

BEST AUTHORS ; BEST ARTISTS (Therefore) BEST PAPER.

THE DREADNOUGHT

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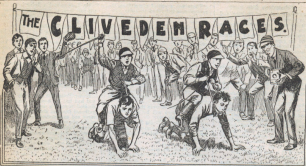
No 58

WEEK ENDING JULY 5TH 1913



THE **FILM FAVOURITE**

Struggling helplessly in the suspended net, Ben Royle felt the blood rushing to his head. He almost wished the last few strands would snap so that he might end his torture on the rocks below. (See the stirring new cinematograph serial inside.)



Complete School and Sport Story. By Charles Hamilton.

The Lasso—And How Pointexter Used It.

The Cliveden Combines were clambering over a stile in the meadow near the school buildings. The field on the other side led with a gentle slope towards the river, and was part of the extensive ground at Cliveden College. Stump, the new pointer at Cliveden, kept his pony in that field, and that pony was the pride of Stump's heart. It was a sleek little animal, full of spirit, and Stump had taught it to beware of schoolboys. Merry a junior at Cliveden would have been glad of a chance of riding Stump's pony, but Stump would probably have committed assault and battery on the spot if he had discovered him doing so. And the pony was not easy to capture, either.

Lincoln G. Pointexter was a splendid rube. He had ridden Mustangs on the Western plains, and he "grinned" that he could tackle Stump's pony. And the idea had come into Pointexter's head of lassoing mice at Cliveden. Stump's pony was to figure in the race without Stump's permission, and another mouse would have to be procured for the rival ride. The idea was hailed with enthusiasm by Neville and Flynn, and this attempt to lasso the pony and proceed with him was the outcome.

Pointexter gave the coiled rope a swing in the air as he strode across the field where the pony was grazing. Better than was the pony's name—looked up out of the corner of his eye, but made no movement otherwise.

"I say, do you know how to handle that thing?" asked Neville, glancing at the lasso.

"I guess so."

"Faith, and—"

"I've seen combats lasso wild steers on the prairie," said Pointexter. "I've handled the lasso myself, too, though it was some time ago. I guess I shall be able to succeed for pony Peter."

"He's looking at us."

"Sure, and the lasso cut me out of the back of his head, I believe," said

Micky Flynn. "I've tried to catch him myself, and sure I couldn't do it!"

"What you couldn't do, Micky, would I tell a prize set of volubles."

"Faith, and I'd like to see you lasso Peter, that's all!"

"I guess you'll see it soon."

They were near enough to the pony now for a cast of the rope. Peter had not moved, but his eyes were blinking.

"I guess Peter will run me down to the ground," said Pointexter, looking critically over the pony. "We'll get another lasso from Cliveden, Dick, for you, and perhaps one for Micky; only Micky can't ride."

"Can't it?" exclaimed Micky indignantly. "Arrah, and did ye ever hear of an Irishman that couldn't ride at all, at all? I can ride like winking!"

"Very well, we'll make it a three-ome," said Pointexter. "Now, then, I'm going to rope in this critter."

"Faith, ye'd better let me try?"

"Ha! Stand back, you two!"

Pointexter swung the lasso round his head, and the two juniors promptly stepped back. The rope coiled around Micky Flynn's neck, and threw him to the ground.

There was a roar of laughter from the stile. The Cliveden Combine looked quickly round. Pankhurst and Price were seated on the top bar of the stile, and behind them in the lasso were Gusty, George, Medway, and several other fellows of the Fourth Form, all roaring.

The chains coloured unbecomingly, as they realized that they had had an audience for the great lassoing feat.

"Hang on!" muttered Pointexter.

"I didn't know they were all there."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pankhurst.

"Come on," said Pointexter.

"We're not going to give it up because those silly ones are grinning."

"Sure, we—"

"Oh, come on!"

And the Cliveden Combine crossed the field on the track of the elusive Peter, Pointexter coiling in his lasso as he went.

"On and On!"

Pointexter stopped again within an easy cast of the pony. Peter looked at him out of the corner of his eyes; but perhaps Pointexter's previous failure had given Peter confidence, for he appeared less alarmed than ever. The rope of the lasso had not fallen within a dozen yards of him the first time. But Pointexter was on his wicket now, and his chains were exceedingly careful to keep beyond his reach.

The pony went on grazing. Pointexter threw up his hands and started him, and he raised his head. Then the lasso flew. Micky Flynn gave a yell, but it was one of triumph, as he saw the mouse slip upon the sleek neck of the pony.

"Get him!"

"Hurrah!"

The loop was on Peter's neck. Peter seemed surprised to find it there. He threw up his head, and rose on his hind-legs, and then dashed off madly. Pointexter held on to the rope like grim death, but he could not resist such a rush in that of the pony. He even over a swiftness, and was dragged along heels over head through the grass.

"Help!" he gasped.

The juniors at the stile shrieked with laughter at the sight of the bold lancer tumbled through the grass by the galloping pony. Pointexter hung on desperately, and his chains rumbled to the rescue. Flynn and Neville seized hold of Pointexter, and then of the rope, and hung on with all their strength.

Peter ducked down. The mouse was tight on his neck now, and the weight of three sturdy juniors was no trifle.

"Hang on!" gasped Pointexter.

"We're not giving up!"

"Arrah! Hang on!"

Peter came to a stop, with laming head, and the juniors rose to their feet. They kept a tight hold of the rope, however, as they knew that Peter was of a doubtful nature. He was probably only biding his time, and the Combine wanted no more trouble.

Paindexter's Ride.

Peter soon got clear of the rope, and the fun commenced. A dozen times the juniors came just within grasping distance of the trailing rope, and as they slouched at it the pony whisked off, and the rope whisked off, too.

But the headless juniors resumed the chase. They were red with their exertions, and their faces were thick with perspiration.

Peter was leading quietly close to the water now. Paindexter's eyes brightened.

"I guess we've got him now," he murmured. "We shall corral him against the river. He won't have so much room to dodge, anyhow. Follow your tracks!"

The pony raised his head and looked at them as they came cautiously up. Then he dashed away up the bank. But, as Paindexter had noted, he had less room to dodge; the rippling Combe barred his escape on one side. The trailing rope whisked by Paindexter's feet as he ran forward, and he slouched at it and caught it.

"Get the horse!" Paindexter dragged up the rope. His chains bent him their aid, and the riding pony was quickly brought to a standstill.

Some fellows would have used the end of the rope on Peter's flanks as a punishment for the trouble he had given them; but there was nothing of that sort about the Clivedon Combe. They drew the pony in, and Neville stood at his head while Paindexter mounted.

"Faith, and now ye've got him," exclaimed Mickey Flynn, "stand clear, while Paindexter is clucked into the river!"

Paindexter set his teeth. "He won't chuck me into the river in a hurry."

Lincoln G. Paindexter soon showed that he could ride.

There was neither saddle nor bridle on the pony; but Paindexter had ridden horses bareback in earlier days on the Western plains, and, though he was much out of practice in that difficult art, Peter found him a handful to tackle.

The pony dashed away at full speed and came to a sudden halt, with his head low and his haunches high. But Paindexter dug his knees into the pony's flanks, and along on like grim death.

Half a dozen times the pony tried these tactics, and each time he failed. Neville and Flynn cheered enthusiastically. They had never suspected their claim of such excellent horsemanship. And from the juniors crowded at the side a cheer rang, too. Parthian and Price were never slow to give a tribute to real grit, even in a rival.

"Bravo, Paindexter!"

"Good old Themed Boy!"

Paindexter was not listening, however. He watched all his attention for the pony. Peter gave up trying to unseat him, and began to dash round the field at a bounding pace.

Paindexter had no means of holding him in; but he clung tightly to his seat on the pony's back, and gave him his head.

That was not enough for Peter. He dashed twice round the field, and then made a sudden break for the stile.

The stile was a low one, nothing to Peter in the way of a jump, and it looked as if he meant to clear it with the American steers on his back.

There was a yell of alarm from the juniors crowded round the stile.

"Out out of the way!" roared Neville.

But the Old Firm did not need the warning. They scrambled off the stile at second speed, and the other juniors crowded away in alarm. They were none too soon, either. Peter went straight at the stile, and took it with-out a pause. His heels clattered on the hard road, and right on he dashed towards the school gates.

"My hat!" gasped Neville, in utter dismay. "He's going home!"

"Faith, and all the fat will be in the fire now!" murmured Mickey Flynn. "What an obstinate block! Come on!"

They clattered over the stile. "I say, there will be a row!" exclaimed Parthian.

"You come on!" said Neville. "All of you lead a hand, and we may catch him in the Close before he does any damage. Come on!"

"Right you are!"

The Fourth-Formers dashed at top speed after Peter. But the pony, with Paindexter on his back, had already disappeared within the great gates of Clivedon.

A Buried Idea.

Paindexter set tight as the pony cleared the stile and dashed up the lane to the school. He guessed that Peter was making for his stable, and so he could not stop him he sat tight and gave him his head. It was all he could do. The pony dashed in at the gates, and covered across the old Close. There was a yell of alarm as the excited animal went prancing down a gravel-path.

"Look out!" gasped Paindexter. "Cliff! Yet is not!"

Monsieur Triquet, the French master at Clivedon, was walking down the path. He gave a terrified jump as he saw the runaway leaving right down upon him.

"Cliff! I am lost!"

"Out out of the way!" yelled Paindexter.

The French master seemed to waver suddenly upon a terrace, and he slipped aside just as the pony thundered past.

"Mon bon! Cliff!" gasped Monsieur.

"Zet was no greatest of master escapes. It is no wonderful marvel and I am not lost!"

The pony dashed on.

Mr. Lanyon, the master of the School House, was coming out of the School House, and he stopped and adjusted his spectacles, and stared at the bounding junior in indignant amazement.

"Paindexter!"

Paindexter made no reply. Peter seemed to have made up his mind to ascend the stile and explore the interior of the House, and Paindexter was dragging furiously on his mare to stop him or turn him aside.

"Paindexter, get off that pony immediately!"

Mr. Lanyon rapped out the words sternly.

"Do you hear me, Paindexter? I insist upon you immediately dismounting and leading that pony quietly back to his stable!"

Paindexter would have given a ten's pocket-money to be able to do so; but Peter had to be considered.

"Paindexter, take a hundred lines! Take—"

Mr. Lanyon took a flying jump himself just then, to get out of the pony's way, as he clattered his forefeet on the stone steps.

"Dear me, Paindexter!"

Mr. Lanyon landed in a flower-bed and railed over. His hat went one way, his spectacles another. Trevelyan, the captain of Clivedon, came running from the direction of the cricket-ground in his blouse. But Peter did not give him a chance to get near. He cut off in a different direction, and went careering round the Close, with the unfortunate Paindexter clinging to his back like a limpet.

Never Peter was completely excited and had lost his head, or else he had decided to make a day of it. A crowd gathered from all sides, but their pursues and exclamations only served to excite the pony more. Neville and Flynn, Parthian and Price, and a crowd of Fourth-Formers lined it at the gate as Peter was making for it again, and he whisked round and dashed off at right angles.

"The horse! Here, my—"

"Come on!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Parthian.

"There's Stump!"

"Hallo, Rags!"

Stump, the porter, had come out of his lodge, and was looking on at the scene in wrath and amazement. Stump was usually known among the Clivedon boys as "Rags," for no better reason than that a former porter at Clivedon had borne that nickname. Rags was evidently in a towering fury.

"You young scoundrel!" he shouted, quite forgetting the respect due to a colleague. "Bring me that pony here at once!"

But Paindexter had to follow the whim and fancy of the pony, and Peter did not seem tired of his rambles yet.

Stump ran towards him, but Peter dodged and went tramping over a flower-bed under the window of the Head's study.

"My head!" gasped Parthian.

"There will be a row over this!"

"Blow my soul!"

Dr. Hayte looked out of his window. A wild Indian on the back of a steaming could hardly have surprised him more than the sight of Paindexter careering on the frantic pony under his window.

"Blow my soul, Paindexter, what are you doing?"

"Sitting tight, sir," gasped Paindexter.

"Dear me! Really—"

Stump made a dash for the pony, and Trevelyan ran forward at the same time. Baker, of the Staff, lent his assistance, and Crane and Cully, of the Fifth, blocked up the pony's escape. Peter dodged round, but they were too many for him. The trailing rope was caught and held fast, and then Stump got a grip on the pony's mane.

Paindexter sat glowing.

"You young villain!" howled Stump, shaking his disengaged fist at Paindexter. "I'll teach you to ride my pony and throw him into a sweat!"

"Stump!"

The porter gave a gasp. He had not observed the Head at the window. His manner changed, and he touched his cap.

"Yes, sir."

"You must not speak to Paindexter like that! Paindexter, what do you mean by riding this pony, especially in the Close?"

"I guess I didn't want to ride him in the Close, sir," said Poindexter, between jury gasps for breath. "He bolted, sir."

"What were you doing on his back at all?"

"I was going to practice, sir." "You know you are not allowed to ride Stamp's pony."

"Well, sir, we thought it would be a good idea to hold a race-meeting in the field, and I was going to practice with Stamp's pony."

Stamp seemed almost petrified.

"You were going to ride my pony?" he gasped. "You roams—"

"Stamp?"

"Begin your pardon, sir, but the roams—"

"That will do, Poindexter, I reiterate you have any intention of creating this disturbance in the Close; but it is all cases of your having stolen Stamp's pony without permission. You will write out three hundred lines of Virgil, and show them to your Foremaster by the end of the week."

Poindexter's face fell.

"Yes, sir."

"And now dismount and allow that troublesome animal to be taken away."

"If there was a bridle put on him, sir, I'll jolly soon bring him to reason," said Poindexter.

"Nonsense! Dismount at once!"

"Yes, sir."

Poindexter slipped from the pony's back. Stamp, somewhat inflated by the heavy indignation expended upon Poindexter, led his sweating pony away. Peter, who seemed satisfied with his afternoon's fun, went as quietly as a lamb.

The Challenge.

"Jolly good exhibition!" said Parkhurst, as the crowd dispersed. "By the way, is that what you call riding, Poindexter?"

Poindexter grunted.

"A better show than you could put up, anyway," he said.

"My dear chap, I shouldn't try to get up a show like that. If I mounted Peter I should ride him. Ha, ha! If that's the way you're going to hold races, you can put me down for a first one. I've never laughed so much since the day you shaps out in the garden."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Price.

"Quite so! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, please sit!" said Poindexter.

"The whome is based up now, but you never thought of one at all, and Peter would have clanked you into the river."

"By Jove!" said Parkhurst, "I'd guarantee to put up a better show of horsemanship on a walking-horse!"

"Quite so! Ha, ha!"

"Or with old Price's for a horse," said Parkhurst.

"Oh! What's that?" said Price.

"I say, I'd put up a better show riding on Price's back," said Parkhurst.

"I shouldn't be run away with, anyway!"

Poindexter's eyes sparkled.

"If you mean that, Pansy—"

Parkhurst looked at him. He had spoken in jest, but the American chess was looking as if he took the remark seriously.

"What do you mean, Poindexter?"

"I mean, that if you're as good as your word, we'll give you a race!"

"Poindexter promptly."

"You can ride Price, or Price can ride you, and I'll give Neville a mount—and we'll see which wins."

Parkhurst gave a whistle.

"Now, if you're going to back out—"

"Bats!" said Poindexter. "You won't catch the Old Firm backing anything the Combine can do!"

"Then it is a go!"

"Certainly, if you like!"

"Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Gatty.

"You can put on two colors, and make a regular race of it. I'll start you, if you like."

"It's a go!" exclaimed Poindexter.

"And I guess we'll make you copper medals to ring round."

"Bats!" said Parkhurst. "Canned rais! You won't have a look-in!"

"Quite so!"

"I guess you won't have much of a show, and Poindexter. "But we'll see. Three-half an hour after school on Thursday. Place—the junior cricket-field."

"Agreed!"

"Distance—a hundred yards. Jockeys—Price and Neville. Starter—Gatty."

"Faith, and where do I come in?"

"You wouldn't come in at all if you were in the race," said Poindexter.

"Arrah, now, Pansy—"

"You can come in the grand stand," said Poindexter.

"Faith, and I'd make a better jockey—"

"You weigh too much, and you're too much of an ass, anyway—"

"Faith, and I—"

"It's settled!" exclaimed Parkhurst.

"And on Thursday, you kids, you can look out for a record licking."

"We'll take all the likings you can give us, without refusing them," grunted Poindexter.

"Faith, and it's right ye are!"

And the rivals of Lincoln separated, full of the new scheme, which was soon being discussed all over the lower school.

The Great Race Day.

The hasty challenge of Lincoln II. Poindexter had been as hastily accepted that the idea of the race had caught on in the lower school. And not in the lower school only, for many of the seniors were very curious to see the race, and had announced their intention of taking seats in the grand stand—the grand stand being a new name for the cricket pavilion.

It was pretty certain that the whole of the lower forms would be there, so the rivals were sure of a numerous audience, and a noisy one.

After school the fellows began to stream down towards the spot assigned for the novel race between the rivals of the Fourth Form. There was a crowd on the ground a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the start, eagerly awaiting the appearance of the horses and the jockeys.

Interest in the race was very keen, and sympathy was divided. For the Old Firm and the Combine had a strong following in the Form, and their backers were all there ready to cheer whatever they did.

George, the amateur photographer of the Fourth Form, was there with his camera, of course. Nothing ever happened at Clivedon without George trying to take a snapshot of it, and he was determined to have a snap of the Clivedon Race.

The turf lay level and green, and the July sun was bright. Most faces were turned towards the school house to see the jockeys emerge with their steeds.

"There they come!"

It was a sudden shout, and a general grin went round.

"Hallo, Poindexter!"

"Good old Tanned Head!"

"Hallo, Neville!"

Dick Neville, the Combine's jockey, had stepped into view in the combine, clad in true jockey fashion, the costume having been obtained from the costume of Clivedon, who had many a time supplied the needs of the amateur theatrical society of the Fourth Form.

Neville sported a pink silk, and wore a jockey-cap on the back of his head, and in order to make the thing more complete, he had a straw in his mouth. He led his "steed" by the bridle.

Poindexter was the steed, and he was in football shorts, and the bridle consisted of a highly-decorative pair of braces.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Tanned Head!"

Lead cheers greeted the Combine as they came down to the racing-ground, Micky Fives following with a huge ball in his hand. The ball was to be rung to clear the course, and Micky seemed to be rather fond of his office, for he clanged it again and again as he came along.

Dick Neville led his steed on the course, and Micky reluctantly kept the ball quiet. All were looking with interest for the appearance of Parkhurst and Price.

"There they are!"

"Back up, Pansy!"

Price emerged from the house in green silk, leading Parkhurst by the bridle. Parkhurst had bound dusters about his knees to protect them from the ground, and though it was certainly a wise provision, it gave him a rather odd appearance.

"Pansy's got the stappers!" said Gatty.

"He's not fit to run. He ought to be scratched!"

"I'll scratch you, if you don't choose it!" said Parkhurst.

"You can't be a horse in this act; you can't talk!"

"Get on the course!" said Micky Fives, changing his ball.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, please clear out of the way, ye gentlemen!"

"Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"

"Clear the course!"

"Make way there for the giddy jockeys!"

"Are you ready, Price?" demanded Dick Neville.

"Quite so!" said Price.

"Gentlemen, kindly get out of the way! You may look, but ye wasn't much. Anybody gives the horses horns will be fined a penalty not exceeding forty bob or a month."

The jockeys led their horses upon the field, and stopped at the starting-post. Gatty was standing there with a toy pistol, which fired real powder and shot.

"Are you ready?"

"I guess so!"

Gatty raised the pistol, and all was breathless attention.

The Winning "Horse."

"Go!"

"They're off!"

Poindexter and Parkhurst had dropped on their hands and knees, and Price and Neville had mounted on

David Goodwin has prepared a splendid successor to "The Taming of the Third." It starts next week.



(Continued.)

their backs. As the pistol popped they were off in a double sense. For as the amateur horses started, the jockeys rolled off their backs, and plunged into the grass.

There was a roar of laughter from the spectators.

"Take start!" said Tronbyan, wiping his eyes. "Try again!"

The jockeys rose to their feet rather ruefully.

Poindexter and Pankhurst were led back to the starting-post, and their riders mounted them again. Gatty was looking at his pistol in rather a puzzled way.

"Sure, they're all ready!" exclaimed Minky Flynn. "Why don't you start them, Gatty?"

"I haven't any more powder!" "Well, of all the asses! Fancy a starter with only one charge of powder!"

"How was I to know they were going to play the giddy game?" demanded Gatty indignantly.

"They must be started!" "Give 'em a whoop!"

"Oh, all right!" said Gatty, adopting the suggestion. "You claps start when I let out a yell. You hear?"

"Yes, back up!"

Gatty filled his lungs with air, and opened his mouth. He gave a yell that a Red Indian on the warpath would not have been ashamed of. Some of the jacks jumped; but the "horses" were ready, and they started.

This time the start was a success. The course lay across the field for fifty yards, then round a pole and back again.

Poindexter and Pankhurst plunged through the grass in really fine style.

"Pink back! Good old Tinned Beef!"

"Back up, green silk!"

"Here, get along, Panky!" gasped Price. "You're falling behind!"

Pankhurst backed up, as a crowd of spectators were advising him to do, and he went bounding and bumping along at a rate that left Poindexter in the rear.

The half-way post was reached first by the Old Firm, and they went whirling round it amid a roar of cheers.

"Bravo, Panky!"

"Green silk wins!"

"Bain!" shouted Neville. "Now, then, Poindexter, for the honour of the Combine!"

"What ho!" shouted Poindexter. He made an effort, and went round the post. Pankhurst and Price were already a dozen yards on the home stretch. Poindexter kept it up, and gradually crept closer. Half-way home he was only a foot behind.

"Go it, Panky!"

"He's catching you!"

"Go it, Tinned Beef!"

"On the ball!"

The "horses" were red and perspiring with exertion now. The gasping ran in streams down their faces, and they gasped for breath. But they stuck it out gallantly, and bumped on in splendid style.

"Pink wins!"

"Bain! Go it, green!"

"They're head!"

"Tinned Beef's ahead!"

Poindexter had drawn level. Pankhurst made a desperate effort to get ahead again, but in vain. He was hardly equal to keeping up his present pace. The wily youth from Chicago drew ahead. He had the lead now, and he kept it.

Ahead, and further ahead. A dozen yards from home Poindexter was a "length" in advance of his rival.

Pankhurst put on a fierce glare, and drew level. The result hung in the balance. Neck and neck for six yards more.

Then Poindexter lunged ahead again, and Pankhurst remained a head behind, and there was a roar.

"Tinned Beef wins!"

"Bravo, Poindexter!"

Poindexter and Neville had won!

Pankhurst came in just a "head" behind, and the next moment he rolled on to the turf in utter exhaustion, and his jockey bumped in the grass.

A dozen fellows rushed to raise him up. He had lost, but he had made a gallant fight.

Neville, gasping for breath, stopped Poindexter on the back.

"A near thing, old chap!"

"I guess it was close," gasped Poindexter. "But we've won! Hurrah for the Combine!"

(Next Week: The Cliveden Golden.)

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