



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums. Write to him when you are in trouble or need advice. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a speedy reply. Letters should be addressed: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

FREE GIFTS!

I AM never happier than when I am using those magic words in my chat to the thousands of MAGNET readers who have given me their loyal support, for if ever any body of readers deserved FREE GIFTS it's Magnetites. And Magnetites are going to get 'em! Top-hole Free Gifts that will be the envy of every fellow who isn't a reader of our grand little paper. These Free Gifts will put in the shade any other Free Gifts that have ever been presented with other boys' papers. Top-hole, scrumptious, magnificent—I can see these and many other hearty ejaculations leaping to your lips the moment FREE GIFT NUMBER ONE is in your hands, for Magnetites are ever ready to give praise where praise is due, and are never lacking in enthusiasm. And it's a series of Free Gifts, remember; not just a big show for one week—a series—I really must have that word in italics! Now, you Magnetites, aren't you feeling mighty pleased with yourselves? Aren't you glad that you've stuck to the old paper? Of course! What form are these Gifts going to take is the natural query that springs

to your mind as you read these words. What form? Why, it's— But that's telling! Just you keep an eye open for next week's chat. You'll find there full particulars of this A 1 treat, and, what's more, you haven't very long to wait before Gift No. 1 arrives. How's that, boys? Grand, isn't it?

A NEW SERIES!

It's only right and proper that the special issues of the MAGNET containing these Free Gifts should contain special programmes. Right, then! In our first Free Gift Number there will start a ripping new series of Greyfriars stories dealing with a treasure quest in the South Seas. That'll please you, I know. Wait a moment; I can add to that pleasure, for Tom Redwing—you all remember him—figures in this delightful series. Wait another moment—Mr. Frank Richards has turned up real trumps, for he's lengthening these new stories of Harry Wharton & Co. Think of that, you fellows who have been writing in, asking for longer Greyfriars yarns. Doesn't that prove once again what an obliging fellow your favourite author

is? Doesn't it show that he takes a real, live interest in the thousands of chums he will never see, but whose letters he reads with as much enthusiasm as you read his stories? Don't forget, then, longer Greyfriars yarns will arrive with the first of our Free Gifts.

A NEW SERIAL!

More good news! A new serial, and, Jove, chums, it's a real good 'un! Stanton Hope is the author, and you know him of old. He's travelled round the globe, he's roughed it in mining camps, lumber camps—everywhere where hard knocks have had to be taken, where experience was to be gained, Stanton Hope has been. And you fellows will get the benefit of his travels in a magnificent serial story that deals with a thrilling gold rush to the land of the midnight sun. The story will hold your interest from the kick-off, for it comes from the master pen of a man who has "been there." Don't lose sight of this coming treat, chums.

MORE "SHOCKERS!"

And, of course, we're not leaving our old friend Dicky Nugent out in the cold. Not a bit of it. He's been busy on a special series of St. Sam's yarns, and, take it from me, they're real screams. This is a programme you chaps will be able to talk about when you meet that fellow who isn't a MAGNET reader. And you won't forget to mention the FREE GIFTS. As I remarked early on, more about these handsome gifts next week.

ROLLING IN MONEY! When Billy Bunter, the most impecunious member of the Greyfriars Remove—the fellow who borrows “tanners” and “bobs” from all and sundry—comes into possession of unlimited fivers, his Form-fellows rub their eyes and wonder if they are dreaming. But it’s no dream; there’s Bunter, large as life—there are the fivers! And the next question is to whom do these fivers really belong?

Bunter, The Bad Lad!



A Splendid New Extra-Long Story of Harry Wharton & Co., the Cheery Chums of Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Different Bunter!

A MILLION pounds!" Peter Todd jumped. "Eh?" he exclaimed. "A million pounds!" muttered Billy Bunter abstractedly. "Oh, my hat!"

There was a deep wrinkle of thought in the podgy brow of the fattest junior in the Remove at Greyfriars, a circumstance, coupled with the ejaculation he had made, that caused Peter Todd to eye his study-mate with some concern. As Bunter was seldom given to thinking, unless it were upon matters affecting his capacious appetite, and as he was undoubtedly the most impecunious member of the Remove, his reference to a million pounds was certainly enough to raise alarm in any breast. And Peter Todd, who constituted himself Bunter's guardian, really did feel alarmed.

"You sure you're all right?" he asked gently.

Billy Bunter blinked through his big spectacles.

"Eh?"

"You haven't been out in the sun and caught sunstroke?" ventured Peter solicitously.

"Fathead!" snorted Bunter.

Peter Todd heaved a sigh of relief. That was more like the Bunter with whom he was accustomed to deal. Evidently Bunter hadn't got a touch of sunstroke as Peter had at first supposed.

"A million pounds!" muttered Bunter thoughtfully. "A million—"

Peter Todd's suspicions returned. A fellow who was known to be stony seven days out of the week, and who kept muttering about such a handsome sum of money as a million pounds, was undoubtedly suffering from delusions. Such a fellow, Peter reflected, had to be humoured.

"You've got a million quids, old fat man?" he asked.

"Mad!" he muttered. "Mad as a hatter!"

"I shall stand a study spread every day," went on Bunter reflectively.

"That will be a change, old chap, and—"

"And I shall ask my friends. But I don't want any familiarity from you, Peter Todd. You're a bit of a beast, you know, and your table manners are simply awful!"



As the last carriage but one came abreast of him, Billy Bunter heard the sound of upraised voices in one of the compartments. Next moment something flew out of a window. Thud! "Yaroooooh!" A wild howl escaped Bunter, as a tightly-packed roll of papers struck him, with no little force, on the tip of his podgy nose. (See Chapter 4.)

O'Reilly, "there won't be much change from the five hundred, begorrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The news that Bunter senior had amassed a fortune of a million pounds or more had spread throughout the Remove like fire. Certainly it provided a fresh topic of conversation. The newspaper cutting had been pinned to the notice-board for all and sundry to see, Billy Bunter being a great believer in self-advertisement. And yet although the report was there right enough, the majority of the juniors in the Remove felt that something was wrong somewhere.

Billy Bunter's airy talk of five hundred pounds had been swallowed—up to a point. It would be swallowed whole, so to speak, when the five hundred pounds turned up. But at the moment, millionaire's son or not, the fat Owl of the Remove was just as impecunious as he was before his pater's sudden rise to fortune.

brotherly affection, therefore, Bunter major slipped his arm through that of his minor's and piloted him towards the door of the Common-room.

"What's this fool's game?" demanded Sammy, detaching himself from that brotherly grasp. "I haven't got any tin, if that's what you're after!"

"You silly ass!" breathed Bunter major thickly. "We must keep up appearances."

"Rather!" said the Owl of the Remove, blinking longingly at the cricket-bag full of tuck.

"Sure the walk won't tire you out?"

as the last carriage but one came abreast of him he heard raised voices in one of the compartments. Next moment something flew out of a window.

Thud!

"Yaroooooh!"

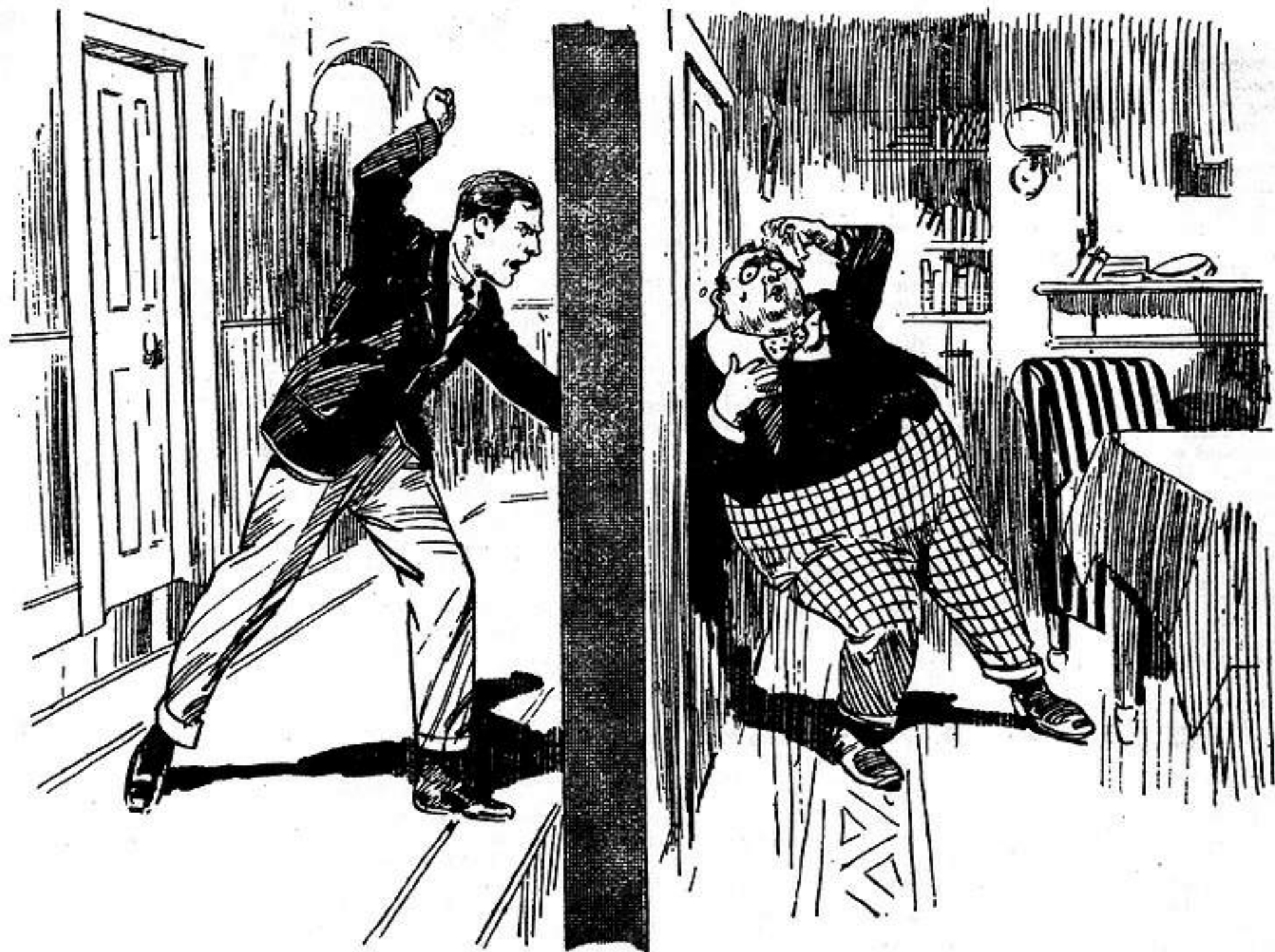
A wild howl escaped Bunter as what appeared to be a tightly-packed roll of papers struck him with no little force on the tip of his pod

"Apparently the chap had won a pile of money at the races," said Wharton. "Five hundred pounds, so it said in the paper, and he must have been followed from the course by a footpad."

"Did the footpad merchant get away with the spoils?"

Wharton shook his head.

"That's the funny part about it," he said. "The chap who was attacked, knew that it was



Billy Bunter tore open the door of Study No. 7, and rushed inside. Slam! The door was banged to, the key was turned in the lock, and Bunter leaned against the door, drinking in great gulps of air. Crash! Horace Coker's big fist smashed against the panels, and Coker's big voice backed it up. "Open this door, you fat frog! I'll smash you!" "Yah!" yelled Bunter. "Go and fry your face!" (See Chapter 8.)

faintly. "Do I sleep, do I dream, do I wonder and doubt, are things what they seem, or is visions about?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter's told the truth for once!" ejaculated Frank Nugent.

"Great Scott!" gasped Wharton. "It's a genuine fiver!"

"Of course it is!" snorted Billy Bunter. "Do you think my pater would send me a dud one?"

"Well, if he's made a million of 'em in a few weeks," said Skinner, "I should imagine there's a good number of dud ones amongst them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But the Removites, although they appreciated Harold Skinner's joke, could see that the fiver was a genuine one.

persisted Skinner. "They would have been stopped by Quelchy."

"That's true," agreed Snoop. "But perhaps Bunter met his pater or something. After all, it's no business of ours how much a chap gets from his father, is it?"

"I suppose not," said Skinner, biting his lip; "but I believe there's something fishy about the whole business."

Snoop and St







