

WOULD YOU LIKE AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY A FAMOUS ARTIST? SEE INSIDE

# The Boys' Friend 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 814, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Price Ending January 1st, 1886, 1887]



By Harry W. Smith

The Canadian Junior's Idea of How Football Should Be Played!

## HELD TO HIS WORD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Johnny Silver & Co. at Rockwood School.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.  
To be cont'd.

It is a day for fun and frolic,  
It is a day for fun and frolic,

Classical Fourth, lesson round an hour  
prolonged, as you know, great pains  
enough will be taken to keep all  
the boys quiet.

The Festival Four of the Nineties  
comes along with games and sports  
and recreations—now on the stage and  
playground, now a gallant field, now  
out.

Captain, the boys of Rockwood were  
overjoyed at the news, great pains  
enough will be taken to keep all  
the boys quiet.

good times a plenty, and when all  
the boys were about to begin.

When you go to Rockwood,  
you'll find the place a wonderland.

the boys are very friendly,  
and when you go to Rockwood,  
you'll find the place a wonderland.

You stand on the steps, looking  
down the long, straight aisle,  
and the first thing you notice  
about the place is a lot of  
children, all dressed in the style  
of the old days, the girls in  
elegant gowns.

By Harry

The advertisements were very costly and  
the cost of the paper was very high, so  
we could not afford them. But we  
have had a good deal of trouble, for we  
are trying to make our paper  
as good as possible, and we have  
done a great deal of work in  
order to do this.

And though we feel that our paper  
is not quite up to the mark, we  
are still trying to make it better.  
We have had a good deal of trouble  
in getting the paper printed, and  
we have had to pay a great deal  
of money for it, but we are still  
trying to make it better.

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something more about  
the game and went to  
the ground and went to

For all Shakes  
gathering like Fanta!

and the next day he  
had the pleasure of  
being the first to score  
in the first half of the  
game.

He had the ball in  
his hands when he saw  
Pons coming towards

him. "I am going to practice," said

Pons, "I have played with my  
friends, but I am not  
practicing with them  
now." Charles

was smiling good  
humor. He turned to

a flying ball and an object

came from his hand.  
It was a first class effort,  
but it was a bit unusual.  
He had only just got

it into his hands when he  
had to leave. But as

he was walking away he

saw a ball come at him  
from behind. "It's all

right," said Pons.  
"I am not here. But as

he was walking away he

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Pons stood on the steps, looking round him. He was quite unconscious of the fact that some practical joker had, by means of a fish-hook, attached a small card to the back of his coat.

"Where's the little game?" Pons asked, suddenly.

Pons looked at him.

"Practical," he replied. "It is played with a ball and the last to get it across the line is the winner."

"That's all I can tell you," said Pons.

"What will you do for Jimmy Silver?" he remarked. "I won't do for me, Pons, my son. What have you been doing recently for me?"

"I'm a duffer," said Pons. "Being a duffer, I can't manage to know anything about football."

And he stalked into the house, leaving Dick Van Ryn looking perplexed.

Pons' Adventures on the Football Field included good food for practice in the Brookwood matches. After dinner Jimmy Dodd & Co. came over from the Modern side, and begged Pons to give them a chance.

The following Pons gave them a sample, and it made the Moderns open their mouths.

"I'm still in the Junior Silver," said Pons, "but I'll play for Jimmy Dodd & Co. when they come here."

"I'm still in the Junior Silver," said Jimmy Dodd. "But I'll play for the Moderns when they come here."

"And what does he say?" asked Pons.

"Jimmy would have been glad to play for your team, but considerations of that kind could not induce me to count for his team."

"I said I'd do it for you," said Pons.

"Just about finished," said Jimmy Dodd. "Get any advice to give me?"

"Yes?"

"On Saturday it's bound to be a smash."

"Put me in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That is my advice," said Pons.

"You're the second time you've asked that joke on me," snorted Jimmy Dodd.

"I'm still in the Junior Silver," said Pons.

"Well, there's no harm in your asking it," said Jimmy Dodd, staring at him. "You won't get it off me."

"And you will give it to me?"

"I told you."

"Give me your promise?"

"My what?"

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## HELD TO HIS WORD!

(Continued from previous page.)

surprised as the excited juniors surrounded him. He had expected that announcement to raise a storm in the Fourth. And his expectation was fully realized.

"Silver, you always—"

"Jimmy, you always—"

"You know me—"

"What does it mean?"

"You're not playing Pong against Bagshot!"

"Give him a chance to speak!"

shouted Ruby. "It's only a joke, of course! Speak up, Jimmy!"

"Go on, Jimmy!" said Newcome.

"We know it's only a joke!"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"It isn't a joke!" he said.

There was a yell.

"You're really playing that idiot!"

"Yes."

"Playing that *ass* against Bagshot!" exclaimed Oswald. "Jimmy, old scoundrel, have you gone off your rocker?"

"What do you want to play him

for?" shrieked Higgs. "Why, Tubby Mullin would be a better man!"

"I don't want to play him," grumbled Jimmy Silver.

"Then why—"

"I've got no choice!"

"What rot!" said Mornington.

"You're puttin' that imbecile in rather than me!"

"Well, I'd rather put him in than you, duffer as he is!" said Jimmy Silver. "He's straight anyway!"

"That's one for you, Mornin'" grumbled Van Ryn. And Mornington snarled.

"But what are you doing it for, Jimmy?" asked Lovell. "I suppose you've got a reason?"

"I've got the reason that I can't help it. I'll explain, if you like."

"You'd better!" roared Higgs.

"Go on, Jimmy!"

Pong chirped in the other day

and helped me," said Jimmy.

I tell you about it. The Bagshot Bounders collared me, and were going

to kick me off to Bagshot and give

me a high old time there. Pong handled them, and I got away. I told him, like a silly ass, that I'd do him a good turn if he ever asked me, and—and he asked me to play him on Saturday. That's all."

"Well, my hat!"

"The cheeky ass!"

"I've got to keep my word," said Jimmy.

"But he's a rutter to ask such a thing!" exclaimed Oswald indignantly.

"I've told him that."

"Do you think you've got a right to mess up a footer match for the school because you were ass enough to make a silly promise?" demanded Mornington.

Jimmy shook his head.

"I don't. You can shut up, Mornington. I'm not talking to you, anyway. But you other fellows have a right to complain—"

"I should think we have!" howled Higgs. "I—"

"Give me a chance to speak. You're a right to complain, and to ask me to resign the captaincy," said Jimmy.

"If the club asks me to do that, I'm ready to do it. Tommy Dodd will captain you, if you choose."

"We don't want a Modern worm to captain us!" growled Ruby.

"We want you, Jimmy!"

"Jimmy's the man!"

"Well, there it is," said Jimmy Silver. "I've got to keep my word to Pong. If you fellows don't like it, you can turn me out. I sha'n't grumble."

"Let's take him at his word," said Mornington at once. "Hands up for turning Jimmy Silver out!"

Townsend and Topham put up their hands, and Peelo and Gower followed suit, and then Higgs. But no other hand went up, excepting Mornington's own.

The dandy of the Fourth looked round with angry disappointment. In spite of Jimmy's really exasperating conduct, he had a strong hold upon his followers, and they stood by him.

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Jimmy quietly.

"You're going to captain us, of course," said Lovell, "and—and if it's a promise, as you say, you've got to stay Pong. But I'll jolly well talk to him!"

"Sure, we'll rag him baldheaded!" howled Flynn.

"I'll personally him to chuck it," said Lovell.

"We need that!" said Jimmy firmly.

"He's as obstinate as a mule. The silly ass thinks he can play football."

"Oh, the silly duffer!"

"So you see how it stands," said Jimmy. "If I'm captain, he's got to play. I'm ready to take the order of the boot if the club chooses."

But it was evident that the club members did not choose, exasperated as they were. Pons' name remained written in the footer list. He was booked to play for Rockwood.

### The 7th Chapter.

#### Something Like a Surprise!

When Saturday came round Jimmy Silver ventured upon a last remonstrance with Pons. The juniors came out after dinner, Pons with them, in smiling good-humour.

"Pong, old chap," said Jimmy. "I know you don't mean to be a rotter, and you don't mean any harm. But you're doing a lot. Will you stand out of the team to-day?"

"But I am going to play a great game for Rockwood," said Pons innocently.

Jimmy tried to be patient.

"You can't play," he said. "Do be a good chap and stand out."

"I have played very much in Canada—"

"Pong, you can't help being a duffer. Will you stand out?"

"No."

And Jimmy Silver snorted, and gave it up.

When the junior eleven went down to the ground Pong went with them, in all the glory of the Rockwood colours. He did not seem to mind the black looks of the rest of the team. All the Fourth, and nearly all the rest of the Lower School, thronged round the field to watch.

Pong as a footballer would certainly be worth watching. A licking Rockwood did not grin at Pong any longer. Rockwood might regard him as a duffer, if they chose, but Pankley & Co. knew when they had a dangerous opponent to deal with, and they gave Pong the compliment of their very marked attention after that goal.

The game went on, hard and fast. There came no more goals "on his own" to Pong; a chance like that was not likely to be repeated. But he was "there" all the time, and his passing was, as Jimmy said afterwards, a dream.

Pong was always just where he was wanted, and just where the enemy didn't want him. And when Tommy Dodd very nearly scored just before the interval, it was from a pass from Pong. But the goal did not materialise, and Johnson blew the whistle, with the score unaltered—one up for Rockwood.

Jimmy Silver was glad the interval had come. He wanted to speak to Pong. He rushed up to the Canadian junior, grasped him by the shoulder, and shook him.

But the other fellows were not sharing Mertonington & Co.'s views. They expected to see Rockwood beaten, but they did not like the prospect.

When Pankley & Co. arrived from Bagshot they looked eddily enough at Pong, finding that cheery youth on the field with the team.

"Rage" between the rivals were suspended on the occasions of the matches, and the Bagshot Bounders were received very cheerfully.

"Is that chap in your team, Silver?" asked Pankley.

"Yea. Inside-right," said Jimmy curtly.

"Ye gods!" said Pankley.

Johnson of the Fifth, the referee, came on the field. The kickoff fell to Jimmy Silver. The Rockwood front line was composed of Oswald, Lovell, Tommy Dodd, Pons, and Cook. Jimmy himself played centre-half. Pons lined up with the team in a businesslike way. He asked Tommy Dodd politely whether he should kick-off, to which Tommy replied with equal politeness "Idiot!"

The ball rolled, and the game began, watched by a bigger crowd than usually assembled to see a junior match. Pong was the centre of interest. Every fellow felt that Pong was worth watching, and they were right.

"On the ball!"

"Play up, Rockwood!"

But it was Bagshot that began the attack hotly. Pankley & Co. got through almost from the whistle, and bore down upon Flynn in goal. The Bagshot Bounders were evidently in great form.

Rockwood meant to do their level best, hoping against hope; but perhaps the knowledge that they had a hopeless duffer in their ranks had its effect upon them.

Certainly, Pankley & Co. seemed to be sweeping all before them at first.

But the defence was sound. Flynn in goal, fisted out the ball twice, and then the backs succeeded in clearing. Cook trapped the ball, and sped it away, but Cook was charged over, and inside-right was the only man who had a chance left at it. And inside-right was Pong!

What happened next made the Rockwooders rub their eyes.

Inside-right was on the ball in the twinkling of an eye. He eluded the Bagshot forwards, he drove through the halves, and he wound round the backs before they knew what was happening. Jimmy's front line was nowhere—there was nobody to take a pass, but there was only the Bagshot goalie to beat, and Pons was upon him before he realized the danger.

What?

"My hat!" ejaculated the goalie. Rockwood gasped.

"Goal!"

Like follows in a dream, they repeated:

"Goal!"

"Goal!" said Mornington, rubbing his eyes. "Pong! Goal! Goal!"

Pong! Is this a giddy dream?"

"Goal!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Goal!" stammered Lovell.

Pons stood smiling at the astonished spectators.

The Bagshot goalie tossed out the ball.

"Are we asleep, and dreaming this?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"I think we must be!" said Lovell dazedly.

"That howling idiot's taken a goal—all on his own, too!"

"Line up!"

Jimmy Silver was astounded. He looked at Pons, and Pons nodded and smiled.

Was it an amazing and extraordinary fluke? If it wasn't, what was it? Van Ryn, among the spectators, was grinning hugely.

Perhaps he had been prepared for that little surprise.

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