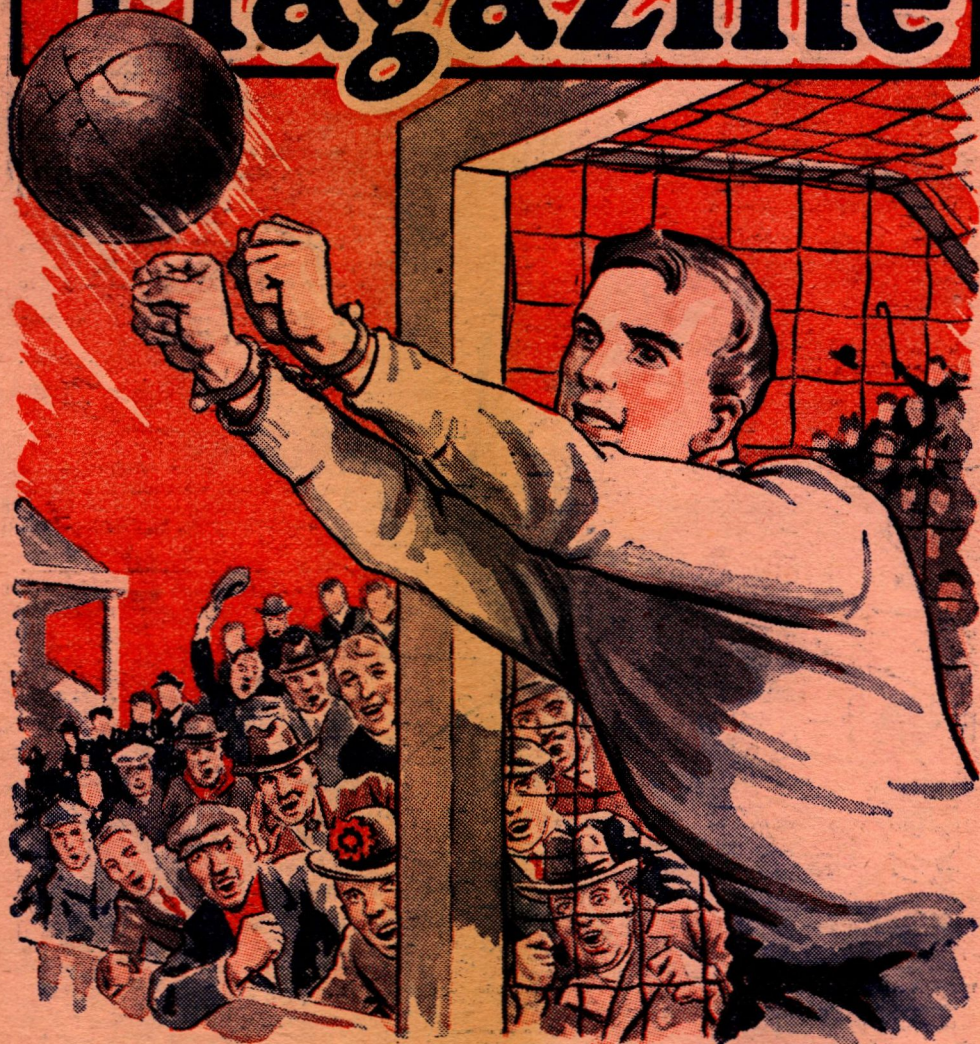


GEORGE ROCHESTER'S GREATEST YARN INSIDE

Boys' 2-D Magazine

EVERY FRIDAY



BEGIN THE EXPLOITS OF THE BIG SHOT GOALIE TO-DAY!

Vol. XXIII—No. 619—January 13, 1934

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION BY CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST

A Page of Fun for Everyone.

THE JESTER'S REALM

Footballs and Fountain Pens awarded to senders of all jokes printed here. Send your favourite jokes on p.c., with coupon on this page to the—
Joke Editor, "Boys' Magazine,"
 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

WELL, WELL!

TOM: How did you get that horse out of the well that was sixty feet deep?

BILL: Oh, we dug the well up and poured him out!
(Fountain pen to LAURENCE HUNT, 4, Emerson Road, Harborne, Birmingham 17.)

PROOF.

TOMMY: I say, Dad, Billy Jones bet me his Dad could knock you into the middle of next week.

FATHER: I hope you didn't let him get away with it!

TOMMY: No fear! I asked him to bring his Dad round to-night and prove it!

(Fountain pen to W. R. BECKET, 45, Boxmoor Road, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex.)

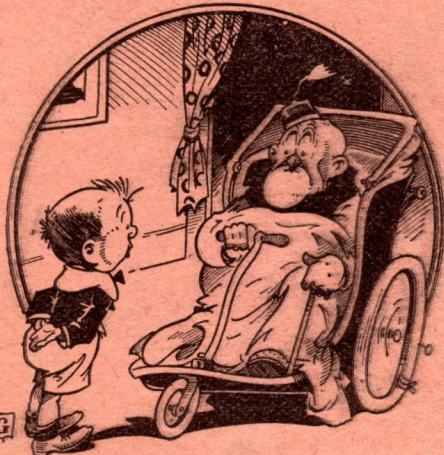
HALF AND HALF.

SANDY: Can I have a wireless licence for half-price?

POSTMASTER: Why?

SANDY: Because I am deaf in one ear!

(Fountain pen to REGINALD BIRTWISTLE, School Terrace, Painscliffe, near Wakefield.)



Bobby: Grandpa, were you in the ark with Noah?

Grandpa: No, my boy, of course not.

Bobby: Then why weren't you drowned?

(Football to KENNETH J. THORNTON, 25, St. Albans Park, Sidney Parade, Dublin, Ireland.)



Plumber: I've come to mend the leak!
Mousekeeper: But I didn't send for you!
Plumber: Then it must have been the people who lived here before.

(Football to R. CROUCHER, Muntham Cotts., near Horsham, Sussex.)

COSTLY.

DENTIST: I'll have to charge you twenty-five shillings for pulling that tooth.

PATIENT: I thought your charge was only five shillings?

DENTIST: Yes, but you howled so loudly you scared four other patients out of the place.

(Fountain pen to GEORGE CULLEN, Main Street, Kirby Muxloe, Leicester.)

A FLY GUY.

KIND OLD GENT: Would you care to do a little work in my garden?

TRAMP: Guv'nor, with an ounce of shag in this old pipe, I could smoke out all the green flies you've got in the garden!

(Fountain pen to LEONARD TURNER, 24, Phoenix Road, Fenge, S.E.20.)

JOKE COUPON.

Stick on postcard and send your favourite joke to the **JOKE EDITOR.**

Boys' Magazine, 13/1/34.

GRIEVOUS.

OVERWORKED CLERK: Excuse me, sir, but I have been here ten years, doing three men's work, for one man's money, and now I want a rise!

EMPLOYER: I doot I canna gie ye that, mon, but if ye'll tell me the names of the ither twa men, I'll sack 'em!

(Fountain pen to A. BLUNDELL, 18, Layfield Road, West Derby, Liverpool 12.)

FLEW.

"How did you get here?" asked the doctor of a patient.

"Flu!" was the solemn reply.

(Fountain pen to H. PEARCE, 35, Milward Street, Woolwich, S.E.18)

TAILS UP.

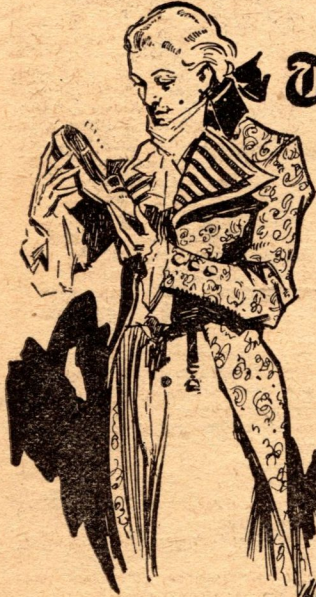
BOB: Why is an author a queer chap, Ted?

TED: 'Cos his "tale" comes out of his head!

(Fountain pen to HAROLD JAMESON, 21, Brigstock Road, Bevedere, Kent.)

(With which is incorporated "Pals.")

FOOLING THE GHOULS OF THE RED REVOLUTION.



The Gay Ghost of the Guillotine.

.....
**MASTER OF MYSTERY
 AND DISGUISE, SILVER-
 SHOES FLITS LIKE A
 WILL-O'-THE-WISP
 THROUGH THE RANKS
 OF THE TERROR.**



Citoyen Clon.

CLATTER! Clatter! Clatter! Tramp! Tramp! All day long the cobblestones rang and echoed to the tread of the *sabots*—the wooden clogs of the mob, trampling the hated aristocrats underfoot, beating a devil's tattoo on the narrow, bloodstained streets of Revolutionary Paris!

All day long they passed, *sabot* and *bonnet rouge*, *sans-culotte* and tri-coloured cockade, and always in the same direction—towards the Place de la Revolution. For there the ironically named Committee of Public Safety had set up the new goddess of the Republic—Madame la Guillotine.

So the relentless mob of Paris, maddened after years of oppression, hurried to the daily sacrifice of blood.

Citoyen Clon, the little wrinkled old cobbler, watched them streaming past his shop at the Sign of the Sabot in the Faubourg St. Antoine—and chuckled.

"*Vogue la galere!*" he cried aloud, in his cracked,

All the characters in the stories printed in this paper are fictitious. The names do not refer to any living person or persons.

vindictive voice. " *Brave Sport!* Who goes to feed Madame la Guillotine to-day, amis?"

One of the passing scarecrows, whose red cap and ragged pantaloons labelled him *sans-culotte*, paused in the wild stampede of human vultures. "Six tumbril loads of blue blood, *citoyen!*" he made answer. "A rare feast, *n'est-ce pas?* And last on the menu—the tit-bit, as 'twere—the Lion and the Fox!"

"What! The Comte de la Beau and the Vicomte de Chateau Renard?"

"The same, *citoyen*. The bravest bully and the biggest coward in France! Two old enemies in the same tumbril."

Citoyen Clon rubbed his grimy hands together with relish. "*Eh bien!* so Silvershoes has failed this time, eh?"

"Silvershoes?" The man shuddered, and then spat, as if ashamed of the weakness. "Not even he can snatch a tumbril load of aristos from the very jaws of the guillotine!"

Citoyen Clon—good patriot though he was—shrugged polite doubt. Nothing, it seemed, was impossible to Silvershoes, the mysterious young English *milord* who was spending his vast fortune and risking his gallant young neck saving aristocrats from the hands of the terrorists. Hardly a week passed but some nobleman, awaiting death in the Prison of the Conciergerie, received—by what means no man knew—a little silver shoe, such as gentlemen wore on their fobs for luck. And, sure enough, the prisoner so favoured was rescued and smuggled out of France before Madame la Guillotine claimed him!

Already Silvershoes' identity was common knowledge. He was Sir Christopher Carew, the young dandy, whose sparkling shoes had often been seen at Versailles when he accompanied the English ambassador to the court of the late King Louis. And now, as if to show his contempt for the revolutionists, he used the little vanity as a symbol of defiance. Silver shoes against wooden sabots!

But at last he had failed. For a silver mascot had been found on the captive Comte de la Beau—to-day the lion-hearted nobleman was being hurried to death before that promise of help could be fulfilled.

"*Eh bien!* I must see the execution!" muttered the little cobbler; and, withdrawing into his shop, he began to put up the shutters.

On, on, on, the stream of men and women clattered over the stony streets, some whirling round in the frenzy of the Carmagnole dance, some howling the refrain of the new Revolutionary song. "*Ca ira! ca ira!*"

Suddenly, as the mob poured through the streets, the cry was raised: "They come!" and across one of the bridges that spanned the Ile de la Cité lumbered six clumsy tumbrils, drawn by farm horses, and surrounded by soldiers of the National Guard.

Instantly a hush, more foreboding than the uproar, fell on the crowd, while the doomed aristocrats were borne past. Then, as abruptly, the yells burst forth again as the last cart rolled by.

Standing erect, a head taller than the guards who surrounded him, was the fearless Comte de la Beau; next to him, in cringing contrast, crouched the Vicomte de Chateau Renard. It was a grim jest of the tribunal, to send these two men to their death together; bitter enemies before the Revolution, they were now to be united—by the guillotine. The mob scarcely noticed the four other victims in the tumbril—all of the la Beau family—as they vociferated. "Down with the Lion!—Death to the Fox!—*A bas les aristos!—Vive la République!*"

Then suddenly an ironical voice added in shrill mockery:

"*Vive Silvershoes!*"

Slim Silvershoes.

IN a flash the cry was taken up. Sir Christopher Carew had been cheated at last! The men he had promised to help were on their way to the guillotine.

"Ho, ho! where is the *sacré Anglais!* Where is Silvershoes?"

"Here!"

The same clear voice was heard above the tumult. At the same time an unseen hand flung a small, silvery court shoe with aim so unerring that it fell into the tumbril of the condemned!

At first the crowd took it for mockery and roared their approval of the jest. Then somebody noticed a thin spiral of smoke rising from the cart. A voice shouted: "Take care! It is a grenade!"

Almost immediately after there was a flash, a deafening explosion, and the prisoners were hidden in a dense volume of smoke. The guards, thinking they were the objects of an attack, leapt from the cart in panic, while the crowd surged back like a retreating tide. The shoe had concealed a hand grenade!

But it was no ordinary bomb. The fumes it emitted were so thick and impenetrable that for a while they completely shrouded the cart. And the next moment, from the dense smoke screen, burst a laughing young man, mounted on the horse dragging the tumbril—with its occupants unscathed from the explosion—after him!

"Silvershoes! Back for your lives! It's Silvershoes!"

The cry increased the panic. The red caps scattered like leaves in the wind before the apparently miraculous appearance of their enemy. Young, mocking, debonaire, his fair hair astream, Sir Kit smote the terrified horse he bestrode with the flat of his naked sabre, and drove it thundering down the street. The tumbril rolled like a chariot through the petrified crowd, and, before a shot could be fired, swung round a corner and disappeared from view!

Not till then did the mob realise the trick that had been played on it.

"After him! Don't let him escape! Death to Silvershoes!" Courage returned to the mob—and with it rage and hate. Jostling, scrambling, struggling, the stream of people surged in pursuit, pouring like a tidal wave through the narrow streets. Hopeless though the attempt might have seemed, Silvershoes had everything in his favour. If only he could reach a certain street before being overtaken the success of his wild scheme was almost assured.

But now some of the mounted soldiers had extricated themselves from the press and were galloping hard on his heels. Bursting out from a side street, they saw the tumbril rocking perilously along, the six aristocrats clinging to the sides.

"There he goes!" went up the shout, and the horses' hoofs struck sparks from the cobbles. The sergeant, mounted on a fleet charger, had almost overtaken the fugitives when Silvershoes swung round and saw him. Instantly his hand flew to his breast—dragged forth a pistol. There was a flash and a crack—and a riderless horse went careering against a wall!

An answering volley rang out from the soldiers, but almost at the same time the tumbril spun round another bend. Of necessity Silvershoes took this corner at such speed that the offside wheel rose in the air. There was a rending crack as the shafts snapped, and the clumsy vehicle overturned, hurling its occupants into the roadway!

But Silvershoes noted with satisfaction that he had reached sanctuary. The cart had upset outside an empty wine-shop (long since raided by the mob) and as the dazed aristos picked themselves up he shouted, "Quick! get inside! There are cellars below! Hide!"

The fugitives needed no second bidding. They scuttled through the open doorway; and when the soldiers came clattering into the street, all they saw was a wrecked tumbrel and Silvershoes urging his horse furiously in the direction of Citoyen Clon's shop at the Sign of the Sabot.

"There he goes! After him!" All thoughts of the aristos forgotten in the excitement of hunting this bigger game, the soldiers spurred in pursuit.

But Silvershoes had laid his plans for this coup in advance—each step prepared with minute care and judgment. Even in this moment of crisis he kept his head as he put his last stroke of strategy into execution.



NO LIGHT K.O.—As the soldier drew his pistol, Silvershoes slashed through the rope holding the street lamp. The heavy lamp crashed down on the man's head.

In those times the streets were lit by lamps slung across at wide intervals by rope and pulley—and one of these ropes hung down the wall of the cobbler's shop. As his horse clattered by, Chris flung himself from its back and grasped the rope. In a flash he was swarming up it, a slim, agile figure, and had gained the gables, while the pursuers were galloping beneath him, unable to stop.

One man reined in so violently that his horse slipped on the smooth cobbles, and came down with a crash. He was on his feet in a moment, and had drawn a pistol from his belt, aiming it at the fugitive crouching on the roof.

Ere he could press trigger, Silvershoes swung aloft his sabre and cut through the rope spanning the

street. The clumsy iron lamp hurtled down on the soldier's head, crushing him to the ground.

By the time that the other soldiers had wheeled their plunging horses, Silvershoes had vanished through the skylight.

"*Sacré tonnerre!* he has escaped us!" they roared.

"Not yet, comrades! Into the shop!"

The soldiers hastily dismounted. The ironbound butts of their muskets thudded on the door. The panels split and sundered to the blows. Muttering threats, they stumbled through into the gloom of the grimy little shop. "Spread! Spread! Search the house!"

Kicking over Citoyen Clon's bench—bursting open his cupboards—clattering up his rickety stairs—poking into corners—the soldiers sought in vain for Silvershoes. A sudden crackle of breaking glass drew them to an upper room. Flinging open a door, they saw a man rolling on the floor—and rushed forward with raised sabres.

Then they fell back, foolishly. Citoyen Clon, the cobbler, staggered to his feet and stood staring wildly at them. Small, bent, swaying unsteadily, his wrinkled face daubed with dirt, he struggled for speech—and only achieved a choke.

"Silvershoes! We seek Silvershoes!" One of the soldiers shook him roughly by the shoulder. "Where is he? Have you seen him?"

The little cobbler pointed vaguely to the shattered window. "*Citoyens soldats!*" he gasped. "But yes, he came—through there—and went again! He struck me down! Then he fled—over the roofs!"

They dashed to the window—and saw nothing but the gabled roofs of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

"*Sacré tonnerre!* He has escaped! We must search the streets! We may catch him yet!"

They rushed out, muttering imprecations. Citoyen Clon heard them clattering down the stairs. He listened attentively, his head a little on one side, until the rattle of their horses' hoofs came to his ears. Then he straightened up, stretched himself and smiled. Very methodically he took off his leather apron, wiped the hasty application of dust and grease paint from his handsome young face, and removed his tangled grey wig.

"Lud! that was a close shave!" he murmured, in an urbane English voice. "I have never had to disguise myself so quickly before! Ah well! I suppose I have to thank the gloom of this poisonous hole for saving my skin!"

For Citoyen Clon, the good patriot, and Sir Christopher Carew, the young English *milord*, were one and the same man!

The Treasure of the Tuileries.

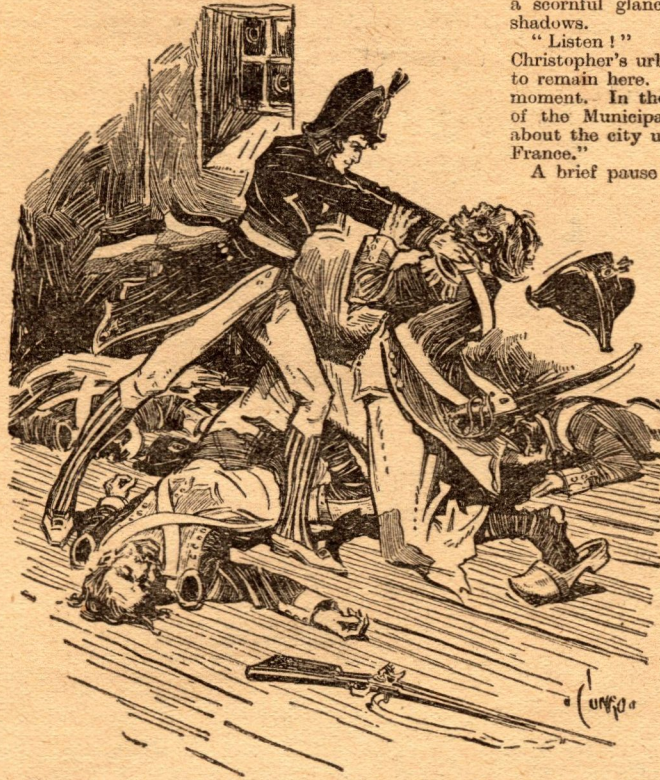
WHILE the baffled soldiers were scouring Paris for Silvershoes, a strange drama was being enacted in the vaults of a certain deserted wine-shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

By the light of a candle perched on an empty cask, two men, in the splendid dress of the old nobility of France, were facing each other with drawn sabres. They were the Comte de la Beau and the Vicomte de Chateau Renard. The other four refugees were

grouped in the background, ready to act as seconds in the duel about to commence.

For, though it was scarcely an hour since he and his friends had escaped from the guillotine, the Comte, true to the traditions of his caste, insisted on crossing swords with his enemy to settle the long-standing score between them. Sabres had been found in the cellar (which was indeed a secret arsenal) and la Beau had forced Renard to put himself on guard.

"But this is madness, *monsieur!*" protested the Fox. His thin, shifty-eyed face was as pale as the Mecklin lace at his throat. "We have but lately escaped from death! Surely we can forget our feud in the common danger?"



SNUFFED OUT!—Seeing his comrades collapsing under the influence of the snuff drug, the last soldier opened his mouth to shout the alarm. But Silvershoes' hands clamped round his throat, stifling the cry.

"Coward!" retorted the Lion contemptuously. "You know why our quarrel can only be wiped out by blood. On guard!"

The fiery la Beau stepped forward. Renard's sabre rose instinctively, and the blades clashed together.

The Paris mob, shouting for their blood in the streets above, little guessed that two of the refugees were actually fighting at that moment!

But the duel was of short duration. The Comte was driving his terrified opponent precipitately before him, when a door at the end of the cellar burst open, and Silvershoes appeared.

His slim, boyish figure was faultlessly attired in

the costume affected by the young fops of the Revolution—later to be known as the *jeunesse dorée*.

"Stap me!" he exclaimed, surveying the strange scene through a delicately poised quizzing glass. "I see you are amusing yourselves!"

At the familiar, rather affected voice the duellists lowered their sabres.

"Silvershoes!—Our deliverer!—Permit us to offer you our heartfelt thanks, *monsieur!*"

Sir Kit acknowledged the grateful salutations with a slight bow. "You can best do so by ceasing to fight among yourselves, *messieurs,*" he drawled.

"Since it is you who command, *monsieur,* I obey!" The fiery nobleman sheathed his blade, while darting a scornful glance at Renard, who slunk into the shadows.

"Listen!" A sudden urgency came into Christopher's urbane voice. "It is not safe for you to remain here. The place may be searched at any moment. In those wine casks are hidden uniforms of the Municipal Guard—don them, and disperse about the city until I find means to get you out of France."

A brief pause followed his words. The fugitives looked uneasily at each other. Then la Beau spoke.

"I fear we cannot leave France, Sir Christopher."

Silvershoes raised his brows. "Egad! Are ye weary of life then?"

"*Monsieur,* we have taken a vow to recover the Treasury of the Tuileries!"

"And what, in Heaven's name, is that? It sounds vastly intriguing!"

"In the Palace of the Tuileries are hidden the jewels which we, and other loyal gentlemen, offered our late King when poverty held him captive to Robespierre's gang. All but that Fox"—he pointed to the ering Renard—"gave of their richest. He betrayed us to Robespierre, hoping to save his head; but, though King Louis was unable to use them, the jewels have never been discovered."

"Where are they hidden, M. le Comte?"

"In the boudoir of Marie Antoinette—in a secret panel behind her own portrait on the wall!" La Beau had sunk his voice to a whisper, but Renard, skulking in the shadows, pricked up his ears.

Silvershoes stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Ecod! It is a hair-brained scheme, yet one that

appeals mightily to me! Why, man, that room is now occupied by Robespierre himself, the leader of the Jacobins! It is the headquarters of the Revolution! I' faith, 'twould be a good jest to steal the jewels from under his nose!"

"Will you help us, *milord?*" cried la Beau eagerly.

"Pon my soul, I will!" A dancing light had come into Kit's eyes. Here was an adventure after his own heart. "But 'twill need thinking out." His voice dropped. "Disguise yourselves in these clothes, gentlemen, and hide about the city. In four days' time come back here—on the stroke of midnight—and we will discuss plans."

The aristocrats lost no time in exchanging their

rich garments for the uniforms of the volunteer army. Silvershoes paced the gloom of the cellar, lost in thought. Suddenly he lifted his head—just in time to see one of the shadowy figures gliding out through the door.

"Who was that?" he cried sharply.

"Renard, *monsieur*," said la Beau gravely. "You should have let me slay him. He is a coward—and cowards are apt to prove traitors!"

"He will hardly dare to betray us; his own head is in jeopardy," murmured Silvershoes, but his eyes were troubled. "However, we must be on our guard. I will get here some minutes before midnight, and, if our meeting place has been discovered, I will fire two pistol shots as a warning. Now scatter, gentlemen, and guard your tongues!"

Robespierre.

CITOYEN CLON, that good patriot, was bent over his last, hammering nails into a shoe; and as he hammered he sang:

"*Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrates, à la lanterne!*"

Suddenly the tune died away on his lips; he looked up sharply. A sedan chair had halted outside his grimy little shop, and from the door stepped an elegant figure. One glimpse was enough. There was no mistaking that high, pale brow—those greenish eyes—that fixed, eternal smile—and the slight form in its familiar green coat. It was Maximilien Marie Isidore Robespierre, the Sea-green Incorruptible, the leader of the Jacobins, the arch-fiend of the Red Terror!

The little old cobbler rose to greet him, as the most powerful man in France lounged into the shop, swinging a long, tasselled cane from his white fingers. "Citoyen Robespierre! *Quel honneur!* What brings so renowned a patriot to my humble shop?" "Citoyen, I have an order for you." The cat-like eyes roved furtively round; there was an expression of suppressed excitement in the pallid, fanatical face. "I have heard you are a good Republican. *Eh bien!* I bring you a commission that will fill you with patriotic joy."

"Speak, *citoyen*. It is my dream to serve the Commune." "I want you to make"—Robespierre hesitated, a cruel smile played about his lips—"a pair of silver shoes!" "Citoyen!" The cobbler's tone expressed surprise. "Then—you have discovered—?" "Yes, I have tracked down the *sacré* Silvershoes at last. Renard, one of the cowardly aristos he rescued with such audacity yesterday, has betrayed him—to save his own head. In two days we shall lay our hands on him. And once he is in my power I am going to make an example of him. I am going to send him to the guillotine, wearing a pair of silver shoes. *Eh bien!* is it not a good idea?"

"Citoyen, you shall have the shoes to-morrow. I will bring them to the Tuileries myself!" and the cobbler bowed over his *bonnet rouge*.



A SORRY PICTURE.—Silvershoes smashed the picture over the heads of the struggling plotters, so that the frame imprisoned their arms.

"*Très bien!* Don't worry overmuch about the size; the tighter the better! If he limps when he mounts the scaffold the crowd will think he is afraid!" And, smiling his mirthless smile, Robespierre sauntered from the shop.

Sir Christopher was left to reflect on this shattering news. And as he pondered he moulded the dainty court shoes on his last.

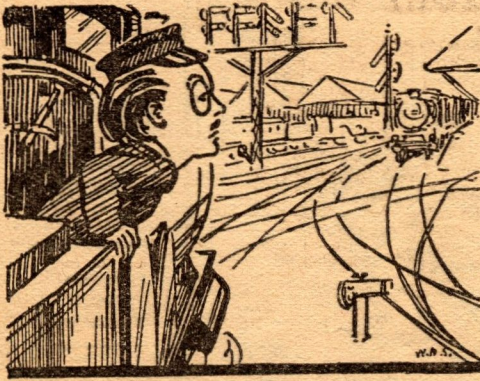
He had formed no plan to recover the treasure of the Tuileries; but the next day, when he carried his completed work to the Palace, he was able to examine the room where the jewels were hidden.

Robespierre received him in person; and, while he was examining the shoes, he did not notice Citoyen Clon casting a rapid look round the room where Marie Antoinette had held her glittering salons in the past. On one wall there still hung a famous oil-painting of the ill-fated Queen. Some rude hand had drawn a red line across her throat, and scrawled beneath it, *Madame Veto*.

"Exquisite workmanship, *citoyen!*" announced Robespierre. "To-morrow night Sir Christopher Carew shall wear these shoes!"

The old cobbler bowed and retired. The next evening, watching from an upper window of his shop, he saw shadowy figures lurking in doorways close to the empty wine-merchant's across the way. The sickly light of the swinging street lamps gittered on musket barrels.

"Yes, the place is being watched!" he muttered.



When the junction he approaches
Where he has to slip some coaches
Says the driver

Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

"Unless I warn the Comte and his friends they will be taken."

He thought for a moment, and then decided on a bold move. Hastily he divested himself of his disguise, to adopt another more suited to his youth. His figure seemed to swell and grow lithe and vigorous, as he changed from the bent old cobbler to an officer of the National Guard. In the tri-coloured sash wound round his waist he thrust two silver-mounted pistols with long barrels. A curved sabre hung at his hip.

Thus accoutred, he left by a back door and worked his way through devious alleys towards the wine-shop.

Robespierre had posted guards in all the doorways commanding a view of the shop, which he had also filled with soldiers. He himself lurked in the shadow of a high wall.

*Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrates, à la lanterne!*

Through the night came striding a gay young officer who had evidently been dining too well. His face was turned blissfully up to the stars and his hat was perched at a perilous angle on his powdered wig.

"*Ma foi!* that young fool will ruin everything!" muttered Robespierre, grinding his teeth. He glanced nervously at his watch; it was five-twelve. "Silvershoes will be here in a few minutes!" Then he caught his breath. With a wild shout of "*Vive la République!*" the stranger had drawn two pistols from his sash and raised them unsteadily to the air. The next moment a couple of staccato reports awoke all the sleeping echoes of St. Antoine!

"ARREST that man!"

The young officer, having expressed his patriotism, and incidentally warned the

aristocrats lurking in the vicinity, was about to swagger on his way. But Robespierre, mouthing with rage, darted from his ambush, and the street suddenly became alive with soldiers!

"Arrest that man!" repeated the Jacobin leader furiously. "Don't let him escape! He is either a maniac or a spy!"

Seeing the soldiers advancing on him from all sides, Silvershoes flung down his empty pistols and drew his sabre. "Hands off!" he shouted. "I am a good patriot! *Vive la Liberté!*"

As he finished speaking another face, as pale, as cunning and as treacherous as Robespierre's thrust through the throng.

"It is he! It is Silvershoes!" screamed the Vicomte de Chateau Renard. "I can see through his disguise! Kill him!"

Silvershoes saw that the game was up. Dashing the soldiers aside, he made a determined charge and succeeded in reaching Renard with his flashing sabre. The coward shrieked as the cold steel bit through his shoulder.

Musket barrels glittered in the night. "Don't shoot!" shouted Robespierre. "Catch him alive, you cowards! Run in and disarm him!"

A few of the bolder spirits drew their sabres and reluctantly advanced. Even then he might have fought his way free. But as he saw them closing in on him he swung his sabre to deal a blow, and the blade, transfixing a signboard above his head, was jerked from his grasp. In a flash his enemies rushed in on him. Disarmed, Silvershoes realised the futility of further resistance, and raised his hands in token of surrender.

A dozen swords were presented at his breast. One of the soldiers struck him across the mouth, snarling: "Take that, aristocrat!"

Then Robespierre forced his way through the press, "So ho! the famous Silvershoes is captured at last!" he sneered. "Don't injure him, *mes amis*. I have reserved a richer fate for him!" He fumbled in a pocket of his sea-green coat and produced a pair of glittering court shoes. "You see these, Sir Kit Carew? I have had them specially made for you when you mount the scaffold to-morrow! Will you kindly try them on?"

"*La!* A pretty compliment, *monsieur!*" cried Sir Kit lightly; and, kicking off his own shoes, he placed his feet in the new ones. "A perfect fit. I congratulate your cobbler!"

"I will tell Citizen Clon," smiled Robespierre. "Now I must beg you to accompany us to the Tuileries," he went on in the same mocking tones. "I won't soil your nobility in a vulgar prison. You shall pass the night in a palace!"

A few moments later the procession set out for the old Palace of King Louis XVI. The sound of the scuffle had brought many curious heads to the windows, and already the news had gone round that Silvershoes was captured. In spite of the edict, the streets were soon crowded with a clamorous throng.

Loudest among these demonstrators was a small patrol of Municipal Guards, a volunteer corps noted for even more extreme and violent views than the national soldiery. Even when the procession disappeared inside the Tuileries, five of these men still hung about the gates, noisily demanding the head of Silvershoes.

His Gold Snuff Box.

THE magnificent old Palace of the Kings of France had come to resemble a barracks. Part of the building was devoted to the Revolutionary Government and the private chambers of the terrorist

leaders. The rest was filled with unkempt soldiers who stacked their arms against the walls and polluted the air with foul tobacco smoke.

The little band halted in one of the once-splendid galleries. "Take the prisoner to the guard-room commanded Robespierre. "There is no need to bind him, but see that at least six soldiers remain in the room with him. Where is Renard?" He looked round in vain for the traitor. "*Eh bien!* the ci-devant has slipped away! Is he still fearful for his cowardly head?"

Smiling his eternal smile, the Jacobin sauntered off, while Sir Christopher Carew was hustled into the guardroom. Six grinning soldiers grouped themselves round the chamber, in the middle of which he stood calm, aloof, still disdainfully wiping his bruised mouth with the handkerchief.

"Lud, gentlemen," he sighed gently, "methinks you have cornered me at last!" and he glanced ruefully down at his silver shoes.

A chorus of rough gibes answered him. The sergeant imitated his drawing voice; others talked loudly of the guillotine; and several lit long clay pipes and puffed rank tobacco smoke into his face.

"Faugh! the air is stifling in here!" exclaimed Silvershoes, stepping back in disgust. "May I be permitted to open the window?"

He made a step towards it, but two men barred his way, crossing their muskets across his chest.

"Ho, ho! we know that trick, *citoyen!*" jeered one.

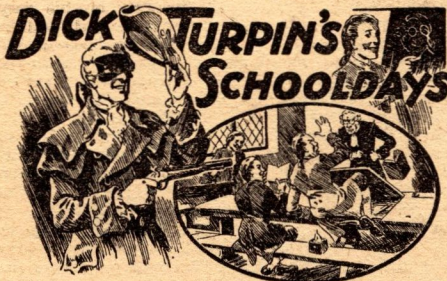
"Then forgive me, gentlemen," Silvershoes, with a dainty gesture, drew a gold snuff box, encrusted with gems, from his pocket. "I cannot abide the smell of your vile tobacco!" He raised a fastidious finger and thumb to his nose.

The sergeant snatched the snuff box like a greedy child. "Ho! ho! this is a pretty toy!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Don't touch it, dog!" cried Silvershoes sharply. "It is not for your vulgar nostrils! That is a rare perfume, used by royalty—"

The sergeant's only answer was to plunge his coarse fingers into the delicate dust and sniff with

SPECIAL STORY NEWS.



Treats To Look Out For NEXT WEEK:

MY DEAR CHUMS,

Phew! I've just finished reading the latest big feature yarn booked for next week's All Star Number of the Mag. No doubt it's a winner, chaps. There's more pleasure packed in this hundred per cent humdinger than dynamite in Carnera's punch. It's fine; it's grand; it's an absolutely tophole, hit-the-high-spots smasher! And it features an old "Boys" Magazine" favourite—in a special setting.

Dick Turpin's Schooldays!

That's the treat you are to enjoy among the other good things on Friday. For the first time the early days of the famous highwayman—before he took to the road—are to appear in a boys' paper. And the things Dick did at school! Believe me, chaps, his escapades then were even more thrilling and amusing than his later exploits on the highway.

And what about another gripping yarn of the Big-Shot Goalie? Jimmy Dunn well earns the nickname of

Lightning Fist

in the next round of his duel with Jennifer and the sinister forces behind this plotter. But the biggest treat of all on Friday is another humdinger flying tale by Arch Whitehouse.

Scarlet Streamers

is truly the most dramatic and compelling war tale of the air yet written for a boys' paper. No space to go into details here—and that would spoil the surprise for you chaps when you read the yarn for yourselves next week.

Whale and Whoa!

is the title for Laurel and Hardy fans to look for next week. In this laughable complete fun tale the film stars are shanghaied and taken on a whaling expedition. At what happens then—well, even a whale would laugh!

The gripping conclusion of John Hunter's Menace of the Monsters; more about Ranger Dan and the third and final story of the Invisible Submarine complete next week's monster programme. Treats too good to miss, eh, pals?

THE EDITOR.

noisy enjoyment. "Ho! it is good!" he chuckled. "Try it, comrades!"

The gold snuff box was passed from hand to hand, and grunts of approval greeted the strange, pungent odour of its contents.

"Irreverent canaille!" Sir Kit cried, clenching his fists in well assumed rage.

The sergeant was about to fling back an insulting answer, when he collapsed abruptly into a chair and passed his hand before his eyes. "*Diable!* he is right! It is stifling in here!" he gasped, and then fell forward with his head between his knees.

The last man paused in the act of carrying a pinch of snuff to his nose. Petrified with astonishment, he saw his comrades dropping round him like so many felled oxen. Before he could shout the alarm Silvershoes had hurled himself across the room with the rapidity of lightning. The Englishman's delicate white hands closed like a vice round the Frenchman's grimy throat, stifling his cries, choking the breath out of him!

Silver court-shoes and wooden sabots slid and stamped about the floor in the scuffle—and suddenly there came an authoritative rap on the door.

"Hola! there! What goes on within?"

"Do not disturb yourself, *citoyen!*" panted Kit, in thick, guttural tones. "We are only amusing ourselves—teaching the *sacre Anglais* to dance the Carmagnole!"

There was a guffaw—and silence. In another moment the half-strangled soldier sank, purple in the face, to the floor.

Then Silvershoes, probably for the first time in his life, danced the Carmagnole, singing the mocking words in a high-pitched,

affected English voice, and applauding himself in hoarse French!

The Triumph of Silvershoes.

IN the once glorious boudoir of Marie Antoinette, Citizen Robespierre sat at a Louis Quinze table, plunged in thought. Why and whither had the traitor, Renard, vanished? Could it be that there was anything in these wild rumours of a vast treasure of jewellery still hidden in the Tuileries?

As he meditated thus, the cries of the riotous members of the Municipal Guard came to his ears from outside the Palace walls. "Silvershoes! Death to Silvershoes! We want Silvershoes' head!"

Silvershoes! Robespierre smiled his terrible smile. Perhaps he knew! And, perchance, at night, under the dreadful shadow of the guillotine, he could be persuaded to divulge the secret in exchange for his life.

"Hola, there!" Robespierre summoned the soldier on guard outside his door. "Come here, my friend."

"Citoyen?" The door opened and closed. An uncouth figure in *bonnet rouge*, greasy uniform too big for him, and *sabots* a size too large, stood at attention, musket grounded.

"Tell the sergeant of the guard to fetch the prisoner to me."

"What prisoner, *citoyen*?"

Robespierre looked up impatiently, his green eyes glinting. "Silvershoes, of course, *doit!*" he rapped out.

"Oh, Silvershoes." The soldier laughed. "But Silvershoes is no longer a prisoner, *citoyen*, and there is no need to fetch him, for he is already here!"

Then he did a curious thing. He stepped right out of his clumsy *sabots* and strolled casually across the room—his feet encased in dainty silver shoes! It was Sir Kit Carew, as smiling, as cool, as debonaire as ever!

Robespierre's heart stood still. He opened his mouth to shout, but his jaw remained hanging helplessly as he found himself staring down the barrel of a pistol, which was within an inch of his eyes.

"Pray, don't compel me to the unpleasant necessity of blowing out your brains, *monsieur*," Kit besought him in honeyed tones.

The Sea-green Incorruptible stared at him as if haunted. Was the man a magician? "If you fire, you will arouse the garrison," he stammered, trembling in every limb.

"But that will be too late to save your life," Silvershoes reminded him sweetly, "and I shall be out of that window before one could say *sans culotte!* Now I want your assistance." A sterner note had crept into his drawling voice. "Kindly take down that portrait of Marie Antoinette."

With his eyes still fearfully fixed on the pistol, the Jacobin leader tottered from his chair and lifted the huge, gilt-framed picture from the wall.

Silvershoes was about to step forward to examine the panel thus revealed, when suddenly he stiffened. Dimly reflected in the window at the end of the room he saw a shadowy figure emerging from the folds of the damask curtains behind him. A pistol glimmered in its hand.

It was Renard, who had concealed himself in the Jacobin's apartment, and was awaiting his chance of stealing the jewels.

Even as he pressed the trigger of the weapon aimed at the defenceless back of his enemy, Silvershoes sank to one knee. There was a shattering explosion, which echoed like thunder beneath the vaulted ceiling, and a bullet whistled over his head and embedded itself in the wall.

The next instant Silvershoes had sprung to his foot and levelled his own pistol at the would-be assassin. But Renard, rendered agile by fear and hate, leapt across the room and kicked out with his foot. The weapon was sent spinning from Silvershoes' hand and went off in the air with another deafening crash.

Then, drawing back, Renard whipped out a shining poniard. At the same time Robespierre, shaking with terror, dropped the picture and rushed for the door, shouting "Guards! guards! *A moi! Au secours!*" He collided with Renard in his frenzy,

and for a moment the two villains clung together.

Silvershoes was quick to take advantage of the confusion. Snatching up the picture, he smashed it down over the heads and shoulders of the two men, imprisoning them in the heavy gilt frame.

Then, with a rapid movement of his arm, he swept the candles off the table and the room was plunged into darkness!

For the next few minutes chaos reigned in the Palace of the Tuileries. In the darkness Robespierre, still entangled in the picture with Renard, was shouting: "The window! The window! Silvershoes is escaping!"

There was a stampede of feet—oaths—commands—and a crash of breaking glass. Then candles cast a glimmering light on the scene, and finally the room was ablaze with the lurid flames of a flare.

It revealed the Jacobin leader and the *ci-devant* traitor struggling to extricate themselves from the picture-frame, while there was a mass of heaving shoulders at the window through which Silvershoes had escaped.

Somebody released Robespierre at last. "After him! *dois!* Idiots! traitors!" he howled, racing to the shattered pane. "There is still time!"

He hurled himself through the window, which was only a few feet from the ground, and was followed by a crowd of bewildered soldiers. In the Palace gardens they were met by a mob of Municipal Guards, who had clambered over the walls at the sound of the conflict.

"He went that way! I saw him scale the gates!" shouted a voice, and an arm was flung out in guidance.

Robespierre, beside himself with rage, led the soldiers in a wild stampede across the grounds—but, strange to say, the Municipal Guards, of whom there were now six men, took to their heels in the opposite direction.

"There is a barge leaving the Quai des Tuileries at dawn," panted one, whose fine, aristocratic features revealed him, in spite of his disguise, as the Comte de la Beau. "We have bribed the barge-master to get us out of Paris—hidden among his cargo!"

"Well done!" replied the slender young man running at his side. "Lud, *monsieur*, 'was fortunate I met you, for I protest I am heartily sick of being *Citoyen Clon* the cobbler!"

They darted out through a side gate and made for the quay. "Twas great pity we could not get the treasure," muttered la Beau.

"La, M. le Comte, what do you take me for?" exclaimed Silvershoes, almost reproachfully. "I have left nothing worth having behind, I can assure you!" and he shook his bulging *bonnet rouge*, which gave forth a strange tinkling sound.

Meanwhile, only one remained in the *boisoir* of Marie Antoinette. Shaking himself free of the canvas coils of the picture, the treacherous Vicomte de Chateau Renard glanced quickly round to see that he was actually alone. Then, with a cunning smile, he approached the wall on which the portrait had hung, and ran his trembling hands over it.

At last they touched the hidden spring; a panel slid open, revealing a small cavity in the wall.

Renard gave an exclamation of triumph and thrust his greedy, clutching hands inside. "Aha! *Monsieur* Silvershoes, you have made me rich for life!" he gloated. The next moment he recoiled with a curse, for he had only drawn forth a glittering pair of silver court shoes!

A sizzling, crashing, War Flying yarn tops the bill in next week's bumper programme. "Scarlet Streamers" is crammed with smashing thrills and white-hot drama.

THESE POWERFUL NEW FOOTBALL YARNS BEGIN TO-DAY.

NOW FOR THE MAG.'S LATEST AND BEST FOOTBALL SERIES, CHAPS!

The BIG SHOT GOALIE!



The Unluckiest Team in the Ties! From Behind the Scenes of Big Football a Strange Menace Reaches to Ruin the Swifts. The First Yarn in

GEORGE ROCHESTER'S
TERRIFIC FOOTER SERIES.

The Night Express.

"SEE that feller, Bill?" said a porter, nudging his mate and indicating a florid-faced and heavily built man who was standing in earnest conversation with another man near the door of a first-class compartment of the King's Cross to Edinburgh night express.

"Yes, I see 'im," said Bill. "Wot about 'im?"

"It's Charlie Fraser!"

"Wot?" ejaculated Bill. "D'you mean Charlie Fraser, the manager of the Stadium Swifts?"

"The very feller!" asserted his companion impressively. "And the bloke with him is A. V. Laidlaw, the Swifts' amateur centre-forward and International."

Bill grinned.

"I wonder where Charlie's going?" he said. "After new blood, I suppose. Ain't the Swifts at home to Liverpool to-morrow?"

"Yes, that's right," assented his companion. "It's funny Charlie going North to-night with Liverpool coming to town—"

"Say," cut in a strident voice with a pronounced American accent, "is this the Newcastle train?"

"Yes, sir, it stops at Newcastle," said Bill, turning to the speaker, a big, burly man muffled in a heavy

great-coat and with a soft felt hat pulled well down over his coarse features and cold blue eyes. "Have you got a seat, sir?"

"Yeah!" said the other curtly, and moving on he stepped into the corridor of the coach outside which Charlie Fraser and the famous A. V. Laidlaw were standing.

The raucous clang of the five-minutes bell rang through the station as the man settled himself down in the corner seat of an empty compartment; there came then a slamming of doors. A. V. Laidlaw and Charlie Fraser exchanged a last few hurried words and shook hands. As the latter swung himself up into the coach a whistle shrilled and the night express jerked into motion.

Jolting over the points the long and brilliantly lighted train commenced its long journey through the night.

Settling himself down in his first-class compartment, Charlie Fraser lighted his big-bowled pipe and after a few contemplative puffs, he picked up an evening newspaper from the number he had bought at the bookstall.

As he opened the paper at the sport pages, flaring headlines confronted him:

*Will the Swifts Fail Again To-morrow?
Liverpool's Easy Task!*

With a snort of disgust Charlie Fraser flung the paper down on the seat. As he did so, the big burly man with the Yankee accent stepped into the compartment and seated himself opposite him.

"Howdo, Mister Fraser!" greeted the newcomer.

Charlie looked at him sharply. To the best of his knowledge he had never seen the man before. But there were thousands of football fans who knew Charlie Fraser, manager of the famous Swifts. This was one of them, thought Charlie, giving a grunt which might have been "Good evening!" and picking up his paper again.

"No, don't read, Mister Fraser," smiled the stranger. "I wanna talk to you!"

Lowering his newspaper, Charlie glared angrily over the top of it.

"Look here, sir," he snapped, "I don't know you and I don't want to—"

"Guess that's easy fixed, Mister Fraser," cut in the other, still smiling. "My name's Gurk, Ed. Gurk, of Chicago. You ain't booked a sleeper to-night, Mister Fraser, and it's a long run to Newcastle. What's yore trouble? Cain't you sleep?"

Charlie's florid face purpled with rage.

"Confound your impudence!" he exploded. "If you don't get out of this compartment at once, I shall ring for the attendant and have you kicked out."

"Oh, yeah?" grinned Gurk. "You've gotta hope—*Sit down, you big sap!*"

The last five words came in a snarl, and Charlie, reaching for the bell, froze into sudden immobility, staring in blank amaze at the squat automatic which had appeared as though by magic in the other's hand.

"Yeah, I mean it!" grated Gurk. "Touch that bell and I'll drill yuh!"

If ever death spoke in a man's voice and looked out of his eyes, it did in Gurk's at that moment. Slowly Charlie lowered his hand from the bell-push.

"If this is a hold-up," he gasped, "robbery—"

"No, it ain't robbery!" cut in Gurk. "It's jest that you and me is gonna have a li'l talk, thassall. Pardon me!"

With a swift movement, he thrust the automatic into the pocket of his great-coat, the muzzle making an ominous bulge.

"Jest in case anyone passes in the corridor," he smiled. "I've still got you covered though. Now, Mister Fraser, during the last three seasons the Swifts have won the championship of the First Division twice and been runners-up once. On top of that they've won the Cup once and been twice in the final. That ain't a bad record, Mister Fraser!"

Still Fraser made no response and Gurk proceeded:

"At the end of last season there warn't no question that the Swifts was the wealthiest and most powerful club in the country. They were as near unbeatable as any football team can be. But what about this season, Mister Fraser? What about this season, hey?"

"Well, what about it?" snapped Charlie.

Gurk grinned.

"Third bottom of the League with five points outa twelve matches," he said. "That ain't so good, mister, hey? And for why?"

He leaned forward in his seat.

"And for why, Mister Fraser?" he repeated. "I'm gonna tell you. There's a certain party working against you."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Charlie.

"I mean jest what I say," nodded Gurk. "When Boyd, yore International centre-half, shot hisself a

few weeks back you all wondered why. When Webb, yore goalkeeper, was crippled for life in the motor smash you all figured it was an accident. Lyall, yore right back, ain't been no good since his kid was missing. Four others of yore first eleven have asked to be put on the transfer list. They wanna quit. D'you know why? Nossir, but I do!"

Smilingly he leaned back in his seat.

"And jest to prove to you, mister, that I'm telling you the plain, goldarned truth," he went on, "I'll tell you sumthin' what you reckon's known to jest you and yore directors. I'll tell you why you're travelling North to-night.

"If you can tell me that," said Charlie, striving desperately to keep his voice steady, "I'll believe this other that you've told me."

"You're travelling to Newcastle," said Gurk, "to sign on a kid called Jimmy Dunn, who keeps goal for Barton's Turbine Works team."

"How did you learn this?" asked Charlie thickly.

Gurk's smile broadened.

"Because me and my gang are in on the first football racket ever to be worked in this country," he explained. "We come over from Chicago specially to smash the Swifts, Mister Fraser. We've been hired to do it. Twenty-five thousand pounds is to be paid us when you drop into the Second Division at the end of this season. There's another twenty-five thousand when you goes down into the Third Division at the end of next season, and a final twenty-five thousand when you closes up altogether!"

Charlie Fraser tensed in his seat.

"And—who is paying you this money?" he asked.

Gurk shook his head.

"He's a gent what you know well," he said. "A gent mighty high up in the football world. But I ain't tellin' you his name. Nossir, it ain't likely—"

Bang! His gun exploded as Charlie Fraser leapt at him. With a strangled cry the football manager staggered back, his hands clawing at his throat. Then as he crashed to the floor, a limp and huddled heap, Gurk rose swiftly to his feet and switched out the lights in the compartment.

Jimmy Dunn Signs On.

WORKING in the dim light which filtered through from the corridor, Gurk exerted all his strength, and hoisting the dead man on to the seat, he laid an open newspaper across his face to give the impression that he merely slept.

That done, he pulled down the blinds in the compartment and, stepping into the corridor, shut the door behind him.

A quick glance up and down assured him that for the moment the corridor was deserted. With rapid strides the gangster reached the end of it and passed through the connecting door into the next coach.

Four coaches he put between himself and the scene of his crime, before he came to what he was seeking—another empty compartment.

Stepping inside, he switched out the light and pulled down the blinds of the corridor windows. Then, moving swiftly to the opposite door, he lowered the window and, leaning out, peered up into the night.

As his eyes became attuned to the darkness, he saw dimly silhouetted against the blue-black of the sky a small black-winged monoplane, which was keeping pace with the express.

With a soft exclamation of satisfaction, Gurk drew a tiny flashlight from his pocket and next moment its little silver beam was dot-dashing up into the night.

There came in reply one swift flash of light from

the airplane, and pocketing his torch, the gangster groped for the outside handle of the door.

As it turned in his grip, it took all his great strength to prevent the door from crashing violently back in the terrific rush of air.

But, carefully, Gurk eased it back until it was wide open; then, lowering himself to the footboard, he crouched there peering up into the night.

The monoplane was very low, but the thunder of its engine was lost in the roar of the train and the beat of the racing wheels. As Gurk watched, he saw a rope ladder, weighted at the bottom, come trailing along the side of the train towards him.

Closer and closer it came and the gangster tensed. Then suddenly he pounced, gripping hands outflung. There was a fearful jerk at his arms and next moment he was swinging madly in mid-air.

Hanging grimly on until he had recovered his breath, Gurk went hand over hand up the ladder, half-scrambling and half-falling into the rear cockpit, where another man was seated.

"H'lo, Bud!" he panted. "Gosh, but that was some climb!"

"What happened?" snapped the other man. "Did you get him?"

"Sure I got him!" answered Gurk. "Plugged him through the throat when he jumped me!"

"Oke!" said the other man decisively, and turning, he spoke to the pilot in the forward cockpit. "Make a landing. We'll ring Jennifer from an A.A. telephone-box!"

Obediently, the pilot pushed forward his control stick and throttled down. Less than fifteen minutes later, the man, Bud, was putting through a call to an hotel in Newcastle.

"That you, Jennifer?" he said. "Bud speaking. G's fixed it. Yeah, everything's dandy. Wait for the morning papers, though, afore you sign up the kid. Yeah. Okay. S'long!"

With that he hung up the receiver and quitted the box, as Captain Silas Jennifer at the other end of the line was also laying down the receiver.

Tall, thin, saturnine of feature and always immaculately dressed, Captain Silas Jennifer, manager of the famous Red Rovers team, was a well-known figure in the world of football.

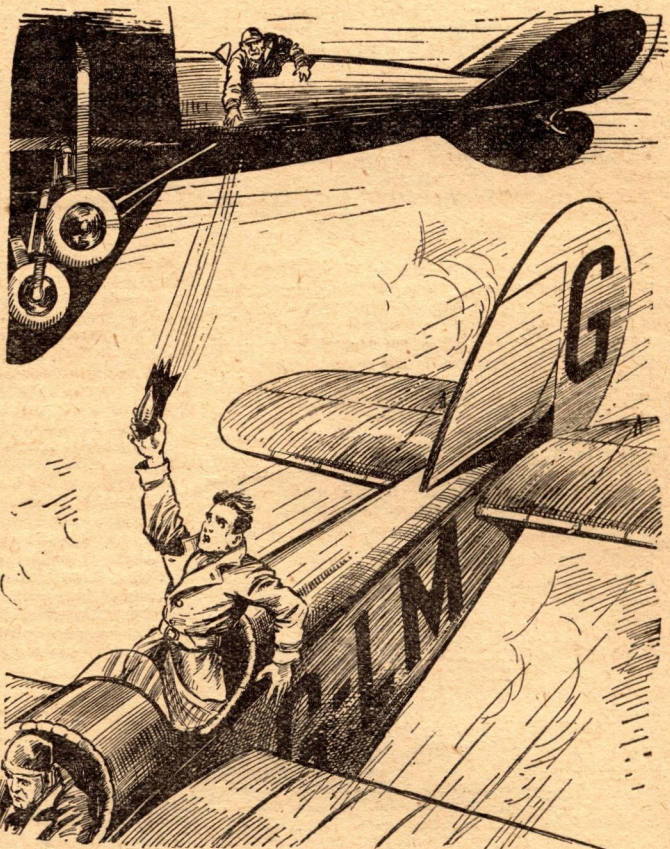
He was not popular, for men respected rather than liked him, but he was a wizard at management. Under his guidance the Red Rovers had last season won promotion from the Second Division and this season were carrying all before them in the First League.

Now, as he turned away from the telephone cabinet and strolled into the lounge, there was the

faintest shadow of a smile on his thin lips and a gleam of triumph in his dark and deep-set eyes.

Pressing the bell, he ordered a whisky-and-soda and told the waiter to send his chauffeur to him.

"I want you to have the car ready at eight in the morning, Haines," he said when his stockily built chauffeur was standing before him. "We're going out to Heaton!"



WELL SAVED, GOALIE!—The bomb hurtled straight for the Hawk. Jimmy saw it coming, however; his hands whipped upwards with magic speed and caught the deadly missile.

"Yes, sir," nodded Haines.

Jennifer smiled.

"To sign up Jimmy Dunn," he added.

Death in the Air.

WHEN, shortly after eight o'clock the following morning, Jennifer knocked on the door of the unpretentious little house in Heaton where Jimmy Dunn lived with his widowed mother, it was Jimmy himself, youthful and tousle-headed, who appeared.

"Hallo?" he said in obvious surprise. "You?"

"Yes, Jimmy," said Jennifer quietly. "You have seen the papers this morning?"

"You mean about the death of Mr. Fraser?" said Jimmy. "Yes, I've seen that."

"I was just leaving for London early this morning when I heard the news," lied Jennifer. "May I come in?"

Jimmy hesitated a moment.

"Yes, all right," he said, standing aside to let Jennifer into the little living-room.

"Of course, this makes a difference to you, Jimmy," said the manager of the Red Rovers. "Fraser was on his way here to sign you on for the Swifts. You admitted that much to me last night."

"Well?"

"Well, he obviously can't sign you now," went on Jennifer. "The Swifts'll be getting a new manager. He might not want you, Jimmy. We do!"

He produced some folded papers from his pocket.

"Sign on for the Rovers now and we'll play you against Manchester City at Manchester this afternoon," he said. "Come on, lad, don't be a fool. We're offering you maximum winter and summer wages and we'll guarantee your benefit!"

"No, sir!" said Jimmy firmly.

Captain Jennifer looked at him sharply.

"But what I'm trying to explain to you," he said patiently, "is that the Swifts mightn't want you now—"

"I'm sorry, Captain," cut in a pleasant voice behind him, "but the Swifts do want him!"

Wheeling, Jennifer found himself confronted by A. V. Laidlaw, the Swifts' International centre-forward.

"How the dickens did you get here?" he snapped.

"I flew here after seeing Charlie Fraser off on the train last night," explained A.V. "We've been beaten on the post in too many deals this season to take any risks in this one. Charlie and I decided that we'd both come after Jimmy and"—grimly—"in the light of what's happened, it's a good job we did."

"But you don't think the death of poor Fraser had anything to do with the signing on of the boy, here, do you?" asked Jennifer quickly.

"It might be rather embarrassing for your club if I did think that," returned Laidlaw bluntly. "You're the only club to get wind of our being after him. But I'm afraid you're too late. He's signed on for the Swifts and he plays against Liverpool at the Stadium this afternoon."

Jennifer bit his lip, the blood flushing darkly to his swarthy face.

"How are you going to get him to the Stadium in time?" he demanded.

"We're flying there," answered Laidlaw. "Good morning, Jennifer!"

Thus abruptly dismissed, Jennifer turned on his heel and strode to the door. On the threshold he paused as though about to say something, but checking the words, he crammed his hat on his head and strode out to his car, his face convulsed with fury.

"The nearest post office, quick!" he rapped to the chauffeur, and slamming the door, flung himself back on the cushions.

It was a few minutes later that Jimmy, carrying a bulging bag, quitted his home with A. V. Laidlaw and was whirled up to the Gosforth flying field in a fast taxi.

It was Laidlaw's own blue and silver Hawk machine which was waiting for them, for the famous amateur was an enthusiastic and first-class pilot.

Laidlaw lost no time in taking off, and soon he and Jimmy were thundering southwards towards London.

Even yet the lad could scarcely believe his luck. It seemed incredible that he, Jimmy Dunn, of Barton's Turbine Works team, was going to turn

out that afternoon for the famous Swifts. It mattered not a jot to Jimmy that the club had now fallen on evil days. Poor Mr. Fraser had found him, had offered him his chance, and Jimmy was determined to stick to the club through thick and thin.

That there was something radically wrong as far as the Swifts were concerned, some sinister menace moving behind the scenes, Jimmy knew from one or two hints Laidlaw had let drop. But just what that menace was and how closely it was connected with the death of Charles Fraser, the boy did not know; nor did he think that Laidlaw knew.

A sudden shout from Laidlaw broke in on the boy's thoughts then. Following the centre-forward's pointing finger, Jimmy saw a small, black monoplane closing in on them at terrific speed.

"That fellow's coming too close!" shouted Laidlaw, his voice audible above the thunder of the engine. "Watch him!"

Roaring low overhead, the black monoplane pulled a sharp wing turn, and banking, came about to take up position at less than twenty feet above Laidlaw's blue and silver Hawk.

As it did so a man leaned out of the rear cockpit, a black, torpedo-shaped object about a foot in length in his gloved hand.

"My hat!" shouted Laidlaw. "That's a bomb, Jimmy!"

With the words he yanked his stick hard across and kicked on full rudder. But with amazing skill the pilot of the black monoplane anticipated the move. As the little blue and silver Hawk whirled outwards, the monoplane followed, still covering it relentlessly and allowing the man in the rear cockpit to take calculated aim.

Again Laidlaw whirled, preparatory to falling away into a spin, but already the bomb was dropping through those few feet of space.

Jimmy saw it coming and he had one split instant of time in which to act. Never in all his life had he dreamt that the co-ordination between eye, nerve and muscle could be put to so grim a test.

The boy's hands whipped upwards, moving with that swift magic which had amazed Charlie Fraser, when he had seen them rising to a cannon-ball shot. One hand touched the sides of the bomb, gripped it, and in the same movement hurled it away into space.

Simultaneously, A. V. Laidlaw dropped the Hawk into a spin and as it fell earthwards the black monoplane whirled round and thundered off the way it had come.

At less than two hundred feet, Laidlaw pulled out of the spin and turned set face to Jimmy.

"That was some save, Jimmy!" he said grimly. "I'll lay a thousand pounds to a penny that those fellows are the ones who got Charlie!"

The Threat.

WHETHER Charlie Fraser's sensational death or Jimmy Dunn's appearance attracted the huge crowd that jostled into the Stadium that afternoon will never be known. But long before the time for the kick-off the ground was packed to capacity.

In the Swifts' dressing-room, A. V. Laidlaw turned to Jimmy, who was chatting with another player while changing.

"How are you feeling, kid?" the centre-forward asked.

"Oh, fine!" laughed Jimmy, a little shakily. "You'll be all right once you're out there," said the burly Bob Hawkins, left back and captain of the team. "Ready, lads?"

(Continued on page 20.)

MAKE YOUR OWN RADIO RECEIVER.

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS
FOR ASSEMBLING THE
B.M. WIRELESS SET.

More About that Short Wave Set

LAST lap now! We're going to wire up the set, and it's not a very long job.

We think the best stuff for wiring is that stiff wire with a red covering which you can strip off wherever you want to make a loop. Whatever you use, it *must be insulated*.

Notice that we have numbered every connection. As you make each of them cross it off on the list given below.

(1) is the four-inch loose end from the top of the grid coil, and is connected under the *nearer* terminal of fixed condenser C.

(2) joins the *same* terminal on C to the nearer terminal of fixed condenser D.

(3) joins the other terminal on D to the *fixed* vanes of the tuning variable condenser G.

(4) runs from the grid terminal of the right-hand valve-holder to the terminal on fixed condenser C, to which you have already fixed one end of the resistance J.

(5) is the bottom end of the grid coil which you have joined up to the earth terminal.

(6) One end of this must be joined with a little screw and nut to the clip on the other end of the 3 megohm resistance J. Hook up the free end of wire (6) to the outer terminal of the valve-holder, but make sure the metal cap and clip of the resistance are quite clear of the terminal on fixed condenser C.

(7) and (8) can be in one piece. Join one end to the

moving vanes of the left-hand (reaction) variable condenser H. By this we mean, of course, the terminal connected to them! Then in passing, make a turn round the moving vanes terminal of the tuning condenser G, having first bared the wire of its insulation. Allow plenty of wire, so you can bend it neatly, and keep it clear of all other wires and metal parts. Join the end then to earth terminal on panel.

(9) is the long end from the reaction coil. This you have linked up to the fixed vanes of variable condenser H.

(10) and (11) can be one piece, should be, in fact. One end goes to one terminal of the switch K on the panel. Give a loop round the far terminal of the valve-holder on the left (filament), stripping off enough insulation first, and then secure the free end under the corresponding filament terminal of the right-hand valve-holder.

(12) and (17) should be one length. One end is fastened to the *left* hand of the three terminals on the block L. Make a turn (baring the wire first) under the nearer filament terminal of the left-hand valve-holder, then fasten the other end under the terminal screw corresponding on the right-hand valve-holder.

Last week we gave a small diagram of the terminals of a valve-holder. You'll see the peg holes are arranged in a special way, so the valve can only be put in one way, and that the proper one.

(13) is the seven-inch free end from the reaction winding of the coil. Secure this under the plate (left hand) terminal of the right-hand valve-holder. If you have enough wire in this length to stretch across to one terminal of your high-frequency choke E, do so. This will be (14), which you must join up with a separate length if (13) wasn't long enough.

(15) connects the *other* terminal of the high-frequency choke E to the terminal on the low-frequency transformer B, marked P, or "Plate."

(16) One end of this is joined to the H T terminal on the low-frequency transformer B, and its other end swings round to the middle terminal on the block L.

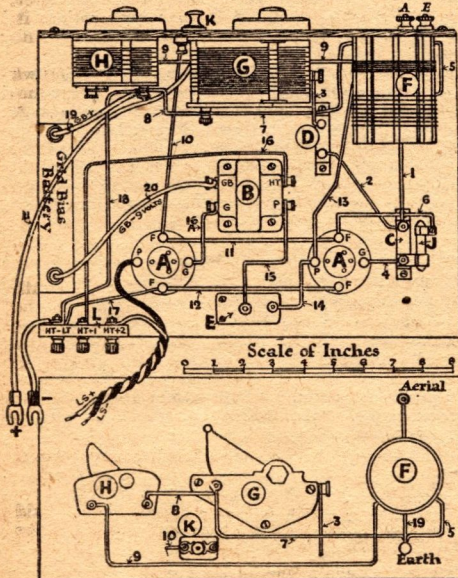
(16a) joins terminal G on the low-frequency transformer with the right-hand (grid) terminal on the left-hand valve-holder.

(17) is already done.

(18) links up the left-hand terminal on block L with the moving vanes terminal on variable condenser H, to which you joined one end of (8).

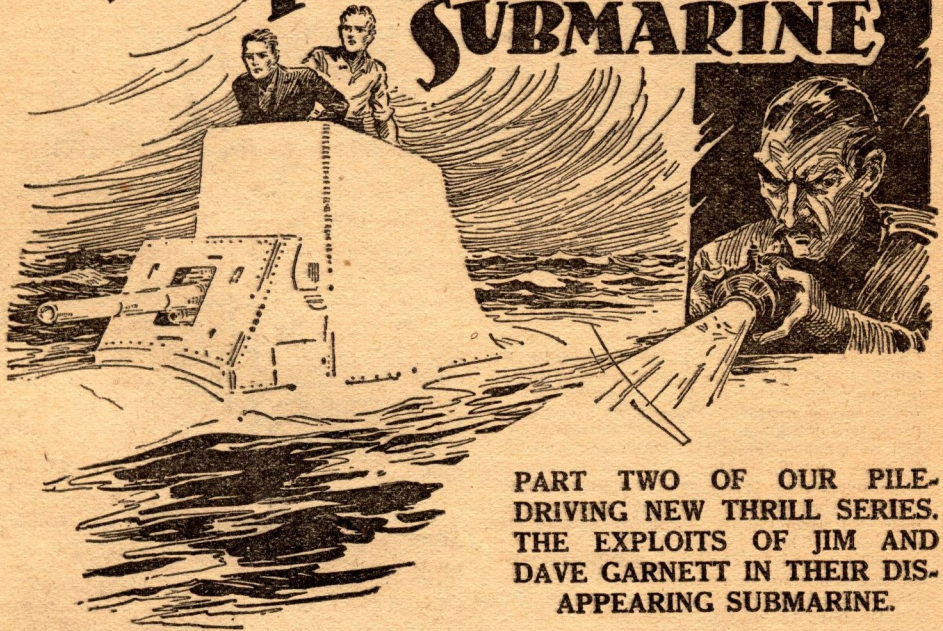
(Continued on page 24.)

YOU Can Build this Highly Efficient Wireless Receiver by following the Simple Directions of the Mag's Radio Expert. Below is the last of these instructive chats. You can obtain the issues of B.M. containing the First Two from our Back Number Dept. (Price 3d. each in stamps including postage).



A CITY OF MECHANICAL MARVELS UNDER THE OCEAN!

The INVISIBLE SUBMARINE



PART TWO OF OUR PILE-DRIVING NEW THRILL SERIES. THE EXPLOITS OF JIM AND DAVE GARNETT IN THEIR DIS-APPEARING SUBMARINE.

Krandt's H.Q.

AT fifty miles an hour the Invisible Submarine sped across the surface of the Atlantic, approaching two solitary unwinking lights, which marked the dark shape of a steamer anchored in mid-ocean.

Jim Garnett was standing in the conning-tower of the wonder craft. Capable of attaining a speed of thirty-five miles an hour below the surface, she was also rendered invisible by a mysterious electric ray invented by John Garnett, father of the two boys on board. Suddenly Jim gave an exclamation: "That must be the ship, Dave, which hides the entrance to Krandt's great underwater bell where dad is held a prisoner!"

Dave, his brother, operated the submarine's controls, and his skilful hands steered the craft unseen alongside the mysterious vessel.

Two minutes later they were scrambling up a long rope which tethered a dinghy astern the enemy vessel. Jim dropped noiselessly to the deck, Dave following. Stealthily they tip-toed towards a hatchway.

Suddenly came a sound behind the boys. They whirled round, hearts beating wildly, as a huge, towering figure loomed out of the shadows.

"C'm on, Jim!" Dave hissed. "Quick!"

They wheeled and at the same time a shaft of light from a near-by port-hole fell upon the dark features of a massive Zulu, and gleamed upon his glistening body, naked to the waist.

Then another sound reached them—the tramp of feet—approaching. Dark figures were looming out of the shadows; there was the ominous glint of rifles with fixed bayonets.

No time to reach that hatchway now. They were trapped. Caught between two fires!

As these despairing thoughts flashed through Dave's mind, two dusky hands gripped both boys' shoulders. Struggling violently, they were dragged ruthlessly backwards into the shadows cast by a number of packing-cases.

"Fear not," came the Zulu's rumbling voice. "I am thy friend, and the friend of the Incubus, thy honoured father!"

Next moment Dave and Jim were lifted with super-human strength and dropped into a straw-lined packing-case. The Zulu slammed the lid into place, a split-second before the armed patrol reached the spot.

Even while Jim and Dave were still recovering from their surprise at this unexpected help, the sharp, clipped tones of the officer-in-charge forced a gasp of astonishment from Dave's lips.

"It's Francis Lener, Jim!" he cried.

"What, Krandt's aide-de-camp, the chap who told us that yarn about Krandt holding Dad a prisoner in a great under-water bell in the middle of the Atlantic?" Jim wondered.

Dave nodded. "He must have flown here by 'plane," he said.

Both boys listened with bated breath as Lener addressed the Zulu. "Follow me, Noga!" Lener rapped curtly. "And bring that case with you!"

Their hearts sank. Surely that order could mean but one thing? Lener knew of their hiding-place!

The next moment they felt the case lifted in Noga's gigantic arms. He staggered after Lener to the elevator shaft, which penetrated through the ship's hull to the secret, hidden bell far below the sea's surface.

There was a jolt as the Zulu put the case down.

Then came a soft, high-pitched hum and they were descending swiftly. From the peculiar sensation, Dave knew they were in a lift. Would the boys see Krandst's secret, sinister preparations to conquer the world?

After what seemed an eternity the elevator stopped with a bump. Again the case was lifted by the Zulu's mighty hands and arms. The boys, peering through cracks in the case, noted a kind of guard-house surrounding the foot of the lift-shaft. Scores of grey-clad soldiers barred the exit. Evidently Krandst took no chances of any unauthorised person slipping through to the ship above and to possible freedom.

The scene faded as Noga strode onwards at Lener's heels. To the lads' ears came the dull thunder and drone of mighty machinery, the clang of hammers, the hum of dynamos. They saw columns of slaves working feverishly under armed escorts. They noted, round-eyed, the mighty factories towering high above them. Finally, into their limited range of vision came a strange, dome-shaped building, which, unknown to them, was Krandst's headquarters.

Surmounting the dome was a tall, wireless mast. A massive cable stretched across to another mast which was located on the top of a great store-house. Here, in special vaults, Krandst had stored racks of the fearful ray-projectors containing the dreadful Yellow Ray—a ray that could dissolve into thin air anything it touched. Tiny figures swarmed about these masts; for repair work was proceeding.

In another moment the boys were carried inside. A second elevator whisked them swiftly upwards. They passed through several corridors and large rooms before Lener halted outside a smaller apartment. Here he bade Noga deposit the case in a corner.

"All right, you can go!" the aide-de-camp snapped. "I will consult the All High. When the case is packed, you will return and take it back to the ship!"

Noga rumbled a response. Then his ears burned, and his eyes flashed with the battle-light, as a sound reached him—the moan of a man in terrible pain. The Zulu recognised the voice. It was that of John Garnett. Some months previously the boys' father had set out to fly round the world. He had been forced down in the Atlantic, however, and had been captured by Krandst.

"That's dad's voice!" Dave cried, for the boys had heard the moan clearly.

Again came that stifled groan of agony. And they saw red. With a single thrust they sent the lid of the case crashing back. Then, both took a flying leap for Lener's back. His startled exclamation was choked off as Dave's arms clamped around his neck. Jim tackled him round the waist, and Lener crashed to the floor, the boys on top of him.

With a rumble of approval, Noga leapt to their aid. In a matter of seconds Lener was overpowered, securely trussed up with some rope which they found in the case, and bundled unceremoniously out of sight. Then, as another wild, agonised cry reached them, the boys slammed the door open and burst into the room.

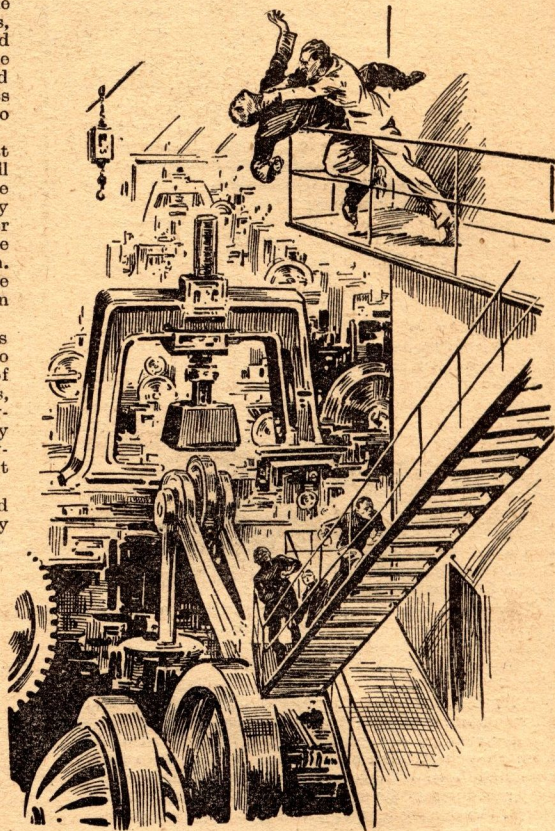
Tremendous Odds.

AN amazing scene confronted the boys. Stretched helplessly upon what appeared to be a modern form of that devilish instrument of torture—the rack—lay John Garnett.

His face was white with pain, beads of perspiration

stood out on his forehead. Yet he stared defiantly at the queer, malignant figure which bent gloatingly over him.

"For the last time," the strange figure was crying shrilly, "tell me the secret of the Invisible Submarine?"



FIGHTING A FIEND.—Relentlessly, Krandst forced John Garnett over the rail. Could the boys reach him before he was hurled beneath those pounding hammers?

"You're—you're wasting your time, Krandst!" gasped the inventor.

Krandst bent closer, his evil eyes blazing, his hairless head wagging from side to side, his thin, claw-like hands poised like the evil talons of a vulture.

"I want that formula, Garnett!" he whispered, "and I mean—"

The arch-fiend broke off as he turned with a wild cry of rage to face the intruders. With a sweep of his powerful arm, Noga thrust the boys aside and stepped towards Krandst.

"Stand forth, thou Evil One!" he thundered. "Long have I waited for the moment when thou shouldst face thy slave in fair combat."

Contempt gleamed in the Zulu's eyes as with a careless sweep of his hands, he thrust aside the desk which separated him from his enemy.

He leapt towards Krandst, his great arms whirling

like flails. Dave followed, while Jim moved to sever John Garnett's hands.

With a shrill snarl, Krandst touched a button on his desk to summon his bodyguard. Pressure on another button sent a secret panel sliding back, revealing a dark cavity. Krandst stepped backwards into the cavity, escaping Noga's formidable assault by a hairsbreadth. The panel slid back into place. Krandst had gone.

Meanwhile, Jim had locked the door through which they had come. John Garnett had risen stiffly to his feet, his face white and drawn after his terrible ordeal. From the outside came the cries of the soldiers running in answer to Krandst's summons, followed by a heavy hammering on the door. Noga leapt towards the window.

"This way, O my masters!" he boomed. As they scrambled over the sill on to the parapet beyond, the Zulu pointed downwards. "That is thy path," he told them. "I climb towards the stars."

"You mean, act as a decoy?" Jim gasped.

"Truly spoken!" Noga nodded.

Before the others could protest, the Zulu had commenced to ascend the slippery, domed roof. There was not a moment to lose, and Jim and Dane, assisting their father, scrambled slowly down the skyscraper sides of the building to the ground far below.

Staring upwards, Dave saw Krandst's men at the window they had just vacated. Rifles were turned on the ascending figure of the Zulu, and bullets hummed past him.

Booming defiance, he clambered upwards until jutting masonry hid him from their sight. On hands and knees he crawled towards the base of the radio mast, from which the score of slaves working upon it had fled panic-stricken.

Meanwhile, panting, gasping, perspiration streaming from every pore, the Garnetts clambered with all speed down the building.

"Stick it, dad!" Dave jerked. "We're nearly there!"

"Thanks to Noga!" panted Jim, grimly, and all wondered how the intrepid Zulu was faring!

They reached the ground, but a fusillade of shots from above spattered about them, telling them their ruse had been discovered. With pounding hearts, they raced across the square, expecting every moment to feel the deadly bite of a bullet in their backs.

Then they came in sight of the great ray-projector store-house—and something else. A party of guards, led by Krandst himself, appeared.

In Krandst's hand was a bomb. He no longer wanted John Garnett for the Invisible Submarine was in his power.

His arm came over, his face diabolical with evil triumph, as he made to throw the infernal machine, which would blow the Garnetts to smithereens.

ON the domed roof high above, Noga found himself hemmed in on all sides by Krandst's minions.

Desperately he sought some means of escape. A low grunt broke from him as his eyes lighted on the great power cable stretching from the dome to the store-house.

At that moment a cry reached him from far below—Dave's voice. The Zulu saw Krandst's appearance, and he realised that his plan would serve a double purpose. With a mighty leap he grabbed a rope, dangling from the mast-top, and swarmed up it like a huge monkey. He reached the massive cable on which were a couple of pot insulators not yet fixed in place.

SCARLET STREAMERS!

Rivalry and Daring in the Air during the Great War! A Yarn that will make Your Hearts Miss a Beat in every line. And it's been Specially Written for you by ARCH WHITEHOUSE. That's One You Mustn't Miss. And Here's Another:

DICK TURPIN'S SCHOOLDAYS.

No. 1 of a Great New Series Telling of the Exciting Exploits of the Hero Highwayman at School.

LIGHTNING FIST!

The Next Move of the Gangsters of the League against the Swifts, and More Fireworks on the Field by Jimmy Dunn, the Big-Shot Goalie.

WHALE AND WHOA!

More Midriff Tickling Escapades of LAUREL AND HARDY. Also "The Invisible Submarine," "Blizzard Ranger," "Menace of the Monsters." ALL these Treats Next Week, Chums.

Noga seized these and with a powerful thrust went whizzing towards the storehouse roof.

Like a bolt from the blue the Zulu zoomed down towards the Garnetts. He had almost reached Krandst as the arch-villain raised his arm to hurl the bomb and he let go his hold. Down, down he dropped and his feet caught Krandst between the shoulders. The Dictator went crashing to the ground while the bomb flew through the air straight for the door of the great storehouse.

Boooooom! The bomb exploded with a terrific roar and a fearful blast of air skittled the men like ninepins. Debris showered about the crouching Garnetts and their dusky companion. Splinters of steel hummed past them, and buried themselves into the earth.

"It is well!" roared the Zulu, staggering to his feet. "See," he pointed a quivering finger through the drifting smoke. A gaping hole showed where once had been impenetrable steel doors. "The way is open. Come! Follow me!"

Half-dazed though they were, the boys and the inventor obeyed without question.

"What's the game, Dave?" Jim gasped. "This isn't the way to the lift-shaft?"

John Garnett answered grimly. "Noga's out to grab some of those ray-projectors, boys. Only with those terrible weapons do we stand a chance of forcing our way through the guards at the elevator shaft."

"And that's where they are kept?" broke in Dave, as they left the guards still too staggered by that tremendous explosion to interfere.

Garnett nodded. The next moment they had crossed over the threshold of the storehouse, hard on the Zulu's heels. Then they stopped short as a shrill, menacing voice mocked them from the utter blackness.

Krandst stood there, a ray-projector in his hands, his evil features convulsed with fury.

"Stand where you are," he cried, "unless you want the Yellow Ray to—!"

With one mighty, fearless leap, and a careless blow of his fist, the Mighty Noga brushed the weapon from the arch-fiend's grasp.

"Ho, thou Evil One!" the Zulu boomed, contemptuously. "Wouldst pit thy puny strength against the mightiest of the Ignosi?"

Dave and Jim had leapt to the racks flanking the walls on which were stored the ray-projectors. They

grabbed one apiece, as, with a scream of frustrated rage, Krandst turned and fled into the darkness in mortal terror of his life.

Noga was about to follow when a horde of Krandst's guards poured through the door. Uttering the blood-curdling Zulu battle-cry, Noga swung round, and leapt towards the oncoming soldiers, as John Garnett, grim and white-lipped, dashed after the fleeing Krandst.

Whipping up the ray-projector which Krandst had dropped, Noga whirled it round his head like a mighty club. At such close quarters the guards found difficulty in using their weapons; and Noga's whirlwind attack drove them back.

Yet force of numbers must have told in the end had it not been for Dave and Jim. Grimly, they levelled their ray-projectors at the milling guards.

Blue flame leapt from the nozzles, a queer humming sound assailed their ears. Then, before their astonished eyes, the guards faded into thin air, disappearing like puffs of smoke before the breeze.

Sickened and nauseated, the boys did not

relent. Until those of the attackers who were left, turned and fled.

"Ho, that was a battle worthy of the Gods!" Noga bellowed.

He eyed the ray-projectors regretfully, his nostrils quivering with the lust to kill. It seemed a pity to the Zulu that the boys had not allowed him to fight and conquer even such overwhelming odds on his own.

Then, they were racing through another door which led into a great factory adjoining the storehouse.

A thunderous roar of mighty machinery dinned in their ears. The boys stared wonderingly around the tremendous factory, tiered with a dozen or more galleries; while, below, mighty steel hammers pounded ceaselessly.

Then as their eyes turned roofwards, Noga let out a mighty cry and pointed at two tiny figures, poised perilously on the top-most tier by the roof; John Garnett and Krandst locked in a desperate fight for life.

Usually the inventor would have been more than a match for the arch-fiend, but after the awful ordeal of torture that he had endured, much of John Garnett's strength had been sapped.

"Quick!" cried Dave. "Come on, Jim—Noga!" White-faced, panting, the boys and the Zulu raced for the nearest spidery steel ladder. Reckless of a fall to those terrible hammers far below, the boys and their dusky companion clambered up the ladders, raced along narrow, steel platforms.

Suddenly Dave gave a yell of horror, pointing with a quivering finger. The inventor had slipped, and Krandst, mouthing with triumph, was forcing him backwards over the narrow safety rail.

As if possessed of demons, the boys and Noga climbed. Could they reach the inventor in time? Would his strength hold out?

In those terrible moments, it seemed to the boys that they were hardly moving. Further and further Krandst forced their father over the rail.

Then, with a super-human effort, the inventor wrested himself free. He staggered sideways, poised for a moment upon the brink of eternity, recovered his balance, and then leapt towards Krandst with renewed fury.

"Stick it, Dad! We're coming!" Dave shouted, as he reached the gallery, where his father was battling. The combatants swayed towards a dark opening; the entrance



A BLACK FROM THE BLUE.—Down the cable whizzed the Zulu. His feet thudded into Krandst's back as the villain was about to hurl the bomb at John Garnett and his sons.

to the express lift which operated from top to bottom of the great building.

"Look out, Dad!" Dave roared, horror-stricken.

With a wild cry, Krandst wriggled free from the inventor. He leapt backwards through the opening, and disappeared.

At the same moment, the boys and Noga reached John Garnett. The lift cables were moving rapidly, showing the manner of Krandst's escape.

"You all right, Dad!" Dave gasped, as he seized the inventor's arm.

Garnett nodded grimly. "Come on, boys—and you, Noga. We've got to get out of here," he jerked. "We've got to make for the elevator shaft. With those ray-projectors we may be able to escape. It's

THE BIG SHOT GOALIE

(Continued from page 14.)

The black and yellow flag of the club was flying at half mast as the Swifts trotted on to the field, and each member of the team was wearing a black armband.

A terrific roar of cheering greeted their appearance, for even their bitterest critics felt sorry for the Swifts that day. Another prolonged roar welcomed the mighty Liverpool eleven. The referee called the captains together, a coin was spun, and almost before Jimmy realised it the ball had been kicked-off and the Liverpool forward line was sweeping down the field towards him.

Gosh, that was quick work, reflected Jimmy, but he might have expected it. The Liverpool forward line was one of the fastest in the League, and already the outside left was racing in with the ball at his toes.

Taylor, the Swifts' right back, rushed to intercept him, but was left floundering. Then, as the ball came hard and fast across the goalmouth, the Liverpool inside right took it on the run and crashed in a screaming pile-driver.

But Jimmy was there, his upflung hands tipping the ball over the bar for a corner. From the packed stands and every part of the vast stadium came a deafening roar, applauding that brilliant save.

From the corner kick the ball was lobbed into the goalmouth. Heads lifted to meet it, but Jimmy's fist was there first, punching it clear. Grayson, the right half, secured and, with a long pass, sent A. V. Laidlaw away.

Drawing the Liverpool half, Laidlaw feinted, rounded him, and sent the ball hard and fast out to the left wing. But the movement was broken up by Liverpool's stalwart backs, great pillars of defence, and again the Merseysiders came sweeping down the field.

From man to man went the ball, the whole forward line moving like the perfect piece of mechanism it was. The Swifts' halves were left helpless, and drawing the burly Hawkins, the Liverpool inside-right tapped the ball to his centre-forward, who smashed in a terrific drive.

Desperately Jimmy flung himself full length across the goal, just reaching the ball to turn it round the post for another corner.

A delirious roar from the crowd greeted the save, for it had looked a certain goal the whole way. For most of the first half, Liverpool pressed, bombarding Jimmy's goal from every angle. Only his magic hands, his pantherlike swiftness, his superb skill prevented the Merseysiders from scoring.

Yet it was during the last few minutes of the first half that the Swifts scored.

A. V. Laidlaw secured from a huge kick by the Swifts' right back and sent his outside right away. Down to the corner flag went the winger, then

about one chance in ten thousand, but it's our duty to warn the world, if possible, of what Krandst has in store."

"Koom!" thundered Noga respectfully, giving the royal salute of the Zulus. "Thou art right, O Inoubu! Lead on, O Great One! We follow!"

Without more ado the Garnetts and Noga vacated the factory, and raced towards the solitary exit from the bell; determined to make their escape, to reach the Invisible Submarine, and hasten back to England to warn their country and the world of Krandst's evil plans.

Don't miss the thrilling adventures of the Garnetts in *The Invisible Submarine* next week, telling of their desperate attempt to escape from the undersea prison.

lobbed the ball across in a perfect centre. The famous amateur centre-forward got his head to the ball and flashed it into the net.

The second half of the match was a repetition of the first. Liverpool did everything but score, and it was only the brilliant keeping of Jimmy which kept them out.

Then with one minute to go and the Swifts still leading by a goal to nil there came tragedy which brought a groan of dismay from the home supporters.

Taylor, the Swifts' right back, in a desperate effort to clear, handled in the penalty area and the Merseysiders were awarded a penalty.

A tense expectant silence settled on the vast stadium as the Liverpool forward, who was to take the kick, ran in towards the spotted ball.

Next instant it was streaking like lightning along the ground for the right-hand corner of the net. But Jimmy was there, hurling himself full length to smother the ball; then, leaping to his feet he flung it far up the field as a delirious and frenzied roar burst from fifty thousand throats, completely drowning the shrill blast of the referee's whistle for time.

* * * * *

LATER that evening Laidlaw and Jimmy were sitting in the former's flat, which he had insisted Jimmy should share with him, instead of finding rooms of his own.

The sudden shrill ringing of the telephone bell cut in on their conversation.

"Hullo?" said Laidlaw, lifting the receiver.

"Is that you, Mr. Laidlaw?" inquired a quiet and cultured voice at the other end of the line.

"Yes," said Laidlaw.

"I understand you have accepted the manager-ship of the Swifts?" went on the voice.

"Yes, I have," said Laidlaw, "but—"

"Then it is my unpleasant duty to warn you, Mr. Laidlaw," cut in the voice purringly, "that unless you resign immediately you will meet a similar fate to that of Fraser. Oh, and Mr. Laidlaw, the same applies to your new goalkeeper Jimmy Dunn. If he turns out again for the Swifts it will be the last match he will ever play."

With that the line went dead. The unknown had rung off. But of one thing A. V. Laidlaw was certain. It was not Captain Jennifer's voice that he had heard.

"We're right in what we suspect, Jimmy," said Laidlaw, grimly, turning to the boy. "There is someone behind the scenes—a mysterious individual who for some unearthly reason is out to smash the Swifts. I've just had the privilege of being rung up by him!"

Like this unusual Footer yarn, chums? There's plenty of punch in "Lightning Fist," the second part of George Rochester's top-notch Soccer yarn.

The Yarns that are
Funnier than the Films.

Keep Smiling With
LAUREL AND HARDY!

This Week They Join the
North-West Mounted Police.



If You Can't Get Your Man—Get His
Goat! That's How the Famous Film
Funny Men Read the Mounties'
Motto when They were Sent Out
after the Toughest Crook in the North.

Coppers by Chance.

"W-W-WHERE are w-w-we now?" said Stan Laurel, through chattering teeth. "H-have w-w-we r-reached the N-n-n-north P-p-pole y-yet?"

Hardy drew his threadbare coat closer around him in a vain attempt to keep out the many draughts that whistled through the railway truck as it thudded along the rails. Once again our happy hoboes were taking a ride at the railway's expense in a North-bound freight-train, but it was an unwelcome ride this time! They had intended to head for the nice warm South, but through a little misunderstanding of Laurel's as to the points of the compass, they had boarded a train going in the wrong direction.

Hardy didn't reply immediately to Laurel's shivering question, but poked his head above the side of the truck. They were approaching a scattered collection of log buildings, clustering round the rail track. The place seemed little more than a mere railway depot, but presently Hardy was able to make out a notice by the trackside. *Fort Caribou* it announced, *North West Territory*.

"Well," gulped Hardy, through the icicles that had settled on his moustache, "I don't know where we are—but we're there! The train's slowing down at last! We'd better get off before it takes us clean up into the Arctic regions!"

They did their best to restore the circulation to their perished limbs as the long freight train slowed

down, and eventually came to a hissing standstill at the depot. Then they dropped out of the truck that had been their prison for three unpleasant days, and gazed round.

Fort Caribou didn't prove to be very thrilling. All it consisted of was the inevitable telegraph office, a big steam snow-plough (which had been recently engaged in clearing the track, to judge by the two or three tipping trucks full of slush which stood beside it) and a fort-like building of logs which proved to be the district headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"Mounted Police, h'm?" mused Laurel. "They're the fellows who always get your goat, aren't they?" "Always get their man, you big boob! That's what the saying—(Ohhhhhh! Look out! Here comes the station-master!"

Hardy's peroration was out short by the sudden advent of a large and fiery-looking gent in a peaked cap and a neat blue uniform. He shook his fist in their direction and gave vent to the following sentiments:

"Hoboes by heck! Ding brast you but we don't want your sort here! I'll run you out of town I will! I'll jail you! I'll—"

Laurel and Hardy barked hastily as the fiery gent rushed towards them, brandishing his fist. They dodged hastily round one of the heavily laden snow trucks and then discovered their line of retreat cut off on the other side by the great iron shape of a locomotive!

"Gosh! Here's a pretty to-do!" moaned Hardy. "We look like finishing our long journey in jail!"

But Laurel's master-mind had risen to the occasion. They were behind one of the tipping wagons full of slushy snow and the angry one was rapidly approach-

ing on the opposite side. Laurel looked round until he located the tipping lever of the truck, and then, timing the approach of the pursuer to a nicety, pulled it over.

Whoooooowoooooh! Out tipped half-a-ton of muddy, half-melted snow. They saw the mass descend squarely on that nice peak cap of the blue-uniformed gent, then said gent disappeared entirely.

A head appeared from the mass of slush as Laurel and Hardy tiptoed discreetly past.

"You've gone and properly caused it now!" moaned Hardy, as they hurried away. "He'll search the town for us after that!"

"I've an idea!" said Laurel, brilliantly. "Let's hide in the police depot. They'll never think of looking for us there! We can pretend we want to join up. They say it's difficult to get in the Mounties, but we can pretend we're eager and keep on talking until we can get a chance to dodge that station-master!"

"Stan," said Hardy after a little consideration. "I believe I detect a gleam of intelligence in you at last. Come on. We'll try it."

So boldly they marched into the depot of the Canadian Mounted Police and told the sergeant in charge that they wanted to join. He did not laugh derisively and indicate the exit, as might have been expected; instead, he looked at them searchingly.

"Well, you ain't the kind o' specimens of mankind I would've chosen, but as it happens we're badly in need of extra men. Just step inside the orderly room an' I'll take all particulars."

Before Laurel and Hardy could collect their scattered wits, they were shepherded into the orderly room. The sergeant sat down behind the desk and began firing questions at them.

"Name?" he roared suddenly at Laurel.

"S-stanley," gulped Laurel. "Stanley Laurel, sir."

"Born?"

"Y-yes," gulped Stan nervously.

"I mean *where*?" barked the sergeant.

Laurel apologised hastily, and gave the required information. When the sergeant had taken full particulars, he marched the two funsters to the quarter-master's stores, and in another ten minutes they stood arrayed in the world-famous uniform of the mounties!

The Trail of a Killer.

"NOW," said the sergeant, scowling sternly under the brim of his hat. "The reason why you got into the force so easily is this. Most of the men of Fort Caribou Station are in hospital from serious bullet or knife wounds inflicted by Mad Batiste of Beaver Lakes! He's a French-Canadian trapper. Last spring we hanged his brother for killin' a Blackfoot Injun an' out of revenge Batiste has sworn to kill every Mountie he sets eyes on! So far he's carried out his threat! It's up to you to go out right now to Beaver Lakes and bring him in!"

"Us?" gulped Laurel and Hardy in unison.

"You!" barked the sergeant. "An' remember the motto of the Mounties: *They always get their man!*"

Laurel and Hardy looked at each other helplessly. The sergeant marched them to the orderly room and pointed out their route on the map.

"When you get to Beaver Lakes you won't be long meetin' Mad Batiste, I'll warrant. He's a typical trapper—you couldn't mistake the get-up they wear—an' has a black moustache. Know what a trapper looks like?"

Hardy nodded feebly.

"Good. Now go an' bring him in?"

Another bewildering fifteen minutes and Troopers Laurel and Hardy of the R.C.M.P. found themselves

slithering out of the gates of Fort Caribou behind a team of lively huskies, en route for the Beaver Lakes country and the notorious killer, Mad Batiste!

* * * * *

FAR, far into the frozen North journeyed our two unhappy policemen. They would have liked to have stopped to rest occasionally, but the dogs kept on inexorably, and neither Laurel nor Hardy knew the word to stop them!

To add to his troubles Hardy had to run most of the way—for that was the only way, apparently, one could steer a course, by running behind and manipulating the sled—with the handles at the back. Laurel was much happier about it, because at the outset he had planted himself on top of the gear on the sled!

At last, towards nightfall, Hardy had a brain-wave. He raced forward to the leading dog of the team, grabbed it by the collar and brought it forcibly to a standstill. He left a portion of his pants between the dog's teeth during the process, but he was so exhausted that he thought it was worth it.

"Gosh!" gasped Hardy, flopping down limply on the sled. "See what provisions they've given us. We'll camp here for the night."

"There's a lovely piece of gorgonzola. It's been humming the 'Last Round-Up' to me all the way along."

Laurel thrust the humming cheese in front of Hardy's face for him to see. No drug could have revived Hardy so quickly as the aroma of that homely produce. He sprang to his feet with a howl of horror.

"You big sap! D'you want to gas me! Lock up that cheese immediately and help me get the tent up!"

Laurel obediently buried the offending cheese deep in the covering of the sled, and assisted Hardy to get the tent up. At last, after wild writhings and contortions, it was done. They made a weary meal, fed the dogs and then crawled wearily into the tent.

Alas! Laurel and Hardy had little experience of the hard cruel North. How were they to know that it is not the custom to take all the dogs into the tent also?

But they found the addition of eight hefty huskies into one small tent cramped their style somewhat. When three of the dogs started fighting and the others egged them on by barking and howling, they left them to it.

Finally, after tearing the tent and its contents almost to shreds the dogs decided to rest. Still peace did not come to Laurel and Hardy; a dismal baying and howling commenced all around them, approaching nearer and nearer.

"Dashed lot of dogs about these parts," said Laurel wearily. "That must be another lot."

"D-dogs!" trembled Hardy. "They're not dogs! Th-they're wolves! Look!"

Lithe grey shapes flitted out of the darkness around them and presently they detected a score of fierce burning eyes closing in on them in a circle.

"Our guns are in the tent!" gasped Hardy. "Throw them something to eat, and try and get their attention off us until we can get at the guns!"

Laurel groped frantically in the gear of the sled. His hand fell triumphantly on the humming gorgonzola. He yanked it out and flung it far away among the howling horde of wolves.

The effect was surprising. Instead of pouncing ravenously on the cheese, they took one sniff at it, howled more dismally than ever, then the whole pack turned tail and bolted across the snow.

"Saved!" gasped Laurel and Hardy, shaking hands.

In the morning they buried the noble cheese with military honours, packed up what remained of the tent, harnessed the dogs and once more prepared to

get on the trail. But when all stood ready for the start, Hardy gazed in perplexity at Laurel.

"Now what's that word the sergeant said to make 'em start. Something silly, wasn't it?"

"Fiddle-faddle!" suggested Laurel, but the word had no effect.

"Flapdoodle!" roared Hardy, with a burst of inspiration, but still the dogs would not budge.

They ran through their vocabulary of derisive words, without effect. Then Hardy made a helpless gesture at Laurel.

"Well, we can't stay here all day! There's only one thing to do! Put the dogs on the sled and we'll pull it ourselves."

So all that morning the dogs rode on the sled in state and Laurel and Hardy sweated and strained in their places pulling the sled along. They were thankful to call a halt for lunch at last.

As they were munching away Hardy had occasion to say to Laurel: "I don't think we've far to go now, do you?"

Laurel had his mouth full. He shook his head and replied through a mass of sausage: "Not very mush—"

Muddling Mounties.

TWO hours later, Laurel and Hardy arrived in the Beaver Lakes country minus their sled and gear and tired out by their long walk.

"Well, we're here!" said Laurel, gazing at a gurgling stream which barred their progress. "What do we do next?"

Hardy stroked his chin and gazed at the torrential stream beside which they stood.

"Well, as far as I can see," he said with a technical air. "We'll have to shoot the rapids."

"That's easy," said Laurel, drawing his big service revolver.

Before Hardy could stop him, Laurel was blazing away his ammunition into the fast-running stream.

"Ohhhh you——"

But Hardy's dirge of despair was cut short by a sudden wild howl of fear from behind some snow-covered bushes near by. They saw a man in a heavy fur coat, spring up from behind it, throw his hands up in the air in terror and then bolt away from them as fast as he could.



WHEN BRUIN BLEW IN.—"H-hands up!" cried Laurel. The fur moved and turned round, to reveal a huge bear instead of the crook.

The word "further" never passed Laurel's lips. Instead he broke out into a wild yell as the dogs, hearing the word "mush!" suddenly sprang up and commenced to tear across the snow, dragging the sled and Laurel and Hardy behind them. But not for long! Unguided, the sled suddenly struck a tree root in the ground. Over it went, depositing Laurel and Hardy in the snow.

Hardy sorted himself out and sat up just in time to see their dogs and sled disappear over the horizon. He shook the snow from his face and glared at Laurel. "You big sap, you! That was the word—Mush!"

"It's him! It's our man!" yelled Hardy. "The description fits him like a glove. Look at his get-up—fur coat, glasses; he's even got a guide-book in his pocket! After him!"

Hardy bolted off in the wake of the man they had started, whose garb was that of a typical tourist. They reached a copse of snow-covered trees; their quarry dived in and was soon lost to view. Hardy followed, then came Laurel.

As they passed, a fierce French Canadian face, not at all like the mild countenance of the man they were

chasing, peered out from a clump of snow-covered bushes and glared after them savagely.

"Sacré! They come again—but I keel! The mounties I always keel!"

The French-Canadian stole into the copse of trees, a murderous gleam in his eyes. He crept up under cover to see Laurel and Hardy in whispered consultation with each other. They had stopped and were pointing to a pile of fallen timber that stood near.

"See that!" Hardy was saying. "He's hiding from us behind there. You can see a bit of his fur coat sticking up. You creep up and collar him. I'll creep round the other way and get at the back of him."

Before Laurel could protest, Hardy had slipped away, taking a round-about route to get behind the fallen logs.

Laurel approached the wood pile gingerly. He could see the fur of their quarry's coat sticking up quite easily now. Summoning all his courage, he yelled: "Surrender! Or I'll sh-shoot!"

And then Laurel's words died in his throat as a huge brown bear reared up with a startled yelp from behind the wood-pile! The brute swung round savagely and grabbed the terrified Laurel in his paws and commenced to crush the life out of him.

It was exactly at that moment that the French Canadian fired at the back of Laurel's head. The bullet just shaved Laurel's ear as he struggled frantically, then struck the bear square in the head. The great animal gave a grunt and fell writhing to the ground. In a few moments it lay still.

"Th-thanks awfully," stammered Laurel. "I——" The Frenchman gave an ugly leer and pulled back the hammer of his gun a second time. He failed to see Hardy creep up behind him.

Wallop! The gun-butt descended on the Frenchman's head, as he was in the very act of pulling the trigger and dispatching Laurel.

"Good work," beamed Hardy. "Now we've got our man we can——"

"That isn't our man!" screamed Laurel. "That chap's just rescued me from that bear and now you've gone and laid him out!"

"G-g-good heavens!" gulped Hardy. "Now I've done it! I thought——"

"Excuse me gentlemen," said a new voice. "I've just noticed your uniforms. I confess you startled me at first with your shooting, but now I see I was in error. I want to give myself in your charge."

Laurel and Hardy swung round to find themselves confronted by the mild-looking little gent in the fur coat and glasses.

"Well," grinned Laurel, "I'm glad he's going to be nice and friendly about it. But what about this other chap, you've knocked out?"

"Don't worry. We'll take him back to the depot with us and explain how he nobly saved your life. Come along!" said Hardy.

They found the French-Canadian's dog-team presently and joyfully confiscated it. They put the unconscious owner on the sled and tied him securely in place so that he wouldn't roll off, and started off with their prisoner for Fort Caribou.

They arrived at last at Fort Caribou, having accomplished the journey in record time. They left the sled and the dog-team outside and then marched their prisoner to the sergeant, full of pride.

"Here's our man, sir," said Hardy, saluting proudly. "We had a tough job—but we didn't fail! The mounties always get their——"

"What in Canada is this!" howled the sergeant, glaring at the little man in the fur-coat.

"My name's Hector Golightly," beamed the little man. "I'm gathering local colour for my next novel

called *Frozen Hearts*, and I've been touring the North West——"

"Hey! Wait a minute," growled the sergeant, turning to Laurel and Hardy. "What's the big idea bringing this tourist guy to me. Didn't I tell you to fetch in Batiste, the murderer trapper?"

"Trapper!" gulped Hardy. "I thought you said *trapper!*"

The sergeant was in the process of throwing a fit when a corporal rushed in excitedly:

"Sergeant! Come and look at this guy tied up on the sled outside. It's Mad Batiste."

It was! So Laurel and Hardy got their man after all! But list, the tale is not yet told.

"I told the Chief how you brought in that killer," the sergeant said to them, when Laurel and Hardy had shed their snow-soaked uniform and had donned their own clothes while they dried, "and he's mighty pleased. He wants to see you immediately."

Laurel and Hardy beamed and followed the sergeant to the office of the Chief of the Fort Caribou force.

They stepped into the office and saluted smartly, and then the beams died from their faces. The Chief was a fiery-looking man in a blue uniform and a peaked cap. He gave one look at them, went purple in the face, and let out a roar like a lion.

"You! The guys that tipped that snow on me!"

"We—we resign from the force!" shrieked Laurel and Hardy, diving for the door and fleeing from the precincts of Fort Caribou as fast as they could.

It was lucky for them that a train was just pulling out when they arrived at the trackside. They just managed to leap on to it and leave the Chief of Police shaking an angry fist at them.

Laurel and Hardy, our famous film funsters, are here next week in another screaming tale of their laughable exploits.

THAT SHORT WAVE SET.

(Continued from page 15.)

(19) is a piece of flexible wire, one end fixed to this same terminal on H, and its other end finished off with a wander-plug, to fit the holes in a grid-bias battery. This plug goes into the positive (+) socket.

(2) A longer piece of flexible wire, has one end with a wander-plug, and its other fixed to the G B terminal of the low-frequency transformer B. The wander-plug goes into a socket of the grid-bias battery, anywhere between 6 and 9 volts negative (—).

(21) This is also a flexible wire. One end joins up to the free terminal on switch K, and the other has a red "grade" tag to go under the positive (+) red terminal of the 2-volt accumulator.

(22) joins the left-hand terminal on the little block L to the negative (—) of your accumulator. For neatness, fix a black spade end to this, too.

Last of all, your loudspeaker, or 'phone leads. Fasten the red one under the right-hand terminal on block L, and the black one to the left-hand or plate terminal on the left-hand valve-holder.

You'll want two leads with red wander-plugs and one with a black plug for the high-tension battery—or eliminator if you're lucky enough to have one. The black-ended lead is joined to the left-hand terminal on block L, and one each of the red-ended leads to the other two.

The black plug goes into the — socket of the high-tension battery, the middle one (red) goes to about 60 volts +, and the right hand (also red) goes to the maximum, whatever it is—100 is best.

Well, you've now got a short-wave set, ready to take you on a world-tour. You can try it out, bearing in mind all the time that "Easy does it."

CAPTURED AND CONDEMNED to a Living Death by the Sinister Owner of the Castle of Red Candles. That is the Dreadful Fate Jimmy and Peter Fight to Avert in the Yarn Below.



**MAKING A FORTUNE
A DAY—FOR THEIR
BIGGEST ENEMY!**

Into the Depths.

THERE was one room in Meremore Castle, the grim ancestral home of the Marquis of Meremore, on the Yorkshire moors, which was grotesque in its terrible strangeness. It was a chamber with stone walls and arched ceiling, and in the centre of the floor there was a cup-like depression with raised stone sides. In this seethed a mass of lurid fire, and flames leapt halfway to the arched roof.

On either side of the fire, comparatively near, stood two metal cages, square in structure. Each contained a narrow camp bed, a small table, and a chair. One cage imprisoned Jimmy Lattimer, and the other his chum, Peter Kipps. They had come to Meremore Castle for shelter, after meeting with an accident in a storm. And now . . .

A sinister figure appeared from the shadowy depths of the great chamber. It was the Man with Red Eyes, known as the Marquis of Meremore—the master crook who ruled over this castle of terror.

"I think our young guests are now ready to begin their life's labours," he said mockingly. "You agree, Ivan?" he added, addressing one of his men.

"For many days and nights, master, they have lived in these cages; their eyes have known only the glare of the fire, the heat has entered their very beings. Yes, master, they are ready for the underground fires."

The grim Marquis made a gesture, and Jimmy Lattimer's cage was opened.

"Do not think, boy, that you will ever have

another opportunity of escape," said the Man with Red Eyes. "Come! Stir yourself! From now onwards there is work for you to do."

Jimmy Lattimer, sturdy of build, brawny of figure, looked his esly at his captor; all his fighting spirit, it seemed, had been sapped away.

The other cage was opened, and Peter Kipps, lean and skinny, usually so cheery and carefree, walked out with heavy, dragging feet.

"To the world, my young friends, you are dead," said their sinister host. "Take a good look at the daylight as you pass along the corridors—for you will never see daylight again!"

Huge, hairy guards, dressed like old-time torturers, came up, and the boys were marched out of the strange chamber, and then along wide, stone-flagged corridors. They caught a glimpse, now and again, through the narrow windows, of the snow-covered moors, with the wintry sunshine gleaming down from the frosty sky. But the boys scarcely took the trouble to look; their ordeal in the cages had robbed them of all spirit.

Thus, at last, they came to another apartment of the castle. It was a cellar, and red fires were burning, casting a ruddy, unearthly light. In the centre of the room stood a crude built winch, and there was a contrivance like a giant parrot's cage.

Into this, with one of the guards, the boys were forced, and the door was closed. Then a great flap opened in the floor, the cage swayed and it commenced descending. It went down the great shaft of an ancient well.

Down—down! The boys remained silent, indifferent. They knew that when the bottom of the well was reached, the cage would continue to drop downwards—for thousands of feet, into a great underground cavern.

The air was stiflingly hot, and as the cage went lower and lower, an unearthly reddish light flickered and shimmered in the air. This light was coming from a chasm in the floor of the cavern—a great gash in the rock. Many hundreds of feet below the surface, flowed a stream of white-hot, molten matter—a tributary leading into the earth's central fires!

Near that pit, the ruddy light was intense; elsewhere the cavern remained in a weird gloom. In places, there were tunnels, and figures were moving slowly and heavily.

At last, the cage came to rest on the cavern floor. But the huge torturer did not immediately thrust back the lever which operated the door bolt.

"You take clothes off," he said gruffly. "All except trousers."

Obediently, Jimmy and Peter did as they were told. They half-stripped—and were glad, for the temperature, here, in the cavern, was well-nigh insufferable.

Clang! The door of the cage was opened, and the guard gave the boys a push, so that they half fell out. Owing to some peculiarity of the atmosphere, it seemed to Jimmy and Peter that they had become enormously heavy. Gravity, here, was different. When they moved forward they were compelled to drag their feet.

The torturer let out a long bellow, and two men, bare to the waist, their skins of a ghastly, unnatural whiteness, came forward. Briefly, the guard told them to take the two boys and make them work. Not a word was uttered in reply. The Silent Men turned, each leading a boy, while the guard re-entered the cage, bolted the door, and it commenced moving upwards into the shadowy void.

Jimmy and Peter were taken to the very edge of the fiery chasm. A big trolley was pointed out to them; other Silent Men were operating a winch over the chasm, and a great cup of molten fire was lowered into a cradle of the trolley. A Silent Man commenced pushing, and the boys were required to do the same.

"Don't you ever speak?" asked Jimmy, in a sudden outburst.

The Silent Man stared at him as though in surprise, and then turned his head. But not a word did he utter.

"We shall get the same—after years of this!" said Jimmy, fiercely. "Do you understand, Peter? We shall get just the same!"

Peter Kipps grinned—and this time his grin was wide.

"We'll get out," he said confidently. "It's only a question of waiting—until we get our chance. Anyhow, we fooled His Nibs, didn't we?"

It was true. For days he and Peter had pretended to grow more and more listless; they had ceased to object to their treatment. And, in the end, they had made the Grim Marquis believe that their spirit was crushed.

But it wasn't! They were in full possession of all their wits, and were ready to seize any chance of escape which might come their way.

Slowly the hours dragged on. . . . Jimmy and Peter were not so hopeful as they had been. With maddening, crushing regularity they trundled the heavy trolley to and fro. Each load of molten matter was taken through a tunnel into a smaller cavern. Here the molten load was tipped into rock troughs, where other Silent Men, with rakes, kept the stuff

moving as it cooled. There were huge, crushing machines, and men were working at crude grinding wheels.

What did it all mean? What was the reason for this strange labour?

At last there came a change. The boys noticed that no more of the molten fire was being brought up from the chasm. The noise of the machinery had ceased. They were given bread and tough meat to eat, but they were too tired to notice much. They were led into a long, dark cavern, where bunks were fitted to the rock sides. Half-dazed with fatigue, they rolled into the bunks, and a moment later they were sleeping heavily—the sleep of exhaustion.

It seemed to Jimmy that hours had passed—although, actually, it was only a short time—when he felt a touch on his bare arm. He awoke, startled, and then he drew back with a gasp. For peering at him over the edge of the bunk was a strange, hideous face.

Silk Handkerchiefs.

JIMMY started back in horror; but, instantly, the grip on his arm tightened.

"Have no fear!" came a soft, refined voice. "I am your friend."

Jimmy gulped. Only with difficulty did he shake himself into complete wakefulness. Now, peering closer, he saw that the face looked hideous only because of the ruddy shadows. Actually, it was the face of an elderly man, lined, haggard—but kindly.

"Who are you?" whispered Jimmy.

"Awaken your young friend—and we will talk," said the other. "There can be no interruption—for it is our sleep period, and none will interfere."

Jimmy had difficulty in awakening his chum, but at last, Peter was fully roused; and he, too, stared in wonder at the finely built old man who crouched near them.

"You are the one!" said the strange man, pointing at Peter. "Yes, yes! You are small, wiry. Yes, you might succeed."

"Who are you?" demanded Jimmy Lattimer.

"I am the Marquis of Meremore," said the other, with quiet dignity.

"But we have already seen—"

"You have seen a man in my castle, who calls himself the Marquis!" interrupted the old man fiercely. "He is an impostor! His name is Oscar Grelton, and he is, by profession, a mining engineer."

The boys looked at him eagerly—they believed him. These words were not the ravings of a lunatic; they carried a quiet conviction of truth.

"But let me tell you of the handkerchiefs," went on the true Marquis. "Ever since the first week of my captivity, Grelton has granted one of my whims."

"Hold on, sir!" interrupted Jimmy. "Why did he put you down here—with all these other men? What is the secret of this cavern?"

"I will tell you—as quickly as possible," replied the Marquis. "Years ago I explored the ancient well which lies in a cellar of the castle. My servant descended the well, but the bottom gave way beneath him, and he vanished. Reluctant to tell the police of the accident, I obtained a mining engineer from London, in secret. This man, descending into the cavern, discovered the molten pit. My servant was dead, and nothing could be done for him. A sample of the molten lava proved that it contained a small percentage of gold."

"Great Scott!" whispered Jimmy. "So that's the secret!"

"A fortune of untold wealth," continued the Marquis. "But this treacherous scoundrel brought more men from London, telling me that he needed further expert advice. The men were criminals;

they made prisoners of all my servants and myself. We were cast down into this cavern, and here we have been ever since—working for the impostor who now lives in my castle. It was his intention, Grelton told me, to keep us imprisoned for a year; but one day he descended on a rope towards the molten lava. There came a sudden surge of the stuff, and some deadly chemical gas turned his eyes blood-red, and he knew that he could never show himself to mortal man again. He vowed, then and there, that he would keep us prisoners to his dying day; and all who come to Meremore Castle unknown to others are imprisoned—and forced to work.”

“It’s horrible, sir,” muttered Jimmy. “And we can do nothing!”

“So it would seem—but there is a chance,” continued the Marquis of Meremore, his voice changing. “This friend of yours might succeed where I have failed. For years I have been planning, scheming working. . . . Did I tell you of the silk handkerchiefs?”

He pulled from beneath the bunk on which he sat a great mass of discoloured silk.

“Handkerchiefs—silk handkerchiefs—hundreds of them—thousands of them!” he said gleefully. “For years, that scoundrel has humoured my whim; he has allowed me to use silk handkerchiefs, always supplying me with new ones, always believing that the old ones were worn out. But I have preserved them—and this is the result. A month ago it was completed.”

“But what is it, sir?” asked Peter, with a quick sidelong look at Jimmy.

They both believed, in that moment, that the unfortunate Marquis was, indeed, bereft of his wits.

“It is a balloon!” said the old man, quietly.

Jimmy jumped. “You—you mean—a hot-air balloon?” he panted.

“You are an intelligent boy,” said the Marquis. “Yes, that was my object—to make a balloon of silk handkerchiefs. The hot air from the chasm would fill the balloon out; then it would carry me far, far above to the cavern’s roof—”

“It’s a grand idea, sir!” burst out Jimmy. “It ought to work, too—for the hot air goes straight up to the roof. Would you let me try it?”

“Not likely!” put in Peter. “I’m the one! I’m all skin and bones. And if I can get up to that well shaft, there’s a chance. . . . But don’t let’s waste time in talk. Let’s see if the thing will work.”

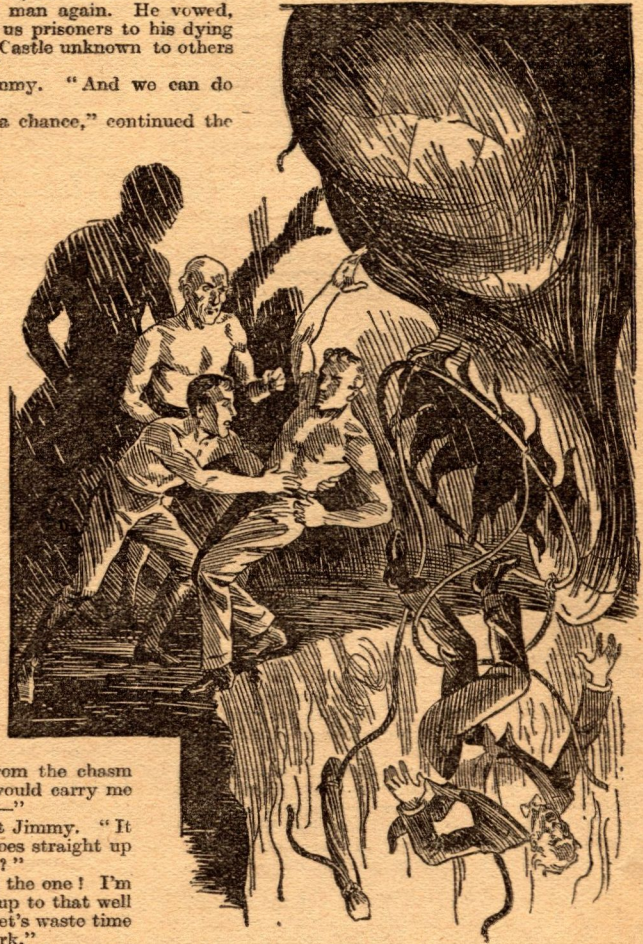
The Marquis—for this old man was, indeed, the real nobleman—led the way down a short tunnel. Soon, they all emerged into the great cavern.

Near the edge of the chasm they halted. Grumbings and gurglings sounded in the far depths, and hot air was shooting upwards from that terrible abyss. Carefully stretched out on the rocks, the balloon was a thing of immense size—literally, thousands of silk handkerchiefs sewn together. There were hundreds of thin cords, too, all reaching down to a kind of harness, in which it was possible for a human being to sit.

“It must be opened gently at first—and then the hot air will get in, and do the rest,” said the Marquis. “Here, my boy, take this.” He thrust a knife into Peter’s hand. “For years I have kept it hidden. You might find it useful.”

They all pulled gently at one side of the balloon,

getting the silken mass just over the edge of the chasm. The hot air, rising, was trapped immediately within the spread of silk. And the folds opened out, billow upon billow. Wider grew the balloon, until



INTO THE FIERY FURNACE.—Peter slashed through the ropes of the balloon and leaped for the edge of the chasm. The balloon collapsed, pitching Grelton into the fire.

it was rearing up in a curious mis-shapen inflated sphere.

“She’s off!” gasped Jimmy suddenly.

The balloon had filled right out, and with a sudden jerk Peter Kippis was lifted from the rocks. He was carried right over the mouth of the chasm. For one terrible second it seemed that the balloon would crumple up and cast Peter down to a hideous death. But then the heat waves caught the balloon in their full grip, and up it went, swaying, spinning—up into

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the dim heights of the cavern, carrying Peter Kipps in its flimsy harness.

Red Death.

PETER was thrilled. He gave no thought to the danger—although, in all truth, danger dwelt with him during every second of that perilous upward trip.

He had no plan—no idea of what he should do if he should ever reach the top. But it was enough to be on his way; he remembered that the well shaft was made of rough bricks. There would be plenty of hand hold and foot hold there.

The crazy balloon was carried unerringly to the bottomless well shaft—for the hot air was drawn into the shaft like a chimney. It was a fateful moment. Up went the balloon up—then its silken sides fouled the stonework . . . it seemed inevitable that it would crumple up.

It did do so; but during the first vital second Peter had been carried just into the shaft opening, and he clutched desperately at the overices in the stonework. Fold upon fold of silk tumbled down upon his head. He clung there grimly, and gradually he hauled himself higher—until his feet obtained a hold in the crevices.

Now it was easier—for with one hand he was able to free himself from the balloon—until it was hanging down limply, like a collapsed parachute. But he did not cut it free. For if he should lose his hold, the balloon might yet save him. . . . He climbed steadily, his plucky spirit in no way appalled by the task before him.

He had progressed some distance up the shaft when he heard a sound from above. He clung tightly to the wall, staring up. A light had appeared far overhead, and he could see the gleam of it through iron bars. Then he heard a creaking of machinery—and his heart leapt. The cage was descending!

Peter was trapped. His only course, it seemed, was to release his grip and drop, trusting to the patchwork balloon to carry him safely down. Then another idea came to him. Scarcely daring to breathe, he waited—and when the cage was just above him he reached out a hand, grasped one of the metal bars, and swung clear. The cage jerked and shook.

"What are the fools doing?" came an angry, muttered query.

The man within the cage, alone, was Oscar Grelton—the false Marquis of Meremore!

He had not looked down through the bars; he knew nothing of the added passenger.

The cage swung clear of the well shaft; it descended rapidly through the great cavern. Suddenly, with a

quick upward leap, Peter Kipps reached the outside of the cage door; the cage itself oscillated violently. *Clang!* Peter swung the bolt back, and the next moment he was inside.

"Ten thousand curses!" gritted the Man with Red Eyes.

Peter's right hand leapt forward; his fingers snatched the revolver from Grelton's hip-pocket.

"We're not such muttonheads as you believed, Marquis—or, Mr. Grelton!" said Peter coolly. "How do you like your eggs—"

With a sudden fiendish cry, the false Marquis hurled himself at the lad, reckless of the consequences. Or perhaps he knew that the safety catch of the weapon was in position.

Click! Peter pulled the trigger, but there was no report. The next second he was fighting for his life—for his enemy had attempted to hurl him backwards through the open door.

But Peter clutched; he got a firm grip of the other's clothing. He reeled backwards, lost his balance, and fell—but he dragged the crook with him.

"It's death—death!" screamed the terrified man.

They were still some hundreds of feet from the cavern floor; the great silken balloon billowed out above them, the cords jerked tight, and one or two of them snapped. Others entangled themselves about Grelton, and he clung frantically.

Although the open balloon checked their fall, it seemed that nothing could save the pair from disaster. Jimmy Lattimer and the real Marquis, watching from below, were horrified. They saw the balloon swinging straight towards the chasm, with that molten flood below. . . . At the last second, the blast of hot air, shooting upwards, filled the balloon, and it checked—on the very brink of the abyss.

Never had Peter's wits been keener. With one slash of his knife he cut the harness free. An upward gush of the hot air caused the balloon to hover—and Peter jumped.

In that same second, Jimmy leapt to the crater's edge. As Peter landed he nearly overbalanced, and would indeed, have gone hurtling to destruction—but for Jimmy's quick detaining hand.

The false Marquis rose a few feet as Peter's weight was relieved from the balloon; then the silken folds collapsed as the cut cords altered the shape of the billowing mass. Like a stone, the fear-crazed crook fell. Down—down into the white-hot depths!

WITH Grelton's revolver in his hand, the Marquis of Meremore ascended in the cage—and by his side he had Jimmy Lattimer and Peter Kipps. The huge servants above, hauling the cage up, knew nothing until it reached the top. Then it was too late. One brutal torturer attempted to make a rush, but the revolver cracked, and the man went down with a shattered leg. The others fled.

Like rats deserting a sinking ship, they dashed out of the castle and took to the moors, while Jimmy Lattimer went for the police.

"To you, my boys, I owe my freedom—and the freedom of these other unfortunate people," said the Marquis of Meremore, the next day. "From this hour onwards I shall cease to be a recluse; I shall open up the castle, and live as other men live. And you will share in my good fortune—for the gold shall be mined by a company I am forming—and you shall have equal shares in that company with myself."

And the Marquis was as good as his word.

Look out for a grand old-time story scoop next week. "Dick Turpin's Schooldays" tells what happened before the Hero Highwayman took to the road and started his merry rumpad band.

A GRAND 'TEC YARN OF THE BIG WOODS, FEATURING RANGER DAN,
THE SLEUTH OF THE SNOWS



THE BLIZZARD RANGER



Plotting and intrigue in the Frozen
Lumberlands.

BIG THRILLS BELOW, BOYS!



Death Falls.

GOT t' git ter th' river bank!" gritted Ranger Dan.

He threw open wide the throttle of his curious motor-bike-boat. The engine answered

with a thunderous roar, vying even with the mighty diapason of the flooded river.

But Ranger Dan's rugged face had never looked more startlingly grim.

He was almost upon the spot where the water crashed down over the falls in a glittering sheet, that tumbled in a white torrent twenty feet below.

And though the paddles of the motor-bike-boat thrashed madly in a white whirl—operated, of course, by the rear wheel of the motor-bike inside the boat—they made but little progress against the torrential strength of the river.

"It's Jim," Ranger Dan muttered aloud. "Jim, and the log raft. They're too much for the motor-bike-boat."

He looked round at his forest chum, Jim Hazel. He had dashed into the river to rescue the young lumber owner, and Ranger Dan had not the slightest notion of abandoning him now. His fate would be too fearful. Bound as he was to the log raft, Jim could not move a hand's turn to save himself. Sard Caig, the crooked lumber boss, had done his work well when he had had the youngster bound up like that and sent down river over the falls—it looked as if he would succeed in getting rid of his two mortal foes in one fell swoop.

And he would steal Jim's timber openly when the lad was out of the way.

Ranger Dan's face twisted savagely at the thought. All his strength and will power were concentrated in the effort to avert doom. He was forced to hold on to the bucking, kicking handlebars with only one hand, his left hand. The other gripped the peavey pole by which he had hooked the log raft, with Jim bound to it. Ranger Dan's every muscle was racked

with pain. Still they were making no progress. He could not hold out much longer!

The rugged Ranger put in some of the hardest thinking of his life. Suddenly his heart seared with wild hope as an idea clicked into his brain.

He pulled out his long, sharp hunting knife. He was a deft handler of that weapon, and turning in the seat of the motor-bike-boat, he threw the blade in a flashing arc of light, straight at Jim's head, it seemed.

But not quite. The keen blade thudded into the log but a bare three inches from Jim's head, and remained there upright, quivering like a tuning fork.

"Grab it, Jim—out yowself free," cried the Ranger turning to fight with the handlebars of the roaring motor-bike-boat.

Jim was not slow to grasp his chum's meaning. Hope mounted in him, too, as he craned forward and gripped the haft of the knife between his strong, white teeth. With a jerk he pulled it out.

He could move from the waist because there had been sufficient rope only to lash him by his middle and ankles to the raft. Grimly he contorted himself, and managed to thrust the blade between the ropes. Then he commenced a sawing motion backwards and forwards with his head.

In a moment or two, to his utter relief, the ropes burst.

"Free, Dan!" he cried eagerly. He now had the knife in his hands, and it was the work of a moment to cut his ankles free. With a glad whoop he stood erect on the raft.

"Jump fer it, Jim, boy," Ranger Dan called, his face alight with relief. And as the youngster made a spring to the back of the motor-bike-boat, clinging on to Ranger Dan's shoulders, the U.S. forest guard

relinquished the peavey and with it, of course, his hold on the raft.

Instantly both raft and pole were sucked down over the falls.

"Atta boy! Go to it, Ranger!" yelled Jim Hazel.

Now they were gaining in the battle with the rapid river. The motor-bike-boat was forging, inch by inch, through the swirling waters away from the treacherous falls. And Ranger Dan was able to give his undivided attention to the handlebars and controls.

For the first time now Jim noticed that, running along the snowclad banks of the river, and cheering wildly at the escape of the two, were a number of woodsmen in mackinaw coats and staggod trousers. With a start he realised that they were his own lumberjacks of the Four Aces camp.

A glad thrill surged through Jim as he realised that these men were still loyal to him, and were cheering at his and Ranger Dan's escape from death.

A Smooth Killer.

THERE could be no doubt about the lumberjacks' feelings, or the welcome they accorded to their young boss. Between them they threw out a line across the river, and Ranger Dan caught at it and secured it to the motor-bike-boat.

With a will the lumberjacks hauled on the line, and the motor-bike-boat, with Jim and the Ranger, was towed safely to the bank.

The big huskies of the woods surrounded the two, slapping them on the back.

"True fer ye," grinned one at Dan. "Ye're a right hearty man."

The Ranger's smile flashed out, lighting his rugged features amazingly. There had been some misunderstanding with these loyal shanty boys. But it was cleared up now.

While they were celebrating Yuletide round the Christmas tree in the woods, Ranger Dan had fired several shots at them. Actually he had severed a branch on which was a glass acid bomb, put there by Sard Caig and designed to injure the lumberjacks when it exploded under the heat.

When the precious scheme failed, his henchman, Carl Zimler, goaded the men to the belief that Ranger Dan had fired deliberately at them.

"I guess that's all settled now, Jim boy," said Ranger Dan, trying to read his silent chum's thoughts. "I've explained to these boys, and they're with yew now t' a man."

Still Jim's face remained clouded with trouble.

"They're mighty good," he said unsteadily. "But I reckon I'm through—finished with fighting Sard Caig. Ye see, I did kill Carl Zimler, though it was an accident. And I figure out I've got to give myself up for it."

"What! It was an amazed shout from some of the lumberjacks. And slowly grins dawned.

"Sho! What're yew saying, boy?" drawled big Silver Jack, the white-haired top-rigger of the Four Aces outfit. "That's a derned funny crack yew made. Carl Zimler ain't dead!"

"Eh? The deuce you say!" A new light dawned in Jim Hazel's eyes. A great weight of care dropped from him, but, indeed, he could hardly believe the news.

"But the Ranger who arrested me——"

"A fake," said Ranger Dan tersely. "They've been pulling a rough line of goods, and nearly got away with it."

In a few words he told of the whole audacious deception. "Carl Zimler got up and walked about five minutes after yew knocked him out," he explained. "Yap; he's alive, shore."

Jim smote his forehead tragically.

"This is one large piece of puzzlement," he almost groaned. "I don't get it—I don't get it. Why, only an hour ago Sard Caig made me sign a confession that I'd killed Carl Zimler."

The big rugged Ranger looked grave.

"Boy," he said in deep concern. "There's something phoney behind that, you betcha snowshoes."

Jim looked up. And now he had gone as white as a sheet. He forced his wretched eyes to meet the kindly ones of his big chum.

"And Dan," he burst out. "I—I—suffering snakes, what a fool I was!—let him grab off the rubies."

Consternation! Ranger Dan's rugged face expressed it eloquently, try though he would to spare his pal's feelings. All his work in the forest was set at naught.

"But I've still got the confession, Dan." Jim produced the paper while he told his story. Ranger Dan looked as though he saw his cause lost—he just couldn't help it.

"But never mind. Don't you fret," the Ranger said kindly enough. "You were in a tight fix, Jim; you did well. And we're not through with Sard Caig yet," he added in a blaze of energy. "We're going t' get yewr logs outa the woods, and beat him at that. And maybe we'll git some of the breaks," he added, hopefully.

The lumberjacks burst in with a chorus of acclaim that attested to their willingness to work like niggers at the drive.

And they were as good as their word. The lumberjacks of Four Aces camp, however, found it a stiffish proposition, indeed, to shift the huge jam of logs at Canyon Bend.

The following day and the next, the crew of lumberjacks worked on top of the jam. They clamped their peavies to the logs, heaved, pushed, slid and rolled them one by one down into the stream, where they floated away.

With the help of Ranger Dan, who was something of an expert at the lumber game, Jim Hazel sought to find the key log. If they could discover it, a neatly placed charge of dynamite would probably shift the whole jam. Experience told them that it was probably under water, forming a sort of cross gate with another log, and to search for it necessitated repeated dives into the icy river.

It was at this perilous work that two men on the cliff top watched Jim and Dan on the third day.

"So that young whelp didn't go over the Falls!" grinned Sard Caig, his black eyes sparkling with fury under his knitted brows, as he stared at Jim.

"Like I said, Boss, that darned Ranger pulled him into th' clear," snarled Carl Zimler, with a note of fear in his voice. "And he pinched the motor-boat-bike ter pull off th' stunt. Hang him!"

These days Carl Zimler was fighting against some awful, nameless fear. He didn't know what it was, but it got him and sickened his soul. Fear—fear of everything. Fear of Ranger Dan.

Said he, in a voice between a whine and a snarl: "Boss, I'm gettin' outa this racket. Yeah, I'm picking up me marbles—ain't playing no more. Gimme my share of the rubies, and——"

Sard Caig upraised heavy brows and looked at him coldly.

Inwardly he was seething. This big polecat had his gall to demand a share of the rubies! And he wanted to back out—which is something never permitted in the gangsters' code. So Sard Caig proposed to deal with his henchman. In common parlance he proposed to put him "on the spot."

Outwardly he dissembled his rage. Carl Zimler was going to die. But he mustn't suspect that . . . yet.

"What's your hurry?" Sard Caig almost purred. "We're sitting pretty, aren't we? We've got these birds?"

"Like blazes we have," jeered Carl Zimler. "I tell you what. Ranger Dan McGrew has got hold of the snowplough, and has us cooped up in these woods like we was in the pen. But I'll find a way out," he added cunningly.

"The river's the way out," said Sard Caig. Nevertheless, his black eyes sparkled with fury.

"And Ranger Dan's watching the river," Carl Zimler reminded him. "Then what about that cove, Soup Slattery? Is he with us, or against us? I don't trust a man wot knows police dogs."

"I've got him trussed up like a fowl in one of the shanties," said Sard Caig briefly.

"And the dog?" insisted Carl Zimler, his mouth working wickedly. "Th' wild wot dog, White Lobo, that'll tear a man's throat out?"

The lumber boss was silent. It was true that White Lobo was free and roaming somewhere in the woods—unless Ranger Dan had him—and the spectral white wolf dog constituted a menace.

"Sitting pretty, are ye?" jeered Carl Zimler. "No, I guess I'll hev my share of th' rubies, Boss—and light out. Yew c'n hand over—and halves is the word."

And suddenly Carl Zimler's hand in the pocket of his mackinaw coat protruded, and undoubtedly there was a gun in it. His fury-ridden face was grimly desperate. But Sard Caig only laughed lightly.

"So that's the game is it?" Sard Caig said, and produced a chamois leather bag, the string of which he untied. He carefully counted out half of the glittering rubies that were revealed, and with a contemptuous gesture tossed the blood-red stones in the snow.

"There yew are, Zimler, yew dog. Take them."

Instantly Carl Zimler's eyes lit with a mad greed. And forgetting all caution, he made a dive for the stones.

The moment his back was turned, the lumber king acted with lightning speed. He seized up an axe and whirled it over his head, and it left his hand with the force of a shell from a gun.

It seemed to Carl Zimler that a blinding, lightning bolt hit him and burst open his head. The last things he saw in life were the blood-red rubies lying in the virgin snow. He lay still, and his blood stained the snow an even more startling red.

White Lobo's Master.

PSHAW! It had been almost too easy. Sard Caig contemptuously thrust the hulking form of his dead partner in crime aside, and commenced to gather up the scattered rubies into the chamois leather bag again.

Suddenly a stentorian, harsh explosion lifted from the river and awoke the echoes.

Sard Caig even stopped in his gathering of the scattered rubies to peer over the cliff top.

He saw a scene that baffles description. Ranger Dan and Jim Hazel had succeeded in placing a charge of dynamite under the key log down there in the river, and the mighty mountain of logs was moving, subsiding.

All was pandemonium down there—shouts and cries—out of which order was ensuing. At the critical moment the dam gates had been raised, and the torrent of water carried the fighting, leaping logs down in a rushing carpet that swept round the canyon bend and on into a three mile stretch.

But Sard Caig had eyes no longer for that stirring



THE TRUNK TRAP.—Sard Caig and his henchman lifted Ranger Dan into the hollow tree. "Ye'll burn—before the Rangers find ye!"

frontier scene. Now was his opportunity to get rid of Carl Zimler.

He lashed the dead man's arms to a log that was lying near the cliff top, and then took out the confession that he had forced from Jim Hazel. This he enclosed in a small neat waterproof case, and pinned the case to the log with a knife driven in to the hilt.

All was now ready. When the last of the logs were subsiding and the Four Aces lumberjacks were round the canyon bend, Sard Caig pushed the log over the cliff top with its gruesome burden.

He watched the awkward, slithering fall. Then there came a splash, and Carl Zimler's body subsided under water. The log whirled on.

But it would be seen sooner or later. Probably at Haston Lake at the end of the drive where the logs were herded in booms for the mill. With that confession in his own handwriting pinned to the log, Jim Hazel would have a lot of explaining to do.

The lumber king stroked his black beard in high satisfaction. There only remained the unkempt, half-starved crook, Soup Slattery, to deal with.

The crime boss should have remembered Zimler's warning: "I don't trust a man that knows police dogs!"

White Lobo, the wolf dog, was free and moving like a white wraith through the Big Woods.

Ranger Dan had been unable to hold the great white hound after their escape from the cave in the cliff-side. White Lobo simply dashed away, mysterious as ever. He was like a king of the Wilds—a law unto himself.

Did White Lobo own to a master? Was it Soup Slattery, ill-kempt, half-starved city crook, who held dominance over this magnificent white husky?

That unfortunate individual was lying, bound hand and foot, in the shanty in the woods, too weak from hunger and fatigue to struggle further, when there came a loud sniffing at the door, the soft padding of feet outside in the snow.

The bearded man pricked up his ears.

Then there came a crash, and the window of the shanty was shattered to admit a great, spectral hound, wreathed in a ghostly aura of smoke from its red throat. It was White Lobo!

But the bound man on the floor called it by a different name.

"Carlos! Good dog! Come here!"

With a bound the wolf dog landed, and in a few moments was tugging and gnawing at the ropes that bound his master.

Sard Caig was meditating on the extremely painful death that was to be Soup Slattery's portion when he saw that he was one ruby short, and promptly espied one of the blood-red stones still lying in the snow.

He stooped to pick it up.

He did not notice the white wolf hound or his master creeping out from the dark fringe of the firs. The master whispered something.

In an electrifying burst of speed White Lobo ran in—and sprang at Sard Caig. He sent the villain reeling, and quick as light his jaws clamped on the chamois leather bag of jewels. Turning, he was gone in a streak.

Sard Caig was left to curse the whole cosmic scheme of things, and in particular that it should include a savage killer of a white wolf dog in its make-up.

Justice Awry.

SARD CAIG was like a hunted wolf. He was very much like that animal, in fact, for he was powerful and ferocious enough to become at any moment the hunter. For the time being, he knew that he was being hunted, and he was very wary and cunning.

He knew who was behind the loss of his rubies. For he found the shanty empty and the window smashed, telling its own tale.

Then another discovery brought to the crime boss something like consternation. It was no less than that the forest telephone wire had been mended. And who would do that but the indefatigable Ranger Dan McGrew?

Which argued that the big rugged U.S. Ranger had got in touch with the authorities in Saginak. It caused Sard Caig the first chill touch of apprehension.

He used the forest telephone himself, and got in touch with a certain crony in Saginak City who gave

him the low-down on the situation. He knew it for a fact that the whole available force of the U.S. Ranger Service was turning out to investigate some trouble up in that neck of the woods—at Ranger Dan's word over the forest phone.

But what was more, they were being reinforced by a body of Canadian North-West Mounties, who had come over the Canadian border—with the U.S. Government's permission—to look into some matter that concerned themselves and their famous force.

When Sard Caig heard that, he flung away from the telephone in rage and fear.

The Law was coming to the Big Woods in force, and he was hemmed in, unable to escape. True, there was the river as a way out, but Sard Caig guessed that they would be coming up river, and he would only run into their arms.

In this surmise the crooked lumber king was correct.

The log drive was proceeding apace down river with the booming of the logs like a thousand mighty billiards balls cannoning. They were in the full flood of the mighty Snake River now, and every lumberjack in the Four Aces outfit was joyously riding the logs, the only care being to pull in those that got "winged" in the banks on the river.

Suddenly Ranger Dan, in the lead of the log drive, raised his arm fully aloft, and his rugged face underwent a swift change—glad recognition it may have been, but there was bitter disappointment as well on his face.

"Th' Rangers!" Dan shouted. "Hold up thar fr the United States Rangers!"

But it was not only the U.S. Rangers, in their smart khaki uniforms and Stetsons, with Commissioner Irons, white-moustached and grizzled at their head, who came along the river banks—there were also half-a-dozen smart Redcoats, with yellow stripes along their trousers; six officers of the famous Canadian force, the North-West Mounted Police.

"Stop for the Rangers!"

The lumberjacks knew better than to defy that edict. They hastily threw a boom across the river that held up the logs in a great thick carpet, and Ranger Dan sprang ashore to report to his chief, Commissioner Irons.

The husky Ranger had barely time to come up to a smart salute before his commanding officer, when that worthy threw out his arm, pointing and staring past him, his face transfixed with horror.

"Great Scott! What in the name of thunder is that—a dead man!"

All turned to stare in horror at the sight. The log had upended and dragged its burden into full sight. The bearded face of the lifeless man staring at them vacantly from the jumble of logs was well known.

"Carl Zimler!" The name went up in a gasp.

Commissioner Irons sprang into action. In a few swift strides he crossed over the carpet of logs and inspected the fearful wound at the base of Zimler's skull. Then he jerked out the knife, and in a moment was reading that damning confession:

I killed Carl Zimler with an axe.

JIM HAZEL.

"Where is Jim Hazel?" Commissioner Irons cried, in a thunderous voice. "Is this his handwriting? . . . But that can be proved. Bring him to me."

Ranger Dan saluted, and turned away sick at heart. He knew Jim Hazel had not done this. But that it would look exceedingly black against him, he was certain. Jim was coming, running over the logs, his face white with the shock of the intelligence that he half guessed.

"Run, Jim, boy!" hissed Ranger Dan, as he

came towards him over the carpet of logs. "Secot outa hyar like yew was on fire behind!"

Roeking the Rangers.

JIM HAZEL needed no second bidding. With his heart in his mouth, he turned, running.

Uttering a realistic shout, Ranger Dan made after him over the logs in hot pursuit.

Rounding a bent in the river, the frantic Jim came upon the motor-bike-boat. In a few moments he was in the saddle, a stab on the kick-starter set the engine burst into roaring life. The motor-bike-boat forged against the current with threshing paddles. Jim looked back.

Coming round the bend in the river, jumping from log to log, and easily in the lead, was Ranger Dan.

He came to the end of the log carpet, and without a moment's hesitation, dived into the ice-strewn waters.

The rest of the Rangers halted, looks of consternation on their faces.

With fear for his chum gripping him, Jim Hazel throttled down the motor-bike-boat. What should he do—turn back?

While he waited in agonising indecision, with motor muffled, he heard suddenly a faint gasp quite near him.

"Make it snappy, Jim, boy, fer th' luvva Mike."

Looking down in amazement he saw Ranger Dan clinging on to the rearside chassis of the motor-bike-boat.

That spurred the youngster to action. He opened the throttle, and they rounded another bend in the snaky river.

Jim heard a faint gasp from Ranger Dan. Filled with alarm, he leant over and gripped his first chum's arm, just as his grasp was slipping.

By dint of the exertion of all his strength, he managed to haul his stalwart chum into the shallow little boat.

"Now put a jerk into it, Jim," he gritted. "We've gotta git back t' the forest and find Sard Caig—on our lonesome."

Jim Hazel was not slow to comply—and he did put a jerk into it.

Forest Afire.

THEY made the shore when it seemed that pursuit was left behind, and Jim hastily gathered driftwood and made a fire. The hardy Ranger seemed none the worse for his ordeal, however. And as he dried his clothes, and they made a hasty meal of pork and beans he was grim and thoughtful.

"We've got ter git hold of Soup Slattery and the wolf dog," he said suddenly. "They're the key to this riddle, Jim. Let's convert this motor-bike-boat and get moving."

The strange machine was quickly and easily transformed into a motor-cycle with sidecar, the car

running on a ski runner instead of a third wheel. Skid chains were affixed on the tyred wheels of the motor-cycle itself, and all was ready.

Jim climbed into the sidecar, and Ranger Dan at the controls sent the machine tearing along the forest trails, his idea being to get to the Four Aces Camp



WHITE LOBO'S DASH.—Like an electric flash the Big Dog sprang, as Sard Caig stooped for the jewel.

Suddenly from the black 'rall of trees ahead there leant red tongues of flames, a vast, frightening, crackling and the peculiar pungent odour of burning firs.

"Forest fire!" snapped Ranger Dan. "By heck, Sard Caig's started a fire—th' polecat!"

All his trained firefighter's instincts were roused, and he forgot even the danger from Sard Caig. Stopping the bike, he jumped off.

"Wait there, Jim!" he cried.

He dashed deeper into the woods, his intention being to climb a tree and find out if possible the extent of the conflagration.

He became lost to sight of the waiting Jim. And for once Ranger Dan was not on his guard against human foes.

Suddenly a flying axe hit him on the back of his head, and he pitched forward.

Instantly Sard Caig and another of his ruffians leapt out of their hiding places, and pounded upon the Ranger.

"Quick!" snarled the crooked lumber boss. "The gag. Tie him up proper; that's right! Over t' that hollow tree with him."

Between them they carried the trussed Ranger to an old hollow oak, and dumped him inside.

"Ye'll burn, Ranger Dan McGrew, afore the Rangers and Mounties c'n find yew," gloated Sard Caig. "Now ter git that other young whelp."

Trapped in an inferno! Can Ranger Dan be saved from a terrible doom? Look out for white-hot excitement and thrills in next week's gripping chapters.

JOHN HUNTER'S GIGANTIC TALE OF PREHISTORIC MARVELS.

THE MENACE OF THE MONSTERS

Tremendous Thrills with Professor Laban Twick, the Scientist Who Never Smiled; Bigshot Bruce, Adventurer; Harry Langham and Pongo his Comical Pal—Not Forgetting Boomer of Boomer's Mammoth Circus.

An Invasion of Terror.

TERROR, chaos, death rode high in Britain on that memorable night when Professor Laban Twick's giant mystery ship had piled up on the South Coast. He and his companions—Bigshot Bruce, the greatest of all big-game hunters; the Professor's nephew, Harry Langham; and "Pongo" Mansfield—had watched its vast cargo of prehistoric monsters swim ashore.

The most fearful invasion ever conceived had started. The Menace of the Monsters had come.

To Bigshot Bruce fell the problem of wiping out the mighty invaders, and Harry and Pongo accompanied him, helping when they could. But their task was made difficult, almost hopeless indeed, by the fact that the monsters had become widely separated, appearing only when they made swift, destructive raids on the big towns.

Returning from an expedition to the North in search of wandering monsters, the adventurers met the most terrible of them all. They were hurtling along a country road in the Professor's light car when the huge beast appeared ahead. Mighty jaws, revealing portcullis teeth, opened. And they were travelling full tilt at that cavernous maw. . . .

Gaping Jaws of Death.

IN the few crashing seconds that elapsed between their seeing the first movements of the monster and their knowledge of their own peril, the travellers were able to appreciate that monster's identity.

It was the Professor who announced it. He still had the throttle flat out, and he leaned forward and said: "A pelagosaurus. The giant crocodile of the era. At least a hundred and twenty feet long."

But these details did not, for the moment, interest his hearers. Their attention was centred on the fact that they were smashing down the slope towards the wide gaping jaws of the pelagosaurus.

He had crawled from the lush grassland round the little stream. That stream was in heavy flood owing to the winter rains, and the depression in the fields at that point had been converted into a lake.

This was the sort of environment the pelagosaurus liked, save that the intense cold was affecting him. Indeed, being entirely reptilian, he was partly in a state of torpor through that cold, and he had no great inclination to move about. He wanted to eat badly, however, and he had failed to do so for some time. He was not active enough to catch moving animals on dry land, and the water life of small streams was, of course, absolutely no use to him at all.

He could only lie with his mouth open in the track of moving things and see if they came into it. For in his own steaming marshes he had lain thus, almost submerged, and trapped his food.

Now the car's speed suddenly checked as the Professor, realising the danger, lifted his foot and slammed on the powerful brakes.

Yet still the machine sliced towards that steaming, gaping mouth, with its foul, dripping fangs, towards the cold and staring eyes of the beast, as it lugged itself yet further on to the road.

The low parapet of the bridge went down in dust and brickwork under its weight. Its tail lay in the stream and the floodland. Its stumpy feet tore and pounded at concrete and grass as it urged itself along.

Hand-brake as well was slammed on. The Ape Man, dimly aware that something was happening as the shock of the tremendous braking threw him against the front seat, had got up and was chattering madly, pointing.

Nearer and nearer they drew to that gaping mouth, which moved from side to side across the road as the monster waved its head slowly.

The monster itself was now practically dragged completely on to the highway, and lay full length along it, undulating over the bridge, and drawing clear of that bridge as it lethargically advanced towards the car.

Six yards . . . four . . . three. . . .

The creature now seemed to tower right above them. The gaping mouth was hideous to behold. The Professor still held his steering-wheel straight. Bruce yelled to him to put the car through the hedge, but he did not seem to hear.

Two yards . . . one. . . . They were but three feet from the thing that drew towards them with such painful but dreadful slowness.

And the car stopped dead.

"Reverse!" yelled Bruce.

For just a second the Professor hesitated. Then he realised what was expected of him and he got the gear lever across and lifted his clutch pedal, swinging round in his seat and staring through the back panel.

The car snaked giddily, for he was not a great hand at reversing; but it roared backwards at fine speed under the urge of its powerful engine, and as it moved the great jaws came together with a clang like the shutting of a heavy steel door.

Up the slope went the car, rocketing obliquely from one side of the road to the other, but making progress and miraculously keeping out of both ditches; until it reached the top; where the Professor slammed on his brakes and mopped his brow.

"A most unfortunate incident," he observed.

Bruce was getting out. Other cars had come up behind them and were reversing and swinging in the road so that they could make good their escape if need be. One man stalled his engine across the road, and when he tried to start it his starter jammed.

It should be understood by those who do not know this bit of road thoroughly, that the pelagosaurus was now several hundreds of yards away, crawling up from the bridge at the foot of the incline.

The machines and people behind it were quite safe,

for it had not seen them, and in its sluggish half-stunned state, it could not easily turn, or had no desire to do so.

It filled the road completely, and its encrusted scales, foul, slimy and green, brushed down the edges as it straddled along in ugly fashion.

Bruce was in the road. Men were trying to free the jammed starter of the car that blocked that road. They had the machine in gear, and they were joggling it backwards and forwards, hoping the pinion would spring free from the teeth of the fly-wheel. Of course, it would not. Normally, it would have done, but in this moment of peril it simply refused to budge.

Meanwhile, Bruce had produced his automatic. He shot out the partly used cartridge clip and slammed another into the squat butt.

The Ape Man was with him, and at sight of this creature the frantic people with cars ceased for a moment to try and get away, and stared and shouted.

The Ape Man stayed beside Bruce, crouching slightly, fearful of this being who could make thunder and fire with his hand.

The Professor said: "Mr. Bruce, what do you propose to do?"

Bruce shrugged his shoulders. "We can't have that crawling about all day. I'm going to do the best I can with it. Not much chance, I'm afraid; but here goes."

He started off down the road towards the great pelagosaurus!

Harry said to Pongo: "He ought not to go alone. Let's see if we can do anything for him."

the pelagosaurus was suffering from the inertia which afflicts all reptilian life when it encounters atmospheric conditions below the normal temperature in which it must live.

The pelagosaurus came on very slowly. Its head constantly swayed from side to side, and the great jaws now and again clashed close with the steel-door clang which spoke of enormous power and the dreadful fate of any living thing clamped inside them.

Bruce steadied himself. To the Ape Man he said: "The thing we've got to risk, Percy, is whether he's got to go to bring his tail right round. If he has, you can kiss yourself good-bye."

The Ape Man chattered. What this Wonder Man did was O.K. by him, as one might say.

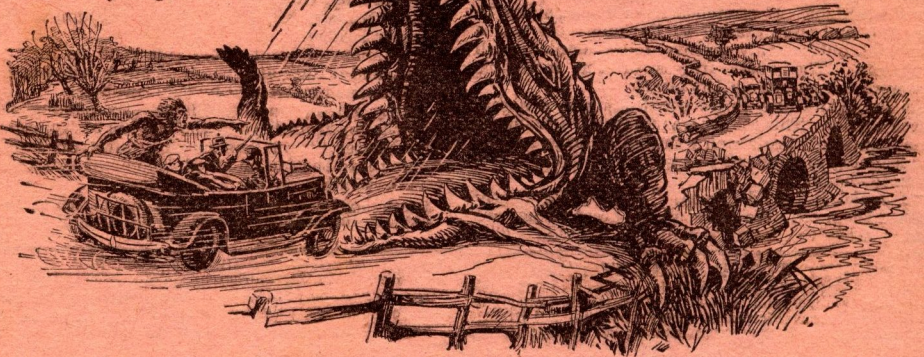
So they were near enough to the great saurian, and Bruce lifted the little gun. Perhaps never before, in all the history of the menace of the monsters, had man's cunning brain been so definitely demonstrated as when Bruce fired the nine-shot forty-four gun at the hundred and fifty tons of pelagosaurus.

He had set the escapement so that one shot only was fired with one pressure of the trigger. Unerringly he drove three bullets into its right eye as fast as a postman's knock.

Then he jumped backwards for all he was worth.

The tremendous head lifted, while the whole great body convulsed awfully. The head went twenty feet into the air, to fall on the road with a mighty metallic clang. Anything beneath it would have been crushed to smithereens.

The terrible tail came round; but the torpor that gripped the creature robbed its most



YAWNING DEATH.—The car raced madly down the slope, heading straight for the monster's gaping jaws. The Professor jammed on the brakes; but could he stop in time?

It was a brave decision, and they started after the daring man.

The Ape Man was with Bruce, following him like a dog, despite his high fear of the saurian giant. He carried his stone-headed club in his hand; and thus was presented a picture of a modern man, armed with one of the most modern of weapons, trekking to fight a thing from the dimness of the past with one of the First Men at his side.

Bruce did not leave the road, but went straight down towards the monster. Now everybody ceased to try and escape and stood and watched with anxious eyes.

The two figures, the modern man and the man from Time's dimness, looked Lilliputian compared with the creature they advanced to attack. Indeed, their only chance of so attacking lay in the fact that

hideous weapon of full striking power. It hit an undulation in the fields at the side of the road and the scything sweep was checked.

Bruce was running forward once more. It was the bravest and the coolest thing even he had ever done. The saurian was writhing, half-turned over, striving to climb forward, its jaws smashing and crashing.

And the little gun stammered once more . . . three times . . .

Now the pelagosaurus was blind, and tiny bullets had torn at lightning, bone-smashing speed into his flattened brain pan. Of course, they could not kill; but by some miracle of chance one of them stunned some of his nerve centres.

He went writhing and lifting, clawing and champing off the road, striking in any direction, tearing the

hedge down for yards, sliding over the grass, his tail flaying desperately, but more feebly.

The slide took him slightly downhill on the grass. He went blindly, and so touched the flood water. Water was his natural element. He did not see it. He only felt it. Everything was black before him, so that even he felt less of pain than usual.

Into the water he slid, snout deep. Part of him, of course, remained on dry land, but he stayed motionless, thinking himself hidden from this strange foe that could strike at him thus.

Bruce was yelling for the nearest telephone box. It was at Dial Post. A car fled back there, carrying him. In a short time the Worthing Fire Brigade, equipped with the gas and other methods of destruction, which had been distributed nation-wide, was tearing to the scene.

The great pelagosaurus did not stay long in his water bath. Within the hour he was dead.

The End of the Menace.

AND so the sensational end of this amazing chronicle is reached. The beginning of that end was marked by two things—a conference at the War Office and the coming of the Great Fog.

London, as all the world knows, makes a speciality of fogs. In latter years, these fogs have become more a legend than a reality. The "pea-soupers" of a decade or two ago hardly ever now make their appearance.

What has to be borne in mind is that the great creature of the Place of Mists lived in eternal fog. It was their natural environment. Therefore fog attracted them, even though it was a London fog.

This fog settled over the city on a Sunday afternoon when all was quiet, deserted and still, and it lasted all night. It stretched from Potter's Bar to Croydon, and from Ealing to Barking. It was a vast blot out roughly twenty miles across in all directions. The outer fringes of the incredible city were comparatively left clear.

At the War Office Bruce was talking to a highly placed soldier. This soldier was unusually intelligent for a man whose profession was that of arms, and he was listening to Bruce as to an expert. Bruce had a list in his hand.

"I make it," said Bruce, "that we've nearly finished them off. We know all the great snakes are dead. They've been definitely located. The

mammoths, too; and the dinosaurs. The sabre-toothed tigers, the flying things—that dimorphodon was the last of them—and the brontosaurus. The second of them was rammed and cut to bits by the liner, *Bremen*, homeward bound for Bremerhaven from New York."

"What do you reckon are left, then, Mr. Bruce?" asked the soldier.

Bruce ticked off his list carefully. "The tyrannosaur and another dryptosaur, and, curiously enough, a diplocidius. This latter may be dead. Nobody has seen it. It's a big chap, eighty feet long, something like a plesiosaur. It is not very dangerous, and it may be that it ran into the dryptosaur or tyrannosaur and got pipped. Either of those brutes would kill it. I propose a real hunt for both of them—a pukka one. All troops out; gas bombs, guns, and so on. Make the last big clearance. It'll be dangerous. But what I actually want is to have the beasts located, and myself advised. Then I'll do the dirty work."

The soldier smiled. "You've done rather a lot of dirty work, this show, Mr. Bruce. All right. I'll telephone the G.O.C. to-morrow morning, and I think you can count on the help you suggest."

And through the fog things moved, and a grim chase went on. The chase started at about two a.m. The diplocidius of which Bruce had spoken had lurked away in Surrey all this time, and it now made for London with the dryptosaur at its heels, so to speak. The chase was not as close as that, but the fiendish three-clawed creature was after it, ravaging.

The diplocidius found itself hemmed in by low, and dimly seen dark cliffs. Actually those cliffs were the fogbound houses on the wide main road which strikes straight up through Croydon to Westminster Bridge.

The monster went along this road as fast as it could, and it did not turn off at any of the breaks in the cliffs, as represented by side turnings.

Away north, another shape was coming down into the fog from beyond the heights of Hampstead. The Master Slayer was moving down on London, coming into the fog he loved. The great tyrannosaur was descending on the Metropolis.

Death and Destruction sweeping on London! Look out for the crashing climax of this mighty monster yarn next week.

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