Frank Richards' Schooldays! EVERYBODY IS - TALKING ABOUT THIS SPLENDID NEW SERIES! -

Just Starting! "The Boys of the 'Bombay Castle'!" By Duncan Storm.

No. 850, Vol. XVII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY

[Week Ending September 22nd, 1917.

"Ittownsald)

THE QUEST FOR TUBBY MUFFIN!

(See the Magnificent School Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co.)

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

CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Tubby Muffin is Too Hungry!

"It's awful!"
Reginald Muffin, of the Classical
Fourth—generally known as Tubby
Muffin on account of his circumference—made that remark.
He made it in lugubrious, almost
tearful tones.

He made it in lugubrious, almost tearful tones.

"Awful!" he repeated.

Higgs and Jones minor, his studymates, grunted, and went on with their prep. They weren't interested in Tubby Muffin's woes.

"Horrid!" said Tubby.
Jones minor looked up at last.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Got the toothache!"

"Nunno."

"Bootles licked you?"

"N-no."

"N-no."
"Mornington pulled your ear?"

"No."
"Then what are you grousing about?" said Jones minor. "If there's nothing the matter, shut up, and let a fellow get on with his very!"

about?" said Jones minor. "If there's nothing the matter, shut up, and let a fellow get on with his prep!"

"But there is something the matter," said Tubby Muffin indignantly. "It's the grub rules."

"Oh, bother the grub rules!"

"They bother us," said Tubby.

"That's the worst of it. And 'tain't only the grub rules. Now that tuck coests so much a fellow's people have got bitten by the war economy, and they don't send a fellow so much tin. A fellow gets hit at both endsdearer grub. less money to buy it with. See?"

"Br-r-r-!"

"I could manage the grub rules all right," said Tubby. "I can do withfrugal meals and things so long as I can have plenty of snacks between meals. That's all I want. And that isn't much to ask, is it?"

"Dry up!" grunted Higgs.

"And if a fellow borrows any grub from another fellow's study there's a row," said Tubby in a deeply aggrieved tone. "Even a good-natured chap like Jimmy Silver cuts up rusty. He actually slung me out of the end study this afternoon because he thought I was after his sardines!"

"And weren't you?"

"Well, yes, I was," admitted Tubby. "You see, I was hungry. I don't get enough in this study. When I used to be in Conroy's study he didn't mind if a chap finished up the toast. You do."

"Br-r-r-! Get out if you don't like it!" said Higgs. "You were with Lattrey before you came here. Go back to Lattrey's study if you like!"

"I don't like!" said Tubby, "He's a bigger beast than you are, Higgs!"

"Wat!" roared Higgs.

like!"

"I don't like!" said Tubby, "He's a bigger beast than you are, Higgs!"

"What!" roared Higgs.

"I—I mean he's a beast. Now, I'm hungry," said Tubby. "I suppose one of you fellows couldn't lend me five bob?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I never get enough, you know," said Tubby pathetically. "I think it's awful for me to have to make all the sacrifices for beating the Huns.

Of course, I want to beat the Huns. But I want enough to eat, you

"Cheer up!" said Jones minor.
"We're going to have supper after prep, and we've got cheese and biscuits no end. Suppose you were a prisoner in Germany, for instance. How would you like that?"

Tubby shuddered.
"I jolly well wish he was!" growled Higgs. "I'm tired of hearing him talk about growled higgs. "I'm tired of hearing him talk about growled higgs."

him."

"Ahem!" said Tubby uneasily.

"May as well have supper now," said Higgs, pushing his books away.

"I've done all the prep I'm going to do."

"I've done all the prep I'm going
do."

"Wait for me," said Jones minor.

"Rats!" replied Higgs politely.
He threw open the door of the
study cupboard.

Tubby Muffin watched him with a
sort of frozen look.

A terrific expression came over the
rugged face of Alfred Higgs.

"Where's the cheese?"

"The—the cheese?" stammered
Tubby.

Tubby.

"Where's the biscuits?"

"The—the biscuits?"

Higgs gave a roar of wrath.

"You guzzling Hun, you've cleared out the cupboard!"

"I—I had to have a snack, you know," stammered Tubby. "I—I really didn't mean to finish the lot. I—I just took a snack, and—and somehow or other the lot went. Somehow—Yooooooop!"

Higgs' powerfui grasp was laid on Tubby Muffin.

Jones minor, equally wrathy

Tubby Muffin.

Jones minor, equally wrathy, jumped up and rushed for a cricketstump in the corner.

"Lather him!" roared Higgs.

"Yarooh! Help!"
Whack, whack!

"Hallo!" The study door was opened, and Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, looked in. "Are you killing the school prize pig, you fellows?"

'He's scoffed our supper!" yelled

Jones minor.
"Scoffed the lot!" shrieked Higgs.

Jones minor.

"Scoffed the lot!" shrieked Higgs.
Whack, whack!

"Yarooh! Help! Help me, Jimmy,
you beast! Draggemof!"
Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Tubby, old chap, you've got to
learn to keep your fat paws from
picking and stealing," he said.

"Mustn't scoff another chap's grub
in war time.

Prussians here."

Whack, whack!

"Yooop!"

Whack!

"Oh, crumbs! Yaroooh! Wowow-woooop!"

Tubby Muffin tore himself away
and made a sudden bolt for the door.

"Stop him!" roared Higgs.

Jimmy Silver stopped Tubby, quite
unintentionally. The fat Classical
bolted into him before he could stir,

(Continued on the next page.)

(Continued on the next page.)

and Jimmy staggered back from the collision with a gasp. Tubby was not a light-weight.

Jimmy sat down, gasping, and Tubby rolled over him. Jones minor was after him with the cricket-stump, and he whacked away recklessly. Tubby Muffin rolled off and fled, and Jimmy Silver gave a wild yelf.

"Stoppit, you mad idiot! Oh, crumbs! Stoppit!"

"Oh, sorry!" gasped Jones minor.
"I thought Lwas whacking that fat

eh? My hat! Warrer you at? Yooop!"
Jimmy Silver grasped him and sat him on the floor with a heavy bump. He bumped him once, twice, thrice, and then went on his way solaced.
Tubby Muffin was left sitting on the floor, wondering whether an earthquake had happened or not, or whether it was a specially severe Zeppelin attack.

Alas, My Poor Brother !

nation.

Mr. Bootles had traced his sadness to his inordinate appetite and its results! Tubby looked like a fellow who was cruelly misunderstood.

But he did not sigh any more till

boy, M. Tubby

RAISING THE WIND!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Tain't that," said Tubby. "I hope you fellows don't think I think very much about grub. I'm not that sort of chap, I hope."

"My hat!" ejaculated the Fistical Four, in an astonished chorus.

"Certainly not!" said Tubby warmly. "I'm too patriotic to think of small troubles of my own at a time like this."

"Oh, great pip."

"I teel as if I'd never care to eat

Rublished Every Monday

like this."

"Oh, great pip."

"I feel as if I'd never care to eat another meal," said Tubby sadly.
"H's awful to think of the prisoners in Germany, isn't it?"

"My only Aunt Selina!" said Raby.
"What are you driving at, Tubby? It's awful to think of the prisoners in Hunland, right enough, but I've never noticed. "Stoppit. you mad idiot! Oh, crumbs! Stoppit!"

"Oh, sorry!" gasped Jones minor.
"I thought I was whacking that fat beast. Did I hurt you?"

"You howling ass!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Do you think you can lay into a fellow with a cricket-stump without hurting him?"

"Ha, ha—I mean, sorry!"

Jimmy Silver staggered to his feet, and Jones minor promptly retreated into the study and shut the door. Jimmy, on second thoughts, refrained from making a frontal attack, and went up the passage.

As he came up to the end study Tubby Muffin appeared from a corner cantiously.

"I—I 62y, Silver!"

Jimmy glared at him. He owed the fat Classical three swipes he had received from Jones minor's stump.

"Silver, old chap, will you lend me five bob before the tuckshop closeseh? My hat! Warrer you at?

Yooop!"

Jimmy Silver grasped him and sat It's awful to think of the prisoners in Hunland. right enough, but I've never noticed you thinking of them before. I remember you tried to raid a parcel once that Rawson was going to send to his brother over there."

"I-I—"

"It's a sign of grace if Tubby is beginning to think of somebody else whose name isn't Reginald Muffin." grinned Newcome. "Keep it up. Tubby! It's a change for the better."

Tubby Muffin sighed.

"You fellows haven't got any relations prisoners among the Huns!" he said reproachfully.

The Fistical Four became grave at once.

Have you?" asked Jimmy Silver

quietly.
"My poor brother!" groaned Tubb

Tubby.

"Alas, my poor brother!" mimicked
Lattrey, who had stopped to listen.

Jimmy gave him a dark look.

"This isn't a subject for joking.
Lattrey," he said. "Shut up! Tell
us about it, Tubby. I didn't know
you had a brother out there at all."

"My brother Dick—"
"Why, Rawson's brother is named
Dick, and he's a prisoner in Germany!" said Lovell. "Have you got
a brother Dick too?"

many!" said Lovell. "Have you got a brother Dick too?"

Tubby's lit face coloured. He went on rather hastily:

"It's awful to think of him, isn't it? The Huns don't feed them well, you know. Rawson sends parcels to his brother, but I'm stony. I can't send him anything. Oh. dear!"

"Dash it all, that's hard lines!" said Jimmy Silver. "You wouldn't be stony if you hadn't spent all your tin on toffee and things, you fat bounder."

"It's too late to think of that!" said Tubby sadly.

"Yes, that's so!" agreed Jimpy."

Tubby sadly.

"Yes, that's so!" agreed Jimmy.

"What regiment was your brother
in?" asked Conroy, the Australian,
who had stopped, with Pons and Van
Ryn, to hear Tubby's tale of woe.

"Royal Fusiliers!"

"General or colonel?" grinned
Lattrey

Lattrey.
Tubby Muffin gave him a glance of

Alas, My Poor Brother!

On the following day Tubby Muffin might have been seen—as a novelist would put it—mooching about Rookwood School with a lugubrious face.

Tubby Muffin seemed plunged into the depths of despondency.

Since the grub rules had come into force Tubby had had many sad moments. But his look was so lugubrious that it really looked as if something more serious than the grub rules was the matter this time.

At morning classes he sighed several times, to such an extent that Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, snapped at him.

"Muffin!" said Mr. Bootles.

"Yes, sir?" said Tubby woefully.

"Kindly be silent in class. Your indigestion is probably due to your inordinate appetite. You are a greedy boy, Muffin."

Tubby Muffin grunted with indignation.

Mr. Bootles had traced his sadness

Tubby Muffin gave him a glance of scorn.

"My brother's a private!" he said.

"I'm not ashamed of it! The privates do all the fighting, anyway, or jolly nearly!"

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy Silver.

"You're going the right way, Lattrey, to have your nose rubbed in the mat! You never told us about your brother before. Tubby."

"Jolly odd that Tubby never mentioned him, I must say!" remarked Van Ryn, with a rather suspicious look.

look.
The South African had been Tubby's study-mate once, and had learned to know him pretty well.
"Oh!" said Jimmy Silver, a new thought entering his mind. "Tubby. you fat villain, if this is some more of your spoof—"
"I—I—"

But he did not sigh any more till after lessons.

When the Fourth came out, however, Tubby Muffin heaved a tremendous sigh in the passage, which drew a dozen pairs of eyes upon him. The Fistical Four halted on their way, to the quad to inquire.

"What's the matter?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Pain in the tummy?" asked Lovell.

"I-I-"
"Why didn't you tell us you had a brother at the Front?" demanded Lovell.
"I-I-"
"You fat spoofer!" shouted Lovell.
"It's only another dodge for getting a loan. I see now. You've invented a brother Dick in Germany because Rawson's got a brother Dick in Germany; that's what put it into your fat head!"
"Oh, I say-I say-" stammered Tubby. Lovell.

"You over-did the war-bread at brekker," said Raby, with a shake of the head. "You should go easy on the war-bread, Tubby, It's dangerous at close quarters."

"A bumping might do him good," suggested Newcome. "Might shake down the war-bread. Collar him!"

The fat Classical backed hastily away. The fat Classical backed hastily away.

"I say, don't be beasts, you fellows! I'm awfully cut up!"

"Oh, come, it isn't as bad as that!" said Jimmy Silver laughing. "Dear grub isn't the worst trouble in life, Tubby, and we're beating the Huns, you know. In fact, they're beaten already, only they won't own up."

"They're dead, but they won't lie down!" grinned Lovell. "Stick it out, Tubby! We've got to give the Huns the kybosh, even if it makes you a foot or so less round the waist."

Tubb

"Bump him!"
"I-I-I say— Oh, my hat!
Bump 'Yah!"

"I-I-I say— Oh, my hat!
Leggo! Yah!"
Bump, bump, bump!
Three or four pairs of hands seized
the fat Classical, and bumped him on
the corridor floor.
Tubby Muffin roared.
"Yow! Leggo! I say—
Yaroooh!"
"Cave! Here's Bootles!" muttered
Oswald.

The juniors scuttled away, leaving Tubby Muffin sprawling. Mr. Bootles almost fell over him as he came whisking along the passage. "What is that? Muffin! Muffin, how dare you sprawl on the floor? Get up immediately! How dare you! Are you out of your senses, Muffin?" Tubby Muffin fled.

The 3rd Chapter.

Tubby Convinces the Doubting Thomases!

Tubby Muffin looked more lugubrious than ever that afternoon.

He had told his tale of woe, and it had not been believed. And his sorrowful looks only elicited grins from his Form-fellows.

After lessons. Tubby drifted out into the quad with a saddened brow.

At tea-time he came into Study No. 2, receiving looks from Higgs and Jones minor that were not very welcoming.

You needn't give me any!" said Tubb

"You needn't give me any!" said Tubby.

"There ain't much for you, anyway," said Higgs. "But why don't you want any, you porpoise?"

"I can't eat!" "You can't eat!" stuttered Higgs. "No!"

"Why not!"

"I can't!" said Tubby, shaking his head. "I—I think it would choke me, while my poor brother—"

"Oh, ring off your poor brother!" said Jories minor gruffly. "We all know that's spoof!"

Tubby only sighed.

He sat in the study and watched the two juniors at tea. Tea was a very frugal meal—a limited amount of warbread, butter, and a few sardines. But Tubby, as a rule, would have scoffed the lion's share, if he could. Now he only looked on with a sorrowful brow.

Tubby's sympathy for his unfortunate brother must have been very keen to deprive him of his appetite. Higgs and Jones minor began to think there must be something in it, after all. Perhaps that was what the astute Tubby wanted them to conclude.

At all events, he touched nothing.

clude.

At all events, he touched nothing.

His study-mates kindly finished up his
have of the ton, so that nothing
should be wasted.

In the junior Common-room that
evening Tubby sat silent and morose.
He was the recipient of a good many
glances.

He was the recipient of a good many glances.

Even Lovell began to think that perhaps he had been a little too hasty. The story had spread that Tubby had missed his tea. It was too remarkable an incident to pass unnoticed.

Jimmy Silver tapped him on the shoulder presently.

"Cheero!" he said. "Thinking about grub?"

"I'm thinking of poor Dick!" said Tubby sadly.

"Rawson's brother Dick, do you mean?"

mean?"

"No, I don't!" snapped Tubby. "I mean my brother Dick. He's starving, very likely, at this minute! Oh, dear!"

Still keeping it up?" asked

Jimmy.
"If you can't take my word,

You're such an awful spoofer,"

Jimmy dubiously. "Could
tell the truth if you tried,
oby?"

said Jimmy dubiously. "Could you tell the truth if you tried, Tubby?"

"Have you ever tried, bedad?" chimed in Flynn of the Fourth.

"I think you're very unfeeling!" said Tubby. "Go away, and leave me to think about my poor brother."

And Tubby was left in peace.

Tubby's haunting sadness had made him quite remarkable in the Classical Fourth by this time. In the dermitory that night he was an object of interest. If he was spoofing, he was certainly keeping it up well.

After the juniors had turned in,

speeding, he was certainly keeping it up well.

After the juniors had turned in, and Bulkeley had seen lights out, there came a sudden how! from Muffin's bed.

"Boo-hoo! Hoo!"

"My hat! Who's that blubbing?"
exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Tubby, by gad!" ejaculated Mernington. "What's the matter with you, you fat idiot?"

"Boo-hoo!"

"Tubby, you thumpin' ass!" shouted Townsend.

"Boo-hoo!"

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT!

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"Shut up!" roared Higgs.
"Boo-hoo!"
"What's the matter, Muffin?"
exclaimed Erroll.
"M-m-m-m-"
"What?"
"M-m-my p-p-poor b-b-brother!"
sobbed Tubby.
"My only hat! I'll give you noor

sobbed Tubby.

"My only hat! I'll give you poor brother, if you don't dry up!" said Higgs in exasperation. "If you want me to get out to you, you've only got to go on slobbering."

"I—I'm trying to bear it!" sobbed Tubby.

"I-I'm trying ...
"Bear it quietly, then, you snuffling ass."
"Blessed if it doesn't begin to look as if the fat bounder really has a brother!" exclaimed Conroy.
"Ha; ha, ha!"
"Bearboo!"

brother! exclaimed Content.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Boo-hoo!"
"If I give you one minute to stop our blessed boo-hooing, Muffin,"
aid Alfred Higgs,
And Tubby was silent with his

grief.
All the Classical Fourth regarded All the Classical Fourth regarded him curiously the next morning. They were interested to see whether his sorrow would keep him from eating his breakfast. It didn't! But in the Form-room he sighed deeply, again and again, and again Mr. Bootles' attention was drawn moon him.

upon him.

"If you are unwell, Muffin, you may consult the school doctor," said the master of the Fourth. "But you cannot make those disagreeable noises in class."

"If—if you please, sir—"

"Well, what is it?"

"I—I can't do any lessons this morning, sir."

"What?" gasped Mr. Bootles.

"I—I can't help thinking about my poor brother, sir."

"Indeed! Is your brother ill?" asked Mr. Bootles, more kindly.

"He—he—he—"

-he's a prisoner in Germany,

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr.
Bootles. "This is very sad, Muffin.
When did you get this painful
news?"

news?"

"Yesterday, sir."

"I will excuse you from lessons this morning. Muffin. You may leave the Form room.

"Thank you, sir," said Tubby, sally

And he left. The Fourth-Formers looked at one

another.

Tubby's statement to the Formmaster had taken their breath away.

Reckless fibber as he was, they could not think that Tubby had the temerity to make that statement to Mr. Bootles, unless it was founded on fact.

Mr. Bootles, unless to on fact.

"I—I say. I fancy there's something in it after all," murmured Jimmy Silver. "I—I wish we hadn't jumped on him so quick."

"His own fault, for being such a blessed whopper merchant," growled Lovell.

"Well, yes. but—"

"Silence in class!" rapped out Mr. Bootles.

"Well, yes. but"
"Silence in class!" rapped out
Mr. Bootles.

Tubby and his wees had to be
dismissed till lessons were over.
But when the Fourth marched out
after morning lessons, a good many
of the juniors looked for Tubby
Muffin; and there was, at length,
plenty of sympathy for the fat
Classical in his wees.

The 4th Chapter Raising the Wind.

"Something's got to be done for Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver.

The captain of the Fourth had called his chums into the end study, to discuss the matter.

Tubby Muffin was there, still looking very sad, but not so sad as before. The sympathy of the Classical Fourth seemed to have "bucked" him considerably.

The Fistical Four, and the Colomial Co., and Erroll and Dick Oswald, were present at the meeting. Mornington did not deign to look in, and as for the "nuts" of Rookwood, they did not trouble their heads about Tubby Muffin and his woes.

"Hear, hear!" said Conroy. "If Tubby's really got a brother a prisoner in Hunland, we'll help to see him through."

him through."

"I say, you're awfully good, you fellows," said Tubby.

"Not at all," said Jimmy Silver.

"We're bound to lend a hand, if it's honest Injun. But—excuse us. Tubby—you know what an awful fibber you are——"

"Boo-hoo!"

"I say, don't turn the tap on now!" exclaimed Jimmy, in alarm. "Boo-hoo!"

"Tubly, you fat duffer, what there to blub about now? Dry up "M-m-my p-p-poor brother's sobbed Tubby.

22/9/17

sobbed "Well.

"Well, ring off blubbing while we're considering what's to be done." said Pons, "What's your brother's regiment, Tubby?"
"Dublin Fusiliers,"
"Eh! It was the Royal Fusiliers you told me before!" exclaimed Conroy, his suspicions awakening again.

conroy, his suspicions awakening again.

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did!"

"I meant, attached Royal Fusiliers," exclaimed Tubby. "A-a chap in one regiment is often attached to another, you know."

"Yes, that's so," said Jimmy Silver. "My cousin in the West Yorks was attached to another regiment for months."

Conroy nodded,
"How old is your brother?" asked Oswald.

"How old is your brother?" asked Oswald.
"Thirteen."
"What!" yelled Lovell. "You've got a brother of thirteen in the Dublin Fusiliers?"
"Nunno," gasped Tubby. "I—I was speaking of my brother at home—Ithought Oswald meant—"
"Have you got any brother."

nome—Ithought Oswald meant—
"Have you got any brothe
besides the one at home?" sai
Oswald suspiciously.
"Boo-hoo!"

"Boo-hoo!"
"Rring off the waterworks for good-ees sake," said Lovell. "Blessed I know whether he's spoofing or

"Well, he told Bootles, and that looks genuine." said Erroll, "Yes, that's so." "Boothoo!" Tubber we're going

"Yes, that's so."

"Boo-hoo!"

"Cheer up, Tubby; we're going to stand by you," said Jimmy Silver.

"Now, you want to send your brother some grub, I suppose?"

"That's it!" said Tubby, brightening up again. "They're starving him, you know."

"How do you know they re starving him, if you've only just heard that he's a prisoner?" asked Van Ryu.

"They—they always do, you know," said Tubby. "You know what horrid beasts the Huns are. Besides, they're awfully short of grub themselves, and it stands to reason they won't starve themselves and they won't starve themselves and the said of the said

"Well, vos. that's right enough." admitted Van Ryn. Certainly Tubby Muffin had an answer to everything. Perhaps because second thoughts Perhaps are best.

Perhaps because second thoughts are best.

"The question is, what we can send him." said Jimmy Silver.

"Grub's pretty dear now, and by the same token, money's tight. Still, if we club together, we can make up a whacking parcel for the poor chap. Aren't your people sending him anything from home, Tubby?"

"My people ain't well off," sighed Tubby.

Tubby

Tubby.

"Why, you've told us a dozen times your pater's awfully rich!" exclaimed Lovell.

"He-he's had losses owing to the war." said Tubby hastily. "Lots of people have, you know. Everybody ain't a ship-owner or an armament maker."

"Well, never mind Tubby's people," said Jimmy. "The question is, what can we do? We can get the housekeeper to make a ripping cake, if we buy the stuff."

"Oh, good!" said Tubby, his eyes glistening.

glistening. glistening.

"And we can get tinned meats and fruits and things, and bottled pears and so on," said Jimmy. "I'll ask Rawson about the things we can send; he's seut lots of parcels to Germany. As for sugar, we shall have to hand over our own allowances; we can't buy that for love or money."

"Phew!" said Lovell.

"It's not much to do, considering what the chap's done for us, if he's been fighting the Huns!" said Jimmy.

Jimmy,
"Right-ho! I'm game!"
"Hear, hear!"

"Hear, hear!"
As a matter of fact, the juniors rather liked the idea of depriving themselves of their sugar allowance, for the purpose of sending it to a prisoner in Germany. It was really doing their bit in a small way.

"We can get most of the things at the tuckshop," resumed Jimmy.
"Now the question before the merry meeting is—cash!"

meeting is—cash!"

"Shell out!" said Conroy.

The Classical juniors proceeded to shell out.

shell out.

Some were better provided than others with that necessary article, cash, and cach contributed according to his means.

Quite a little pile of sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns accumulated on the study table.

Tubby Muffin's eyes glistened as he watched it.

When the pile was complete, he stretched out a fat hand to take possession. Jimmy Silver cheerfully pushed his hand back.

"I—I say——" began Tubby.

"Rats!"

Jimmy carefully counted the money.
"Seventeen-and-six!" he

nounced

nounced.
"Oh. good," said Tubby Muffin, beaming.
"Good egg!" said Lovell. "We can make up a whacking parcel for that, that would please any prisoner chap."
"Yes, rather!"
"I'll take the tin now," said Tubby. "I'd better go and do the shopping at once."
"We'll come with you," remarked Lovell.

"We'll come with you," remarked Lovell.

"You needn't trouble—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Dry up!"

The meeting in the end study broke up, and the Fistical Four proceeded to the tuckshop with Tubby Muffin, to expend the seventeen-and-six to the greatest possible advantage for the benefit of Tubby's brother in Hunland.

The 5th Chapter. Quick Work.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had completed their self-imposed task when the bell rang for afternoon classes. The tuck they had purchased was conveyed to Study No. 2 in quite an imposing array of packets and parcels.

imposing array of packets and parcels.

Old Sergeant Kettle at the tuckshop, had "stretched a point" in parting with the comestibles, on hearing that they were intended for a prisoner in Germany.

The rule was very strict about purchases at the school shop, on account of the Food Controller's regulations. But grub for a prisoner in Hunland was quite a different matter, and the juniors obtained the best that the sergeant could provide for the sum of seventeen shillings and sixpence.

Materials for the manufacture of a materials for the manufacture of a materials for the manufacture of a materials for the manufacture of the housekeeper, and Mrs. Maloney cheerfully undertook to interview the cook on the subject, and promised that the cake should appear in due course.

Sugar for the parcel had to be

Sugar for the parcel had to be saved out of the juniors' allowance, as the sergeant was quite out of that rare commodity. But quite a number of the Fourth, both Classical and Modern, promised to hand out a lump or two; and many a mickle would make a muckle.

In a satisfied frame of mind, Jimmy Silver & Co. went to the Form room. In order to keep Tubby Muffin out of the way of temptation, they were careful to take Tubby with them.

Muffin out of the way of temptation, they were careful to take Tubby with them.

The fat Classical cast a lingering glance at the pile of good things as they were 'left on the study table. But Jimmy Silver's arm was linked in his, and Tubby could not linger.

Tubby Muffin wore a thoughtful look in the class that afternoon. He was not looking so sad, but much more thoughtful.

When the last lesson was about to commence, Tubby stood up in his place. Mr. Bootles glanced at him.

"Well, Muffin?" he said.

"If you please, sir, may I miss last lesson? I want to catch the post with a parcel for my brother. He's a prisoner in Germany, sir."

"You may go, Muffin."

"Thank you, sir."

Jimmy Silver half rose, but sat down again.

collected from the various contri-

butors.

Evidently this was a trick of Tubby's, and Jimmy could not help fearing that the fat junior would forget all about his brother in Germany, and scoff the liberal supplies stacked in Study No. 2.

But he could only wait and see!

The chums of the Fourth were very anxious to get away from lessons that afternoon, and they were glad when the Form was dismissed.

Tubby Muffin met them in the passage.

Tubby Muffin met them in the passage.

There was a somewhat shiny look on his fat face, and he was looking unusually contented.

"All serene, you fellows!" he announced, in a great hurry.

"We're ready to help with the parcel now," said Jimmy Silver sharply.

"I've done it."

sharply.

"I've done it."

"You've done up the parcel?"

"Yes; everything."

"But the cake—"

"And the sugar—" said Raby.

"I'—I thought we'd better put them in a second parcel," explained Tubby. "I—I was anxious to get the first lot off, you know. My brother Dick is awfully anxious to get something to eat, you know!"

"Well, that's not a bad idea, as-

crawled to Coombe by this time, let alone crawled back."

"What have you done with it?" roared Lovell.

"That—that's all right," gasped Tubby. "I—I gave it to the carrier to post, you know. He was just passing the gates, going to Coombe."
The juniors regarded Tubby suspiciously.

suspiciously.

It was not uncommon for parcels to be handed to the carrier to be taken to the village post-office, but Tubby seemed to have thought of that explanation rather late.

"Bet you it's in the study all the time, and the fat bounder has been scoffing all he could hold!" growled Lovell. "Even Tubby couldn't scoff the lot at one sitting."

"Let's see."

There was a rush to Study No. 2.
But no trace was found there of
the provisions. Whether Tubby had
posted them or not, they had
vanished.

Grub can only be sent to prisoners of war through the Prisoners of War Committee. You can't take a parcel into the post-office and post it as you used."

"Oh!" ejaculated Tubby.
"I thought I'd tell you," said Raw
son. "No good taking the trouble to
pack up stuff and cart it down to the
post-office when they won't take i

Tubby Muffin's face was a study.

"So it can't have been posted after all!" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Tubby.

"I'll'get out my bike and bike down to the post-office," said Jimmy. "I'll soon see whether the carrier's left a parcel there, or whether he's been there at all with a parcel. If he hasn't, look out for squalls, you fat bounder!"

bounder!"

"Oh, dear!"
And in a few minutes Jimmy Silver was pedalling away to Coombe. And Tubby Muffin watched him go, with utter dismay in his fat face.

Tom Rawson had meant to be obliging in giving Tubby that useful information concerning parcels to Germany. But Tubby was not feeling very much obliged. He was looking forward with great misgiving to Jimmy Silver's return from the post-office.

Muffin never gave him a parcel to

Muffin never gave him a parcer to post."

"Oh, my hat!"
"I—I say—" gasped Tubby.
"The awful rotter!" said Lovell, in disgust. "He's scoffed grub that belongs to a prisoner of var! He ought to be boiled in oil!"

"I—I haven't!" gasped Tubby.
"Where is it, then?"
"The—the fact is—"
"Well, what is the fact?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "Get it out, and don't make up any more whoppers, you toad!"
"I—I—"
"Well?"

"I—I—"
"Well?"
"I—I really meant to say, I—I was going to give it to the carrier to post," gasped Tubby Muffin. "That's what I was going to say, you know!".
"Great Scott!"
The juniors stared at Tubby. They knew his powers as a dealer in fibs, but he was quite taking their breath away now.
"You—you meant to say that, did you?" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

but he was quite taking their breath away now.

"You—you meant to say that, did you?" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, that's it," said Tubby, regaining his confidence. "You see, it's all right!" gasped Lovell,

"Oh, yes! You fellows needn't bother about the matter any further. You can leave it entirely to me."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Let go my arm, Flynn! I'm in rather a hurry just now!"

"Sure, it's not letting go ye're arrum I'm after!" grinned Flynn.

"Ye've got to produce the grub!"

"Where's the tuck, you fat villain?" shouted Conroy.

"The—the tuck!" stammered Tubby.

villain?" sa.
"The—the

"The—the tuck!" stammered Tubby.

"Yes, you spoofer! Where have you hidden it?"

"I—I've posted it!"

"What!"

"I—I mean. I haven't posted it!"

"Where is it?"

"I—I—I've put it in a safe place!"

stuttered Tubby. "You fellows needn't trouble about it. I thought I—I'd better put it away, you see, as—as some fellows might have scoffed it. Some fellows are so mean, you know!"

it. Some fellows are so mean, you know!"

"Well, if Tubby doesn't take the cake!" said Jimmy Silver, with a deep breath. "Tubby, take us to that grub at once!"

"1-1'd rather not at present!"

Bump!

"Yarresoon!"

"Yarooop!"
"Would you rather, now?" asked

"Would you rather, now?" asked Jimmy.
"Oh dear! Oh, yes! Certainly! Oh, crumbs!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Tubby Muffin led the way, with two arms linked in his. With a lugubrious visage, he led the juniors into the schoolhouse and up to the boxroom. With a deep sigh he threw up the lid of a trunk.
There was the tuck—what remained of it!
About a third part had vanished.
"So you were keeping it here to scoff whenever you got hungry?" said Jimmy Silver.
"Nunno! Only to keep it safe, you know!"
"Where's the meet?"

"Where's that fat spoofer?"
Thus Jimmy Silver, as he jumped off his machine at the gates of Rockwood an hour later.
A dozen Fourth-Formers were waiting for him there.
"What's the news?" asked Lovell.
"We've been spoofed! Where's that fat snail?"
"Here he is!" grinned Flynn of the Fourth. "Bedad, he's been thrying to get away all the time, and by the same token I've been houldn' on to him!"

scoff whenever you got hungry?"
said Jimmy Silver.

"Nunno! Only to keep it safe, you know!"

"The—the what?"

"The—the what?"

"Is—is—isn't it all there?"

"You know it isn't, you toad!"
roared Jimmy. "Where's the rest of it—sharp?"

"The—the rats must have got at it!" stammered Tubby.

"What?"

"Or—or the cat! Mrs. Maloney's cat may have got at it!" stammered Tubby.

"Mrs. Maloney's cat may have scoffed tinned pineapple and tinned beef!" yelled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, cats are awfully intelligent, you know!" said Tubby! "Mrs. Maloney's cat is very intelligent. It—it may have been able to—to open the tins somehow— Yooooop!"

Tubby Muffin smote the floor with his plump person before he could get any further.

"Now, where's the rest of the grub?" asked Lovell.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Give him another!"

"Hold on! I—I ate it!" gasped Tubby. "I forgot! I—I meant to mention it to you chaps, of course! I—I happened to cat it, you know—absent-mindedly—"

Bump, bump, bump!

Tubby Muffin roared with anguish. The Classical chums had no mercy upon a person who had caten tuck intended for a prisoner of war, whether absent-mindedly or not.

Having been well bumped, Tubby Muffin was rolled out of the box-room, and half a dozen boots helped him down the stairs.

"Now, this blessed tuck's no good for the chap in Hunland; we can't send it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"You can send money to the

the same token I've been houldin' on to him!"

"Oh, I say!" mumbled Tubby.
Flynn jerked the fat Classical forward. The juniors surrounded him with grim looks.

"I've been to the post-office," said Jimmy Silver. "The carrier hasn't been there with a parcel from Rooktwood."

"Perhaps he's taken it home with him," suggested Tubby Muffin. "He—he may intend to post it to-morrow, you know!"

"Muffin, how dare you sprawl on the floor!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, almost falling over the fat junior "How dare you! Are you out of your senses?" sented Jimmy Silver. "If you've done up the parcel, we may as well get it down to the post-office at once." pose even Tubby wouldn't rob a prisoner in Germany."

"Of course I wouldn't," said Tubby warmly, "I'm surprised at you, Silver. I call this insulting a

once."

"Oh, I've done that!"

"You've taken it to the post!"

exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Certainly. No good losing time, you know, when a chap's waiting, in Germany for something to eat!"

"Where did you post it?" gasped Jimmy.

"Thank you, sir."

Jimmy Silver half rose, but sat down again.

He watched the podgy form of Tubby Muffin roll out of the Formroom, with a gleam in his eyes.

"My hat!" murmured Lovell.

"If that fat bounder scoffs the tuck—" muttered Raby.

"After all, even Tubby wouldn't when it's for a prisoner," said Jimmy Silver.

But he did not feel quite sure.

With Tubby Muffin, the spirit might be willing, but the flesh was certain to be weak.

There was no need for him to leave the Form-room merely to prepare the parcel for the post, for the cake was not made yet, neither was the sugar

Mr. A. DANKS wishes to aan nounce that his recent office will he wasn't!

Jimmy Silver's grasp closed on Tubby's fat shoulder, and Tubby gave a yelp.

"Wou've taken it exclaimly. No good losing time, wou know, when a chap's waiting in Germany for something to eat!"

"You've taken it exclaimly. No good losing time, wou know, when a chap's waiting in Germany for something to eat!"

"Where did you post it?" gasped Jimmy.

"The post-office, of course."

"You've taken it exclaimly. No good losing time, wou know, when a chap's waiting in Germany for something to eat!"

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"The post-office, of course."

"You've taken it exclainly. No good losing time, wou know, when a chap's waiting in Germany for something to eat!"

"Where did you post it?" gasped Jimmy.

"The post-office, of course."

"You've wrapped up a parcel, taken it to Coombe, and got back here in a little over half an hour!"

shouted Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin's jaw dropped.

It was nearly a mile to the post-office in Coombe. Certainly the fat Classical had made quick work of it ——if he was telling the truth. Evidently he wasn't!

Jimmy Silver's grasp closed on Tubby's fat shoulder, and Tubby gave a yelp.

"Where's the form-room merely to prepare the parcel for the post-office of course."

"You've taken it exclaims Jimmy Silver.

"You've taken it exclaims Jimmy Silver.

"You've wrapped up a parcel, taken it to Coombe, and got back here in a littl

you, Silver. I call this insulting a chap,"
"We shall have to give him the benefit of the doubt," said Van Ryn, laughing. "I dare say it's all right."
"But we'll post the rest of the stuff ourselves," said Jimmy. "Tubby can address it when we make up the parcel, and we'll bike down with it. Hallo, Rawson!"
Tom Rawson, the scholarship junior,

parcei, and we it bike down with it. Hallo, Rawson!"

Tom Rawson, the scholarship junior, joined them in the Fourth-Form passage.

"I was looking for Tubby," he said. "About your brother in Germany, Muffin!"

"Yes, Rawson."

"You don't seem to know the new regulations, from what you said to Mr. Bootles in the Form-room," said Rawson. "You can't send parcels to Germany on your own, as we used to!"

shoulder, and Tubby gave a yelp.

shoulder, and Tubby gave a yelp.

"Where's the grub, you fat bounder?" asked Jimmy quietly. "Have you scott to all send 25 to ..."

"Where's the grub, you fat bounder?" asked Jimmy quietly. "Have you scott dit." said Rawson.

"Oh, I—I say—"

"He can't have posted the grub you together.

"The rules were altered a long time back," said Rawson.

"But—but you send parcels over there!" stammered Tubby.

"I used to," said Rawson. "I've had to stop it now; it's not allowed.

"I went there from the post-office. He hasn't seen Muffin to-day, and

The 6th Chapter. Tubby in Trouble.



"Well, as we've had the whip-round, we'd better do that!" said Jinmy Silyer. "We'll hold a sale of this stuff, and send the money to the Prisoners of War Committee for Tubby's betther."

"Yes," snorted Jimmy Silver.
"I'm likely to put it in your greedy
paws, you—you fat Hun! I'm going
to write to the Prisoners of War
Committee, give them your brother's
address in Hunland, and ask them to
send the grub to him, to the value of
seventeen-and-six."
"Oh!"

"Give me your brother's number and address—sharp!"
"Hadn't I better write the letter, and and put the money in it.
"Ring off!" shouted Jimmy Silver ferociously. "Now, what's your brother's battalion in the Dublin Fusiliers?"
"His—his battalion?"
"Yes, and his regimental number?"

"His-his battalion?"
"Yes, and his regimental number?"
"His-his number?"
"And where is he interned in Germany-what place?"
"Oh, dear."
"Don't you know?" demanded Jimmy.

RAISING THE WIND!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"What's his number?" roared Jimmy Silver.
"I—I—I forget."
"Well, I can find it in the telephone directory," said Jimmy, and he turned to the door,
Tubby Muffin made a jump after him.

Tubby Muffin made a jump after him.

"I—I say; you're not going to telephone to my pater!" he gasped, in utter dismay.

"Yes, I am, fathead."

"About—about my brother Dick?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Yes, ass!"
"I—I'd rather you didn't—".
"Go and eat coke!"
Aud Jimmy Silver strode out of the study, leaving Tubby Muffin rooted to the floor, staring after him blankly.

The 7th Chapter, Spoofed!

Oswald of the Fourth looked into the end study.
"Bootles has gone out." he an-

Jimmy Silver. "We'll hold a sale of this stuff, and send the money to the Prisoners of War Committee for Tubby's brother."

"Good egg!"

Jimmy's idea was carried out.

There was a ready sale for what was left of the tuck, and as some of the fellows gave extra good prices—for the benefit of Private Muffin—the sale realised the original sum of seven-teen-and-sixpence, in spite of Tubby's scoffing a portion of it,

Jimmy Silver took charge of the cash, and he sought out Tubby Muffin. He found that fat youth groaning in his study.

"You fat waster!" said Jimmy sternly, "We've sold the tuck! We've got seventeen-and-six again, and it's for your brother!"

Tubby Muffin left off groaning quite suddenly. He extended a fat plaw to the captain of the Fourth.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Hand it over!"

"Yes," snorted Jimmy Silver.

"Bootles has gone out." he announced.

The Fistical Four rose-from the teatable at once. They had been waiting to hear that their respected Form-master had gone out. They wanted the use of Mr. Bootles' telephone for a few minutes.

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Come on, you chaps!"

The chums of the Fourth hurried down the passage. Tubby Muffin met them at the head of the stairs.

"I—I say, Silver——" he stammered.
"Burg off!"

met them at the head of the stars.

"I—I say, Silver—" he stammered.

"But I—I say; you're not going to telephone to my pater, are you?" said Tubby beseechingly.

"Yes, you duffer! We've got to know, your brother's address in Germany, to send it to the committee."

"I'd rather you left it to me—Leggo my ear, Lovell, you beast!

You can trust me, you know! You know I'm the soul of honour, now, don't you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Silver, old chap—"

Tubby Muffin was deposited on the floor, and Jimmy Silver & Co. hurried downstairs to Mr. Bootles' study.

The coast was clear, and the Fistical Four were not long in getting to work.

Jimmy Silver turned over the pages

work.

Jimmy Silver turned over the pages of the Form-master's telephone directory, and found the name of Muffin.

"It's only the other side of Latcham," he remarked. "It won't be a trunk-call. That's lucky. Bootles might hop in before we could get through if it was." He took up the receiver, "Latcham one-o-one please".

Jimmy waifed.

Jimmy waited.
The study door opened, and Tubby Muffin's fat face looked in, with a very woebegone expression.
"I—I say; are you 'phoning?" he stammered.
"Shut up!"
"But I say—"
Lovell made a rush at the door, and Tubby scuttled away down the passage. Jimmy gave his attention to the receiver. A voice was coming through. passage. Jimmy to the receiver, through. "Hallo!"

"Oh, dear."

"Don't you know?" demanded Jimmy.

"Numo! My—my pater didn't mention all that in his letter," stammered Tubby Muffin.

"Yet you were making out that you were going to send him a parcel!" howled Jimmy. "You spooting Prussian! You meant to scoff it, all along, and leave your brother in Germany to shift for himself!"

"I—I say, Silver, you know—"" murmured Tubby.

"Well, we've got to get the battalion, number, and address from your father," said Jimmy Silver. "You can write to him, and ask."

"I—I—"
"Or it will save time if you can telephone," said Jimmy. "Is your pater on the telephone?"

Tubby Muffin brightened up.

"Yes; that's all right. You hand me the cash, and I'll phone to the pater, you know, and it will be as right as rain!"

"I'll hand you a thick car!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Yaroooh!"
"Now, what's your pater's tele-"Hallo!"
"Yes; Mr. Muffin speaking," came in fat, wheezy tones, very like Tubby Muffin's own.
"Good-afternoon, Mr. Muffin. I'm speaking from Rookwood School."
"Yes?"

"Yaroooh!"
"Now, what's your pater's telephone number?"
"I refuse to telephone to him unless you hand the money to me," said Tubby wrathfully. "If you can't trust me—"
"Good-afternoon, Mr. Mufin. I'm speaking from Rookwood School."
"Yes?"
"I'm Jimmy Silver! Your son Reginald is in my Form, you know!"
"Is Reginald unwell?"

"Oh, no!"
"Then what is the matter? My time is of value!"
"So is mine!" grunted Jimmy

Silver. "What?"

Never mir Reginald—has brother—" d. Tubby—I mean told us about his mind.

brother—"
"Eh? Do you mean Percival?"
"No; Richard."
"Eh? My younger son's name is
Percival!"
"I don't mean him, sir! I mean
your eldest son, in the Army—"
"What?"
"The chan who's heap captured by

your eldest son, in the Army—"
"What?"
"The chap who's been captured by
the Germans," explained Jimmy Silver, a little exasperated by Mr.
Muffin's want of comprehension.
"Are you joking?"
"Of course not," exclained Jimmy
Silver indignantly. "Nothing to joke
about, so far as I can see."
"Has anything happened to my son
Reginald at Rookwood?"
"Eh? No!"
"Then what do you mean by saying that he has been captured by the
Germans? Is this a foolish joke?"
"I don't mean Tubby—Reginald!"
howled Jimmy Silver into the transmitter. "I mean your eldest son."
"Reginald is my eldest son!"
"Wha-a-at!"
Jimmy Silver nearly dropped the
receiver.
"What does he say!" exclaimed."

receiver.
"What does he say!" exclaimed

Lovell. "He says Tubby is his eldest

"He says Tubby is his eldest son!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Lovell, Raby and Newcome in chorus.

"I—I say, sir!" Jimmy gasped into the telephone. "Haven't you another son, older than Tubby, named Dick—I mean Richard?"

"Certainly not!" came in testy tones along the wire. "Really, if this is a specimen of Rookwood humour, I can only say that it is misdirected, and I consider—"

"Haven't you a son in the Army?" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Certainly I have not!"

"Then—then—then—" Jimmy Silver fairly stuttered. "Then—then he hasn't been captured by the Germans, and he's not a prisoner in Germany?"

"Don't be absurd!"

Mr. Muffin rang off angrily.

Really, Jimmy Silver's last question was a little superfluous. If Mr. Muffin's son Richard had no existence outside Tubby's fertile imagination, certainly he could not possibly be a prisoner in Germany.

Jimmy Silver sat with the receiver in his hand, blinking at the telephone.

"Well?" demanded Lovell.

Jimmy Silver sat with the receiver in his hand, blinking at the telephone.

"Well?" demanded Lovell.

"What does he say?"

"He—he—he hasn't a son Richard!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Tubby's his eldest son. The fat villain has been spoofing us all along! We've been raising a giddy fund for a chap who doesn't exist!"

"Great Scott!"

Jimmy Silver jammed the receiver back on the hooks and jumped up.

"No wonder he didn't want me to telephone!" he exclaimed. "No wonder he wanted the cash in his fat paws! Why, I'll skin him!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Lovell.

The Fistical Four dashed out of Mr. Bootles' study.

Tubby Muffin saw them coming, and their expressions were sufficient to tell him of the discovery they had made.

The fat Classical made a break for

The fat Classical made a break for

The fat Classics
the stairs.
Up the staircase he flew,
with Jimmy
Silver & Co.
raging on his
track

track.
Collar him!"
roared Raby.
"Stop him!"
"Scalp him!"

Fear lent Tubby wings. He "did" the staircase in record time, and rushed headlong into the Fourth-Form passage, and into the Fourth-Form passage, and into the arms of Concoy, Pous, and Van Ryn.

The Colonial Co. grasped him and held him fast. Tubby wriggled and squirmed and roared.

"Yarooh! Leggo! It was only a j-j-joke! Yarooh! Keep 'em off! Yow-ow!"

"What's the merry row?' asked Conroy as the Fistical Four came up, panting. The Classical Fourth gathered round in great excitement.

"There isn't any brother Dick!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Tubby hasn't any brother in the Army at all, let alone a prisoner in Germany!"

"All spoof!" yelled Lovell. "Spoof from beginning to end! It was a dodge to raise the wind to get tuck." "Scalp him!"

"Yarooh! It—it was only a joke!" shricked Tubby Muffin, in alarm. "I—I was only pulling your leg, you know. I—I wasn't going to scoff the tuck myself, you know."

Bump!

"I—I mean I was going to scoff it!" gasped Tubby. "Leggo! Can't you fellows take a j-j-joke? Yarooop!"

"Bump, bump!
"Oh, crumbs! Help! Yarooop!"

"Frog's march!" shouted Oswald.

"Pile in!"

"Help! Yarooh! I say, it was only a joke! I don't want the seven-teen-and-six I—I—I—Yoooop!"

"Help! Yarooh! I say, it was only a joke! I don't want the seventeen-and-six. I—I—I—Yoooop!! Tubby Muffin's voice died away in a gurgle.

The incensed innions

Tubby Muffin's voice died away in a gurgle.

The incensed juniors grasped him on all sides, and the fat Classical went up and down the Fourth-Form passage in the joyful procession known as the frog's march.

Not till they were tired did the Classical juniors cease to march Tubby Muffin up and down.

Tubby was tired before they were.

When they were finished they rolled him into his study, and he landed on the rug, and lay spluttering.

"Think twice before you spoof us again!" said Jimmy Silver, shaking a warning finger at him.

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"That seventeen and ax is going to be sent to the Cottage Hospital at Coombe," added Jimmy. "You've done that much good, you spoofing perpoise!"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

And the juniors, feeling that justice had been done, departed, leaving Tubby Muffin still sprawling on the rug, emitting wild and weird sounds as he strove to get his second wind.

Later that evening, when Jimmy Silver & Co. were working at their prep in the end study. Tubby Muffin's fat face peered cautiously in. The Fistical Four fixed a grim look on him.
"I—I say, Silver," began Tubby.
"Well?"

"You've got that seventeen-and-

"Yes."
"You're going to send it to the Cottage Hospital?"
"Yes."
"Well, the fact is, Silver, I'd rather send it myself personally."

What:
"So you can hand it over to me,
and I'll send it off," said Tubby
Muffin briskly. "Hand it over,
please!" please!"

Jimmy Silver sat petrified for a moment. He did not speak. He

reached for the inkpot as soon as he could move.

Tubby Muffin vanished down the passage just in time.

He did not inquire after the seventeen-and-sixpence any more. That bandsome sum was duly despatched to the Cottage Hospital without Tubby Muffin's assistance,

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"A DISCREDIT TO THE SCHOOL!" By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!

BAITING OR WAITING.

Scene: Cafe Blank. Enter Jones, in great haste.

Jones is seeking a "quick" lunch. So, sitting down at a table, he hurriedly orders a filleted sole.

Ten minutes clapse. No sign of the fish.

Another five minutes. Jones grows angry and impatient.
"Waiter," he demands, "wasn't it you who took my order?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter.
"You ordered fish."
"Well, what on earth are you doing to the creature? Can't you eatch it?"

The waiter looked thoughtful.

"Maybe, sir"—he sighed slowly "you didn't give me the right kind bait!"

GREAT AUTHOR SOME DAY.

"Stand!" commanded the teacher The class stood, but not with suffi The class stood, but not with suffi cient uniformity.

"Sit down!" said the teacher.
Little Tommy was a naughty boy, and he turned up the folding seat at the critical moment, so that the other two boys who shared it with him sat down heavily on the floor.
That was why little Tommy was kept after the others had gone, and ordered to write an essay of thirty words.

Here is Tommy's effort:

"Billy met a little kitten, and said,
'Come here, pussy, pussy, pussy,
pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy,
pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy,

BITHNESS.

"Mein fader," asked John Simpson (otherwise Jacob Schlosky, junior), of the secondhand clothes emporium, "a shentleman vants to know if det all-vool, non-shrinkable shirt vill shrink?"

"Does it fid him?" asked "fåder."

"No," replied J. S. junior; "it is too big."

too big."
"Vell, then, mein son," was J. S. senior's placid reply, "it vill shrink!"

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The 1st Chapter.

Not Popular.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Frank Richards sat up in the grass on the bank of the creek, and looked round as he heard the sudden shout of laughter.

His cousin, Bob Lawless, was stretched on his back in the grass, with his hands behind his head, staring lazily at the distant peaks of the Rockies, dim against the deep hlue of the sky.

"Something's on, Bob," said Frank, as he sat up.
Bob did not trouble to move.

"Only that guy!" he said tersely.

"Who?" asked Frank.

"Beauclerc. The chaps are making fun of him, as usual," yawned Bob Lawless. "Let him rip!"

But Frank Richards rose to his feet, and looked quickly in the direction of the log School House of Cedar Creek.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Frank did not join in the laughter of the Cedar Creek fellows, but he could not help grinning.

It was close on time for afternoon lessons, and many of the fellows were making their way towards the School

Vere Beauclerc, the new boy at edar Creek, was conspicuous among

Vere Beauciere, the new boy at Cedar Creek, was conspicuous among them.

The slim, handsome lad, with his quiet reserved manner and half-avrogant expression, would have been picked out at a glance among the cheery, sturdy sons of the Canadian settlers.

A fellow could hardly have looked more out of place than Vere Beauciere leoked at Cedar Creek School.

Pride of birth and aristocratic loftiness were ludicrously out of place at the lumber school in the great Western land, where such prejudices were held in humorous scorn.

And Beauciere, with all his pride of race, was only the son of a remittene man, an idle waster, known as a haager on at all the saloons in the district.

Frank Richards was probably the conly fellow at Cedar Creek who fell

Gistrict.

Frank Richards was probably the only fellow at Cedar Creek who felt anything but contemptuous dislike for the remittance man's son.

But Frank could not help feeling a certain amount of interest in the lad who, like himself, had been born in the Old Country, but, unlike himself, had been unable to assimilate himself to the customs of a new and freer land.

himself to the customs of a new and freer land.

Vere Beauclerc came and went, day by day, without exchanging a word with his schoolfellows.

Frank's one attempt at friendship law been rudely repulsed, and since then Frank had let him alone.

Frank grinned, and then frowned, as he looked at Beauclerc now. Some humorous fellow had attached a label to his back, evidently unknown to Beauclerc. It was the lid of an old cerdboard box, and upon it was daubed in large letters:

"THE ONE AND ONLY!

GAZE AND ADMIRE!"

Quite unconscious of that label. Beauclerc walked towards the School House, looking neither to the right nor the left.

But the other fellows, as they sighted it, yelled with laughter.

"Gaze and admire!" yelled Eben Hacke. "Ha, he, ha!"

"The one and only!" chortled Chunky Todgers. "He, he, he!"

It did not seem to occur to Vere Besuclerc for some minutes that the outburst of merriment was connected with himself.

As that fact dawned upon him his checks flushed, and he looked round, with a flashing glance.

The black anger in his look only redoubled the merriment of the merry young Canadians.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's too bad!" muttered Frank, though he could hardly help joining in the laugh.

Bob Lawless sat up.

"What's the joke!" he yawned.

"Oh, crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

Beauclerc gave the chums a fierce look.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Eben Hacke. "Look at the only one—the one and only! Just escaped from the House of Lords! Haw, haw, haw!"

Beauclerc, with his brows kuitted, strode up to Hacke. The big Westerner towered head and shoulders over him, though Beauclerc was tall for his age.

"What does this mean?" said Beauclerc.

"Haw, haw, haw!"

"What does this mean?" said
Beauclerc.
"Haw, haw, haw!"
Beauclerc clenched his hands.
Frank Richards ran up hastily. He
did not want to see Beauclerc's handsome face hammered by Hacke's
huge fists.
"Mind your own business, Franky,"
growled Bob Lawless.
But Frank did not heed.
Even Bob's boundless good-nature
seemed to fail him when he came in
contact with Beauclerc.
Frank hastily interposed.
"H's only a joke, Reauclere," he
said. "There's something on your
back."

Beauclere strode towards him.

The little, lat fellow was no match for him, but he stood his ground, and put up his fat fists coolly.

"Come on, my lord!" he grinned.

Beauclere, if he had been cooler, would not have thought of touching the fat schoolboy. A fight with Chunky Todgers was rather absurd, for one thing. But he was too angry to reflect now.

In another moment the humorist of Cedar Creek would have been knocked spinning, but in that moment Bob Lawless stepped between.

Beauclere's arm was knocked up at once.

Beauclerc's arm was knocked up at once.

"No, you don't!" said Bob grimly.
"If you're spoiling for a fight, I'm your antelope!"

"Good man!" said Chunky cheerfully. "Give him a licking for me, Bobby. Why can't the silly chump take a joke?"

"Will you stand aside, Lawless?" said Beauclerc between his teeth.

"I guess not." said the Canadian schoolboy contemptuously. "I'm nearer your size than Chunky is."

"Beauclerc," muttered Frank, "don't be an ass! It was only a joke."

"I don't eare for such jokes," said

"I den't care for such jokes," said Beauclere, "and I don't intend to allow them, either."

Beauclerc, after a second's hesitation, followed him. The fight was "off," at least, for the present.

When the fellows gathered in class, Beauclerc sat with a cold, grim face. But the rest of the class were grimning. Vere Beauclerc, poor and proud, wrapped himself in a cold reserve as in an armour of proof; but at the Cedar Creek School the pride of the remittance man's son was a standing joke.

The 2nd Chapter. Stopped on the Trail.

Stopped on the Trall.

Frank Richards joined his cousin immediately school was dismissed that afternoon.

He was anxious that the threatened affray should go no further.

Frank, with his experience of public school life in the Old Country, could make allowances for Beauclere that the other fellows never thought of making.

To the cheery young Canadians Beauclere seemed nothing but a proud and snobbish duffer, but Frank knew that there was more in him than that.

Frank had not forgotten how the remittance man's sou had risked his life to pull him out of the river after he had been swept over the rapids.

"Yes, Miss Meadows!" said Bob, touching his hat to the schoolmistress.
"You seem to have quarrelled with Beauclerc, the new boy."
"Ye-e-es, ma'am!"
"Please do not let me see you carry the quarrel any further," said Miss Meadows severely. "I shall be very angry with you, Lawless."
"Oh!" said Bob.
"You may go home now," added Miss Meadows.
"Ye-e-es, ma'am."
Frank Richards grinned as he marched his cousin away to the gates. Bob looked crestfallen.
The two chums caught their ponies, and walked them down the path to the trail. Beauclere was going the same way, and he paused as Bob and Frank came along.
"I waited for you, Lawless," he said, his well-out lip curling.
Bob crimsoned.
"I can't hammer you here," he said. "Miss Meadows has put her foot down. She seems to think it would be a pity to spoil your beauty. I think it would do you good myself."
Beauclere shrugged his shoulders.
"If that is all you have to say, I

self."

Beauclerc shrugged his shoulders.

"If that is all you have to say, I
may as well go home," he said.

"To home, and be blessed! said
Bob. "Miss Meadows is a good sort,
and I'm not going to make her mad.
But I'll pull your cheeky nose another
time. To-morrow's a holiday, and if
you care to come along where I can
meet you, I guess I'll knock some of
the insolence out of you fast
enough!"

"Anywhere you like," said D

"Anywhere you like," said Beau-clere instantly.
"Bob!" murmured Frank.

clerc instantly.

"Bob!" murmured Frank.

"Oh, cheese it, Frank! You let
Beauclerc punch you; I guess I'll
make him squirm for that while I'm
about it."

"He saved my life," said Frank.

"Oh, bother it! Any fellow would
have pulled you out of the creek, I
suppose." Bob turned to Beauclere
again. "Come along to the Indian
ford to-morrow afternoon. You know
the place. I guess you'll find me
there."

"I shall be there!" said Beauclerc. He turned away, and plunged into the wood, taking the shortest cut to the miserable shack on the creek that was his home.

Frank and Bob mounted their horses, and rode away on the homeward trail. Bob's usually sunny face was clouded, and Frank did not look cheerful.

"Coming up with me to-morrow, Frank?" asked Lawless, after a long silence.

"Coming up with me to-morrow, Frank?" asked Lawless, after a long silence.

"Yes, I shall come," said Frank Richards. "I wish you weren't going to fight Beauclerc, all the same."

"You seem to feel very friendly towards the cad."

"Not exactly that," said Frank; "only I think I can understand him a bit. He's a bit of a snob, I'm afraid, but he doesn't mean to be. He can't get used to being down in the world. He's so jolly touchy because he's so poor."

"Lots of the fellows are poor without being touchy."

"They've got more sense," said Frank. "Beauclerc was brought up among rich people in England—titled people who fancy they are the salt of the earth. He's got aft sorts of false ideas into his head, and he hasn't got them out again yet."

"I'll punch some of them out."

Frank laughed.

"I'd don't think punching will do him much good."

"Well, you were brought up at a big school in England, Frank. One of your pals there was a titled chap; you've told me about him. But you haven't brought a swelled head to Canada like that fellow."

"Perhaps I've got more sense,"



"Keep quiet, my merry Greaser!" said Bob Lawless, flourishing the bludgeon over the savage, upturned face. "We've got you nobbled, my pippin! Do you want your silly head caved in?"

"Oh!"
"Let him alone!" growled Hacke.
"What do you want to spoil a good
joke for, you jay?"
Beauclere's flush deepened, and he
groped behind him, and jerked off
the card. His eyes glittered as he
looked at it. There was a fresh burst
of laughter from the schoolboys.
Beauclere's anger was nothing to
them.

Beauclerc's anger was nothing to them.

"Who fastened this on my back?" exclaimed Beauclerc furiously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Find out!"

Beauclerc's lips curled.

"If the fellow's atraid to own up—" he said scornfully.

"Oh, come off!" said Chunky Todgers at once. "I put it there!".

"He don't intend!" chuckled Hacke. "Hark to his lordship! This is the way we talk to our serfs in the old baronial hall."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you clear off, Lawless?"

"Oh, no!"

Beauclere said no more, but he advanced upon Bob, with his hands up and his eyes blazing.

"Boys!"

It was Miss Meadows' voice.

The schoolmistress came out of the porch, her brows knitted.

"Cease this at once!" she said sharply. "Go into the school-room, both of you!"

"Certainly, ma'am," said Bob Lawless.

Lawless.
He walked into the log house; and

"Where are you going, Bob" asked Frank, catching his cousin's

asked Frank, catching ...

"I guess I'm going to speak to the Cherub," said Bob. "Let me go, Franky. I've simply got to punch his nose!"

"Leave his nose alone, and come home." said Frank.
"Oh, bosh! He'll think I'm afraid of him."

"Oh, bosh! He'll think! In arrange of him."

"Bother him! Let's get off."
Bob Lawless shook his arm free.

"I'm going to punch his nose!" he said. "I tell you I can't stand the fellow, Frank, with his superior airs. What he wants it badly. He's simply yelling out for it, in fact."

"Lawless!"



Published Every Monday

said Frank, laughing. "You see, poor old Beauclere's got nothing left but his pride, and he sort of wraps himself up in it."

"Then it's time he had some of it knocked out of him," grunted Bob. "That sort of rot cuts no ice in this country. I'll do my best to-morrow to knock some pride out and some sense in."

The subject dropped, and the cousins rode on in silence. They were following the forest trail, on which the shadows were deepening as the sun sank lower towards the far Ovach.

Pacific.
Overhead the branches of the big trees locked, forming a deep shade over the trail. The path was roughly marked by hoof-prints.

In the deepest and narrowest part of the trail the two schoolboys slacked down, riding carefully to avoid the overhanging boughs; and suddenly from the thick larches, interlaced with creepers, beside the trail, came a deep, sharp voice:

"Hait!"

A man sprang out into the trail.

"Halt!"
A man sprang out into the trail.
The two schoolboys drew in their ponies at once in amazement.
They looked down at the man standing in the trail before them. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with curly black hair and a dark, bronzed face, and glittering, black eyes.
They did not need telling that he was not a Canadian. He was plainly a Mexican, and equally plainly what was known in Western parlance as a "bad man."
His black eyes scintillated over a revolver he held in his dirty, dusky hand.

nand.
"Get down!" The Mexican spoke in English, with the soft Spanish accent in his voice. "Get down, and pony up!"
"Why, you cheeky hours?"

"Why, you cheeky hound!" broke out Bob Lawless. "How dare you

"Get down!"
Bob eyed him savagely.
"You're in Canada now, my man, not in Mexico. We keep a rope ready for your sort here. Clear aside, and let in pass, or it will be the worse for you."

for you."
The Mexican's revolver came up to

"Get down!" he repeated.
"Frank locked at his cousin. He
was prepared to follow Bob's lead,
but the Canadian had slid from his
pony. There was no arguing with a
six-shocter in a reckless hand.
Frank followed his example, and
they dismounted, and stood beside
their peaies, while the Mexican came
nearer.

The 3rd Chapter. The Rustler.

Frank Richards' heart was beating hard, though he was calm. Bob did not look scared in the least. His brows were knitted with

anger.
The ruffian evidently intended rob ery, and it came as a surprise to the anadian as much as to the English

lad.

The Mexican had probably drunk his last dollar in one of the camp saloons, and taken to the trail to replenish his supplies of cash in a way that was not uncommon in his own

that was not uncommon in his own country.

Whether the ruffian would venture to use his weapon in case of resistance was a question, but he looked brutal and reckless enough to do so.

His black eyes glinted at the two schoolboys over the barrel.

"I am sorry, senores," he said, with a mocking grin, "I must trouble you to pony up.

Bob gritted his teeth.
"Do you know what to expect for playing this game here?" he exclaimed.

The Mexican shrugged his thick shoulders.

"Vaya! I am not here to talk, senor. Turn out your pockets!"
The chums hesitated, and the trigger rose a fraction under the pressure of a dirty finger.

"You will do better to make haste, senores," said the Mexican grimly.
"I am in a hurry."

Bob Lawless made up his mind, and turned out what money he had, consisting of two silver dellars and some small change. Frank Richards without a word followed his example.

"It is little enough, senores, but

the horses, they are worth something." The Mexican pointed down the trail. "Vamoose!"
There was no help for it.
The chums walked on down the trail, leaving their ponies in the hands of the "rustler."
Bob Lawless strode on with compressed lips and set teeth. His eyes were gleaming under his bent brows.
As soon as the intervening trees hid them from the sight of the rustler Bob stopped.
"Hold on, Franky!" he whispered. Frank halted.
"That greaser thinks we've lit out," whispered Bob. "Are you game to come back? I guess he's not going to walk off with our horses and leave us to sashay home on bootleather. Goodness knows where he'll be by the time the M.P.'s get after him! Over the border, very likely, out of reach. Are you game?"
"Yes, rather!" said Frank, between his teeth.
Bob listened intently. There was a sound of whinnying from the direction where they had left the horsethief with the ponies.
Bob opened his pocket-knife and cut a thick stick from the bush. He cut another for Frank.
"Now come on," he whispered,—"and quiet."
The Canadian plunged into the trees.

Frank followed him, picking his way softly on Reh', trank

Frank followed him, picking his way softly on Bob's track. Bob made no sound as he advanced.

He paused once or twice to listen, and then pressed on again.

To the English lad the forest was trackless, and he could not even guess what was Bob's objective.

But Bob led on with hardly a pause, evidently with, a fixed destination in view.

He held up his hand at last.
Frank halted.
"Look!" whispered Bob, pulling his cousin to his side behind the trunk of a him to his side behind the trunk

of a big tree.

Frank peered out from behind the tree, and to his surprise saw the trail before him.

Bob-

before him.

"Bob—"
"Don't you see?" Bob grinned, with rather a grim look in his eyes, however. "The greaser's going back the way we came with our horses, towards Cedar Creek. The trail winds round here. We've cut across the forest and got ahead of him. He will pass this place."

"Oh!" said Frank.
He understood now.
Bob had heard enough of the movements of the horses to show him that the Mexican was going back up the trail, the way the boys had come from school.

He had to follow the winding trail with the steeds.
Bob and his comrade had cut across the thick wood and struck the trail some distance ahead.

They were well ahead of the Mexican now, and had only to wait for him to pass with his plunder.

And then—
Frank Richards' grasp tightened upon his bludgeon. He was quite ready to put up a fight for his property.

"Follow my lead, old chap!" whis-

upon his bludgeon. He was quite ready to put up a fight for his property.

"Follow my lead, old chap!" whispered Bob. "He will shoot if he gets a chance. I guess we're not giving him a chance. Don't show yourself till I do."

"Right!" muttered Frank.

There was a beat of hoof beats on the trail. They were only a few minutes ahead of the rustler.

Peering from behind the tree they saw him coming up the trail, riding one pony and leading the other.

There was a grin on the Mexican's dusky face as he rode, and he was evidentally totally unsuspicious of the fact that the schoolboys were not at a safe distance.

Bob's hand went up, with his bludgeon in it, but he stood quite still, waiting. Frank made no sound. Clatter, clatter!

The horseman rode by.

Whiz!

Just as he came abreast Bob's hand shot forward, and the heavy bludgeon whized through the air.

Before the rider even knew that it was coming it struck him upon the side of the head with a fearful thud. "Carambo!" yelled the startled Mexican.

He rolled helplessly from the addle valled with a delegation of the head wit

Mexican.

He rolled helplessly from the saddle, yelling with pain, and crashed into the grass of the trail.

The startled horses reared and backed away, whinnying.

Bob Lawless rushed out into the trail like lightning, and Frank Richards was at his heels.

As the dazed Mexican struggled up to a sitting posture, grasping wildly at his revolver, Frank's bludgeon came down with a crash upon his head.

The blow smashed through the

The blow smashed through the vaquero hat, and the Mexican sank back with a groan.

The next moment Bob Lawless' knee was on his chest, and his revolver was wrenched away and tossed into the thicket.

"I guess it's our win!" said Bob coolly.

And Frank Richards gasped breathlessly:

"Hurrah!"

The 4th Chapter.
Turning the Tables.

The Mexican struggled feebly under Bob's gripping knee.
His head was reeling from the blows he had received, and his black eyes were burning with rage.
"Carambo!" he muttered. "Madre de Dios! Ah!"
"Give me your stick, Frank!"
"Here you are!"
"Keep quiet, my merry greaser!" said Bob, flourishing the bludgeon over the savage, upturned face.
"We've got you nobbled, my pippin.
Do you want your silly head caved in?"
"Mercy soner!" gasped the terri

Do you want your silly head caved in?"

"Mercy, senor!" gasped the terrified Mexican.

"Shall I crack his nut, Franky?" grinned Bob.

"Mercy!"

Frank laughed. Bob Lawless was not likely to "crack the nut" of the helpless man, but the rustler evidently expected to have his own measure dealt out to him.

"Oh, stop your howling!" said Bob contemptuously. "I guess I'm going to leave you for the hangman some day. Put a turn of the trailrope round his paws, Frank, while I hold him."

"Right-ho!"

Right-ho!" "Right-ho!"

The two ponies, recognising their masters, had quieted down, and were cropping the grass by the trail. Frank cut a length from one of the trail-ropes and bound the dusky wrists of the Maxican together.

The man watched him with burning eyes, but with the bludgeon flourishing over his head he did not venture to resist.

Bob Lawless rose to his feet.
"I rather guess we're going to get our money back," he remarked. "Where have you shoved it, you black-jowled mongrel?"
"Carambo!"

"Speak up—sharp!" Bob's boot

"Where have you shoved it, you black-jowled mongrel?"

"Carambo!"

"Speak up—sharp!" Bob's boot clumped on the Mexican's ribs, as a hint that time was being wasted.

The ruffinn indicated the pocket, and Bob drew out the money. There were a Mexican peso and an American quarter there also, which Bob replaced. He handed Frank his money, and slipped his own into his pocket.

The Mexican, still lying in the grass, watched him, with deadly hatred in his scintillating eyes.

There was a huge bruise under his thick black hair, and blood was running down from a cut. Bitter hatred and revenge were in his looks, but his expression only drew a scornful smile from the Canadian lad.

"I guess you'd better chuck this game on this side of the border, my beauty," said Bob. "This isn't quite the same as Mexico or Arizona, you know." He picked a knife out of the Mexican's belt and snapped the blade under his heel. "You're better without that, I guess. Come on, Frank!"

"You will not leave me with my hands bound, senores!" panted the Mexican.

"I guess so," said Bob. "You're less dangerous like that, my dusky charmer. You can work that rope off in about two hours. A merry little exercise for you."

"Carambo!" hissed the Mexican between his teeth. "If it shall be Pedro Garcia's lot to meet you again, Senor—"

"I shouldn't wonder!" grinned Bob. "I promise to come along and

Pedro Garcia's lot to meet you again, Senor—"
"I shouldn't wonder!" grinned Bob. "I promise to come along and see you hanged, if you stay in this section. If you know what's good for you, you'll light out prompt. The Mounted Police will be after you as soon as we can send them word of your little game here."

The Mexican staggered to his feet, wrestling with his bonds, as' the schoolboys remounted the recaptured ponies and cantered away.

The ruffian, still muttering Spanish oaths, was left behind.

The chums of Cedar Creek rode homeward in great spirits. The victory over the Mexican rustler had

afforded them a good deal of satisfac-

They arrived at the ranch in a

merry mood.

Bob Lawless at once informed his father of the encounter on the trail, and the rancher listened with a grim brow.

You reckless young rascals!" he

"You reckless young rascals!" he said.
"I guess we couldn't let a greaser from down South get the better of a Canadian, popper!" said Bob.
The rancher laughed.
"No; yeu've done well. But a stop will be put to that scoundrel's little game pretty quick. I'll send off a man at once to the Mounted Police post."

And in three minutes a Kootenay eattleman was riding away with the news that a Mexican "rustler" was loose in the section, and required "rounding-up" by the North-West M.P.'s.

"Thos'll have him by poon to

M.P.'s.

"They'll have him by noon tomorrow, unless he clears out over the
border," said Bob, when the chums
sat down to supper. "That game
doesn't pay in the Canadian West.
Hallo, what are you thinking about,
Franky? You look as glum as a
remittance man waiting for the post
to come in!"

to come in!"
Frank Richards laughed.
"I was thinking of Beauclerc," he

Frank Richards laughed.

"I was thinking of Beauclerc," he said.

"Oh, bother Beauclerc!" exclaimed Bob. "That chap seems to haunt you. Pass the salmon, and think about supper."

"You mean to meet him tomorrow?"

"Of course I do, fathead! Haven't I promised to?"

"Yes, but—"

"Bless your buts! Are you going to pass the salmon this way?"

And nothing more was said about Vere Beauclerc.

Frank Richards could not quite dismiss the subject from his mind, however. He wished very much that the meeting of the morrow was not to take place.

But it was too late to think of that now. Bob Lawless was determined, and Frank knew that the remittance man's son would not fail to keep the appointment.

The next morning Frank Richards

appointment.

The next morning Frank Richards and his cousin were busy about the ranch, there being no school that

on a Canadian ranch there is no room for idle hands, neither did Frank have any desire to eat the bread of idleness. He was only too glad to make himself useful, and thus repay a little of the kindness be had received from the bluff old rancher, Early in the afternoon, the cousins saddled their ponies for a ride. It was time for the appointment with Vere Beauclerc to be kept, and Bob rode away to keep it, carelessly and cheerfully. But Frank's face was not so sunny as usual as he cantered along with his Canadian cousin.

The 5th Chapter. The Fight.

"Where's the place, Bob?"
"The Indian ford," said Bob. "It's on the river about five miles below Cedar Creek. It's a long ride for us, but it won't be far for the Cherub to walk."
"Won't Beauclero ride?" asked Frank

Frank. "I guess not. I don't think he has

Bob Lawless laughed.

"Everybody rides here," he said.

"But old Beauclerc doesn't keep a horse about his shack. He has one sometimes, and sells it when money runs short and his remittance is late. Sometimes, when he has luck at poker or faro, he gives his boy a new outfit. I know he bought him a pony once, but it went when old man Beauclerc was hard up. Nice man!"

"It's rough on Beauclerc, having a pater like that," said Frank Richards, frowning.

"Jolly rough!" agreed Bob. "Chap could sympathise with him if he wasn't so uppish and touchy."
"I fancy that's partly the reason why he's so uppish and touchy, old fellow"

why he's so uppish and touchy, old fellow."

"Possibly," said Bob, with a yawn.
The green prairie fled rapidly under the ponies' hoofs. The plain was left behind, and the cousins rode by a rough track through a belt of timber near the river.

The thud of the hoofs echoed on the rough turf and among the big, shady trees.

A man lying in the bush lifted his head and glanced at the trail as the two riders went by.

Two black, scintillating eyes blazed at the sight of Bob Lawless.

The two boys were past in a

22/9/17

moment, riding on carelessly, unconscious of the fact that Pedro Garcia's dusky face was looking after them from the bush.

The Mexican gritted his teeth.
"Carambo!" he murmured. "It is he—the nino of yesterday!"

The riffian felt over his hruised head with a dirty hand, and his eyes gleamed.

He stepped out into the trail with the stealthiness of the panther of his native country, and stood staring after the riders. His hand fumbled with the pistol in his belt. There was savage hatred and revenge in the black eyes of the desperado. But the thick boughs swallowed up the riders from his sight.

Unconscious of the savage enemy they had passed, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless rode on through the timber at a leisurely pace.

The river was gleaming before them now through the openings in the trees.

A mile farther on they stopped.

Here the hoof-marked track down to the water showed that they were at the ford. It was a lonely spot, shadowed by trees.

Under a tree close by the river, a figure stood erect, looking out over the shining waters.

Vere Beauclerc was first at the

Under a tree close by the river, a figure stood erect, looking out over the shining waters.

Vere Beauclerc was first at the meeting-place.

He glanced round at the sound of beating hoofs and jingling bridles. The chums jumped down, letting the ponies run loose.

Vere Beauclerc raised his hat slightly.

"Sorry to keep you waiting!" said Bob.

"Sorry to keep you.

Bob.

"It is nothing; I have been here only a few minutes," said Beauclere indifferently.

"You haven't brought a second?" asked Frank.

"No."

"Well, I can help both of you, if you want any help," said Frank cheerfully.
"Thank you! I shall need no help!"

help!"
Frank bit his lip.
"Just as you like!" he said shortly.
"No need to waste time," said Bob, with a glance of dislike at the cold, reserved face of the remittance man's son. "We've come here for business. I'm ready as soon as you are, Beautere."

Beaucierc.

"I am ready."

The two schoolboys stripped to their shirts. They faced each other under the shade of the big tree by the river, with the thick, silent timber behind. Frank Richæds stood looking on

behind, Frank Richards stood looking on.

Bob Lawless tied his braces round his waist. He disliked and despised the fellow he called the "Cherub." but he knew that the fight was going to be a hard one.

Slim and almost delicate as he looked at the first glance, Vere Beauciere had a strong frame and muscles of steel. And nobody looking at his face could have doubted that he had pluck.

Ready?" asked Frank.

"Ready?" asked Frank.

"Yes."

"Time!"

And the fight began.

Frank Richards leaned against the tree and looked on. His face was clouded. The remittance man's son had once repulsed and insulted him yet Frank could not find dislike in his breast towards the lonely, proud lad. He would have given a great deal to have prevented that encounter.

But he was only a spectator, and he looked on in silence. He fully expected to see Bob Lawless the victor, and he wanted to see him the victor, yet he did not like to think of Beauclere defeated and humiliated.

There were no rounds in the fight; it was hammer and tongs from the beginning. But as it progressed Frank, looking on, had to revise his first opinion.

Beauclere was by no means getting the worst of it.

opinion.

Beauclerc was by no means getting the worst of it.

Bob was stronger and sturdier, and had boundless pluck and determination. But in the matter of science Beauclerc had a very great advantage.

Frank had done a good deal with the gloves in his old days at school in the Old Country, and he very soon saw that Beauclere was a first rate

saw that Beauciere was a first-rate boxer. In the rough-and-tumble fighting at the lumber school Bob had not picked up much in the way of expert know-ledge.

ledge.

He stood up to his more skilful antagonist, receiving severe punishment without fliuching, and giving back all he could; but he gave far less than he received.

Bob's face was gradually flushing, his eyes gleaming with an angry light.

More than once he dreve the remittance man's son back two or three

2) 2010 PS

all my readers to look upon me as their real friend, hom they can come for help and advice when they or difficulty. It is never "too much trouble" to me to my boy and girl friends if they feel they would to me.

ARE YOU A SUPPORTER OF THE ALL-SCHOOL-STORY PAPER?

This week I wish to bring before the notice of all my loyal readers the magnificent attractions which are now appearing in our companion paper, the "Penny Popular."

The all-school-story paper—as the "Penny Popular "can now be termed—is packed with enthralling reading matter. It is brightly illustrated, and there is not a dull line in the paper.

In the course of a week I receive many letters from readers requesting me to lengthen the tales of Jimmy Silver & Co. in the Boys' Friend.

I am very glad to think that there are many readers who cannot read enough about the Rookwood chums, but these readers should bear in mind that there is always a fine long, complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in the "Penny Popular," dealing with the earlier adventures of the Rookwood chums.

The "Penny Popular," dealing with the "Penny Popular," dealing with the "Penny Popular," also contains long, complete stories of the earlier adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, and Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's.

The title of the tales in this Friday's issue are—"BILLY BUNTER'S WINDFALL!"

"BILLY BUNTER'S WINDFALL!"
By Frank Richards.

By Frank Richards.

"THE LAST HOPE!"
By Martin Clifford.

"THE SOHOOLBOY!SEARCHERS!"
By Owen Conquest.

For quality and quantity the "Penny Popular" is extremely hard to beat, and those readers of the Boys' FRIEND who do not read the paper would do well to place an order for it with their newsgents.

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME.

Every Story a Winner!

Next Monday's issue of the Bors'
FRIEND is full of fascinating reading
matter. There will be incidents and
scenes of all kinds—dramatic, thrilling, and humorous. The long, complete tale of Frank Richards' schooldays, which is entitled

"ROUNDING UP THE
RUSTLER!"

RUSTLER!"

By Martin Clifford,
demands special attention. The rustler once, more appears on the scene,
and this time he is in a more desperate mood than ever. He is being
searched for by the North-West
Mounted Police, and in order to
avoid capture he is prepared to stoop
to any form of villainy.

Frank Richards and his cousin
play a big part in the chase. They
know that if the rustler is not
captured he will continue to perform
his villainous actions, and they set
out from the school, resolved to round
the man up and bring him to justice.

They little realise at the moment
of starting what perilous times are
ahead of them. I can assure you
that you will be held spellbound when
you read of the exciting times the

COMPANION PAPERS: THE "BOYS' FRIEND." 1d.

Every Monday. THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY, 1d.

Every Monday.
THE "GEM" LIBRARY, 1d. Every Wednesday.

THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY. THE "PENNY POPULAR." Every Friday. " CHUCKLES," PRICE 1d. Every Friday.

boys go through in their quest for the rascally Mexican. Next Monday's splendid instalment

"THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE!"

By Duncan Storm.

of

is also of a very thrilling nature. The boys find themselves in a very dangerous position in the hands of the tribesmen. But they do not despair. One of the boys starts up what he calls "The Tuckshop Howl." The tribesmen are scared out of their lives, and Chip and his friends escape.

But they do not go back to the ship. They make straight for the castle of the rascal, Bu Mohamed. The latter is a villain of the worst type, but Chip is in no way perturbed.

whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me to me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND, write to me, and enclose a stamped

He talks to the man in the most affable manner, but he little realises the cunning of Bu Mohamed.

Our next long, complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., which is entitled

"THE TRAVELLING MENAGERIE!"

By Maurice Everard.

"A DISCREDIT TO THE SCHOOL!"

By Owen Conquest,

is quite different from the tales we have been having just lately. News arrives at the school that an old Rookwood fellow, who has gone to the bad, has escaped from prison, and is known to be in the vicinity of Rookwood.

Rookwood.

There is some doubt as to whether the man was a Classical or a Modern. Naturally, Tommy Dodd & Co. aver that he was a Classical; Jimmy Silver & Co. insist that he was a Modern. This, of course, leads to some lively scenes between the rivals of Rook-wood.

However, it is eventually established that the man was a Modern, and then Tommy Dodd's sympathy goes all out to the escaped convict. He learns that the man is in hiding in the old clock tower, and he strives his very utmost to get to the fellow and help him. Eventually Jimmy Silver & Co. have occasion to crow over their rivals of the Modern side. Why, you will discover when you read this splendid yarn.

The long, complete tale of Dick,

By Maurice Everard.

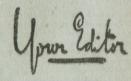
and a splendid story it is, too. It is very humorous where Pieface makes friends with a young elephant, but there are many exciting scenes in the tale, scenes you will all enjoy reading about.

The last story in our next issue is that introducing Bob Travers. This story is entitled:

"BOB TRAVERS AT ST. JIM'S!" By Herbert Britton.

By Herbert Britton.

Bob Travers goes to the famous Sussex school for the purpose of boxing Tom Merry. Grundy of the Shell, with whom many readers of the Boys' FRIEND are acquainted, really considers that he should be allowed to box Bob Travers, as he is of the opinion that he is the best boxer at St. Jim's. Whether Grundy succeeds in establishing his claim I am not going to tell you. I may say this, however—you will all revel in "Bob Travers at St. Jim's."



LOYAL TO HIS ENEMY!



vards, by sheer weight and strength; but Beauclere alvays recovered his ground by some nanceuvre that was too quick for Bob quite to follow it.

Bob found mest of his drives stopped or warded, and Beauclere's ewit counters came home in nearly every case.

It began slowly to dawn upon the mind of the rancher's son that the slim and elegant Ecauclere was by no means booked for a licking. That thought made Bob angry and excited, and gave Beauclere further advantage in consequence. The first to go to grass was Bob Lawless, and he fell heavily.

Beauclere stepped back quictly for

grass was Bob Lawless, and he fell heavily.

Beauclerc stepped back quietly for him to rise. The half-disdainful, non-chalant epression on Beauclerc's face had not changed for a moment; it seemed as if he knew that his opponent was not up to his weight and cared nothing for him.

Frank ran forward to Bob's assistance.

Frank ran forward to Bob's assistance.

The rancher's son breathed heavily as Frank helped him to his fect. He gave Frank a rather queer look.

"More in the guy than meets the eye!" he murmured. "But I guess I'll lick him yet—hang him!"

Beauclere stood waiting, calm and disdainful.

Bob Lawless came on again, and the fighting was resumed. Frank Richards looked on with knitted brows. He could see now that the fight was a foregone conclusion. His cousin was plainly getting the worst of it.

ight was a foregone concusion. His cousin was plainly getting the worst of it.

As he watched the gay, kind-hearted Canadian lad meeting inevitable defeat with steady pluck and determination, Frank felt angry dislike surge up in his breast for the remittance man's son.

His thoughts were all for his cousin now, Dearly he would have liked to dash that half-scornful smile from Beauclerc's handsome face with his fists. But he had come there to see fair play, and he could not intervene. He hoped against hope that Bob might yet prove the victor.

Crash!

Bob Lawless was down again, more heavily than before. Beauclerc looked down on him quietly, and then picked up his jacket.

(Continued from the previous page.)

That movement, indicating that he thought the tussle was over, exasperated the fallen lad. With blazing eyes Bob Lawless struggled to his feet. But his head was swimming and dazed; his severe punishment had told upon him, and he sank back, panting. "Boh!" muttered Frank, stooping over his cousin.

"Bob!" muttered Frank, stooping over his cousin.

He did not hear a rustle in the timber; he had no eyes for anything but his cousin and chum, and did not dream of the fierce, savage eyes that were peering out from the thicket.

"Bob, old man!"
"I—I guess I'm done, Franky!" gasped Bob, "I guess the guy was too hofty for me. I'll try him again another time."

"You are welcome!" said Beauclere coldly.

coldly.
The thicket rustled again, and Beauclere glanced towards the timber.
Frank Richards helped his cousin to his feet.
Bob stood up dabbing at his face with his handkerchief.
"Look out!" shouted Beauclere suddenly.

suddenly. "What!"

"What!"
Crack!
Beauclere ran forward.
The sudden shot from the timber rang with stunning noise by the silent river. For an instant Frank Richards' horrified eyes caught a glimpse of a fierce, dusky face and revengeful black eyes looking from the timber. In another instant the Mexican was gone. Frank spun towards his cousin. He knew for whom that murderous shot was intended.
Bot Lawless stood unharmed.
But in the grass at his feet lay the son of the remittance man, his eyes half closed and blood welling from under his shirt.

The 6th Chapter.
In the Shadow of Death!

"The Mexican!" shouted Frank Richards.
He ran towards the timber, hardly knowing what he did. Bob Lawless, collecting himself with an effort, ran to his pony, to the saddle of which a shot-gun was hanging. He grasped the gun and dashed after Frank.
But the Mexican was gone.
The desperado did not seem even to have waited to see the result of

his dastardly attempt. He aim had been unerring. Had not Vere Beau-clere rushed between, the bullet would

his dastardly attempt. His aim had been unering. Had not Vere Beauclere rushed between, the bullet would have stricken the rancier's son down. The scoundrel had fled ere the report had died away.

Bob, with blazing eyes, fired the shot-gun into the thickets. But the lead whizzed harmlessly away among the foliage.

"He's gone!" muttered Bob. "But—but Beauclere—"
They ran back to the bank.
"He—he's wounded!" said Bob dazedly. "Good heavens, Frank, that villain was firing at me, and—and Beauclere—"
He broke off, his voice faltering.
Why had Beauclere done this? Why had he sprung between the rancher's son and the deadly barrel that was levelled at him? It was not the act of the disclainful snob Bob had believed him to be. It was an act of generous courage that only a high and noble heart could have been capable of.

Frank was already on his knees by

generous courage that only a high and noble heart could have been capable of.

Frank was already en his knees by Beauclerc's side. The red was on his fingers as he tore open the jacket to get at the wound. The boy's eyes opened, and he smiled faintly.

"Beauclerc," muttered Bob huskily, "what did you do it for? You knew it was meant for me!"

Beauclerc nodded.

"Keep still," said Frank. "Keep still, old chap. Let me see it."

A terrible dread was tugging at Frank's heart. He could see where the ball had struck into the boy's breast below the shoulder. He felt over the shoulder carefully, and Beauclerc wineed slightly.

The bleeding was not profuse, and Frank breathed more freely. Beauclerc's face was deadly white, but he was quite conscious and perfectly calm. His eyes rested on Frank's face inquiringly.

"I—I don't think—it's so bad—as I thought!" muttered Frank. "We must get it bandaged, and get you to the ranch!"

"I don't think it's serious." Beauclerc's voice was low but calm. "I should feel worse than I do if it were. It hasn't touched an artery, or there would be more blood. Has that man gone? If not—"

"He's gone," said Frank.

Bob touched his cousin on the shoulder.

but he rode like the wind.

Frank, half blinded by tears, tore his handkerchief into bandages, and the sleeves of his shirt, and bound up the wound as well as he could. He did not think that it was fatal, but a terrible fear was in his breast.

Beauclefe lay quiet, his head resting upon Frank's arm, after the hurried bandaging was done.

Frank kept his eyes watchful, in case the Mexican should appear, and the shot-gun was at hand. He almost wished the desperado would return, so fierce was the desire for vengeance in his breast as he looked at Beauclere's white face, handsomer than ever in its deathly pallor.

But there was no sign of the assassin. He had fled from the spot with the guilt of blood upon his soul—perhaps with remorse.

It seemed an age to Frank before he heard the beat of horse's hoofs on the trail.

Bob Lawless dashed up, and sprang from the saddle.

"They're coming!" he panted.

It was a roughly-built buggy that came dashing up after Bob, with a big, bronzed Canadian farmer driving. Bob had already explained, and, without a word, the big Canadian bent over Vere Beauclere, lifted him in his powerful arms, and placed him in the buggy. He examined the bandages, nodded, and stepped in after the wounded lad.

"Where are you going?" muttered Beauclere. "Take me home!"

"You must come to the ranch, old chap—you must!"

Beauclere glanced curiously at Bob's stricken face, with the tears running down the cheeks. He nodded slightly.

"All right, Lawless! I—I say," His voice was a whisper. "I—I'm sorry we had any trouble. Forget all about it."

Bob and Frank mounted their ponies, and rode after the buggy. Mr. Simpson drove away up the trail.

Bob and Frank mounted their ponies, and rode after the buggy. The ranch was reached at last.

Mr. Lawless was in the saddle, at a distance, but he rode up as the buggy halted. A few words explained, and the rancher, with a grim brow, carried the wounded boy into the house. In a few humans of the house. In a few words explained, and the rancher, with a grim brow, carrie

arrived. It had been a long wait, for the medical man had had to ride ten miles to the ranch.

Then Frank Richards went down and joined Bob, who sat, pale and exhausted, on a settle in the porch, exhausted by hard riding.

"How is he, Frank?" Bob muttered.

"I don't know—yet."

"He did it for me, Frank!" Bob's voice was husky. "He saw that villain taking alm, and ran between. Why did he do it?"

"He's a splendid chap!" said Frank miserably.

"And I'd just fought him!" muttered Bob. "There's the marks on his face now. I'm glad he licked me, Frank—I'm glad of that! What did I want to row with him for? I—I never knew—I never guessed—"

His voice died away, and the two boys remained in miserable silence, waiting for news.

They started up as the doctor cntered.

"How is he?" breathed Frank.

The big, bearded frontier doctor looked down at the pale-faced boys and smiled.

"Quite all right, I guess." He held up a fragment of lead. "There's the bullet! Don't worry yourselves; there's no serious damage done, though our young friend had a narrow escape, He will mend in a week."

Bab sank down on the settle again, almost overcome, unable to speak. Frank felt a weight rolled from his heart.

There was a long silence after the doctor had zone. Bob was the first

Frank felt a weight rolled from his heart.

There was a long silence after the doctor had gone. Bob was the first to break it.

"Thank Heaven it's no worse, Franky. He'll get over it. But—but he might—"

"On't think of that, Bob."

"I can't help thinking of it. Frank, after this—" Bob hesitated. "After this we—we'll try to make friends—if he'll let us."

Frank Richards smiled. There was no doubt in his mind upon that point. A friendship that was to last through life dated from that terrible hour when Vere Beauclere lay in the shadow of death. Vere Beauclere had proved himself to be loyal to his enemy. He was never to regret it.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"ROUNDING UP THE RUSTLER!" By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!