 664.— LONESOME LEN. An Enjoyable Story of School, Sport, and Scheming. By Henry T. Johnson.	
THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY. Fourpence Per Volume.	No. 279.— THE CASE OF THE COTTON BEETLE. A Magnificent Story of stirring Australian Adventure, featuring Sexton Blake, Tinker, Mr. Trouble Nantucket (the American detective), and the Hon. John Lawless.	
	No. 280.— THE SUN GOD; or, The Case of the Bronze Images. A Tale of Detective Work in London and Exploration in Syria. By the Author of "The Case of the Island Princess," "The White Refugees," etc., etc.	
	No. 281.— THE FACE IN THE FILM. A Story of Detective Work, Peril, and Adventure in the Film World, introducing Sexton Blake and Tinker.	
	No. 282.— THE HOUSE AT WATERLOO. A Detective Romance of London. By the Author of "The Green Eyes," "The Mystery of Glynn Castle," etc., etc.	
MYSTERY	NOW ON SALE! BUY A COPY TO-DAY!	ADVENTURE

Now, you budding poets, there's a chance for you in our Limerick Competition!

"Jolly good game!" said Towler enthusiastically, slapping Harry Wharton on the back as the players trooped off. Like the sportsman he was, Towler took his defeat in the right spirit, as did all the Council School boys.

The Rev. Tremaine smiled cheerfully at the Greyfriars juniors as he took his leave.

"See you again soon," he said. "You'll have to excuse me dashing off—I've an appointment at the vicarage."

"Good-bye, sir!" chorused the Removites in unison.

And they watched the athletic form of the young curate striding towards the village with undisguised admiration.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Paying the Penalty!

"**N**OW for Loder and Skinner!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "If those two cads had succeeded in their designs, there might not have been a match this afternoon. In any case, Mr. Tremaine would not have played."

"We're going to rag the rotters bald-headed!" said Bob Cherry. "And we'll do the same to anybody who sets out to injure Mr. Tremaine. He's a jolly good sport, and one of the very best!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Removites and the Friardale fellows in complete accord.

Loder and Skinner were still in the pavilion, where Bolsover, Trevor, Micky Desmond, and a number of others had been mounting guard over them during the match.

"Wh-what are you going to do, you young sweeps?" grated Loder. "If you dare assault me, a prefect—"

"Prefect rats!" said Johnny Bull, in his blunt, direct manner. "You're not fit to be at a decent school, let alone hold the office of prefect! We're going to show these Friardale chaps the way we deal with black sheep in our fold!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the Removites heartily.

Loder and Skinner roared when they were dragged up violently by Harry Wharton & Co.

"We'll make 'em whack each other!" grinned Harry Wharton. "Don't you think that's a ripping wheeze?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather!" chortled the others.

A cricket-stump was fetched from the pavilion store-room.

Harry Wharton & Co. bent Loder down and tied his hands to his boots.

The rascally prefect of the Sixth looked a very comical sight, thus standing in the middle of the pavilion dressing-room, touching his toes and unable to remove his hands!

"Yerrugh! Wow! Lemme go, you little rotters!" he roared.

"Not yet!" grinned Harry Wharton. "Now, then, Skinner, take that stump and start whacking Loder!"

Loder glared round under his waistcoat at Skinner.

"You dare lam me with that stump, Skinner!" he grated. "I—I'll half kill you afterwards, if you do!"

Harold Skinner's face was almost green in hue.

"Look here, you chaps—" he began, but Harry Wharton cut him short.

"Get on with the washing—I mean the lamming!" he ordered sharply. "It will be the worse for you if you don't!"

Skinner had to give way. He stood



"Got you, my beauties," said Wharton, when the disguised trio were lying on their backs on the grass. "Now we'll see who you are!" The masks were wrenched from their faces, and to the amazement of all, Loder, Skinner, and Jeremy Slagg were disclosed to view. (See Chapter 8.)

behind Loder, raised the stump, and brought it down with a thwack.

"Harder!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're not hitting hard enough, Skinner!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner whacked at Loder energetically with the stump. He saw that there was no use kicking over the traces, so he took full use of his opportunity to inflict a few bodily hurts on Gerald Loder.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Put some beef into it, Skinner!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner put plenty of beef into it. Loder howled at the top of his voice, and at last, when he could stand no more, he gave a hop, failed to regain his balance, and clattered over on the floor, his hands still tied to his feet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Harry Wharton & Co. and Towler & Co.

Loder was unbound and held in many strong hands.

Skinner made a dive for the door, but Johnny Bull and Squiff promptly grabbed him.

"This way to the slaughter, old top!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Loder's going to lam you, now! And, judging by the look on his face, I should say you were in for a very warm time of it, Skinner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder broke loose. He rushed at Harry Wharton, intending to commit instant assault and battery. A horde of Removites grabbed him, however, and Loder was swung back.

"No larks, Loder!" said Harry Wharton quite cheerfully. "Take this giddy stump, and do unto Skinner as he has done unto you! Make Skinner touch his toes, chaps!"

"What-ho!"

Skinner was bent over, his arms pulled downward, and his hands roped to his feet.

"Now then, Loder!" rapped Harry Wharton. "Get on with it!"

Loder saw that the juniors had him fully in their power. He gritted his teeth and got on with it.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Loder needed no bidding to hit hard. He smote Harold Skinner with the stump with all the force he could muster. And Loder, in his present homicidal mood, mustered quite a lot!

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Wow! Yooooo-coop!" wailed Skinner.

Loder whacked away as though his life depended on it.

He showed no signs of wanting to stop, and when Harry Wharton & Co. deemed that Skinner had had enough they dragged Loder away.

"That's what you've got for behaving like rotten cads!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "Let it be a lesson to both of you. You ought to thank your lucky stars that you've got a jolly good sport in Mr. Tremaine to deal with. Another man would have gone to the Head, and you two precious beauties would have been sucked! Chaps, let's give 'em the noble order of the boot in another way! Kick 'em out!"

(Continued on page 27.)

Cash prizes for all efforts published!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 792.



THE object of this dictionary is to explain in simple language the meaning of the technical terms or expressions used in connection with electricity and wireless telephony.

The term microhenry is used for convenience, because the henry is too large a unit. A microhenry equals one-millionth part of a henry.

The inductance of a circuit is its tendency to oppose any change in the flow of electricity. It is entirely different from the ohmic resistance offered to the flow of electricity in a circuit. In the former case it will oppose the flow of the current when it is first started, but it will also oppose any attempt to stop the flow after it has started. In the case of ohmic resistance there is a constant opposition to the flow of the current, the energy being transformed into heat and therefore lost as electrical energy.

Where a body is at rest it shows a tendency to oppose being put into motion. This tendency is called inertia. Once the body is in motion it shows a tendency to oppose being stopped—this tendency is called momentum.

A simple illustration is that of the fly-wheel of an engine. When starting the engine, resistance is offered to the engine being put into motion by two things—one being the friction of the engine-shaft turning in the bearings, the other being the inertia of the flywheel. In the former case the power required to overcome the friction of the bearings is lost, for all practical purposes, because the energy reappears in the form of heat, and is dissipated because there is no use to which it can readily be put. In the case of the flywheel the energy required to overcome the inertia is not lost, but is only stored, so that when the steam is shut off the engine continues to run for some time because of the momentum of the flywheel, which gives back the energy which had been used to overcome its inertia.

The same thing occurs in an electric circuit. When pressure is applied the flow of electricity is opposed by two things—one being the resistance in ohms offered by the conductor, the other being the reluctance, or inertia, of the electrons to be put in motion. In the first case, the energy required to overcome the ohmic resistance is lost, being dissipated in the form of heat; in the second case, the energy required to overcome the reluctance of the electrons to be put in motion is only stored, because any attempt to bring the electrons to rest, by removing the pressure, will be opposed, and the current will continue to flow for some time unless the circuit be broken. This latter phenomena is called the inductance of the circuit.

Inductance is due to the magnetic field produced by the flow of electricity through a circuit, and the inductance of a circuit depends upon its form. For example, the inductance in a wire of a

given length would be greater if the wire were wound into a coil than it would be if the wire were straight.

In the study of Electro-Magnetics this will be explained at greater length, but for the present it is sufficient to understand in a general way what is meant by the inductance of a circuit.

MAGNET.—This was the name given to certain hard, black stones found in Asia Minor. The ancients looked upon them as magic stones, because they had the power of attracting iron and steel. In the tenth or eleventh century these stones were found to have the still more remarkable property of pointing north and south when suspended by a thread. This property was taken advantage of for the purpose of navigation, and thereafter the name was changed to **LODESTONE**—meaning Leading Stone.

Artificial magnets are made by rubbing steel with lodestones. The steel takes the same properties as the magnet, and will attract small pieces of iron or steel, and if suspended will point north and south.

The attractive power of a magnet resides in two regions, the two ends—or poles, as they are called. The portion of the magnet which lies between these poles does not attract so strongly, whilst exactly midway between the poles there is no magnetic attraction at all.

If a magnet is given a distinguishing mark at one end and is then suspended it will be found that the marked end will always point in the same direction, thus showing that one end always points to the north, whilst the other end will always point to the south. Because of this we speak of the north pole and the south pole of a magnet. The ordinary magnets which you purchase in a shop are always marked to indicate the poles, red being the colour chosen for the north pole, and blue indicating the south pole.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.—If a compass-needle is suspended and approached by a magnet it will be attracted or repelled, according to the pole of the magnet which approaches it. For example, if the north-seeking point of the needle is approached by the south pole of the magnet the needle will be attracted. If the north-seeking point of the needle is approached by the north pole of the magnet the needle will be repelled. It will be found that the north-seeking pole of a magnet will repel the north-seeking pole of another magnet, and the south-seeking pole will repel the south-seeking pole of another magnet, but a south-seeking pole will attract a north-seeking pole.

There are, therefore, two kinds of magnetism, and the foregoing experiment enables us to determine the first law of magnetism, which is—like magnetic poles repel one another; unlike magnetic poles attract one another.

MAGNETIC FORCE.—If a small piece of iron or steel, a sewing-needle, a

small piece of copper, a small silver coin, and a piece of paper are placed on a table it will be found, on approaching them with one end of a bar magnet, that the steel or iron and the sewing-needle are attracted to the magnet, whilst the copper, silver, and paper appear to be unaffected. If the bar magnet is reversed and the opposite pole is brought near to these articles precisely the same effect will be noticed. It will also be noticed that the force of attraction is not always of the same strength; it is greater nearer to the articles than it is when the magnet is farther away from them. It may be stated as follows—the attraction due to a magnetic pole falls off inversely as the square of the distance from the pole.

Whenever a magnetic force acts on two bodies it endeavours to move both of them. This was demonstrated by Sir Isaac Newton, who floated a magnet on a piece of cork, and caused it to cross a basin of water by holding a piece of iron near it.

This magnetic force also has the power to act across certain bodies. If a sheet of paper is taken and a sewing-needle rested upon it, then, if a magnet is held underneath the paper, it will be found possible to cause the needle to be moved by moving the magnet; thus, although the magnet apparently has no effect on the paper, it has the power to exert its force across it.

It is of the greatest importance to those studying wireless that they should clearly understand the forces of magnetism, because they are closely allied to electrical science; so a little time must be spent in ascertaining what the force is, and the medium across which it acts.

MAGNETIC INDUCTION.—A piece of iron may be magnetised without coming into actual contact with a magnet. If a short, thin unmagnetised bar of iron is placed near some iron filings, it will, when approached by a magnet, have the power of attracting the filings; that is, the presence of the magnet induces magnetism in the iron bar. This effect was also noticed in the experiments in static electrical induction; and the likeness goes even further than that, because it will be noticed that both ends of the iron bar attract the filings, and that the end nearest to the magnet will be of the opposite pole to the pole of the magnet nearest to it. In other words, if the north pole of the magnet is nearest to the bar of iron, then the end of the bar of iron nearest to the magnet will be a south pole. It is obvious, therefore, that when a magnet attracts a body it first of all induces that body into a state of magnetism, that is, induction precedes attraction.

(This splendid series of articles will be continued next week. Tell all your friends who are students of wireless to start reading our Dictionary. They will thank you.)

Another brilliant Wireless article next Monday !

THE MISSING MUMMY!



A thrilling mystery story of the East—staged on the scene of the recent amazing discoveries of the ancient Pharaohs—that will hold you spellbound. A yarn with a topical interest, by your popular author,

OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Call to Cairo!

OUTSIDE the residence of Ferrers Locke, in Baker Street, a magnificent blue Rolls-Royce motor-car purred luxuriously. Inside the detective's house was the owner of the car—a titled gentleman, whose name had been receiving much prominence in the newspapers of late. For Sir Cave Brender was the patron of the famous Allistair Expedition, whose recent discoveries in Egypt had created a sensation throughout the civilised world.

The distinguished visitor had been shown into the consulting-room by Sing-Sing, the Chinese servant. After extending a cordial greeting to him and providing him with a comfortable armchair, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake settled themselves to hear the reason of his unexpected visit.

Sir Cave Brender took a piece of paper from his wallet, unfolded it, and handed it to the famous sleuth.

"That is the cabled message I received from Professor Edwin Allistair this morning, Mr. Locke," he said. "The original message as sent by Allistair from Cairo was in private code known only to himself and me. What you hold in your hand is, of course, the text of the message as deciphered by myself."

The message ran:

"Thothmes stolen. Send expert detectives immediately. Shepherd's.—Allistair."

Having perused the brief message, Ferrers Locke passed it over to his youthful assistant to read.

Sir Cave Brender drummed his finger-tips together in nervous fashion.

"You quite understand the purport of the cable, Mr. Locke?" he said.

"Undoubtedly," replied the detective. "It almost takes one's breath away. That the mummy of the great Thothmes I.—the find of the centuries—should have been stolen, is scarcely credible."

"Yet no one else could have sent that message, Mr. Locke," said Sir Cave Brender. "Not even Mr. Burrill, the professor's assistant, is aware of our private cipher. The professor, as the whole world knows, is a man of the highest integrity. And,

believing the message to be a perfectly genuine one, I have come here to request that you and your assistant, Drake, should proceed forthwith to Cairo."

"Very well, Sir Cave," said the sleuth calmly. "We shall be ready to leave in fifteen minutes."

He touched the bell, and gave a few brisk orders to Sing-Sing.

After he had departed, Locke again turned to the baronet.

"Well, Sir Cave," he said, "Drake and I will go and attend to a few little matters ourselves, if you will excuse us. By the way, how do you propose that we shall travel?"

"By air," replied the visitor. "While you are getting ready, I will telephone through to the Speedway Air Line, at their Croydon terminal. It is of the greatest urgency that you should get to that famous hotel, Shepherd's, in Cairo, where, apparently, Allistair is staying, as soon as possible."

Exactly on the expiration of the quarter of an hour Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake completed their personal preparations, and returned to the consulting-room. Sing-Sing was down in the hall with their luggage. This Sir Cave ordered to be placed in his car, then he ushered in Locke and Drake, and seated himself, after telling his chauffeur to drive with all speed to the Speedway Company's hangars at Croydon.

The entire conversation in the smooth-running Rolls-Royce was upon the subject of Egyptology. Locke and Drake were intensely interested in much that Sir Cave Brender had to say, but they knew they would have to wait till they reached Cairo before learning anything further of the case they had undertaken at such short notice.

Certainly the case itself promised to be interesting in an extraordinary degree.

Some months previously, thanks to the financial generosity of Sir Cave Brender, Professor Edwin Allistair, the famous Egyptologist, was able to lead an expedition to Thebes, on the Upper Nile. The royal mummies of the Amenhotep I., Thothmes II., and Thothmes III., and the three Pharaohs of Dynasty XIX.—Rameses I., Seti I., and Rameses II.—and many others had long before been discovered. Then had come the great discovery of Tutankhamen's resting-place near El-Uksur, or Luxor, as it is commonly called.

But one of the greatest mysteries of the ages still remained to be solved. Where, beneath the soil of Egypt lay hidden the mummified remains of Thothmes I.?

Upon this subject, which had puzzled the Egyptologists of the world, Professor Edwin Allistair had given much intensive study. Gradually he had evolved a theory as to where approximately this mummy had been removed.

Sir Cave Brender had financed an expedition, and Professor Allistair had proved his theory correct by unearthing Thothmes I. The papers had been full of the achievement. Tutankhamen had been put very much in the shade, temporarily. For, unlike the mummy of Thothmes III., which was broken in three places, Thothmes I. was in a perfect state of preservation.

One of the famous Speedway passenger aeroplanes was already on the aerodrome at Croydon when the Rolls-Royce arrived.

Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake saw their luggage put aboard, and bade farewell to Sir Cave, who wished them "Good-luck and bon voyage."

There was a deafening roar in crescendo as the propellers revolved and the plane taxied along the ground. Then she rose like a bird in the air, and, with her nose pointed towards the sky above the distant Channel, climbed higher and higher into the ether.

The route that the pilot took was via the South of France and Italy. The air voyage was full of interest to Locke, and especially to Jack Drake. But for engine trouble after leaving Brindisi, in Italy, the pilot might even have notched a fresh "passengers" record for the trip. As it was, the plane had to make a forced landing on the island of Candia, in the Mediterranean. Yet late in the afternoon of the second day after leaving England, the detective and his assistant were in the Land of the Pharaohs.

The aeroplane landed at a Government aerodrome on the outskirts of Cairo. And, needless to say, Locke and Drake lost no time in proceeding to Shepherd's. Here at the hotel they booked rooms, and then inquired for Professor Allistair.

A polite attendant in a red fez and a white coat took a pencilled message from Locke to the professor's room. A short

"A Hound on the Trail!"—next week's detective yarn!

Interval ensued, and the attendant returned and beckoned the two to follow him.

As the sleuth and Drake were ushered into a comfortably furnished room they saw a slight figure, grey-bearded, and wearing an alpaca coat and tortoiseshell glasses, rise from a wicker lounge chair. It was the famous Egyptologist himself.

He came forward rubbing his hands together nervously like a newly-appointed shopwalker. There was a curious, half-apologetic smile on his wizened face.

"Mr. Locke," he said, "it is indeed a pleasure to make your acquaintance. But—ah, h'm!—I'm afraid I must make you a deep apology for bringing you all this distance."

"Not at all, professor," replied the sleuth heartily. "It is almost a universal concern that a great effort should be made to find the missing mummy."

"Ah, h'm!—yes," said the professor, his eyes twitching behind his spectacles. "But—ah!—I'm afraid you and your excellent young assistant have had your journey for nothing. The missing mummy has been found!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Within the Inner Tomb!

IT had been a big surprise to Locke and Drake to learn in the first place that the mummy of the great Thothmes I. had been stolen. Now it came as an equally big surprise to hear that it had been found.

The detective helped himself to an Egyptian cigarette from a box which the professor indicated.

"Well, professor," he said, "I must congratulate you. It must be a tremendous relief to you."

"It is indeed a very great relief, Mr. Locke," said the professor. "The whole affair was most mysterious. But permit me to order tea for you, and then I will tell you about it."

He touched a bell, and ordered tea of the attendant who came in response to the summons. During the interval which elapsed before this was brought the old gentleman briefly explained the situation.

"Until three days ago," he said, "I had spent all my time at Thebes, at our excavations and the tomb of Thothmes. Mr. Burrill and myself have spent the greater part of every day about the place. We have had armed Arab guards over the tomb day and night. One morning, five days ago, Mr. Burrill and I found the three Arabs who had been mounting guard over the entrance to the outer chamber unconscious on the ground. Some sleeping draught had been introduced into their drink. When we entered the inner chamber of the tomb we found to our utter amazement and dismay that the remains of Thothmes had been removed."

The old professor took out a linen handkerchief and feebly patted his brow.

"We didn't let the newspaper reporters get an inkling of the news," he resumed. "None of them have been allowed to enter the inner chamber of the tomb. That the mummy should have been taken away was such a catastrophe that for a time we did not know how to act for the best. True, we questioned the Arab guards, but they professed to know nothing."

"You examined the tomb and the ground carefully, professor?"

"Yes, Burrill and I ferreted about. But I'm afraid we both know rather more about Egyptology than detective work. Judging from the footprints in the sand outside the entrance to the tomb, we came to the conclusion that the theft was carried out by some native Egyptians."

"You speak the language of the natives, of course, professor?"

"I speak Arabic fairly well. Burrill is a very fluent linguist. He has lived in many countries, and can converse in every dialect in Egypt and Arabia. Without letting it leak out that the mummy had been removed, he instituted some tactful inquiries in the bazaars of Thebes. But he learnt nothing to arouse his suspicions as to who had conducted this strange theft."

"And now you have received a message to the effect that the mummy has been restored to the tomb?"

"That is so. A Government air pilot brought me a private letter from Burrill

to-day. Burrill states that Thothmes was returned last night to his former resting-place as mysteriously as he had been taken away."

"A most extraordinary business altogether," was Ferrers Locke's comment.

Over the teacups the old Egyptologist gave the only explanation he could of the mysterious affair.

"At the time that the mummy disappeared," he said, "my assistant, Mr. James Burrill, suggested a very interesting theory. There is, we happen to know, an Egyptian secret society with a branch at Thebes which has as its chief object the veneration of the illustrious Egyptians of the past. They extol in their ceremonials that great period in Egypt's history when the mighty Pharaohs held sway. Well, Burrill suggested that it was members of this secret society who had raided the tomb."

"Indeed! When are you returning to Thebes, professor?" then asked Ferrers Locke.

"To-morrow I shall start. I feel quite upset at having induced Sir Cave to send you and Drake out here. But now you are in Egypt I hope you will take the opportunity of viewing the wonderful finds of my expedition. I shall be delighted if you will both accompany me to Thebes."

Both Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. By no means were they going to miss such a chance of seeing the five-thousand-year-old tomb of the great Pharaoh now they were in Egypt.

Arrangements were discussed before leaving the professor that afternoon. They stayed at Sheppard's that night, and on the following morning embarked with their distinguished old friend on board a Nile steamer.

The journey in the stern-wheel paddle-boat occupied two days. Drake, who had never made the voyage before, found everything fresh and delightful. It was quaint to see the long caravans of camels, heavily laden with merchandise, trekking through the undulating stretches of desert much as they had done thousands of years before. He saw the giant Pyramids and the inscrutable Sphinx frowning upon him, and that wonderful engineering achievement of modern times, the famous dam at Aswan, near the First Cataract.

Eventually the professor, Locke, and Drake disembarked on the east bank of the Nile. This was in the heart of that district famous for the Thebes monuments which extend over an area of some two or three miles on both banks of the river. The flourishing and ancient city of Thebes itself is now no more. But the professor had his quarters in one of the native villages on the old site, and thither he led his two companions.

Together they had a light lunch served by Egyptian servants.

"Now, my friends," said the professor

afterwards, "how would you like to walk along to our latest discoveries? I expect Burrill is on the spot."

Naturally, Locke and Drake were as keen as mustard to get along to the sacred ruins. The sun was high and strong in the sky, and all three donned their solar topees. Then they set out to walk the mile to where, on the eastern bank of the Nile, the excavations of the Allistair Expedition were situated.

As they walked farther and farther among the sand and high rocks, Locke and the boy were able to distinguish a babel of voices raised in chatter. Then, turning round a high bluff, they came upon a surging crowd of tourists, newspaper correspondents, Egyptians, Arabs, and members of the Allistair party, outside the main entrance to the newly-found tomb of Thothmes.

The professor was recognised instantly by the majority of the tourists. There was a clicking of cameras, and greetings on every side.

"Ah, here's Burrill!" cried Professor Allistair, hurrying forward to greet a middle-aged, stocky man in rough khaki drill. "How are you, Burrill? Everything is all right again? Splendid—splendid, indeed!"

Taking his assistant into the entrance of the tomb, he quietly introduced him to Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake.

Burrill shook hands cordially with the two, and expressed his regret that the professor had seen fit to bring them such a journey for nothing. Then, turning to Professor Allistair, he said:

"I think I can claim my theory was right, sir. The other night the Arab sentries heard strange noises proceeding from the eastern side of the excavations. They went along to see what was happening. Finding some of the village youths there, they stopped to smoke and chat. Meantime, without the sentries being any the wiser, the mummy was taken back into the inner chamber where it is now. By Jove, it was a pleasant surprise for me when I came along here on the following morning to find old Thothmes back in his place."

"It was a relief to me, too, to get your message, Burrill," replied the professor. "But come, let us go to the inner chamber. I have promised Mr. Locke and young Jack Drake that they shall see Thothmes before we close up the inner tomb."

Taking out their electric torches, they penetrated farther into the cliffs. At the end of a very short gallery was the large outer chamber which the explorers had found full of wonderful treasures—statues, sacred vessels, and other objects wrought in alabaster, gold, bronze, and acacia wood.

In single file they passed through another corridor cut into the cliff, and at the end of this was the inner chamber of the tomb.

Both Locke and Drake involuntarily staggered back at the foul odour that greeted their nostrils. Then there was a sound of flapping wings as a score of bats went fluttering about them, disturbed by their entry. And it was the foul smell of the bats which pervaded this ancient tomb of the mighty monarch of Upper and Lower Egypt.

The chamber was small but fairly lofty, and the rock of which it was formed appeared to be crumbling in parts. Odd pieces of rock lay on the uneven floor. But it was two tall statues—gaunt and uncanny like ancient Egyptian sentries on guard—which first attracted the attention of Ferrers Locke and the boy. And there, between them, in its case covered with ancient hieroglyphics, was the mummy of the illustrious Pharaoh!

For some moments the four men gazed down at the mummified remains in silence. Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake felt a strange awe and reverence in the presence of this thing which once had been a man and had walked the earth five thousand years before them.

As they were about to turn away, Ferrers Locke tapped the professor on the shoulder.

"Professor," he said, "don't you think it would be better if you were to examine the mummy thoroughly? Possibly some harm may have come to it as it has been in the hands of strangers."

Burrill regarded the detective coldly.

"I have examined the mummy already," he put in. "No harm whatever has come to it. Apparently, it was merely used as



Do you like a yarn with a thrill in every line—a story that grips and keeps you breathless with excitement from first word to last? If you do, you'll like this new thriller of the racing track, which commences in this week's **BOYS' REALM** (out on Wednesday, April 11th). "Behind the Wheel" is the finest motor racing story ever written—don't miss a line of it!

BOYS' REALM 2

Every Wednesday.

Renew your acquaintance with Lion, the sleuth's bloodhound!

the piece de resistance in some religious ceremonial."

"But perhaps I had better look over it, Burrill," murmured the professor meekly. "It would do no harm."

"Of course, if you doubt my word or my ability, Professor Allistair," said Burrill testily, "do so by all means. There is no need, I assure you."

"If I were you, professor," said Ferrers Locke calmly, "I should examine the mummy yourself, notwithstanding the fact that you can rely on the integrity and skill of Mr. Burrill. It would be so much more satisfactory to yourself when you return to England and see Sir Cave Brender again."

The professor hesitated. He absolutely trusted his second-in-command. On the other hand he saw Locke's point. As head of the expedition—financed by Sir Cave—he felt that he had a personal duty to perform in the matter.

Mumbling a half-apology to his assistant, the old gentleman stepped close to the mummy-case.

"You will see better from this side, sir," said Burrill. "I will stand here and give you the benefit of my electric light over your shoulder. Perhaps Mr. Locke and you, Drake, will stand on the left side of the professor with your torches."

The positions suggested by Burrill were taken up—the four lining one side of the mummy-case. The professor stooped down, magnifying-glass in hand, to examine the delicate wrappings of the remains. Burrill drew back a little and raised his hand as though to ward off the unwelcome attentions of one of the numerous bats which darted about the tomb.

Almost simultaneously, there was a dull thud. Professor Edwin Allistair gave a short, sudden gulp and staggered forward, unconscious, over the mummy-case of the ancient king!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

On the Desert Trail!

"GOOD HEAVENS!"

Ferrers Locke ejaculated that cry as he darted to the professor's aid. Jack Drake, who had been on Locke's left, ran round behind his chief and dropped on one knee by the right side of the professor before even Burrill had attempted to do so.

"Crumbs, sir!" muttered Drake, to Ferrers Locke. "It's lucky the professor had his topee on, or he would have been killed for a cert!"

Locke nodded. His quick brain had also taken in the situation. A great slab of rock had become dislodged from the crumbling rock of the gloomy chamber and had fallen on the professor's head.

"Come, Burrill," said the sleuth sharply to the Egyptologist. "Help us get Professor Allistair into the open air. He has been completely stunned and there is a nasty wound on the back of his neck. What the blazes are you doing?"

"I—I was just looking at this chunk of rock which fell," answered the other, rising sharply. "But, hang it all, Mr. Locke, there's no need to snap at me. I've been a friend of the professor for years. I'm as sorry for him as you are."

Between them the three carried the unconscious form of the professor out into the open. There, among the many tourists assembled, was an American doctor who examined the old gentleman.

"He has had a very nasty knock," the doctor told Burrill. "I guess you had better have him conveyed home, sir. He won't be fit for much for at least three days."

A litter was hastily improvised, and four sturdy Arabs carried the professor. The American doctor went with them to render what further assistance he could. Locke, Drake, and Burrill, remained behind for reasons of their own.

While Burrill was giving a number of orders in Arabic to the native workmen who were in attendance at the entrance to the tomb Locke called his assistant aside.

"Well, my boy," he said, "what did you make of that? A most curious coincidence, eh?"

"In my opinion, sir," said Drake, in a low tone, "that chap Burrill had something to

do with the old fellow's 'accident.' Instead of going to the old man's help at once he snatched at something from that bit of rock that fell from the roof!"

"I don't trust Burrill at all," said Ferrers Locke. "He's as crooked as a snake or I'm no judge of a man. Let us slip back into the inner chamber!"

But even as the two sought to glide into the entrance of the excavated tomb, James Burrill came striding up to them.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Locke," he said, "you cannot go in there. We are starting in a few minutes to seal the inner tomb."

"Indeed?" said Ferrers Locke. "I didn't hear Professor Allistair give any order to that effect before he met with that unfortunate—er—accident!"

Burrill's brows contracted in a fierce scowl.

"Perhaps not," he said. "But now that

that Burrill himself laid out the professor. He had this end looped round the end of that slab of rock in the roof of the inner chamber. Reaching up, he grabbed the string and dislodged the rock."

"Will you tax him with it, sir?"

"Not yet! We have another and more important thing to do. If, as it clearly seems, Burrill laid the professor out, he did it for some strong motive. What was that motive? Of that there isn't the slightest doubt in my own mind. James Burrill did not want Professor Allistair to make an examination of that mummy. Now, I'm no expert in Egyptology, but I'm going into that inner chamber again to have a look round. Afterwards, I may produce sufficient evidence, real or false, to have a re-examination of that mummy made on behalf of the Egyptian Government, who have an interest in all kinds of antiquities in this country."



As Ferrers Locke came up with the Arab, Hussein drew a long, curved sword and slashed at the head of the detective's mount. With a well-timed blow from the butt of his sporting-rifle, Locke sent Hussein reeling from the saddle. (See Chapter 3.)

Professor Allistair is hors de combat, I am in charge of arrangements here. Owing to the change in the weather it is high time the inner chamber was sealed to ensure the preservation of its royal tenant. Therefore, I am starting the work to-day, and shall finish to-morrow, I trust. Meantime, I forbid anyone to go inside the tomb. If you or anyone else disobeys my orders I shall command my Arabs to use force!"

Both Locke and Drake realised that there was no good to be achieved by openly defying the man. But they realised that much might be done by strategy.

"Very well, Mr. Burrill," said Ferrers Locke calmly. "I think Drake and I may as well retire from the scene. Come, let us return to the village, my boy."

Leaving Burrill, the famous sleuth and his assistant trudged on a couple of hundred yards in rear of the professor's litter until out of sight of the crowd by the excavations. Then Jack Drake drew a piece of thin, black-coloured string from his pocket.

"Do you see this, sir?" said the boy. "The end of it was sticking out of Burrill's jacket pocket. So I took the liberty of helping myself to it. I'm positive Burrill picked it up in the tomb."

Ferrers Locke took the strip of thin string and examined it.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "This is proof

Returning to the village, Ferrers Locke, through the kind offices of a British official—to whom he made himself known—secured two Arab costumes. Then he and Jack Drake went to their quarters, and, with the aid of the make-up box without which they never travelled, they darkened their faces and adjusted curly black hair to their chins by means of a special preparation of spirit gum. Then, garbed in the Arab costumes, they swaggered out into the narrow dust-swept streets.

Such was the genius of Locke when it came to matters of make-up that none would have dreamed on seeing them that they were any other than Arabs of the lower classes.

With loping strides they made their way bare-footed to the vicinity of the tomb. Sharp rocks cut the soles of their feet, and the hot sand felt blistering. They inwardly longed to be shod in shoe-leather, but by no sign did they give betrayal of their discomfort.

Reaching the scene of the excavations they mingled with the throng. A number of Arabs were carting in dirt, rocks, and cement for the resealing of the inner tomb. Locke stooped down, heaved a hefty chunk of rock on his broad shoulder, and went in with the other men. Drake followed suit.

Fortune favoured them in the scheme they

Rogues stand in the dock, thanks to Ferrers Locke!

had in mind. It was clear that there was no likelihood of the inner chamber being resealed that day. A number of rocks and bags of cement were left lying about just inside the chamber near where the narrow corridor opened into it. Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake seized an opportunity when no one was looking and darted behind the cement bags.

The Arab workmen quit their job promptly on time—seven o'clock—that evening. The noises gradually ceased from outside the tomb. A grim, eerie silence ensued, broken only by the flapping of a bat's wings or the movements of one of the sentries beyond the distant outer chamber.

"Now, my boy," whispered Ferrers Locke, "take up your position by the entrance of that corridor to give me ample warning if anyone approaches."

While Drake kept "cave," the detective took out his electric torch and placed it on the hands of one of the guardian statues so that the light shone directly on to the mummy-case. Very reverently he raised the mummy in his arms, his intention being to examine the interior of the inscribed case. Then something seemed to snap, and the thing he held bent double in his hand.

For a moment Locke was aghast. Had he broken the precious human relic which once was monarch of the Egyptians? He lowered his burden and felt against the thin linen wrappings. Distinctly his fingers met a smooth, even edge.

Locke's knowledge of mummies and mummification had been obtained in museums and from books. But his keen eyes had noted one thing about the mummy before him. The face was yellowish in tint, as was correct in a mummy from the best Theban epoch. But the mummies of that period had also another characteristic—a peculiar suppleness and elasticity of the limbs. The investigator raised the mummy again by the feet, and he noted that there was a hardness and brittleness about the limbs.

His suspicions now thoroughly aroused, Ferrers Locke hastily began to unfasten the wrappings. It was slow work, but he had his reward. The wrappings, although old, were certainly nowhere near five thousand years of age. There were not so many of them as would be wrapped about a royal mummy. At last he had made a space, into which he peered by the light of his torch. Instead of mummified flesh, his eyes beheld a plaster cast!

It was enough.

"Drake," whispered Locke, crossing to the boy, "we can get away now. The mummy of Thothmes is not in this tomb!"

"Crumbs! Then Burrill himself had it removed?"

"Yes; he had it taken away to have a model made of it. No doubt the work was done secretly by Burrill himself in the village. Apparently he was unable to do the work in the tomb itself, for it would have taken two or three nights. At last, however, he fashioned a mummy so like the original one of the ancient Pharaoh that it would have deceived even the professor himself, unless the old man had made a detailed examination. Why Burrill has taken the mummy is a mystery still to be solved."

Together the sleuth and his assistant crept along the corridor towards the outer chamber, lighted by a solitary lantern. Suddenly a form rose from among some debris as they reached this chamber, and a revolver-shot whistled past the detective's head. A voice snapped out a command in Arabic.

Locke and Drake hurled themselves behind cover.

The man who had been lurking in the ruins and who had fired roared another command in Arabic. Two sentries came darting down the sloping narrow passage into the tomb. One held a lantern in his hand, and the additional light revealed the form of a broad, middle-aged Englishman crouching down, with a pistol in his hand. It was James Burrill!

Very quietly Locke drew his own revolver. He took careful aim. There was a flash of yellow flame, a deafening report that echoed through the tomb and again sent the bats wheeling madly, and a human yell of fear. Locke's shot had sent the pistol hurtling

from the hand of the startled Egyptologist. "Now, Burrill," cried Ferrers Locke, stepping out, "put up your hands!"

Instead of doing so, Burrill dashed madly up the sloping exit of the tomb, bowling the Arab guards to right and left of him. Despite the danger from the other men Locke had no desire to fire again. He dashed after Burrill, and Drake followed him. The Arabs cringed on the ground, frightened nearly out of their wits and calling upon Allah for aid.

The sleuth and Drake leaped over them, but Burrill had got a good start. They caught a glimpse of him under the stars which hung in the violet Egyptian sky, galloping madly off on the back of a white ass.

"Come on, Drake!" said Locke cheerily. "Let's trot back to the village. Burrill won't get away from us!"

Their feet felt sorer than ever by the time they reached the village. They called at the house where Burrill had resided, but the place was deserted. Their next move was to institute inquiries, through their friend the British official in whom they had confided.

Presently an old Arab was brought in. This fellow, in reply to questions in Arabic by the Political Officer, averred that Burrill had purchased two riding-camels from him that night. He stated that Burrill and his servant, an Arab named Hussein, had set off in an easterly direction.

"It looks to me," said the official, "as though Burrill was making for Kuseyr, the port on the shore of the Red Sea. Probably he intends to take boat from there out of the country."

"That I must stop him from doing at all costs," said Ferrers Locke. "Can you obtain the hire of some fast riding-camels and a couple of guides for me?"

After much bargaining with the old Arab the matter was arranged. An hour later Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake, still wearing their Arab disguises and accompanied by two trustworthy servants of the Political Officer, set out from Thebes. They had borrowed a couple of sporting rifles from the friendly official, too, and they had every hope of catching the Egyptologist.

Mounted on their riding-camels, they loped out through a valley between two ranges of mountains, and so into the desert beyond. The stars and a crescent moon peeped down at them from the velvet sky, and Jack Drake almost laughed with glee at the novel experience.

But this feeling of exhilaration did not last for long. A camel has a most peculiar stride, and the boy soon began to wish he could get off and walk. When he remembered that he had about a hundred miles to travel on his "ship of the desert" he groaned feebly.

"M-my hat!" he muttered. "This giddy camel of mine thinks it's practising the latest fox-trot, I think. Hi, you brute, don't spread your legs out so much! You nearly had me off that time! Crumbs, you're enough to give anybody the hump!"

But right through the night the little party went on their way. The sun came up—a great red ball of fire between the sand-hills of the desert. One of the guides picked up the tracks of two camels which had passed that way shortly before them. They accelerated their pace. Right ahead they saw a mirage of an oasis—a picture of palm-trees and water inverted in the sky. And as the mirage faded they perceived two black, moving specks on the desert.

"Egad, there they are!"

Uttering that exclamation, Ferrers Locke induced his camel to amble along faster and faster. Drake, despite much coaxing and persuading, could obtain no such result. But as the other three camels went ahead Drake's beast suddenly took the notion to get a hustle on, too.

Away it went, its long, ungainly legs moving awkwardly over the sand.

Soon it was clearly seen that it was Burrill and the Arab servant ahead. Burrill

turned and fired a revolver into the air, as though to scare off his pursuers. Locke's two Arabs drew rein in alarm. But the sleuth and the boy went on. Burrill began to draw farther ahead of his servant, whose camel was laden with some baggage.

As Ferrers Locke came up with the Arab, Hussein drew a long, curved sword, and slashed angrily at the head of the detective's mount. With a well-judged blow from the butt of his sporting-rifle, Ferrers Locke sent Hussein reeling from the saddle of his riding-camel on to the hot desert sand.

"Stop, there, Burrill!" roared the sleuth. "The game's up!"

He fired his sporting-rifle into the air. And, fearful of his life, the late second-in-command of the Allistair Expedition drew in his camel.

But whereas Burrill surrendered to the great English detective, he would say not a word as to the whereabouts of the missing mummy.

Locke and his party took Burrill and Hussein along with them to the port of Kuseyr, and handed them over to the Egyptian authorities.

Then, with a theory in his mind, the sleuth set out to make some further inquiries.

It struck him as probable that Burrill had arranged in advance to go to Kuseyr, in case of having to make a quick get-away from Thebes. So Locke, first of all, took note of what shipping was in the port. Among the ships was a small yacht, called the Frankisfurt, owned by a wealthy foreigner who was on a holiday tour.

As soon as Locke learnt this his face lighted.

"By Jove, my boy!" he said to Drake. "If I haven't hit upon the solution of the whole mystery of the missing mummy, you can call me a boob! The Frankisfurt is owned by Professor Carl von Weinbeck, the famous millionaire and collector of antiquities."

"But the mummy, sir?"

"You can bet that it has been sent, suitably disguised, by caravan from Thebes, for shipment aboard the Frankisfurt. Weinbeck is probably one of that type of collector who, if he sets his mind on possessing an antiquity of any kind, will never be happy until he gets it. No doubt he got round Burrill with a mighty big bribe to let him have the famous mummy of Thothmes. Burrill saw a safe way of doing it, and, but for our timely appearance at Thebes, I believe he would have succeeded in his foul design."

Locke's clever theory was proved correct. An examination was made of a number of articles which were stored in some sheds, awaiting to be put aboard the Frankisfurt. Among the number was an ancient boat of the Nile, wrapped in much canvas, which Weinbeck said he was taking as a gift to a Continental museum. The wrappings were taken from the boat. Inside, quite intact and unharmed, was the mummy-case and mummy of the great Thothmes I.

"Well," murmured Locke, after this discovery had been made, "I think that Burrill and Weinbeck will spend a nice long, restful holiday in an Egyptian gaol on account of their rotten scheme. And we can return to London, Drake, feeling that we have performed some slight service to Sir Cave Brender and Professor Allistair and the world at large, owing to our brief visit to the Land of the Pharaohs!"

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY'S
Powerful Detective
Story introduces LION, a
young Bloodhound which is
a remarkable specimen of
canine intelligence. On no
account must you miss
"A HOUND ON THE
TRAIL?"

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2:

RIVALS AND CHUMS!

(Continued from page 21.)

"What-ho!"

Loder and Skinner rushed for the door, but before they got there a dozen hefty boots were planted behind them.

"Yaroooooogh!" roared Loder.

"Wow-wow-wow!" yelled Skinner.

They were kicked forth into the open air, and they collapsed on the green sward of the football field in a heap.

They arose in hot haste, however, when they heard Harry Wharton & Co. coming.

Loder and Skinner took to their heels and ran as fast as their legs would take them. It was an undignified thing for Gerald Loder to do, but he cared nothing for decorum now.

The two cunning schemers disappeared through the gates of the ground, and Harry Wharton & Co. and Towler & Co. sent up loud roars of laughter.

When the victorious chums of the Remove returned to Greyfriars they found Skinner nursing a swollen nose and bathing a still more swollen eye. He had other wounds that hurt him sorely. The cad of the Remove was bemoaning his lot. Loder was responsible for his hurts, and Skinner felt that life was really not worth living.

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled. They had no sympathy for Skinner.

Loder kept himself carefully to himself

that evening and the following day. When he did come into contact with the Removites he scowled blackly at them. But no word passed his lips as to the indignities he had suffered at their hands in Towler & Co.'s pavilion.

Which was as well for Loder, for the consequences of publicity would have meant instant dismissal for him.

And while Loder and Skinner mourned like Rachael of old, and would not be comforted, Harry Wharton & Co. rejoiced; and when Mr. Tremaine came to tea again next day with the Famous Five, he received a warm welcome by the enthusiastic fellows of Greyfriars.

THE END.

(Don't miss "How Levison Minor Came to Greyfriars!"—next week's ripping story.)

CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE!

Readers' notices are inserted free of charge, when space permits.

William Speer, 18, Linthorpe Street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Interested in coins. All letters answered.

Ernest Burns, Bangalow Road, Byron Bay, New South Wales, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers who collect stamps. All letters answered.

Burnett E. Parks, 49, Gowrie Street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Interested in stamps.

Members wanted for a correspondence club. Write for particulars to F. W. Rimmer, 27, Walsingham Road, Seacombe, Cheshire.

Miss Dora Slack, 59, Lordsmill Street, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Miss Ida Ross, 4, Frankfield Terrace, Summerhill, South, Cork, Ireland, wishes to correspond with girl readers—French or American—ages 13-14.

Miss E. Teare, Baldromma, Lezayse, near Ramsey, Isle of Man, wishes to hear from readers interested in all literary subjects and sport. Age 17 upwards.

Wm. Hughes Jun., 31, Trafford Road, Eccles, Manchester, is desirous of organising a sketching and caricaturing club, and would like to hear from readers interested in cartooning, etc. All letters answered, and specimen cartoons sent free on request.

Ernest Cravino, 14, Nettle Street, Bendigo, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers. All letters answered.

Roy Edmonds, 11, Raper Street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Basil G. Yeend, Ellesmere Street, Kensington Park, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 18-20. All letters answered.

Lee-cpl. W. Adshead, 5172716, Drums,

2nd Gloucestershire Regt., Connaught Barracks, West Ridge, Rawal Pindi, India, and Drummer G. F. Walker, 5173467, wish to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers.

Members wanted for the Mill Road Sports Club. Apply Ronald Mann, Baldarroch, Mill Road, Yoker, near Glasgow. Within ten miles of Yoker. Swimming, cycling, boxing, football, cricket, etc. Cycling members specially wanted.

Cecil Zeeman, 3, Plein Street, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, especially U.S.A. All letters answered.

Walter Smart, 5, Woburn Road, Kimpston, Bedford, wishes to hear from a reader in Russia.

Miss M. Ingham, Coastguard-station, Berwick-on-Tweed, Northumberland, wishes to hear from readers of the Companion Papers. Ages 15-17.

Ernest Blundell, 43, Westgate, Sleaford, Lincs., wishes to correspond with readers in America, Canada, Australia, and anywhere else. Ages 16-19.

Maurice Webb, 81, Park Road, Lancaster, desires members for the Fourth Estate Club. Monthly magazine issued. All amateur journalists and literary readers should write.

Eric Radburn, 48, Latham Street, Bulwell, Nottingham, wishes to hear from readers anywhere. All topics, especially football. Ages 14-16.

Miss Bessie Hutton, 40, Hunter Street, Clarence Road, Cardiff, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Ages 16-17.

Len Cass, 6, Aberdeen Terrace, Scarborough, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

S. A. Dunn, 2, Dunkeld Street, West Derby Road, Liverpool, wishes to meet a Liverpool reader willing to partner him in the production of a first-class amateur magazine. All letters answered.

Edward Barnett, 21, Chiswick Lane, Chiswick, W.4, wishes to correspond with readers interested in fretwork. Ages 12-14.

Miss Coralie M. Standish, Spring Street Post Office, Paddington, W.2, wishes to correspond with readers.

Joe B. Altner, 78, St. Dominique Street, Quebec, Canada, wishes to

correspond with readers outside Canada, interested in stamps and coins.

Miss Doris Rider, 21, Sutton Place, Hackney, E., wishes to correspond with readers who are interested in painting. Ages 17 upwards.

David Briant, 47, Thornwood Drive, Partick, Glasgow, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-18, interested in fishing, photography, and coin collecting.

William M. Green, 58, Alliance Avenue, Hull, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16-18, in Hull district. Any subject.

Guardsman A. Hewitson, 2nd. Bn. Coldstream Guards, Brigade Police, Pirbright Camp, Brookwood, Surrey, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 20 upwards, living in Canada.

P. Norman, 48, Craven Street, Kingsland, Southampton, wishes to correspond with readers keen on going to Canada, also readers fond of adventure. All letters answered by return of post.

Christopher Sheridan, Main Street, Carlingford, Co. Louth, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers on the subject of stamp collecting, and the Companion Papers. Readers overseas especially asked.

Rfn. C. F. Bateman, D Company, 1st K.R.R.C., White Barracks, Quetta, India, wishes to correspond with readers.

Thomas Wm. West, Crossmacreevy, Moneyrea, Comber, Co. Down, Ireland, wishes to correspond with readers in London, New York, New Zealand, France, Spain, Italy, etc. All letters answered.

Edward Brown, c.o. Cutler & Wilson, P.O. Box 131, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. Ages 16-21. All letters answered.

Miss Lilian Blackburn, Homeleigh, College Road, Harrow Weald, Middlesex, wishes to correspond with readers. Ages 15-16.

Miss Vera Windscheffel, 10, Bruce Road, Wealdstone, Middlesex, wishes to correspond with readers. Ages 15-16.

James A. Aitken, c.o. Curtis, 81, Walter Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-18, in France, Spain, and other European countries; also with readers in the Colonies.



YOURS for 6^d.

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain free with every watch. Ladies' or Gent's Wrist Watches in stock on same terms. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to—

SIMPSON'S (BRIGHTON) Ltd. (Dept. 122)
94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex

WHY BE SHORT?—If a few extra inches are what you need, commence the Givran Scientific Treatment at once. Carried out in your own home, quite privately. Your friends will be astonished at the improvement in your appearance. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. You will work, eat, and sleep better. Send P.O. for particulars and £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.F., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.

□ WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER □

Yours for 6^d. only

THE GREATEST BARGAIN

TERMS ever put before the British Public by one of LONDON'S OLDEST-ESTABLISHED MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

Free An absolutely FREE Gift of a Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert, with Seal attached, given FREE with every Watch.

Specification: Gents' Full-size Keyless Lever Watch, improved action; fitted patent recoil click, preventing breakage of mainspring by overwinding.

10 YEARS' WARRANTY.

Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit; after approval, send 1/6 more. The balance may then be paid by 9 monthly payments of 2/- each. Cash refunded in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to

J. A. DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. 87), 26, Denmark Hill,
London, S.E.5.



WIRELESS MAKE YOUR OWN SET

The mysteries of Wireless made clear.
WIRELESS FOR ALL - - - 6d.
and its sequel
SIMPLIFIED WIRELESS - - - 1/-

At all booksellers or 1/9 post free from
RADIO PRESS } 3, Devereux Buildings,
W.C. 2.

1/2 PRICE. The 'PICCOLO-ORGAN'

Fine Model Accordion, 10 x 10 x 5 1/2 ins., Piano-Finished. 11-Fold Metal-Bound Belows, 3 Sets Reeds, 3 Stops, 10 Keys, 2 Bases, Etc. Sweet Piccolo to Powerful Organ Tones. Sent by Return Post, to approved orders, for 1/- Deposit and 1/3 Postage, and promise to send 2/- fortnightly till 25/- in all is paid. Cash Price, 21/-, Post Free (Elsewhere Double). A Delight or Money Back. **FREE**—New Illus. Catalogue, "Big" Bargains. Accordions 12/6 to 42/-, Gramophones, Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Novelties, Toys, Etc. — **PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE**, Dept. 9B, HASTINGS. (Established 34 years.)



HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS. 5/- Complete Course.

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials, stamp.—**Melvin Strong, Ltd.** (Dept. 8.), 10, Ludgate Hill, London, Eng.



£2,000 Worth of Cheap Job Photographic Material, Cameras, &c. Send at Once for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES, FREE.—**HACKETTS WORKS**, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL, E.

CHOOSE 40 STAMPS FOR 6d. from packet of 500, 2d. postage.
B. L. CORYN, 19, Wave Crest, Whitstable, Kent.

All you require—Boots, Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Overcoats, Accordions, Watches, Rings, Clocks, etc., from 4/- monthly. Write for free catalogue to **Masters, Ltd.**, 6, Hope Stores, Rye, Sussex.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.

Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9. 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special New Offer**—Your own name in gilt letters on either pen for 1/- extra.

Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.

NN

400
MODEL
£5.15
CASH



12 1/2 a Month

is all you pay for our No. 400A lady's or gentleman's Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycles ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Built to stand hard wear. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled, exquisitely lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid on **15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and Accessories 33 1/2% below shop prices. Buy direct from the factory and save pounds. How a seven-year-old MEAD which had traversed 75,000 miles, beat 650 up-to-date machines and broke the world's record by covering 34,366 miles in 365 days is explained in our art catalogue. Write TO-DAY for free copy—brimful of information about bicycles and contains gigantic photographs of our latest models.

MEAD CYCLE CO. (Inc.)
(Dept. 8797)
Birmingham



RHEUMATISM

NEARLY ENDS WALKER'S CAREER. Now, thanks to URACE, he breaks World's Record.

Paddington Recreation Ground. Sirs.—I suffered from acute Rheumatism. My knees, ankles and thumbs being terribly swollen. A friend advised me to try URACE; very soon the terrible pains had vanished, and to my astonishment I was back on the track again. My recent record-breaking walk from London to Edinburgh, of 420 miles in 82 hrs. 5 mins. 44 2-5 secs., proves I have rid my system of Uric Acid by your valuable preparation "URACE."—Yours faithfully, **GEO. CUMMINGS**, World's Professional Walking Champion.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system, and prevents its reappearance. This is why it CURES, and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per box. From Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 108, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

URACE TABLETS

1/3, 3/- & 5/-
From Boots and
all Chemists.

WONDERSCOPE



Every Boy should possess this Scientific Novelty, indispensable for Botany, Chemistry, Zoology, containing Field and Opera Glass, Telescope, Stereoscope, Burning, Reading and Magnifying Glass, and Compass. **Finished in Metal, 1/6; Ivorine, 1/9; Best finish Strong Lens, 2/-** Send Stamp for Lists.

L. MANN & CO., 13, Red Lion Square, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CIGARETTE PICTURE ALBUMS

Have a "Cyg-Pyc." Holds 50 at one view.

A necessity to all Cigarette Picture Collectors.

£25 in cash **PRIZES** also particulars of our gift of a wonderful Pocket Knife.

Price post free: One, 9d., three, 1/10, six for 3/4. Send Postal Orders. Thousands already sold.

THE GORDON BUSH Co., 16, Qt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK B. HUGHES**, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE YOURS if you will. "Training for Great Strength" will show you how. Health is of greater value than the 1/-, which is returned if dissatisfied.—**CHAS. G. TREVOR**, 17, Penford Street, S.E.5.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **UNION JACK SERIES**, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

