STARTLING OFFER TO JUNIOR FOOTBALLERS. (See Inside.)

The Great Saturday Sports Journal

rman's

A Thrilling, Complete Tale of Harry Atkinson, the Famous Aviator.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

Noble and Co. to the Rescue,

ingo," shouted Jack Noble, breaking into a run, "there's some poor chap in difficulties! Come on, you chaps! Pelham to the

"I'm with you, laddie!" roared Fighting

Mac. Drake, Bob Russell, and Valence tore after

Drake, 10th Rusell, and Valence tore after the other two.

The five boys had gone for a walk together after morning school, the reason for their ramble being, as much as for anything else, a discussion concerning Clifford, their archeneny, and his numerous delinquencies.

Master Cliffy had been exceedingly rampant of late, and Noble and his chuns were received upon taking immediate steps for "keeping Cliffy in his place," as they put it.

But now, with that strident call for help ringing in their ears, the burning question of the moment was for the time forgotten.

They rounded a bend of the road. Against an oak-tree that bordered one side of the way, with his back to the corrugated stem, stood a stout, elderly man, clad in the garb of a merchant skipper.

Facing him were three other men, also

merchant skipper.

Facing him were three other men, also garbed as seamen, young fellows all, one of them being armed with a stout bludgeon, evidently intended as a seamen of offence against the nati at bar.

Jack Noble gave vent to a mighty yell, Fighting Man shouted out an incoherent stream of Scotch abuse. The other three also gave tone use the stream of stouch abuse. The other three also gave tone use the stream of stouch abuse. The other three also gave tone use the stream of stouch abuse. The other three also gave to the stream of stouch abuse the stream of stouch abuse of the stream of the

Instantly the man against the tree darted at him, and emote him to the ground with a well-directed blow of the fist. The bludgeon clat-tered to the earth. The aggressor instantly pounced on it.

"Now," he said grimly, "I'm ready for the lot on ye!"

tot on ye!"

But the other assailants were not built of the stuff that makes herees. On the advent of the bors upon the seene they had at once realised that the tables had been turned. They took to their heels, with Jack Noble, Fighting Mac, and Valence in pursuit.

However, the trie did not continue the chase

However, the trip on more commentations.

"Let the cowards no!" panted Noble.

"They ain't got any kick in 'em, that's flat!"

In the meanwhile the solitary survivor of the attacking party had been disagged to his feet by Wood of the solitary survivor of the property of the solitary of

"That's all right, captain!" said Jack Noble, who had come back upon the scene with Fighting Mac and Valence. "What does it all mean?" captain!" said Jack

mean?"
"Jest you hook it, you scum!" said the old sail to the wretched man, whose collar he still held. "And remember, if ever I sees any olympia your pale again, I'll have you all ling ave the fellow a push. The man took the hint, and galloped off after his cowardly companions.
"Let me interduce moult!"

He gave the fellow a push. The man took the hint, and galloped off after his cowardly companions.

"Let me interduce myself!" then said the old salt. "I'm Cap'n Hawtrey, of the schooner Ocean Swell, alyin' at this moment in the harbour o' Bridmouth, a matter o' seven mild from here. Them three, the were a Dutchman, and the others—well, I dunno where they come from. We had words, and I give 'em the push. I was comin inland to find a noo crew. I knows of three young chaps as is sailors a-lookin' for a ship. They must ha followed me from Bridmouth, an', as I say, if it hadn't bin for you young fellers, it'd have gone pretty hard wi'me. I'm grafeful to ye, and if there's anythin' as I could do to show my the said that it is a supplied to come up when we did. We don't want any blessed reward."

"Bide a wee!" said Fighting Mac unexpectedly. "I'm no' so sure that Captain Hawtrey can't give us somethin' to show his grafitude. I've been thinking a wee bittie, and I've got the gern of an idea that may pan out grand the noo. Ye say it's seven miles from the surface of the days. We sail next Saturday week, with a cargo o' salt for London."

"That couldn't be better!" said Fighting excitedly. "The But better!" said Fighting
Mac excitedly. The
fact is, captain—But
there, it's only the germ
of an idea, as I've said,
It'll want some talking
over. I suppose a note to
Captain—Hawtrey,
schooner—Ocean—Swell,
Schooner—Ocean—S schooner Ocean Swell, Bridmouth, 'll find ye all right?"

Bridmouth, 'Il find ye all right?'

"That's so,' replied Hawtrey, with a grin. 'But see here, young sirs, to-day is Thursday. Would you all like to come over to Bridmouth on Saturday next? That'il be a hall-holiday, won't it? I can give you tea aboard the scheoner, and maybe I can get the loan of a boat for a bit o' sailin' and fishin'; and then, if you've got anything more to say to me, rou can do so then.'

"Ripping!" said Jack

"Noble."

Valence, Russell, and Drake.

Valence, Russell, and Drake.

State the vera thing!"

State is the vera thing!"

But mum's the form of this to get about for, if my idea's to come off, we must work with secrecy—ye ken? I've got the germ of a glorious notion!"

"If you own bikes," said the captain, "you can pop over to Bridmouth in under the hour. I'll expect you sometime about three. We'll have an hour or so on the sea, and then we'll have tea abourd. D'yo want me to come and see your head-muster to get leave for ye?"

"No, thank you, captain!" said Jack Noble.

"We'll manage that all right. We must get back to the school now. And we're awfully grateful to you."

"The shoot's on the other foot there!" an-

grateful to you."

"The shoc's on the other foot there!" answered the skipper. "If you hadn't come up when you did that while back, those three dagoes might have done me down. The curs! I sha'n't be troubled with them any more, I'm thinking. When I go back to Bridmouth it'll be with Bill Marley and Fred Farr and young Harry Bird. That'll be enough to settle a score o' lily-livered dagoes, I'm thinking!"
So for the time being the boys bade adieu to their new-made friend. As soon as he was out of earshot and eyasight Mac remarked:
"I wonder if we shall be able to pull it off? If so, it'll be the score of our lifetime, me laddies!"
"What's the caper!" asked Jack Noble.

is so, it is de the score of our lifetime, me laddies!"

"What's the caper?" asked Jack Noble.

"First of all, it's Clifford we want to do in the eye, isn't it?" said Mac. "Well. I've got a notion that'll simply mean— Well, I don't know what it will mean. Only we'll have to go cautious. The captain! I have to help us."

"But let's hear more!" chorussed the others. Come hack to the study." said Fighting than here. There's good deal of detail to be arranged. Oh, but it's great—great, canny And he chuckled to himself well 'I've. New!

idea!"

And he chuckled to himself, until Jack Noble dug him in the ribs good-humouredly.

"Come off the grass, you blithering old Highlander! Though, mind you, we're in it with both feet, all of us. You know that?"

"Ay," said Fighting Mac cheerfully, "I ken that wee!!"

HE 2nd CHAPTER. Noblo's Crowd Visits Bridmouth

ACK NOBLE and his chums had duly asked for and obtained leave to take Saturday afternoon off for the purpose of a bicycle excursion. For aundry reasons, chiefly because they had no desire that

Dunno, "why didn't be the large before?" Dunno, "said Bob Russell," "as the large reason we shouldn't think of it fast to the large that the

Noble.
"Al!" chorussed
Valence, Russell, and

Can you direct me and my pale to the Swell?

Swell?

If it's the pub, you're akin' the control of the control o way single-handed through who has longer as you couldn't see no blessed that we show he has been shipsyched to be seen that we who's been shipsyched for the bands who's been shipsyched for the bands and a seventeen times, who's been been been a ship off the Ginny coast, who's be bon a ship a fearing, with no companio be the same ferocious goat for three weeks. Substrag all beer and skittles. You be to be your mind!

"The old image thinks we want to raim to sea!" muttered Valence.

"And ain't he a prize list?" show

"The old image thinks we wast to many to earl," multered Valence.
"And ain't he a prize list!" when Trake.

"How many times did ye say ye'd betty wrecked?" asked Fighting Mac.
"Seven hundred and finite time." to seven hundred and finite time. The talking to you!" answered Mac drilt, "It was hundred and finite talking to you!" answered Mac drilt, "It won the inedal, old sport. Here ye, never give less." And he pressed a frait into the seaman's horny hand.
"That'll do for a thimbleful o' rua, "it he mariner reflectively, not a bit offeeds once bought a barrel full o' pears with the mariner reflectively, not a bit offeeds once bought a barrel full o' pears with the mariner reflectively, not a bit offeeds once bought a barrel full o' pears with the marine to the the mariner of the the pearls, if Sennacherib, our tame outfel, but you will be pearls, if Sennacherib, our tame outfel, but the pearls, if Sennacherib, our tame outfel, but you will be pearls, if Sennacherib, our tame outfel, but you will be pearly, if Sennacherib, our tame outfel, but made to let for breakfast, and the communication of the pearls of the made his pile. "It's an intelligence to the made his pile." It's an intelligence to the made his pile. "It's an intelligence to the made his pile." It's an intelligence to the made his pile. "It's an intelligence to the moment or two," we don't want to great the pearls of the moment or two, "we don't want to great mutter the pearls of the moment or two," we don't want to great mutter the pearls of the moment or two, "we don't want to great mutter the pearls of the moment or two," we don't want to great mutter the pearls of the moment or two, "we don't want to great mutter the pearls of the

(Continued on the next page.)

YOUR EDITOR'S MAMMOTH OFFER TO JUNIOR FOOTBALL LEAGUES

Solid Silver Cups, Silver Medals, and Hundreds of Match Footballs to be Given Away!

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II. Each League must be a properly constituted League in which the clubs age in a genuine competition.

Description of the compensation. The particular of the compensation with the compensation of the compensat

IV. In cases where Leagues already possess a trophy, but are desirous of securing silver needals for the winning team, this should be stated when application is being made.

THIS	FORM :	TO BE	CAREFULLL	Y FILLED IN
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Year of Formati	on			
Number of Clubs	in League			
Secretary's Name	and Addre			
				addressed

This form, together with full particulars of the League, to be said. Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM League, 23-29, Bouverie St., Fleet St., London, 1988.

ward young gentlersen," he said of the board stripe. We'll go on the said then we'll come said said the said the said said said the said the said the said the said the said the said to recount the incidents as result or recount the incidents as result or recount the said t

a parink to find a bounteous repast are a baring been duly fortified, and said; set of the parink the parink the parink the parink the first place as want you to pare to be first place as want you to be the parink the pa

per consulted a tide-table hanging on rate room.

1 water at 3 p.m. next Satur

1 water We'll get away from

Jack" put in Mac the cautious.
Jack" put in Mac the cautious to the capt in a little more first, fill the bell have nothing to do with laid if he won't, we'll have to turn

and if he marked in the property of the same that I can't enjoy a joke, if the said was did that I can't enjoy a joke, if the said was did that about, is a bully and a say on this about, is a bully and a say on the say of the said was a say on the say of the said was a say on the say of the said was a say o

and put it. So you can drive straight and Noble. "as it's Mac's idea, I gets it off his chest. Don't you the with me!".

the color of the colors, in unison, which is the color of the color of

in a land of very contented youngsters to the home-ter later on. I me to London to-night for the

a Fall Into the Trap.

ASSETT AND THE TEMPORATE AND THE ASSET AS A STATE AND THE ASSET AS A STATE AND THE ASSET AS A STATE AS A STATE

one of my name's not what it is a seated in said Prince. "Wo're own in a said Prince. "So will will be said to meet Poddlee, and he starts of the meet Poddlee, and hith lot in meet Poddlee, and hith lot will be said the said will be said to meet Poddlee, and hith lot was the said of the said will be said to said the said will be said to said the said of the said will be said to said the said the said to said the said

a might interest you, that'th a continued Clifford. "why tay his crew have it all their own by the continued Clifford. I why the crew have it all their own by the continued cover to Bridmouth and a fable. It's only about the continue got hold of a soft anapy, they are pet bics. Noble and they we got hold of a soft anapy, they they thought young Poddles them they thought young Poddles them with them. Poddles is an a useful with them. Poddles is an a useful with them. Poddles is an a sow with them. Poddles is an a some with the comparison of the country that the comparison is the comparison with us. It

would make Noble and Macalpine jolly sick. They lock upon him as their own special property, show, I vote we get neat Saturday.

They show, I vote we get neat Saturday of a make for Bridmouth."

It is make for Bridmouth."

Well. It for and scund young Poddles, and Clifford, and departed forthwith Master Clifford, and departed forthwith. Master Clifford, and departed forthwith reinstate himself in the pood graces of the such that he was moreover, exceedingly anxious reinstate himself in the pood graces of the fact that he was moreover, exceedingly anxious reinstate himself in the pood graces of the fact that he was moreover, exceedingly anxious reinstate himself in the pood graces of the fact that he was moreover, exceedingly anxious reinstate himself in the pood graces of the fact that he was moreover, exceedingly anxious reinstate himself in the pood graces of the fact that he was made and his chums, who had included Poddles in the fact that he was engaged in his usual vecation of repending with a conciliatory grin on his face, presented himself in the former's study.

He was engaged in his usual vecation of repping up a wall when Clifford, who said, "what can I do to the first on any would be son of Neptune. It was engaged in his usual vecation of repping up a wall when Clifford Marker. Bayne, Prince, and Poddles made their entry would be son of Neptune.

It was engaged in his usual vecation of repping up a wall when Clifford Marker. Bayne, Prince, and Poddles made their entry to the the clifford pumped off his being the light of the property of the

"Hallo, Clifford," he said, "what can I do for you?"
"Well, it's this way, Redway," replied Clifford in his most only voice. "I want to let by cones be by gene. Marker and Bayne and Prince are with me, too. We want to be pais with you. We want to know if you'll come to Bridmouth with at to know if you'll come to Bridmouth with a to know if you'll come to Bridmouth with a feet of the proof of

boating.

Ho was, mercover, exceedingly anxious natate himself in the good first and the state of the seen chumen of the seen chumen of the state of the seen chumen of the seen chumen of the state of the seen chumen of the seed chum

Clifford snatched the bandage from his eyes, and stared blankly around him. At the end of the plank on which he stood was a group of laughing boys, holding a big sheet into which he would have fallen.

dropped to a whisper—"I know who we can get a beat from. The manth name is Hodder. That the chap Noble hired it from. I'th arromy craft. But, I forgot, Noble gone and thick when the Wort he be thirthy about it all i't is not in the control of the

"Great Scott," said Clifford, "I should think so! Why a man like that ought to be in

think so! Why a man like that ought to be in a museum!"
"A man like that ought to be in a publichouse at this moment," replied Mr. Hodder steadily. "You're a be'eldin' of 'im, young gent. I am Captain 'Odder."

gent. I am Captain 'Odder," "Well, all I can say is we're jolly well in luck, captain!" grinned Clifford. "We hear you're got a bont you let out on hire. Stow my belaying-pins and shiver my topmast davits, we're the men for your money, skipper. So perhaps you'll take a reef in your top-gallant studdin' sails, and haul in your les-souppern while we make fast to the mizzen-chains."

away a good thing like this to everyone, do we'!

"Rather not," replied Poddles. "What time are you going to start for Bridmouth?"

"Well, if we get away about two, we ought to be there by a quarter to three," replied Clifford. "The Head'll give us leave all right. We can say we want to go for a ramble and look for butterflies. He's slaway keen on chaps taking an intelligent interest in the beauties of Nature. I heard him asy that the other day. Beauties of Nature is good—what! Well, we can count on you, then!"

"Rather!" said Poddles with smphasis. "The why ou with both?"

"The why ou with both Clifford cheerily, and "Tata, then!" said Poddle with the rault of bis interview. It is a shad come. He went off the whence he had come. He went off the site of the come of the wind the said that the rault of his interview. It is a shad to we had been Poddles free after the door had closed behind him, or weed the grin that overspread behind him, or a weed the grin that overspread behind him, or a weed the grin that overspread behind him, or a weed the grin that overspread behind him, or a weed the grin that overspread behind him, or a weed the grin that overspread behind him to the start of the start of the offing this morning, and 'its said she're also and the weed the start of the s scuppers while we make fast to the mixenchains."

Captain Hodder scratched his head.

"I ain't no scholard at furrin languages," be
said. "But if so be as by that riggymarole
you means you want my boat—well, you can
bare her, young sirs, and welcome."

"There work be no charge," said Clifford, jingling
common the damage?" said Clifford, jingling
common the damage? "said Clifford, jingling
common the damage?" said Hodder
stolidly. "I promised the King of England
last time I played farthin' nap with him at
Sandringham, and won fourpence ha'penny olf
of him, as I'd never charge a British boy a
penny for the 'ire of my boat. It's yours,
young gents, for the afternoon. On'y I want to
tell you eno thing. Just you keep your eyes
skinned. A pirate craft have been sighted in
the offing this morning, and 'its said she've
already sunk a Revenoe culter and a torpedobox Shot, "Ricc' the Jolly Benes' ther said.

demon he were, and don't know the meanin' of the word mercy. He were my fust mate, but II ad to discharge 'm because he used to make the tired 'oldin' up merchant vessels when it was my turn for a snooze and it were his watch on

"No some would I get oft a sleep than the quartermaster would come into my cabin with a face as long as a marine-spike, and say to me, says he: 'If you please, sir, the fust officer has sent along to know what he's to do with the own of the French clipper. July Gooseherry. The first of the control of the sent along the sound on with gold from the Indies. He's lor Lendon with gold from the Indies. He's lord way in the fore-batch, and he den't know where to put the crew.'

Indies. He've put the gold away in the forethatch, and he don't know where to put the
created in the second of the second of the second of the
created in the second of the second of the second of the
alf selege, mind ye—and aw, "Put the created
into Davy Jone's locker, quartermaster,"
et al. The second of t

a-talkin' through my hat. Maybe you won't see no pirit after all."

"Well, we'll leave it at that," said Clifford, The boat proved to be a roomy and atable craft, and the boys took their places. Poddles was set to steer, Clifford took the stroke oar, with Hayne, Macker, and Prince on the stroke oar, with Hayne, Macker, and Prince on the stroke oar, with Hayne, Macker, and Prince on the stroke oar, with Hayne, Macker, and Prince on the stroke oar, with Hayne, Macker, and Clifford, "wo'll get a mackerel-line overboard. Redway can fish and steer at the same time, Well make for that rock out at sea. There's sure to be, some fish round that. The sea's like a pond, though there's a nice little freshet of wind."

"Look here," said Poddles, as the beat shot away over the smiling sea. "I thuppothe it wast all red what that old saider thaid about the pirate. There can't be piratel at sea now. But the strong of the strong o

as though in protect at the violation of uncer-sanctuary.

On the far side of the rock was a little core, into which the boys rowed, to rest there awhile on the gently heaving water, besking in the sun, for the time being forgetful of all per-sonal feuds and animosities.

At last Poddles looked at his watch.

"We ought to be going," he said. "I want to catch another fith or two."

So the hear's head was turned seaward

so caten another into or two."

So the boat's hand was turned seaward again, and with a few lusty pulls shot out into the open see again to make a detour of the island, and head onco more for the harbour.

Suddenly Poddles gave vent to a shout.

"Look at that thehomer!" he said, in an westruck voice. "Where hath she come

awastruck voice. Where name are come from?

It is a back-hulled schooner sailing in their direction—a presty enough sight, as her foresails filled gently before the break and her mainsail and mixen awarg round in answer to the soft wind solviously approaching the beat, and as the boys gazed at her Chiford gave a hughout—lock!" he yelled. "The Jolly Roger! Great Scotland Yard, have I got en again?" For there slowly rose to her fore-peak a flag.

Roger! Great Scotland Yard, have I got 'en again!'
For there slowly rose to her fore-peak a flag, that was being drawn up by someone on her deck. And the flag was the emblem of piracy—those some some some back ground skull and cross-hones on a black ground so the row-boat with:
"Heave-to, there, you lubbers, or you'll be blown out of the water! It's Silas Thunder-cloud that hails ye, and don't ye forget it!" Chiffort went the colour of cream-cheese, Marker and Prince tittered feebly. Peddles gasped:
"The pirate! Great thuskes, we're lost!" The schooper swung round larily, and her sails flapped. This manocurre brought her (Continued on the next page.)

close alongside the rowing-boat. A rope came flying from the deck of the vessel, "Make fast!" said a hearie voice, "Make fast, you young scorpions, or it'll be the worse for ye!"

last, you'

Or ye'

With trembling fingers Clifford caught hold of the rope and passed the end to Bayne in the bow, who secured it.

Down clattered the sails of the reheoner. A huge bearded face appeared at the side of the

schooner.
"We'll let down a ladder," said the owner thereof, "and see to it that ye all come thereof.

shoard."
Some few minutes later five very scared-looking youngsters were standing on the vessel's deck. The sight that met their gaze

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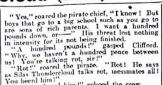
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as Silas Thundercloud talks rot, messmates all?
You heard him?"
"Ay, we heard him!" echoed the crow.
Clifford went greener than ever.
Poddles flung himself on, the deck/at the
pirate's feet.
"Thypare me, thir!" he said. "Thypare me!
I am too young to die!"
One of two pirates stepped forward and
whisperedies and the said of the said.
I will spare you," he said, "on one condition—that you join our band,"

whispered sometiaing in its cinets ear. The latter nodder.

"I will spare you," he said, "on one condition—that you join our band."

"Of courth I will!" said Poddles with alacrity. "I just long to be a pirate!"

"Saine here!" cried Chifford eggerly, as did Bayne, Marker, and Prince.

But Thundercloud shook his head.

"Not" he said firmly, "You must pay the

"Same news: cried Chinord eagerly, as did Bayne, Marker, and Prince. But Thundercloud shook his head." No!" he said firmly. "You must pay the ranson!"
"I'll write home for it," whined Clifford. Thundercloud laughed aloud.
"Write home." he said fiercely. "Write home and give me away! No, no, my hearly I don't want no British gun-boats after me But we waste time. If you cannot pay, you must walk the plank."
"Walk the plank." shouted Clifford. "But hut—Do, look here, sir, you're joking."
"Silas Thundercloud on the prince place," replied the pirate reacon the plank!"
"Silas Thundercloud Mosemates, blindfold the captives and gende for the wretched schoolboys. Ac Clifford fold fold himself being pinioned, he wileyered in his ear.
"Show a bit of pluck and it won't be so bad. Thundercloud don't like cowards. If only you're a bit brave it won't be half so bad, and I dare say you'll get off with a ducking."
"But I don't want a ducking!" snivelled Clifford. I call it cruel and cowardly!"
"No more cruel and cowardly than you've been to many a small boy!" went on the voffee. Clifford found no answer to this. Like ribost bullies, he was a coward as well.

Belore he could realise what had happened. "I you teer the bandage off your face,"

arms. If you tear the bandage off your face," reared the voice of Thundercloud, "your doom be on your own head. Walk along the plank! Let's see if you've got an atom of pluck left in

For a moment Clifford stood irresolute on the plank. Then he began to shuffle his way cautiously along the beam, that swayed slightly before his tread.

But not for long. Fear gripped hold of him—a fear that brought a yell to his lips, that made him put his hand to his head and snatch the bandage off his forelead.

It stood still and gazed about him, and for a few seconds could not realise the truth of what he saw.

A roar of laughter greeted him.

It stood still and gazed about him, and for a few seconds could not realise the truth of what he was could contract the stood and the stood and the stood and the stood and the stood a group of boys holding a big sheet, into which he would have fallen had he kept on. He rubbed his eyes. Well he knew the faces and forms of the youngsters who held the sheet. They were Jack Noble, Fighting Mac, Bob Russell, Valence, and Drake; while behind them stood Poddles, grinning delightedly.

At the Noble coolly, "You'd have come a nice purier into the sheet. Oh, yes, we're some of the pirates, right enough. We've just whipped off our disquises, that's all. We had 'em down from London. Allow me to introduce you to Captain Sibs Thundercloud, alias Captain Hawtrey of the schooner Ocean Swell. You and your pals have been making yourselves jolly objectionable at Pelham lately, Cliff, my son, so we thought at might do you a bit of good to score off you and give you all fright as well. And you'd own up. You've been done in the eye, haven't you!"

"Of all the rotten, caddish tricks that were ever played!" spluttered Clifford. "Spoes you rotters think you've been jolly clever! But we'll pay you out for this, see if we don't! As for you, ledway—"

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"Of all the you'll be to five you and you had you'll be a fine yarnor tell the school—Clifford & Co. in the hands of the winder the print when you found yourself

sleet!"
"Of course, I knew it was all bluff!" said
Clifford hombastically, "I knew that you
weren't really pirates."
"Well, you made a very funny fathe when
you thaw the Jolly Roger go up!" said
Poddles.

You may the duty twose so -y.

To this Chifford made no enswer. But if he said nothing, he thought the more.

It was a very dejected trio of Fourth-Formers that wented their way take to Felham an hour or so later, for Chiffy & Co.'s pride had been humbled in the dust, and oace more Jack Noble's set were top dogs.

THE END.

(Inother ratting complete Jack Yobb yarn next week.)



VICTORIA C.C. (average age 15) require matches in Saturdays at Victoria Park.—Apply to Hon. secretary, H. S. Wisking, the Victoria Boys' Club, ordham Street, Commercial Road, London, E.

Fordhain Street, Commercial Road, Jondon, E.

MORLEY CELTIC A.F.C. (average age 17) want
dates for coming seson. All dates open.—Apply to
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require dates home and away for coming season within three miles' ridius of Leeds.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. Norris, II, Cayton Street, Armley Road, Leeds.

Leeds. E. KNORTS, II, Cayton Street, Armley Road, Leeds.

WEST EENSINGTON UNITED A.F.C., two WEST control of the Cont

1001. secretary, F. F. Hissip, ou, St. Savious & Robar, ECLINSE F.C. (average age 104) would like to strange home and away matches with clubs in S.E. district for coming season; several open dates. Ground, Blackheath.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, Thos. Tunner, 95, Evelian Road, Nunhead, S.E.

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