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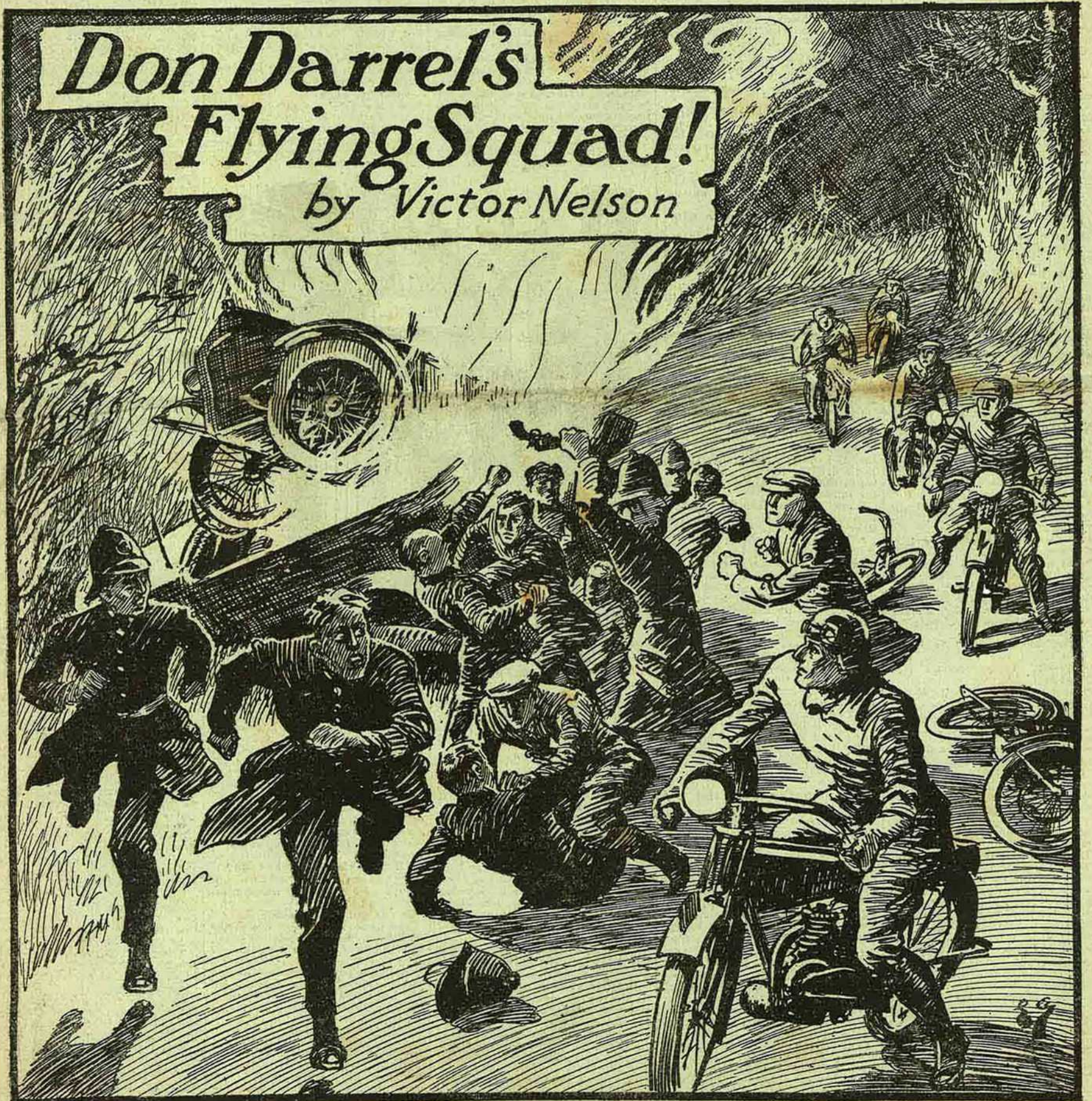
The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

EVERY MONDAY. SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending November 1st, 1924.]

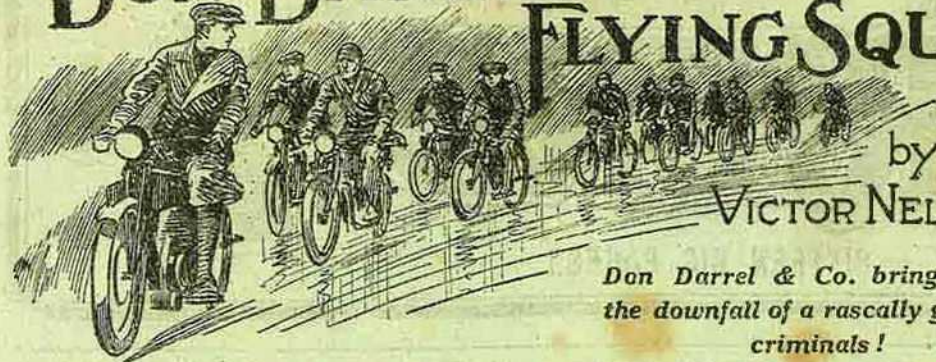


THE CRIMINALS ARE RUN DOWN BY DON DARREL AND HIS FLYING SQUAD!

(A thrilling incident from Victor Nelson's great story in this issue.)

ANOTHER FINE STORY OF DON DARREL AND "BULLDOG" HOLDFAST!

DON DARREL'S FLYING SQUAD!



by
VICTOR NELSON.

*Don Darrel & Co. bring about
the downfall of a rascally gang of
criminals!*

The 1st Chapter.

The Forged Cheque.

"Excuse me, Master Darrel, but I take it you know that this will leave the Red Crusaders' account five hundred pounds overdrawn?"

The bank had chanced to be empty of customers, save for the grey-eyed boy who had just passed the cheque for one hundred pounds across the counter.

The manager had leaned forward and spoken in a polite, carefully-lowered tone.

"Shucks! What?"

Don Darrel, the "Boy with Fifty Millions," took an amazed step backwards.

"Just a little oversight, no doubt," smiled the bank manager. "But I thought I would call the matter to your notice."

It was one of the biggest surprises Don Darrel had ever received in his life.

It was not at this branch of the Central Bank in Wigan that he kept his own personal banking account. But Don had opened a current account here in the name of the Crusaders F.C. for convenience sake.

"But this is nonsense, Mr. Mellor," Don protested. "I was glancing through the club's passbook only this morning, and we were four thousand six hundred pounds in credit."

"But since then, sir, we have met a cheque for five thousand pounds, you know."

"A cheque for five thousand? What cheque?"

"Why, a cheque written in favour of Messrs. the Wigan Builders, Limited—the people who rebuilt your grandstand after the fire."

"Jumping snakes! Guess I know of no such cheque, Mr. Mellor."

"What?"

It was the bank manager's turn to cry out in astonishment.

"But here it is!" he exclaimed, diving his hand into a drawer and producing one of the bank's cheques.

"Signed by you, Master Darrel, as chairman, and by Mr. Vasey, as secretary. Surely you do not dispute the signatures?"

"I do!" rapped Don. "At least, I dispute mine; and I'm sure that Jimmy—Mr. Vasey—wouldn't sign without me!"

"Good heavens!" Mr. Mellor was startled. He stared incredulously at Don, the colour draining from his face. "Then do you suggest that this—"

"That the signatures are forged? Yes, I do, Mr. Mellor. As a matter of fact, I paid for the rebuilding of the club's grandstand out of my own private account. How long ago was this cheque presented, and by whom?"

Mr. Mellor was like a man demented.

He shot out his hand for the telephone, then drew it back.

He seemed in doubt as to whether to communicate with the police before answering Don's question, or vice versa. He tried, next instant, to do both things at once, clapping the receiver to his ear.

"Not five minutes ago," he jerked over the counter to the millionaire. "You must have passed the man to whom we paid over the money, in notes, as you came in, Master Darrel. He was an elderly, military-looking person with white hair and a white, upturned moustache. Give me police, Exchange! At once, please!"

This latter was said into the mouth-piece of the instrument.

The manager then made to address Don again; but, to his surprise, the millionaire had whirled round on his heels, and, leaving on the counter the neat packages of ten-shilling notes and the many bags of silver the cashier had been pushing under the

grille, tore towards the door that led into the street.

Full tilt into a stalwart young man, with steel-blue eyes, who was just in the act of entering, Don crashed.

Harry—otherwise "Bulldog" Holdfast—caught at the lad's arm and staidied him.

"What the mischief is the matter, Don?" he inquired. "I was just coming in to help you carry out the money."

"Never mind that now, Harry," Don rapped. "Mino and Jimmy's names have been forged—the Red Crusaders robbed of five thousand pounds; or, rather, the bank, for I suppose, really, it is responsible. Did you spot a guy with a military carriage and white hair, and an upturned, white moustache?"

Outside the bank stood a closed motor-car.

It was a Saturday morning, and Don, Harry, and Andy Weir, the Crusaders' Scottish transfer, had driven to the bank, as was their custom, to cash a cheque for the small change which would be needed that afternoon at the various pay-boxes, when the Red Crusaders would be "at home" to Durham City.

"As you were sitting outside and driving, I thought you might have seen him, Harry," Don added. "For he must have left the bank at about the time we drove up, according to the manager."

"I did see him!" cried Holdfast. "I particularly noticed him, because something in his figure and walk struck me as being vaguely familiar, though I couldn't place him. Quick, jump in"—as he dragged Don towards the railway station.

Across the pavement they rushed, Don springing up beside Holdfast, as he resumed his place at the wheel.

"Hoots, laddies, what's the do?" Andy Weir shouted, his head narrowly missing a lamp-post as he thrust it out and the car leaped forward.

"Tell you later!" shouted Don. "No time now, Harry, do you remember that we found the door of our offices forced a fortnight back? I guess some fly crook must have boned a cheque out of the back of our book, so it shouldn't be noticed—took one of the old cheques that have come back through the bank, and been copying mine and Jimmy's signatures until he has got 'em perfect."

"That's about the size of it, Don," said the bulldog, ignoring the up-flung hand of a policeman on point duty. "Look! There's our man, in the light tweed overcoat and grey bowler hat!"

"Where?"

"There—turning down that side street! Do you see him?"

Don Darrel took a flying leap from the car as Harry Holdfast pulled it up with a skidding of tyres.

The boy millionaire lost his balance, and embraced an elderly and ill-tempered gentleman affectionately about the neck.

"Sorry, my dear old guy!" he jerked, steadying the indignant pedestrian as he spoke. "Come on, Harry! He went into the hairdresser's shop on the left, where you see the pole!"

"And that place has a double entrance—another door which opens into a slummy street at the rear!" cried Holdfast, as they sprinted together towards the side turning.

"Stay with the car, Andy!" he yelled over his shoulder.

The side street was blocked by a number of vehicles, so that it had been impossible to drive into it.

The barber's shop into which Holdfast had seen their quarry disappear, however, was but a few yards down.

As they reached it, and flung open the door, they were just in time to see the man in the grey felt hat passing out of the rear door, murmuring

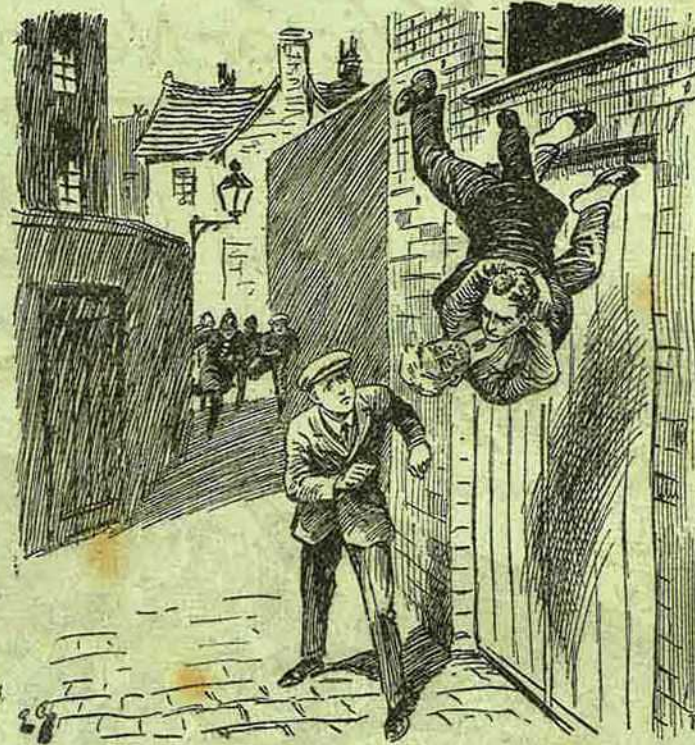
some excuse to the somewhat surprised assistants.

"Stop him! Stop thief!"

Don Darrel cried out the words as a departing customer got in their way, and he and the Bulldog cannoned into the stranger.

The assistants and the master hair-dresser himself were too startled to do more than stare, with their mouths open, and, with a gasp of alarm, the fender—there was little doubt that they were on the right track—bounced through the rear exit and slammed the door behind him.

When Don and Holdfast, having disentangled themselves from the



AT GRIPS! Fighting like madmen "Bulldog" Holdfast and the forger fell from the loft and crashed at the feet of Don Darrel.

expostulating, newly-shaved stranger, dashed out into the narrow street behind the shop, they were just in time to see their man disappearing round into a branch alley.

And when, at the double, they, in their turn, reached it, it was to receive something of a shock.

The man in the grey, hard-felt hat had vanished.

Don would have raced away towards the alley's opposite end, but Holdfast caught at his arm.

"Not so fast, Don!" he said. "The beggar couldn't possibly have reached the other end of the alley, not if he had run like a Marathon winner. He's about somewhere, hiding, in the hope that we'd do—well, what you were going to do! Ah!"

The alley in which they stood was a sort of mews, and on its farther side was a row of stables.

Holdfast made a sudden dash towards the mews, and sprang to clutch at the floorboards of an open loft above.

Crack, crack!

Two hurriedly fired, desperate shots missed him, though it was a terribly near thing.

Had the man, who was crouching back in the deep shadows of the loft, a revolver in his hand, stopped to take proper aim, he could hardly have failed to shoot the Bulldog dead, as Harry Holdfast groined himself up.

Before the forger could press the

trigger again, Harry Holdfast was on him.

Fighting like madmen, they rolled over and over, and, falling from the loft, crashed to the feet of Don Darrel, who was preparing to spring after Holdfast.

A rush of footfalls sounded in the street they had recently left. Andy Weir, the constable whom Holdfast had ignored whilst driving the barber, and several of his assistants poured next moment into the alley.

By this time Don Darrel was sitting on the discomfited fugitive's legs, whilst Holdfast was kneeling on his chest.

"You'll want this man for forgery, constable," Harry said, diving his hand into the breast-pocket of his late antagonist, and bringing it out full of banknotes. "Here are his spoils. Better get help. He's a slippery customer."

The policeman blew his whistle, whilst two more officers on the scene.

Between them, they dragged the muddied, breathless swindler to his feet. After peering at Harry Holdfast intently the fellow gave a start, and into his eyes leaped a fierce, vengeful light.

In his turn, the Bulldog had been keenly studying the other.

Suddenly, quick as a flash, Harry shot out a hand and grabbed at the prisoner's white moustache. It came away bodily in Holdfast's fingers, and a sweep of his hand knocked a white wig from the man's head, revealing short, dark hair beneath.

sergeant, to take him where he'll be safe; and I hope I shall not be 'pulled' for refusing to stop when the law held up its hand," he added, with a grin.

"I think we might waive that point," returned the sergeant, who knew Harry from seeing him on the football-field. "You've made a capture this morning, Mr. Holdfast, and no mistake. Now then, you! Best come quiet, or 'twill be the worse for you!"

The 2nd Chapter.

A Mysterious Outrage!

"So the police only gave evidence of arrest when Hawley Brand was brought oop to-day!"

Jimmy Vasey, friend and tutor to Don Darrel, the Boy with Fifty Millions, and the Red Crusaders' left-back, nodded in response to the remark of Tom Gilbey, the inside-left.

It was the following Monday evening, and the Crusaders, including Jimmy, Tom Gilbey, Don Darrel, Harry Holdfast, and the Redskin, Chuta, were out for a bout of walking exercise, with Jock MacPherson, their trainer.

Snap, Don's shaggy Irish terrier, was at his young master's heels.

"Yes, Brand was remanded for a week," said Jimmy. "And, from what I can hear of it, the police took all the credit for the capture, though if it hadn't been for Harry and Don, I expect they would still have been looking for the mysterious, white-moustached man who had done down the Central Bank for five thousand of the best."

"The beggar's been taken to the county gaol the noo, I suppose?" put in Andy Weir, who was swinging along with Don and Harry Holdfast. "I'm thinkin' he'll no have much chance to escape from there, an' get Harry, as he threatened. An' perhaps his talk about the 'gang' is all bounce!"

"No fear!" said Holdfast. "Brand always worked with a gang. And he is not in the county gaol. Still, I have been threatened too often in the past for his raving to cause me many sleepless nights."

"Not in the county gaol?"

This was news to Don Darrel. "I thought all remanded prisoners were taken there, Harry?" he asked.

"In the ordinary course of events—yes," answered the bulldog. "But there's been an outbreak of typhoid there, and, pro tem, prisoners under remand are being accommodated in the Wigan Police Station cells. Hark! Here comes the express from London. How she's tearing along!"

Heeling and tooting it at a good five miles an hour, the team was crossing an open field some six miles out of Wigan.

The footballers were nearing a long, high embankment, along which the railway ran, and they had been wheeling towards a point beyond a belt of trees to gain a little-frequented country road which passed under a bridge.

Darkness had fallen some time since, and the lights of the onrushing express had suddenly swung into view a couple of miles away.

Holdfast's companions glanced in their direction as the headlights rushed nearer and nearer and the rumble of the wheels became louder and louder.

"Gee whiz! Supposing anything were to happen on the line now!" Don Darrel said casually. "She must be rushing towards the bridge at close on seventy miles an hour, I guess, and—"

"Boom!"

The boy's words were abruptly drowned by a terrific, reverberating explosion, which caused all of them to pull up in their stride, with in-drawn breaths.

"By James! It came from the bridge!" Harry Holdfast gasped, his face whitening. "Didn't you see the red flash through the trees? Someone has blown up the bridge!"

"Hoots! Hundreds of innocent people will be killed!" Andy Weir cried. "Can we no stop the train? Come on—come on!"

At a mad rush, the horrified footballers sprinted towards the trees, Snap keeping with them and barking shrilly in his excitement.

But, even as they started to run, Harry Holdfast and Don realised that they had not the slightest chance of being able to do anything in time.

The express was now thundering abreast of them, up on the embankment, and although the driver had evidently heard the deafening roar and seen the lurid red flash, going at the rate he was he could not hope

DON DARREL'S FLYING SQUAD!



by VICTOR NELSON.

(Continued from previous page.)

into the station. It was to emerge again almost immediately, looking a little nettled.

Just as the Wigan clocks were striking the hour of midnight, the constable on duty on the steps of the police-station was somewhat surprised to see two large touring cars, crowded with uniformed police, halting outside in the kerb.

Had his comrades gone to Burscough Junction in uniform he might have thought that two of the cars had returned. But they had gone in return, and as he peered down into the street he had to realise that these men were strangers.

Led by an inspector, the full dozen men—for they numbered that—crossed the pavement and marched towards the entrance of the station.

"Come inside for a moment, my man," grunted the inspector, as the policeman on the steps of the station saluted him.

Unsuspectingly, the constable saluted again, and obeyed, following the inspector as he swaggered into the charge-room, where a station-sergeant was seated with a couple of policemen, also on station duty.

The sergeant looked up in surprise as the body of constables tramped in after their leader.

The sergeant jumped to his feet and half-raised his hand in a salute. But he stopped it midway with a bewildered and surprised ejaculation.

There were several little things about the "inspector's" uniform which told the station-sergeant that the man was in reality no police officer at all.

Ere he could speak, however, he found himself looking down the muzzle of an automatic pistol, which the bogus inspector had whipped from his tail-pocket.

"Throw up your hands, and don't make a sound, as you value your life!" the latter hissed.

"I want your keys, slick! When we leave here we shall take our pal, Hawley Brand, otherwise the Pen King, with us, and also the evidence you have against him, which we figured on being kept here somewhere—the cheque he forged to try to lift five thousand from the Central Bank."

The sergeant was a brave man.

"You confounded scoundrel!" he cried, sending the keys, which had been lying under some papers on his desk, flying behind him.

Meanwhile, like their chief, the eleven other uniformed men had produced revolvers. They were covering the three real constables and a plain-clothes detective, who had come hurrying from an inner room.

plucky sergeant dragged himself up to his desk as the last of the criminals disappeared. He stretched out an unsteady hand for the telephone, only to find that the wires had been cut.

"Two things strike me so forcibly, Harry, that I feel I have had a biff between the eyes."

Standing with Harry Holdfast, Jimmy, and Chata, some distance up the road, Don Darrel made the remark rather disgustedly.

"They are," he went on, "that the sergeant got the wind up and sent for reinforcements, and that, apparently, we were off our horse, as nothing has happened, and it is now past midnight."

"I suppose we were wrong," agreed Harry. "The sergeant will bless us for giving him a needless scare, and will—By James! Look! Those police are coming out again—crowding into their cars! This is queer, Don. I wonder—"

"By shots, you fellows were right, after all!" Jimmy Vasey yelled. "They're fakes—not policemen at all! Look! They've got Hawley Brand by the wrists! If they were real police, and removing him somewhere, you can bet they would have handcuffed him."

"The motor-cycles, slick!" Don cried, rushing towards a point some five hundred yards distant from the station, where the shadows were deep.

pair. And now Harry's revolver was out.

A man in the first car saw it gleaming in his hand, for Harry was in the full glare of the rear car's headlights.

Crack! A bullet missed the Bulldog's head by inches.

Crack! Crack! This time it was Harry who fired, and his objectives were the rear tyres of the leading car.

He got them both, after four rapid shots, a bump in the road, causing him to swerve, diverting his first two bullets.

That same unevenness in the highway saved him, as a positive hail of lead from both cars whistled about him.

Cries in the first car told that those in the second had wounded some of their comrades.

Two loud explosions proclaimed that the back tyres of the leading car had been burst. It was bumping horribly on its rims.

Phu-s-s-s!

A bullet from the rear car shattered the glass of the back lamp—it was acetylene—of that in front, and from the lamp pierced the petrol-tank, which hung below the body at the rear.

The spirit caught as it spurted from the hole into the lap, the flames licking about the back of the car and leaving a blazing trail in the road.

The second car dashed into it with a shattering crash, and with the petrol tank of the first exploding, both vehicles were enveloped in angry, devouring flames.

Out of their cars tumbled the criminals, yelling, struggling with each other, panic-stricken.

And into them, causing them to scatter, and giving them no time in which to use their revolvers, dashed Don Darrel's impromptu flying squad.

Men were sent down, cycles crashed in the road, flying fists went to work against hastily-clubbed revolvers.

A man in civilian clothes detached himself from the crowd, and sprinted towards a fallen cycle.

He raised it, swung his leg over the saddle, plunged down the kick-start, and went tearing away into the night.

Hawley Brand was making a desperate bid for freedom.

But he had reckoned without Don Darrel.

The Boy with Fifty Millions saw him go.

Don picked up his own fallen cycle and went in pursuit, unwinding something from about his waist as he rode.

Nearer and nearer he tore to the fugitive motor-bike.

Brand looked over his shoulder, and whipped an automatic pistol, which had been handed to him by one of his accomplices, from his hip-pocket.

He fired at the onrushing Don, who was now scarcely twenty yards from him.

But he could take no accurate aim, and his bullet did no more than rip through the cloth of Don Darrel's jacket at the shoulder.

Nearer, still nearer tore Don, and now something went snaking through the air.

The noose of a lasso fell over the head of Hawley Brand and slipped about his shoulders.

Don Darrel abruptly jammed on his brakes and waited, gripping the handlebars with all his strength. There came a terrible, jerking shock, as the lasso, the rear end of which was secured about the boy's waist, was dragged taut.

A yell of fright from ahead, a thud, a crash, a slackening of the rope, then silence.

Don dismounted and cautiously approached the spot where dimly he could see the figure of Hawley Brand lying near the overturned motor-cycle.

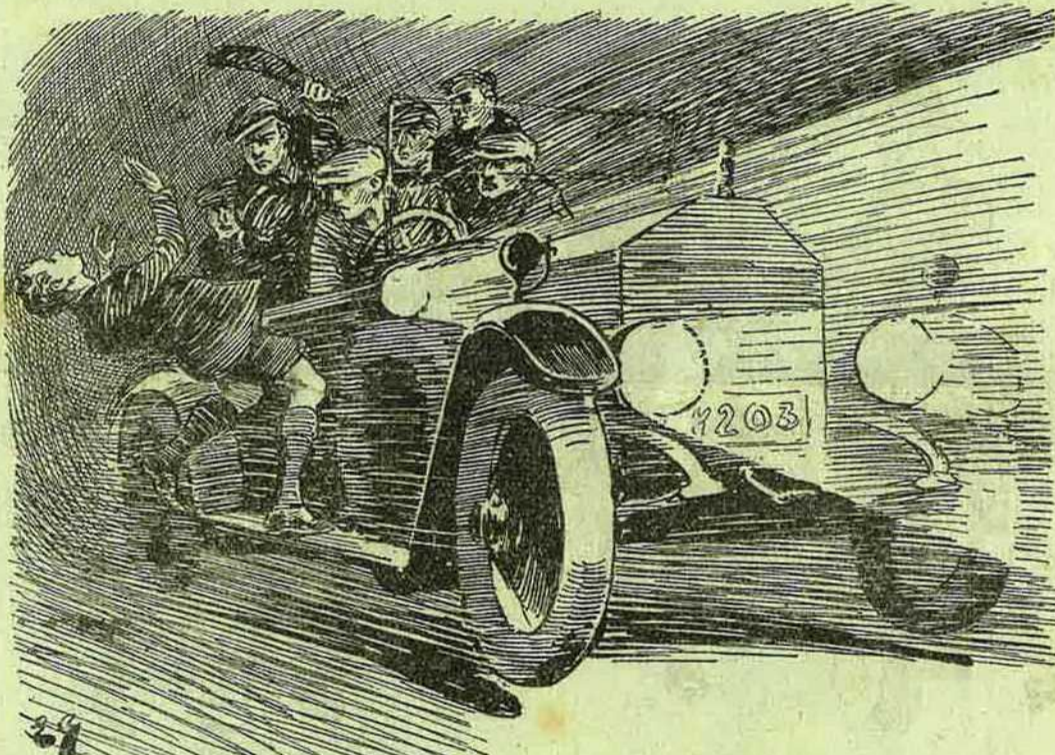
The man proved to be stunned. Don secured his hands and feet together with the lasso, then rode back towards the blazing cars with the criminal slithering and bumping over the road in his wake.

It was to find that his friends had overpowered the bogus policemen. The whole crowd lay bound at the side of the road.

"I guess this is some capture, Harry," Don said to the Bulldog, who was binding a flesh wound in his arm. "Andy, suppose you get on the telephone, and splutter broad Scotch into it, to tell the police at Burscough Junction that nothing is likely to happen there, but that there's something doing here, if they'd like to drop along."

THE END.

(Whatever you do, don't miss "Under Arrest!"—next Monday's great story of Don Darrel & Co. and "Bulldog" Holdfast!)



KNOCKED SENSELESS! Suddenly a sand-bag struck Don Darrel a glancing, but stunning, blow on the side of the head and the millionaire pitched backwards off the car and fell prone in the road.

was floating before his eyes the sergeant saw them marching towards the exit, two of their number gripping Hawley Brand's wrists, as if he were being removed from the station officially and under escort.

"Then Mr. Holdfast was right!" he groaned half aloud.

With a superhuman effort the

He raised a whistle to his lips, and its long, shrill blast broke the night silence. Immediately lights flashed out ahead.

Meanwhile, the two "police" cars had started away from the kerb, the dozen bogus police and the master-forger aboard.

Don, Harry, Jimmy, and Chata vanished into the gloom where the lights had gleamed out.

In a matter of seconds the street seemed alive with purring, speeding motor-cycles.

Some on bikes hurriedly hired, others on their own machines, practically every man of the Crusaders' first team was there—Don, Harry Holdfast, Jimmy, Chata, Andy Weir, Corbett, Len Wood, Lane, Tom Gilbey, and four of the reserves.

The outskirts of the borough were reached, and the rear light of the second of the two bogus police cars was not three hundred yards ahead.

"Don't forget! Keep me in sight and be ready!" Holdfast yelled, as the bikes slowed down.

Harry shot away ahead, and once again he opened his throttle, setting his engine roaring at full speed.

With a rush the Bulldog was close up with the rear car, and he knew that half a dozen pairs of eyes were regarding him suspiciously.

The Bulldog took no heed, apparently, of its occupants, but swept by.

In turn, he came up with the leading car, slackened speed a little, and fell back, so that he was between the

Bang! Bang!

Holdfast had fallen back, Jimmy Vasey, almost unnoticed in the confusion, had raced on ahead, and, with a revolver-bullet, had got the rear-side front tyre of the leading car. It shot at a tangent from the road, and plunged its front wheels into a ditch.

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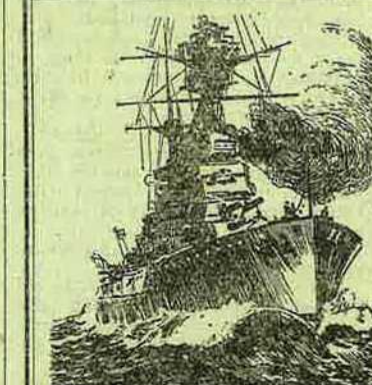
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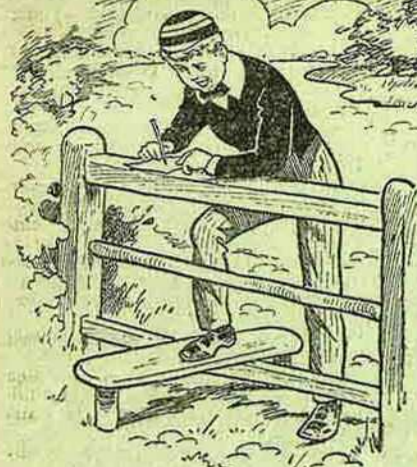
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Text for 'Our Fighting Fleet' advertisement.

A LAUGH IN EVERY LINE OF THIS GREAT STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

Putty's Bright Idea!



By OWEN CONQUEST.
(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")

Teddy Grace's propensity for practical joking causes Mark Carthew of the Sixth Form a great deal of trouble!

The 1st Chapter.

Carthew's Catch!

"Just come here, Silver!" Carthew of the Sixth spoke in unusually polite tones.

Generally, Carthew did not waste much politeness on juniors, especially on Jimmy Silver of the Fourth Form. Now he seemed quite amiable, and he even smiled as he called to the captain of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver stopped very unwillingly. He had had many a trouble with the bully of the Sixth, and he did not trust Carthew, especially when he seemed amiable. And Jimmy was on his way to join Lovell and Ruby and Newcome, who were waiting for him in the quad. It was a half-holiday, and the Fistical Four had planned quite an extensive bike spin for the afternoon, and they were anxious to get off as quickly as possible after dinner.

Perhaps Carthew of the Sixth was aware of it.

"What is it, Carthew?" asked Jimmy Silver, as civilly as he could. "No football match on this afternoon, I think?" asked Carthew.

"No." "That's all right, then. I shouldn't like to interrupt a football match, fagging you," said Carthew agreeably. "I want you to take this note down to Coombe, Silver."

"I'm just going out." "Quite so! Take it to the printer's office. You know the office of the 'Coombe Times.'"

"Look here, Carthew—"

"Ask Mr. Oldface specially to put it in this week's 'Times.' It's an advertisement, you know," said Carthew blandly. "Here's the half-crown to pay for it. And you'll bring back the receipt."

"I say—" "I'm selling my bike, you know," said Carthew. "I sha'n't want it any more this year. Mind you make it clear that the advertisement is to go in this week."

Jimmy Silver breathed hard. How far the fagging rights of the Sixth extended over the Fourth was a question that had never really been settled at Rookwood. It was established that games and games practice could not be interrupted by such antics. At other times there was no settled rule, which was quite convenient to a fellow like Carthew, who liked to make his power felt in the Lower School.

Jimmy was perfectly well aware that Carthew knew of the excursion the chums of the Fourth had planned for the afternoon. Likewise there was no reason why Carthew should not have sent his advertisement by post the day before, and there was no reason why he shouldn't walk down to Coombe with it himself. Nevertheless, it was difficult to refuse.

"Well, what are you waiting for, Silver?" asked Carthew cheerily.

"We're going out," said Jimmy. "We want to get as far as Bunbury this afternoon. Carthew. Can't you get another fellow—"

"Fraid not," said Carthew, still bland and agreeable. "You see, a prefect had to be impartial in these matters. Can't let one fellow off all the time and pile things on other fellows."

"Look here, I can't go!"

"I think you can," smiled Carthew.

"You see, otherwise you'll have to

bend over and take six, and then you'll still have to go."

Arthur Edward Lovell put in his head at the doorway and bawled:

"Are you coming, Jimmy Silver? Are you ever coming, you slacker? What are you keeping us waiting for?"

Jimmy Silver backed away from Carthew.

"Look here, Carthew," he said. "We'll go round through Coombe and drop your message at the printer's. I'll bring you the receipt when we get back from our ride. Will that do?"

Carthew smiled.

That would have "done" quite well if Carthew's object had not been to pay off old scores against the end study.

But that precisely was Carthew's object, so obviously Jimmy Silver's suggestion would not "do."

"Not at all," said the Sixth-Former. "Not in the least! You'd probably lose the receipt—a careless fag like you. You must learn to be careful in money matters, Silver. Bring the receipt back directly!"

Jimmy's eyes gleamed.

"Rats!" he retorted.

"What?"

"Do you think I don't know your game, Carthew?" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. "You want to muck up our half-holiday, and you're jolly well not going to. See?"

Carthew had his asphalt under his arm. Doubtless he had been prepared for objections on the part of the captain of the Fourth. He let the asphalt slip down into his hand.

"Bend over!" he said laconically.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Silver!"

"Rats!"

Carthew made a stride at the junior. Jimmy Silver jumped back and made a bolt for the big doorway on the quad.

"Stop!" roared Carthew. "Bulkeley, stop him!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth came in at the door as Jimmy Silver almost reached it.

He glanced at the junior and then at the prefect, and held up his hand. Jimmy Silver halted in dismay.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, was not to be disputed with. As head prefect the matter was within his jurisdiction.

"What's the trouble?" asked Bulkeley quietly.

He gave Carthew rather a suspicious look. He was quite aware of Carthew's bullying proclivities and of the trouble that had long existed between Carthew and the end study.

But Carthew was not looking like a bully now. He was quite genial and good-tempered.

"I've asked Silver to take a message for me to Coombe," he said. "The young rascal was scolding off instead of taking it."

Bulkeley frowned.

"This won't do, Silver," he said.

"You—you see, Bulkeley—"

"There's no game on!" asked the captain of Rookwood.

"No, but—"

"Then you can take Carthew's message. I'm surprised at you, Silver. You know very well that you're under a Sixth-Form prefect's orders."

"Yes, but—"

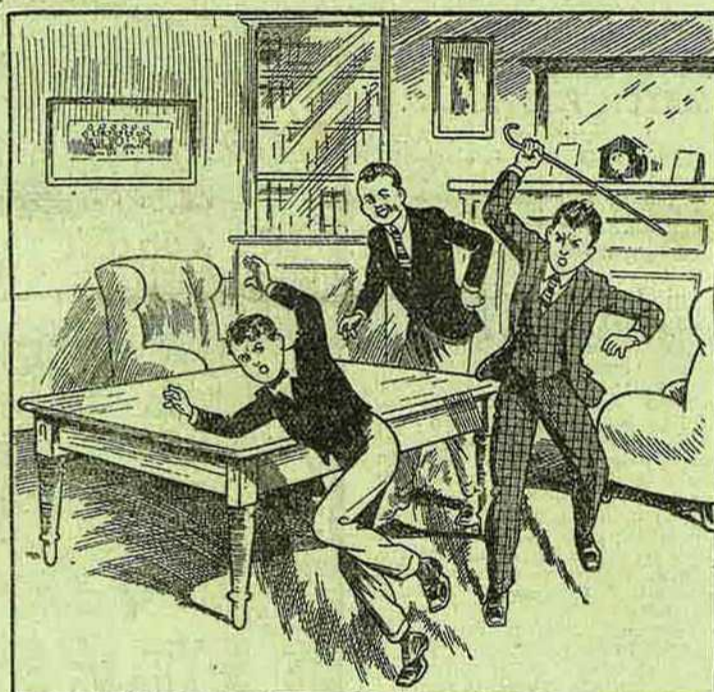
"That's enough! Take Carthew's

message at once, or you'll find yourself in trouble."

With that, and a frown, the captain of the school walked on.

Jimmy Silver suppressed his feelings.

It was useless to attempt to explain to Bulkeley, even if he had felt disposed to do so. Jimmy was quite sure that his old enemy had planned to "muck up" that half-holiday for the juniors he disliked, but he had no proof of any kind, and Bulkeley was not likely to believe a Sixth-Form prefect guilty of such meanness without the strongest proof.



CARTHEW LAYS IT ON! Whack, whack, whack! "Oh!" roared Lovell. "Ow! My hat!" He dodged frantically round the study table, Carthew pursuing him with the lashing cane. "You silly ass—ow! You beastly bully—yoooop!"

"You've heard the oracle, Silver," said Carthew, when Bulkeley was out of hearing. "Are you taking the message or not?"

Jimmy set his teeth.

He did not answer, but he held out his hand for the letter and the half-crown.

Carthew smiled as the junior walked out of the House. For once, at least, he had made Jimmy Silver kneel under and realise that a prefect of the Sixth was a little too powerful for him. Bullying the end study had never been quite successful. Jimmy Silver & Co. had always been able to keep their end up against that. But petty persecution was more difficult for them to deal with, and Carthew had scored. As for the meanness of such a score, that did not trouble him in the least.

The 2nd Chapter.

Putty Obliges!

Arthur Edward Lovell gave Jimmy a glare as the captain of the Fourth came out of the House.

"We're waiting!" he said acidly.

It was not uncommon for Arthur Edward to keep his comrades waiting. On such occasions he expected them to wait with patience. But personally he did not like waiting.

"Well, let's get off now you're here, Jimmy," said Ruby.

"Can't!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"More waiting?" asked Lovell sarcastically.

"Fathead!"

"Well, why can't we get off, old chap?" asked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver held up the note and the half-crown and explained. There were exclamations of annoyance from the other three.

"Look here, it's too thick!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell hotly. "If we wait while you mooch down to Coombe and back we sha'n't get out to Bunbury to-day. You're not going?"

"Must!" said Jimmy. "Carthew don't matter, but we can't back up against old Bulkeley."

"Bother Bulkeley!" growled Lovell.

"Well, I've got to go. We'll make it a shorter run afterwards, unless you fellows would like to get off and leave me to it."

"Oh, rot!" said Newcome.

"We'll come down to Coombe with you," said Lovell. "But it's all a catch. Carthew could have sent that off by post, and, anyhow, it doesn't matter about bringing back the receipt for his miserable half-crown. It's just a catch to do us in the eye."

"I know that."

Jimmy Silver took his bicycle, which Ruby was looking for him, and the four chums wheeled the machines down to the gates.

They were all in a mood of exasperation.

The weather was exceptionally good that afternoon, and they had been looking forward to an agreeable excursion of unusual extent. Now that happy prospect was knocked on the head.

But that was not the worst of it.

"Oh, come on!" growled Lovell.

"Let's get it over."

"Hold on a minute!"

"Oh, rot!"

"You're not doing anything special this afternoon, Putty?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Putty grinned.

"Yes, I am. I'm keeping out of Carthew's way."

"What for?"

"I fell on him coming downstairs just after dinner," explained Putty. "Carthew wouldn't believe that it was an accident."

"Was it?" asked Newcome.

"Heu!"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"I want to give him time to cool down before I see him again," said Putty. "So I've borrowed Morny's 'Holiday Annual,' and I'm spending a jolly afternoon out of gates. Anything I can do for you?"

Jimmy Silver held up the note and the half-crown. Once more he explained Carthew's device for "mucking up" the afternoon for the chums of the end study.

"You see, even Carthew couldn't find fault with another fellow taking his message, if you cared to take it," he said. "You can read that giddy 'Annual' any old time. Carthew's particular about the receipt being taken back, so if you don't want to see him—"

Putty smiled genially.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'll buzz down to Coombe for you, and I'll see that Carthew gets his receipt. I'm getting a licking from him, anyhow, and that won't make it any worse."

"Good man!" said Jimmy Silver gratefully.

"Not at all, old bean."

The Fistical Four brightened up. That ride to Bunbury was to come off, after all; and even Carthew could scarcely complain, so long as his advertisement appeared in the local paper, and the receipt was taken back to him at once. If he did, Jimmy had only to appeal to the head prefect. Carthew's real object, certainly, would be defeated. But he could not very well explain his real object to George Bulkeley.

"Leave it to me, old bean," said Putty. And the Fistical Four, quite merry and bright now, left it to Putty and rode away cheerily, to take the first turning that led into the Bunbury road.

Putty of the Fourth sat on the stile, and looked after them with a smiling face.

He was on chummy terms with the Fistical Four, and glad to oblige them. But that had not been his only object in offering to take Jimmy Silver's mission off his hands. Putty's chief characteristic was a propensity for practical jokes, and he thought he could see an opening here with Mark Carthew as the victim.

Jimmy Silver, in his keenness to get away on his bike ride, had quite forgotten Putty's peculiar propensities.

"I wonder—" murmured Putty.

He calmly tore open the envelope and looked at the contents. There was a brief message from Carthew to the printer of the local paper.

"Dear Sir.—Please insert the enclosed advertisement in this week's number of the 'Coombe Times.' The bearer will pay 2s. 6d., for which, please, send receipt."

"Yours truly,

"M. CARTHEW."

There was an enclosure as follows:

FOR SALE.—Enfield bicycle in excellent condition. £10 or nearest offer. Communication, by letter only, to M. Carthew, School House, Rookwood.

Putty of the Fourth pondered over that advertisement, with a pucker of thought in his brow, and a gleam in his blue eyes.

Then he took out a fountain-pen.

For some time Putty of the Fourth was deep in the throes of composition. He was making a couple of trifling alterations in the advertisement.

Then he slipped off the stile, and sauntered away down the leafy lane in the direction of Coombe.

He did not go at once to the printer's. He dropped in at the post-office, which was also a stationer's, and bought an envelope there. In the new envelope he sealed up Carthew's letter and the advertisement.

Then he strolled along to the office of the "Coombe Times."

He found Mr. Oldface there, somewhat grubby and very busy, setting the type of his paper. The "Coombe Times" was not one of the larger undertakings in the newspaper world. Its circulation was limited, and its

(Continued overleaf.)

Putty's Bright Idea!



(Continued from previous page.)

contents were chiefly advertisements. The staff consisted of Mr. Oldface himself and one youth of sixteen.

Putty of the Fourth handed in the letter and the half-crown. He duly impressed upon the printer that the advertisement must appear that week without fail, and received an official receipt for the half-crown.

"I'm setting up the Sale column now, sir," said Mr. Oldface. "I'll put it in at once. It will be all right. You can tell Master Carthew so."

"I will," said Putty. And he sauntered out of the dusky little office, and walked back cheerily to Rookwood.

A little later Carthew of the Sixth hastily put a cigarette out of sight as a knock came at his study door.

"Come in!" he snapped. It was Townsend of the Classical Fourth who entered. He laid a receipt on Carthew's table.

"I've been asked to bring this to you, Carthew," he said.

"What?"

"All right, isn't it?" asked Townsend. Carthew glared at the receipt. It was "all right," so far as that went. Still, the bully of the Sixth did not seem satisfied.

"Did Silver ask you to bring this here?" he asked.

"No. Young Grace of the Fourth."

"Oh!" Townsend left the study, leaving Carthew glaring at the receipt. He jumped up and called after Townsend. "Townsend, do you know where Silver is?"

"Out of gates, I think. I heard that they were going on a jaunt to Bunbury on their bikes," answered Townsend.

Carthew turned back into his study, picked up the receipt, and jammed it slyly into his pocket. He realised that he had not scored over the Fistical Four so successfully as he had supposed. Teddy Grace, apparently, had relieved Jimmy Silver of his task, and the Fistical Four had gone off to Bunbury, after all. Until they came back they were out of reach of reprisals. But Carthew put his aspirant under his arm, and walked out to look for Jimmy.

But he did not find him. Putty of the Fourth was ensconced in a quiet corner of the Head's garden, with Morny's "Holiday Annual" to keep him company, and Carthew was not likely to see him again till roll-call.

The 3rd Chapter. Bend Over!

Jimmy Silver & Co. wheeled in their machines cheerily just a few minutes before old Mack closed the school gates. The chums of the Fourth were rather tired and rather dusty, but they had enjoyed their spin. They had had an excellent tea at Bunbury, and a merry spin homeward in the autumn sunset. So they were feeling quite pleased with themselves and things generally; and they put up their bikes, and walked cheerily into the House in time for Roll.

Roll was being taken that evening by Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of the school. The last fellow to squeeze into Hall was Putty of the Fourth. He had left it till the latest possible moment from his desire to avoid a meeting with Mark Carthew. Carthew's eye was upon him the moment he entered Hall; but Putty nourished a hope of dodging away after calling-over, and still keeping the bully of the Sixth at a safe distance. Putty's propensity for practical jokes often introduced an element of excitement into his career at Rookwood, and dodging some offended person was by no means a new experience to him. Telling on Carthew, in coming downstairs, was

a little incident that required some time to blow over.

Bulkeley of the Sixth called the names, and when the roll was finished he gave the signal for dismissal. Putty of the Fourth scudded for the door at once; but Carthew was already standing against the big oaken door of Hall.

"You can hold on, Grace," he said, with a sour grin. "You, too, Silver. Stay behind!"

Jimmy Silver and Putty stood out of the crowd that poured out of Hall. Jimmy, who did not think that he had anything to fear, waited cheerily; but Putty of the Fourth did not look so cheerful. He realised that he was up against it now.

But Knowles of the Modern Sixth stopped to speak to Carthew, and Putty saw his opportunity. He

It's all right. I suppose it didn't matter who took it, so long as it was taken.

"I suppose not," assented Bulkeley. "Has anything gone wrong with the message, Carthew?"

"Not that I know of," grunted Carthew.

"You got your receipt all right?"

"Yes."

"Then what's the matter?"

"I told Silver to go, and he didn't go!" snapped Carthew. "I did not authorise him to hand over my note to another fag."

Bulkeley compressed his lips.

"So long as the message was delivered, it didn't matter a bang whether Silver handed it over or not," he said quietly. "There's no sense in picking faults like this, Carthew."

"I gave him an order," said Carthew. "If he doesn't carry out an order, he takes six."

"He carried it out, to all intents and purposes. You've got no fault to find."

"Look here, Bulkeley—"

Bulkeley raised his hand.

"The matter's closed. You can cut off, Silver."

"Thank you, Bulkeley!"

Jimmy Silver walked cheerily out of Hall. Carthew watched him go with an almost livid face.

was Putty who had relieved Jimmy Silver of his fag duty, there was some satisfaction in the prospect of giving him six.

So Carthew proceeded to the Classical Fourth quarters, and looked in at Study No. 2. He found Jones minor, Higgs, and Tubby Muffin there, but the fourth member of the study was not to be seen. Carthew scowled in at the three juniors.

"Where's Grace?" he demanded.

"I saw him a few minutes ago, Carthew," answered Jones minor.

"He, he, he!" came from Tubby Muffin.

Carthew glared at the fat Classical.

"What's that cackle about?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing!" gasped Tubby.

"Do you know where Grace is?"

"I—I think he's dodging you, Carthew," stammered Tubby. "I—I think he would be waxy if I told you where to look for him."

"Where is he?" roared Carthew.

"I—I don't think I—I ought to mention."

"Shut up!" said Higgs, in a fierce whisper.

"Hold your tongue, Higgs!" snapped Carthew angrily. "Now then, Muffin, go on! Where's Grace?"

"I—I think I ought not to mention

that—that—that he was going over to Mr. Manders' House—"

"Oh, all right!"

Carthew left the study and the House, to cross over to the Modern side and continue there his search for Putty of the Classical Fourth.

Higgs closed the study door with a grin.

Then there was a movement under the study table, and Putty of the Fourth emerged into view.

"Dear old Carthew!" he murmured. "How lucky that he never thought of looking under the table!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Tubby Muffin.

"I thought that fat villain was going to sneak for a minute!" growled Higgs. "I nearly punched him!"

"Look here!" exclaimed Tubby indignantly. "I think I was jolly diplomatic. I said I thought I ought not to mention that Putty was going over to Manders' House. That was right, as Putty wasn't going there—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now he's gone rooting round the Modern side!" said Tubby, with a fat grin. "That'll keep him busy while you do your prep, Putty."

"Good old fat man!" said Putty, laughing. "Blessed if I ever thought you were so jolly deep!"

Tubby grinned complacently.

"I fancy I'm fairly wide!" he remarked.

"You are!" agreed Putty, with a glance at Tubby's ample circumference.

There was no doubt that Reginald Muffin was very wide; physically, at least.

"Leave it to me to pull the wool over Carthew's eyes!" chuckled Tubby, extremely satisfied with himself and his diplomacy. "Carthew's a silly owl, you know!"

"Is he?" said an unpleasant voice, as the door opened suddenly.

Carthew of the Sixth looked in again.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Putty of the Fourth.

"So you were here all the time!" grinned Carthew. "I thought there might be some trick going on. So I'm a silly owl, am I, Muffin?"

Tubby Muffin blinked at the prefect in utter dismay.

"Oh, no; not at all, Carthew!" he gasped. "I—I wouldn't call you a silly owl for—anything! I—I—I'm too respectful! I—I wouldn't dream of telling a prefect what I thought of him, really!"

"What!" roared Carthew.

"Honest injun!" gasped Tubby. "Lots of the fellows think you're a silly owl, Carthew, but I keep on telling them that fellows ain't always such fools as they look—Yarrah!"

Whack!

Tubby roared and dodged away from the aspirant.

Carthew fixed glinting eyes on Putty of the Fourth. That too-humorous youth realised that he was "for it" now, and he waited for it.

"You fell on me on the staircase after dinner to-day, Grace," remarked Carthew.

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" murmured Putty.

"You've been dodging me ever since."

"You're not always a nice person to meet, you know, Carthew," said Putty.

"Bend over!"

"You're not going to lick a chap for a little accident like that, Carthew!" urged Putty.

"Do you give me your word that it was an accident?"

"Hem!"

"I thought not! Bend over!"

There was no help for it. Putty of the Fourth bent over a chair, and the aspirant rose and fell.

"Six" was a light or a severe

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL! A FIVE-POUND NOTE AND SIX FOOTBALLS—MUST BE WON!

OUR STUNNING ONE-WEEK PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION!

FIRST PRIZE - - £5 and 6 other PRIZES of MATCH FOOTBALLS.

On the right, here, is a splendid picture-puzzle competition in which you can all join—and there is no entrance fee.

Remember that each picture in the puzzle may represent part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three words. Solutions containing alternatives will be disqualified.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to solve the puzzle, which deals with "Q" Boats. When you have done this to your satisfaction, write, IN INK, on one side of a clean sheet of paper, exactly what you think the puzzle tells you. Then sign your name, IN INK, on the coupon, cut out the whole tablet, pin your solution to it, and post to "Warships" Competition No. 7, Boys' FRIEND Office, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, November 6th, 1924.

The First Prize of £5 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is correct, or most nearly correct, and the six footballs in order of merit.

In the event of ties, the right to divide the value of the prizes is reserved, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each attempt must be accompanied by a separate picture and coupon, signed IN INK.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

mingled swiftly with the outgoing crowd and vanished, while Carthew's eye was off him for the moment.

Jimmy Silver waited. He smiled a little as Carthew stared round, and then gave him an inquiring glare.

"Where's young Grace?"

"I think he went out," said Jimmy.

"I told him to stay."

Jimmy Silver made no reply to that. That was no concern of his. The school marched out of Hall, and Bulkeley of the Sixth stopped behind, as he noticed Jimmy remaining with Carthew.

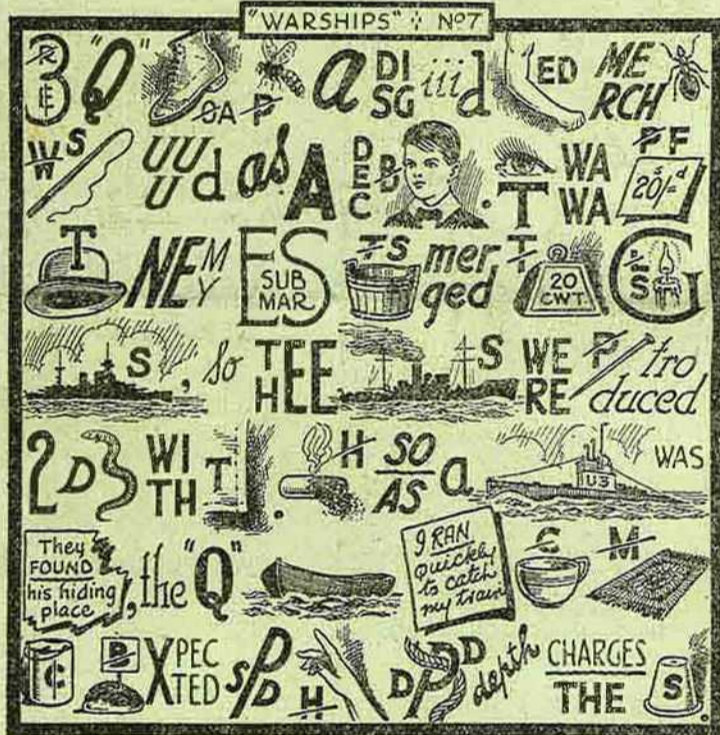
"What's the trouble now?" he asked.

"Silver did not take my message to Coombe, after all, this afternoon," said Carthew. "I'm going to give him six."

Bulkeley frowned at Jimmy.

"This is rather too thick, Silver," he said. "I told you myself to take Carthew's message to the printer. Why didn't you go?"

"Another fellow took it for me, Bulkeley," explained Jimmy. "The receipt was brought back to Carthew.



I enter "WARSHIPS" Competition No. 7 and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Name

Address

B.F. Closing date, November 6th.....

"Bulkeley," he muttered, "do you think I'm going to stand this? If you keep on interfering between me and the fags, I shall put it before Dr. Chisholm."

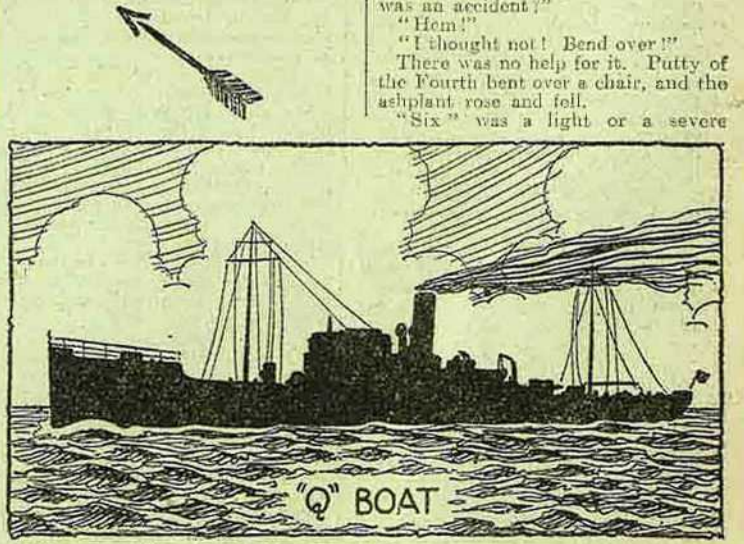
"Do so, as soon as you like," answered the captain of Rookwood. "I shall keep on interfering so long as you keep on bullying, that's a certainty. You've nothing to complain of. One fag often does fag service for another. You've got a down on Silver, and that's the beginning and the end of it. Let him alone."

"I warn you—"

"Oh, that's enough!" interrupted Bulkeley, and he walked out of Hall, leaving Mark Carthew alone.

The bully of the Sixth breathed hard and deep. So far from scoring over Jimmy Silver that afternoon his petty persecution had ended in a snub for himself from the head-prefect. That was not an outcome of the affair that was likely to please Mark Carthew.

There was only one consolation left for him—to look for Putty of the Fourth, and give him his due reward for that fall on the staircase. As it



This is an outline of a "Q" Boat, the history of which is told in the above picture-puzzle. Can you read it?

punishment, according to how the strokes were laid on. Where Carthew was concerned it was generally severe. On this occasion the bully of the Sixth put unusual beef into it.

Putty had to "bend over" many a time and oft; a propensity for practical jokes often led to such undesirable results. But he had seldom been through so painful a "six" as this.

His face was quite pale when it was over.

"I hope that will do you good!" remarked Carthew, as the hapless jester of the Fourth stood wriggling.

"I—I hope so!" gasped Putty. "Thanks for your kind wishes, Carthew!"

Carthew smiled grimly.

"You took on Silver's fagging job this afternoon," he said. "I'd give you another six for that, only—"

"Only I should go straight to Mr. Dalton, if you did!" interrupted Putty coolly. "Hand them out, if you like!"

Carthew did not seem to hear that remark.

"You seem to be fond of fagging," he said. "I'll see that you have plenty to keep you busy for some time, without taking on other fags' jobs! That's all."

And Carthew tucked his ashplant under his arm, and left the study.

Putty sat down to prep, but jumped up again rather quickly. That evening Putty of the Fourth did his prep standing.

The 4th Chapter. No Trade!

Arthur Edward Lovell whistled. "You fellows seen this?" he asked. It was a few days later.

The Fistical Four of the Fourth were adorning one of the old oaken benches under the beech-trees, and Lovell was looking through the latest issue of the "Coombe Times."

Lovell, as secretary and treasurer of the Junior Football Club, kept an eye on the advertisement columns of the local paper, with a view to bargains in the line of sports requisites. That was how he chanced on a rather surprising advertisement.

"What is it?" asked Jimmy Silver lazily.

"Carthew's selling his bike."

"Let him!"

"He's offering it for ten bob," said Lovell.

"Must be an ass!" said Newcome. "Why, it's a ripping Enfield! I've seen it often enough. It's worth ten pounds!"

"It's a jolly good bike!" said Raby. "Carthew must be frightfully hard up if he's offering to let it go for ten shillings!"

Lovell looked thoughtful.

"Well, there it is!" he said. "Carthew must be an ass! Even if he doesn't want the bike for the winter, it would fetch a great deal more than that if he wants to sell it. Lots of fellows here would give him a fiver for it, at least!"

"Blessed if I understand it!" said Jimmy. "Let's look!"

The juniors read the advertisement. It was plain enough.

"FOR SALE.—Enfield bicycle, in excellent condition. 10s. or nearest offer. Call personally only to M. Carthew, School House, Rookwood."

"That must be the advertisement Carthew made me take down to the printer's the other day," remarked Jimmy Silver.

"That's it!"

"Well, he's an ass. The bike's worth ten pounds, I should think, secondhand—anyhow, lots of fellows would give six or seven."

"That's so," assented Lovell.

"Now, I think this is where I come in."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"The jigger's no good to you," he said. "Sizes too big!"

"I know that, ass! But I could sell it again," explained Lovell. "If Carthew chooses to sell a first-class jigger like that for ten shillings, it's his own funeral! I could easily sell it again for five pounds or more the same day. I don't mean that I'm after a profit personally. But it would raise some funds for our club—see? I'll buy it with ten bob from the club money, and the profit will go to swell our funds. We can do with some new goalposts!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked dubious.

"Speculating with the club funds was not the business of a club treasurer. Certainly, in this case, the speculation seemed to show a clear profit of some pounds without risk. Nevertheless, the principle was bad."

Dubious looks from his comrades were quite enough to make Arthur Edward Lovell determined. Only opposition was needed to confirm him in any opinion.

"That's what I'm going to do!" he announced.

"It won't do," said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "But I tell you what—we'll buy the bike with ten bob of our own money, and sell it again, and present the profit to the club."

"Where's the difference?" demanded Lovell.

"Well, there is a difference, old chap, whether you can see it or not. But I can't believe that this is genuine," said Jimmy. "Carthew must have had an accident with his bike, if he's offering to sell it for ten bob! The lamp alone is worth that."

"Let's have a look at it," suggested Raby. "We can see it in the bike shed."

"Good!"

The Fistical Four left the oaken bench and strolled round to the bike shed. There, among innumerable machines, they found Carthew's Enfield on its stand.

Apparently Carthew had not had an accident with it. The machine was, as the advertisement stated, in excellent condition. It was undoubtedly a good bike, and Carthew had taken care of it. It was well worth ten pounds of anybody's money second-hand.

"Looks all right!" said Raby.

Carthew stared, and then his face relaxed its expression. On a business matter he was prepared to be civil. The Enfield was well worth ten pounds, but buying and selling are different matters, and Carthew was well aware that he might have to let the machine go below its value. If this junior was prepared to take it off his hands for ten pounds, Carthew was prepared to meet him half-way, and with great civility. As he had not seen the "Coombe Times," Carthew had, of course, no suspicion of the trifling alteration that had been made in his advertisement. Certainly it never occurred to him that Lovell had come there to buy his valuable bike for ten shillings.

"Oh, you've seen my advertisement?" he said, quite genially.

"That's it," said Lovell. "I've got the paper in my pocket. You needn't have paid for that advertisement, Carthew—I'd have taken the bike off your hands if you'd told me."

"Well, I couldn't guess that, could I?" said Carthew, with a smile. "You've got a jigger of your own, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"What the thump is the use of a Sixth-Former's bike to you, Lovell?" asked Knowles, with a stare. "You can't ride it."

Lovell smiled cheerily.

"Never mind whether I can ride it or not," he answered. "I'm going to buy it, and that's near enough."

"Quite," said Carthew. "That is,

Lovell drew a ten-shilling note from his pocket.

Carthew stared at it.

The genial look faded from his face at once.

"You're offering me ten bob?" he said.

"Yes."

"For my Enfield bike?"

"That's it," said Lovell.

Knowles burst into a chuckle. Carthew did not chuckle; he rose to his feet with a scowl on his face.

Neither of the seniors had the slightest doubt that this was a jape—that Lovell had come to the study to pull Carthew's leg over the sale of his bike. The offer of ten shillings, when Carthew knew that he had advertised the bike for sale at ten pounds, could scarcely be looked on in any other light.

Carthew of the Sixth was not exactly the fellow to be jested with like this. He picked up a cane and stepped between Lovell and the door.

"Jolly funny, no doubt," he remarked.

Lovell stared at him.

"I don't see anything funny in it," he said. "I'm offering you ten shillings for your bike."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Knowles.

"Blessed if I see anything to chuckle at," said the bewildered Lovell. "Here's the ten bob—spot cash! Wha-a-at are you going to do with that cane, Carthew?"

"I'm going to lay it round a cheeky young scoundrel," answered

certain now that Arthur Edward Lovell would not be the purchaser. He was fed-up with business dealings with Carthew of the Sixth.

The 5th Chapter. Mad as a Hatter!

"What—"

"Which—"

"What the thump—"

"Ow! Ow! Groogh! Moon! Oooooo!" gurgled Lovell. "He's mad—mad as a hatter! Oh dear!"

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome simply blinked at Lovell. They had waited in the changing-room for him to return from his visit to Carthew's study. Whether he would return the happy possessor of an Enfield bike, secured at a great bargain, they felt rather doubtful. But certainly they had not expected him to return like this.

Lovell came into the room wriggling and writhing and mumbling, breathless with anguish and fury.

"What on earth's happened?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in amazement.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Had a row with Carthew?" asked Newcome.

"Moooooooh!"

"Blessed if I see what there was to row about!" exclaimed Raby. "I suppose even that bully could be civil when he's selling a bike."

"Ow, ow! My hat! I'll make him sit up for it!" gasped Lovell. "The beastly bully, pitching into a chap for nothing!"

"What's happened?" yelled Jimmy Silver impatiently.

Lovell spluttered.

"He wouldn't take my ten bob. He was civil enough at first—leading me on, I suppose, while he got between me and the door. Then all of a sudden he began swiping with his cane."

"Did you cheek him?" asked Raby.

"No!" roared Lovell.

"Then what does he mean by it?"

"I don't know—unless he's mad! I suppose he's potty!" howled Lovell.

"I know I jolly well shouldn't buy his bike now!"

Jimmy Silver whistled. He was quite surprised by the occurrence. Unless Carthew was out of his senses, there really seemed no accounting for it. He had offered the bike for sale, and there was no reason why Arthur Edward Lovell should not turn up as a purchaser.

"Well, it's jolly queer!" said the captain of the Fourth. "I suppose Carthew wants to sell the bike, as he's advertising it for sale. Of course, he's down on us personally, but I don't see—"

"That's got nothing to do with a business matter," said Newcome.

"Nothing at all," agreed Jimmy.

"I suppose the brute can't keep his beastly temper!"

"Ow, ow, ow!" groaned Lovell.

"I've a jolly good mind to go to Mr. Dalton about this! Ow, ow!"

Jimmy wrinkled his brows. It was true that Carthew was a bully, and that he had a special dislike for the Fistical Four. But it was really very odd that even Carthew should have broken out like this. Apparently from sheer ill-temper he had driven away a purchaser of the bike he had offered for sale.

"It beats me," said Jimmy. "Anyhow, we're done with the thing. Carthew can keep his silly old bike!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Lovell. "I've got a pain! I've got an ache! Ow! Oh crumbs! I'll get my own back on that brute somehow! Ow!"

"It's a rotten shame!" said Raby.

A number of fellows had gathered round, curious to know what was "up."

Arthur Edward Lovell was not at all loth to explain—his explanation being accompanied by remarks concerning Carthew, which would have made Mark Carthew's hair almost curl had he heard them. Fortunately, he could not hear them. Adolphus Smythe of the Shell listened to Lovell's excited explanation with a superior smile.

"You shouldn't have checked him!" remarked Adolphus.

"I didn't check him!" roared Lovell.

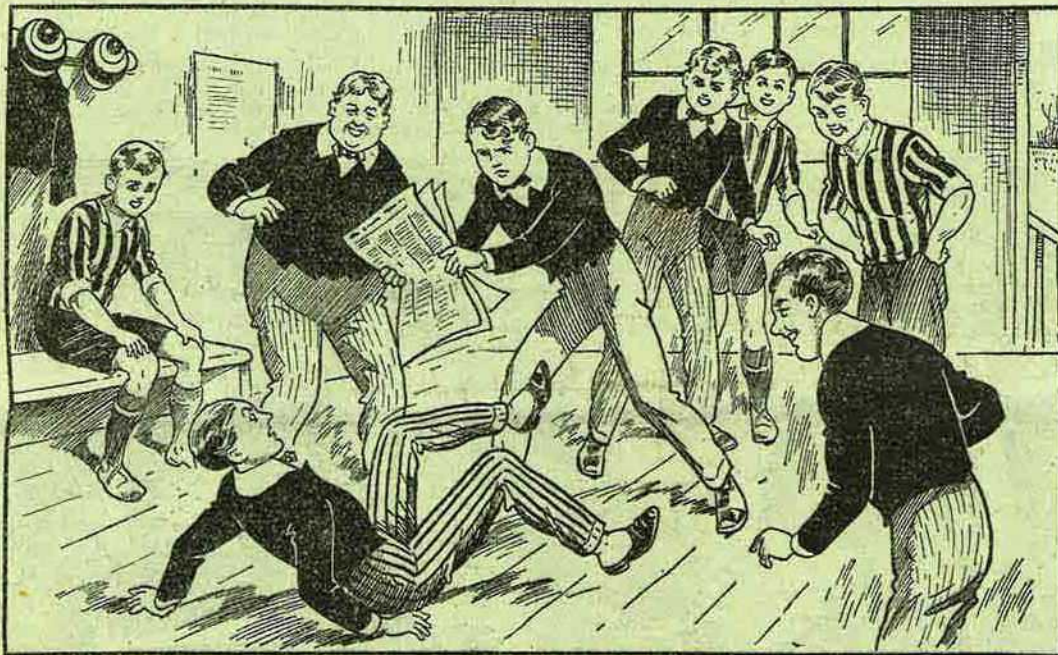
"Well, you see, you must have," said Adolphus. "If Carthew's trying to sell his bike he wouldn't let out like that at a chap who wanted to buy it. It's not reasonable."

"I tell you he did!"

"Well, you must have checked him!" said Smythe. "You Fourth Form kids are cheeky! I've told you so lots of times."

Arthur Edward Lovell bestowed a deadly glare on Smythe of the Shell. He was not in a mood to be lectured by the lofty Adolphus.

(Continued on page 288.)



LOVELL IS WRATHFUL! "Carthew's offered his bike for sale for ten bob—it's an advertisement in the local paper," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Gammon!" exclaimed Adolphus Smythe. "He wouldn't!" "Look!" roared Lovell. Arthur Edward jammed the "Coombe Times" under the lofty nose of Adolphus. He jammed it so hard that Adolphus staggered back, and sat down quite suddenly on the floor. Bump! "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors in the changing-room.

of course, if you've got the money. I'm not selling things to a fag on tick."

"I'm not asking for tick—spot cash!"

"All serene, then."

Lovell was quite elated. Why Carthew should have advertised that handsome bike for sale for ten shillings was a mystery to him. He could not help entertaining a fear that, at the last moment, Carthew might think better of it, and cry off the offer. He was quite pleased to find Carthew open to do business.

"It's a go, then, Carthew," said Lovell. "You'd better draw up a receipt—that's business-like—and I'll go and take the machine off the stand. Here's ten bob."

Carthew. And he proceeded to suit the action to the word without delay. Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh!" roared Lovell. "Ow! My hat!" He dodged frantically round the study table, Carthew pursuing him with the lashing cane. "You silly ass—ow! You beastly bully—yooop! Don't you want to sell your rotten bike—yoooooooh!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Oh crickey!—Ow Ow!"

Lovell reached the door and fled into the passage. A last hefty swipe of the cane caught him as he went, and Lovell's yell echoed through the Sixth-Form passage from end to end.

Then he vanished.

Whether Carthew's bike went for ten pounds or ten shillings it was

Result of BOYS' FRIEND "Warships" Competition.

No. 1.—H.M.S. Renown.

In this competition the First Prize of £5 for the reader submitting a correct solution has been awarded to:

C. AYRES, 9, The Walk, Birdwell, near Barnsley, Yorks.

The Six other Prizes of Match Footballs have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions each contained one error:

N. Stangar, 11, Watt's Lane, Louth, Lincs; George Cooper, Ivy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, near Stourbridge; William Downes, 45, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, near

Stourbridge; James Brewster, 76, Chalmers Street, Dunfermline, N.B.; Alec W. Foster, 14, Pettycare Road, Kinghorn, Fife, Scotland; Ernest G. Hankey, 7, Edge Grove, Liverpool, E.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION IS AS FOLLOWS:

H.M.S. Renown which was built during the Great War is perhaps best known as the ship on which the Prince of Wales journeyed round the world. Constructed hastily, she was regarded by experts as of little real value owing to her thin armour. All the same, she is still one of the finest ships in the Navy.

(Continued on page 288.)

A GRAND STORY OF THE DAYS OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE!

BLADES ON THE BORDER!

by
EDMUND
BURTON.



Read this story of gallant Colin Macdonald's loyalty to the Young Pretender!

The 1st Chapter.

Colin Macdonald—The Trouncing of a Bully.

"Pray stand aside, father! That man is mine!"

Sir Percy Berwick looked sneeringly from the form of the elderly, grey-haired Highlander to that of the young stripling who laid his hand gently upon his sire's shoulder, and, drawing him to one side, stepped between the angry pair. A smile curled Berwick's thin lips.

"Zounds!" he ejaculated, with a laugh. "You have found a pretty champion, Alec Macdonald. This young cockerel assuredly needs his plunage clipped. He struts too bravely for my liking."

Macdonald the elder ignored the words, turning instead to his son Colin, who had approached in time to overhear the end of the heated speech which was passing between landlord and tenant.

"Dinna fear for me, Colin laddie, because I'm getting on in years," he said. "The quarrel is mine, and I'll instruct this braggart, Sir Percy, not to come here again, to fling insults at me and at our good Prince Charlie, whom Heaven preserve!"

"Nay, nay, father mine," Colin urged. "Forget not that this man is far younger and stronger than you. Forget not that he is reputed to be one of the best swordsmen on the Border. He would spit you like any woodcock. Prithee leave this quarrel to me!"

Again Berwick's sneering laugh rang out, yet, nevertheless, his right hand mechanically caressed the hilt of the long blade at his hip, as though he was preparing for trouble.

He was a big man in build, with a most dissipated countenance, and one of the most unscrupulous landlords who ever spoiled that romantic neighbourhood.

"Look ye here, Sir Percy," Colin stepped a pace forward. "I know not what you said, nor do I care, save that it must have been something bitter to have roused my father's anger so. I have, however, heard you speak slightly of us before—of us and our sympathy with the so-called 'Pretender's' cause, of which we are not ashamed, and, though you be our landlord, I warn you that I shall stand no more of it. For this, I expect you will evict us and—"

"Most assuredly I shall!" Berwick cut in evilly. "Ye may both look for another farm, or rot in the ditches, for all I care!"

"Spoken like the man you are!" flashed Colin. "But we care not. We shall find hospitality elsewhere, pending a new home—more hospitality than you can get, or than you deserve!"

Sir Percy's heavy face flushed crimson, and his fingers tightened upon his sword-hilt until the knuckles showed white through the drawn skin.

"You—"

"Wait, I pray ye!" Colin interrupted the outburst. "I have not quite finished yet. A few years ago my father could have cut your brave attire to ribbons with his blade—undressed you to your boots before he ran you through. But not now. His

years are his weakness, not his spirit. I, however, am at your service, since you seem to be spoiling for a brawl!"

With that Colin drew his claymore and stood ready, facing the bully across the stretch of short-cropped turf outside the farmhouse.

that claymore which glittered in the July sunshine. Also, he would likely have used more caution in his advance.

But Berwick had not seen this thing, and, consequently, believed that he had little more than an unfledged, hot-headed youth, angry



DISARMED! With a sudden twist of his claymore Colin Macdonald tore the long sword from Sir Percy Berwick's grasp.

For a few moments Berwick stood still as a statue, too amazed for speech; then suddenly his blade left its sheath, the sunlight gleaming on the polished steel, and making it look like a flashing ribbon.

"Scath! You young upstart puppy!" he bawled. "You dare to address me in that tone—you, who are nothing but what the rest of your breed have been—the scum of the Border. Indeed, not the Border, for ye come from far beyond it, where folk are dull and sword-arms are slow!"

Colin laughed amusedly, though watching his foe man like a cat all the while.

"Not so, braggart!" he rejoined. "We settled here years back, and what there is to be learnt from the Bordermen we have learnt. And those Bordermen, I tell you, Sir Percy, are not to be classed with such as you! Come on, if you are coming! I am ready!"

Had Berwick seen this youth on the quay at Moidart lay out three brawlers during the landing of Bonnie Prince Charlie he would probably have lost some of his confidence and entertained a wholesome respect for

because his father had been angry, to deal with—a task which would take little time, and could, in Sir Percy's own boastful belief, have but one ending.

He came forward at a run, his long blade held out before him, and Colin turned aside just once more to add a parting word to his sire:

"Father, sit thee down and watch if thy son can use the claymore as you have oft taught him to use it. It will be a good test!"

Next instant the two blades met, grinding along each other until the hilts practically touched; then they flew apart again momentarily.

"Prithee take care, laddie!" warned Macdonald, from his point of vantage upon a fallen log. "Yon fox is cunning, and has not earned his reputation for naught. See to it that he does not put you off your guard with some vile trick, for he will give you no quarter!"

"That I will not!" growled Berwick, engaging his young adversary again. "You spoke truly for once, Macdonald! I shall see to it that the Pretender has one less to support his cause—"

"Then see to it!" Colin scoffed,

pressing down upon the steel before him, and allowing the braggart to realise the strength of his opponent's sword-arm. "See you to it! I am waiting for your demonstration!"

Berwick's lips parted, showing his teeth locked together in a silent snarl, rather resembling a savage dog's. He did not at all like the ease with which Colin had parried his first thrusts, and was beginning to think that he would be obliged to call some of his justly famous swordsmanship into service, instead of contemptuously spitting this youth with a single lunge.

"Young man," he blazed, "you Macdonalds are a base lot, and my ridding the land of one of them will be a blessing to humanity. You stain the Border with your presence, as your forbears stained it before you! You, however, shall learn your lesson now!"

And, hoping to anger young Colin in order to make him thrust wildly, the bully kept up a running fire of insulting taunts; then stepped quickly to one side and swept in an upward cut—a very difficult one to parry, as Colin found out, for he barely turned the blade. As it was, it missed his head by a hair's-breadth, cutting through the golden ringlets at one side and grazing his left ear, which commenced to bleed.

"First blood, young rat!" Berwick roared. "Now come on, for I shall finish you off next time. But for my over-reaching, I should have killed you with that stroke. It has laid more than one man low, boy, and 'twas lucky for you that I stumbled a little!"

"Oh, brag not, I pray you!" laughed Colin. "Come on! Let's finish it, for I am feeling hungry, and 'twill soon be sundown!"

locked hilt to hilt, remaining thus for a short space, ere Colin gave a mighty wrench, and Berwick's weapon described a semi-circle in the sunlight, falling to the sward yards away.

The braggart's face blanched white. He stood unarmed, and plainly expecting instant dispatch; but he forgot that he had a chivalrous foe to deal with on this occasion—a foe who was treating him in exactly the opposite way to that in which he would have treated his adversary had the positions been reversed.

"There is your blade, Sir Percy!" young Macdonald said, pointing. "Prithee pick it up, and let us renew our entertainment!"

Berwick—a queer feeling of "goose-flesh" annoying his spine, did as he was bidden, and the fight was resumed. But now the braggart fought in deadly silence, as though all the bravado had been knocked out of him by that last splendid display of sword-craft. He was, indeed, acting purely on the defensive at that moment, possibly hoping for an opening to occur which would give him the mastery.

But such an opening did not occur. Colin's tactics were wonderful; his defence was like a steel shield, his attack like that of a magician of the blade. He pricked Berwick's chest lightly, then his arm, next his shoulder. He seemed to do just as he wished with his man, for all the latter's reputation along the Border as a deadly foe.

"It is wonderful, is it not, what good teaching will do?" young Macdonald laughed, as he cut his adversary's sword-belt in twain with a neat side-slash. "My good father taught me that trick—and this—and this! See how easy it is—when one knows how!"

Following the severed belt went Berwick's left spur strap, then his right, and finally, with a terrific sweep, his sword again went sailing from his grasp, to disappear in the long grass bordering the close-cropped turf.

Colin lowered his blade, leaning upon it and looking the discomfited bully straight in the eyes.

"I give you your life, though you do not deserve it," he said quietly. "But whilst we are here—it will not be for long—I warn you not to show your evil face within half a mile of this farmstead. Now go! Your steed is yonder, where you left it!"

Sir Percy Berwick needed no second urging. Picking up his hat, spurs, and severed belt, he made for the elm-tree beneath which his horse was tethered, quickly mounted, and turned just once to look back at the pair from the saddle. It was a look so filled with hatred and lust for revenge that had either Colin or his father had a trace of timidity in his composition it would have sent panic running riot through their frames. But neither was built quite that way.

Next instant the defeated braggart had vanished among the trees, the jingling of his stirrups gradually dying away into silence.

The 2nd Chapter. Prestonpans.

Cameron of Lochiel was visibly agitated as he paced restlessly up and down outside the tent of the Young Pretender. It was now some weeks since Prince Charles Edward Stuart had landed at Moidart, Inverness-shire, with seven followers, to make his desperate bid for the throne. He had possessed no money, arms, nor supplies, but had been joined almost at once by the great Highland chieftain, and had had the unquestionable advantage of springing a surprise on the enemy, King George II. being in Hanover, and the Duke of Cumberland, with most of the troops, in Flanders.

Cameron had proved of invaluable assistance, and soon Prince Charles headed a godly force of Highlanders, whose strength was growing almost hourly.

But, nevertheless, on this September day Cameron of Lochiel felt strangely anxious. His fine form paused every now and then in its stride, and his eyes glittered as he swept the horizon for one whom he had expected for some time past—a scout who would bring him news of the enemy's movements.

The man was late—very late—and might indeed have been captured. Cameron put the thought from him resolutely, squaring his massive shoulders and peering round on all sides beneath the palm of his sun-burnt hand.

There's an extra special treat in store for readers of the BOYS' FRIEND. Look out for further details!

Then he suddenly heaved a sigh of relief as, from round a bend, a horseman galloped up at a furious pace, drawing rein and dismounting, whilst his steed stood obediently still, its flanks heaving like a bellows, and its muzzle dripping lather.

"Well, Andrews," asked the chieftain eagerly, "what news bring ye? Good, I trust?"

"The English are moving eastward on the Edinburgh road, sir," answered the scout. "We should be able to surprise them on the right flank, for I'll vow they have not yet discovered our horse regiments hidden in the folds of the hills. But we must attack at once, for every minute is precious!"

Cameron of Lochiel nodded in agreement.

"Good!" he rejoined. "You have done well, Andrews. Go, get a bite and sup, and join me in ten minutes from now. Meanwhile I shall consult his Highness."

Entering Prince Charles' tent, Cameron was about to breach the matter of advance when he paused suddenly as Stuart held up his hand. The Prince was holding a paper in the other one—a paper that seemed to interest him vastly.

"Cameron," he said, and there was a stern look in his eyes, "see this? It is a message which was found on the dead body of an English trooper, and it unquestionably looks bad for a certain person whom you seem to hold much store by."

Wonderingly, Cameron of Lochiel took the proffered paper, and, equally as wonderingly, read:

"Colin Macdonald's men will meet Sir John Cope's at the Granite Turnpike with three hundred remounts, as arranged."

"Whence came this, your Highness?" asked Cameron, his teeth biting into his nether lip. "Who delivered it to you?"

"Those who found it on the body," Prince Charles replied. "I received the paper but ten minutes back, and it surely requires a deal of explanation. We cannot afford to have traitors in our—"

"Traitors!" the chieftain echoed. "By my soul, your Highness, I will swear that there is more in this than meets the eye at first glance. I am prepared to stake my very life that all of the Macdonald clan are as true to your cause as you are yourself. This must be investigated thoroughly before we pass judgment."

Prince Charlie nodded. He was not

to learn till a little later in life how very true to his cause the Macdonalds were, especially one who will go down through the ages as a heroine, since it was mainly through the efforts of the untiring Flora Macdonald that his young head was saved from the block by his timely escape to France, after his ambition had been utterly crushed at Culloden Moor.

"Certainly we shall investigate it, Cameron," he said. "Plainly you suspect some underhand work here. Possibly you believe that this message is a forgery, placed where we should most likely find it."

Cameron of Lochiel nodded emphatically. Prince Charles had said exactly what was running through his own mind at that moment.

"You may, of course, be right, my friend," Prince Charles pursued, "but we must make sure—quite sure. A false move now would mean utter ruin to our hopes. You seem to be so well acquainted with the Macdonalds that I am prepared to take your word that this boy Colin will turn up, as promised, with his Border blades at the right moment—or, rather, at some other moment which I trust will not be too late. We expected him early this morning, did we not?"

"We did, your Highness," the other admitted, "but so long as he gets into action with us before the balance of fortune swings against us we shall be all right. They will put up a tough fight, these dour men from Lancashire and Yorkshire. I have had occasion to clash with them before, but methinks the Camerons should be able to carve a path through their ranks eventually."

"Well said, friend!" Prince Charles exclaimed. "And, bearing afresh upon that strange message you hold in your hand, have you noticed anything else there?"

Again Cameron of Lochiel scrutinized the paper, taking it to the open tent-flap, where the brilliant sunshine streamed down upon it.

"Egad, yes!" he suddenly cried. "There is a name upon it—another name which has been partly rubbed out. Yes, 'tis the name of Berwick!"

"Quite so!" Prince Charlie nodded. "And notice you what comes just before it? Two letters. Gadzooks! I'll vow mine eyes are sharper than the Cameron's, old friend."

"P. E.," the chieftain spelt out, holding the paper closer to his face. "P. E.!" By my soul, this is most strange!"

"Know you anyone whose Christian

name starts with 'Pe,' and whose surname is 'Berwick'?" asked the Prince.

"I do! Ay, I do truly!" Cameron of Lochiel muttered. "I know one man of whose acquaintance I am by no means proud. He is Sir Percy Berwick, Baronet, nicknamed the 'Cut-throat'; for indeed he seeketh quarrels under the most absurd provocation, and nearly always kills his opponents or takes some other mean advantage. Unfortunately, he is rich, and has power and influence at Court, but he is roundly hated on the Border. And, now I come to think of it, I heard that he has been seen around Stirling last week. A far cry for him."

"Well, Cameron, let us to horse!" exclaimed Bonnie Prince Charlie. "And may the spirit of victory be with us!"

Half an hour later the Scottish horsemen swept like an avalanche into the flank of Sir John Cope's column of troops, and the very impetus and surprise of the assault shook the English considerably. There was much reforming and isolated fighting, but gradually the battle developed as all forces approached the famous field of Prestonpans, east of Edinburgh. Here the enemy were heavily reinforced, and a sanguinary struggle began.

"On, on, my brave lads!" cried Cameron of Lochiel, as he galloped madly at the head of his men, wielding his claymore like a Highland Samson.

They followed with a rare good will, smiting as he smote, and creating many a gap in the English ranks. But, nevertheless, the battle was not altogether in favour of the Scottish forces, for men fell by dozens and scores, and the toll which Death took that day was heavy.

Presently, indeed, the issue looked so very doubtful that even Cameron's optimism was shaken, and he glanced anxiously ever and anon towards the south, hoping against hope itself. Then suddenly his grave countenance broadened into a smile as he hastened to seek his young leader.

"They come, your Highness, they come!" he cried, drawing within earshot of Prince Charles.

"Who comes, friend Cameron?" "Why, Macdonald—Colin Macdonald and his gallant fellows!" laughed the chieftain. "You see, I was right, after all. They have not deserted us, but were merely delayed. See!" He pointed across the heather-clad landscape. "They come like a wave! Ho must have recruited hundreds for us!"

Ay, "like a wave," as Cameron had said. Colin Macdonald, blade in hand, swept onwards at the head of these new reinforcements, leading them into a breach where their weight would be mostly felt. The Highlanders separated the English ranks as a scythe separates corn, cutting down all who attempted to stay their impetuous rush, and scattering others like chaff before the wind.

At Colin himself suddenly rode an English mounted man, pulling his horse round and making a savage lunge with his steel. The manoeuvre was so swiftly and deftly carried out that Colin had scarce time to avoid it. As it was, the sword-point missed him by inches, passing instead into the body of his steed, just behind the shoulder-blade. The horse went down with a crash, shooting its young rider from the saddle to the heather.

But the impetus of the crash also threw the English trooper, though his horse remained upright; and young Macdonald, noticing this, was on his feet in a flash.

He saw that the Englishman had lost his sword through his own charger's mad swerve after the impact, so he rushed at his unarmed enemy like a young lion, his clenched fist taking the other with terrific force on the point of the chin. The trooper threw up his arms and collapsed in a senseless heap on the heather, whilst Colin, grasping his horse by the bridle, swung himself into the saddle.

"Fair exchange is never robbery!" he laughed, and, with a touch of his spurs, galloped after his force still hotly engaged some distance in front.

The coming of Macdonald's men had turned the wavering tide, and though the fighting continued for some time, Prestonpans was irretrievably lost to Sir John Cope. Some hours later the English forces were in full retreat, hotly pursued by their triumphant conquerors.

And it was then that Colin Macdonald entered the presence of Prince



AT PRESTONPANS! Colin Macdonald rushed at his unarmed enemy like a young lion, his clenched fist taking the other with terrific force on the point of the chin. The trooper threw up his arms and collapsed in a heap on the heather.

Charlie, who, with Cameron of Lochiel, was anxiously awaiting his coming. Even in the heat of the fighting that mysterious paper had not been forgotten, and both leaders were desirous of reaching a satisfactory explanation concerning it.

Colin took the paper which the Prince handed to him, and at his Highness' request examined it closely. A look of the utmost amazement overspread his face as he did so.

"Berwick!" he gasped. "Berwick! The utter knave! Ay, your highness, 'tis a trick—a foul trick to sully my character in the eyes of true men! But the incident has not yet closed. The errand Sir Percy and I shall meet at some later date, and then may he look to his sword-arm, for I shall have no mercy upon him!"

The 3rd Chapter.

Duncan, the Blacksmith—In the Nick of Time—The Final Meeting.

Duncan lifted his brawny arm and smote the glowing iron till the sparks flew round in golden showers. His seventy summers rode this Scottish "Vulcan" lightly, and last year he had had more swords to sharpen and re-set than he had known in his lifetime.

Stragglers from the battles tarried at his Border smithy to have their weapons tended, for the family of Duncan had reigned supreme hereabouts as blacksmiths for generations.

He had now just finished his last task, and was leaning against his well-worn anvil, supping some warm milk and eating a buttered scone which his good wife had brought him. His departing customer, having examined his newly sharpened weapon and replaced it in its sheath, stood looking at the smith's sturdy figure admiringly.

"Well, Captain Macleod," said Duncan, between mouthfuls, "I trust your sword stands the strain of the next charge as well as I expect it will. 'Tis a fine blade, that one of yours—never have I handled a finer. I thank ye for telling me that the Prince is still safe and well, and that you have met young Colin Macdonald not far away. Ye say he seemed to be making in this direction, did ye not?"

"Ay, that he was," replied Macleod. "Possibly he'll give you a call."

"By my faith, he will, if he can manage it!" Duncan vowed with confidence. "He'll never pass this smithy, whether his blade needs my attention or no. Did I not nurse him on my knee when he was a bairn? Did I not help his father to teach him how to wield the claymore? And didn't young Colin beat me soundly at last, so that I thanked my lucky stars 'twas only in play? And now I hear he has got his cornetcy!"

Macleod nodded. "That is so; and if ever a lad deserved promotion he does!" the

captain agreed heartily. "Good-day, friend Duncan, and good luck!"

Macleod mounted his horse and trotted down the road with his seven troopers—the remnants of a brave band which had received a bad time a few days previously at the hands of the Duke of Cumberland.

"Guid wife, we live in stirring times!" Duncan remarked, as his spouse entered the smithy at that moment to take away the empty milk-bowl. "I'd advise ye to tak' all the siller and put it down the well, behind that loose stone which we can reach from the top. But tak' care to put the stone back again, mark ye, exactly as it was before!"

"Why, Sandy?" asked the woman, staring. "Do ye fear robbers, or what?"

"'Tis well to tak' precautions," replied the smith quietly. "The English may be pressin' this way later, and 'tis not wise to leave money lyin' about. After all, those pur laddies are only human, an' hae their temptations!"

Duncan knew that a fair amount of money was concealed in other parts of the house, and within ten minutes it had all been collected and transferred to the secret hiding-place in the well. And none too soon!

For it so happened that there was a most unpleasant individual riding at that moment along the white turnpike road towards the smithy, followed by a round half-dozen of English troopers. Presently the leader drew rein and dismounted outside, then strode in and faced the lonely Duncan, whose two assistants had long since joined the ranks of Charles Edward Stuart.

"Now, then, my man, out with all your horses at once, and new swords and pistols—all you have here for repair," he ordered sharply. "We have need of them, and I, Sir Percy Berwick, will hand you a receipt for anything we take. We must join with others who are following up the Scottish forces without delay, for the Young Pretender is due to hang in London to the chiming of the bells!"

Duncan looked at his new caller very steadily, but made no move to carry out his commands.

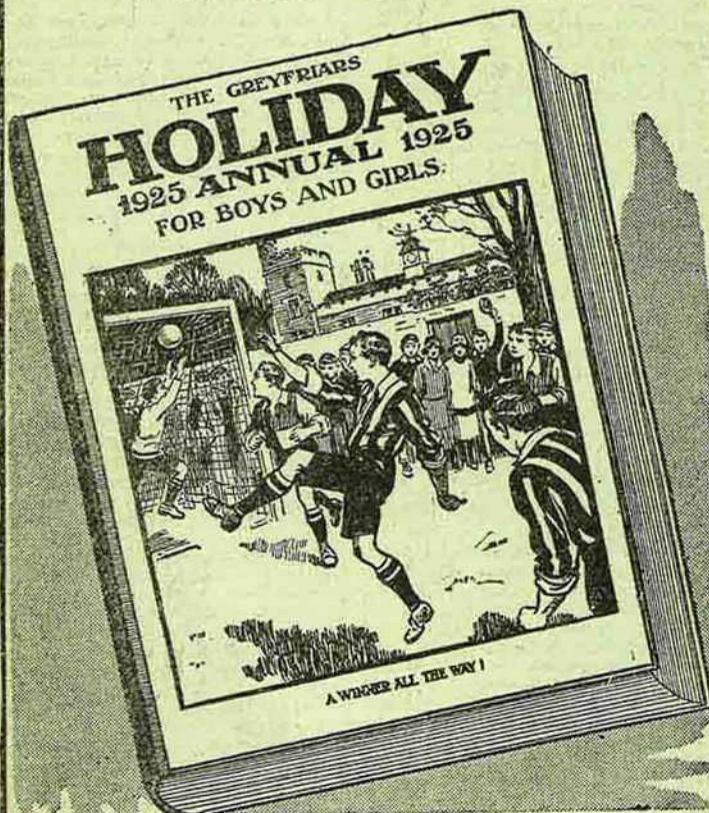
"I shall neither give ye horses nor swords, sir," he replied quietly. "The weapons are not my property to dispose of, and, in any case, I should not let the enemies of the young Prince have a single extra blade if I could prevent it!"

Berwick took a threatening step forward.

"Oh, so that's your attitude, then!" he exclaimed. "A stubborn mule must be trained, and we shall train him! Here, Barnaby!" he called to those still remaining outside. "Take two men and scour the house. Bring all the swords you can find, and if there is any money ye can share it among yourself. This fellow, forsooth, dares to support the upstart

(Continued overleaf.)

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A treat for next week—"The Rustler's Best Pal!" Another thrilling Wild West story featuring Kid McBride!

BLADES ON THE BORDER!



(Continued from previous page.)

puppy who has landed in Scotland, and he must be taught a lesson!"

"Upstart, or no upstart, Sir Percy," said Duncan grimly, "he is not so offensive to the soil of the Border as that body of thine is! Thou'rt a byword along the length and breadth o' the Cheviots, and the heather smells none the sweeter for thy presence!"

"Zounds, knave!" gasped Berwick furiously. "I'll cut you like a side of bacon for that!" And, snatching the action to the throat, he drew his long blade and made for the proud old blacksmith, who seized a bar of iron and deftly parried the savage stroke the braggart aimed at him.

Then, with the other hand, Duncan grasped some cinder-dust from his fire and flung it into Sir Percy's face. The knave dropped his sword and stamped about like an enraged bull, half blinded and literally demented with insane fury.

The remaining troopers rushed in from outside, just as Berwick succeeded in getting his eyes sufficiently free of dust to see them, and his next order was swift:

"Seize that man and hang him to

his own beams! See! There is some rope in yonder corner which will suit admirably! Seize him, I say!"

Duncan seized furiously, but, strong though he was, he was no match for the three tough troopers who now engaged him, assisted by Berwick himself. Soon he was bound hand and foot, a noose placed round his neck, and the free end of the rope cast deftly across one of the stout beams which supported the smithy roof.

"Up with him!" The order left Sir Percy's lips, and then seemed to be bitten off abruptly, as a thunder of hoofs coming down the road outside gave him sudden pause. Then:

"Quickly, you fools! These may be some of the stragglers, and they may be Scots! Up with the knave!"

The men bore on the rope, and Duncan's bound form was raised from the ground—then dropped again as someone rushed into the smithy—a fair-haired lad, followed by several Highlanders, and with a white-faced woman bringing up the rear.

"Ah, so we meet again, villain and bully!" cried the newcomer, looking straight at the amazed Sir

Percy. "It seems, too, that we are only just in time. Fortunate it was for you, friend Duncan, that your good wife overheard what was going on here, and went to seek assistance. Fortunate, too, that we happened to be coming here when we met her. Unbind that man, knaves!"

The last order was addressed to the three discomfited troopers, who loosed the blacksmith's bonds with alacrity. Then those who had been searching the house returned, their arms full of sundry weapons, and paused in amazement when they realised that the smithy was in other possession than theirs.

"Throw those blades down!" ordered the lad. "And stand against yonder wall. Make no effort to either escape or resist, for, as ye can see, we hold the advantage in numbers. And now, blackheart!" He turned again to Sir Percy, who, his hand on his hilt, was glaring at his young enemy like a wild beast. "We shall settle accounts for all time! Draw, I pray you!"

Almost mechanically Berwick obeyed, though there was a chill in his heart as he recollected that last meeting of theirs, when Colin Macdonald had played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, for all his boasted prowess at sword-craft.

And now, from the stern look in Colin's eyes Berwick realised that on this occasion he would have to use every trick of the blade he knew, for there would be no mercy shown him.

Duncan chuckled as he saw the lad's claymore flash in the ruddy glow of the forge-fire, and backed away out of reach, prepared to enjoy a fight such as he was not often given the opportunity to witness. He noticed the bandage round Colin's brow, and guessed that he had not come through the wars unscathed; but the youngster's eyes were clear and steady, and his step springy as he advanced towards his enemy, and their blades crossed with a rasping sound.

"Since our last meeting, knave, I have a further score against you," Macdonald said, as he deftly parried

a difficult stroke. "I have chanced to see a certain paper which bears my name and dubs me a traitor to the Prince. Fortunately, though, we were able to trace its real source and its real authorship. 'Twas a foul trick—as foul a trick as could be expected even from a foul beast such as you!"

Berwick's teeth met with a snap, and he lunged fiercely with a kind of zigzag thrust. His sword-point caught Colin's sleeve, ripping it from wrist to elbow, and also tearing the flesh of his forearm. But the lad heeded it not.

Duncan gasped as he saw those rippling muscles laid bare to view—muscles almost as strong as his own, for Colin had grown and developed amazingly since he was but a stripling on his father's farm.

Then came a counter-thrust—a wonderful manoeuvre which only one who had constantly practised the art of fencing could have accomplished. The claymore's point seemed to be making for Berwick's chest, but, parried at the last moment, it appeared to drop and engage the hilt of the long sword, remaining locked there for a moment ere it tore the other weapon from its owner's grasp. Thus, as on the occasion of their previous meeting, Sir Percy found himself disarmed and at his young enemy's mercy.

But Berwick, even though unarmed, was desperate to a point of recklessness. He gave Colin no time for further movement, but rushed towards the lad, sweeping his arms round him ere young Macdonald rightly knew what was happening. And those arms, for all Sir Percy's dissipated habits, were tough and strong as the roots of an oak—additionally strong now by reason of their owner's temporary madness.

Colin instantly dropped his blade, taking a counter-hold instead; and to and fro the pair swayed over the smithy floor, knocking against the walls, and cannoning against the on-lookers, as each strove for the mastery.

Then at length Colin saw his opportunity. He shifted his grip a little lower down, grasped Berwick above the hips, and whipped the knave off his feet, high into the air, where he held him, kicking and struggling, but helpless to retaliate. Then he thrust him from him, as one will thrust away something which offends the finer senses.

Sir Percy's body sailed through space, striking the anvil with terrific force. There came a crack which all present heard and instantly realised what it meant, for Berwick's spine had been the first thing to take the impact. He slid to the floor, stone dead.

"Well, 'twas done in fair fight, as ye will all bear witness, be ye friends or enemies," Colin said, looking down at the still form. "I would have finished it with the steel, but when he changed his attack I beat him at his own game. And who can say that the Border will not be all the purer for his passing?"

"Agreed, Master Colin!" said Duncan. "'Twas a fair fight, and the better man won. So be it!"

THE END.

(That popular young cowboy, Kid McBride, reappears next Monday in "The Butler's Best Pal!"—another of Richard Holt's thrilling Wild West stories. Don't miss it whatever you do! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

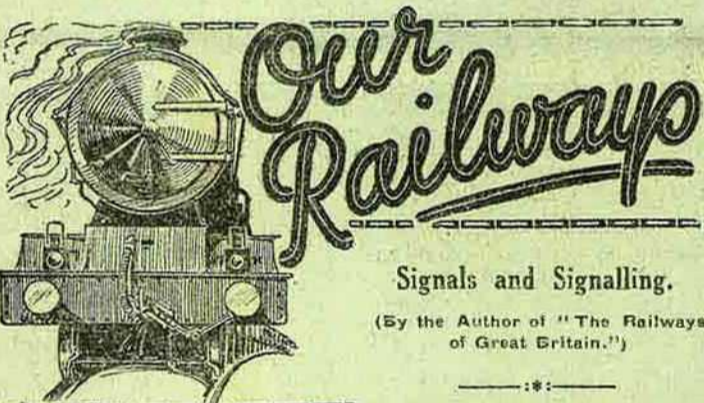
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Signals and Signalling.

(By the Author of "The Railways of Great Britain.")

A few years ago you might have seen a man with a red flag—danger—walking a few yards in front of a steam-roller. It was a survival of the days when each railway train was flag signalled along its route; incidentally, it was also a survival of the danger the steam-engine was supposed to be to the community at large.

When the first railways began their career they appointed policemen to control the level-crossings, and also to act as signalmen. They were very important men indeed, with their smart uniforms and tall silk hats. They had two flags for day-time, and a similar number of lamps showing the same colours—red and green—for night use. As it is now, green was the all-right signal, whilst red meant danger—stop. You can imagine that those signals could only be read by rather slowly-moving trains, especially when there was a curve in the line. On some railways, for safety's sake, a third signal was used—white in colour. In these cases white was the all-right sign, and green meant go gently.

A step forward was made, after the difficulty mentioned above was fully appreciated, by placing fixed signals on the top of posts, so that the drivers could get a glimpse of them before they were on top of them. These fixed signals were curious-looking things in varied shapes. They were made of canvas in most cases, and in shape we find them square, hooped, and as discs. But busy minds were at work, bent on improvement, and these curious signals gave place to the semaphore pattern of to-day. But not quite as to-day, for the railways

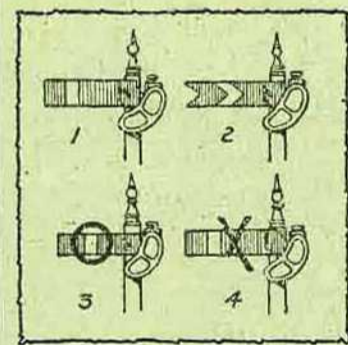
generally had adopted the three-colour signalling by flag and lamp, and so they made their semaphores to show three positions by day, and three different lights at night. With the arm at right angles, as to-day, meant stop; diagonally, proceed slowly; and if the arm has disappeared inside the post, it meant that the line was quite clear and speed could be maintained. As time went on the third position was abandoned, and also the white light, although on some railways—the North-Western, for instance—the green light was dropped and the white retained until comparatively recent years. An accident occurred which was caused by a driver mistaking a white light near the line for his signal. Soon afterwards the North-Western fitted green "spectacles" to all their signals.

The early semaphore signals were operated by railway policemen stationed at their foot, and they pulled their levers according to a tiny schedule. Thus, after a train had passed, the signal was pulled to danger, and so it remained for three minutes, after which it remained at caution for ten minutes longer. Then it gave the "line clear" position until the next train had passed.

Now, supposing the train, having passed, broke down out of sight of the policeman, and he, having no knowledge of it, allowed another train to follow after the allotted period. What would happen—did happen occasionally? Why, of course, the second train came into collision with the broken-down one. A means was designed to prevent this as far as possible by the engine-driver sending back the fireman to the last policeman

passed, and so get the signal placed at danger. This arrangement saved many of the old-time trains, when engine failures were far more common than now. And it is worth noting that this old rule still obtains.

The companies, anxious to work their lines economically, arranged, in some instances, for the signal policemen to attend to two sets of signals, and it was owing to the laziness of one of these policemen that the first signals operated by levers and wires came about. To save himself the exertion of walking to and fro between the two sets he fixed up a series of ropes and weights, and made his position midway between the two sets of signals, and so operated them without having to walk any distance at all. An inspector saw the ingenious arrangement, and reported the man for failure to do his work according to routine laid down for him. But the idea was made use of, and



1. Home signal at danger. 2. Distant signal (observe the cut out at end of arm.) 3. Signal used for slow lines when more than one up or down line are in use. 4. Cross on signal denoting line not in use.

from this labour-saving device of the policeman we got our signal-boxes, and lose the silk-hatted, white-trousered policemen to gain our signalmen.

Up to now railways had been fairly simple, consisting of either a single line or an up and down line, with crossing points at the more important stations. These points were worked by men called pointsmen. When the signal-box came along the question of working points and signals from one place was considered, and, after

many experiments, we got inter-locking of points and signals.

This was the greatest step forward in railway safety that had yet come along. Space does not permit of a proper description of inter-locking, but, briefly, the system, which is now compulsory on all British railways, is one which makes it impossible for a signal to be pulled off whilst the points are set against the train. If this were not so it might often happen that a signal might be dropped for an oncoming train when the points were quite wrong, with the result that the train would be turned on to a line already occupied, or possibly the train might be derailed.

Another thing that added greatly to railway safety was the general adoption of block working. By this system the whole length of railways is divided into what we might call watertight compartments. Let us take three blocks or sections. These we will call A, B, and C. A train is in A, and there is a signal controlling B section. Until this signal is dropped the train may not pass it, and the signal may not drop until the whole of section B is clear. In effect, the signalman at B is controlled by the signalman at C. Thus not more than one train at a time may be in a section, and the advance section must be quite clear before the driver is allowed to enter it. These sections differ very considerably in length. On lines where the traffic is heavy they may be half a mile in length. On branches and main lines, too, where there is very little traffic, the section may run into miles.

The diagrams herewith depict four common types of signals. The first two are found on every line. No. 1 is the home signal, and when this is at danger a train must not pass in any circumstances. No. 2 shows one which is frequently passed when at danger. This is the advance guard, and tells the driver what the state of the section in front of him is in. If the distant signal is down he may carry on at full speed. If up, he must slacken speed, and have his train well in hand to stop at the home signal. Often, if you live near a line, you see a signal "whistled down." This is where the distant signal is at danger, and the train slackens speed until it is barely moving. As it nears the home signal the section in front is probably cleared, and the driver would seem to remind the signalman that he has arrived and has no time to lose. As if in response to his

whistling, down drops the signal, and the train creeps slowly by, quickly gathering speed if no station stop is involved.

I said a little way back that signalling was comparatively simple when there was an up and down line only. But when traffic grows quickly, as it does in populous neighbourhoods, or when the line is part of the main trunk system, it becomes necessary to double it, and we get four sets of metals. Then we get the ringed signal (Fig. 3) usually placed side by side on the arm-post with the fast line one.

This is still fairly simple by daylight, but you can readily understand that at night the driver must be more alert, and it is really wonderful how these fine fellows know their road. They never seem to hesitate, and come swiftly along to the dazzling array of signal lights which guard a big junction. Some companies help their drivers by using many-coloured lamps for various kinds of line. You may see purple lamps, for instance, on the North-Western. The driver is taught from his early days as fireman to pick out the signals that matter, and so safety is in his hands, and well he looks to it.

Sketch 4 is not often seen, for there are few lines in Britain not regularly used.

The old-fashioned lever signal, which involved a considerable amount of strength in its pulling, is now rapidly giving way to compressed air and electrically-moved signals and points. As a consequence, a modern signal-box is very different to that of twenty years ago.

The work is lightened considerably, but the tremendous responsibility of the signalman is not affected, except where automatic signals have come along. These are, of course, electrically operated, and are worked by the passage of trains. On such railways as the London Underground system they are, of course, invaluable. Here you have passenger trains only, working on a short, but regular schedule. But automatic signals are not generally adopted, because, after all, the human factor, though it errs seriously at times, is, on the whole, more reliable for general purposes, and it is adaptable to altered circumstances.

You will have seen from the foregoing that what the compass is to the ship the signal is to the railway train, and I venture to think that this side of railway working has a very great interest for all.

Don't miss "The Foils of the Form!" the magnificent story of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's in the "Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday!

FASCINATING THROUGHOUT—THIS MAGNIFICENT SCHOOL YARN!



(Author of the famous tales of Greyfriars School appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

Much against Vernon Carton's wishes he is forced to play the nameless schoolboy in the St. Kit's v. Lyncroft football match!

The 1st Chapter.

When it is learned at St. Kit's that a boy without a name is coming to the school, and is to be put into the Fourth Form, Vernon Carton, captain of the Fourth, decides to give the nameless boy a rough time when he arrives. When Harry Nameless, on his way to St. Kit's, arrives at the stone bridge which runs over the River Wicke it is to discover St. Leger, who is bathing there, in difficulties. Harry immediately dives into the water and rescues the dandy of the Fourth. From then on a firm friendship springs up between Harry and St. Leger, and at the request of the dandy of the Fourth the nameless schoolboy is put into his study, which is also shared by Bunny Bootles, the fat boy of the Form. At the first opportunity Carton picks a quarrel with Harry, and, much to the captain of the Fourth's dismay, the nameless schoolboy gives him a sound thrashing. To get even with Harry, Carton & Co. rag him just before Colonel Wilmot, St. Leger's uncle, arrives at the school on a visit to his nephew. Colonel Wilmot, seeing Harry in such a dishevelled state, and learning that he has no name, informs St. Leger that Harry is not a fit person to associate with, and that St. Leger should drop his acquaintance. Harry Nameless, in spite of the fact that St. Leger still wishes to carry on their friendship, evades the dandy of the Fourth as much as he can in consequence of Colonel Wilmot's opinion of him. Later, Harry rescues St. Leger's father, Lord Westcourt, from the hands of a tramp when his lordship and Algy's aunts are on their way to the school to see for themselves whether the nameless schoolboy is a fit associate for St. Leger. So favourably impressed is Lord Westcourt with Harry that he expresses a wish to his son that he and the nameless schoolboy will always be firm friends. For the junior trial football game which is to precede the Lyncroft match St. Leger picks Harry Nameless to play in his team against Carton's side, and, although the captain of the Fourth objects to the nameless schoolboy playing, St. Leger at length persuades Carton to agree.

The 2nd Chapter. On the Ball.

It was settled that Harry Nameless was playing in the trials on Saturday; and outside Vernon Carton's own select circle there were few, if any, fellows who saw any objection to it. It was natural, perhaps, that there should have been some prejudice against Harry Nameless when he first arrived at St. Kit's. A fellow whose name was not known, even to himself—who had been picked up in childhood on the beach, and brought up in an old sailorman's cottage, and who had come to the school without the payment of fees, "on the Foundation," was not exactly the kind of fellow the St. Kit's juniors could be expected to honour. Vernon Carton had been "down" on the new fellow from the start, and the great Carton had a good deal of influence in the Lower School. But, somehow, Harry Nameless had succeeded in winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. Carton gritted his teeth when he

thought of it. His pet scheme for sending the new junior to Coventry, and isolating him in the school, was further off from realisation with every day that passed. He found that most of the St. Kit's fellows did not care what a chap's name was, so long as he was decent, or even whether he had a name at all. Harry Nameless had proved himself "a good man with his hands." He had licked Carton in a fight to the finish, and Carton was supposed to be the best fighting-man in the Fourth. But there was not a trace of "side" about him. He was a good footballer; his "swotting" made no difference to that. He had, perhaps, rather more than his share of pride; but that was natural in his peculiar circumstances. But he was a good-tempered fellow, and nobody saw anything to dislike in him—even though he did not know his own name! And the fact that the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, son of a noble lord, had chummed with him, made a great deal of difference in Harry's favour. Even Algy's "people" had taken to him, after some misunderstanding. Lord Westcourt had been seen to shake hands with him, and Aunt Georgina and Aunt Cordelia had both been very kind to him at a later interview. And a fellow with whom a peer of the realm had cordially shaken hands in public was not a fellow to be denounced as a pushing outsider. Luck had all been Harry's way—and Vernon Carton was both puzzled and angry as he saw it. He did not reflect that the nameless schoolboy owed his "luck" to his good qualities. Carton was not likely to admit that.

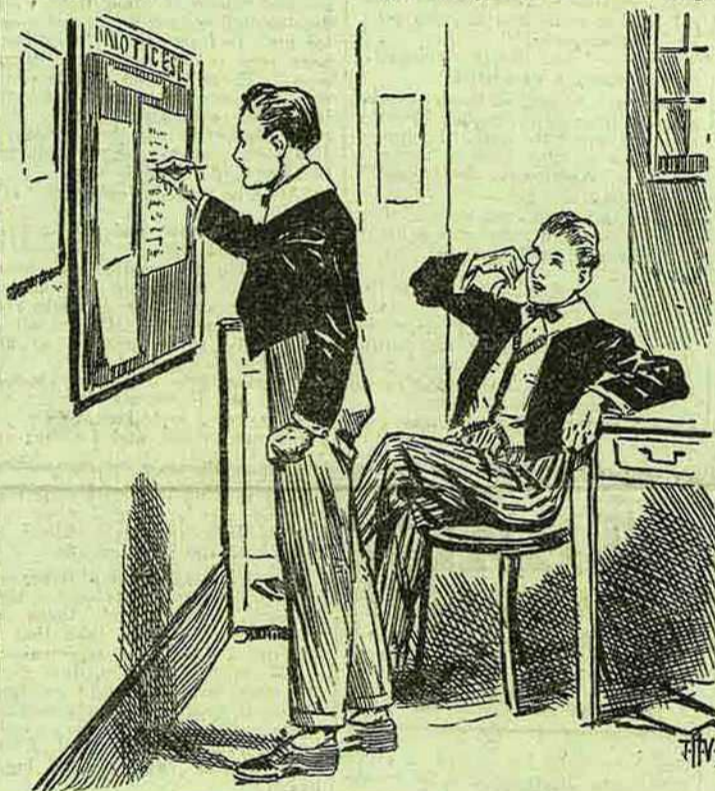
Indeed, Carton was beginning to discover that his own dead set against the newcomer, instead of being followed as an example, was being severely criticised in some of the Fourth Form studies. His determination to keep Harry Nameless out of the junior games was especially a subject of adverse criticism. For there were few who doubted that on the football field the nameless schoolboy was a better man than the great Carton himself, and quite a number of fellows agreed that it was sheer "rot" for such a dark horse to be kept permanently in the dark to please Carton.

There was a section in the Fourth Form that had never quite bowed down to Carton's lofty rule, and that section quite openly backed the new junior—chiefly, perhaps, in order to make the great Carton "wild." Outside his own nutty circle, indeed, Carton had fewer friends in the Fourth than Harry Nameless had by this time—which was excessively annoying to Carton.

And now the nameless schoolboy was taking the first step towards getting his proper place in the junior games, and Carton found that he could not check him. But Carton was bitterly determined that, in spite of the first step, he should not take a second. He could, at least, keep him out of the matches—that was, at least, in his power.

On Saturday afternoon the juniors turned out for the trial match—Carton's team in the school colours, blue and white, and the opposing eleven in red stripes. Most of the "fourth and the Shell who were not in the ranks gathered round Little Side to see the kick-off. To Carton's surprise, Oliphant of the Sixth came

strolling down to the ground just before the kick-off, with Wake. "What the thump does Oliphant want here?" muttered Carton to Durance. "He don't want to see a junior trial match." "Looks as if he does!" said Durance. "Confound him!"



ALGY IS SATISFIED! "I hoped you might change your mind team, dear boy," said Algernon Aubrey St. Leger. "I have changed my mind!" hissed Vernon Carton. "Good!" murmured Algy. With a hand that trembled, Carton scratched a pencil through Howard's name on the junior football list, and wrote "H. Nameless" over it.

Carton cast a black look towards Harry Nameless, who was inside-right in St. Leger's team. The nameless schoolboy looked very fit and handsome in jersey and shorts, and his face was very bright. So far, at St. Kit's, he had played only in practice, pick-up matches of six or seven aside, but he had had opportunities of showing his form. He looked very fit and well now, as he felt, and was evidently going to enjoy the game. Carton knew that he would put up a good game, and he was annoyed that it should happen under Oliphant's watching eyes.

St. Leger smiled at his expression. "Jolly good of old Oliphant to give us a look in, what, dear boy?" murmured Algernon Aubrey.

"I wish he'd mind his own biznai." "But this is his biznai, as head of the games," smiled Algy. "Besides, I asked him to come as a special favour."

"You did?" ejaculated Carton.

"Yaas."

"What for, you dummy?"

"I wanted him to see my pal's form, you know—I think he ought to know what sort of a player Nameless is," said Algy cheerily. "He said he'd come, and here he is. Nice of him, what?"

"Goin' to toss, dear boy?" purred Algy.

Carton won the toss, and gave St. Leger the wind to kick off against. The ball rolled, and in a few minutes the game was going strong. Carton stole a glance occasionally at Oliphant and Wake; the two Sixth Formers were still there, looking on. And Oliphant's eyes were on Harry Nameless; he was following him with interest.

Carton's team was a good deal stronger than the scratch eleven; he had taken care of that. He would not risk defeat, even in a trial match, if he could help it. But the new winger was a tower of strength to the opposing side.

For pace and precision Harry Nameless had only two or three equals on the field, as even Carton had to admit. A strong attack had penned the red shirts round their goal, and when the ball came out from the backs there was only one forward ready to take it, and that was the new winger. Harry Nameless was on the ball in a twinkling, and taking it up the field. The press round the goal broke up, and Harry was away with the ball. There was no one to take a pass; but he was already through the halves, and he wound round the backs like an eel, with the ball at his feet. Only Babbie, in goal, was between him and victory, and Babbie was caught

and his men backed him up well. With a quarter of an hour to go, St. Leger was two to one, and Carton's men did not look like equalising.

Vernon Carton played up with savage zest, determined that victory should be snatched from the jaws of defeat. But victory did not materialise, and almost on the stroke of time the red shirts got away in great style, and there was a hot attack in goal. Babbie headed out the ball sent in by Algy, and it met another head that popped it back into goal before Babbie knew it was coming.

"Goal! Good old Nameless! Goal!"

Hilton of the Fifth, the referee, blew his whistle.

Carton gritted his teeth. Three goals to one, and scored by the nameless schoolboy, whom Carton was determined to keep out of the eleven. As he walked, breathless and savage, from the field, Vernon Carton realised that, captain of the juniors as he was, he had set himself a difficult task.

Bunny is Generous.

"Hallo, old tops!" Bunny Bootles came into Study No. 5, where Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and Harry Nameless were chatting, half an hour after the trial match. Bunny's fat face was very bright and jovial.

Algernon Aubrey waved a slim hand.

"Blow away, old bean!" he said. "Don't you know it's tea-time?" demanded Bunny.

"Begad! I might have guessed it was by your turnin' up, dear boy!" "Nameless did jolly well in the trial," said Bunny. "You've brought credit on this study, Nameless."

"Thanks!" "But you have, you know," said Bunny genially, "no end. Carton is as wild as a Hun. Lots of the fellows are saying that he can't keep you out of the Lyncroft match after this, and Carton don't like it a teeny-weeny bit!"

Algy chuckled. "Fact is, I'm proud to be your study-mate," said Bunny loftily. "There!"

"Sorry I can't return the compliment," said Harry Nameless coolly.

"What the fat Bunny was "buttering" him for Harry did not know; but he did not find Bunny's butter to his taste.

"I didn't like you shoving into this study," said Bunny. "I can't say I liked it. I'm not a snob, I hope—"

"Begad! What could you have to be snobbish about, Bunny?" asked Algernon Aubrey, in astonishment.

"Look here, Algy—" "Turn it off, old bean!" said Algy. "You talk too much, Bunny. It's not your only fault, but it's a serious one. Turn it off and blow away."

"I'm not a snob, I hope," continued Bunny, "but there's such a thing as the fitness of things. Low bounders oughtn't to mix with gentlemen."

"Hear, hear," said Algy. "Change out of the study, old bean, and set that right at once."

"I didn't mean that, you ass—" "I did!"

"Low bounders," roared Bunny, "oughtn't to mix with gentlemen! I'm a gentleman—" "My hat!"

"And Nameless is a low bouncer. That's what I mean, only you're too dense to understand, Algy. Without being a snob, that's my opinion for what it's worth."

"Which is about a German mark?" said Algy.

"But," continued Bunny, "taking all things into consideration, I'm prepared to be kind to Nameless. I'm not going to look down on him—" "You'd have to get on the table to do that."

"I don't mean like that, you ass, Algy—I mean metaphysically—" "Which?"

"Metaphysically," said Bunny. Possibly he meant metaphorically.

"I mean metaphysically, Algy. I'm not going to look down on him any more; I'm going to treat him as an equal."

"Like your cheek!" "Look here, Algy—" "Haven't you finished yet, Bunny?"

"No. The fact is, I rather like Nameless, and I'm going to be his friend," said Bunny Bootles. "I'm going to be pal' with him. There!" Harry Nameless burst into a laugh.

"But it takes two to make a bargain," he remarked. "If I catch you being pally with me I shall give you a thump!"

(Continued overleaf.)

Just think! A Five-Pound Note and Six Footballs must be won every week by readers of the BOYS' FRIEND. Tell ALL your pals about it!



Chums of St. Kit's!

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from previous page.)

feast, and you can keep your uncle's pound note all for yourself, when it comes. I'm afraid it won't make you much richer."

Bunny Bootles did not stop to argue. He annexed the ten-shilling note, and departed in haste for the tuckshop. Algernon Aubrey leaned back elegantly in his armchair, and grinned.

"After all, he's a useful little beast to have about the study—if only he wouldn't leave bulleeyes about," he remarked. "I believe I'm sittin' on one now. I'd get up and see if it wasn't so much trouble. You're practically fixed for the Lyncroft match on Wednesday, old bean."

Harry shook his head. "Carton won't—"

"Carton will have to," said Algy serenely. "If he doesn't do the square thing, you know, there's an appeal to the head of the games. That's why I expended honeyed words on old Oliphant to-day, and got him to come and see you play. Rather deep—what?"

"But—"

Algy waved a slim hand.

"Leave it to me, old bean. I'm no end of a deep schemer when I set my powerful brain to work. I suppose you want to play against Turkey's crowd on Wednesday, don't you?"

"I'd like to, but—"

Harry's face clouded. "It's not only Carton, but you're making me give a lot of time to footer, St. Leger—"

"Yaas!"

"And—and there's the prize I'm after, you know—"

"My dear man!"

Algernon Aubrey sat up. "You're not puttin' a dashed old prize before takin' goals in a School match, I suppose?"

Harry laughed rather uneasily. "You don't quite understand," he said. "I keep on telling you I'm

poor—too poor for you to comprehend really. You don't know what it is to be hard up."

"Don't I?" said Algy. "I've run out of money like any other chap. Why, I wanted a taxi back from Lynne one day, and the cash wouldn't run to it—honour bright. Took the train. My dear chap, I can assure you that I've been up against it. Besides, you're talking rot."

"How do you mean?"

"There's only twenty-five quids with the Fortescue prize. How long is that goin' to last you?"

"It won't last me at all," said Harry, in a low voice. "The fellows—some of them—are calling me a prize hunter. But—you see—it's not for myself I want the money."

"You owe a little bill?" asked Algy sympathetically. "I know—I've been there."

"No, no! If you'd care to know—"

"Of course I would, old bean. I'm no end interested," said Algernon Aubrey. "Tell your Uncle Algernon all about it. If you really want that prize, I'm goin' to help you get it. Go ahead!"

"You see," said Harry, colouring a little. "I—I've told you who I am, St. Leger, as far as I know. Old Jack Straw found me on the beach near South Cove, after a wreck. Not another soul was saved, and nothing came ashore to show what the ship was, or where it came from. The dear old fellow took me in and cared for me. I—I suppose I should have been sent to the workhouse otherwise. There was no one to claim me. I had no claim on him, excepting in his own kind heart. He's been a father to me—the only father I've ever known. And—and now he's growing old—"

"Must be a decent old sport," said Algy.

"He's old now, and not in good health," said Harry. "He finds it pretty difficult to make ends meet. I've always wanted to help him as soon as I could. I was in doubt even about coming to St. Kit's at all. I thought I'd rather get a job and earn some money for him."

"Oh begad!"

"But Mr. Carew was keen on my coming here, and Jack Straw was ambitious for me, and I came; and

Mr. Carew told me that if I chose to work I could make some money here—in prizes, you know. He's an old St. Kit's man, and he went over the list with me. Of—of course, I don't want to bag more than my due. But in an open exam I have as much right to compete as anybody else, and I think I've got a good chance for the Fortescue if I keep hard at it. And the money will go to old Jack."

Algy whistled softly.

"Oh, I see!" he murmured.

"He needs the money," said Harry restlessly. "He wouldn't say so; he wouldn't worry me about it for worlds. But I've had a letter from a friend of his—another old sailorman at South Cove—telling me how the facts stand. He's had the doctor, and there's things he needs, and nobody to provide them, unless I can do it. Now you know why I'm so jolly keen on the prize-hunting, as Carton calls it."

"My dear old chap," said Algy softly. "I catch on. But—look here—"

He hesitated and coloured.

"Look here, old bean, I've got no end of tin, and I can get as much more as I choose to ask for. The pater and the aunts and Uncle Wilmot, they're all old sports, and they know that a fellow can't live without a few banknotes. Now you let me—"

He broke off as Harry's face set a little. Algy groaned dismally. "Have I put my foot in it, old bean?"

"No," said Harry, with a faint smile. "You're awfully kind, but it's quite impossible. Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you, only—"

"My dear man, I'm glad you've told me. You ought to tell your old pal things," Algy rubbed his nose reflectively. "I'm jolly glad you told me. I'll keep it dark, of course. Not a word now. Here's Bunny with the tea." And the two chums relapsed into silence as Bunny Bootles staggered into the study with a mass of parcels in his fat arms.

The Day of the Match.

"Hallo, old tops! The list's up!"

Bunny Bootles made that announcement as he joined Harry Nameless and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger in the quadrangle after lessons

on Wednesday. It was the day of the Lyncroft match, and Turkey & Co., of Lyncroft, were expected early in the afternoon. But it was not till close on dinner-time that the junior captain had posted up the football list.

Algy turned his eyeglass negligently upon the fat Bunny. Bunny Bootles was greatly in disfavour in Study No. 5 since the time he had pretended to have saved Algy's father from a rascally tramp. But Bunny didn't mind. He was accustomed to being in disfavour, as a matter of fact, and he was as fat and friendly as ever. Unless Algernon Aubrey's riches took unto themselves wings, and flew away, he was sure never to lose Cuthbert Archibald's friendship.

"The list's up, is it?" asked Algy.

"Yes, I saw Carton pinning it on the notice-board," said Bunny.

"Nameless isn't in it. He, he, he!"

"What are you cacklin' about, Bunny? You know I always want to kick you when you cackle."

"Look here, you beast—"

"Kick him for me, Nameless, old chap. I'm always kicking Bunny, and it tires me."

"Yah!"

Bunny Bootles retreated before Harry could accede to his chum's request. St. Leger polished his eyeglass thoughtfully.

"Let's go an' have a look at the list," he suggested.

"If you like," assented Harry.

The nameless schoolboy certainly had not expected to find himself in the list for the Lyncroft match, especially as Carton's dislike for him seemed to grow more intense from day to day. The chums of the Fourth found a good many juniors gathered before the notice-board, and their comments upon the list were free and candid.

"You're in, St. Leger," said Jones minor.

Algy nodded.

"Yaas, I suppose so," he assented. "But Carton seems to have made a mistake; he hasn't put Nameless in."

Jones minor gave a snarl.

"Catch him!" he said.

"Nameless hasn't a chance, of course," said Stubbs. "We all knew that Carton wouldn't play him."

(Continued on the next page.)

FOOTBALL GOSSIP!

By "Goalie"

London Clubs' Good Start.
Right through last football season the cry "What is the matter with London?" went up continually, and there was every justification for it. This season, however, this question has not been so very prominent, for reasons which are obvious from a glance at the League tables. Indeed, the London clubs made a specially good start, and although some of them have failed to live up to their early promise, it still remains a fact that there is not the same reason for pessimism as there was a year ago. The people of Bolton will this week-end have an opportunity of seeing one of the "big surprises" of the season up to now—the Arsenal. Since the War we have got so accustomed to seeing the "Gunners" struggling right through the first half of the season at, or near to, the bottom of the table that it seems strange to note them among the leaders.

the Arsenal he has played in every position in the team with the exception of goal, and in each has done



A. BAKER, (Arsenal.)

so well that we have said from time to time that at long last he had been put in the place where he shone with the brightest effect.

People are saying this of Baker now that he has been made into a right full-back, and, indeed, there are more unlikely things than that he will get a trial in a representative match in this position, just as he did when he was a right half-back. Baker is one of the smallest full-backs in the League, so far as inches go, but, on the other hand, I have never met a player with a bigger heart.

A younger brother of the Leeds United half-back, Baker is essentially an after-the-War player, for it was only during the conflict that he developed his game while stationed at the Crystal Palace with the R.N.V.R. In the same section were many noted players, including Frank Hudspeth, the Newcastle full-back, and from these young Baker picked up no end of wrinkles. He was one of the first men signed on by the Arsenal manager, Mr. Leslie Knighton, and the distance he has travelled since that time may be gathered from the fact that his first appearance in the "Reds" premier eleven was at outside-left.

Playing All Over the Place.

Mention of Baker and his utility in all parts of the field reminds me that quite a lot of people subscribe to the opinion that a fellow who is worthy of the name of footballer ought to be able to play in any

position bar goal. I cannot say that I entirely agree with this view, for some fellows are essentially specialists, whose value would depreciate considerably if they were moved from their regular position. But there cannot be any question about



A. RAWSON, (Earnsley.)

the value of a really versatile man on the staff. Think what the presence of such a player means to the manager when they are playing away from home. It is impossible to take a reserve for every position on the field, but if there is one man who can put up a decent game anywhere, the difficulties of the manager almost

completely vanish if one player is taken ill on the journey.

How a Cap was Missed.

There are, however, drawbacks to this reputation for versatility so far as the player is concerned, and it is a little matter which young players would do well to ponder over. When it becomes known that a fellow can play anywhere there is a big temptation to play him anywhere as the emergency crops up, and, in consequence, the player gets little opportunity of settling down to be a star performer in any one place. I know one player who certainly missed an International cap because on the very day when he was being watched with a view to the bestowal of honours upon him he was moved off from his own position and only gave a very moderate display in his new post.

A Nightmare Experience.

As a general rule, Barnsley are known as a club which parts with ready-made players rather than signs them on, and for years the Yorkshire club has virtually existed on the money made by finding material in the rough and then disposing of it to wealthy clubs when the rough diamonds have been properly polished. This season, however, the Barnsley forward line showed early signs of a lack of strength, and so the club signed on Alfred Rawson, the reserve centre-forward of Birmingham.

This player is a Sheffielder, and appeared occasionally in the Sheffield United first team for two or three seasons before being transferred to Birmingham, in February of last year. He had rather a startling experience immediately afterwards, for his first game for Birmingham was against his old club. And Sheffield United won the match by seven goals to one.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, November 1st. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

First Division.	Second Division.	First Division, Scottish League.
Birmingham v. Blackburn Rovers.	CHelsea v. Hull City.	ABERDEEN v. St. Johnstone.
BOLTON WANDERERS v. Arsenal.	CLAPTON ORIENT v. South Shields.	AIRDRIEONIAN v. Ayr United.
BURNLEY v. Sheffield United.	Coventry City v. MIDDLEBROUGH.	DUNDEE v. Third Lanark.
CARDIFF CITY v. Liverpool.	Crystal Palace v. DERBY COUNTY.	HIBERNIAN v. Falkirk.
Everton v. Bury.	LEICESTER CITY v. Wolverhampton W.	KILMARNOCK v. St. Mirren.
Leeds United v. West Ham United.	MANCHESTER UNITED v. Fulham.	Morton v. CELTIC.
Notts County v. MANCHESTER CITY.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Port Vale.	MOTHERWELL v. Cowdenbeath.
Preston North End v. NEWCASTLE U.	THE WEDNESDAY v. Bradford City.	Queen's Park v. Hamilton Accads.
SUNDERLAND v. Notts Forest.	Southampton v. Blackpool.	Rath Rovers v. Hearts.
Tottenham Hotspur v. Aston Villa.	Stockport County v. Portsmouth.	RANGERS v. Partick Thistle.
West Bromwich Albion v. Huddersfield T.	STOKE v. Barnsley.	



(For the best footer information you can't beat "Goalie." Don't miss his great new article appearing in our next issue.)

"But Carton's bound to choose the best men after trials; that's what trials are for," said Algy.

"Oh, you're an ass, old chap—he won't."

"Perhaps he'll think better of it," said Algernon Aubrey placidly; and he strolled away with his chum, with a thoughtful wrinkle in his noble brow.

Harry glanced at him rather curiously.

"You surely must have expected that, St. Leger?" he said.

"Oh, yaas."

"No good bothering about it. Besides, it's awfully kind of you to want me to show up in a school match; but—"

"Thinkin' of swottin' this afternoon?"

"Well, the exam for the Fortescue is pretty close at hand now," said Harry. "Of course, I'd like to play Lyncroft. But I sha'n't be sorry to put in an extra afternoon's work."

Algy shook his head.

"That's where you make your mistake, dear boy," he answered.

"Nothin' like footer to keep you fit for study—taken in moderation, you know. The Lyncroft game will buck you no end."

"But I can't play in it, you know."

"My dear man, ever since I noticed your form at footer I've intended to boost you into the eleven," said Algy calmly.

"You may have noticed what a determined chap I am—firm as a rock. You're the best junior footballer at St. Kit's, with possibly one exception—ahem! We can't possibly leave you out. Besides, I've a special reason, as I told you before, why you should play Lyncroft."

"But—"

"My uncle's coming."

Harry's brow clouded.

"Colonel Wilmot?"

"Yaas."

"Oh!" said Harry shortly.

Algernon Aubrey smiled serenely.

"Uncle Wilmot is a first-class old sport, dear boy. He saw you under rather unfavourable circumstances when he came before. Those cads had ragged you in the study. I want him to see you at your best. You see, my pater and the merry aunts have taken to you, and I want Uncle Wilmot to take to you the same. Catchy on? He's comin' to see me, of course, and the football match—he's interested in the school games, you know—and I want you specially to show off your paces before him. Catchy on?"

Harry was silent.

"You don't dislike my uncle?" asked Algy.

"Oh, no! No, I—I think I should rather like him," said Harry, colouring. "He seemed to me a fine old soldier, the little I saw of him that day he came. But—he seemed to have a prejudice against me—"

"That was because you looked such a tattered object after those cads had handled you, and—perhaps—"

Algy paused.

"Because I had no name," said Harry quietly. "Because he thought a nobody from nowhere wasn't fit to speak to his nephew—"

"Old man, if you're gettin' on the high horse again—"

"I'm not; but—"

"You're so doocid proud," said Algy plaintively. "Now, I'm not proud—never was. I want you to like nunky, you know, because he's no end of a decent old sport—the real white article, you know. If you made a rather bad impression on him that time, now's your time to make a good impression on him—see? Of course, if you're too haughty—"

Harry laughed.

"Now your father's satisfied that I'm a fit friend for you, I suppose Colonel Wilmot won't be down on me," he said. "But—"

"Never knew anybody like you for buttin'. Billygoats ain't in it with you! Nunky's heard how you helped the pater when he was bothered by a tramp in Lyncroft Wood—"

"That's nothing."

"It's a lot. Nunky is a soldier-man, you see, and he likes pluck. Also, he likes to see a chap play a good, clean game. That's why I've fixed that he's goin' to see you play Lyncroft this afternoon."

"But Carton won't—"

"Carton is open to persuasion," said Algy blandly. "I think he will play you if he's asked nicely."

Algernon Aubrey chuckled. "Nunky saw you before with your face adorned with soot or smutlin', and hadn't a chance of seein' what a nice-lookin' boy you are—"

"Algy, you ass!"

"Well, you are a nice-lookin' chap," said Algy calmly. "It doesn't show up very much in my company, perhaps, but with any other fellow you'd look quite handsome."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There, I've made you chortle!" said Algy amiably. "Queer thing how fellows do chortle when I make a remark. Blessed if I know why they do! I must be some sort of unconscious humorist. Hallo, there's Oliphant! Excuse me, old bean, I've got to speak to our merry old skipper."

And Algernon Aubrey quitted his chum, and crossed over to intercept the captain of St. Kit's.

Harry Nameless walked on, under the oaks, by himself, a rather moody expression on his handsome face.

He remembered Colonel Wilmot only too well—the handsome, soldierly man with the grizzled moustache, whose keen, penetrating eyes had dwelt on him so unfavourably once. The colonel had been "down" on him—at least, prejudiced against him. Harry hardly blamed him for that. Strangely enough, he could not find it in his heart to resent what Colonel Wilmot had said, what he had done. There was something—

—he hardly understood what—that

seemed to attract him to the grim old colonel. He had no cause to like him, yet he knew that he would have given a great deal for the good opinion of Algy's stern uncle.

And he was coming to St. Kit's again—probably enough to see Algy's chum, the boy who had won golden opinions from Algy's other relations, though he had no name, and had been brought up in a sailor-man's cottage. Had the colonel's unfavourable opinion altered, or did he still look upon him as an unscrupulous outsider who had imposed himself upon Algy's good nature? That thought brought a flush to Harry's cheek.

It was bitter enough to feel that he was going to be inspected—examined and counted over—distrustfully. But for Algy's sake, at least, he would bear it patiently. Algy had been a good chum to him, and there was little he would not have endured for Algy's sake. And—and that was not all. To his own wonder Harry Nameless realised that he was glad the colonel was coming, though he shrank from the meeting—glad that he was going to see that stern, old bronzed face again. Why, he could not have said, but so it was.

A Change in the Programmes.

Fisher of the Third came into the Glory Hole, and looked round with his usual cheery expression. Carton & Co. were chatting by the window, and they did not deign to notice the presence of a Third Form far.

"You're wanted, Carton!" bawled

Fisher. He was only a dozen feet from the captain of the Fourth, and there really was no occasion to bawl, but Fisher of the Third put his beef into it.

Vernon Carton did not even look round.

"Carton!" bawled Fisher a second time. "Gone deaf, Carton, old bird?"

At that disrespectful address the great Carton stirred.

"You cheeky little beast," said Carton. "If you want me to kick you from one end of the passage to the other—"

"Bow-wow! You're wanted!" said Fisher, keeping at a safe distance.

"Get a move on sharp—Oliphant wants you!"

"Confound Oliphant!"

"Shall I tell him that?" grinned Fisher.

Carton remained in angry reflection for a moment, and then he walked out of the Glory Hole. He knew that he had to obey Oliphant's summons, and there was not much use dallying.

He came into the prefects' room with rather tight lips. He had to listen to Oliphant, and he had to suppress his resentment, and neither was pleasant to so important a young gentleman as Vernon Carton.

He found Oliphant and Wake and Beauchamp in the prefects' room. Wake was reading, and Beauchamp was admiring a new tie before the glass. It was Oliphant he had to deal with. The captain of St. Kit's

and left Nameless out, in the hardest match you juniors ever play?"

"I don't think Nameless is much good."

"That's rot!" said Oliphant, in his abrupt way. "If you thought that really, Carton, you wouldn't be fit to captain the juniors at all, and I should put it to the junior committee to elect a new skipper."

Carton was pale with anger.

"Look here, Oliphant, I'm captain, I suppose, and the fellows are satisfied—"

"Nothing of the kind!" interrupted Oliphant. "I've made it a point to make an inquiry or two, and I find that a crowd of the youngsters think that Nameless ought to be in the eleven."

"My opinion is worth something, I suppose."

"Look here, Carton," said Oliphant gravely. "It's no good beating about the bush. You know as well as I do that Nameless is entitled to play in the match on his form, and that he showed up better than any other man in the trials. You're passing him over because you've got some personal feeling against him. From what I can see, that fact is the talk of your form, and there's no need to argue about it. Now, this won't do. It's not sport, and it's not playing the game. Personal feelings shouldn't enter into football matters. You oughtn't to need to be told that. If you don't like Nameless, don't speak to him—off the football

"Right!" said Oliphant cheerily. "I think you'll probably give Lyncroft a beating this time, my boy. They beat you rather badly on their ground a few weeks ago, you know. You want to wipe that out. I'll stroll along and have a look at you during the game, so tell your men to pull up their socks and put some beef into it."

Carton muttered something inarticulately, and escaped from the room. He was so choking with rage that he could scarcely trust himself to speak. He had been over-ruled, and he thought he could guess to whom he owed it. His eyes blazed as he found St. Leger lounging gracefully by the notice-board.

"Waitin' to see me here, I suppose?" he hissed.

Algernon Aubrey gave him a cordial nod.

"Yaas. I hoped you might change your mind about leavin' old Nameless out of the team, dear boy."

"I've changed my mind."

"Good!"

With a hand that trembled, Carton scratched a pencil through Howard's name on the junior football list, and wrote "H. Nameless" over it. Then he turned to St. Leger again.

"You spoke to Oliphant?" he said.

"Yaas, I had a chat with the dear boy to-day."

"About—about Nameless—"

"Yaas."

"You rotter!"

"My dear man," said Algernon Aubrey, polishing his eyeglass, "if you don't do your duty, it's the duty of the head of the games to see that you do it. I chipped in to make sure of it. We're not goin' to be beaten by Lyncroft, dear man, just because you've got a bee in your bonnet about my pal. I knew old Oliphant would see the right thing done. It's his duty, you know. My duty was to tip him the wink. Catchy on? What's that the merry poet says—'When duty calls to brazen walls—I forget the rest.'"

"I'll make you suffer for this!" muttered Carton.

"Dear man!"

"You and your beggar chum."

"Do you know, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey in a thoughtful way, "that expression doesn't suit your face? Generally speakin', you're not a bad-lookin' chap; but now you're doin' your best to look like a cinema villain. Suppose your features should get fixed like that, Carton?"

"You—you—"

"Think how awful that would be!" urged Algy. "Hallo, old bean!" he added, as Harry Nameless came along. "Time to change for the Lyncroft match."

"But I'm not playing," said Harry.

"Your mistake, old bean, you are. Dear old Carton has changed his mind and decided to play you, after all. I thought he'd decide on it in the long run."

Harry glanced at Carton and then at the list. His face lighted up.

"Thank you, Carton!" he said, as cordially as he could.

"Hang you!"

Carton strode away with that polite reply. Harry stared after him, and then looked in perplexity at St. Leger.

"I don't quite catch on—"

"What does it matter?" yawned Algernon Aubrey. "There's your name, and you're playin', so come and change."

"You've worked this somehow, St. Leger."

The dandy of St. Kit's smiled.

"Your Uncle Algernon," he said scintillatingly, "is a downy bird! I've mentioned the fact before. Come and tog!"

And he walked his still puzzled chum away to change. Harry Nameless went cheerily enough. And he had to admit that the superb Algy, with all his elegant manners and customs, was indeed, as he declared, a downy bird. Harry came down to Little Side with his chum in the cheeriest of spirits.

The Lyncroft Match.

Lyncroft had not yet arrived, and the chums of the Fourth found some of the team chatting and some of them putting the ball about. Vernon Carton was not yet on the ground, but the rest were there. Howard, in Etons, was looking on glumly. He did not take kindly to being dropped out of the team. But it was quite evident that Harry Nameless' inclusion in the team was by no means unpopular, excepting in the case of the captain. Even Tracy and Lumley were not displeased. They wanted

(Continued overleaf.)



COLONEL WILMOT AGAIN! No sooner did Mr. Rawlings beckon to Harry Nameless than Algernon Aubrey St. Leger marched his chum to where the master of the Fourth was standing with Colonel Wilmot.

beckoned to him as he appeared with a rather grim look.

"When are Lyncroft coming?" he asked abruptly.

"Kick-off at three."

"I've seen your list."

"I hope you like it, Oliphant. It's jolly good of you to take an interest in our games!"

Oliphant stared at him. There was a sarcastic tone in Carton's voice that he did not like.

"Naturally I take an interest in them!" he snapped. "Your list is fairly good, but you've left out Nameless."

Carton compressed his lips hard.

"I've seen that kid play," said Oliphant. "As a rule I don't interfere in the junior games; you know that. If a captain is worth his salt he can look after his team without my assistance."

"Thank you, Oliphant!"

"Nothing to thank me for. I said if a captain is worth his salt he can look after his team without my assistance."

"I hope I am," said Carton, with a meekness he was very far from feeling.

"I hope so, but I'm not very sure about it. You know a good winger when you see one, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why have you put Howard, a slow lumberer in the front line,

ground. But if he's the man you want for your eleven, put him in."

"He's not the man I want!" muttered Carton.

"He is the man you want—as football skipper," said Oliphant calmly. "Whether you want him or not personally doesn't count. I strongly advise you to put him in Howard's place."

"I can't!"

"Howard is only a passenger in the front line, or little better. I've had my eye on you all, you see. Do you mean to tell me that you think Howard a better forward than Nameless?"

Carton was silent. The difference in form between the two players was too-marked for him to venture upon such a statement.

"You see?" said Oliphant, as the Fourth-Former did not answer.

"But—"

Carton breathed hard.

"Now, kid," said Oliphant, kindly enough, "take my tip and forget everything but football when it's a case of a match. Put Nameless into the front line, and you won't be sorry for it."

Carton almost choked. The captain of St. Kit's was putting the matter kindly and delicately; he was only advising the junior captain. But there was an iron hand in the velvet glove. Behind the "advice" authority lurked. Vernon Carton knew that he had to give in.

"Well?" said Oliphant.

"I—I—I'll do as—as you advise, Oliphant!" gasped Carton. It was difficult for him to get the words out.

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(Continued from previous page.)

to beat Lyncroft, and they knew that they had ever so much better a chance with Nameless in the front line instead of a slacker. And Durance made it a point to speak to Harry on the subject to testify his approval.

"I'm glad you're playin'," he said frankly. "Never mind old Carton bein' a bit waxy. You're the man we want to beat Lyncroft, and I'm glad we've got you."

"Thanks!" said Harry, rather surprised at this testimony from one of Carton's select circle.

"Not at all. I don't like you personally any more than Carton does but—"

"Thanks again!"

"Don't mench! But I shall be next to you in the game, and I'm jolly glad to have you next to me instead of that ass Howard."

And Durance rejoined his friends, baving thus unburdened his mind. Babbie of the Shell, the goalkeeper, also made it a point to announce his satisfaction. "It was pleasant enough to Harry to feel that he was not regarded as an intruder in the team, even by Carton's pals. Indeed, he could not help suspecting faintly that Carton's pals were not wholly averse to seeing the great man sustain a little set-back now and then.

Algernon Aubrey noted the brightening of his chum's face with inward satisfaction.

"Feelin' fit, old bean?" he inquired.

"Fit as a fiddle."

"Good! You've got to play the game of your life to-day, you know."

"I'm going to try."

"Turkey & Co. beat us last time on their own ground," said Algernon Aubrey. "That was just before you came to St. Kit's. We're goin' to turn the tables on them to-day, I hope. Turkey, the Lyncroft chap, is their junior skipper, an' a good man at footer. I wonder when nunky is goin' to turn up? He said he expected to be here about three. We kick off at three. Hallo, here's Lyncroft!"

Carton came on the ground with the Lyncroft crowd.

Harry Nameless looked rather curiously over the visiting team. They looked a sturdy set of footballers, and he saw at a glance that the game was going to be a hard one.

"Hallo, there's the nunky-bird!" murmured Algernon Aubrey, as the sides were forming.

Harry Nameless followed his glance.

In the distance he caught a glimpse of a tall, soldierly figure going towards the School House.

It was Colonel Wilmot, and Harry's eyes followed him till he disappeared behind the oaks.

"He'll be comin' along here presently," said Algy. "Jaw with the Head first, I suppose. Mind you play up, old bean!"

"You bet!" said Harry cheerily.

Carton did not glance once at Harry Nameless. He had had to swallow Harry's presence in the team, but he swallowed it with a bad grace. Indeed, he had turned it over in his mind whether he should "drop" Algernon Aubrey out as a punishment for his meddling, as Carton considered it. But Algy was too good a man and too popular for Carton to venture upon that. Weakening the team from sheer malice would have raised something like a hornet's nest round Carton's ears, for his motives could hardly have been concealed. He had to make the best of it.

The kick-off fell to the home team against a rather stiff wind. In a few minutes the green and white of Lyncroft, with the wind behind them, were pouring up the blue shirts round the home goal. Turkey & Co. got away in fine style, and the attack was hot. But Babbie in goal was equal to it, and he sent out

the leather that came in from Turkey's foot, and the backs succeeded in getting the ball out.

Then came St. Kit's chance.

The forwards got the ball, and carried it up the field, passing like clockwork. The game swayed away towards the other end, where Buster Bunce, fat and rosy, was stamping his feet to keep himself warm between the goalposts. The Lyncroft backs were good, however, and Buster went on stamping his feet. The ball went to mid-field. Vernon Carton, at centre-forward, drove it onward, and it came out on the right wing. Harry Nameless passed it out to Durance as he was charged, and Durance ran it on almost along the touchline.

Harry was up again in a twinkling and racing on to receive the pass, as Durance was stopped. He received the ball, with a half coming down on him like a steam-engine. That Lyncroft half never knew how he missed his prey. Harry Nameless was round him and speeding on, with the backs to deal with. Vernon Carton shouted:

"To me!"

The backs were not close up yet, and Harry had a clear chance of a run in with only the goalkeeper to beat. But he obeyed his captain's order, and passed the ball to centre.

Carton took the pass neatly enough, and ran the ball on; but as he kicked for goal a Lyncroft back came down on him, and they sprawled on the ground together.

The ball went anywhere, and the foot of Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, on the other wing, found it and sent it in. Buster Bunce grinned and fisted it out, and the Lyncroft defence promptly cleared. The game swayed into midfield, hot and fast.

There was a savage blaze in Carton's eyes. He had heard one or two muttered ejaculations. It was almost a certain goal he had taken from his new winger, and he had failed to bag it. That little incident had not passed unnoticed in the St. Kit's eleven, nor among the juniors crowded round the field.

Swank, as usual!" Tracy muttered to Lumley. "Same old Carton."

"Same old ass!" grunted Lumley.

That was how Carton's pals commented on the incident, and those who were not his pals made remarks that were "frequent and painful and free."

That chance, once lost, did not return. There was a slogging game for some time, and both sides came close to scoring; but the score did not arrive for either. The goals were still intact when half-time drew near, though both Babbie and Buster Bunce had had plenty to do.

Harry Nameless became conscious—he hardly knew how—of the fact that there was a new spectator on the scene. Over the heads of the watching crowd a bronzed face and a frizzled moustache towered by the side of little Mr. Rawlings, the master of the Fourth. The Form master had walked down to the ground with Colonel Wilmot.

"The boy is playing, you say," the colonel remarked to Mr. Rawlings, as he looked on the rather animated field.

"Yes, I understand so. Howard, what position does Nameless occupy?" said Mr. Rawlings, blinking at the field over his glasses. "I suppose you know?"

Howard did know. He had good reasons for knowing.

"Inside-right, sir," he grunted.

Mr. Rawlings blinked again.

"Ah, there he is, Colonel Wilmot! He has the ball now."

Colonel Wilmot fixed his eyes upon the little figure that was speeding up the field against the wind with the ball at his feet.

The colonel had seen Harry once before, but that was when the ragging had taken place in Study No. 5, and the nameless schoolboy's features had been decorated with ink and soot. Now he had a good view of the handsome, flushed face, flushed with the exertion and excitement of the game. Somehow Harry knew that Colonel Wilmot was looking at him. He could not have told why. He did not glance round. He wanted all his eyes for the game. He threaded through the Lyncroft defence and centred to Carton, the colonel's grim glance following him. This time Carton had better luck, and he sent in the ball just outside the clutches of Buster Bunce.

"There was a roar."

It was first blood to St. Kit's. The colonel's eyes never left Harry Nameless. He watched him as the players came back to the centre of

the field, and the ball was kicked off by Turkey.

"You see the boy you are interested in?" asked Mr. Rawlings.

"Yes."

"A fine lad," said the Form master. Mr. Rawlings was aware that the colonel had a prejudice on this subject. He was glad to do his little bit towards removing it, having a very high opinion of Nameless himself.

"So far as looks go, undoubtedly."

"In character, too, I assure you, Colonel Wilmot," said Mr. Rawlings. "One of my best pupils, and a good player, too, in the field, as you see. I am not a judge of football, but I believe the boy is doing well."

"Very well indeed."

"I thought so."

"I have seen the boy before," said Colonel Wilmot abruptly.

"Yes; I think he was here when you saw your nephew, on the occasion of your former visit."

"I am not alluding to that. On that occasion there had been what the boys call a ragging, and he was smothered in ink and soot."

"Bless my soul! I was not aware that—"

The colonel smiled faintly.

"Probably not. I believe there are happenings in junior studies of which Form masters sometimes remain unaware. It was so in my time here."

Mr. Rawlings laughed genially.

"No doubt. No doubt."

"I could not tell in the least what the boy was like then," resumed the colonel. "I see him now practically for the first time at St. Kit's, and his face is quite familiar to me."

"That is very odd," said Mr. Rawlings, in surprise. "He has—ahem—moved in a station very—ahem—very remote from yours."

"His origin is obscure, I understand?"

"I suppose that is the word," said Mr. Rawlings, rather reluctantly. "No blame, of course, attaches to the boy. His parents are unknown. Some kind-hearted sailor appears to have brought him up—"

"Where?"

"At a fishing village called South Cove, in Sussex."

"I have never heard of it before," said the colonel, "and certainly I have never visited it."

"Then you can scarcely have met Nameless. I understand that he had never been any great distance from his native village before he came to this school."

"I have certainly met him," said Colonel Wilmot grimly. "I am not

a man to forget faces. During the last twenty years I doubt if I have set foot in Sussex, excepting when making a rare visit to this school, and then I have come by train. But I have certainly met that boy. I cannot recall when or where, but his face is perfectly familiar to me."

Mr. Rawlings was perplexed and silent. There seemed nothing to say in reply to the officer's odd assertion.

"My nephew's parents and other relatives seem to have been favourably impressed by this boy," added the colonel, after a pause.

"Most favourably. He showed great courage in rendering assistance to Lord Westcourt on one occasion."

"I have heard about that. Is that his only recommendation in their eyes?"

"Really!" stammered Mr. Rawlings.

"Because," continued the colonel icily, "I have not been through a five years' war without seeing courage displayed by all sorts of characters—rogues and vagabonds among the rest."

Nameless is certainly neither a rogue nor a vagabond, Colonel Wilmot," said Mr. Rawlings warmly.

"I do not say he is either," said the colonel, unmoved. "I only remark that his courage, which may be exaggerated, is no evidence as to his character. Have you always found the boy truthful?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Yet he has stated that he has never been to a distance from South Cove, a place I have never visited."

"I do not know that he has exactly said so. I understand so."

"If he has said so, Mr. Rawlings, he has lied, and my worst opinion of him is justified," said the colonel calmly. "I have certainly seen him before, neither at South Cove nor at St. Kit's."

Mr. Rawlings flushed.

"I will ask him the question," he said shortly, "or, rather, you shall ask him yourself, Colonel Wilmot. I believe I am, to some extent, a judge of boys, and I have seldom met one who impressed me so favourably as Nameless. Speak to him."

"I shall certainly do so."

The whistle rang out for half-time. The first half of the Lyncroft match ended with St. Kit's one up. Harry Nameless glanced as the gates broke up towards the spot where the tall officer stood head and shoulders above Mr. Rawlings. To his surprise Mr. Rawlings beckoned to him.

"By Jove! Nunky wants to speak to you, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "Come over and be introduced."

Harry's heart throbbed a little. Few would have suspected the sturdy schoolboy of timidity, yet he felt a strange fluidity in approaching Colonel Wilmot. But Mr. Rawlings' beckoning hand was not to be disregarded, and Algernon Aubrey marched his chum towards the side with a feeling of satisfaction that Uncle Wilmot had singled him out so soon. Algy felt that Uncle Wilmot had seen his chum under the most favourable conditions now, and could not have failed to note what a really decent chap he was. The happy Algy little guessed what was coming.

HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by PERCY LONGHURST



If you are in need of any information concerning health, sport, or general fitness, write to Mr. Percy Longhurst, c/o The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply. All queries are a confidence between Mr. Longhurst and the sender, and are always answered by a personal letter and never in these columns. The information is entirely free, and is the best obtainable.

The Referee.

I wonder how many of my readers who go in for sport—any kind, it doesn't matter what—think of their recreation as being anything more than a means of obtaining pleasure or improving their health and physique. Anyway, taking part in sports does more—a whole lot more—than give one pleasure, increase the enjoyment in living, benefit the health, and test and toughen the muscles.

Sport teaches those who take part in it a number of valuable lessons. I've no intention of preaching to my readers, but, just for once, I do want to remind them of what sport will do for a fellow other than in a physical sense. Very positively does sport help to make character.

We'll run over together some of the good things that sport does for us. First of all, it brings us into touch with scores of good and jolly fellows whose acquaintance we otherwise shouldn't make, and this alone leads to our learning something to our benefit. If you're willing to learn you can't help obtaining useful information from fellow-sportsmen. Such acquaintance will lead to friendships, and the more friends a fellow has the better for him.

Sport teaches us discipline and self-

control, and the fellow who can discipline himself to the extent of commanding his likes and desires, very often making himself do things he'd rather not do, and go without for a time things he'd like to have—and that's what training for a sporting event often amounts to—is doing himself a powerful lot of good. He is strengthening his character. Sport develops the quality of determination; of persistency; it increases that spirit which makes a fellow keep on trying when it would be a lot easier and more comfortable for him to give up; it makes him realise—haven't you boxers and runners and swimmers felt it?—that it's a form of cowardice to despair, "to quit," as our American friends say. It leads a chap to "try, try, and try again." And that is a lesson worth learning.

I have already mentioned that sport teaches self-control. Maybe you think the referee of any sporting function is a fellow to be envied—he seems to have such authority and power. You need not envy him. To be a referee, whether it's of boxing, football, or wrestling, is a thankless task. I know it.

The referee has to give decisions, and it isn't to be supposed that always everybody looking on will agree with his decisions. I've no doubt you've heard, perhaps suffered,

decisions that you didn't agree with. The verdict has gone, in your opinion, to the wrong fellow. Well, you've a right to your opinion, but so has the referee to his, and you must believe that his decision represents his honest opinion. Because he differs from you does not make the referee a fraud, a swindler, or a fool. Sometimes it is the toss up of a coin which of a couple of contestants has won. If you ever have refereed yourself, just think how difficult it must be for the referee to make up his mind in such circumstances—to declare one chap the winner and the other the loser.

But if you're a sportsman, no matter what you may think, you won't make any public display of your difference of opinion. You won't shout "Oh, what a shame! My man's been robbed of a victory!" Sport teaches something quite different. Britishers know this, though some nations haven't learned the lesson. Some persons—not sportsmen—disagreeing with the referee, are not slow to declare their belief in his dishonesty, his incompetence. Would they, if they acted as referees, like others who did not agree with them to assert that they were either rogues or fools? I think the suggestion would annoy them.

Britishers, having a long tradition of sport behind them, don't do this. In our country we are ready to believe the referee has done his honest best, and we respect the referee's decision and we are willing to accept it as final. Sport has taught us that confidence in the honesty of the referee; it is our tradition, and every man-jack of us should do his best to uphold and spread and strengthen that tradition. Those who bowl down and revile the referee are not sportsmen.

Ray Longhurst

(Look out for another helpful article.)

A Strange Scene on the Football Field!

"Nameless," said Mr. Rawlings, in his mild voice, "Colonel Wilmot wishes to speak to you—to ask you a question."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Uncle—," began Algernon Aubrey.

Algernon Aubrey was going to present his chum in due form, but the colonel interrupted him.

He made a gesture, and the Honourable Algernon was silent. He was not looking so cheery now. He felt that something was wrong.

Colonel Wilmot after that gesture took no heed of Algy. His keen, deep-set grey eyes were fixed upon the handsome, flushed face of Harry Nameless of the Fourth.

"You are called Nameless?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Harry quietly.

He was quick to note the half-hidden hostility in the old gentleman's tone, and it had a painful effect upon him.

"You have lived at South Cove all your life, I believe, before coming to this school—I mean, Mr. Rawlings tells me so."

"Yes, sir," said Harry, in surprise.

Whatever he had expected to hear from Algy's uncle he certainly hadn't expected to hear this. The colonel's manner was abrupt, and the drift of his questioning was a mystery to Harry.

"Did you leave South Cove often?"

"Hardly ever."

"Have you ever been to London?"

Harry smiled.

"Yes; Jack Straw took me to London once, sir, on a ship."

"Who is Jack Straw?"

"An old sailor at South Cove. The man who brought me up, sir," said Harry, his flush deepening. The questioning was irksome enough to him, under the eyes of a crowd, and he was beginning to feel resentful. The colonel's manner was almost that of a magistrate.

The fellows round about were drawing nearer and looking on, interested by this curious scene. All the players in the field were staring towards the spot.

Harry Nameless felt himself the exposure of all eyes, and it made him distinctly uncomfortable.

Mr. Rawlings was fidgeting with great discomfort. He, too, resented the grim, magisterial manner of Colonel Wilmot, though he could scarcely venture to demur. The colonel was a governor of the school, and had a certain authority within the walls of St. Kit's. Certainly he was entitled to question a junior schoolboy if he chose so to do; but his dry, hard manner was almost an unspoken accusation against the boy he was questioning.

"Excepting for this trip to London on a ship have you ever left South Cove?"

"I have cycled sometimes to a distance," answered Harry, resentful and puzzled at this examination, of which he could not understand the drift. "I really do not see, sir—"

"You do not see what?"

"I do not see why you are asking me these questions, especially in this place and at this time," said Harry, his eyes meeting the colonel's fearlessly.

"I am asking you these questions because I desire an answer. Have you ever been in trouble?"

"In trouble?" repeated Harry.

"With the law?"

"The—the law?"

Harry's face crimsoned.

He realised now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the colonel was hostile. Why he could not even imagine. But there was no doubt about the fact.

Colonel Wilmot seemed unaware that two score of pairs of ears were drinking in every word.

The juniors gazed at one another in wonder.

"Colonel Wilmot," broke out Mr. Rawlings hotly, "is that a question to be addressed to the boy?"

"I think so. I am waiting for his answer."

Colonel Wilmot's manner was utterly uncompromising.

"My—my answer," said Harry thickly. "My answer is 'No,' and it is the last answer I shall make to you, sir."

"What?"

"You have no right to ask me such questions!" exclaimed Harry, and his voice rang with indignation. "How dare you, sir!"

"Boy!"

"You have insulted me before my schoolfellows!" exclaimed Harry.

"What have I done to you? You have no right to say anything of the kind to me. Mr. Rawlings, you are my Form master, sir. Am I bound to listen to that man's insults?"

Mr. Rawlings' kind face was the picture of distress.

"That man!" repeated the colonel dazedly. "Are you aware, boy, that you are speaking to a governor of the school?"

"I'm quite aware of it," answered Harry. "Governor or not, you have no right to insult one who is defenceless."

"Uncle," murmured Algernon Aubrey feebly. He was utterly taken aback by this strange development.

Hilton of the Fifth, who was refereeing the match, had his whistle ready. The interval had expired, but the Fifth-Former felt some hesitation about interrupting so important a personage as Colonel Wilmot. He looked at Carton, and Carton grinned. Carton was as astonished as anyone else by this curious scene; but he no longer regretted that Harry Nameless had played in the Lyncroft match. This humiliation of his enemy was like meat and drink to Carton.

As for the Lyncroft fellows, they studiously affected to hear and see nothing, but they could not help exchanging glances of wonder.

Colonel Wilmot did not seem to observe that he was delaying the football match. He gave no attention to that detail, at all events.

"My dear Nameless," muttered

Mr. Rawlings, quite at a loss. "Colonel Wilmot has—has certain reasons for—questioning you."

"This is not the time or the place, sir, if he has."

Mr. Rawlings could not help concurring in that.

"That is for me to judge, boy," said the colonel harshly. "I will give you my reason. I have seen you before you came to this school. I certainly have not seen you at South Cove, a place I never knew the existence of. Your face is perfectly familiar to me."

Harry stared.

"If that is so I cannot help it," he said. "I do not know where you can have seen me."

"You must also have seen me."

"I do not think so."

"Reflect before you make that assertion, boy."

"There is no need to reflect," retorted Harry Nameless. "If I had seen you I suppose I should remember it."

"Certainly you would remember it."

"Do you mean that I should tell an untruth about it, sir?" exclaimed Harry, his face flaming.

"I fear so," answered the colonel calmly. "Since your face is quite familiar to me the inference is that you must have met me."

farther. Nameless, go back to your game."

Colonel Wilmot gnawed his lip hard. It was evident that the old military gentleman was accustomed to having his own way and to over-riding opposition. But Mr. Rawlings—little shy of a man as he looked beside the big, bronzed soldier—was as firm as a rock. He signed to Harry to go, and the nameless school-boy was glad enough to obey.

"Boy!" exclaimed the colonel. Harry did not heed.

He obeyed his Form master, and gave no attention whatever to the thunderous voice of the colonel.

He walked back to the centre of the field, where the footballers at once gathered for the resumption of the game.

Mr. Rawlings, with an indignant blink at his tall companion, turned and walked back to the School House.

Colonel Wilmot did not move.

If he noticed the curious glances turned on him on all sides, his grim, bronzed face gave no sign of it. With knitted brows he stood looking on at the football-field, and it was some time before he wheeled and strode away.

The Winning Goals.

Algy's aristocratic face expressed the utmost distress as he followed

"I'm sorry, old bean," faltered Algy. "I—I never thought. I never guessed. I—I'm fairly floored."

"It's all right."

"But it isn't all right," muttered Algy. "I'm simply flabbergasted! I—I can only apologise, old fellow."

Harry smiled faintly. He guessed what poor Algy's feelings must have been like during that interview.

"Don't worry, old fellow. I'm not hurt, you know."

"I can't understand it. Nunky is really an old brick, you know, with all his grim looks; but it's no good expectin' you to think that now," groaned Algy. "I'm ashamed of him."

"Get into your places there!" snapped out Carton.

The sides were lining up for the second half.

Vernon Carton wore a smiling countenance.

All his moves against the new junior had been checked one after another. On every occasion he had tasted the bitterness of defeat. Now an utterly unexpected and unlooked-for ally had turned up. Fifty fellows, at least, had heard Colonel Wilmot's words. In an hour all St. Kit's would have heard them. The strange affair would be talked of from one end of the school to the other—from the Sixth

to Harry Nameless as he was tackled. Harry took the pass clumsily enough, and was robbed of the ball in a twinkling by Turkey, who bore it away goalward at his foot. Carton shouted:

"You clumsy fool! Do you call that footer?"

It was a happy moment to Carton when he was able to "slang" the new winger for faulty play.

Harry caught his derisive, triumphant look as he shouted, and tried to pull himself together.

It was not easy in his distress of mind, but he succeeded.

He remembered that the Lyncroft match was at stake, that Algy was responsible for putting him in the team, and that Oliphant's judgment should be justified if it could be done. His private troubles had no place on the football ground; he had his duty to do.

It cost him an effort, but he succeeded. Unluckily, that run-up of Turkey's was a success. He gave the ball to Topford, who drove it in, beating Babbie's defence. It was a goal to Lyncroft, and the score was even. Carton found a chance for further remarks as they went back to the centre of the field.

"If that's how you're goin' to play, Nameless, you may as well get off the field," he exclaimed, loud enough for all the twenty-two to hear, and a good many of the spectators as well. "You've been planted on me against my will, and you know it, and now you're fumbling like a kid in the Second Form. I want no passengers in my team."

Harry did not answer, but took his place quietly in the ranks. Carton gave him a sneering grin.

It was the moment of his triumph, and he enjoyed it. But it did not last long.

From the restart Harry Nameless determinedly banished all haunting thoughts from his mind, and put all his "beef" into the game. He was no longer enjoying the football, but he was resolved that there should be no failing in his play. And there was not. From that moment he was at the top of his form, and his play was brilliant to the finish. Another goal came to St. Kit's, and it came from Harry Nameless' foot.

"Goal!" roared the crowd round the field. "Hurrah! Bravo, Nameless! Goal!"

And Vernon Carton gritted his teeth.

Lyncroft strove hard to equalise. It was getting towards time now. But they did not succeed. And almost on the whistle there came a hot attack from St. Kit's, and Carton, securing the ball from a centre from Harry, drove it in, and Buster Bunce drove it out, right upon a ready head that leaped at it, and spun it back before Buster could guess that it was coming. And a deafening yell came from the St. Kit's crowd:

"Good old Nameless!"

"Goal!"

A few minutes more, and the whistle shrilled out.

St. Kit's had won the match by three goals to one, and two of those goals had been scored by the nameless schoolboy.

Vernon Carton gave him a far from pleasant look as the whistle went.

He was glad enough to beat Lyncroft, but probably he would have preferred a defeat to this success of the nameless junior.

But there was no doubt about the feelings of the other fellows. Harry Nameless was caught up by half a dozen players—Algy well to the fore—and carried off the field shoulder-high amid thunderous cheers.

Carton followed with a face pale with chagrin. Every cheer for the nameless schoolboy was a lash to him; the whole scene was gall and wormwood, and he could not hide his bitterness. And Turkey of Lyncroft unconsciously added fuel to the fire with an innocent remark:

"You've got a good man there, Carton—a jolly good man."

"Rot!" snapped Carton.

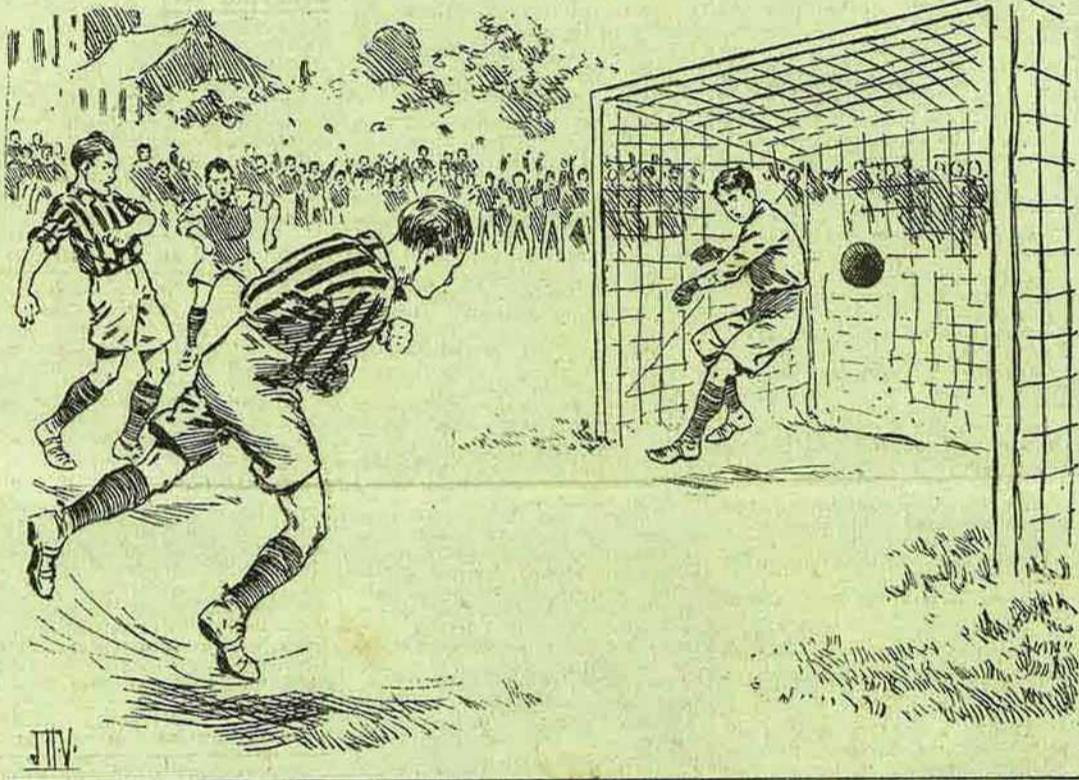
"Eh?" ejaculated the astonished Turkey.

"Rot!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Turkey.

And as the Lyncroft crowd drove homeward in their brake Turkey confided to his comrades that Carton was the same howling cad that he had always been, and the Lyncroft crowd quite agreed.

(Better than ever! Next Monday's magnificent long instalment of "Chums of St. Kit's!" On no account must you miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)



NAMELESS SCORES! Before the Lyncroft goalkeeper knew what was happening Harry Nameless had headed the ball into the net. A deafening yell came from the St. Kit's crowd. "Good old Nameless!" "Goal!"

"I have never met you, excepting the day you came down here to see St. Leger."

"I am not referring to that. You have met me before you came to this school."

"I have not."

Colonel Wilmot gave a slight shrug of his shoulders. He did not conceal his utter disbelief of this statement.

"Have you ever borne any other name than the one you now bear?"

"Of course not!"

"You have never appeared before a bench of magistrates on any charge?"

"How dare you!" exclaimed Harry passionately. "I refuse to answer you, sir. The question is an insult."

"Really, colonel!" murmured Mr. Rawlings.

"Pray allow me!" said the colonel. "I am not speaking without good reasons, Mr. Rawlings."

"I cannot allow you, sir," said Mr. Rawlings firmly.

"Sir!"

"This boy is in my Form, and, therefore, under my protection," said the little Form master, undismayed by the terrific glance he received from Colonel Wilmot. "I cannot allow him to be spoken to in this manner."

"I thank you for your yourself, Mr. Rawlings."

"On the contrary, sir, it is not I who forget!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings warmly. "If you desire to cross-examine Nameless there are other places more private than this. Dr. Chenies will see that you have your opportunity. And I say plainly, sir, that this scene must go no

Harry Nameless back into the field. The interval had lasted more than ten minutes, but the fellows were hardly thinking of that. The strange scene that had been enacted by the ropes filled all thoughts. Algernon Aubrey nudged his chum almost timidly, and Harry looked at him.

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to the Second. It was a blow such as the nameless schoolboy had not suffered before—a blow from which he was not likely to recover in the estimation of his Form-fellows. Indeed, Carton himself began to believe that he had been right, after all, in being so bitterly "down" on this nameless outsider from the very first. If there was nothing against him, why was a governor of the school so openly and harshly "down" on him? Colonel Wilmot had practically denounced him as a liar before St. Kit's, and pretty plainly hinted that he had the worst of motives for his falsehoods. Carton had a happy feeling that he had been right all along, and a happy anticipation that Harry Nameless was going to be an outcast in the school, after all. He could have thanked Algy just then for being the inadvertent cause of that scene on the football ground.

The game restarted, and it was soon seen that the new winger was not in his earlier form.

That was hardly surprising. Every nerve in Harry's body was tingling with indignation and shame, and he found it difficult to put his thoughts into the game and dismiss that scene from his mind. Algernon Aubrey was worried and distressed, too, and he fumbled a good deal, and the result was that there was weakness on both wings.

Turkey & Co. were not the fellows to neglect that. In a quarter of an hour from the whistle Lyncroft seemed to be getting it all their own way, and Babbie of the Shell was hotly besieged. The ball came out on the right wing from the backs, and Durance drove it away, passing

Putty's Bright Idea!



(Continued from page 279.)

"Look here, you born idiot—" he roared.

Adolphus backed away rather quickly.

"I say, Lovell, how much did you offer Carthew?" squeaked Tubby Muffin.

"Ten bob, of course."

"Ten bob for his Enfield bike!" exclaimed Tracy of the Shell.

"Yes, ass!"

"No wonder he licked you, then!" said Smythe. "He thought you were japing him, of course."

"Silly ass!" hooted Lovell. "He's offered it for sale for ten bob—it's an advertisement in the local paper."

"Gammon! He wouldn't!"

"Look!" roared Lovell.

Arthur Edward Lovell jammed the "Coombe Times" under the lofty nose of Adolphus. He jammed it so hard that Adolphus staggered back and sat down quite suddenly on the floor.

Bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh gad! Look here!" yelled Adolphus.

"Let's see the giddy advertisement, Lovell," said Mornington of the Fourth, laughing.

A dozen fellows gathered round the "Coombe Times" as Morny held it up to read. Adolphus Smythe picked himself up and turned his eyeglass upon the advertisement.

There it was in plain print! The juniors stared at it, but they had to believe their eyes.

"I—I say, that's no end of a bargain!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I—I say, Jimmy, lend me ten bob! I'm going to buy that bike!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Lend me ten bob, old chap!" implored Tubby, in almost an agony of eagerness. "I'll square, honour bright, as soon as I've sold the bike again! Honest Injun! I can get five quid for it easily!"

Adolphus Smythe slipped quietly out of the room.

The dandy of the Shell had plenty of money of his own, but he had no objection to getting a little more. Adolphus Smythe was after that valuable bike which was on offer at such a ridiculous figure. The same idea had occurred to a good many of the juniors as soon as they read the advertisement. But ten-shilling notes were not so common as blackberries in the Classical Fourth. Fellows began turning out their pockets and counting their loose change; while Smythe of the Shell, who had plenty of cash in hand, headed at once for Carthew's study in the Sixth. Adolphus was quite keen on exchanging a ten-shilling note for a bicycle worth ten pounds.

Generally Adolphus Smythe walked with a saunter of leisurely elegance. Now he fairly scudded for the Sixth Form passage, keen to get to business before any other possible purchaser dropped in. On the track of that easy and certain profit of several pounds at least Adolphus quite forgot the repose which stamps—or should stamp—the caste of Vere de Vere.

He was almost breathless when he reached Carthew's study.

"Come in!" snapped Carthew, in response to Smythe's tap.

Adolphus ambled into the study.

He had not the slightest expectation of being received as Lovell had apparently been received. Adolphus' view was that the cheeky fag had cheeked Carthew, and had been very properly licked for his pains. Otherwise, indeed, it would have been very difficult to account for Carthew's conduct at all.

"Well?" grunted Carthew.

"I've dropped in about the bike," said Smythe agreeably. "As you're sellin' it, Carthew, I thought perhaps I'd have it."

Carthew eyed him suspiciously.

After his experience with Lovell he had a natural suspicion that there was a "rag" on. A Lower School fellow could not be supposed to have any use, personally, for a Sixth-Former's bicycle. If Smythe wanted to buy it, however, Carthew was ready to "trade."

"Oh, about the bike I advertised in the local paper?" grunted Carthew, with a suspicious eye on Adolphus.

"Yaas."

"Well, if you want it you can have it for the sum advertised, of course," said Carthew. "If you're serious, go ahead."

Adolphus raised his eyebrows.

"Of course I'm serious," he said. "I've come here to buy the bike. Here's ten shillin'—"

"Here's what!" hissed Carthew. He had no doubt now that it was a "rag," and that Smythe of the Shell was hand-in-glove with Lovell of the Fourth in the matter.

"Ten shillin's," said Smythe innocently. "And—Great gad! Wharrer you at? Oh crumbs!"

It seemed like a nightmare mixed up with an earthquake to the astounded Adolphus.

Carthew had leaped up from his chair like a jack-in-the-box and grasped the dandy of the Shell by the collar.

Smythe spun round, gasping, in his grasp.

"So you're in it, are you?" roared Carthew.

"Whoop!"

"You've got the cheek to come ragging in my study—a prefect's study, by Jove! Take that—"

"Yaroooh!"

"That" was Carthew's boot, planted on the hapless person of Adolphus Smythe, as he wriggled and struggled in the Sixth-Former's grip.

Adolphus had to take it—he had no choice about that! He yelled frantically as he took it.

"And that!" shouted Carthew.

"Yow-ow-wooooo!"

"And that—"

"Oh gad! Leggo!" shrieked Adolphus. "I say, Knowles, stop him! Hold him! He's mad—mad as a hatter! Oh crickey!"

Knowles of the Sixth chuckled.

"Hand me my cane, Knowles!" gasped Carthew.

"Here you are!"

Carthew gripped the cane with his right hand, still gripping Adolphus Smythe with his left.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Help!" yelled Smythe of the Shell.

"Oh, my hat! He's mad! Keep him off! Wharrer you pitchin' into me for, Carthew! Oh crumbs!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Perhaps you'll think twice before you come here again offering ten

bob for my bike!" gasped Carthew.

"Tell the other young scoundrels what to expect if they try it on! And take that!"

"Yow-ow-wo!"

"Now get out!"

Smythe of the Shell was only too glad to get out. He was utterly bewildered and unnerved by the unaccountable outbreak of ferocity on Carthew's part. Unless the fellow was mad there was no comprehending it—and Smythe's opinion was that Carthew was out of his senses.

"Leggo! Oh! Ow!"

"Get out!"

Carthew's heavy boot behind Adolphus sent the Shell fellow whirling into the passage.

He sprawled there, roaring.

"Oh, ow! Oh, ow, wow!"

"Clear off!" roared Carthew. "Do you want some more?"

Adolphus Smythe did not want any more. He picked himself up and fled—with less regard than ever for the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

In the passage he passed Tubby Muffin. Tubby was on his way to Carthew's study—on business. He hadn't the necessary ten shillings, but he had a faint hope of securing that great bargain on "tick."

But Tubby, as he saw Smythe in wild flight, and Carthew's furious face glaring after him from the study doorway, halted. Sagely he decided that he would not, after all, attempt to secure that bargain. He caught Smythe by the arm as he rushed by.

"What—" gasped Tubby.

"He's mad!" panted Smythe.

"He's mad! Run for it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Carthew of the Sixth turned back into his study and slammed the door. Knowles was grinning, and Carthew scowled at him.

"Jolly queer sort of a rag, old bean," remarked Knowles. "A lot of the fags in it—comin' to the study one after another and offerin' you ten bob for your bike! You're not popular with the fags, old chap."

"Nothing to grin at!" snapped Carthew.

"Nothin' at all!" agreed Knowles—but he grinned all the same.

Carthew breathed hard.

"I fancy there won't be any more of it after the example I've made of those two, anyhow," he said.

And Carthew was right on that point. Adolphus Smythe, with tears of rage and pain, was relating his wild experiences to a crowd of amazed juniors, amid exclamations of wonder and amazement. Jimmy Silver & Co. and the rest of the crowd, certainly had no idea of visiting Carthew's study for a business deal in second-hand bicycles after that. A fellow who advertised a bike for sale and started in with a cane as soon as a purchaser appeared was not a fellow to do business with.

There was only one opinion among the amazed juniors—that Mark Carthew of the Sixth was mad—mad as a hatter!

THE END.

(It's great—"The Jape of the Term!" Next Monday's screamingly funny story of the chums of Rookwood School. Be sure you read it!)

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SPREADING THE NEWS.

My best thanks go to the many chums who have circulated the topping news about our great competition among their pals. I want this superb offer to be known to everybody. Six Match Footballs and a "Fiver" each week! These splendid prizes are to be won! No one ought to stand out of this fine offer. We are right in the thick of the footer season now. A new football is always wanted. So is a crisp five-pound note. And now is the time to get down to brass tacks and win such good prizes. You will find all about the big and very jolly competition on another page of this tip-top issue.

CARRYING ON!

Old readers tell me that the Boys' FRIEND was never better and brighter! True! The proof of the pudding is in the eating! Just look at the brilliant budget of stories in the number in your hands. "De gustibus non disputandum," as Caius Julius' head cook and bottle-washer used to murmur in his chatty moments. No more there is! The Roman chef hit it there!

"THE JAPE OF THE TERM!"

Mr. Owen Couquest fires away next Monday with the subsequent events following the amazing doings at Rookwood this week. If we could all pick up first-class "jiggers" for ten bob a time the whir of the rushing wheels would be even more manifest on the high roads than is the case now. But there is a catch somewhere! Carthew never intended to let his trusty mount go for the modest sum of half a quid. He almost had a fit when he saw the local paper with the chirpy little "ad" about his pet machine. Life is full of these jerks. We fancy we are sailing along all serene, when, bump! disillusionment springs out and upsets things in the most mortifying fashion. Look out for some strange and weird happenings in the prime yarn which will appear next Monday, sure as a gun!

"THE RUSTLER'S BEST PAL!"

Another stunning story about Kid McBride! I would be quite content to let it go at that, for this famous Wild West yarn can speak for itself. It's a topper! No question about it! As for Kid McBride, he is something a lot more than merely interesting. Does he take things lying down? The answer is in the negative. Once again he acts like a true sport, and in a situation which is as ticklish as they make them he comes out with flying colours. Kid McBride is the man who sees through a problem, and is out to give the other fellow a chance.

"UNDER ARREST!"

If you are asked for anything, it is horse sense to oblige if you can. Readers have urged me to give an Army tale in the Boys' FRIEND. Well, you will have it next Monday, safe as houses. And a real, rattling fine affair it is, too, right in the spirit of the grand old Service. We have a friendly game of footer

between the Red Crusaders and the Royal Artillery team at a big Army H.Q. But that is not all. Victor Nelson can handle a steeple-chasing episode as well as any man, and he shows his skill here. Then come the troubles. There are results of a highly dramatic turn, and there is nothing but satisfaction in the part played from start to finish by those fine fellows, "Bulldog" Holdfast and Don Darrel.

"CHUMS OF ST. KIT'S!"

By Frank Richards.

Hats off to the celebrated author for the way he is working matters in this serial! One likes the whole crowd of characters. There are startling developments next week!

LOOK OUT AHEAD!

Talking about developments, just keep on the qui vive for further sensations in the old "Great 'Un." I have a big attraction in store. It will give rise to no little surprise.

A BOMBAY CASTLE BOOM!

That is one of the new treats! Dick Dorrington & Co. are coming back in that well-found ship, the Bombay Castle. It is just as well Duncan Storm found it! This is news to make a splash, and it will that! It is intelligence worthy to be cast abroad by the largest-sized megaphone on the market.

MORE CHEERY NEWS!

As soon as the time is ripe I shall have the pleasant duty of bringing to the notice of all readers certain facts connected with the Boys' FRIEND and its unbroken career of popularity.

THOSE "MAGNET" PLATES!

By the way, make sure to get the magnificent series of Free Photogravure Plates showing the foremost warships in the Royal Navy! These fine pictures are given away by the Companion Paper, the "Magnet."

JUST WHAT YOU WANT!

That is what each issue of the Boys' FRIEND brings along. The old paper is the premier in school yards, in sport, and adventure. Next Monday, as on other Mondays, we shall have really A1 articles from the sure pens of "Goalie" and Mr. Percy Longhurst's budget of inquiries continues to increase. There are dozens of things no fellow can be expected to know as regards training and physical upkeep. The hard school of experience teaches a lot, but very often if you are puzzled by some matter which cannot be tracked down in the text-books, it is an extremely convenient thing to get first-hand advice from a man who knows, like our Health Specialist. You get one up then on experience itself, and avoid a peek of trouble. Limitations of space prevent me doing more than give a lightning reference to "Goalie's" good work. Our live wire prophet stands supreme.

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