THE SCHOOL ON BOARD SHIP! (SEE INSIDE!)

See inside for "Frank Richards' Schooldays!" By Martin Clifford.

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending October 6th, 1917.



ROOKWOOD REFUGE

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

> owei CONQUEST. By

The 1st Chapter.

Under Cover of Night!

"Looks like something up!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

"It does-it do!" agreed Lovell. It was, in fact, pretty plain that something was "up" at Rookwood

The Fistical Four, the heroes of the Classical Fourth, were chatting in the quadrangle, while they waited for the bell for first lesson.

School that morning.

Old Sergeant Kettle, who kept the school shop, had been seen to stride | disappeared through the beeches.

into the School House, with a frown-

ing and troubled brow.

As the old sergeant generally looked good-humoured, the Fistical Four had observed him with surprise. Mr. Kettle was in a disturbed and wrathful frame of mind, that was

In a few minutes he had emerged from the School House again, accompanied by the Head himself.

The juniors respectfully "capped" the Head, as he passed, but Dr. Chisholm, evidently very much disturbed, had not even observed the salute.

They hurried across the quad, and

"My word!" said Newcome, with a whistle. "What's the matter with the Head?"

"And the merry sergeant?" remarked Raby.

The Fistical Four wondered.

Tubby Muffin, the fattest junior on the Classical side at Rookwood, came from the direction of the tuckshop, and joined them. There was a discontented expression on his podgy

"Closed!" he announced indig-nantly. "The tuckshop ain't open this morning, you fellows. I wanted

sergeant, I think, not opening before lessons-what?"

"Something's up!" said Jimmy

"The Head's there," growled Tubby. "He's gone in with old Kettle, and the shop ain't open. Rotten!"

"You fellows know what's up?" asked Erroll of the Fourth, joining the juniors. "We've got to go into Hall instead of the Form-rooms!"

"My hat!" "Mr. Bootles says—had it from the Head, I suppose. Hallo, here comes the Head!"

some toffee. Awful cheek of the | Dr. Chisholm came rustling back,

and disappeared into the House, without a glance at the surprised

A minute or two later, Bulkeley, and Neville, and the other prefects were shepherding the Rookwood fellows into Big Hall.

Jimmy Silver & Co. marched in with the rest, in a state of very great surprise.

It was only too clear that something was up, and it appeared to be in connection with the sergeant and the school shop. But what it was, was a mystery.

It was evidently an affair that concerned the whole school, for the Modern prefects were marching the Modern fellows in, as well as the

Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern Fourth, came into the Hall, and Tommy paused to speak to Jimmy

"Know what's on?" he asked.
"Haven't the faintest idea," said
Jimmy. "Haven't you?"
"Not a bit!"

"Not a bit!"

"Somebody going to be flogged,
perhaps," remarked Tommy Cook.

"What have you Classical bounders
been up to?"

"More likely a Modern going to be
sacked!" retorted Jimmy Silver.

"Rats!"

"Fathoud!"

"Fathead!"

"You Classical chump—"
"You Modern ass—"
"Order there!" called out Bulkeley of the Sixth, with a frown.
"Shut up, you fags. Do you hear?"
The fags promptly "shut up."
The Head was entering the Hall by

the upper door.

The whole school stood to attention. Every face expressed surprise, and some expressed uneasiness.

Lattrey, the black sheep of the Fourth, was even a little pale.

Lattrey had many sins on his conscience, and as the poet said of old, "the thief doth fear each bush an officer." The assembling of the school was possibly for the punishment of some delinquent, and Lattrey knew who was the worst delinquent at Rookwood.

Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, and Smythe & Co. of the Shell, were also in a state of uncasiness. They were "goey" youths, whose "goeyness" would have brought down the vials of wrath upon their heads, if the headmaster had known how "goey" they were.

The silence could almost be felt,

as the Head rustled in.

All eyes were upon Dr. Chisholm. His knitted brows showed that he was angry.

"Rod in pickle for somebody," Mornington murmured to Erroll. "Who's been found out, I wonder?"

"Silence!" The Head glanced over the assembled school.

"Boys!" His voice was very deep.
"A most unprecedented thing has occurred. During the night, the school shop has been broken into, and a quantity of Sergeant Kettle's stock abstracted!" "Oh!"

"Some person or persons," resumed the Head, his eyes glinting—"some person or persons, at present unknown, have committed this unprecedented act of dishonesty and outrage. An entrance was forced into the building, a shutter being broken, and goods to the value of several pounds taken. It is not merely the theft, but the fact that the thief evidently intended to elude the food regulations by this theft, calls for the utmost contempt and scorn. I am ashamed to think that such a boy is sheltered under the roof of Rookwood.'

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Jimmy

Silver. "Silence!"

(Continued on the next page.)



Published

"Some boy," resumed the Head "some unscrupulous boy, discontented with the food allowance, has helped himself in this dishonest manner. Needless to say, the most severe punishment will be visited upon the offender. As he must be here present, I call upon him to stand forth!"

Deep silence. "Chance for a food-hog to distinguish himself," murmured Morning-"Go ahead, Muffin."

ton. "Go ahead, Mullin." Eh?" gasped Tubby Muffin. "It was you, wasn't it?"
"Why, you beast-" "Silence in the Fourth!" said Mr.

Tubby Muffin gave Mornington a ferocious glare, and subsided. But many curious glancos were turned upon Tubby. Tubby's discontent with the food regulations was well-known. Many and many a time had the fat Classical been licked for

raiding other fellows' studies.

It was only a step from raiding a study cupboard, to raiding a tuckshop. Tubby was already under

suspicion—among the juniors.

"Better own up, Tubby!" whispered Rawson. "It will come easier now, than later."

"It wasn't me, you beast!" hissed

"Sure?" asked Rawson, in surprise.

"Yes, you chump!"
"I am waiting!" came the deep voice of the Head. "I give the delinquent the opportunity of making a frank confession before the school. If he comes forward immediately, I shall administer a flogging. Otherwise the matter will be strictly

investigated, and the offender will be expelled from Rookwood, when discovered. I will wait one minute!" Silence again. Many expressive looks were cast at Tubby Muffin by his Form-fellows. They felt that, for his own cake,

Tubby would do better to own up at once. But the fat Classical only glared at them ferociously, and remained silent.

The minute elapsed. "Very well," said the Head, at last, compressing his lips. "Investigation into this act of lawless dishonesty will proceed. Justice will be dealt out to the offender, with the most rigid severity. Dismiss!"
And the school filed out.

The 2nd Chapter. Muffin is Indignant!

During morning lessons, the attention of the Rookwood fellows was not wholly fixed upon school work. The raid at the tuckshop had caused considerable excitement, and

there was very keen interest in the "investigations" which were presumably going on.

Few of the Classical Fourth doubted that when the delinquent was revealed he would turn out to be Tubby



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Indeed, Mr. Bootles, who knew Tubby pretty well, allowed his glance to rest upon the plump youth several times, in quite a significant way.

After morning lessons there was a general excdus to the school shop.

Every fellow was keen to see exactly what had happened there, and how the raider had obtained an

entrance. They found Sergeant Kettle in a grumpy mood.

The sergeant had lost at least three pounds worth of goods, and he was a little doubtful about compensation. Certainly, the bill would be sent to the culprit's father, when he was discovered. But he had not been discovered yet.

Jimmy Silver & Co. surveyed the damage done. A little window had been forced, a shutter broken, and the raider had crawled in through the window. The shutter was nailed up

"Regular burglary, and no mistake!" said Lovell.

"Which of you Classicals did it?" asked Tommy Dodd sweetly.

Lovell snorted. He would have been glad to attribute the amateur burglary to the Moderns, but he was convinced himself that Tubby Muffin was the guilty party. Tubby's egregious appetite had brought disgrace upon the Classical side at Rookwood.

"It's too bad!" said Lovell, as he walked away with his chums. "That fat bounder is a disgrace to the side. Look here, he's not going to be allowed to keep the tuck! That's too

"I suppose it was Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver reflectively.

"Of course it was! He's the only chap here whose appetite would lead him to start in life as a burglar!"

"It's a bit too thick, even for Tubby," remarked Raby. "Raiding a study cupboard isn't quite like

"Well, if it wasn't Tubby, who was

"Give it up!"

"It was Tubby right enough!" growled Levell. "And he can't have bolted all the grub yet. Let's make him hand it back!"

"That's a good idea!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "The Head may go easy with his merry investigations if the grub is handed back. We don't want the fat idiot sacked from Rook-wood."

The Fistical Four looked for Tubby Muffin. They found him in his study, where his study-mates, Higgs and Jones minor, were arguing with him in loud voices.

"Give up the loot, you fat idict!" Higgs' loud voice was booming, as the chums of the Fourth came along.

"Take it back to the sergeant, and say you're sorry!"

"And pay for what you've scoffed!" said Jones minor. "That's better than waiting till the Head finds you out, and sacks you!'

"I didn't do it!" yelled Tubby. "Oh. rats!

"Piffle!"

Tubby Muffin turned a beseeching look upon the Fistical Four, as they appeared in the doorway. "You fellows don't

believe I did it, do you?" he exclaimed.

"Fathead! We know you did it!" growled "Fathead! Lovell.

"I didn't!" shrieked Tubby.

Jimmy Silver gave him a searching look. Tubby was crimson with excitement and wrath.

Certainly he looked very much in earnest. But Tubby's powers as a fibber were well known. In that line he was equal to the most Prussian of Prussians.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"If you didn't do it, Tubby, who did?" he asked.

"I don't know!" groaned the fat Classical. "How should I know? Lovell, perhaps. "What?" yelled Lovell, taken aback.

"Well, you're jolly quick to put it on me!

said Tubby. "That looks to me like a guilty conscience."

"Why, I-I'll-I'll-" Jimmy Silver dragged his excited chum back, as the alarmed Tubby

dodged round the study table.
"Keep him off!" gasped Muffin. "Nothing to get waxy about, you

"Chuck it, Lovell, old scout! You know Tubby isn't responsible for his actions!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Tubby, we've come here for the loot. I suppose it's hidden in this study somewhere,"

"It isn't," grunted Higgs. "We've looked.'

"Oh! Where is it, Tubby?"
"How should I know?" yelled
Tubby, exasperated. "I tell you I was fast asleep last night, and never even dreamed of getting out of bed. I never went near the blessed shop. I don't know anything about it.

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"Well, somebody did it!" he said.

"I didn't!" howled Muffin.

"Honest Injun?" asked Jimmy
Silver, impressed at last by Tubby's
earnestness, which was growing
almost hysterical.

"Yes, honest Injun-honour bright -anything you like!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I-I didn't know that shutter could be busted in like that-I mean, of course. I wouldn't have done anything of the sort, under any circumstances. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a rotten shame!" mumbled Tubby. "I swear I never had anything to do with it! Yah!"

"He must be spoofing!" said Lovell, a little impressed himself, however. "Still, it may have been one of the Modern cads.

"I believe you, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver, at last. And he quitted the study with his chums.
"If it wasn't Tubby, who was it?"

demanded Newcome. Jimmy shook his head.

"Blessed if I know! But I think Tubby's telling the truth for once. May be a Modern, after all."

And the Fistical Four gave up the problem, and went to dinner.

The 3rd Chapter. Out of Bounds.

"It's rotten!" Jimmy Silver made that remark

after dinner. It was a sunny afternoon, and there was nothing special doing at Rook-wood, and the Fistical Four were feeling inclined for a ramble out of gates. And that was barred.

All Rookwood was "gated," by order of the Head, on account of the escaped convict, who was supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood. It was exasperating to all the Rook-

wood fellows.
The Classicals, especially, were exasperated with Geoffrey Gunner, absconding solicitor and fugitive from justice, who had chosen to seek a refuge in the neighbourhood of the

school. The fact that Gunner had once been a Modern fellow at Rookwood elicited sympathy on the Modern side of the school, but none whatever on

the Classical side. The Classicals declared that the fellow had brought disgrace on his old school, and that the sooner he was "lagged" the better.

Tommy Dodd & Co., and most of the Modern juniors, maintained that Gunner was an injured innocent, the victim of a silly judge and a fatheaded jury, condemned on circumstantial evidence, which any novelist could have told you was not to be relied upon.

Tommy Dodd's reason for this belief was the fact that Gunner had once been a Modern at Rookwood.

The Modern side would not own up to a convict, so it was necessary to believe that he was an injured innocent. Tommy Dodd & Co. made it a point to believe it.

"Rotten isn't the word!" Lovell remarked. "Suppose we did meet that giddy convict on the heath, as the Head thinks we might? He wouldn't eat us!'

"We'd run him in!" said Raby. "Hear. hear!"

"It all comes through having a Modern side in the school at all," said Lovell oracularly. "If the chap had been brought up a Classical, he might have turned out honest."
"He might!"

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT!

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"Anyway, we don't want to be kept bottled up within gates till he's nabbed!" growled Jimmy Silver.
"Why, it's nearly a week since old
Boggs came to tell the Head the
fellow had been seen about here!
Why haven't they caught him?
They're paid to do it."
"Most likely he's cleared off from
the neighbourhood."

the neighbourhood.

"Shouldn't wonder," said New-come. "He's certainly not been seen or heard of lately. Look here, are we going to be gated for ever on account of that rotter?

"We're jolly well not!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I don't see it, at all! Look here, the bobbies don't seem able to find this man Gunner. Suppose we take a hand in the game?"

"Oh!"

"I dare say we could run him down fast enough," argued Jimmy Silver. "We know the wood from end to end, and the heath, too, and the old quarries. We've had a lot of scouting practice, and know how to pick up tracks.

"But we can't get out of gates!" "We can get over a wall!" said Jimmy Silver sententiously. "I don't see passing a half-holiday within gates on account of a measly convict!

There was a murmur of agreement from the Co.

They were "fed up" with gating, and there was a prospect of excitement in looking for the convict, too, though they had not much expecta-

tion of coming across him.

Jimmy looked for the Colonial chums—Pons and Conroy and Van Ryn-and the trio at once joined in the scheme. Flynn and Oswald joined up as well.

Nine juniors made their way cautiously to the point of the school wall which was well screened by the old beeches.

"Hallo! Breaking bounds, you young bounders?"

It was Tommy Dodd's voice,

The Modern junior was leaning against a beech, apparently in deep thought, when the Classicals came quietly by.

"Mum's the word, Doddy," said Jimmy Silver. "We're tired of gates. Come along with us!" "What's the game?"

"We're going out to look for a lost Modern!" grinned Lovell.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"A lost Modern!" said Tommy
Dodd, puzzled. "Has one of the

Modern chaps gone out?"

"An old boy," explained Jimmy
Silver. "A gentleman of the name
of Gunner, who was once an ornament of your side, and turned out as a Modern might really be expected to turn out.'

"You silly ass!" roared Tommy Dodd.

"Won't you come and lend a II be hand?' pleased to see the merry old Modern if we nab him!" "Fathead!

Tommy Dodd looked wrathful for a moment, and then he grinned. "Where are you going to look for him?" he asked.

"In the wood." "You think he's there?"

"Well, I suppose so," said Jimmy Silver, "or else in the old quarries on the heath. Unless he's cleared off, of course."
"He had some reason for coming

into this neighbourhood," remarked Van Ryn. "He came back here because he was an old Rookwood chap, and knew the ground. I dare say he's hidden in the quarries."

"Must be getting pretty hungry by this time, if he is," said Tommy

"I dare say he steals grub from the farms." "Well, I wish you luck," said

Tommy Dodd, with unexpected goodhumour. "I'll give you a bunk up, if you like."
"Thanks!"

The Classicals slipped over the school wall, one after another, the last to climb being helped from below by the Modern junior.

Tommy Dodd grinned after them, and strolled away through the beeches.

The nine Classicals scuttled across the road, and made haste to put a few fields between them and the school. They did not want to be spotted out of bounds. It would have meant a painful interview with the Head afterwards.

Jimmy Silver was feeling a little puzzled; he did not quite understand Tommy Dodd.

"It's jolly queer," he remarked, as they went into the shades of the green wood.

"What's queer?" asked Lovell. "About Tommy Dodd! He makes out that Gunner was innocent, and

"Modern gas!"

"Yes; but these Modern asses keep it up, you know, and I know they don't want Gunner to be caught. Yet Tommy seemed quite keen on helping us out. He doesn't think that the merry convict is hidden where we're going to look for him," said Jimmy, with a shake of the head.

"Oh, he's an ass!" said Raby. "The man must be somewhere about, or the school wouldn't still be gated on his account. And if he's about, there's no reason why we shouldn't find him."

"Yes, that's so."
"And he's an awful scoundrel," remarked Oswald. "He ought to be laid by the heels. What are you

scowling about, Jimmy?"
"Fathead! I was thinking. can't be possible that Tommy Dodd knows where he is, and that he knows we're on the wrong track?"

Jimmy Silver, with knitted brows.
"How could he know?"
"Well, I don't see how he could,"
admitted Jimmy. "Come on, let's hunt for the merry convict, anyway. We'll beat the wood for him first, and then try the old quarries."

And the Classical juniors were soon busy. All through that sunny afternoon they put great keenness and energy into the hunt for the missing man, whose "cheek" in seeking refuge near Rookwood was the cause

of the school bounds being drawn in. If the eager Classicals had found him, there were certainly enough of them to capture him and march him

off in triumph to the police-station.

But if the missing convict was there, he was well concealed.

All the scoutcraft of Jimmy Silver & Co. did not enable them to pick up the trail of the missing man in the wood, or on the heath. They found no "sign" to guide them. Much to the disappointment of the juniors, the one-time Modern of Rookwood was conspicuous by his absence.

The 4th Chapter. Tommy Dodd Figures it Out!

"Penny for 'em!" said Tommy "Twopence, if you loike, bedad!"

remarked Tommy Doyle.

Tommy Dodd was thinking. His two chums had joined him in the quadrangle, and they had found Tommy Dodd very silent and plunged

in thought. His brows were knitted, and his whole expression was that of concentrated mental effort.

"I think I've got it!" Tommy Dodd said, at last. "Got phwat?"

"The abbey ruins!" said Dodd. The other two Tommies stared at him. Tommy Doyle tapped his fore-head in a significant way.

"The abbey ruins?" repeated 'Yes; I think so."

"What are you driving at?"
Tommy Dodd nodded, in reply to his own thoughts. He was evidently satisfied with the conclusion he had come to, whatever it was.
"Come up to the study," he said.

"Phwat for, intirely?" "Come on, and don't argue, old

chap. Quite mystified, Cook and Doyle followed Tommy Dodd to Mr. Manders' House, and up to the study. Dodd carefully closed the door, his chums watching him in silence, and really wondering whether there was anything wrong with Tommy Dodd's

"I've thought it out," said Tommy Dodd impressively. "Now, you chaps, about that poor fellow, Gunner.'

"Oh, Gunner?"

"Yes. We've agreed that he's innocent, and the victim of circumstantial evidence, or something of the "Ahem!"

"Don't you agree?" demanded Dodd warmly.

"Sure an' we do, Tommy darling. Anythin' for a peaceful life. What about Gunner?"

"He used to be at Rookwood, on the Modern side," continued Tommy Dodd. "After he got away from the police, he made a break in this direction, and has disappeared since. Well, what was his reason for coming in this direction?'

"Sure, and I haven't an idea. Silly ass, I suppose," suggested Doyle.

"Fathead!" "Faith, I think-"

"He came in this direction, because he knew, from his experience at Rookwood as a boy, that he could find a hiding-place near Rookwood," said Tommy Dodd. "That's as plain as your face—which is saying a lot." "Why, ye omadhaun—"

"That's why the bobby from Coombe came to tell the Head about declared Tommy Dodd. "The police know why he scooted in this direction; they've guessed, same as I

"Shouldn't wonder," agreed Cook, after some thought. "He may be skulking in the old Coombe quarries.

"Jimmy Silver thinks so. A gang of those Classical chumps have gone out of bounds to look for him there.

"My hat! Why didn't ye call us up to stop them?" exclaimed Doyle indignantly.

"Because I wanted them to go. Old Gunner isn't in the quarries, my sons, nor yet in the woods," said Tommy Dodd serenely. "I've Tommy Dodd serenely. "I've thought it all out. Chap can't live on grass and stones, even in war-time, and there's nothing else to eat in the woods and the quarries. He might hide there for a few days at the most. That's all. Jimmy Silver won't find

him.' "Faith, and you spake as if you knew where he is," exclaimed Doyle.
"I think I do!"

"What?" yelled Tommy Dodd's chums simultaneously.

Tommy Dodd smiled with satisfaction. He had succeeded in astonishing his devoted followers.

"I think I know where he is!" he repeated. "What price the abbey ruins, inside the walls of Rookwood-

"My hat!" murmured Cook. "Sure, Tommy, it's dreamin' ye

"Why not?" persisted Tommy odd. "Those old ruins are a bit unsafe for a stranger, but Gunner would know all about them, as he used to be a Rookwood chap in his giddy youth. He would watch his opportunity, and climb in over the wall by night, and scuttle into the old abbey. Fellows hardly ever go there, excepting to explore on a half-holiday sometimes, and it would be easy enough for him to keep out of sight in the vaults then."

"I—I suppose so. But—"
"But what?"

"How could the fellow live there, you ass?" said Cook. "You've said yourself that he couldn't live on stones and grass, and there's nothing else in the abbey ruins.

"That's where I've been thinking it out. I admit it never occurred to me till to day that he might be within the achool walls," admitted Tommy one school walls," admitted Tommy Dodd. "But what happened last

"Did anything happen last night?"
"Fathead! What about the burglary at the tuckshop?"

That was Tubby Muffin.". "Muffin denies it."

"Well, he'd deny anything; he's a

regular Prussian for lying!"
"Yes, I know that; but I think he's telling the facts this time. After all, busting into a shop is rather a hefty job for a mug like Muffin. My idea is that it was done by somebody who needed food, not merely to dodge the food regulations."
"Oh, crumbs!"

"You see, it's quite clear," said Tommy Dodd eagerly. "Old Gunner was a chap at Rookwood, and knew all about the school shop. Old Sergeant Kettle kept it when Gunner was in the Fifth Form here. He knew exactly where to go for his grub. I dare say he's lurked about, trying to get hold of some grub without leaving signs behind him, and couldn't, so he simply had to bust in the tuckshop and help himself, and chance being spotted. As nobody knows he's here, it was put down to a Rookwood chap, and I dare say Gunner foresaw it would be."

"If it was Gunner!" grinued Cook.
"Don't you believe it was?"
"No fear! I believe it was Tubby

Muffin. "Oh, you're a silly ass!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, in great exasperation. "Haven't I explained the whole thing

"You've been talking out of your hat, Tommy, darling!" said Doyle, with a chuckle. "It's all rot, you

"Wha-a-at!"

"I dare say Gunner is a hundred miles away by this time. I know he wouldn't have the nerve intirely to stick in the old abbey, only a hundred yards from two hundred chaps.

"That makes it all the safer for him, you chump, because nobody would suspect him of doing it."

"Nobody would, unless he was off his rocker!" grinned Cook.

Look here-

"Bow-wow!" "I tell you he's there!" roared Tommy Dodd wrathfully. "Tve worked it out in my mind, and I feel certain of it.'

"Well, lave him there, and let's get out of doors," said Doyle.

"We're going to help him."
"Phwat!"

Publishea

Every Monday

"Getting deaf?" asked Tommy Dodd sarcastically. "We're going to

help the poor fellow, of course."
"You howling ass!" said Cook.
"Do you want P.-c. Boggs to take you by the scruff of the neck, and march you off to the bobby station? You mustn't help convicts and

"This case is different. Poor old Gunner was innocent of the charge-

"How do you know?"

"Haven't I told you fifty times that he was innocent?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Don't begin all that again. You're like a sheep's head, Cooky—nearly all jaw!"

"Well, a judge found him guilty—"

You know what old duffers judges

"And a jury-"

"Blow the jury!" "That's all very well," said Tommy Cook. "But breaking the law is a jolly serious bizney.

"Bosh! It isn't exactly that. It's helping a chap in distress. And when his innocence is proved, we shall get thanked for it, very likely, by the silly duffers who sent him to prison by mistake!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Don't you believe he's innocent, fathead?"

"Well, we keep that up to the Classicals, of course," answered

kick him out, if it's a junior. If it's anybody else, whistle."
"Right-ho!" grinned Cook and

And leaving his chums on sentry duty at a distance from the abbey ruins, Tommy Dodd went forward alone, and with great caution plunged into the ruins of the ancient Abbey of

> The 5th Chapter. A Startling Discovery.

The ruins of what had once been Rookwood Abbey lay at a considerable distance from the school buildings, though enclosed within the school walls.

Trees grew among the shattered masses of old masonry, and shadowed the fragments of massive walls and deep windows. It was a pleasant spot for picnicking in the summer, but in late autumn the place was seldom

Tommy Dodd had thought it all out, and he was convinced of the correctness of his theory. The very proximity of the school, with its swarms of boys, made it unlikely that the hiding-place would be suspected. and for that reason it was safer for the hunted man than the wood or the quarries could have been.

It was really a very keen stroke of Tommy Dodd, to connect the raid on the tuckshop with the missing convict. Everyone else seemed to have concluded, as a matter of course, that the answered | raider had been a Rookwood fellow.

save for the piles of old, shapeless stone, the vaults were open to the

Tommy Dodd paused inside and looked about him.

The light of the afternoon sun penetrated for a few yards dimly, but beyond that all was blackness.

The deep, dark vaults were not inviting to the gaze, and Tommy, in spite of himself, felt a vague sense of uneasiness, and wished for a moment that he had brought Cook or Doyle

But he threw off the feeling.

If the hunted man was there, there was nothing to be afraid of. Was not Geoffrey Gunner an innocent man, the victim of unfortunate circumstances, and was not Tommy Dodd there as his friend?

There was nothing to fear.
Tommy felt in his pockets for a match-box, and struck a match.

The light glimmered feebly about him as he advanced further, holding up the match before him.

The silence was unbroken, save for the shuffling of the junior's boots upon the damp flagstones of the

There was no sign of a hidden man. But Tommy Dodd knew that the vaults extended far into the depths, and it was certain that if Gunner was there he would retreat into the darkness at the sound of a step.

The match went out, but the Modern junior struck another, and another match. The light glimmered on stone walls, running damp.

Save for the tin that lay at his feet. there was no sign of the vaults having been visited by a living being.

The match went out, and Tommy

Dodd turned back and hurried to the opening. He scrambled up the stairs to the open ruins, and hurried to rejoin his comrades. He fancied he heard a sound in the vaults as he left, but he was not sure.

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle were leaning on the old gateway, talking football, when Tommy Dodd came up breathlessly.

They looked at him with smiling

"Found yere merry old convict?" asked Doyle, with a yawn.

"Got him in your pocket?" asked

"Don't be a funny ass!" said Tommy Dodd. "He's there!" "Gammon!"

Tommy Dodd explained what he had discovered. To his surprise and exasperation, his comrades still looked

unconvinced. "Do you think that tin of salmon walked here, you thumping asses?

demanded the Modern leader. "I shouldn't wonder if Tubby Muffin's hid his loot there," grinned Cook. "It would be a safe place."

Tommy Dodd started a little. He had not thought of that, and certainly

it was possible.
"Oh, rot!" he said uneasily.
"Look here! I forgot we should want a candle, and, of course, you fellows didn't think of it. Wait here while I get my bike lantern, and we'll go down together."
"Right-ho!"

Tommy Dodd scudded off for his bicycle lantern, and returned with it in a few minutes.

Then his comrades, still with unbelieving smiles, followed him into the On the stone stair Tommy paused

to light his lantern, and then led the way into the vaults. Cook and Doyle followed him into the second vault, where Tommy flashed the light of the lantern upon

the empty tin. "Look at that!" he snapped.
"Bedad, and it's there, intirely!" said Tommy Doyle, a little impressed at last. "Sure, Tubby would have

used a tin-opener!" "Of course he would!" said Tommy Dodd triumphantly. "And that tin's

been bashed open with a stone!"
"My hat!" said Cook, blinking
found uneasily. "If it's possible that the merry convict's here, I'd rather be outside, if it's all the same to you,

"Fathead! We're going to find him!"

"B-b-but-"

Tommy Dodd snorted.

Are you afraid? What is there to be afraid of?"

"Sure, I'd rather kape a convict at arrum's length, intirely!" mumbled

"Same here!" said Cook, with em-"Rats! Come on! We've got to

find him, and I believe these blessed vaults go about a quarter of a mile. Follow your leader!" growled Tommy Tommy did not seem to feel the

slightest misgiving. If he did, he concealed it very well. But Cook and Doyle looked and felt uneasy. They admitted now that it was possible that the convict was there, and they did not like the prospect.

In fact, the further they advanced into the gloomy vaults the less firm grew their conviction that Geoffrey Gunner was a wronged and innocent

Suppose he wasn't, after all, the innocent and injured victim of circumstances that Tommy Dodd believed?

It was possible, at all events. Suppose he was just an ordinary convict. with a bullet-head and a square jaw and a fist like a leg of mutton and the temper of a Hun?

However keen their leader was in the quest, it is certain that both the followers were far from anxious to spot the gentleman in the broadarrow suit, but they followed on duti-

"Hark!" exclaimed Cook suddenly. He stopped and spun round,

staring uneasily into the darkness behind. The three juniors were in the sixth

vault now, and there was still a long series stretching before them. The air was heavy and chill. "What is it?" exclaimed Dodd,

stopping impatiently.

I—I heard something!"

"Oh, rats! "Faith, and I heard it then!" muttered Tommy Doyle, catching Cook's

arm in his uneasiness. "Therethere's somebody-"We can't have passed him!"



"Look at that!" snapped Tommy Dodd, as he flashed the light of the lantern upon the empty tin. "My hat!" said Cook. "If it's possible that the merry convict's here, I'd rather be outside, if it's all the same to you, Doddy."

Tommy Cook. "I dare say he was. But-but, among ourselves, you know---

"Oh, you're an ass, Cook! He's innocent, and it's our duty to help him, as an old Modern who's down on his luck. I'm not going to see an old Modern starve," said Tommy Dodd indignantly. "He must be pretty indignantly. cold in that old ruin. The nights are getting jolly chilly now. It's up to us. Anyway, I'm going to help him a bit. You can back me up or not, as you like.'

"Oh, we'll help you-if he's there!" said Cook.

"What are you winking at Doyle for, you ass?'

"W-w-w-was I?" "Yes, you chump! You can go and eat coke, and I'll look after poor old Gunner on my own!" exclaimed

Tommy Dodd. And the indignant Tommy jumped up and strode to the door. "We're coming, Tommy.".

"Oh, rats!"
Tommy Dodd took a dignified departure; but his chums hurried down after him, and rejoined him in the quad. The Modern leader deigned to be placated at last.
"Well, come along," he said. "You

two can remain on the watch, to see that nobody comes near the ruins. If anybody comes along, go for him and had vanished long years since, and,

The Head had certainly so concluded, as the assembling of the school in Hall that morning proved.

Tommy Dodd's heart thumped a little as he passed under the trees, and through the shattered remains of the old doorway.

Within the ruins lay without form and void. It was not easy to distinguish where the different apartments had been, so wrecked was the once imposing edifice. Much of it had been in ruins since the reign of King John, and untouched during the

long centuries since. The stone stairs that led down into the ancient vaults were almost blocked with broken masonry, but there was a passage that could be squeezed through, left by generations of schoolboy explorers.

Doubtless, in his days as a Rookwood fellow, Geoffrey Gunner, the convict, had explored those old ruins, as most of the Rookwooders did, sooner or later. What more natural than that he

should remember the place when he was a hunted fugitive with nowhere to lay his head? Stones and fragments of old mortar clinked about Tommy Dodd's feet as

he felt his way cautiously down the encumbered steps. He stood within the opening of the vaults at last. The old oaken door

another, as he went on, looking about him with keen eyes. But for Tommy's fixed belief in the

innocence of the unfortunate Gunner, he might have hesitated to trust himself into so lonely a recess, where he believed a hunted convict was hidden.

But Tommy Dodd had argued so vehemently with the Classicals upon that subject that he had ended by completely convincing himself.

He halted suddenly, with a low exclamation. "By Jove!"

He bent down, striking another match. In the second vault, close by the

damp stone arch, lay a tin. It was a tin that had contained salmon, and its jagged edges showed that it had been broken open by being hammered with a stone.

The smell of it was quite fresh. The tin had not been opened many It was impossible to suppose that a

Rookwood fellow had descended into those chilly depths to make a meal of tinned salmon. Evidently the tin was a part of the loot of the tuckshop, and the man

the vaults. Tommy Dodd's eyes glittered. It was the proof he wanted. He stood up again, and struck

who had abstracted it was hidden in

light back.



Then he jumped, the blood sud-

denly rushing to his heart, for the rays of the lantern as they flashed

back fell upon a fearful figure, and a

wild, bristly, savage face, and eyes

The 6th Chapter.

Not According to Programme.

still, their eyes fixed upon the hard,

bristly, savage face, and the fierce

They had found what they sought.

well-founded. The one-time Rook-

wooder had sought a refuge in the

old haunts he had known in his boy-

But as he looked at the brutal face

before him, Tommy Dodd realised

with a chill at his heart, that he had

One look at that brutal face was

In fact, the convict had been to

enough to shake his faith in the inno-

cence of the former Modern of Rook-

Tommy Dodd chiefly a thing of the imagination so far. He had thought

chiefly of keeping his end up against

the Classicals rather than of weighing

He had never dreamed of anything

The man's clothes were ragged,

dirty, damp, reeking with mud and

broad-arrow garb, partly in bideous

rags evidently stolen from a scare-

And the three juniors were shut up

There was a long, dead silence,

The convict stared at them without

speaking, but with a ferocity in his

look that chilled the unhappy

Certainly Geoffrey Gunner must

have changed very considerably since

he was a Modern fellow at Rookwood

Twenty years, of which a good pro-

portion had been spent in crime and

in prison, had naturally made a dif-

It was Tommy Dodd who broke the

silence. In spite of himself his voice

"Are—are you Geoffrey Gunner?"
"Hang you!" The man gritted his teeth. "What are you doing here?"

"We-we came to look for you."

"You'll pay for it, you meddling

He made a step towards the juniors

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as if about to spring upon them, and

the three Moderns drew closer to-

in the vaults with him, far from help,

and the convict was between them

broken only by the chattering of

the real probabilities of the matter.

So far Tommy had been right.

been right on no other point.

wood.

like this.

and the exit.

Moderns.

School.

ference.

faltered.

young hounds!

gether, their faces pale.

Tommy Cook's teeth.

Tommy Dodd's theory had been

Tommy Dodd & Co. stood quite

that gleamed and glittered.

It was the convict!

and threatening eyes.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Hould on!" exclaimed Doyle breathlessly. "We ain't afther you, mister. We came here to help you,

Geoffrey Gunner gave a savage

"Don't lie to me, you young fool!" "It's true, Gunner," said Tommy Dodd quietly. "We thought you were innocent, and—and sent to prison unjustly, and-and-"You silly young fool!"

"Oh!"

Published Every Monday

"Why should you have thought anything of the sort, you lying young hound?" growled the convict. "Because—because we knew you'd been a Modern chap at Rookwood,"

faltered Tommy Dodd. The man stared at him.

"What difference does that make?"
"Well, we—we thought——" The convict interrupted him with a rough gesture.

"No more of your lies! You came here to look for me, and you've found me. You won't be allowed to vaults. Have you told any others you have come here?" tell what you know outside these

"Good!" said the convict, searching Tommy's face with a savage glance, and apparently satisfied that the junior was speaking the truth. "Mind, if I'm taken, I'll crack your skulls for you first. Understand

"Faith, and we---" "Look at that!" The ruffian raised his hand, and showed a heavy cudgel. "If you want your heads cracked in, you've only got to shout, or try to get away. I'd kill you like pigeons, if it was necessary to zave

my skin. Understand that!"
"I dare say you would." said
Tommy Dodd scornfully. "You look that kind of man. I've been a fool!' "Begorra, and you have that!"

groaned Doyle.

"Fool isn't the word, you howling ass," said Tommy Cock. "You've been a dangerous maniac. Oh, you ass! Oh, you chump!"

The convict made a gesture, and they were silent.

He had his head bent to listen. To the ears of the hunted wretch, every sound seconed like the footstep of the officers of the law.

"Nobody knows you're here?" he

asked, at last. "No!"

"Your word on that?"

"I'm not a liar," growled Tommy Dodd, "and you can't frighten me with that stick, either. If you hurt us, it will make it all the worse for you when you're caught. You can't live here for ever on the stuff you've

"If I'm taken, you won't live to chatter about it," said Geoffrey Gunner, gritting his teeth. "I'd brain you now, but for-but I don't want to put the rope round my neck if I'm taken. But take care! I'm going to make sure of you. Put down that lantern!"

Tommy Dodd laid the lantern on the flags.

"You will be looked for," muttered the convict. "They will not look for you here, if they do not know you have come here. But, sooner or later-" He broke off, "Does anyone else suspect that the school shop was broken into by someone who does not belong to Rookwood?"

"Not that I am aware of." "Who is supposed to have done

"A Rookwood chap!"

"I thought they'd figure it out like that," muttered Gunner. "I had to risk it-I was starving. I've been here three days. Why did you come

"I guessed who busted into the shop," said Tommy Dodd.
"Then others may guess!"

"I suppose so.

Gunner compressed his lips.
"Hang you! Hang them all!
was a risk, but I had to take it. not safe to stay here longer-at least, I have food, now. Look here, I'm going to keep you safe till to-night, and leave after dark. Don't make a sound, or raise a hand, or I'll brain you where you stand!"

The three juniors exchanged glances.

Resistance was out of the question. They were three to one, but they would have little chance against the desperate man, armed with a heavy cudgel. Gunner was evidently ready to take the most desperate measures.

Indeed, he looked as if only fear of the possible consequences prevented him from doing them bodily injury,

"Put your hands together," he snarled. "I'm going to tie them!" The juniors hesitated a moment, but they obeyed.

The heavy cudgel was too dangerous at close quarters.

With one hand, the convict jerked

out their handkerchiefs. He put the cudgel under his arm while he bound their wrists together with the handkerchiefs.

The three Tommies stood with their wrists and hands in a sort of bundle. Then the ruffian, with their own neckties, and some of his own rags, tied their ankles.

The three juniors stood with great discomfort, helpless prisoners, now.

Gunner shook the cudgel at them. "Make a sound, and it's the last you will make," he snarled.
He moved away into the next

vault, taking the lantern with him. The Modern juniors were left in the darkness.

"Faith, and this is a go!" mumbled Doyle. "Oh, holy mother av Moses! Phwy did ye bring us here, Tommy Dodd?"

Tommy Dodd did not reply. His feelings were too deep for words.

The 7th Chapter. Caught at Last!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were home in time to answer "Adsum" to their names at calling-over.

They had returned in the dusk, and succeeded in climbing the wall unseen, and dropping into the quad. So far as avoiding being "spotted" went, they had been lucky. But that was all their luck. They nad come upon no sign of the fugitive during their long afternoon's scout-

ing in the woods, and on the heath.
It was a disappointment. For it was clear that the "gating" of Rookwood would last until the dangerous character was captured or until it was known for certain,

that he had left the neighbourhood. "We'll try again on Satur-day!" said said Jimmy Silver, at tea in the end "The study. beast must be somewhere, you know. If he can be found, Rookwood scouts can find him!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Co. Erroll dropped

into the study, after tea. "Heard?" inquired.

That depends," said Jimmy Silver. "What is it? Has the merry raider of the tuckshop been

found?"
"T u b b y Muffin, you b e.t," said Lovell.

"No," Erroll, with a "That him. smile. seems to be a mystery. Muffin's been

questioned by Bootles it seems, and he's awfully indignant at being suspected. I don't think it was Tubby, myself, though who it was is a giddy mystery. I came to ask you if you'd heard about the Tommies?"

"Oh, those Modern bounders!

What have they been up to?" "They haven't turned up for callover, and haven't come in since, anid Erroll. "As the whole school's gated, it means a row for them. Manders is waxy!"

Jimmy Silver whistled. "Then they're out of bounds?" he

exclaimed. "Looks like it!"

"Silly duffers not to come in before call-over," grunted Lovell. "It's

simply giving themselves away."
"It's jolly odd," said Jimmy
Silver, wrinkling his brows in thought. "Tommy Dodd wouldn't come with us to look for Gunner. thought he knew more than he let on, by the way he grinned at us. Is it possible he's been idiot enough to-" Jimmy paused. "You know those duffers keep it up that Gunner was an innocent man, just because he used to be a Modern here. Would Tommy Dodd be crass enough to think of helping the man?"

"I think so, if he knew where to look for him," said Erroll. "But how could he have known?"

"Well, he looked as if he knew something.'

"I remember you said so, in the wood," said Lovell. "But I don't

"It's queer they haven't come in, anyway. Let's go and see if anything's been heard of them," said Jimmy Silver.

The Classicals went down from the study, and walked over to Mr. Manders' House. There they met Towle of the Fourth, who was looking very glum. "Seen anything of Doddy?" he

"No. Hasn't he come in?" "The duffer-no!" said Towle. Manders is in an awful wax. They must have gone out of bounds, suppose, but what the merry thunder did Tommy want a bike lantern

"Did he take a bike lantern with m?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, him? mystified.

Towle nodded.

"He came into the bike-shed for his lamp, this afternoon; I was mending a puncture there," he explained.
"I thought he was going to clean the lamp, or something—he never said he was going out. But he hasn't put it back, and he hasn't come in, so it looks as if he meant to mike a night of it. Queer, ain't it?"
"Jolly queer," said Jimmy Silver.

"Perhaps he's left the lantern in his

"He hasn't; I've looked. They asked me to tea, you know," said Towle, in an aggrieved tone. turned up to tea, and waited half an hour, but they never came in. They'll catch it when they do. Manders is fairly on the war-path. You see, the whole school's gated, and they must have sloped over the

The Fistical Four left Mr. Manders' House in a state of mystification. The fact that Tommy Dodd had

taken his bike-lantern with him hinted that he expected to remain out after dark-after calling-over. It was not like Tommy to bid defence to authority in that way.

And if he had intended to remain

out late, why had he asked Towle to tea, and left him to wait for nothing? On the other hand, if he had intended to return by the usual tea-

time, why had he taken a lantern?

Certainly he could not have wanted it in the daylight, unless-Jimmy Silver started as the thought came into his mind—unless it was to show light in some place that was dark even in daytime.

And as that thought illuminated his mind Jimmy Silver quite changed colour, so startled was he. "My only sainted uncle!"

murmured. "Hallo! What's biting you?" asked Lovell.

"Hold on!" said Jimmy. He stopped in the dusky quad. "I told you I thought Tommy had an idea where the merry convict was, and he seemed glad we were clearing off this afternoon. Oh, I'm a fathead!"
"You are!" agreed Lovell. "But

why now specially? You've always been one! "Oh, don't be funny! The tuck-

shop raider!' "What about him?"

"Don't you see?" panted Jimmy.
"Blessed if I do! What the merry dickens-" said Lovell, staring at

his excitement. "Think a minute! Tommy Dodd

Jimmy caught him by the arm in

suspected where the convict was, I'm sure of it, and never believed that he was in the wood or the quarries. Then he clears off, with a lantern, in the daytime. Where could he want a lantern by daylight?'

"Give it up, unless he was going to explore the abbey ruins," said Lovell,

after some thought. "Exactly!" said Jimmy Silver.
"But if he's gone exploring that old den, he wouldn't stay later than

call-over," said Raby.

"He mightn't be able to come back," said Jimmy.
"Eh! Why not?"

"Oh, you're an ass! Don't you

"Suppose you explain?" suggested Newcome.

"Tommy Dodd's gone to explore the abbey vaults, with a lantern. You can bet on that. I suspect that he thought he knew where to look for the convict. Put two and two together. Last night somebody broke into the tuckshop for grub. Well, a convict hunted by the bobbies can't buy grub in a shop, can he? It wasn't Tubby Muffin—it wasn't a Rookwood chap at all." Jimmy Silver breathed hard. "It was Gunner; and those duffers have gone to look for him in the old abbey, and-and they haven't come back!

"Great Scott!" Jimmy Silver's chums stared at him

blankly, their faces growing pale. They understood the terrible suspicion that had come into his mind. "But"-Lovell's voice faltered-

you-you don't think-"We know he's a convict. We don't know what sort of beastly ruffian he may be," muttered Jimmy Silver. "Tommy Dodd didn't know, either. They've gone into danger, and perhaps-

"Jimmy!" "We've got to look for him!" mut-tered Jimmy Silver resolutely. "We'll take a crowd-Erroll and Mornington, and the Colonial chaps, and Oswald—and a cricket-stump each. Come on!"

In ten minutes a dozen Classical juniors, with cricket bats and stumps for weapons, and several bikelanterns, started for the abbey ruins.

They paused in the ruins to light the lanterns, and then Jimmy Silver led the way down the stone steps.

He strode into the first vault, flash ing the light about him with his left hand and a cricket-bat ready in his right. His comrades crowded in after

In a body, with lanterns up and weapons ready, and with thumping hearts, the juniors advanced into the

"Hark!" exclaimed Jimmy.

It was a parting cry from the darkness ahead. "Help!

"Tommy Dodd!" shouted Lovell. The Classical juniors rushed on. A

minute later, they stumbled over three juniors on the flagstones, tied together and shuddering with cold. Far off, in the distant darkness, faint footsteps were dying away down the vaults. They could guess whose were the footsteps.

"Get us loose!" panted Tommy Dodd. "Yow! We're chilled to the bone! Oh, my hat! Do you know that beast's here?"

'Gunner?

"Yes! The rotter-a regular Bill Sikes!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "He was going to slope after dark, blow him! You should have heard him swearing when he saw your lights just now!

"Let's get after him!" exclaimed Conroy. And the juniors got out!

Half a dozen of the juniors remained on guard outside the entrance of the vaults, while Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd hurried off to the School House, to acquaint the Head with the news. Dr. Chisholm, astonished as he was,

lost no time. The telephone-wires carried the news to the police-station. and half a dozen Sixth-Formers of Rookwood guarded the vaults till the police arrived.

And before the Rookwood fellows went to bed that night the officers of the law emerged from the abbey vaults, with a prisoner in their midst, the handcuffs clinking on his wrist. And Geoffrey Gunner looked the last upon his old school, where he had vainly sought refuge from justice.

The juniors were never again troubled by the Rookwood Refugee!

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

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The 1st Chapter. The Cedar Creek Sweep.

"You fellows coming?" asked

Morning school was over at Cedar Creek, and Frank Richards and Bob Lawless were chatting by the schoolhouse porch.

Most of the Cedar Creek fellows had gone out of gates, in the direction of the old clearing along the

Lawrence was bound in the same direction, when he stopped to speak to Bob Lawless and his English

"Anything on?" asked Frank.
"It's a meeting at the old clearing," explained Lawrence. "Gunten's getting up a sweep."
And he went off whistling towards

"A sweep!" repeated Frank Richards, looking inquiringly at his

Bob gave a sniff.
"Another of Gunten's little schemes!" he said. "That guy's always getting up something. May as well get along."
The chums of Cedar Creek followed

The old clearing was only a few minutes' walk from the school.

It had once been cultivated, but the settler had given it up and gone, years before, and the clearing was abandoned and overgrown with bush. A half-ruined shack and corral stood near the grassy bank of the creek.

It was in the old corral that the Cedar Creek fellows were gathered. It was out of sight of the school-house, and beyond the ken of Miss Meadows,

the schoolmistress.

There were a dozen fellows gathered round Kern Gunten, and Frank Richards and his chum joined them. Gunten was not a popular fellow at

He was a Swiss by birth, and his father was a storekeeper at Thompson, a town on the river a few miles from the school.

Frank Richards had had little to say to him so far, but he did not like him. Gunten's hard face and narrow, shifty eyes did not inspire trust. "Old man Gunten" was reputed to

be one of the sharpest customers be-tween the Kicking Horse Pass and the Pacific, and his son was a chip of the old block.

Gunten was rather a remarkable character at the lumber school-in some ways. Schoolboy as he was, he was known to join sometimes in poker games with cattlemen at Thompson and Cedar Camp, and what he did not know about poker and euchre was That was not a kind of knowledge that Frank or Bob would have cared to share with him.

Clunton's hard face wore an agreeable expression, however, as he gave Bob Lawless a welcoming nod to the circle. The Swiss was always very civil to the rich rancher's son. "You follows taking tickets?" he

neked tor what?" asked Frank Richards.

"The sweep. "Oh, a sweepstake!" said Bob

"That's it. I guess you'd better take a hand," said Gunten. "Tickets a dollar a time, you know. It's for the big race at Thompson on Monday.

There's eight entries, and the race is run in the afternoon,"
"Pocahontas will win, I guess,"

remarked Eben Hacke, with an air of great wisdom, "I guess the galoot that bags Pocahontas will waltz off with the jackpot.

"Well, every chap stands an equal chance of getting l'orahontas," said Gunten. "It costs you a dollar to come in, Lawlooc."

Bob hesitated, He looked at Frank Richards, whose brows were knitted a little.

"What do you say, Franky?" he

"I'd rather not," said Frank.

"Your pater wouldn't like you to take a hand in gambling, Bob, or me, either."

"If you came here to give us ser-

mons, I guess you can vamoose, Richards," said Gunten disagreeably.

"We can get all we want in that line on Sundays at the Mission."

There was a laugh from some of the fellows, and Frank's cheeks reddened.

He was perfectly well aware that a sweenstake on a recommendation with money. sweepstake on a race, with money prizes, was gambling, and he did not want to have a hand in it. But it

want to have a hand in it. But it was rather disconcerting to be held up as a fellow given to "preaching."

"This isn't what you'd call gambling, Richards," remarked Chunky Todgers. "It's only a sweep, you know."

know."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, there is a difference, isn't there, Gunten?"

"Of course there is!" said Gunten contemptuously. "And if there wasn't, why shouldn't a fellow have a flutter?"

"Well, I wouldn't gamble," said Chunky cautiously. "But I don't mind having a hand in a sweep. If I has Pocahontas I'm going to buy a

"Richards can stand out, as he's too good and lofty to take a hand," said Gunten, with a sneer. "I guess he hasn't the sand to risk his dollar;

that's about the size of it."
"That, isn't true," said Frank.

"That's enough! We haven't come here to chew the rag," said Gunten. "Keep your dollar in your trousers' pocket, and pat yourself on the back for being a good, nice little boy, and superior to everybody else. A sweepstake is good enough for us

common mortals. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank's face was crimson.
"After all, there's no harm in it,
Frank," said Bob, uneasily. Bob Lawless had all a healthy lad's

horror of appearing as a "model youth" and a shining light. Frank shared that feeling with him, but he did not feel inclined to be drawn into Gunten's shady practices, all the

"I guess I'm on, anyway," said Hacke. "Get along with the business, Gunny, or we shall have the schoolmarm come inquiring after us."
"Miss Meadows doesn't know?"

demanded Frank. "Of course not!" growled Gunten. "She wouldn't understand." "You mean that she would under-

stand!" said Frank. "Look here, get to seventhly and lastly, and ring off!" exclaimed Gunten. And there was another laugh.

Frank stood silent. "Never mind Richards!" ex-"Let's have the claimed Dawson tickets, Gunten!"

"Well, I guess I want to know how many galoots are in the game," said Gunten. "There's eight horses, and the rest blanks. Here's the list of

Gunter read out the list.

"Pocahontas, North Wind, Can-pac, Jolly Roger, Nova Scotian, Wolfe, Lucille, and Briar Bush. Pocahontas is the favourite, and I guess he will win; but every hoss has a chance. The holder of the winning ticket takes the whole pool; nothing for second or third. Now, then, how many? The more that come in the bigger the prize. Make it something decent, like good sportsmen."

"I guess I'm taking two tickets," remarked Hacke, feeling in his pockets.

"One for me!" said Lawrence.

"Same here," said Dawson. "Same here, if somebody will lend me a dollar," said Chunky Todgers. "I say, Richards, if you're not going in for it, lend me your dollar,"

"You'd better keep out, too!" said

Frank.

"I asked for a dollar, not a sermon," said Chunky Todgers plaintively. "Will you lend me the dollar if I listen to the sermon? I'll promise not to interrupt for ten minutes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I'll lend you a dollar if you like,"
said Frank, "but—"
"Shell out!" said Chunky

promptly.
His fat fingers closed eagerly on

the dollar.

"I'm on, Gunny! Mind you give me Pocahontas!" he said. "Come on, Lawless! Don't stand out!" urged Gunten. "Everybody's in it but you, and you're a sport, any-

way." I—I think, Frank—" began Bob uncertainly.
"Don't let me stop you," said

Frank.
"I guess I'll take one, Gunten," said Bob, making up his mind, though with some inward misgivings.

"Good for you, Lawless! Now we're all in it excepting Richards, and we sha'n't miss him. I'll get out the tickets.'

the tickets."
Gunten opened a pocket-book and began scribbling the names of the horses on separate leaves.

"And Richards will be quite safe, if Miss Meadows hears about the sweep, and gets mad with us," sneered Hacke.

Frank bit his lip hard. "Count me in, too, Gunten," he

exclaimed, at once.
"Oh, good!" Gunten looked over
the crowd. "That's fourteen—fifteen
of us. Eight hosses and seven blanks.

I won't keep you waiting a jiffy."

And the Swiss tore the leaves out of the book, seven blanks and eight with the names of horses written on them, to serve as tickets in the draw.

The 2nd Chapter. Very Lucky.

Frank Richards stood silent, with a somewhat clouded brow, while most of the fellows were buzzing with excitement.

As there were fifteen entrants, the prize amounted to fifteen dollars for the lucky winner, a very considerable sum for a schoolboy to possess.

Pocahontas was the favourite for the race, and Hacke, who had heard talk in Thompson on the subject, decleared that Pocahontas was certain to win.

Moreover, Pocahontas was an American horse, with an American rider, and Hacke favoured that special "geegee" on that account, as he hailed himself from the great United States.

All the participants in the draw hoped to draw Pocahontas, but Frank had a vague suspicion-of which he was half ashamed-that Gunten himself would be the lucky

He did not trust the Swiss, and he could not help thinking that it was more than possible that the "sport" of the lumber school did not intend the sweep to run on lines of sheer chance.

But the other fellows were evidently unsuspicious, and Frank, naturally, did not care to utter the doubt in his mind.

"Anybody got a hat?" said Gunten, when the tickets were ready. "I guess the plug hat Richards came to school in would be useful

now," grinned Dawson. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards joined in the laugh. The Cedar Creek fellows had not forgotten that the English boy had arrived at school in Etons and a silk hat, under the influence of the humorous Bob Lawless.

Eben Hacke handed over his big a log by which he was standing.

"Now, I guess I drop these tickets in," he remarked, "and you draw in turn. Pay up first."

"Two for me," said Hacke.
"That's another blank to go in,

· Hacke was the only fellow who ventured two dollars on the sweep. The rest were content with one ticket

each. Schoolboy finances did not allow them to "plunge."

Gunten collared the total sum, sixteen dollars, and placed it carefully in a little leather bag.

"That goes to the winner!" he

"Better ask Miss Meadows to mind it," said Frank Richards sar-

castically.
"I guess I can mind it," said Gunten. "Don't get into a poker game at

Thompson while you've got it about you," squeaked Chunky Todgers.
"Who draws first?" asked Hacke,

eyeing the Stetson hat hungrily.
"I guess I do, as manager of the sweep," said Gunten. "It all comes to the same thing."

"If it all comes to the same thing, I guess I can draw first," said

Gunten hesitated a moment.

The slips of paper were mixed together in the hat, and the fellows were to draw one each without looking at them, so it really did not matter who drew first, and who drew last. But the Swiss, for reasons of his own, seemed to want to draw

"Let Hacke draw first," said Frank Richards, at once. "Why shouldn't he?"

"I guess-"

"Hacke's put up the biggest stake, too," said Frank. "He's entitled to first draw, on that account, anyway." "I calculate he's right," said Hacke. "Why shouldn't I draw first, Gunten?"

The Swiss gave Frank Richards a dark look for a second. But he nodded to Hacke, with an expression of great frankness, the next moment.
"Draw first, if you choose," he said. "It's all the same to me."

He held up the hat, covered with a handkerchief, leaving only room for a hand to be thrust in, without the contents being seen.

Hacke shoved in his hand, and brought out a slip of paper.

There was a general craning of necks to see the slip.
"Blank!" growled Hacke.

"There goes one dollar, bang!" grinned Bob Lawless. mind, you've got another chance, Hacke.

"Go it, Hacke." Hacke shoved his hand into the hat

He seemed in no hurry to draw out his paper. He fumbled over them for a minute or more.
"Hurry up!" exclaimed Dawson.
"We shall be called in to dinner in

a minute. "And there's Mr. Slimmey over yonder," said Chunky Todgers.

"Buck up, Hacke, and give a fellow a chance. Hacke drew out his hand again, and looked eagerly at the slip of

paper in his fingers. "Canpac!" he said. "Well, Canpac's a good hoss," said Gunten. "Don't grumble!"

"I'm not grumbling," said Hacke.

"I reckon Pocahontas will win; but I'm game. All O.K."
"I draw next," said Gunten. "Hold the hat, Chunky."

"Right!" The Falstaff of Cedar Creek held the big Stetson, and Gunten shoved his hand into the aperture left by the handkerchief.

He fumbled among the slips for a Stetson hat, and Gunten placed it on few moments, and then drew out a

"Show up!" exclaimed Hacke.
The Swiss held up the paper he had drawn. There was a shout.
"Pocahontas!"
"The favourite!" said Chunky Todgers dismally. "There goes sixtoon dollars!"

teen dollars!"

The Swiss smiled.

"Just luck!" he said.

"Some galoots have all the luck,"
said Hacke. "Still, Pocahontas
mayn't win after all. I rather fancy
Canpac's chances, come to think of

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Frank Richards was grimly silent.
His distrust of Gunten was rather instinctive than founded upon any evidence. But the fact that Gunten had drawn the horse looked upon as a certain winner was something like

evidence. It might be sheer chance. But Frank could not feel that it was. And why had Gunten been so keen on drawing first, and why had he been in haste to draw second, after having had to yield that point?

Frank felt that he could guess, but he was silent. He had noted that Gunten's sleeve went into the hat along with his hand. That was all, but it was enough, when his suspicions had already been aroused.

had no atom of proof. Indeed, he was not feeling absolutely certain himself. But it was uscless to speak. He

An accusation that could not be substantiated could not, of course, be made. The Cedar Creek fellows would not have been slow to express their opinion of such an accusation.

The schoolboys went on drawing the slips from the hat, and the draw was finished at last.

"What's yours?" asked Bob.
"Mine's a blessed blank!"

Frank showed his slip. He had drawn a paper with a name written on it, at all events. "Jolly Roger!" said Bob. "Not

much good, I'm afraid.' I guess," said Eben Hacke, laughing. "Jolly Roger mayn't run very likely."

"Much the same to me whether he does or not," said Frank, putting the slip carelessly into his pocket.
"Oh, dear!" groaned Chunky

Todgers dismally. "What have you got, Chunky?"

"Blank!" "And you owe Richards a dollar for it!" chuckled Dawson.

Another groan from Chunky. "Never mind about the dollar, Chunky," said Frank, laughing.
"Oh, I'll settle that up," said

Chunky. "Not this week, perhapsnor next-but the week after-or the week after that-"Or at Christmas!" grinned Bob.
"Or next summer!" said Hacke.
"Hallo! Here's Slimmey!" mur-

mured Gunten. "Don't chew the rag about this sweep to Slimmey. Mr. Slimmey, the assistant master,

strolled into the old corral, glancing at the boys over his gold-rimmed glasses. He was not suspicious; Mr. Slimmey never was suspicious. The sweep could almost have been carried out in the school-room without Mr. Slimmey noticing it.

The schoolboys cleared off, and Mr. Slimmey gazed after them, perhaps wondering why they had met in the old corral, but certainly never suspect-

The 3rd Chapter. The Rogue of the School.

Frank Richards was looking very thoughtful at the dinner-table in the lumber school.

Bob Lawless gazed at him several times uneasily.

Bob was not quite, satisfied with having taken part in Gunten's scheme,



(Continued from the previous page.)

Published

Every Monday

but he was feeling a little irritated at Frank's view of it.

When they came out after dinner, and sauntered down towards the creek to while away the time till afternoon lessons, Bob broke out rather abruptly:

"Look here, Frank, don't be a solemn guy. There's no harm done, you know-no bones broken. You don't want the fellows to think you're understudying the parson at the Mission, you know."

Frank started, and glanced quickly

at his chum. "Bob!"

"Well, throw it off your chest!" said Bob, rather resentfully. "To err is human, you know, as some old johnny remarks, and a chap doesn't want to feel that he's being morally condemned and executed."

Frank smiled. "I'm not condemning you, Bob, or the other fellows. I wish I hadn't taken a hand in it. But that's not

what I'm thinking about."

"Oh! It isn't?" asked Bob. "I thought it was. What are you scowling about, then?"

"Was I scowling?" asked Frank

"Thinking of Beauclere at the ranch?" asked Bob, softening. "He's all right, Frank, and he'll be back at school in a few days."
"No. I was thinking of the sweep,

but not the way you meant," said Frank. "I—I don't know whether to tell you—"

"Tell me what?"

"It's no good accusing a fellow of a rotten trick unless you an prove it, is

"Certainly not; worse than no good, in fact," said Bob. "But what on earth are you driving at?"

"I don't trust Gunten," said Frank

"Nobody does," said Bob. "It's well known that his father kept a gambling show in Switzerland, before he emigrated to Canada, and there's a lot of that game goes on at his store in Thompson. Gunten takes after his popper. He gets the fellows to play poker with him, and generally wins. But I don't see-

"About the sweep," said Frank. "Gunten can say it's not gambling, if he likes; he doesn't care much. know it is. But, apart from that, this particular sweep is a swindle, I believe, and Gunten is skinning the fellows without giving them a chance. I don't like standing by, and holding That's what I was thinking about."

"If you think that, you'd better let your chin wag," said Bob. "But it seems to me you're dreaming. Gunten drew his paper the same as the rest.' "He drew the winner—the horse

that's supposed to be certain to winanyhow.

"Any chap might have done that, I suppose. Somebody was bound to draw it." "I know. It's not suspicious in

itself; but Gunten was anxious to draw first. You must have noticed that."

"Yes."

"After Hacke had drawn, he drew second, before any other fellow had a chance to speak.

"What difference does it make?" "This much," said Frank quietly. "Gunten put the papers in the hat. If he put the Pocahontas paper with the rest, all serene. If he kept it in his sleeve-

"What!" ejaculated Bob. "If he kept it in his sleeve," repeated Frank, in the same quiet tone, he would naturally be anxious to draw as quickly as possible. If he had drawn last, for instance, the last fellow before him would have noticed that there was only one paper in the hat instead of two, and it would have been clear that Gunten had kept one back. If he kept one back, it was absolutely necessary for him to draw early, so that the others couldn't dis-

cover that a paper was missing."
"Frank," said Bob, aghast, "you

can't think—"
"When he drew, his sleeve went into the hat as well as his hand," said Frank. "I know it sounds rotten to say so, but I can't help thinking that the Pocahontas paper was in his sleeve. He let it slip into his hand, instead of taking it by chance among the rest, as the fellows supposed. Nobody else let his sleeve go in with his hand. And why was Gunten so keen to draw early?"

Bob Lawless' face was very grave. "That's what I was thinking about," said Frank. "I know they're only trifles, but-but I don't trust Gunten, and it's too rotten to think that he's been swindling a lot of fellows who do trust him.

Bob was silent. "Well, what do you think, Bob?"

"I guess it's possible, what you y," said Bob slowly. "I noticed what you say about his sleeve, though I didn't think anything about it. But -but I think, Franky, you're prejudiced against Gunten because he got up the sweepstake, and because he's rather a shady galoot. You don't feel quite certain of this yourself, do

you?"
"I think it's jolly likely!" "That's not enough to accuse a chap on.

"I know."

"All the fellows would be down on you, if you did. Better not say anything to anybody else. They'd think you were mad because you'd only

drawn Jolly Roger."
"Bother Jolly Roger!" growled Frank. "What worries me is that I suspect Gunten of swindling the fellows, and I don't like to stand by and let him do it."

his hand of five. It was "draw"

"Leave that rot alone, Dawson," said Bob. "You're too good for that kind of game, anyway—you too, Hacke. You know what Miss Meadows would think if she saw

Hacke and Dawson coloured uncomfortably.

"Blessed Miss Meadows!" yawned Gunten. "We're not hanging on the skirts of a school marm. Go away, and play with your canoe!"

The chums went on their way. Bob

Lawless' brow was very dark. "That fellow Gunten is the worst in the school!" he growled. "Hacke and Dawson wouldn't play that fool game, only he banters them into it. He will win their money, too. He has awfully good luck."

"Good luck all round, it seems," said Frank drily. "He wins at poker, and he draws winners in a sweep. Look here, Bob, suppose we take the rotter by the neck, and shove his nose into the creek?"

Bob laughed.

"Oh, never mind Gunten! He gives me a bad taste in the mouth. Let's get the canoe out.

And the chums pushed the birch bark canoe into the water, and soon forgot all about the Swiss.

But when the bell rang for afternoon school, and they were coming back to the School House, they met Dawson, who was looking dismal. He was striding along, with his hands in his pockets and a deep line in his fore-

Bob Lawless clapped him on the

The 4th Chapter. Nothing Doing!

Vere Beauclere joined the chums when they went to school on Monday morning. Beauclerc was still looking a little pale after his illness, but he was well enough to attend school, and he was anxious to begin again.

He was still staying at the Lawless ranch. The three schoolboys rode off together in great spirits on Monday

morning. During the weeks Beauclerc had

come great friends. The old trouble between Bob and the remittance man's son was quite forgotten. Miss Meadows spoke very kindly to Beauclerc when he came in, and

spent at the ranch the trio had be-

Frank was glad to see that the other fellows received him cordially. Beauclere was still somewhat quiet

and reserved, but there was a conspicuous absence of that somewhat supercilious manner which had marked him when he first came to Cedar Creek.

Most of the Cedar Creek fellows that morning were thinking of the

Miss Meadows noticed an unusual absence of mind in her class, but she was far from attributing it to the real cause.

After morning lessons there was much discussion in the school-ground on the subject of the morning's race at Thompson.

That race was over and decided by now; but the result, of course, was not known at the lumber echool.

Pocahontas was still believed to be the almost certain winner, but the

haven't paid anything on the

"You silly guy!" exclaimed Bob, aghast. "You've used your father's money to pay a gambling debt!

"Well, it was my money, as the sled's for me," said Dawson, with crimson cheeks. "I had to pay that Swiss beast; I couldn't stand him jawing me about owing him money. I-I might win it back-

"You ass!" "Well, if Briar Bush wins that will see me through," said Dawson. "I— I hope Briar Bush will win. I wish we could hear. Somebody will have to ride over to Thompson and find out who's won."

And Dawson walked away with a

glum face.

"That fellow Gunten ought to be suppressed!" said Frank Richards savagely. "By the way, where is he? I don't see him about.'

"He's gone for a ride," said Chunky Todgers. "I offered to go with him, but he snapped my head off. Wanted to go alone, the guy!"

Gunten did not turn up for dinner at the school. But near time for afternoon lessons he came cantering up the trail, and jumped off his pony.

He joined Bob and his chums, who were chatting by the creek. There was a somewhat sombre look on Gunten's hard face.

"Hallo!" said Bob. "Been home

to your dinner?'

Gunten shook his head. "No; I've been for a ride up

towards Indian Ford. I had sandwiches with me for dinner.' "You might as well have ridden

home, and got news of the race," said Bob Lawless. Everybody's anxious to know the

result, excepting the chaps who drew blanks. Dawson's in a flurry about his precious Briar Bush."

"Oh, Briar Bush hasn't a chance," remarked Gunten. "I guess Pocahontas will win-or,

rather, has won!" said Bob, with a nod. "You have all the luck—and I don't envy you!" Gunten sneered.

"More sermons from Richards— hey?" he asked. "Richards wasn't bound to enter the sweep, and I'm quite open to take his ticket off him, if he likes, for the dollar he put up."

"That's a good offer Franky!" said Bob. "Give him Jolly Roger, and get your dollar back." Frank Richards fixed his eyes upon

the hard, cunning face of Kern

"So you're offering to take losers at a dollar each?" he said. "If you're not satisfied I'll take your loser off your hands," said Gunten. "I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

"Will you take my blank off me?" grinned Bob.

"Or Dawson's Briar Bush?" asked Frank Richards.

Gunten hesitated.

"I'll take Briar Bush along with Jolly Roger," he said.

"Hallo, Dawson!" bawled Bob

Lawless. Dawson, who was staring moodily

into the creek, looked round, and

"What's on?" he asked. "Heard the result yet?"

"Oh, no! But Gunten is buying up

losers at a dollar each!" chuckled Bob. "I'm blessed if I know why, but he's doing it. Give him your ticket and bag your dollar!' "I said I'd take Briar Bush with Jolly Roger!" said Gunten, com-

pressing his thick lips a little. "You can have mine," said Daw-

son at once. "What about you, Richards?" Frank smiled rather grimly. "I'm keeping mine," he said.

"Well, you are an ass!" exclaimed Bob Lawless, in astonishment. "Jolly Roger's no good, and your dollar's safe if you take Gunten's offer." "I'll keep him, all the same."

"Well, you can have Briar Bush for a dollar!" said Dawson, holding out his ticket.

Gunten made no motion to take it. There was a cattish look on his face, and his narrow eyes glinted at Frank Richards.

"Why won't you sell me Jolly Roger?" he demanded. "I'm keeping it."

"Do you think that rotten outsider's likely to win?" sneered

Gunten. "I think you think so, or you wouldn't offer to buy him," said

Frank Richards coolly. Gunten bit his lip hard. "I've got the favourite," he said.

"Every fellow knows that Pocahontas is practically a certainty."
"Then why are you offering dollars for outsiders?"

I guess it's the fair thing, as I got up the sweep, and you say you're not satisfied."

(Continued at foot of next page.)



Frank Richards saw Gunten speak to Dick Dawson in the school grounds, and the next moment the rogue of the school rolled over under a tremendous drive on the nose.

"I know that. But as you can't prove anything, it would look like slandering the fellow to say what you

"You think I'd better say nothing, then?"

"Yes, rather!" "All serene," said Frank. "Only it makes me feel like being a party to his beastly swindling. But let it drop, Bob. Come and look at the canoe."

"Right!" said Bob, relieved.
"Hallo! What's that?" said Frank, as they went along the creek. From a clump of trees by the water

came the voice of Gunten. "Two for me!"

Bob gave a snort. "It's a poker game," he said.

The chums looked through the thicket. Gunten was seated under the trees, with Hacke and Dawson. Hacke had a pack of cards in his hand. "Hallo!" said Gunten, looking up.

Another snort from Bob.
"Look here, Gunten," he exclaimed, "this is rotten, and you know

it! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself!" "Had another sermon from your

cousin?" grinned Gunten. "I said two, Hacke. Hacke dealt two cards, in the place of the two discarded by Gunten, from 'draw-poker.

"Cheer-ho!" he said. "What's the matter? Lost a Canadian cent and found a Mexican dollar?"

Dawson grunted.

"Lend me ten dollars," he said. "Make it ten thousand," grinned Bob. "I've got twenty-five cents, if that's any good."

"What on earth do you want ten dollars for, Dawson?" exclaimed Frank Richards, in amazement.

"I-I've lost it!" "Better look for it, and find it, then, or put an advertisement in the 'Kamloops Sentinel,'" said Bob,

laughing. 'I mean, I've lost it at poker, you

"Well, you won't be able to pay, so don't worry!" said Bob Lawless.

"I'm not going to owe that foreign trash money!" said Dawson glumly. "He's been sneering already because I can't pay up.' "Punch his nose, then!"

Dawson grunted, and strode on. He was evidently very much worried by his debt of "honour." Probably he was repenting by that time that he had allowed Gunten to initiate him into the mysteries of the game of

fellows who had drawn other horses hoped for the best, with the exception of Frank Richards, who was not bothering the least whether Jolly Roger had won or not. Dick Dawson joined the three chums, with an anxious pucker on his brow. "Think Briar Bush has a chance,

Bob?" he asked. Bob roared. "How should I know? I've never

Bush on your paper?' Dawson nodded. "Well, I hope he'll win!" said Bob. "But I fancy Gunten is going to pull off the sweep with Pocahontas.'

seen any of the geegees. Is it Briar

"That sixteen dollars would see me through!" said Dawson miserably. "I-I'm in debt ten dollars, you know!

"If Gunten asks for it, tell him to go and chop sticks!" said Frank Richards.

"I've paid him." "Oh, you've paid him!" said Bob

Lawless. "If you've paid him, what are you worrying about?"

"I-I had to get the money at home to pay him," said Dawson, his face flushing. "I-I got it to pay part in advance on my new sled at Thompson, and-and if the popper finds I

"To Gunten?" asked Frank. "Yes. "Come and take a hand, Bob."

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

AN IMPORTANT MATTER!

Take the Necessary Precaution!

A few months ago I made a regular point of impressing upon all my readers the necessity for ordering their copies of the Boys' FRIEND in advance. My readers will remember that I harped upon this matter incessantly, and to tell you the truth, I almost thought at the time that I was

deaf ears. I held the opinion that every single supporter of the Boxs' FRIEND had taken the tip, and placed a regular order for the Boys' FRIEND with his newsagent. As events have turned out, however, such was not

notice of my warning, with the result that when "The Boys of the Bombay Castle" and "Frank Richards" Schooldays" made their appearance, and there was a bigger demand for

The very week these two magnificent stories appeared in print, I happened to be staying away from London. I had occasion to enter a newsagent's shop in the town, when in walked two boys of about fourteen

"Boys' FRIEND, please!" said one of the boys, and he placed a penny

"Sorry, my boy." said the newsagent, "but I've sold right out."

overdoing it. I certainly did not think that my repeated warnings would fall upon

Many readers declined to take the Boys' FRIEND, they met with bitter disappointment.

years of age.

on the counter.

up his penny disconsolately,

and there's not a copy of the Boys' FRIEND to be obtained!"

The boy and his companion left the

"It serves you right, Bob!" said one to the other. "Why don't you order your copy in advance? There seems to be no other way of making

sure of getting a copy."
"By Jove! I will!" said the other, and he forthwith rushed into the shop and told the newsagent to save him a copy of the Boys' FRIEND every week.

That boy did not intend to run any further risk of being disappointed.

Before me, as I write, are several letters from other readers who have been unable to secure their copies, to secure a number of your favourite recently. One reader tells me that his chum nearly went mad because he could not obtain a copy. In fact, he walked eight miles to try and get

Now, my chums, once again I want to urge upon every one of you the absolute necessity of ordering your copies in advance. Never before has there been such a magnificent programme of stories in the Boys' FRIEND, and therefore there is a keen demand for the paper.

I do not like to hear of readers being disappointed, especially when the disappointment is preventable. All you have to do is to go round to your newsagent and ask him to save you a copy of the Boys' FRIEND every week. Then, no matter on what day of the week you call at the shop, you will find your copy awaiting you. "Oh, hang!" said the boy, picking | will find your copy awaiting you.

p his penny disconsolately. "I've Burely that is better than having to والمراقب المراقب المرا

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paper?

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME!

Just lately I have received many requests from readers for stories introducing Clarence Cuffy of the Modern Side at Rookwood. I have decided to respond to these requests, and therefore, next Monday's magnificent long, complete tale of the Rookwood chums, which is entitled:

"THE WINNING GOAL!" By Owen Conquest,

introduces the junior in question. Clarence Cuffy is a decent, well-

meaning fellow, but all the same he is so simple. The juniors simply cannot help pulling his leg.

Clarence expresses a great desire been to every single shop in the town, I go all over the town in an endeavour I to play football. The juniors roar old time when they are put into the

. Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, The BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4." at the idea of Clarence taking part, slavehold, and when they learn that in sports. But Clarence is deter-mined, and he gets the chance he

Cuffy secures the winning goal. Next Monday's splendid long, complete tale, dealing with Frank Richards' schooldays, is entitled:

wants. There are a great number of

laughable scenes in this story, and I

am sure you will revel in it. You

will, I feel sure, be surprised to learn

the curious way in which Clarence

"TROUBLE FOR THREE!" By Martin Clifford.

The chums of Cedar Creek have great reason to feel revengeful to wards a man of Galician birth, who is living in the district. They resolve to obtain a novel revenge on the man, and Frank, Bob, and Beauclere are deputed to carry out the scheme. The latter is a huge success, but before they arrive back at the school in the backwoods, Frank meets with a most thrilling adventure, in which he performs a most heroic deed. And then comes a great surprise. What form this surprise takes, you will learn when you read this splendid tale.

The next instalment of "THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE!"

By Duncan Storm,

is as good, in every way, as those which have already appeared. Although still in the clutches of the rascally Bu Mohamed, Chip and his chums refuse to look on the dark side of affairs. They really have a high

Cy Sprague and Captain Handyman are coming to their rescue their spirits rise wonderfully, and they look forward to having some exciting adventures. Needless to say, they are not disappointed.

Next Monday's enthralling long, complete tale of Bob Travers is entitled:

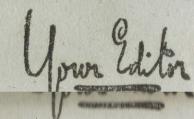
"THE BAGSHOT MYSTERY!" By Herbert Britton.

Bob Travers goes to Bagshot School for the purpose of boxing Cecil Pankley, who is already familiar to Boys' FRIEND readers. Bob arrives at the school, to find that the juniors have been gated because of a low-down act committed by somebody who broke bounds. The real culprit refuses to own up, but, by a lucky chance, Bob is successful in bringing the fellow to book. The fight between the boy boxer and Pankley is of a most exciting nature.

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

"LATROBE'S TREASURE!" By Maurice Everard.

and it is full of excitement from beginning to end.



THE ROGUE OF THE SCHOOL!



you worrying about doing the fair his precious favourite, Pocahontas, thing, Gunny!" grinned Bob. has lost!"

Gunten scowled.

"And you never thought of doing the fair thing, as you call it, till this afternoon, after the race is won," said Frank Richards quietly.

"It comes to the same thing, as none of us know the result yet!" said Gunten.

"Yes, I guess that's so," agreed ob. "What are you getting at, Frank?"

Vere Beauclerc looked curiously at Frank, but he did not speak. "Well, here's Dawson making you an offer, Gunten," said Frank. "Take

his ticket, and give him his dollar."
"I'm waiting," said Dawson. "I'll take both or neither," said

"You won't take both," said Frank

coolly. "And you wouldn't want both if you thought them both losers.' "Frank!" murmured Bob Lawless.

Gunten clenched his hands, his eyes gleaming savagely.
"What do you mean, Richards?"

he muttered, between his teeth. "How could I know whether they're losers or winners? I believe they're both losers, of course!"

"Well, it will pay you better to take one loser than two," said Frank Richards, with a grin. "Take Dawson's ticket, and leave mine alone.'

"I'll give you two dollars for it, if you like," said Gunten.

"Two dollars for a horse you know to be a loser!" said Frank, laughing, "You're getting jolly generous."

"Look here!" exclaimed Gunten fiercely. "Will you let me have Jolly Roger, or won't you?"

"No, I won't!"

"Why not?" exclaimed Bob Lawless, in wonder. "I tell you Poca-hontas will win, Frank. If he's jay

enough to give you two dollars, take it. Why not?"

"I'll tell you why not," said Frank quietly. "Because Gunten wouldn't offer two dollars, or two cents, for my ticket, unless he thought it was the thick nose. winner. He's come here specially to

"By gum! First time I ever heard I he's doing it because he knows that

Wha-a-at

"And that Jolly Roger, the rotten outsider, has won," concluded Frank Richards.

(Continued from the

previous page.)

Gunten's face was pale with rage. "That's rot!" said Bob decidedly. "How could he know? The race was run at Thompson, miles from here." "And Gunten's been for a long

ride, and missed dinner. "But he rode to Indian ford, and that's in the opposite direction.

"I don't believe him," said Frank ichards coolly. "I believe he Richards coolly. "I believe he worked a swindle in the sweep, and bagged the supposed winner; and I believe now that he's found that his winner isn't a winner, and that my outsider is. I believe he's been to the town, and found out the result of the race.

"By gad!" murmured Beauclerc. Bob Lawless stared at Gunten, and his lip curled. The expression on the

face of the Swiss was enough for him. "You low-down rotter!" said Bob, in utter disgust. "So that was your game, was it?"

Gunten gritted his teeth.
"It's a lie!" he exclaimed furiously.
"I know nothing about the result of

"Well, we shall know what to think of that, if we find that Jolly Roger has won," said Bob scornfully. as won," said Bob scorn. of "He—he may have won, of Gunten. "Out-

course," muttered Gunten. siders sometimes do. But, of course, I don't know. Richards is a liar, and I'll make him swallow his words.

And with that the Swiss sprang furiously at Frank Richards. Frank's hands went up like

lightning. The Swiss was older and bigger than the English lad, and probably thought he had an easy thing before him. He soon found out his mistake.

His savage drives were knocked aside, and Frank's right came out like a hammer, landing fairly upon his

Gunten gave a vell, and went over get my ticket away from me. And backwards, and rolled on the ground.

"Well hit!" grinned Beauclerc.
"Bullseye!" chortled Bob Lawless. "Up with you, Gunty! Have some

Gunten rose slowly to his feet. He pressed his hand to his nose, and his ingers came away red. He gave Frank Richards a look of hatred, but he did not renew the combat.

With a scowling brow he turned away without a word.

The 5th Chapter. The Winner!

Black Sam, the stableman, was surcounded by the Cedar Creek fellows when school was dismissed that after-

Gunten was there, too. It was necessary for him to keep up appearances if he could, and his voice joined in the general query:

"Who won the race this morning,

The negro grinned, showing a fine set of teeth.

"What you children know 'bout dat?" he said. "Rats! Tell us who was the winner," said Bob. "You must have heard while you were up in town."

"Yes, sah, me hear," grinned Black Sam. "I'se lost twenty cents on Pocahontas."

"Then Pocahontas has lost?" said Hacke.

"Yes, sah." "Who's won, you black image?" oared Hacke. "Was it Canpac?" roared Hacke.

"No, sah." "Briar Bush?" asked Dawson eagerly. "No, sah."

"Give it a name!" exclaimed Lawrence. "Here, take hold of his wool, and knock his head on the fence-rail.

"Hold on, sah!" exclaimed Black Sam. "Jolly Roger sah!"
"Jolly Roger!" "Jolly Roger win de race, said Frank

Richards, with a deep breath. Black Sam went about his business, and the schoolboys surrounded

Frank Richards held out his hand. "Sixteen dollars, please!" he said laconically.

There was a pause. As Jolly Roger had won, Frank Richards had won the sweep, and the stakes had to be handed over to him. But Gunten seemed unable to bring himself to hand over the money

"Shell out!" said Hacke. "What are you hanging back for, Gunten? Richards has won the durocks, hasn't "Pay up!" chortled Chunky Todgers. "You'll lend me a dollar out of it, won't you, Richards?'

Slowly and reluctantly Gunten drew the little leather bag from his pocket. The contents were counted out. Sixteen dollars were handed over, and, to judge by the look on Kern Gunten's face, every dollar that he handed over was like a tooth being drawn out of his head.

"I guess you have the luck, Richards!" said Eben Hacke, slap-ping Frank on the shoulder. "Well, I'm glad it wasn't that foreign trash. anyway, with his low-down tricks. You're white, anyhow.'

"Thanks!" said Frank, laughing. The "foreign trash" walked away, scowling. Gunten's scheme for re-lieving his schoolfellows of their money had not been much of a success.

With all his cunning and unscrupulousness, he had failed to land the prize, and a dollar of his own money was included in the sum he had been compelled to hand over. That was the net result of his scheming, and it was not a gratifying result.

Frank Richards slipped the money into his pocket, and walked away with his chums, dodging Chunky Todgers, who seemed to consider himself entitled to a dollar, at least, out of the pool. Frank tapped Dick Dawson on the

arm, and that youth gave him a gloomy look. His last hope of raising the wind was gone now. "I went to jaw to you, Dawson,

said Frank, taking the Canadian lad's arm, and Dawson went with him, while Bob and Beauclerc went to take out the horses for home.

Frank Richards and Dawson stopped on the bank of the creek, out of hearing of the other fellows.

"Well, what is it?" asked Dawson lumly. "You're not going to offer to lend me ten dollars, I suppose? I may as well tell you I couldn't square up this side of Christmas, if you did." Frank smiled.

"I'm not going to offer to lend you ten dollars," he replied. "I'm going to offer to hand it to you. The money isn't mine-

"You won it, I guess!"
"That doesn't make it mine, and I'm not going to keep it. Look here, Dawson, you were a duffer to play cards with Gunten. It may do for him, but it's not good enough for you. But never mind that. You've got to pay ten dollars to the sled man in town, and there's the ten.

CARRENT CONTRACTOR CON "But-but I can't take it!" stammered Dawson.

"I'll pitch it into the creek if you don't!" said Frank, swinging his "said Frank, swinging his
"Now, yes or no! Going,

Dick Dawson caught his hand.

"There you are, then," said Frank, with a smile. "I didn't lose anything, you duffer! I'm not going to keep the rest, either. Drop in at Thompson's as you ride home, and pay the man."

"You're a jolly good Richards," said Dawson, in a low voice. "I-I sha'n't forget this, and if I can do anything, any time couldn't have faced father when it came out I'd lost the money!"

"You could do something, if you liked," said Frank. "What is it?" "Punch Gunten's nose if he asks

you to play cards again!' Dawson laughed.

"I will! That's a cinch!"
Frank Richards hurried after his chums, and found Beauclerc holding his pony ready for him. The three schoolboys rode away on the trail for the Lawless Ranch. But half-way home Frank wheeled from the trail.

"We've got to call in at the Mission House, you fellows," he said. "What on earth for?" exclaimed

"I've got some dollars to drop in the box. "Oh! Is that the game?" "Exactly!"

Bob Lawless looked rather curiously at his cousin when the schoolboys rode away from the Mission.

"How much have you kept for yourself?" he asked.

"Nix!" "Good for you!" said Bob.

And that was the end of the Cedar Creek sweepstake. But a few days later, at school, Frank Richards observed Gunten speak to Dick Dawson in the school-grounds, and the next moment Gunten rolled over under a

tremendous drive on the nose. Evidently Dawson was keeping his promise!

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"TROUBLE FOR THREE!" By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!

Published

The 3rd Chapter.

Against Fearful Odds.

Pieface had seen the baby bunjik

cosily settled for his afternoon nap

behind the hut, and was in the act of

getting food ready for a tasty evening

meal, when a shadow fell across the

He glanced up, to see a roughly-dressed sailor poke his head round the

"Hallo! Wot you doin' here?" asked the black boy, putting down

The other stepped into the door-

"I'm lookin' for a gentleman o' the

name o' Pieface," he said, pulling at a greasy wisp of hair which hung

Pie bowed, and laid a hand over his

"Dat's me! What you wantums

"Please, sir, two young genel'men

met me down by the beach, and asked

if you'd go down to them. They

want to leave a most pertic'lar mes-

sage with you."
"Right-ho!" said Pie, slipping on

his calico shirt. "I'm ready. You might show dis coloured coon de

Pie passed out, but no sooner was

he free of the door than four strong

fellows leapt upon him, and by sheer

weight of numbers bore him to the

liar voice fell on the struggling boy's

"Don't spare him! Give him juice!" cried Gordon. "I owe him

one for that dot he gave me on the

jaw. Hi, Peters, you fool! Shove

your boot on his mouth, or half the

island will hear him. Didn't I warn

Although he put up a gallant fight,

succeeded in mauling

cowardly assailants pretty badly, Pie

was no match for the lot of them.

and in a very little while his arms and

legs were tied, a gag thrust into his

mouth, and in this helpless state he

he hadn't the slightest idea, but as

the trees thinned he was conscious of

a great volume of sound-the far-

away murmur of hundreds of human

voices—coming to him on the almost

His first thought was that the Poly-

nesians had risen in revolt against the

menagerie hands, and that a battle-

royal was in progress; but as the little

party which carried him topped the slope he saw at once what all the

Below the vast clearing was

thronged with hundreds of pushing,

yelling, and wildly-gesticulating natives, all surging round what looked

Gordon took his place at the cap-

"See that nice wooden arrange-

ment?" he leered, hitting Pie sharply

in the ribs. "Well, it's destined to hold you. We're going to give the islanders a special treat before we

Dimly the boy wondered what was to be done with him. The notion to

put him in a wooden cage for the

amusement of the natives didn't

hullabaloo was about.

tive's side.

leave.

like a gigantic wooden cage.

What was going to happen to him

you to do this job quietly?"

was carried across the island.

At the same time a horribly fami-

way." "Certainly!" the sailor replied.

down over his low forehead.

wid dis gentlemans?

ground.

The sailor saluted.

doorway of the improvised galley.

his rolling-pin.

Every Monday

"Well, what more can I do for you?" Gordon asked.

The old man pointed to the hill beyond the clearing, black with people, all pushing and struggling towards the entrances.

"The great god Taipu must be appeased. We must make a sacrifice to him. One of our number shall be chosen by lot, and put into the cage. Yes, it shall be so."

A chorus of approval went up from these assembled near, and a general hand-clapping arose.

Gordon's glance took in the men and women without, and he drew Darbey aside.

"What's to be done about this, Jake? There are hundreds of pounds' worth of dough to be raked in if only we can please them. The boys are coming to the ship this afternoon." He took out his watch. "By now they must be almost under way. Better let them chuck in one o' their old crocks for Fang to tear to

Suddenly an angry flush mounted to the showman's face, and he fingered his bearded chin, still black from the blow Pieface had dealt him.

"I've been thinking, if anyone's got to die, it may as well be that coloured bit of trash. By gosh, I've never forgotten him for layin' me out! The biggest knock-out blow a white ever received from a nigger!"

"Then slip it across him!" mut-tered Darbey. "Dead easy, too, and not likely to lead to complications afterwards. A black doesn't count as much as a Polynesian in these seas.'

"But can we get him?"
"Get him! Sure. The boys will be well out of the way with me. Pieface isn't suspecting anything, and he's all alone. Take two or three of your chaps and round him up while I make my end good on the ship.

Gordon's eyes glinted avariciously. As his evil counsellor had said, the chance to turn a big loss into a quick, big profit lay to his hand, and the life of the black boy was no more to him

than the life of a shore crab. "I'll chance it!" he said. give them a howling fine show, rake every penny out of them we can, clear up in the night, and make tracks first thing to-morrow morning before that hoary-headed old Joe Tremorne rolls up and queers our pitch."

Darbey guffawed.

"I've heard a good deal about Tremorne, one way and another. His name seems to be getting pretty well known in the South Seas. They appear to think quite a lot of him down Apia way.

"Which, my friend, is precisely why I didn't raid their stores, down those two younkers, and generally take over the running of the island myself. So far as I can make out, once you run across Joe's trail, you're hitting tidy-sized trouble. As for the black—well, he don't count. If Fang makes an easy meal of him, the natives aren't likely to split, and if we are asked, we can't say for the life of us what became of him.

"You've got the tale spun right enough!" agreed Darbey, moving away. "Sorry to leave you to snaffle Picface on your own, but I must see those boys fixed, or they'll be giving trouble. And don't forget, boss, I shall look for a twenty-five per cent. bonus on all additional takings!"
He sauntered down to the beach

where the steamer's cutter waited to take him back to the ship. He passed to his cabin, and, taking out a photo album and a number of curios, laid them on the table. Then he summoned the Chinese cook.

"See here, Yung," he said to the almond-eyed Celestial, "two friends o' mine coming to tea-much bad fellows. You make up dopy stuff. Go off sleep much long time. Got

"Velly good. Me plenty, too!" grinned Yung. "Little balloonjuice, two dlops valley tan, and some

Samshu. Sleepee likey tops!"
"Good for you!" replied the man. "Get everything ready, but don't bring it in till I ring."

dered their way along the human lane, he realised the fate he was destined for. Pressed to the froth-covered bars of

the little procession of whites shoul-

the structure was the evil, grinning face of the dreadful gorilla. The beast uttered a peculiar barking noise at sight of the black, a sign which the islanders took for approval on the part of Taipu.

"Let him of the dark skin make sport for Taipu!" someone cried, and in a moment the shout was taken up, passing from lip to lip with the speed

of spreading fire.
Poor Pie! The perspiration began to stand out in beads all over his shining body, and his dark eyes rolled. Still he made no appeal for

"You understand, trash!" said Gordon, bending over him. "You're going into that cage to keep the gorilla company! Fit society for such as you.

Suddenly a laugh broke from one of Gordon's men.

"I've got it, boss! Let them fight!" he said. "Give the black a

chance to make good!" "He'll make good enough," replied Gordon, "seeing that beast weighs nigh on a quarter of a ton and is a good ten feet high! I don't give much for the chances of this lump of mud. Still, the idea's not a bad one. Stand back there, you fools, we're going to open the door!

A breath of relief escaped the prisoner as one of the attendants cut his bonds. At least he would die fighting, game to the end.

As the cords fell away he was seized. The door was pushed back, and a deep, thunderous roar of approval went up as Gordon gave him a heave which sent him crashing along the floor right to the feet of the gibbering ape.

In a flash Pie bounded to his feet and retreated to the farthest corner of the cage. The ape growled and blinked his blood-red eyes in surprise.

The distance between Pie and death was roughly about fifteen feet, and the gorilla was capable of clearing that space with one spring.
The boy crouched down, his fine

body taut with suppressed excite-

Outside the natives danced and shrieked and beat wildly on their drums, the while showering handfuls of fruit and flowers between the bars

Pie measured up the situation with extraordinary calm, waiting for the brute to spring. He noted the massive, hairy arms, with their terrible claws, the immensely broad chest, against which he expected every instant to be crushed, and the powerful feet, capable of pounding all resistance out of him once he fell.

But the worst of all seemed the huge, foam-flecked jaws, which continued to open and snap as the beast began to move stealthily towards

Suddenly the floor began to quiver, the boy felt the gorilla gathering to spring. The next moment, with a fearful roar, it launched itself straight at him.

A mighty shout went up from the natives. At last the anger of Taipu would be appeased.

Pie was even swifter than the gorilla. While still the enormous mass was in the air he darted sideways and evaded it. The ponderous body crashed against the bars with a force that shook the cage to its foundations.

That terrible spring had shown the black something. He noticed, as the ape thundered past him, an enormous lump on the left side, immediately below the animal's ribs.

"Dat's de brute's weak spot," thought Pie, hastily rubbing the perspiration out of his eyes. "If only I appear so very dreadful, but when can give him one like I landed Gorthe close-packed throng divided, and | don - Ah!'

The ape had turned, chattering shrilly. The first failure to secure his prey had angered him. He went down on all fours and sidled to the middle of the cage, thus reducing his victim's margin of freedom by half.

Then, growling horribly, the creature leapt once more. Pie set his broad shoulders to the bars and lashed out with terrific force—one, two-a right and a left-full on the round protuberance.

The blows thudded dully, and the ape was brought up, as though by a dead wall. It swayed slightly, blinked stupidly once or twice, emitted a curious coughing noise, and began to shuffle backwards.

A great hope began to burn in the boy's heart. He had found his enemy's weak spot, and he knew it.

"I'm not waiting for you to attack!" he yelled, and, darting forward, delivered a powerful left arm-

The creature swung round, sweeping with its long arm every shred of clothing off the boy's back. Another half-inch, and Pie would have been cruelly lacerated.

"A miss is as good as a mile," he thought, and, spinning round, got home with two more crashing blows on the weak spot.

A blood-curdling yell escaped the monster, whose huge body quivered and shook with pain.

Again it advanced swayingly, only to meet with another terrific bodypunch. The big lump burst internally, and the gorilla fell forward straight towards the crouching boy.

Pie glanced about him. He was pinned to the corner. The weight of the ape must surely crush all the life out of him. His senses reeled, but cleared instantly as a terrific report sounded close to his ear.

The flash of fire scorched his face; the ape rolled sideways, and went down with a thud. At the same moment more shots rang out, and the natives ran, screaming.
Pie sank slowly down and drifted

off into unconsciousness.

When he came round Frank and Dick were bending over him.
"My word, laddie, your number

nearly passed out that time!" Frank remarked.

The black stretched out his hand, which the other gripped.

"Whar's Massa Gordon?" he asked faintly.

"Gone at the pistol's point!" grinned Frank. "We caught the whole lot unarmed, and after pumping a shot or two into the gorilla, saw the whole of the menageric scum off the premises. Gordon will never trouble us again.

"Why, Massa Frank?" "I gave him socks with my gun," said Frank. "I guess he'll take some time to get mended in Sydney. See here, Pie, a little present for you,

and I guess you've earned it. "What's dat?" asked taking a small brown bag. " asked Picface,

"Gordon's gate-money. lieved him of it before he left. I reckon by right it belongs to you. Keep it, old boy, to buy Bunjik beans with."

"You rolled up in time," said Pie, leaning back.

Dick nodded.

"We were just getting into the boat to row off to the steamer when we heard a lot of shouting. brought us back at the double. Now get to sleep, and forget there are such things as gorillas.

But it was many a long day before Pie forgot.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"LATROBE'S TREASURE!" By MAURICE EVERARD. DON'T MISS IT!

OWING TO THE INCREASED SHORTAGE OF PAPER

We shall in future print only the actual number of copies ordered through newsagents. To make sure, therefore, of obtaining your BOYS' FRIEND regularly, fill in

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A STRANGE COMPACT

By HERBERT BRITTON.

blow right between the eyes sent him

(Continued from page 163.)

to the boards. "One-two-three-" commenced

the timekeeper. Amazed though they were, the Grammarians, sportsmen through and

through, gave Bob a hearty cheer. "Well done, Travers!"

"Four-five-six-"

Still Gordon Gay did not move.

"Seven, eight-

At last the Grammar School junior slowly rose to his feet. Bob waited until he was bolt upright, and then was just preparing to hit out with his left when-

"Time!"

Bob turned to walk to his corner, and once more he turned in the direction of John Matthews. Then he gasped with amazement. The man was laughing-there was actually a smile on his face!

The boy boxer was thunderstruck. John Matthews was a complete mystery to him. Why should he laugh at him because he was winning?

"Time!"

Bob was soon on his feet and in the centre of the ring. Looking decidedly the worse for wear, Gordon Gay rose to meet him.
"Stick it, Gay, old scout!" shouted

the juniors.

Gordon Gay did "stick" it. He fought like a Trojan, but he was up against a better man.

Bob seemed to be here, there, and everywhere. No matter which way his opponent dodged, so he was after him, dealing out telling blows one after the other.

Out went Bob's left, and Gordon Gay staggered. He recovered, but again he was sent backwards. It was marvellous the way in which the Grammarian remained on his feet.

It seemed that he would never go down for the count, when suddenly a blow that would have staggered many a grown man caught him on the

point, and he sank to the boards. "One-two-three-four-five-six seven-eight-nine-out!"

Gordon Gay was beaten-beaten by a more experienced boxer. Bob Travers had fought-and won!

" Bob!"

Bob Travers looked up quickly, and saw to his amazement the form of John Matthews standing at his side with his hand outstretched.

The boy boxer hung back. "Bob, my boy, I'm deeply sorry!

John Matthews' face was wreathed

in smiles, but Bob was impassive and

"I don't understand!" he said.
"It's my fault, Bob!" said the boxing-promoter quickly. "I've carried the thing too far. I ought not to have doubted you!" "Doubted me?" gasped Bob in-

credulously. "Well, no, not exactly!" said John Matthews, gripping Bob's hand in a hearty manner. "I didn't really doubt you; but-but, Bob, I wanted to test you. I wanted to see whether you were a thorough sportsman, and I'm proud of you. If you'd played to lose I should have been ashamed of you, and if you had done so I should only have had myself to blame. I ought never to have demanded so much from you. But, there, it's done with now, and you've scored a splendid

victory. Now, then, buck up and get dressed, and say good-bye. We catch the train this afternoon for Bagshot, where you will meet Cecil Pankley, the champion junior boxer of Bagshot School!" Like one in a dream, Bob Travers

wended his way to the Fourth Form dormitory, where he changed his things. It was a long while before he forgot the time when he had been tempted to fight to lose!

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE BACSHOT MYSTERY!" By HERBERT BRITTON.

DON'T MISS IT!