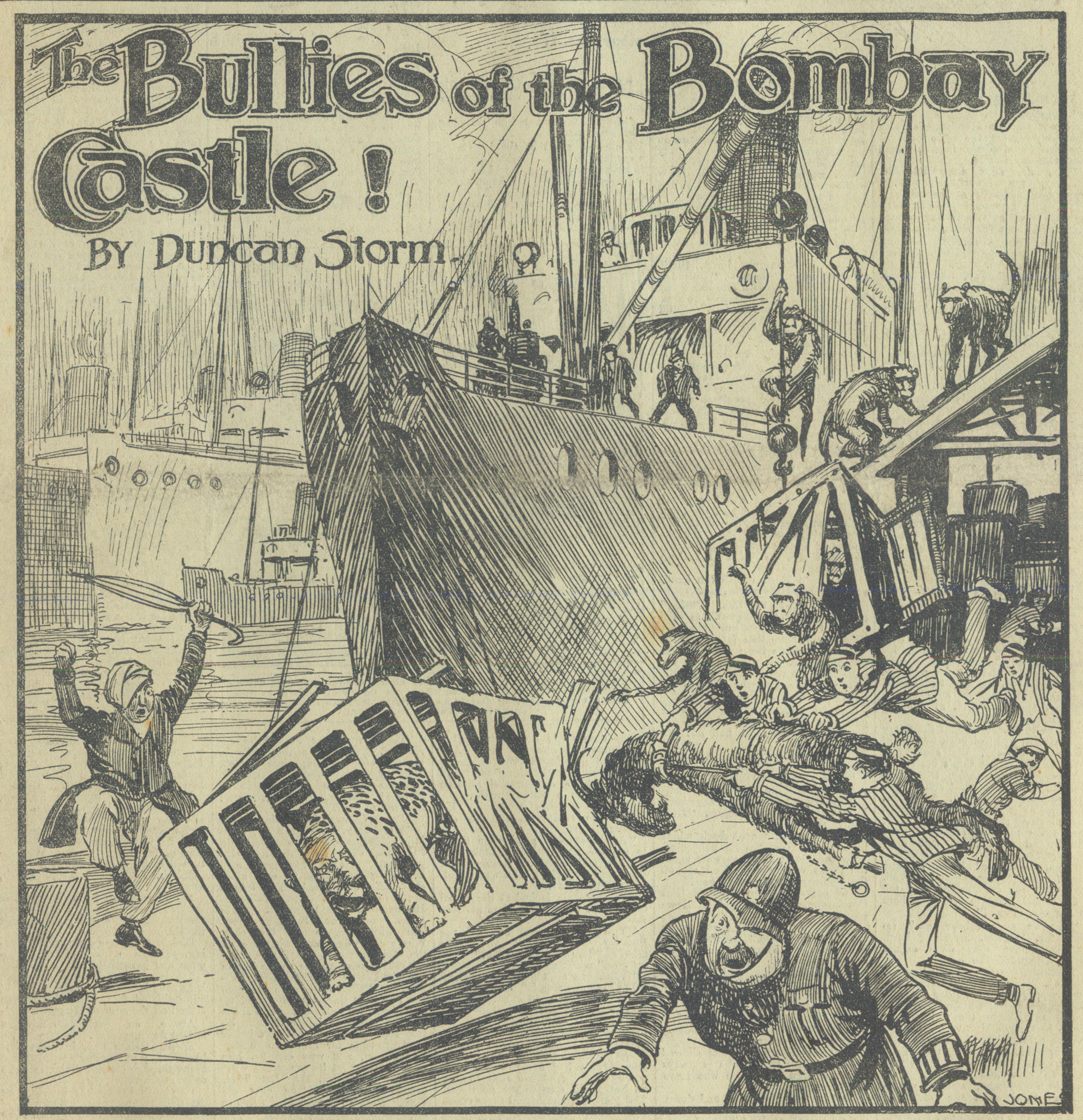
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No. 1,156. Vol. XXIV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

Week Ending August 4th, 1923.

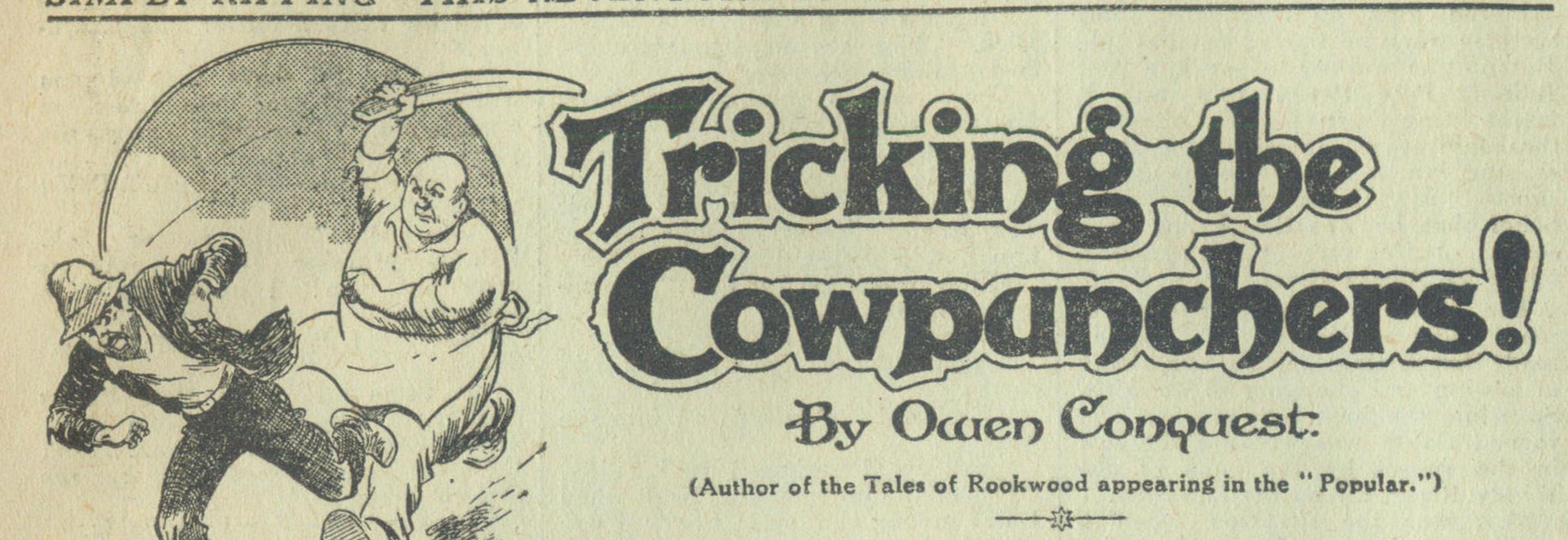


Dick Dorrington & Co. Cause "a Certain Liveliness" at the Docks!

SIMPLY RIPPING-THIS ADVENTURE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. OUT WEST!

Published

Every Monday



The 1st Chapter. Hard Lines!

Baldy, the cook, stood in the doorway of the cookhouse at Windy River and looked out on the ranch.

Baldy's fat face was dewed with perspiration and corrugated by a frown.

Evidently Baldy was dissatisfied. The scene he looked upon was cheery enough. The timber ranchhouse, with its green-painted veranda and shutters, the grove of pines behind it, the long corrals, and on all sides the wide stretch of the grasslands, stretching away to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Jimmy Silver, coming out for his horse, stopped to look about him at the scene, and thought that it was very cheery indeed.

But Baldy, the cook, was frowning. "Morning, Baldy!" called out

Jimmy Silver. The fat cook grunted.

"Anything wrong?" asked Jimmy, coming over to the cookhouse.

He rather liked Baldy. Baldy Bubbin was, perhaps, every known kind of a duffer; but he was a wonderful cook, and he was generally as good-tempered as he was fat. And Baldy's little weaknesses added to the gaiety of existence on the Windy River Ranch. Baldy, as Jimmy Silver & Co. had learned with surprise, was of a poetic temperament, with a romantic mind, that soared far beyond the unromantic surroundings of a ranch cookhouse.

"Oh, nothin'!" said Baldy.

He had a frying-pan in one fat hand and a greasy rag in the other. He resumed polishing the pan, with a grunt.

"Fed up!" he added by way of ex-

planation.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Jimmy. "Have the cowpunchers been chipping you again, old man?" Baldy frowned more darkly.

"It's too bad," said Jimmy sympathetically, though he could not help smiling.

The Windy River outfit had not forgotten that Baldy had hidden under a bed when the rustlers raided the ranch. Poor Baldy was cast in an heroic mould, so far as his imagination went. But his fat body refused to play up to his imagination. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was very weak. Often and often had the cowpunchers heard Baldy relate tales of "derring-do"-deeds of reckless daring that had always, somehow, taken place somewhere beyond the ken of Windy River. And then | moment of danger. He could picture | fact was absolutely indisputable that | not likely to be welcome anywhere. River would never forget that circumstance.

had shown a want of so common a quality as courage would have been ridiculed and hooted off the ranch. But Baldy was always taken as more or less of a joke. The cowpunchers chipped him good-humouredly; but they seldom allowed the topic to

Baldy felt it. Indeed, they would not | scruff of the neck and shake him as | Spike Thompson and Skitter Dick | have expected a poltroon to have any a reward for that lurking smile, in joined them at the corral, and the feelings at all. A man who was spite of the sympathy. afraid was scarcely reckoned a man in | He rubbed at the frying-pan till it | to Baldy as they started: their estimation. But Baldy was glittered in the sunshine. sensitive. His great desire was to "I guess I'm fed up!" he grunted. shine. He wanted all Windy River to | "There'll be trouble hyer, young understand that he was wasted in the | Silver. I shall break out." cookhouse; he wanted fellows to listen | "Don't do that, Baldy," said Baldy, ask Boss Smedley to have a with respect when he spoke. And, in Jimmy as gravely as he could. bed put in the cookhouse. You can't actual fact, nobody ever noticed "They'll get another joke later on, hide under that bunk of yours." whether Baldy Bubbin was speaking and then they'll forget you." And the cowboys rode off laughing,

diversion, the 'punchers would lead | 'Where are you, Baldy? Is that him on to tell one of his thrilling tales of great deeds done at some | Jimmy tried not to smile. other time, in some other place, and Baldy would quite enjoy himself, till he was interrupted by a roar of laughter, when his listeners could

keep serious no longer. "Jest figger it," Baldy would say. "There was me with me back agin the wall and six greasers with knives coming right at me. And what do you reckon I did?"

"Got under a bed!" suggested Skitter Dick.

rest of Baldy's narrative.

ruthlessly. Sometimes, by way of | me fur a second, so he calls out, galoot hiding under a bed agin?"

Baldy Bubbin finds that he has made a

big mistake when he tries to trick the

cowpunchers.

"And I never did hide under that been required to figure out the mous meal. He also put away bed, young Silver," said Baldy. "I was—was jest taking cover. You been applied to Mr. Hookey's ragged rags, for future use. Then he gave know that, don't you, as you was on the spot?" "Hem!"

"Do you know it, or don't you?" snorted Baldy.

"Well, I know you were found "You know that I didn't show the

white feather!" said Baldy, almost And then a roar would drown the imploringly. Baldy would have given six months' wages to find somebody And all the time Baldy was a who would believe in him.

The 2nd Chapter. Baldy's Chance!

Slum Hookey approached the Windy River cookhouse cautiously. A long career as a "hobo" had taught Mr. Hookey caution.

Slum Hookey was a tramp, or, in Western parlance, a hobo. For more years than he could remember Slum Hookey had tramped the plains and the hills and the streets of cities, like a lion seeking what he might devour -though he looked more like a jackal than a lion. He toiled not, neither did he spin, but he contrived somehow | Slum. to extract sustenance from a hard world.

Like a gentleman of leisure, Slum Hookey spent his winters in the south, picking up the crumbs that fell from rich men's tables at holiday resorts in Florida, or annexing precarious meals at free-lunch counters in Texas. But in the summer he drifted north, stealing rides in cattle-trucks-and stealing anything else that he could lay his hands on. This summer he was giving Canada a turn-though, as a general rule, Mr. Hookey did not like Canada. In that hard-working land there was little use for hobos, started in. and a calculating-machine would have number of times a heavy boot had trousers since he had crossed the

A delicious scent floated from the j are!" he said cookhouse, and Mr. Hookey's nostrils dilated as he drew it in.

Baldy was cocking, ready for the under the bed, old man," said Jimmy. | boys when they came in from the range, forgetting his troubles for the moment in his art, as it were.

> Cautiously Slum Hookey drew nearer to the open doorway.

Hospitality in the Canadian West paladin for courage, if only his fat | Jimmy Silver coughed. He hated is great; but so flagrant a specimen nerves would not fail him in the to hurt poor Baldy's feelings; but the tof the hobo as Mr. Hookey was



As Jimmy Silver and Skitter Dick arrived at the bank of the stream they started back in amazement at what they saw. Baldy Bubbin, streaming with water, was dragging a drenched form through the shallows to the bank!

house against the rustlers, Baldy had foes. But in these mental pictures | flagrant manner. palpitated in hiding under a bed. he was always the conqueror, and he "You ready, Jimmy?" came Arthur And it really seemed that Windy never got damaged. In real en- Edward Lovell's voice, and it was a counters it was quite a different | welcome interruption. It saved matter-and when rifles were going Any other man in the outfit who off in reality Baldy preferred cover. awkward question. His spirit wandered free, as it were; but undoubtedly his fat carcase bolted for cover.

Baldy, the cook, looked morosely at Jimmy Silver. Jimmy's sympathy was not much use when Baldy could They did not realise how poor tempted to take the schoolboy by the out on the range to help the cowboys.

the test had come, and while the himself facing fearful odds, and Baidy had not only shown the white The chances were nine in ten that schoolboys were holding the ranch- charging recklessly at innumerable feather, but shown it in the most Mr. Hookey would be kicked out

Jimmy from replying to a very

"Here I am," called back Jimmy Silver. "So-long, Baldy!"

Baldy grunted.

Jimmy Silver walked away to join Lovell and Raby and Newcome, and the four Rookwooders led their horses detect the lurking smile on the school- out. It was a busy time at the ranch, party mounted. Thompson called out | prove good-natured.

"Hi, Baldy!"

"Hallo!" grunted the cook. "Look out for rustlers while we're gone," shouted Spike; "and, I say,

or not, and anybody who had any- "This 'ere morning Mr. Peters leaving Baldy, the cook, glaring after thing to say would interrupt him I looks in," said Baldy. "He didn't see I them ferociously.

dinnerless; but it was the tenth chance that Mr. Hookey banked on.

There were no cowpunchers to be seen, which was a comfort to Slum Hookey. Cautiously he reached the doorway of the cookhouse and peered

Baldy stood at the stove, red, and perspiring, and busy.

Slum Hookey watched him.

There was no apparent chance of stealing anything, so Mr. Hookey | come just when he was wanted. And gave up that idea. He had no hope | perhaps, deep down in Baldy's fat boy's face. Baldy was, indeed, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were going of representing himself as a man mind, there was a consciousness that looking for work; his whole appearance gave him away as a hard case. But he hoped that the cook might

He coughed at last, to draw Baldy's

attention. The fat cook looked round.

Slum Hookey staggered into the cookhouse and sank on the floor. Foam appeared on his lips.

"Water!" he groaned hoarsely. Baldy Bubbin looked at him, and crossed over to the corner and picked

up a barrel-stave. Baldy had dealt with hoboes

before, and he was not to be taken in with fainting-fits and convulsions and a little soap lather on the lips. "Where will you have it?" asked

Baldy. Slum Hookey jumped up. first dodge had failed, but Mr. Hookey was unabashed.

"Don't hit a galoot," he said.
"I'm starving."

"Time you did, I guess," said Baldy unsympathetically. "You've never done any work, I s'pose." "Luck has been agin me," said

"Cut it!" said Baldy. "I give you

one second to clear." "What about a meal?"

Baldy paused. He was a goodnatured man, and it was very probable that Slum Hookey was hungry. It was no more than he deserved for his idleness, perhaps; but there

"Squat on that bench, and I'll find you something," said Baldy, throwing down the barrel-stave.

Mr. Hookey squatted. Baldy handed him a tin plate with a pile of victuals upon it, and Mr. Hookey

Slum Hookey put away an enorvarious fragments in recesses of his Baldy, the cook, a winning smile. "You're a gentleman, sir, you

"Cut it," said Baldy.

"Anything to drink?" "Plenty!"

Mr. Hookey's face brightened under its layers of loam.

"Now you're talking," he said cheerily. "Where is it?" "River just handy."

Slum Hookey's face fell. It was not water that he wanted to drink. "Nothing else?" he groaned.

"I guess not. Alberta's dry." Mr. Hookey winked.

"I've tramped through every dry State in the Union," he said. "They was always wet in places."

"You'd better tramp back to the Union, then," said Baldy, "and I guess you'd better get a move on. Mr. Smedley don't like hoboes round his ranch."

Mr. Hookey sighed. "I guess it will have to be water," he said dejectedly.

And Baldy good-naturedly gave him a pannikin of that fluid, which was ever so much better for Mr. Hookey's inside than liquor would have been, but which he drank without enjoyment, all the same.

"I dessay you've got some baccy," he remarked.

"Cut it!" said Baldy again. He had no tobacco to waste on a tramp.

Then his fat good-nature overcame him again, and he cut a chunk from his plug and handed it to the hobo. It disappeared whole into Mr. Hookey's mouth, and he chewed with enjoyment.

Baldy turned to his work, leaving

him chewing.

Mr. Hookey leaned back against the wall behind the bench and chewed tobacco, and rested his weary limbs. Baldy had been so good-natured that Slum wondered whether he could "touch" him for a dollar or so.

But the good-natured expression left Baldy's fat face, and he turned away from the stove, and went to the doorway for a breath of clear

He was thinking again!

Soon the cowpunchers would come riding in, and Baldy knew that dinner would not pass off without some of the chipping that made him wince so bitterly.

If only some ferocious rustler would have ridden up to the ranch just then, revolver in hand, Baldy felt that he would have had his chance. He would have seized the frying-pan and rushed upon the rustler, smitten him down, and kept him a prisoner for the boys to see when they came in. His fat face brightened as he thought of it.

But, of course, no rustler would at the sight of a "bad man" he would have bolted like a rabbit for cover.

He turned a discontented stare on

Slum Hookey.

Even Baldy was not afraid of a hobo, and he could have taken the barrel-stave and chased Mr. Hookey off the ranch. That would have been an exploitation with a few touches of Baldy's fertile fancy, it would have grown into a much greater exploit, to be related to the outfit.

(Continued overleaf.)



At that moment, Mr. Hookey, all unconsciously, was in danger of seeing a new side of Baldy Bubbin.

But Baldy reflected in time. It was no use "telling the tale" to the outfit; they wouldn't believe him.

But Baldy's mind was working, and his glance at Mr. Hookey became more fixed, and very thought-

Evidently it was of no use telling the outfit of something that had happened in their absence. Nobody was likely to believe in Baldy's feats of courage unless they were witnessed. But Baldy was feeling more and more that he had to do something to retrieve his character; he couldn't stand much more of the present state of affairs. The alternative was to "vamoose the ranch," and Baldy didn't want that; he had too comfortable a job at Windy River.

In his desperation, poor Baldy had even contemplated knocking down some 'puncher who chipped him. That would have set the matter right. But Baldy dared not contemplate what would happen after the astonished 'puncher got up again!

No! Baldy had to recognise the fact that there was nothing doing in the way of personal deeds of prowess. But his imagination was at work now! There was such a thing as strategy.

Slum Hookey rose at last. "Making it a dollar, old sport?"

he asked. "I guess I haven't a cent to chuck away on a hobo," answered Baldy. "Going? Hold on a tick!"

Mr. Hookey sat down again. He still nourished hopes of the dollar. Baldy leaned on the door, and stared at Slum contemplatively.

"Can you swim?" he asked abruptly.

"Eh?" "Swim?"

"I guess I've never tried," said Mr. Hookey, with a look of distaste. It was evident that he did not like the application of water, within or without.

"Well, I can swim," said Baldy, "like a fish."

He paused.

"I'll tell you what happened once! Canoe turned over in the rapidsbeautiful girl swept away-drowned to a certainty, but I happened to be there. I jumped in."

"Into the rapids?" asked Slum.

"Yep!" "You look that sort!" said Mr.

Hookey admiringly. After that Slum felt that he had

earned the dollar, whether he received it or not.

Baldy nodded complacently. He had an inward feeling that the hobo did not believe a word of it; but it was pleasant not to be derided, at all events. A gentleman in Slum Hookey's position could not venture on the plain speech of the cowpunchers.

"Fought for my life in the raging waters!" said Baldy impressively. "Just managed to get ashore with the beautiful girl in my arms! You should have heard the cheers!"

"Fine!" said Mr. Hookey. "I don't get justice here!" said

Baldy. "Not a splendid man like you?" asked Mr. Hookey incredulously.

"I get chipped," said Baldy morosely-"misunderstood! I guess I've been thinking of a way to set it right! You can help me!" "Eh?"

"You'd like five dollars?" "Sure!" said Mr. Hookey eagerly.

"You'll have to earn it." "Oh!" Mr. Hookey looked less

eager. "I-I guess I'd better be moving! You said your boss wouldn't like me around!" "'Tain't work!" snapped Baldy. "Falling in a river!"

"You-you-you'll give me five dollars for falling in a river?" ejaculated Slum Hookey blankly.

"Correct!"

"Waal, I don't like it; but I'll what's the game?"

"Five dollars, and a bed for the up being left over for the time.

Baldy was not distinguished for industry, and he was not bound to saw the logs, so there was some surprise when he started on that job. But no one wanted to say him nay. Indeed, Pete Peters told him it might bring down his fat, of which the could spare several tons without missing them. At which Baldy snorted, Mr. Bubbin having a fixed belief that he was the happy possessor of the only really graceful figure at Windy River.

The trees by the river landingplace had been thinned out, and lay ready for cutting. There was plenty of sawing and chopping to be done. So while the 'punchers smoked and yarned Baldy was working the saw in the sunset by the bank of the Windy River, all on his lonesome.

That was the situation when a sudden yell for help broke the quiet

Some of the 'punchers rose and looked towards the river. Jimmy Silver & Co. jumped up at once.

river?" yawned Pete.

Skitter Dick. "Help!"

of the calm evening.

"It wasn't Baldy's toot!" said

"Ask me another! Some stranger, I guess!" said Baldy. "I guess it's a hobo," said Skitter Dick. "I've seen him hanging about to-day along the river."

There was a groan from Slum Hookey, who lay in the grass. "He looks purty far gone!" said Baldy, looking down on the pros-

trate loafer. "Touch and go, it

was, pards! Never thought I'd get him out, I didn't, but I done it!" "You went in for him?" ejacu-

lated Skitter Dick. Baldy looked at Skitter.

"Looks like it, don't it?" he said curtly.

"How did the galoot get into the water?"

"Fell in, I reckon," said Baldy. "I heered him yell for help when I was sawing the logs. Lucky I was there! You galoots wouldn't have come up in time!"

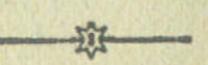
"I guess it wasn't very lucky!" said Pete Peters. "Nobody would have missed him if he'd stayed in, "That ass Baldy fallen into the I reckon! We don't want hoboes around this hyer ranch!"

"Give me some spirits!" moaned

Mr. Hookey. "You won't get any fire-water

Great Competition for Cricket Lovers.

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CAN YOU FORECAST HOW THE COUNTIES ARE GOING TO FINISH UP?

We offer the above splendid Prizes to the reader who is clever enough to send us a list showing exactly in what order the seventeen first class County Cricket Clubs will stand at the end of the season.

For your guidance, we publish the order in which each of the clubs stood last year, which was as follows:

1.-Yorkshire. 2.—Nottinghamshire. 3.—Surrey. 4.—Kent. 5.-Lancashire. 6.—Hampshire. 7.—Middlesex. 8.—Essex.

9.—Sussex.

afore you clear in the morning,'

"That hits me just where I live!"

"You ain't hangin' on in this

"No fear! I've been booted fifteen

times yesterday and to-day!" said

Mr. Hookey dismally. "I'm striking

out south-east. I guess I might do

better in Saskatchewan. Couldn't

"That's good! Well, this hyer

little stunt will give you a start."

said Baldy. "Arter it's over, the

sooner you git the better. Now, jest

do worse, anyhow!"

you listen to me."

said Slum Hookey. "But what-"

section, I suppose?" asked Baldy.

said Baldy. "How's that?"

10.—Somerset. 11.—Derbyshire. 12.—Warwickshire. 13.—Gloucestershire. 14.—Leicestershire. 15.—Northamptonshire. 16.—Glamorgan. 17.—Worcestershire.

What you have to do is to fill in on the coupon on this page your forecast of the order in which the counties will finish up. To the reader who does this correctly we shall award a prize of £100, and the other prizes in the order of the correctness of the forecasts. In the case of ties, any or all of the prizes will be added together and divided, but the full amount of £300 will be awarded.

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You may send in your forecasts at once if you like, but none will be considered after August 16th.

The decision of the Editor in all matters concerning this competition must be accepted as final and binding, and entries will only be admitted on that understanding. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Football Favourite." "Sports Budget," "Magnet," "Young Britain," "Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Popular," "Pluck," "Union Jack," "Rocket," "Nelson Lee Library," "Boys' Cinema," and "Gem," and readers of these journals are invited to compete.

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And Baldy, the cook, proceeded to explain, and Slum Hookey listened, with his eyes growing wider and wider with amazement.

The 3rd Chapter. Rescued from the River!

"Help!"

That shout came from the direction

of the river.

The sun was setting, and in the fine, warm summer's evening a crowd of the Windy River men were seated on the benches outside the bunk-

house, smoking and yarning.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were there, though they, of course, were not smoking, and only listening to the yarns. The chums of Rookwood had had a busy day on the range, and Pete Peters, the foreman of the ranch, had been pleased to say that they had made themselves useful. The schoolboys felt almost like real cowpunchers themselves as they sat and talked with the outfit after a

Baldy, the cook, was not in the cookhouse. Supper over, Baldy ought to have been washing up-a lengthy task at which Baldy often do it at the price, I guess. But groused. But just now Baldy was sawing logs for the stove, washing

day in the saddle.

it!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'm you've got enough on board, too, going!"

"Help! I'm drowning!" came the

the path through the trees to the ful experience. Jimmy Silver gave river bank. Three or four of the him a helping hand as he struggled ! cowpunchers ran after him. Lovell and Raby and Newcome joined up.

Skitter Dick passed Jimmy Silver on the way, though Jimmy was going at a good rate. The voice was calling frantically now. "Help, help, help!"

Jimmy put on a spurt, and came out of the trees on the grassy bank at the same time as Skitter Dick.

"Waal, carry me home to die!" exclaimed Skitter Dick, in amazement at what he saw.

"My hat!" panted Jimmy. "Great pip!" came Lovell's voice behind. "Good for you, Baldy!"

The sight was surprising enough. Baldy Bubbin, streaming with water, was dragging a drenched, ragged form through the shallows to the bank. He dumped it down, and stood gasping and streaming in full view of an astonished crowd. "Oh!" gasped Baldy. "That was

a near thing!" Jimmy ran up to him. "Who is it, Baldy?"

"Well, it's somebody up against | hyer!" said the foreman. "I guess falling into a river like a baby!"

Mr. Hookey sat up. If there was no strong drink to be had, it was Jimmy Silver broke into a run on useless to be overcome by his painto his feet.

"I ain't been drinking!" said Mr. Hookey. "I jest fell in Caught me foot in a pesky root, and afore I knowed what was happening, there I was, drowning! Somebody pulled me out, I reckon! Who was it pulled me out?"

"There he is," said Skitter Dick. Mr. Hookey rushed at Baldy and gripped his hand. He shook it and shook it again, working it a good deal like a pump-handle. "You've saved me life!" he said.

said Baldy.

"You jumped in for me!" said said about his cowardice. Slum, still wringing Baldy's fat hand. He had redeemed himself now, along of me! You've saved my Thompson, who had been keenest in life! You're a brave man, you are ridiculing poor Baldy after his dis--the bravest man I've ever struck | play of funk, made room for the fat agin! I may be only a pesky hobo, | cook to sit beside him on the bench. like that galoot says, but I've got | Red Alf offered his tobacco-pouch. gratitood in me! I sha'n't ever forget this! You saved my life!"

"That's all right!" said Baldy modestly. "No galoot would have stood by while a critter was drowning!" "I guess I'd have thought you

would, Baldy!" said Pete Peters, in

amazement. "Where did you get the

"Look here-" began Baldy

pluck from all of a sudden?"

warmly. "Jerusalem!" said Skitter Dick. "Baldy-jumping in to save a drowning man! I guess this caps the stack!" "Good old Baldy!" said Jimmy

Silver. "It beats me," said Pete Peters blankly. "Why, the water's thundering deep a couple of yards out! I'd never have believed Baldy had the

grit to jump in." "Look hyer-" roared Baldy. "Oh, draw it mild, Mr. Peters!" exclaimed Lovell, rather hotly. "Baldy might jolly well have been drowned himself."

"I guess I nearly was with that hobo hanging on to me, and him not able to swim a stroke," said Baldy.

Pete Peters nodded. "Well, it beats me to a frazzle,"

he said. "But you've done it, Baldy, and it shows that you're a bit of a white man somewhere down under your fat. I guess I'll never chuck up that bed ag'in you any more. You ain't much on rustlers, for a fact, but you've done a plucky thing this time."

"Hear, hear!" said Raby. "Better cut in and change your clobber, Baldy; you'll catch cold,"

said Newcome. "And what erbout me?" exclaimed Slum Hockey indignantly. "Ain't

you got a word for a galoot what's been near drownded?" "Oh, you git!" snapped Pete Peters. "We don't want hoboes. Like your darned cheek to come and

get drowned in our river." "Ha, ha, ha!" "Look hyer, I've saved that man's life," said Baldy. "I don't keer if he's a pesky hobo; I've saved his life. I'm going to give him a square supper, and a shake-down for the night after that."

"The boss," said Spike Thompson, "he's dead on hoboes."

"I guess I'll chance it with the boss," said Baldy. "You come alonger me, my man, and I guess I'll see you fixed."

And Baldy Bubbin led the rescued man away, the two of them followed by the amazed cowpunchers.

The 4th Chapter Baldy the Brave!

Baldy, the cook, changed into his other suit of clothes, and came out into the red sunset, looking quite a new man.

His treatment at the hands of the outfit showed a marked difference

Two or three of the 'punchers called out cheerily:

"Here you are, Baldy!" "Come and squat down, old man."

"Feel any worse for it?" "Come and tell us all about it, Baldy!" called out Jimmy Silver.

The fat man came along to the cheery group of 'punchers, feelingand, indeed, looking—as if he were walking on air.

He was quite a new Baldy.

If there was one thing that the Windy River outfit admired in a man, it was pluck. Without that necessary quality no man could have held up his head at Windy River.

Baldy's unfortunate way of bragging of imaginary deeds, coupled with his way of bolting like a rabbit at a sign of danger, had condemned him in the eyes of the outfit hopelessly. He was only tolerated as a butt, with more or less good-humour.

But he had retrieved himself now. As Pete Peters had put it, he wasn't "much" on rustlers, for a fact, but he had shown sterling quality in another way.

Certainly, there was not a man at Windy River who would have stood idly by while even a hobo drowned. But most of the 'punchers would rather have faced a "bad man" in combat than have jumped into a deep river into the frantic clutches of a drowning man.

Baldy, in his own way, had shown "Well, I reckon you was a gone as much courage as could be expected coon if I hadn't heard you yauping!" of any man, and it was agreed on all sides that not a word more was to be

"You might have been drowned and he was "one of them." Spike

Skitter Dick slapped him on the back. Pete Peters gave him an agreeable nod and a grin. Baldy was feeling quite happy, and only too ready to give a full account of his perilous experiences in rescuing the hobo.

Jimmy Silver gave him a match for his pipe. Baldy blew out a cloud of smoke and looked round cheerily.

"It was touch and go," he said. "Nip and tuck, you know. I heard him yelling for help-" "We all heard him here," said

Lovell. "I guess he must have kept on yelling arter you got hold of him,

Baldy," said Spike. "He did," said Baldy. "Scared stiff, you know. Couldn't swim a

stroke, and hanging on to me like a and guessed I'd never come up

"And you never let go!" said

to let go, I guess. And the way he struggled, too! Got me round the and knocking him off, but I as you let on." wouldn't."

sockdolager if he'd been dragging me under," said Spike, "and pulled him

out arter." "Well, I got my head loose ag'in, and came up," said Baldy. "We was swept right out into the middle of the river by that time. But I held on like thunder, and swam for my life, with him in my arms-"

"How the thump did you swim with the man in your arms?" asked Lovell, a little puzzled.

"I-I mean, I guess I had him by the collar," said Baldy.

"And swam with one hand?" asked Raby.

"Some swimmer!" said Pete Peters.

"I guess I could swim the Windy River with one hand tied," said Baldy. "I guess there's no other galoot in Alberta could beat me at swimming. I've told you, boys, how I rescued that beautiful girl long ago in the Saskatchewan River--'

"It was the Thompson River, in British Columbia, last time you told us," grinned Skitter Dick.

"And one time it was the Fraser River," remarked Red Alf. "But it was a beautiful gal every time." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look hyer-" roared Baldy. "Oh, let Baldy go it!" said Pete Peters, laughing.

And Baldy "went it," and for once the fat cook was fairly given his head as a reward for his courageous rescue of Mr. Hookey.

Even his story of the seven greasers who had attacked him with knives, and whom Baldy had knocked out with a leg snatched from a table in the nick of time, was related once more, and was not followed by the usual roar of laughter, though it was hard to listen to it with gravity.

Baldy had regained the good opinion of the outfit, but they did not expect him to confine himself to facts. That would have been expecting too much of Baldy.

It was quite an enjoyable evening for the cook, and he was sorry when the outfit turned in, and he wended his way back to the cookhouse.

For once Baldy had filled the centre of the picture, so to speak, and him. his desire to shine had been gratified to the full. The respect of his comrades restored his own self-respect, and Baldy felt that life was worth living for a really plucky fellow like himself.

With the help of his powerful imagination, he had almost forgotten the slender basis upon which his new reputation rested.

He was reminded of it when he came into the cookhouse. Baldy had a room built on to the cookhouse for his occupation. In that room was his bunk. On his bunk, when Baldy arrived there, was stretched the ungainly form of Slum Hookey.

"Hyer, you git outer this!" said Baldy warmly. "I've asked the boss said yes. You hook it out of my bunk,"

Mr. Hookey eyed him curiously. "I guess I'm comfy hyer," he answered.

"Waal, git out of it!"

"I'm staying here."
"What?"

"You can have the barn," said Mr. Hookey lazily.

into the cook-house for the barrelstave. He had no intention of taking "lip" from a hobo.

back with the stave.

"I've heard what you was saying to them 'punchers," remarked Mr. Hookey. "You know how to tell the tale, you do."

Published

Every Monday

"Are you absquatulating, or do you want this hyer stave?" inquired Mr. Bubbin.

"I guess not, old man," said Slum. "You keep that stave away from me, or it won't be healthy for you. Them 'punchers would like to know what really happened, I guess." Baldy Bubbin started back.

"What?" he said faintly. "Getting hold of it?" asked Mr. Hookey agreeably. "I thought you would in time. Better keep civil."

"I've paid you your five dollars and given you supper," said Baldy in a clam. Three times I went under, hoarse whisper. "That was the bargain."

Slum Hookey nodded.

"That was it," he agreed. wasn't a bad supper, either. But "Nary a let go!" said Baldy. "I I've helped myself in the cookhouse went in for the critter, and I meant | since then. You didn't mind my to have him out. I wasn't the man | taking the cold chickens, I suppose?" "What!"

"And I found your bottle of neck and dragged me under. I tell liquor," went on Slum Hookey. "I you, boys, I came near hitting him | reckoned you wasn't so dry in Alberta

"Why, I-I-" gasped Baldy. "I guess I'd have given him a | "Now I'm going to sleep," said Mr. | Baldy passed the night in a blanket Hookey, stretching himself in the on the floor of the cookhouse. His bunk luxuriously. "Weeks and weeks | dreams were plentiful, but not happy. |

water unto wine compared with the utter ridicule and contempt that would be his portion then.

Slum Hookey, sprawling luxuriously in the bunk, watched the changing expressions on Baldy's fat countenance with grim amusement. Evidently the unscrupulous Mr. Hookey derived entertainment from poor Baldy's dismay.

"Got me?" he asked affably.

"You awful villain!" groaned

"Cut it!" suggested Mr. Hookey. "And git!"

"Git!" gasped Baldy. He was ordered out of his own room by this lazy, dirty, rascally loafer whom he had befriended.

"Yep! Git!" said Mr. Hookey tersely. "Find me another blanket "It | first, and then take your face away! I don't like it."

> Baldy's grip closed convulsively on the barrel-stave; but he did not dare to use it. He was at the hobo's mercy.

> Silently he found another blanket for the luxurious Mr. Hookey, and then he went out of the room. Mr. Hookey grinned contentedly and settled himself down to sleep.

Baldy, so happy the evening before, did not seem happy in the morning. "That hobo gone, Baldy?" Pete

Peters asked, remembering the existance of Slum Hookey. Baldy started, and coloured.

"Not yet," he answered. "I guess I'll rouse him out, then, before I get going," said the foreman. "Which of the barns did you dump

him in?" "Oh dear!" mumbled Baldy.

"Eh? What's the trouble?" "Nothin'," said Baldy hastily. "Don't you worry about the hobo, Mr. Peters; I'll clear him off presently."

Pete Peters shook his head. "That kind of sneak-thief ain't safe about the place," he said. "You can give him some breakfast if you like; but he's going."

"I-I guess he's a bit seedy," stammered Baldy. "Let him rest." "Bosh! Let him vamoose!"

grunted the foreman. "I-I saved his life, you know,"

said Baldy feebly. "You ain't adopting him for that, I s'pose?" asked Pete sarcastically.

"Where is the galoot?" "I-I let him have my bunk last

night," said Baldy. "He's in my

"Well, you are a jay; that hobo in your bunk!" said Skitter Dick.

There was a shout from the loafer's room, and Baldy started. Mr. Hockey was calling him.

Baldy went slowly in. Slum Hookey sat up in bed and blinked at him.

"Where's my breakfast?" he asked. "You can come out and feed," growled Baldy. "I'm giving you some breakfast afore you go."

"I guess I ain't going yet. Bring my breakfast in here." "What?"

"Getting deaf?" asked Mr. Hookey. "You gol-darned cheeky loafer!"

roared Baldy. "Cut it!" said Mr. Hookey.

"Bring me some grub sharp." Baldy went back into the cookhouse with feelings too deep for words. Evidently Mr. Hookey was one of those gentlemen who, having a little power in their hands, like to use it to the uttermost.

The unhappy cook suppressed his feelings and prepared breakfast for Mr. Hookey. The loafer sat up in the

bunk to eat.

He kept Baldy busy for some time. After that he condescended to roll out of the bunk and slouch into the cookhouse. Morning ablutions did not trouble Mr. Hookey—it was years since he had washed himself in the morning.

"Got any baccy?" he asked. Baldy handed over tobacco, and Mr. Hookey crammed it into his pipe and lighted up. He sat on the bench by the door and smoked in lazy comfort. There was a clinking of pots and pans as Baldy washed up in the cookhouse.

Baldy looked out at last. He was getting desperate. Suppose Hudson Smedley should walk down from the ranch-house and see the loafer smoking there? He would want to know why.

"Look here, it's time you was legging it!" said Baldy. Mr. Hookey grinned at him over

the pipe. "I guess I'm well fixed hyer!" he said. "I ain't going!"

"You've got to go!" howled Baldy. "Cut it out!"

"S'pose the boss sees you?" snarled Baldy. "You bet he'll hoof you off the ranch fast enough!" Mr. Hookey considered that thoughtfully.

"I ain't going!" he said. "I'm all right hyer! I guess I'm going to put in a week hyer, and get a good long rest and plenty of grub and baccy and fixings! You bet your hat on that, pard! You'll have to spin your boss a yarn! Tell him you've took me on as handyman!"

"That's all right if you turn to and work!" said Baldy. "The boss would give you a job, if you come to that. There's logs to be sawn and--,"

Mr. Hookey shuddered.

"You can sweep and wash up, and so on, for a day or two," said Baldy. "If you make yourself useful I can get round Mr. Peters."

"Oh, cut it!" said Slum Hookey. "I did a day's work once-nigh on twenty years ago, it was. I never wanted no more of it! Call me a handyman, if you like-"

"It won't wash if you don't wade in and work!" howled the cook. "Then say I'm your cousin from

the States, and you've just rekernised me!" said Mr. Hookey. "Say I'm ill from the duckin' in the river. Say anything you durn well like, but I ain't going!" "The boys'll skin you if they find

you loafing here!"

"Will they?" said Mr. Hookey unpleasantly. "If you don't find out some way to stop 'em, Mr. Bubbin, you're up agin trouble! I'll give the whole show away."

Baldy, the cook, drifted back into the cookhouse in the lowest of spirits.

Mr. Hookey grinned and smoked. Somehow or other Baldy had to see him through. He "banked" on that. If Baldy failed, Mr. Hookey would be kicked off the ranch-no new experience for him. But before he went he would give Baldy away to the outfit he had imposed upon.

The hapless Baldy realised it; but time, had recoiled on himself with a he realised, too, that there was "nothing doing." If the man would have worked, Baldy could have got But now that the cowpunchers were | him a job from Mr. Smedley. But the mere mention of work made Slum Hookey shudder. As soon as the cowboys came in and found the came back and found the loafer still | idle rascal loafing about he would be

(Continued on page 80.)



was worth living, as he related his story of the seven greasers who had attacked him with knives, and how he had knocked them out with the leg of a table!

since I slept in a bed. Thank you, old

"You're not having my bunk!" gasped Baldy.

Mr. Hookey waved a dirty Land at

"Ga away!" he said.

"Wha-a-t?" "You're disturbing my repose," said Mr. Hookey with dignity. "I ain't going to be disturbed by a lowdown, common cook. You clear!"

the rascal. It had not even occurred to the unhappy Baldy that Mr. AND THEN-Hookey might "go back" on the bargain he had made. A day's liberal meals, a barn for the night, and five dollars in cash formed a handsome reward for what Mr. Hookey had done. It was a handsome reward indeed for sprawling for a few minutes in shallow water and bawling for help!

But Baldy, whose simple mind was to let you sleep in a barn, and he's | not equal to penetrating the unscrupulous rascality of Slum Hookey until it was too late, realised that the loafer had the upper hand now.

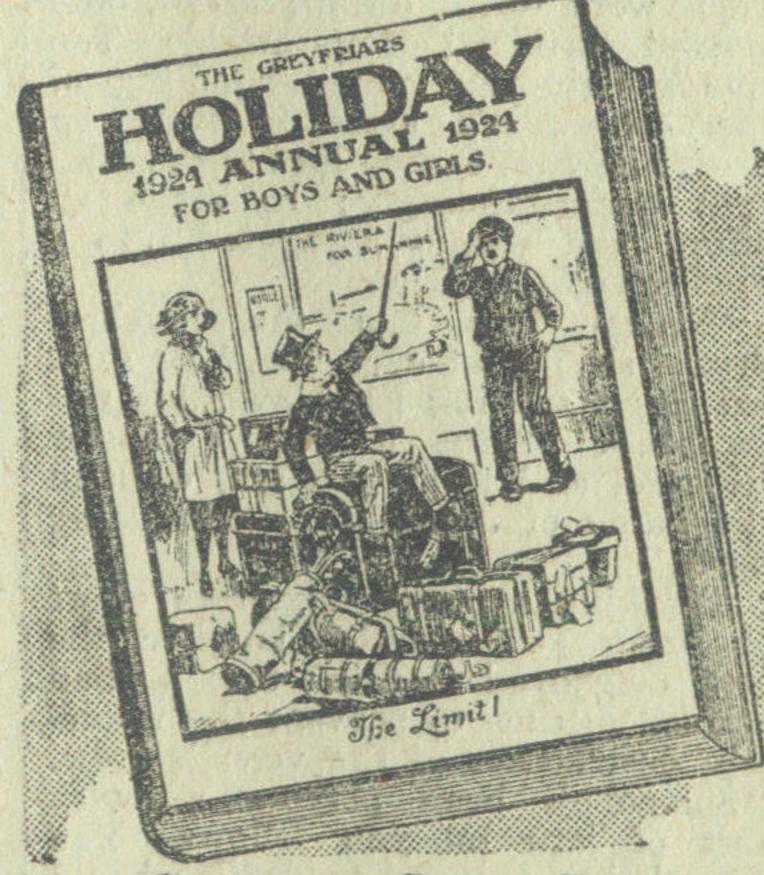
Baldy had tasted the delight of shining; of being recognised by the outfit as a man worthy of their association. And a few words from the hobo would dash his house of cards to the ground again.

He trembled at the thought. Baldy glared at him, and went back | The previous state of affairs had been bad enough. But what would learned the facts? The ridicule that "Git!" said Baldy, as he came | had hitherto been heaped on him would be as moonlight unto sunlight, Everywhere.

The 5th Chapter. Desperate Measures!

Jimmy Silver & Co. joined the cowpunchers at an early breakfast in the sunrise the following morning. They had another day on the plains before them, and turned out as early as the outfit. Steaming cans of coffee were handed out by Baldy Bubbin, whose fat face wore a worried look.

Baldy Bubbin gazed speechlessly at TVL WELKS



Baldy's life be like if the 'punchers The Greatest Story Book of the Year will be on Sale Hookey was only too likely to blurt then, in revenge, he would give out the facts of the case if Baldy failed Baldy away. Price 6/- to protect him.

"Waal, as I saved his life, I feel bound to look arter him a bit," said the wretched Baldy. "The boss won't mind him hanging on here till hetill he's rested. He-he swallered a lot of water, you know."

Pete Peters grunted. "Waal, don't have him around when I get back," he said. "No hoboes for me. If I find him hyer, I'll take my quirt to him, or chuck him back into the river. You might as well have left him there for all the good he is, the loafer!"

And Pete Peters went to his horse. "Cheerio, Baldy!" said Jimmy Silver. "What's the worry? You don't want to keep that hobo hanging | around, do you?"

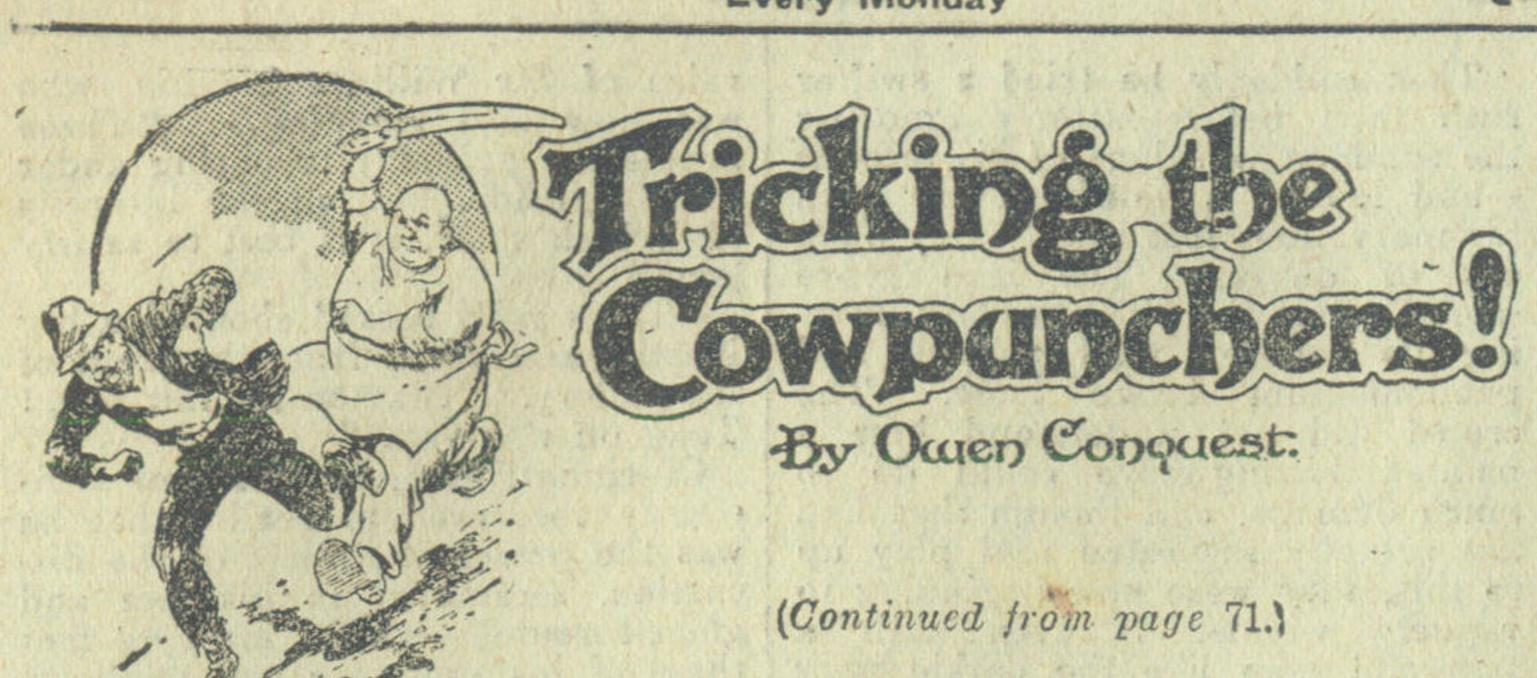
"Goodness knows I don't," said Baldy fervently. "But-but-" he stammered.

"But what, old man?"

"Nothin'," said Baldy heavily. Jimmy Silver & Co. rode away with the cowpunchers, and Baldy stood in the doorway of the cookhouse and | Slum Hookey had not the slightest looked after them with a heavy heart. | scruple on that point. Baldy had His little scheme, which had seemed to stand his friend or suffer for it. so masterly to Baldy's fat mind at the vengeance. A little too late, Baldy] realised that honesty is the best policy. gone he hoped to get rid of his

incubus. What would happen if the foreman there Baldy shuddered to think. Slum | kicked out. Baldy knew that. And

The Famous Five-The BOYS' FRIEND, the "Magnet" Library, the "Gem" Library, the "Popular," and "Chuckles"!



Baldy almost wept at the thought

Somehow or other the loafer had to be got rid of before the cowboys came in. That thought hammered in Baldy's mind. He had to go. And if he would not go he had to the scene. be driven off, at the risk of what might follow. Baldy made up his mind to that.

Having made up his mind by about noon, Baldy proceeded from thought to action.

He took the barrel-stave, and came out to speak to Mr. Hookey again. Slum had stretched himself in the grass, in the shade of the corral fence, to enjoy a nap before dinner.

He was suddenly awakened by a barrel-stave prodding into his ribs. He jumped.

"Out of it!" said Baldy. "What?"

Crack! The stave came down across Mr. Hookey with a loud concussion. There was a wild yell from the loafer.

He leaped to his feet and jumped back, glaring at Baldy furiously.

"What's this game?" he roared. Baldy did not trouble to answer. He charged at Slum Hookey, brandishing the barrel-stave.

Whack, whack, whack! Slum Hookey yelled and dodged. He was taken quite by surprise, having supposed that he had the fat cook quite under his thumb.

"Stop it!" he roared. "Let up! Let up, I tell you! I guess I'll give away the whole caboodle-- Yar-00000p!"

Crash! The barrel-stave broke across Mr. Hooker's bullet head. The yell the loufer gave rang to a great distance, awakening the echoes.

With the remaining half of the stave in his hand, Baldy set to work on Mr. Hookey, thrashing him unmercifully.

All the base ingratitude he had suffered from the rascal was paid for just then. Baldy was enjoying himself. Slum Hookey had to go, and this was the way to make him go. But there was policy as well as vengeance in Baldy's proceedings. The more thoroughly Mr. Hookey was thrashed the more likely he was to keep clear of the Windy River Ranch afterwards. And that was what Baldy wanted. He had to risk the rascal coming back and giving him away; but the more he thrashed the loafer the less was the risk. So Baldy fairly let himself go.

The stave crashed and crashed on the yelling, dodging loafer. Slum Hookey took to his heels, and after him went Baldy, still thrashing with the remnant of the stave.

Slum let out a wild yell at every step, and still the blows descended as Baldy panted in pursuit.

"Hallo! What's all this, Baldy?"

It was Hudson Smedley's voice. The rancher stared as he came on

"A durned hobo that won't vamoose, sir!" gasped Baldy. "I'm

making him git, sir!" "Jest listen to me, sir!" howled Slum Hookey. "I tell you-Yocoop! Whooooop!"

The threatened revelation was stopped by another crashing whack from the stave. Mr. Hookey rolled on the ground.

Hudson Smedley burst into a

"Don't kill him, Baldy!" he said. "You mustn't kill even a hobo, you know!"

"Yow! Help!"

Mr. Smedley walked away, much to Baldy's relief. The fat cook leaned over the sprawling loafer and whacked and whacked again. Mr. Hookey scrambled to his feet and "lit out," as he would have expressed it, for the plains. Still on his track went Baldy, thrashing away as hard as his tired right arm could go.

Baldy was fat and scant of breath, but he exerted himself in a way that was really surprising. The hapless hobo sprawled, catching his foot in a root, and Baldy panted over him.

"You'll give me away, will you?" gasped Baldy. "Arter I've give you five dollars and fed you like a millionaire! I'll give you suthin' to remember me by! You show your face on this ranch agin, and I'll give you some more of the same! Savvy?"

"Yow-ow-ow!" was the miserable Mr. Hookey's reply. "Let up! Let up, ole man! I've had enough! Let a galoot go!"

"You ain't had enough!" said Baldy, and, invigorated by a brief rest, he started in again with the

stave. Whack, whack, whack!

Slum Hookey squirmed away, yelling, leaped up, and ran. After him rushed the breathless cook till breath at last failed him and he had to stop. Mr. Slum Hookey vanished over the prairie, still howling, and Baldy slowly took his way back to the cookhouse.

He threw down the fragment of the stave and grinned.

"I guess that was the way!" he remarked. "He won't come back arter that! I got to chance it, but I reckon he will keep clear! He won't want any more!"

all that he could and he kept | Mr. Hookey.

another barrel-stave handy for immediate use if Mr. Hookey should show up on the ranch again. He hoped that all was safe now. But a lingering uneasiness remained, and Baldy, the cook, was not a happy man that day.

The 6th Chapter. Nice for Baldy!

Jimmy Silver rode up to the ranch in the sunset and stopped at the cookhouse.

"Baldy!" he called out.

The cook came into the doorway. He gave a hurried glance round, and was relieved to see that the horizon was not blotted by the figure of Slum Hookey.

"The boys coming in?" asked

Baldy. "Yes." Jimmy looked down at Baldy with a curious expression on his face. "You turned that hobo out?"

"Yes; he's gone!" "I wish he had!" said Jimmy. "I'm sorry, Baldy, old man-"

He paused. Baldy, the cook, felt his heart sink. "What's up?" he faltered. "You ain't seen anything of the man, have you?"

"I've ridden ahead to tell you, old bean," said Jimmy. "You were an awful ass, Baldy, to play such a silly trick. The man was hanging about waiting for us to come in to tell us. You seem to have scared him from coming back to the ranch, so he hung about on the trail."

Baldy gasped. "He's spun us the whole yarn," said Jimmy. "Oh, you ass, Baldy! I-I thought I'd ride on and give you the tip before the boys came in."

And Jimmy Silver, having thus good-naturedly prepared poor Baldy for what was to come, rode on to the corral.

Baldy, the cook, leaned against the door, quite limp.

"Oh, holy smoke!" he groaned. There was a thudding of hoofs, and a bunch of riders came up. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were with them, and Skitter Dick and three or four more cowpunchers, and Pete Peters. The whole band were laughing uproariously. Worst of all, there was Slum Hookey, thrown like a sack of wheat across Pete's horse.

The riders halted at the cookhouse, and Mr. Hookey rolled to the ground with a howl.

"We've brought your pard back, Baldy!" roared the foreman. "Met him on the trail."

Groan from Baldy.

"He's spun us a yarn!" yelled Skitter Dick. "He says you gave him five dollars to be rescued!"

Groan!

"He never went into deep water at shrieked Lovell. sprawled in the shallows to get wet, and bawled for help for us to hear! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, Baldy!" Groan!

"Just squatted in the shadows till we came in sight," howled Skitter Dick, "just to let us see you rescue him, Baldy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baldy, the cook, gazed at the yelling 'punchers with a lack-lustre eye. He was too utterly dismayed even to Baldy felt relieved. He had done | take the barrel-stave to the grinning

"I reckoned we'd bring him back and make him say so afore you, Baldy," said Mr. Peters. "Of course, we know you were lying, old man, like you always are. But there he is. Now then, you loafer, cough it up again."

Mr. Hookey grinned. He was still aching from his thrashing, but that thrashing was to be paid for now.

"He gave me five dollars to do it," he said. "'Five dollars,' he says, 'to let me reskoo you from drowning,' he says. 'I'm misunderstood hyer,' he says, 'and they say I'm funky,' he says, 'and I'm going to show 'em better,' he says, 'with your help,' he says. 'Five dollars,' he says.' Little enough, too, for getting wet all over -I ain't been wet all over for thirty years."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What do you say now, Baldy?" roared Pete Peters.

There was nothing for Baldy to say. He could only blink at the yelling cowboys and wish, from the bottom of his heart, that that wonderful scheme for establishing his reputation for courage had never occurred to

"Go it, Baldy!" howled Lovell. "Give us another yarn! Tell us how many times he dragged you under water in the middle of the river." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Waal, this beats me," said Skitter Dick. "Hyer's Baldy, the biggest liar in Alberta, without a lie left to tell. He's used up all his stock."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh dear!" groaned the unhappy Baldy.

He backed into the cookhouse and slammed the door. A terrific roar of

laughter followed his disappearance. Pete Peters wiped his eyes. "I guess this puts the lid on," he

said. "We was jays to believe a word of it-gol-darned jays! And as for this critter, who's given Baldy away after touching him for five dollars, I guess we'll make him learn that the Windy River section hasn't any use for him. Quirts, boys!"

Slum Hookey gave a yell as the said. horsemen circled round him with the long whips cracking. For the second time that day Mr. Slum Hookey fled | before?" for his life; and this time he shook ! the dust of the Windy River Ranch from his feet for ever.

"Jest a joke on you, boys!" Baldy said feebly when he handed out supper. "Jest a joke-jest pulling your legs, you know! Of course, I-

I was going to tell you."

"Cut it!" said Pete Peters: "cut it, Baldy! You're jest a liar, Baldy, and a funk, Baldy, and a mean, deceiving ass, Baldy; and if you wasn't the best cook in Alberta I'd boot you off the ranch with these hyer boots!"

"I-I tell you-" said Baldy. "Cut it!" roared Mr. Peters.

And the hapless Baldy did. The game was up, and Baldy, the cook, found his last state worse than his first; which doubtless was just what he deserved.

THE END.

(Packed with breathless incidents-"Held up on the Prarie!" next week's stunning story of Jimmy | character, didn't you?" Silver & Co. out West. Order your | "I believe so. Well, what of it?" Boys' Friend in advance and avoid "Well, he's now gone off with your disappointment!)

TALES TO TELL!

One for Johnnie.

Taking a stroll down the garden walk, a woman was horrified to see her son standing on his head against

the wall. "Johnnie, you wretch!" she cried.

"What are you doing now?" "Standing on my head," replied

Johnnie. "Didn't you tell me to play at something that wouldn't wear my boots out?"

Motor-'Bus Chivalry.

The 'bus had stopped at Charing Cross, and many passengers had alighted. Liza Jones was one of them, and as she walked across Trafalgar Square she turned towards her companion, a burly costermonger.

"Say, Bill, did yer see that bloke wot was a-sitting nex' to me in the bus?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Bill.

"Well, 'e was a perfec' gentleman, 'e was. Saw I looked tired, so he made his missus stand up and give me 'er seat!"

A New Fish.

He gave it up as a bad job at last. He had been fishing for some considerable time, and was about to leave when he noticed a small boy carrying under one arm a stick with a piece of cord attached to the end. On the cord was a pin, and fixed to this was a worm. The boy fished for a few minutes, and at length caught a good-sized fish. In his enjoyment, he made straight for home and showed it to his mother, who

"What kind of fish do you call it?" "I dunno!" was the reply. "But the man next to me called it 'the bloomin' limit!"

Why he took the Bucket.

The captain of a large steamer was once making up his crew for a long voyage, when a seaman came up. "I want to sail with you, sir," he

"All right, my man," said the captain. "And where have you sailed

"P. & O., to Australia, sir."

"What countryman?"

"An Oirishman," was the ready response,

"Well, you must get a character." The character was obtained, and as the Irishman was presenting it, another seaman came up, and said he wanted to join the crew.

"What line were you on before?"

said the captain. "Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your honour." "All right, go forward."

Shortly afterwards as the two were swilling the decks with buckets, in a very heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Pat, seeing this, finished his job, and

made for the captain's office. "Come in!" said the officer, hearing Pat's rap. "What's up now?" "You moind Bill Wilkins, the

Englishman and Cunarder?" queried "Yes, surely, man."

"You took him without a

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