

THIS WEEK'S

MARVEL

Library Contains a Thrilling Tale of

TOM SAYERS,

The Great Boxer and Popular Actor, by

A. S. HARDY.

Printing Set Coupon No. 6. See page 291.



The object of THE BOYS' FRIEND is to Amuse, to Instruct, and to Advise Boys.

No. 487.—Vol. X. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 8, 1910.

# SEXTON BLAKE; FOREMAN.



A NEW SERIAL  
OF THE  
GREAT DETECTIVE.

J.M. Dodder

Some of the Grand Incidents You Will Read of in This Week's Chapters of "Sexton Blake, Foreman." Start Now.









HOW TO DEVELOP MUSCLE.

A Superb Series of Articles Specially Written for THE BOYS' FRIEND by the World-Famed SANDOW.

NOT so many years ago a delicate little lad of ten was taken to Italy by his father, and was much impressed by the finely-developed forms of sculptured figures of ancient athletes in the art galleries at Rome and Florence.

The little boy never forgot those muscular figures, and intended one day to become strong like them. He exercised at the gymnasium, but made very little progress until he was eighteen years old, when he commenced to study anatomy. His studies enabled him to build up a system of exercises which gave each individual muscle a movement, and developed each part of the body in perfect proportion.

In three years' time—when he was one-and-twenty—our delicate little lad had become famous for his strength, had defeated the man who was regarded as the strongest man in the world, and had secured an engagement at £150 a week to exhibit his feats of strength.

Such is the brief story of my life until I brought before the public the Sandow system of exercise, which is now practised daily by some millions of persons in every country in the world.



Exercise 1.—Ready Position.

It is not my intention, however, to worry you with the accounts of what I have done. I merely wish to show you that what has been done once can be done again, and I will show you exactly what movements I performed to build up my strength, and how you can effect a marvelous improvement in your muscular development in a wonderfully short space of time.

You will not be asked to carry out a huge number of intricate, monotonous movements, and live on special diet. I only want you to give me from five to fifteen minutes first thing in the morning, and do just what I tell you. You will find the work easy and pleasant, you will look forward to it with eager anticipation, and you will soon enjoy the realisation of better-developed arms, a bigger, stronger chest, better-shaped legs, and perfect physical fitness.

Exercises for the Biceps and Triceps.

We will begin with the arms, and I will give you two movements to perform which will increase the size of the biceps, strengthen and fill out

the triceps, and also give you a better forearm. The movements should be performed fairly slowly, and on no account "jerk" the movements.

Concentrate your mind on the muscles brought into play, and think of nothing but "arms, arms, arms" all the time you are exercising. At the end of a week you will find an improvement in your arm measurement, and you will be able to set the muscles "as firm as a rock."

Here are the exercises. Read them over carefully, and fully understand them before commencing work:

EXERCISE 1.—READY POSITION.

Turn the inner side of the arm fully to the front and press the upper arm against the side.

MOVEMENT.—Raise the right hand to the shoulder, exercising full tension all the way, straighten out the right arm again, at the same time raising the left arm to the shoulder. Muscles: Biceps and Triceps.

EXERCISE 2.—READY POSITION.

Turn the outer side of the arm to the front with the knuckles upward.

MOVEMENT.—Same as in Exercise 1, bringing the knuckles close up to the shoulders.

Note.—In Exercises 1 and 2 the upper arm must be pressed close to the side throughout the exercises. Muscles: Biceps and Triceps.

Exercise with the window wide open—keep out of a draught, though—strip to the waist, and stand in front of a looking-glass, if possible, to aid you in fixing the mind on the muscles exercised. Perform each movement about a dozen times, and immediately after have a quick cold bath or a sponge-down, drying the body vigorously with a rough towel till the skin glows.

If you cannot exercise in the early morning, do so later in the day when most convenient, but never exercise

within two hours of a meal—this is most important.

In order that you can see how quickly your measurements increase, I give below a measurement form, which I advise you to copy out on a sheet of paper, leaving thirteen blank spaces on the right-hand side, in which to enter your progress every week. When the form is full—at the end of three months—you will be amazed at the improvement, provided you have carried out my instructions accurately—and they are not very difficult so far, are they?

(Another splendid article by Sandow next Tuesday.)



Fig 2

Exercise 2.—Ready Position.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In order that every reader of this article may benefit from the exercises given above, arrangements have been made to give every boy a free trial of Sandow's world-famous spring-grip dumbbells, and for full particulars see announcement on page 302.

SANDOW'S MEASUREMENT FORM.

Exercises Commenced.....

Measurements.	1st Week.	2nd Week.	3rd Week.	4th Week.	5th Week.
Age.....					
Weight.....					
Height.....					
Neck.....					
Chest Contracted.....					
Chest Expanded.....					
Upper Right Arm.....					
Upper Left Arm.....					
Right Forearm.....					
Left Forearm.....					
Waist.....					
Right Thigh.....					
Left Thigh.....					
Right Calf.....					
Left Calf.....					

THE TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF A BOY SCOUT.

Our Helpful Series That Will Interest All Boys, Whether Scouts or Not.

Map-Making.

A LOT of chaps have written in to me about map-making.

They are nearly First-Class Scouts, have passed most of their tests, but doing the necessary sketch-map stumps them.

"I don't know how to set about it," says one. "I can draw a decent enough map from a copy, but when it comes to making one of the actual ground I'm walking on, I'm fairly done!"

Well, here are some tips that may help you.

In the first place, do not attempt to draw a map of a square piece of land about three miles across. It is practically impossible to anyone without instruments, unless he has been trained to it. I always teach my boys to draw simply the road they go along, and the ground, say, a couple of hundred yards on either side of it.

This is the sort of map that Army scouts are sent out to prepare. And I am quite sure that if it is well done—that means accurate, clear, and neat—any scoutmaster would pass it for the First-Class Test.

But even with a road it is not easy to get all the turns and twists in it right. You find, as you get towards the end, that you have got this bit of road too long and the other too short—this one pointing too far north, and this one too far east.

But you can make the job a great deal easier by using what is called "The Straight Road Method."

It is a system used by the Cavalry in India, and is very simple indeed.

You start out with a notebook, the pages of which you rule up as in Fig. 1. The middle space represents the road you are on, the space either side of it represents the ground one hundred, two hundred, three hundred yards on either side of it, as the case may be.

In the road, at the bottom of the first page in your notebook, you put the direction in which the road is going when you start off. Then every time it turns you just jot down the direction it takes in the same way. You don't draw the turn to right or left in your notebook—you don't do that till you make your completed map later on. You just jot down "Direction N.E.," or whatever it is, in that middle column, and go straight on.

When another road turns out of your road, to right or left, you mark that down, on the proper side, with the compass directed in which way it points, and where it leads to. Rivers, bridges, railways crossing the road, you also mark in the same way. Tram lines, too, and telegraph wires should be put in.

Hills the road passes over you mark with a line along the roadside, show-

ing where the bottom comes, the crest, and the bottom on the other side.

If you can make a good guess at the gradient—say one in seven—put that down. If not, put just "steep," "very steep," or "gradual," as the case may be. (There is a formula for working out gradients, but it is too mathematical to put in here. If any of you would care to know it, just drop me a line.)

Things on either side of the road—houses, farms, woods, crops, orchards,

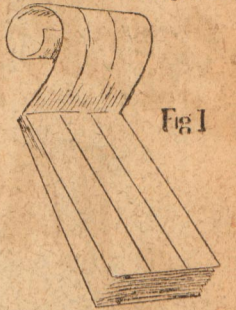


Fig 1

The Map-making Notebook.

hills, churches, forges, railways, rivers, ponds, post-offices, anything almost that is likely to be there next time you pass—you put down in the side columns—on the right if you find them on the right-hand side of the road, on the left if they are on the left.

Just a little hint here. Never put down anything on the side of the road till you come up abreast of it. Things look in quite different positions when they are a little way ahead.

Now, for marking distance. Doing a rough map like this, you fellows ought to travel at about three miles an hour. That's a mile in twenty minutes. So every twenty minutes put a short line on your road in your notebook just after the last note you made, and call it a mile.

Remember that it does not matter a button how much space a mile takes up in your notebook. In one mile you may have enough things put down to fill three pages. Let 'em do it. In the next there may not be a thing to note. Put your mile-mark bang next to the last one. It's only when you come to make out your finished map—I'm coming to that later—that each mile must be the same length.

This, of course, is a rough way of calculating distance, but it works out pretty correctly, and you are only doing a rough map. Nobody expects you to get your mileage mathematically exact.

THE SCOUTMASTER.

(This ripping article, with some more diagrams, will be continued next Tuesday.)

Look Out for the Cover of the MARVEL.

An Extra Long, Complete and Thrilling Tale of

TOM SAYERS,

THE POPULAR BOXER,

THE FAVOURITE ACTOR,

By ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Is in the

MARVEL

Library

ON SALE THIS WEEK.

Price 1d.

Two long, complete tales in this week's MARVEL of Tom Sayers and Jack, Sam and Pete.

THIS WEEK!

TOM SAYERS THE GREAT BOXER IN HAMMERSMITH.

Tom Sayers!

Read the Thrilling, Long, Complete Tale of this

Popular

Boxer-Actor, by Arthur S. Hardy, in This Week's

Marvel—Price 1d.







By the Clever Author of "Sunken Millions," etc., etc.



**Our Stirring New Poor Boy Serial.**

**FOR NEW READERS.**

This is our superb new poor boy and railway story, in which you read of JACK POSTERN, otherwise "The Dodger," who, through lack of parents and home, has become a railway waif, hanging about stations, carrying bags, and doing any odd job to earn an honest penny. Mrs. BRISTOWE, the widow of an unscrupulous railway clerk, who lost his life under tragic circumstances. He was the accomplice of "RIP" KELLY, a real bad lot, who, with Bristowe's aid, attempts to rob the North Briton express of specie.

The Dodger is seized by Bristowe in a railway goods shed, and is convicted and sentenced to five years in a reformatory for loitering. While in the shed, however, Jack overhears a plot between Bristowe and Rip Kelly, and it is his intention to expose their villainy.

He escapes from the reformatory, and raises an alarm of the intended robbery, and Rip Kelly is captured with the specie in his bag.

Our young hero is offered a berth on the railway, and, there being few positions open to him at the time owing to his poor education, he becomes a van-boy.

He goes to live with Mrs. Bristowe (whose husband has since died), and is kindness itself to her—inducing the railway company to give her a stall at the station.

As time goes on Jack earns promotion, until he eventually has charge of a parcels office.

One day, however, an insured parcel is lost, and Jack, almost demented, goes in search of it. His quest takes him to a lonely moorland cottage, and there he falls into clutches of Rip Kelly.

The Dodger receives fearful injuries in the wreck of the boat train, and is not expected to live.

He recovers, however, and is sent by the railway authorities in search of the Duke of Dublin's daughter, who is missing. The girl is discovered.

Sir John Willet, the manager of the railway, blames Jack Postern for the lost parcel, and refuses to pay him the £1,000 for the recovery of the duke's daughter. Owing to this injustice and meanness, the Dodger claims the reward, and in consequence of this he is dismissed from the service, and Mrs. Bristowe is also removed.

This action causes a great stir among the railway workers, who set fire to the depot. The great blaze is got in hand, and the Dodger begs of the riotous workmen to make for their respective homes.

He is threading his way through the groups of workmen, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, he is struck down.

"It's the Rip, as I live!" came the cry, and many others took up the shout.

"After him!" "Catch him!" "It's the Rip!"

(Now read this week's instalment.)

**The Runaway Excursion.**

A SCORE of persons dashed off in hot pursuit of the Rip, whilst others removed the prostrate form from the road, and crowded round in eager efforts to revive it.

"Better let them know round in Calgate Street," said a woman's voice among the throng.

"Who'll go?" "You had better, Saunderson," answered someone; "you know them best."

And as the pursuers one by one returned breathless, to explain that the Rip had got clean away, Saunderson moved sadly off to break the news to Mrs. Bristowe.

That evening every paper in the country was full of the stirring events at Calworth. The Dodger's part in the proceedings figured largely. Under the heading "Later" came the news of the cowardly attack that had been made upon him. In the first accounts he was reported killed, but among the stop-press items it was stated that his injury was not so serious as at first feared. He had been taken to his home, but was still unconscious.

It was midday next day when the group outside the little home in Calgate Street, waiting anxiously to hear the result of the doctor's visit, was

As they entered the room, Mrs. Bristowe stood in an expectant attitude, as if waiting to hear the object of Lady Helen's visit. The latter was not long in explaining.

"I read of the wicked outrage on Mr. Postern," she exclaimed—and the colour came and went in her cheeks as she spoke, whilst her pretty lips twitched as she framed the words. "I felt I must come to see if I could do anything for him. I owe my life, my reason—everything to him." There was a note of deep anxiety in her voice as she spoke. "I told father I must come, and he quite agreed. Do you mind?"

Mrs. Bristowe looked at her intently for a moment. Then the sweet, simple sympathy of the girl overcame her. She fell a victim to that subtle charm that had woven its spell so potently about the Dodger. "Of course not," she answered at last.

"I want to nurse him myself. May I?" said Lady Helen.

Mrs. Bristowe protested at first, but finally consented conditionally on her being allowed to share in the duty.

"But," she went on, "I hope there will not be much nursing needed." At the words every spark of colour fled from Lady Helen's face. She went white to the lips as an awful fear seized her. Next moment the blood rushed through her veins again, as Mrs. Bristowe said:

"He is not nearly so bad as was at first thought. I will go up and tell him you are here."

Meanwhile Lady Helen gave directions to the footman, who brought out from the car a bag and other packages, and when Mrs. Bristowe returned, Lady Helen ran forward to meet her.

"I have brought quite a hospital with me!" she exclaimed brightly. "And I am afraid I came prepared for a long stay. May I have my bag brought in?"

Upstairs the Dodger lay propped up in bed, a deathlike pallor on his face. He had recovered consciousness the previous night. The skull had not been fractured, as was supposed, and there was no reason that in a day or two he should not be about again. When Mrs. Bristowe brought

him the news of Lady Helen's arrival a momentary flush rose to his cheeks and he caught his breath.

"You never told me how pretty she was," said Mrs. Bristowe a little reproachfully. "I think she is simply sweet!"

The Dodger looked her squarely in the face, with a happy, grateful smile.

"Yes, she is all that," he said simply. And then he waited in a fever of excitement until he heard Lady Helen's steps upon the stairs.

He could hardly control himself to speak naturally as she entered the room.

"You are my patient now!" she cried almost gleefully, as she came across to him and took his outstretched hand. She pressed it in simple friendship, as she had done on Bramley Flat. "I owe so much to you that, although it is a horrid thing to say, I feel quite glad to have the opportunity of being able to nurse you."

She spoke in little, quick, nervous, jerky sentences, and the Dodger found difficulty in framing words to answer.

"Oh, you must not do that! I could not hear of it!"

"Oh, but I must—and shall!"

And so she installed herself as his nurse, and, little by little, during the course of the day, she learned from the Dodger the whole of the men's side of the great dispute. It bore no resemblance to the accounts that had reached her before, all coloured by the prejudice of her uncle, the chairman of the company. He, in his turn, it is only fair to say, had been misled by the permanent officials.

By degrees, as she listened, she came to understand the years of tyranny and oppression which these men had patiently borne—the injustice, the wrongs that had been done them, the misery they had endured, and her young heart swelled with sympathy.

In simple phrases the Dodger painted word-pictures of the bleak and barren homes, denuded of their furniture and of their little possessions, fireless and cold; the cry of the hungry children; the tired, starving wives, and the weary, distracted men.

He spoke of incidents which wrung her heart as of trifles of everyday occurrence. Unconsciously, she gave her a vivid impression of the gloom and misery among the whole of the working population of Calworth.

Late in the afternoon, she felt she could bear it no longer. This was the cause in which the Dodger was every day risking his life! From that moment it was her cause too. She must do something to help. She would write to her father about it.

As Jack heard her—for he had no notion of how his words had impressed her—a great wave of admiration surged through him.

In answer to Lady Helen's letter, the little duke himself appeared in Calgate Street next morning, and made his way, chattering as ever, direct to the Dodger's room.

"May I come in?" he said at the door; and, without waiting for a reply, went on: "I hear from that erratic young girl of mine that nothing will please her but to take a hand in this strike, and she wants you to see her uncle. Now, you know, he is not my brother—only my sister's husband—and I will not be answerable for him. He is not in the least like me. You won't find him exactly friendly towards you. The thing is to get him to know you. But in the meanwhile I want to warn you that he looks upon you as a sort of cheap rascal. He spends most of his life nowadays softly swearing at you under his breath. My opinion is that he would not in the least object to paying a handsome sum to anyone who'd quietly take you off and shanghai you on a desert island. Don't, for goodness' sake, tell him that I said all this. I only want to warn you as a personal friend."

So far the Dodger had not been able to get in a single word, and a great part of what the duke was saying was so much Greek to him. He had no notion what Lady Helen had written to her father, and her proposal that he himself should interview the chairman of the company came as a surprise to him.

The little man rattled on: "I will give you an introduction to Trimley with pleasure, and I will jolly well see that he receives you. That much I can do, but what the outcome of it will be I do not know. Between you and me and the bedpost, I have a very shrewd suspicion that if you once get hold of him you won't let go your hold until you have got what you want, whatever that may be. I don't understand this strike business a bit. It seems a great pity to cause a lot of needless suffering. I never quarrel with my workpeople—but, then, I'm not a business man. I understand that you want to get it settled, and certainly you have my best wishes."

And so the very first day that Jack was able to leave his bed he found himself, weak and shaken, awaiting admission to the great man's private sanctum in the company's offices at Calworth.

Lord Trimley did not deign to look up from his desk as the Dodger was shown in.

"Well?" he said, continuing his writing. "What is it you want?"

The Dodger walked across to the large mahogany roll-top desk, and, before replying, took stock of the man who, he instinctively felt, was his adversary.

The little duke was certainly justified in saying that his brother-in-law was not like himself.

Lord Trimley was a large, full-bodied man, with a heavy black moustache, bushy black eyebrows, a round bald head, steel-grey eyes, and a prominent chin. He was immaculately dressed in a well-fitting morning-coat, with a white waistcoat, although it was mid-winter. His whole appearance spoke of a business-like ability.

"I have come to see you about the strike," the Dodger said at length.

Lord Trimley deliberately finished the letter he was writing, slowly wiped his pen, laid it down, and then turned in his swivel-chair and looked up.

"Indeed! Have you? And whom may I have the honour of addressing?"

The Dodger knew that Lord Trimley was perfectly aware who he was.

"My name," he answered, "is Jack Postern."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lord Trimley. "Then you are the individual to whom we are indebted for this monstrous outbreak?"

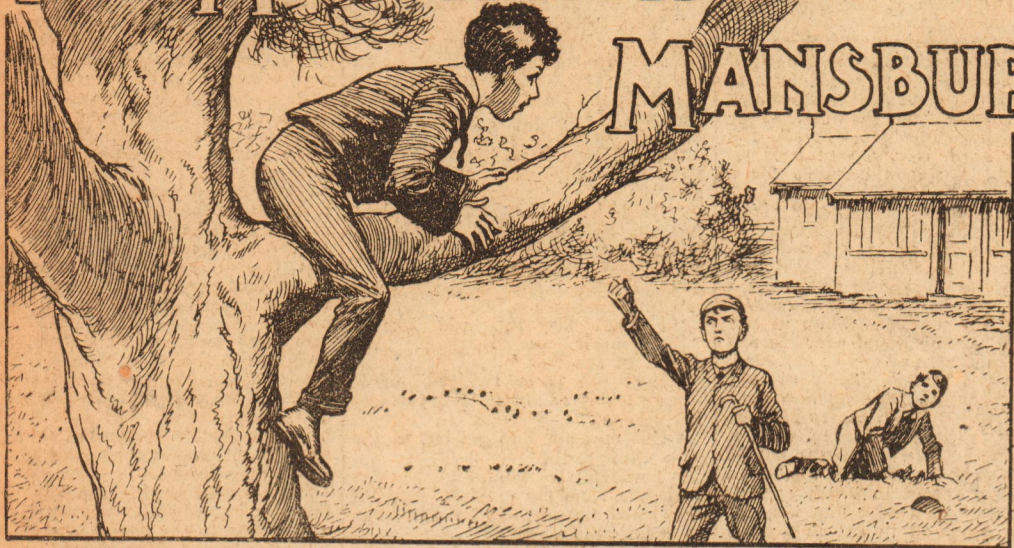
"That," replied the Dodger very quietly, "is no doubt the account that has reached your ears. I came to see you because I hoped that, as head of this great organisation, you might care to know the truth."



Only a few yards now separated the trains. Suddenly, to his horror, Jack saw the plight of the panic-stricken passengers in the runaway excursion. Next instant, a woman leapt from the train and fell sprawling on the permanent-way.



# THE MARATHON AT MANSBURY



A Grand Long, Complete Story of School Life and Adventure.

## THE 1st CHAPTER.

### An Exciting Announcement.

**S**O there was to be a marathon race at Mansbury! Yes—that was the news that spread through the school that memorable Saturday morning, and it formed the chief topic of conversation among the majority of the three hundred and fifty boys there assembled.

It was only a rumour at first, but it soon received official confirmation. For at twelve o'clock that day, when morning lessons were over, the boys found a notice on the games board in the quadrangle setting forth particulars of the contest.

It appeared that an old Mansbury pupil, a great athlete who had won the mile championship at Stamford Bridge, had offered a silver challenge cup for an annual long-distance race, to be run on the last Saturday of the spring term.

The challenge cup, of course, would be the property of the school, to be kept in a place of honour in the boarding-house of the winner, but the latter would receive for his own keeping a gold medal as a memento of the occasion.

"Further particulars," the notice said, "would be duly announced."

After a great deal of scurraming—for everyone was eager to read the notice—Jack Harold, of Rivington's, and his chum Peter Morley, contrived to get in front of the board, and read what was set forth on it. Having done so, they elbowed their way out of the throng of boys and proceeded to discuss the matter.

"It don't say what the distance is," said Jack. "A real marathon race is ever so far, isn't it?"

"Over twenty-six miles," answered Peter, who made athletics of all kinds a special study. "But ours won't be so long as that, I'll bet. You see, they call them marathons now at almost any distance."

"I don't suppose we shall be allowed to go more than five or six miles."

"Why not? The Crick at Rugby is nearly thirteen, and I guess we can run as far as they can. But that's the longest school race there is at present."

"Well, if it's anything like a really long distance, Merton should win it. Nothing ever seems to tire him."

"Yes," assented Peter. "I should think he's got the best chance. But you can't always tell in these long races."

This was a sample of the conversation that was going on all over the school. Everyone was anxious to know what the distance was to be, and nearly everyone thought Merton would win.

Harry Merton was eighteen years of age, and one of the biggest and strongest boys in the school. He was in the cricket and football elevens, and was good at all manly sports. And in the class-rooms, too, he was both diligent and successful, though he did not rank among the cleverest boys at Mansbury. He was a jolly, open-hearted, generous boy, popular with all except certain jealous rivals, and a few more who constituted rather a bad set.

The leader of this was a boy named Horner, of about the same age as Harry. The son of a wealthy retired bookmaker, he had inherited his father's cuteness without his honesty,

his love of gambling without his love of sport. Allowed ample pocket-money, he practised in a small way a system of usury among his fellow-pupils, and would lend small sums to boys who needed them at exorbitant interest.

Occasionally, too, he would induce others to bet with him, and generally managed to win their money. Of course, this sort of thing would not have been allowed at Mansbury had it been known, but it was all done secretly, and not even his victims would ever have told tales. And as he was a clever and good worker in school hours, and apparently a quiet and well-behaved lad, he was thought highly of by the masters, who little suspected the harm he did in the place.

As soon as he heard of the marathon race, he made up his mind to turn it to his own advantage. Not by competing in it and winning—that was quite out of his line; but he saw a chance of making a great many bets, and that was all he cared about.

The annual football match with St. Mark's College had just taken place, and, knowing the latter were a strong side, he had gone about offering to bet on them.

Needless to say, there were many boys patriotic enough to back their own school, and he had no difficulty in making his wagers. When the match took place, then, he wanted his own school to lose, and was delighted when it had done so.

Needless to say, such a boy was not popular; he had very few friends, hardly one real friend in fact, but he had several boys more or less in his power through their owing him money, and he preferred that to friendship.

It was now February, and football and cross-country running were the two chief sports of the season. The rivalry between the various Houses in these things was very great, and even the prospect of the new marathon race did not diminish the keen interest taken in the football ties for the House Challenge Cup.

On the afternoon on which our story opens, Rivington's House was to play Bolton's, and a very close game was expected. Unfortunately, however, the weather was most unpropitious, and a heavy fall of snow came on soon after twelve o'clock. It soon began to look, in fact, as if football was out of the question.

The boys of the two Houses were extremely disappointed, for it seemed as if a precious Saturday afternoon were to be wasted. But as the snow-fall grew heavier and heavier, it occurred to some of them that, even if they could not play football, they could get some fun in other ways.

By three o'clock, when the game should have commenced, the playing-fields, and all the countryside, were covered with a mantle of snow inches thick.

"Snowballing's the only thing to-day," said Merton, as he surveyed the scene. "We'll take Bolton's on at that, if they like."

This proposition was received with acclamations. The boys trooped out of the big boarding-house, and sallied forth to the football-ground, eager for the fray. But things were destined to turn out differently to what they anticipated.

To get to the football-ground, the main road leading from the school

gates to the small town of Mansbury had to be traversed for some three or four hundred yards, and as the Rivingtonians ran and frisked along it kicking the snow as they went, they saw coming towards them a crowd of workers from the town. This included men and boys of all ages; residents of a little village called Easton, most of whom were employed on the new railway-station being built at Mansbury.

Jack Harold, who was in front of the boys' party, was seized with the spirit of mischief as he saw the villagers approaching. Stooping down, he quickly made a couple of snowballs and let fly into the middle of them.

It was a challenge the workers were not slow to accept. They liked a bit of fun as well as the schoolboys, and Jack's missiles were returned with interest.

Soon a battle royal with snowballs as the ammunition was raging, and the white missiles almost darkened the air.

It was great fun!

## THE 2nd CHAPTER. A Fight in Earnest.

**T**HE two sides were about evenly matched in point of numbers, but the schoolboys were perhaps the better throwers. They would probably therefore have got the best of it in any case, but before the contest was half over, they received overwhelming reinforcements.

The boys of Bolton's House, also on their way to the football-ground, came rushing round a side turning which joined the main road, and finding snowballing going on, they at once took a hand. They had taken the unlucky villagers in the rear, so the latter were between two fires. This was more than they could stand, so they made a wild rush to escape, by dashing through the Rivington boys.

These opposed their progress, and some of the men, getting banged with snowballs as they were, lost their temper. Leaving the snow alone, they commenced hitting out with their fists, and very soon free fights were going on in several places at once.

Harry Merton found himself singled out for attack by a big, strong labourer, who wore a red muffler round his neck. The two had been carrying on a duel with snowballs for some time quite good-humouredly, but just as the man, whose name was Dasent, made his rush to get past the boys, a rather hard snowball thrown from behind caught him on the ear, and made him furiously angry.

He rushed at Harry, who seemed to be the leader of the first lot of boys, and struck out a terrific blow, which the lad only just avoided by leaping back in the nick of time. Angry at the attack, Harry rushed to return it at once, but his blow was easily parried, and Dasent nearly knocked him down with a heavy thump on the chest. This steadied

Harry, who realised at once he had a skilled and dangerous, as well as powerful, antagonist to deal with.

As a matter of fact, Dasent was recognised as the strongest man at the railway works, and a boxer of no small skill, so much so that he had even thought of going in for "the business" professionally. But Harry Merton was a good boxer, too, and if he wasn't so powerful as Dasent, he was more active, and just as brave.

It was evidently a "battle of giants," and the others, leaving their own lesser scuffles, crowded round the two champions to watch the fray.

It would not be pleasant to describe the interchange of blows and their effects. Suffice it to say, that Harry Merton, though twice knocked off his legs, stood up gamely, and got home several severe blows on his antagonist, whose anger, curiously enough, seemed to have evaporated, and who was now fighting with a broad grin on his square-jawed visage. Even a crashing blow in the mouth which he received did not stop that grin, though it made it decidedly weird to look at.

They had been fighting some three or four minutes—a long time when hard blows are being exchanged with bare knuckles—when a loud voice rose in the air, and the throng of boys was parted by a big, burly man forcing his way among them.

It was Dr. Perry, the Headmaster of Mansbury!

"Stop!" he cried. "Leave off at once! What does this fighting mean? Who are you, sir?" he added, seizing Harry by the arm and whirling him round.

No wonder he did not at first recognise who it was he had seized, for, truth to tell, Harry's face was sadly bruised and swollen.

"Why, if it isn't Merton!" ejaculated the doctor. "What do you mean, sir, by this conduct?"

Before Harry could answer, Dasent stepped forward.

"It was all my fault, gov'nor," he said to the doctor. "I hit 'im first. We were snowballin', and I lost my temper!"

Dr. Perry looked at him in silence (Continued on the next page.)



Immediately Smithers' weight came on the ring the rope parted, and with a startled cry the unfortunate lad fell heavily to the floor. He still grasped the ring in his hand, as he landed sideways, and almost at full length, on the bare boards.

**"Yorkshire Grit,"** A Superb New Mill-land Story of a Boy's Fight Against the World, Next Tuesday, by Stacey Blake, commences in THE BOYS' FRIEND





keep a sharp look-out. But he laughed at their apprehensions, and really could not think it possible that any fellow would descend to foul means to ensure his failure.

But he soon had to change this opinion, and to learn for certain that a dastardly plot was being hatched against him.

The race was to be run on a Saturday, and on the Thursday preceding he was strolling down the Eastern Road when he met his friend Dasent. They generally exchanged a few words when they ran across each other, but this time Dasent had evidently got something important to say.

"Mr. Merton," he said, "I'm glad I've met you. I should have come to see you if I hadn't."

"Why, what is it, Dasent?"

"Why, this race. There's some of 'em plotting to prevent you winning it."

"How do you know that?"

"Cause I overheard 'em. It's that oily-looking fellow, Horner, and a friend of his, smaller and very fat."

"That's Morris."

"Ah, that's the name—I'd forgotten it."

"Well, they were in the saloon of the Red Lion, and they were talking—"

"In the Red Lion!" interrupted Harry.

"Are you sure? Why, they'd get expelled if the doctor knew it. Tell me what they said."

"Well, it appears they'd lose a lot of money if you won, and Horner said you must be prevented at all costs. They're going to let you start all right, but it's my belief you'd be interfered with during the race."

"But how? There'd be so many people about."

"Yes; but not all the way. It's nearly five miles out and home you've got to go."

"But there'll be stewards all along the course."

"They can't be everywhere, sir. Is anyone going with you—driving, I mean, or cycling?"

"Some of the boys are allowed to cycle with the runners—one with each competitor."

"Who's going with you?"

"Why, young Harold."

"Is he a big, strong chap?"

"No; he's only fourteen."

"Then he won't do. Mr. Merton, I shall follow you myself. They can't stop me, can they?"

"Oh dear no! You can cycle if you like. And it's awfully good of you."

"No, no, it isn't; but I like fair play. And I think I know what they're up to. I saw Horner speaking to a couple of fellows, rare rough 'uns, too, and give 'em money. And it's my belief that those two fellows will attack you. The most likely place is where the road turns just this side of Southbourne. The hedge is high there, and anyone coming round the turn first would be out of sight of the rest for a while. That's where they'll be, sure; but I'll be there, too, sir."

"Dasent, you're an awfully good sort. Thanks for warning me, and thanks for your help. I shall feel quite safe if you're about."

"I shall keep within sight of you all the way, sir. And I hope you'll win!"

So there really was a plot, of which Harry was to be the victim. That such a thing should happen at Mansbury was more upsetting to the lad than that it should be directed against himself. Horner and Morris, he felt, were disgracing the school, and he now felt certain that they also were responsible for the gymnasium outrage.

Saturday afternoon was ideal for the race. Calm and still, if a trifle cold, it was just the day for running.

At three o'clock the competitors were lined up by the school gates. There were twenty-seven of them in all. Behind stood an equal number of boys with bicycles, whose instructions were to follow the others without impeding any of them, each cyclist being in attendance on a single runner. The cyclists carried anything they or their runners thought might come in useful on the way, some having eggs beaten up in milk, some cold meat-juice, and so on.

Harry Merton looked round to find Dasent among the throng of spectators, but he was not there.

At the start, Tomlinson took the lead, followed by Sutcliffe, Harry being content, for a time, with third position. This order was maintained going through Eastern, just past which place a boy called Jones, who ran with a long, low stride, dashed to the front. Harry spurred a little here, and, passing Sutcliffe and Tomlinson, ran for a half-mile or so just behind Jones. Going through Loburn, which was about half-way to the turning-point, Harry made a big effort, and passed Jones. Then for some distance he ran with Jones at his heels, till the latter slackened off a bit, and Harry, keeping at the same steady but swift rate, gradually went ahead.

Jack Harold, on his cycle, kept close behind him. By the turn, the bend in the road before Southbourne was reached, Harry was leading by two hundred yards at least, and Harold was about twenty behind him.

It was at this point the danger, if any, was to be feared, and as he turned the corner, where the tall trees would shut him out of sight of those following, he kept well in the middle of the road, and looked keenly about him.

And, as he half expected, his precautions were justified. But they were in vain, for simultaneously there sprang out of the hedge, on either side, two men, of rough and villainous aspect, just ahead of him. Without a word they rushed at him, and so swift was the onslaught that he could not manage to avoid both.

Hitting out fiercely, he sent one of the ruffians flying, but the other seized and held him before he could repeat the blow. Then the man he had struck rushed at him again, and he found himself struggling in the grip of two strong assailants.

Meanwhile Jack Harold was not idle. He jumped off his bicycle, and threw himself on one of Harry's adversaries, striking him as hard as he could. The man released Harry for a second, and, seizing Jack by the arm, dealt him a heavy blow on the side of the head, sending him reeling into the ditch.

All this had taken less time to act than to describe, and just as the ruffian who had struck Harold returned to the assistance of his partner, a loud shout was heard, and a bicycle dashed round the corner.

"Let him alone!" yelled a voice, which Harry recognised as Dasent's. And in another instant two powerful arms had torn Harry's assailants from him, and a huge fist had sent one of them sprawling. Dasent, who had been accidentally prevented starting with the others, had arrived in the nick of time.

"Run on, sir!" he cried to Harry. "I'll deal with these chaps! Don't lose any more ground, for Heaven's sake!"

"Thanks!" gasped Harry. To tell the truth, he was for the moment dreadfully pumped, for a struggle with two men when you have just run four miles and more is no joke. But he ran on, as Dasent bade him, though even as he started Jones and Egan came round the bend, and Jones, seeing how near he was to the leader, made a dash to get in front. Harry was, for the time, too out of breath to prevent him, and was passed soon by both Jones and Egan, both of whom reached the turning-point at Southbourne before him.

In fact, before he left Southbourne on the return journey he only occupied fifth place. It was no use forcing the pace then. He resolved to go steadily till he felt quite recovered, and then try and make up the lost ground.

Meanwhile, Dasent had lost no time in dealing with the two men. They knew and feared his prowess too well to offer any resistance as he bundled them one after the other into the ditch, where they remained while he extorted the truth from them. It was, briefly, that they were to have thirty shillings between them if they stopped Merton and hustled him enough to prevent his winning.

Horner had mercifully decreed that he was not to be unnecessarily hurt, only they were to make sure he was so well shaken that he would not be able to run.

One by one Merton overhauled them, till at length, as the school gates came in sight, only Jones and Tomlinson were in front of him.

Amid rousing cheers from the onlookers who lined the road at the finish, he made a supreme effort, and passing Tomlinson fifty yards from the winning-post, spurred terrifically to overhaul Jones, then about five yards ahead, but going rather "groggily."

Nearer and nearer he got, until in the last ten yards he threw himself in front, and breast the tape four feet in front of his rival. It was a splendid finish, and the cheers were lusty indeed, though many of the boys expressed surprise that Jones had been able to make so close a contest of it. Of course, they did not know what had happened.

But the news soon spread.

As soon as he had recovered his breath a little, Harry reported the matter to the captain of the school, a boy named Jameson, and he suggested that they had better debate what to do, and for the present just see that Horner paid his bets and attended in the Sixth Form room at eight o'clock.

They found Horner surrounded by the boys he had made bets with, to whom he was paying out money with a very black look on his face.

"You will please pay everybody, Horner," said Jameson, "and you will come to the Sixth Form room after supper."

Horner realised that his plot was not only baffled, but found out, and was in a terrible state of fright and anxiety. But he dared not disobey the summons, and at eight o'clock knocked timidly on the Sixth Form room door.

There he was informed that his villainy was known, and that his accomplices had confessed. He was given the choice between having the whole matter reported to Dr. Perry—in which case his expulsion from the school was certain—or of being flogged by the captain of the school in the presence of the Sixth Form. He was to decide in half an hour, and return with his answer.

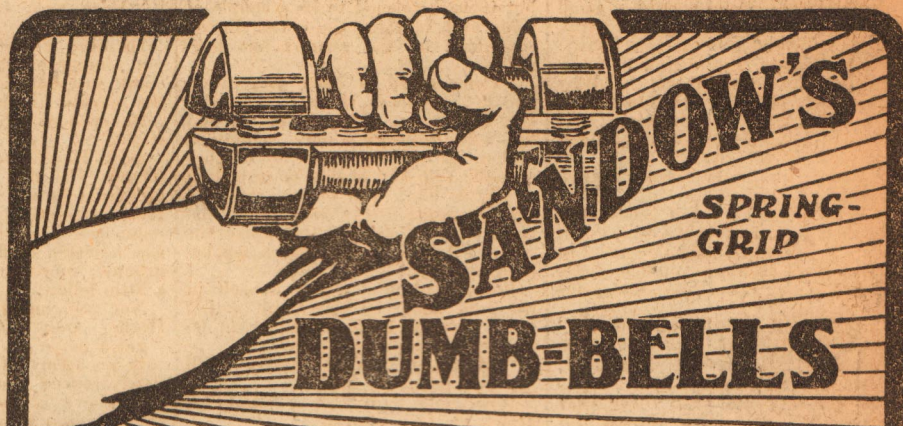
But he did not return.

He was gone, nor was anything heard of him for some days. But at length, his money all spent, and in a wretched condition, he returned to his father's house, to that gentleman's great relief. But, needless to say, his career at Mansbury was ended.

Morris was practically "sent to Coventry" for a long time, but gradually, aided by Harold, who, like Harry, forgave him his share in the plots, and, freed from the evil influence of Horner, he retrieved his position, and became a useful member of the school.

As for Harry Merton, he has had many successes since that memorable Saturday, but never one on which he looks back with more satisfaction than his triumph in the first Mansbury Marathon. Needless to say, he did not forget Dasent's share in the matter, and, although their lives lie far apart, they have contrived to keep up the friendship they began so strangely, and to which Harry afterwards owed so much.

THE END.



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**W**E must return to that moment when Captain Heggart's signals prompted the pursuit of the Mammoth, which, as we know, ended in her capture.

While the captain entered Southsea Castle to put the signals into operation, Dick and Ben waited outside.

About them crowded a great press of people. Suddenly Dick felt a touch upon his arm. He turned, to find himself face to face with a swarthy, bearded man, dressed in a blue suit and peaked cap, and having all the appearance of a seafarer.

"Sonny," said this man, in a whisper, "you don't recognise me?"

"Studgrave!" gasped the boy.

"I should never have recognised your face, but I'd know your voice anywhere. Fancy seeing you here! Where have you—"

"Not a word now, lad, but come with me at once—you and Ben. We've important work to do."

Studgrave was leading the way eastward. He halted outside some houses facing the sea beyond the ruined pier.

A man, dressed somewhat similarly to himself, came towards them.

"Well, Jadson," inquired Studgrave, "any news?"

"They're still inside. They've sent for a cab, so they'll be moving presently. I've got another waiting over yonder, so we shall be able to follow them."

"Good! Then we'll wait here."

"What is it, inspector?" asked Dick.

"Who is inside?"

"Lottray, and Hudd, and Malcolm!"

"Good heavens! You on their track? How did you manage it?"

"I've been on their track for some hours past—ever since they came ashore. I saw the two seamen go and meet Lottray at Portsmouth Station."

"Why, so did we, if that man was Lottray."

"I know that quite well," smiled Studgrave. "I saw you."

"And didn't speak to us?"

"I thought it better not. I heard you arrange to go and inform Captain Heggart. I left you to do that while I followed Lottray and the other lot. They're in that house now."

"Are you going to take them?"

"Not yet, sonny. I want to know where Jelfer is first. If we capture Lottray, the Yank will scoot; whereas if we give the Chinaman a little more rope, he may lead us to where the other is. But no more talk now. See, they're coming out of the house."

A cab had drawn up a minute or two before, and now from the door issued Lottray and the two seamen.

"Go to the General Post Office first," Lottray whispered to the driver.

Jadson, who had kept close up to them, heard the order. As the cab drove off, he ran back to Studgrave and told him what he had heard.

A gleam of satisfaction came into Studgrave's eyes.

"Post-office, eh? Going to send a message then, most likely. Come along. We mustn't lose sight of them."

And Studgrave led the way to the other cab.

In a very few minutes they alighted some little distance from the post-office.

Ahead of them the other cab had stopped, and they saw Lottray step out and enter the post-office. After him went Studgrave.

Dick, and Ben, and Jadson saw Lottray emerge presently, and engage in conversation with Hudd and Malcolm for a minute. Money seemed to change hands.

Hudd and Malcolm turned to go.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Jadson.

"They're separating. Won't do to lose sight of them. I'll follow them. You wait here, and tell the inspector where I'm gone. Ha! There are a couple of policemen! Just the men I want!"

He was off in a moment.

A minute afterwards Studgrave came hastening up.

"All right," he said eagerly. "Wired to Jelfer, and I've got his address. But where's Jadson?"

Dick explained.

"All right," said the inspector. "There's Lottray gone into that public-house, so perhaps Jadson will be back in time to come with us after all."

Jadson was back in less than five minutes.

"Well, what about Hudd and Malcolm?"

"They're in charge. It was the only thing to do, sir. They might have separated, and I couldn't have followed them both. I've told the police not to let the arrest become public news until they hear from you. Hope I've done right, sir?"

"Quite right. There's Lottray coming out and getting into that cab. We must follow him."

He stepped up to the driver.

"We've got a long chase, my man, I believe. Is your horse a good 'un?"

"Best cab-horse in Plymouth, sir," said the driver proudly.

"That other cab, that's just moving off—I want you to keep it in sight. You'll be well paid for your trouble."

"Then consider it done, sir. There ain't a hoss in Portsmouth as'll get away from mine with anything like an equal load."

"But the loads are not equal."

"Not in number of people, maybe, sir, but mine's a keb, not a shabby old 'orse, and drivin'll count for summat. Have no fear, sir, we shall be in at the death."

The first cab moved off, and the second followed.

"You spoke of a long journey, inspector. Where are we going?"

"To London, sonny."

"To London! What! By road? It's over eighty miles!"

"Well, Lottray intends to go by road, so we must follow him. Look at that. It's a copy of his message to Jelfer."

Dick read the slip of paper which the detective handed him.

"Jelfer,"

"Wrenhurst Farm, "Nr. Whitstable.

"Returning London to-night. Be with you to-morrow morning as early as possible. Everything satisfactory."

"Well, we know where Jelfer is now," Dick said. "But what's the meaning of this going by road?"

"Too late for a train, that's all, my boy, and Lottray doesn't care to risk staying in Portsmouth till the morning. He mayn't travel by road all the way, though. He may break the journey and catch a train somewhere on the way."

They passed through Cosham presently, and over the Portsdown hills. The road now became more lonely. Near Hornhead the first cab pulled up at a wayside inn.

Halting a little distance off, the pursuing party presently saw the horse being changed.

Studgrave whistled.

"We must wait till he's off, and we must change horses too," said he.

On the London side of Petersfield the first cab halted again, and for a second time the horses were changed.

Studgrave and his party waited as before, then, as the first cab moved off, they drove up to the inn door.

"We want a fresh horse," Studgrave said to the landlord. "Can you let us have one?"

"Sorry, sir, but it's impossible. The only horse I've got fit to travel has just been hired by another gentleman."

The detective bit his lip.

"This is awkward," said he, in an undertone. "We must go on as well as we can to the next village."

"Why not turn back to Petersfield, sir? You can get a horse somewhere."

"I dare say, Jadson, but the London road divides here. One goes to London through Farnham and Aldershot, the other through Godalming and Guildford. We must make sure which one Lottray takes."

On again in pursuit, but at a disadvantage, as was quickly to be seen, for the leading horse, whipped up to showing his best speed, soon began to extend the distance dividing the two cabs. The horse in the rear cab was a willing beast, but he was jaded by this time, and certainly would not be able to go much further at the pace set.

"We must rest him and get

another!" exclaimed Studgrave, leaning anxiously out of the window and staring forward along the road.

"Lottray's gaining on us every second. Ah, here's a village ahead of us! Perhaps we shall be able to get a fresh horse there."

It was not easy, however, and by the time they had substituted a fresh animal for the one between the shafts, Lottray had long ago got out of sight, and had taken a long lead.

"We must make up for lost time now," the detective said, as they started off again.

At quite a good pace they reached Liphook. Then, however, they had to slacken down to negotiate the long and stiff ascent towards Haslemere. Not that they could afford to waste much time, either, for of the cab they were pursuing they could see nothing. All the news they could get of it was from a tramp, half-asleep at the side of the road, who told them that another vehicle, very much like their own, had passed him "like a fire-engine nigh on half an hour before."

"He must be wrong, I think, as to time," muttered Studgrave. "Still, we were delayed a bit at the last change, and no doubt he's got a good lead."

"Time we changed again, sir," Jadson said, his head out of the other window. "Our horse is beginning to tire."

"We shall be in Haslemere presently, I think, and we'll change there."

But they went on without sign of a town appearing.

"Must have taken the wrong road," muttered Studgrave. "I don't know this part too well. Any sign of a village, Jadson?"

"None at all, sir. There's a steep hill, though."

Studgrave was craning his neck out of the other window.

"Why, now I recognise the place," said he. "We've left Haslemere to our right. This is the road to the Devil's Punch Bowl."

"So it is!" Jadson said; and then exclaimed quickly: "And look there, sir, half-way up the hill, there's—there's the cab!"

"By jingo, you're right! It's stopped! It's half tilted over! Looks as if they've got a wheel off. Pull up"—this to the driver. "We mustn't be seen. Quick, out of it! We'll travel afoot for a bit, and see what's happened."

But the sound of their horse's hoofs had betrayed their presence already.

(Continued on the next page.)

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