

**JIMMY SILVER
CAPTAIN AGAIN!**

See this week's Long,
Complete School Story.

**MORNINGTON DOES
THE RIGHT THING!**

The BOYS' FRIEND ^{1d}/₂

TWELVE PAGES!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending October 4th, 1919.]



A Surprise For The School!

MORNINGTON TAKES THE CHAIR!

Mornington looked over the crowded meeting with a rather peculiar smile upon his handsome face. "Gentlemen," he began, "I have decided that I am not the skipper that Rookwood wants—or needs! I'm not cut out for the job. The fellows who voted for me played the silly ox, and I cannot help regarding them as a set of silly asses! I have decided to resign, and I advise you all to vote for Jimmy Silver!"

The 1st Chapter.

Morny's Last Chance!

"The last match of the season!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell impressively.

"We want to win!" remarked Raby.

"And we don't want St. Jim's to beat us on our own ground," added Newcome.

Jimmy Silver was silent.

The Fistical Four, of the Rookwood Fourth, were at tea in the end study. Jimmy Silver attended to tea almost in silence. But Lovell, Raby, and Newcome put in enough conversation for four.

And all their remarks were on the same subject—Valentine Mornington, the junior captain.

"It's time," said Lovell, with increasing impressiveness, "to put our foot down. Mornington doesn't care a twopenny rap for cricket; he's shown that plain enough. He's hanging on to the captaincy out of sheer obstinacy. He don't want it, but he won't part with it. Dog in the manger, you know. And Morny won't beat St. Jim's."

"Not likely!" agreed Raby.

"With a skipper like that, the team is simply going to the blessed bow-wows!" said Lovell. "You know that, Jimmy."

"Um!" said Jimmy Silver.

"It's all very well to say 'um,' but you know it as well as we do," said Lovell warmly. "You've got to raise the matter in committee, Jimmy. When we meet St. Jim's on

Wednesday we've got to have our old skipper, and that's you! Morny's got to stand down! We can't lose cricket-matches because he's taken to playing the goat."

"Um!"

"Otherwise," hooted Lovell, "I shall resign from the team."

"Um!"

"You ought never to have stood aside for Morny. You were an ass—in fact, a silly chump!" said Lovell. "All the chaps want you back. You know you ought to push Morny out, and let us win the last match of the season. Don't you, you silly ass?"

"Um!"

"If you say 'um' again, I'll shy the teapot at you!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell, in great exasperation.

The door was pushed open at that point, and the fat face of Reginald Muffin looked in.

"Morny here?" he asked.

"No; blow Morny!"

"Where the thump is he, then?" demanded Tubby Muffin, in an aggrieved tone. "Bulkeley's sent me for him, and I can't find him anywhere. He's not in his study, and he's not in the quad, and he's not anywhere. And Bulkeley's waiting for him."

Lovell gave a snort.

"Inquire at some blessed pub where they play billiards!" he answered. "That's most likely where you'll find Morny."

"Draw it mild, old chap," murmured Jimmy Silver.

Another snort from Arthur Edward.

"Isn't it so?" he demanded. "Doesn't he clear off every day after lessons? Does anyone know where he goes? He doesn't even tell his own chum, Erroll. Morny's at his old games again, and you jolly well know it, Jimmy Silver!"

"I suppose I ain't to tell Bulkeley that?" grinned Tubby Muffin.

"Looks to me as if Bulkeley suspects it," grunted Lovell. "I know he's had his eye on Morny lately. What's he sent for him for?"

"Blessed if I know; but I can't find him," said Tubby. "I'd better tell Bulkeley he's gone out. I suppose he has gone out."

And the fat Classical rolled away. "At it again!" said Lovell.



Continued from the previous page.

A SURPRISE FOR THE SCHOOL!

in Silver's place. I did not quite approve of this, Mornington; but I did not interfere. But you're probably aware that it's my duty, as Head of the Games, to keep an eye on junior cricket. I've been taking some notice of you lately, Mornington, and I'm not satisfied."

"I'm sorry for that, Bulkeley," said Morny, with unusual mockness.

"You seem to have neglected your duties very considerably, even to the extent of failing to attend matches, and leaving it to others to act in your place. You generally get out of gates as soon as lessons are over, and stay out as long as you can. You've been late in for call-over on several occasions. You've given your Form-master a good deal of trouble in class—neglecting your work, and cheeking Mr. Bootles, instead of expressing regret. I've not forgotten, Mornington, that you had a very bad reputation when you first came here, and were very near getting expelled from Rookwood. It looks to me as if you've begun again in your old style."

"Oh!" said Morny. "This won't do," went on Bulkeley quietly. "Apart from your position in the Lower School, you can't go on like this. As Head of the Games, I have to see that you don't play the fool with junior cricket. As head prefect, I'm bound to see that you keep the rules of the school. I require to know now, Mornington, where it is you go after lessons, that keeps you out of gates so constantly."

Mornington drew a deep breath. "His chief feeling, at that moment, was one of relief—deep relief—that he had listened to the wise counsels of his chum, and had of his own accord abandoned the folly into which he had been drawn."

"To-day, as usual, you have cleared off, and nobody seems to know where you have been," said Bulkeley. "I won't go into the past. But you are to tell me where you have been to-day."

"I've been down to Coombe." "There are places in Coombe, Mornington, where you are not allowed to go, any more than any other Rookwood fellow. Have you been to one of those places?"

"No." "Very good. Then you can tell me where you have been." Mornington was silent.

"I'm waiting for your answer," said Bulkeley. "I've done no harm." "I hope not. But where have you been?"

No answer. The Rookwood captain's face hardened. "You had your allowance on Saturday, I think, Mornington?"

"Yes." "Have you the money now?" "N-no." "Where is it?" Silence.

"How much money did you receive from your uncle?" "Only a quid." "If you have spent it, what have you spent it on?"

No reply. "You can refuse to answer me, if you choose," said Bulkeley. "But you cannot refuse to answer the Head, if the matter goes before him, Mornington."

"The—the Head!" stammered Mornington. "It's my duty to place the matter in his hands, unless you satisfy me. To be plain, Mornington, you are generally suspected of having fallen into your old ways, for which you

came within an ace of being expelled from the school at one time. If you are innocent, you have only to explain. I'm ready to hear your explanation."

Morny's face was red, but he did not speak.

Bulkeley waited a few moments, and then rose from his chair, his face very stern.

"I've given you a chance," he said. "I shall have to consider what step to take next, Mornington. For the present, you can go."

Without a word Mornington turned to the study door and opened it. The next moment there was a gasp in the passage, as Tubby Muffin jumped back from the door.

Mornington gave him a furious look.

"You eavesdroppin' cad!" he shouted.

"I—I—I wasn't listening!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin indignantly. "I—I was just coming to speak to Bulkeley! Yaroooh!"

Tubby Muffin roared, as the angry junior smote him, and he sat down with a bump in the passage.

Mornington strode on with knitted brows.

Tubby staggered to his feet. "Yah! Rotter!" he gasped.

Mornington strode on to the staircase without heeding. Some of the Fourth watched him rather curiously as he went upstairs.

"What did Bulkeley want, Morny?" called out Flynn.

Morny did not seem to hear. "I know what he wanted!" howled Tubby Muffin, coming up breathlessly. "He's going to report Morny to the Head for playing the goat! I heard him."

In about five minutes nearly all the Fourth knew what Tubby Muffin had heard at Bulkeley's door.

Meanwhile, Valentine Mornington had gone to his study. He found the room empty, and flung himself savagely into a chair. A few minutes later Erroll came in.

"Oh, you're here, Morny! Do you know what the fellows are saying?" "Hang the fellows!" growled Mornington.

"Tubby is spinning a yarn—"

"Hang Tubby!" "That's all very well!" exclaimed Erroll, with a touch of impatience.

"But you refused to tell Bulkeley where you had been—"

"That's so!" "Why?" "I had my reasons."

"You know what he must think, Morny?" "Let him think it!" "And the fellows, too—"

"Blow them!" "Then you won't explain?" "No; I won't!"

"I'm afraid it's all up with you about the captaincy, then, Morny. It's only necessary for Jimmy Silver to say a word—"

"Bless Jimmy Silver!" Erroll compressed his lips and was silent. Valentine Mornington gave him a dark and bitter look.

"You think the same as the others, then?" he snapped.

"No!" said Erroll, after a pause. "You told me you'd given up playing the fool, and I believed you—I believe you now! But you can't expect other fellows to have the same faith in you. Why can't you explain?"

"Because—because—"

Mornington flushed. "It's not as they think, but I can't explain! Dash it all, I can't! There's a reason! For goodness' sake, give a chap a rest!" "Very well!" said Erroll quietly. And the subject dropped.

The 3rd Chapter. Coming to a Crisis!

"Again!" Arthur Edward Lovell made—or, rather, snorted—that remark.

The Fistical Four were strolling in the quadrangle after lessons the next day, when Mornington came in sight.

Morny was heading for the gates. He saw the chums of the Fourth, but he did not look at them. But the deepening colour in his cheeks showed that he knew their eyes were upon him. He swung out of the gateway and vanished.

"He, he, he!" came from Tubby Muffin. "What a nerve, you know! After what Bulkeley's said to him!"

"Br-r-r!" growled Jimmy Silver. Tubby Muffin rolled away to the gates after Mornington. Tubby was intensely curious; it was his besetting sin. Morny's mysterious excursions excited Tubby's inquisitiveness to a point that was almost painful. And the Paul Pry of Rookwood meant to find out.

"That prying rotter is going after Morny!" growled Raby.

"Oh, bother him!" said Jimmy Silver. "Let's get along and get some cricket while there's some light."

"What are you going to do about Morny?" snapped Lovell.

"He's got to go, I suppose?" said Jimmy uneasily. "I hate taking a hand against him; but it's past the limit now. But—but it's rotten to turn a fellow out of the captaincy, and—and I sha'n't take it on again myself. If I move against him, I can't do that! I'll back up Conroy for the job."

"Rot!" roared Lovell. "You're going to be skipper again, Jimmy Silver! None of your silly piffle!"

"Let's get down to the cricket!" was Jimmy Silver's reply. And they went.

All the members of the Rookwood junior eleven were at practice, with the exception of Valentine Mornington—and his absence was very freely commented upon. Bulkeley of the Sixth came by while the cricketers were going strong, and he called out to Jimmy Silver.

"Isn't Mornington at practice?" "N-no!"

"Where is he?" "Gone out, I think," answered Jimmy Silver reluctantly.

Bulkeley compressed his lips, and walked on without any further remark. The practice went on, and it was dusk when the juniors came back to the School House. Erroll, somewhat to his surprise, found Mornington in Study No. 4 when he came in.

Morny nodded to him with a smile. "Had some good practice?" he asked.

"Yes. I wish you'd been there, Morny!"

"It wasn't possible. I had an appointment!"

Erroll made no reply to that. The two chums sat down to tea, both of them silent and thoughtful.

"I borrowed two quids, of you before I went out," said Mornington, breaking the silence at last.

"That's all right!" "Don't you want to know what I did with the money?"

"No."

"You don't think I've been squandering it in riotous livin'?" asked Mornington, with a rather sneering smile.

"I don't know what you've been doing, Morny. I think you're making a lot of mystery over nothing!"

There was a tap at the door, as the chums finished tea, and it opened to disclose Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Conroy, Van Rynn, and Dodd; all members of the Lower School cricket committee. They came into the study with rather grave faces.

Mornington looked at them with a mocking expression. "Trot in!" he said. "Don't mind me!"

"We've come to say something, rather unpleasant, I'm afraid, Morny," said Jimmy Silver.

"Fire away!" "Well, the long and the short of the matter is, that we want you to resign."

"I thought that was comin'," said Mornington, with a nod. "You don't want me to captain you in the St. Jim's match to-morrow?"

"No!" "That's rather complimentary." "Oh, cut the cackle!" said Arthur Edward Lovell gruffly. "It's the order of the boot for you, Mornington, and you know you've asked for it!"

"I'm not resignin'!" "It will come to the same thing," said Jimmy Silver. "But everything is going to be fair and square. A meeting of the whole club will be held, and the matter put to the vote." "I sha'n't call a meetin'!"

rather surprised at Morny's way of taking it. "That's how it stands, Morny."

"You want me to resign?" "Yes."

"I'm not goin' to." "Then I'm afraid you'll have to be made to," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm sorry, but there's a limit, and you've reached it. But I'd rather give you every chance, if you'd only play the game. So would all the fellows."

"Rot!" came from Lovell. "Shut up, Lovell, old chap! Look here, Morny, it's pretty well known that you've been kicking over the traces, and playing the goat in your old style."

"I suppose so." "Oh! You admit it?" ejaculated Raby.

Mornington nodded. "Why not?" he answered coolly.

"It's true! I had an idea in my head—the fat-headeddest idea that ever came into anybody's head. I went on a flutter. Result—stony! It serves me right. I've got what I deserve. Erroll has been talking to me in his celebrated seventhly manner—"

"You ass!" exclaimed Erroll. "And I've been brought round," continued Mornington, unheeding.

"Now, like the johnny who chin-wags on a tub at the street-corners, I can say that I used to be everything that was bad; and now I'm as good as gold, and call on other fellows to follow my shinin' example. See?"

"If that's the fact—"

"Are you understudyin' doubtin' Thomas?" "Well, you see—"

"Where have you been now?" asked Lovell abruptly.

"That's my bizney, old top." "Ours, too, if you're going to captain us against St. Jim's. If you haven't been playing the goat, say where you've been. No reason why you shouldn't, if it will bear the light."

Mornington flushed. "I see your point," he admitted. "You're right, in a way. But I can't tell you, as it happens."

Snort from Lovell. "Why not speak out, Morny, old fellow?" muttered Erroll. "You've only been down to the village."

"That's so." "Well, then—"

"I'm sorry. I can't go into particulars," said Mornington. "I admit I've played the ox, and given you fellows a right to question me. But, as it happens, I can't tell you anything."

"Why not?" asked Newcome. "Because I can't!"

Tubby Muffin came rolling along the passage. "Conroy says Morny has come in—oh, here you are! Bulkeley wants you in his study, Morny."

"All serene!" Mornington walked away, and Erroll followed him slowly, leaving the Fistical Four looking very grim. Jimmy Silver's face was set. Every junior cricketer at Rookwood was thoroughly fed up with Morny and his ways, and it needed only a word from the former skipper to bring about the new captain's fall. Hitherto, Jimmy had refused to utter that word. But he had made up his mind about it now.

The 2nd Chapter. Mysterious!

"Come in!" Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood School, spoke very quietly and gravely, as Valentine Mornington appeared in his doorway. Mornington was looking a little grave, too, as he entered the study. Bulkeley's expression was a warning.

"You wanted to speak to me, Bulkeley?" said Morny.

"Yes." "Well, here I am." "You can sit down, Mornington. I've got to speak to you seriously," said the captain of the school.

"Go ahead!" "Some time ago," continued Bulkeley, "the juniors elected you skipper,

THE BIG 3

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savagely. "He cut cricket practice to-day, and now he's out of gates, nobody knows where. And you're sitting there like an Egyptian mummy, Jimmy Silver, and letting school matches go to pot, because you won't do what you know you ought to do."

"I've been thinking it out," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I've made up my mind, Lovell. I'm going to take a hand."

"High time you did!" grunted Lovell.

"Morny's simply thrown cricket over lately, and he can't expect us to sit down while he loses matches for us," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "If he don't want to do a captain's duty, he should throw up the captaincy. We've got to beat St. Jim's, if we can. We're not going to wind up with a defeat to please Mornington."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co., with great satisfaction.

Jimmy Silver had come round to his comrades' way of thinking at last; and, as Lovell said, it was high time.

"Jimmy!"

It was Kit Erroll's quiet voice in the doorway. Morny's chum had a troubled wrinkle in his brow.

"Hallo, Erroll! Trot in!"

"I suppose you don't know where Morny is?"

"Not likely to, if you don't," answered Jimmy.

"I think he went out after lessons," said Erroll. "But—but I can see what you fellows think; but you're mistaken. Morny isn't playing the goat."

"You'd stand up for him, whatever he did!" growled Lovell.

"Well, perhaps I should. But it's the truth. Morny has been a bit reckless lately, as I suppose most of the fellows know," said Erroll, colouring. "But he's chucked that up."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I do know. I don't know what he's gone out for now, but I know it's nothing of that kind."

"Bow-wow!" said Lovell.

"He's very keen about the St. Jim's match," said Erroll.

"It doesn't look much like it," said Jimmy Silver drily. "He's cut practice again, and he's off colour at cricket. Now he's cleared off again, as usual. Bulkeley wants him, and he can't be found. It's close on locking-up, but he's still out of gates."

"But—"

"I'm bound to take the matter up," said Jimmy Silver. "Somebody's got to. We can't let St. Jim's beat us at home because Morny's tired of cricket. The fact is, Erroll, everybody is fed up with his rot!"

"I'm sure that Morny could explain, if he liked, when he comes in—"

Erroll paused, and glanced along the passage from the doorway of the end study.

"Here he is!" he said. "Come along here, Morny!"

Valentine Mornington came along the passage.

His handsome face wore a very cheery expression. He glanced into the end study, and nodded to the Fistical Four.

"Anythin' up?" he asked.

"Yes!" growled Lovell.

"I'd better tell you," said Jimmy Silver. "I told you the other day, Morny, that I'd made up my mind that your way of handling things wouldn't do."

"I remember."

"I've stood aside to give you a chance as captain," continued Jimmy Silver. "You can't say you haven't had a chance."

"I can't," agreed Morny.

"And you can't say that I haven't backed you up, Morny."

"Right on the wicket. And now you're fed up!" asked Mornington coolly.

"That's it," assented Jimmy,

"It will manage to meet without your calling it!" remarked Tommy Dodd, with a sniff. "We're fed up with you, Morny!"

"You want to be present, I suppose?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Not particularly!"

"Well, the meeting's at seven, in the Common-room, if you want to come; but please yourself!"

"Shut the door after you!" was Morny's unmoved reply.

The visitors left the study with rather angry faces. Mornington's manner of treating their serious decision did not gratify them. The dandy of the Fourth shrugged his shoulders as the door closed behind Jimmy Silver & Co.

"How do you think the vote will go, Erroll?" he asked.

"You will get one vote, Morny."

"Yours?" said Morny, laughing.

"Yes."

"I could bag Muffin's, too, by standing him some tarts!" said Mornington, with a grin. "Not worth the tarts, though, as the matter stands. I wonder what those asses would say if they knew the facts?"

"Why not tell them the facts, Morny?"

"Can't!"

"You'll come to the meeting, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; may as well see the thing through!" yawned Mornington. "It's rather a pity—I was going to play a really great game to-morrow against St. Jim's. Now I suppose I shan't even be in the team! By gad, it's rather a temptation to give Tickey Tapp another look-in!"

"You won't do that!"

"Oh, no; I'm done with that rot! I'll come and watch, and give you a cheer when you knock up a century against St. Jim's, old scout!"

Mornington's manner was light and careless; but Erroll could see well enough that it did not indicate his real feelings. Morny felt the blow to his pride keenly enough.

"It's rotten!" he said, after a pause. "After—the way I've played the fool lately, Erroll, I was beginnin' to understand that I'm not the man for the job I've taken on. But—but the order of the boot—and it's odd, too, that, as it happens, I don't deserve it on this occasion. Can't be helped, though."

And Valentine Mornington shrugged his shoulders again, and dismissed the subject.

His face was smiling when he left the study to go down to the Common-room with Erroll. It was rather past seven then; it was just like Morny to be late for the meeting that was to decide so much for him.

"All the merry family there!" he remarked, as there was a buzz of voices from the Common-room.

The room was crowded with juniors, Classics and Moderns. To the surprise of the two chums, as they approached, the voice of Tubby Muffin was heard.

"Fairly knocked me into a cocked hat, you know, it did, really! He never went to the Bird-in-Hand. He wasn't meeting any old bookies! I can tell you where he went."

Mornington gave a violent start.

"By gad!"

"Well, where did he go, you blessed Peeping Tom?" grunted Lovell.

Tubby Muffin chuckled.

"It'll surprise you! He—"

Tubby broke off suddenly, as Mornington strode into the crowded room, and grasped him by the shoulder.

"You fat rascal!" he exclaimed fiercely. "Shut up!"

"That fat cad has been watchin' me!" he exclaimed.

"Ow, ow!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "Wharrer you making such a fuss about, you silly ass? Ow, ow! Ooooh!"

"If you've been spying on me, hold your tongue about it, you fat rascal!"

"I haven't been spying!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin indignantly. "I happened to walk down to Coombe. I suppose I can walk down to Coombe if I like? Ow!"

"Well, what did you find out?" inquired Peele of the Fourth.

"Yes; tell us that!" chimed in Tracy of the Shell. "It ought to be interestin'."

"Very!" snorted Tommy Dodd.

"We don't want to hear Tubby's silly yarns!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Shut up, Tubby, and roll away! Let's get to business!"

"Let Tubby speak out!" exclaimed Lovell. "We know pretty well what Morny's been up to; but if Muffin knows for certain, let him speak out. Never mind how he found out. Go it, Tubby!"

"I—I was just going to!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I don't know what Morny's so waxy about. Here, keep him off!"

Two or three fellows grasped Valentine Mornington, as he made another angry movement towards the fat Classical.

"No, fear! Where do you think he went?" said Tubby.

"I don't know, and don't care twopence! If you've got anything to get off your chest, get it off, and give us a rest!" answered Jimmy gruffly.

"I've a jolly good mind not to tell you at all!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin indignantly.

"Don't, then! Roll away!"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, old chap," said Tubby, who was evidently not to be deprived of the pleasure of making a sensational announcement. "It was no end surprising, you know. You could have knocked me down with a feather!"

"I'll knock you down with my knuckles if you don't come to the point!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Oh, I say, Lovell—"

"Get to the point!" roared Lovell.

"Well, I'm getting to it as fast as I can, only you keep on interrupting me," said Tubby, in an injured tone. "Morny turned out of the High Street into Water Lane—"

"No pubs there!" remarked Tracy, and there was a laugh.

"He didn't go into a pub," said Tubby. "He went into a house, and he—"

"I've had enough of this!" said Mornington savagely. "Let me go! I won't touch the fat cad! I'm goin'."

husband had fallen in the last days of the war, the poor little woman had eked out her pension with needlework, and Mrs. Chisholm, the Head's wife, had shown her great kindness. The juniors had sometimes seen little Mrs. Wickers coming to the Head's house, and they had always "capped" her with deep respect. What Mornington should have visited Mrs. Wickers for was a deep mystery.

Tubby's yarn was listened to now with much more interest. Evidently it was not to be a tale of wild "razzle."

"Mrs. Wickers hasn't started poker parties, I suppose?" remarked Tracy of the Shell.

"Shut up, Tracy!"

"Go on, Tubby!"

"Mrs. Wickers let him in," continued Tubby, evidently elated at the impression he was creating. "He only went into the hall, and the door was open, so I sneaked up—I mean, I thought I'd like to have a closer look at the marigolds near the door, so I went to look at them, and while I was looking at the marigolds I saw Morny give her two pound notes—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Great Scott!"

"And I heard him say that would make up what she needed, with the one yesterday—"

"Oh!"

That fat rotter ought to be kicked for watching him—but I'm glad it's come out."

"I knew he was all right," said Erroll, whose face was very bright now. "It was just his pride that wouldn't allow him to explain."

"Oh, blow his pride!" growled Lovell. "He could have explained."

"Well, I don't know," remarked Jimmy Silver. "If Morny had told the yarn, it would have sounded a good deal like blowing his own trumpet. Still, I'm jolly glad we've got the facts—in time."

"In time!" repeated Lovell.

"Well, now we know, I suppose there's no further idea of turning him out," said Jimmy.

"Oh!"

Jimmy Silver took Tubby Muffin by one fat ear.

"You prying worm!" he said.

"Ow!"

"You ought to be kicked for watching and listening. Go to Bulkeley of the Sixth and tell him what you've told us. Otherwise, you'll get the kicking you've asked for!"

"Ow! All right! Leggo!"

Kit Erroll started for his study, and several of the juniors followed him there. Valentine Mornington gave them a very unpleasant look as they came in.

"It's all right, Morny!" said Jimmy Silver. "The meeting's called off."

"Blow the meeting!"

"We seem to have misjudged you and—"

"Oh, rot!"

"But it was all your own fault; you fairly asked for it," said Jimmy. "But as the matter stands, it's cleared up, and you're captaining us to-morrow against St. Jim's."

"I don't know that I want to!" grunted Mornington. "Like your thumpin' cheek to take an interest in my private affairs!"

"Look here—" began Lovell hotly.

"Oh, go an' eat coke!"

"Shush!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're going to have another chance, Morny. For goodness' sake, make the best of it, and nobody here will say another word about electing a new captain. Come on, you chaps."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. left the study. Kit Erroll looked at his chum with a smile.

"I'm glad it's out," he said.

"I'm not!" growled Mornington. "I'll jolly well kick that prying fat rascal!"

"It's done you good!"

"Oh, rot!"

Erroll smiled again, but said no more. And Mornington, upon reflection, was probably not sorry that the junior meeting had been interrupted by Tubby Muffin with his surprising yarn. On the morrow, when the Rookwood junior team went into the field against St. Jim's, Valentine Mornington went with them as their captain.



THE EAVESDROPPER! Mornington opened the study door, and there was a gasp from the passage as Tubby Muffin jumped back from the door. Mornington gave him a furious look. "You eavesdroppin' cad!" he shouted.

The 4th Chapter. What Tubby Knew.

"Yaroooh!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"Leggo!" roared Tubby Muffin. "I say, make him leggo, Jimmy Silver! Yow-ow! You're chook-chook-chook-ing me! Ooooh!"

"Morny!" exclaimed Erroll, following his chum quickly into the room.

The juniors crowded round, in great curiosity and excitement. The Peeping Tom of Rookwood had watched Mornington that afternoon, and he was about to relate his discoveries, when the dandy of the Fourth interrupted him. And Mornington's action made the very worst impression upon the Rookwooders.

Arthur Edward Lovell caught Morny by the arm.

"Let go!" he said curtly.

"Mind your own business, Lovell!" snapped Mornington savagely.

"Let go!"

Lovell gripped hard, and Mornington was swung away from Tubby Muffin.

He turned on Lovell fiercely, but two or three fellows interposed.

"Easy does it, Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver.

Mornington panted.

"You keep quiet, old top!" said Conroy. "Let Tubby go ahead!"

"Let go, hang you!"

"Rats!"

Mornington breathed hard with anger; but there was no help for it. Tubby's yarn was to be spun, and Morny could not stop him. The fat Classical grinned at Mornington as three or four juniors held him back.

"You needn't mind, Morny!" he grinned.

"You fat rascal!"

"Oh, go ahead, if we've got to listen to it!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently. "Get it over, for goodness' sake!"

"I say, I followed Morny—I mean, I didn't follow him, of course—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, I happened to walk in the same direction, you know, and spotted him in the High Street at Coombe. I didn't know what to make of it," said Tubby ingenuously. "He passed the Bird-in-Hand without even looking at it!"

"You fat idiot!" growled Mornington.

"Well, is that all?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Let him go if he likes," said Jimmy Silver.

Mornington swung savagely out of the Common-room. Kit Erroll, however, remained. Erroll was the only fellow present who believed that Tubby's tale would disclose nothing to Mornington's discredit.

"Get on with the washing, Muffin, if you must wag your chin!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "Cut it short!"

"He went into a house," said Tubby.

"What house?" asked Tracy.

"Mrs. Wickers' house."

"Mrs. Wickers!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, in amazement.

Tubby Muffin chuckled.

"I was just as surprised as you are, you bet," he said. "I thought he was gone out on the razzle! I'd have sworn to it! I was awfully disappointed—I mean I was jolly pleased—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth did he want in Mrs. Wickers' house?" exclaimed Lovell blankly.

There was general astonishment among the Rookwood juniors. Most of them knew Mrs. Wickers, a "war widow," of Coombe. Since her

And Mrs. Wickers said he was a good young gentleman—"

"Ah!"

"And she wouldn't take it, only if the man turned her out there was nowhere for her children to go."

"Phew!"

"She said it was noble of a rich young gentleman to think of the poor," grinned Tubby. "She don't know Morny isn't rich now. Blessed if I know where he got the money from. Borrowed it off Erroll, I dare say. Anyhow, he had it, and he gave it to her, and never let on a word that it was all he had. Then I cut off in case the beast should see me—I mean, I'd finished looking at the marigolds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Queer, ain't it?" said Tubby Muffin. "Fancy Morny handing out his cash for a widow to pay the rent, when we all thought—"

"Well, my only hat!" said Tommy Dodd blankly.

Jimmy Silver coloured.

"We've been rather hard on Morny, I think," he said. "I—I think there's a lot that wants explaining about his doings lately; but he's certainly been misjudged this time."

The 5th Chapter. Morny's Win.

Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's were early on the ground on Wednesday afternoon. The St. Jim's cricketers looked in great form. Bulkeley of the Sixth gave the juniors a look-in before the match started. Mornington eyed the captain of Rookwood rather morosely as he came up, but Bulkeley gave him a nod and a smile.

"I've been hearing about you, Mornington," he said quite kindly. "What I've heard doesn't quite explain everything—but it's enough. I'm content to leave the matter alone now and trust to your good sense to avoid any further trouble. I hope you'll have a good game."

"Thanks, Bulkeley," said Mornington, and the captain of Rookwood nodded and went on towards Big Side.

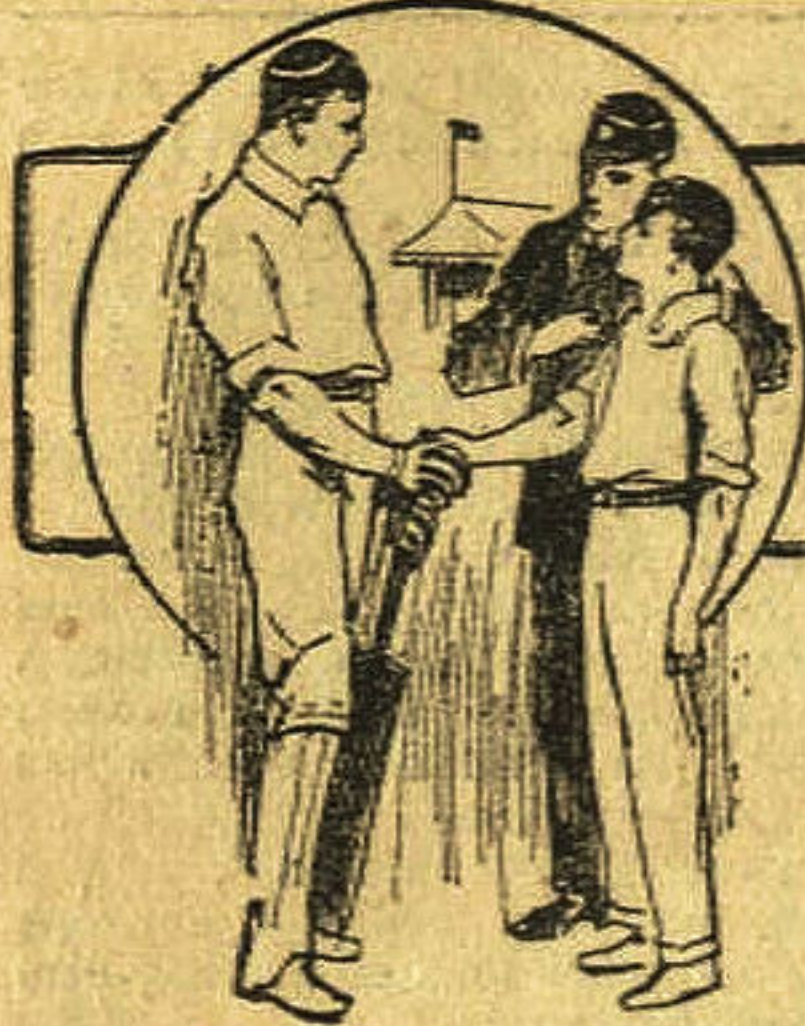
The first innings fell to Rookwood, and Mornington opened, with Jimmy Silver at the other end.

The revelation made by Tubby Muffin had restored Morny to popularity. Even Arthur Edward Lovell was willing to give him another chance. But a good many fellows had some doubts about Morny's form for that game. Whatever his motives had been, there was no doubt that Morny had neglected cricket practice for some time past.

But their doubts were speedily set at rest.

Mornington was a first-rate cricketer when he was at his best, and it was soon found that he was at his very best now.

Probably the fact that he had followed Erroll's counsel and broken off with his shady connections relieved his mind, and put him into a happy and confident mood. Possibly the surprise he had planned for his comrades after the match made him specially keen to put up a good game. Certainly



A SURPRISE FOR THE SCHOOL!

(Continued from the previous page.)

he was at the top of his form, and even Talbot of St. Jim's failed to make any impression on his wicket.

Lovell joined him at the wickets, and then Tommy Dodd, and then Cook. And Morny was still batting when all three were back at the pavilion.

Jimmy Silver watched his innings with great satisfaction.

That innings looked like being a record in junior cricket at Rookwood; and Morny was swiping away the dissatisfaction of his followers, along with the leather that the St. Jim's bowlers sent down to him.

Erroll joined him, and retired with only 6; then came Conroy, and Conroy went, leaving Mornington still impregnable.

"Bai Jove! They've got a good man there, deah boys!" remarked D'Arcy of St. Jim's, as he came breathlessly back after a pursuit of the leather.

"Too jolly good!" said Tom Merry ruefully. "Looks like being not out at the finish."

"Yaas, wathah!" Mornington was bowled at last by Talbot, with 50 runs to his credit. The Rookwood innings ended for 95; Mornington had taken more than half the score.

A congratulating crowd surrounded him when he came back to the pavilion, looking rather flushed, and very cheerful. Arthur Edward Lovell slapped him on the shoulder.

"Good man!" he said emphatically.

"Not feeling so fed up?" asked Morny.

Lovell laughed.

"Keep it up like that, and we'll never get fed up, old scout," he answered.

The St. Jim's innings was a good deal briefer. Tom Merry & Co. put up a good game, but luck was not with them. They finished for 80. And when Rookwood began again Morny was first in, with Jimmy Silver, and loud cheers from the Rookwood crowd greeted his first hit—which was for 4. Evidently Mornington was not tired by his first good innings, and was still a rod in pickle for Tom Merry & Co.

Cheers rang out again and again round Little Side for the junior skipper.

"Isn't he ripping!" Erroll exclaimed, in great delight, as Mornington sent the ball past the boundary.

"Top hole!" said Jimmy Silver heartily. "Simply it! The real goods, and no merry error!"

There was no doubt that Mornington was the "real goods."

Batsman after batsman joined him, and left again, dismissed by the St. Jim's bowlers. But Mornington was not out at the end of the innings, with 40 more runs to his name.

"90 for the second innings!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, with great glee. "St. Jim's will have to pull up their socks to beat that!"

"And then they won't do it!" remarked Tommy Dodd.

"No fear!"

Something of the same idea was in the minds of Tom Merry & Co. when they began their second innings. But they put their beef into it, and fortune—always uncertain in the great game of cricket—smiled upon them. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy put in a great innings, with Talbot at the other end; and Tom Merry did finely for his side. Jack Blake proved a tower of strength, and Figgins piled up runs. And the Saints smiled cheerily when the 100 mark was passed.

"5 more to tie, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "and still another wicket to fall! We shall do it!"

"On our heads!" agreed Blake, Levison and Fatty Wynn were at

the wickets for St. Jim's. Fatty Wynn stone-walled through an over, leaving the game for Levison; and when the field crossed, Mornington threw the ball to Jimmy Silver.

"It's up to you!" he said. "Go it!"

Jimmy Silver went it at his best. His first ball gave Levison of St. Jim's 2, and the second gave him 2 more. Rookwood faces lengthened; and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, lounging gracefully at the pavilion, gave an expansive smile.

"There goes the winnin' hit, deah boys!" he remarked, as Levison drove the ball away, and ran.

Arthur Augustus was right; though not exactly in the sense that he intended.

The ball was whizzing, but one of the field was running, too, with his eye on it; running, backing, twisting—his eye never leaving the round red ball; and there was a roar:

"Morny! Morny! Good man, Morny!"

"Bai Jove, he's done it!"

Right on the ropes; but Mornington was leaning back, and back, and the round red ball came home, as if to rest, in his palm, and was held; and there were an explosion from all Rookwood.

"Morny! Morny!"

"Well caught sir!"

"Oh, well caught!"

"Bravo!"

There was a swarm of Rookwood fellows on the field. Rookwood had won by a single run; and Mornington had made the winning catch. And with a roar and a trample, the Rookwooders surrounded him.

"Shoulder high!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Morny!"

"Mind my bags!" yawned Mornington. "Go easy! You're spoilin' my crease!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hurrah!"

And Mornington was borne off the field in triumph.

The 6th Chapter. Morny Steps Down.

"What the thump—" said Lovell.

"What's on now?"

"It's Morny's fist!"

Jimmy Silver & Co., and a crowd of other fellows, were gathered round the notice board. It was dark in the quadrangle now. Tom Merry & Co. had long since departed in their brake. On the board there was a notice in Valentine Mornington's well-known "fist," and it ordained a meeting of

the Rookwood Junior Cricket Club, for that evening, in the Common-room, on a matter connected with the captaincy, and "urgent."

"Blessed if I see anything to meet about!" said Lovell. "I suppose we'd better give Morny his head after the ripping game he put up to-day."

"Yes, we'll give him his head, certainly," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Must be something on," remarked Tommy Dodd. "Blessed if I know what it's all about, though. You know, Erroll?"

Erroll was coming along, and he glanced at the notice as the Modern junior called to him.

"I've an idea," he answered.

"Well, what's it about, then?"

"I think I'd better leave it to Morny to tell you that!" said Erroll; and he went on towards the Common-room.

"Jolly mysterious!" yawned Lovell. "Still, we'll go!"

"Oh, we'll go, rather!"

There was a considerable amount of curiosity about him. A dozen voices Mornington had called the meeting for; and there were very few fellows, Classical or Modern, who did not decide to go. The Common-room was crowded before the time appointed for the meeting, and there was a buzz of discussion. And there was a general movement of interest as Valentine Mornington entered the crowded room.

Mornington was cool and smiling, apparently unconscious of the curiosity about him. A dozen voices greeted him.

"What's the game, Morny?"

"What's it all about?"

Mornington glanced round.

"I'm just goin' to enlighten you, dear boys," he answered.

"Go ahead!"

Valentine Mornington mounted upon a chair, and looked over the crowded meeting. There was a rather peculiar smile upon his handsome face. Erroll stood by his side, looking a little grave.

"Gentlemen—" began Morny.

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, you have been called together to hear an important communication."

"Go it!"

"On the ball!"

"Some time ago," continued Mornington, "you did me the honour to elect me junior captain of Rookwood in the place of Jimmy Silver, whom I am happy to see present."

"No need to yawn about that now, that I can see," remarked Jimmy Silver, rather uncomfortably.

"I was very honoured by the selection," went on Mornington. "It was really a big compliment to me, to make out that I was a better skipper than Jimmy Silver. At the same time, I can't help thinking that you made a mistake."

"Oh!"

"My hat!"

The Rookwood juniors stared at Mornington. They had not known what he was going to say; but certainly they had not expected him to say that. And they wondered what was coming next.

"In fact," said Mornington, "with all respect to the honourable gentlemen present, I think not only that you made a mistake, but you acted in a way that can only be justly described as asinine."

"Eh?"

"Oh!"

"You had a first-class skipper, and you got tired of it," said Mornington, with all eyes fixed on him. "You turned him out in favour of one not nearly so good—not a patch on him, in fact."

"Great Scott!"

"I—I—I'm dreaming this!" stammered Arthur Edward Lovell.

Jimmy Silver fairly blinked at Mornington.

"You—you ass, Morny!" he ejaculated. "What the merry thunder are you driving at?"

"I'm coming to the point. It's lately been borne in upon my mind that I'm not the junior skipper that Rookwood wants—or needs! I'm not cut out for the job. Having made up my mind to be candid, I'm goin' the whole hog. The fellows who voted for me played the silly ox!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"I'm much obliged to them, personally; but I cannot help regarding them as a set of silly asses."

"Phew!"

"Well, of all the cheeky duffers he's—"

"He's right, all the same!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Lovell.

"Go it, Morny! This is better than your cricket, old top."

"Silence for the chair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As soon as there was an interval of silence, Valentine Mornington resumed, in the same nonchalant tone.

"Candidly, that's what I think. I'm not a bad captain, but rather like the egg in the story—good in parts. I do not keep up the consistent level of

(Continued on page 384.)

Advertisement for 'BOY' McCORMICK TALKS ON BOXING! Personal Hints from the Light Heavy - Weight Champion of Great Britain.

the joke tied the gloves on, and put them together, each thinking that he was about to do battle with me. They slogged into each other for all they were worth, and a terrific fight ensued, until one of them caught a nasty right on the point which put him to sleep.

Now for a few remarks with regard to training. In the first place, I am a great believer in early rising, fresh air, and, as a beverage, a glass of pure cold water immediately on rising in the morning.

I don't think I can do better than to conclude these series of articles with a few hints to the beginner on training and things in general.

In the first place, correct breathing plays a prominent part in the "wind" of a person, and also goes a long way so far as health is concerned. Plenty of walking exercise improves the wind.

Regulate your breathing, and fill your lungs to their utmost capacity with each breath you take. You will have the feeling that you are going to burst, and that will indicate to you that the exercise is doing you good.

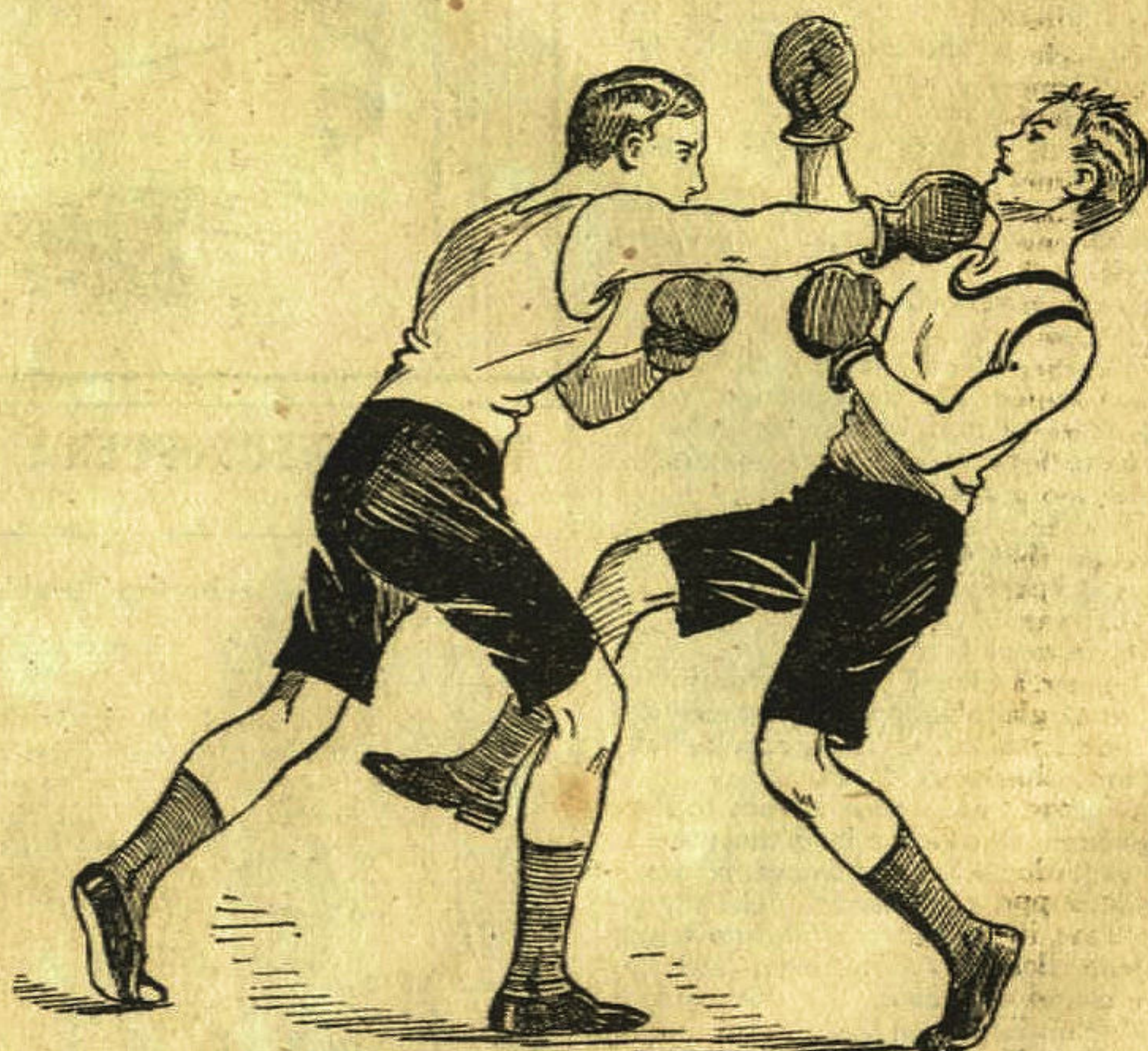
It is so simple to breathe correctly, and yet means such a lot to your stamina, wind, and health in general. When you once get into the habit of breathing deeply, it will come quite natural to you, and you

will notice the improvement in your health all round.

Don't go in for patent foods. Keep to plain, wholesome meals. Eggs and bacon for breakfast, with buttered rolls or toast, with cocoa in preference to tea as a beverage. A little porridge during the winter

light Indian clubs, dumb-bells, skipping-rope, and punching-ball. Then comes body exercises and shadow-boxing, followed with about a dozen rounds of serious boxing with two or three different sparring partners.

The evening is usually filled up with a little recreation to while away



A terrific fight ensued until one of them caught a nasty right on the point. (See accompanying Article.)

months does you a world of good, whilst steak now and then, slightly underdone, but well masticated, makes a pleasant change. For dinner I usually have roast beef or mutton, potatoes, greens, and a little stale bread. Plenty of milk-pudding and fruit help to finish off an excellent meal.

A lot of work is done in the afternoon during the boxer's training. Exercises of all description have to be gone through, including the use of

the hours before bedtime (about nine-thirty).

The above will give you some idea of the training that is required to make you fit for a boxing contest; but, of course, can be altered to suit your requirements and ambitions in the fistic world.

Boys' Friend



THE HONOURABLE ALGERNON!

A Grand, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

BY... MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter.

News for the Cherub!

Frank Richards & Co. halted where the trail forked on the prairie. The sun was setting towards the far Pacific.

"Here we are again!" remarked Frank.

"Home at last!" said Bob. "I guess I'm rather glad. I sha'n't be sorry to see popper and mopper again. Coming on to the ranch, Cherub?"

Vere, Beauclerc shook his head, with a smile.

"No; I'll keep on to the shack. Father will be expecting me. Good-bye till to-morrow, you fellows! I'll ride over in the morning."

"Right-ho!"

"So-long!"

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless rode away on the trail to the Lawless Ranch, and Beauclerc trotted on towards the timber.

The chums of Cedar Creek School had returned together from their summer holiday on the Pacific coast. They had had a rather exciting but enjoyable time by the blue Pacific; but they were glad to see the old, familiar Thompson Valley again.

Vere Beauclerc's handsome face was bright as he rode through the timber, heading for the little shack where he lived with his father, the remittance-man.

He came along the trail under the big trees at a rapid trot, and the silvery creek burst on his sight.

Then he suddenly drew rein, in sheer astonishment.

"Why, what—" he ejaculated.

The little lumber-shack, where the remittance-man had dwelt with his son, had vanished.

In its place stood a solid-looking, well-built cabin of timber, from the chimney of which smoke rose in the evening air. It was a good-sized cabin, with two storeys—two rooms above and two below. Attached to it was a lumber-cookhouse, from the doorway of which a fat little Chinaman blinked at the new arrival.

Beauclerc stared blankly at the transformed scene.

His home—the only home he had known in Canada—was gone. What did it mean? His father could not have abandoned his holding during his absence, and yet—

He rode on again, a prey to a strange uneasiness, and jumped from his horse outside the new cabin.

"Father!" he called, as he ran into the building.

"Vere!—You are back!"

Lascelles Beauclerc rose, with a smile, to greet his son. The room in which he stood was not much like that in the old shack. It was large, freshly painted, and furnished with what was evidently "store" furniture from the town at the railhead.

Father and son shook hands.

"I'm glad you're back, my boy!"

"I'm glad to be back, father! But—but this—" Beauclerc stared round the room. "I—I didn't expect that—What has happened?"

"Sit down, my boy. You'll want your supper, and I'll explain while you eat it."

Lascelles Beauclerc stepped to the door, and called:

"John!"

"Yes, Mass' Beauclerc?"

"Supper."

"Allee light!"

"Well, my hat!" murmured Beauclerc. "I—I thought for a minute, dad, that you had changed your quarters, and somebody else had settled here."

"I thought you would be surprised!" said the remittance-man, with a smile.

"I—I was astonished! What has happened, father? Have we suddenly become rich?" asked Beauclerc, laughing a little.

"Not exactly. But let me show you to your room."

"Oh, dad, this beats it!"

In the old shack the remittance-man's son had not had a room to himself. It had been very crowded quarters. Now there was a little room, with the pine floor stained, the walls painted, and a couple of pictures hanging, and two camp-beds ranged along opposite walls.

"Your room!" said Mr. Beauclerc, watching his son from the doorway, with a smiling face. "How do you like it, Vere?"

"Ripping!"

"The other bed is for a visitor we may be getting later. I will tell you about that at supper."

Mr. Beauclerc descended the stair—or, rather, broad-stepped ladder—that led below, and busied himself there, with the help of John Chinaman. When Vere Beauclerc came down, with the stains of travel removed, he found a savoury supper ready for him.

He sat down to it with great enjoyment.

"It's like a tale of Aladdin," he remarked. "And you've done it all while I was away, dad!"

I don't think I met my older cousin at all—his elder brother."

"Ah, you do remember Alger-non?"

"Oh, yes."

"I have several things to tell you, Vere," said the remittance-man slowly. "In the first place—he paused—"Vere, I am no longer a remittance-man. When I finally broke with my foolish way of life I made up my mind to that. It is some months now, my boy, since I wrote to my brother in England, and informed him that I required his aid no longer. I intended to tell you as soon as the matter was settled, but Lord St. Austells' reply was not what I expected."

Vere drew a deep breath. His handsome face was very bright.

"Oh, father, I am glad—glad! But what did my uncle say, then?"

"I had thought that he looked upon me as a burden, and would be glad to be rid of it," said Mr. Beauclerc, flushing. "Instead of that, he wrote that he was pleased to hear of my

been causing him anxiety. He is a good boy, I believe, but lacking in strength of character—given to slacking and self-will. I rather think that my brother is over-indulgent with him, and realises that it is doing him harm, and still cannot make up his mind to be severe."

"Oh!" said Beauclerc.

"A few months roughing it in the wild west may give him the tonic he needs to brace him up. That is what Lord St. Austells thinks."

"Has he been to school in England?"

"No; he has had a tutor at home, but I fancy he does very much as he likes. He works when he pleases—and does not often please. But at Cedar Creek—"

Beauclerc started.

"Is he coming to Cedar Creek?"

"That is his father's wish."

"My hat!" muttered Beauclerc.

"He will have to rough it. The fellows there will be down on any nonsense."

"Which may do him good?"

"Yes, that's likely enough!"

"I am under too many obligations to my brother to refuse, Vere," said the remittance-man. "I should have liked to consult you, but you had started on your holiday."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Beauclerc. "I'll do all I can for him. I was only thinking it would be rough on him, poor chap!"

The remittance-man nodded.

"When is he coming, father?"

"Lord St. Austells is answering by cable. The answer may come any day. If he decides to send Alger-non, the boy will arrive in time for the new term—in fact, must have already left England. His tutor will bring him to Canada, and leave him here. We have to meet him on the railway, that is all—at Kamloops. You and your friends might ride down to Kamloops to meet him. Vere—it would give you an opportunity of making friends with him."

And so it was settled.

"Yes; he's coming from England." Frank Richards and Bob stared blankly at Beauclerc.

"A new kid coming from England to school in British Columbia?" yelled Bob.

"Exactly!"

"Wandering in your mind, old chap?"

Beauclerc laughed.

"I'll explain," he said. "My cousin Alger-non is coming to stay with us for a few months, and he is going to Cedar Creek School while he's here. I have to meet him when he gets off the railway, and pilot him up the Thompson Valley. See?"

"Oh, I see!" said Frank.

"What's his name?" asked Bob.

"Same as mine—Beauclerc. Alger-non Beauclerc!"

"Stunning name!" said Bob, with a grin.

"How many titles has he got? I believe your nobby relations over the water wallow in titles, Cherrub!"

"None," said Beauclerc, with a smile. "He is simply the Honourable Alger-non, being a younger son."

"Your popper is an Honourable, isn't he?" asked Bob.

"Yes; but it wouldn't be much use here," said Beauclerc, laughing. "I think perhaps Alger-non may leave the Honourable at Kamloops."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want you fellows to come with me, if you will," said Beauclerc. "I'd like you to make friends with my cousin."

"Jolly glad—but what about school?"

"Miss Meadows has given leave for three—my father asked her. You'll have to ask Mr. Lawless, of course."

"Oh, that's all right, I guess," said Bob confidently. "I'll go and tackle the popper now. We'll come all right!"

"Yes, rather!" said Frank Richards.

Mr. Lawless gave his consent cheerfully, and Frank and Bob prepared for the ride to Kamloops.

The three chums started together, camping the first night half-way to the railhead town, on the bank of the river.

The next day they rode into Kamloops.

They arrived there soon after noon, but the big train that came down from the Kicking Horse Pass was not due for some hours, and they had to wait.

They occupied the time in lunching, and then riding round the town, and they were still at some distance from the railroad when they caught sight of the long line of cars swinging down towards Kamloops.

"There's the train!" said Bob Lawless.

And they rode back.

The cars were going on before they reached the depot, and, leaving their horses outside the station, they hurried in to look for the new arrival.

A stack of baggage—"truck," as Bob called it—caught their eyes, and they glanced at it.

There were several large and very expensive leather trunks, a number of portmanteaux, and several hat-boxes, as well as a number of cases containing things they knew not what.

"That lot's from the old country!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Party of tourists landed here, I suppose!"

"There's the same initials on the lot of them," said Frank Richards, "and the initials are 'A. B.'"

"Alger-non Beauclerc!" said the Cherub, with a slight smile.

"Phew!"

"You—you don't mean to say your cousin has brought all this truck from over the pond, Cherub?" ejaculated Bob.

"Looks like it!"

"We sha'n't get it up the valley on horseback, that's a cert!" chuckled Bob Lawless.

The chums looked round for the owner of the baggage.

At a little distance a youth of about their own age was standing, in conversation with a middle-aged, rather tall and thin gentleman dressed in black.

The youth rivetted their eyes at once.

He had rivetted the eyes of most of the people about the railroad depot, too.

He was a rather tall youth for his age, of a rather elegant figure, and dressed with immaculate care.

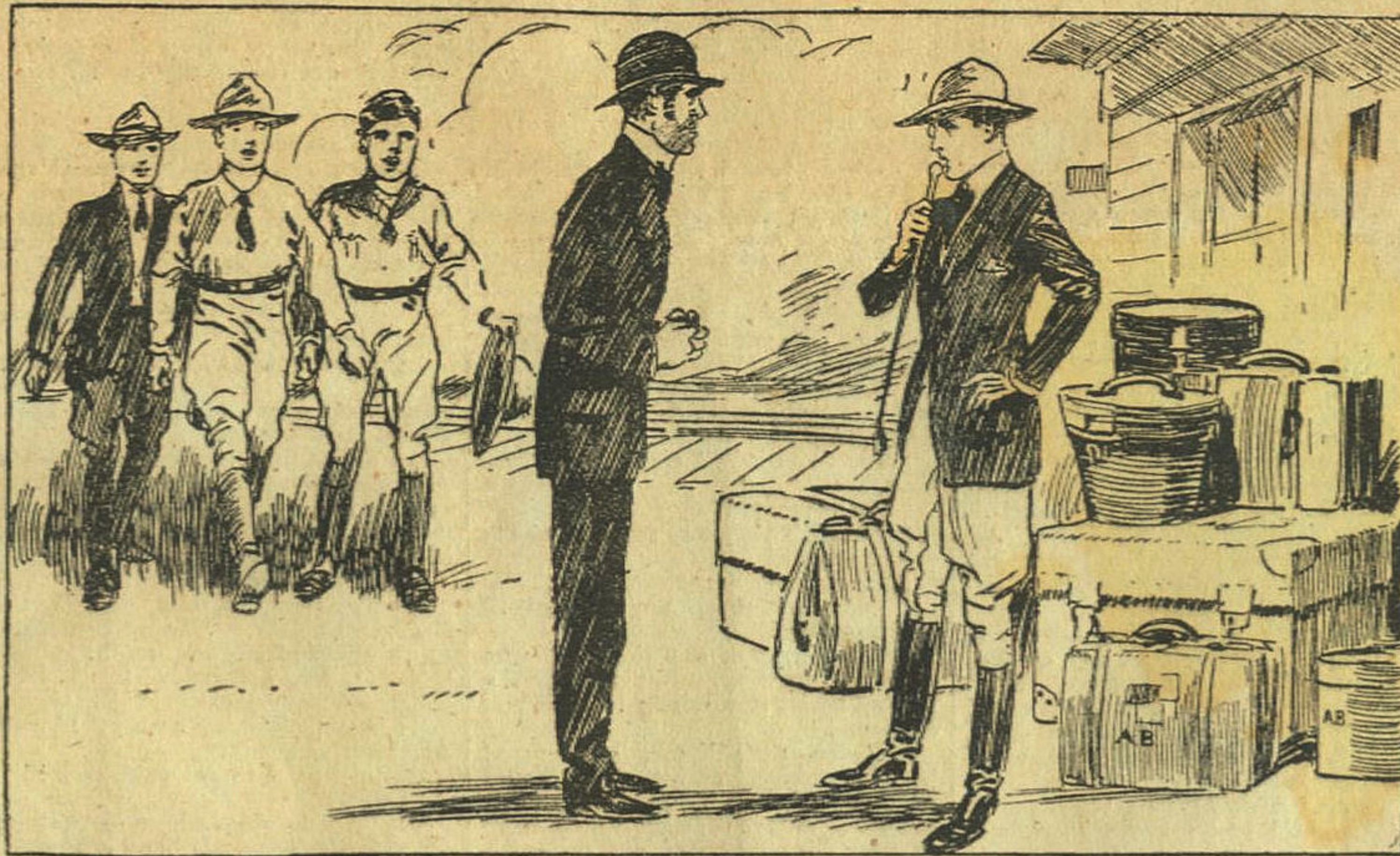
He was dressed in riding-clothes that looked as if they had just come newly-pressed, from Bond Street.

A diamond gleamed in his tie, and in his right eye there glittered a rimless monocle.

He carried a riding-whip with a silver knob, and he was sucking that knob as he talked to the thin gentleman.

The chums of Cedar Creek looked at him—and looked again.

If this was Alger-non Beauclerc, his proper place certainly was not a back-



THE HONOURABLE ALGERNON ARRIVES! The chums saw the elegant figure of a youth about their own age engaged in conversation with a thin gentleman in black. The youth was dressed in riding-clothes that looked as if they had just come newly pressed from Bond Street. "Great gophers!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Cedar Creek will faint when it sees this beautiful vision!"

"Not quite with my own hands. I've had men at work, too," smiled the remittance-man.

"But—"

"You see, we are not so poor as we were, Vere," said Mr. Beauclerc, colouring a little. "I have a good holding here, and it only needed work to make it pay. We've had a good season. I've had money in the bank for a long time now, and I add to it instead of drawing from it. And it's all your doing, Vere!"

"My doing!" ejaculated the school-boy, in astonishment.

"Yes. For it was you that drew me from my old ways—ways of waste and folly," said the remittance-man, his brow clouding. "I have wasted many years, Vere. I could never quite forget my old life. You, I suppose, have very slight recollections of the Old Country?"

"I remember England."

"And your uncle?"

"Slightly," said Beauclerc, with a smile. "I remember Lord St. Austells as a rather grim, stern old gentleman."

"Do you remember your cousin?"

"Very faintly—just a remembrance of a little kid," said Beauclerc.

"Little Algy—he wasn't a bad kid.

success, but urged me to keep the remittances until I was quite sure. I answered him that I was sure, and that I wanted no more assistance. That was after you left on your holiday. So you were away when his next letter came."

"Yes, father."

"It was a surprising letter, Vere. He has asked me to take charge of his younger son for a time—your cousin Alger-non."

Beauclerc started.

"My cousin Alger-non here in the backwoods!" he ejaculated.

"Yes." Mr. Beauclerc smiled slightly. "Now that Lord St. Austells knows the change in my life he does not hesitate to trust his son to me. It is a proof that he believes in me. But he always knew that you were good and true, Vere. You remember he once offered to take you into his charge, and have you educated in England with his own son. But you refused to leave me."

"But Alger-non here!" said Beauclerc, in amazement. "Surely my uncle does not know what it is like here to think of that?"

"It is because he knows what it is like; that he has thought of it," said Mr. Beauclerc. "Alger-non has

The 2nd Chapter.

Cousin Alger-non.

"Hallo! Here comes the Cherub!" Frank Richards and Bob Lawless were strolling outside the ranch-house a day or two later, when Vere Beauclerc came riding up the trail on his big, black horse.

So far, Vere had not mentioned his cousin to the chums, though he had seen them several times since their return from the Pacific Coast. He had waited for the matter to be settled beyond doubt, by the receipt of the cable from Lord St. Austells.

"You're up early, Beau!" said Frank Richards, as the remittance-man's son dismounted. Frank and Bob had not long had breakfast.

"Anything on?" asked Bob.

"Yes; I'm off to Kamloops to-day," said Beauclerc.

Bob raised his eyebrows.

"That's two days' ride," he said.

"And school's in two days. Forgotten school, old scout?"

Beauclerc shook his head with a smile.

"No; but my father has asked Miss Meadows to give me leave, as I'm going to meet a new kid."

"Wha-a-at?"

"A new kid at Kamloops!" ejaculated Frank Richards.



THE HONOURABLE ALGERNON!

(Continued from the previous page.)

woods school up-country in British Columbia. Certainly his fine feathers were likely to get considerably tarnished there.

"My hat!" murmured Vere. "Great gophers!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Cedar Creek will faint when it sees this beautiful vision."

"The dear boy will tone down after a while," said Frank Richards. "He's a bit of a greenhorn to begin with. So was I when I first came here, Bob."

"You were, old chap!" grinned Bob. "Let's go and nab him!"

The youth's voice came to their ears as they approached. "Oh gad! Can't I get a cab! Oh gad! Now, look here, Mr. Toots, what are we goin' to do—what?"

"Algy!" said Beauclerc. The youth started, and jammed his monocle a little tighter into his eye and blinked at him.

"Hullo!" he said. "Don't you know me?" asked Beauclerc.

"Dashed if I do!" "I'm your cousin Vere, and I've come here to meet you."

"Oh gad!" "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Toots. "I am so glad you have come! I was afraid we had missed you in this—this dreadfully wild place!"

Algernon Beauclerc shook hands with his cousin, and then with Frank Richards and Bob, as they were introduced. He seemed a good-natured fellow, but certainly a little vacant.

"Now, look here, you chaps," he said. "Toots says we can't get a cab here. What's goin' to be done?"

"You're going to be done, if you're looking for cabs!" grinned Bob Lawless. "You're coming up the valley on a horse."

"Oh gad!" "You ride?" asked Frank. "Dear boy, I can ride anythin' on four legs. But what about my luggage?"

"You'll have to leave your truck here," said Bob. Algernon blinked at him.

"If I had a truck I'd put the luggage into it," he said. "But I haven't any old truck."

"Baggage is truck in this country," said Beauclerc. "It's all right, Algy. The baggage can come on by the post-waggon to Thompson."

"Thompson!" repeated the Honourable Algernon. "Don't know him. Friend of yours?"

"It's our post-town." "Oh gad! Towns named Thompson!" ejaculated Algernon, evidently astonished. "Pullin' my leg—what?"

"No, no! That's the name of the town." Algy smiled knowingly.

"Don't you think I'm green because I'm new to this country!" he said. "I'm all there, begad! Up on the mountains I asked the conductor chap the name of that pass, and he told me it was the Kickin' Horse Pass. I said to him, 'Old man, you can't stuff me!' Ha, ha!"

"But it was the Kicking Horse Pass," said Frank. Algy winked with the eye that was not occupied with the monocle.

"Draw it mild!" he said. "I'm wide, very wide! Can't stuff me, you know—not this mornin', you know! I say, it's jolly good of you fellows to come here and meet me—awfully good! I'm no end grateful! But Toots says there are no cabs. They've been stuffin' him, of course. Poor old Toots is always bein' stuffed, ain't you, Toots?"

"My dear Master Algernon—" "They stuffed him on the train no end," said Algernon. "Made him believe that the coppery chaps who sold you beads and things were Red Indians. Ha, ha!"

"Well, they are Red Indians," said Beauclerc. Another wink from Algy.

"Dear old man, I'm not a greenhorn," he said. "I'm not bein' stuffed—not this mornin'! I say, where's the ranch?"

"What ranch?" "Don't you live in a ranch? I thought everybody in Canada lived in a ranch."

"We live in a cabin, and it's two

days' ride from here," said Beauclerc, smiling.

"Oh my sainted aunt!" Algernon seemed quite overcome by that information. The chums of Cedar Creek led him from the station. It was arranged that Mr. Toots should remain, and come on in the post-waggon with the multifarious baggage, while Frank Richards & Co. took charge of Master Algernon. They had brought a spare horse from the ranch for him. Somewhat to their surprise, Master Algernon was able to ride the horse, and he mounted and rode away with the chums of Cedar Creek in a very good humour.

The 3rd Chapter.
Roughing It!

Frank Richards & Co. could not help smiling as they started for the Thompson Valley with the youth from the Old Country.

Master Algernon was rather a new experience to them. It was evident that there was a considerable amount of simplicity in Algy's make-up, though he prided himself upon being very "wide."

He was too "wide" to credit that it was impossible to get a cab home from the station, but he cheerfully consented to going on horseback.

He rode very well, too. Bob Lawless had been careful to bring a quiet horse for him. As the sun set westward, Algernon rode on very contentedly, talking a good deal of the time. The subject of his conversation was chiefly himself.

The governor had had the idea of sending him to Canada, he explained, the "governor" being his father, Lord St. Austells. Algernon himself looked upon the idea as no end of a lark. The chums wondered whether he would find it such a lark when he settled down to the rough-and-ready life of the Thompson Valley.

As the evening came on Algernon looked about him a good deal, at the darkening plains and the hills growing misty in the distance.

"Near home yet?" he asked at last. "Not till to-morrow afternoon," answered Beauclerc.

"Ganmon, you know." "We shan't get home till to-morrow, really," said Beauclerc.

"Oh gad! You're not stuffin' me?" "No, no!"

"Then where are we goin' to put up for the blessed night?" inquired Algernon. "I don't see any hotels."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. "We shall come to the hotel at dark."

"We carry our hotel with us," explained Frank Richards. "Oh gad! I say, what about my baggage? I've left all my clobber with old Toots, you know. What about dressin' for dinner?" asked Algernon anxiously.

"Dressin' for dinner!" repeated Bob Lawless dazedly. "Yaas, I suppose—"

"Wait till you see the hotel, and then you won't worry about that," said Frank Richards, laughing.

"I don't see any sign of it yet!" granted Algy.

The darkness was setting in now, but the schoolboys rode on at a good pace. They wished to leave camping as late as possible, so as to arrive home in good time the following day. But a halt was made at last.

When the chums drew rein on the border of a wood near the river the Honourable Algernon gazed about him in perplexity.

"What are we stoppin' here for?" he inquired. Bob Lawless pointed to a big tree with his riding-whip.

"There's our hotel," he explained. "Eh—that's a tree, ain't it?" ejaculated Algernon, turning his eye-glass upon it in amazement.

"Exactly! We camp under it." "C-c-c-camp!" "Correct!"

"In the open air!" yelled Algernon. "It's the only kind of air we've got in the Thompson Valley, you see."

"Oh gad!" Algernon seemed dazed. At first he had a fear that he was being "stuffed"; but when his companions dismounted, and staked out their horses, he was constrained to believe.

Bob staked out his horse for him, not trusting the animal to Master Algernon's management.

The scion of the Old Country's nobility sat on a log, and watched his

comparisons in amazed silence as they built a camp-fire and prepared the evening meal.

"I say!" he ejaculated suddenly. "Hullo!"

"We're really campin' out here?" "I guess so."

"Then what am I to do for a bath in the morning?" Bob Lawless jerked his thumb towards the river.

"There's your bath!" he answered. "Isn't it big enough?"

"Oh gad!" said Algernon. However, the Honourable Algy joined the chums at supper, and ate with a good appetite.

After supper, he looked round again with an uncertain expression. "Where's my bed?" he asked.

"Give him his blanket, Franky!" "Oh gad!" said Algernon. "What about sheets?"

"Didn't you bring any sheets from England?" asked Bob Lawless, very gravely. "Nunno!"

"Ah! That was an oversight! You ought to have brought them, and a four-poster bed, too! As you've forgotten, old scout, I'm afraid you'll have to sleep rolled up in a blanket on the ground!"

"Sleep on the ground?" said Algernon. "Yep!"

"You're stuffin' again, I suppose?" "Ha, ha! Not a bit!"

"Suppose I catch cold?" "It's a free country; you can catch all the colds you like!"

"You silly ass!" shrieked Algernon. "Suppose I die of it—what?"

"That's all right, the river's handy!" "Why, you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "My dear chap," said Beauclerc, "we're roughing it, you know! You'll find it all right!"

"Oh gad!" groaned Algernon. "I say, Vere, do you always sleep on the ground at home?"

"Ha, ha! No. We're camping out now. You could have travelled in the post-waggon, and put up at the lumber hotel at Silver Creek. But this is really more comfortable!"

"What about my boots?" "Boots?"

"Yaas; there's no door for me to put my boots outside!" said Algernon helplessly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Well, I dare say it seems very funny to you," said Algernon warmly. "But I'd like to know how my boots are goin' to be cleaned!"

"They're not going to be cleaned till you get home, old chap," said Beauclerc.

"Oh, my hat! They'll be rather a corker for the servants, then. But I don't mind!"

"For the what?" ejaculated Beauclerc. "The servants!"

"We don't keep any servants at the cabin, Algy!" Algernon sat up.

"You don't keep any servants!" he articulated. "None, except a Chinaman, who does the cooking. But he's not a servant; he comes along to cook and clear up!"

"You're stuffin' me, of course! 'Tain't possible to live in a house without servants!" said Algernon sagely. "Why, a fellah would have to clean his own boots, and make his own bed! Ha, ha!"

"I guess you'll get used to that in the Canadian West, old scout!" grinned Bob Lawless.

"We'll make it as comfy for you as we can, Algy," said Beauclerc. "We'll manage about the boots and the bed. But surely your father told you you would have to rough it out here?"

"Yaas; but— Oh, my hat!" And the Honourable Algernon fell into silence, and rolled himself in his blanket. Frank Richards & Co. followed his example. As they were settling down to slumber, the voice of the Honourable Algernon was heard again.

"Vere, old man—" "Yes, Algy?"

"You might call me at ten, if I don't wake up!"

There was an explosive chortle from Bob Lawless. The Honourable Algernon was going to be called considerably before ten in the morning. Blissfully unconscious of the fact, however, Algernon went to sleep.

The 4th Chapter.
Nice for Algy!

"Yarooooop!" Thus the Honourable Algernon, at six in the morning.

He had awakened suddenly. The suddenness of his awakening was due to the fact that Bob Lawless had grasped his blanket, and rolled him out of it into the grass. The

Honourable Algernon sprawled in the grass, and blinked.

"Wharrer marrer? What's happened? I—I didn't know you had earthquakes in Canada! Oh gad!"

"Time to get up, dear boy!" said Bob Lawless. "Can't you see the sun over the pines?"

"Oh gad! It's early, ain't it?" "No fear! It's past six!" Algernon sat up in the grass.

"Six!" he shrieked. "Six!" assented Bob. "You thunderin' ass! Do you think I can get up at six in the mornin'?"

roared Algernon. "I asked you to call me at ten!"

"We're starting in an hour, old chap!" said Beauclerc. "We've got to get home to-day, you know!"

"I suppose a fellow's got to have a night's rest, hasn't he?" "You've had it!"

"I've never been up at six in my life, and I assure you I'm not goin' to begin now!" growled Algernon. "I suppose you're stuffin' me. I don't like these jokes in the middle of the night. Be quiet!"

And Algernon rolled himself in his blanket again, and closed his weary eyes. Frank Richards & Co. looked at him.

"Well, by gum!" said Bob Lawless. "We've got a handful in your cheery cousin, Cherub. Shall I jump on him?"

"No," said Beauclerc, laughing. "I'll wake him!"

He shook his cousin by the shoulder, and Algernon's eyes opened again. "Lemme alone!" he murmured.

"Wanter sleep!" "But it's time to get up, Algy!"

"Rats!" "We're starting soon!" "Rot!"

Algernon snored. "Leave him till brekker's ready," said Frank Richards.

The Honourable Algernon was left, while breakfast was prepared. Even the appetising scent of fresh fish, newly caught in the river, and broiled over the camp-fire, did not cause Algernon to move. He was sleeping the sleep of the just. When all was ready, Beauclerc shook him again, and was answered only by an irate grunt.

"Gerroff!" Frank Richards & Co. ate their breakfast, and then prepared the horses for the journey. The Honourable Algernon continued to sleep peacefully in his blanket. Frank Richards looked at his chums with a perplexed grin.

"What are we going to do with him?" he queried. "I guess I know what I'm going to do!" said Bob Lawless. "We can't hang about here all day while that slacker snores!"

He seized the blanket, and rolled Algernon out of it again. This time he rolled up the blanket, and strapped it on the horse. Algernon scrambled to his feet in great wrath.

"You silly ass!" he roared. "We're ready to start, Algy," said Beauclerc mildly. "We've really got to get on the trail, you know!"

"Well, I'm not ready!" "Here's your brekker!"

"I haven't had my bath yet!" said Algernon suddenly. "You'll have to cut that, now!" "Can't!"

The Honourable Algernon walked down to the river. He had consented to get up, though it was barely seven; and he evidently considered that he had made concessions enough. Frank Richards & Co. stood in silence, while the cheerful Algernon stripped and plunged into the water.

Bob Lawless had rather an exasperated expression; but he forbore to speak, from consideration for the Cherub.

"After all, he's new here!" said Frank at last. "He will shake down in time!"

Algernon came back from his plunge in a good-humoured frame of mind, and did justice to the breakfast—not even remarking on the absence of silver forks for the fish!

After breakfast he mounted his horse, and the party were able to start again by half-past eight.

They pushed on at a good rate that morning, and camped at high noon in a clump of timber, for lunch and rest.

Algernon was standing the rough journey well, though he was now showing a good many signs of fatigue.

"You fellows startin' again?" he asked, when the chums of Cedar Creek began to saddle-up.

"Yes. We ought to get home before dark," answered Beauclerc. "My father will be anxious if we don't turn up."

"Oh gad!" groaned Algernon. "I can tell you I'm gettin' pretty sore from that saddle! This is roughin' it, an' no mistake! Isn't your pater

goin' to send a trap or somethin' to meet us?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Oh gad!" Algernon jerked himself upon his horse, and the chums resumed their way. But the Honourable Algy was not so cheerful now. The chums came out on the trail that ran to Cedar Camp and Thompson, and sighted the post-waggon coming south. Algernon's face brightened as he saw it.

"Couldn't we get a lift in that?" he inquired.

"It's going south, and we're going north," answered Frank Richards. "That's the post-waggon."

"Perhaps the man would turn round if we asked him."

"Oh, my hat! He wouldn't!" "Suppose I offer him five pounds?"

"Ha, ha! I guess that wouldn't wash!" chuckled Bob Lawless. "Keep your pecker up. We're not far off home now."

Algernon suppressed a groan. As they came nearer to the post-waggon, the driver looked at them and grinned. A night's camping-out had dimmed Algernon's lustre a little but he still looked a picture that would have delighted a tailor's heart. He seemed to move the waggon-driver to risibility. As they passed the waggon the driver curled his whip, and jerked off Algernon's handsome Panama hat.

The hat fluttered into the trail, and the driver gave a loud guffaw as he drove on.

"Why, what—what—" gasped Algernon. "Only a little joke, old chap," said Beauclerc, jumping down into the trail to pick up the hat.

"Cheeky rotter, by gad!" exclaimed Algernon wrathfully. "Why, he's marked the hat with his thunderin' whip! I'm goin' after that chap to speak to him, by gad!"

"I say, hold on—"

"Rats!" The Honourable Algernon wheeled his horse, and dashed up the trail in pursuit of the post-waggon. His comrades rode after him, expostulating. The rough joke of the post-driver meant no real offence; but Master Algernon evidently took it seriously.

The driver looked back at the thundering of hoofs in the trail, and grinned at Algernon.

That wrathful youth rode alongside the waggon, and fixed a lofty and indignant glare upon the driver through his gleaming monocle.

"I say!" he shouted. "Haw, haw!" "You're a rude fellow!" roared Algernon.

"What?" "A rude fellow—a very rude fellow!" shouted Algernon crushingly. And he wheeled his horse, and rode back, leaving the driver staring after him as if transfixed.

The Honourable Algernon smiled a satisfied smile as he rejoined Frank Richards & Co.

"I fancy that settled him!" he remarked. "Settled him!" murmured Bob Lawless.

"Yaas. Took the wind out of his sails a bit, I think," said Algernon, with a chuckle. "You don't think I was too hard on him—what?"

"Oh, Jerusalem! Too—too hard on him!" stammered Bob. "Nunno! I—I guess the man will survive that! I really guess he will!"

The chums rode on, smiling; Algernon evidently in a satisfied frame of mind, feeling that he had quite "settled" the post-driver. Frank and Bob took leave of their companions on the Cedar Camp trail, and Beauclerc and his cousin rode on to the remittance man's home together. They came in sight of the handsome new cabin—which had surprised and pleased Beauclerc so much when he saw it for the first time, on his return from his holiday. But it did not have the same effect on the Honourable Algernon.

"What are we stoppin' for?" he asked. "Home!" said Beauclerc.

Algernon blinked. "Home!" He glanced at the cabin. "I see, this shed belongs to your place. But where's the house?"

"That's the house!" "Eh? What?"

"That's the house, old fellow." "That—that shed!" said Algernon faintly. "You—you—you don't live there?"

"Yes." "Oh gad!"

That was all the Honourable Algernon said. It was all he could say. He almost tottered into the remittance-man's cabin.

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's grand story of Frank Richards & Co., entitled "A Babe in the Wood!" By Martin Clifford.)

**A SURPRISE FOR THE
SCHOOL!**

(Continued from page 376.)

high quality displayed by our honourable friend Jimmy Silver—Uncle James of Rookwood!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cheese it, you ass!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"I'd like to say that I've done my best," resumed Mornington, "but with proper regard for the facts, I can't say it. I haven't done my best—only sometimes, when the spirit moved me. At other times, I've followed false prophets, to put it poetically. To come down to business, I feel that I'm not the man for the job, and have consequently decided to resign."

"Great pip!"

"I'm very much obliged to the

fellows who put me into Jimmy Silver's place, without having any great admiration for them intellectually. Finding that the job doesn't fit, I'm steppin' out of it. My last act as junior captain of Rookwood will be to advise you to vote for Jimmy Silver. I'm not standing again as a candidate. You've got a chance now of gettin' back the captain you really wane—an' as a common or garden member of the club, I'm goin' to vote for him! That's all!"

There was a buzz of voices in the Common-room, mingled with a good deal of laughter. Morny was always Morny; it could always safely be predicted that he would never do anything quite like any other fellow. And certainly he had chosen a rather unique way of handing in his resignation.

"Look here," began Jimmy Silver.

"I'm not——"

"You are!" grinned Lovell.

"Shut up, Jimmy!"

And Jimmy Silver gave in. Mornington's was the first vote for him, and when the meeting broke up, Jimmy Silver was once more junior captain of Rookwood School. Which, as Morny declared, and as most of the other fellows agreed, was exactly as it should be.

THE END.

(Next Monday's long, complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "Lying Low!" Don't miss it!)