

THE SCHOOL AFLOAT!

(See the Amazing New Serial, by
DUNCAN STORM,
Contained in This Issue!)

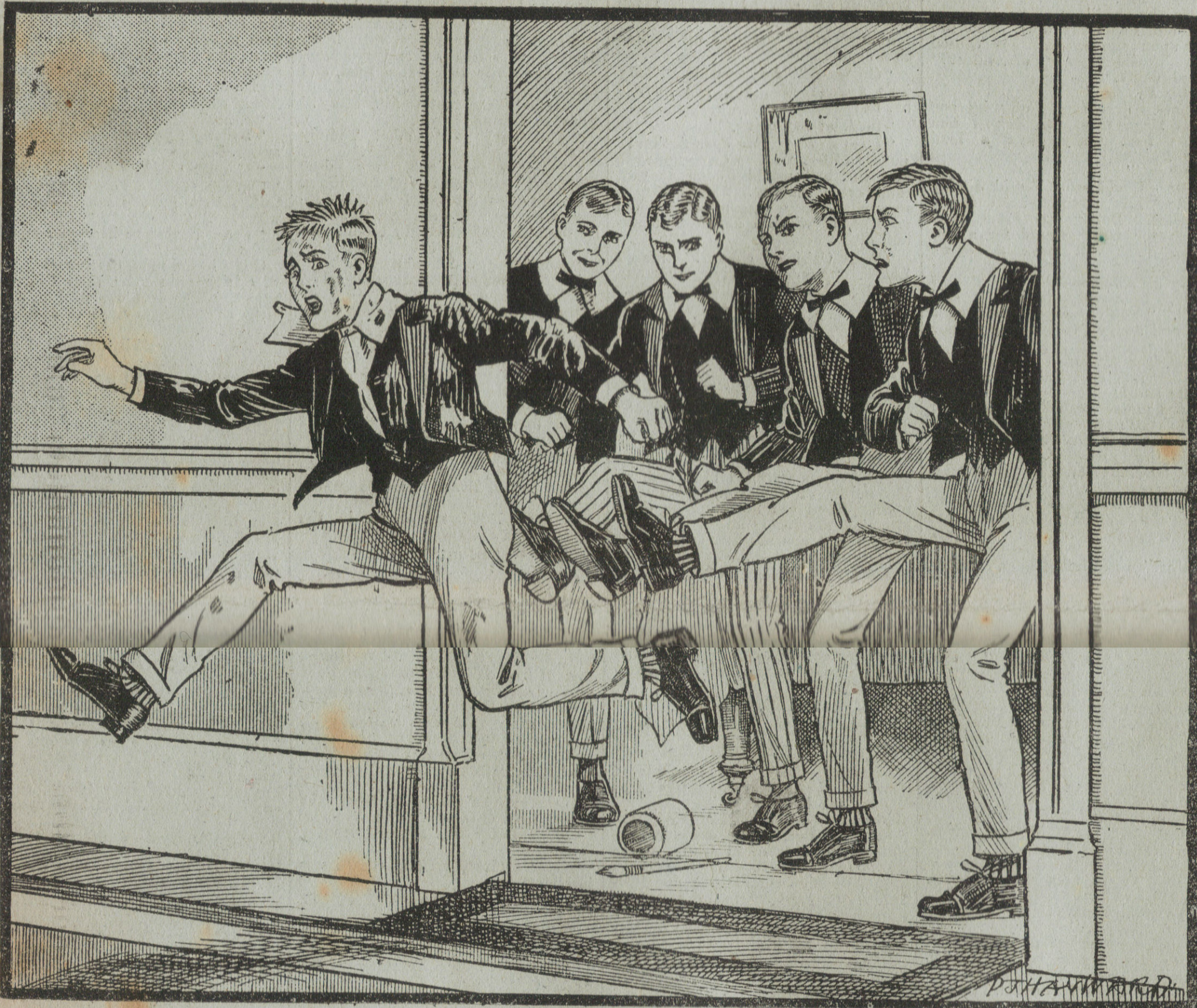
The BOYS' FRIEND 1

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

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending October 13th, 1917.]



THE DUFFER'S HURRIED DEPARTURE!

THE WINNING GOAL!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

A Very Raw Recruit!

"My dear James!" Jimmy Silver halted, with a grin. Lovell and Raby and Newcome grinned, too.

Somehow, fellows always did grin when Cuffy of the Modern Fourth spoke to them.

Clarence Cuffy had been some time at Rookwood. He had been as green as grass when he arrived. Now he was, if possible, greener.

In the pleasant and delectable purloins of Gander's Green, Clarence had

been brought up in unsuspecting innocence. And a term at Rookwood School had made no difference at all to him.

Fellows pulled his verdant leg without limit. Clarence seldom discovered that his leg had been pulled. When he did, he would regard the humorous jokers more in sorrow than in anger.

In Gander's Green, fellows' legs were never pulled.

The Fistical Four, of the Classical Fourth, were on their way to the football-ground, when that ornament of the Modern Side addressed them.

They kindly resolved to waste a few minutes in chipping Cuffy.

"Hallo, Clarence, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"You were proceeding to the football-ground, James?"

"You've hit it!"

"I trust I am not incommoding you by taking up your time for a few minutes?"

"Not whatting? Oh, no! Not at all! Fire away!"

"The fact is, Silver, I have decided to take up football," said Cuffy, blinking at Jimmy Silver solemnly through his large spectacles.

"Football!" ejaculated Jimmy. "You!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Lovell.

"Exactly!" said Cuffy, with an expansive smile. "And I am sure, my dear James, that you will afford me all the assistance in your power. I am addressing you as captain of the Junior Eleven. I understand that you are playing Bagshot on Wednesday. I should like to play for Rookwood, if I may."

Jimmy Silver almost staggered.

Clarence Cuffy made that modest request with a sweet smile, evidently quite unaware of the enormity of it.

"Play for Rookwood!" murmured Lovell.

"Against Bagshot!" gasped Raby.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Newcome.

Cuffy looked mildly surprised. He did not see any reason for hilarity.

"I will explain the circumstances of the case," he said. "Mr. Dodd is coming down on Wednesday or Saturday—Tommy Dodd's uncle, you know. He is my very kind friend, and I have passed many delightful hours in his vegetable garden at Gander's Green. I am sure it would please him to see me playing for Rookwood."

"It would please the Bagshot fellows, too!" gurgled Lovell.

"It would! Ha, ha!"

"It is true that I have played very little football," said Cuffy modestly. "But I am quite willing to practise. We did not play much football at Gander's Green, but I was considered very skilful at marbles."

"Mum-mum-marbles!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, indeed! Of course, I am aware that football is a more strenuous game than marbles," said Cuffy. "Perhaps a little more difficult. But I am prepared to do my best, my dear James."

James chortled.

"It is very extraordinary," said Cuffy. "Dodd and Cook and Doyle laughed in exactly the same way when I spoke to them about it. I do not quite see where the joke comes in, my dear schoolfellows."

"Oh, crumbs!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Look here, Cuffy! I can't quite play you against Bagshot on Wednesday. But there's a Modern-Classical match on Saturday, and Tommy Dodd can play you in the Modern team, against us, if he likes."

"He'll jump at the chance, Cuffy," said Lovell solemnly.

"I suggested it to him, but he did not seem enthusiastic," said Cuffy, shaking his head. "But it all depends upon whether my kind friend, Mr. Dodd, comes down on Wednesday or Saturday. He would be delighted to see me playing for Rookwood. In fact, he has expressed a wish that I should take up footer, and it is my duty to observe his wishes in every way, as he has been very kind to me. May I take it that I play on Wednesday if Mr. Dodd comes?"

The Fistical Four roared; they could not help it.

To Clarence Cuffy's simple mind, a football-match was simply a nice little game—like marbles.

Fellows would have given a term's pocket-money to squeeze into the eleven for the Bagshot match.

Jimmy Silver was exposed to the blandishments of nearly all the juniors at Rookwood when he was making up the team for that match.

A fellow's inclusion in the team was not likely to depend upon whether he had a kind friend coming down to the school on the day the match was played. Not quite!

Cuffy looked at the Fistical Four inquiringly.

"Well, my dear James?" he asked.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"I say! Come along, and let's see what you can do at footer, Cuffy. If you're good enough—ha, ha!—I'll shove you into the team. Rely on that."

"I shall be delighted, my dear James!"

And, with a smile of contentment on his chubby face, Cuffy trotted down to Little Side with the Classical four.

There were a crowd of fellows on the junior football-ground.

The list for the Bagshot match was not quite settled yet, though it was known that some of the giants of junior footer would be playing, such as Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Conroy,

(Continued on the next page.)



THE WINNING GOAL!

(Continued from the previous page.)

the natural result that Cuffy lost his balance, and sat down.

Bump!

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clarence Cuffy sat on the ground, and gasped, and groped for his spectacles. And a hysterical yell went up round the football ground.

The 2nd Chapter. Goal!

"Dear me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am somewhat hurt. The impact upon the ground has caused me considerable discomfort!" gasped Cuffy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver took Cuffy by one of his large ears, and helped him to his feet. Cuffy gave a loud squeak.

"Ow-ow!"

"Cut off, old scout," said Jimmy Silver. "You weren't born for a footballer. Better get some practice on the fags' ground for a few weeks. That will make a beginning. See?"

"My dear James—"

"Oh, buzz off, fathead," said Lovell. "You've done your comic turn, and now we've got to get some footer."

"My dear Arthur—"

"Hook it!" said Raby. Cuffy had been given a chance, and now the junior footballers wanted to get to business, and the sublime Clarence was in the way.

But the junior from Gander's Green developed an unexpected trait of obstinacy.

"My dear friends, I am entitled to join in the football practice, and it is my intention to do so!" he said firmly.

"H'm!" said Jimmy Silver, rather puzzled. "That's so, Cuffy, but it is rather sudden, you know. This is team practice for a match, and silly idiots have to keep off the grass, see?"

"Another time, Cuffy," said Erroll, smiling.

Jimmy shook his head. "I have no time to waste, my dear Christopher, if I am to get into form for playing in the Bagshot match," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, buzz him off the ground, bedad," said Flynn.

"Hook it, Cuffy!"

"Hold on," said Jimmy Silver. "Chuck that old ball out, Jones."

Jones minor pitched out the old ball, used by the fags in puntabouts. Jimmy kicked it to Cuffy.

"What on earth's the game?" demanded Lovell.

"That's for Cuffy to practise with."

"You silly ass!" roared Lovell. "How can we get team practice, with that howling burler fooling about on the field?"

"Leave it to your Uncle James, dear boy. Now, Cuffy—I suppose you know that a footballer has to do as his skipper tells him?"

"Certainly, my dear James."

"Well, you see that ball?"

Cuffy blinked at it.

"Yes, James."

"You're to kick it from here to Mr. Manders' House, across the quad."

"Certainly."

"Having got it there, you're to kick it up the stairs."

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

"You may find it a bit difficult at first," said Jimmy Silver, with owl-like seriousness. "But if at first you don't succeed, try again, you know."

"I shall be very pleased, my dear James."

"Having kicked it upstairs, you're to kick it into Tommy Dodd's study," continued Jimmy Silver. "If you land it on Tommy Dodd's nose, that counts as a goal. See?"

"I understand perfectly."

"Well, go ahead!"

The junior footballers looked on breathlessly. They wondered whether even Clarence Cuffy, the champion duffer of Rook-

wood, would be quite duffer enough to carry out the Fourth Form skipper's instructions.

But Cuffy had no doubts.

He started.

He kicked at the ball, and this time he hit it. The ball flew off at an angle quite unexpected by Cuffy. There was a loud roar as it landed in Arthur Edward Lovell's grinning countenance—from which the grin suddenly vanished.

"Groooch!" spluttered Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The ball slid down Lovell's shirt, leaving a track of mud. Wet mud almost obliterated his features.

The juniors yelled as they looked at him.

Lovell stood gasping for a moment or two, and then made a rush at Cuffy.

"You burbling jabberwock!" he roared. "I'll—leggo my arm, Jimmy Silver—I'm going to squash him. I'm going to spifficate him! Look at my chivvy! Leggo, I tell you!"

Jimmy Silver dragged his excited chum back.

"Go easy!" he gasped. "Cuffy isn't a good shot, yet, you know—ha, ha!"

"Look at my chivvy!"

"I am so sorry, my dear Arthur!" purred Cuffy. "I was quite unaware that the ball would fly off in that remarkable manner. This game is somewhat more complicated than marbles, to which I am more accustomed."

"You frabjous chump!" roared Lovell. "You'd better stick to marbles. Marbles are about your mark!"

"I should be very pleased to do so, my dear Arthur, but my kind friend Mr. Dodd wishes to see me play in a football match—"

"Oh, kick him out before I slaughter him!" snorted Lovell, dabbing at his face.

"Go it, Cuffy!"

"On the ball!"

The juniors crowded back to give the duffer of Rookwood plenty of room. There was no telling in what direction the footer might go, when Cuffy's foot got near it.

Cuffy kicked the footer again, and it went into touch, and he followed it up. A howl of laughter followed Cuffy, as he punted the ball away across the quad.

"My hat!" exclaimed Van Ryn.

"Is he going to be really idiot enough to punt the ball into Manders' House?"

"Ha, ha! Looks like it!"

"Let's hope he doesn't meet Manders!" chortled Flynn.

And the juniors yelled again. Clarence Cuffy, still hopping in pursuit of the ball, disappeared beyond the beeches.

Jimmy Silver & Co. piled into footer practice, while some of the other fellows followed Cuffy to see how he progressed.

Cuffy had learnt at least one football lesson already—to heed the instructions of his skipper.

Jimmy's intention had been to clear the duffer off the football ground, without hurting his feelings. But Clarence took his instructions with literal exactitude.

He missed the ball oftener than he kicked it, but he stuck to his task with deadly persistence, and the footer was propelled up to Mr. Manders' House at last, on the Modern side of Rookwood.

There Cuffy paused to take breath. His face was crimson with exertion, and his round eyes bulging behind his spectacles. But he was still game.

He restarted after the interval, so to speak, when he had recovered his wind. A lucky kick sent the muddy footer whizzing into the open doorway of the Modern building.

"He's done it!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Ha, he, he!"

"Good old Cuffy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Cuffy was not finished yet. He followed the ball into the House, and began kicking it upstairs.

This was not an easy task, and it was likely to keep Clarence Cuffy occupied some time.

Three or four Modern juniors came along, and stared at him.

"What the thump are you up to, Cuffy?" yelled Towle of the Fourth.

"You'd better let Mr. Manders catch you at that game!"

Cuffy gasped.

"I have to get the ball to Dodd's study," he spluttered.

"What for?" howled Leggett.

"My football skipper has so instructed me, my dear Albert."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's pulling your leg, you silly

owl!" growled Towle. "Look out, here comes Knowles!"

Knowles, the Modern prefect, came along, frowning.

"Who brought that ball in here?" he rapped out.

"Please Knowles, I did!" said Cuffy meekly. "Yaroooh!" he added, in a wild howl, as the prefect's finger and thumb closed on his ear.

"Take it away at once!" snapped Knowles. "Do you hear?"

"Yow-ow! Yes, certainly! Ow!" Cuffy gathered up the ball, and bolted upstairs with it. Under the circumstances, he felt compelled to disregard that part of Jimmy Silver's instructions about kicking the footer up the staircase.

But in the upper passages, he resumed operations. Whatever Cuffy couldn't do at footer, he could at least carry out his skipper's instructions to the best of his ability.

The ball was trundled along the passages, in the direction of Tommy Dodd's study.

Dodd and Cook and Doyle, the heroes of the Modern Fourth, were detained in their study with lines. They were scribbling and grousing, when the study door was opened, and Cuffy's crimson face looked in.

"Hallo! Take that phizog away!" growled Tommy Doyle.

"And bury it!" added Tommy Cook.

"Pray excuse me, my dear Thomas!" said Clarence Cuffy mildly.

"I sincerely trust that I shall not incommode you. I am going to kick a football into this study, by the instructions of my skipper!"

"What?" yelled Tommy Dodd.

He jumped up from the table, glaring at Cuffy.

But Clarence did not heed his glare.

He trundled the footer into the doorway.

"You silly chump!" raved Tommy Dodd. "If you kick that footer in here—Oh, my hat!"

Clarence Cuffy kicked.

The footer flew into the study. It was aimed at Tommy Dodd, so it naturally crashed on Doyle's head and landed full in Tommy Dodd's excited face.

Tommy Dodd sat down in the fender with a crash.

"Goal!" gasped Cuffy.

"Yaroooh!"

"I trust you are not hurt, my dear Thomas."

"Gerroooh! I—I—"

"I sincerely hope that you are not

subjected to any considerable discomfort, my dear Thomas. James stated that if the ball landed upon your countenance, it would count as a goal. I am sure, Thomas, that James will acknowledge that that was a goal, and you will bear witness if necessary, will you not, my dear Thomas?"

Thomas did not answer that question.

He extracted himself from the fender and fireirons, and flew at Clarence Cuffy like a stone from a catapult.

The next instant Cuffy's head was in chancery.

"Give him beans!" roared Tommy Cook.

"Paste him, bedad, the thafe of the world!" howled Tommy Doyle, rubbing his head. "Give him jip, Tommy darling!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Clarence. "My dear Thomas—Oh, my nose! My dear friend—Yoop! My eye! Oh, crumbs! Oh, crumbs!"

Crash!

Clarence Cuffy landed in the passage, on his back. The study door slammed after him.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Clarence, as he sat up and rubbed his features.

"Oh, my word! How very, very bad-tempered Thomas is this afternoon! Ow! And I am sure that it was a good goal. Yow-ow-ow!"

The 3rd Chapter. Good for Evil!

Leggett of the Modern Fourth came along the passage as Clarence Cuffy felt himself all over, to ascertain that he was still all there. He felt as if he wasn't. Tommy Dodd had been a little excited, and he had not dealt gently with the protege of his Uncle Dodd.

Leggett grinned down at the unhappy Clarence.

"Hurt?" he inquired.

"Ow! Ow!"

It sounded as if Clarence were a little hurt.

"Here, let me lend you a hand," said Leggett. "Come into my study, and I'll dust you down, old chap."

"Thank you very much," gasped Clarence.

"Not at all."

Leggett led Clarence into his study.

He needed dusting.

Any fellow less unsuspecting than Clarence would have been surprised at the good nature of the cad of the Fourth. Albert Leggett was not much given to helping others.

But Clarence was far from being of a suspicious nature. At Gander's Green, sweet simplicity and trust in human nature were cultivated.

There were no bad boys like Leggett at Gander's Green. Clarence was trustfulness itself. He would have lent the Crown Prince of Prussia a "quid" and expected to see it again!

Leggett dusted him down in a very friendly manner, and then made him sit in the armchair, and gave him toffee.

Clarence sucked the toffee and beamed on Leggett. This kindness was very touching after his rough reception in Tommy Dodd's study.

"You are very, very kind, Leggett," said Clarence gratefully. "I really think the fellows do not do you justice, Leggett, when they call you such unpleasant names as sneaking worm, and spoofing rotter, and such things. I think, Leggett, that you are far from being such an awful rotter as the fellows believe. Is there anything the matter, my dear Albert?"

"N-no."

"I thought you were looking rather angry."

"N-n-not at all," gasped Leggett. "You're such a charming chap, Cuffy, that nobody could be waxy with you."

"I am so glad to hear you say so, my dear Albert."

Cuffy had a most exasperating way of calling fellows by their Christian names, which had earned him more kicks that halpence, so to speak, at Rookwood.

"As you are so kind, Albert, I shall make bold to mention a matter that I have been thinking about very seriously," said Cuffy, blinking at him. "Do you not think, my dear Albert, that it is very, very wrong to make bets on football matches? I asked James' opinion, and he said that only a howling rotter would do it. James expresses himself with rather more force than elegance, I fear, but his meaning was very clear. He seemed quite shocked at the idea of your making bets on the Bagshot match, Albert. Quite, quite shocked."

Leggett glared.

Only that afternoon Jimmy Silver had rubbed Leggett's nose in the cold, unsympathetic earth for that very unsympathetic earnt for that very reason.

"So it was you told Silver?" hissed Leggett.

"I did not exactly tell him, my dear Albert. I mentioned the matter in asking his opinion," explained Cuffy. "He was quite, quite shocked. So am I, Albert, and I am sure that you will not take offence if I beg and implore you, my dear friend, to renounce these wicked and unscrupulous ways."

Leggett's eyes wandered to the poker.

Clarence never knew how near he was to being chased out of the study with a poker behind him by his dear friend Albert.

But Leggett controlled himself. He had an axe to grind, and he was not done with Clarence yet.

"The fact is, I've chucked it, Cuffy," said Leggett, with great restraint. "I—I thought to myself, what would they think about such things in Goose's Green, and I decided to give it up."

"I am so glad, my dear Albert. But the name of the delightful village where my parents reside is Gander's Green."

"Yes; I meant Gander's Green. Now, Cuffy, old chap, I hear you're taking up footer. You'd make a splendid player I should think. Awfully keen on the game—what?"

"Perhaps not very keen, Albert," said Cuffy thoughtfully. "You see, it is a very, very much rougher game than marbles. Have you a cough, Albert?"

"Nunno!" gasped Leggett. "Go on."

"I desire to take the game up temporarily," explained Cuffy. "I wish to please my kind old friend, Mr. Dodd. Thomas' uncle, you know. He is very keen on games, and knows all the differences between cricket and football and marbles!"

"My hat! He must be a regular sporting encyclopædia, if he knows all that," said Leggett. "Well, you're keen to play in the Bagshot match, anyway!"

"Very, very keen, Albert, for the sake of entertaining Mr. Dodd if he visits us on Wednesday. If he comes on Saturday, however, I should prefer to play in the home match that afternoon."

"Exactly. Well, the way to get

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into the team is to please Jimmy Silver, as he is skipper," said Leggett. "If you did Silver some kind favour, it might make a lot of difference. I'd help you."

"You are very, very kind. What can I do to please James?"

"I suppose you know those fellows want their study repainted?" asked Leggett carelessly.

"I had not heard of it, Albert. But, then, I do not see much of the Classical fellows."

"Well, it's a fact. They want it repainted, but they can't afford the paint, or to pay a man to do it. Now, as far as painting goes, you could do it as easy as falling off a form. You're so clever, so jolly clever, I might say!"

"You flatter me, my dear Albert."

"Not at all. As for the paint, I'd provide that, as a pleasant and friendly surprise to Jimmy Silver."

"That is noble of you, Albert, considering that Silver was handling you so very roughly a few hours ago, for what reason I do not know. I am so very, very pleased to see you return good for evil, my dear Albert."

"I'm trying to model myself on you, Cuffy," explained Leggett. "I'm sure I couldn't do better. Now, are you willing to do Silver this good turn? It may make a lot of difference about your getting into the eleven, and it will be a very kind action."

"You are sure James wants his study painted?"

"I've heard him say so lots of times, and he's awfully worried because he can't afford it."

"Then I shall be delighted!"

"You're a splendid chap, Cuffy!" said Leggett admiringly.

"Not at all, Albert. My dear papa always inculcated in me the desire to be useful and obliging to others."

"I-I see. Well, there's no time like the present," said Leggett. "Hoping that you would help, I've got the paint ready, and a brush. You can paint the study while those fellows are at footer practice. They won't be in till tea-time, and it will be a pleasant surprise to them."

"How good of you to think of them!" said Clarence, beaming.

"I'm trying to be good. But don't mention to Silver that I found the paint."

"My dear Albert, I must give you credit for your kind works," said Cuffy. "I cannot consent to take all the credit of this friendly action."

"Not at all! I want to hide my light under a bushel, like a really good little boy," explained Leggett.

"Simply say, if you're asked, that a friend gave you the paint. Promise not to mention my name, or I can't have anything to do with it."

"Very well, if you wish, Albert."

"Good!" Leggett rose and opened his study cupboard. "Here's the paint."

He took out a three-pound tin of ready-mixed paint and a large brush. The tin was labelled "Light green."

"That's Silver's favourite colour," said Leggett. "I've heard him discussing it with his friends, and his idea is to have the study painted throughout in light green, including the furniture—chairs, table, bookcase, and the rest. I'm afraid you're taking on a lot of work, Cuffy."

"I do not mind that in the least, Albert."

"No, I thought you wouldn't. Put on plenty of paint, as thick as you like. And paint everything, especially the chairs and table. Begin with the chairs and table."

"Certainly!"

"And the clock—don't forget the clock!"

"I will be very, very careful, Albert."

"Better lock the door while you're at it, so that you won't be interrupted," said Leggett. "You're a really good chap, Cuffy, and I'm glad you're willing to help me return good for evil in this way."

"I am delighted, Albert. It proves that you are by no means the malicious and revengeful rascal the fellows suppose."

"I-I—exactly! Yes, quite so. Well, here you are!" said Leggett. "I'll come as far as the end study with you. We'll go the indoors way."

The two Modern juniors left the study together. Leggett led the way along the winding passage that gave access to the Classical buildings.

There was a locked door in the passage, but Leggett had a key to it.

The Fourth-Form quarters on the Classical side were deserted. All the fellows were out on the playing fields.

Leggett opened the door of the end study, and they entered.

"Go ahead, Cuffy!"

"Certainly, my dear Albert. How pleased James will be when he comes in!" said Clarence, beaming.

"Pleased isn't the word. He'll be delighted! Let's see you begin."

Confident as he was in the extreme simplicity of the duffer of Rookwood, Leggett could hardly believe that Clarence Cuffy would be ass enough to paint the end study as instructed.

But his doubts were soon relieved. Cuffy jerked off the lid of the tin, thrust in the brush, and started.

Leggett almost exploded as the paint was lathered on the table-top by way of a beginning.

"Oh! Ha, ha! Oh, dear!" gasped Leggett.

Clarence looked round in surprise. "All serene. I—I just caught the smell of the paint," said Leggett, coughing. "Go ahead, old chap! Lock the door!"

Leggett beat a retreat from the end study. Clarence locked the door after him; and Leggett, waiting a few moments outside, heard the swishing of the active paintbrush. Cuffy was hard at work.

Leggett scuttled back to the

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The footballers crowded in, and the Fistical Four hurried along to the end study. Jimmy turned the handle of the door, but it did not open.

"Hallo! What's the matter with this blessed door?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"There's somebody in there!" said Lovell. "I can hear somebody moving about! Tubby Muffin after the grub, perhaps."

"I'll scalp him if it is!" Jimmy Silver thumped on the panels. "Here, open this door, fathead!"

"Certainly, my dear James!" came a well-known voice from within.

"Cuffy!" ejaculated the Fistical Four in a surprised chorus.

"What's that blessed niff?" exclaimed Newcome, sniffing. "Is there any fresh paint about?"

"Smells like it."

The key turned in the lock, and the door was opened. Clarence Cuffy's chubby face and big spectacles beamed at the chums of the Fourth.

Cuffy's hands were stained, and there was a smear of green on his nose, and he looked a little tired. But he was beaming with good nature.

"Come in, my dear James!" Jimmy Silver did not come in.

He stood in the doorway, thunderstruck.

swimming with it. Already they had smeared on their clothes.

"My hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "This is a modern jape! This is the Modern brand of humour! By gum, we'll show 'em how we appreciate it! Collar that burbling idiot!"

"My dear J-j-james— Oh, dear!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome grasped the unhappy doer of good deeds.

Jimmy Silver seized the paint-pot. There was still some left. He jerked the brush away from Clarence and jammed it into the tin, and gouged out the rest of the paint—over Clarence's head.

Cuffy roared as the paint showered on his face and hair.

He opened his mouth to explain, but he closed it again, gurgling spasmodically when the paint-brush was shoved into it.

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"Paint him!" yelled Lovell. "Let him have the lot. Here's some ink, too. Get some soot, Raby!"

"Groogh-hoo-hooogh!"

Clarence Cuffy wriggled in the grasp of the incensed juniors.

Paint and ink and soot were added together to adorn him.

Not the remotest suspicion had Jimmy Silver & Co. that the duffer of Rookwood had been doing a kind action to please them.

They regarded it as a Modern jape

risibility, my dear Thomas! Gug-gug-gug!"

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Manders rustled up. "Cuffy! Is that Cuffy?"

"Groogh! Yes, sir! Gug-gug!"

"How dare you appear in such a state?" thundered the Modern master.

"Groogh! I have been painting, and— Groogh!"

"Go and clean yourself at once, and take five hundred lines!" shouted Mr. Manders. "You disgraceful boy! Get out of my sight!"

Clarence was glad enough to get out of his sight.

He sprinted for the dormitory, and the Modern juniors followed him in a yelling crowd.

As he rubbed and scrubbed, and scrubbed and rubbed, Clarence gasped out an explanation. He was still in the dark as to why Jimmy Silver & Co. had cut up so rusty, and he asked dear Thomas if he could tell. But dear Thomas was in hysterics, and could not reply.

Meanwhile, nearly all the Classical Fourth had gathered to stare into the reeking end study, and howl with laughter.

It was rather thick for a Modern jape, but it was funny—at least, the Classical Fourth thought so.

"By gad, it looks a corker!" exclaimed Townsend. "Nice and smelly, too! Save you somethin' in scent!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We can't have tea there!" mumbled Lovell. "Oh, I'll scalp that villain Cuffy! Come to think of it, somebody must have put him up to it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come and have tea in my study!" said Erroll, laughing.

And the Fistical Four had tea with Erroll and Mornington, and they did their prep in the Common-room that evening. The end study was not quite fit for habitation.

The next day, when the Fourth came out of the Form-room, Clarence Cuffy bore down on Jimmy Silver with a beaming smile. He did not seem to note the deadly gleam in Jimmy's eyes.

"My dear James," he said, "Mr. Dodd has written that he is not

want to play in the Bagshot match this afternoon. I hope you are not disappointed. I think— Yaroooh!"

Clarence Cuffy sat down with a sudden jar, and Jimmy Silver walked on, leaving Clarence gasping and groping for his spectacles.

"Dear me!" stammered Clarence. "James is growing very, very ill-tempered. I shall not speak to James again till he has apologised."

Which was just as well for Clarence, for Jimmy Silver was really not quite safe for the duffer of Rookwood to approach at present.

The Bagshot match was played without the assistance of Clarence Cuffy, and Bagshot was beaten by two goals to one, which would certainly not have been the case had Clarence assisted Jimmy Silver's team.



"Come in, my dear James!" said Clarence Cuffy simply. Jimmy Silver did not come in. He stood in the doorway, thunderstruck.

Modern side. He threw himself into the armchair in his study, kicked up his heels, and yelled. In the end study on the Classical side the duffer of Rookwood painted away industriously, his face beaming with satisfaction as he thought of the pleasant surprise that awaited dear James when he came in from the footer.

The 4th Chapter. Black Ingratitude.

Jimmy Silver threw on a coat and muffler as he left the football ground with his chums as the dusk was beginning to fall. The Fistical Four were late for tea, but they had had a good practice. Jimmy had put his men through their paces, and he had decided about the vacant places in the eleven.

"Well?" said Raby and Newcome together as they came away.

"You, Raby—"

"Oh, good!"

"And Mornington," said Jimmy Silver. "Sorry Newcome, old chap, but footer is footer, you know, and we've got to beat Bagshot."

"Oh, all serene!" grunted Newcome. "Let's get in to tea, anyway! I'm famished!"

"So you won't be playing Cuffy?" grinned Lovell.

The study reeked with paint. The chairs were a dazzling light green. The table fairly shone with the same artistic hue.

The clock was green, the bookcase was green, the armchair was green—light green, wet, and smelly!

The Fistical Four could hardly believe their dazzled eyes.

"By gum!" gasped Lovell at last. "You like it, my dear Arthur?" asked Cuffy cheerfully.

"Like it!" stammered Lovell. "Like it!"

Jimmy Silver found his voice. "Cuffy! You Modern idiot!"

"My dear James!"

"You've mucked up our study like this!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"My dear—"

"You mad idiot!" roared Raby. "Do you think this is a joke? I call it more than a joke! My hat! The place is reeking!"

"You thumping ass!" shouted Newcome. "You—you—you silly villain!"

Clarence gazed at the four in dismay.

He had expected them to be pleased. He had, in fact, expected them to be very, very pleased.

But they weren't pleased. Whatever was doubtful about the matter, that wasn't doubtful at all. The Fistical Four were anything but pleased.

on the Classicals, and a jape that was far beyond the permitted limits.

In a few minutes Cuffy's appearance was extraordinary.

Where he was not sooty and inky he was a bright and shining green.

"Now kick him out!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"All together!" yelled Lovell. Four boots crashed behind the unhappy Cuffy.

He flew out of the study. Bump!

"Arrah, and phwat's the row?" roared Flynn along the passage.

"Howly Moses! Phwat's that intirely? Is it a banshee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Classical Four, as Clarence was propelled along the passage by four lunging boots.

"Yow-ow-gug-gug-gug!" stammered Clarence. "My dear friends—yaroooh!—my dear James—yooop!—Arthur, my dear fellow—Yah! Oh! Oooooo! Wooooop!"

Clarence Cuffy vanished down the staircase.

He crossed the quad in record time, and burst into Mr. Manders' House, out of breath and palpitating with astonishment and terror.

"Hallo! What on earth's that?" shouted Tommy Dodd, as he sighted him. "Is it—is it Cuffy?"

"Yow-ow! Groogh! My dear Thomas—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There is no—groo!—occasion for

The 5th Chapter. A Chance for Cuffy.

"No!" roared Tommy Dodd. "My dear Thomas—"

"No!"

"But—"

"No!"

Tommy Dodd seemed to be understudying a megaphone as he replied to Cuffy.

It was Saturday afternoon. That afternoon Modern and Classical juniors were meeting on the football-field. Moderns and Classicals, in combination, had beaten Bagshot on the previous Wednesday.

According to the Classicals, the Moderns hadn't helped much. According to the Moderns, the Classicals hadn't helped much. Now they were going to beat one another, each side being quite certain of victory.

Tommy Dodd was extremely careful in the selection of the Modern team. It was a fact that the Classical side was more of a sporting side. They had more players.

Still, Tommy Dodd averred that the Modern footballers, though fewer, were a good deal better.

Jimmy Silver had a larger number to select from. Tommy Dodd had a smaller number of better quality, according to Tommy.

Games, as the Moderns said sagely, weren't everything. Some of them were too busy for games. Still, the Moderns kept their end up pretty well on the playing-fields.

But Tommy Dodd was very careful. Every man in his eleven was a picked man, and when Clarence Cuffy meekly requested to be played,

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THE WINNING GOAL!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Tommy Dodd's reply was more emphatic than polite. Tommy Dodd's uncle was coming down that afternoon. Uncle Dodd was very keen on games, in his way. But what he didn't know about footer would have filled dictionaries.

Probably he would have liked to see his young friend Cuffy played for the Modern side, but Tommy was not inclined to throw away a match for that. Tommy's idea was that Uncle Dodd should see a good match and a Modern win. That was good enough. Clarence was very insistent. He could see no reason at all why Tommy Dodd shouldn't play him. He had learned to kick a footer without sitting down on it already.

He stated that Uncle Dodd would be delighted, but Uncle Dodd's delight was not a sufficient reason for playing the biggest duffer at Rookwood, in Tommy's opinion.

So Tommy Dodd declined Cuffy's services without thanks. He strode away with quite a ruffled brow, leaving Clarence gazing after him more in sorrow than in anger.

But Cuffy was not done yet. He scudded after the three Tommies, and caught Dodd by the arm. "My dear Thomas—"

"No!" bellowed Tommy Dodd. "Faith, and won't ye take 'No' for an answer intirely?" roared Tommy Doyle. "Do ye want a thick ear?"

"Bump him over!" said Cook. "Pray do not be rough, my dear friends!" said Clarence mildly. "Thomas, if you will not play me in the Modern team, have you any objection to my playing for the Classical side?"

"Wha-a-at?" "I will request, dear James—" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tommy Dodd. "I'd be glad, if Jimmy Silver was idiot enough. Ask him, and give me a rest."

"It is a somewhat unusual step, I understand, for a Modern to play in the Classical team, Thomas, but—" "Ask him!" chortled Doyle. "Sure, he'll be glad to oblige ye after the way ye painted his study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Very well. I will prefer my request to dear James!" said Clarence. And he buzzed away in search of Jimmy Silver.

The good Clarence had already forgotten and forgiven Jimmy Silver's rudeness. He never bore a grudge, though Jimmy had certainly been very ungrateful for the painting done in his study.

The Fistical Four were already on the football-ground, though it was not yet time. They bestowed a concerted glare

upon Clarence Cuffy as he toddled up, with a kind and friendly smile on his face.

"My dear James, I have dear Thomas' permission to offer you my services in the match," purred Clarence. "Dear Uncle Dodd may be here any minute now. I should be willing to wear the Classical colours for the occasion. I— Oh, what are you doing? Yaroooh! Yoocooop!"

The Fistical Four seemed to have mistaken Clarence for a footer. Their football boots clumped on his plump person, much to his surprise and discomfort.

Cuffy had no time to complete his request to be included in the Classical team. Football boots at close-quarters were not agreeable.

He scudded off. "There!" gasped Lovell, returning after giving the astonished Clarence a final dribble. "That's the only way to talk to him. He had better go and offer his services to Bulkeley for the First Eleven."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Clarence Cuffy gave the Fistical Four a wide berth after that. Evidently they were not looking for Modern recruits, especially of Cuffy's kind.

Clarence's kind face was very sad. He was still feeling the effect of the footer-boots, and he was disappointed for Uncle Dodd's sake. That kind and simple old gentleman would have been so pleased to see him playing in a footer-match.

It was nearly time for the start when Clarence was seen escorting a stout and red-faced old gentleman to Little Side.

Tommy Dodd ran to meet him. "Just in time, uncle!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Dodd shook hands with his nephew. "I am glad of that, Tommy," he said. "Playing cricket this afternoon—what?"

"Ahem! Footer!" said Tommy Dodd, with a cough. "Ah, yes, of course—cricket is over!" said Mr. Dodd, with a smile. "It is a long time since my school-

boy days, Tommy. I used to be a great player myself; but it is a long time ago. I knocked up hundreds of runs at Rugger."

"D-d-did you?" stuttered Tommy. "Sure, you must have been a terrific footballer, sir!" murmured Doyle.

"Yes, indeed, my boy!" said Uncle Dodd, with smiling satisfaction. Uncle Dodd's recollections of his schoolboy days of long, long ago were evidently a little hazy. "We played football in those days, you know. Played it, my boy! I was usually cover-point!"

"Oh!" "But sometimes I kept goal, and then you should have seen me lead a charge down on the enemy— Dear me! Have you caught a cold, Tommy?"

"Nunno!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "N-n-not at all! This way, uncle; we've got a chair for you here!"

"Good! I shall watch you with pleasure! Reminds me of my school-days, by gad!"

Tommy Dodd wondered what footer had been like in Mr. Dodd's school-days. Certainly it must have been an entertaining game, with cover-point in the team and a goalkeeper leading charges.

Uncle Dodd was piloted to the place of honour reserved for him, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were presented.

The old gentleman was evidently keen on the game, though he knew about as much about it as he did about Sanskrit.

"Bless me! Why are you not in your colours, Clarence?" he asked, noticing that the youth from Gander's Green was in Etons.

"I am not playing, Mr. Dodd," said Clarence sorrowfully. "Oh!" Uncle Dodd frowned a little.

"My dear Clarence, have I not urged you to play football? It is a splendid game, Clarence, and will be the making of you, as it was the making of me. I should not be the man I am to-day but for the games I played in my youth, Clarence."

"But—" "Come, come, you must play!" said Mr. Dodd.

"I should be delighted, dear Mr. Dodd, but—but—" "The eleven's made up, uncle," said Tommy Dodd hastily. "I—I couldn't very well leave out a man, you know."

"Could you play Clarence as a reserve?" asked Uncle Dodd brightly. Tommy almost fell down. Mr. Dodd's ideas of the duties of a reserve player seemed a little vague.

"N-n-no, I—I think not," stuttered the unfortunate Modern skipper.

Jimmy Silver & Co. turned to admire the view. They did not want Uncle Dodd to see their faces just then.

"Come, come, Tommy!" urged Mr. Dodd. "I particularly desired to see Clarence playing football. I am sure you would not like to disappoint me, after I have made quite a long journey."

"But—but, uncle—" "Of course, if my wishes are nothing to you, Tommy, do not let me trouble you!" said Uncle Dodd, in a very stately manner.

Tommy Dodd's face was crimson. It was quite useless to attempt to explain to Mr. Dodd. But to accede to his request—

"I should be delighted to play, my dear Thomas, if you wished!" said Clarence, with a beaming smile. "I am sure I bear no malice for your somewhat obstinate refusal of my services."

"Then Clarence has already offered his services?" exclaimed Uncle Dodd. "Ye-es, uncle. But—" "And you refused them? Really, Tommy, I do not take this kindly at all. You are well aware that I should like to see the son of my old and best friend, Mr. Cuffy, playing in this match."

"B-b-but—" stammered the unhappy Tommy. "You will do as you wish, of course, Tommy!" said Mr. Dodd stiffly. "I can only say that I am surprised!"

Tommy Dodd turned a look almost of anguish upon his chums. But they could not help him.

To play the biggest duffer at Rookwood was to play a man short! The result was pretty certain.

But to refuse the kind old gentleman who hadn't the faintest idea of the enormity of what he was requesting, was not easy.

"Faith, play Tommy darling!" whispered Doyle at last. "Lave me out, if you like; you can't refuse the old jintleman."

"Oh, dear!" murmured Tommy. The Classics had already gone into the field, and Jobson of the Fifth, the referee, was call-

ing to Tommy Dodd. It was necessary for Tommy to make up his mind.

To offend the kind old soul, who had been a generous uncle to Tommy from his birth, was very nearly impossible.

Tommy glanced round at the Modern footballers. They were sympathetic. He wondered whether they would scalp him afterwards if he played Cuffy.

He made up his mind at last. "Get into your things, Cuffy!" he almost groaned.

"Certainly, my dear Thomas!" beamed Clarence. Mr. Dodd smiled again.

"That's my dear nephew!" he said affectionately. "Give Clarence a good chance, Tommy, and I am sure he will do you credit. I should like to see him put on to bowl quite early."

Tommy gasped. He certainly couldn't undertake to put Clarence on to bowl. That was quite beyond his powers.

In a few minutes Clarence Cuffy was ready. Tommy Dodd & Co. went into the field, Cuffy tripping cheerfully along with them.

The 6th Chapter.

The Limit!

"On the ball!" "Play up, Classics!" The game started with spirit. There was a good crowd of fellows round the field, Moderns and Classics.

Clarence was in the half-way line. He was right-half, if he was anything at all. The other two halves had all the work to do, of course; Cuffy was quite useless.

He was considerably shoved by the other Modern players. Every fellow who got near him, in fact, gave him a shove.

Before the match had been going on for ten minutes Clarence was more convinced than ever that football was a very rough game—very, very much rougher than marbles.

Only once in the first half did Clarence get on the ball. Then he kicked it at his own goal, by a slight miscalculation, and very nearly scored. Fortunately Towle, in goal, saved that unexpected shot.

There was a yell of laughter and cheers from the Classical onlookers. "Bravo, Cuffy! Do that again!"

And Uncle Dodd smiled with satisfaction. That shout convinced him that dear Clarence was doing very well indeed, and that Tommy would have made a mistake not to play him.

The first half was well fought. With Cuffy in the Modern ranks, the Classics ought to have had an easy task. But the Moderns were playing up like giants, and Towle in goal was unusually good.

At a disadvantage as they were, the Moderns made their defence good, and the whistle went without a score for either side.

After the change of ends the Moderns kicked off, with the wind in their faces. The Classics came down the field in a charge, and there was a tussle before the Modern goal.

Clarence Cuffy was left on his back, gazing up at the autumn sky. He was still there when the game swayed into the Classical half. The ball came over to him at last, and Clarence, sitting up, caught it. There was a roar round the field.

"Hands!" "Yah! Rugger tricks!" Tommy kicked the ball out of Clarence's hands, and some of Clarence's fingers got the benefit of it. For the next ten minutes poor Cuffy was sucking his fingers, and wishing fervently that Uncle Dodd hadn't got him a place in the Modern team.

In spite of Clarence's assistance, the Modern defence was sound, and it was quite late in the half when the Classics got fairly through, and Erroll drove in the ball, beating Towle. Then there was a roar:

"Goal!" It was first blood to the Classics. But Tommy Dodd & Co. played up like heroes after that. In spite of the Classical defence, they came through, and Tommy Dodd put the ball in the net.

Then it was the turn of the Moderns to yell "Goal!" and they did it with a will. The players lined up again with ten minutes more to go.

Tommy Dodd & Co.'s efforts had been heroic. It was not only that a hopeless duffer was in the team, but Doyle, one of the best, had had to be left out to make room for him. And Doyle was sorely missed. In spite of it all, the Moderns had kept the score level, so far.

The utmost they hoped for now was a draw; but the Classics were pressing fiercely for the winning goal.

Right up to the Modern citadel the attack went; but again it was staved off, and went swaying back to the

half-way line. Clarence Cuffy, naturally, had a good deal of attention from the Classics.

The weak spot in the halves was where they had the best chance. Cuffy was in a state of complete bewilderment by this time, and he was running to and fro like a lost chicken.

He collided with Modern and Classical players indiscriminately, and was shoved off by them with great vigour.

It was close on time now, and Jimmy Silver & Co. made a terrific effort to get a decision. But the Moderns stood to their guns, and they could not break away. Tommy Dodd sent the ball right on to Conroy's goal from midfield, and the Cornstalk drove it out, and Raby cleared, and the leather tapped on Clarence Cuffy's nose, and dropped at his feet.

Clarence kicked at it blindly. Whiz!

There was a shriek of amazement round the field.

Conroy, whom it was almost impossible to take by surprise, had not seen it coming. By the weirdest and most wonderful of chances the kick had driven the leather right at the Classical goal, unexpected by everybody, and by Clarence more than by everybody else.

Conroy jumped at it too late as it slid over his shoulder into the net. "Goal!"

"Goal!" shrieked the Moderns. "Oh, my hat! Goal!" "Cuffy! Cuffy! Cuffy's goal!"

Clarence wiped the mud from his face. It was goal. There was no mistake about that. The ball was in the net, and Conroy was staring at it as if mesmerised. And Jobson was blowing the whistle.

Tommy Dodd was rooted to the ground for some moments. Then, with an almost hysterical shriek of laughter, he rushed up to Clarence, and thumped him on the back.

"You ass!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "You funny ass! You dangerous maniac! You've won the match! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you chump!"

"Dear me!" mumbled Clarence. "Is it finished, Thomas?" "Ha, ha! Yes."

"I cannot say I am sorry, Thomas. Football is a very, very rough game. I am very muddy, and I have several bruises, and I think my nose is bleeding, and I have a pain in my back, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I am also very, very breathless, and my eye feels stopped up, and my knee is bumped, and—"

Clarence broke off with a yell of terror as the Modern footballers, roaring with laughter, grabbed him, and swept him into the air.

"My dear, dear friends, pray—yaroooh!—pray do not be so very, very—yoooop!"

"Good old potty lunatic! Hurray!"

The Moderns were only hoisting Clarence to carry him shoulder-high off the field. They bore him off in triumph. As soon as Cuffy understood that he was not going to be bumped or frog's-marched, his beaming smile returned. Jimmy Silver clapped him on the back as he was borne off.

The Modern win had been totally unexpected, and it had been due to the blindest of chances; but it was a win, and the Moderns were uproariously delighted, and the Classics took it smilingly. A footer victory due to Clarence Cuffy was the limit, as Jimmy Silver remarked, and the Classics could not help chortling.

Clarence was landed, breathless, before Uncle Dodd. That gentleman was beaming.

"You see, Tommy, you did well to take my advice," he chuckled. "Clarence has kicked the winning goal—what! My dear boy, you can always depend on the advice of an old player!"

"Ha, ha—I mean, yes—quite so, uncle!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

For a week after that Clarence Cuffy was troubled with aches and pains, and he resolved to stick to marbles in the future. But when the aches and pains had worn off he thought better of it, and generously made Tommy Dodd an offer of his services in the Modern junior eleven for the whole season.

To his amazement, Tommy Dodd declined the offer. And Clarence—however great his prowess might be at the game of marbles—did not become a great footballer, and his first was also his last winning goal.

THE END.

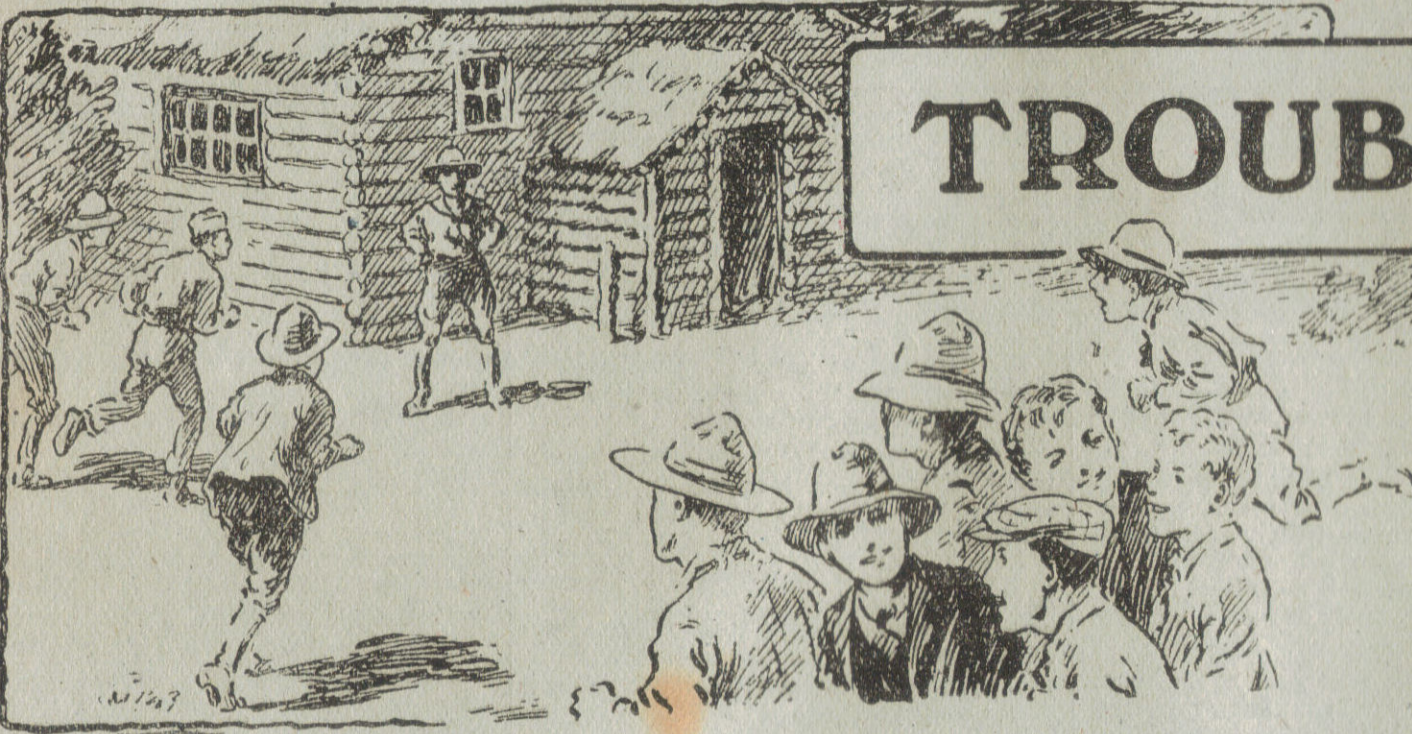
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dealing with the Schooldays of Frank
Richards, the Famous Author of the Tales of
Harry Wharton & Co.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter.

The Woes of Chunky Todgers!

"Yow-ow-ow!"
"Hallo, Chunky! What's the trouble?"

"Wow-wow!"
Chunky Todgers was dolorous and mournful.

Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beauclerc, the three chums of Cedar Creek School, came upon the chubby youth in the school ground, uttering sounds of woe.

Chunky was bent almost double, apparently with pain, and his usually chubby and cheery face was contorted into weird expressions.

He blinked dismally at the three. "What on earth's the matter?" asked Frank Richards.

"Woop!"
"Gunten been pinching your fat ears again?" asked Bob Lawless, frowning.

"Nunno! Yow-ow!"
"Been eating too much maple-sugar?" asked Beauclerc, with a smile. "You should draw a line, Todgers."

"It isn't that! I never get enough," said Chunky Todgers. "It's that horrid beast Grimm!"

"Grimm?" repeated Frank Richards.

"Yow-ow! Yes!"

"Who's Grimm?"

"Of course, you don't know," said Chunky, rather loftily. "You're a new fellow here. Everybody knows old Grimm, bless him! Blow him! Bother him! All about an apple—Yow-ow!"

"You've been raiding old Grimm's apples?" grinned Bob Lawless.

"Well, they looked so jolly," said Chunky Todgers; "and he's got crowds of them—swarms—millions—"

"But they're his, not yours."

"Well, one wouldn't make any difference," said Chunky. "I simply got into the tree and sampled them. Old Grimm didn't know I'd eaten seven when he came up; he only saw the one in my hand."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But who is Grimm?" asked Frank Richards.

"Yow-ow! A beast!" groaned Chunky.

Bob Lawless laughed.

"Grimm's a fruit-farmer," he said. "His farm's the other side of the timber, towards Thompson town. He raises apples for export. I suppose you know British Columbian apples are the best in the world?"

Frank laughed.

"We get some rather good ones in England," he remarked. "But what has Chunky to do with Grimm's apples?"

"Nothing—except to scoff them when he gets a chance. Old Grimm is a Galician emigrant, and talks queer English, and he has the temper of an Iroquois Indian full of fire-water. He keeps a cattlewhip for fellows who go on his land," said Bob.

"He's a bit of a beast, really, and we generally give him a wide berth."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Well, you had the apples, Chunky, and you must balance that against the licking," said Frank.

"Yow-ow! The awful beast had me treed, and I couldn't vamoose!" groaned Chunky. "He sat down on a log to wait for me to come down. I couldn't stay up, as I had to get back for afternoon lessons. Yow-ow! He just sat there, with his whip across his knees, and grinned at me, and waited for me to climb down. Yow-ow! I—I had to chance it. Yow-ow! And he chased me along the Thompson trail for about a quarter of a mile, letting out with the whip—Yow-ow-ow!"

"Serve you right for bagging his apples," said Bob. "Keep your paws from picking and stealing, you know."

Chunky Todgers snorted.

"Any other farmer in the section

wouldn't mind," he growled. "It's because he's foreign trash. Yow-ow!"

And Chunky wriggled painfully. "Look here!" he added.

Chunky rolled back his shirt, and showed his shoulders, on which lay the red marks of the cattlewhip.

Frank's brow darkened as he looked. "Dash it all, that's too bad!" he exclaimed. "The man must be a rotten beast!"

"He laid it on as if he was threshing!" wailed Chunky. "All about a few apples, worth a few cents. I've a jolly good mind to show this to popper, and he'd go and whale the beast! Yow-ow!"

"Don't do that," said Bob. "No good telling tales and making trouble. But it's too bad, all the same. The fellow wants talking to."

"It's brutal!" said Beauclerc, frowning. "That kind of thing wants stopping. It would do Grimm good to get a dose of it himself."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bob Lawless burst into a sudden chuckle.

"I'll tell you what! We'll fine old Grimm for assault and battery on Chunky."

"Fine him?" said Frank.

"Yes."

"How are you going to fine him, fathead?"

"We'll fine him two dozen apples, the fine to be paid to Chunky as compensation for damage," explained Bob. "That's fair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky Todgers' doleful face brightened up.

"That's a jolly good idea!" he exclaimed. "You always did have jolly good ideas, Bob. And, look here, I'll let you fellows have some of the apples."

"Rats! We don't want Grimm's blessed apples! It's a fine, and we're going to administer the sentence," said Bob. "You fellows game, after school?"

"Yes, rather!" said Frank, at once.

"Quite!" agreed Beauclerc.

"So cheer up, Chunky, and think of the feed you're going to have when the fine has been levied," said Bob consolingly.

And Chunky Todgers did cheer up. He looked quite happy and bright in class that afternoon, though he occasionally twisted very uncomfortably on his form.

The 2nd Chapter.

"Treed!"

After school that day there were three fellows at Cedar Creek who were not thinking of taking the home-trail immediately.

Bob Lawless' peculiar scheme of fining the heavy-handed Galician farmer had to be carried out first.

The chums of Cedar Creek felt that they were quite justified in inflicting that punishment upon Mr. Grimm.

Certainly, Chunky Todgers had been in the wrong, in the first place, for raiding Mr. Grimm's orchard. But any other farmer in the district would willingly have spared a few apples from an overflowing orchard for the asking.

Be that as it might, Mr. Grimm certainly had no right to leave the marks of his cattlewhip upon a Cedar Creek fellow, and the chums felt that retaliation was justified.

After school was dismissed by Miss Meadows, Frank Richards, and his chums sauntered away towards the timber.

"Coming on the creek?" Dick Dawson called after them.

"We're taking the canoe down to the island," added Lawrence.

"Another time," said Bob Lawless. "Come along with us to see old Grimm, if you like."

"No jolly fear—too dangerous," said Lawrence promptly.

And the three chums went on their way through the timber.

Beyond the wood was the Thompson trail, which ran southward from the town, past the borders of Grimm's farm, and far away over the plain towards Kamloops and the distant railway.

It was a dry, sunny day, and the trail was as hard as iron, and thick with dust. The three schoolboys sauntered along the trail, shaded here and there by big trees, and reached the Grimm clearing.

The farmhouse could be seen in the distance, surrounded by wide expanses of well-cultivated land.

The Galician emigrant, for all his crusty temper and heavy hand, was a good farmer, and his orchard was one of the best between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific.

"Here we are!" announced Bob Lawless. "Don't go near the gate. We'll get over the fence. No need to leave our cards on Grimm."

"Ha, ha! No."

"There's a rail loose here," said Beauclerc.

"Good!"

Bob Lawless dragged the loose fence-rail a little further aside, and the three squeezed through.

Keeping carefully out of sight of the farmhouse, they scudded to the orchard, closely planted and thick with fruit.

"Safe as houses!" said Frank Richards, as he stood among the clustering trees. "We shan't be spotted here. Grimm will never know that he has been fined."

"All the better," grinned Bob. "He might come along and complain to Miss Meadows. That would mean trouble. He's complained at the school a dozen times before now, and it always makes Miss Meadows waxy."

"This tree will suit us!" remarked Beauclerc.

"Give me a bunk up!"

Frank Richards was quickly in the apple-tree.

Bob Lawless followed, with a hand from Frank above.

"You stand there and catch them, Beau."

"Right-ho!"

There was the sudden bark of a dog through the trees, and Bob Lawless uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"By gum! We're spotted!"

There was a heavy tread under the trees. A dog frisked into sight, barking, and he was followed by a heavily-built man, with a heavy, stolid, bearded face. His eyes a pale blue in colour, glinted at the sight of Beauclerc. He did not see the other two for the moment.

"Ach! So I catch you vunce more!" he shouted. It was evident that the Galician had not quite mastered the language of the country.

"I catch you vunce more in mine orchard, you rasgal!"

"Hop it, Cherub!" shouted Bob Lawless.

Beauclerc made a jump for the tree. Bob's hand caught him above, and he was dragged into the lower branches.

It was the only way of escape. Mr. Grimm's cattlewhip was lashing behind him, and the thong curled round the trunk with a loud crash as Beauclerc eluded it.

The fruit-farmer stood under the tree, glaring up at the three schoolboys in the branches.

"Ach! Tree of you," he exclaimed. "Gum down!"

"Catch us!" said Bob.

"Vill you gum down?" roared Mr. Grimm.

"I guess not."

"Young rasgals!"

"Rats!"

Mr. Grimm cracked the whip with savage energy. But the schoolboys, perched on the thick boughs above his head, were out of reach, and they grinned down at him.

They were cornered, but they were not caught.

"Treed, and no mistake," murmured Bob Lawless. "That old Injun means business. I don't want to get near that whip."

"Same here," said Frank ruefully. "I rather wish you hadn't thought of fining him, Bob."

"Can't be helped now."

"Vill you gum down, you rasgals?"

"Not just yet," said Bob cheerfully. "Go away and come back in an hour or so!"

"Ach! I skin you alive!"

"Go hon!"

"If you come not down, I gum up after you," roared the Galician.

"Do!" grinned Bob.

"I tink you belong to te school, isn't it?" snorted Mr. Grimm. "I goes to speak to Miss Meadows about tis."

"What school?" asked Bob innocently.

"Ach! I gums and fetches you."

"Go ahead!"

Mr. Grimm strode towards the trunk, as if with the intention of climbing. Bob Lawless loosened one leg from the branch he was standing on, with the evident purpose of greeting the farmer with his boot. Mr. Grimm changed his mind.

"Franz!" he roared.

"Franz!" he roared.

"Hollo!"

"Bring der ladder here."

"I'm coming."

A farm-hand came through the trees with the ladder, used in picking fruit. Mr. Grimm took it from him, and set it up against a low bough of the tree.

The farm-hand grinned, and went back to his work. But Mr. Grimm was not grinning; he was breathing fury.

"Now you looks out, I tink," he exclaimed.

Bob Lawless whistled softly.

"He's coming up, you chaps," he murmured. "I don't like the idea of that whip at close quarters."

Mr. Grimm mounted the ladder, his eyes on the schoolboys above, and the heavy whip grasped in his gnarled right hand.

Frank Richards, swinging to a higher bough with his hands, freed his feet, and kicked at the ladder.

Slash!

The whip curled round his legs, and he gave a yell of pain. But his boots crashed on the ladder and sent it flying.

"Ach! Ach! Oh!"

Mr. Grimm jumped clear just in time, and landed on the ground, and sat down heavily. The ladder crashed over.

"Hurrah!" roared the trio above.

"Ha, ha! Well kicked!" shouted Beauclerc.

"Ach!"

"Try it again!" yelled Bob Lawless.

But Mr. Grimm did not try it again; he had had enough of that. He sat on the ground, gasping for breath, and pouring out a stream of remarks in his native language, which the chums could not understand.

Perhaps it was just as well for their youthful ears that they could not.

The 3rd Chapter.

Running for it!

Mr. Grimm picked himself up at last, snorting.

He did not set up the ladder again, and did not attempt to climb the tree. He had had enough of that.

He sat on a log a few yards away, placed his whip across his knees, and watched the apple-tree, with a grim expression, a good deal like a bulldog.

After a few minutes, he took out a pipe, and began to smoke. Evidently the farmer had settled down to watch.

Frank Richards and his comrades exchanged looks of dismay.

They were safe where they were—

so long as they could stay there. But they could not stay there indefinitely. Frank and Bob had a long ride home before them, and Beauclerc's home was at a distance.

There would be anxiety at home if they did not turn up by dark.

And Mr. Grimm was evidently prepared to sit there all the evening rather than allow his victims to escape.

"My hat!" said Frank Richards, when half an hour had passed. "How long is the beast going to watch us?"

Bob Lawless groaned dismally.

"He's settled down to it, I guess. He knows we can't stay here all night."

Mr. Grimm refilled his pipe, relighted it, and went on blowing out clouds of smoke.

He grinned sourly once or twice as he glanced up at the treed schoolboys.

He had only to wait, and he was sure of his victims.

And evidently he was prepared to wait till they fell into his hands.

A plump, ruddy-faced woman, evidently Mrs. Grimm, came through the trees, and spoke to the farmer.

"You know where little Josef is?" she asked.

Mr. Grimm shook his head.

"He has wandered away, Karl." Mrs. Grimm glanced up at the treed trio.

"Why do you wait here?"

"The boys, they take mine apples," said Mr. Grimm. "I have zis retty for zem." He tapped the big whip on his knees.

"But little Josef—"

"He will gum back. It is no matter! I stay here!"

Mrs. Grimm, with a compassionate glance at the schoolboys, went back to the farm house.

Mr. Grimm again refilled his pipe. He was surrounded by a haze of tobacco-smoke as he sat watching, with the grim patience of a lynx.

"Oh, crumbs!" said Frank Richards at last. "We shall have to make a break, somehow. The sun's going!"

"We can't stay here all night," said Bob, with a nod. "We shall have to chance it and run. Get some apples—"

"Oh, bother the apples!"

"Ammunition, I mean!"

"Oh, good!"

The three speedily gathered in a dozen big apples. Mr. Grimm watched them, and his eyes glittered.

He could not save his apples, but he could visit condign punishment on the raiders, as soon as they came within reach. And he waited.

But the schoolboys were not gathering the apples to eat.

"Fire!" shouted Bob suddenly.

Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!

"Ach! Ah! Oh!" yelled Mr. Grimm.

The first apple knocked his big Stetson hat off, the second caught him under his bearded chin, and the third landed on his chest.

The farmer rolled back over the log, and for a moment only his big, heavy boots could be seen.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the tree.

"Ach!"

The farmer scrambled up, red with rage, and brandished his whip at the schoolboys above.

"Ach! I skin you alive!" he roared. "Oh! Ah! Ach!"

Biff! Biff! Biff! Biff!

Apples, well aimed from above, fairly rained on the farmer.

He dodged them frantically; but as fast as he dodged one another caught him, and he fairly danced.

"Go it!" roared Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you rasgals! Oh, you peasts! I skins you alive!" yelled the unhappy Mr. Grimm, as he dodged.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fusillade was too hot for Mr. Grimm, obstinate as he was. He beat a retreat through the trees, out of

range, and stopped when the whizzing apples fell short. There he took up his stand again, grasping his whip, and breathing wrath.

"Now's our chance," murmured Bob. "We can run faster than that old hobo!"

Frank nodded. "We've got to race him to the fence," he said. "If he catches us, we've got to tackle him, that's all."

"Good!"

There was a last whizzing of apples, keeping the furious farmer at a good distance, and then the three schoolboys suddenly dropped from the branches to the ground.

In an instant they were speeding through the orchard for the fence.

The flight was so sudden that for a moment or two Mr. Grimm stood where he was. But he was quickly in pursuit.

As they dodged and wound among the trees, the chums of Cedar Creek heard his loud tramping on their track.

"Gum pack!" he was roaring. "Gum pack, and I skins you alive!"

"Put it on!" panted Frank.

They were out of the orchard now, and running for the fence on the trail. Tramp, tramp, tramp came the heavy footsteps behind them.

But the schoolboys had a start, and they were fleet of foot. They reached the fence a dozen yards ahead of the farmer.

Bob plunged through the gap where the loose rail was pulled aside, but he had to squeeze through. By the time he was clear Mr. Grimm was on the scene.

There were loud yells as his whip rang and sang round Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc.

"Go for him!" shouted Beauclerc. "I'm not standing this!"

Lash! Lash! Lash!

The big farmer was a dangerous customer to tackle. But it was that or a terrific thrashing, and the chums did not take long to make their choice.

They jumped at him together, and Bob Lawless came shoving through the fence again to help.

"Ach! I skins you—ach—"

Crash!

Mr. Grimm, with three pairs of hands grasping him, went over on the grass with a roar.

He was still lashing out with the whip, and Frank Richards caught it across his face. He grasped the whip, and wrenched it away from the farmer.

"Give him some of his own medicine!" panted Bob.

"You bet!"

"Ach! Ach! Oh! Ach!" roared Mr. Grimm, as Frank laid the whip on with terrific energy.

He struggled desperately, almost foaming with fury.

"Franz! Bill! Thomas!" he yelled.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The Galician rolled away, and fairly fled, still yelling to his men.

"Come on!" gasped Beauclerc.

"We don't want to interview Franz and Bill and Thomas."

"Ha, ha! No fear!"

The chums of Cedar Creek plunged through the gap in the fence one after another. Frank Richards tossed the whip away among the trees.

"Put it on!" grinned Bob breathlessly. "We shall get scalped if Grimm gets hold of us after this!"

The farmer's bull-voice could be heard shouting on the other side of the fence. The farm hands had come up, and he was making for the gate further down, evidently to lead a chase up the trail.

Frank Richards & Co. did not delay. They ran their hardest up the trail, and the dusty road fairly flew under their feet.

The 4th Chapter.

At the Risk of His Life.

Clatter, clatter! Tramp, tramp! "Look out!" panted Bob. "That's the Thompson waggon, going top speed, too. Get aside!"

Ahead of the three running schoolboys the hard, sun-baked trail wound past a thick clump of timber. From beyond the timber came the clattering of wheels and the heavy tramp of dashing hoofs.

It was the store-waggon from Thompson town, and the pace at which the two horses were travelling showed that the driver was late, and anxious to get in at Cedar Camp before sundown.

The chums could not see the waggon yet, though it was not more than fifty yards away, the thick timber hiding it from their sight. They heard the heavy grind of the wheels on the baked mud, the tramp of the hoofs, and the crack of the driver's whip.

They drew to the side of the trail, to let the waggon pass.

Frank Richards was looking up the trail, at the bend round which the clattering horses would appear in a few moments.

His face suddenly became pale, and he uttered a startled exclamation.

"Good heavens!"

The next instant he was dashing up the trail at frantic speed towards the bend by the timber.

"Hallo! What's up?" exclaimed Bob.

Bob and Beauclerc had been looking back in the direction of Grimm's farm.

They stared after Frank in astonishment.

But the next moment they saw what it was.

In the bend of the trail a child had started crossing the road, with a bunch of wild-flowers in his little hand, evidently in complete disregard of the still unseen waggon.

Bob caught his breath.

"Cherub!" he gasped. "He—he'll be killed!"

He started running, with Beauclerc at his heels. But they were too far

with a final bound, reached the startled child, and grasped him by the arm.

Round the bend of the trail swept the waggon, with its two powerful horses crashing up the dusty mud.

It was fairly upon Frank as he grasped the child.

Down the road, Beauclerc and Bob came to a frozen halt, their hearts in their mouths, stricken with fear for their chum.

It seemed to Frank that the snorting nostrils of the horses were right upon him, as he grasped the child and leaped for the side of the trail.

One leap—another, the child in his arms—it was all he had time for. He plunged headlong into the grass, on his face, as the waggon thundered by.

For one moment a thrill of horror was upon him. He fully expected the dashing hoofs, the heavy wheels, to go grinding over his legs. He had plunged the child out of danger, but himself?

The waggon thundered past. His desperate leap aside had carried him farther than he had hoped, and the driver, seeing him and his fearful

gether. He laughed, a little hysterically.

"My hat! That was a close shave, you fellows," he said, his voice husky. "I—I thought I was fairly under it."

"You jolly nearly were," said Bob Lawless. "Oh, Franky, old chap! You—you ass! You might have been killed!"

"The kid would have been," said Frank simply.

"I guess so! The kid oughtn't to be here, out on the trail, alone," growled Bob. "Hallo, dry up, young un—nothing to howl about now."

The kid was howling loudly, however. The fall in the grass, as Frank Richards pitched him out of danger, had shaken him, and he was frightened and bumped.

"Hallo, look out!" exclaimed Beauclerc.

He pointed down the road.

Within a dozen yards of them, Mr. Grimm was charging up the trail at full speed. The chums had forgotten the farmer, for a moment.

"Vamoose!" said Bob.

"But the kid—" said Frank, hesitating.



It seemed to Frank Richards that the snorting nostrils of the horses were right upon him, as he grasped the child and leaped for the side of the trail.

away. They knew all would be over before they were near the spot.

All depended on Frank Richards, who had seen the little fellow's peril first.

He was running hard—the hardest he had ever run.

The waggon had not yet reached the bend; it was still out of sight. It would come sweeping round the timber-clump, with two horses at a gallop, and the heavy waggon thundering behind, and the child was in the centre of the trail. The driver could not see him till it was too late.

Could Frank reach him in time?

It seemed leagues to reach him, though it was only fifty yards. The schoolboy fairly flew over the rough ground.

He caught his foot in a mud-rut and stumbled. He ran on again blindly, furiously.

The little boy—he was not more than seven—had seen him, and was standing looking at him with wide-open blue eyes, his little back to the oncoming waggon from Thompson.

Could he reach him?

It passed like a flash now. Frank,

danger, had succeeded in swerving a little away.

The heavy wheels ground past, only a few inches from his boots, as he lay on his face, in the grass beside the trail.

Thunder, thunder, the heavy waggon went on down the trail, the driver shouting something Frank did not catch.

He raised himself on his knees, feeling strangely sick and giddy. He had leaped just out of danger—only just! But for the mercy of Providence, he would have lain there on the dusty trail, with crushed limbs! A shudder ran through the schoolboy.

The child was blubbering, frightened, though not hurt.

Frank drew himself to his feet, panting, dusty from head to foot, his face red and white by turns.

Bob and Vere Beauclerc reached him, panting. The store waggon was already vanishing down the road.

"Frank!" panted Bob.

"Frank!" muttered the Cherub, pressing his arm. "Oh, Franky!"

Frank Richards pulled himself to-

Bob grabbed his arm.

"Come on, you duffer! The kid's all right, now. Do you want to be skinned? We can't tackle four of them, can we?"

"Stop!" bawled Grimm.

"Rats!"

The three schoolboys ran for it, and fairly bolted. Mr. Grimm came charging on like a bull, but Frank, looking back as they rounded the timber clump, saw that the farmer had stopped where the child was standing.

"All serene!" said Bob. "Old Grimm will see to the kid. He must belong to the place, I should think—there's no other homestead near here. Put it on—we don't want to be traileed to Cedar Creek!"

The chums ran on, and did not stop until a mile had been covered.

There was no sign of further pursuit, and at last they dropped into a walk.

"We're well out of that!" said Bob, gasping. "Old Grimm meant business. Do you think he knew we were Cedar Creek fellows?"

"Pretty certain to guess," said Beauclerc.

Bob grunted.

"That means that he will drive over to the school and complain in the morning, and we shall be in Miss Meadows' black books!"

"Rotten!" growled Frank.

"He mayn't be able to identify us," remarked Beauclerc. "We're

not called upon to give ourselves away. I dare say he won't be able to pick us out of thirty chaps."

Bob Lawless brightened up.

"Right you are! Not a word about this! Let's get home!"

Vere Beauclerc left his chums, to walk home through the wood, and Frank and Bob caught their ponies in the school enclosure, and rode home to the ranch.

It was pretty certain that Mr. Grimm would guess that the raiders belonged to Cedar Creek school, and that he would come with a complaint to the schoolmistress. But the chums had a slight hope of escaping identification, and at all events, they did not intend to worry about the morrow.

"Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof," Bob remarked, and Frank Richards agreed with him. And they rode home to the Lawless Ranch in cheerful spirits.

The 5th Chapter.

Happy Anticipations.

Chunky Todgers was on the lookout for Frank and Bob when they arrived at school next morning.

The plump youth was very keen to learn whether the chums had succeeded in imposing that "fine" upon the crusty Mr. Grimm.

"Got 'em?" he asked eagerly, as Frank and Bob came in at the school gates, where Vere Beauclerc joined them.

"Got what, fatty?"

"Eh? The apples, of course!"

"Nix!"

"Oh, I say!" murmured Chunky.

"Didn't you go?"

"I guess we did, fathead, and I guess we had a row with old Grimm," said Bob. "And I guess we'd better say nothing about it, as we've got to keep it dark, see? You'll have to do without your apples, and I hope we shall be able to do without a row with Miss Meadows."

"Well, you fellows are duffers, and no mistake," said Chunky consolately. "I was expecting those apples, you know!"

"Blessed are those that don't expect!" grinned Bob. "Mind you don't let on that we started for Grimm's farm yesterday. I expect Grimm here to-day."

"Oh, scissors!" said Chunky.

"And we've got to be as innocent as cheery babes in the wood," said Frank Richards. "We don't know anything about apples, or Galician emigrants, or anything at all, in emigrants, or anything at all, in fact."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The school bell rang and the Cedar Creek fellows went into the big school-room.

The chums took their places as usual in Miss Meadows' class.

That morning they were doing "History—British and Canadian," as it was called in the school curriculum. But it is safe to say that three in the class, at least, were thinking more of Farmer Grimm, and his expected visit, than of "History—British and Canadian."

Even the thrilling story of Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham, and the glorious death of that great leader, and his no less great rival, Montcalm, didn't quite hold the attention of the anxious trio.

Miss Meadows' eye was on them more than once, and she caught Bob Lawless several times in the act of trying to see out of the window, a difficult task, as the window was well above his head.

"Lawless!" she rapped out suddenly.

Bob jumped.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"I was asking you a question, Lawless. Kindly give me, at once, the name of the French general at the battle of Quebec."

"Grimm, ma'am."

"What?"

The whole class stared at Bob, whose face became like unto a ripe beetroot in hue.

"I—I mean Wolfe, ma'am!" stammered Bob.

"You mean what?"

"Montcalm, you ass!" whispered Frank.

"Montcalm, you ass!" repeated Bob aloud, in so great a flurry that he was not quite aware of what he was saying.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Frank, as Bob made that unfortunate reply to Miss Meadows.

The "schoolmarm" stood petrified.

"Lawless!" she gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the whole class.

"Silence! Lawless, how dare you use such expressions—I—I—"

"Sorry, ma'am," gasped Bob. "I didn't mean—I—I never meant—"

Miss Meadows looked at him fixedly. She really doubted whether Bob Lawless was quite in his right mind.

LET US WRITE IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

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.

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."

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME!

The Best on the Market!

A reader of the BOYS' FRIEND wrote to me the other day, saying the reason why he liked the paper was because of the humorous nature of the stories. "The Boys of the Bombay Castle" and "Frank Richards' Schooldays" sent him into roars of laughter.

I can assure this particular reader—and others, for that matter—that he will laugh still more heartily when he reads next Monday's splendid long, complete tale, dealing with Frank Richards' schooldays, entitled

"A COCKNEY IN CANADA!"

By Martin Clifford.

When Frank Richards arrived at the school in the backwoods there is no doubt that he was very "green," but Harold Hopkins, the cockney from England, is even greener. Harold Hopkins is as simple as they make them, and the boys of the backwoods school pull his leg no end.

Chunky Todgers is especially keen on taking the stranger in, and he carries out a little scheme for scaring the cockney. But events do not turn out exactly as Chunky expects, and the latter receives a fright. The cockney, to the amazement of the chums of Cedar Creek, springs a great surprise on them.

There is also no lack of humorous

incidents in next Monday's magnificent instalment of

"THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE!"

By Duncan Storm.

Bu Mohamed's cunning scheme for holding the boys to ransom is finally nipped in the bud, and the sorrows of defeat are very bitter to the rascal. The journey back to the floating school is full of exciting and humorous incidents. The boys have some rare fun with Bu Mohamed, who, however, is in great fear that a terrible punishment will be meted out to him for his foul crimes. But there is a surprise waiting for the rascal, as you will learn when you read this splendid instalment.

Next Monday's grand, long, complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood, is entitled

"A THIEF IN THE NIGHT!"

By Owen Conquest.

The bitter enmity between Lattrey and Mornington is very much in evidence in this story. Lattrey feels very bitter towards Morny for having turned over a new leaf. If he had his way, he would have Mornington return to his old ways. But Morny is a different fellow now. He realises that there is no fun in being a shady rotter, and he is doing his utmost to become a decent chap.

Mornington has, indeed, succeeded in gaining favour with the fellows who once despised him. But in next Monday's story the latter receive a great surprise, and have cause to

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island. Joe readily gives his permission; but, all the same, he is a little credulous of the professor. And he has great cause to be, as you will discover when you read this story. The professor is not such a mild-looking man as he looks, and for a time the lives of Dick, Frank, and Joe are in danger.

The concluding story in our next issue is that dealing with Bob Travers, the boy boxer, entitled

"THE COURTFIELD CHAMPION!"

By Herbert Britton.

Bob Travers goes to Courtfield for the purpose of boxing Solly Lazurus, of Courtfield Council-school. Solly Lazurus experiences a big loss, and, having no desire to box a fellow who has a trouble on his mind, Bob goes to the rescue. Solly Lazurus boxes like the plucky little fellow that he is, and Bob Travers is compelled to box in his very best form. What the result of the boxing contest is you will learn next Monday.

Once again, my chums, I want to urge upon every one of you the absolute necessity for ordering your copies of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance. You run a great risk of being disappointed if you do not place a regular order for the BOYS' FRIEND with your newsagent.

OUR FRIDAY COMPANION PAPER.

Those readers who enjoy reading school stories will find all their re-

quirements met in the "Penny Popular," our Friday companion paper. Every week the "Penny Pop." contains three long complete school tales, dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars; Tom Merry & Co., the chums of St. Jim's; and Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood.

The titles of the stories contained in next Friday's issue are "With Flying Colours" by Frank Richards; "Honours Divided," by Martin Clifford; and "The Rival Performers," by Owen Conquest.

Those readers of the BOYS' FRIEND who are not supporters of the "Penny Pop." should go round to their newsagents at once, and order in advance a copy of our Friday companion paper. They will not regret having done so when they read the magnificent tales in the good old "Pop."

"THE LEAGUE OF SEVEN!"

I have much pleasure in informing my readers that "The League of Seven," by Maurice Everard, is now on sale in threepenny book form. Ask your newsagents for No. 397 of the BOYS' FRIEND Threepenny Complete Library.

Your Editor



TROUBLE FOR THREE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Lawless!" stammered Bob. "I was thinking of something else, ma'am—I'm sorry—"

There was a sound of wheels without, and the interruption came very fortunately. Black Sam put his head in at the school-room door.

"Miss Meadows!" The schoolmistress turned to the black servant, and Bob dropped into his seat with a gasp of relief. "Oh, you chump!" murmured Frank Richards.

"That's Grimm, ten to one," said Vere Beauclerc, in a whisper. "Mind you look as innocent as you can, when he comes in!"

"Mass' Grimm want to speak to Missy!" Black Sam was saying, and Miss Meadows signed to him to admit the unexpected caller.

The class wondered what it meant. Mr. Grimm had been at the school before, more than once, to make complaints; sometimes with, and sometimes without grounds.

They wondered what was the matter now, excepting Frank and his chums—who knew!

The three chums sat very quietly, assuming the nearest expressions they could to dove-like innocence, and unconsciousness.

All depended now upon whether Mr. Grimm recognised them or not. If they were pointed out by the farmer, they could not deny the soft impeachment, so to speak; they did not intend to speak untruthfully. But they hoped sincerely that the crusty Galician would not be able to pick them out from the class.

There was a heavy tread, and the big farmer came striding into the school-room. All eyes were upon him.

Miss Meadows made him a curt bow, and eyed him with cold questioning. She was a little tired of Mr. Grimm's complaints, as a matter of fact.

But, oddly enough, the farmer did not look quite so crusty as usual. His dark-bearded face was almost good-humoured in expression. He carried a large and heavy bag in his hand. What it contained and why he

had brought it into the school-room puzzled the class.

"Looks quite chippy!" murmured Frank Richards. "He's looking forward to seeing us called over the coals."

"Quiet!" whispered Bob.

"Well, sir"—Miss Meadows' voice was cold and clear—"I presume that you are aware that you are interrupting lessons?"

"Ach! Yes."

"Will you kindly state your business briefly?"

"Ach! Yes."

Mr. Grimm deposited his heavy bag on the plank floor, removed his Stetson hat, and puffed and blew a little.

His eyes wandered over the class, and then returned to the quiet, sedate schoolmistress.

"Ach! I haf come, Miss Mettows, to see tree poyz tat gum to mine farm last efening to take te apples from mine orchard."

Miss Meadows compressed her lips a little.

"Three boys of this school, Mr. Grimm?"

"Ach! Yes."

"You are sure?"

"Ach! I tink so, Miss Mettows."

"Very well. Kindly point out the three boys if they are here."

"Ferry goot, Miss Mettows."

The big farmer came along the class, his eyes glinting at them.

"Now for the merry ordeal!" whispered Frank Richards. "Sit tight!"

And the chums sat tight, and hoped for the best.

But it was as much as they could do to keep up their expressions of simple innocence, when Mr. Grimm halted before the three, and raised a thick, stubby finger to point at them.

"Ach! I have found dem!"

"Richards, Lawless, Beauclerc! Stand out before the class!" said Miss Meadows.

And the three stepped out grimly.

The 6th Chapter.

A Slight Surprise.

Mr. Grimm eyed the three school-boys, and nodded and stroked his big beard. He was quite sure of the three.

"Ach! Dey are the tree!" he declared. "Dey come to mine orchard to take mine apples, and dey pelt me from mine own tree, isn't it?"

"Is that the case, Lawless?"

"Ahem!" murmured Bob.

"We did it, Miss Meadows," said Frank boldly. "But we were justified. We were fining Mr. Grimm in apples for laying his whip about a chap!"

"Nonsense, Richards!"

"Ahem!"

Evidently Miss Meadows did not consider that a committee of three were empowered to fine Mr. Grimm in apples and execute the sentence themselves. As a matter of fact, Frank did not expect her to.

"So you took Mr. Grimm's apples?" said Miss Meadows sternly.

"Well, no; only those we shied at him, ma'am!" said Bob.

"Ach! Dey pelted me wiz mine own apples, isn't it?" said Mr. Grimm, shaking his head seriously.

"One hit me on der nose, I tink."

"You were in Mr. Grimm's orchard?" asked Miss Meadows.

"Ye-o-es."

"You went there to take his apples?"

"Yes, because—"

"Never mind why. You did so?"

"Well, yes."

"And you pelted Mr. Grimm with his own fruit?"

"Ahem! Yes."

"Mr. Grimm is quite right in complaining, in that case," said Miss Meadows severely. "I am sorry, Mr. Grimm, that this has happened, and the boys will, of course, be punished."

"Ach! Bunished, Miss Mettows?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Ach! But it is not tat I vish dose poyz to be punished tat I haf come to see you dis morning, isn't it?" exclaimed Mr. Grimm.

Miss Meadows looked at the farmer in astonishment.

"You do not wish them to be punished?" she exclaimed, while Frank Richards & Co. regarded one another in blank wonder.

"Ach! No," exclaimed Mr. Grimm; "not at all, Miss Mettows. I haf gum here dis morning to find dem, so tat I can tank zem wiz all mine heart!"

"Mr. Grimm!"

"Mad as a hatter!" murmured Chunky Todgers.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Frank Richards, forgetting where he was for the moment.

"You—you do not wish to complain, Mr. Grimm?"

"No, no!"

"You have come here to thank these boys?"

"Ach! Yes."

"To thank them for robbing your orchard and pelting you with apples?" exclaimed the astounded schoolmistress.

Mr. Grimm grinned slightly.

"No, no! I gum to tank zem for safing the life of mine leedle poy—mine poor leedle Josef!"

"Great Scott!" murmured Bob Lawless. "He's been filling up on tanglefoot—so early in the morning, too! Rotten!"

"I vill explain," said Mr. Grimm.

"Perhaps I do not make mineself quite clear, Miss Mettows?"

"You certainly do not!" said Miss Meadows drily.

"Dose tree poyz gum into mine orchard, and I goes after dem, isn't it?" said Mr. Grimm. "I chases dem on te trail mit mine big whip, I tink, and den—the farmer's voice trembled a little—"den comes tat big waggon from Thompson, mit hosses going full speed, and mine leedle poy Josef is in der trail. I stops wiz me dead, tinking tat Josef he is killed! Miss Mettows, mine leedle poy he was right in front of tat waggon. Ach!"

His voice broke.

"My hat!" murmured Frank.

He understood now.

The child whose life he had saved on the Thompson trail was "little Josef," the son of the Galician fruit farmer. That was why Mr. Grimm had come to Cedar Creek that morning.

Bob Lawless squeezed his arm ecstatically. He understood, too. Mr. Grimm was making his meaning clear at last.

Miss Meadows was listening with great interest now.

"I was too far away to help," resumed Mr. Grimm, "but I sees it all, Miss Mettows. Vun of dose poyz—tat poy"—he pointed to Frank Richards—"tat poy—he run in front of te hosses, and he save leedle Josef, and I tink for a minute they are both killed. Ach! Ach! But when te waggon pass, I see it is all right. I come up ferry fast, but dose poyz tink I am still after dem mit mine whip, and dey vamoose. So dis morning I drive in mine cart to find zem."

"I understand," said Miss Meadows softly.

"I forgives dem mit all mine heart!" said Mr. Grimm. "If they shall want some apples, mine orchard he is open to zem always. Mine leedle Josef, I lose him if tey have not gum to take mine apples. And dis poy—giff me your hand, mine poy!" He grasped Frank Richards' hand, and wrung it with a grip that nearly made Frank yell. "Mine poy, I neffer forget. I zank you from mine heart tat you have risk your life to safe mine leedle Josef!"

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Frank.

"And here," continued Mr. Grimm, opening the big bag on the floor—"here is plenty apples vich I have brought for you, mine poy. They are a bresent from Karl Grimm, and as many more as you shall offer vish. Giff me your hand vunce more, mein prave poy!"

And Mr. Grimm wrung Frank Richards' hand again, and bowed to Miss Meadows, and tramped out of the school-room.

"Well, by gad!" murmured Beauclerc. "Who'd have thought it?"

"Richards"—Miss Meadows' voice was very soft—"you appear to have performed a very brave action, my boy."

Frank crimsoned.

"I—I—I yanked the kid out of the way, ma'am!" he stammered. "I—I didn't know he belonged to Mr. Grimm. Of course, it wouldn't have made any difference if I had. It was nothing."

"It was a great deal to the child and his father, Richards. You may go back to your places, my boys."

Which was very agreeable to the three.

Chunky Todgers stood up in his place, his fat face beaming. The sight of the big bag of apples had brought joy to Chunky's heart.

"Three cheers for Frank Richards!" he shouted.

And Cedar Creek gave them with a will, and Miss Meadows only smiled at that unusual demonstration in the school-room. After lessons Chunky made a bee-line for the bag of apples, and was happy.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"A COCKNEY IN CANADA!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!