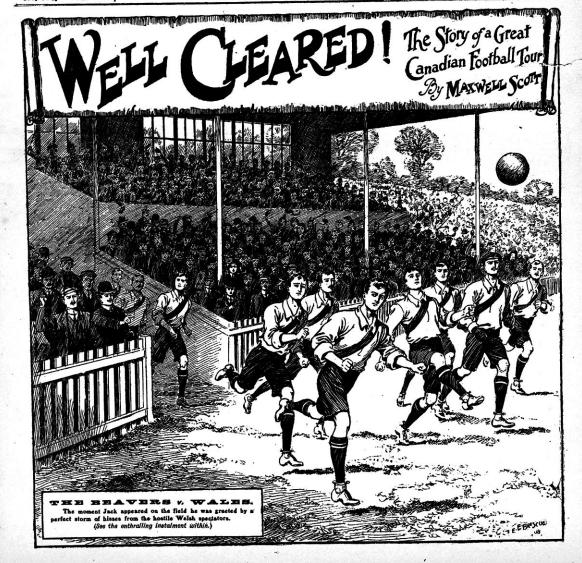
TWO COMPLETE TALES! NEW SCHOOL SERIAL!

The Boys' Real Ide of Sport and Adventure

No. 331 Vor. VII.1

EVERY SATURDAY-ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1908.



WELL CLEARED!

The Story of a Great Canadian Tour: Introducing all the Most Famous Professional & Amateur Football Teams · By MAXWELL SCOTT.

PROLOGUE.

Twenty-two Years Sefore.

Twenty-two years previous to the commencement wrongfully accessed of theft by his father, sir John Grant. George Stater, Sir John's adopted son, had took so black that Sir John was forced to believe that the son Richard had robbed him. So Richard went to Canada, and adopted his name of carley.

The same of the carley of the car

sphew.
It is only by putting his wits to work in carnest that
Saxter manages to prevent Sir John from interviewing

(Now read on from this point.)

FME 19th OMAFTER.

Face to Face at Least

EFORE describing the interview bemost at Least

EFORE describing the interview bemost at Least

of these two men occupied with regard to their
moveledge or ignorates of certain facts.

Moveledge or ignorates of certain facts,
moveledge or ignorates of certain facts,
moveledge or ignorates of certain facts,
on, Richard Hartley Grant, he had never seen
or heard of him. It is true that he had heard
a rumour in the village that Richard had
changed his name and had gone abroad; but
his rumour had never been confirmed. Consection of the confirmed confirmed confirmed to the confirmed confirmed confirmed to the confirmed confirmed confirmed to the confirmed confirmed to the confirmed conmover lates at the Avenue Hotel, he had not the
was doing.

About a fortnight bolore, as previously do-

finitest notion where Richard was, or what he was doing.

About a fortnight before, as previously described, he had seen a portrait/group of the Beavers in one of the Sheffield papers, and he had been strong the plant of the sheffield papers, and he had been strong the plant of the sheffield papers, and he had been strong the plant of the sheffield papers, and he had discovered that this player's name was Hartley, the conviction had forced itself into his mind that this young Canadian was probably Richard's son, and, therefore, his—Sir John's—grandson.

As the readers will remomber, he had histelf that day at Bramall Lanc, in the hope of finding an opportunity of questioning Jack, and putting his theory to the test. That hope, as the readers will also remember, had been frustrated by Baxtler, who had mendaciously informed Sir John hat Jack had left the in the dressing-room. Sir John had then decided to interview Jack at the Lord Mayor's public luncheon on the following Monday. Here again, however, his plan had been frustrated—this time by Digby

Suart, who, bribed by Baxter, had lured Jack away to Liverpool, and had thus prevented him appearing at the luncheou.

Next day—Tuesday—Sir John had been summoned by wire to London on urgent business, which had detained him in town for the next ten days. But he had not forgotten Jack. Ho was still as anxious as ever to question him, and secratin for certain if he was really Richard's son, and when he returned work to the works, before he did anything else, he drove straight up to the Avenue Hotel, and asked to see "Mr. Hartley."

This, then, was Sir Jodin Grant's position at the moment, when the waiter ushered him into

Hardey."

This, then, was Sir Joim Grant's position at the moment when the waiter ushered him into the described amoking-room and went of to find Jack. He was convinced in his own untof that Jack. He was convinced in his own untof that Jack. He was convinced in his own untof that Jack. He was convinced in his own untof the theory of the heart, and he knew absolutely nothing about Richard, except, of course, that guessed—if Jack was really Richards southat Richard must have emigrated to Canada, and must have changed his same to Hardey.

Now for Juck's position. If o, to course, knew to be a supported to the convention of the convention

so cruelly.

This letter, as the reader knows, had arrived at Northfield Hall at a time when Sir John was away. It had been opened by Baxter, who had promptly destroyed it, and had ean't a type-written postcard in reply, saying that Sir John had no desire to hold any further communication with Jack.

But Jack, of course, was unaware of this. He expected that Sir John had read the letter, and that it was Sir John who had sent the postcard

expected that Sir John had read the letter, and that it was Sir John who had sent the postcard that it was Sir John who had sent the postcard that the sir John Interest that it was his granded that Sir John Interest had the formal that Sir John Interest that Sir John Interest had been so that the sir John knew that he had written to him, and he believed that Sir John had replied with a typewritten postcard.

After this long digression we resume the After the long digression we resume the Carlot of the Sir John Interest had been seen to be seen that Sir John Interest that Sir John Interest had been seen that the seen that Sir John Interest had been seen that the seen that Sir John Interest had been seen to be seen that Sir John Interest had been seen that Sir John Interest had been seen that Sir John Interest had been seen to see the seen that Sir John Interest had been seen to the station, when a waiter accosted back, and informed him that Sir John Grant was in the smoke-room and wished to see him. The reacter can imagine Jack's augress and

was in the smoker-form and wished to see into.

The reader can imagine Jack's surprise and wonderment on hearing this announcement. Two years ago Sir John had written to him—so Jack believed—saying that he wished to hold no further communication with him. Why, then, had he come to the hotel and asked to see him?

"I should be a surprised to the local and asked to see him?"

him?"
Jack glanced at his watch and turned to Tye.
"You'll not be starting for the station for
another five or ten minutes?" he said.
"No," said Tye.
"Then I'll just see what my visitor wants,"
said Jack.

Then I'll just see what my vasitor wants, said Jack.

Baid Jack.

Baid Jack.

Baid Jack.

Baid Jack.

Baid Jack and the said and the said and the said and the said conflicting emotions, and marks in swy to the smoke-room.

Sir John rose to his feet when Jack entered the room, and regarded him for a moment with dimming eyes. Jack waited for him to speak, but the old man seemed incupable of speech. Then, acting on a sudden timpulse, he strode up to Jack and laid a trembling hand on each of the said and the said and the said and the said in a hualky viole. "I was morally evertain of it before, but now I see you face to face, it is impossible to doubt it. You are just what its was when—when he left home twenty-six years ago."

ago."

Then, as if ashamed of his emotion, he removed his hands from Jack's shoulders and uttered a nervous laugh.

"This is rather an unconventional greeting from one who is a stranger to you, isn't it?" he

snid. "But you will understand by-and-by. Do you know who I am?"
"Yee," said Jack. "You are Sir John-Till am more than that," said Sir John-Till am more to you, I mean! Unless my eyes, and wery setas. I posses, decove me, I am "again to laid his hand on Jack's shoulders and gain to his face—"your grandfather!" he

gazed into his face—"your grandfather!" he said.

If he had expected Jack to display any motion or surprise he was disappointed.

If know!" said Jack. "I've known is for twysars, of course!" him he blank amazement. "You have known for two years that you were my grantson!" he said. "How! Ah, of course! I understand! Your father has told you!"

were my grantson? he said. "How? Ah, of were my grantson? he said." How at least the focus." I nucleastand! Your father has told?

A puzzled and bewildered look came into Jack's face. What was Sir John driving at? He had cead Jack's letter—at least, Jack took it for granted that he had—and, consequently, he knew quite well that Jack's father had told he will be to the said of the said of

or die! He forgave you, it is true, but I, his son, never can and never will."

Sir John was obviously moved by this vehement outburst, but his lace showed no sign of resentment. He know—and felt, indeed—the his hand on Jack's arm. "I may have been guilty of an error of judgment—may, I will admit that I acted harshly—but if my son has forgiven me, surely my grandson may! I am an old man, but the same of the sam

"The more might," asid Jack.
"That will be Saturday," said Sir John.
"The will you come and have lunch with me at Northfield Hall on Sunday? I want to have a long risk to you about your father, and—and along the sold of the said believed that Sir John had received his letter, and he still believed that Sir John that received his letter, and he still believed that Sir John that curry reply on the typowriten believed, of course, that it was Sir John with believed, of course, that it was Sir John with believed, of course, that it was Sir John with believed, of course, that it was Sir John with believed, of course, that it was Sir John with had sent that curr preply on the typowriten posternt. Corsequently, as he had said if his relationship with Sir John, or to accept any favour at his hands.
"I have an engagement on Sunday," he said still?

iffly.

"Monday, then?" suggested Sir John.
Again Jack shook his head.

"We resume training on Monday," he said.

"But you won't be training all day," said Sir
ohn. "What time do you finish work as a

rule"
"About four or five o'clock," said Jack,
"Then come and have dinner with me
Monday evening," said Sir John.
He had no sooner given the invitation than

saw, by the expression on Jack's face, that the latter was about to refuse it.

"Don't be unforpriving," he said, before Jack "Low the unforpriving," he said, before Jack "Low the said the speak. "I admire your leveley to your father speak. "I admire you the said that he said that have he said that he said that have he said that he said that

what you have pint-said."
"Why?" asked Sir John. "Is it unnatural
that I should wish to hear news of my son?"
"But you sponk of him as if he were alive,"
said Juck, "and you know, of course, that he
is down!"

said sack, "and you know, of course, that is dead!"
Sir John staggered as if he had been struck
"Dead!" he cried, in an anguished voi
"My son—Richard—dead! When—when e

"Two years ago," said Jack. "He was attacked by a Red Indian, and received such injuries that he died the following day. But why do you pretend to be ignorant of these facts? I told you all about my father's death

facte I told you all about my father's death in my letter."
"Your letter?" said Sir John, "I never received any lotter from your.
Jack started. For the first time a suspicion of the truth began to dawn on him.
"words to you.—" he began.
Then the door oppened, and Tye put in his head.

The be door opened, and Tye put in his head.

"Sorry to interrupt you, old man," said Tye, "but we've waited as long as we dare. Unless we start at once we shall miss the train."

"All right," said Jake. "I'll be with you in a second. He turned to Sir John. "I must not a second. He turned to Sir John. "I must lead to the said the said to the said the s

Gathering Glouds.

FIER the Beavers had left the hotel, Sir John followed their example, and Baxtor was in the private office, and had just returned from lunch. He had not yet settled down to work, however, but was sitting in front of a cheery fire, with his feet on the lender and a well-known sporting weekly in his

fender and a well-known sporting weekly in his hand, he pro-you are at last? In excalaimed, when Sir John appeared. "Glad to see our back again. But I thought you were conting by the train which is due here at one o'dock." "So I did," replied Sir John, as he drew off his gloves and seated himself on the other side of the frequence.

of the nreptace.
"Then your train must have been very late,"
said Baxter.
"No," said Bir John. "My train was punctual enough; but I drove from the station to see
a relative of mine before I came down to the

"A relative of yours?" said Baxter, in a nuzzled voice. "In Sheffield?"

"A relative of sours" and Baxter, in a puzzled voice. "In Shefficid?"

"A relative of yours" and Baxter, in a puzzled voice. "In Shefficid?"

"Who can that have been?"

"My grandeon," said Sir John, with just a faint suspicion of pride in his voice.

Baxter, appaer dropped from his tembling. Baxter, appaer dropped from his tembling. The said of the sai

impression on Sir John. How could Baxter remove that good impression before it became permanent? In other words, how could he adapted to the property of the p

motives. What were you going to say about Harriey?"
"I'd rather not say," said Baxter, with cunningly-fergoed references in John. "I insist."
"Very well," said Baxter. "If you insist, I was going to say that I'm afrial you won't say that I'm afrial you won't say the you have reason to be proud of your newly discovered to the property of your need of the fact that Harriey shady or dishonourable, I fear you will have every reason to be ashamed of the fact that Harriey is a relative of yours."
"But why?" asked Sir John. "What do you know against Harriey." You to thin."
"True," said Baxter. "But I've read a good deal about him; in fact, I was just reading something about him when you came in. Listen this!"

deal about him in fact, I was just reading comething about him when you came in. Listen to this!"

It picked up his paper and read the follow-life in the picked up his paper and read the follow-life in the picked up his paper and read the follow-life in the picked in the picked in the picked in usual dirty game, "Martey once more played his usual dirty game," wrote Herrick, "and seemed bent on maintaining his unsavoury reputation as the one black sheep in the Deavet's to the highest picked is indignation by his foul and ehady tactics; but, for some reason or other, the referee refrained from exercising the powers which the rules give him.

The picked is the picked in the picked in the federal pi

Sistently indulges in foul and unsportsmanlike tactics.

Baxter looked up from the paper and glanced at Sir John.

"Ordered off the field," he said. "You know what that means, of course. It is the the said that the same of course that it is the same that, in the opinion of the referee, Hartley was such an utter blackguard that he was not fit to associate with the rest of the players.

"And this isn't an isolated instance, by any means," be continued to their papers. In fact, and the same that it isn't are instead in the same that it isn't are isolated instance, by any means, be continued to their papers. In fact, after every match in which Hartley has taken part, there has been a universal chorus of condemnation of his foul and dirty play.

"I didn't say anything about this before," he date that Hartley is your grandon, I thought it only right that you should know what sort of a fellow be is before you take any stept which you might afterwards regret."

A troubled look came take any stept shirtly you might afterwards regret. "I do not shall be a purisan in some of his views—there was nothing that savoured of dishonourable conduct.

"I wish you had told me of this before," he associated and detested so much as anything that savoured in what I said to him this afternoon."

Then there were before his eyes a mental

out if Jack had said anything about the letter he had written to Sir John two years before, many the said of the s

Baxter, of course, had known this for two

DANCE, or consequence, with a hypocritical sigh. "Foor, poor, misquided Richard! And now he is deed! When did he die!"
"Two years ago," said Str John. "Hartley tells me that he was stateded by Red Indian, and received such injuries that he died the fellowine day.

tells me inat he was attacked by Red Indians, and received such injuries that he died the following day.

"Which reminds me," he added, "that if they seemed surprised that I didn't know that I didn't know the seemed with the seemed to the the the seemed that I didn't know that it is strange I never recoived his Baxter. "What did he say when you told him you had never recoived his letter?" by any anything," replied I'll he hadn't time of just cold me that he had written to me, and I had just tell him that the letter had never arrived, when one of his contrades came into the room to say that they must shart for the station at once, or they would miss their train." Evidently Jack had not told Sir John that had received a posteard in reply to his letter, and that the posteard had estensibly come from Sir John.

But Sir John's next words reawakened his slavn.

Monday," said Sir John. "I've invited Hardey to diline with us on Monday, and Sir John. "I've invited Hardey to diline with us on Monday night." Baxer gazed at him in stupefied dismay. "You've invited Hardey to dine with us on Monday?" he repeated. "Why?"

"You've invited Hartley to dine with us on Monday" in repeated. "Wha'ld Sir John. "Well, in the first place," said Sir John. "Well, in the first place," said Sir John and Joh to have an opposite and forming my own opinion and forming my own opinion character."

"And if your opinion of him is favourable?"

"And if your opinion of him is favourable?"

asked Baxter.
"I shall publicly acknowledge him as my grandson," said Sir John. "If he is willing, grandson," said Sir John. "If he is willing in the firm."

"I shall publicly acknowledge nim as my grandson," said Sir John. "If he is willing, I shall give him a small position in the firm, and, if he proves himself a capable man, I shall ultimately take him into partnership.
"As you know," he went on, "my conceinene has been pricking me for the last few years with regard to the hearth and in which confort to me if I can make some amends for my harshness by doing something for Richard's son, who, after all, is my nearest relative.
"Of course, I haven't decided anything definitely at present," he concluded. "Everything depends on what sort of fellow larkey definitely at present, he concluded. Every-thing depends on what sort of fellow Histiley turns out to be. If, when he comes on Monday, I find that he is the sort of man the newspapers make out. I shall wash my hands of him and have nothing more to do with

newspapers make out. I shall wean my hansen of him and have nothing more to do with him."

And if you like him." said Baxter, with a forced laugh, "you will take him to your bosom and turn me adrift:"

"George!" said Sir John reproachfully. "How can you say such a thing? Whatever happens, there will always be enough for you, of course. You have been my right-hand man for twenty-six years, and whatever! I may do for Richard's son, you need not fear that I shall forget you in my will multicred Baxter to himself. "But, if Hartley comes to see you no month of the said of the said

Hartley."

He pondered for a few moments; then, struck by a sudden idea, he glanced at his wide in the summer of t

He left the works, and twenty minutes later trived at Smart's office in Change Alley. Smart was obviously surprised to see him, and saw at a glance that something was

and saw at a glance that somesamy wereng,
wrong,
uncle has met Harriev, in spite of
all our precastions!" he exclaimed, making
a shrewil shot at the truth.
"He has!" said Baxter; and he told Smart
ill that had happened.
"So you want me to prevent Harriev coming
to you want me to prevent Harriev coming
"At all coate!" said Baxter. "So far, my
uncle only knows that Harriev wrote to him a
ounle of years ago. He deem! know that
Harriev received a postcard in reply."
If, however, he'll tell iny uncle all about the eard,
and you can guess what will happen after
that!" and you can guese

Smart nodded.

"Your forgery will be discovered, and your uncle will kick you out!" he said, with a coarse laugh. "And that won't suit either you

coarse laugh. "And that won't suit either you or me!
"But, look here," he went on; "it won't be the slightest use my preventing Hartley coming to the Hall on Monday, for, if he him some other night. Why not let me make an end of the matter, once for all, as I suggested before."
Baxier resolutely shook his head.
"If you mean murder," he saining to do with it. I'm not particularly squeamish, but I draw the line at that!"
Smart shrugged his shoulders.
"Unless I'm greatly missten," he said.

I draw the line at this!"
Smart shrugged his shoulders.
"Inless I'm greatly missistent," he said, "it "to "look I'm greatly missistent," he said, "it "to "look it is not been to be the condition of the condition of the condition of the condition that your uncle would never see him, or speak to him again!" such a condition that your uncle would never see him, or speak to him again!" when made the condition that your uncle would never see him, or speak to him again!"
"Your uncle is a very pious old buffer," said Smart. "You have already made him half believe that Hartley is a dirty and distall see drunk that he could hardly stand—what would be the result!"
"Six John would wash his hands of him," "six John would wash his hands of him," and Batter. "He would have nothing more possible. Hartley is a rectoraller, and, with all your wikes, you couldn't make him drunk."
"Smart smiled and softly rubbed his hands,"

drunk."
Smart smiled and softly rubbed his hands.
"Would you be satisfied." he said, "i
Hartley was dead drunk when he came to the
Hall on Monday night?"
"Of course," said Baxtor. "But—"
"How much?" asked Smart. "Fifty

"How much?" asked Smart. "Fifty pounds,"
"Yes," said Barter. "But—"
"Ask no questions," said Smart, interrupting him again. "Give me fifty pounds and is shall be done. Your interests are mine, you know, so you may rest content that I will leave no stome unturned to serve you."
"Utterly mystified, yet none the less confident at Smart would of what he had promised. Then, after vainly trying to pump Smart as the details of his plan, he left the office and returned to the works, where he explained to Sir John that "Barclays' traveller" had disappointed him, and had not turned up.

THE 21st CHAPTER.

THE state OHAPTEE.

Oanada v Wales.

I IE Boavers, no o'clock on Fridge aftertroom, and arrived at Wrestland,
the capital of North Wales, the same
evening. They spent the night at the Wynnstay Arms Hotel, and on Saturday afternoon
to y roceeded it on the cobibiliground, there
to two of 'gallant little Wales.'

The Beavers relied on the same team that
had done so well in previous matches. The
Welsh team was constituted as follows:

L. R. Roose (Sunderland), goal; H. Blew
Wroxhaml and C. Morris (Dorty County),
Mroxim and C. Morris (Dorty County),
Lakerpooll, and M. Parry (Liverpool), halfbacks; W. Meredith (Manchester United), Lo
Jones (Manchester City, captain), W. Davies
(Blackburn Rowers), A. G. Morris (Niots
Foresti, and R. Evans (Aston Villa), forwards.

The ground was packed when the two teams took the field, and it instantly became apparent that the vast majority of the spectators had read and had been influenced by Herrick's writings. For the moment Jack appeared, he was greeted by a perfect storm of hisses; and one excited Weshiman, carried away by his feelings, thur, a rotten orange and temperating the storm of the second of the second property of the second property of the second property was promptly pounced on by the poice, and gently but firmly escorted off the ground.

As the reader may imagine, however, this means the demonstration had a most disputing means to demonstration had a most disputing the second property of t

siere was probably no man on the ground who felt less interest in the game than Jack Hartley.

Lot Jones and his men, with their usual shrewdness, were quick to perceive this fact. They soon discovered that Jack was little more than the right wing was the weak point in the leaver's armour. On this point, therefore, they concentrated their attack; and after Parry had awang the ball across to Lutham, and Latham had passed it out to Mercelith, the Parry had awang the ball across to Lutham, and Latham had passed it out to Mercelith, the statement of the party had awang the ball across to Latham, and passed it out to Mercelith, the attachment of the passed that the statement of the well-ham had been statement of the well-ham had been statement of the statement of the well-ham had been statement of the well-ham had been statement of the statement of

raised fingers, but could not divert from its flight.

Five minutes later the whistle went for half-time, and the rival teams returned to the partition with a goal apieco to their credit. There was a renewal of the histing and hooting when Jack, in company with the rest. There was a renewal of the histing and hooting when Jack, in company with the rest. But Jack, encouraged by Tye, and supposed by the knowledge that he had done nothing to deserve those hisses, put saids all feelings of personal resentiment, and once mofe threw himself into the game with all his accustomed still and vigour. The the Welshmen soom discovered that the Beavers' right wing, instead of being the weak point in their armour, was the most formidable part of their attack; and before the second half was many minutes old, Jack had giren (antite a perfore centre, which enabled the latter to outwit Roose with consorted the goal, but it was Jack who had nade, it possible.

Undaunted by this reverse, the Welshmen put in a strong attack on the Beavers' goal; and, after Mackay had been compelled to concode a corner to relieve the pressure. Meredith ages, with the score standing at two goals each. With the score standing at two goals each.

displayed the Joan mits the goal-inoully, and legs.

With the score standing at two goals each, the pace now became hotter than ever, as each side strove with might and main to secure the lead. Now the ball was in the Beaver's half, and now it was across the line and speeding to the standard standard the second half, and now it was across the line and speeding to the second that the second part the interest of the condition of the second part of the second half, and even forgot to hoot Jack in their eaguerness to choer the Welshmen on to victory.

Higher and higher rose the excitement Faster and more furious grew the play. Yet, at the end of ford minutes of the second half, and then, and then, and then the second half. And then, suddenly, Jack's saw his chance.

Kent, one of the Beaver forwards, had shot at the Welsh goal, but C. Morris had intercepted his shot, and had passed the ball to Laham. The Liverpool min had trapped the when Jack burst on him like a whirlwind, tobbed him of the ball, and sent it flying back towards the Welshmen's goal.

Roose sprang at the rapidly-advancing leasther sphere, smote it with his fist, and drove the chance of the same instant Blew also rushed towards that dropping ball, but shipped and fell, right in front of Jack.

Unable to check immed! Jack turnbid of variety, his head struck the ball and drove it between the goalposts, just beyond Roose's reach.

"Goal1 Goal1" cried the delighted Beavers."

between the goalposts, just beyond Roose's reach.
"Goal! Goal!" cried the delighted Boavers; but the cry had scarcely crossed their lips see it.
For Jack, after heading the hall in this novel fashion, still continued to stumble forwards, and almost at the same instant as the ball rolled into the corner of the net, Jack's bead an indialed, senselves heap at Roose's feet.

Askin. the triving long instances.

(Another stirring, long instalment will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM.)

本本本本 TOPICS OF INTEREST TO JUNIOR FOOTBALLERS 学科社 are discussed every Saturday in

Thou there rose before his eyes a mental ricture of Jack's hones; many Jace; and his instinct told him that a young fellow with a face like that could not be the uter black guard that the newspaper article made out. "After all, he said," the papers may have misrepresented Hartley, and he may not be so black startle me as being a very decont young fellow, the very opposite of what that article makes out." "But, of course, you only saw him for a short time, difin't you?" said Baxter. "You haven't the same opportunities of watching him and judging his character as the newspaper reporters have had." "That's tree, "admitted With him?" saked Baxter, who was desperately anxious to find Baxter, who was desperately anxious to find

Three New Serials are now starting in our Companion Paper, "The Boys' Friend." 1d. THE BOYS' REAL NO.



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

"The Boys' Friend,"

OR many, many years now I have been editing boys' papers, and throughout the whole of the civilised and the common of the common of the civilised of the completely outed the penny dreadful. For this reason I have a very dreadful. For this reason I have a very dreader spot in my heart for "The Boys' Friend," and I want to call my friends at Three sew and absorbing serial stories are now commencing in "The Boys' Friend," There is a wonderful new Robin Hood tale from the pen of Morton Pike, a rousing new school years by celebrated and justly-popular David Goodwin, and a dramatic new adventised of the civilised of the civilised can commence reading them. I recommend those of my churs who do not know "The Boys' Friend," and by gotting this week's issue my friends can commence reading them. I recommend those of my churs who do not know "The Boys' Friend," and by gotting this week's issue my friends can commence reading them. I recommend those of my churs who do not know "The Boys' Friend," and by gotting this week's issue my friends can commence reading them. I recommend those of my churs who do not know "The Boys' Friend," and by gotting the week's issue my friends can commence reading them. I recommend those of my churs who do not know "The Boys' Friend," and by gotting the week's issue my friends can commence reading them. I recommend those of my churs who do not know "The Boys' Friend," and by gotting the week's issue my friends and the my churs who do not know "The Boys' Friend," and by gotting the week's and the civilised of the journals under my control. "The Boys Friend," my Tuesday commanion paper, was the pioneer of the present type of boys papers which have completely ousted the penny dreadful. For this reason I have a very tender spot in my heart and the penny dreadful. For this reason I have a very tender spot in my heart and my riends at the control of the penny dreadful. For this week was the property of the penny dreadful. For this week was the penny dreadful. For this week is my commencing in "The Boys" Friend. There is a wonderful new Robin Hood tale from the pen of Morton Fike, a rousing new about 100 met. The Boys Friend, and the pen of clever Henry Rarmer, entitled "The Farla Glass." These three tales are all just starting in "The Boys Friend, and by gotting this week's issue my commend those of my chums who do not know "The Boys Friend" to buy it this work. I am certain that they will like it, and that next to The Bors Friend to huy it this work. I am certain that they will like it, and that next to The Bors Friend to huy it this work. I am certain that they will like it, and that next to The Bors Friend to huy it this work. I am certain that they will like it, and that next to The Bors Friend to huy it this work. I am certain that they will like it, and that next to The Bors Rall in which the penny impression on the minds of my friend who have made so deep an impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with the penny impression on the minds of my friend with

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.

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 postcand 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, 42, Bouveries Street, Fleet Bircet, London, E.C.

Back numbers of THE BOYS' REALM may be had by any reader for distribution amongst his chums on receipt of a postcard.

THE BOYS' REALM will be sent post freet on any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 7s.: 6 months, 3s. 9d.;

3 months, 1s. 3d.—payable in advance by British stamps. Postal Orders or Money Orders to be sent to the Publisher,
23, Bouser's Bircet, Freet Circet, Lendon, E.C.

The Civil Service.

that for some time past I have been trying to persuade Mr. John Finner of these tales of Slapton School, to relate some more of the stirring adventures of Teddy Lester and its chums. But Mr. Finnemore is a very husy man, and he has necessary the state of the state ONSTANT READER "is one of my chuns, who is in training for football. One of his principal draw-host backs, however, he finds is his short windedness. Can I suggest a remedy? he asks. Well. my chuns, short windedness can remedy for it, and that is to get oneself into a stronger physical state. Carcful, sleady training is the one thing needed.

My reader should also pay great attention to improving his lung capacity, and this can be done by practising breatling exercises.

Let my young friend, when he gets up, stand at an open window, and shutting his mouth, take in a good deep breath—so deep that he finds his stomach pushed out by the force of the air which is being taken into his lungs, of crawing in his stomach, and tightening the muscles of the abdomen.

Repeat this, and after a while he will find that he can do it twenty or thirty times without any frouble. He will also find that his chost is expanding, and that the short-windedness—if at the same time he takes careful and sensible exercise—is disappearing.

He Wants to Become a Professional Footballer.

LONDON reader, C. J. P. B. D., of Paddington, has written to ask me how he can become a professional feetballer

InxDON reader, C. J. P. B. D., of P. P. B. D., of P. B. D

in the first place, with such success that a position is offered him in a larger and more important club. Still, his ability outshines that of his club-fellows, and a stronger club, possibly a small professional one, gets to hear of him, and offers him a place with them. Yet again he shows up as the best player amongst again he shows up as the best player amongst the experience and finds himself sought after by the expense.

the agents of the more important processions, collisions, and the first procession of his above, and the first procession of the first processional football almost against this will. If C. J. P. B. D. has extraordinary ability if a certain position on the football-field, he will have little difficulty in porausading the manager of a professional team to give him a trial with have little difficulty in porausading the manager of a professional team to give him a trial with classification of the first professional team to give him a trial with the first profe

The "Football News."

The "Football News."

HOSE of my friends who take an interest in first-class football and who live in the South of England, should live in the South of England, should make a point of buying the London "Football News' on Saturday evenings. This bright football paper contains each week the bright football paper contains cach week the bright football paper contains cach week the bone of less important fixtures. There is also a special column for juniors, in which will be out reported by the state of the paper of the paper

My Brief Reply Corner.

My Brief Reply Corner.

"How Ilonatio Hain The Bainot."

J. W. A., Larnesley. This magnificent poem is one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Any bookseller would supply it for about a shifting. Several editions are published. Many editions of "Maucaulay's contain the poems at the end.

ELE SON CONTAIN THE PROPER OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

again. ESPERANTO.—"A Loyal Realmite." A book on Esperanto can be obtained, post free, for temporance, from Horace Marshall & Co., Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. How does the average professional footballer obtain his position? In nine cases out of ten in this way. He playe for a small junior club,

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON JUNIOR FOOTBALL THROUGHOUT

THE COUNTRY.

"BOYS' REALM" CHALLENGE CUPS.

EMBES OF LEAGEE TO WHICH PERSENTATIONS WILL.

It will be remember Man, precent issues of Twg.

BOYS' REALM your Editor announced his intention of presenting twenty solid silver challenge cups to jump football leagues throughout the country. The result of this has been the supplied when the secretary of our league have reached your ending of the secretary of our league have earthuly looked through the mall, and have, after due consideration of the ments of each application, decided to present cups to the most of the football season."

season:
The secretaries of the competitions in question have already been informed of this decision by letter.
Brighton and Hove Junior League.
Ulversion and District Amateur Association Football

Ulverprion and District Annatur Association Football agended Bible-Class League, agended Command Boyr League, Aldershot Command Boyr League, Kage Hill and District Alliance (Liverpool). Walkall and District Alliance, Walkall and District League, Durham Temperance League, East, Durham and District Church of England East, Durham and District Church of England

East Durham and Justice Control of Control of Control of Control Union. Tolicham Football Lien. Tolichiester and Bognor League. Coventry Junior League. Coventry Junior League. Coventry Junior League. Coventry Junior League. Series and Control of Control

In addition to the above there were a number of other leagues which made application for either frombice or sets of media. In some cases your Editor [edit that the frequency making application for cups were the following the sense of the set of the sense the sense of the sense of the sense the sense of the following teagues, these to be presented at the dress of the football sessor.

close of the football deason; to the presented at the close of the football deason; the football deason and the football deague. Manchester and District Rechable League. Manchester and District Rechable League. Camberwell and District Rechable League. St. Liden's Amateur Football League. St. Liden's Amateur Football League. St. Liden's Amateur Football League. Power Minor Evaluation of the Computer Comput

TWELVE FOOTHALLS PRESENTED WEEKLY.
Starting with the word of the over.
Starting with the o

in this way. He plays for a small junior club.
These will be presented each weak to finnot league cities putting up the best performances of the week. At chias doing especially well in their weekly matches should be nominated by their league secretaries for any to the week.
Your Editor will then cerutinise the various reports are in an and the twelve footballs will be awarded to best performances of the week.

In this congressition this scoring will not necessarily count, thench under certain cities the properties of the week.

In this congressition this scoring will not necessarily count, thench under certain cities will be a considerable with the place of the week.

The constraint of the weekly the constraint of the weekly weak to be the properties of the weekly the carrying of of these prizes, each week will be placely weak teams which, being pitted against suppose Smitheid Albious are at the top of the league table, and Westfield Trinity at the bottom. Smithfield upon the contraint of the c

Weathing's devoir. Their wholeand would produce an open Loy's Exact football for its excitation performs. It is very simple.

It will receive exactly the same consideration, and the product of the product o

House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.
F.C. (Rtadfort), Ferthesek, Juniors F.C. (Troedyrhist), Tolorstown Albions F.C., St. Lake's United F.C.
F.C. (Trout), Albions F.C., St. Lake's United F.C.
Chardro for Ragiand B.S.F.C. (Newbury), Splott Celties
F.C. (Cardiff, Belles F.C. (Breenock), Glended F.C.
Southpert), Archiery Merry Boys F.C. (Wakefield),
George the Marty F.C. (London, S.E.), Row A.F.C.
Rull Adelaide F.C., St. Clement's F.C. (Pulbart),
Sandhorne Wood F.C. (Cattleford), Sardborough, A.F.C.
Rull Adelaide F.C., St. Clement's F.C. (Pulbart),
F.C. (Lavreport), Onkley F.C. (Aberdoen), Dulvirch St.
Andrews F.C. (Prekam Rey, Caledonia F.C. (Bulley),
G.C. (Bulley), Common Boad Cily F.C. (Bulley),
Wandle A.F.C. (Earlindd), Cily D. Boys F.C. (BredChild), Parkelide Crascent F.C. (Bradford), Shadres
F.C. (Bradford), Coltic Estrateory
G. (Briton), Parkelide Crascent F.C. (Bradford), Shadres
F.C. (Bradford), Coltic Estrateory
Kilson, Hill F.C. (Mircham), Coltic Estrateory
K. Kilson, Hill F.C. (Mircham), Cheshunt Junior
F.C. (Wallbam Cross), S.

HAMMERSMITH FOOTBALL LEAGUE.
Thammersmith Football League recently melthe Excusored Tanadure, who won the London
numerous other trophies, and who are considered
numerous other trophies, and who are considered
or of the strongest junior teams in London. The Leaguers
were the first to settle down, and they greet give
the first to settle down, and they greet give
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Since last week the following clubs have made orpidication to Join our frontial league. As they have already been artisted by letter as to which sections the state of the sta

(301)

ACK-BALI A Fine. Complete Cross-Country Story. By A. S. HARDY.

HE IST CHAPTER

LACKBALLEI!

Harold Standish looked into the the little drawer of the ballet-box, and the little drawer of the ballet-box, dence of control of the little drawer of the ballet-box, and the little drawer of the ballet-box, and the little drawer, and the little drawer, and the little drawer, and the sixth was a black one, a ball as black as ink. Harold Standish had been elected capitain of the Heathfield Harriers at the last annual general meeting, vice little drawer, and the sixth was a black one, a ball as black as ink. Harold Standish had been elected capitain of the Heathfield Harriers at the last annual main to further the interests of one of the distance of the little drawer of the little drawer been distanced in the little drawer been distanced, and who had been seconded by Halenan, a member of the committee, had be blackballed.

lam, a member of the committee, and been blackballed.

In the committee of the committee of the black with a grave expression on his face of Centimens, he said, "a black ball sagot into the box by mistake. The election will take place again!" and astonishment, and he fire committee, and storighteent, and he fire committee, and the committee of the committee of

naron Standsm, with a gran expression, placed his own ball in the both as o, his eyes flashed. The way have a barrier of the control of the c

in hand, and its running talent was of the poorest.

Harold Standish, by winning the A.A.A. Steeplechase Championship, the Midland Cross-Country Championship, and running prominently in the National, had masared to field name, and Stephen Moore, who was an athlete of more than average ability, had done his share, too.

Stephen Moore was a good runner, and an excellent club man. He wished to be top-dog in everything. Once having tasted the aweets of captaincy, he wished to always hold the reins, and it had been something of a sheek twice by Harold Standish, when he attempted interfere unduly with Standish working of the club.

Harold had, instinctively, looked upon him

Harold had, instinctively, looked upon him as an enemy, and now, as he looked round the

HE is CHAPTER.

The Committee Meeting—Harviel Standish rotests—The Resignation of Stophen Forests—The Resignation of Moore, taking a cigarette out of and course of the belletest. The stophen Moore, taking a cigarette out of the Resignation of the Resignation

stern chase across plough and meadow-land.
Not I." read Sutton.
Not I." read at all, thin youth, named
The murder was out. Four of the committeemen denied having used the black ball. Secretary Scrimbire certainly would not. One
other was left. Stephen Moore! And, find
the murder was out. Four of the committeemen denied having used the black ball. Secretary Scrimbire certainly would not. One
other was left. Stephen Moore! And, find
the care was a stephen Moore! And, find
the care was a stephen Moore! And, find
the care was left. Stephen Moore and the care
the care was a stephen Moore and the care
the care was a stephen Moore and the care
was left. Stephen Moore and the care
was left. Stephen Moore and the care
was left. Stephen Moore and the care
may not be a friend of Standish's I don't
think that has anything to do with the question. We want members of the club who as
beyond reproach, and that is more than on
Might I ask what you have against him?

I don't wish to quarrel with you, Moore.'
he said: 'but Willis is a friend of mine.
Might I ask what you have against him?

I don't wish to quarrel with you, Moore.'
he said: 'but Willis is a friend of mine.
Might I ask what you have against him?

I shain ist down upon the table in open
defiance. 'Willis is the son of a professional
runner, and I don't think that such a man
ought to be a member of a club which prides
retarms.'

"You are calling my action in proposing
him into question," said Harold Standish
quietly. 'You are calling my action in proposing
him into question, and Harold Standish
quietly. 'You are calling my action in proposing
him into question, and Harold Standish
quietly. 'You are calling my action in proposing
him into question, and Harold Standish
quietly. 'To the fellow is a low blackguard, and the son
of a blackguard, and he sha'n't join any club
to which I belong!'

In a moment the committeemen were on

"Withdraw!" Withdraw!" shouter Stephen

"Withdraw!" shouter Stephen

"Withdraw! Withdraw!" they cried, with one accord.
"I sha'n't withdraw!" shouted Stephen Moore. "You're trying to force my hand, but you can't do it."
"I was a question with Willis whether he joined the Pont End Harriers or us," cried to the point of the Pont End Harriers or us," cried with the pont of the pont Harriers or us," cried with the pont End Harriers or us," cried with the pont of the pont cried

ciuh."

"You can put it down to what you please."

rried Moore angrily. "Like father like son.

I look upon Willis as a professional, and you
can't stamp that sort of thing out. Tree been
captain of this ciuh as well as Standish. I
think I know how I ought to act."

"Yery well," said Standish colly. "If
Moore wants his own way, he can have it.

"Moor wants his own way, he can have it.

"And I'll resign from membership, too!"

cried I lallan.

membership of the club!"
"And I'll resign from membership, too!"
cried Ifallam.
"Or," cried Standish, bending his dark eyes
on Stephen Moore, 'Moore can resign if he
likes. He is the only member of the committee
who scens to object to Willis coming in. He's
value and weight, and has caused more
truth.
The committee weight, and has caused more
truth.
The committee of the club was first started. If he
finds the club so little to his litting, he may be
better suited elsewhere."
Stephen Moore glared at Standish. He

better suited elsewhere."
Stephen Moore glared at Standish. He hated him. He hated him for his coolness and his strength of character. Suddenly losing control of himself, he rushed forward with his fit raised in the air, and, had not the captain dodged the blow, he must have been struck down.

In a moment the committee-room was in an uproar. Hallam got in front of Moore and pushed him back, whilst, in a trice, Standish had got his coat off.

"Come on!" be cried. "Thore is a long-standing breach between Moore and me ! Let's have it out, and see who's the better man!"

groggy. Moore struggled on, with the blood flowing groggy. Moore struggled on, with one last mighty half-arm jab, Standish had his men out, and Moore lay upon the floor, the loer of a short but stirring battle.

from nis nose. Then, with one last nightly half-arm jab, Standish had his men out, and half-arm jab, Standish had his men out, and half-arm jab, Standish had his men out, and half-arm string battle.

Hallman and Brower fetched water and towels for him. He had lost his swaggering air, and when he had slipped on his coat again, he turned to the crowd paper!" he cried. "I'm going to resign this rotten club. It's been in my mind for some time past. It's not much of an honour to belong to such a set as you. There's more than one club in !Leathheid which is stronger than the Ileathheid farriers wort of captain that would ruin any club."

"Do you mean it, Moore?" cried Brower, elated. "You are going to resign."

"Certainly!" said Stephen Moore, glaring at Standish, who, beyond a puffed-up cheek, but only the hold me and Standish. I'm sick and tired of the way the club's worked. The admission of a professional to membership is the last straw. I've had my innings. I can do a joly sight better olsewhere."

"He is the son of a professional," said Moore; "that was sufficient ground for objection in my cyts. "Well." said spore across the table towards Moore, "It don't think we need argue the Wall." said spore across the table towards Moore, "I don't think we need argue the Question any further. None of us will break our hearts if you resign. There's some paper, Moore; suppose you write out your resignation now?"

moor:

Moore sat down and seized a pen.

"With pleasure," he cried, dipping the pen in the inkpot, and for a minute or two nothing was heard save the scratch of the pen as it moved over the surface of the paper.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

James Standish, Professional Pedestrian

A Life Story—Always Play the Game.

Twee cight of check, and in the brilliantly—
in front of the committee roose. Up and
down, up and down he walked, with his
hands threat into the deep pockets of his overceat to protect them from the cold.

James Wills was waiting for the study of the
James Milks was waiting for the study of the
hands threat into the deep pockets of larviers.

His friend, Harold Standish, had told him
hat his name was up for election at that meeting, and he wished to know whether he had
see closed or not. He had little doubt as to
the result. A man whose name is reduced by
member of the committee, toos not meet with
a rebuil as a rule.

Up and down, up and down, the well-built
lad walked, looking every now and then towards the bright; illimmated room on the
wards the bright; illimmated room on the
meetings. They were a long time getting
through with the business, to be sure, he
thoughts.

At last, the swing doors of the private en-trance to the hotel were slung open, and a man came out. It was Stephen Moore.

came out. It was Stephen Moore, Moore's face was flushed as it in anger; and, swinging round on his heol just before he reached the spot where Willis stood, he shook his list towards the illuminated window of the "Confound the bot of you." he cried. "May the club go to rack and ruin, as it deserves. You all think you are mighty clever, but? I keve the laugh of you yet. There'll be no Hoathfield Harriers within a year from now." whom he recognised, then hurried on without a word.

He swing round, almost bunping into Willis, whom he recognised, then hurried on without a word. Willis looked after the disappearing member of the Heathfield Harriers' Committee, and because the second superfect anongst the club's officials that been a quarrel amongst the club's officials that night? It almost looked like it. James Willis waited more impatieutly than over now, and it was with a feeling of inteener relief that he at last saw the doors open, and Standish, Breezr, Hallam, Josep, Sutton, et al. (1998).

standish recognised Willis, and came to-ards him with a smile, and with his hand

wards him with a smile, and with his hand outstretched.
"Woll?" asked Willis eagetly.
"It's all right, said Standish. "We had some trouble with Moore about your election, Willis. Ha objected to you. But he's resigned, and so I think you can safely rely upon being elected a member of the Heathfield.
Willis drew in a long breath, then whistled.
"What?" he cred. "Moore objected to

Standish nodded.

Standish nodded.
Will's looked axonished.
"Why," he said, "it was only the other day I had a long rhat with him about it. We talked about the Heathfield and their precis for the coming season, local rivalry, and all the rest of it; and he seemed jolly glad to think that I had a last decided to do some creas-country work. I can't make it out. Oh, was, I can, though". I can't make it out. Oh, I can't make globe thous sentence as if an inspiration.
It goods thous sentence as if an inspiration of the country was the control of the country was the country was the country to the country was the country was the country was the country when the country was the country w

You say Moore objected to me?" he said.

"I don't think it matters if we tell him the truth now, do you, Standish?" said Hallam (Continued on the next page.)



Suddenly losing control of himself, Moore rushed forward with his fist raised in the air, and, had not the captain dodged the blow, he must have been struck down.

"As a matter of fact, Willis, Moore actually blackballed you."
"Blackballed me!" cried Willis, starting back, his face crimson at the indiganty. "Then he did it on purpose."
"Interpreted Brower, who fall the low that!" interpreted Brower, who fall the low in the purpose."

that they all required a light shed on the subject.

"Why, the Pood End Harriers have started with an ambitious programme, and a determination to wise the old club out. They have members have resigned from the old club, and from other local harriers, to join the Pond End from the residual to the same the same resigned from the old club, and from other local harriers, to join the Pond End from the residual to the same seen approached. Why, the secretary apheas been approached. Why, the secretary apheas been approached. Why, the secretary apheas were processed in the same to join them. As a matter of fact, the secretary told me that bloore was one who had don't see how he could do that if he remained a committeeman of a club which had first old my the switch of the same the point of the same the point of the same the point of the same that the sa

I feel certain." cried Herold Standish, light breaking in upon him, "that if we had re-jected you, owing to his blackball, that he would have resigned within a week or so, and joined Pond End?"

would have resigned within a week or so, and joined Pond End?"

"Not a doubt about it," cried Willis indignantly: "and then, don't you see, I should have been without a club; and when Pond End skeet me to join them a second time, they can be seen to be an experience of the property of

"We haven't elected you yet, Willis," said Standish; "the matter has been deferred to the next committee meeting; but you can look upon yourself as good as elected."
"Then," said Willis enthusiastically, "you can recke on a good team this assert. There

upon yourself as good as elected."
"Then," said Willis enthusiastically, "you can reckon on a good team this season. There in t a man in the length and breadth of the land who knows more about training than my deta will dad. He's always had a soft corner detailed to the land who knows more about training than my detailed to the land the land he's always had a soft corner detailed to the land training and the told me to join the club. He wouldn't think of me becoming a member of the Pond End Harriars. If you care to accept his services, he'll give them you for nothing. He wished me to tell you that, and he gives his services, he'll give them you for nothing. He wished me to tell you that, and he gives his services, he'll give them you for nothing. He wished me to tell you that, and he gives his services, he'll give them you for nothing. He wished me to tell you that, and he gives his services win both the Midland and the National Cross-country Championships at the very first time of asking." "Do you mean it, Jim?" asked Harold Standish, "Will your dad do that."
"Do you mean it, Jim?" asked Harold Standish and Jim Willis were left together, their numbers dwindling as one or the other took the shopest cut home, and at last Harold Standish and Jim Willis were left together.
Jim Willis's faither—who had made a very

Standish and Jim Willis were left together.

Jim Willis's father—who had made a very
good thing out of professional running in the
days when the running of professional athletes
could be rolled on—had opened a business in
the oil and colour line in Heathfield some
twenty years ago, and applying himself to te
with all his heart and soul, he hed made it of
the with all his house-property at the time this
considerable house-property at the time this

considerable nouse-propersy as survey of the propersy when the two friends arrived, they found one of the assistants putting the shutters up, whilst James Willis, Jim's father, stood on the doorstep, with his arms folded, looking with pride at his big shop.

"Hallo, Jin' he cried, as he saw his son "Hallo, Jin' he cried, as he saw his son the pride at his big shop."

write at he life them.

"Hallo, Jinn" he cried, as he saw his son approaching. "How do you do, Mr. Standish! Im glad to see you and my boy together. There a sother and industrious companions. I can't stand them as hrapic about the doors of the malic houses. They never come to any good, my left, and have a bite of engine with ma!"

Nothing loth, Harold entered the shop, and followed Jim and his licet upstairs to a large and well-furnished sitting-room over the shop. Supper was aircady on the table, and Jim's mother—a buxon, good-natured-looking woman mother—a buxon, good-natured-looking woman was properly laid.

She smiled at Harold.

—was usuffing about, seeing that everything was properly laid.
She smiled at Harold.
"How do you do, Harold?" she said. "It's good to see you. You always look so well. Just like my husband did in the old dars. Here, I must get Alice to lay another plate for you."

And she hurried out to give the order. When they had all done justice to an ample

supper, Jim's father pushed back his chair with a sigh of content.

"I'm glad to lear my boy's getting on so well at Shire & Hamson's along of you, Harold," he said; "I want him to get a thorough grounding in business habits, and then, when I'm too old to stefer my business any longer, I'll retire and hand it over to him. Now, tell me about the Heathfield Harriers. West my be elected to night." for a moment, then made a clean breast of it, telling the old professional just what had happened. James Wills took his cigar out of his mouth, and his face flushed.

and his face fisshed.

"So," he said, "Stephen Moore objected to my son because he was the son of a professional runner—did he? Now, listen here a minute, my boy, and I'll just tell you a little story."

The big-framed man cleared his throat, and mused a while before speaking, then he turned to Harold and said.

turned to Harold and said:
"I dare asy you've heard people talk of me,
my lad. At one time, before I turned professional, and at a time when the Heathfield
Harriers hadn't eap, rivals worth speaking
about in the country. I used to run in the red
abirt of time Heathfield; and many and many a
time have I brought the old colours hone to
time have brought the old colours hone to
was when they handed me a small gold medal
was when they handed me a small gold medal
sa reward.

as a reward.

"Well, I got married, Harold. I got bitten
by as pretty a lass as you could see in all Heathited, and I married her. I had saved a bit o'
honeymoon, and e setting up in business for
honeymoon, and e setting up in business for
myself, which I did on this very spot, in a
little dingy shop that used to be here, in the oil
and colour line.

"In those days, the bulk of the Heathfield trade was down in the East End of the town, and I had to fight firms which had been established some of 'em over fifty years. I didn't get along well. My capital was soon exhausted. My creditors became pressing. I didn't get along well. My capital was soon exhausted. My creditors became pressing. I set to the town of the control of the

do, or where to turn.
"Well, just then long-distance running was on the boom, and a sporting newspaper came

when I went to bod o' mights tred out and brain weary, and saw may wife ailing. My do, or where to turn. I didn't know what to do, or where to turn. I didn't know what to do, or where to turn. I didn't know what to do, or where to turn. I didn't know what to do, or where to turn. I didn't know what to do, or where to turn. I didn't know what to do to the boom, and a sporting newspaper came out with the offer of a 2100 first prize for a refer of £100 made me think. I'l Livould win tir! I kept on saying to my-self. That £100 would save me. It might help me to build up a fortune. I could weather the same what I could do over twenty mile. "I know what I could do over twenty mile." I'l know what I could do over twenty mile. There wasn't a man in the country could touch me at the distance in my best Heathfield days. I'l know what I could do over twenty mile. There wasn't a man in the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could touch me, but I had not controlled to the country could the training a country to the fact of me entoring caused all over the fact of me entoring caused all over the fact of the caused for the entoring caused and the country in

win. If you can't win, you will meet with honourable defeat; and if you can win, people will look up to you with pride, and know that every time they put thirt money on you, if they are the betting kind, that you are giving it may are the betting kind, that you are giving it may at the betting kind, that you are giving it was a simal, people honoured me. and I've even had a Cabinet Minister shake me by the hand."

Jim's father was wound up, and, as he looked at the strong, manly face, Harold Sandish teemed with the keenest enjoyment become with the keenest enjoyment, and have been and the strong hand in the strong hand in the lad possessed much of his father's grim determination, and all his love of fair play.

When Harold, an hour later, took his leave, Jim and his father accompanied him home. Harold a hearty grip of the land claudish gave liared a hearty grip of the land claudish gave liared a hearty grip of the land. He Heathfield Harriers have been on the downgrade for so long that things are bound to take a turn. You'll never do it whilst you have a poor set to old fame by winning thee semething of Harold, and I'll tell you in secret new that you've get a champion in my son. I'll come down and give you what help I can, and before very long I hope to see the old clours triters and stilletic clubs in Heathfield. We want just the one old club."

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

The Cross-Country Championship—Heath-field Men Run Well—The Saving of the Old Club.

HE Heathfield district had for many,

The Crees-Country Championship—Heath-field Men Run Woll—The Saving of the Old Club.

HE Heathfield district had for many, many years been famous for its cross-free country and long-distance runners, and the rather champions had been turned out. And the rather champions had been turned out. And the rather champions had been turned to the point of the town had been of the keenest description, the West End having always had the best of it, owing to the superiority of the Heathfield Harriers Athletic clubs, like foodball clubs, have their periods of success and failure. When their champions age and get slow, and while their junior runners or footballers are coming on, there is no superiority of the lowest club, and it is then that the big effort has to be made to save the life of an organization dies. We have seen Stoke Foothals homerable during the past summer, despite the lowest club, and it is then that the big effort has to be made to save the life of an organization dies. We have seen Stoke Foothals homerable during the past summer, despite the lowest club, and it is then that the big effort has to be made to save the life of an organization dies. We have seen Stoke Foothals homerable during the past summer, despite the lowest club, and the resignation of Stephen Moore, who was an excellent runner whether it be over country or on the flat, but who held his own talent in too Harriers to the very foundation. Then there came a big pull, and a pull altogether. Harold Standish, Hallam, Brower, and the others pit their backs to the wall with a will, and, instead club, and the same had the club now that Moore had gone, if Italanh, Brower, and Standish, and which and hoped, they cluster the house of the same had the club now that Moore had gone, if Italanh, Brower, and Standish, Wanter had then a deep interest in the old club.

He merely proffered his advice to the men, and gave t

the season ends."

When the entries for the Midland Counties Cross-country Championship were published. Its Heathfeld figured in the list. If form, because they won the championship so many times in the old days, "said Moore," "Why, they don't stand a phost of a chance. Stardish may finish in the first three. But what will the rost do? Granted they get another man which the rost don't stand a phost of a chance, for the rest on a stand a ghost of a chance, for the rest on a stand a ghost of a chance, for the rest one stand a ghost opinion of the country, and the surprise of a great many more people, when they found the familiar claret shirts figuring amonges the starters on the day of the great they found the familiar claret shirts figuring amonges the starters on the day of the great championship course at Heathfeld, which can be reckoned on as the favourite and finest course in the country.

This was used two years out of four for the Midland Counties Championship, and there is was the stiffeet and yet the faircet to be found.

Amongst the cluster of athletes who gathered at the starting-post, the Heathfield men were most conspicuous. They were a big-framed set of lads, whose sun-tanued faces and fine condition could compare with any.

Standish, was Jimi Willis, the son of the old professional runner, who reminded many of the old stagers of his famous father.

"They've had the pluck to turn out," eaid stephen Moore to a culturate. What a disgrace it will be for them to finish amongst the "If they do finish last," said Harold Standish, who happened to catch the observation. Remember, the race is not over yet, Moore." Moore coloured, and bit his lip, ignoring his old clubmate.

Then their numbers were finally examined, the men pat in line according to the draw for the men pat in line according to the draw for the men pat in line according to the draw for the men pat in line according to the draw for the men pat in line according to the draw for the men pat in line according to the draw for the men pat to the pitter-patter of bundreds of feet.

They made a fine show as they mounted the

posttrons, and at miss the piston manged and come hundred and odd at white moved off at a mean through the property of the pro

that, Heathfield—the despised Heathfield—must almost win!

What excitement there was until the runners came round again! And then a roor went up. for Standish and again! And then a roor wast up. for Standish and Willis were seen coming on the standish and the standish and the standish and the standish and then three more Heathfield men, running together, then a gap, then two more Heathfield men.

Heathfield were bound to win, whereas the Pond Ead men were so string out that they that he standish and the standis

alimpse of the runners, and two of them came racing towards the finishing-post as hard as they could run.

"Heathfield is leading!" they cried.

Them, sure enough, the first red shirt came they could run.

"Heathfield is leading!" they cried.

Them, sure enough, the first red shirt came they could run.

Them, sure coupt, the first red shirt came they came they be compared to the coupt of the

More splendid long, complete sports



THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE

JIM DERRIDGE, a poor London lad, who, owing to the brutality of his stepfather, Dan Copeland, decides to run away to the country. Me is joined decides to run away to the country. Me is joined DioKy ELITCH, nicknamed the Early Birlt. The two lads speed the night line howebox at Waierdon Station, and during the dark hours are earlier place called Bracken Hill, in Hampshire. Jim and Dicky are more pleased than otherwise when all the place that the place that the state of the state of

E MON. OSMOND HOWEN, a wentity and well-known racing man, whose horses are trained at Bracken. Hull. He daughter, a little girl of by a limited with a largifier. It is also by a limited with a largifier. It lianks to the limity and plucky assistance of Jim and the limity and plucky assistance of Jim and the limity and limited with a largifier. It lianks to the limited girls life, and he shows his gratitude in that was a limit of the limited girls life, and he shows his gratitude in that direction.

UR DURGATE, the Hon. Osmond's trainer, in whose hantle Jim and Philey are placed.

Captain Sycamore, a racing man of doubtful character, has backed Mr. Rowen's coll, shir Paget, heavily to win the Royal Hunt Cup. It means took aften and a surface of the strength of the great race arrives, and Sir Paget becomes a hot favourite.

Jun Copeland, Jim's stepfather, is on the course in Dan Copeland, Jim's stepfather, is on the course in

secouses a hot favourite.

Dan Copeland, Jim's stepfather, is on the course in
the capacity of a bookmaker, and in company with a
radig lighter named Grinishue Leates. These was the
radig lighter named Grinishue Leates. These was
the step of the company of the company with
that Sir Fagot will not win the Royal Runt Cup.
They therefore lay long odds against the horse.
The great race starts, and Sir Pagot leaps to the
forth, and comes bone an easy winner, dother, and as a
result is welched by the line crowd and ducked in a
water-tinh.

water-tub.

Mayer-tub.

Jun rootwe a blackmailing letter from some unitarity and the water-tub.

Jun rootwe a blackmailing letter from some unitarity, and the properties of t

(Now read this week's instalment.)

The Winner of the Robin Hood Handicap. HERE was a groon of disappointment from one section, a hoarse murmur of pleasure from another. The favourite had been heaten, after all; but there were many there who had backed Jumping

Peter. "Lusal way," commented one. "When it comes to a tight finish, jockeyship does it. What chance has a boy got against a jockey like Tich Clovet?"

Clove?"
"The kid rode well, though," remarked

another.
"Ay remarkable well," agreed a third,
"considering it was his first public ride. They
say that Burgate only took out his licence a
week or two age. By jung, what a pity he got
shut in on the rails! With a clear course he'd

weok or two ago. By jungo, what a pity he got have woo aurhow. In the reliable with a clear course be dhave woo aurhow. In the condition of the second man who had spoken. "He made up a tremendous lot of ground, and was going twice as fast as anything clear at the finish. Well, the next time out I shall back Negro for a parcel. This was a sample of many similar conversations that not place after many similar conversations and the sample of the clean ring two men were positively in estates. "What did I tell, sou, Grim?" Copeland and Grimshaw London. It right, after all?" "Didn't I tell you that if Negro had been really meant to win they'd never 'ave put that did a stepson of mine up. Didn't I tell you that "A and sin't my indurent worked out was above."

that?"
"You did, Dan."
"You did, Dan."
"And ain't my judgment worked out wonderfal accurate?"
'It 'ave, Dan, wonderful accurate."

Salam :

"And ain't we got a week's work over the

me."
Grimshaw Loates gave him his flipper, at seemed to thank his stars by grinning broadly

seemed to thank his dars by grimmin broadly.

"I don't mind confessing. Dan," he remarked, as they walked over to the bookmaker with whom they had made their bets, "tial or a second-only just a second, mind—I thought on a second-only just a second, mind—I thought or a second-only just a second, mind—I thought of a second-only just a second, mind—I thought of a second-only just a second, mind—I thought of the swagger. "It was never in doubt, Grim. The collected had not race in hand all the time, and won clever. Twee a cert. There was only one in it. I thought that before the race, and when it is. I thought that before the race, and when it is. I thought that before the race, and when it is. I thought that before the race, and when it was the control of the triple finish, why—why, what was the control of the race of the race

Pan Copeland and Grimshaw Loates both awung round at state sound. A great roat had broken from a thousand throate, and loud exclamations directed attention to the number-

exclamations arreces are to a constraint of the constraint of the

favourite skrieked themselves housse. Copeland and Grimshaw Loates etood stupefied with agnazement. Their exes were revieted on the number-beard, where, in place of the figure 6 which had been there before, there was no room for doubt. Negro had won the race, after all. That despirate finish had resulted in a short bend victory for the Bracken Hill horse in as fine a race as had been all the state of the

Cleeve.

How the mistake had arisen of holsting the wrong number was explained afterwards. The index—to whom, of course, the various celura were quite familitar—had spotted the wall, known pirk jacket of Mr. Rowm as it habited Now, the judge did as he often did, he relied partly on memory. Knowing very well that Tich Cleeve usually rode for the Brazken Hill stable, and not having houted the changed plans in this case, he called out to the number. The number page of the properties of the control o

man that Tich Cleeve was first.

The number-man, with a glance at his card, saw that Cleeve had ridden No. 6, and promptly hoisted that as the winning figure. Not for two returns minutes was the mistake discovered and rectified. Naturally, there were many who were displeased, but there were more who re joiced, for Negro had been a good, sound favourite.

favourite.

Dan Copeland and Grimshaw Loates felt very sick, the former especially. All the swagger passed out of him in a moment, and the exultation on his face gave way to a look of intense chagrin.

chagrin.

He was loud in denouncing the judge, and then, on being threatened with ejection by a policeman, lowered his voice and cursed beneath his breath. He cursed the judge, he cursed the bracken Hill trainer, and he cursed Jim Derridge. As to Tich Cleeve, he quite reversed his previous judgenest regarding him. grumbled.

Lost appropriet that's what o did. Call Tich Cleeve a jocket? Why, you might as well put up a wooden-legged washerwoman to ride. Fancy, losing a race like that, when to old to also worth to also worth by a street."

"S'pose the 'orse wesn't good enough,"

to are won by a street."
"S'pose 'the 'orse wasn't good enough,"
grumbled Grimshaw Loates. "There's no mistake about it, that stepson o' yourn did bring
Negro along with a rattle."
"Rattle? I'll give 'im rattle! I'll make him

wish he'd never lived beyond the days when he used a rattle! Did you aver know the like? Did you aver know the like? Like I being treated like this by a hondutiful stepson? And after me runnin hout and haskin him. Out o' my way,' he says—out o' my way! I shall get into a row if I'm seen ralkin' him. Out o' my way,' he says—out o' my way! I shall get into a row if I'm seen ralkin' him. Out o' my way! I shall get it is a low like it is a live got it. Grim, it's hundhia! I'm and the it's I've got it. Grim, it's hundhia! I'm and the it's I've got it. Grim, it's hundhia! The way is I'm and the like it I've got it. Grim, it's hundhia! The way is I'm and Grimshaw Loars betted again; honghes were distracted by the hoisting of the numbers for the next race.

Both he and Grimshaw Loars betted again; but in endeavouring to recover their fairly heavy beess over Jumping Peter, they took a cutsider, which came in with a crowd.

In the last race of the day their luck was no better. As they walked across Molessey Harst towards Hampton Court station here were very door and the station in the wear very door and the luck's agin us, Grim," Copeland remarked. "I'm on the pobbly beach again."

dolefui.
"The luck's agin us, Grim," Copeland remarked. "I'm on the publiky beach again."
"And I'm broke to the wide," Grimshaw
Lostes said, kicking savagely at the turf.
"What are we goin to do?"

Lorles said, kirking savagely at the turf,
"What are we goin to do?
"There's only one thing to do. We shall 'ave
to touch Caysin Sycamore again."

To be you think he! part! It ain't
over long ago since he dubbed out that two
lundreds! W."Tan bondeds!

over long ago since he dubbed out that two hundred.

"Two hundred? What's that? Fifty apiece. And we've done our bit in over the geogree. What's two hundred to the capting? Considerin law genthemachine owned. Why, come to hink of it, Grim, our conduck are been that of heroes, quite beyond all praise or reward."

"Well, o' courre, when you puts it that way, agree with you," answered the tipset." "It's worth a bit to be gooke to by a man of your childratin, Dan't repeated Copeland. "It init' that, Grim—or it ain't only that. I should say it's naivest refineyment of feelin' as I most prides anyself on, feelin' guite sure that my ride ain't misplaced. You've knowed me, Grim, a good long time, and you've allus knowed how dead! I was against anything low. That's why I exper better treatment what's two hundred pound between gen'leman an agen'leman?"

"Oh, nothin'—absolootely nothin'! Thinkin'

en'leman?"
"Oh, nothin'—absolootely nothin'! Thinkin'
going down to Bracken Hill again, Dan?"
Copeland nodded.
"We'll ketch the race special to Selehester,
nd tackle the capting to morrow. It's Sunday,
at the better the day the better the deed,

relyine on Tich Cleev's assurance that Negro-would be "well tooked after," and so prevented from winning. He swing along the river path slowly, ap-parently desirous of being alone. Most of the racing crowd had gone on ahead. He was nearly last. He swung along, then, with his vess roving from the gravelled causeway to the river and back again. Suddenly from the hedge-side two men

Sudienty from the hedge-side two men stepped out.

"What, you here!" oxclaimed Sysamore, scowling at Copoland, and Grimshaw Lostes.

"What do you want."

"What a gentlemns you are for comin' to the point, capting," he neswered. "Here have lift, with my natoral refineyment of feelin', heen a-puzzin' my 'ead how to broach a delicate question, and you, with an equal nateral refiney-semonthese my path right away. "What do you semonthese my path right away. "What do you

want?' says you, in the kindest way possible, as much as to say. You've only to give it a name, you know friend Copeland, and it's yours."
Weil what do you want?" repeated Sycamore, carbing his wrath with some diffi-

Secanore, carbing his water with some varieties. The second of the secon

"So you did, capting—so you did! You like-wise 'ad dinner lest night, but that won't pre-vent you from havin' dinner gain to-night, will it? It's the softence similar thing with me and days ago, but the similar yay, no we don't want more money now. We want another hundred, canting."

more money now. We want another hundred, capting."

"Well, then, you won't get it."

"Oh, don't say that! It's like a tobacco manufacturer refusing a friend a pinch of

"Well, then, you won't get it."
"Oh, don't say that! It's like a tobacco manufacturer relusion a friend a pinch of a surface of the property o

Instantly Dan Copeland recognised it. It as a description of himself and Grimshaw oates, published after the attack on Simoon

Gunn. That was enough for them. With a fright-ened cry both turned, and before anyone could stop them, had-jumped clear into the river, and started to swim for the opposite bank. Instantly shouts went up from the police-officers to stop them. There were many boats on the river, including evertal points full of people who had been to the races, and who were being ferried across to Hampfen village. Except seemed impossible, especially when one to bar their path.

were cent retrieved across to Handron Vanger. Escapa seemed impossible, especially when one to har their path.

"All right, came in a voice from the purt—all right, cossine, we'll nab 'em!"
At the sound of that voice, the two men in the river looked up.
"Toffy Blimmer—you?"
"Yee, it's me all right, Dan," Blimmer answered in a whisper over the purt-side, near nawered in a whisper over the purt-side, near resistance, Dan, and I'll pretend to 'aul you in arter a desperate strugth. That's right, now I've got you," he called out aloud. "One of you collar 'old of viother one." And almost before the words were spoken, both the, dreached men were hauled aboard.

"Bring them back to this side!" shouted the imapector.

inspector.

But Toffy retorted:

"No, we're nighest to this bank, suspector.
We'll keep 'cm for you ull right. You follow across in another boat."

"Two ms up. Toffy—you won't

"You won't give us up, Toffy-gou won't give us up, Toffy-gou won't give us up, Toffy-gou won't give us up; 'leaded Dan Copeland.' Richy? You're all right where you are Most o' these to the control of t to stop you, some o my paint soon stop in I'll pass the word to say as 'ow I'knows. But keep on resistin'—keep on resistin', just the show o' the thing.' The punt arrived at the landing-stage. T Blimmer sprang out. After him came the drenched men.

strength at Blimmer they rushed, toppling him over. Three or four of the men from the punt went to Blimmer's assistance, but as if by accident they were tripped up or otherwise interfered with.

OUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

	•	•	-	-	_	-		•		- A	_	_				•			
Below are each division ending Septem	of th	ia le	ague	of t	he top includ	ciul ing	os in week	St. Martin's Dartmouth St. Michael's	::	::	P. 16 16	W. 15 15		D. 0 0	F. 886 1681 1681	A. 527 643 805			
			JUN	IOR						Oakley			15	14	1	0	1273	610	
St. Josephia			P. 16	W.		D.	F. 1604	A.	Pts.	Lads of Kent	::	::	14	13	1	0	979 1006	556 661	
St. Mary's	••	::	15	15	ň	0	1296	460											
Marlboro		::	16	15	1	0	1222	710	30				-						
Layton			16	15	1	0	1403	967		Prize Bat A	war	s for	vec	k en	ding	Ser	otembe	r 120	h:
Heckmondwik	e Cas		15	14	1	0	1374	354		"THE BO									
St. Wilfred's			14	12			1401	672		"THE BO	17.2	R.B.	V [73]	C	KI	AL	J. P.R.	feer 1	15.
St. Andrew's			15	12	3	0	1262	966	24			JUN	IOR	DIVI	SION				
	Staincliffe Juniors. C.C.—Ron. Secretary, Mr. F. Hincheliffe, 42a, Occupation Lane, Staincliffe, near Dewsbury, Yorkshire.																		
neited that			P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pie.	1			-						

In less than ten seconds Copeland and Grimshaw Loates had scurried away out of sight. When, two or three ninutes later, the inspector arrived in a boat from the other saide, it was to wrath, but wrath availed nothing. He looked at Tody Blimmer very suspiciously, but the latter met his glance without flinching. He rubbed his head with one hand, and his chest with the other. Then, with a very elaborate with the other. Then, with a very elaborate with the other. Then, with a very elaborate he shouted out:

"Look 'ere, ossifer, you'd best take my

he shouted out:

"Look 'erc, oasifer, you'd best take my
name and address so as to send me on the
proper form."

"You're 'm'."

"Yourn—what form?"

"Why, to fall in my claim for compinsation
for a-haiding and assisting the perilec in the
name of his Majesty. I think I'm entitled to
a figua-note if any man ever were."

"The transport of the two fugitives.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success in Arousing the Enmity of Others Who May Be Less Successful.

RoM the moment of his winning the
RoM the moment of his winning the
Robin Hood Handicap at Hurst Park,
Jim Derridge found himself the centre
of general dislike among the stablelads at Bracken Hill.

Jim Derridge found himself the control halt at Bracken Hil.

The general dislick among the atable-late and the Bracken Hil.

The general dislick among the atable-late and the Bracken Hil.

The rest of the late the seame mentines, comorphic and table to the property of t

Again.

Fow of the lads expressed their hatred openly, for the drubbing which Jim had given the boastful Tich Cleeve had taught them to hold him in great respect whenever he put his

s up. For a time Jim bore this ill-treatment with aderful patience, but at last it grew beyond

is decent at aids for But his use. The locker didn't beek, and when the second of the

"Who did it?" Jim demanded again, with set face.

f'Oh, wouldn't you like to know, you know— Oh, wouldn't you like to know?"

sang half a dozen in chorus.

"Yes, I would like to know." Jim returned, "and I'm going to find out."

"What-ho: likewise heityteity! Don't

boity toity! Don't some people's heads swell when they happen to win a race by a fluke?"

Jim glared at the speaker. "Look here, Rich-ings, I'll make your

head swell for another reason if you're not careful."

ehoshaphat!" struck in Ledbury. "Ain't

carette de la constant de la constan

ing it. What do you rido generally, a rockinghorse."
Brown's only answor was to hurl a plate,
Brown's only answor was to hurl a plate,
which narrowly missing Jim's head, broke into
which narrowly missing Jim's head, broke into
hand upon his collar, was shaking him
like a rat. But the others were not prepared
to look on is elience. Led by Richings and
Ladbury they three themselves upon Jim
Jim struggled. The odds against him were
Jim struggled. The odds against him were
pretty heavy. It might have gone hard with
him, but for the timely entrance of Dicky
Fitteh and Stapheton, who, seeing the plight of
the friend, at one went to his rescue.

The stap of the stap of the stap of the stap
has been the stap of the stap of the stap
has been the stap
has been

raged, with Jim and his friends the victors in the end.

"Look here," Jim challenged, "if any of you are dissatisfied, you can have it out with me, one at the time in the yard. Now, who's going to be the first? Don't all speak at once." Evidently nobody wanted to be first, for nody spoke at all. All the gang of cravens did was to mutter among themselves, to rub their bruised heads, and to hold a whispered conspiracy as to how they could get their own bruised heads, in the work of the constitution of t

spiracy as to how they could get their own back; all right," whispered Brown, "keep an yee on him, you chaps, when he drinks his teating on the spiracy of t

and up with genuine morit. Here she goes."
He raised his cup to his lips.
If the walls of that room had been like those of Jericho, they must surely then have failen. For the shrink which broke from Brown's throat certainly equalled in sheer noise if not in melody, any trumpet ever blown upon. With a face all controtted with fury, he pranced about the room like a mid Hottentot, gasping and the shade wall with the shade wallowed.

All looked on with amazement except Jim and his two friends.

all looked on with amazement except Jim and his two friends. They merely did a quiet

"Decent tea, ain't it!" said Stapleton, repeating Brown'e previous words and manner.
"Should think it is," Jim agreed, and, with
a wink, took a hearty gulp from his cup.
Richings looked on amased.
"Why, I thought—I thought—word the said of the

of the kind of thing that was continually going
However, with the aid of Dicky Flitch and
Stapleton. Jim frequently managed to turn the
tables. Still, do what he might, he could not
quell the harted of the gang, whose minds
were against him. That hatred increased
rather than otherwise, after another incident.
The horses had returned from exercise one
day, when Jim was sent for by Mr. Rowen
din, which some half a dozen horses had taken
part. The result of this had been that Jim,
given the mount on a three-year-old named
purwood, had run second to Sir Paget, who,
ridden by Tich Cleeve, had won by half a
length. The trial had been run in order to
length the trial had been run in order to
likely to win the Steward' Cup at Goodwood,
in which both were entered.
"I think we will run them both," was Mr.

likely to win the Stewards of the part of condwood, in which both were entered up at Goodwood, in which both were entered to the condwood of the part of the part

them tooth."

"Very well, sir," said the trainer, swallowing hard. "But who is to ride them?"

"Oh, that's easily got over! Cleeve will ride Sir Paget, and young Derridge shall have another chance on Durwood."

Thus it came about that Jim was sent for and informed of the owner's decision.

Jim's heart was full of gratitude. The syrint handlenge of the year, just as Goodwad was one of the most fashionable meetings. To

ride in such a race was indeed an honour to a beginner like himself.

Mr. Rowen's decision upset Esau Burgate a good deal. It upset Tich Cleeve, too. They plainly showed their anger as they sat together and the state of the st

bring Durwood to as short a price as Sir "Aye," drawled the Naikee. "And what's more, Durwood's likely to beat Sir Paget. You ain's forgot that you put up seven pounds extra unknown to Rowen. I guest that puts Durwood as his in front of Sir Paget. I guess I had a sir to got the total the sir page that puts Durwood as his in front of Sir Paget. I guess I had a sir to got the sir page to the sir page to the normal way to the sir page to the normal way to be any use your asking to have the mount on Durwood, would it?"

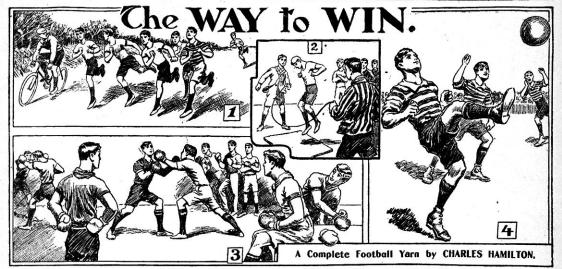
"Well, what's to be done? It wouldn't be any use your asking to have the mount on Durwood, would it?"

"Well, what's to be done? I wouldn't be any use your asking to have the mount on pretty near favourite, and would hardly pay for backing. No; I toll you what it is, Hurger accuse of it all. Rowen's annious to push him on, and to push me out. I can see that. But I guess I and it going to take that ying down. It I guess I and it going to take that ying down. It I guess I and it going to take that ying down. It guess I and it going to take that ying down. It guess I and it going to the total till never be safe for you and me and the captain to plan a coup? "Why, can't you so that it'll never be safe for you and me and the captain to plan a coup." We shall never ho certain whether I'm to ride, or whether that young gutter snipe. Durridge thous, I recke, Burgate."

"Yes, it would," said the trainer, with an ugly look upon his face. "We might plan to lose a race and lay against a herse, and then the present the supplementary of the supp

(Another enthralling long instalment of this fine racing yarn next week.)





By hard training at every conceivable opportunity, the lads of Halford F.C., under the able leadership of Arthur Lawrence, succeed in vanquishing their most powerful rivals, and go far in their local competition. All junior clubs should follow their example !

THE 1st CHAPTER

An Energotic Captain.

"Blave got to back up!"

Lawrence, the captain of Halford Football Club, who spoke, and his words were met by a general silence.

The young footballer looked round at the face with the committee.

Links we do something, Halford will be hopelessly licked in the competition, and that's not going to happen, if I remain captain of the club.

going to happen, if I remain captain of the curve, Yen haven't been captain very long," suggested Rupert Craye, with a rather unpaceaunt control of the captain's eyes flashed.

The captain's eyes flashed.

"No. If I had, the club wouldn't have fallen into such a state of unfitness," he exclaimed hotly. "I don't want to criticise what is past, but I do say that unless we buck up we have not chance in the competition we have entered for. The club is elack through and through. Why did we lose our last match. "Perhaps we weren't well led."

"Perhaps well led."

"Perhaps we weren't well led."

"Perhaps well led

cause we slacked."
"That's what I want to make out," said Arthur Lawrence, taking no notice of Craye. "I debut thrust myself into the position of captain, but as captain I cannot see the club What I say is, we've got to buck up all round, myself an Sunch as anybody eise, and make a peneral inprovement. We are going to win the county junior cup if we can."

Manth Craye was silent. As a matter of

"Richarbot" Raport Craye was silent. As a matter of fact, he had hed an ambition to shine as the captain of Halford, and be had been passed over in favour of Lawrenco. Craye was a great added as a sincher, and, though his play was brilliant at times, he had proved himself to be unreliable. And Halford, though it had as a whole fallen into the for its captain. Arthur Lawrence, ardent, keen, and enthussateit, was just the fellow to pull the club upon its legs again.

just the fellow to pull the club upon its legs again.

"We've got to pull up," said Lawrence. "So far we've scraped along by the skin of our teeth, so to speak, eimply because the rivals we for teeth, so to speak, eimply because the rivals we have the state of the

"And a jolly good one, too!" exclaimed

"And a jolly good one, too!" exclaimed Price.

The most against you." said Craye, at length.

I don't believe in a policy of husile, that's ail. I don't believe in a policy of husile, that's ail. I don't think it's, necessary. But you'll have your way, and that ends it. "Oute so." agreed the captain of Halford quietly. "A you ask, that ends it. There will be a now regime, and I don't think the club will be sorry for it in the long run."

And, after a little more discussion, the committee meeting broke up. Arbur Lawrence and Price discussed the now programme as they not not support Cray's face as he went his way. I was pretty certain that from this member of the club, at all events, the captain would receive little support.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.
The New Regime.

AT HE WORK WAS as good as he word. He woke up the club with a very geance. Halford had been an enertimes, offer moment in the land fallen into a state of slackness, and, though it had entered for the junior cup, few believed for a moment that it had any chance of carrying off the prized trophy. It had entered, as it were, on the strength of its past reputation, having won the chance of winning it again nobody who knew the real state of the club believed.

Some of the members were quite content to go on as they were, and finish last on the liss, it is so chanced: while others slet that semething in the content in the content

slackness/
There were two or three resignations upon
the spot, and Arthur Lawrence accepted them
with alserity, for the members thus seared off
by the prospect of hard work were the slackest
of the lot, and were a good riddance to any club
that was supposed to play football.
As Arthur Lawrence pair it, they wanted to
come out first in the list, and he showed them
the way to win, and it rested with themselves
whether they followed it or not.
And, upon reslection, the Halford fellows
And, upon reslection, the Halford fellows
And, upon reslection, the Halford fellows

whether they followed to extract.

And, upon redection, the Halford fellows decided to follow it.

Rupert Crays represented the opposition; but Lawrence had shown so plainly that he would stand no nonesnes, that Crays did not tented himself with a sort of passive resistance, and with raising his eybrows and shrugging his shoulders at the new regime. "There will be trouble with Craye," Price remarked to the young skipper one evening, the shoulders at the new regime. So whether the property of the standard of the property of the standard of the standard

Ho will Lawrence.
The eccretary grinned.
Ti understand, But go slow, old fellow. His father subscribes liberally to the dub, and we're not strong enough yet to stand upon our own fact.

Assumption

Craye

Lawrence's eyes flashed.
"You mean that we must keep in with Craye
for financial reasons, Price?"

"Well, something like that."
"Not while I'm captain of Halford," said Lawrence instantly. "If the dub wants money, we can have a while round, if necessary; and, as a matter of fact, I'd prefer that method, if I to endanger the efficiency of the club for the sake of a subscription. Believe me, old man, that's the worst way to manage a club in the long rue!" and a grimne. As secretary to a region of the club for the matter only too well, and Mr. Cray's solid ham certain subscription was a godeend to Halford linances.

linances. A constraint of the constraint of the constraint of the constraint went on the constraint went on, after a peace. 'He constraint went on, after a peace. 'He constraint went on, after a peace. 'He constraint went on the constraint was the constraint of th

be's rather a sullen brute, and that's the truth of it."

The two comrades were returning from a loop framp in the country when this conversation took place. Long walks and runs were a feature from the training of the Halford footballers. Law-time of the Halford footballers, the steady sprint, paced by a comrade on a bicycle. The subscriptions from outside, which Lawrence did not wholly like, at least enabled the Halford Club to keep up quarters of a better sort than they would have possessed had they depended the members were young fellows in employment, with salaries none too large for their needs. And the large room, fitted up as gymnasium on a small scale, which belonged to the club, was the scene now of more energetic of the club, was the scene now of more energetic of the fellows there, among them Rupert Craye.

Craye did not see Lawrence enter. He was epaking in a rather loud voice to Hilton, a creating extent of the club, was the scene of the club, was the scene of the club, was the scene now of more energetic turned up in the gym, and found most of the fellows there, among them Rupert Craye.

Craye did not see Lawrence enter. He was epaking in a rather loud voice to Hilton, a creating extent of the control of the club, was the scene of the control of the club, was the scene of the clu

ping for exercise, and Craye looked on with a grin.

"I don't think anyhody here's drawn a quiet breath since Lawrence became captain of the club." In emarked. "He ought to be in a suitable place for him. He's a hustler, and no mistake! And the queer thing about it is that fellows seem to like it?"

Hilton laughed. "Then it no good a minority of two objection." Then it no good a minority of two objections and no good and the property of the property of the way to win."

Lawrence says, our transmired without all this," yawned Craye, "and I dare say we could win again."
"And lost, too," broke in Arthur Lawrence quietly: "and I dare asy we could lose again."
Craye wheeled round quickly at the captain's voice.

Craye whereast comm quarany are survived by the control of the con

had always been somehow restrained from doine so.

"It have the gloves on with you if you tike." he exclaimed abruptly.

Lawrence glanced at him.
"Certainly!" he said. "It be glad to have a round or two with you, Craye."

He had been a round or two with you, Craye."

He had been a round or two with you, Craye."

He had been a round or two with you, Craye."

He had been a round or two with the gloves of the said of the thought better. And it came into his mind that the surest way of undermining Lawrence's underest way of undermining Lawrence's underest way of undermining Lawrence's underest him in a personal round would be a strength of the said of the respect he received to his reputation as a fighting man. on!" said Craye.

A group of fellows gathered round them as they must the gloves on. There had been some boxing going on, but most of the fellows present realised that this was a more errous encounter. The said had been any doubt about it, Ruport have been done the fellows present realised that this was a more owner between the two opposing forces in the club, and that the result would mean a great deal to the fortunes of Halford.

If there had been any doubt about it, Ruport have banished it.
"I suppose a hustler like you won't be a fraid of a kneck or two!" he remarked.
"No," and Lawrence quietly.
"No in the control of the said of a kneck or two!" he remarked.
"No," and Lawrence quietly.
"Said Craye, with a grin." "As you say yourself, it's two way to win."

Lawrence nodded.
"Good! I shall not be the first to cry of."

way to win."

Lawrence nodded.

"Good! I shall not be the first to cry off."

"In ready, then."

And the rivals of Halford Football Club face one another, with a circle of eager faces round them.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. Lloked! UPERT CRAYE began the contest with the belief that he had only to put forth the strength and skill he the captain of Halford; but are many minutes had passed he found out his mistake. Good boxen she was, he found that he had mel his match in Arthur Jawrence. And in Halford was, if anything, his superior. The contest was not in rounds, and so the cost of the combetants' confurance was a sewere one, and Craye was the first to weaken. but he proved himself quite unable to pometrifie the captain's defence.

Then Arthur Lawrence turned the tables, and Craye was driven round the ring before a vigorous attack which he found it harder a vigorous attack which he found it harder. Price grinned as he locked on. He knew that the challenge to hox was in reality a challenge to Arthur Lawrence's apprenisely in the club, and it was turning out in Bif! Lawrence's right came home on Craye's nose, and

Lawrence's right came home on Craye's nose, d he dropped to the floor as if he had been shot.
"Bravo!" yelled Price.

Craye scrambled to his feet. His face was red with rage, which he made hardly an effort

Graye scramped to an test. He tace was read with range, which he made hardly an effort Lawrence chivalrously elepped back to allow thin time, which he was by no means bound to do in such a contest.

This concession from the generosity of his opponent had only the result of still further the component had only the result of still further the truth of the component had only the result of still further the truth of the stack so hard and fast that Lawrence was compelled in his turn to give ground.

Round the ring Ruppert Craye drove him, his eyes blainly.

But Price grinned as he aw it.

But Price grinned as he aw it.

But the first of the further there Craye sent at him, and that he was in fact leading his adversary on to wind him.

Craye paused at last, spent, and gasping for breath.

sum, and that he was in tact leading his saveracy on to wind him.

Treath, and that he was in tact leading his saveracy on the suddenly pressed on, piling drive on drive, and Craye wort back and back, his guard growing feebler before every blow. It was the sum of the sum of

shown plainly enough which is the better man of the two."

"If ather he backed one up, though," said Lawrence wisfull," With the clob in its an experience of the control o

THE 4th CHAPTER.

PRE 440 OMAPTER.

In N space of the covert aneers of Rupert Crays, the process of "bucking up" had not the covert aneers of the covert

the football-field. He played up well for his side, and it was be who kicked the first goal for Halford, receiving a pass from Lawrence and sending it in spleadidly, with a shot that gave the goal-keeper no chance.

"Bravo" cried Lawrence, as much relieved as released.

keeper no chance.

Bravol'' cried Lawrence, as much relieved as pleased.

But Craye's face was dark. He had not forgotten the licking in the gym, and he had been considered to be a support of the licking in the gym, and he had been do not be the licking in the lowest point.

He had, as a matter of fact, saked it upon the result of that combat; and he had been do not be the combat of the comb

anxious to prevent unpleasant words on such a

antions to prevent unpeasant wortes on some of propose occasion recent pulled together well," he remarked. "We've met the second hardest team in the competition, and licked them." "But we haven" met Wingste yet." said Lawrence quietly. "And Wingste are coming along. We have a great deal more to do yet." You think it it had been Wingste to-day.

"I don't think—I know—that if it had been Wingate to-day we should have been beaten." "H'm"

"If's no good blinking the fact," said Law-rence. "Wingate are the strongest junior football ream in the county, and if we are to match them we shall have to put our beef into it. We've done well so far, I know. But we're going to do better."

it. We've done well so far, I know. But we're going to do better."
"Right-ho, so we will!"
"We're all with you in that, Lawrence!" exclaimed Hilton. "We know perfectly well that on the old lines we should have loss the match to-day."
"There's not much doubt about that."
"There's not will be doubt that."
"There's not will be club. Once we get Wingste safely beaten, we'ra certain of the cup."
"Good! And we'll least them. too!"

we get Wingale safely beaten, we're certain of seque."

"Good! And we'll beat them too!"

"Good! And we'll beat them too!"

The victory had come in good time to back.
The victory had come in good time to back.
The victory had come in good time to be the come of the come

the match. I shall be in later. By the way, that chap Graye seems to be coming on with the rest.

Free ground.

Free ground.

Free ground in the state of getting left.

Some of the follows who were much below his form are coming on so strong that he was risking getting put back, and his place given to somebody size. I think he's realised that.

A good think to ground the state of the state of the concept, and the state of the congite, he told me, 'Freie remarked. 'You may see something of him on the road.'

"I hope not,' said Lawrence, laughing."

We never seem to meet without some kind of a state of the stat

It was followed by a savage oath in a rough

voice.
"Hold 'im!"
"I've got 'im, mate! Look out, there's a
bicycle coming!"
"Help!"
"Help!"
"aves blazed. It was not difficult

"Help!"

Lawrence's eyes blazed. It was not difficult to guess what he had come upon, though as yet he could see nothing. Some waylarer on the colitary road had been stopped by a couple of tramps, and was being robbed and probably ill-med as well.

used as well.

And Lawrence knew the voice that called for help, as he came whizing nearer and it sounded clearer to his cars.

"Rupper Graye! In the case, with a dash, and sprang off his beyefe. The machine went redepring off his beyefe. The machine went redepring of his beyefe. The machine went redepring of his beyefe. The machine went redepring from the lar. It was the only thing he had that he could use as a weapon.

"Lawrence! Help!"
"In here!" In here!"
"In here!"
"In here!"

"Lawrence" Help!"

"I have ende! Help!"

"I have ende! The here!

A burly, roughly-dad form loomed up before the captain of Halford. The bicycle-pump roce and fell—fell with a terrific crash upon a bullet be a burly, roughly and the left of the head of the help with a terrific crash upon a bullet blow, but if had answered its purpose; the footpad fell senseless into the road.

The next moment Lawrence was seized in a pewerful grip, the other ruffian being upon his blow, but went to the ground, a savage grip upon his throat, and a heavy keep grinding into his ribs as he lay on one story the savage grip upon his throat, and a heavy keep frinding into his ribs as he lay on one side. "In Yee got lim! Lend me a "and, Jake!"

"I Yee got lim! Lend me a "and, Jake!"

"I Gottanately for the young footballer. Rupert Craye, in his running clothes, was lying dazed in the road,

but he staggered to his feet now, and came to-wards Lawrence.

The captain of Halford was holpices under the weight of the ruffian, and his senses were swim-ning as the grip upon his throat tiphened. He tried to cry for help, but the words would give a faint, but the could only give a faint, bjutter-ton county of the could only give a faint, bjutter-

not come; he could only give a faint, spluttering gasp.

But Craye was on the apot now. His right awa cleiched, his right arm drawn back, the footpul.

The rillian yave a gasp, and dropped into the road like a log, as the right hander caught him behind the axt. Ho did not move again. Any how the right hander caught him behind the axt. Ho did not move again. Any how down to help Lawrenne. For crays how down to help Lawrenne. For covery how down to help Lawrenne.

some minuter Arthur could not move, but could only gasp, and gasp, and gasp, man gasp, "Lawronce," cried Craye brokenly, "youyou have saved me, after the way I've treated you? Are you much hurt?"

But Lawrence could not speak. Craye was bending anxiously over him, and Lawrence tried to find his voice, to reassure him. But for two long minutes no words would have her her speke at last, it was in him? And when he speke at last, it was in him? I man and man gasp. "I—I'm all right."

Craye cave a cry of rollef.

"I-I'm all right."
Craye gav a cry of relief.
"I-I was afraid you were badly hurt. They were going to stum me and rob me when you interfered. The bludgeon was already lifted over my head. The hounds! You came to my help, Lawrence, and they might have killed you!"

bet. Lawrence, and they might have killed belt. Lawrence, and they might have killed by That's nothing!"

"Yes, it is. I've acted like a cad, Lawrence. I've stuck out against you in the club all the time, though I know very well that you were right. If I had been captain, I should have followed the control of the contro

town.

During that half-hour they had not been silent. Many matters had been talked over between the two, and in a frank and friendly with a threed more plains at words that the matter of the silent three the silent three three

THE 5th CHAPTER.

THE Sth CHAPTER.

A Mard-fought Match—The Way to Win.

"JOLLY glad to hear it!" said Price ineartily, when Lawrence told him the case of the control of the

The young footballers were very keen and it when the eventful Saturday afternoon at last came, day was bright, fine, and cold, as good a day as they could have asked for, if the ordering of the weather had been left to them. The match was to take place on the home ground, and half Halford seemed to have turned up to see in provement in the form of the local club had reawakened local interest in it, and two or three hundrop people were on the spot when the Wingate fellows arrived. Lawrence greeted Yorke, the captain of Wingree, heartily, and the visitors at once wen into their ten to prepare for the heard and a cheer from the crowd greeted their appearance. They were in red shirts and white kindle of the property of the cut of the country of the c

goal from which the wind was blowing. Arthur Lawrence kicked off, and the game

goal from which the wind was blowing. Arthur Lawrence kicked off, and the again started. Arthur Lawrence kicked off, and the again started with the state of the

a new character, and his play was as steady as it was dashing. With the wind and a heavier team against them, Halford seemed to be fighting a losing battle, but they fought it out aplendidly. There was no slacking now. Club of slackers only a few short weeks before and put a team into the field now which seemed composed of budding Internationals.

oudding Internationals.

With many advantages on their side, Wingare failed to score, till right up to half-time, and then at last a shot from Yorke's foot found the Halford neet.

Then the whistle went up for a well-carned respite.

respire.

"They ro a tough nut, and no mistake,"
Hilton remarked, as he sucked a lemon; "but
we'll beat them yet."

"Wait till we get the wind behind us!" said

"Wall this we get use "I want to the control of the wo have."

As you've trained us, you mean!" chuckled

as wo have." As you've trained us, you mean!" chuckled Price." As you've trained us, you mean!" chuckled Price. Will, yes, if you like to put it like that. On Will, that's all!" And see will," said Rupert Craye. The rest was over. The teams lined up again. The change of ends brought the keen wind behind the backs of the home team, and the advantage was great. But this time it did not seem to be so successful. Halford met them well, and gave as good as they received, and the struggle remained in midfield for a time, with occasional occursions into either half. The ball went into consideration without any advantage being gained by sither side. But the keenest among the spectators observed that Wingate were showing far more signs of fag than the home team.

Training tells. The Halford footballers realised that as they began to press the fail.

realised that as they began to press the failing enemy, and as the same a channes to the Halford capitain. At last came with the ball, and broke rapidly through the Wingate defence. As he was charged over by a ready back he passed the ball to Hilton, who lot Craye have it just in time. Craye kicked for goal.

The Wingate goalis was seen to make a wild elutch at the leather, and miss, and a cheer rang out as the ball found a centing-lace in the

Halford had equalised.

and the depails of the strugglo was keener than over. Neither side was willing to draw; each was determined that the old goal should come to itself. A tussle more resembling League football than a junior match was the result. But training told. Ten minutes more to play, and the score still level. Five minutes more. But the Wingate men had long the structure of the score of the sc

Pheep!

It was the blast of the whistle, Cheers bursting from the delighted crowd almost drowned it. The game was over, and the home seam bad won by a goal. The breathless footballers poured off the field, and carried high on the shoulders of Price and Craye, in the midst of the victorious team, was the forward who had kicked the winning goal—the aptean was had abown Halford the way to with.

THE EXD.

(More splendid, long, complete sports' yarns. next week.)

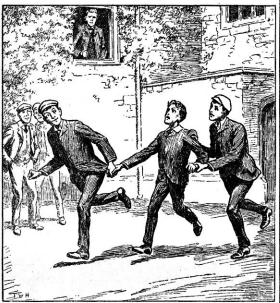
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The Millionaire's Son-

Or, "FROM HERO TO OUTCAST."

A Powerful New School Story, relating how Ned Brendon suffered for the Sins of his Father.

HENRY ST. JOHN.



Carvor had Stewart's right hand firmly in his. Holly was gripping the small boy's left, and now they started to run back past the window where Brenden

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

NED BRENDON, a pupil at King's Tracey School.

He is the son of Horace Brendon, a well-known millionaire, who is reputed by the papers to be causing great misery and atarvation throughout the land by conceining the wheat supratey.

JRR. EVER.EST, the headmaster of King's Tracey.

School.

**XITTY EVEREST, his daughter, whose affections are much sought after by the boys of the school. Brendon is her special favourite.

are much sought after by the boys of the school. Brendon is the champion carman of King's Tracey, and is picked to represent the school against a rival establishment at Great Weldon. While returning from the champion of the champion carman carman

Ruined and Broken

He Head was in his study in cap and gown. It was a solomn occasion. As usual, the It was a solom occasion. As usual, the toral the was a solom occasion. As usual, the toral control of the solome in the state of the late Silas Hornby, who had himself enjoyed the blessing of an education at King's Tracey. The Head of the solome in the state of the late Silas Hornby, who had himself enjoyed the blessing of an education at King's Tracey. The Head of the solome in the school for years past that there is some disprace attached to this rebolarship, 'he said. 'So far from that being the case, I consider that the boy who wins it has reason to concious of knowing that, for two years, he will be here in this school. Free of all expense to his parents. He will know that, in winning

this scholarship, he has really won a prize for his parents, or guardians, rather than for himself, and that should be an added satisfac-tion for him. It is not necessary for me to add," the Head said, "that I rely entirely on your honour. You will answer the papers to the best of your ability, without seeking for not of any kind. Thirty questions will be given to you on six different subjects, and you will be allowed one hour and a half to answer them."

Mr. Helm went round the room and handed each boy his papers, and then retired. The Head took his seat.

Head took his seat.

They were difficult—more difficult than he had thought.
Breadon looked through the questions. Some he knew he could answer easily; some he thought he should be able to answer; some he felt were beyond him. He was disappointed with himself. He had expected to do better. Il le was nerrous and anxious now.

disappointed with himself. He had expected to do better. He was nervous and anxious now. Time was flying, and he had nawered barely half the questions, and the remainder were most difficult to answer. He looked up, and saw Aveling and Prive writing bushix, and a sone Aveling and Prive writing bushix, and a sone of the control of the properties of the control of th

The Head JOORES 47.

"Stop!" he said briefly.
Every boy put down his pen.
"Kold your papers, and put them on my deels," the Head said—"one at a time, please—and thon go out as you do so, all paper on the Head's desk—the last to retire. Outside a small crowd was waiting.
"Well, how did you get on? Stiff were they? How did you manage?"
Questions were fired at the competitors—at all but him.

"They were a bit stiff," Aveling said. "But I think I made a pretty good show."

He seemed well pleased and satisfied with the seemed well pleased and satisfied with the seemed well of the seemed well of the seemed well well of the seemed well and the west of the seemed well and the west of the seemed well and the west of the seemed well and the seemed well and the seemed well and the seemed well well of the seemed well and the seem

been floored; he would be nowhere when the result was known.

The Fourth Form rejoiced openly.

The Fourth Form rejoiced openly.

Never saw such a miscrable mug in my life," said Wickens. "Looked fairly up a tree. I'll bed Areling comes out on top."

"Red: Aveling, You see," said Wickens.

"The result of the Hornby Scholarship examination will be posted on this board at five-thirty to-morrow evening, Maximum number of marks, 99.

Windse pinned the latest notice on the board, Windse pinned the latest notice on the board.

Winks pinned the latest notice on the board, and moved aside to make way for the eager crowd.

and moved aside to make way for the eager crowd.

And have the service of the ser

There was a letter for him loying on his dressing-table. He did not see it until presently, and then he recognised his father's handwriting, the handwriting that had always sent a thrill of pleasure through him until new.

It was the first word that he had heard from the waster of the partiage. He broke open the careful one their partiage. He broke open not a long letter; it was, indeed, a very brief one; but the news that it conveyed shocked and stunned the boy.

"My son, I am a ruined and a broken man. All that I nad in the world has been swept from All that I and in the world has been swept from worked." When have failed—all my hopes are worked. "We work that work work of the wo

The Bully of the Fourth.

The Sully of the Fourth.

The Renever was yet a Form in any school that did not possess its bully, and the Fourth Form at King's Tracey was no exception to the general rule.

As a matter of fact, the Fourth Form at King's Tracey possessed a very fine and complete specimen of the brede Ilis name was Carver. He was fitteen, and well grown for his gee. A big, thick-set, bull-necked chap, with As a matter of fact, the Fourist Forms at King's Tracey possessed a very fine and complete specimen of the breed. His name was a King's Tracey possessed a very fine and complete specimen of the breed. His name was gone and the property of the possessed of the breed of the head of the head of his head like jughandles. In his current youth, Carver had been through it himself. He had lagged for Masham, and Masham had a habit of handling his fags by their cars, which had side near the door of the Fourth Form Carver cocupied the cell led one right-hand side near the door of the Fourth Form dormitory. Little Stewart slept-or was supposed to sleen—in the second bed; but this boy carver had decided that be bound and the september of the form. Holly the second had been decided that the bound and the september of the form. Holly to all the second bed; but this boy carver, and he laughed at Carver's jokes, and applauded when Carver knocked one of the smaller boys about. On doubt, Holly would become as accomplished a bully as Carver was himself. Certainly he was in good training for the position.

"Avellag is going to win the Hornby, that's house himself. Certainly he was in good training for the position."

"Avellag is going to win the Hornby, that's worth Form dormitory."

"Oh, there's no doubt about that! It's a cert for Aveling," said Holly.

"And a jolly good thing too! Aveling ain't mup jug, Brendon It' said Carver.

"The other hows agreed heartily with these views. Not one of them but felt a grievance against Brendon for some reason best known to himself. The higher a man or a boy is placed, when the fourth how we feel towards him."

"The other hows agreed heartily with these results out, and if Avoling is on top-as he is bound to be-we'll call for cheers a feel of the senden of the sour case of the position of the call for cheers and the source of the call for cheers and the source of the call for cheers and the senden is all had come.

"I tell you what we will do," said Carver. When the result is out, and if Avoli

"I call it mean!"

"I call it mean!"

It was a very small voice that had uttered nece words, but their effect was magical.

"I call it mean! It's mean to hiss a chap ho loses, just because he loses!" the small pice continued.

who loses, just because he loses!" the small voice continued.

The other boys held their breath.
"Who said that?" demanded Carver, sitting up in bed.
"I did, Carver."
"Who?" bellowed Carver.

"Who?" bellowed Carver"That little beggar of a Stewart," said
folly. "I know his snivel." "That little begger of "Holly." I know his anivel," was it?" said Carver. "So you think that what I say is mean, do you? You think I'm mean, I suppose?"
There was something terrible in Carver's alm.

There was someone calm.

"I don't know why everyone should be against Brendon; he never did any harm to anyone," Stewart said, in a frightened voice. "He was very kind to me once. I should have been drowned..."

"In the was the model thine for you if you had!"

neen crowned—
"And a jolly good thing for you if you had!"
said Carver. "You don't think we are going
to bless Brendon because he saved your rotten,
little life in the river last term, do you?"
Stewart was silent.
"Get out of bed, and come here!" said

Carver. "What for, please, Carver?" Stewart whimpered.

whimpered. "Come here!" bellowed Carver. "This moment. Holly, go and fetch the beast here." Holly skipped out of bed in a moment. "Now, then," he said, "you're wanted! Don't keep, Carver waiting." "I—I didn't mean any harm," Stewart whimpered

Send Care waining.

Send Care waining.

Ho was thoroughly frightened. A small, weak, fair-haired boy, dolicate and timid, he had always been a favourite but to Carver, and he knew what to expect.

"Come on!" Holly said, putting a grip on Stewart, and commenced to drag him out of Carver, and commenced to drag him out of Stewart, and the said with a stewart and the head of his bed with all his might.

"Area! you coming? O rehal! I have to get out of bed?" asked Carver.

Holly had hold of one Stewart's legs, and Holly had hold of one Stewart's legs, and anyony of terro.

"Pull! Go on, 11019—pull. Pull the little beard a man out?"

beast's arms out?"
Don't! Don't!" Stewart moaned.
"On, don't! I didn't mean any harm! I—I
only— Brendon saved my life."

only—Brendon saved my life. The other boys sat up in bed and looked on. They were used to seeing Cardre bully Stewart. There was no novelty for them in the eight. As a matter of fact, they were mostly content that it was so; for while Carver had Stewart to bully, he did not lavish his attentions on them. them. "Cave!"

"Cave!" muttered Wickens. "Cave! There's someone coming! I'll swear I heard

At this moment Stewart's strength gave out. His hold on the bed relaxed, and as Holly was putting forth all his power at this moment, the result was that he went backwards on to the ground with a crash, and Stewart fell on

him.
"What's that? Who is out of bed?" Mr.
Helm stood in the doorway. "Who is it?
Speak at once! Holly, is that you?"
"Yes, sir!" said Holly.
"What are you doing? Who is that other
box 5"

"What are you doing: who we boy?"
Mr. Holm stepped into the room.
"It's Stewart, sir," He was trying to get into my bed," said Holly.
"It's Stewart is the was trying to get into my bed," said Holly.
"He said there's a draught from the door, and he wasied me to change; and—and I wouldn't, and so he came and tried to pull mo out," said Holly.
Now, it was profer of Carwen and so, the Xow, it was profer of Carwen and so, the two boys being at the foot of that the boys being at the foot of that the bod, there seemed to be some truth in what Holly said.

went ont.

"You little beast!" Carvor whispered.

"You little beast!" Carvor whispered.

"I's

your doing. If you hadn't made such a fuss,
he wouldn't have heard. You are at the
bottom of all the bother in this dormitory,
You wait until to morrow comes, and we'll talk

1 on wait that to harrow cones, so the his over again."
Stowart lay still, shivering and cowering. I would be something for him to sleep on, the thought of what the morrow would bring him.

"I've got a pleasant little device," said Carver, raising his voice, "that, I think, will amose you chap. It's an idea that Holly and I thought out this morning." He paused for a moment, and clunkled to himself, and Holly, as in duty bound, began to chunkle, too.
"It was mostly Carver's idea." he said; and jolly good one, too! It'll make some word of the part of an idea? A new kind of torture," Whet sort of an idea? A new kind of torture," Wickens asked.

He knew the pair, and he knew that they

torture? Wickens asked.

He knew the pair, and he knew that they could not find so much pleasure in anything unless it meant distress and pain to someone

else. "That's it!" said Carver. "If you chaps meet at the end of the playground to-morrow morning after breakfast, you'll see it for your-self. The best part of it is that it can be done

laughed again, and Holly roared in

He laughed again, and Holly roarcu in youpathy.
And then illence fell upon them all, and one fell than the last of all.
And elicate child, tenderly rearred at home under his mother's anxious and watchful eyes, nursed, paupered, and petted because of his contract is the contract of the

agony to him.
"Send him to a good school and get him
hardened off," his uncle had said to his mother.

"Send him to a good school and get him hardened off," his uncle had said to his mother. That's the way you'll make a man of him."

And his mether, a widow who believed in her lerother's knowledge of the world, who her lerother's knowledge of the world, who her lerother's knowledge of the world, who he had a to the hought of sending him so far away.

And so little Stewart, fresh from the nursery, fresh from his mother's care, had come to find the control of the world of the world of the world of the head o

seem sale to stop himself."

'Then it's his look-out." said Wickens. "If he ain't got the seems to keep his mag shut, he must put up with what he gots. Anyhow, it's mehing to do with me!

'Don't mean to any you're going to start micking your own business for a change?"

Grannage seked, in a voice of surprise.

Withen Spatial.

Gramminge season.

Wickens snorted.

"I'll—" He paused. "No; it's no good," he said suddenly. "We sha'n't have time to fight after breakfast, if we are going to see Carver's now trick. We'll keep it till this

rening."
A look of disappointment came into Grammage's face.
"I suppose so. All right," he said. "This
evening, then. Remember where we left off?"
Wickens nodded.
"Called me a liar, didn't you, or some-

thing?"
"Yes: I think that was it," said Grammage "Yes; I think that was it," said Grammage.
The Fourth Form assembled at the far great
of the playground immediately after breakfast.
If the Fourth Form, as a whole, had no great
if the Fourth Form, as a whole, had no great
was naturally, somewhat curious to know what
was no now, and what Carver had said
last might had set them all wondering.
"Where's Stewartt" Currer saked.
"Where's Stewartt" Currer saked,
of the stewart o

do the impot that Helm gave him?" said Holly.

"Fetch him out." said Carver.
Holly went off on his errand, and presently Holly went off on his errand, and presently Holly went off on the same willing and terrified Stewart by the arm.
There was a smile on Carver's unprepossessing face—a smile of intense enjoyment.
"Ah, here you are?" he said pleasently, and the same a

"Nothing like a good, hearty handshake" said Carver, looking around for applause.
"Ifa, ha." said Holly. "Carver's a run to Wickens. "Full of his jokes. I never saw a chap with saids spirits."
"Now, then, Stewart, ait down." said Carver. "Make room for Mr. Stewart to sit

Carver,

"Take off his boots, Holly," Carver said bruptly, "Right off, Both of 'em. You've

"Take off his bosis, advantage and advantage. Right off, Both of em. You've got the tinings?"

The property of the produced a matchbox from help contain matchbox that rattled as thought it fid not contain matches. And the boys, their curiosity now thoroughly aroused, drew nearer, to watch what was going on.

Brendon had lain awake all through the might. When the daylight broke at last he rose and went to the window, and once again read his lather's letter. A ruined and broken man. In what state of mind must be have been to the window, and once again read broken. Brendon bent his bod, and the tears fell upon the paper. Ruined and broken. The lining that he would have done had failed, then—had failed and ruined him. He knew nothing about finance, nothing about business, but he drinly guessed at the truth. If his list arms round him and try and comfort him! All the bitterness was past, all the love that he bore him came hack a hundredfold. He thought of their last meeting, and their last he bore him came hack a hundredfold. He thought of their last meeting, and their last falled with regrets and with longing to see his father again, to know that the love that cach had always borne to the other was as great new as ever it had been—greater, perhaps stronger, because of this great roulds that had befallen. Decay the stronger of the

and Breudon went down with the rest.

"Looks bearly white and anxious. He knows he's failed, and he hates to think he'll be laughed at!" Dikenson whisproad to Archbut.

"Hang him! Serve him right!" growled Archbut, who was not so ill-natured as he tried to make other people believe. "He's acted rotten badly, and I don't care a hang how sick he looks!" he said.

"Won't pay his sub. to the club, I hear,"

said Dickenso

said Dickenson.

"And not only that, but won't play, and loft me in a fix, and was so beastly cool, and—oh, bother him, don't talk about him; he line that the beat so the beat so that the beat so that the beat so that the beat so that the beat so the beat so that the beat so the beat so the beat so that the beat so the beat so

morning's paper—news that appeared under flaring headlines, which could not fail to catch the oxe.

The failure of the wheat combine. The already cheaper?

He read the news with the satisfaction that every good man must feel to know that an at-tempt to withhold the very necessities of life from the very poor had failed. This same morning thousands and thousands of others, morning thousands and thousands of others, relief and thankfulness that Dr. Reverest felt.

But as the Head read on his face suidenly became grave and anxious-looking.

"It is exertain that the promoters of this abouniable combine have been most beavily safe to predict that also the ruin will stare face. We do not pretend to any grief at this. We, with all the people of Britain—indeed, of the world—rejoice unfeignedly that this most abominable attempt has failed, and that the starving poor in our cities will at once feel the relief that this failure affords them. The most abominable attempt has failed, and that the starving poor in our cities will at once feel the relief that this failure affords them. The most abominable attempt has failed, and that the starving poor in our cities will at once feel the relief that this failure affords them. The most approach core

starvine poor in our cities will at once feel the relief that this failure affords them. To me my a feel of the this failure affords them. To me my a feel of the failure affords affords the failure affords affords affords the failure affords affords the failure affords affo

said.
"Oh, that?" said Kitty, in a disappointed voice. "I thought it was something about football. It's no good trying to explain. I never

could understand it in a hundred years. All those stocks and shares and things boat me!"

"And a good many other people, too. I am a fraid, particularly those who are meet in a fraid, particularly those who are meet in "And you said it was good news, dad," "And you said it was good news, dad," "So it is, my dear, very good news indeed,

Nutry said; "and yet—"
"So it is, my dear, very good news indeed, and all England will rejoice to hear it; but even good news has—has sometimes a saddening effect. Remember that while some rejoice over a great victory, there must always be those who mourn at the defeat."

THE 16th CHAPTER, Brendon Administers Punishment.

Brandon Ministers Punishment.

RENDON was sitting at his window or a many or

"Perhaps some day I will. Thank Heaven it is all over now. Poverty may be bad, but not so bad as—""

It is all over now. Poverty may be bad, but not so bad as—""

It is all over now. Poverty may be bad, but not so bad as—""

It open the perhaps and be bed on the window. The pause of the perhaps and th

sept. and had never shown to a soul, but secure of it he took more than usual interest in the boy.

He opened the door of his room, and raced he opened the door of his room, and raced "Here you two, what are you doing? What are you doing with Stewart?" he shouted.

The three stopped instantly.

A word to him, and 'I'l kill you, remember you have to him, and 'I'l kill you, remember you have been doing? "Breadon shed. His face was white with furry. They did so, and Stewart instantly sank moaning to the ground.

"What have you been doing?" Breadon sked. His face was white with furry.

"What have you been doing?" Breadon sked. His face was white with furry.

"What have you been doing?" Breadon sked. His face was white with furry had a little hound, always skulking and moping about, so Holly and I thought we would give him a run up and down for a bit. No harm in that, is there:"

and I thought we would give him a run up and down tor a bit. No harm in that, is the lend on was at a loss.

"Get up, old chap," he said to Stewart; and tried to raise the boy to his feet.
"Don't—don't loh, don't touch me! Leave me—ao away and at the limit of the lend of the limit of the lend of the limit of the lend of the limit of a few moments, waiting. "Now you can get but could not. Brendon atood beside him for a few moments, waiting. "Now you can get that again Stewart shrank away from his outstretched hand with a little moan of pain. Brendon was puzzled; he could not understand. He had seen the three, and, as Carver Brendon, and down the playground.
"Look here, Stewart, I am not going to leave you here. Get up, like a good chap, he said persuasively. This time he did not allow by the arm, lifted him gendy to his free, As he did so, a cry of pain broke from Stewart's lips. His face grew auddenly white, and then, before Brendon's astonished cyes, the boy "There is something in this—something more than I can understand," be mattered. Carver was looking nervous and anxious.

"He's all right; it's put on," he muttered. Leave him to us; well being him round, "You'll leave him alone; you've done harm enough. If I find out that you have been bully-

"Leave him to us, Brendon," he said.
"You'll leave him alone; you've done harm enough. If I find out that you have been bullying him, I'll give you something you'll never forget! "said Brendon ficreely.
"We only raced him up and down a bit, Nothing else, I'll swear—nothing else, did we, Holly?"

Holly "I'll swear it's all we did!" said Holly. "I'll swear it's all we did!" said Holly. "I'll swear it's all we did!" said Holly. "I'll you will leave him—" see ing heap beside a desk, too dizzy and spent to rise. "Another splendid instalment of this fine moving; he was moaning painfully.

Character Splendid Instalment of this fine school yarn next week.)

"Oh, my feet, my feet—oh, my feet?" Brendon heard him whisper. Brendon laid the boy down gently on the ground. All the Fourth Form had gathered round now, and were looking on anxiously.

round now, and were looking on anxiously. Brendon looked at Stewart's feet; he had his loots on. He noticed that they were unitidly laced, which was not like Stewart, who was always neat. Brendon whipped his knife out and cut the laces, and drew off one book, and then another, and then he understood. The thin, which socks on the boy's feet were clotted with blood in the boots themselves—great drops of it.

many of them discoloured by blood. There was blood in the boots themselves—great drops of it.

Brendon's brain seemed to whirl; there was a loud humming noise in his ears. He looked up once at the frightened faces of the Fourthtion, and fary in his eyes that they shrank back ashamed and alarmed.

Then Brendon lifted Stowar: in his arms and carried him like a baby to tite far end of the playground.

Go and ferm as some water in a basin, Go and for the boys alunk off to do his bidding. Two of the boys alunk off to do his bidding. Two of the boys alunk off to do his bidding. To do them justice, they had never dreamed what Holly and Carver had put into Stewart's boots. They had not dreamed for a moment that among the small pobles there were many small, sharp fragments of distributions. He had been shall be shall be

"It—it is all right, old fellow; you are safe here. They shall never touch you again," Brendon muttered huskily. "Keep still; lie here." He streked the boy's cheek with his

Brendon mutrated misskily. "Sep 3till, it has now." He arroked the boy's cheek with his "I"—I didn't tell—I didn't sell you. Brendon," Stewart whispered, "did I? I didn't tell you, did I? Y on can say I didn't sell, "No. you didn't tell," Brendon said hoarsely. "You didn't tell, old man; I found out-eyes, I found out; he mutteed. He rose. The sell of the sell you will be sell of the sell

Carver and Holly had sought refuge in the Carvor and Holy had sought treated in the Fourth Form class-room. There they sat trembling, both of them; Carvor's face ghastly, Holly's teeth chattering together.

"Tell all the Fourth Form to come here,"
Brendon said to Wickens—"all of them, at
once." He took out his watch and glanced at
it. There was a quarter of an hour before
school—time, and plenty, for what he had to

school—time, and plenty, for what he had to do.

There was a look of awe on Wickens's face as he went out with the message. The Fourth Form came trooping in, and the same look was on every face-anxiety, awe, and teror.

"I knew that in this Form there were some blackguards, 'Beendon said, in a low voice; ownposed of blackguards, cads, and bullies of composed of blackguards, cads, and bullies of the worst and lowest type." In looked about him with scorn and contempt. "You stood by and let those two torture that boy. You are all as bad, mearly as bad, as those two. If you are capable of feeling and shame, I hope They were capable of feeling shame, and they fell it; they stood with heads shame, and

you are capanee of reeling and sname. I nope that you feel in own. The feeling shame, and they feel it; they stood with heads shanging and downcast cyee.

"But for you two," Brendon cried suddenly, in a voice of thunder; "what can I say to two such heasts as you? Say nothing; no words that I can say can fit you. You foul brutes! You too word; if possible!" He strode towards Carrer, suized him by the collar of his coat with his loft hand, and dragged him into the Carrer, suized him by the collar of his coat with his loft hand, and dragged him into the popper, administered with with his right hand oppen, administered with you this right hand—on the lart, in checke, the face.

Carrer shriefed and howled. He tried to leave, the checke, the face.

ears, me eneeks, the tace. Carver shrieked and howled. He tried to twist himself free; he yelled for mercy and for pily, but Brendon had none to give him. The time for passion had gone by. Rage and passion played no part in the punishment be administered, and, if possible, it made it even the more terribis.

the more terrible.

Again, again, and again that pitilese hand fell, that hand made hard by rowing and subhetic excress. Carver's senses were reeling; his brain was a blank. He was half stunned, it is brain was a blank. He was half stunned, it is care. His large was claim of the terrible of the sense has early the face was care timely any and the blows fell; and then, at last, Broulen had done with him, and then, at last, Broulen had done with him, and then, at last, Broulen had done with him, and then, at last, Broulen had done with him, and then, at last, Broulen had done with him, and then, at last, Broulen had done with him, and then, at last, Broulen had done with him, and then, and the substitute of the substitute of

ARMY FOOTBALL.

A New Series of Articles Telling How Tommy Atkins Plays the Great Winter Game. By "MARMADUKE."

or Football at Aldershot.

has to be sound of wind and hinb when he starts.

His daily drills and exercises, the very life beads, all lend to keep him in good trim, and he looks forward to see of his regimental competitions, or possibly be amongst the winners of a Boys' REAUX Cup.

For years the necessity of festering the love of football in the vonugeters was overfootbed the they be the selection of the

Inch of competitions for boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen that we less many promising players in both evid and military football. A lad is worth training in the Army, when it is comembered that the regiment can claim him-subject to him being taken for a draft for another twelve of his best ward of his best ward of his best with the state of his best ward of his be

Cup, it is only possine up assume.

Generally, the second that a Boyr Military Lesses was formed at Aldershot. A meeting was called at the Hendquarters Gymnasium. The question had been asked, where is the cup coming from? Fortunately, your Editor came forward, as he has done on the control of the control

the necessary rules.

accepted, and the meeting began to draw up the necessary rules.

Amongst many rules passed was one that prevented any boy from playing after he had attained the age of eighteen years. This rule presented scrious difficulties to some of the presented scrious difficulties to some of the had but eleven boys all told, and it was only had but eleven boys all told, and it was only might not turn out to be players.

However, Army lads are lads of grit, and the Guards enjoyed, and though in their early them to a respectable-position in the table at the finish.

The Departmental Corps were scarcely affected by this rule, but there is no doubt it whose total of boys was sometimes allow as fourteen, and left but little choice of players. This is a difficulty which evillan clubs do not experience. A line had, however, to be drawn as regards age, and as lad came on man's a regards age, and as lad came on man's to make that point the limit for playing in the Boys' Lesgue. Another difficulty the lads experience is the one of football grounds. Indiantly injuded (four regiments) has its recreation ground which is allotted to the short of the state of the second o

Senior and Junior League

for both

Senior and Junior Leagues.

has its Company Shield to play off, to say nothing of its cup-ties, it will be seen that boys stand but little chance of the use of the brigade groun more, however, to the boys in The Southers Division. In the Northern Division the large tract of ground known as the Queen's Parade is allotted to the regiments, and here you may find as many as six games in progress at once. Some really class foothall was witnessed in the league games last season, the winners of the cup—the R.A.M.C.—This. I think, was due to the interest which officers and men of the corps took in the doings of their boys and the example of their senior toam, which won the Scuior Military League. So good, indeed, was the play shown in these games that on one occasion it was remarked by that the would sconer watch an entisted boys' game than many of the Senior League games. Certainly the youngsters deserved all the praise they got, and it is believed that this season will above even better results.

MARMADUKE.

MY FOOTBALL LIFE.

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN, the Famous Corinthian, Continues to Tell Realmites About His Career as a Player.

About Ills Career as a Player.

The Ambition of Oharderhouse Boys.

The More of Oharderhouse Boys.

The More of Oharderhouse Boys.

When the More of Oharderhouse Boys.

The More of Oharderhouse Indianate of the More of Oharderhouse Ambition of Oharderhouse Indianate Oharderhouse Indianate Oharderhouse Indianate Oharderhouse Indianate Oharderhouse Indianate Indianate

severe.

It was when I had just received my fourth oleven colours that I got my first chance of playing for the school. I did not materially playing the school is did not materially stay in for eleven matches, and then, in school sing, I. "got the chuck," and was left not rest of that season to ponder on my failings as a football player. Incidentally, I did onough in one or two matches to be straight way awarded the glazar onclours.

and, at the end of the football year, I was promoted to the second eleven; but 'twixt this and the representative team there is a wide distance.

distance.

However, at the beginning of the next distance.

However, at the beginning of the next season I thought that I had a pretty good chance of obtaining what I desired, and the first careful close Statement of the season I thought that I had a pretty good chance of obtaining what I desired, and the first test of the season of thought that I had a pretty good chance of the season of th

against Repton and Winchester, but in my time they used only to have Westminster among the schools as their opponents, make the control of the schools of th

was abmormally tall was christened "Waising Gas-pipe."

We won the match in my year, though we were not expected to, as Westminster had a strong side, and wore playing at home. The veriet was two love in our favour, and, naturally, we went back to Godalming that evening very pleased with courselves, and drove nour schoolfellows from the houses that lie on other sides all wear their first cleven colours, whether they have won them or not, but it very rarely happens that anyone who plays against Westminster does not receive his cap (To be continued.)

NOTABLE PLAYERS. Brief Biographies of Famous League Foot-

By a Professional.

F. Threlfall (Fulham).
Forward. Age 27. Height 5ft. 84in. Weight 11st. Previous club Manchester City.

J. Tirroll (West Ham). Half. Age 25. Height 5ft. 9in. 12st 6lb. Previous club Northampton.

Wm. Wood (New Brompton). Age 26. Height 51t. Tim. Weight 11st. Gity.

F. Mavin (New Brompton).

Age 24. Height 5ft. 10in. Weight 12st 2lb.
Centre-half. Third season with New

T. Thorpo (Southampton).

Half. Age 27. Height 5ft. Weight 11st.

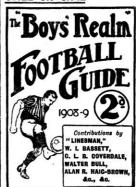
100b. Previous clubs Newton Heath, Staly-bridge Rovers, and Bury.

Dugald Macfarlane (Totte Forward. Born Barrow-in-Furness. Age 27. Height 5ft. 8in. Weight 11st. Played brilliantly for Barrow and Burnley.

A. Gilligan (Bristol City).
Forward. Age 23. Height 5ft. 5in. Weight 12jst. Previous chieb Belmont Athletic, Dunder, and Calici. This is his fifth season with Bristol City.

Born Northumberland. Age 27. Height 5ft. 10in. Weight 12st. 6fb. Plays in goal. Played with great success for Barnsley, Crystal Palace, and Oldham Athletic.

STILL ON SALE



GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY-

Goalkeper. Height 6ft. 13in. Weight 16st. One of the Control of th

Full-back, Height 5ft, 64in, Weight 12st.
4lb. Born at Bromley, Kent. Played for Deptiord Granville, Catiord South End, and Crystal Palace as an amateur. Signed on a professional last season. Gained honours in London League (Division I.), and Lewisham League.

G. Woodger (Crystal Palace).

Inside-left Height 5ft. 7gim. Weight 11st. Brun at Croydon. Was a star in local in 1905.

In 1905. After one season as an annateur he signed professional forms. He has played for Surtrey County, and holds medals for Southern League (Division IL), United League, and several Croydon competitions. Was selected contracted the contract of the contract of

SPECIAL NOTE.—In the "Gem" Library now on sals, price one penny, appears an anonumement of interest to all footballers. A novel picture puzzle competition is just combetion being offered. What readers have to do is to discover the names of certain famous footballers represented by the pictures given. Those who cater for this new contest will be greatly helped by this column each week.

Mr. G. L. B. COVERDALE, Hon. Sec. East Riding of Yorks F.A. Tells of the Transfer and Deinstatement of the Professional.

a professional player
from one club to another is made of a form
issued by the Football Association, and is known
as Form H, and is worded as follows:

ade. from Club to Club.

Club.
Sceretary.
Address.being Club to

When the form has been completed and acknowledged by the Football Association, and he has signed a new professional registration form, all is in order for him to play for his new club.

It is extremely easy for a player to become a professional, but it is just as difficult for him

hie amateur status.

hie amateur status.
The Football Association are very chary about the reinstatement of professionals, and it is only after a searching inquiry that their consent is gained. When a professional desires to be reinstated he must first obtain a copy of Form K seriostated he must first obtain a copy of Form K being as follows:

Experiment Association, Lid., Form K being as follows:

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION, LAD.

THE FOURLIA ASSOCIATION, I.FO.
FORM. THE ACT OF THE ACT

of the association of the first processing the first processing the first processing the first processing the control of the capital on the sand processing the capital of two during the period, shall be play as an Amateur for any club except an Army club.

3. A player shall not be registered as a Professional Market processing the period of the processing the proc

3. A Piore constitution of the constitution.

Cup Competition.

8. A fee of five stillings shall be sent with each application. The application shall be in the following

Application for Reinstatement as an Amateur.

4. Place of Juria
5. Age last birthday
6. Date when applicant became a Professional...
7. Clubs with which applicant has played as a Professional, and time played with each Club.

8. Club for which the applicant last played as a Professional, and when 9. State wages received

Reasons for desiring to cease playing as a refessional.

To the Council of the Football Association, Ltd.

The Secretary of the Football Association on receipt of an application forwards it to the county association in which the applicant now resides, asking that they—the county association—interview the applicant and make caroful investigation into the case.

investigation into the case.

On receipt of the county association's report the application is considered by the reinstatement committee of the Football Association, who make the final recommendation to the council to grant, defer, or refuse the application.

BELMONT F.C. (average age 14) want matches way; one mile radius of Willesden Junction.—Apply Bun. Secretary, W. Phillips, 179, Railway Cottages, illesden Junction.

ST. PETER'S F.C. (average age 14) require a few way dates any distance around London. If Hackney, re could provide dressing, etc.—Apply to Hon. Secre-ary, W. Smith, 76, Red Lion Street, London, E.

RATCLIFF JUNIORS F.C. (average age 14) have ollowing dates open, away, Harkney Marshes or iskirtet: October 24th; November 7th, 28th; Jecember 19th, 25th; January 9th, 23rd, 30th; Schruary 13th; March 29th—Apply to Hon. Secretary, R. Eacott, 22, Union Square, Linton Street, Islington,

CYRIL ARGYLE (average age 16, weak) require ome and away matches. Ground, Hackney Marshes, ceerves (average age 14, weak) require home and way matches. Ground, Stamford Hill.—Apply to fon. Secretary, J. Robinson, 31, Fairbank Street, Kast load, N.

RORD, S.

GROSVENOR CARLYLE F.C. (average age 15)
require matches for coming season. All datos open;
away preferred.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, F. J. Ellis,
10c, Peabody Avenue, Ebury Bridge, S.W.

LLOYD'S MESSENGERS (average age 14), weak) require matches away. Nearly all dates open.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. F. Ingram, Lloyd's, Royal Ex-change, London, E.C.

1st HORBURY BOYS' BRIGADE A.F.C. (average age 14-15) have all dates open for teams within four miles of Horbury.—Apply to Hom: Secretary, F. Brown, Myrtle Cottages, Horbury Junction, Wakefield.

BARNSBURY A.F.C. 2nd XI. (average ago 13-14) have all dates open-home and away-fround, Parliament Hill. Also a few good players (ages from 14-16).—Apply to Hon. Secretary, J. Clift, 33, Lofting Road, Liverpool Road, N.

3, Lorling Rosal, Liverpool nood, N. SINCLAIB RESERVES (average age 13) require natches for coming season home and away. Most ates open. No dressing.—Apply to Iton. Secretary, Ferrett, 66, Hadyn Park Road, Shepherd's Bush,

N. ROMFORD ST. GEORGE'S F.C. (St. Andrew's) average ago 154, medium) require matches for present eason.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. E. Holby, 2, Waterloo Road, Romford.

ABERNAUT EXCELS (average age 15-17) require fixtures for season 1908-9, home and away, with any team. Twenty miles' radius.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, Nich James, 18, Foreman's Row, Abernaut.

Ary, Nich James, 15, Foreman's Row, Aberhaut.

STANLEY VICS. F.C. (average age 14, light) have open dates for season 1908-9. Teams within three miles' radius of Liverpool Town Hall only need apply.

—Apply to Hon. Secretary, W. Arnustrong, 58, Harebell Street, Stanley Rond, Kirkdale.

OFRIST (UHCH) F.C. (average age 15) require matches for a few away dates. Would also like away match on Christmas Day, Boxing Day, Good Friday, and Easter Monday, a good distance out.—Apply, stating ground, to Hun. Secretary, G. H. Hudson, 123, Tublice Street, Stepney, London, E.

PRIDDY'S HARD JUNIOR F.C. (average age 16) require matches in Portsmouth and district—Apply to Hon. Secretary, J. W. Hook, 34, Zetland Road, Forton, Gosport, Hants.

VICTORIA CRUSADERS F.C. (average ago 17, weak) desire away matches with gentlemanly teams. Private's preferred. All cards answered.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, 3, Great Orchard Street, Westminster, S.W.

ALL SAINTS F.C. require matches in or ab Liverpool. Respectable clubs only need apply. I vate ground.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, A. Freem 14, Saville Road, Old Swan, Liverpool.

11, Savine Rodad, on Swan, Laverpool.

GRESHAM UNITED P.C. Gaverage age 16, weak
wan matches with team within a five mile radiu
wan matches with team within a five mile radiu
Navember 14th, 21st, 28th; December 4th, 12th; an
all Janusary and February. Christmas and Botin
Day matches wanted savay; radius, 4st mile
Scretary, H. V. Atkmean, 5, Homer House, Rusherof
Roda, Brixton.

HARRINGTON VILLA F.C. (average age 15, weak) require a match for Christmas Day away, or would share payment of ground with other team.—Only respectable teams need apply to Ron. hieretary, F. G. Grinnell, Ja, Harrington Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

Road, London, N.W.
ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S F.C. (average age 15, medium) require fixtures for the present season home and away. All cards, etc., answered. Pleas send upon dates.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, A. F. Steel, 11, Cumberhand Market, Regent. Park, N.W.

WANTED home and away matches (average ago 15).

Apply, enclosing stamped postcard, to Hon. Secrery, H. Jackson, 46, Bannon Street, Crookesmoore,

CLARENCE UNITED A.F.C. (average age 15) require home and away matches within a radius of five or ix miles. All dates open.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, G. Carter, 78, Barlow Lane, Kirkdale, Liver-

BLOOMSBURY RANGERS (average age 18) have all dates open.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, G. Briggs, 17, Betterston Sircet, Endwell Sircet, Long Acre, Bloomsbury, W.C.

BARRY WEDNESDAY JUNIORS (average age 15) require fixtures within a radius of fitteen miles.— Apply to Hon. Secretary, W. Weaver, 42, Regent Street, Barry Dock. STAMMORE JUNIORS F.C. (average age 17 eak) have the following dates open: November 14th list; January 16th, 23rd; all February except 6th larch 6th, 13th; and all April—Apply to Ron. Secrety, F. C. Carpentier, Finnacle Place, Stammore.

SIERROURE UNITED F.C. wan matches Have, Stanfloore. SIERROURE UNITED F.C. wan imatches Home: November 14th; December 12th, 36th February 6th. Away: October, 24th, 34tt, November 21st, December 6th, 10th; January 9th, 16th; February 13th, 20th, 27th; March, 13th, 20th, 27th; and al April.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, L. Jefferies, 30 Sherbourne Street, Islington, N.

ADDISON GARDENS OLD BOYS F.C. (average ago 16, weak) want matches home and away. All dates open. Also players required.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, A. E. Jones, Alexandra House, Sulgrave Road, Hammeramith, W.

TORRINGTON F.C. (average age 16, weak) matches home and away. All dates open.—A Hon. Secretary, W. E. Hasker, 26, Hawley Kentish Town, N.W.

WOODBERRY DOWN F.C. (average ago 15), weak) have the following dates open: November 21st away, February 6th away, March 20 home, March 27th away, April 3rd home.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, H. W. Hollis, 4, Narsau Road, Tottenham, N.

BRASSEY ROAD F.C. (average age 15) require matches within four miles' radius of Bowling.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. Whiteley, 140, New Hey Road, E. Bowling, Bradford, Yorks.

WINDSOR AND DISTRICT FOOTBALL LEAGUE have vacancies in their 2nd Division. Clubs must be in Liverpool, Garston, Birkhead, Seacombe district— Apply to J. Mott, 231, Crown Street, off Falkner Street.

CROOK F.C. (average age 14-15) require dates (Wednexdays) in Durham, S. Northumberland, and N. Yorks. All dates open.—Apply to Hon, Secretary, J. Blessington, Church Hill, Crook, Durham.

TWO LADS (ages 16) wish to join a football club as soon as possible.—Apply to F. Parkin and A. Wood, 1, Circular Road, Union Road, London, S.E.

LAD (age 17) wishes to join a respectable foot club in North London.—Apply to S. A., 1, Kingsd Road, Upper Holloway.

YOUTH (age 17) wishes to join a respectable football club in the district of Hackney. Willing to pay a small sub. Position, goal.—Apply to R. Groaves, 4e, Amhurst Road, Hackney, N.E.

CYRIL F.C. require a few good players (ages 14-17), specially centre-forward. Small subs.—Apply to Jon. Secretary J. Robinson, 31, Fairbank Street, last Road, N.

A LAD (age 17) wishes to join a team in North London—Apply to A. J. Smith, 23, Marriott Road, Fins bury Park, N.

PLAYER wishes to join a club with private ground in N.W. or N. district. Letters only.—Apply to Haslor 14, Plympton Road, Brondesbury, N.W.

WANTED, three or four young football player (ago 15-16) for any position. Entrance fee, 1s., and 3d. weekly.—Apply to Hon Secretary, S. Salisbury 30, Alexandra Road, Finsbury Park, N.

YOUTH (age 15) wishes to join respectable ctub ir Birmingham. Position, back of forward.—Apply to W. Phillips, 36, Upper Highgate Street, Birming

BOY (age 16) would like to join a football club in or about Marylebone. Willing to pay small sub. Can play forward or half-back.—Apply by letter to W. Sullivan, 25, Bowman's Buildings, Edgware Road, Marylebone, N.W.

INSIDE OR OUTSIDE RIGHT (age 17¹₂, weight lot, 11b, height 5ft, 2in,) wishes to join a respectable wednesday football club in North London. Can also play right half-back.—Apply to W. H. D., 51, Hargrave Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.

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WILL a few pawnbrokers' assistants (age 16-18) write to H. Russell, 18, Bridle Road, Scacombe, Cheshire, with view of forming Thursday club? Also a few dates wanted.

S.W.
TWO LADS (age 18) wish to join football team in Bethnal Green or Hackney. Willing to pay subsequence of the control of th

Apply to F. A., 94, Hichmond Road, Barnsbury, N.
LAD (age 19 wishes to join respectable football
citàs. 5.5. district preformed. Willing to pay small
citàs. 5.5. district preformed. Willing to pay small
Street, Long Lance, Permondery, 182.60, 233, Weston
Street, Long Lance, Permondery, 182.60, 233, Weston
E. WANTED, seventeen or eighteen players (average
per 17-10) to form a football claim is Senthempton,
seription, 24. (marganeted genuine.—Apply by letter
to B. Froat, 29, Korthern Road, Southampton.

SIXTY LADS (fige about 14-18)) wanted to form a general club. The club-room has all kinds of games, books, and periodicals. Entrance fee, 6d. Subscription, 2d. weekly. Full particulars on receipt of 1d. stamp.— Write to John Fox, 3, Mission Square, Phythian Street,

Write to Join 20., LiMEHOUSE INVICTA F.C. are holding their second grand annual concert on Thursday, November 19th, at India Dock Road. Tickets, 3d., 6d., and 1st. from W. Sidney Smith, 23, Copenhagen Place, Limehouse,

TWO LADS would like to join a swimming and football club within a two miles radius of N. Kensington, Willing to pay a small sub.—Apply by letter only to P. Dillon, 3, Crosworth Read, N. Kensing-

ROB.

GENERAL CLUB for lads of 14-16 years of age.

Club-room with boxing, swimming, and other cluis,

ote. Small sub. Entrance fee, is.—Write for particulars, enclosing id. stamp, to Chas. E. Prosser, 34, Kensington, Liverpool.



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is and Rabbits causy or range. Round shot, darks, or slupe used. Send for Largest Stock in the World.—Frank Clarks, wn Gun Works, 68, Gt. Charles Ste, Birmingham.

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THE COUNTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 14), 46, High Street, Greenhithe S.



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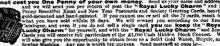
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THE CHIEF CHAPACTERS ARE:

SIR HENRY CAIRNS, a miserly old baroust, whose soul and nature are warped by the love of riches. He exists in a slate of poverty, though it is well within his means to live in a style befitting his itile and usesidon.

soul and nature are warped by the love of receswell within his means to live in a style-bettle as
well within his means to live in a style-bettle as
JAOK CALINS, Str. Itempr's neglew. A stardy
well within his means to bit neines's harded-upweaths and title. He is an orphus, and has been
brought up since a youth by lift Heary. Jack
when the strength of the strength of the strength of the
intervalsion of feeling at Sir Henry's parimonious
nature leaves his home, and works his passages and
twenty of feeling at Sir Henry's parimonious
nature leaves his home, and works his passages
in the world. Landing at Perth, Jack strikes
lidend in search of a situation on a shoop-run. At
with three strange speciments of human nature,
with three strange speciments of human nature,
with three strange speciments of human nature,
with three strange speciments of the strikes
in a dancerous horse, and bringing it a state of
stongaton. The lincy proven him distilices.
The Dude, the Grast, and the Buster are also in
Smither's raugh. He is a man of curious
ways, and is looked upon, by all with mistrust.
Hissource of money as the passage of the provery, unfounded,
for Leigh has discovered a large pocket of food on
his and. This discovery he keeps a secret.

Brownlow, a neighbouring rancher, and an un-

Rioxiniow, a neighbouring rancher, and an un-corquitous character, wayleys and attacks Leigh, Jack and Bose Jeich, the old man's daughter, arrive on the scene in the nick of time, and Browniow and his accomplete take to flight, and Browniow and the second properties of the second properties of the grant Leight lakes Jack into his conditioner, and officially and partnership, which the latter accepts distilly mind a partnership, which the latter accepts

Odd main Leign takes Jack into his confidence, and offers him a partacraphy, which the latter accepts and the partacraphy which the latter accepts and the partacraphy which the latter accepts and the partacraphy with the latter accepts and the partacraphy with the latter accepts and the partacraphy with the partacraphy wit

ack Sate the Robbers Free

Jack Sets the Robbers Free.

A FRIEND. "Jack Cairns answered, in an equally low tone.

The property of the second that if he was discovered he would certainly be lyuched with them on; but he did not hesitate. Apart from the fact that he owed them his life, he romembered how he had been succeed and gibed at in the

since he had been succeed and gibed at in the camp that day.

"Friend!" The chief of the robbers laughed quietly, the sound of, the singer rising above it,

"What friends have we?"

"The man you saved from the blacks," Jack whispered back, his lips close to a slit between the planks of the shanty.

A multied ejaculation came from the other side,

affective for the control of the con

swing!"
The singing broke out with fresh force, and Jack Cojrns struck his spade into the ground, working at the hard soil about a foot away from the wall of the shanty. He worked cautiously, knowing that if he was discovered a shot from a revolver would probably end his life; but his viagorous strength sheped him, and

for all his care the earth flew away rapidly from the base of the wall his way through into the temporary prison.

The voices of the robbers rose in husky chorus, broken now and again by defiant laughter, and under the protection of the sound laughter, and under the protection of the sound laughter, and under the protection of the sound laughter, and under the protection. He knew the men he was trying to save to be robbers, but his Britisher's ideas of justice were all against punishment by death. Besides that, he had his debt to pay. If it had not have been for these une he would not have been that the protection of the principle of the protection of the principle of the princ

to harden, and no worked wait a reasonary "Percently the spade cut through the earth and slid under the wall of the sharty, which was built no more than a few inches into the ground, and the rest of the young Britisher's task was simple—to enlarge the opening. Five minutes' work suffeced, and he crept through the sharty where the robbers lay

nothing unusual.

"There are conditions before you go free,"
Jack whispered. "I am risking a lot"—he
shrugged his shoulders carelessly—"though I
think nothing of that. If it is discovered that
I have released you I shall die, suddenly but

I have receased your surely."

"Why, quit on it, chummy," the chief of the robbers answered, in a hoarse whisper.

"What's the ticket! I guess we ain't stickin' at much—sure es death!"

Jack Cairns smiled grimly as he thought no men who had snecred at him so openly ti

Jack Cairns smiled grimly as he thought of the men who had encered at him so openly that day.

"When you saved me I didn't know that you will be seen that the seen of the seen as a seen

stantly made a dart for the tunnel that Jack had dug, but the latter held him back.

"Not so soon," he whispered. "Stop singing slowly, one at a time, as if you have gone to heep. Then get away." Jack turned and crawled from the shanty into the open. Along the backs of the buildings he made his way, keeping close in the shadow; then crossed the street to the side where the zaloon lay. On eastituding spain, and so through a window into the room behind the saloon.

The shadow is the saloon in the shadow is the crossed the saloon. The saloon is shadown in the saloon is shadown in the saloon is shadown in the saloon. The saloon is shadown in the saloon. A does can shadown in the saloon in the saloon in the saloon in the saloon is shadown in the saloon in the saloon in the saloon is saloon in the saloon is saloon in the sa

"It cairn't be true!" the saloon-keeper growled.
"I tell you they've gone!" a big-bearded man

"I tell you they've gone; a way-west-cried awaged, brough from outside!" another the following them were the second of the way an's set len free. They've pinched horses an' bolted. There ain't no chance o' catchin' 'on again, fer they've lit right out o' the state if they ain't fools."
"Who would have helped them?" the saloon-

"Who would have helped them?" the saloon-keeper protested.
"Oh, git ter echool!" a miner answered angrily. "You sin't reckonin' es one of 'em was carryin' a spade an' knife about under his shirt?"

shirt!"

The door of the saloon was darkened, and the Dude, the Gnat, and Buster stepped in. The faces of the men were grim, and they looked round as if searching for someone.

The Dude stepped forward and touched Jack on the arm.

he arm.
A word with you," he said, in a low, even

voice.

Jack bowed quietly, and nodded towards the room he had just left.

"Rather bare, but pleasantly quiet," he said

coolly.

The three men followed him in, and the Gnat closed the door and stood with his back against it. Jack Cairne knew that in some way they had discovered that it was he who had let the

e. fumbled in his pocket and pro-

The Dude lumbled in ms posses on a calcular de classyshrife.

"Do you recognise that?" he drawled, and his eyes were a steely grey.

Juck Cairns took a step forward, as if anxious to make no mistake.

"It looks like mine," he said.

"It looks like mine," he said as the said of the

one. Jack Cairns laughed softly, but his jaw was et grimly.
"I do not keep a diary now," he answered,
but I fancy my memory is good enough for

"but I fancy my memory is good enough for the Where" the Gnst snapped.

"Why, just across the road, in the shanty where the robbers were imprisoned," Jack answered coolly.

"And what were you doing there!" the Dude saked, his voice like side.

I was freeing the robbers," Jack answered.

caln caimiy.

For a moment the silence of sheer amazement reigned, then a hoarse curse broke from the Buster, and he jerked his gun from his hip.

"You cur!" he shouted—"you white-livered

At the End of a Gun—Rose Leigh Arrives Just Fun.

At the End of a dun-Rose Leigh Arrives—
Just Fur.

Description.

Carrac, his heavy Navy coit stoady in his powerful grip. His eyes were blazing furiously, and under its tan the state of t

"If there's any shooting to be done, get it over?"

The Buster was fully roused, and it was belivious that he really meant to use his gun. He was native born-a man used aince childhood to fighting for his itung-and his ideas his revolver still more steadily, and his eyes glinted along the sights.

"One moment, Buster," the Dude drawled, and it was plain that even he was making an effort to save the life of the young Britisher who had once been his friend; "there are one of the buster has been been been been to be a supplied to the buster of the buster shrugged his great shoulders discontentedly, as if annoyed at the delay, and though he lowered his gun, it swung ready to be fiashed up in a second.

"Wades into it, Dude," the Gnat said "Wades into it, Dude," the Gnat said "Wades into it, Dude," the Gnat said "Windes into it, Dude," the Gnat said "Simplicity of expression, a beautiful convert of it." Simplicity of expression, a beautiful con-

be flashed up in a second.

"Wade into it, Dude," the Gnat said shortly: "there ain't no need ter make a consistency of the con

fail."

"But they were thieves," the Dude drawled.

"They were the men who had saved my life," Jack persisted boldly. "Besides, what have you lost?"

"We got all the money back when we colared them," the Dude admitted, and a douth- and look was coming into his eyes. Possibly the Buster noticed it, for he pushed him aside and faced Jack Cairns again.

"You ain't got no speeches ter make, I suppose?" he growled.
"Why, no," Jack anwored calmly. "I em only tell you that I would do the same sgain." Won't git the chance? Buster's Jack had committed an unforgiveable offence for which there was only one adequate punishment-death. By nature they were not brutal men, but they were hard because of the life they had the seemed and the seemed and they had been the

pulled forward.
"This is the business?" the girl asked in a

"Into Be the Journal of the Buster growled.
"He let 'em go?" the Buster growled, looking of "Let who go?" the girl demanded, looking ound in amazonient.
"The robbers!" the Gnat cried.

(Continued on the next page.)

AFTER MEALS

Have you a dull, heavy, oppressive feeling—a feeling that you have eaten too much? If so, indigestion is at work. For comfort's sake you will probably then you strength will auffer, and your stonach, like every other organ of your body, be further weakened. That method can only end in ruined health. The real cure is to strougthen your stomach with Mother Seigel's Syrup. See the seed of t

Take MOTHER

SYRUP. CURBS

INDIGESTION.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared IN TABLET FORM and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2/9—One size only. But still Rose Leigh could not understand, or she had heard nothing of the affair, and

But still Reas Leigh could not understand, for she had heard nothing of the affair, and and turned to Jack.

"What does it all mean?" she asked.

In as few words an possible, yet leaving out had been asked to be a standing there, waiting for death at the hands of theme who, only a short time back, had called the modelyes his friends.

"That is all," he combuied quietly. "You "That is all," he combuled quietly. "You "That is all," he combused when the predistrict has there man possess. Good-byes" "Ustrice" Rose Leigh's eyes flashed as she looked from man to man. "Why, how show you injured them." Have they lost anything? Have you done anything worse than keep your way the shade of the sh

"I would rather say and face it out," he said between his teeth.
Rose Leigh laid a hand softly on his arm, and looked up pleadingly into his face.
"Who is to look after me?" she asked softly. Then Jaok Carirs raised his head, and, with the girl's hand on his arm, walked out. By the door he paused and looked back.
"Some day," he said bitterly, "is will be my time to refuse to have you as frients."

The Rainy Season—Things Bad at Forked Troo—The Messenger from the Hills.

The Rainy Season—Things and at Forked Tree. The Meason—Things the SHIRS.

Ill'Niss were not well with Forked Tree. Through the summer the weather had been unnaturally fine, so that the devined some from the hills had dwindled and devined some from the hills had dwindled and continued to the season from the hills had dwindled and stance to a dollar a bucket. Not that the miners of the camp used much of it, especially for drinking and weshing purpose, but a certain drinking and weshing purpose, but a certain critical season to a dollar a bucket. Not that the miners of the camp used much of it, especially for chinking and weshing purpose, but a certain critical season of the season

Then the old man would take Jack to the door of his little hat, which the two of them had built a hundred or more feet up the side of one of the hills, and close to the bank of the stream, which was damned a little higher

of one of the fills, and close to the bank of the stream, which was dannied a little higher. There is gold up hero—not down there, he would say, pointing to the scattered shanties and tents of Forked Tree. They think they know, but I rell you the gold is drawing nearer to it—every day. If an drawing nearer to it—every day. If seemed unlikely that the old man could be right, for not a soul in the camp—and anany of them were experienced miners—and the state of the state

men who had once Deen has a transfer in the rains were on, things were worse than ever with the miners of Forked Tree. The stream that ran along the handles warmed more than the swamped more than the swamped more than one shaft. Not that this made much difference, for the rain was so persistent that there was eacrely a claim in the camp that was workable.

In Minter's saloon a sorre of miners were assembled. In the centre of the place a great stove burned, flinging a ruddy glow over everything, and round it the men clustered, lying on the floor, separating on stook, getting as cleae to the warmth as possible. For outside the saloon the rain was still pouring down, while a keen wind, whistling along the valley, out through the wet clothes of a man glike a dozen knives.

Smoke rose leavily from the pipes of the few

like à dozen knives.

Smoke rose lazily from the pipes of the few men who could still boast tobacco, but more steam rose from the damp clothes of the men near the flames. For the most part, the miners had had to give up such a luxury as amoking long since, and the majority of them would have left Porked Tree Camp had they been

bile to get food enough to carry them over the long journey to the next camp.

"She's a wfull" the Buster growled, dragging his stool nearer to the stowe, and chewing at the stom of an empty pipe. "Wonder why we was sich fools as ter come here?"

"Kind o' brain-softenin', mate," the Gnat Only the Dude, who was experimenting with chips of woods instead of tobacco, did not seem to be particularly discontented.

"My dear friends," he drawied, "it is the common lot of a man to get up against the wrong thing, so why bother about it was to be a superior of the seem of t

the one girl who would ever come into his lands are impatisntly, creased to the door, and threat it open. The rain beat down upon thin, cacking through his already sodden garments, but he took no heed of it as he stood staring up towards the hills, a hand shading his eyes. He was trying to distinguish the light burning in the close hid if from his view. He turned to re-enter the saloon, but as he did so. a man came stumbling along in the darkness, swayed towards him, and fell at his effect. Jack stooped and picked him up, and it was old man Leigh. Carrying him easily enough for he was no great weight, Jack bore the old man into the saloon.

great weight, Jack bore the order saloon.
"Braudy!" he cried sharply to the saloon.

"Brandy!" he crieu snarp, weekeeper.
"Show us the dollars," the latter answered shortly. "I don't run this yere shabsen for amusement, an' I guess I ain't handin' out tick with a mud-scope."
Jack Cairns, his eyes flashing, stepped up to

hack arms, in eye hacking, "he said, be"The old man has fainted," he said, between his teeth.
"That ain't no basiness o' mine," the
alson-keeper growled.
Without further hesitation, Jack swung
round towards the bar, picked a bottle from
it, and drew the cork with his teeth.
"Here, what you doin!" the salcon-keeper
roid angril; myself," Jack answered calmly,
crossing to where old Leigh lay senseless on
the floor, to where old Leigh lay senseless on

receiping inysuit, Jack americal surprises of the processing to where old Leigh lay senseless on The other miners looked on indifferently, for they had quite enough troubles of their own without bothering about those of other people. The asloon-keeper made a quick grab for the bottle, but only to get a punch in the cheet that nearly flump him on to the stove, besides llinging several of the miners from their stools, which they resented by suitemental their stools, which they resented by suitemental their stools, which they resented by suitemental their stools and their stools made him distinctly unpopular of

use sators.exeper, whose totals concerning tredit had made him distinctly unpopular of late to the concerning to their feet.

"The dam!" he gasped feebly, struggling to rise to his feed.

Tought the structure interest in the old man, swung round sharply; some of them rising to their feet.

"What's the matter with the dam?" one of them cried harshly.

Old Leight the matter with the dam?" one of them cried harshly concerning the concerning

"Quick! What is wrong?" Jack said harply. dam, itsd." the old man answered, in a lanky voice. "The weight of the water's warring it way. In one place there is already a hole!" gasps of horror broke from the minors, and they looked at each other with panie in their eyes. "If this rain keeps on, sell burst," Leight continued feebly, "unless another outlet is cut."

another others is she?" Jack whispered "Rose-where is she?" Jack whispered "Rose where is she?" the old man echoed, and his brain seemed to be failing him again. "Why, she started out to warn you, but slipped and hurther ankle, so that I had to come." He nodded in the direction of the hills. "She's there." A cry of alarm broke from Jack Cairns, and his face went very pale. He remembered how the stream came down from the hills, at first start was a start of the stream came down from the hills, at first she was the stream came down from the hills, at first she was the stream came down from the hills, at first she was the stream came down from the hills, at first she stream of the s

Rose Leigh was lying there now, her injured ankle holding her helpless to escape. If the darket have been also help and he help and help a

laces, and a sneering expression came on this face.

"And you're the men who called me a coward because I would not go on a manhum." he said slowly.

With an oath, one of the miners snatched out a revolver, and levelled it at the young Britisher: but the latter only laughed scora-

fully.
"You haven't got the pluck to use it," he sneered; and fearlessly turned his back on the

man.

The door of the saloon opened, and the Dude and his two friends, streaming with wet, came

and his two friends, streaming with wes, came in "What's up?" the Buster growled, staring down at old Leigh.

"It's going soon, if comething is not done to save it. An outlet for the water must be cut. The compared with the same and the compared with the same and t

with an injures as a fall."

The new-comers understood, and they stared back sharply through the doorway away to where the dam lay up in the hills.

"Why ain't you gone yet?" the Gnat cried

where the dam lay up in the hills.

"Why airl you gone set?" the Grat cried eharply.

"Beculess"—Jack Cairns laughed harably—"Beculess"—Inches Cairns laughed harably—"Beculess"—Inches the plant of come and help me to save the camp." "That so?" the Dude drawled. "Well, I reckon four of us can do it. We'll just look in at our shanty, and get picks and a few dynamite cartridges.

It has been been been despited by the control of the theory of the world have to make their way up beside the banks of the river, and if the dam burst before the first of the robber's release Jack Since the affair of the robber's release Jack Cairns had never spoken to these men who had once been his friends; but now all be past seemed to be forgotten, and they moved together toward the made a movement to follow, but Jack swung round upon them, and angrily motioned them back.

"This is work for cowards like me!" be cried, and led the way out into the rain.

In the Face of Death—At Work on the Dam Just in Time—The Now Outst.

At Ta run the four men charged down the none and only street of Forked Tree, splashing through puttiles from the theorem of the property of the property

roar of the river as a result of the Gnat cried.

"Come on; there ain't no time ter burn!"

Cut into the rain again, between two of the shantics, and so to the edge of the river, which had long since broken free of its banks. In the darkness the men took no small risk, for the water had filled the shafts of mines, and a stop into one in the dark would men almost certain destribe. It was airl law waiting to be

step into one in the dark would mean almost certain death the hills, spirl lay waiting to be reaccade, and has was enough for the little season. Then there was the dam, the breaking of which would turn Forked Tree into a swiring Valley of Death.

"Keep by the water," Jack Cairne panted, or in the dark four mone knew that death lurked very near, but not one of them hesitaded. Above and before them the river came rushing down from the hills, and if the dark four money are the season of the season of the carry them on, mangled and unrecognisable. Splashing through the water, which rose at times to their knees, the men keep on towards the season of the sea

breaking and leaping over boulders, sending a heavy spray up into the air.

From ahead came the roaring of the water-fail. Along a narrow teack lack Cairns led fail. Along a narrow teack lack Cairns led heavy sending the lack cairns led the lack cairns lack cairns of the lack cairns from the main terrort. Irriched out since; but in the cond they guined Leigh's cottage.

Jack Cairns knocked at the door, and Rose Leigh's voice bade him enter. He pulled the door open, none too easily against the wind, and filed in with his companions.

By the fire seat Rose Leigh, her beautiful face

By the fire sat Rose Leigh, her beautiful face ale and drawn with pain.

are and drawn with pain.

"Dad!" she cried eagerly. "Is he safe?"

"Yes, dear, and has brought the warning in
me," Jack answered. "Can you stand being

ime," Jack about the loved?"

He spoke shortly and quickly, knowners second of delay might be an i

"He spoke shortly and quickly, knowing that every second of delay might be an invitation to death.
"I think it is a bad sprain, Jack," the girl answered, nodding down at ber right anked, which was swathed in bandages. "Why should I not remain hers!" will be swept away if the dam breaks." Jack explained hoarawsly. "I must carry you above it, then you will be safe, whatever happens."
Tenderly as possible, yet hurrying as fast as they could, Jack and the Buster carried the girl from the hut and up the rugged treck that cled above the falls, the others following. It was hard work, but neither of the men thought.
Close on their right the dark forcent swiled.

was nard wors, or of rest.
Close on their right the dark torrent swirled along, and as they saw and heard it it seemed remarkable to them that the dam, only a roughly-constructed affair, had not given out

remarkable to them that the dam, only a remarkable to them that the dam, only a roughly-constructed affair, had not given out long size.

On them, and the path grow steeper, but the men druggled gallantly on with their burden until they reached comparatively level ground again. Then their paceat the girl down at a spot beyond the dam. Here some overthanging rocks partly sheltered the girl.

"Now for the dam!" Jack Cairns cried. "We must see how it helds."

"Wo must see how it helds."

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"In the see how it helds."

"In the see held in the see held in the held the h

"Spe's got to until we can make another outlet," Jack answered, with determination." Bring the light along here. If I remember rightly, there is a place where the rock wall is only thin."

The Gnat led the way, with the light flashing

only thin."

The Gnat led the way, with the light flashing its rays along the edge of the dam. In most places the rock was solid as the wall of a castle, but at last a spot was reached where it was no more than a yard through. Beyond that there was a sheer drop down into a bleak ralley, where the water would do practically

no harm.
"Here," cried Jack; "we must try and cut a niche in the rock, then get the cartridge

in!"
Working so close together that it was only
with difficulty that they were able to use their
picks, the four men drove fast and furiously
at the rock, knowing that every second

nicks, the four men drove fast and furiously at the rock, knowing that every second counted.

They alone of all the men in the camp lad dared to set out on this tesk, and they were asfe now that they were above the dared to set out on the tesk, and they were asfe now that they were above the dared to the test for the miners who remained, terror possessing them, down in the valley.

The click of the picks was drowned by the din of the water, but the men worked as if possessed. The rock was their picks, until its exemed as if it must take them fully a day to make a crevice large enough do insert the daynamite cartridges in the test the picks. "Try now!" Jack panted, after the picks was the property of the pick of the p