

Great Football, School, and Adventure Yarns Within!

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

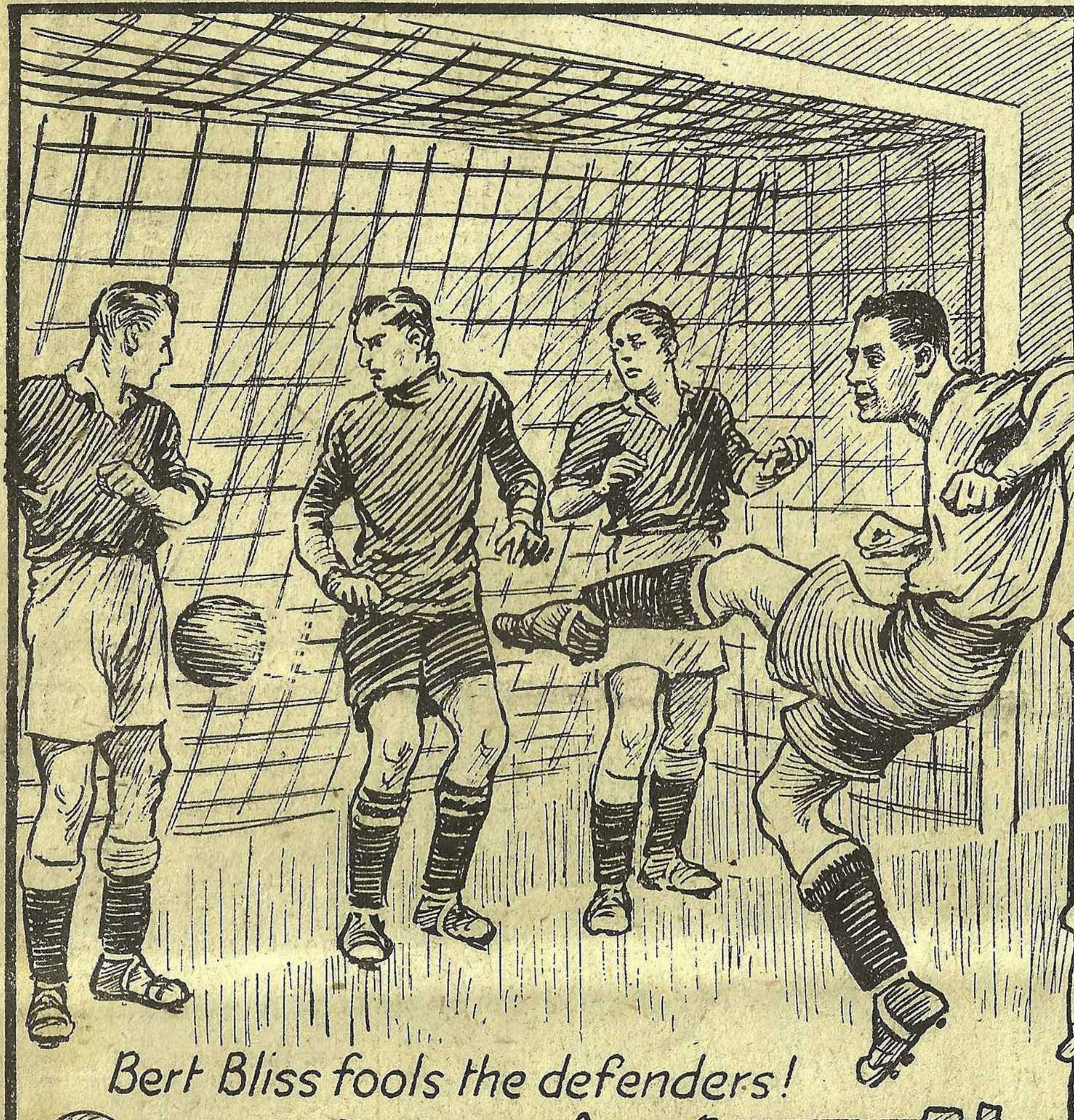
EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

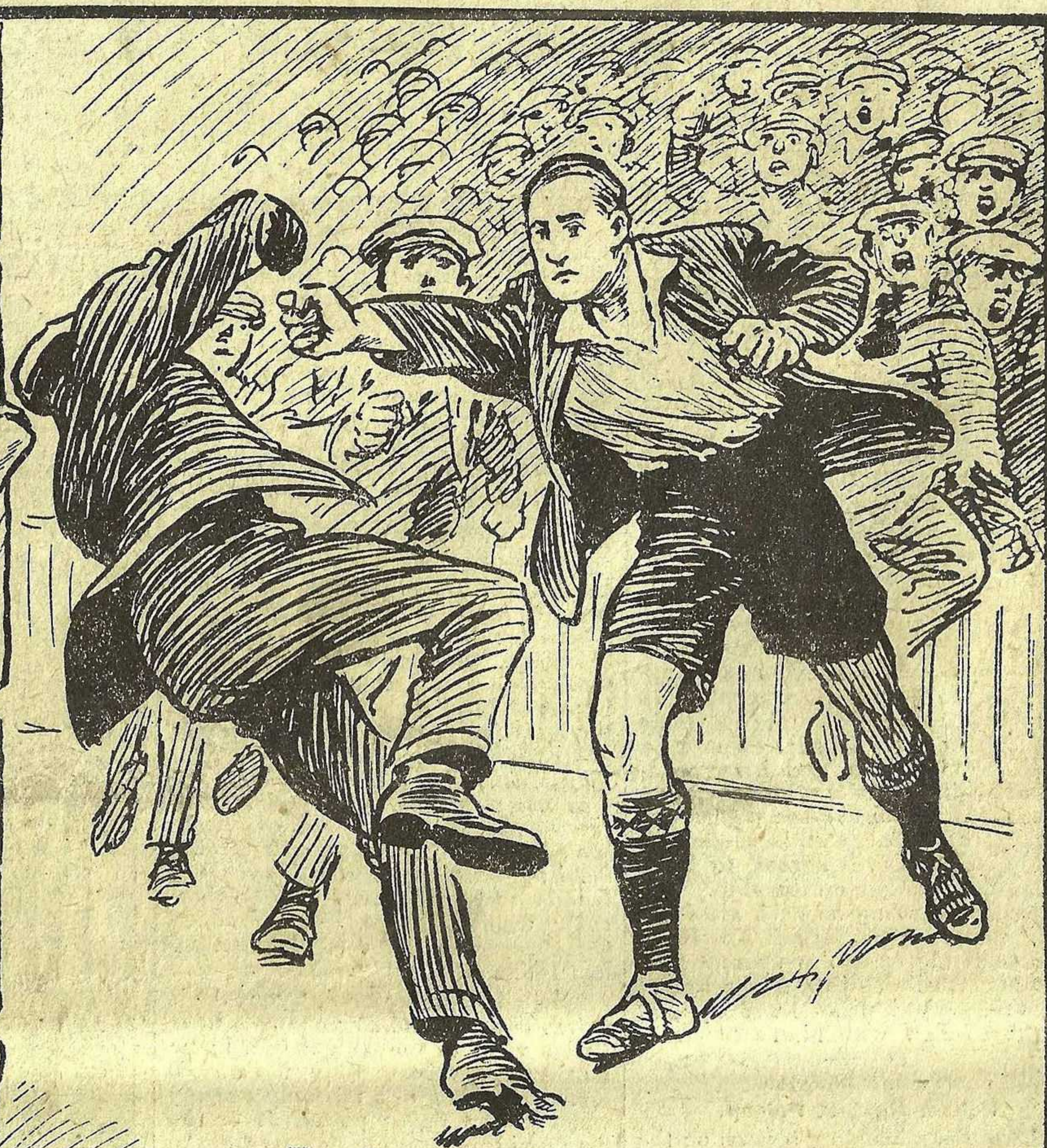
No. 1,267. Vol. XXVI.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending September 19th, 1925.]



Bert Bliss fools the defenders!



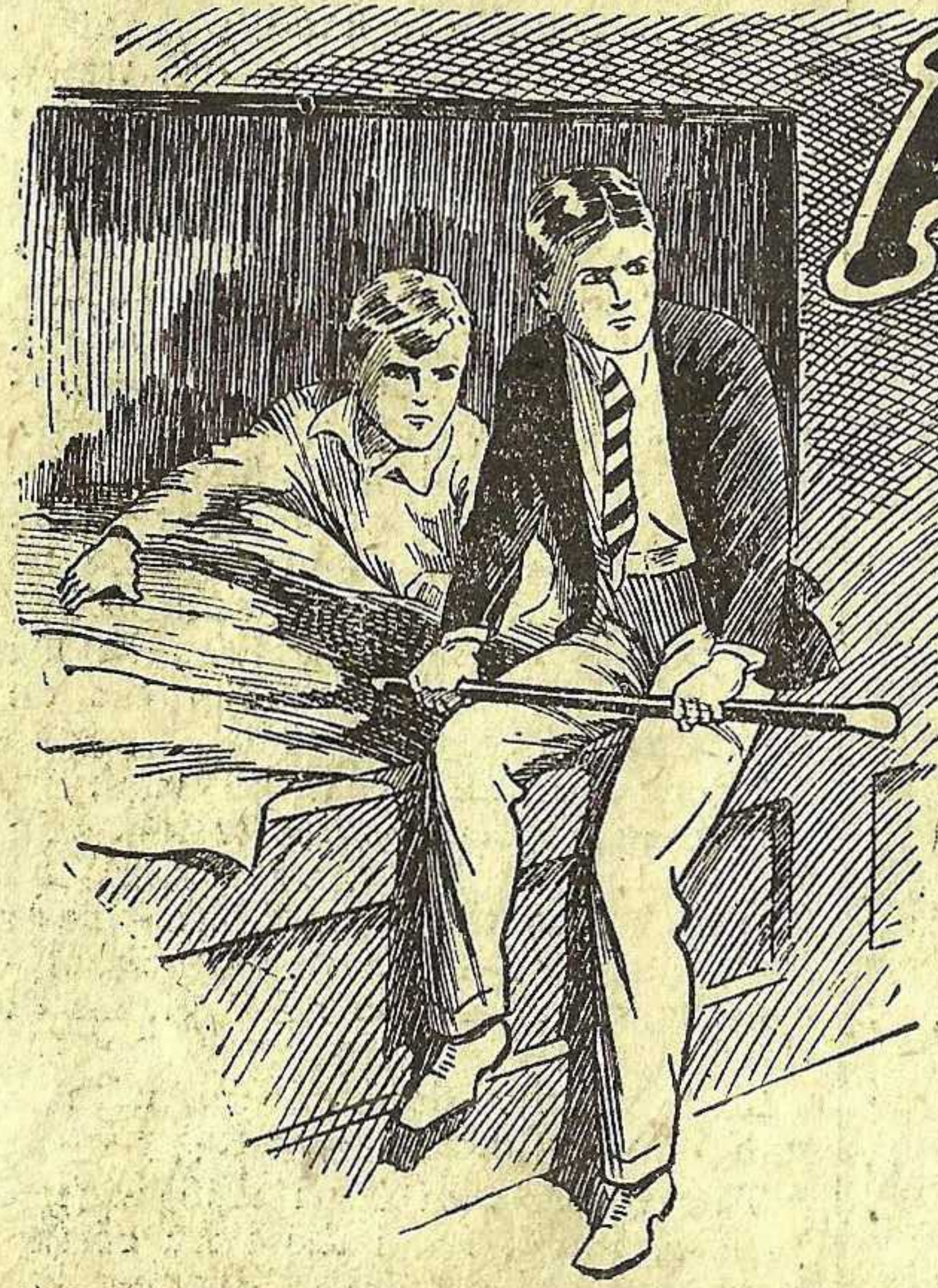
Referee Howcroft is hasty!



Dick Pym's sensational save!

Three Thrilling Football Incidents described by "Goalie" Inside!

ANOTHER SPLENDID HOLIDAY ADVENTURE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. OF
ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



A Rascal Trapped!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Author of the tales of Rookwood
appearing in the "Popular.")

Jimmy Silver & Co. put the kybosh
on Ulick Lee!

The 1st Chapter.

Once More Upon the Water!

"Jolly old Blackpool!" said Lovell. Jimmy Silver & Co. stood on the deck of the Silver Cloud, looking back, as Captain Muffin's yacht churned out into the sunny waters of the Irish Sea.

The Fistical Four of Rookwood School were looking very fit and cheery and sunburnt.

For several days the Silver Cloud had remained at Blackpool, and Captain Montague Muffin's "paying guests" had spent most of the time ashore, finding that popular resort extremely jolly.

They were, in fact, rather sorry to leave it, though they had done Blackpool quite thoroughly in the time, from the three piers and the "Eiffel" Tower to the Winter Garden and the Big Wheel.

Tubby Muffin gazed back at the town regretfully, thinking of the magnificent feeds he had enjoyed ashore. The Silver Cloud had touched at many places in that summer cruise, and each place was remembered and estimated by Tubby according to the quality and quantity of the "grub" he had sampled there. Tubby had not bothered about Eiffel Towers or Big Wheels; but the "grub" had been quite up to the mark, and so Reginald Muffin felt quite a pang at parting.

"Might have stayed on a bit longer," remarked Jimmy Silver. "No special hurry to get going again, that I can see."

Valentine Mornington grinned. "Captain Muffin would have been willin' to hang on till the date this giddy cruise comes to an end, I think," he remarked. "It was a savin' of coal, and we got most of our meals ashore."

Jimmy laughed. Captain Montague Muffin rolled his deck, with his plump face red under his yachting-cap and a telescope—which he seldom opened—under his fat arm, happy in the belief that he looked completely like a yachting skipper and not in the least like a boarding-house keeper.

But there was no doubt that in Montague Muffin's make-up the boarding-house keeper predominated over the sea captain.

Certainly he liked to keep his yacht at moorings while his "paying guests" disported themselves ashore. It made a considerable difference to his coal-bill and his bill for provisions.

"I dare say that's so," remarked Raby. "But why aren't we staying on, then, Morny? We're willing."

"There's another giddy guest on this craft who isn't," said Mornington. "I fancy Mr. Lee has been jolly restive all the time."

The juniors glanced at Ulick Lee, the only adult passenger on board the Silver Cloud.

Ulick Lee was walking on the other side of the deck, chewing a cigar and looking seaward.

It was clear enough from his expression that he had no regrets at leaving Blackpool, jolly as that seaside resort undoubtedly was.

Lee, in fact, had not set his foot ashore during the stay. Somehow, he had seemed to prefer the confined quarters of the yacht to the open spaces of Blackpool. As shore-going had no attraction for him, it was natural that he should be glad to get to sea again.

"That's it," said Tubby Muffin, with a grunt. "That ass has been bothering my uncle all the time to get to sea again. Blessed if I know why!"

"Well, after all, we came on a cruise," said Jimmy Silver tolerantly. "If Mr. Lee prefers a life on the ocean wave, the captain is bound to consider him."

"We've had our innings," agreed Raby.

"It's jolly queer that Lee never goes ashore," remarked Newcome. "Must be rather an ass!"

"Might be still more of an ass if he went ashore!" murmured Morny. "In the giddy circumstances, you know."

"Shush!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "He's coming over!"

Valentine Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

Ulick Lee came towards the juniors, and they eyed him rather curiously.

That Lee was the nephew of the "gentleman crackman," Griffin Lee, now in one of his Majesty's prisons, had not prejudiced the Rookwood fellows against him—at first.

But the strange series of happenings during the summer cruise of the Silver Cloud had made a difference.

Half a dozen of the "paying guests" had left the yacht owing to those mysterious happenings—still unexplained. Ponsoby & Co., the Highcliffe fellows, had gone ashore at the Isle of Man; Smythe and Howard and Tracy had dropped out at Fleetwood. And it was the belief of Valentine Mornington, at least, that the crackman's nephew was at the bottom of it, and that his object was to clear out all the passengers of the Silver Cloud—for his own reasons.

Ulick Lee leaned on the rail near the Rookwood juniors, but did not speak to them.

"Only another week and we shall be back at Southampton and the jolly old cruise over!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "Then we shall have to be thinking about the new term at Rookwood."

That remark was made by way of changing the conversation.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy Silver shared Monty's suspicions of Ulick Lee, but there was no proof in the matter, and Jimmy believed in giving any fellow the benefit of the doubt. Certainly he did not want to discuss Lee in Lee's hearing.

Morny shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"Well, we've had a good time; but I sha'n't be sorry to see old Rookwood again," remarked Newcome. "After all, it was rather a good wheeze to come along on this old tub as paying guests—what!"

"I thought you fellows would like it, you know," said Tubby Muffin. "That's why I asked you, you know."

"Gammon!" said Lovell. "You asked us because your uncle tipped you ten bob for every guest you bagged from Rookwood."

"Oh, I say!" murmured Tubby.

"Still, we've had a jolly time!" said Lovell. "I'm sorry it's coming to a finish. Can't say I miss Ponsoby or Smythe, either. Poor old Smythe—scared away by a giddy nightmare!"

"It wasn't a nightmare," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "The same thing happened to me."

Lovell chuckled.

"You dreamed that somebody clutched you by the throat in your bunk, same as Smythe did," he remarked. "Heavy supper, old man!"

"Fathead!"

"My dear chap, if it wasn't a nightmare, what was it?" said Lovell argumentatively. "As for what Morny thinks—"

"Shush!" murmured Raby.

"Hem! Well, it's all rot, you know!" said Lovell cheerily. "By the way, did you get your trunk-call all right this morning, Morny?"

"Eh?"

"We left you at the post-office getting a trunk-call through to Cardiff," said Lovell. "What's the matter? What are you blinking at me for?"

Arthur Edward Lovell stared round at his comrades.

He did not even notice that Ulick Lee had given a sudden start, and that his gaze was bent suddenly and fiercely upon Mornington.

"Anything the matter?" asked Lovell. "Nothing secret about your telephone call to Cardiff, was there, Morny?"

"Not now, at all events," said Mornington, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, did you get through all right?" asked Lovell, puzzled by the expressions of his comrades.

"Oh, yes!" drawled Mornington. "I got through all right!"

Ulick Lee detached himself from the rail. He walked away, and Jimmy Silver's glance followed him. The face of the crackman's nephew was white, as Jimmy noted in the moment before he disappeared below. Valentine Mornington smiled satirically.

"Dear old Lovell!" he said. "If there's anythin' a fellow can rely on Lovell for, it's for puttin' his hoof in it!"

"I don't see what you mean!" snapped Lovell testily. "I suppose your trunk-call to Cardiff had no thing to do with Lee, had it?"

"Lots."

"Blessed if I see how, or why!"

"You wouldn't!" assented Mornington.

"Look here—"

"I say, he seemed to get a bit of a shock when Lovell blurted that out!" said Raby, in a low voice. "I wonder—"

"I don't," said Mornington.

"Do you mean that you learned something about him from Cardiff?"

"Just that."

"Oh!"

"And what?" sniffed Lovell. "What's the stunt now, Mr. Sherlock Holmes-Mornington? Is this where we say 'marvellous,' a la Dr. Watson?"

"Fathead!"

And Mornington strolled away along the deck. Lovell stared after him, and then at his companions.

"All rot, in my opinion!" he said emphatically. "Utter rot! Nothing in it at all!"

Jimmy looked at him.

"Your opinion is that there is nothing in it?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Yes."

"Then that settles it!"

"I think it does," agreed Lovell.

"I'm glad you agree with me."

"I don't quite, old man," said Jimmy Silver blandly. "You see, if you're absolutely convinced that there's nothing in it, that's an abso-

lute proof that there is something in it—see?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Proof positive!" chuckled Raby.

"Confirmation strong as proof of holy writ!" chuckled Newcome.

Whereat Arthur Edward Lovell snorted and stalked away. He was far from agreeing that his emphatic opinion was a proof of the exact opposite.

The 2nd Chapter.

Desperate Measures!

Jimmy Silver wore a thoughtful look as the sun went down that summer's day towards the coast of Ireland and the yacht glided on over a shining sea. "Uncle James" of Rookwood was a little worried.

During the stay at Blackpool nothing had happened on board the Silver Cloud to disturb the serenity of the "paying guests." But now that the yacht was at sea again, Jimmy wondered whether there was to be more trouble. The remembrance was fresh in his mind of the night when he had been awakened in his bunk by the grip of savage fingers on his throat. Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell, had gone through the same experience, and had taken the very first opportunity of clearing off the Silver Cloud. According to Morny's theory, a secret enemy on board the yacht was seeking to drive away Captain Muffin's paying guests. And if Morny was right, the ghostly trickery which had frightened away Adolphus and had given Jimmy a painful shock would recommence now that they were at sea again. It was not a pleasant thought. Apparently the secret enemy hoped to make life intolerable on board for Captain Muffin's paying guests, and, so far, he had had some success. The Highcliffe fellows were gone, and Smythe & Co. had followed their example.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were made of sterner stuff; but, no doubt, the unknown rascal hoped to produce the same effect on them. Indeed, if they did not go, it was possible that he would resort to even more desperate measures—if Mornington was right.

Was he right?

Ulick Lee was the nephew of Griffin Lee, gentleman crackman, but had not been associated with him at his trial; proof of a partnership in guilt having been lacking.

was the man on board the yacht at all? Certainly he did not seem the kind of man who might naturally like to take a sea trip with a party of schoolboys. He might have a sort of sentimental attachment to the Silver Cloud, because the yacht had belonged to Griffin Lee in his palmy days, and he had cruised in her with his uncle. But he did not seem a sentimental sort of fellow by any means; he seemed hard and cold and keen as steel.

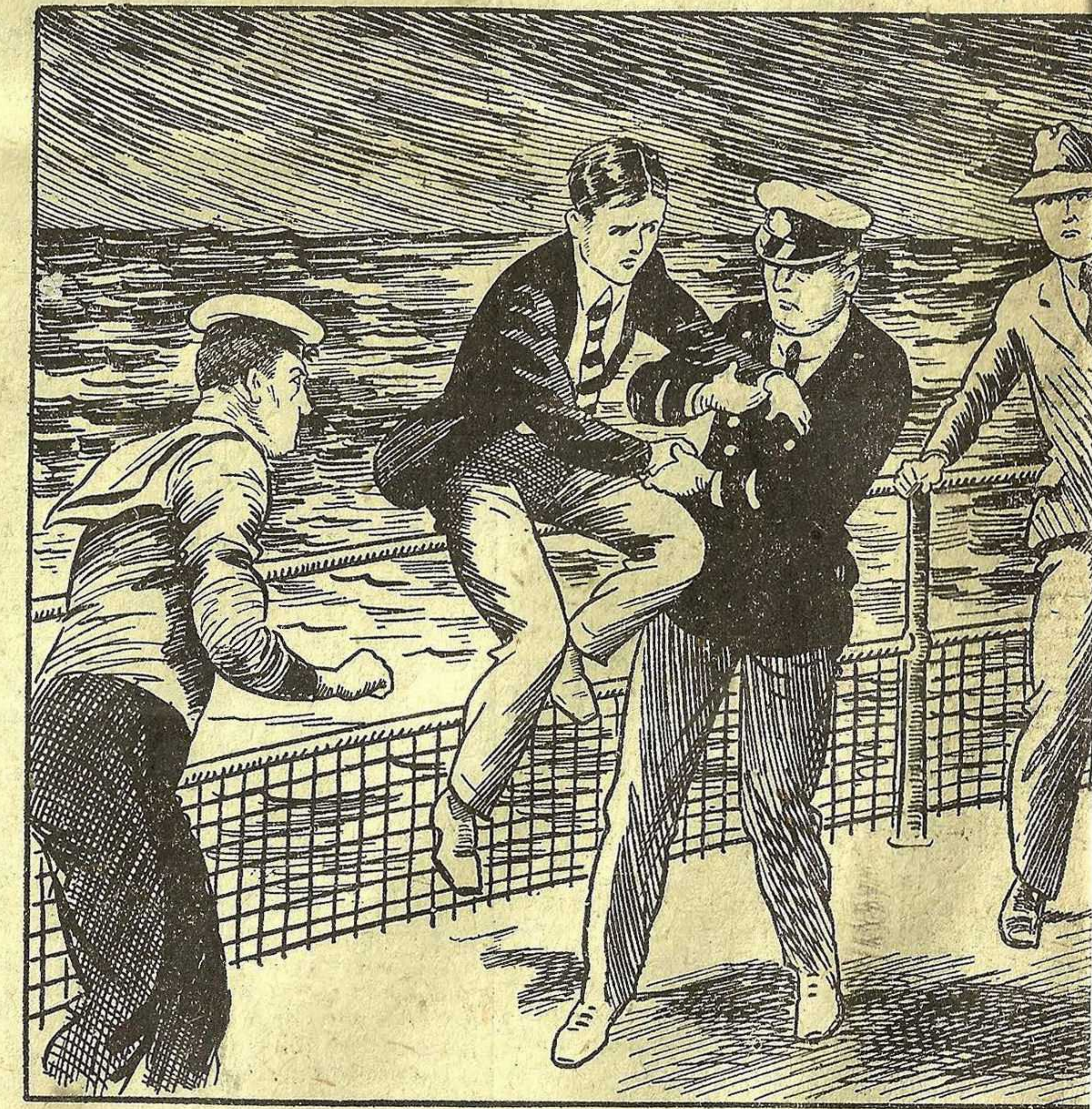
The more Jimmy Silver thought about the matter, the more it seemed to him that Mornington had rooted out the truth.

And yet—

The haul of diamonds, for which Griffin Lee had gone to penal servitude accounted for it all, in Morny's belief. The diamonds had never been recovered—there was a reward of a thousand pounds outstanding for their discovery. Griffin Lee had hidden them away before his arrest, and had refused to reveal their hiding-place. Whether or not his nephew had been associated with him in crime it was very probable that he had kept that hiding-place a secret from Ulick. If the nephew suspected that his crackman uncle had hidden the stolen diamonds in some secret recess on his yacht, the whole thing was explained—he was there to search for them. Yet such a hiding-place, if it existed, must have been very cunningly contrived, for the yacht, of course, had been carefully searched by the police, after Griffin Lee's arrest, before it was sold and came into Captain Muffin's possession.

It was a startling thought, that stolen diamonds to the value of many thousands of pounds might be concealed somewhere on board the Silver Cloud. But if they were there, and Ulick Lee knew as much, all the mystery was clear—his coming on the yacht as a paying guest with a school-boy crowd; the bag of tools he had brought with him, and which had been seen by chance; his surreptitious prying into other fellows' staterooms, in which Morny had spotted him; and the series of tricks by which a number of the paying guests had been scared off the yacht, leaving the searcher a clearer field for his quest.

Startling as Morny's theory was, it covered the facts, and Jimmy felt that the dandy of the Fourth was right. Raby and Newcome agreed with him—only Arthur Edward Lovell scouted the idea, and Arthur-



SAFE AGAIN! "Well, you're a cool card!" grinned Mr. Punter, to Silver & Co. were on the scene now, surprised and s

He had a right to be taken as innocent, unless his guilt were proved. So the Rookwooders had considered, and they had treated him quite civilly and decently. But he had not played up very decently in return, and the Rookwooders had little to say to him now. Someone on board had played those dastardly tricks, and it was difficult to suspect anyone but Lee—and only Lee if Morny's theory was correct. Why

Edward was greatly given to scouting all ideas that did not emanate from his own powerful intellect. Nothing had been said to Tubby Muffin or his uncle, the captain. All that the juniors could do at present was to wait and see; but it was extremely uncomfortable to put to sea again, with the knowledge that the night might bring some fresh move from the secret enemy.

Certainly, the Fistical Four were

not likely to be frightened off the Silver Cloud as Adolphus had been. But failing to frighten them away, what desperate measures might not the cracksman's nephew resort to? Was it possible that that summer cruise of the Rookwood juniors might end in a tragedy?

"Thinkin' it out, old bean?" asked Mornington's silky voice, as Jimmy Silver stood leaning on the rail, in the starlit evening, looking with a rather corrugated brow at the sea.

"Well, yes," said Jimmy. "If you're right, Morny, it's a bit unpleasant to think that something may happen this very night."

"Somethin' will happen," said Morny coolly, in a low voice. "We're touchin' land again some time tomorrow, and it will be time for us to be scared like Smythe, and to get away to Blackpool. He succeeded with Adolphus, but he failed with us, and he will be tryin' a fresh dodge."

"But what?" asked Jimmy. "I don't know yet—somethin'. And he hasn't much time left—less than he thinks!" grinned Mornington.

"We don't get back to Southampton for a week," said Jimmy.

"Ulick Lee's number will be up before then, old bean. You know that I got a trunk call to Cardiff this mornin'."

"Yes." "You remember, when Lee came on board, Captain Muffin was pickin' him up at Cardiff; but as it turned out, he was picked up on the shore a good many miles from Cardiff. If there hadn't been trouble with the engines, and old Muffin had kept on, Lee would never have been picked up at all. When he left Cardiff he took the risk of missin' the Silver Cloud."

"I remember."

"It's been workin' in my mind, old bean, that he had a jolly powerful reason for quittin' Cardiff so suddenly, and breakin' his appointment with Captain Muffin there. He risked losin' his trip on the yacht—which was jolly important to him if he's really after hidden diamonds, as I believe. Well, what was his reason?"

"He said something about having forgotten the date."

"I know that, Gammon, of course. Well, this mornin' it came into my brain to act on the old adage—ask a policeman," said Mornington, with a laugh.

"But what—"

said Morny. "He's known I'm watchin' him ever since we stopped at the Isle of Man. He jolly well knows, or guesses at least, why I rang up Cardiff."

"And what—" asked Jimmy breathlessly. "I asked them whether they knew anythin' of Ulick Lee, nephew of Griffin Lee, the cracksman, and whether they wanted him," said Morny coolly.

"Phew!" "And the answer was that Ulick Lee was wanted for a robbery in an hotel at Cardiff, on a certain date—guess the date?" Mornington grinned.

"The day before we picked him up on the shore on the Bristol Channel, old man. That's why he was doin' walkin' stunts instead of waitin' in Cardiff to be picked up by old Muffin."

"My hat!" murmured Jimmy. "So I told them that if they want him, he's here, and we shall be stoppin' at Fishguard to-morrow," said Mornington coolly. "I fancy they'll have a man there all ready to nail him."

"Morny! You—you mean to say that when that rotter came on board the Silver Cloud he was a thief running from the police?"

"Just that!" "Good heavens! And we never knew!"

"He wasn't likely to tell us!" grinned Mornington. "Now you know why he's never been ashore, and why he's always keen to get to sea again if we stop anywhere."

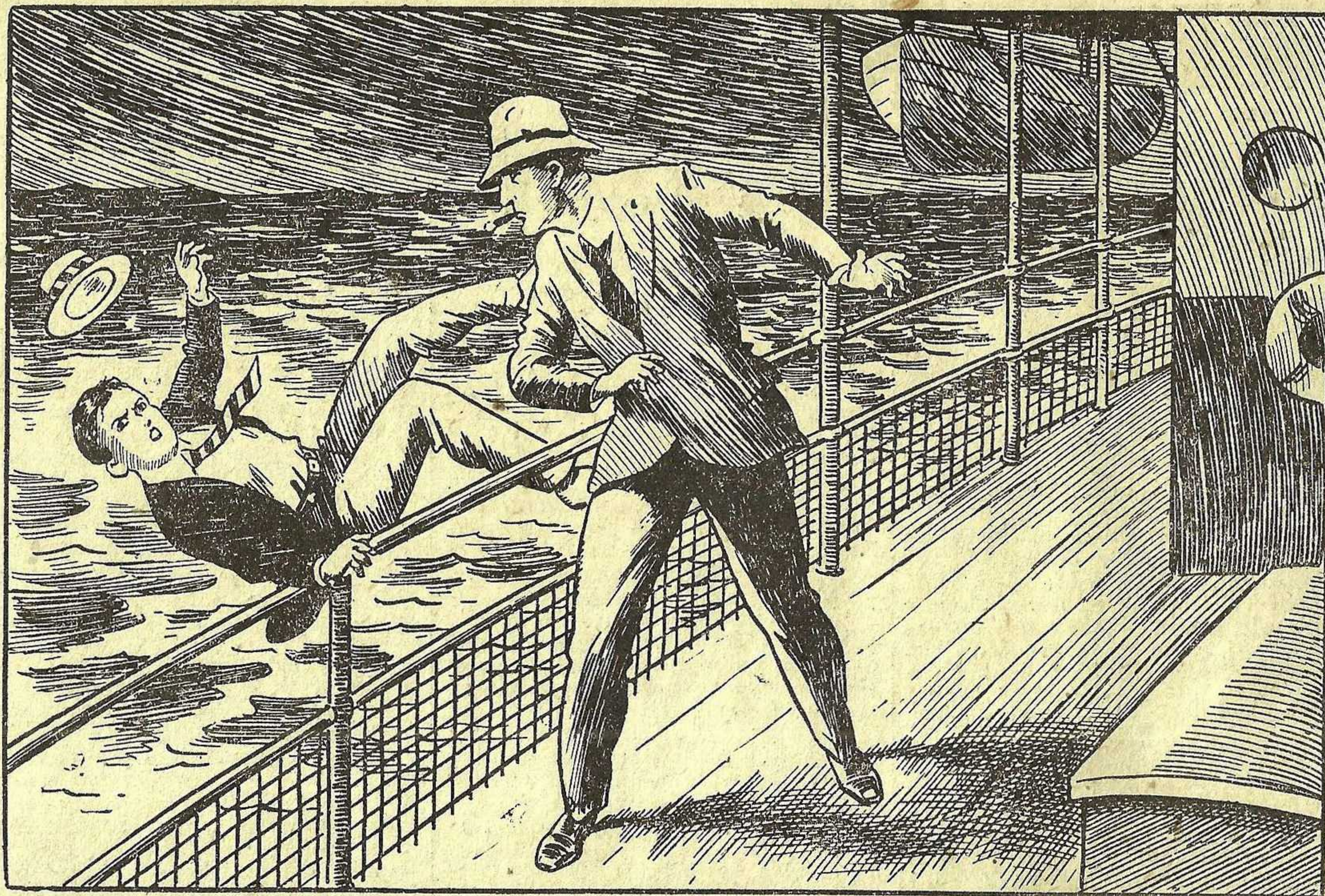
"I understand that—now."

"I fancy he's had rather a harrowin' time on board this old tub, though he's carried it off pretty well," said Mornington. "The news that he had been followin' in his uncle's footsteps, and was wanted for a robbery at Cardiff, might have got through to us somehow. He had to take the chance. He might have cut and run at any stoppin' place; but he had his reasons for stayin' on board. The jolly old diamonds, you know."

"It looks awfully like it." "That's it, rely on it," said Mornington. "The shiners, as the cracksman would call them, are tucked away somewhere on this yacht, and he knows it, but doesn't know where to put his thieving fingers on them."

"Of course, he might be looking for them just for the reward."

Morny chuckled. "He might!" he assented. "It doesn't seem quite in keepin' with his bein' wanted for a robbery in Cardiff. But he might."



KNOCKED OVERBOARD! "By Jove! We're passing pretty close to that boat!" said Lee, staring into the misty starlight over the rail. Mornington glanced round in the same direction. The next instant, Ulick Lee fell heavily against him, and Valentine Mornington went spinning over the rail!

"A fine night!" said Ulick Lee genially.

"Very fine," said Mornington, quite genially also. Jimmy Silver moved away and went below. He could not speak civilly to the man, knowing now what he knew. But Valentine Mornington did not seem to mind.

To Morny's view, it was a struggle, with his keen wits pitted against the cunning and craft of the cracksman's nephew, and that was a contest that Morny's rather peculiar nature enjoyed.

Lee eyed him with a strange glint in his eyes. "You young fellows had quite a merry time at Blackpool?" said Lee, in the same genial tone.

"Oh, top-hole!" said Morny. "Quite a mistake of yours not to come ashore and mingle in the giddy throng of the happy and gay, Mr. Lee."

"Perhaps so," assented Lee. "But I'm really here for the sea air, you know—not for holiday stunts ashore." "There are times when the sea air is better for a man's health than any land air," remarked Mornington gravely, but with a gleam of mockery in his eyes.

"Just so," said Lee, and again his eyes glinted at Mornington. "By the way, what is this story about somebody grabbing young Silver in his bunk and frightening him? I've asked Lovell, and he thinks it was nightmare."

"I don't think Silver was frightened," said Mornington. "I fancy he will cut up rusty when he finds out the merchant who grabbed him that time."

Ulick Lee laughed. "You don't think it was nightmare?"

"Not at all." "One of the hands playing a rough joke, then?"

"Possibly." "Captain Muffin seems to think it must have been that, if it happened at all," remarked Lee. "No other way of accounting for it—what?"

"Who knows?" said Mornington lazily.

"By Jove! We're passing pretty close to that boat!" said Lee, staring into the misty starlight over the rail.

Mornington glanced round in the same direction.

The next instant Ulick Lee fell heavily against him, and Valentine Mornington went spinning over the rail.

The 3rd Chapter. A Narrow Escape.

"Help!" "What?" "Help! Help! Help!" Ulick Lee panted for breath.

For an instant he had stood quite still, as Valentine Mornington disappeared over the rail, waiting for the plunge in the sea below.

But the plunge did not come. Instead of that, came a shout from Mornington—a ringing shout for help that sounded from one end of the Silver Cloud to the other.

Lee panted, and his teeth showed through his lips, drawn back in a snarl like a wild animal's.

Morny's hands were on the rail, holding to it, clinging to it for life. For a single instant Lee clenched his hands and leaned forward, as if with the intention of dashing the clinging junior from his hold, into the death that surged below.

But he was seen—he knew that he was seen. Captain Muffin was rolling to the spot. Mr. Punter, the mate, was already at his elbow. The rascal controlled the savage impulse. He realised that it would not do. Mr. Punter, unheeding him, leaned over and grasped Mornington's shoulders.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "Holdin' on, old bean!" Morny's voice was quite cool. "Thanks no end, Mr. Punter! Can you manage? I'm not a heavy-weight!"

"Well, you're a cool card!" grinned the mate.

And he helped Mornington over the rail to the deck again.

Only a few moments had elapsed, but Jimmy Silver & Co. were on the scene, surprised and startled. Mornington leaned on the rail, gasping a little, but perfectly cool, with a grin on his face. His terribly narrow escape had not shaken his nerve.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Lovell.

"Thank goodness you did not fall into the sea, you clumsy young lubber!" exclaimed Captain Muffin. "About a thousand to one that you'd never have been picked up alive."

"About that," agreed Mornington. "I'm afraid I was partly to blame." Ulick Lee's voice was steady. "The yacht rolled, and I lost my footing and fell against Mr. Mornington."

"I saw you!" said Mr. Punter. "I cannot say how sorry I am for the accident," said Ulick Lee, with a strange look at Mornington.

The dandy of the Fourth grinned. He knew, and he knew that the cracksman's nephew was aware that he knew, that the scoundrel had attempted to throw him into the sea. He knew that Ulick Lee was expecting an excited accusation.

"Well, it was jolly clumsy of you, Mr. Lee," said Mornington lightly. "You might have pitched against me without lifting me over the rail, you know. Fellow might almost think you did it on purpose."

"Morny!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. Ulick Lee's face was white.

"Mornington! You do not suggest—"

"I'm suggestin' nothin', old bean. You interrupted our pleasant and entertainin' conversation by fallin' against me, and clutchin' hold of me," said Valentine Mornington.

"Of course, you hardly knew what you were doin' at the moment!" "Of—of course," muttered Lee, with dry lips.

"In the confusion of the moment, you fairly pitched me over," smiled Mornington. "If I hadn't had hold of the rail, you'd have the death of a valuable citizen on your conscience, Mr. Lee. Lucky I thought of holdin' "

on the rail while I was talkin' to you, wasn't it?"

"I—I—"

"Just as if I foresaw that somethin' of the kind might happen, you know," said Mornington brightly. "Talk about presence of mind!"

All eyes were on Lee's face. It was white, and the perspiration had broken out on his forehead in great drops.

Morny had not accused him. But his tone of mockery told plainly what was in his mind, and no one could mistake him.

Captain Muffin's fat brow darkened.

"It was an accident," he said. "You do not say that it was anything but an accident, Master Mornington."

"Oh, quite!" yawned Mornington. "One more in the jolly old chapter of accidents we've had since Mr. Lee came on board. First there was the green paint swampin' Ponsoy one night, and causin' him to clear off with his friends at the Isle of Man. Then there was the mysterious johnny rootin' about at night, frightenin' Smythe and his pals off the yacht. This is accident number three—and might have been a jolly serious one if I hadn't taken warnin' by the previous accidents. You fellows had better mind your eye when you're enjoyin' a talk with Mr. Lee on deck. His way of fallin' against a chap suddenly is really dangerous."

The Rookwood juniors exchanged glances.

"Look here, Morny," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Mind what you're saying. You can't mean that Mr. Lee tried to chuck you into the sea—but anybody might think so from what you're saying."

"Might they?" ejaculated Mornington.

"They might!" "Well, my hat! What a genius you are, Lovell, for nosin' out a fellow's meanin'. Sort of intuition, I suppose?"

"Look here, Morny—" Lee breathed hard and huskily.

"You dare not suggest—" he began.

"I'm not suggestin' anythin'," said Mornington scornfully. "You tried to chuck me into the sea, and I should be food for the fishes by now if I hadn't been on my guard. That's not a suggestion—it's a statement."

"But—but—but—" stuttered Captain Muffin. "It was an accident. Master Mornington! Why should Mr. Lee want to injure you? Have a little sense."

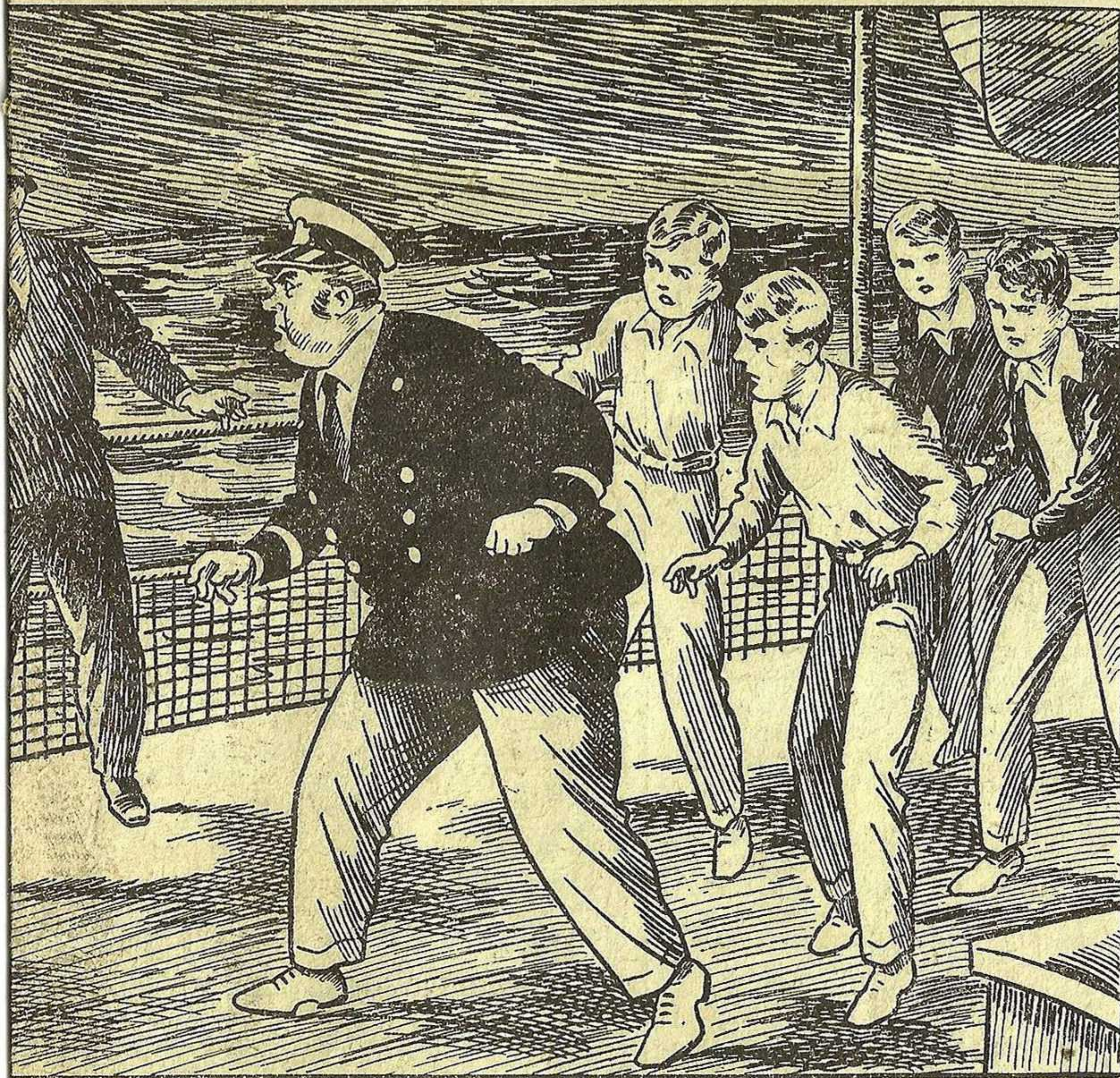
"Why, indeed!" smiled Mornington. "Why did he want to clear off your jolly old payin' guests, captain, one lot after another lot?"

"But—surely—he did not—" Montague Muffin stared blankly at the cracksman's nephew.

"I deny it—I deny it all!" muttered Lee thickly.

He moved away with an unsteady step. Captain Montague Muffin stared after him blankly. Jimmy

(Continued overleaf.)



the mate. And he helped Mornington over the rail to the deck again. Jimmy startled. "What's happened?" exclaimed Lovell.

"I rang up Cardiff, and got on to the police headquarters there."

Jimmy Silver stared at Mornington in the starlight.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated.

"When that ass Lovell brought it out in Ulick Lee's hearing, he guessed at once what I'd been at," said the dandy of the Fourth. "Did you notice his face?"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"He knows that I suspect him."

"But—" began Jimmy. "Hush!"

There was the scent of a cigar, and a figure brushed by in the starlight. Ulick Lee passed close to the juniors and disappeared along the deck.

Jimmy's heart beat.

"Did he hear us, Morny?"

"No; he's only just come up. I saw his cigar-tip comin' out of the hatchway. All serene!"

The glowing cigar-tip came back.

"The Watch that Vanished!" is the splendid long story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School for next Monday. Don't miss it, chums!



A Rascal Trapped!

(Continued from previous page.)

Silver slipped his arm through Mornington's.

"Come below, old chap," he said. The Rookwooders descended the companion. In the light, below, they looked at one another. Arthur Edward Lovell's face wore an extremely incredulous expression; but Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were very grave.

"So that was the next move?" muttered Jimmy.

Morny grinned. "That was it—though I fancy he wouldn't have gone so far, if he hadn't known about my telephoning to Cardiff to-day," he said. "That's what put the wind up. But it's gettin' too thick, dear men—altogether too thick! I'm rather glad we're droppin' in at Fishguard to-morrow, when we shall say a long farewell to our cracksmen friend."

"Is he going ashore there?" asked Lovell.

"I fancy so!" yawned Mornington. "I'm going to bed now. If you fellows want to make sure of wakin' up in the mornin', you'd better fasten your doors. We've got a Jonah on board who's jolly dangerous at close quarters, and he knows now that he's known."

"The murderous villain!" muttered Jimmy Silver, between his teeth. "Look here, Morny, if you feel quite sure, you ought to speak out plainly to the captain."

Valentine Mornington shook his head.

"Where's the proof?" he said. "He fell against me—not an uncommon happenin' in an old tub that rolls like this jolly old tub. Mr. Punter saw him, and did not think it was foul play. What does it matter; anyhow—he will be under arrest to-morrow, for his little game at Cardiff, and we shall be shut of him."

"Look here," said Lovell. "I don't think—"

"My dear man, who ever expected you to think?" yawned Mornington, and he went away to his room before Arthur Edward could reply.

Lovell snorted indignantly and went to his bunk, and the other fellows turned in. Jimmy Silver and Newcome had settled down, when the sliding door of their state-room opened, and Morny's voice was heard in a whisper:

"Don't shout!"

"That you, Morny?" whispered Jimmy.

Mornington stepped in silently.

He closed the door behind him, leaving an opening of about an inch.

"Mind my sittin' on the edge of the bunk for a bit?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Newcome.

"But why—"

"Just a fancy of mine. Dear Old Lee is walkin' the deck with the captain—soothin' him down, I fancy; even fat old Monty Muffin is gettin' suspicious of him at last, though he pays a good bill and pays on the nail. I think he bagged enough ready cash at Cardiff, to keep him in old Muffin's good graces durin' this trip."

"But what—"

"Shush! I haven't come here to enjoy your conversation, old bean, delightful as it is. Mum's the word."

"Well, I'm going to sleep," yawned Newcome.

"Pleasant dreams, old bean," said Mornington amiably.

Jimmy Silver did not close his eyes, however. He knew that Valentine Mornington was on the watch, and "Uncle James," of Rookwood, too, remained very wide awake, while the Silver Cloud churned and rolled on the starlit waters of the Irish Sea.

The 4th Chapter. Trapped!

Jimmy Silver sat in his bunk, nodding a little.

The hour was late.

Newcome was fast asleep in the lower bunk; from somewhere in the darkness came the echoing snore of Tubby Muffin.

The wash of the waves, and an

occasional footstep on the deck above, mingled with the deep snoring of Reginald Muffin. It was not easy for Jimmy Silver to keep awake.

But though he nodded, he did not nod off to sleep. Every now and then, in the gloom of the little state-room, he caught the gleam of Valentine Mornington's watchful eyes.

He knew that Morny was keenly alert, watching and listening. It was long past midnight, but the dandy of the Rookwood Fourth showed no sign of fatigue.

Suddenly Jimmy was aware that Mornington made a movement. He shifted from the edge of the bunk, and moved noiselessly to the door, and stood there with bent head, in tense silence.

Jimmy's heart beat.

In the stillness, in the darkness, there came back into his mind the night when he had wakened with a

"Morny! What the thump—"
"A fair catch!" grinned Mornington. He tapped on the door.

"You're welcome to my bunk, Mr. Lee, if you want to turn in."

Then Jimmy understood.

"Is Lee in your cabin, Morny?"

"Just that!" smiled Morny.

"That's what I was waitin' and watchin' for, old bean. Of course, he fancied that I was in my bunk when he crept in. I've rigged up some cushions and a bolster, an' I dare say it looked rather lifelike."

"Oh!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"The dear man went in, and I slammed the jolly old door on him, an' I had the key ready!" grinned Mornington.

He tapped on the locked door again.

"Lee, old bean, what are you up to? You can shove that dummy in my bunk out of the port-hole, if you like! The cushions belong to Captain Muffin, an' I dare say he won't mind, as he will put them down in your bill."

Jimmy shuddered.

"Morny! You really think—"

"I don't think—I know," said Mornington, shrugging his shoulders.

"There's a port-hole in my state-room, that's big enough for a slim an' graceful figure like mine to be shoved through. You see, the dear man was gettin' desperate, and he wanted to get clear of a fellow who knew too much. He failed on deck, but I should have been willin' to bet ten to one, in quids or dough-nuts,

chuckled Mornington. "I've been watchin' that rat ever since we were at the Isle of Man, and he knew it, and tried to bite. But he's in the rat-trap now."

Captain Montague Muffin came tramping down. Newcome and Raby came out, half-dressed, and Arthur Edward Lovell followed. Tubby Muffin was still snoring. Mr. Punter came on the scene, half-dressed; it was his watch below. Mornington stared at Morny, with a frowning brow.

"Look here, what does this mean?" he exclaimed. "What's this about Mr. Lee?"

"Ask him what he's doin' in my cabin?" grinned Mornington.

"In your cabin! He is not in your cabin!"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"What rot!" said Lovell. "Look here, I'll jolly well call Mr. Lee!"

Arthur Edward strode to Ulick Lee's room, knocked on the door, and opened it.

"Mr. Lee!" he called.

There was no answer, and Lovell, after a stare into the room, turned back with quite a queer expression on his face.

"He's not there!" he said.

"He's not on deck!" said Captain Muffin.

"Oh, my hat! Then—"

Valentine Mornington tapped on the door of his own state-room.

"Can't you speak up, Lee? You may as well own up now."



TRAPPING A RASCAL! Ulick Lee reeled through the doorway, staggering. In a second he would have recovered his balance—and a revolver was in his hand. But that second was not given him. As he staggered, Mornington struck swiftly and hard, and the stick crashed on the back of the ruffian's head and he pitched forward helplessly. "Collar him!" panted Mornington.

cold, cruel hand on his throat—the hand, as he believed now, of Ulick Lee.

Was the prowling scoundrel at hand now?

After the attempt on Mornington's life, there was no doubt that the man's position on the Silver Cloud was growing desperate. The dastardly trickery by which he had got rid of a number of the yacht's passengers had succeeded up to a certain point; but so far as Jimmy Silver & Co. were concerned it had failed.

What was his next move?

Jimmy heard no sound, but he realised that Mornington had slid back the door, and stepped out silently.

Quietly, he dropped out of his bunk, and stood listening.

There was a sudden crash that sounded loudly, almost like thunder, in the silence of the night.

It was the sound of a door slamming.

Click!

A key turned.

Then there was a laugh—a light laugh that could only be Mornington's.

"All serene! You can turn out now, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver ran out of the state-room. He was quite in the dark as to what had happened.

In the light of the swinging lamp, he stared at Valentine Mornington. Morny was alone; he was standing outside the door of his own state-room smiling.

The door was closed; and Jimmy noted that the key was in the outside of the lock.

that he would try the game on again in a safer way. I should have won the bet."

Jimmy Silver breathed hard.

There was no sound from Mornington's state-room.

The trapped rascal there was keeping silent, doubtless desperately striving to think of some way of escape from the trap in which he had been taken.

"Morny! You so sure—"

"Sure of what, old pippin?"

"Sure he's there?" asked Jimmy dubiously.

Mornington laughed.

"Oh, quite!" He tapped on the door again. "Won't you speak up, Mr. Lee? Tell us what you were goin' to do if you'd found me in my bunk instead of a jolly old dummy?"

No answer came from the state-room, but Jimmy Silver thought he could hear a sound of suppressed breathing, from within.

Mornington stepped to the companion, and called up.

"Captain Muffin!"

"Hallo!"

"I've caught a rat, old bean!"

"Nonsense!" came back Captain Montague Muffin's voice. "There are no rats on my yacht. What do you mean?"

"There's one, old bean; and his name's Lee, and I've caught him,"

The trapped rascal spoke at last. His voice, quivering with rage, came through the locked door.

"Let me out of this, you young scoundrel."

"Have you finished in there?" asked Mornington politely. "Have you shoved the dummy out of my bed through the porthole?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Captain Muffin.

"Or did you find out that it was only a dummy, as soon as you got your clutches on it?" inquired Mornington.

"Let me out!" shouted Ulick Lee.

"Not at all, old bean! I kept out of the room to give you a chance, and you took it; you went in of your own accord, and now you're stayin'."

said Mornington coolly.

"You young hound—"

"Go it, old scout—blow off as much steam as your like," said Mornington, with a laugh.

"Let the man out, and we will hear what he has to say for himself," said Captain Muffin gruffly.

Mornington drew the key from the door, and slipped it into his pocket.

"I'm not lettin' him out till we get to the quay at Fishguard Harbour," he answered coolly.

"He's safer there."

"Much safer," said Jimmy Silver, with a deep breath. "The scoundrel is desperate enough for anything now, I imagine. Leave him there till we get to port, and he can go ashore."

Captain Muffin pursed his podgy lips.

"This is a pretty state of affairs,"

he said. "I wish I'd never let the man come on board. Lee! Answer me! What did you go into Mornington's room for?"

There was no answer from the locked room.

"Well, you chose to go in, and you can stay till morning, at any rate!" growled Captain Muffin. "And I can tell you this, Mr. Lee—I'm fed-up with you and your tricks. You get off my yacht at Fishguard to-morrow; it's pretty clear to me now that it's you that's made all the trouble all along, and mucked up the cruise; and I'll get shut of you, at any rate."

And with that, the fat skipper tramped back angrily to the deck.

The 5th Chapter. Ulick Lee's Last Card.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not sleep again that night. They dressed, instead of turning in again, and waited for morning—listening to the sounds of the trapped rascal as he moved, like some caged wild animal, in Mornington's cabin.

Ulick Lee seemed unable to keep still.

Incessantly the juniors heard him moving in the narrow confines of the little state-room, and more than once his voice was heard muttering fierce imprecations.

His frame of mind probably was far from enviable.

He did not know how much Mornington knew, or surmised; but the discovery that Morny had telephoned from Blackpool to Cardiff had evidently thoroughly alarmed him, knowing as he did that Morny suspected him, and had been watching him since the stop at the Isle of Man.

Certainly he did not know that the police would be waiting for him at Fishguard. But he knew that he had to go ashore there, and take his chance; and that meant saying farewell to any prospect of discovering the hidden diamonds on board the Silver Cloud.

Mornington, as he sat in a chair, with alert and sleepless eyes, had a heavy stick across his knees. It seemed as if he anticipated some desperate attempt on the part of the cracksmen's nephew to break out of the state-room. There was little doubt that Lee could have done so; the interior bulkheads of the yacht were of the lightest construction, and Lee was a powerful fellow. But for a long, long time the juniors waited, and the trapped man only chafed, and muttered, and cursed, and stirred restlessly like a caged tiger.

Dawn came over the sea at last, and glimmered in at the portholes. Arthur Edward Lovell rubbed his eyes and yawned. The happenings of the night had convinced even Arthur Edward that Morny's suspicions were well founded; and, for once, Arthur Edward had nothing to say.

As the sunlight strengthened, there came a heavy knock on the inner side of the state-room door.

"Hallo, old bean!" called out Mornington cheerily.

"Oh! You are there?" came Lee's voice, choking with passion.

"Yes; watchin' an' waitin', old scout."

"Let me out of this."

"Dear man!"

"Listen to me, you young scoundrel!" hissed Lee. "I must speak to the captain! Call him down if you will not unlock the door."

"The jolly old skipper's gone to his bunk!" yawned Mornington. "It's Punter's watch on deck."

"Call him."

"Bow-wow!"

"Take heed!" hissed Lee. "I have a revolver here, and if you do not let me out, I will fire through the door!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Fire away!" said Valentine Mornington coolly. "We'll keep out of the way and watch the fireworks! Go it!"

"For the last time!" shouted Lee.

"Rats!"

There was a pause, and the juniors waited tensely. But there was no sound of a firearm from the locked cabin.

"Do you really think he has a pistol, Morny?" whispered Jimmy Silver.

"I'm pretty certain of it," answered Mornington. "He's the kind of Johnny who wouldn't be without one. That's why he's goin' to stay locked up till we run into Fishguard Harbour. If he breaks out, I'm ready for him."

(Continued on page 192.)

ANSWERS

Every Saturday—PRICE 2.

Be sure you read the further adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood School in the "Popular." Every Tuesday!

A RASCAL TRAPPED!

(Continued from page 186.)

He gripped the heavy stick grimly. Jimmy Silver breathed hard. With a firearm in his hand—the only deadly weapon on board the yacht—Lee would be a dangerous man if he escaped from the cabin. All his plans had been knocked to pieces by Morny's strategy; he was exposed in his true colours, and in a few hours he would be out of the vessel—and, if he had only known it, in the hands of the police. What was he not likely to attempt, in such a desperate situation—the only armed man on board?

That some desperate scheme was working in Ulick Lee's mind was soon clear. There was a sudden crash on the state-room door.

Crash! The flimsy door creaked and groaned under the heavy impact of Lee's powerful shoulder.

"Phew!" gasped Raby. Mornington's eyes gleamed.

"Another one like that, and the door's down," he said. "That's what I've been expectin'. Dear man, it's his last chance—clappin' a pistol to fat old Monty Muffin's ear, and forcin' him to turn the yacht's nose away from land."

"Great Scott!" muttered Newcome. "You think he'd dare—"

"Not if he had any other resource—but he hasn't! I'm jolly sure that that's what's in his mind. Look out!"

Mornington stepped beside the door, the stick in his hand. There was a terrific crash as Lee drove his shoulder at the flimsy door again.

Crash! The door flew open, the lock hanging loose.

Ulick Lee reeled through the opening, staggering.

In a second he would have recovered his balance—and a revolver was in his hand. But that second was not given him.

As he staggered, Mornington struck swiftly and hard, and the stick crashed on the back of the ruffian's head, and he pitched forward helplessly.

"Collar him!" panted Mornington. Jimmy Silver & Co. did not need bidding.

They were on the sprawling ruffian in a twinkling, only too well aware of what would happen if he had time to use his weapon.

Lee struggled blindly, his head swimming from Morny's blow. Jimmy Silver's knee was driven into his back, pinning him down, and Lovell trampled on his pistol-hand, kicking away the revolver.

He still struggled, and gained his knees; but five sturdy Rookwood juniors were grasping him hard, and he crashed down again. The odds were too great for the ruffian, and he collapsed under Jimmy Silver & Co., panting and gasping. Valentine Mornington dragged his hands together and slipped a belt round the wrists, and buckled it tight.

"Got him, I think," said Mornington breathlessly.

"And we'll jolly well make sure of him," said Lovell, and he buckled a belt round the struggling rascal's ankles.

Then Ulick Lee was released, and he lay helpless on the planks, his eyes glinting rage at the Rookwooders. Captain Montague Muffin had arrived on the scene, unnoticed in the struggle. The fat captain picked up the revolver, with a very queer expression on his face. It was borne in quite clearly at last, on his podgy mind, what a very extraordinary paying guest he had entertained on his yacht.

"You've got him safe?"

"Safe as houses, captain," said

Jimmy Silver. "Better leave him like that till he's handed over to the police."

Captain Muffin grunted. "I don't know about that," he said. "I'm putting him ashore, that's certain; but—"

"No choice about it," said Mornington, with a laugh. "The police are waiting for him at Fishguard. He's wanted for a robbery at Cardiff, and I put them wise yesterday by telephone from Blackpool."

"You did?" exclaimed Montague Muffin.

"Little me!"

Lee's face was almost convulsed as he listened.

"Captain Muffin—" he panted. "Don't talk to me, you scoundrel! If what Mornington says is correct, you go right into the hands of the police as soon as we touch the quay!" growled Captain Muffin.

"Send those boys away. I've something to say to you—something important—"

"Don't take the trouble!" interrupted Mornington, with a chuckle. "I'll save your breath for you, Mr. Lee. No good offerin' Captain Muffin a whack in the stolen diamonds to let you go. You see, we should chip in and stop the little game, if the dear old skipper fell to the temptation."

Lee's face blanched. There was something like terror in his looks as he stared at Mornington.

"You—you knew!" he panted.

"Guessed, old scout—guessed!" chuckled Mornington. "You see, I've been playin' Sherlock Holmes, though these fellows rather declined to play up as Dr. Watson. Sorry, old bean, but that chicken won't fight."

Captain Muffin stared from one to the other.

"What does this all mean?" he exclaimed.

Ulick Lee groaned and turned his face away in despair. It was his last card, and Mornington had trumped it.

"You didn't know, when you bought this jolly old tub, that Griffin Lee had hidden the stolen diamonds on board," grinned Mornington. "Ulick knew—didn't you, Ulick?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the captain. "The yacht was thoroughly searched by the police, before the sale."

"Only they missed the hidin'-place," said Mornington. "It's pretty well hidden, I should say, as Ulick hasn't found it, though he's been searchin' ever since he came on board. He was goin' to collar the little nest-egg that his jolly old uncle put away for the time after he had served his sentence. Isn't that so, old bean?"

Lee did not answer.

"This cruise has been a bit of a frost in some ways, captain," went on Mornington. "You've been losin' your payin' guests right and left, owin' to that merchant's knavish tricks. But if you take my tip, you'll have the old tub ransacked when we get to Southampton, and when you find the giddy shiners, there's a big reward for them."

"Great Scott!" said Captain Muffin blankly. "Is—is—is there anything in this, Ulick Lee?"

Lee panted.

"Yes; and if you've any sense, Captain Muffin, turn your yacht's stern to the land, and keep away to sea," he said desperately. "There are twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds hidden on this craft. I know my uncle hid them on the yacht—I had it from his own mouth; but he never told me where—he did not trust me."

"Such a trustworthy sort of chap, too!" murmured Mornington.

"Twenty thousand pounds!" gasped Captain Muffin.

"Yes, and more! You're a rich man for life, if you stand in with me," panted Lee. "Land those young scoundrels somewhere, and keep at sea, and together we'll search for the diamonds, and—"

Captain Muffin's face was crimson. "You confounded rascal!" he broke out, almost gobbling like a turkey in his rage. "Do you think I'm a thief like yourself and your precious uncle? Hold your rascally tongue or, by Jove, I'll give you my boot!"

And Ulick Lee covered and said no more.

That afternoon the Silver Cloud moored at Fishguard, and Ulick Lee was duly taken over by the police who were waiting for him.

He left the yacht, with a white face, and handcuffs on his wrists, and a last stare of hate at Valentine Mornington.

The paying guests of the Silver Cloud were only too glad to see the last of him.

Captain Muffin's fat face wore a very cheery expression when the yacht put to sea again.

From Lee's own words, he knew now that the missing diamonds were hidden on the yacht, and the thought of the reward for their discovery was a very pleasant one to the fat captain.

During the next few days diamond hunting was the chief occupation of the paying guests of the Silver Cloud.

Mornington and the Fistical Four, and Tubby Muffin, and the captain and the mate, and the steward and the hands, all joined in it keenly, now that the story was known; but the quest was unsuccessful. Griffin Lee had hidden his plunder deep; and when the yacht dropped anchor at last in Southampton Water, and the summer cruise was at an end, the discovery had not yet been made.

Jimmy Silver & Co. bade farewell to Captain Montague Muffin at Southampton, and went to their homes for the few days before the new term started at Rookwood.

In the next few days the Rookwooders had other matters to occupy their minds. But when the first day of term arrived, and they turned up at Rookwood, they were reminded of the mystery of the Silver Cloud.

Reginald Muffin turned up at Rookwood with a beaming face, and a massive gold chain gleaming on his well-filled waistcoat, and with great impressiveness he displayed a big gold watch to the admiring eyes of the chums of the Fourth.

"My whack!" he explained. "Uncle Muffin got the reward, and he's stodd me this giddy watch out of it. Rather nobby, what?"

"Topping," said Jimmy Silver, with a smile. "So the diamonds were found, after all?"

Tubby nodded and grinned.

"Yes; you'd never guess where. There was a hole bored in a beam, and the stones pushed into it, and the hole stopped with putty and painted over," he said. "They'd never have been found, but Uncle Muffin was having the giddy old tub fairly jerked piecemeal, and so they turned up at last. So he got the reward, and he sends you—"

"Gold watches all round?" asked Lovell.

"Nunno! He sends you—"

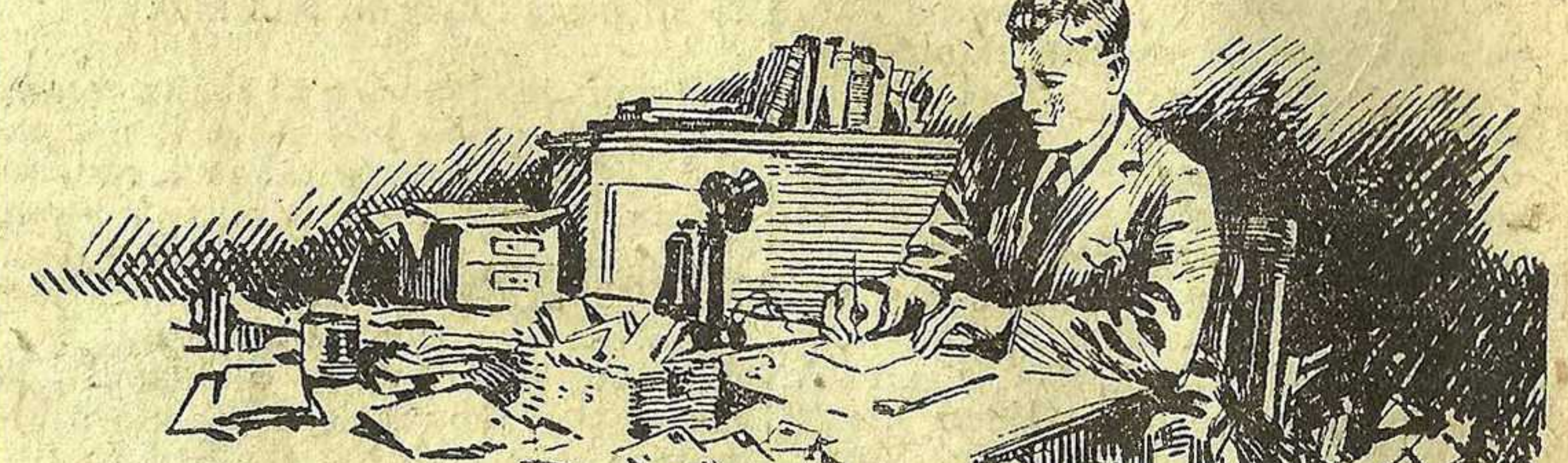
"What?"

"His kind regards," said Tubby. And Reginald Muffin rolled away, to display his handsome gold watch up and down the Classical Fourth passage, leaving Jimmy Silver & Co. to make the most of Captain Montague Muffin's kind regards.

THE END.

(It's great—"The Watch that Vanished!" next Monday's long story of the chums of Rookwood School. Don't miss it!)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers upon any subject. Address your letters to: Editor, "Boys' Friend," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

A TOP-HOLE ROMANCE!

For next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND I have a real startler. You have all heard of Eric W. Townsend, who has turned out many a magnificent story of adventure and exploration in the unknown wilds. Well, Mr. Townsend beats his own record with his new serial, which starts next week. You will like "Skeleton's Treasure!" It is great work, with a fine swing about it, and plenty of exciting incident. Look out for Rodney Gold, Bad John Shamble, and for what takes place on the island of Tortuga. It is a real, earnest, grim, fighting yarn. There is a lot more I would be glad to say of this, the grandest tale of treasure-trove imaginable, but it cannot be done, for there are the other irresistible features of the new number. I must mention "The City of Ghosts!" The new instalment tells us more about David Ap Rees, the lad from Wales. Then we have "The Green Plague!" by Francis Warwick. The ingenious millionaire detective, the Hon. John Scarlett, cuts a clear way through difficulties, and Jimmy West, his smart assistant, is by way of learning a legion of things which will stand him in good stead for long years. "The Green Plague!" is a really fetching mystery. Read it, and you will heave a sigh of satisfaction. It is a yarn to wrap you up, in fact absorb every ounce of attention you can muster. They do say there is nothing new under the sun. There is! Detective Scarlett has discovered an entirely new way of tripping up wrongdoers, and his system is a revelation—and a revolution in thief-catching.

"THE WATCH THAT VANISHED!"

Here we are again with Jimmy Silver & Co. and the rest of the noble chums of cheery old Rookwood figuring in as capable a story as even the redoubtable Owen Conquest ever devised. Be on the qui vive for this hump-dispelling treat.

"THE SHADOWED CENTRE-FORWARD!"

This is our next football story with Jim Gryce in the centre of the stage. Mr. Arthur S. Hardy is what you might call an impartial enthusiast. He knows thundering well that the gripping game has an immense influence on scores of happenings outside the ground where the tussle is. He follows up threads of mysterious significance and the result is another big winner.

FOOTBALL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

One or two more tips concerning our bumper show next week and I have done. "Goalie" has a ripping article of course, and the "Scout-master" will get a welcome for his "Talk to My Troop." This contains the real sort of advice, just what one is glad to get—something straight and right to the point.

BY THE WAY.

You are sure not to forget that in

two weeks' time Mr. Duncan Storm will be on the spot, merry and bright as usual, with a stunning Bombay Castle tale. Also bear in mind that smart's the word with "The Holiday Annual." The new volume is swooping away. Don't get left, chums. If you have not yet ordered a copy, do so now. The time will soon be along when every newsagent will be sold out, with no more forthcoming. Nos. 11 and 12 of the "Schoolboys' Own Library" are prime. No. 12 contains a dramatic story of Rookwood called "Expelled!"

A PAL IN PICTON COUNTY.

I could not help but think of what the late Lord Milner wrote about the citizenship of Empire as I read a touching letter to hand from a chum in Nova Scotia. He just sat down to tell me the pleasure he got from the BOYS' FRIEND. He likes every inch of it, the matchless "Goalie," the adventure serials, and, above all, Rookwood. "They make me forget blizzards," he says. My chum is a real, all-round sportsman, and plays footer and baseball with the best, but on many a lonesome night the real friend is the BOYS' FRIEND. Three cheers!

GETTING BACK TO HARNESS.

It is no end of a job. I have got a letter which contains a grouse about the difficulty of settling down to the old grind just the same every-day routine, from a reader who has had a grand holiday on a coasting tub. It is no use repining because the days off have turned into the days on. He must jump to it. There are good things to come out of every day, only look for them. My chum is in real luck, and he must not let mouldy ideas get in the ascendant.

FED-UP!

This makes me get a touch of that right-down humpy feeling. A correspondent tells me he is at a loose end. He has a comfortable home, but he finds time hang heavy. There is no need for him to go out to work, so he just doesn't! He had better rectify this, need or not. There always is need to work—some kind of work. If my friend looks round he will find a duty waiting for him. He must get interested, and he will find time fly like a racer on a speedway.

THIS IS FUNNY.

If you pay rates on a tiny island, you have a right to a ferry to the mainland. This fact has brought about a curious state of things off a wild part of Scotland. The authorities weighed in with a demand for rates off a lonely inhabitant on the island. He paid, and asked for a free ferry, and he had it. The islander goes across when he wants a pound of butter or a packet of cigarettes, and each journey costs the local council seven-and-sixpence. As the rates are two pounds per annum, that islander has the laugh.

Your Editor.

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