JUST STARTING! "FRANK RICHARDS' SCHOOLDAYS!"

See inside for "The Boys of the Bombay Castle"!" By Direcan Storm.

No. 846, Vol. XVII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 25th, 1917.



"You rotten cad!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Get away!"

GAME TO THE LAST!

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

OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Between Good and Evil.

Mornington of the Fourth looked Erroll came into his study.

The dandy of Rookwood was stretched in the armchair, with his feet on another chair, and a cigarette between his lips.

Peele and Gower, his study-mates. were sitting on the table, also smok-

The atmosphere of Study No. 4 was ingly upon Mornington.

far from agreeable, at least to Erroll's healthy lungs, though the nuts of the Fourth seemed to like it.

Peele and Gower grinned at the exup with a sullen brow, as Kit pression that came over Erroll's face

as he entered. "I've looked in for you, Morny," said Erroll.

"You can look out again!" remarked Peele. "Morny's booked for this afternoon. We're only waiting

for Lattrey."

Erroll's eyes.

"Sorry; I'm engaged," he said. "We're goin' out.".

"You don't care for cricket this afternoon?" asked Erroll quietly. "Jimmy Silver asked me whether you ! were coming down."

Mornington hesitated.

There was bright sunshine streaming in at the study window, and a Erroll took no notice of Peele's re- breeze rustled the branches of the old Peele. mark. His eyes were fixed question- beeches outside. The study was smoky and oppressive. Mornington the dandy of the Fourth. He rose

The latter nodded, without meeting | threw his half-smoked cigarette into the fender.

"It's ripping weather for cricket," said Erroll. "There won't be much more of it. Better come, Morny!"

"I-I'd like to-" "Look here; you're booked!" exclaimed Gower. "Bother the cricket! Bother Jimmy Silver! What do they matter, anyway?"

"Don't be an ass, Morny!" urged

Opposition had its usual effect upon

from the armchair, and stretched his

"I'm comin', Erroll," he said. "Good!" said Erroll. "Come on, old scout!"

"Look here--' Gower began again, angrily.

"Oh, rats!" said Mornington irritably. "I'm goin' to do as I like. Hang your shabby razzles at the Birdin-Hand! You can go pub-hauntin' without me!"

The door was pushed open, and Lattrey of the Fourth stepped into the study.

His thin, keen face hardened at the sight of Erroll, and a glitter came into his narrow eyes.

"Ready, Morny?" he said. "Get a move on, you chaps!"

said Peele. "Morny says he's goin' by play cricket with Jimmy Silver's game Lattrey smiled. That's only one of Morny's little

okes," he said. "Morny's coming with us. Come on!"

"I'm goin' down to Little Side," said Mornington.

Lattrey looked at him. "I want you with us this afternoon, Mornington," he said, very distinctly. "You'd better come!"

"I won't!" "I think you'd better!"

There was a pause in the study. Gower and Peele looked on curiously. They had noted more chan once, of late, that Lattrey had a remarkable influence over the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington, who never submitted to control, who was always rendered obstinate by the slightest opposition, had fallen into the way of following tamely the lead of the blackest sheep at Rookwood.

Mornington's face flushed now, and his manner became hesitating. Erroll took his arm.

"Come on Morny," he said. "Morny's coming with me," said Lattrey coolly. "You can get out, Erroll! You're not welcome in this study!"

Erroll gave him a look of contempt. He drew Mornington towards the door, but the dandy of Rookwood jerked his arm away.

"You're coming!" exclaimed Erroll.

"On the whole, I think I'll go with these chaps!" said Mornington, in halting tones. "It was arranged, anyway!"

Erroll compressed his lips "To the Bird-in-Hand, I suppose?" he said.

"Why not?" said Mornington; with a sarcastic laugh. "Where do you expect Lattrey to spend an afternoon? He won't change his habits till he gets sent to a reformatory!"

"You needn't go with him, Morny. I don't understand you," Erroll broke out. "What do you have anything to do with him for?"

Lattrey gritted his teeth. "That's enough!" he snapped. "Mornington, come along, and leave that rotter alone!"

Mornington paused one moment, and then he followed Lattrey from the study. Peele and Gower followed on, grinning. .

They did not understand Lattrey's strange power over the dandy of the Fourth, but they were glad to see it. Erroll had very nearly succeeded, once, in winning Mornington away from the honourable society of the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood. But evidently Erroll had no chance against Lattrey.

Kit Erroll was left alone in the study, with a moody and frowning brow. He was puzzled and perplexed. "What does it mean?" he muttered. "What can it mean? That

(Continued on the next page.)



somehow, but how---"

to waste, my infant!"

captain of the Fourth.

likes!"

thing!"

master!"

about him.

Fourth.

late, Morny!"

pally ill leave

pressing his lips.

Lattrey laughed.

when I was a new fellow!"

"Fdon't want to come!"

"Oh, you'll like it all right!"

suaded him-"

"He's going out!"

Hallo, coming along?"

Silver's cheery voice interrupted

Erroll's glum reflections. "No time

Erroll joined him in the passage.

"Where's Mornington?" asked the

"Cricket not in his line-what?"

smiled Jimmy Silver. "I thought

once he was going to take it up seri-

ously, but he changes pretty fast-

never sticks to anything long. It's a

pity; lie's a ripping bowler when he

"I can't understand it," said Erroll.

"They're awfully thick lately," said

Because he's my pal!" said Erroll

"He wanted to come down to the

cricket, but that fellow Lattrey per-

Jimmy. "Birds of a feather, as a

matter of fact. Why don't you let

quietly. "Morny's too good for that

kind of game. I don't understand his

following Lattrey's lead in this way.

There's something underhand in it.

Lattrey's rotter enough for any-

"Well, if he doesn't turn up to prac-

tice, he won't be in the eleven for the

Woodend match," said Jimmy Silver.

"I was willing to give him a chance.

Don't look glum about it, my infant!

Keep smiling! I dare say Morny's

The two juniors joined Lovell and

Raby and Newcome, and they went

down to the cricket-ground together.

But Erroll could not take Jimmy

Morny, with all his faults, was his

chum, and had been a good chum, and

Erroll could not help feeling troubled

The 2nd Chapter.

The Worm Turns!

sullen as he left the gates of Rook-

wood with the three nuts of the

of Rookwood did not want to accom-

pany Lattrey's party, and Gower and

Gower and Peele walked on ahead,

cheerfully enough, and Lattrey

slackened pace to keep with Morn-

"Better get a move on!" Lattrey

"The later the better, as far as

"You used to be keen enough on a

Mornington halted, and fixed a

savage look upon his companion.

Gower and Peele were out of hearing

ington, between his teeth, "there's

got to be a limit. If you think you

"Notrat all! I only want to be

""You're about the last fellow at

"Why? Our tastes are quite!

Rookwood I should choose as a pal!"

similar," said Lattrey, with a smile.

"You'd pull with me ever so much

better than with Erroll, if you only

made up your mind to it. He is a

"Do you want me to knock you into

goody-goody nincompoop, after all."

the ditch?" said Mornington, com-

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.

""You've got the whip-hand of me,

I know that," continued Mornington.

"You've made me take up a lot of

things I never intended to touch

again. But there's a limit, an' I warn

you you'd better not go too far. I'm

"You'll have to toe the line," said

Lattrey coolly. "What's the good of

talking? I've only got to open my

mouth, and what becomes of you? I

not a safe fellow to play with!"

are goin' to order me about-"

"Look here, Lattrey," said Morn-

remarked. "We don't want to be too

I'm concerned," snapped Mornington.

little game at the Bird-in-Hand," he

said. "It was you first took me there,

ington, who was walking slowly.

Peele wondered why he came.

Mornington's face was dark and

It was pretty clear that the dandy

Silver's advice and "keep smiling."

going to enjoy himself in his own

"I—I suppose so. But—"

Morny's his own

Morny slide his own way?"

GAME TO THE

(Continued from the previous page.)

know where to find your Cousin Cecil,

the missing heir of Mornington. I've only got to say so, and you're a beggar. You dare not face it. You'd face anything cooner than poverty. You've got to toe the line, and you know it!" Mornington gritted his teeth, and

Lattrey laughed.

Jimmy

"I'll make it easy for you, so long you take it smiling continued Lattrey. "But if you jib, you'll be brought to order, sharp enough. I've got a lot of check from you to pay out, you know. I've stood a good deal of swank from you, and this is where you eat humble pie, and look as if you liked it. See?"

tell you it's a dangerous game to play with me," said Mornington, in a low voice. "I've never knuckled under to anybody yet!"

"You're going to knuckle under to

Mornington clenched his hands

He felt an intense longing to plant his clenched fist full in the hard, sneering face of the cad of the Fourth. It was only the knowledge that Lattrey could ruin him that restrained his anger and hatred.

Lattrey knew his secret. And he had only to speak for Mornington to lose all that made his life worth living. Yet, though he knew himself to be at Lattrey's mercy, there were moments when Mornington's pride and passionate temper almost boiled over, and he came near throwing everything to the winds.

"Come on I" said Lattrey. "We're wasting time."

Mornington stood still. "Why should I come with you?" he muttered. "I tell you I'm sick of the game-sick of that dingy gang and their dirty gamblin'! Sick of it all! I never half liked it when I was free to do as I liked! Now I hate

"You'll come because I want you,"

said Lattrey. "I won't come!"

"That will do." snapped Lattrey. "Come on, I tell you!"

"I won't!" Mornington did not move. An angry flush came into Lattrey's hard He had had more than one scene with Mornington, since the dandy of the Fourth had been under his thumb, and Morny had always

given in, in the long run. It was a pleasure to Lattrey to humiliate the superb Morny, to repay, with interest, the contempt he had received from him.

He slipped his arm through Mornington's, and led him along the lane. "Let go my arm!" said Mornington thickly.

Lattrey did not heed.

"Will you let go my arm?"

"Then take that!"

Mornington's arm swept up, and a back-hander across the face sent Lattrey spinning.

He staggered two or three paces, and fell at full length in the dusty

Mornington stood looking down

upon him with blazing eyes.

"Oh!" gasped Lattrey. He was more surprised than hurt. The worm had turned at last, with a

vengeance. "You blackmailin' cad!" Mornington, through his teeth. "I've stood from you all I'm goin' to stand!

Lattrey staggered to his feet. Mornington rushed at him as he did so, his left and right coming out in

Get up and have some more!"

swift succession. Crash! Crash! Lattrey yelled, and went spinning into the road again.

This time he did not rise, but lay with his eyes gleaming like a snake's, fixed on Mornington.

The latter gave him a look of savage scorn, and strode back the way he had come, towards Rookwood.

Lattrey slowly picked himself up, his eyes burning with rage. passed his hand over his face; his nose was streaming red. He dabbed at it savagely with his handkerchief.

For some moments he hesitated, and then he went on his way, after Gower and Peele.

Mornington, without looking back, strode on towards Rookwood.

The 3rd Chapter. A Surprise for Erroll! "Hallo, here's Morny!"

Jimmy Silver made that remark,

as the dandy of the Fourth arrived

on the cricket-ground. Erroll's face lighted up, and he ran to join his chum.

"You've come, after all!" he said,

with a smile. Yes, here I am!" Mornington laughed. "Let's have some cricket."

"Lattrey-"I left Lattrey on his back in Coombe Lane."

Erroll laughed. "Then you're off with him again?" "Never mind that. Let's get some

"Come and bowl to me, Morny," called out Jimmy Silver.

"Right-ho!" Erroll tossed the ball to Mornington, who went on to bowl to the captain of the Fourth. Mornington was in great form that afternoon. He seemed to have thrown aside the trouble that had been weighing on his mind for many days, and to be thinking only of the cricket. He took Jimmy Silver's wicket, and even Conroy, the Australian, failed to keep his sticks up to Morny's bowling.

When the practice was over, and the juniors went in to tea, Jimmy Silver joined Mornington, with a cheery smile.

"I'm glad you turned up, Morny," he said. "You're in topping form. Shall I put your name down for the Woodend match next week?"

"If you like," said Morny. "I mean, are you going to stick to practice?" said Jimmy, laughing. "I'd like you in the eleven; but I want to know whether I can depend on you."

"You can depend on me if I'm still at Rookwood," said Mornington, resolutely.

Jimmy stared. "You're not thinking of leaving Rookwood?" he exclaimed. "I might have to!"

Mornington left him with that remark, leaving Jimmy Silver in a state of considerable astonishment.

He hurried after Erroll. "Come up to my study to tea, Erroll," he said.

"Right-hol" "I want a jaw with you." "Any old thing," said Erroll, with

The two chums had Morny's study to themselves, Gower and Peele not having returned from Coombe.

Mornington had said that he wanted a "jaw" with his chum, but during; tea he sat silent hardly uttering a

Erroll waited patiently for him to

He did not need telling that his chum was in some trouble that he could not understand, and that it was connected with Lattrey, the cad of the Fourth. What that trouble was, he

could not guess, though he had l thought a good deal about it. When tea was over, Mornington took out a cigarette, and then, catching Erroll's look, laughed impatiently,

and thrust it away. "You needn't mind me, Morny," said Erroll quietly. "I'd rather you didn't smoke, all the same. might leave that kind of rot to Lattroy and his set."

"I'm one of his set!" said Mornington.

"You needn't be."

"I've no choice!"

"I don't see that. You quarrelled with that rotter once, and cut him. and I don't see why you can't do the same again."

"I can't !" "Why not?" "I dare not!"

"Are you off your rocker!" exclaimed Erroll. "Do you want me to believe that you are afraid of a worm like Lattrey?"

"I'm goin' to tell you how the matter stands," said Mornington. "I'm rather curious to hear your opinion. I dare say you won't want to be friendly with me after I've told

"Whatever you've done, I stick to you," he said quietly. "I'm not a chap to change. You can rely on

Erroll shook his head.

"Suppose I tell you I'm a thief?" "I shouldn't believe you." "It's true!"

"You must be out of your senses!" said Erroll, in wonder.

"Perhaps not exactly a thief-perhaps swindler is the better word!"

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT

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said Mornington sardonically. "There isn't much to choose between them. Do you want to hear the details?"

"Yes," said Erroll. "You remember I told you, some time ago, about my cousin Cecil Mornington. He was stolen by gipsies when a little kid, and has never turned up. If he turned up he would take everything, and leave me on my uppers!"

"I remember." "Well, he's turned up!"

"Morny!"

"Nice for me, isn't it?" said Mornington, with a bitter laugh. "I've | been brought up to believe myself the master of Mornington, with twenty thousand a year comin' to me when I'm of age, and as much somebody. It's a secret, of course!" as I like till then. And now-"

I don't understand. Where but--"

is he?"

"It's not known. He doesn't know you?" said Mornington. know, an' I'm not goin' to tell.

Erroll's face became very grave.

"Are you sure?" "Quite sure."

"I mean, is there proof?"

"Plenty of proof." -"And Lattrey knows?" exclaimed Erroll.

"Lattrey knows."

"And he's holding it over your head?" exclaimed Erroll, understanding at last. "Exactly."

study. Mornington lighted a cigarwas staring at him blankly.

exclaimed hat!" "Well, my Erroll, breaking the silence at last. "You mean, then, that you could find Cecil Mornington if you liked?"

"You know where he is?" "I could put my finger on him any

"And he doesn't know it himself?" "Not in the least. He was brought

up among a gang of gipsies, and he's lived as a tramp ever since!" "Good heavens!" There was another silence.

"What are you going to Morny?" asked Erroll at last.

"Nothin'!" "You can't keep silent now, you know!"

"I can, and I'm goin' to!"

"But-but everything belongs to Mornington. your cousin, I understand?" "Legally, yes," smiled Morning-

ton. "It doesn't seem quite fair to me, for everything to go to the eldest son or his heir. I never thought about it before, but I can see now that it's a rotten system. Why should my pater's elder brother have taken everything, and my pater nothing? You can't call it just, can you?"

"It's not just," said Erroll, "but it's the law. And it's by that law that you have what you hold now, Morny. You've got a crowd of further-off relations who would share equally in the estates if it wasn't for that law."

"By gad! That's so, too!" Mornington laughed. "You see, the law is all right so long as it suits me, and all wrong when it doesn't. I suppose that's what it comes to."

"You can't keep silent, Morny. If -if you don't let your cousin have his rights, it—it's——"

Erroll paused. "Swindlin'!" said Mornington.

"Well, yes!" "I told you I was a swindler," said Mornington, with a sardonic grin. "You'd better leave me alone

after this. I shall contaminate you!" Erroll watched his face, alarmed and anxious. In spite of Morny's flippancy of manner, he could see that he was suffering, that self-contempt, the bitterest of all to bear, was cating into his very heart.

Morny could not resolve to do what was right; he could not resolve to part with wealth and consequence. But he despised himself for his weakness as he would have despised it in another. "And you're quite sure, Morny?

There's no mistake?" "Not the shadow of one! I've seen my beloved cousin, and talked to him."

"And—and——" "What's your advice, old scout?" "To tell your guardian at once what you've found out," said Erroll, without hesitation.

"An' give up everything?" "It's worth it, for a clear conscience."

"Give up everythin, and be as poor as Rawson or Tubby Muffin!" grinned Mornington. "Become dependent on my dear cousin-what? I don't quite think that would suit me, Erroll." "You'll come to it," said Erroll.

"You can't keep this up!" "You'll see!"

"And Lattrey," said Erroll. "He won't keep it dark. Why should he.

if he knows?" "He will so long as it pays him.

But I don't know. I knocked him down this afternoon."

"I'm glad of that!" "He was goin' too far with his insolence. I don't know whether he'll keep it dark after that. I don't care much. I know I'm not goin to stand

too much from him." "It will be better for you if he speaks," said Erroll. "But Ild rather that you spoke out yourself, and did

what was right!" Mornington gave a shrug. "I've told you in confidence, of

course," he said. "It's a relief to tell "I understand that. I've no right "But-but if the kid's turned to repeat what you've told me,

"But you'd rather I hadn't told

"Well, yes," said Erroll frankly.

"It's the penalty of pallin' with a swindler, dear boy! Why don't you throw me over, and look the other way when you see me?"

"I sha'n't do that. I'm your pal through thick and thin," said Erroll, "I know, too, in the long run you'll

do what is right!" The door opened, and Lattrey came in. Mornington grinned as he looked at him. Lattrey's nose was red and swollen; he showed very plain signs

of the fracas in the lane. His manner was very quiet, but his There was a long silence in the eyes were gleaming. Erroll rose, with a look of dislike at the cad of ette, unheeded by his chum. Erroll | the Fourth. He left the study without a word.

The 4th Chapter. Surrender!

Lattrey closed the door after Erroll, and stood looking at Mornington, his thin lips set, his eyes gleaming.

The dandy of the Fourth regarded him mockingly. Mornington was in a reckless mood.

"Have you enjoyed your little game?" he smiled. "Did they ask you how you came by that nose?"

"I'm writing to my father this evening," said Lattrey. "Give him my kind regards, and

my congratulations that he's still out of prison," said Mornington.

"I'm telling him where to find Cecil

"Go ahead!" Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Chuck this fooling!" he said savagely. "Do you think you're going to make me believe that you don't care? I'm willing to give you another chance, Morny."

"I thought you would be," "I don't want to ruin you unless you force me. But we've got to have

an understanding." "I think we understand one another pretty well," said Mornington, with bitter coolness. swindling my cousin, and you're blackmailing me to keep it dark.

Isn't that how the matter stands?" Lattrey winced. "Keep to your limit, and I'll stand it," continued Mornington. "But I've had enough of bein' under your thumb. I don't allow anybody to

dictate to me!" "They were disappointed not to see you this afternoon," said Lattrey.

"Joey Hook was expecting you." "They'll be disappointed again." "I'm going again to-night, after lights-out."

"Go, and be hanged!" "I've told Hook I shall bring you

with me." "Another disappointment for dear Hook!" smiled Mornington. "He's never goin' to win any more of my money. I'm done with breakin'

bounds after lights-out." Lattrey looked at him in silence, with compressed lips.

"Keep your limit!" repeated Mornington. "You make a pretty good thing out of me, and it will pay you to keep your tongue between your teeth! But I'm not goin' to the Bird-in-Hand again-with you, at all events! I don't enjoy your company, dear boy!"

"When I go out to-night," said Lattrey, in concentrated tones, "I shall take the letter to my father in my pocket. If you're not with me, I shall drop it into the letter-box."

"Do as you choose!" "You think you can afford to defy me, you swindling hound?" exclaimed Lattrey, his temper breaking out at

Mornington rose, and threw open the door.

"There's your way, Lattrey," he said. "Get out!"

"I'll go when I choose!" "You'll go when I choose," said

Mornington, advancing upon him. Lattrey, with a look of hatred, stepped into the passage, and Mornington kicked the door shut after

The two juniors did not meet again till bed-time, when the Classical Fourth went to their dormitory.

Lattrey gave the dandy of the Fourth a glance in the dormitory, but Mornington did not meet his eyes. The Fourth-Formers turned in, and

Jimmy Silver & Co. were soon asleep. But there were two who did not close their eyes.

Half-past ten had tolled out, when Lattrey slipped quietly from his bed and dressed silently in the dark.

He bent over Mornington's bed.

"Morny!" "Hallo!"

"Oh, you're awake?"

"So it seems!"

"Are you coming?" "No."

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Then you know what to expect! Good-night, and pleasant dreams!" he said, and he glided away towards the door.

From a back window the rascal of Rookwood dropped to the ground, and flitted away cautiously in the darkness towards the school wall.

There he paused, listening.

From the dark quadrangle behind him there came a soft sound of cautious footsteps.

Lattrey crouched against the wall, in the deep shadow of a beech tree. He wondered whether the footsteps were those of a suspicious master making a late round, or whether Mornington had changed his mind at the last moment.

The footsteps came closer.

Lattrey's heart thumped.

"Are you there?" came a whisper in the darkness.

Lattrey drew a breath of relief. The whispering voice was Mornington's. The dandy of the Fourth had come to heel, after all.

"I'm here!" he muttered sullenly. "You startled me, you fool!"

Mornington chuckled softly. "Did you think it was a prefect?"

"Never mind what I thought," growled Lattrey. "Are you coming?"

"I'm comin'!" Mornington's voice was mocking and sardonic. "You needn't trouble to post the letter, dear boy. Come on!"

Lattrey grinned in the darkness, and the two juniors climbed the wall together.

It was two hours later when Jimmy Silver awoke, in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth, at the sound of a movement.

Jimmy sat up in bed, and blinked round him in the gloom.

"Hallo! Is that a merry sleepwalker?" he asked drowsily.

"Not at all, dear boy," came Mornington's voice. "Only a couple of merry blades just come home!"

"Mornington! You rotten blackguard!"

"Quite so! Any more cheery re-

marks to make?" "You ought to be kicked out of Rookwood!" growled Jimmy Silver, in utter disgust.

"Granted!"

"Don't shout, you silly ass!" came Lattrey's whispering voice. "Do you want to wake the house, Morny?"

"I don't care much," yawned Mornington. "What a giddy surprise for Bootles, if he dropped in on us now-what?"

"Serve you both jolly well right if he did!" grunted Lovell, who had been awakened by the voices.

"Agreed; it would," said Mornington coolly. There was a heavy bump in the silent dormitory, as the dandy of the Fourth kicked off a boot.

"Will you be quiet?" came in a savage whisper from Lattrey.

Mornington laughed, and kicked off the other boot. Then he turned in. without heeding the remarks that were addressed to him from several beds. The black sheep of Rookwood was quite his old, blackguardly self again. Lattrey had won.

The 5th Chapter. Lattrey's Plunge.

Jimmy Silver was looking very thoughtful when Erroll joined him in the junior Common-room a few days later. Jimmy had a slip of paper before him, and was chewing the stump of a pencil.

"Cricket list?" asked Erroll, with a smile.

"Yes—for the Woodend match" "Morny's playing, I hope?" Jimmy knitted his brows.

out," he said. "He seems to be in smile. "What price cricket?" pretty good form. But--"

"He's been sticking to practice | every day," said Erroll. "I-I know | end match, but there ain't any takers. about his playing the giddy ox the Everybody knows that Rookwood's other night, Jimmy, but—but that | goin' to win." wasn't quite his own fault."

"I suppose he's his own master," growled Jimmy Silver. "Ho wasn't team!" bound to go out with that worm Lattrey."

"Lattrey's got a lot of influence over him," said Erroll, colouring. He could not tell Jimmy the nature of Lattrey's power over Mornington. That was a dead secret. "Morny would rather have nothing to do with

"Bow-wow!" said Jimmy. "Morny isn't a silly kid to be twisted round a chap's finger. Still, so long as he keeps in form, I don't know that it's my business if he makes a fool of himself. Is he in good form?"

"Topping! You've seen him at practice!"

"You've kept him up to it, I sup-

queer enough. The fellow doesn't care for cricket, but he's kept Morny to practice as much as he could. I've heard him several times lately urging Morny not to miss practice at the Townsend. "Money up; you know!"

"That's just what I was thinking | quid or two on," said Lattrey with a

"N.G.," said Townsend. been tryin' to book bets on the Wood-

"Oh, I don't know!" said Lattrey thoughtfully. "Woodend are a good

"Nothin' like the form of Rookwood. Hold on, though," Townsend, with a grin. "If you fancy Woodend's chance, I'll take you on, two to one."

"Same here!" grinned Topham. "Two to one against Woodend?" said Lattrey, as if thinking it over.

"That's the figure!"

"In quids?"

"Quids, you like," said Townsend. "But I warn you to keep off the grass. I don't want to rob you, old scout!"

"I tell you Woodend haven't a look in," said Topham. "I offered Smythe three to one against Woodend, and he wasn't takin' any."

"Oh, I haven't all that faith in "Lattrey, too," said Erroll. "It's Jimmy Silver," said Lattrey lightly. "I'll take you on—two to one!"

"Done!" said the two nuts at

"Tracy'll hold the stakes!" said 'Oh, of course."

match, and the wish was father to the

thought. And Smythe and Howard, with the idea of making hay while the sun shone, booked bets with Lattrey, too, and when the cad of the Fourth left the study he stood to win ten pounds if Jimmy Silver were defeated on the morrow, and to lose five if Jimmy scored a victory.

Lattrey did not seem at all disturbed, however.

He looked in at Mornington's study a little later, and found Gower and Peele there. They grinned when they saw him.

"Chuckin' your money awaywhat?" asked Peele.

"If you've got any more to chuck away, I'll take you on!" remarked Gower. "Two to one on Rookwood to-morrow, old scout!"

Lattrey laughed.

"I'm our man, but I shall have to bet on paper. I've put up all the ready I happen to have."

"All serene!" Lattrey's "plunge" was the subject of some merriment among the nuts of Rookwood that evening. It was quite unlike the cold, calculating Lattrey to plunge on anything but a certainty, and this time it looked as if he would burn his fingers badly.

What Smythe & Co. did not know about cricket would have filled many books, but they knew enough to "You'll lose the eight!" "We shall see!" And Lattrey said no more.

The 6th Chapter. Lattrey's Little Carrie.

The next day was Wednesday, the day of the Woodend match. It was a bright and sunny afternoon, and Jimmy Silver & Co. looked very cheerful when they came out after Woodend were expected dinner. early, and Jimmy went down to the pitch with his chums.

Mornington was chatting under the beeches with Erroll, when

Lattrey joined them. Erroll walked away at once.

He was aware that Morny could not break with the cad of the Fourth, but he would not endure Lattrey's company himself.

Lattrey looked after him with sneer. Mornington made a move to follow

his chum to the cricket-ground, but Lattrey stopped him with a light tan on the arm.

"Hold on!" he said.

"No time to waste!" said Morn ington. "Woodend may be here any minute now. What is it?" "About the match——"

"Gettin' nervous about your merry

wagers?" grinned Mornington. Well, you need not be nervous. You're goin' to lose." "I'm not going to lose," said Lattrey quietly. "Rookwood's going to lose, and I'm going to win."

"It's a dead cert!" said Lattrey calmly. "That's what I want to speak to you about. You're in the team, Morny."

"I don't need telling that, I sup-'Are you in good form?"

"Toppin'!"

"You'll see!"

"You'd better get out of form pretty quick, then!"

"The fact is, I want you to see that Rookwood doesn't win!" said Lattrey, in a low tone. "Savvy?"

"You want me to see that Rookwood docsn't win?" he repeated olankly.

"Why, you sneaking hound!" Mornington understood at last. "Do you mean that you want me to give the match away?" "It's easy enough. They're de-

pending on your bowling. Well, you bowl for runs instead of for wicketssee? You get a duck's egg in your innings—that means a wicket short. You're one of the best players in the team; and if you play up for Woodend's benefit instead of Rookwood's, there won't be much doubt of the result—see?"

Mornington looked at him in silence.

Morny was not always a scrupulous fellow himself, but the baseness of the proposal almost took his breath away for a minute. He was asked to betray his side treacherously in order that Lattrey might win his rascally bets, and the cad of the Fourth evidently expected him to consent. Mornington drew a deep breath.

"So that's why you've been urgin' me to keep up the cricket lately!" he said at last. "You wanted me in the team."

Lattrey nodded.

"So that you could make bets against Rookwood, an' win them by gettin' me to give the match away!" "Right on the wicket!"

"And you think I'm goin' to do "I know you are!" said Lattrey coolly. "Don't let's have any talk.

You know you're going to do it!" Mornington clenched his hands, and Lattrey stepped back a pace.

"None of that!" he said sharply. "I've stood that from your conce, Morny. Not for a second time. I swear that if you don't toe the line, and without making any bones about it, that letter will be posted to my father to-day. You can take your choice."

There was a long silence.

"You stand to win or lose somethin' rather decent on this, I think?" remarked Mornington at last. "Yes."

"Well, get some more bets booked, and you can stand me a whack in the winnings!" said Mornington cooliy. "There's Selwyn and Tracy and some of the Modern chaps who will take you on. May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb-what?" "Ha, ha! Good!"

"Rely on me!" said Mornington. "The way I'm goin' to play will make you open your eyes if you come down an' watch!" And, with a cool nod, the dandy of

Lattrey leaned against the pavilion, sick at heart. There was no hope now. Even if he had wished, Morny could not have staved off defeat for Woodend, and evidently he did not wish. Mornington had been

playing with his blackmailer; Lattrey knew that now.

"I've noticed that myself," said Jimmy. "I can't quite make that] fellow Lattrey out. Well, Morny goes in! We want Morny's bowling. If he fails us, we'll make an example of him, that's all!"

"He won't fail you, Jimmy!"

And Erroll, with much satisfaction, saw the list of the junior eleven posted up on the board, with Mornington's name in. A crowd of juniors gathered to read down the list, which ran:

J. Silver, A. Lovell, G. Raby, C. Erroll, V. Mornington, Tommy Dodd, Cook, Doyle, Conroy, Oswald, Raw-

Lattrey was among the crowd, and he smiled as he noted Mornington's name in the list.

He lounged away to Townsend's study in the Fourth. Townsend and Topham were at home, Rawson, their study-mate, being downstairs. In the absence of Rawson, Towny and Toppy were indulging in cigarettes—which they never ventured to do when Tom Rawson was there.

"Hallo; trot in!" said Townsend. "Our bete noir is out, so we're having a smoke. Have a cig, dear boy!"

Lattrey lighted a cigarette.

"Anythin' doin'?" asked Topham, with a yawn. "Rotten spoil-sports to cut down racin'-what? Fancy only bein' able to have half-a-sov on a geegee once in a blue moon! Is life worth livin'?"

"There's other things to have a

"Come along and find Tracy, 1

"I'm your man!" The three nuts proceeded to the Shell passage, to the study of Adolphus Smythe, the great nut and sportsman of the Shell. They found Smythe and Tracy and Howard there.

The three Shell fellows chuckled as they heard of the bet.

"You haven't an earthly, Lattrey," Adolphus warned him. "I tell you I saw Woodend play last week, and they're nowhere near Rookwood

"Jimmy Silver's eleven will knock spots off them!" said Tracy, with a

"Oh, hang Jimmy Silver!" said Lattrey.

Adolphus chortled. "Yes, I know you love Jimmy Silver as much as a Prussian loves the truth!" he remarked. "But that's got nothing to do with cricket. You're throwing your money away just because you're up against Jimmy

Silver. You're an ass!" "Let him have his own way!" grinned Townsend. "His quid will came in useful!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The bets were duly booked, and the

stakes deposited with Tracy of the Townsend and Topham Shell. with satisfaction. They grinned attributed Lattrey's reckless wagers

know that the chances in the match were all in favour of Rookwood.

But Lattrey appeared satisfied. If he had forgotten his usual caution, he did not seem to realiso it. Mornington spoke to him on the

subject in the Common-room that evening. Since the night they had gone to the Bird-in-Hand together there had been outward friendliness between the two. Mornington seemed to have thrown

up all thought of resistance now, and to be content to swim with the current. His struggle towards better things had failed, and for once it was not wholly his own fault. "I hear you're makin' bets against

Rookwood to-morrow," he remarked. "That's so." "What's the game? Rookwood's

sure to win."

"I hope not." "Woodend hasn't an earthly," said Mornington, "not unless we get awful bad luck, an' that's not likely." "Well, you may get bad luck!"

said Lattrey calmly. "You haven't had news of any dark horse in the Woodend team-what?" asked Mornington, puzzled.

"Not at all." "Well, I don't savvy. But if you're anxious to lose money, I'll take you on to any amount you like."

Lattrey laughed. "Thanks! I've got enough bets booked," he said. "I stand to lose

to his dislike of Jimmy Silver. He | eight pounds now if I have bad luck, hoped that Jimmy would lose the l and to win sixteen-"

the Fourth sauntered away towards

had expected some show of re-

situated from Mornington, and this

complete surrender surprised as well

as gratified him. It showed how

By gad! He's learning to dance

to my tune!" murmured Lattrey,

with every fellow of a "sportive"

the honourable society of the "Giddy

Goats" of Rockwood. And he was

The 7th Chapter.

Game to the Last!

Rookwood opened their innings, with

Jimmy at one end and Tommy Dodd

at the other. It was a single-innings

match. Woodend went into the field.

round the ground, both Moderns and

Classicals turning up in great force

to see the match. There was a very

general anticipation of a Rookwood

Tommy Dodd began showed that the

anticipation was likely to be fulfilled.

fast, and the score was at 30 when

Fourth came down to the ground.

"Forty-five for three!" he said.

you, old scout!" chuckled Topham.

"Hallo, there's Morny going to the

the Fourth had taken his place.

Lattrey looked on smilingly to see

The ball came down from the

Woodend bowler, and Lattrey waited

The gleaming willow met the ball,

From the Rookwood crowd came a

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for the crash of the wicket.

and sent it on its journey.

"Well hit, Morny!"

The batsmen were running.

Lattrey stared

ringing shout:

an

Lovell came in next, and then

and then Oswald,

ho asked

Tommy Dodd was caught out.

"How it going?"

Townsoud grinned.

against Rookwood!"

"Oh, good!"

And the way Jimmy Silver and

victory.

Townsend.

wickets!"

wood.

Smack!

There was a crowd of Rookwooders

Jimmy Silver won the toss, and

looking forward to a rich harvest.

tendency who was willing to do so.

Mornington was under his thumb.

him to heel at last, by gad!"

the cricket-ground.

Lettrey laughed softly.

Published

Everz Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

Four had been taken before the leather came in from the country, and Mornington faced the bowling again.

"Good old Morny,!" said Smythe of the Shell. "I don't bother much ! about cricket, as a rule, but this is a game. Morny's in toppin'

"Rippin'!" Topham. grinned "What do you think, Lattrey?" Latery did not answer.

For the first time a chill of doubt completely the once proud and restive | had come into his breast. Was Mornington playing

false? Dared he play him false? He

could not believe it, and yetwith a grin. "I've fairly brought, He remembered the scene on the Coombe road, when Mornington's passionate temper had got the better and Lattrey walked away, to proceed to book bets against Rookwood of his prudence. Mornington had been at his mercy then, as now, but I he had struck him down, and taken the risk. Was he taking the risk And when he sauntered down to

Lattle Bide an hour later he had bets | ugain now? Lattrey gritted has teeth at the booked with nearly every member of thought. If it was so, he would have no mercy on the dandy of Rookwood a second time.

Morny was still batting; a 2 at the finish of the over had given him the bowling again. And he was going great guns.

Erroll came in to join him, with a smile and a nod as he passed him at the wicket. Erroll was pleased at the splendid show his chum was making at the good old game.

The Woodend fieldsmen leather hunting to their hearts' content—and a little more. Kit Erroll had bad luck, being caught out at point after taking 3. Another and another batsman came in, till last man was called, and Mornington was still batting.

The dandy of the Fourth had taken The two basmen made the running 40 runs on his own, the largest Rookwood score in the match,

Last man in fell to the bowling, and there was a cheer as Mornington left the wicket-not out. Jimmy Silver still batting. It was about that time that Lattrey of the

His face was flushed and smiling as he came back to the pavilion.

Rockwood had scored 107, and it was a score Woodend could not hope to touch, without the aid of a miracle.

"Good for Rookwood, but not for on the shoulder gleefully.

"Ripping, old scout!" he ex-"You must have been potty to stake | claimed heartily. "We're playing | you for your bowling, and I'm uncertain blessed if you're not batting the best said Lattrey carelessly. in the bunch, too!

Mornington laughed. "I'm rather in form to-day," he

Oswald was out, and the dandy of | remarked. "You are, by gum!" "You are, old son!" exclaimed Townsend. "I fandy Woodend won't the first duck's egg scored for Rook-

be keepin' it up till dark-what?" Lattrey came towards Mornington, his face quite pale.

Mornington's innings had hit him

hard. For the cad of the Fourth had taken Morny's advice, and he was "in" very deep. If Rookwood won the match, it was not only Lattrey's money that was lost, but he would owe money on all sides-it would be a staggering loss to him. The thought of it almost turned him giddy. "Morny!" he mut-

> tered thickly. Mornington nodded to him genially.

> "Hallo, Lattrey! Anything the matter? You look rather seedy." "Ha, ha!" chortled

> Smythe. "Lattrey's been backin' Woodend!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Glad to hear it!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "It will be a bit of a lesson to Lattrey, about making your filthy bets on

cricket matches." Lattrey did not answer him. He drew Mornington aside, careless of the eyes that were upon them.

muttered. mean?" were out of when they hearing of the cricketers. "Morny--"

"Anythin' wrong?" yawned Mornington. "Are you playing me hissed Lattrey,

through his clenched teeth. If you "By gad! dara---"Don't you know that I don't dare?" smiled Morn-"Ain't I fairly ington.

under your thumb, dear

Should I dare to refuse to play a mean, dirty trick when you order me? What rot!"

"You've piled up runs-" "Wait till you see me bowl," said Mornington reassuringly. know the tip you gave me-bowlin' for Woodend's benefit, you know. Wait an' see." Lattrey eyed him uneasily.

"Rookwood's a long way ahead now," he said. "It won't be so jolly easy to give Woodend the game, if

you try your hardest." "That's all right. You wait an'

"Mind, if Rookwood win, you know what to expect!" said Lattrey. in a low, hard voice.

"Quite so." "If you're fooling me---"

"Foolin" Mornington laughed. "You're too sharp to be him fooled, old scout. You're as keen as Sheffield steel—what? My dear chap, you're dreamin'! How could I fool you?"

"Look here-" "Comin'," said Mornington, as Erroll called to him, and he walked away to join his chums, leaving Lattrey standing alone, a prey to doubt and dismay.

The Rookwood side went into the field, and Woodend opened their innings. Jimmy Silver bowled the first over, and a catch came Mornington's way.

The Fourth Form dandy's hand went up like lightning.

There was a roar. "Bravo, Morny!"

"Well caught!"

"By gad, Morny's goin' it this afternoon!" said Smythe of the Shell. "Never saw old Morny in such toppin' form, by gad!"

"Like to settle up now, Lattrey. instead of waitin' for the finish?" chortled Townsend. "It's all over, bar shoutin', you know!" Lattrey did not speak.

He realised the truth now, though he still hoped against hope. Mornington had sought to reassure him between the innings, simply from sardonic humour—like a cat playing with a mouse.

He was playing his very best for Rookwood, and he intended his side to win. And he had deliberately encouraged the cad of the Fourth to "plunge" in his betting on the match, as a punishment for having asked him to betray his side. Lattrey understood it all now, only too clearly.

Yet he still hoped. He hardly dared Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington to think of the position he would be In if he lost his many bets on that match. More than once before his cunning had over-reached itself, but never so seriously as this.

His only consolation was revenge upon Mornington; that would be but a poor satisfaction, after all. He knew that he could not meet the

debts he had piled up in confident anticipation of a treacherous success. His thin, hard face was pale now as he watched the game.

Jimmy Silver had put Mornington on to bowl, and Lattrey hoped once more, as he saw the dandy of the Bourth go to the crease.

By skilful bowling to favour the batsmen, Mornington could certainly have made a great difference to his team's prospects—though it is doubtful if he could have enabled Woodend to make up the leeway at this stage.

Whether it was possible or not, it was soon clear that it was not Mornington's intention.

His first ball laid a Woodend wicket low, and it was followed by another

and another. There was a jubilant roar from the Rookwood crowd.

"The hat trick!" "Hurrah!"

leaned 🚡

"Bravo, Morny!" Lattrey of the Fourth against the pavilion, sick at heart. There was no hope now.

If he had wished, after this, Morny could not have staved off defeat for Woodend, and evidently he did not wish. He had been playing with his blackmailer; Lat-

trey knew that now. - Woodend 🔀 batsmen were putting up all they knew, but they X were outclassed by most of the Rookwood bowling.

Three fell wickets Mornington's bowling, before the in-

boy-quite at your mercy-what? I end for the inglorious total of fifty

vociferously. Smythe & Co., the merry nuts, were as pleased as the cricketers. Rookwood victory meant a

golden harvest for them. Under the beech-trees Tracy of the Shell handed out the stakes he had been holding, and the fellows who had betted with Lattrey "on paper," looked for him to give him a hint that it was time to see about settling

for his IOU's. But even Peele and Gower, when they saw Lattrey, forbore to press for payment just then—the plotting Fourth-Former looked so sick and overcome.

They left him on a seat outside the pavilion, where he had sunk down, as if his strength had described him.

From where he sat. Lattrey of the Fourth could see Mornington, surrounded by the crowd of cricketers, receiving congratulations.

It was Morny's match, as Jimmy Silver said heartily; both at batting and at bowling the honours were with Mornington. Erroll, in great delight, clapped his

chum on the shoulder, and Arthur Edward Lovell clapped him on the other shoulder.

The Woodend team took their departure in subdued spirits; they had received a record beating on the Rookwood ground.

Mornington chatted cheerfully with his friends, apparently oblivious of the crouching figure on the seat by the pavilion and of the burning eyes that were fixed upon him with deadly hatred.

He walked off the ground at last, with Erroll on one side of him and Jimmy Silver on the other.

Lattrey pushed his way through the juniors, and stepped into Mornington's path, his face white and his eyes burning.

"Mornington, you swindler!" he panted. "Hallo! What are you burbling

about?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. Mornington laughed lightly. "Lattrey's got it in the neck!" he remarked airily. "The dear fellow

arranged with me to give away the match-"What?" roured Jimmy Silver. "He's been bookin' bets on all sides, countin' on a win for Woodend,

and this is the merry result! Looks as if he enjoyed it, don't he?" "You rotten cad!" shouted Jimmy Silver, shoving Lattrey savagely

aside as he strove to speak. "Get away!" Lattrey reeled; but he forced his shook his fist in Mornington's face.

"Mornington, they're going to know now! There's a good deal more then that to tell the fellows, and I'm going---"

Before he could speak further Mornington raised his hand and struck him full in the face. Lattrey fell with a crash.

Mornington walked on, without another glance at him. Erroll pressed his arm.

"Morny-" he whispered. "The game's up!" Mornington amiled grimly. "The game's up! But I'm game at the finish, old scout! Let's go and have tea,"

And the dandy of Rookwood hummed a merry tune as he walked

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION!" BY OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!

The Rockwood crowd cheered TALES TO TELL.

PLAYING FOR BOOTY.

Some provincial touring companies make a profit from their audiences in more ways than one. For instance:

To be or not to be?" declaimed the heroic Hamlet.

(Two potatoes and a nail-brush.) "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer-"

(Three bad eggs.) "The slings and arrows of out-

rageous Fortune-" (One cabbage and one spring onion.) "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles--"

(One boot.)

"And-and-" The actor was evidently wavering. He was beginning to be decided that to be was better than not to be, and was edging towards the wings.

But the manager, hooking in the boot with an old umbrella, was heart-

"Keep on playing!" he hissed. "Keep on playing till we get the other

DIET AND HIS FRAME.

The market-place of Duddington-inthe-Hollow was busy and bustling, and Farmer John was held up for a moment by the traffic.

"Cheer-ho, old sport!" cried a rude boy from the pavement. "What d'you feed the nag on?"

Farmer John looked rather blue, but deigned to snort out the reply: "Oats!"

"Why," chimed in the lad, "I thought you'd bin feeding 'im on butter-tubs, for 'e shows the hoops in his inside pretty plainly."

KIND LITTLE ARTHUR.

"Hey! What are ye doing there?" Little Arthur was caught. He was up in the pear-tree, his pockets full of luscious fruit, while below stood a bullterrier, trying wildly and frantically to reach him.

And the owner of the tree and dog had just come upon the scene.

"What d'ye want up my pear-tree, young feller?" asked the farmer again, in gruff and angry tones.

Little Arthur thought furiously for a few moments. Then he said: "P-p-please, sir, I'm t-t-trying to

way back as the juniors went on. He teach your d-d-dog to stand on his h-h-hind legs!"

DOING HIS BEST.

Murphy's wife was ill. So Murphy -for he was only newly wed-decided, on completing his day's work, to try and make himself generally useful in the house.

Accordingly, he bought a pound of bacon and a pound of soap, and set about—so he thought—to prepare a savoury meal for his ailing wife.

The latter, however, even on her bed of sickness, detected the ensuing smell, and sniffed at it wonderingly.

Then, as the odour grew stronger and more unpleasant, she hastened to the kitchen as quickly as she could, and---

"What are you doing, Murphy?" she inquired. "Cookin' bacon," came the blunt

reply. "Bacon, man! Why, that's soap!" "Then, bedad," exclaimed the Irish-

man, "I must have washed me shirt wid the bacon!"

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WESTWARD

BOYS' FRIEND

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CLIFFORD. MARTIN

The 1st Chapter. Cousin Bob!

Canada at last! as he looked shoreward from the

deck of the steamer. His face was flushed, and his eyes him.

were shining.

Only a few short weeks before he l had been a careless schoolboy, and his a roar from the American gentleman. thoughts had scarcely wandered bewond the white cliffs of old England. | deck, with his baggage flying round Now the broad Atlantic lay behind him in a crashing shower. him, and before him lay a new world, new and strange.

His eager eyes had not rested for a moment, as the steamer throbbed her amid his baggage, and stared round way up the great St. Lawrence. As I the great ship passed under the frowning Heights of Abraham, the story of Wolfe and Montcalm came i freshly into his mind, and of the old days of strife before English and French-Canadians were united in one great people.

came alongside the wharf at Point Levis, and Quebec gleamed through in his looks. the falling darkness like a fairy city,

Passengers were coming and gage again. not heed. He was going on in the | tance, with a chuckle. stanmer as for as Montreal, where Frank regarded him oddly.

the glittering lights of the city. A him. sudden slap on the shoulder startled him, and he spun round with an ex- knuckles had struck hard. clamation.

"What the dickens!"

A sturdy lad of about his own age was standing there, regarding him with a good-humoured grin. Frank gazed at him curiously.

on the steamer. Frank had never seen him before. Evidently he had rubbed his nose again. just come on board at Quebec.

"Well?" said the stranger. "Well?" said Frank.

"You've just been pointed out to me. You came over in a bandbox, I | you again," he said. understand, in charge of the skipper?"

"I came over in charge of the captain," said Frank. "Not in a bandbox."

"Labelled This side up, with care '!" grinned the stranger.

Frank Richards flushed a little. "Look here!" he began. "I don't know who you are, or what you are jawing to me for. But I generally punch a fellow's nose if he's cheeky!" "By gum!" The youthful

stranger whistled. "Do you?" "Yes. That's a tip!" Frank turned to the rail again, and looked landward. The next moment

he received another slap on the meet you," explained Lawless. shoulder, which pitched him forward against the rail. He whirled round, with a flash in his eyes. The sturdy provoking manner.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Frank angrily. "What do you want?" "I'm waiting for you to punch my

nose." "Oh, I won't keep you waiting!" Frank Richards pushed back his alone—a kid like you?" exclaimed cuffs and started. Frank had been known as a fighting-man in the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, in faraway England. He was not at all averse to giving this aggressive stranger a taste of his quality, though | tances yet. Thousands, my son!" he could not possibly imagine why

way. like lightning. It was plain at once without the slightest misgiving. that he knew as much about boxing as Frank could teach him.

In a moment or two a terrific combat was raging, which reminded Frank queerly of old scenes behind the gym at St. Kit's.

staggered back to the rail.

He rushed forward the next instant however, and his left and right came

wards. As ill-luck would have it, a pas- I

baggage. He was a tall American go and scout for some grub? You gentleman, with a bag in each hand, know the way, I suppose? Lead on, a rug over his shoulder, another bag | Macduff!" Frank Richards drew a deep breath | under one arm, and several more | "Right-ho!" said Frank. And he looked shoreward from the articles piled about him.

The reeling lad crashed fairly into

The collision was terrific.

"Waal! I swow! Yah!" came in He sprawled at full length on the

"Oh, Jerusalem!" ejaculated the cause of the disaster.

The American gentleman sat up

him with a bloodthirsty eye. The Canadian lad gripped Frank Richards by the arm.

"Hook it!" he said laconically.

"Come on, greenhorn! Do you want that johnny to scalp you?" He dragged Frank away from the

Dusk was falling as the steamer | spot just as the American gentleman clambered to his feet, with vengeance

The two lads vanished amid the glittering from the citadel to the edge | throng on the deck, and the unforof the rippling water with electric tunate passenger, with a series of lurid remarks, gathered up his bag-

going. There was a buzz of voices | "All serene," said Frank's curious and a rumble of baggage. Frank did companion, stopping at a safe dis-

him to his uncle's ranch in the West. | seemed to have wanished, and he He stood by the rail, out of the looked quite friendly, and Frank did way of hurrying passengers, watching | not know in the least what to make of |

He rubbed his nose, where Frank's

"You can scrap pretty well for a tenderfoot," he remarked. "I guess | I didn't know you had it in you.' "For a what?" asked Frank.

was a new word to him. "Tenderfoot - greenhorn, you He was not one of the passengers | know. I thought you looked as soft | as molasses, but you can scrap!" He finish that little tussle some day, with the gloves on."

Frank stared at him. "I don't suppose I shall ever see

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see-" "I've forgotten to introduce myself," grinned the stranger. "You're Frank Richards, aren't you?"

"Yes.' "Well, then, you're my cousin

Frank." "What!"

"I'm Bob Lawless."

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank, in astonishment.

The youth held out his hand in the frankest manner. Frank Richards took it cordially enough, though somewhat doubtfully.

"Pop sent me down to Montreal to "Pop?" repeated Frank.

"Father, you know. Your Uncle Lawless. I came on to Quebec to youth was grinning at him in a most | meet the steamer, on my own. I'm going up the river with you, see? We land at Montreal, and take the train west. Father couldn't come; he's too jolly busy on the ranch just now. So I came."

"You've come right across Canada

"Why not?"

"It's hundreds of miles, isn't it?" "Hundreds!" Bob Lawless grinned. "You don't know our dis-

"My word!" said Frank. And he the fellow had sought him out in this | looked at the Canadian youth with new interest. Bob Lawless had The other fellow's hands went up evidently made that long journey

"I'm going to see you safe to the ranch," said Bob. "Pop's trusted you into my hands. We're going to school together."

"Oh!" "Pop says we're to be great Frank caught a set of knuckles that | friends," grinned Lawless. seemed like iron with his chin, and haps we shall be. We've started

Frank laughed. "I don't see why we shouldn't be," into play with lightning quickness, he said. "I didn't understand. If and the stranger went flying back- | you'd told me you were my cousin |

"All serene. No harm done," said l

senger was hurrying past laden with Bob cheerfully. "I say, suppose we

The 2nd Chapter. Across Canada!

The next day the steamer was gliding up the St. Lawrence again. That day Frank Richards became better acquainted with his cousin

Bob Lawless was a young gentleman of the most exuberant spirits and of the greatest good-humour, and Frank could not help liking him.

But it seemed to be fixed in Bob's mind that the new-comer from England was a "tenderfoot"—a greenhorn of the greenest variety. And Frank soon learned that his Canadian consin had an irrepressible sense of humour, and a strong propensity to "pull the leg" of the new

But Frank, new as he was to the Western continent, was not an easy

victim.

When Bob rushed down to the state-room to warn him that a fleet of Indian canoes were coming to attack the steamer. Frank Richards continued to pack his bag with great equanimity.

Indians, you know!"

Frank nodded, and went on pack-

"Red Indians!"

"Yes. I know-same as in Fenimore Cooper!" said Frank. "They board all the steamers, and scalp all the passengers, don't they?"

"Ahem! Exactly!" "Well, let 'em come!"

And Bob laughed and gave it up. "What is that?" asked Frank, a little later, as he sighted, from the deck, a dark object drifting on the

Bob Lawless looked excited at once. "By gum! A whale!" he exclaimed. "Buzz off to the bridge, and tell the skipper there's a whale in sight! Hurry!"

Frank half-turned, and turned back again.

"I think I'll see that whale a bit

closer first," he remarked. And when the whale came closer it proved to be a drift log, and the startling announcement was not made to the captain of a whale in the St. Lawrence as high up as Three Rivers.

But when they landed in Montreal at last, Bob Lawless was very useful to his cousin from the Old Country.

He piloted Frank through the Custom-house, took him to see the cathedral and the tubular bridge, and finally landed him, with his baggage, on a car on the Canadian Pacific Railway--the great and famous C.P.R.

The Canadian Pacific was a wonderful experience to Frank, accustomed as he was to the comparatively wretched train service of the Old Country.

The great cars which sped day and night over limitless distances required getting used to.

They passed through Ottawa at night, and breakfasted the next morning at Toronto. "Now, which way would you rather

go?" Bob asked at breakfast. "Is there more than one way?" asked Frank. "I've never been to Canada before, you know."

Bob grinned. "Yes, I know. But you can keep on the west of the railway all the time, or you can do part of the journey by steamer on the Great Lakes. That's a bit longer, but it's pleasanter. Say which you'd like."

"Right-ho!" And by the Lakes they went onward, taking the steamer on Lake Huron at Owen Sound. And Frank's boyish eyes opened wide when they came out on the wide waters of Lake

"The Lakes!" said Frank at once.

Superior. "My word! Is this a lake?" he exclaimed. Bob shook his head solemnly.

"No; this is the Pacific Ocean," he explained. Frank laughed. But the huge ex- l

panse of water might have been the ocean, for all the eye could tell.

Frank was enjoying the journey, and he found Bob Lawless a useful and entertaining guide, with all his propensity for practical jokes.

The journey, tremendous as it was to Frank, seemed an easy enough concern to the Canadian lad.

The Canadian Pacific received them again on its cars at Port Arthur, on the western extremity of Lake Superior. The Pullman eleeping-car on the

C.P.R. was Frank's first experience of real comfort in railway travelling. Night and day succeeded one another as the train boomed westward.

Manitoba lay behind, and in Assiniboia Frank had his first sight of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police, in two stalwart troopers who a couple of hundred miles, boarded the train.

Assiniboia, the train becomed along over limitless prairie.

Frank was never tired of standing on the train-platform and watching the vast expanse as they hummed by. Once or twice he caught sight of antelopes in the distance.

Bob. to whom it was all commonplace enough, watched his interest and delight with a friendly grin.

The two cousins had quite forgotten | by this time that their acquaintance had been opened with a bout of fisti-Don't you understand?" de- cuffs. It was at Medicine Hat, where someone was to meet him and take | All the youth's aggressiveness | manded Bob, staring hard at him. | the railway crosses the Bouth San you ride?" katchewan River, that Frank saw his first Indian.

Bob grasped him suddenly by the arm, with a look of alarm.

"Indians!" he whispered, in a thrilling voice.

"Oh, rate!" said Frank. "Look!"

violently as he saw a tall, red man close by him. It was a real Indian at last. But the noble red man was only

Frank looked round, and started

offering bead ornaments for sale, and there was nothing to be alarmed at. It was only one more of Bob's little From Medicine Hat the great train

ran on westward into Alberta, and the same day Frank Richards had his first sight of the Rocky Mountains. He felt his heart beat faster at the

sight of the dim peaks that rose beyond the horizon. "The Rockies?" he asked, almost

in a whisper. Bob nodded. "Yes, my infant." "We're going over the Rockies?"

asked Frank. the other side," said Bob laughing. "What do you think of the Rockies?"

"Bigger than the South Downs," said Frank, with a smile. Frank feasted his eyes on the mountains as they drew nearer and nearer. He was never tired of watching them, and breathing deep the

scent of the pine-forests. England and St. Kit's seemed very far away now.

The train climbed, farther and the Kicking Horse Pass.

"How far up is this?" Frank asked, way, which bore the words in irreguwhen the train stopped at last at the | lar letters: summit of the pass. "About a mile," said Bob. "Above

"And now we're going down," remarked Bob, when the train was in motion again. "Hold on to me."

hold on. sight of the foaming waters of the hundred miles from everywhere!" Kicking Horse River, dancing along "I-I see!" by the track.

at last. "British Columbia - and home!" said Bob cheerfully.

> The 3rd Chapter. Roughing It!

Bump, bump! The waggon jolted on the rough | here, most likely." road that ran between great stretches | Bob gave him a rather odd look,

of forest. Bump, bump!

waggon, on a pile of sacks, dreamily gazing about at the new, strange

The railway had been left at last. While the train was rushing on

towards its destination, the terminus of the shore of the blue Pacific, the two boys had boarded the waggon at the wayside station.

The long, long journey had not tired Frank, for in the Pullman car he had slept as soundly and as comfortably as in his bed in the dormitory at St. Kit's.

He was quite fresh and cherry, as he sat in the waggon, and bumped and jolted along he knew not whither.

Bob had said that they were "near home," but there were no signs of home so far as Frank could see. But "near" might mean anywhere within

A brown-faced man in leather After passing Regina, the capital of I "crackers," red shirt, and a huge slouched hat, was driving the waggon. The two horses kept up a good pace,

rough as the trail was. "Are we getting near the ranch,

Bob?" Frank asked at last. Bob grinned.

"We don't get to the ranch tonight," he answered. "Oh! Where do we stop, then?"

"Cedar Creek." "Is that a town?"

"Yes, it's a town, I guess." grinned Bob-"a town of sorts. We take horse there and ride home. Can

"Ever ridden a buck-jumper?"

"You'll have a chance to morrow." "I don't know that I'm keen on riding a buck-jumper," said Frank candidly. "I'm not such a rider as all that. We don't ride buckjumpers in England, you know."

"Then it'll be an experience for you," said Bob. "And if we meet any Indians on the way to the ranch

"Oh, go easy on the Indians!" said Frank, laughing "You've been stuffing me with Indians all the way

here! I'm not afraid of Indians." "You never know, you know," said Bob, with a shake of the head. "Have you got your revolver about "No; I haven't one."

"That was an oversight." said Bob, so seriously that Frank could not tell whether he was joking or not. "You may need it."

Bob rose to his feet in the waggon. "There's the creek!" he said. Frank looked round him with interest as the waggon rumbled and "Naturally, as we've got to get to jolted into the town-or, rather,

> "Where are we going to stay?" he asked. "At the Hotel Continental."

"Phew!" The Hotel Continental sounded promising, though the aspect of the

border town gave little promise of such splendour. The waggon stopped at last in an irregular street dotted with cabins, near a large, ramshackle wooden farther, hour after hour. Higher and | building. Frank Richards would cerhigher went the groaning engine into I tainly not have taken it for an hotel but for a board nailed over the door-

"HOTEL CONTINENTAL."

sea-level, I mean."

"Is—is that the hotel?" ejaculated Frank. Frank.
"I guess so."

"Oh!"

"You're in the backwoods now." But Frank laughed, and did not grinned Bob. "This isn't Quebec or Montreal or Ottawa, you know, or The train was descending now, in even Regina or Calgary. We're a

"You've been to school in Eng-"Where are we now?" Frank asked land?" Bob asked.

"Yes." "Public school?"

"Yes." "You're going to school here, but

it won't be quite like your old school at home, I fancy." "I dare say not," agreed Frank.

"I didn't expect it to be. The pater told me I should have to rough it

but he did not pursue the subject. He jumped out of the waggon and

Frank Richards lay back in the I gave Frank a hand with his "truck,"

as he colled the baggager Frank had | white feather. And all the scalpingfound that impediments of any kind knives between the Klendyke River was generally alluded to as "truck." Llow are we going to get the bags to the ranch if we're going to rice?"

asked Frank. "They'll come on by the waggon that brings the stores. This way to the hotel!" said Bob.

Bob Lawless led the way into the Hotel Continental. In the cities and towns he had passed on the C.P.R. Frank had seen hotels that for palatial splendour equalled anything he had seen at home. But he was far from the splendours now.

The backwoods hotel was much the same as an inn in a remote country district in England, though run on different lines. It was built entirely of wood, and the heating seemed to be provided by a gigantic stove.

They entered a long room, or side, at which Bob stopped. A man in shirt-sleeves was sitting on the counter, picking his teeth with a huge toothpick, and he gave Bob Lawless a friendly nod, evidently being acquainted with that lively young gentleman.

"Here we are again, Pete!" said Bob.

"Howdy do?" yawned Pete. "This is my cousin from the Old Country."

Pete gave Frank a gracious nod. Bob Lawless closed one eye at the hotel-keeper, the eye that was farther from his English cousin.

"Any news of the Indian rising?" he asked.

The gentleman in the shirt-sleeves and toothpick glanced at him, and glanced at Frank. Then he nodded. "Yas. There's goin' to be trouble. You younkers better hang on hyer, guess, till the trail's safe."

'Oh, we're going to the ranch tomorrow," said Bob. "We'll chance the Kootenays. Where's our room, Pete?"

"Number four."

"Right! Come on, Frank!" Frank Richards followed his cousin

up the creaking wooden stairs to the room assigned to them. His heart was beating a little faster.

He had seen a good many Indians in his journey across Western Canada, and the noble Red Man had certainly seemed quite peaceable and harmless wherever Frank had seen

But an "Indian rising" seemed rather a different matter.

'Is that another joke, Bob?" he asked, while they were removing the signs of travel.

"Eh? Is what a joke?" 'That Indian rising."

Bob grinned.

"Getting nervy?" he asked. "No!" said Frank indignantly.

"You'd rather stay here a bit till it's over?" asked Bob, looking at him curiously. "You'd rather not risk meeting the Kootenays on the trail to-morrow?" Frank coloured.

"I'm quite ready to risk it if you are!" he said.

Then it's a go!" said "Buck up with your dusting. I'm

And in a few minutes the two cousins were seated at a crowded table downstairs before a substantial meal, to which they did full justice.

The 4th Chapter. Captured by Redskins.

Frank Richards was eilens for the most part as he ate his dinner. Most of the inhabitants of Cedar Creek seemed to have supper at the hotel, and there was a crowd at the table and a buzz of talk.

Bob Lawless seemed to be acquainted with everyone there, and exchanged greetings with nearly all. It was another example of the

Canadian democracy of which Frank had seen a good deal. The rich rancher's son was greeted with perfect familiarity by big cattlemen and In that spacious team-drivers. country there seemed to be no room for snobbishness of any of the smaller and meaner feelings that trouble the human breast. Frank had been doubtful whether

the "Indian rising" was not another | From every thicket an arrow might | off the fugitives. of Bob's attempts to pull his leg, till have come winged with death. he found that it was a general topic

at the supper-table.

a coory of burning and scalping, with a good many times, maintained an one eye on the English lad, and elaborate appearance of unconcern. several men urgently pressed Bob Lawless to think of the danger of a grassy plain, in the blaze of sunriding on the trail to the Lawless | shine. The trail was slightly marked-Ranch vill the trouble had blown over.

When the comrades went to bed, his way well. Frank had no further doubts about would have looked like showing the with his broad hat.

and the Rio Grande would not have glamee. induced Frank Richards to do that.

He slept soundly enough that horseman had emerged. hight, but he dreamed of ferocious braves on the warpath, of torturestakes, and scalping knives. He knew that there had been such things in Canadian history.

He was awakened in the morning by Bob's voice and a hearty shake. 'Time to get going!" said Bob cheerily.

Frank was up at once.

After breakfast in the log hotel the horses were brought round by a Kootenay stableman.

A dozen fellows gathered round to ride for it," said Bob. Come on!" see them off, all with very grave faces. Pete, the hotel-keeper, was shaking his head portentously.

rather hall, with a counter along one was somewhat relieved to find that ing, too, on their track, waving a his steed showed no traces of being rifle and shouting. The hourse tones a fiery buck-jumper.

"Ready, Frank?" asked Bob. "Oh, yes!"

His cousin paused.

"Look here, if you feel nervous

Frank looked at him steadily.

"Do you feel nervous?" he asked. "I'm used to the country," smiled | the rifleshot range out Bob. "But you're a tenderfoot fresh from the Old Country, you know. If you're uneasy---'

"Oh, rats!" said Frank. "If you of heavy hoof-beats. can go, I can go, I suppose."

"By gum!" he sisculated. Frank halted, and followed his

From the forest behind them a

Even at the distance Frank could make out the coppery gleam of his skin, and the dancing feathers that adorned his thick, black hair.

It was an Indian! A thrill ran through the English boy's veins. He gave Bob a quick heart. look, and noted the seriousness of his expression.

"An Indian?" said Frank.

"Yes; a Kootenay." "Is he after us?"

Looks like it! We shall have to They rode on again, at a gallop

Frank glanced beek after a few Frank looked at the horses, and minutes. The Kootenay was gallopcame faintly to Frank's ears on the

"Is he gaining?" panted Bob. "I think not."

"Hark!"

There was a sudden report. Crack!

Frank Richards' heart thumped as

But he sat his pony steadily, and rede on side by side with his companion. Behind came the steady thud to Frank Richards.

were six Indians closing in on them, | and dismounted. and even if the boys had been armed, the odds were too great."

may only take us prisoners-" He had no time to finish. The redskins were close at hand, and they rode round and round the two motionless boys, uttering terrific whoops. Frank watched them with a thumping

Round and round them the horsemen careered, whooping and yelling in savage triumph. Then one, who seemed to be the leader, rode directly up to them, and spoke

um." he said in difficult English. The horse Bob looked at Frank Richards. The the timber. latter was calm and quiet.

"Take it quietly, Frank. We may get out of it yet."

Frank nodded. The Redskin dismounted, and bound the two boys to their saddles with ropes, at the same time securing their hands. Then the horses were set in anything to me about bringing you motion again, and Frank Richards out of Cedar Creek town into this !" and his cousin rode away in the midst of their savage captors.

> The 5th Chapter. A Bid for Liberty !

It seemed like a strange, wild dream

Bob Lawless was sweeping the mind just then, and his old school-"But I'll ride alone, if you like, and horizon with his eyes as he rode, ap. life. What would the St. Kit's fellows and resume their journey when the

sistance was not much use. There I timber they drew their steeds to half

Frank glanced at his companion. "What's going to happen now?" "Take it quietly," said Bob. "They he muttered.

Bob shook his head with a hopeless expression. The Kootena vs. un fastened the ropes that bound the prisoners to their saddles, and liked them to the ground. They were muttering to one another now in putiling tones, in a language which was wholly strange to Frank Richards.

The Kootenay who appeared to he the leader of the band pointed to tree, and the prisoners were plated against it and the rope run round the "Injun no kill. You come with trunk, securing them there.

The horses were staked out among "They're going to camp here!"

Bob," said Frank, in a low tone. "Looks like it."

"And and we " "We're not dead yet," said Bots quietly. "While there's life there's hope, Frank. You-you haven't said

Frank smiled faintly. "What's the good?" he said. "It

can't be helped now." Bob booked at him very cautiously, but did not speak again. The two prisoners watched the Radskins in silonce.

Frank surmised that the Kostenaya Somehow, St. Kit's came into his intended to rest in the shelter of the trees during the heat of the afternoon,



The redskins were close at hand, and they rode round and round the two motionless boys, uttering terrific whoops. Frank Richards watched them with a thumping heart.

waggon."

"Then you're going anyway?" "You bet!"

"So am I!" said Frank coolly. "Right you are!" said Bob cordially. "Jump up, then!"

He vaulted lightly into the saddle, and Frank followed his example. With a clatter of hoofs they rode away down the irregular street, and out upon the open trail.

he rode, but Frank was silent. He had plenty of pluck, but he could not help thinking of the Kootenays on the warpath, and of the grave looks of the men at Cedar Creek.

The trail ran for many miles through a forest rich with scents in the sunshine. If the Indians were really "up," every tree might have hidden a lurking brave in war-paint.

· But Bob Lawless seemed unconscious of possible danger, and Frank, A prospector in from the hills told | who found his cousin's eyes on him

> Beyond the forest they rode out on not marked at all to Frank's inexperienced eyes-but Bob evidently knew

Suddenly the Canadian lad wheeled the reality of the Indian rising, and his horse and halted, staring back the any unwillingness on his part way he had come, shading his eyes

other enemies. He uttered a sudden exclamation. "Corralled, by gum!"

Ahead of them on the trail three horsemen appeared in sight-Indians, at a glance.

The cousins were cut off! Bob slackened speed. "Follow me, Frank!" he shouted:

"We'll dodge them yet!" He swerved from the trail, riding Bob Lawless whistled cheerfully as | at right angles to his previous course,

and Frank dashed after him. Frank's face was flushed with excitement now. The sense of danger gave him a curious feeling of exhilara-

Over the rough, rolling ground they dashed at full speed, startling many a prairie rabbit from his hole.

But the Kootenays had followed at once, and they were riding hard to cut And suddenly Bob drew rein with a

muttered exclamation. "We're done!" From a clump of trees ahead two

The fugitives were surrounded. were closing in on them.

"Well?" panted Frank, stopping The Indians rode without a word, drew a quick, deep breath. as his comrade stopped.

and it's my fault."

him then? This was his new life in the

Canadian West-a prisoner of the

Redskins, his fate unknown, a terrible death only too probable. Bob Lawless gave him several hopeless glances as they rode away, bound to their saddles, in the midst of their

He did not see a sign of "funk" in

Frank Richards' quiet face. Whatever was in store for him, the English lad had plenty of pluck to help him to face it.

Mile after mile disappeared under the galloping hoofs. They rode over rolling plain and

rugged ridge, fording creeks, and plunging through patches of forest. The hot sun of the Canadian sum-

mer streamed down upon them. It had long passed the meridian now, and was sloping down towards the west-towards the far-off waters of the Pacific.

more horsemen appeared in sight. | sighted cattle grazing, and he wondered whether there was any habita-From all sides, new, the redskins tion at hand. But no habitation appeared in sight.

either to the boys or to one another. "We're done, Frank! Pity we And the prisoners did not speak. didn't stay in Cedar Creek, after all," | Speech was difficult, with the horses said Bob grimly. "The game's up, in ceaseless motion over the rough ground.

Frank sat silent on his steed. Fur- The Redskins halted at last.

you can come on later in the parently in expectation of sighting | have thought if they could have seen | sun was lower-doubtless for their distant lodges. Some of the braves disappeared

among the trees, but two of them remained near the prisoners. They rolled themselves in their blankets in the grass, and slept.

"Frank!" Bob's voice, in a whisper, broke the silence, after a long pause. Frank

looked at him. "My hands are a bit loose," muttered Bob. "I think I could get this rope off, Frank. Are you game to run for it, if we could get loose??".

"Yes, rather!" Frank's heart beat at the thought. "What-ho!" "If they shoot-" "I'm ready to risk it, if you are."

"It's a go, then!" Bob Lawless worked quietly at the rope. The two Kootenays in the grass slept on, unsuspecting.

In about five minutes Bob's hands were loose.

His hand glided into his pocket, and came out with a penknife in it. More than once Frank Richards | Quietly he sawed through the ropes that secured him and Frank Richards

to the tree. The severed rope fell at their feet, and the cousins were free. Frank

"Come on!" he whispered.

Bob caught his arm. "No good going on foot," he breathed. "We've got to have horses.

Don't make a sound." On tiptoe they crept past the two ther flight was impossible, and re- In the midst of a thick clump of I sleeping Indians in the direction of

D)

THE BOYS' FRIEND

I would like all my readers to look upon me as their real friend, someone to whom they can come for help and advice when they are in doubt or difficulty. It is never "too much trouble" to me to be of use to my boy and girl friends if they feel they would ike to write to me.

BUALITY AND QUANTITY!

do not think I am far wrong in that at the present time, for both quality and quantity, the Boys' PRIEND cannot be beaten. Do any of you know of a boys' paper that gives better value for the money charged?

there a boys' paper on the market that contains more reading matter than the Boys' FRIEND? And train, is there a paper that contains stories of a higher quality than those which appear in the B.F.?

I will leave all my loyal readers to answer these questions for themselves. I know what my answers are, and I do not really think that they differ to any large extent from yours. I have gone to great pains to secure an attractive programme of stories for the autumn, and I consider that I have succeeded. The tales in the

Boys' FRIEND at the present time are quite different from the ordinary run of stories, and they are tales that fascinate you. For instance, "Frank Richards'

Schooldays" is a series on quite new lines. No doubt many of you have never read a story dealing with school Therefore, Mr. life in Canada. Martin Clifford's splendid series holds constant surprises for you.

Next Monday's long, complete tale dealing with the famous author's school life, is entitled:

"THE SCHOOL IN THE "THE SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS!"

Ever eager to jape his cousin, Bob Lawless works a tremendous wheeze on Frank Richards in next Monday's fine tale. Frank has the most trying time of his life, and when he arrives at the school in the backwoods, and finds that it is being controlled by a woman, and that it is a mixed school, you may be sure that he is considerably amazed.

Frank Richards' first day at his new school is of a very exciting nature, especially when he falls foul of a bully, and is compelled to fight the fellow.

I am confident that you will like this story, and that, when you have

get on with the succeeding yarns. .To my mind, these stories by Mr. Martin Clifford are tip-top, and they tend to make the Boys' FRIEND more attractive than ever.

The third grand long instalment of Mr. Duncan Storm's amazing new story, dealing with the school afloat, and entitled:

"THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE!"

will appear in our next issue. The instalment is packed with new and lively incidents, and you will laugh heartily when you read about the scheme Lal Tata adopts to get the boys a dormitory feed.

There are many other amusing and exciting scenes in this instalment, scenes that will come fresh to you, and make a pleasant change to those which you have been used to reading

There will, of course, be another splendid long, complete tale Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood, in our next issue. This story is entitled:

"A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION!"

and a more powerful story Mr. Owen Conquest has never written.

Mornington is in a state of sheer despair. The missing heir has been found, and the purse-proud bounder of Rookwood is practically penniless. to control his actions.

He treats 'Erbert in a most disgraceful manner; he turns on Kit Erroll, the only fellow who has made any real attempt to stand by him, and he throws up cricket altogether.

Mornington is in a terrible state, and he succumbs to a terrible temptation. I will not tell you what this temptation is, but when I say that Morny is on the verge of committing a crime, you can rest assured that this

is a most exciting yarn. Next Monday's long, complete tale of Bob Travers, the boy boxer, is entitled:

"BARRED BY THE BOXERS!"

Ben Norton, the new boxer, confinished reading it, you will long to tinues his cunning scheme to bring yarn.

THE **COMPANION PAPERS:**

THE - " BOYS" FRIEND," 1d. Every Monday. "MAGNET" LIBRARY, 1d.

Every Monday. "GEM" LIBRARY, 1d. Every Wednesday. THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY. "PENNY POPULAR." Every Friday.

"CHUCKLES," PRICE 1d. Every Friday.

about Bob Travers' disgrace. His 1 first attempt having met with failure, he makes another. But Joe Barnett's faith in Bob is too strong, and he refuses to believe Norton's accusations.

The latter, however, does not despair of meeting with success in his fell schemes, and he threatens to have Bob arrested for theft. Bob is in an anxious state of mind, feeling that the police will come for him any moment; but when he learns that Joe Barnett's little daughter is seriously ill, he is only too eager to assist in saving her life.

A sum of twenty pounds must be obtained within twelve hours if the girl's life if to be saved. Travers resolves to get it. But does For the time being he is hardly able he? You must not fail to read this magnificent story.

> The concluding story in our next issue is that introducing Dick, Frank, and Joe, the Crusoe Island adventurers. It is entitled:

"AT GRIPS WITH THE KANAKAS!",

A very peculiar character makes his appearance in this yarn. He appears to be a very honest trader, but, all the same, he is a mystery to old Joe. In a tussle with a band of savage Kanakas, however, the trader is not Nevertheless, a found wanting. great surprise awaits the adventurers in connection with the trader, as you will see when you read this great

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, The BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4."

upon all my chums to write and let | too late. me know what they think of the tales now appearing in the Boys' FRIEND. I want to know whether you consider | REPLIES IN BRIEF. our new stories are all that I make them out to be. I want to know, too, what you think of all the other appreciate the yarns now appearing features in this issue. If you cannot | in the Boys' FRIEND. As regards spare the time to write me a letter. Your suggestion, you will be pleased bear in mind that I shall always be pleased to receive a postcard.

I hope you will all tell your chums about our new stories, and that you will persuade them to read them and become regular readers of the Boys' FRIEND.

THE ALL-SCHOOL-STORY PAPER.

It is some weeks since I drew my readers' attention to the splendid stories in the "Penny Popular," our Friday companion paper. Therefore I can be excused for once again mentioning the great attractions now appearing in the "Penny Popular."

In this Friday's issue, for instance, there is a long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

"BUNTER THE BOXER!" By Frank Richards.

Merry & Co., the chums of St. Jim's, | Seven!" will shortly be published in entitled:

"THE MASKED ENTERTAINERS!" By Martin Clifford;

and a grand yarn dealing with the early adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled:

"WITH EVIL INTENT!" By Owen Conquest.

Those readers who miss reading these tales will miss a real treat. The "Penny Popular" is THE paper for school stories, and a boy has only to read one issue to want to read hundreds more. Go round to your newsagent at once, and order your

Once again I would like to urge copy of this Friday's issue before it is

A. W. R.—Glad to know that you to know that it has been adopted. Many thanks, my chum.

F. Munton (London).—For full particulars as regards joining the London Scottish Cadets, write to Officer Commanding, 59, Buckingham Gate, W.

G. L. (Manchester).—The Anti-German League is still going strong, although there is no room to insert the membership form. Send your chums' names along and they will be duly enrolled, and a certificate will be despatched to each of them.

G. Roberts (London).—You think the stories in the "Penny Popular" are top-hole. That shows good taste, my chum. Tell all your friends of its splendid attractions, and persuade them to try it.

"Loyal Reader."--Write to L. Upcott Gill, Bazaar Buildings, Drury Lane, London, W.C., for a book on wrestling.

M. Chesney (Lancs.).—You will be pleased to know that Mr. Maurice There is a magnificent story of Tom | Everard's great yarn, "The League of 3d. book form.

> D. G. (London).—Many thanks for post-card. Your previous letter must have been mislaid. However, if you care to write to me again, I shall be pleased to answer your questions.

> H. Matthews (Liverpool).—Sorry cannot publish a war story. The majority of my readers would be dissatisfied if I adopted your suggestion.



the horses, creeping under the timber | at the end of their trail-ropes.

Frank's heart was beating almost to suffocation. If the Redskins should awake -- Each had a rifle in the grass by his side.

But the copper faces were still in repose; the fierce, black eyes did not open.

Frank breathed more freely when they were left behind.

He kept his eyes well about him for the rest of the Kootenays. But they were not to be seen among the timber.

Their own ponies were grazing among the Indians' horses, and it was not difficult to pick up the trail-ropes and pull the animals in.

Frank glanced back towards the sleeping Redskins as he drew in his pony; and put his hand on the saddle. The two Kootenays, apparently alarmed, sat up suddenly.

"They've seen us, Bob!" panted Frank. "Quick!" "Up you get!" shouted Bob. He leaped upon his pony, Frank

Richards following his example with lightning quickness. There was a shout from the Koote-

nays, as they leaped up and seized their rifles.

beyond the clump of timber.

Dodging the branches overhead, swerving from the trunks and bushes, the ponies dashed on, and in a couple of minutes were upon the open grass-

Crack, crack! They heard the rifles ring out behind, though the bullets went nowhere near.

"Go it!" shouted Bob. "Ride for it now!"

"What-ho!" panted Frank. And at a mad gallop they dashed away across the plain, under the red westering sun, and from the clump of timber behind the Kootenays emerged, galloping in hot pursuit.

The 6th Chapter. Bob's Little Joke.

"Bob!" Frank Richards shouted "Look!" breathlessly.

Ahead of the riders smoke was

rising in the distance, and, under the smoke, a building loomed into viewa great building, with outhouses and corrais. Frank Richards knew that it must

be a ranch. He had followed Bob Lawless' lead in that hurried flight, leaving the

guidance to the Canadian lad.

He had noticed, as they galloped At the same moment Frank on, signs of cultivation and herds of Richards and Bob Lawless dashed cattle, and he had hoped that Bob away at full gallop for the plain was heading for some settlement. But there was no track on the plain

that the English lad's eyes could discern.

Bob nodded and grinned. "All serene now, Frank!" "What luck! You knew the place,

Bob?" panted Frank. "You bet! It's the Lawless Ranch, I guess!"

"Your father's ranch?" exclaimed guess so!"

"Oh, ripping!" Frank Richards glanced back over

his shoulder. The Redskins, apparently careless of the fact that they were nearing the white man's dwelling, were still riding hard in pursuit. "They're still coming on, Bob."

"Let them!" said Bob.

Closer and closer they drew to the ranch house. A tall man, with a sunburnt face under the shade of his big Stetson hat, came out of the porch, and stood staring towards them. Frank looked back again.

The Indian riders swerved from the track, and rode away towards a clump of buildings at a distance from the ranch house. The man in the Stetson hat showed no trace of alarm at the sight of the red braves.

A sudden misgiving smote Frank Richards. "Bob!"

Bob Lawless did not reply. A grin was visible upon his face—a grin that had been long suppressed.

They dashed up to the ranch house and halted, and slid down from the sweating ponies. "Here we are again!" sang Bob

Lawless. "Howdy do, dad?" "So you're back, Bob," said the rancher, in a deep voice.

"Safe and sound, dad!" said Bob cheerily. "And here's Frank, from the Old Country. I've toted him along from Quebec, this side up with

. Frank Richards stood dazed for a moment. A suspicion of the truth had

certainty now. He swung towards Bob Lawless, who was grinning broadly. "So you're my nephew Frank,"

said Mr. Lawless, extending a big brown hand to Frank, who took it claimed the rancher, amused, but mechanically. "Welcome, my boy! Have you had a good journey?" Frank Richards stammered help-

lessly, dazed by the strange and unexpected turn of events. Canadian rancher looked at curiously.

"First-rate, pop!" said answering the question. "Only we were captured by Redskins on the way here from Cedar Creek--" "What?" roared the rancher.

"But, luckily, they were only our Kootenay cattlemen, so we haven't been scalped!" said Bob cheerfully. "You young rascal!" roared Mr. Lawless. "Have you been playing

monkey-tricks on your cousin?" "Oh!" gasped Frank. The rancher stared at them, and

burst into a hearty laugh. Frank Richards did not feel like laughing-for the moment humour of the situation was lost upon

Bob Lawless was chuckling spasmodically. "Oh, you spoofer!" gasped Frank. "Then-then, it was all a trick?"

Bob roared. "Ha, ha, ha! Of course, fathead! Do you think there are savage Indians in Canada at this time of day? Ha, ha, ha!"

"They—they belong to the ranch?" stuttered Frank.

"I guess so! Ha, ha, ha!" "And-and you fixed it up with them last night, I suppose, at Cedar

Creek!" exclaimed Frank. He remembered the grave faces of the men at the camp, and the talk of the Indian rising. He understood now-rather late-that Bob Lawless

flashed into his mind, and it was a | was at the bottom of it all, and that the merry men of Cedar Creek had joined in "taking a rise" out of the tenderfoot.

His face was scarlet.

"You young rascal, Bob!" exvexed. "It was too bad to play such tricks on a greenhorn! Is that what you call hospitality to your cousin?" Bob coloured.

"It was only a joke, dad," he said "I-I wanted to see contritely. whether Frank would show the white feather. And he didn't-not a bit of it! He thought—ha, ha!—that he was captured by scalping Indians, and he took it like a little man-true blue all through! I say Franky, old chap, I'm sorry—really!"

"I—I thought——" stammered Frank.

"Of course, you did," said Bob repentantly. "You couldn't think anything else. And I can tell you, it isn't everybody who'd have taken it so pluckily. But I'm sorry—really! You can punch my head, if you

Frank laughed.

"All screne!" he said. "I'm jolly glad it was only a joke!"

It had been a thrilling experience, and he was glad that it was no more than what the St. Kit's fellows would have called a "jape." And that evening in the ranch the "Indian rising" was a subject of much merriment.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!