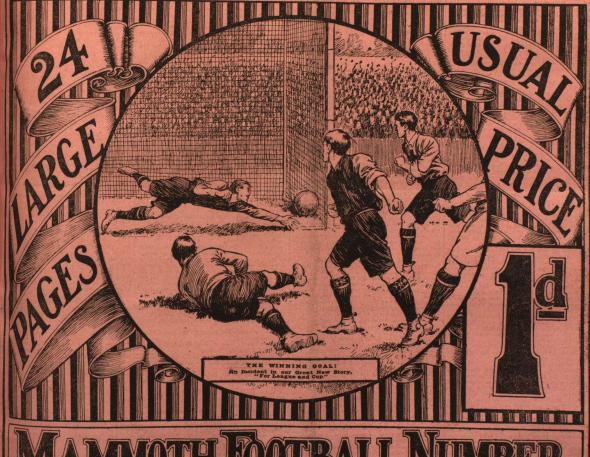
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(See inside.)





EW SCHOOL AND FOOTBALL SERIALS—SEXTON BLAKE STORY!

1900, COMPLETE TALE OF THE GREAT RUGBY GAME.

The service of the se

is a was the series, he darted off with lightning swiftseries, he darted off with lightning swiftseries, he sprinted! But an opposing threeis cooled old lick!?

How he sprinted! But an opposing threethe sprinted in the fact of the trace, the
besting died down, and the spectators watched
the same that the sprinter of the sprinter of the
the sprinted against each other. Hubert
look understood that well enough, and he
survery nerve to overtake the racing
the sprinter of the sprinter of the sprinter of the
head flug out his arm. But he had shot
his bolt. As if feeling his danger by instinct,
light made a sudden effort, and shot ahead.
Hebrit grip missed him by inches, and after
this band no chance.

But the cheer that traubled on the lips of the
Filishofmers was the back
to the sprinter of the sprinter.

Would he? Dick swerved

illie away from him, and ran like one
possessed.

Be beard nothing, saw nothing but the mark

neng to intercept the Driman splitters are well as they will be stop him? Would he? Dick swerved will be a swerved to the swerved him and a swerved will be swerved to the swerved him. There was almost a groan smeat pick's Form-fellows as the back was seen to make his tackle, and Dick went down. But it was followed by a roar. For Dick was upon the lies, and the hall was inches on the other wish, and he had scored a try for his fifteen. "Good old Dick!". "Hurah! Hurrah!" Dick was breathing hard, but looking none to worse for his big burst. The try was not considered, and shortly afterwards Hubert Lockswell of the swell of t

UGBY R

A COMPLETE STORY OF SCHOOL AND FOOTBALL. By a Popular Author.

"Yes, I know you did; but, on the other hand, his try was worth a sight more than your dropped goal."

Hubert bit his lip.

dependence of the sight more than your dependence of the sight more than your dependence of the sight more than the sight more

Locke's Chur

Locke's Chum.

"Lubert looked up and nodded to Albert Kenny. The latter was just field when he saw Hubert coming down the crossing a stile from an adjoining flane. There was a slightly uneasy look in his eyes, and a faint flush in his cheeks, as he saw the lane to meet the prefect. The first had been to be compared to the lane to meet the prefect. The frown wrinkled his hrow. Kenny was his chum, though the two had little in common between them. But the prefect was sensitive to skilful flattery, and Kenny, who was not of a particularly scrupulous nature, knew how to keep on the right side of him.

"Where did you spring from, Kenny!" asked Hubert abruptly.

"Just strolling across the fields," replied the other careless also such a field leads to the Green Kenny laughed, but his laugh did not ring true.

"You don't suppose I've been there, do

true.
"You don't suppose I've been there, do

you."
It isn't like you to listen to tattle about a

"It isn't like you to listen to tattle about a cluum." because you're a chum of mine that you cupht to be especially careful, as I'm a prefect, and responsible." "All right, I will be careful," said Kenny irritably. Then he changed the subject. "Has Northcote made up his mind about the three-quarter yet, Locke?" The mention of football immediately drove everything else from Locke's mind, as Kenny knew it would. The mention of football immediately drove everything else from Locke's mind, as Kenny knew it would. "We beat them by four to three, but Northcote thinks Elsmere made the better show of the two. There's to be a trial match on Saturday, and the skipper will abide by the result of it."

Kenny looked thoughtful.

Kenny looked thoughtful.

"I suppose you're certain to get ahead,
Hubert?"

"I suppose you're certain to get shead,
"Interest": know. I fancy I play rugger better
"I famere does, but he's a good man, I can't
tony that. And there's a lot of chance in football. He may have opportunities, and I may
not get a look in. It's about an even chance, I
fancy, which of us gets the cap. There's no influencing Northcote; he's as hard as nails."
"I suppose used football generally, and the
coming less used football generally, and the
coming twinkle in Kenny's narrow eyes.
"It's quite on the cards that Elemero may
get damaged in the trial match," he remarked
presently. "Then he would be out of the running."

"No such luck," said Habert. "He won't be hurt." It would be a bit of luck for you if he

"No such luck," said Hubert. "He won't be burt."

"It would be a bit of luck for you if he were."

"Yes; but it won't happen. Of course, it would be rol for mo to present I should be sorry if he got crocked just before the Redelysse match. But it inst likely to happen."

"You'll be playing against him," said Kenny significantly.

"Hubert's hrow darkened.

What the deuce do you mean, Kenny! Do J'hink I would be cur enough to hurt him?"

"It din't mean that! But, after all, he wouldn't have much install But, after all But, af

The Trial Match

The Trial Match.

The Itial match was eagerly looked forward to. The Bellingham fellows had a pretty good opinion of themselves generally, but most of all they fancied themselves at the good old game of Rugger. The cellege had a very good record, including a victory over a county team. But Redelyfle had always been a hard nut to crack. The

Redelyffians sent a team into the field which time and again had bailled the Bellingham side, and all Bellingham, from the captain down to the most diminutive fag, longed to give the sent of the most diminutive fag, longed to give the sent of the

his side.

It was quite immaterial which side Kenny plaved for, and so his wish to don the colours of Dick Elsmere's side-the Blues-was not disregarded. Kenny was pretty good at through the best of the best of

Saturday arrived, a cuest, we day.

During morning school a good deal more attention was bestowed upon the afternoon's match than upon lessons, and lines were showered upon inattentive youngsters, who took them with reckless indifference. All we glad when the afternoon came, and nearly glad when the afternoon came, and nearly wround.

wen men asternoon came, and nearly the whole school streamed down to the football ground.

Both fitteens looked very fit, and the rivals for the vacant post in the first fifteen both looked easy and confident. Dick's chums of the Fifth burst into a cheer when he appeared. He was on his trial now, and they looked for great things from him. Upon Kenny's lips for a moment a satirical smile fickered.

Fig. 10 to the first first first first companions. The companions of the companions of the first first

The Blues lost the toss and kicked off. There was a slight wind in favour of the Reds. It was not much, but Hubert Locke, at least, was glad of the slightest advantage.

The kick-off was followed by a forward rush of the Blues, which carried them well into the enemy's territory.

The spectators looked on eagerly when the first serum was formed. The two teams were "much of a muchness" in weight and in training. The Blue's partisans cheered when the Reds were seen to be giving way. The ball came out, and Kenny was upon it with unusual rapidity, and away he went for the Reds' goal-line.

Like an arrow from a how Hubert Tool-

Like an arrow from a bow Hubert Locked arted at him. The back was not wanted, though he was ready, for Hubert tackled Kenny almost immediately, and pulled him down. Dick's brow wrinkled in a frown for a moment.



"Good old Dick! Hurrah! Hurrah!" The back was seen to make his tackle, and Dick went down. But he fell on the line, and the ball was inches on the other side. He had scored a try!

He thought that Kenny could have passed to him in time, and he was ready; but Kenny had evidently thought differently. The ball went up the field towards the Blues' trently-five, and a scrum was formed close to the line.

The ball went up the field towards the nustwenty-five, and a scrum was formed close to be line.

Dirk was on the watch to receive the ball, and he did receive it, and was away with it like lighting. Two or three Reds ran into his was making for him, and Dick realised that he would not escape his rival's tackle. He passed to Kenny in time, and Locke, tackling low, brought him to the earth with a thump; but Kenny was away with the ball.

Dick was upon his feet in a moment. His face was anxious. That part of the field was clear of opponents, and only the Red full-back had a chance of stopping Kenny. If the three-quarter kept straight on he would be tackled, to a certainty, but if he swerved towards the end of the line he had every chance of eluding the full-back. Dick, in fact, had by his pass given Kenny a possible tre, though it was one which would have been difficult to convert. And Kenny, instead of swerving, as he should have done, was racing straight on as if possessed.

"You howling idiot!" broke involuntarily

have done, was racing straight on as it possessed.
"You howling idiot!" broke involuntarily
from Dick's lips.
The next momeltine, and came down in a
The next momeltine, and came down in a
Debritted his teeth as the ball went to midfield again from the scrum. What was the
matter with Kenny! This was the second time
he had failed his side at a critical moment. It
had not yet occurred to Dick that there might
be "method in his madeess."

Just before the whistle went for half-time
Hubert Locke found his opportunity. He came
up the field with the ball, and, handing off
Kenny, who made an appearance of tackling
him, he raced over the line and grounded the
ball, amid loud cheers from his partisans, it
was the first try scored in him the line and
was the first try scored in the strains.

At half-time that was the only score. The

matter of fact, it was converted by Hubert himself.

If the thin the was the only score. The Red perfect for points to nil, and Hubert Locke had done the scoring.

Frank West and his chums were looking somewhat downhearted.

"Dick hasn't had a look in," said Frank, "and whenever he had a chance," he went on, rather illogically, "that horrid bounder of a Kenny spoiled it. If he doesn't get a chance in the second-hall, I'm afraid it's all U P. Locke will go to mee Rederffee, and Boll of the second hall, i'm afraid it's all U P. Locke will go to mee Rederffee, and believed the second hall, i'm afraid it's all U P. Locke will go to mee Rederffee, and believed the second hall, i'm afraid it's all U P. Locke will go to mee Rederffee, and believed the second hall, i'm afraid it's all U P. Locke will go to mee Rederffee, and believed the second hall. The second hall have been second to be second hall have been second to be second hall have been second to be second hall have been second him and the man's tackle missed him by inches, and he darted over the line, amid a roar of cheering.

He grounded the ball, with yards to spare,

and the man's tackle missed him by inches, and he darted over the line, amid a roar of cheering.

"He grounded the ball, with yards to spare, but it was near the touch-line, and the kick was a difficult one to take. Dick was assigned to take it, and, in spite of the awkward angle, he seat the ball fairly over the bar.

"Goal!" shouted the crowd.

The Blues had equalised, and it had been Dick's work.

Between the rival three-quarters there did

Dick's work.

Between the rival three-quarters there did not seem to be a pin to choose, but Dick knew in his heart that, but for Kenny's faulty play, he would have completely outclassed his rival. Hubert Locke's eyes were gleaming when the Reds kicked off again. He had begun to feel certain of his cap, but Dick's success had dashed ais hopes once more, and the issue was still doubtful.

He was determined to outdo his rival by

doubtful.

He was determined to outdo his rival by hook or by crook, and as the game was returned to the control of his form. But come the control of his form. Soon afterwards the Reds scored a try, but as the game wore on a dropped goal brought the Blues a point shead on the score.

Both fifteens were playing hard, and the game had been a gruefling one. But Dick seemed as fresh as anybody, and he was still keen and full of verve. Play was hard, but dull for a time, with scrum after scrum, and nothing coming of it. It began to look as if the trial match would end with the score unsigned the control of the control of

and he caught Dick across the legs and brought him helplessly down.

Dick was up again in a moment, but the thing was hoppless. Locke was yards away, and, running like a racer, he escaped the full-back and grounded the bull over the line. A minute later the whistle blew. I lubert had failed to convert, but the Reds' score was eleven points to nine, and they had won the trial match.

The Reds had won, and Hubert Locke had won his cap for the Redelyffe match!

won his cap for the Redelyne match!

Dick Speaks Out.

ICK ELSMERE changed his clothes after the match, and joined his friends with the sunny expression that usually ing. It was certain now that Locke would have held the state of the first fitted that the state of the first fitted have been the late by the state of the first fitted have been the late by the state of the state of the fitted have been the late by the state of the st

an end of its besity shame," said Frank indignantly. "But for the sake of the school you ought not to take it lying down. You are better than Locke any day in the week."

Dick smiled rather rucfully.

"I'm afraid Northeot doesn't think so now. There's no time for another trial match, anyway, as we meet the Redelyfie lot on Wednesday. I only hope Locke will put in a good show for the school."

school."
"Why don't you speak to Northcote?"
"It's an uppleasant thing to have to say about any fellow, and he may think I'm down on Kenny because I've lost the cap for the first filteen."

fifteen."
"I shouldn't wonder if he saw the thing him-self," replied Frank shrewdly. "Anyway, I think you ought to speak to him about it. It was dirty trick, and Kenny ought to be shown up. You needn't make any public fuss, but just speak to Northoote quietly, and see what he

says."

Upon reflection Dick decided that he would. He was quite certain in his own mind that he had had foul play, and it seemed hard that he should submit to it without a murmur.

had had foul play, and it seemed hard that he should submit to it without a murmur. So presently he tapped at the door of Northcote's study, and the cheery voice of the captain bade him enter. He went in, and was not pleased to see that Hubert Locke was present. "Hallo, Eismere!" said Northcote, modding to Dick. Locke turned and stared out of the window at the elms in the quadrangle. "You're the fellow! I wanted to Sci. Course, you know in the fellow! I wanted to Sci. Course, you know in the first fifteen. It was agreed that the trial match should decide it, and you will admit that Locke made the better show."

"I admit that," said Dick.
"I know you'd take it like a sportsman," said Northcote, looking a little relieved. "As a matter of fact, there's little to choose between you. But it was agreed that the trial match should decide it, and there you are."
"That's what I want to speak to you about, Northcote, said Dick quietly. "I hope you won't regard what I'm going to say as eavilling, but the said when you won't regard what I'm going to say as eavilling." But what?" asked the captain sharply.

ut—""
"But what?" asked the captain sharply.
"Do you think I had fair play in the match?"
Locke turned round sharply from the window.
fortheote stared at Dick.
"I don't understand you, Eismere."

Northcote stared at Dick.
"I don't understand you, Elsmere."
"You must have noticed the way Kenny spoiled my play."
"He certainly didn't improve his chances or yours." admitted the captain. "But you don't mean to say that you think he spoiled you on purpose!"

purpose?".
"I'm sure he did," was the quiet reply,
"That ien't like you, Elsmere. I'm afraid
you've allowed your disappointment to warp
your judgment, said Northcote. "Kenny
was elumsy, certainly. But why should ho was
to spoil your play? It's a serious accusation to to spoil your play?

Hubert Locke made a step forward, his eyes

gleaming.
"Yes, why should he do it, Elsmere? You
must answer that question."
Northcote looked from one to the other in a

Northcote locked from one to the other in a puzzled way, he for it was to the state the state of the state of

that last time when you scored a try. But for him I should have tackled you."
If ubert gave a ancering laugh.
"So you think. Can't you think of any other explanation of your failure besides foul play from Kenny! Deen't it occur to your high mightness to there not up to my play?"
"No," said Dick, "it doesn't. I don't want to brag of my ledy but I should have tackled you and brough you right down then if Kenny had not deliberately fallen in front of me and tripped mo up. There was no accident about it."
"You lie!"

"You lie!"

"You he!"
Hubert bissed out the words, his face pale
with rage. He took Dick's decharation as an
accusation against himself, but as a matter of
fact Dick did not believe that he had been a consenting party to Kenny's treachery, and he had not intended to imply anything of the

had now hands clenched tightly, and his oyes blated. He took a rapid step towards Locke, but Northeote jumped up and interposed. "Stand back, Elsmero!" Dick stepped back. The captain of Bellingham were a worried look, but he was quite

ham wore a would decided.
"I don't know what to make of your accusa "I don't Kenny," he said. "I can see that he would be to be the would be the world would be the world be the beautiful between the beautiful beaut "I don't know what to make of your accusation against Kenny," he said. "I can see that
you believe it, but I hardly think a fellow would
be guilty of such treathery. Anyway, it is impossible to put it to the proof. You don't
mean to say that you think it was put up between Kenny and Locke?"
"Certainly not be the proof out.

"Certainly not!"
"But you mean to hint it!" ground out Hubert. "You mean that right enough, but you dare not say it out!"
"Hold your tongue, Locke!" said Northcote irritably. "I don't deny that Kenny's actions may be considered suspicious, but it's impossible to prove anything, as you must be aware. Elsmere. The result of the trial match will stand. That settled the matter, and any vague suspicion cannot be allowed to alter it. Locke get his cap for the first fifteen, and plays Red-dyffe with us on Wednesday. The best thing you two fellows can do is to shake hands over it. You can be rivals in Rugger without being enemies."

it. You can be rivals in Rugger without being enemies."
"I don't question your decision, Northeote," aid Dick question your decision, Northeote," aid Dick quietly. "I wanted to speak out, and I've done it, and I'm satisfied. I had foul play from Kenny; but the matter's ended as far as I'm concerned."

And with a short nod to the captain, and without looking at Hubert Locke, he quitted the study. Northcote was looking decidedly troubled:

the study. The third was nothing ucceeding the control of the cont

Dicks disappointment was keen, but he took it quietly. He did not speak to Kenny about the happenings in the relief, for he was a little bit afraid of the Fifth-former. Locke practised with the first fifteen, who were preparing themselves vigorously for the coming tuste with the Red-clyffians.

ifficen, who were preparing themselves vigorously for the coming tussle with the Red-clyffans.

Hubert enjoyed the triumph over his rival, for he was convinced that Dick's accusation against Kenny was really aimed at himself. He threw himself into practice with his whole heart. He was determined to do or die when the great day came.

Meanwhile, he had a worry upon his mind. More than once he had had a suspicion that the state of the state of the state of the state of going the Grain days to the habit as a cloak. Hubert had a strong sense of duty, and as a prefect it was his Jouisness to take cognisance of such matters. His doubts upon the point troubled him a good deal, till a sudden discovery put an end to them.

It was on the Tuesday night preceding the day of the Redelyffe match. Hubert was taking a stroll in the quadrangle before turning in, when he saw a dark form slip out of the schoolhouse, and make for the wall of the doctor's garden. London and the strong the school of the point that he had accidentally protted on the point of the protted on the protted on the point of the protted on the point of the protted on the point of the protted on the protted of the protted on the prot and make for the wall of the dector's garden.

At that he was a favourite spot for the juniors to break houns a favourite spot for the juniors to break houns a favourite spot for the juniors to break houns a favourite spot for the juniors to break houns a favourite spot for the juniors to break houns a favourite spot for the juniors to break houns a favourite spot for the junior spot for the junior favourity for the favourity favourit

"You're a cad. Kenny, to the what are placed me in a very away free feet in!" You know free in the control of t

another."
"Do you mean to say that you becount?"
scoount?"
"You know I did"

account?"
"You know I did."
"I didn't know anything of the account."

cur!"

Kenny started.

Don't start calling names!" he had toned it, only I want from to make the find the first control of the first co

Kenny gritted his teeth.

"Do you mean to say that you won't yes."

go. Hubert!"

"Yes."
"Then, look out! By Jinga, Ill is called and the sarranged between the control of the cont

Northcote."
"I don't understand you."
"What Elsmere said about Kenny run;

"What Elsmere said about Kenay ruy."
Northcote gave a start.
"How do you know?"
"He has confessed it."
"Confessed it?"
"Yes, or, rather, basted of it? "nid Zie
"Yes, or, rather, basted of come, at
should think it too rotten to prid his
action. That's the sort of cur he it."
There was a short silence.
"I suppose you know what thi ma'
said Northcote at last.
Hubert noded his head.

said Northcote at last.
Hubert nodded his head.
"It means that I leave the leam."
"Yes; in common fairness to Element for the sake of the side. To be quite ful had my doubts all along, but I said had stick to the result of the trial match, self.
But what you tell me alters the case pated by 'I know. I knew when I told you is in

"I know I ame water matter."
"You've acted awfully decaily set Hubert. You could easily have legitly yourself. But it's what I should have good of you," said the captain cordially. "say that plenty of fellows would have allow thing about it."

say that plenty of fellows would have suching about int." said Hubert in alore "I-I" was unjust to Elamera all Ida apologise. I resign, and he sake that's settled. There's no We da't seandal over the nature of the said of



CHE NEW CHUM A Tale of School Lore SPORT

THE tat CHAPTER.
The New Churn Gives Advice.

ERE, you new kid, what's your name-Russell?

Kit Russell lecked round as his name was called.

It was his first day at St. Ehchlberta's, but he might have lived there all his life to judge by his cool and unconcerned manner as he strolled across the bid quadrangle with his hands in high The Aller and the Fisherst was captain of the Fifth, and had a high eness of his own importance and dignity, and the cool glance the new boy gave him irritated him a little.

"Hallo—hallo." said Kit cheerfully.

"What's wanted!" said Kit cheerfully.

"What's wanted?"
"Don't hang about there. Get down to the footer field."

footer field."
"Who may you happen to be?" asked Kit
coolly. "And what right have you got to order
me about?"

on the Fifth, and I'll jolly

me about!" I'm the captain of the Fifth, and I'll jolly soon show you what right I've got if you don't make tracks!" exclaimed Pankhurst, getting make tracks!" evaluined Tankhurst, getting red in the face. "You're not in Timbuctoo or Borrioboola-Gha, or wherever it is you come from now and—"

make traces. "You're not in Timbuctoo or Borriobools Gha. or wherever it is you come from now, and would be not so that the state of the source of the sourc

Some changes were being made in the St. Ethel's first team, and Yorke, the football captain, had arranged the match this afternoon as a final test to some promising recruits he had

his eye on.

The field was crowded with boys of all Forms, and Kit Russell joined heartily in the cheer which greeted the rival teams as they came sampering in. They were distinguished by red and blue shirts. Pankhurst was captain of the Blues, while Netherby captained the Reds. Yorke was acting as referee. Kit watched the game with interest. The young Colonial was deeply interested in the

national game, and he fully intended that the time should come when he would play in the school colours. Meanwhile, he contented himself with looking on, and cordially cheering every bit of good play.

And there was some good play to be seen to both sides. Football was taken seriously at St. Ethelberta's. In spite of his recent till with Pankhurst. Kit admired the way the scaptain of the Blues played up. His cheer was as loud as any when the Blue captain kicked the first goal of the match.

Pankhurst was certainly a fine footballer. but he was a littens were crimly a fine footballer, but he was a littens with the scaptain of the Blue splayed to show off. He was certainly a fine footballer, but he was a littens were crimly a fine footballer, but he was a littens were coping in fine style, and Pankhurst, with the last was backs had marked him, and he should the ball was too strong.

"pass, you duffer!"

But Pankhurst was already tackled. He was robbed of the ball, and the Reds bore it away with a rush across the half-way line.

Dick Netherby equalised just before half-time. In the second half the Blues put forth their strength. Pankhurst scored another goal for his side, and another was taken before the whistle went. The match ended in a victory for the Blues—3 to 1. Pankhurst was sawaguring a little as he went of the field. But he had not forgotten Kit, and as soon as he came out of the dressing-room he looked for the

THE 2nd CHAPTER.
The Colonial Shows His Quality.

"OW, you checky young bounder!"
Kit Russell was swung round by
heavy hand on his shoulder. He
jerked himself free, and looked
calmly into Pankhurst's angry face.

"Let him alone, Cyril!" urged Dick Nether-

"Let him alone, Cyril by, trying to make peace.
"You can't expect a new chun fresh from New South Wales to know—"
"It you think I'm going to let a savage from the Cannibal Islands call me a duffer, Dick Netherly, you'ro jolly well mistaken!" almost shouted Pankhurst.
"I'm sours I called sou

Pankhurst.
"I'm sorry I called you a duffer, since you don't like it," said Kit. "I spoke in the excitement of the moment. You ought to have passed."

or the homeone ought to have passed."

"Have you come from the bush to teach us how to play footer?" sneered Panklurst, all the more wild because he knew that Kit spoke truly.

"Well, I fancy I could give some of you points," answered Kit. "Bat, look-here, I'm a peaceable chap, and I don't want to quarrel with anybedy. But I come from New South Wales, and not

CHARLES HAMILTON

from Timbuctoo, Dorrioboola-Gha, or the Cannibal Islanda. Just romember that! I don't like being hour head! I'l don't like being hour head!"

Punch we head!"

Punch my head? Why, you howler—"

"Now, chuck it! If you're captain of the Form, you ought to make things easier for a new chum, and not go for him immediately. "On you hear that, Netherby?" said Pankurst, with a forced grim. "What do you think of that for a new kid?"

"Well, he's right to a certain extent—"
"Well, he's right to a certain extent—"
"Right, is he? That's your opinion?"

"Right, is he? That's your opinion?"
And he hit out forcibly, expecting to see Kit go down like a ninepin. But somehow it didn't work out like that. His blow was brushed



The thin crust of ice crumbled beneath Kit's weight, but in a flash he reached the gap and dived in beside Pankhurst.

RUGBY RIVALS. (Continued from page 238.)

wondering Fifth-Former how matters stood, and frankly apologised for his previous atti-tude.

Dick was only too willing to accept the hand of friendship, and so, strangely enough, it was on the morning of the great match that the rivals were better friends than they had been in their lives before.

And so it came about that when the Belling- clyffo

fifteen faced Redelyffe, the rivals were

nam inteen laced Redelyffe, the rivals were both in the team as comrandes. At first sight it was seen that the Redelyffes were a strong side. They were captained by a big, broad-shouldered Sixth-Former named Cunningham, who had played for his county. They had evidently come with the intention of administering a sound licking to the home side, as usual, but the latter intended to give them a hard tusele.

of administering a sound licking to the nome side, as usual, but the latter intended to give them a hard tusule.

All Bellingham was crowded round the ground to watch the match, as well as a strong contingent of Redelyffians. Bellingham loses of the day among the home team and they bore down upon the enemy, and there was soon a serum near the visitors' twesty-five.

From the scrum Dick Elamere received the hall, and streaked through the opposing three-quarters. The full-back rushed upon him, and he made a long pass to Hubert Locke, who mado no mistake. Dick went down under the back, but the Bellingham crowd roared with delight, for Hubert had touched-down over the line with vards to spare. Northcote, with a grin, told Dick to take the kick, and away went the leather soaring over the bar.

"Goal!" yelled the home crowd.

"Hurrah!"

It was a fine beginning. But it seemed to make the visitors buck up and the bome crowd.

It was a fine beginning. But it seemed to make the visitors buck up, and the home team had no further chance before half-time. Red-clyffe scored a try, but failed to convert, and

just before the whistle went Cunningham dropped a goal. Half-time, therefore, found the score—Redelyfle, ?; Bellingham, 5. But Bellingham were not in the least downhearted. He was a supplement of the scale of the

knocked a postman's knock on his all the staggered back.

And regard back a going to show a knock on his along a going to show a knock on his along a going to show a knock on his along the stage of the going to show a knock on his along the stage of the going to show a knock of the going to show a going the show a going to show a going the show a going to show a going the show a going the go

third round was all in the Colonial at the end of it Notherby pured have the back.

"Keep that up," he said encouraging shouldn't be surprised if you pulled ited.

"I shall do my best, anybow."

And he did. The fourth round with the surprised of the distriction of the street of the

THE 3rd CHAPTER. The Scardale Match.

UT if Cyril Pankhurst hatel a mechum from a distant quant quant distant quant quant distant quant quant quant distant quant quant distant quant qu

In fact, the lad from Austrain land popularity at a bound.

His plucky fight, and the generality is shown after his victory, were chlored appeal to healthy British bors, and her showed that he had other claims to again.

the foe closed in, and he passed to Haler, he raced on, and let him have the ball hat he was tackled. With the ball is he plick raced on, the Redelyffe backcles with

With a desperate spurt and a fraction.
With a desperate spurt and a fraction the back was upon him, but Dick was as the back was upon him, but Dick was as the back was desperate to the back was desperate to the back was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him, but Dick was a special to the back was upon him to the back was upon him to the back was a special to the back was upon him to the

the line.

—It had been a nasty fall, and he res ker rather dazed but triumphant. He had the try close to the goal, and what the was carried back into the field of pip, the was taken easily by Northeote. Right set her went the flying leather, amid a parie the crowd.

A minute.

A minute or two later the whisle red by great match was ended, and Reliants beaten their old rivals by 13 points to beaten their old rivals by 13 points of crowd, wildly cheering, invaded can Northcote, Dick, and Huber was solf, shoulder-high. And few met and plorious victory there were so in the school than the two who had continued in the school than the two who had continued to the Rugby Rivals.

(Many other grand Rugby and Association from stories will be published in THE 8015 RELIGIOUS the Jooball sepaon, but the other site in product will be in no way neglected. Our note is from adventure.)