

The Journal for all Junior Athletes!

The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

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A LAD OF THE LEAGUE *By A.S. Hardy*



Second Instalment To-day!

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A Powerful New Football Story of Absorbing Interest. By ARTHUR S. HARDY.

THE 6TH CHAPTER.

The End of the South-Eastern League and the Registration Form—"Jones is Asked to Sign."

As Guy Northcote lay extended full length upon the ground, motionless and pale, the first rays of dawn were really beginning to seem as if the plucky lad had been badly injured. He had fallen very heavily, and to the spectators could not easily separate the movements of forwards and goalkeepers, it almost looked as if the two Luton men had run on to the prostrate body of the lad before they could pull themselves up.

Robb Harwood dropped on his knees beside his friend, and the referee, full of concern, came rushing up.

"I am used to rendering first aid," he said. "Let me have a look at him, Harwood."

As there was recreation, for smiling with an effort, Guy rolled himself over and sat up.

"I'm all right," he said; but, nevertheless, the ground began to heave up and down, and strange lights danced before his eyes. He had been knocked silly by the force of the fall.

Harwood helped him up, and whilst he and another lad held him, and a group of players gathered round, the assistant-trainer, Andrews, came running out of the clubhouse with a bag full of restoratives, bandages, etc.

He took the run-up and when he had been operating on the lad for about a minute Guy suddenly dropped his arms and said he was feeling better.

"I'm all right," he said.

The crowd applauded wildly at the plucky manager as he went.

Guy took his place between the goalposts, and the outside-left for Luton prepared to take the corner-kick. It was sent in accurately, falling the ball into the four-yard square, and into the very centre. Some Luton heads bobbed up, but Guy was out of his place like a flash, both hands and feet raised, and he kicked away almost to the centre line. Here the water-gate Luton backs secured and returned. The danger was not yet over.

After a struggle with the Luton centre-half, the West London right-half got the ball and sent across the field to Robb Harwood. Robb had only one Luton back and their goalkeeper, but he was mastered that time. He was well within his own half of the field, and by reason of the alteration in the off-side law, he could not be sent out of the field for a foul, by force of instinct, prepared to blow his whistle, but beholden of the changed law in that respect, he did not do so.

After him pelted the Luton halves and the other back. The back in front of him essayed to stop Robb's progress, but the clever international quickly got round him, and with a strong head, ran round him, and cleverly onward towards the Luton goal. The Luton goalkeeper, who had raised the danger, rushed out. The ball had gone well towards him, and was actually nearer to him than it was to Robb. Robb, however, raised the danger, and with one foot, but entirely underestimated the great speed of the West London centre-forward.

After a great sprinting at a tremendous pace, rapidly closed the gap, and, getting to the ball before the goalkeeper, he literally dribbled it round him, and rushed onward.

Quick as Robb's actions had been, he had been delayed in passing the ball to another goalkeeper, and the Luton players were close behind. They had no ball to dribble, and there was no one to stop him.

Robb, however, kept his head, and running the ball to within six yards of the goal, he panted it forward all along the ground, and to the satisfaction of the spectators, he was within a yard of the goal-line, and found a resting-place against the net.

It was a magnificent piece of play, and the shouting of the crowd might have been heard for miles.

"Well played, son men!" roared a stentorian voice, and then, as the ball was sent back to the centre of the field, the half-time whistle blew.

Manager Arthur Stevens on the ball balcony sat pulling at his moustache.

The Reserves' match had been remarkable for the times so far, it being the first forward play of Robb Harwood, the fine defensive work of the unknown amateur Henry Jones, and the disaffection of the goalkeeper Stevens.

"Sir," he said, "I adopted a rather high-angle method in my only shot. I didn't send you to Grimby to play the Fishermen. I was talked out of it by Benson and some of the other fellows. I don't know how you'll be able to say well or to last the game after your long rest. Don't you worry about Illnes. We shall know how to deal with him."

Illnes had finished dressing by this time, and

he now advanced from the corner of the dressing-room smoking a pipe, and blowing clouds of shag tobacco-smoke into the air. He wore an elegant suit of grey tweed, and, besides, the assistant-trainer, glared at him.

"You know the rules, my lad," he said—"no smoking in the dressing-room. You must be ashamed of yourself! What about the non-smokers here!"

"Oh, they've got to put up with it," said Illnes. "I don't get proper treatment here, so why should I worry about others?"

Andrews, the assistant-trainer, was a short-tempered man of few words, but a very good sort withal. His face turned scarlet, and, leaving Guy, whom he was rubbing down, he walked to the door, and, with a wrench, pulled a pipe out of his mouth, placed it on the cement floor, over which the water was streaming from the spray and shower baths, and ground his heel upon it.

"You're not wanted in here, so clear out!" he growled. "You and I will have something to say to one another if you ain't careful, my old son. Andrews is not out here angry, and when he's angry he's horrible!"

Illnes coloured to the roots of his hair. He caught sight of Manager Stevens just then, and thinking better of it, he slunk out.

"I think you'll do now, my lad," he said. "And you ain't done badly in your first match. Keep it up!"

"Thank you," said Guy, with a modest smile. "I think Jones is a credit to us, don't you, sir?" said Robb, looking sideways at his manager as he spoke.

He's doing very well," answered the manager. "I don't know as all our other half I may want to speak to him, Harwood."

The centre-forward knew what that meant. There was a certain eagerness ahead with the Second League Club if Jones only kept cool.

As they entered the field a hoarse murmur of dismay went up, and looking at the "Evening News" score-board, Robb saw that the other team was doing badly at Grimby, for the Fishermen were two up.

"That won't do," he murmured. "The team will never earn promotion at that rate!"

There were long and gloomy faces around the playing-pitch when the game was restarted. The result of the match was being thought of, and a following, moreover, who were accustomed to the sweets of victory, not the bitterness of defeat, were being thought of, and they pined to do badly, and they had had several bitter pills to swallow lately. If that match with Grimby was not it, it meant mean good luck to the Second League Champions, or even a good position on the table, and too many seasons in the second division would dim the lustre of a club accustomed to have its own way. So far one game had been drawn away, and one drawn, and one lost at home. Now they looked like losing again.

There was a bad report for a team that had reckoned on promotion. But soon the spectators' depression vanished under the influence of the news.

West London, of course, had recourse to one-back play, that form of the game that comes in for such storm of abuse from the lips of the followers of the club against whom it is tried, and certainly it completely upset the plans of Luton, but it was a very clever thing. The West London men began caught napping in the West half of the field; but their back took good care never to cross the half-way line, with the result that with the halves playing close to the centre whenever West London attacked, and well over the line in their own half when they were on the attack. The result was a clear run for the West London goal without being declared off-side. They didn't seem able to help against forward to a man, and that was their undoing.

THE FIRST INSTALMENT TOLD IN BRIEF.

Whilst playing in a practice match at Renton College, Robb Harwood recognises one of the freshmen, a youth named Guy Northcote, who is a very promising amateur. He is very violent to Guy, and presently picks a quarrel with him. The same evening he and some of his friends go to the cinema, and see a picture of practically all his belongings. Guy is so enraged that he writes a letter to the manager, and by sheer force clears his rooms of his tormentors.

The following day Guy's uncle, Benjamin Garvide, and his nephew, Guy, arrive at the club. Guy has been brought up by Garvide, who now reveals to him that there really exists no relationship between them, but that he has never told him so. He offers to repay him who should enter into his own life, but he is refused. Guy's uncle, Benjamin Garvide, on the point of death, and Guy's cousin, Lord Averdale, will succeed him. Guy, being the only son of Benjamin Garvide, is the heir of the title of Lord Averdale.

On the following day Guy, to reassure, to learn that Garvide has merely kept him in subjection in hopes of his being repaid when he should enter into his own life, but he has never told him so. He offers to repay him who should enter into his own life, but he is refused. Guy's uncle, Benjamin Garvide, on the point of death, and Guy's cousin, Lord Averdale, will succeed him. Guy, being the only son of Benjamin Garvide, is the heir of the title of Lord Averdale.

The sending of Illnes from the field had had a salutary effect upon the other members of the West London side. They had behind them a goalkeeper who did not intend to be cleared.

And each out of goal by Guy, who, falling, took the ball right from the feet of the Luton centre when all seemed lost, roused the crowd to pitch in, and the result was that Robb had seldom been seen on the river-side ground.

His saving, too, at close quarters, and the clear, decisive way in which he cleared, stamped him as a player of no mean ability. He as times took risks in kicking at the ball in order to save his goal, but then, it had to be remembered that he was a back and half as well as a goalkeeper, and this "riskiness" about his play was easily forgiven.

When the second half was twenty-five minutes old, Luton, in retaliation, fell back upon the one-back game. This was what Harwood wanted. He was one of those players with a good head and a love of problems.

A sort of instinct always told him the positions of men on the field, even when he did not see them, and he was exactly the type man to dribble through. Added to this, he was in a class by himself as a forward to the rest of the players on the field, and by no means inferior to that was almost as good as that which he had scored the equalising goal, he ran through the opposing defence and put his side ahead with a solitary long shot.

West London now pulled themselves together into fine fashion. The game was as good as won. When the second half was thirty minutes and were playing better than ever.

It was soon after that third goal had been scored than an alteration was made in the scores on the board with regard to the Grimby match. These now showed the game to be 2 goals all, and a joyous shout went up.

The terrific shout that greeted the altered score also heralded a clearance by Guy, who punted the ball well over the half-way line, and here, by nice combination, the West London man carried the leather to the vicinity of the penalty area, where Harwood metched another goal, a hit to which Robb knew his.

That was all the scoring, and for the remainder of the game, West London contented themselves by kicking the ball into touch, whenever danger threatened.

The warmth of the day had made the playing-field a very hot place, and the crowd was glad when the end came. The crowd remained to give Guy a rousing cheer, and to applaud his brilliant forward play. Harwood, again, stepped off home to talk over the incidents of the match and the club's future prospects.

Guy and Harwood had just finished dressing when a uniformed official entered the dressing-room.

"Mr. Harwood," he said, "the manager would like to see you and Mr. Jones before you go."

"Come along, Harry, my lad!" said Harwood, smacking his chin on the shoulder. "I should not be surprised if the manager didn't make you an offer."

On entering the manager's room, Mr. Stevens motioned to Guy to sit down.

"Jones," he said, "I was delighted with your exhibition in the match this afternoon. Now I should like to see you and Mr. Jones before you go."

"Yes," answered Guy. "I played last for my school."

"An amateur, of course?"

"I would care to sign for you," answered Guy earnestly. "You see, I have no employment, and I can't afford to play. I've got to work."

The managerial eyes gleamed.

"Well, you'll be glad to hear me on as a professional. For my part, I can tell you, I should like to see you."

At any time his bullying tricks, and Guy has to teach him a lesson. Harwood takes a fancy to the lad, and he is very violent to Guy, and presently picks a quarrel with him. The same evening he and some of his friends go to the cinema, and see a picture of practically all his belongings. Guy is so enraged that he writes a letter to the manager, and by sheer force clears his rooms of his tormentors.

Guy takes his place on the line, and presently he is cleared by the other members of the team, and with a whirlwind rush. A perfect centre sees the centre-forward, and he is cleared by the other members of the team, and with a whirlwind rush. A perfect centre sees the centre-forward, and he is cleared by the other members of the team, and with a whirlwind rush.

The two men in blue spot, astounded at the save, and a wild roar of cheering ascended to the skies that day.

And with that deafening roar ringing in his ears Guy lay still and motionless where he had fallen.

It was a magnificent piece of play, and the shouting of the crowd might have been heard for miles.

prefer it. We should have exclusive claim on your services then, and if, as you say, you have nothing to do, three pounds a week should be a good salary for you."

"I have some scruples about sacrificing my amateur status," he said.

"Never mind about that, Jones," he said; "just you put your signature to this form, which I will send you."

Guy read the Football Association's form of registration of a professional player through. It was as usual—

Name of Player
Present Postal Address
Place of Birth
I hereby consent to be registered as a Professional Player by the Football Club from 19..... to 30th April, 19.....
Signature of Player.....
Date
Signed by the Club
In the presence of
Signature of Witness.....
Address of Witness.....

To the Secretary of the Football Association, Limited, 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

On behalf of the Football Club I request you to register as a Professional Player.

Sixpence is charged for each form. All forms must be sent to the Secretary, The Football Association, Limited, 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. A registration fee of 10s. per year is also charged. See Form A, enclosed by the Secretary.

When the lad had finished his examination of the form, the manager pulled up his golden sovereigns on the desk by his side.

Guy rapidly thought it over. After all, he had done with school-life for ever, and without friends or recommendation it might be hard for him to get on with his usual appearance, to find anything to do. Three pounds a week was better than starvation; and besides, the manager's offer was a very good one, as he knew under the name of Henry Jones. Garvide and Redmayne would be little likely to know him here. He wrote his name with in the place intended for his, together with the other particulars, Robb Harwood added his signature as witness, and the secretary-manager, placing his name to the form, the registration was concluded. All that was now wanted was the approbation of the Football Association, and Manager Stevens had no reason to expect opposition in that quarter. He enclosed the form in an envelope together with a letter, signed it, addressed it to the Football Association, and sent it to Robb Harwood.

"Harwood, my lad," he said, "I think you might put this on your way home."

"Henry Jones," he said, "I'd love to wish you the best of luck with your new club, and for others talking to the end of your long years' service. We are proud to have you."

Guy returned the pressure of the manager's hand and bowed to him.

"Thank you," he said, and a minute later he and Robb were making their way homeward at a brisk walk, both of them far too hungry to speak a word.

THE 7TH CHAPTER.

Training - A Proposed Race - Guy Beats the Reserves - The End of the Season and Hines are Taught a Lesson.

THIS is an interval between training-days, and the end of your long years' service of best professionals—that is to say, the professionals with ideas, who are located in the City and business men as well as gifted with nimble feet. You can't get away on Wednesday morning—mid-week football—the match with Luton Reserves, and the day after, you are to play the Reserves. The players were sitting on forms just within the enclosure-rails, a few of them smoking, and the others talking to while away a long half-hour before feeding-time.

Benson had just issued orders from the gymnasium, and was going on to the enclosure, when he saw a young man, who he had walked the head-trainer, Brown. He was a thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with bull-like neck, and evidently gifted with unusual strength.

"It's no use your putting on frills with me, Benson, or Hines either, so I tell you straight," he said. "You can't get away from the fact that you were in bad condition last Saturday. You cost us the match. If we had had you, we should have won it. You had better have your training up to you, if you'll put a spell at the sculling-apparatus, and see how you do."

He was a young man, who he had walked the head-trainer, Brown. He was a thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with bull-like neck, and evidently gifted with unusual strength.

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Now read this week's instalment.

A LAD OF THE LEAGUE

(Continued from the previous page.)

in the third round, and only being defeated by Woolwich Arsenal, semi-finalists, in the fourth, were to be managed by the players from what I can see.

There was a crowd of over 20,000 strong on the ground a quarter of an hour before the kick-off. I was looking stupid if I was another man short. Do you think you can stay the match?

"I'm not going to say, sir," he said, patting the forehead of his stomach. "I have even got a bit of 'om long pom,' as the French say. But I'm pretty fit, despite my years, and I think I can be managed by the players from what I can see."

"You're a good chap!" said the manager, pressing Trainer Brown's hand. "I'm not going to say, sir," he said, patting the forehead of his stomach. "I have even got a bit of 'om long pom,' as the French say. But I'm pretty fit, despite my years, and I think I can be managed by the players from what I can see."

"Now, boys," said the manager, his clearing tones penetrating into every hole and corner of the room. "I want you to remember that you are a team, and that so long as you haven't covered yourselves with glory, I won't say that you haven't done your best. And I don't want you to be a team of players who haven't been clever. But clever football without goals doesn't win games. Remember that."

"What's the matter, my man?" asked Mr. Stevens. "Matter, sir? Matter enough!" answered the man, peering a bit suspiciously at the manager.

"On the roof, are they?" cried the head-trainer, seeing his manager at the door. "I'd have 'em 'em off quick enough, sir, even if I was to swoop 'em down with a fire-bomb."

"No, no," cried the manager. "I let them alone, well," he said, "let 'em stay there! They've climbed up there on purpose to make a scene, and they'll only be gratified if any notice is taken of them. We can't forcibly remove them. They'll have to come down sometime—either to-day or to-night. Give orders that they are to be left alone, and tell all the employees that they are to reveal the identity of the men on the roof. Now, hurry up, Myers, and take the word round!"

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friends in the enclosure answered with a prolonged cheer. The rest of the crowd laughed, and soon, despite the manager's precautions, the truth was out. Nearly every spectator on the ground knew before half-time that the players on the roof were the same as those on the ground.

Meanwhile, Morris, who had won the toss, chose to defend the Putney end of the ground. The manager was not at all surprised at this, and giving no advantage really to either side. Barnsley prepared to kick off. The players were:

W. London: Goal, Morris; backs, Jones (Northolt) and Foster; half-backs, Reid, Graham, and Cummings; forwards, Vance, Harwood, Trainor, Harwood, Robinson, and Fletcher.

Barnsley: Goal, Thorpe; backs, Hay and Stacey; half-backs, Doyle, Hughes, and Goring; forwards, Hall, Beeves, Hallwell, Mordue, and Brooks.

No sooner were the teams lined up and the ball placed in position, than the referee's whistle blew, and with a rush Barnsley invaded the West London goal of the field.

From the red shirted attack, and with sinuous, quick, evasive movements, and in the very first minute Morris had to look alive to stop a stinging shot sent in by the Barnsley outside-left. He was just about to do so, but Guy's sure foot was there, and he put the ball in touch well down the field.

From the throw-in Barnsley again obtained possession, and were encouraged, and a cheer came from the stand that had a decided Yorkshire flavour about it.

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Converging in toward the centre as he heard the West London end, he did not part with the ball until he had made sure of the shot, and when the whistle blew, he kicked the ball straight against the cross-bar. As it fell, the goal-keeper just managed to push it over the top of the net, and Brock was upon him before he could get away.

West London packed their goal. Brock's centre was an excellent one, but for a moment a goal-keeper to be easily beaten, and getting his fists in; it was in mastery fashion, he not only cleared the way, but was the means of getting his feet forward. The referee's whistle was taken to the other end.

But Barnsley's backs were not to be caught napping. They raced hard for goal, and got to the goal before the referee had time to intercept the ball as Brown passed to Harwood. It was kicked into touch without ceremony.

A minute later Brooks took away again, and Guy kicked the ball just as he tackled, let him through. He ran along in grand style, and his centre was received by one of the forwards. Guy was copying the man, and Guy was copying the man, and Guy was copying the man.

"What ever is the team coming to?" he murmured. "A cry of applause at that moment attracted his attention to the field, and he was just in time to see Guy make a magnificent clearance with the Barnsley forward right upon him.

Harwood had now got well away from a finesse pass by the old warhorse Brown, and looked new. He was in the air, and the Barnsley left-back popped up, and with a huge lunging kick sent the ball flying in the air. The referee's whistle was going straight for the spot where the three strikers were seated astride the roof.

A cry of warning arose, but too late. The ball struck the side of the head, who, losing his balance, toppled over, and went rolling down the corrugated iron roof toward the gutter.

"He'll be killed!" shouted someone in the crowd. "As he reached the edge, Benson, with a convulsive effort, just managed to get a grip of the gutter with both hands, and the next moment he was dangling by his arms, with a weight of forty feet below him, swaying gently from side to side.

A shout of horror arose. "He'll be killed!" shouted someone in the crowd. "As he reached the edge, Benson, with a convulsive effort, just managed to get a grip of the gutter with both hands, and the next moment he was dangling by his arms, with a weight of forty feet below him, swaying gently from side to side.

NOTICES AND CHALLENGES FROM READERS' OWN CLUBS. THESE ARE INSERTED FREE OF CHARGE.

CLYDESDALE F.C. (average age 15, medium) want matches; also good goalkeeper, outside-left, and inside-left, under 16. Write to Hon. Secretary, P. Mellis, 64, Kier Road, Holloway, N.1.

W. LONDON F.C. (average age 16) require home and away matches; also good goalkeeper, outside-left, and inside-left, under 16. Write to Hon. Secretary, P. Mellis, 64, Kier Road, Holloway, N.1.

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ONE PENNY. Every Tuesday.

(To be continued in next Saturday's issue of THE BOYS' REALM. On sale every-where, price 1d.)

"Slaves to the Shop!" Great New Story in a Fortnight's Time.

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CLAR.



Latest Portrait of YOUR EDITOR (H. E.), Controller of THE BOYS' REALM - Saturday. THE BOYS' FRIEND - Tuesday. THE BOYS' HERALD - Wednesday.

Another New Serial. I AM sure that my friends will agree with me that our paper is in a very strong position just now. We have already three magnificent series appearing in our pages—first, the powerful new football story, A Lad of the League; secondly, the fine new tale of Slapton School by Mr. John Finnemore; and lastly, our grand new tale of thrilling adventure, "Plucky Phil Faren."

There will be a special interest attaching to this new year in that the gentleman who is contributing it has himself been employed as a shop-assistant, and knows the many petty injustices and tyrannies to which these unhappy people are subjected. The new story, "Slaves of the Shop," will throw fresh light on this gross and important question, and no reader of THE BOYS' REALM should miss it. As I am certain that there must be many of my friends who are themselves shop-assistants, this great new serial will specially interest them. The opening chapters will appear in a fortnight's time, and I think my friends will welcome the new story a really stunning one.

Next Week's Number. NEXT week I am publishing two fine athletic tales. One will be a further tale of Frank Reeves, about whom a complete story appears this week, and the other a long, complete humorous cycling yarn from the pen of Mr. L. J. Booton. I feel sure that these stories will be thoroughly enjoyed by all my friends.

OUR LEAGUE CORNER. Now that the football season is in full swing I shall be glad if secretaries of clubs who have affiliated themselves to our league will send in the reports of their matches from week to week. A report is quite sufficient, and the name of the club should be plainly written on the top. Then should follow a note as to how the match was played, the name of the opposing club, goals for and against. Please write very plainly, so that there may be no mistake made in entering the results in our league books. Our decisions of joining our league may still do so. The lists will be kept open a little longer for the benefit of any who have up till now neglected to enter. Join at once, or it may be too late. Full particulars will be found on another page.

OUR CRICKET LEAGUE. Two of the cricket leagues to which your Editor promised to present special challenges have now finished their competition, the trophies having been won by the following clubs: BELFAST MINOR LEAGUE. Champions: MORRIS C.C.—Secretary, Mr. T. Handford, 199, Albert Bridge Road, Belfast. MERSBY CRICKET LEAGUE. Champions: EASTWOOD C.C.—Secretary, Mr. H. Geman, 223, Picton Road, Waverley, Liverpool. We heartily congratulate these clubs on their well-merited success, and trust that THE BOYS' REALM can then do the same for the other two leagues. The following is the final table showing the position of the clubs in the final table to the Mersby Cricket League at the close of the season.

"Slaves of the Shop!" Great New Story in a Fortnight's Time.

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. He will answer you by post if you enclose a stamped addressed postcard or envelope. Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper. All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. If your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boys' Friend" next Tuesday, or "The Boys' Herald" next Wednesday. THE BOYS' REALM will be sent post free to any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 7s.; 6 months, 3s. 6d.; 3 months, 1s. 3d.—payable in advance by British stamps. Postal Orders or Money Orders to be sent to the Publisher, 3, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

When Should We Practice Running?

WHAT is the best time of the day to practise running, and how often should we run? asks F. W. B., of Redditch. Undoubtedly the best times for training, my friends, are in the early morning and in the evening. Say you rise at seven o'clock, F. W. B., then half an hour after you have had a glass of milk and some biscuits on bread-and-butter, there is no reason why you should not take an hour's sharp walk or steady trot out and home again. Have a bath or a sponge down on your back, and sit down to a good breakfast. As you have no business anxiety, you could rest for about an hour or so after your breakfast, and then spend a quarter of an hour in physical exercise, or could take an hour's gentle spin on your bicycle. After that take things easily till an hour after tea-time, when on a cool of the evening, you could have an hour or so's steady trot, finishing up with a few sharp sprints of a hundred yards—if you are thinking of going in for short-distance racing.

Have a sponge down immediately you have finished your dinner, and wash your face and have your supper late and avoid eating all "heavy" dishes. Before you turn into bed, which should not be later than ten o'clock, take a gentle walk or bicycle ride for an hour. Sleep with your windows open. Persisted in, this common-sense form of training will not only gain you splendid staying power as an athlete, but it will lay such a foundation of health that it will remain with you during your lifetime.

How to Make a Gelatine-graph.

ALL the way from Vancouver, British Columbia, one of my chums, who signs himself "Canadian Inquirer," and who tells me that he is sub-editor of his school magazine, and is also secretary of his school debating society, writes to ask me to give him particulars how he could make a gelatine writing-pad.

I have pleasure in giving my chum the information he desires. Take two parts of Russian glue, one and a half of distilled water, and five of glycerine. Soak the glue in the water till soft, and then pour in the glycerine and mix till the whole is mingled together. If the graph is required to be of a pale colour, add one part of fine white clay.

After this, pour the composition into a flat tray to cool. It can be used as soon as it is solid.

Another method is to soak three parts of Nelson's gelatine for ten to twelve hours in four parts of water. Add three parts of glycerine, and warm it up until the whole is dissolved. Cool and then describe.

Football and cricket club secretaries who have a number of letters in duplicate form to write, should make one of these writing-pads, for it will save them an immense amount of labour.

Table with 5 columns: Club, Division I, P, W, L, D, P. Rows include Eastwood, Sunkeny, Waterloo St. Faith's, Bransby, Central Liverpool, Vondale, Fazzakerley, and Champions, 1907; winners of THE BOYS' REALM.

Table with 5 columns: Club, Division II, P, W, L, D, P. Rows include Halesly, Sefton's, Cleveley, St. Barnabas, Central Liverpool, Mersey Juniors, and York.

League table up to and including Saturday, August 17th:

Table with 5 columns: Club, Junior, P, W, L, D, P. Rows include The Realm, Sefton, Rebecca St., St. Barnabas, Mersey Juniors, Central Liverpool, Mersey Juniors, and York.

Should He Work in a Wine Distillery?

ONE of my young friends who wishes me to answer his inquiry with the initials S. B., is troubled in his conscience because he is employed in a wine and spirit distillery's office. My friend is a teetotaler, and has been working for his present employers for over three years, and he fears that if he stays there very much longer he will fall to the temptation of drinking some of the strong liquor with which he is surrounded. He also feels that every time he labels a bottle of wine he is encouraging drunkenness. Ought he to continue at this employment, he asks me, or should he look about for another post?

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THE BOYS' FRIEND 3d. LIBRARY.

My friend S. B. tells me that he has withstood the temptation for over three years. He is deserving of credit for that, for in an atmosphere of drinking it is so easy to be tempted to take just a little drop. And as my chum has stood firm for three years, I should say that he would be able to continue a teetotaler for even a longer period in the future. He tells me that he knows of the evils of drink, because he has seen so many instances around him of its influence. There is therefore no need for me to emphasise this part of the matter, so I will get on with his question. Now, if he feels strong enough to resist temptation, and his post is a well-paid and

promising one, I think he might stay with his present employers; but if, on the other hand, his conscience is set against his occupation, and he feels that he cannot resist the temptation much longer, he would be doing right in looking for a post elsewhere. But I strongly advise him not to be too rash. First obtain a new post, S. B., before you break off with your present employers.

My chum also tells me that he is not by any means a lazy lad, yet he feels constantly tired and sleepy, and the colour has faded from his cheeks. Can I suggest a remedy for that? I think that this is due to my chum's employment. He is, of course, confined to a room or a warehouse all day where the air is pervaded with the smell of various liquors. The constant inhaling of this air has affected my friend's liver, and the sleepy feeling he complains of is due to this. My advice to him is to take a little of active exercise in his spare time out of doors.

Sleep with your windows open wide, S. B., and do dumb-bell exercises in your back garden every morning for ten minutes. Have a warm bath regularly once a week, and avoid constipation at all cost. Eat plenty of vegetables and fresh fruits. If he perseveres in his employment, will soon bring the roses back to your cheeks, my friend, and cure your liver as well.

Is There a Cure For Bandy Legs?

THIS is the question asked me by a Birmingham chum whose initials are W. H. He tells me that he is only a working lad, and cannot afford to send for a doctor. I am afraid that even if my chum was a millionaire I could do little to help him. I am sorry to inform W. W. that for a lad of his age there is practically no cure for bandy legs. The only chance of remedying this trouble is during the sufferer's childhood. The affliction, known as bandy legs, which is often caused through mothers allowing their babies to get upon their feet before their little legs are strong enough to bear the weight of their bodies, can be remedied in childhood by the sufferer's legs being broken, being placed together in their proper position, and secured by a plaster cast until the legs are strong and have assumed the normal shape. It can be safely practised with babies, because the bones of their legs are little more than sticks of green wood, and the broken parts soon heal and grow strong.

But it is very different in the case of a grown-up lad, who has become a man. The legs, therefore, might arise the possibility that everything would not be satisfactory, and even in a satisfactory case the sufferer never moves with the freedom that they should do.

I am sorry, W. W., that I cannot give you better news than this, but bear your trouble manfully, and by narrow-minded people will take notice of the shape of your legs; your friends will value you for your good character, your straightforwardness, and your other many qualities.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.)

DAILY MAIL

- SOUTH LONDON CHURCH LEAGUE. ALL SAINTS MEN'S C.C.—Secretary, C. Randall, 65, Plumstead Church Road, Plumstead, S.E. BROMKING AND DISTRICT LEAGUE. LAWLEY BAY C.C.—Secretary (of League), Mr. H. Bowen, The Folly, Bromley. SWINTON AND DISTRICT LEAGUE. GREENSIDE, Secretary, Mr. A. Widdowson, Crossbarrow, near Rothaerham. MERSBY CRICKET LEAGUE. HELMS C.C.—Secretary, Mr. H. Norris, 5, Ribblesdale Avenue, Aintree, Liverpool. FATES AND DISTRICT LEAGUE. L. Rogers, Blundell Sands Hotel, Blundell Sands, near Liverpool. BELFAST MINOR LEAGUE. LEXINGTON C.C.—Secretary, M. J. Greer, 22, Delamater Street, Belfast. MORRIS C.C.—Secretary, Mr. T. Handford, 199, Albert Bridge Road, Belfast. SOUTH LONDON S.S. LEAGUE. CLAREBROOK LINTONS C.C.—Secretary, H. R. Smith, 9, Cumber Buildings, Tabard Street, Borough, S.E. SECTION 2. JUNIOR DIVISION. KINGSGATE A.C.C.—Secretary, F. Grundy, 41, Abbey Gardens, South Wood, S.E. SENIOR DIVISION. ST. MICHAEL'S C.C.—Secretary, F. A. Neville, 52, North Street, Edgware Road, N.W.

he wished to see how steady Gibson was under punishment.

Gibson was not steady at all. He went to pick up at last along nothing but long hops.

Then the Bat went on, and at first the poor old Bat was so frightfully nervous that he pitched down the most wretched ball.

"What could Teddy have been thinking of to recommend this chap to me?" thought Tom. "He knows what is cricket as well as anyone."

And then, all of a sudden, Tom had to buck up. There came down a ball of beautiful length which struck the pitch like lightning, came in to the off stump, and nearly bowled the finest bat at Slapton.

"Hallo!" thought Tom. "That's better!" The nice chap was not a bit the better! He had conquered his attack of nerves, and began to show his true form.

Within ten minutes he had convinced Tom that here was the charge bowler of whom Jayne's stood in need. The list of Jayne's eleven was posted the next day, and Jimmy West's name was down for eleven runs.

Gibson's chagrin and vexation were beyond description. He had actually been so sure of himself that he had ordered his cap. The news of this cropt out, and was received with a great shout of laughter in the house. The joke was altogether too good.

"Talk of cropt-out wickets before they were hatched! This was doing so with a vengeance, and Gibson became a batt for such jokes and rejoiced to be the subject of them."

"I had no choice," said the Bat, who had done nothing but prove himself to be the better man.

"Some of Gibson's cronies grumbled, however, and wanted to know what use a fellow with spectacles and squinting eyes could be on the cricket field."

"Dry up," he said, "and don't talk real!" While the best men in first-class cricket play in spectacles. What about J. N. Crawford, of Surrey, and E. Young, of Sussex, at Cambridge, and a heap more fellows? You may as well shut up if you can't do better than that by way of objections.

The days slipped on till the eve of the greatest wind-up of the season which had ever been witnessed at sea. The Bat stood in the corridor leading to the studies, polishing his glasses on his handkerchief.

"Oo, here you are, Teddy!" said the Bat. "You've only gave him a scowl, and passed on. The Hat put on his glasses, and found he was addressing Gibson."

"So sorry!" stuttered the Bat. "I-t-took you for a good 'n-m-man!"

Gibson only gave him another evil scowl, and passed on without reply. He was going to Curzon's study, and was addressing Gibson.

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and there's going to be a jolly good fight before stamps are drawn to-night!"

"Let's go up to our study," said Ito, when breakfast was over. "We've got nothing to do till it's time to go on the ground."

"Right you are," said Teddy. "Come along, Jimmy."

"I'll be with y-you in a m-m-minute," said the Bat. "I'll go and g-get my e-c-cap."

Teddy and Ito went up at once to their study, and the Bat, seeing for the room where his box was stored. He did not observe that another fellow followed him, for he never once looked behind.

Just outside the box-room door there was a dark corner where a couple of steps made a sudden turn. On his way back the Bat took these stairs with a flying leap. Then from the dark corner slid out a hockey stick, and took the Bat's right ankle in its crook. He was tripped up, and fetched headlong to the stone floor.

A boy then sprang forward, bent over the prostrate figure, snatched off the spectacles—which, by a miracle, were still unbroken—and hurried them on the floor. Then he ground the glasses under his heel, turned, and fled.

It was Palmer, and he never stopped until he reached Curzon's study, where Curzon and Gibson were awaiting him.

"I've done that proper," bragged the dirty sneak. "Tripped him up just outside the box-room, and while he was in a heap on the floor, knocked him silly by the tumble. I whipped off his glasses and smashed them to bits."

"Good for you, old man!" cried Gibson, in delight. "Now I've only got to wait for a message from Sandys."

"We must now return to the unlucky Bat, who has had a just and severe reprimand for his rough tumble. He picked himself up in time to see a flying figure, but, without his glasses, he only saw it dimly, and he hastened to search for his precious spectacles.

"Smashed to bits!" grunted the Bat. "And he pulled 'em off while I was wounded. This is a put-up job!"

"He hastened up to the study and told his story. Teddy and Ito were furious.

"This is a deep laid and cunning plan," yelled Teddy. "Just an hour or so before the match begins, when you haven't time to get a fresh pair!"

"No," sighed the Bat. "I'm out of it to-day for good and all!"

"Wait a bit—wait a bit," said Teddy. "Isn't there some dodge we can hit on?" They thought he had to let those sneaks beat us.

"Borrow another pair, if a pair can be found to suit him," suggested Ito.

"You've got it, old chap. If there's a pair to suit 'em, let 'em have 'em. They'll be lent for our fellows are a sporting crowd," cried Teddy.

"Of course, we'll buy Curzon & Co.; but then, there are bad ones every basket. Stay here, Jimmy, and we'll hunt up the chaps who wear specs."

Out went Teddy and Ito in search, and they hit upon Foulkes and a friend, and set them searching, too. Within twenty minutes the Bat had tried on eleven pairs of spectacles, for, as Teddy had said, the vast majority of Jayne's were a sporting crowd; but, unluckily, not one pair would fit Jimmy's queer vision.

"I'm bless if I don't work through every house in the school," roared Teddy. "We ain't going to be beaten any too easy."

"Good for you, Teddy," said Foulkes. "Let's go over to Grey's. My cousin, Billy Rivers, is head prefect. He's a good sort is Billy. He'll lend us a pair."

Teddy, Ito, and Foulkes took the Bat over to Grey's, and the affair was laid before bad, good-natured Billy Rivers.

"Jolly hard lince on the poor cove," said Billy, and at once went to work sending out

tags to summon to his study all the spectacled members of Grey's.

At the eighth pair the Bat tried on he let out a shout of delight.

"These are as good as my own!" he yelled. "Right you are," said Billy Rivers. "You'll lend them for to-day, won't you, Bayley?"

Bayley was the owner of the specs.

"Oh, rather!" said Bayley. "We'll want to give Jayne's a sporting chance for their fight."

While this was going on the awful Gibson was waiting and waiting for the expected summons from the House captain. He licked his lips jollyfully. He would wait his cap, after all. But he waited and waited and no summons came.

Boys began to troop towards the field, and no word came for him to get into his fannels.

"Done!" growled Gibson savagely. "Clean done! The cock-eyed beast had another pair!"

But here Gibson was wrong; he hadn't. But he had a pair of chums who were very bad men to beat, and they had pulled him through the difficulty in triumphant fashion.

The 17th CHAPTER. The Big Game.

TOM won the toss.

"We'll bat," he said promptly, and drew a breath of relief. It was first blood in him the game, and he knew that he had a very good chance that would fall to them if they were to put off the match.

"I'll bat," he said promptly, and drew a breath of relief. It was first blood in him the game, and he knew that he had a very good chance that would fall to them if they were to put off the match.

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He arranged his field a little differently, and sent down two or three easy tempters. But Teddy knew the time of day. He left a couple of them alone, and cut the third along the carpet for 3.

This gave Tom the bowling, and he finished off the over by promptly cutting the fast man for a very pretty pair of 4's.

Teddy now began to feel a little easier and to look out for loose balls. He picked out the right one to hit on four occasions, and made 14 runs off the bowling. He mistimed a "googy," and hit it into the hands of mid-off.

But Jayne's were very satisfied with Teddy's performance, and he was not a bit vexed.

"He's made 21, and stopped the rog. Good little man! The tail's begun to wag."

And they gave him a rousing cheer as he went back to the pavilion for the second time.

Out came Foulkes now, and Foulkes was a hitter pure and simple. He had a good eye, and could time the ball to a miracle, but of steady play he was no exponent.

He stayed at the wickets for exactly eleven minutes; but it was a merry little turn, and caused great delight. He went for 10 runs, fast and "googy," and made some lucky hits.

By slashing at everything, and hitting nine times out of ten, he made 28—four 4's, two 3's, and three 2's.

"Jolly good! Well wagg'd!" chorused Jayne's, as the slogger returned to the pavilion after the last pair of 4's.

The little Jap was an excellent defensive batsman, and he had a very good eye. He had been doing for some time, for he was eager to make runs. Then Tom failed quite to get hold of a ball which hung a little, and he was taken in the deep.

He made 64, and was received with a rousing cheer as he returned to the pavilion.

Then out went the Bat, and there was a general grin as he shuffled, with his long legs and his arms swinging across to the wickets.

But the School did not grin when the Bat laid hold of the "googy" after the first pair of 4's.

He did not attempt to watch the ball up to the bat, he was unaccustomed to doing so. But he went always for the pitch of the ball, and trusted to Curzon's wicket.

On a good, fast wicket, such as the one he was playing on, this policy was a bad habit, and, to the delight of Jayne's, he slashed six balls to the boundary with his long arms and sweeping bat before he was bowled.

It carried out his bat for 17, and the innings closed for 177, a most unexpected total after the early collapse.

"Jolly good! Well wagg'd!" roared Jayne's louder than ever.

The School went in and made 108. Jayne's bowling was splendid, and not a change was made in the innings, for, though the School looked up from the book he had to be fought for.

The wicket was rolled, and in went Tom Curzon to open the second innings. The ball of the very first over brought about disaster, though it was entirely owing to Curzon's own stupidity.

He was mad to break his duck, lest he should bag his dread pair of spectacles, and when he showed the ball away to leg he belloved "Come on—come on!" and started at full peep down the pitch.

"No, no!" cried Tom. "Go back! There's no on at all!"

But before Curzon could turn the balls were whipped off and he was out, and nothing lay before him but to return to the pavilion, with the name of Curzon's own stupidity.

Jayne's received Curzon with a howl of wrath.

"What an idiot you were to run, Curzon! There wasn't the ghost of a chance. Sandys was quite right not to move."

But Curzon said nothing. He tore off his pants in gloomy frown and flung them down and went away. Behind the pavilion he met Gibson.

"Did you see that?" hissed Curzon. "Sandys wouldn't move. He did it on purpose; he wanted to run me out!"

"So he did!" agreed the toady. "It's a beastly shame! You'd have knocked up 50 if you'd only moved!"

"But I'll get level with him!" hissed Curzon, his face white with rage. "If I can stop him, he shan't win this match!"

"That should be jolly glad to see the beast lose!" said Gibson.

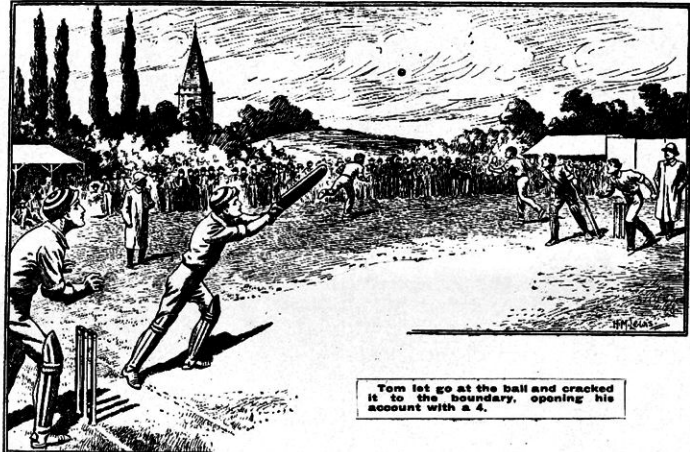
"And he shall," said Curzon. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Gibson."

Curzon leaned over and whispered in Gibson's ear. Gibson nodded all over his malicious face as he listened.

"That'll settle 'em, old man!" he chuckled.

"That do the trick proper! You've got 'em on!"

(To be continued in next week's BOYS' REALM.)



"Tom let go at the ball and cracked it to the boundary, opening his account with a 4."

The Boys' Realm. The Boys' Realm Football League.

(264)

1d. Every Saturday.

No Entrance Fees! Prizes for All!

SOLID SILVER CUPS, SILVER MEDALS, AND HUNDREDS OF MATCH FOOTBALLS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

The following Leagues have been formed for the benefit of Unattached Clubs throughout the country—

- Section 1. "THE BOYS' REALM" LONDON LEAGUE.**
TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.
Division not to exceed eighteen.
Finalists (Senior and Junior) in each Division to play each other at Close of Season for the Cups. The losing teams in the Finals to receive Solid Silver Medals.
Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.
- Section 2. "THE BOYS' REALM" SOUTHERN LEAGUE.**
Open to any football club in the South of England, including Greater London.
TWO HANDSOME SOLID SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.
Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.
- Section 3. "THE BOYS' REALM" NORTHERN LEAGUE.**
Open to any football club in the North of England.
TWO HANDSOME SOLID SILVER CUPS (Senior and Junior) for open competition.
Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.
- Section 4. "THE BOYS' REALM" SCOTS LEAGUE.**
Open to any football club in Scotland.
TWO HANDSOME SOLID SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.
Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.
- Section 5. "THE BOYS' REALM" IRISH LEAGUE.**
Open to any football club in Ireland.
TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.
Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

N.B.—These Prizes are only to be put up for competition on condition that a certain number of clubs make applications to compete for them, such number to be decided by Your Editor at an early date.

The following Clubs have been enrolled since last week:

- SECTION I.—"THE BOYS' REALM" LONDON LEAGUE.**
Plumstead Albions. Vere Rovers. Barnsbury Orient.
- SECTION II.—"THE BOYS' REALM" SOUTHERN LEAGUE.**
Red Rovers (Woolston). Woolston Thistle (Woolston).
Weston Grove F.C. (Southampton). Grosvenor F.C. (Westcliff).
Rochester Excelsior (Rochester). Tory Town (Rochester).
- SECTION III.—"THE BOYS' REALM" NORTHERN LEAGUE.**
Kirkstall White Star (Leeds). Longford Amateurs (Warrington).
Walmsley F.C. (Bury). Wellfield F.C. (Bradford).
St. Joseph's (Bradford). Dipton Juniors (Dipton).
Grealey Swifts (Barton). Kirby Banks Juniors (Leeds).
Hosleden F.C. (Durham). Hobbeck Prospect (Leeds).
Park Gate Juniors (Newhall). Rawmarsh Albions (Rotherham).

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- Only clubs which have been established at least one season (exclusive of 1907-8) are eligible for entry, and the respectability and standing of each club must be vouched for by some responsible person.
- Clubs desirous of entering one of the above contests must fill in the form below, and send it together with a list of their engagements, with the average age of members of the opposing clubs, and a letter from the president of the club, to the Secretary, Boys' REALM Football League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4, as soon as possible.
- The cups will be presented at the end of the football season to the clubs in each section which Your Editor, the Secretary, and another referee, consider to hold the best records in the first twenty-four matches actually played. It does not matter on what date the first match is played. Wednesday and Thursday clubs may compete. Points to be awarded as follows: Two for a win, one for a draw; the points to be counted as in the First Division of the opposing team signifying that the report is quite correct. These results must reach the Secretary of THE BOYS' REALM League at the above address not later than the Tuesday morning following the match.
- Strict investigation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of the entering clubs and their fixtures.
- All matches to be played under the Rules of the Football Association.
- The Cups to be won outright. No club which has previously won a Cup will be allowed to compete again for a period of three years, although they may send in their reports in order to participate in our weekly award of Prize Footballs.
- Opposing teams must, in every case, be of the same average age.

THIS FORM FOR SINGLE UNATTACHED CLUBS ONLY.

Date..... Club.....

Playing Ground.....

Average Age of Members.....

Colours.....

The above club is desirous of joining The Boys' Realm League (Section.....), and the members agree to conform to the conditions governing the contest, and to abide by the decision of Your Editor, the Secretary, and a referee in any case of dispute.

Secretary's Name.....

Address.....



The First Chapters Briefly Told.

The theft of a purse containing a large sum of money from the desk of Mr. Radnor, the headmaster of Brythwaite Classical School, causes much commotion and discussion amongst the pupils of the same. Suspicion falls upon Phil Parren, and he is accused of the theft by Mr. Radnor, and confined in the punishment chamber. A few hours later the headmaster is greatly shocked to hear of the disappearance of an inmate of the school, William Morton, who leaves behind him a note confessing to the crime. (Upon one of the boys going to inquire for the man, the man's face was seen to be discovered that he had escaped through the window of the punishment chamber and vanished.)

Plucky Phil returns to London, and makes his way to the docks with the intention of getting a berth aboard some outward-bound vessel, leaving for the Colonies. His efforts are without avail, and he is in deep despair, when he hears a sudden step behind him.

"Cheer, messmate! How's the wind?" exclaims a rasping voice.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

THE 5th CHAPTER.

PHIL PARREN turned smartly round, to see a sailor in a coat of coarse blue serge, a bright-coloured handkerchief tied round his collar, an sun-browned neck, and a lustreless peak stuck jauntily on a shock of thick red hair. The man's face was big and red, his nose was a little twisted, and in his ears he wore a pair of gold rings, and he surveyed Phil with one eye a queer manner, while he kept the other tightly closed.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Phil. "I do not understand you."

"Why on course not, young gentleman," returned the man, smacking his thigh with a huge hand—"why, on course not, seeh' as how you ain't, by appearances, one o' the freest and boldest and healthiest of us crew what floats! On course you ain't! How stooped it was o' me to take you for a gallant midshipman! But you was very like an ever so good sea-knew who got tired of Parren, and shipped

"Did he run away from school?" asked Phil, with wide-open eyes.

"Ain't sure he did," returned the man, closing his left eye again, and tapping his dirty nose with a tarry finger. "He come aboard my ship, but he was very like a Captain Bartholomy Skinner, says he, 'I'm comin' aboard your ship as a midly. I like the looks on ye; ye wears a kind figure' and, ain't ye got sea. I'll take ten shillin's a week to commeno with as wages."

"He had some cheek, talking to a captain like that," said Phil, with great interest.

"Well," continued Bartholomy Skinner, "I takes 'em on, 'an' what do you think he is now, young gent? A real live handkerchief with a dozen o' his 'em."

"But I thought admirals belonged to the Navy," said Phil doubtfully, "and that their ships belonged to the Navy, too?"

"Sawed 'em down," returned the sailor, giving the boy a searching glance.

"But o' course you ain't 'eard o' no other admirals, seeh' as how you be a landlubber, and I ain't never sallied the briny. An' o' course you ain't never heered of the admirals in the Merchant Service. I was werry near bein' a badger character, but very sorry for me, says—'Captain Skinner, an' onest old salt, like you, what's sailed round the world hundreds of times, ought to be nothing less than a hadmiral o' his 'em.'"

"Not me," says I. "Plain Captain Skinner's the name o' this yer craft, an' though, says you, 'I'm comin' aboard your ship as a midly, I like the looks on ye, ye wears a kind figurehead, she don't anker arter no titles.'"

Phil thought, here is a simple, straightforward, good-hearted old sailor, who could do nothing but kindness for everybody. That the boy, in his inexperience of the world, was to be cruelly awakened to the truth of Captain Skinner's character will very soon be found out.

The queer seafaring man took a black cake of tobacco from his pocket, opened a big clasp-knife, and proceeded to chip off some pieces of the tobacco, with which he filled a short-

Ducky Phil Parren

A Marvellous New Tale of Pertl and Adventure,

BY A POPULAR AUTHOR.

stemmed wooden pipe. All the time he did this he closed one eye, but kept the other glued on Phil Parren's face, as if he were trying to read the boy's thoughts. Phil didn't notice him because he was thinking hard.

"—I want to be a midshipman. I'd like to earn ten shillings a week aboard your ship. Can you take me—me—?"

"Ye would, sonny?" exclaimed Captain Skinner, looking up from lighting his pipe, and burning his fingers with the match—"ye would, sonny? Ye would like to ship aboard the good ship 'Saucy Jane' under my command, an' see the sights of the world? Sonny, I'll take ye! I'll give ye—"

"Ye scored suddenly and pulled a very grim face. Phil looked at him anxiously, and then his face also took on a look of disappointment.

"I'm sorry, young gent," said the man—"but I can't do it. I've got a mate o' mine bearin'! I clean forgot as how I've got an old room aboard for another midly. Every single cabin is full, sonny. I'm downright sorry, I am, but there's no room aboard, unless—unless—"

"I'll take five shillings a week for a few months yet, but let me see," said Phil.

"Taint that, sonny," replied Captain Skinner. "I'm not the kind o' craft what'd take a mate to me. I've got a young gent like that. If ye come aboard the 'Saucy Jane' I'll 'ave yer wages each week as regularly as eight bells. Taint that, sonny. But unless ye'd care to have a look aboard my ship in your cabin, I'm afeerd—"

"Oh, never mind that!" cried Phil, his hopes rising apace. "I'll sleep anywhere, sir. Do say ye'll take me aboard!"

Captain Bartholomy Skinner rubbed his nose with a tarry finger, and appeared to think long and deeply.

"I don't know as how I'm actin' proper," he said at last, "seem as how you ain't been to sea afore, but however, ye looks a likely lad. Ye've got the money ready for yer kit, I suppose?"

"What's such a keen and direct glance at Phil that the boy shined under it?"

"Won't these clothes do?" asked Phil, in fresh alarm. And then, as the sailorman surveyed him, he slowly added, "I've got a little money, captain. If you'll make me a midshipman, I'll give it to you, every penny of it. I'm only afraid it won't be enough for my very clothes."

"Where is it?" asked the sailorman, looking round the wharfside. No one was observing them.

"Captain Skinner's anxiety seemed somewhat suspicious to the young country lad, but in a moment the suspicion had passed away.

"I'm afeerd to be afeerd," said Phil Parren, sending his purse from a pocket and counting the money. "There's half-a-sovereign, a shilly, two pennies, a bit, and twopenny-halfpenny. Will that do, sir?"

"Can you get any more?" asked the sailorman, closing one eye. "Do ye live hereabouts?"

"No," replied Phil. "I can't get any more. I live in the country, a real city!" muttered Captain Skinner. "However, I've not comin' back on my word. Give me the half-sovereign, sonny, it's better than nothin'—if mean, I'll buy some of yer clothes. And ye can't come aboard the 'Saucy Jane to-morrow mornin'." Ye ain't got no more money, ye say, an' I'll take ye to-morrow mornin' at this hour if it's not more."

Phil took the half-sovereign out of the purse, made a movement to put it into the outstretched sailorman's hand, and then changed his mind.

"If I'm to meet you here to-morrow mornin'—I'm to be, ye say, wouldn't it be better to pay for the half-sovereign then?"

"Young gent," said Captain Skinner sternly, "I see you don't trust me—me, as is known all over the world it's not more figurehead. Ye not comin' aboard my ship?"

He turned on his heel and walked slowly away.

"Captain, captain," cried Phil, running after him, with a very worried look. "I'm very sorry! There's the money! Say you'll take me aboard!"

Captain Skinner took the half-sovereign, looked at it quizzically, made a queer noise in his throat that was supposed to be a laugh, then

kneel down, and let the half-sovereign fall on the stone pavement.

"Yes, it's a good 'un!" he muttered. Then he added aloud: "All right, young gent, I'll go straight away to order a pair for you. He-he! Don't forget, young gent, to wait for me ere to-morrow mornin'."

Phil farren unobtrusively quick pace. The boy watched him go up a flight of stone steps into the narrow street that ran alongside the wharf, and then to his regret, Captain Skinner broke into a run.

"That's funny!" cried Phil. "Whatever is he running for?"

Now that everything was settled for his going aboard a real ship as a real midshipman, he did not feel so happy as he thought he would have been.

"Great Scott, the captain hasn't told me what time I am to meet him to-morrow mornin'!" he suddenly exclaimed. "If he's a ship's sail early before I get on this wharfside, I shall lose my chance of becoming a midshipman, and my half-sovereign as well steps after Captain Skinner, and had reached the narrow street before that worthy old salt saw him.

Phil started at the sight of the old salt, and set off down the street at a faster rate than ever.

Phil could not understand it, and a vague sort of suspicion came into his mind that he had been swindled.

"Perhaps he hasn't seen me running after him," he said, "though I feel almost positive I saw him look deliberately towards me."

Presently Captain Skinner turned a corner and disappeared from sight. When Phil reached the corner the sailorman was just turning out of the street into another. Through a maze of squalid streets and narrow courts and alleys he twisted and turned, and though Phil lessened considerably the distance that separated them he could not overtake his captain.

At last they emerged into a dirty, wide road, which Phil saw painted up as Commercial Road, and he went down the centre of which lay tram lines. Indeed, he had reached the end of the street he saw a yellow horse-tram passing, and to his chagrin also saw Captain Skinner run out into the street and leap upon the tram without waiting for it to stop for him.

Phil ran after the tram, but it was too far, and he was travelling so fast for him to overtake it. He stood on the pavement, not knowing what to do. He felt grave doubts about Captain Skinner's acting honestly by him. But if he had meant to cheat him, he would not have returned home, it was speedily concluded by the fact that he now had not the necessary money to buy the ticket.

While Phil stood in indecision, a tram came up, travelling in the same direction that the captain had gone.

As a notice-board in the tram announced that it went to Limehouse, Poplar, and the London Docks, an inspiration came to Phil Farren, and he sprang upon the tram. He walked right along the road, keeping a sharp look-out for Captain Skinner.

It was a long wearying ride, through lanes and streets of squalid and dirty-looking houses, and towards the end of the journey the tall masts of ships could be seen in the distance, and the passengers were all of one nationality were seen leaning about. Lascars in white linen trousers and jackets and gaily-coloured turbans, Chinamen in blue linen overalls, Swedes, Danes, and Germans, all moved about in motley crowds, or stood in groups talking noisily together.

As the way was so long and the pavements eagerly to see if he could recognise in the crowds that loitered about them the queer figure of Captain Skinner, and at last he was rewarded. As the train reached the terminus Phil leaned overboard, and amongst the crowd leaving the car that had reached its destination just previously he saw the captain.

Captain Skinner looked round eagerly for a full minute, then he passed between the swing doors of a carriage which went by the name of the Mariner's Compass.

Phil got off the train, and, crossing the road to the tavern, peered within the doors. Captain Skinner was not there, and he went to the power-boat. Five minutes later the sailorman came out into the street. At the sight of Phil he turned round and muttered a curse.

"Captain Skinner!" said Phil. "You didn't tell me what time I—"

"The captain would not allow him to continue. He seized him by the shoulders and shook him till his teeth rattled."

"If ye follow me any more, ye whelp," he hissed, "I'll put yer foot it!"

THE 6th CHAPTER. Phil Secures a Passage Aboard.

It so happened that Phil was fagged just at the time when he had been thinking that such methods would frighten the boy, he made a big mistake. The soul of honesty and fair play, with little more than experience of the world, Phil Farren had never seriously considered that there existed people in the world who habitually endeavoured to cheat with whom they came into contact. Instead of being frightened, the boy was more determined than ever to follow the sailorman. He followed him, then, and when, however, in doubt, it was with no hesitating step that he turned in the direction in which Captain Skinner had disappeared, and then stepped aside to let him pass. This time he took care, while he followed the captain, to keep in

the shadow of the houses as much as possible, and after turning and twisting through innumerable miserable alleys, Phil at last emerged by the riverside.

He hid himself in the doorway while Captain Skinner passed at the foot of a gangway leading to the deck of a good-sized sailing-ship and for a few minutes glanced about him in all directions. Then, apparently satisfied that he was not being followed by the boy he had robbed, he passed up the gangway and disappeared.

Three minutes passed, and then Phil came out of his hiding-place and walked across the sailing-ship. Across the bow of the boat was painted the name *Arethusa*.

"He had his ship's name was the *Saucy Jane*!" muttered Phil. "Why doesn't he wish me to follow him, I wonder, if he is acting honestly? He's got my half-sovereign, and he said he was going to buy me a kit; but instead, he's come straight here. I've a good mind to go aboard and see whether he's trying to swindle me or not."

Phil decided to wait and watch the vessel. Taking up a position some distance off, where he could watch the deck of the *Arethusa*, he saw some men clamber aboard, and after watching for quite an hour, he observed several men come up on deck, amongst them Captain Skinner. The men set about clearing up the decks and hauling sails into position.

"I see the old *Arethusa's* makin' ready to

follow upon the man's face, "it's Captain Skinner! Don't, don't, ye're choking me!"

Captain Skinner never uttered a sound; but, seizing the boy's head with a firm grip, he banged it against the woodwork. Phil gave utterance to a cry that was cut short in the middle. Then he fell at the feet of the brute in a limp, unconscious heap.

The sailorman muttered angrily as he peered at the boy, and rubbed his nose with a forefinger. Treating softly up the companion stairs, as soon as his head was above the deck, he glanced keenly round the deck of the *Arethusa*, and beyond that to the ships and river-side. An exclamation of satisfaction left his lips. He disappeared below again, hardly making any noise as he came up the steps once more with Phil Farren's body flung across his shoulder.

Captain Skinner, as he called himself, tiptoed across the deck, and had almost reached the side of the vessel, raising Phil's unconscious form aloft as he did so, when there sounded the heavy rattle of feet up the companion stairs, and the harsh voice of someone in far from a good temper rang out:

"Weezel, Weezel, you skulkin' 'ound you, why the dickens 'ave'n you cast off, as I told you? Ain't it high tide, you beer-drillin' land-lubber, an' time we was startin'! Put a reef out, or, by George, I'll tan the hide off you with my rope, 'em!"

"Curse him!" muttered the sailorman.

nothing but a dull "flap, flap" sound as the man passed by, and he caught the sails and tightened them. He was not a man to be terrified as if someone was beating a tattoo on them with a hammer.

Phil was bit by bit, the stirring events of that day came back to him, and then, with a flood of recollection, he realized that he was aboard some ship, probably the very vessel upon which he had been taken, and that he had now been stricken down by the cruel blow of the accidentally sailorman.

Phil was so out on first recovering consciousness, but soon he found it difficult to breathe, and his face and body became covered with perspiration. Where was he? Was he injured below deck in some dark, suffocating hole? What was it that covered him with such a heavy weight? He raised one arm, and found that by doing so a current of fresh, sweet air came under the tarpaulin.

But before he could repeat the action, the tarpaulin was quickly withdrawn from him, and the cool wind and soft spray brushed on his face. Phil sucked down a deep draught of the refreshing breeze, then slowly opened his eyes. Someone—a man—was bending over him. Phil stared at him vacantly for a moment, and noticed the leer on the man's face darkened to a vicious scowl. There was no mistaking the man's eyes, and he saw the gleaming nose and the ears with the big rings in them. It was the man who had robbed him of his money, who had stampered about the *Arethusa* a few hours previously.

"Help, help!" cried Phil, springing to his feet. He was seized round the waist at the same moment by Bartholemey Weezel, and Phil understood now with what sort of man he had to deal. He realized that he would have

Phil knew nothing of wrestling, but he unconsciously did the best thing he possibly could have done under the circumstances. He twisted his legs round the sailorman's, and catching the fellow's thick throat with his hands. But, of course, he could not prevent Weezel carrying him bodily to the side of the vessel.

Phil dug his fingers into the sailorman's throat, and saw to his joy that his adversary found it difficult to breathe. He cried "Help, help!" again, but the man put his hand over the boy's chin, stifling his cry and forcing back his head.

It was a short, sharp struggle, and Phil fought bravely. He realized that the scoundrel's intention was to throw him overboard. And so seemed, too, as if he would succeed. For to Phil's cries for assistance there came no answer, and bit by bit he was being forced to the level of the taffrail. Phil now found it difficult to breathe as the brute's hand covered his mouth, but he clung to him like a leech.

"Leave go, ye whelp!" hissed Weezel. The boy could not utter a sound. The muscles of his arms cracked as he strained to retain his grip on the scoundrel's wrists. His arms felt as if they were being pulled from their sockets, but gradually, gradually, he felt his fingers slipping.

Bartholemey Weezel braced himself to his full height against the vessel's side and made a gigantic effort. It succeeded. Phil felt himself torn from the sailorman, and his hands being free for an instant again from the ruffian's hand, he let out another lusty yell for "Help!"

At that instant Bartholemey Weezel hurled him above the taffrail and let him fall. But even as he fell, Phil Farren grabbed at the sailorman's head. The fingers of one hand caught the man's red hair and held it, but the fingers of the other slipped and caught his coat, and in the twinkling of an eye the sailorman lost his balance and followed Phil into the sea!

As Phil's head rose above the water, he caught sight of the big sails of the *Arethusa* looming darkly a few yards in front of him, and at once commenced swimming towards them. At that moment later the dark head of Bartholemey Weezel appeared, and he and the *Arethusa*. The sailorman trod water for an instant while he looked round. When he saw Phil's head, he was so satisfied with his fist at him, then turned over on his breast and began to move towards the vessel with vigorous strokes.

By this time, those aboard the *Arethusa* had heard Phil's last despairing shout, and a number of men hung over the stern with their hands over their heads, and one man being free for an instant again from the ruffian's hand, he let out another lusty yell for "Help!"

"Ahoj, ahoj!" yelled Weezel lustily. "Ahoj!" came back the answer. "Is that you, Weezel? We'll have a bout out in a jiffy!"

"Ahoj! Help!" cried Phil; but if anyone heard as he lay there, he was not to know. As our readers know, Phil Farren was a fine swimmer, but the mate of the *Arethusa* never ceased to relax his efforts as he saw a boat being launched overboard in such a manner, such vigour that he soon felt Phil yards behind. Phil noticed this, and endeavoured to lengthen his arms, but the scoundrel was exerting himself to his utmost. It had little avail, however, so humped was he by his chum, and so powerful a swimmer was the sailorman.

Phil was struggling on when he heard faintly the shout:

"Ahoj!" replied the mate. "The splash of oars came dully to the boy's ears, and he looked up the shout:

"Here he is, lad!" "Would they see him?" Phil asked himself. "I'll bet they will see him!" he said, struggling for his life in the sea. "Would



Instead of replying the man seized Phil roughly and dragged him into the light at the foot of the companion steps. "Great Scott!" gurgled Phil, as the light fell upon the man's face. "It's Captain Skinner!"

Phil said a man standing at Phil's elbow.

"Yes," said the companion, "she's due to South Africa with high tide, which will be less than an hour now."

Phil heard the words with a quickening pulse. The man was not the captain, as Captain Skinner had lied to him and robbed him of his money. There was no doubt that he had no power or intention of offering him a berth as a midshipman. Besides that, the man was no captain at all. It was plain to see that, for he worked on board in stowing the cargo and hauling the ropes like one of the other seamen.

"I'll go aboard and denounce the scoundrel," decided Phil at last. "If he's not the captain, I'll tell the man who is about him. He may force him to give me back my money."

With a fast-beating heart Phil went boldly up the gangway and stood upon the deck of the vessel. But at that moment the men were working below in the hold. Some distance away Phil saw some steps that led down a companion-way to the decks below. He passed down these and emerged into a dark, narrow passage.

As he groped his way along this he ran into a man coming from the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon," said Phil. "Can you tell me where is the captain?"

Instead of replying the man seized the boy by the throat and dragged him into the light at the foot of the companion steps.

"Great Scott," gurgled Phil, as the light

"Another minute, and—and I should have been—been asleep."

The fellow tarpaulin lay at the sailorman's feet. He quickly thrust Phil beneath, entirely covering his body with it. As he straightened himself from the sailorman, and a man with a scarlet face, came waddling on to the deck.

Captain Skinner saluted him, and ran to a hatchway.

"Tumble up, below there!" he bawled. "Tumble up, and stand by to cast off!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the response.

Five minutes later the *Arethusa* moved off down the Thames on her way to South Africa, and under the tarpaulin there still lay the unconscious body of Phil Farren.

THE 7th CHAPTER. Weezel Gets a Ducking and Phil Gets a Post.

I was well on into the afternoon before the *Arethusa* had left her moorings, but so severe had been the blow that the sailorman—whom Phil had known as Captain Skinner, but who was really Bartholemey Weezel, mate of the *Arethusa*—had given him, that the sun had been for more than a couple of hours before our hero recovered consciousness.

He did not realize where he was and what had happened to him for some minutes. It was pitch-dark, and almost suffocating beneath the tarpaulin. He felt a cold sweat starting into the blackness, and conscious of

PLUCKY PHIL FARRÉN.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Weezel held his tongue and leave him to drown. He began to despair. He was such a long way now from the Arcthusa and the boat that had put out from her. If Weezel had tried to take his life on the boat, he would have been the first to go. Now he had to wait until the strength of his lungs, he shouted: "Help, help! I'm drowning!" "At that instant many hands were helping Weezel into the boat. It was a task the rough seamen would rather have left undone, for the mate was deservedly hated by them.

"That was a near touch, sir," said one of the four men in the boat when the mate had been hailed aboard. "O'ed' yer come to go over." "But yer mouth!" said Weezel, in a black temper. "Ar yer got to keep me out 'ere all night in these wet clothes while I anwers yer questions?" "By thunder," said the man in the boat, and put yer back behind it pretty smart, I'll break it across yer thick skull for ye."

"The man glared sullenly at the mate, but he was his bidder." "Help, help! I'm drowning!" cried Phil again. "What's that?" inquired one of the other men Scraggs, the carpenter. "Sounded like someone callin' for 'elp'."

"Yes, I thought I 'eard sunnik," said another. "The men were about to pull at their oars, but they stopped and looked at the mate. "Ain't yer seen a 'andsome man afore?" said Bartholomy Weezel. "By thunder, if ye do nake me for the Arcthusa instead of 'aving a little talky-talky out 'ere, there'll be this 'ere hands for all of yer when we get aboard!" "Ye'll row me back to the Arcthusa at once!" roared the mate, trying to hide his confusion. "Ye better, I tell ye, or there'll be trouble."

"Help, help!" came another despairing cry from Phil. "That settles it," answered Scraggs. "Trouble or no trouble, I ain't goin' to leave a fellow-creature to drown when I've got the chance to save 'im."

"We stand by ye in that," said another man; and the rest nodded agreement. Bartholomy Weezel roared and swore, but the men turned the nose of the boat in the direction from which Phil's cry had sounded. "Ahoj, ahoj!" yelled Scraggs lustily. "Keep up!" "We're coming to you, sir," said Phil. "Ahoj, Phil!" called the mate. "He had little food that day, and his strength was fast giving out. Five minutes later he was dragged into the boat, and lay on the bottom with his head pillowed upon the lap of Scraggs, feeling more dead than alive. Another five minutes and the mate would have been too late, and there would have been no occasion to write this story.

Exhausted though he was, Phil had no sooner set eyes on Weezel than he trembled with fear. "Keep him away!" he cried to Scraggs, pointing to Weezel. "Keep him away!" he tried to drown me. "The men were thunderstruck at this accusation, but the mate flew instantly into a savage temper. "The lying varmint!" roared Weezel. "Let me get at 'im! Get out of the way, Scraggs, or I'll pitch ye overboard, too!" "Ye're ready on 'er words, too!" said Scraggs. "I 'e believe the youngster, in his terror at 'er own nearly done for, takes you for another 'person.'" "Ahoj, ahoj!" cried Phil. "Keep him away! He's the man who threw me over the side of the Arcthusa. I went aboard."

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"Arcthusa!" said ye say, laddie!" asked Scraggs, wonderstruck. "When did you come aboard the Arcthusa?" "When she was in Katrina's Dock along the Thames."

"It's a lie!" roared Weezel, in a terrific passion. "Great Scott!" whispered Scraggs to the other men. "There's no doubt the kid's speaking the truth. He must have been chucked overboard, or else he would have known his name and heard his mother's quarters!"

"There's something behind all this," said Billy Harris, angrily wagging his head. Billy was a weather-beaten old sea, whose greatest enemy was Bartholomy Weezel. "Set it right!" cried the plucky little chap, either gone unconscious or he's gone to sleep. Pull away, boys; the cap'n and his medicine chest'll soon put 'im to rights!"

The second mate still sat in the stern with a passion-inflamed face, not daring to look at the men, as they pulled at their oars, but scowling at the darkening waters. Soon they pulled alongside the dark hull of the Arcthusa.

"Up!" cried Captain Webster, leaning over the side and looking down into the boat, "we've fished up the top-head, beer-swilling 'og, and it takes me a while to get 'im. He washes some of the mud out of his brains! Get aboard, Mr. Weezel. I'll have a private interview with ye. And what have you got there, Scraggs; another of 'em?"

The carpenter had thrown the unconscious fellow over the side, and his shoulder preparatory to clutching the rope and hauling himself on deck.

"I'm a bit seaward Scraggs." "It's a boy we found in the sea as near drowning as possible. I think he's gone off, sir, and wants a carry home to his cabin. How did he come to be in the sea?" "P'raps Mr. Weezel could explain, sir," replied the carpenter, scrambling aboard.

"Mr. Weezel!" repeated the captain. "What do you mean?" "Scraggs, with the boy still upon his shoulder, stepped to the stern where Weezel stood, the light from a lantern on the mainmast streaming down on his evil features. Captain Webster turned a searching look upon his mate, and tried to see really a coward at heart—tremble with fear.

"He's a lie—all a lie!" roared the mate. "I didn't see 'im overboard! I never set eyes on the boy before."

"Oh, so that's how the matter stands?" said Captain Webster, regarding Bartholomy Weezel. "I want no more explanations now, Mr. Mate. You can finish your story in my cabin when you get dry clothes."

The stout old skipper turned to Phil Farrén and laid his hand on the boy's chest. "He's still breathing, Scraggs," he said. "I expect he's only exhausted through the exposure. Take him down to my cabin and tell Cookie to get some good, hot soup ready. While I'm in charge of the party, I'll see that every one gets discipline aboard, but there shall be justice as well, Mr. Scraggs."

And the carpenter, who knew that for all his bluster and fuss, Captain Webster had a kind heart, muttered "Ay, ay, sir!" and carried Phil below deck.

THE 8th CHAPTER. Phil Leaves the Arcthusa, and Lands on a Sea which was lit up by a thousand phosphorescent lights from the myriads of moving life.

"He'll be better, my boy!" said Captain Webster kindly. "I'll soon have you right again. Cookie's getting you some hot soup, and when you are wakened up by the hot soup, I'll allow the hot stuff, you just come to me and tell me your story."

"Scraggs," said by the captain's door, led the boy aft to the hands' quarters. Here, lying and kindly hands tore the boy's wet clothes from him, rubbed him dry with blankets, in a bunk, with a basin of rich, hot soup in his hands.

In the intervals of drinking the warm, nourishing liquid, Phil told the rough seamen his story as they crowded into the little cabin—old sea, his first meeting with Weezel on the wharf at London Bridge—told them everything that had happened until the moment the carpenter, who had been there when he picked him up out of the sea.

"Ay," said Billy Harris, "that's a likely story, lad, but I ain't the sort of a like nature. I've seen the first lad Bartholomy Weezel 'e been't the first lad 'e been't anxious to get to sea 'e's windied. But never ye fear. Ye ain't a jolly good fellow, but I'll be bound ad he'll do summat for ye. We ain't got a boy aboard this trip, so he'll have no difficulty in findin' a job on any of our vessels."

The rest of the men out of Phil's hearing expressed their sympathy for him, and their admiration for the boy's pluck.

An hour later, feeling like the worse for his immersion, Phil, dressed in a suit several times too big for him that Scraggs had borrowed, presented himself at the captain's cabin.

At the skipper's request, he told him his story. Phil made no secret of anything. He told Captain Webster how that he had been

accused at a school of a theft he had never committed, how he had run away, and how he had met with Weezel, who had termed himself his friend, and how he had been rescued by Captain Webster himself. He had seen him slung across Scraggs's shoulder.

"I want to see your riches, my boy!" asked Captain Webster. "What are you going to do when you get aboard?" "I want to make my fortune," said Phil, blushing. "I'll go somewhere where I can earn a lot of money—to dig for gold. I've heard that there's been a lot of gold-mines discovered in the mountains of the West, and man or boy has to do it to go out there and dig away till he gets to the gold and makes his fortune."

"The stout old skipper laughed. "That's all, my boy," he said. "You've only got to pick up the gold and make your fortune. As it happens, I'm bound for one of these 'get-rich-quick' places, and provided the story you've told me is a true one, and we're willing to work for your hard-earned gold, you shall be put ashore without a farthing being due to me for your passage-money."

"Weezel! Now I'll hear what my mate's got to say about it," he said. "You'd better get back to the aft cabin, my boy, and stay there till I pass the door by your berth." As Phil passed through the doorway he encountered Weezel outside, and the mate scowled and tried to say something to him, but he turned to the boy that the mate did not relish his interview with the captain, for his limbs were trembling with rage.

The result of that interview Phil never learned, except that Captain Webster called him into his cabin some time afterward, and he was willing to work for your hard-earned gold, you shall be put ashore without a farthing being due to me for your passage-money."

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don't mind gold you'll starve. If you do, the rogues will half kill you and rob you.

By this time your schoolmaster will have discovered your innocence of the theft of his purse, and by this time your sorrowing uncle and aunt will have given you up for ever. Think better of this matter, and you, my boy, ship back with me, and go home to them."

But to all the old skipper's pleading Phil would give all the hands farewell, he stepped ashore and plugged into the heart of the town. Loitering aimlessly about the streets, his attention was attracted to a number of men who were collected in front of an office, apparently interested in the announcements printed on a poster, which hung beside the door.

"HO FOR THE DARK HILLS! Extrordinary Chance! Best Route! Cheapest Rates! Quickest Time!"

These were the conspicuous headlines which caught Phil's eye as he turned an indifferent glance in that direction.

At that time a gold excitement about the Dark Hills was at its height, and the very name had such an alluring sound that the boy stopped at once and read the whole poster, to see the terms of the offer. It was so simple that he felt that a party was being formed to go to the hills immediately, with advantages of reduced rates of fares, etc. A through ticket was to be had for five pounds, and the time of the journey was to be of the very night. As his eye took in all this, a wild thought rushed into Phil's mind.

"Why should he not be a miner? He would go to the hills and would leave all this miserable business behind, and would not come back until he was a grown man and had made his fortune by good hunting."

At least, he would stay away three years, or perhaps five, and by that time they would have found out that he was not here.

(This magnificent new story of adventure will be continued on Saturday next.)

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"SLAVES OF THE SHOP" STARTS IN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME.

CRICKET!

A Fascinating Story of County Cricket.

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The Chief Characters in this Fine Story.

ARTHUR LOVELL, Lonsmeire's champion batsman. He becomes a professional. His uncle is ruined by James Lagden.

KIT VALANCE, Lonsmeire's best bowler. He is forced to retire owing to a neck and back which takes Arthur Lovell's wicket. Later he becomes Arthur's firm coach.

LEN VALANCE, Kit's twin brother.

GEOFFREY LADGEN, an amateur and a good batsman. He is a friend of Arthur Lovell, whom he hates and endeavours to injure. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Molly Hilton.

JAMES LADGEN, who has ruined Arthur's uncle. He is a villainous character.

BLANE, Captain of Lonsmeire, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Molly Hilton's cousin.

PONSBY, Geoffrey Lagden's friend, and a man of similar character—snobbish to a degree.

Arthur Lovell, owing to the ruin of his uncle, has to forfeit his status as an amateur player for Lonsmeire and turns professional.

Kit Valance, Arthur's bosom chum, has a twin brother named Len, who is not so snobbish as his family. Lagden hates Len Valance to injure Arthur.

Arthur Lovell is thus prevented from playing for Lonsmeire for two or three seasons, and in the meantime the team fare more or less badly.

Both Arthur Lovell and Kit know who are the cause of Arthur's sufferings, but agree to say nothing. Len Valance, who is in the employ of James Lagden, sends the latter a bundle of documents which prove only too clearly the criminal methods which he has been using to ruin Arthur.

Arthur Lovell's uncle. Len converses with Kit Valance, and divulges his intention of attempting to steal the papers to Arthur Lovell.

(You read this week's installment.)

In the Shadow of Death!

LEN VALANCE strolled away through the thickening dusk. There was a keen satisfaction in the face of the scapegrace as he walked along with his hands in his pockets, puffing out little streams of blue smoke. Kit that would succumb to question, he had now little doubt. The deed of abducting the documents being done, the only question was whether to make use of them; and surely Lovell would see reason upon that point.

A thousand pounds for himself; and the loss of fifty thousand for the man who had earned his money in that manner. A thousand pounds, probably, would not last the spendthrift long, but he did not think of that. The prospect of a large sum of money, which he could derive from it, made the future rosy to him.

From his rosy dreams he was suddenly recalled to real life in a startling manner. A dark figure leaped from the hedge and rushed upon him.

Len Valance started back, his cigarette dropping from his lips. But he could not escape. In a twinkling the dim form was upon him, and two sinewy, savage hands were clutching at his throat.

"Help!"

The word was choked back by that savage grip. He went down heavily into the road, his assailant upon him.

"Quick, pater!"

The voice was sharp and quick. Len Valance knew it at once.

"Geoffrey Lagden!"

He gasped out the name, struggling furiously. But a second figure, a more portly one—joined the first, and a second pair of hands grasped him. He was dragged from the road through the gap in the hedge.

"Across the field, pater! I'll see that he makes no noise."

Geoffrey Lagden's voice was hard and determined. He picked Len Valance up by the shoulders and took a grip on his collar, grinding his knuckles into the neck and choking the unfortunate scapegrace. James Lagden gripped his ankles, and between them they carried the prisoner away; where, and for what purpose, Len could only wildly guess.

He struggled desperately, but without avail. Twenty yards from the lane they carried him over rough ground, and they flung him down again—with Lagden's knee on his chest, Lagden's grip on his throat.

"Now, you bounder, where are the papers?"

Len Valance could only gasp.

"Do you hear me, you cur? I was right in suspecting that you would go and see Kit Valance, and we have lain in wait for you a long time. Now we have laid you by the heels, you had better come to terms, sharp! We are not to be trifled with. Where are the papers?"

"Where will you never find them?" gasped Len.

"Have you given them to Kit Valance?"

"And out of my hands?"

"Are they upon you?"

"No."

"Then I see! Search him, father, while I hold him! Attempt to cry out, Len Valance, and you are a dead man!"

"You shall see. Give me that cane, father. Do you see the Len Valance? It is loaded with lead at the end, and a blow would brain you."

"You dare not!"

"You shall see. I offer you your life for these papers. Without them you are as helpless as a spider with his fan dried. Retain them, my fine fellow, and you will not live to make use of them."

Len Valance was silent.

Geoffrey Lagden was showing a new side of his character. The snob, the plotter, the schemer, he had always been, and he had shown on occasion that he could be a villain, too! But a cool, determined, remorseless villain! He had suspected him, but he had not the prospect of ruin had brought out a side of Geoffrey's character that had only been latent.

Even his father was amazed, and gave him more than one uneasy glance as he searched Len for the papers. James Lagden was not of the stuff of which heroes, or even courageous villains are made. He had joined with his son in this desperate enterprise because there was no other resource left to save him from utter ruin. But he was trembling!

The search was soon made. There was no trace of the documents about the scapegrace. It was evident that he had spoken the truth when he said that they were not upon him.

"They are not here, Geoffrey?"

"I told you so!" gasped Len. "You will never see them. They are in a safe place."

Geoffrey gritted his teeth.

"Where are they?"

"I will not say a word."

"Very well. Father, they are either in his lodgings at Brighton or in London; and in either case we must have them. It is that or ruin. The best scoundrel goes free we shall never succeed."

"Geoffrey—"

"Bah, no cowardice now!" said the younger man savagely. "Whatever happens, this scoundrel shall not die in ruin! His life—"

"Geoffrey stop—"

"Bah!"

Len Valance, frantic with terror, made a terrible effort. Geoffrey reeled aside, and the descending blow struck only the earth. A ringing scream left the white lips of the scapegrace.

"Help, help!"

He scrambled to his feet. The moon came down from behind a bank of clouds and glimmered on the field, on shadowy trees, and three dim figures. Geoffrey Lagden, with a curse, recovered himself, and sprang at the scapegrace.

"Help, help!"

Was not the piercing cry. The loaded cane whizzed through the air. Len attempted to elude the blow, and he saved his head, but it took effect upon his shoulder, and he sank on his knees.

Again that frenzied cry.

"Help!"

Was not the imprecation. Lagden swung up the loaded cane. The banker stood trembling and terror-stricken.

A rapid footstep—a dim, running figure in the moonlight—the loaded cane was descending, but it fell force under the ear sent Geoffrey Lagden reeling, and the blow missed its mark. The cane crashed to the ground, and Lagden followed it there.

"You bound!"

It was Arthur Lovell. Len's cry for help had reached his ears as he strode along the lane to his quarters, which James Lagden who was in peril, and from which the cry had been enough for him, and he had rushed to the rescue.

Lagden, gritting his teeth, scrambled to his feet. He was mad with rage, and desperate now. But Arthur Lovell had quickly gripped his cane.

"Stand back, you scoundrel!"

"Help!" shrieked Len. "Save me! They mean to murder me!"

"Len Valance!" Arthur Lovell uttered the name in amazement. "And—Geoffrey Lagden! In the name of wonder, what does this mean?"

"They were going to murder me." Len was on his feet now, keeping close to the stalwart young cricketer. His shoulder was aching horribly, but his coolness was returning as he saw that the danger was past. "It's Geoffrey Lagden and his father—they were going to murder me."

Lagden gave a bitter laugh. The game was up now with a vengeance. His father was useless in a struggle, and he was no match for two—no match for Lovell singly, for that matter.

Without a word—with no sound but that bitter laugh, and the despair was blended with cynical mockery, he turned and strode away, and his father followed him. Arthur Lovell did not seek to prevent their going. He fixed his eyes upon Len Valance.

"Len told me what this means?"

"He means that I hold the documents to prove that James Lagden robbed your uncle—it means that whether you like it or not, the truth is out now, and justice will be done—and Geoffrey Lagden and his father are ruined." He laughed hoarsely. "That is what it means."

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And then, as pain and exhaustion overcame him, he reeled, and would have fallen, but the strong arm of Arthur Lovell caught him, and he fell into his arms.

"Come with me," said Lovell quietly.

Justice at Last.

ARTHUR LOVELL'S brow grew darker and darker. There was silence in the room, broken only by the faint rattle of the crockery on the young cricketer's turned them over.

It was the day after Lonsmeire's splendid victory over the Grey on the Downs at Hove. Len Valance, saved from his assailants by the young cricketer who he had so often treated and been brought to Lovell's quarters. The papers which the Ladgens—father and son—had in vain sought to recover were in Arthur Lovell's hands now.

Len Valance placed them there. Scrapegrace and ne'er-do-well as Len was, he was not wholly bad, and Lovell's action had touched his heart. Lovell had never received anything, but injury at his hands, yet when he was in danger it was Lovell who had come to his rescue. And even Len could not help feeling something like gratitude.

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THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

A Great New Organisation affiliated to "The Boys' Realm," banding together Junior Athletes who have shown Marked Ability in given Sports by performing certain Feats set by the President.

SECTION 1—SWIMMING.

To any reader up to the age of 18 who can swim 100 yards will be awarded a handsome Diploma stating this fact and making him a member of the League of Young Athletes. In addition, BOYS' REALM's First Glass Standard Medal will be awarded to any reader who can perform one of the following tests up to and including 440 yards, and a First Glass Standard Medal for 440 yards, in accordance with the conditions stated at foot.

Table with 2 columns: Age 12-15, APPLICANTS MUST SWIM— 40 yards in - - 35 secs. 100 " " - - 1 m. 55 secs. 220 " " - - 4 m. 0 secs. 440 " " - - 8 m. 30 secs.

Table with 2 columns: Age 16-18, APPLICANTS MUST SWIM— 40 yards in - - 30 secs. 100 " " - - 1 m. 30 secs. 220 " " - - 3 m. 40 secs. 440 " " - - 8 m. 0 secs.

SECTION 2—RUNNING.

Table with 2 columns: Age 12-15, APPLICANTS MUST RUN— 100 yards in - - 14 secs. 300 " " - - 44 secs. 440 " " - - 60 secs. 880 " " - - 2 m. 35 secs. One mile - - 5 m. 30 secs.

Table with 2 columns: Age 16-18, APPLICANTS MUST RUN— 100 yards in - - 12 secs. 300 " " - - 38 secs. 440 " " - - 57 secs. 880 " " - - 2 m. 15 secs. One mile - - 5 m. 10 secs.

Application must be made on the Form below, and must be accompanied by details of the performance, vouches for by a headmaster, clergyman, or some responsible adult person approved by the President. A penny stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

I (Name)..... THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES. (Address)..... desire to become a member of this Institution. Enclosed I send particulars of my performance.

To obtain a BOYS' REALM standard Medal, in addition to the handsome Diploma awarded gratis, applicants should send 5 of the above Forms cut from one issue of this paper. The necessary copies may be bought or obtained from friends.

