

# FUNNY CUTS

SUPPLEMENT TO THE  
World's  
Comic.  
24 PAGES ONE PENNY.

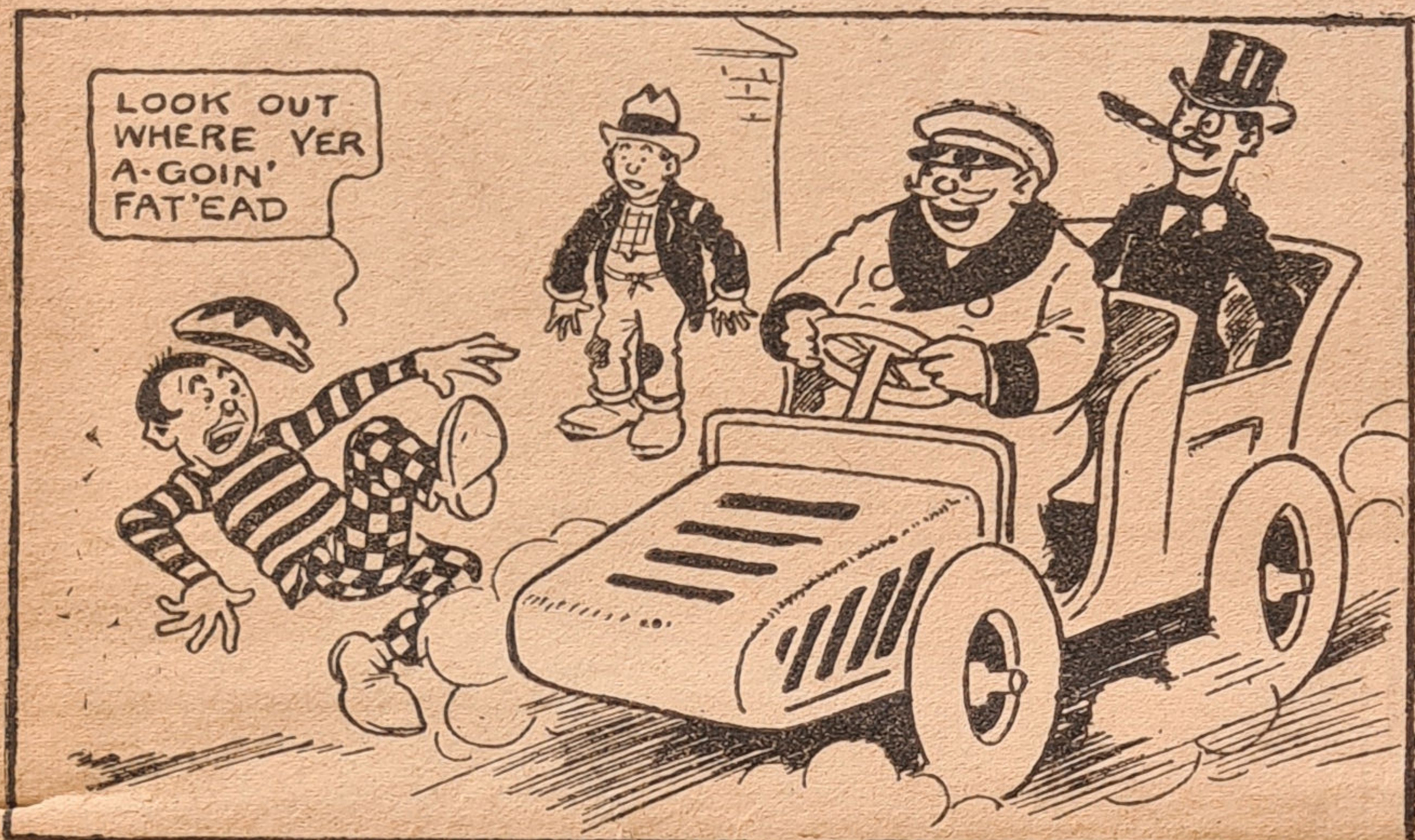


EDITED BY GORDON PHILLIP HOOD.

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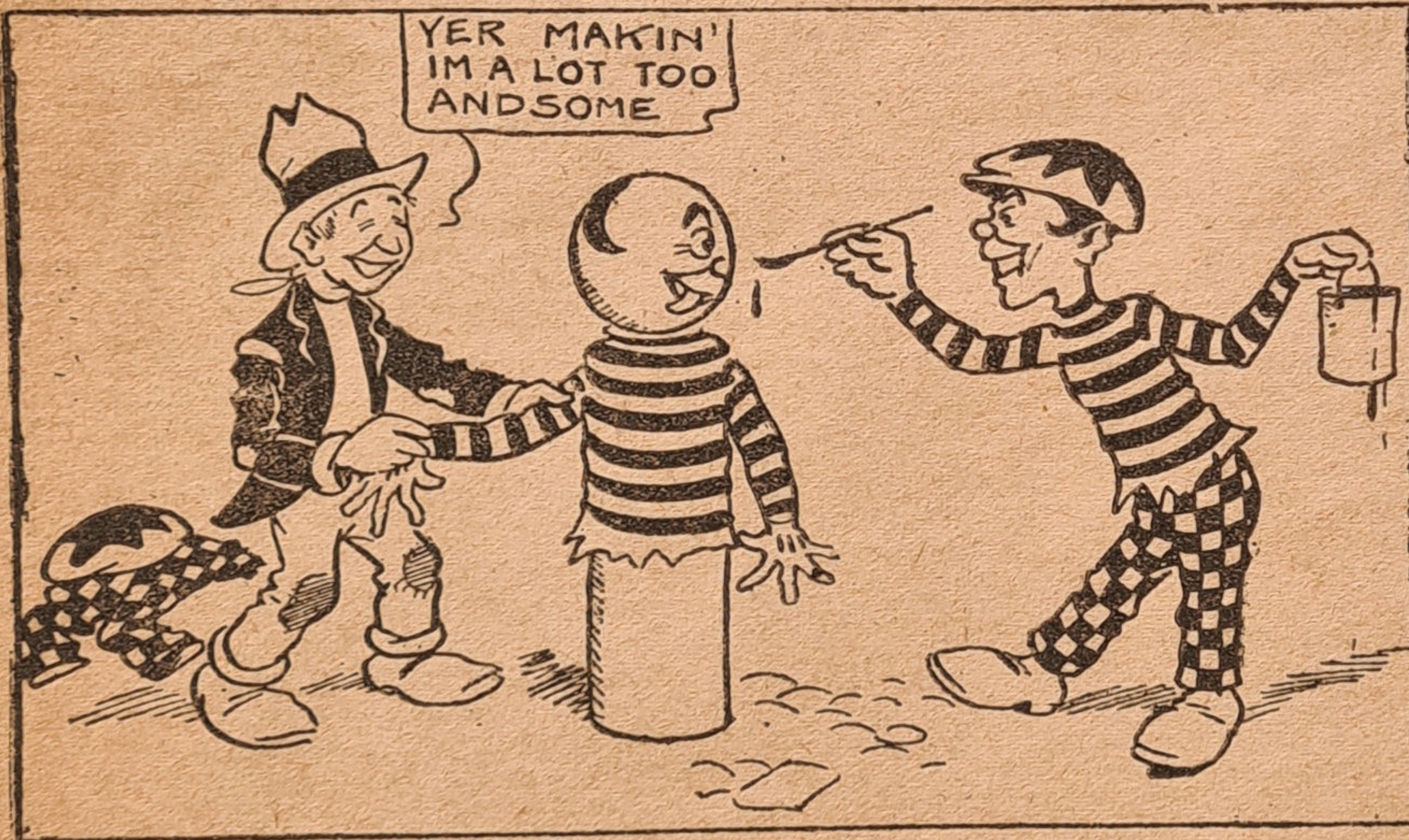
THE TRUE HISTORY OF NOBLER AND JERRY.—THEY GO ON THE WAR-PATH.



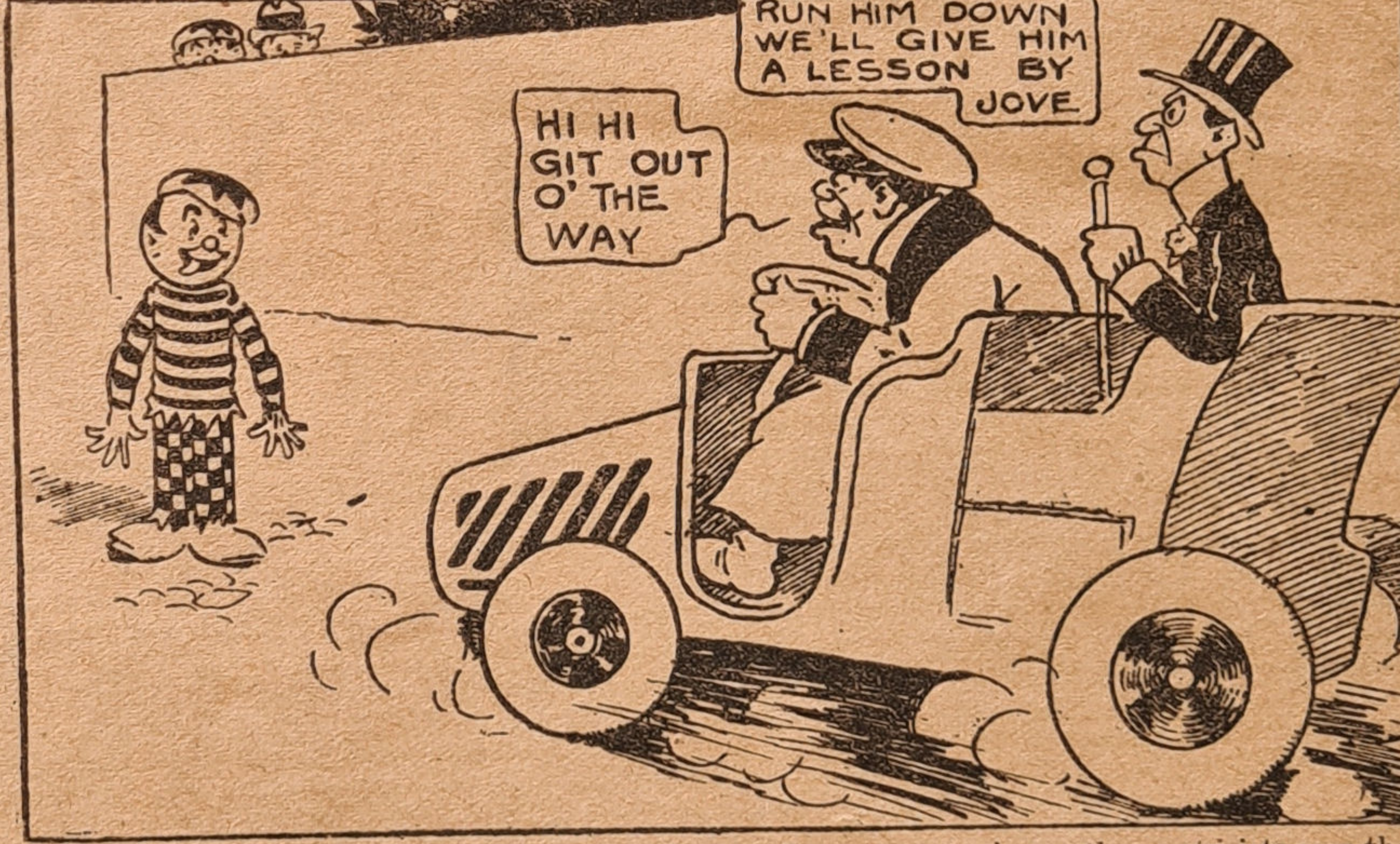
1.—LAST week yer littel Nobler was neerly spifikated by a nortermobel. We was a standin' quietly wotchin' a dawg fite, wen a motor kar kame erlong and neerly went hover me best korn. I 'opped back ject in time, an' the motyristis laffed like mad. "You'll git out ov our way next time," they chortled, "we shall be back in a nout."



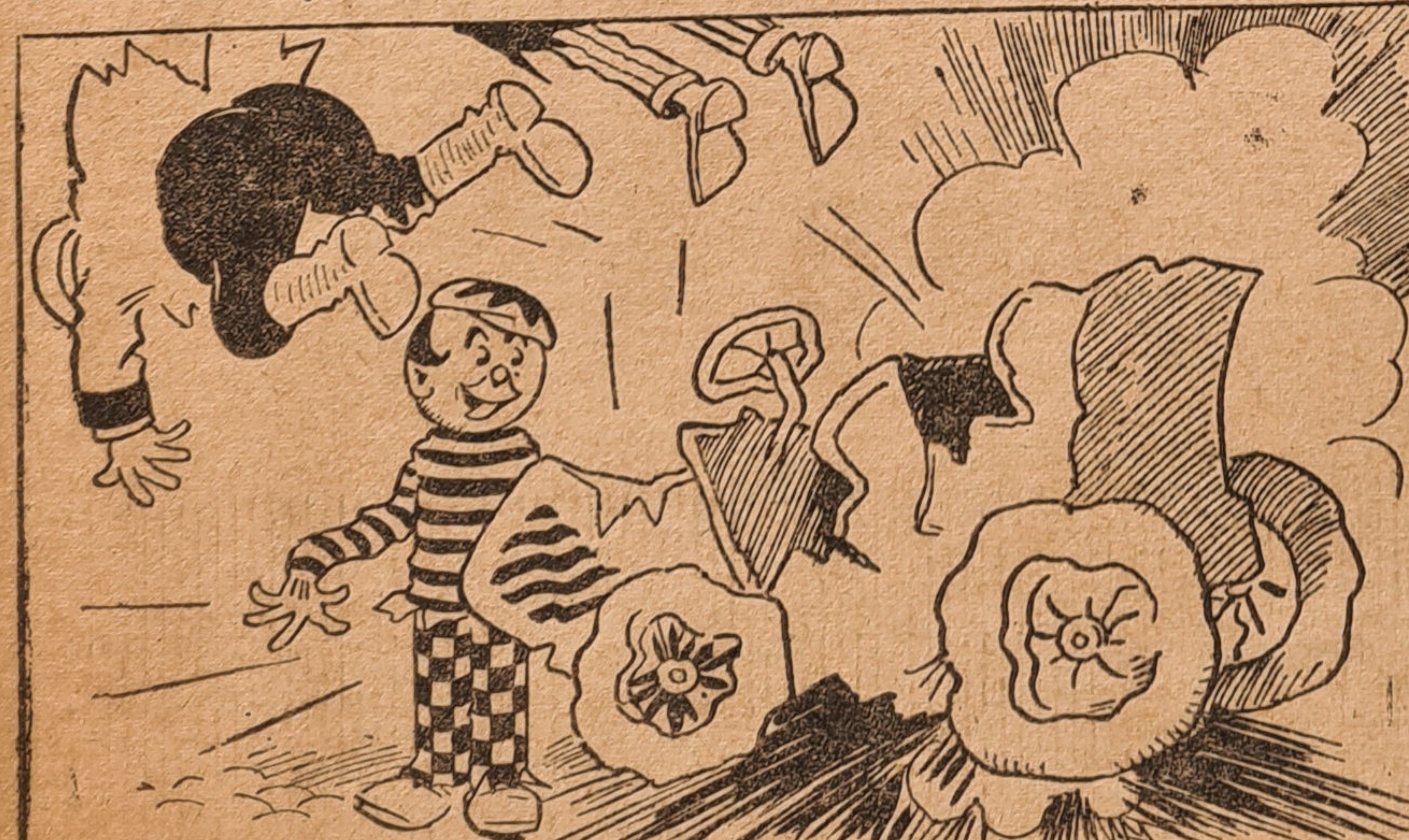
2.—"Jerry," I growled, "I'll giv' them motyristis wot for." "Ho! ho!" yapped Jerry, "ow are yer goin' ter do it, mate?" And then I pointed out to 'im a stone post bi the rode side, and we cut of ter fetch mi other soot ov clo'hes and some paint. "Urry up, Jerry," I chuckled, "they'll be back soon; they've only gone a 'undred miles away."



3.—By the time we 'ad dressed hup that post in mi togs it looked wonderful life-like. "Nobler, it's krool like yer," sed Jerry, "onli it's 2 'andsom. Wi, if the kopper kame erlong an' saw it 'e'd run it in at wunst." "Shuttup, fat'ead," I whispered, "'ook it sharp. I kan 'ear the moty-kar kummin' back."



4.—The moty-kar kame erlong at erbaht 90 miles a nout, an' wen the motyristis saw the post a-standin' there, they got reel mad. "Hi! hi! git oute the way!" they yelled, "or we'll bust yer. We'll giv' yer a lesson, we will, yer yung bounder we'll teach yer," and they kame rushin' dahn like mad.

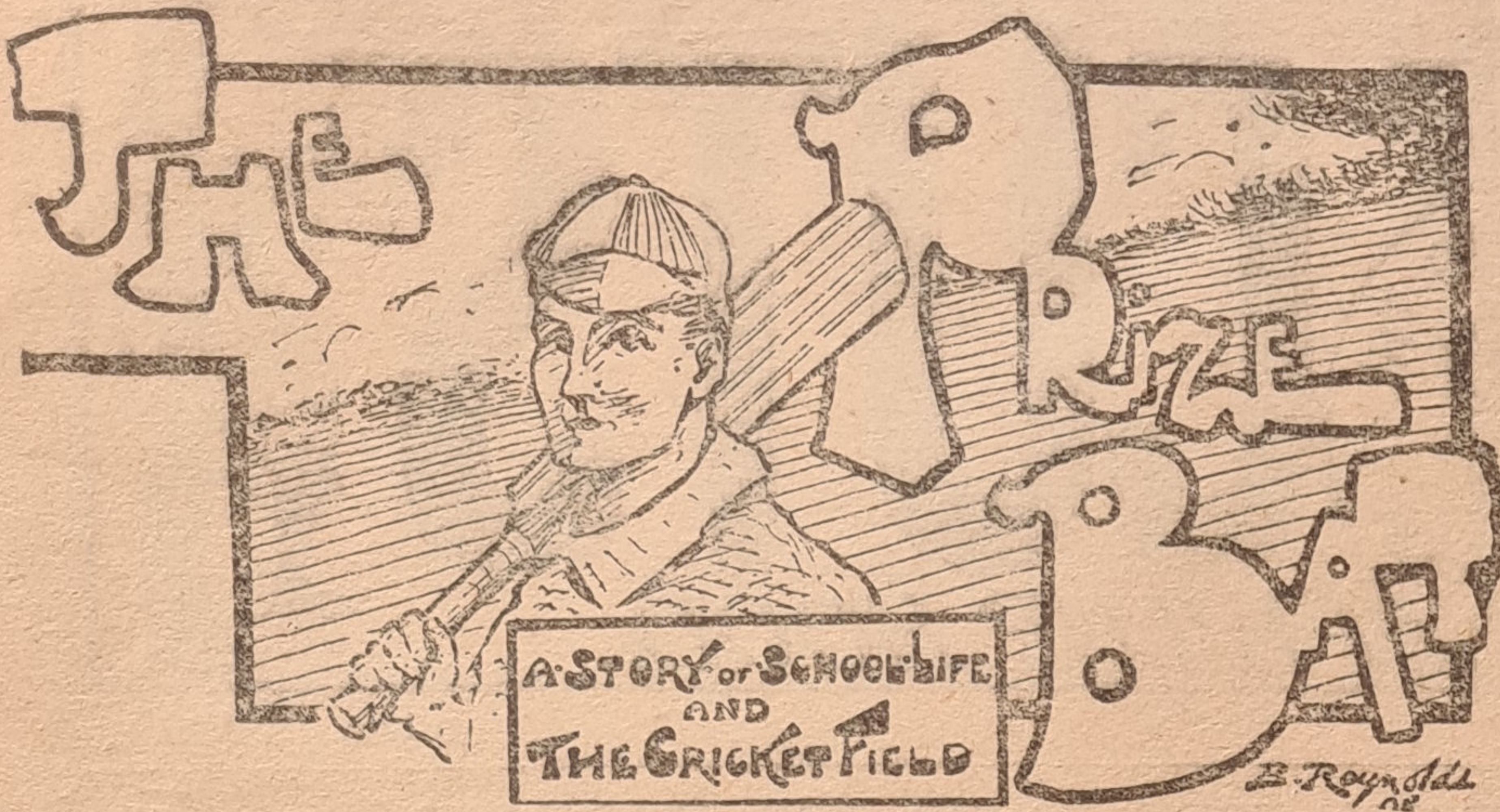


5.—Well, ov corse that post didn't git oute the way, and the ortymobel kashed inter it; oh mi, it was a smash. Those two pore fellers floo up inter the air, and the moty-kar began ter fizz and splutter an' then bloo hup. It was fine, as good as fireworks. "Nobler," cooed Jerry, "that post don't look worrid a bit."



6.—Wen the motyristis 'ad rekuvvered konshusness, we trolled bi, an' they spotted the weeze. Mi word, they did look sick. "I 'ope this 'll be a les on to yer," I sed, "not ter go runnin' over pore littel orfan boys, an' ter let pore littel stone posts alone."

*Don't Munch Lew Lake*



Peveril Broad had a nasty look on his naturally unattractive face, and the nasty look was emphasised by a frown of pain which he wore as he moved about, for his knee had been badly damaged by a cricket ball.

Everybody agreed that it was hard luck that he should put his knee out just before the last and most important match of the season. The fellows were sorry too, for Broad was one of the best batsmen in the team—if not the best.

As he was sitting on the stone steps in the close, a couple of days before the match, Broad espied his friend Bunder and raising himself with some difficulty limped towards him.

"Hallo!" Bunder said. "I'm just off to get a few kids to bowl to me. D'you think we shall lick Hallowmere School?"

"I don't know and I don't care," Broad said irritably. "All I know is you'd have twice as good a chance if I were playing. But come with me, for I want to talk to you. I shan't keep you ten minutes, then you can go and get as much practice as you like."

Bunder assented, not because he experienced any great joy in Broad's society, but he owed him money which he was quite unable to pay, and it was policy not to run the risk of offending his creditor.

"Bunder, old chap," Broad said, sitting down on the steps again, and pulling the other down beside him, "you owe me three pounds fifteen. Can you pay me?"

"I—I—no, not at present, but I'll send it to you in the holidays, I swear I will."

"Not a bit of good to me then," Broad said. "Look here, I'm as hard up as anything and I owe any amount of money in the town—nearly thirty pounds."

"I—I'm sorry to hear that," Bunder said. "But what about your uncle and guardian—won't he pay your debts?"

"That's the point, will he, or won't he? The last time he made an awful row about it, and swore he'd have nothing to do with me if I contracted another single debt. Those sharks of tradespeople won't wait until next term, and unless I can pay them by the end of the first week in the holidays, I shall be ruined."

Bunder scraped his feet nervously on the gravel. He was afraid Broad was going to press him for the money he owed him, and his allowance was such that he could not possibly have managed it for another six weeks.

"Isn't there any chap who could lend it to you?" Bunder suggested. "Plenty of chaps would if they were sure of getting it back, and understand the fix you were in."

Broad shook his head. "Nobody's got a farthing to bless himself with at this part of the term," he said. "No there's only one way out of the fix, and you must help me."

"I?"

"Yes you, unless you're looking for trouble. Look here, my uncle is awfully fond of cricket, and he's promised to give me sufficient tin to buy a tri-car if I win the bat given to the chap with the best batting average. If I can get this money I shall buy a second-hand tri-car for about twenty pounds, have it enamelled and plated for another few pounds, and pay my debts with the balance. Nobody'd know the car from a new one, and I should be all right. But the question is, can I win the bat?"

"You ought to," Bunder said, "you're four decimal something in front of young Collison, who comes second."

"But I'm not playing against Hallowmere," Broad went on. "I can't on account of that wretched knee of mine. Collison, of course, will play, and he usually comes off against Hallowmere. Look here, I've made a calculation. To beat my average, Collison will have to make sixty-seven out, or thirty-six, not out. D'you think he will do it?"

"No," Bunder said. "No—no, I should not think so."

"Well, I think he stands a jolly good chance," Broad continued, "but he must be prevented from doing it. That is where you will come in. If you do as I ask, I'll let you off what you owe me. If you don't—look out for squalls!"

"What do you want me to do?" Bunder said, as a low voice. "Prevent him from playing?"

"No, you ass," Broad said, impatiently, "haven't you any sense. Hasn't it struck you that if it rained hard, and the ground got sticky, no one would make many runs?"

Bunder scratched his head, shifting his cap on to the back of his head.



"And you want me to—"  
"Flood the pitch overnight."

"By George!" he said. "And you want me to—"

"Flood the pitch overnight? Exactly."

"But if I'm caught?" Bunder gasped.

"Rats, you won't be if you take proper precautions. It's as easy as anything. There's a waterworks and a hose on the field specially there for watering the pitch. Turn it full on for a couple of hours near either wicket. Of course there'll be an awful rumpus, but both sides'll agree to play and it'll be all right."

"But," said Bunder, hoping to dissuade his friend, "supposing Collison makes the run in spite of the pitch? He usually does well on sticky wickets."

"I'm coming to that," Broad went on. "You'll probably be at the wickets at the same time as he, in which case you must run him out. That will be easy enough."

"It's easy enough," Bunder said, "but I don't like it. It isn't sporting, for one thing."

"Sporting!" Broad echoed with a snort, "p'raps you'll call it sporting to see your friend ruined, p'raps you'll call it sporting when you get in a row over that money you owe me. Come, are you going to do it?"

"Yes," Bunder said, "hang you—yes!"

## II.

The morning of the great match dawned bright and sunny.

The sky was a wide expanse of blue, with here and there a fluffy white cloud. There had been no rain for weeks, and the carefully prepared playing pitch stood out a pleasing green in contrast to the brown of the dried grass that covered the rest of the field.

It was one of the masters, who had gone to see what the pitch was like, that first noticed

it had been tampered with. So sodden was it at one end that his stick stuck upright in the ground without any difficulty.

Fortune favoured the perpetrator of the treacherous act. Bill Summers, the old groundsman, had been found drunk on the previous night, and the state of the pitch was attributed to his carelessness, though, of course, he stoutly denied having left the hose running.

Kendall, the captain of the school, apologised to the Hallowmere fellows for the state of things, and asked them if they would like to abandon the game, but of course they declined to hear of such a thing.

"It's the same for both sides," said MacLeod, their captain. "Really the conditions favours us. We're strong in slow bowling, and we've been praying for a little rain to show you how Denson and Williams can bowl on a sticky wicket. Well, shall we toss?"

MacLeod took a shilling from his pocket, and spun it in the air.

"Heads!" Kendall cried.

"Then tails it is," MacLeod said, bending over the coin.

"Hard luck!" Kendall said. "You're going to send us in to bat, of course?"

"Yes, when we've knocked up a few hundred. The wicket's only slow now, it won't be dangerous for another hour. We're going to have the advantage of that hour's batting."

A few minutes later the home team left the pavilion and the field arranged itself. Amidst a little storm of clapping from the Hallowmere fellows, MacLeod and a short dumpy fellow walked to the wickets.

Kendall took first over, and bowled to the dumpy fellow, and from the first ball the visitors' policy of forcing the game began before the sun began to dry the pitch, became apparent.

Kendall's first ball was tapped gently back to him, but his second was driven past mid-off for two, and his third snicked through the slips for a single.

MacLeod who now had the bowling, treated the first two balls respectfully, but the third he received he jumped out at and hit against the pavilion steps.

This was the last ball of the over, and Bunder taking the ball from the other end faced the short dumpy player.

The latter made the mistake of trying to cut a well pitched ball deal on his wicket, with the result that his middle stump hopped from the ground, and there was joy in the hearts of the boys and supporters of Glinthurst School.

But that joy was short lived. A lanky player with a tremendous reach joined MacLeod and the pair settled down to a splendid game.

Neither player took risks, but runs came quickly indeed, considering the nature of the pitch.

Ten-one-three appeared on the board after the newcomer had dealt with Bunder's first ball. Twenty followed at the end of a couple of overs and the numbers went steadily up at regular intervals, until seventy was reached with the same players still together.

The sun was now drying the pitch, and it was becoming manifestly difficult, but both players were "set" and the task of dislodging them was no light one.

Kendall had taken himself and Bunder off, and the ball had been entrusted to a couple of change bowlers, but without result.

At last, as the players changed over, Kendall whispered to Collison: "Take next over down this end. I'm going on to bowl at the other."

"I shan't do any good," Jack Collison whispered. "I'm not much of a bowler."

"You've had a few wickets this season," Kendall reminded him, "and anyway, you can't do worse than the others."

So Jack took his place in the slips, and Kendall at the other end, commenced to bowl. His first ball was well pitched up, and the lanky man drove it in the direction of long-off. They ran two. The second was a short pitched ball, well on the off, but breaking slightly inwards. It should have been let alone, but the lanky one snicked it and commenced to run. The ball flew into the slips at a terrific speed.

"Another four?" somebody in the pavilion groaned. But short slip was seen to throw

himself flat with one arm outstretched. There was silence from the pitch for a moment, and then a little shout. The lanky man was seen to turn and walk away. Caught! Jack Collison had brought off the finest catch of the season. The lanky man stopped to congratulate him on his way back to the pavilion. The figures on the telegraph board rather damped the yells of applause. They read: Seventy-six—two—forty-three.

Broad was frowning to himself. "That catch'll put Collison on his mettle," he thought. "He'll be able to do anything now."

Kendall failed to get the new man's wicket, but the latter failed to score off any of the remaining balls, and Collison faced MacLeod who was not out for about twenty-eight runs.

Jack took a short run and sent down a slow ball with a little leg-break on it. MacLeod came out to it, and then changed his mind, playing back.

Snick!  
"That!"

The umpire held up his hand and MacLeod walked away. The ball had gone into the wicket-keeper's gloves off the handle of his bat.

The boys made the walkin ring with shouts of "School! School! School!"

The next man was a confessed slogger, who was accused of counting three and shutting his eyes when he hit at each ball.

He left his crease to the first ball he received and hit it with all his might, but rather higher up the bat than he had intended. It went straight into the air, and when it dropped, long-on was waiting smiling beneath it, and it dropped into his trap-like hands to remain there for a moment and then to be tossed triumphantly into the air.

Four wickets for seventy-six. Things were improving for the home team.

The next man was cursed with nervousness. His hands shook as he took his guard. He had been told to expect a leg-break. He got one from the off instead, and point held an easy catch.

Jack Collison had taken the hat-trick with his first three balls. The yells that rent the air were deafening.

Kendall got a couple of wickets during his next over, bowling both of them with shooters, and though all the remaining players offered resistance, none made a serious stand, and Hallowmere were dismissed for a hundred and eleven, a poor score for a good wicket, but formidable one considering the state of the ground.

Jack Collison, who had hardly ever been tried as a bowler before, had taken five wickets for thirteen. He was cheered and thumped on the back as he entered the pavilion for lunch.

Kendall described the pitch as being like a glue-pot, when he and the wicket-keeper went in to open the second innings.

They remained together for half-an-hour, but only fourteen runs were registered when Kendall's partner was given leg-before. The next man only scored one, and with only twenty-three registered, the third wicket fell, Kendall sending back an easy catch to the bowler.

The boys despaired as Kendall walked back. He seemed to be in form, and had scored sixteen of the twenty-three runs.

Jack Collison went in next and was loudly cheered as he left the pavilion. "Be careful of both bowlers," Kendall told him, "but Williams is no good if he bowls on the leg. Go out and hit him."

Broad frowned and had secret misgivings as he watched Jack walking resolutely towards the wickets. He had secret misgivings that the youngster was going to give of his best. Nor was he mistaken.

Williams was bowling and he sent down a low breaking ball on the off. Jack got his bat well on top of it, and it went past point dancing and bumping for a boundary. The boys cheered. William's next ball came on the leg. He bowled leg breaks that sometimes didn't break at all. Jack got it on the half volley and it descended on the pavilion roof. Six! A lovely hit. The boys cheered, and Kendall shouted, "Well played! But, for goodness sake, be steady!"

Another wicket fell during the next over, and Bunder, padded and gloved, emerged from the pavilion.

"Don't forget what I told you," Broad cried, gripping the sides of his deck-chair with excitement.

Bunder nodded and passed on.

The excited boys watched him walk to the wickets, take his guard, and prepare to receive his first ball. A groan went up as he played forward, missed the ball, and his bails jumped into the air. Bunder had been prevented from doing any harm by being bowled first ball. Little did the boys guess that this was all for the best. Only the most sanguine and the

(Continued on page 7.)

# Fellingham School, and the Boys there or The Arkada Relics



A RATTLING SCHOOL STORY, BY JOHN G. ROWE.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT A FIGHT RESULTED IN.

"See me hit that piece of wood floating out there!"

Harry Baines picked up a pebble and shied it, but missed the piece of driftwood by some feet.

His three chums, Jack Wild, Fred Mansfield and Tom Wilkinson, immediately hunted round for stones to display their marksmanship.

Plump! plump! plump!  
The stones fell into the water all round the target, but not one struck it.

Jack Wild, thereupon, caught up a fragment of rock about the size of a brickbat and flung it at the mark.

The missile alighted fairly and squarely upon the bit of driftwood with a tremendous splash.

A bellow of fury came from round the bend in the rocky path ahead, and a big, burly, coarse-looking lad, about a year older than any of the four who had been throwing at the piece of driftwood appeared round the corner.

"Confound you! What do you mean by it? What do you mean by splashing the water when fellows are fishing? I might have known it was some of you fools of Magpies."

"Keep your wool on, Jim Bridge! How were we to know you were fishing round the corner? We were shying at that piece of wood floating out there."

"I've a jolly good mind to throw the four of you into the water for disturbing our fishing."

"I rather fancy it would take more than you, Jim Bridge, my bully Owl chief, to do that," retorted Jack Wild. "Let us see who you have with you round the corner, anyhow, that you talk so big."

The five boys stood upon a narrow path that ran round the side of a wild, rocky promontory on the coast of Yorkshire.

The headland was known as Poulton Head, and it was completely cut off from the mainland at high tide, and only accessible on foot at low water by a precarious causeway of broken and slippery, slime-covered rocks, amid which lay many deep and treacherous pools left by the sea.

Jack Wild and his three chums had crossed by the causeway or isthmus on this dull Saturday afternoon, but, instead of ascending the winding path that mounted the headland to the old ruined abbey of St. Neots on its crest, they had taken to the ledge-like path, cut by smugglers in olden days, that threaded its way round the precipices to the caves worn in the face or seaward front of the mighty bluff.

It was just at the turn or angle in the path before the first of the caves that they had started shying at the piece of wood. The sea eternally washed the headland here.

They were some twenty or thirty feet above the tide which was not yet at its lowest. The cave just round the corner that they were making for was immediately over one of the smugglers entered in their boats.

From the lower flooded cave the bales of silk and kegs of brandy were hoisted into the upper, and there stored until they might be safely taken along the path the four lads had come.

Jack Wild stepped round the angle of rock as he answered the enraged Jim Bridge, and saw only one other lad, a pallid, thin-faced, seared-looking youth, sitting on the edge of the shelf in front of the cave, holding two fishing rods.

Putting his hands on his hips, Jack burst into a hearty guffaw.

"Well, I'm bothered! If he hasn't only Bob Edwards with him! I thought from the big way he talked, his threat to throw the four of us into the water, that he must have a dozen or more of his trusty Owls with him. Ha! ha! ha! Excuse my smiling, Jimmy! But it's too ridiculous, the idea of you and Bob Edwards throwing the four of us into the sea. I can see it being done. Can't you, Fred, Harry, Tom?"

Bridge went white again with concentrated passion.

With a malignant gleam in his eye, he suddenly darted forward and struck Jack a violent blow in the face.

Jack was sent cannoning heavily against Fred Mansfield and Tom Wilkinson.

The two were nearly knocked over the edge of the rock into the sea.

In a rage at his narrow escape from a ducking, if nothing worse, Fred Mansfield immediately rushed at Bridge.

But Jack Wild, who had recovered from the blow he had received, interposed.

"Hold on, Fred! This is my quarrel. He struck me."

"I'll fight the two of you—one down, the other come on," sneered Bridge, backing away inside the cave and putting up his fists defensively.

"You are welcome enough to take Fred on, after you've done with me. You've long wanted the thrashing I am now going to do my best to give you, Jim Bridge. You've been cock of the walk long enough in the Fourth Form, and I mean to see if the Boss-elect of the



Jack was sent cannoning heavily against Fred Mansfield and Tom Wilkinson.

Magpies isn't more than your equal."

The Magpies and the Owls were two rival factions that had existed from time immemorial, so to speak, in the Fourth Form at Fellingham School.

Jim Bridge was the chief or "boss" of the Owls, and Jack Wild of the Magpies.

The two factions were lodged in different houses, and probably the feud or difference between them arose from this fact.

The Magpies slept at the house of their own form-master, Mr. Horley, while the Owls were accommodated in that of the Sixth Form master, Mr. Price.

Jack Wild pulled off his jacket, and, with a grin of anticipatory triumph, Jim Bridge did likewise.

The pair took up their positions opposite each other inside the cave, with the breeze blowing in from the sea fanning their cheeks.

Bob Edwards, who had the unenviable reputation of being the sneak of the form, and was certainly the toady of the bullying Jim Bridge, stood behind his chief to second him, and Fred Mansfield prepared to do the same for Jack.

Harry Baines and Tom Wilkinson, who of course, needless perhaps to say, like Fred Mansfield, Jack's study-mate and particular chum, were also Magpies, stood at the back of the cave to see fairplay.

"Are you ready?" demanded Jack, who was as much incensed at the evident attempt on Bridge's part to knock him into the sea as at the blow itself. On his left cheek was a nasty contusion which was bleeding a little.

"Yes. Come on!" growled the Owl Boss, squaring up.

They sparred quietly for a few moments,

edging round each other, and seeking for an opening.

All at once Bridge feinted at Jack's head with his left and let out smartly with the right.

Jack skipped aside and the blow passed harmlessly over his shoulder, when he sprang in quickly, and landed Bridge fairly between the eyes with his left fist, brought over the other's arm.

It was a most excellent "cross-counter," and the bully went reeling back, to lose his balance, totter and fall heavily upon the flat of his back.

He got up rather slowly, as Fred and Bob simultaneously called out "time."

Blinking like a veritable owl now, and breathing vengeful hate and fury, he darted immediately at his smaller, but more active, foe.

He tried to corner Jack against the side of the cave.

Jack ducked, sprang in under his guard, and struck him on the chest.

With a winded gasp, the bully recoiled, and Jack, following up his advantage, dodging the swinging, windmill-like blows Bridge aimed at him, eventually caught the Owl boss a right-hander under the chin that lifted that young gentleman clean off his feet and dropped him again heavily upon the flat of his back.

With every tooth in his head jarred, and his mouth streaming with blood, for the blow had caused him to bite his tongue badly, Bridge lay where he had fallen, and made no attempt to rise.

"Well, have you had enough?" asked Jack.

"Perhaps, now, you'd like to tackle me?" laughed Fred Mansfield. "You know you challenged us both—one down, t'other come on."

The vanquished one spat out a mouthful of

blood, and, muttering something under his breath, got slowly upon his feet.

He walked over to his corner, and took his coat from Bob Edwards.

Throwing it over his arm, he stumbled out of the cave, and proceeded to descend a steep, zigzag path cut in the face of the cliff, and leading to the water below.

His second followed him without a word, carrying the two fishing-rods.

"Are you sure you are not leaving us one of your eye-teeth, Bridge?" Harry Baines called, sneeringly to him.

"We'd prefer a lock of your hair, old chap," added Tom Wilkinson. "You haven't left us one, although you did not keep your wool on."

"You are not cock of the Fourth now, Jimmy, that's evident," Fred Mansfield chimed in. "If I were you, Edwards, I'd tell your fellow-Owls to elect a new boss. By-bye!"

Bridge never answered a word, but went plunging with breakneck speed down the zigzag path.

He reached the broad shelf of rock at the bottom, beside the lower cave, while his crony was yet only half way down.

A boat was moored here, and, as he drew it in by its painter, Bridge cast a glance up at his grinning classmates on the ledge above.

At the same time he stealthily picked up and "palmed," so to speak, a fragment of flint as he believed.

He did not give a second glance at the supposed flint, which was about as large as a good-sized pebble, but slipped it into his sidepocket.

Stepping quickly into the boat, he called to Bob.

"Hurry up, slowcoach! What's keeping you?"

"Hurry down, you mean, old chap," corrected Tom Wilkinson, lying flat on his stomach on the ledge above and playfully dropping a boulder as large as a brick into the water alongside the boat.

There was a terrific splash and a furious yell from the drenched bully.

"All right, Wilkinson, I'll pay you for that, when I get hold of you. You just wait."

"You'd better not wait, old chap."

Splash! splash!  
Two more boulders sent the water again cascading over Bridge and the boat.

"Jump in, quick, Bob! Dash it! I'll make you rotters smart when I get hold of you, I promise you that."

"Never make rash promises, Jimmy! Here's just another for good luck," called back Wilkinson.

"And here's another to show there's no ill-feeling," shouted Harry Baines, also pushing over a boulder.

"And here's one to speed the parting guest," laughed Fred Mansfield, trundling over the edge a mighty piece of rock, almost as big as a bucket.

It would have smashed the boat or killed one of its occupants had it fallen on them, but of course Fred took care it did not.

He rolled it over the edge some way from the boat, yet it fell near enough to nearly swamp the craft and splash the bully and the sneak from head to foot.

Edwards sprang into the boat; but instead of freeing the painter and rowing away, Bridge stepped ashore again.

He whipped the supposed flint from his pocket and shied it up at Jack Wild, who was remonstrating with the other three and preventing them rolling over any more boulders.

The missile flew past Jack's head and struck the face of the cliff above the ledge, where this was narrowest.

It broke in two and one piece of it rebounded into the sea, dropping into the water a dozen yards from the boat, while the other fell on the ledge.

Bridge immediately jumped into the boat, slipped the painter and seized the oars.

He pushed off and rowed away at his fastest, Bob settling himself in the stern sheets and steering.

"All right, Jim Bridge," called out Jack. "That's your thanks for my trying to stop the others splashing you. Yes, you do well to clear off with all speed after it."

Jack's eye turned upon the fragment of supposed flint lying on the ledge.

Something curious in its appearance made him stare at it, and then cross over and pick it up.

He looked at it attentively, turning it over and over in his hand.

"Here's a strange find!" he exclaimed. "This is no stone, but an image of a bird, it looks like a parrot, and from its weight as well as its colour, I should say it's either copper or gold!"

The three others joined him, and looked curiously at the object he held in his hand.

It was, as he said, a carved image of a bird, the like of which none of them had ever seen, though it bore some resemblance to a parrot.

The tail was broken off. Possibly it was the part that had fallen into the sea. The feet were small, and feathered almost to the toes, and the dense puffy plumage exhibited varied tints, contrived by inlaid stones of ruby-red, coral, pink, emerald green and sapphire blue, relieved by delicate bands of a white metal, undoubtedly silver.

CHAPTER II.

OUT OFF BY THE TIDE.

In dumb astonishment the four lads examined the strange device and saw that at one side of it was a clasp-pin.

Jack Wild was the first to speak again. "It's been a brooch or something of that kind, I should say. And yet who'd wear a brooch so big?"

"It's a jewelled clasp of some kind anyhow," said Fred Mansfield. "Those red stones I'm sure are rubies, the green ones emeralds, and the blue stones sapphires. And those metal bands are certainly silver."

"It must be of great value, if so," said Tom Wilkinson.

"You may well say so. It's gold inlaid with precious stones and silver, that's what it is and no error," said Harry Baines. "That's no copper, that's gold. Let's feel the weight of it."

Jack surrendered it to him. He balanced it on the palm of his hand and declared it must be gold.

"It won't be solid gold, of course," he added. "If it were it would be a small nugget, be worth ever so much. But as it is, it must be worth its weight in gold, if not more."

"Wherever did Bridge pick it up?"

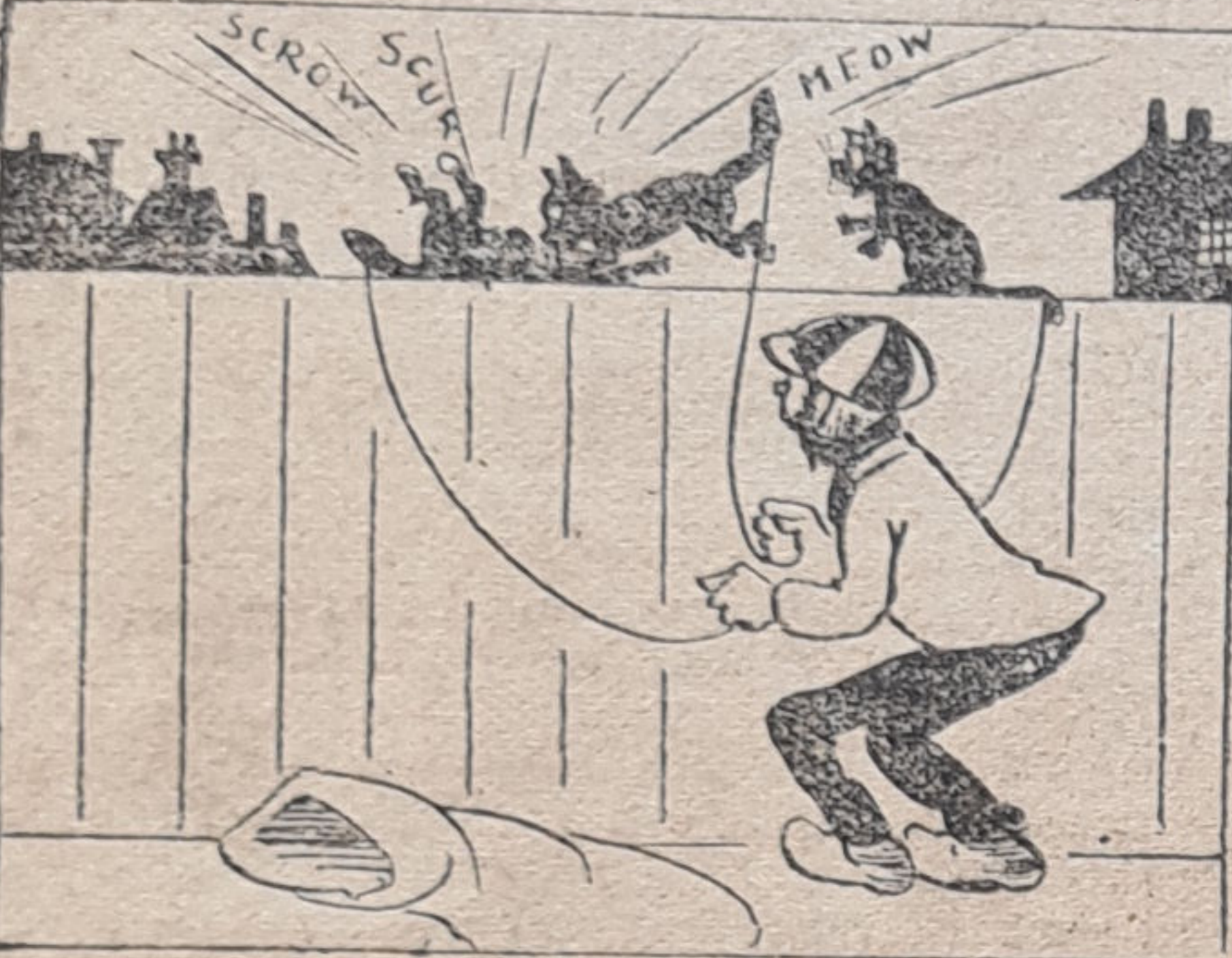
"Near where he had his boat moored, I should say," said Fred Mansfield.

(Continued on page 7.)

INEXPENSIVE METHOD OF OBTAINING STOCK.



1.—How Scraggyneck, the marine store dealer—



2.—Made—



3.—His fortune.

THE TRAMP HOOKED IT.

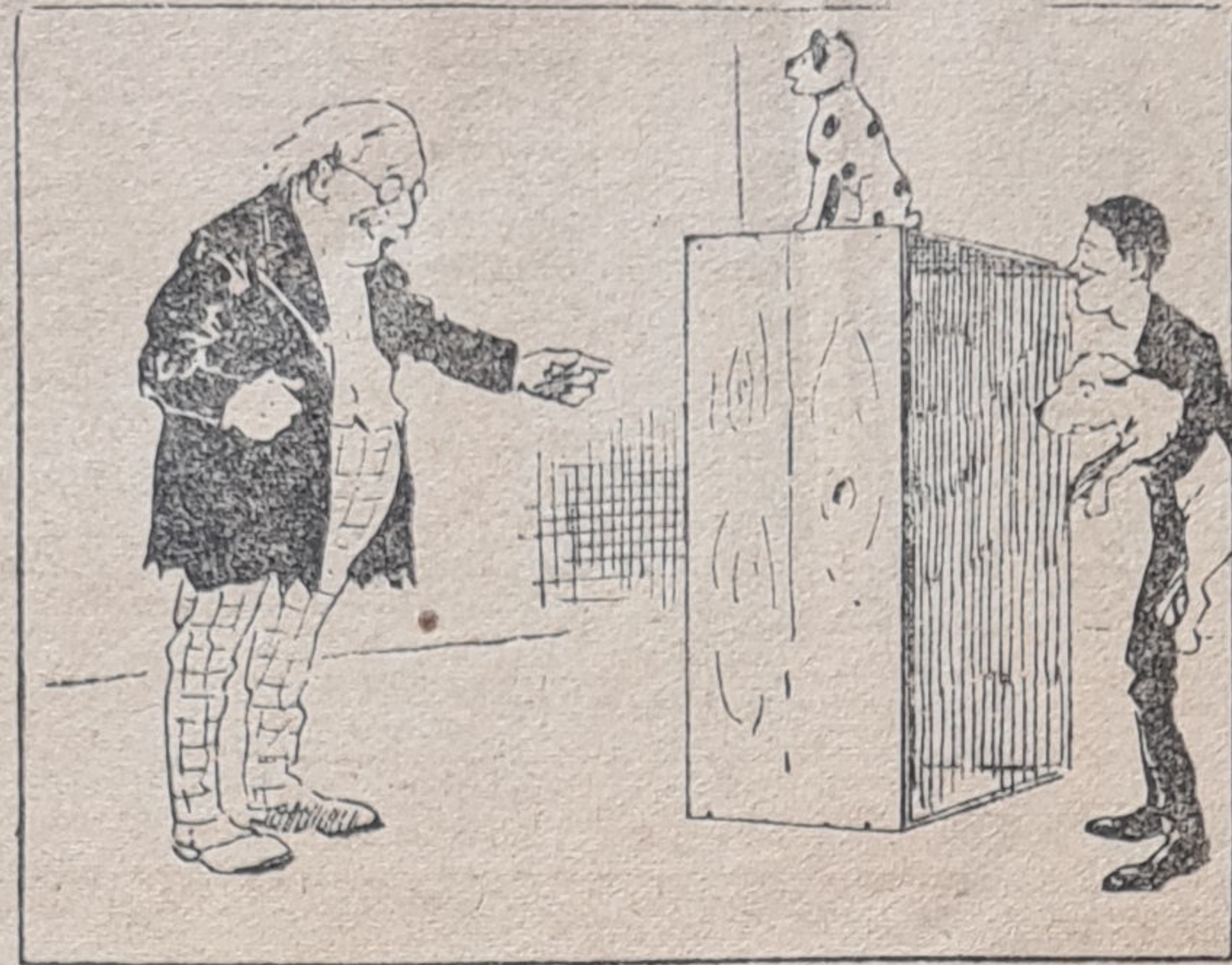


1.—“Now, look 'ere, guv'nor, if you don't pop off indoors and bring me out a nice lump of pie and a pint of beer to wash it down, I'll give yer a oner over the napper with this 'ere stick—do yer see?”

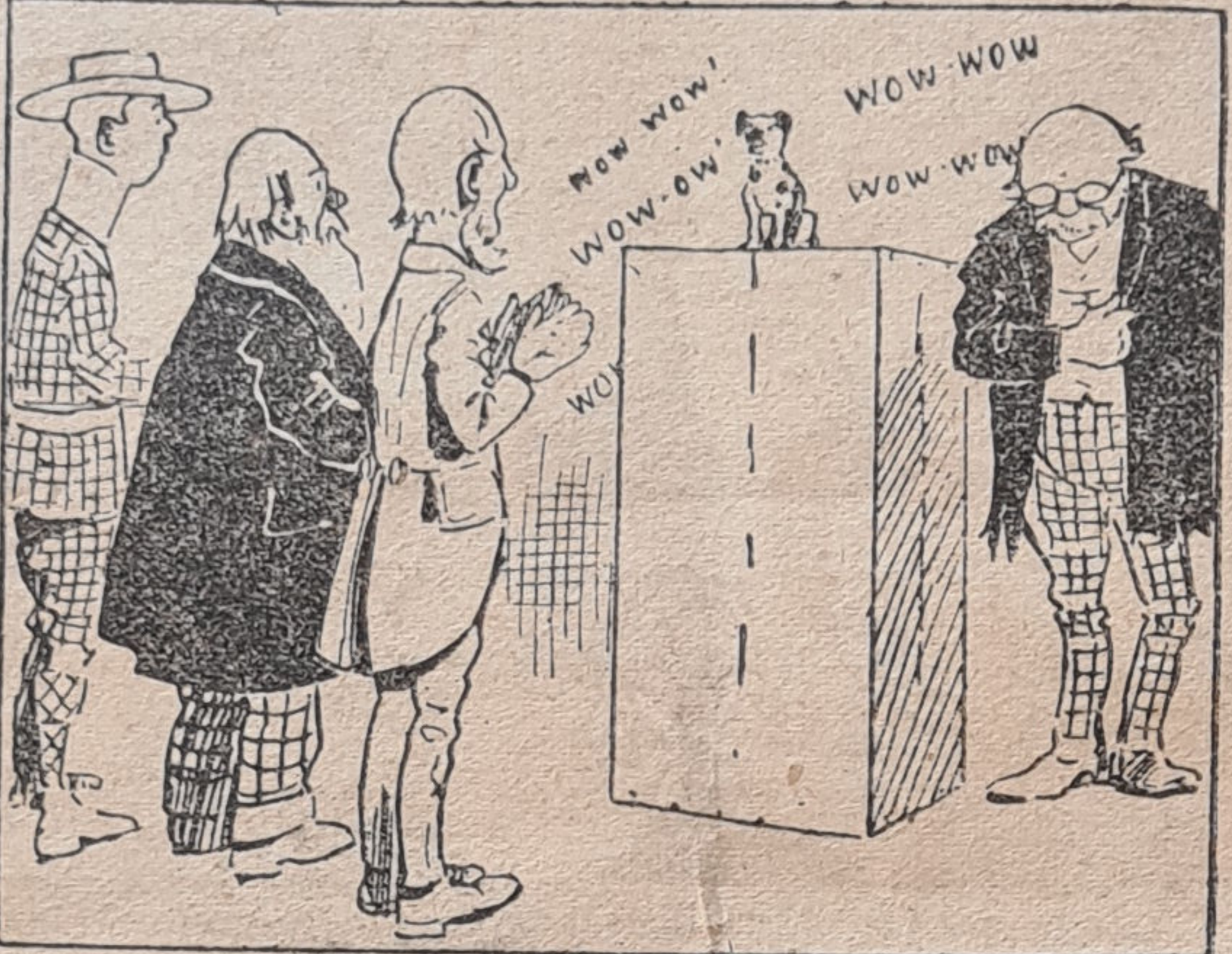


2.—Henpeck's Wife: “Who is that I heard you a talking to just now, Josiah? Just you get on and finish the gardening quick, 'cos I want yer to come inside and mend the socks.”

PHATFACE AND GINGER AGAIN.



1.—“Now then, Ginger, me sonny,” quotheth Phatface, “git inside that box with the dorg, and when I gives the signal, twist his tail so that he barketh profusely.”



2.—Then the old reprobate collected a goodly audience at 6d. per each, to come and hear a real china dog, straight from the mantel-piece, bark as if alive. Phatface gives the signals, and the barks are heard, and the audience wonder muchly.



3.—But alas! even a dog can't stand everything, that tyke inside the box, after having his tail very nearly screwed clean off, objected to the exhibition on humanitarian principles. The audience commence to see how things stand—



4.—And the departure of Phatface and Ginger from that village was more speedy than dignified.

A STRAIGHT CUT.



1.—WILLY was very nervous that night; he was going to propose to Miss Goldbag. When he shaved himself he cut himself dreadfully, his hand shook so.



2.—He went with his face pretty well covered with sticking-plaster. Miss Goldbag refused him. She said she couldn't accept a man who went in for brawling. Willy was dreadfully “cut up” about it.

HE KNEW A B.T.



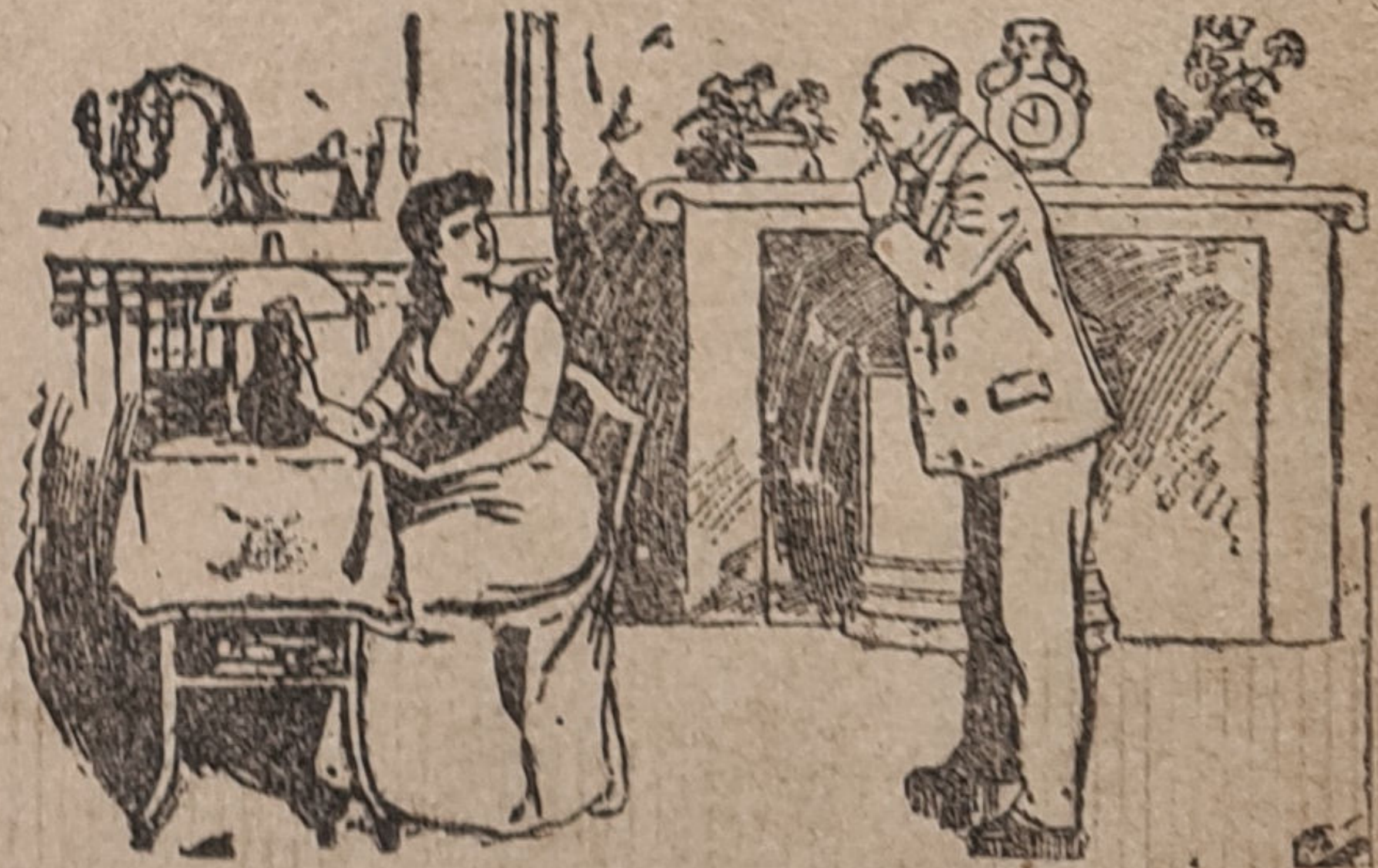
MR. HENPECK: “Gracious, Tommy, you mustn't cut the bread yourself! One slip of the knife, one cut between the thumb and forefinger, and lockjaw would be the result.”  
Tommy (frightfully precocious): “Lockjaw, eh? Ah! you wouldn't be so anxious if ma was cutting it.”

PERSONAL.



SEPTIMUS (referring to his friend Jiggins): “A fool and his money are soon parted, you know.”  
Colorado: “I'm sorry to hear that. How did you lose it—betting?”

NOT A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



He: “There is my photograph. Do you think it looks like me?”  
She: “When did you have it taken? It looks—”  
He: “I got it from the photographer's just before I came here this evening.”  
She (looking at the clock): “Oh, that accounts for its looking so much younger.”

**BOOTS HURT.**



"My boots hurts me awful," moaned the tramp. "Make a seat for a minit!"



I found another boot that hurt, 'cos the other one was for that kind of ornament on his foot.

**COULDN'T STAND THAT ANY PRICE.**



"I couldn't stand that any price," bawled the farmer in the market. "The birds ain't a bit afraid of it. I'll buy a suit like mashers in and try that."



"I couldn't stand that any price," bawled the farmer in the market. "The birds ain't a bit afraid of it. I'll buy a suit like mashers in and try that."

**BACKING OUT.**



TRAMP: "Could you, please, give a poor man a little assistance or find him some employment?"  
 GENT: "You can have some work on the spot. I have a heap of wood yonder—"  
 TRAMP: "Hum—ah! yes, I'll send you the man directly; it's not for myself I am seeking a job, but for a friend of mine."

**HE FOUND OUT.**



1.—"I WANT a light. I wonder where I put that box of non-explosive matches, dear."



2.—Just then he sat down—and he discovered that he had put them in his coat-tail pocket, and that dear girl positively laughed.

**MIXED SWEETS.**



WIFE: "Well, and did you get some mixed sweets from the refreshment stall, as I told you?"  
 HUSBY: "No, the man only had cakes and tarts. He said the young ladies bathing were the only 'mixed sweets' hereabouts."

**NOT ROSE.**



ROSE: "Jack Snappem tried to kiss me five times last night."  
 MABEL: "Really! What interrupted him?"

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE.**



1.—MISS NICEGIRL: "Goodness, look at that little boy leaning over the sea wall. I'm sure he'll tumble in, why doesn't his mother watch him?"

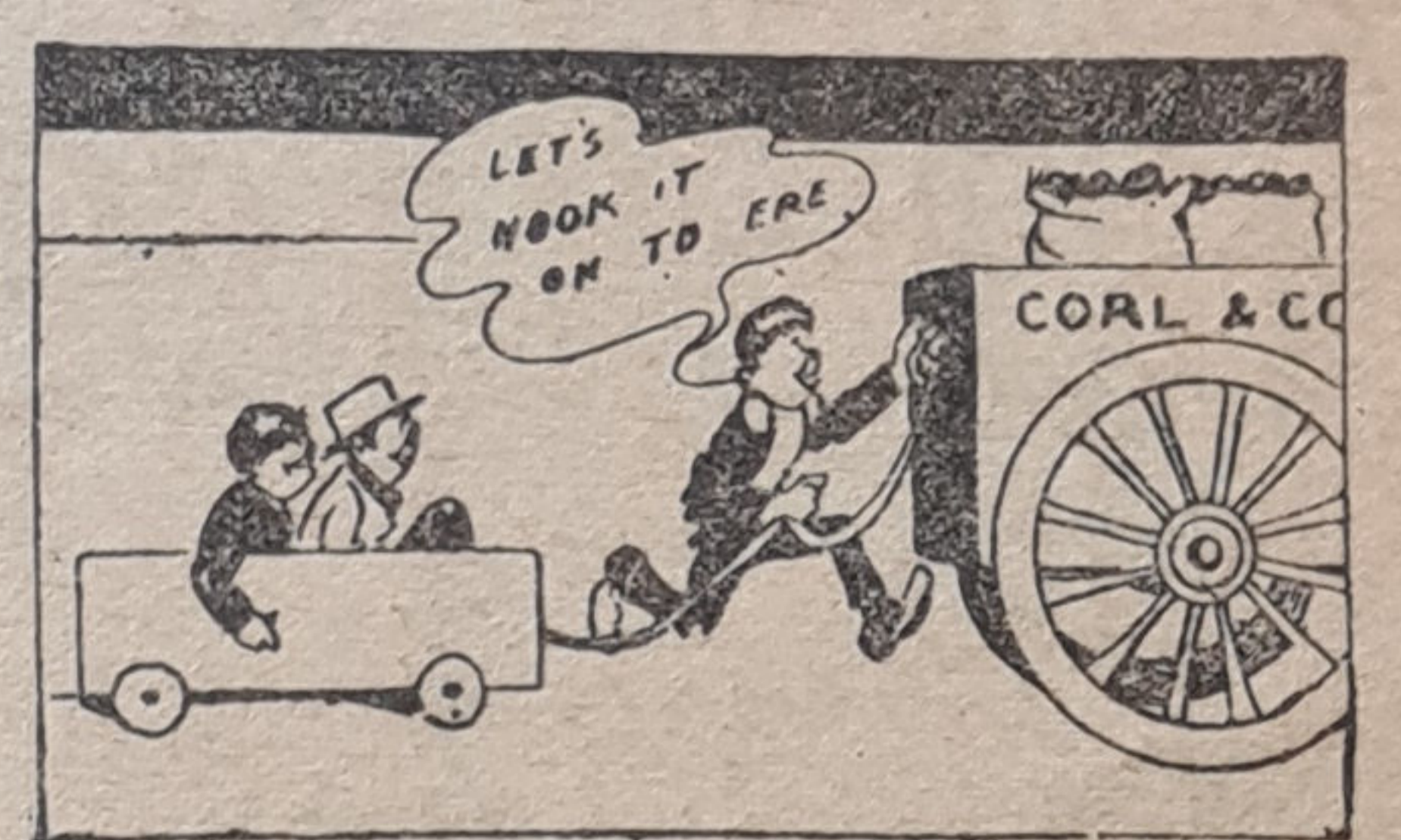


2.—"Now, my little lad, you ought not to lean over there, it's very dangerous for little boys, you know, you ought to keep alongside your mother, come."

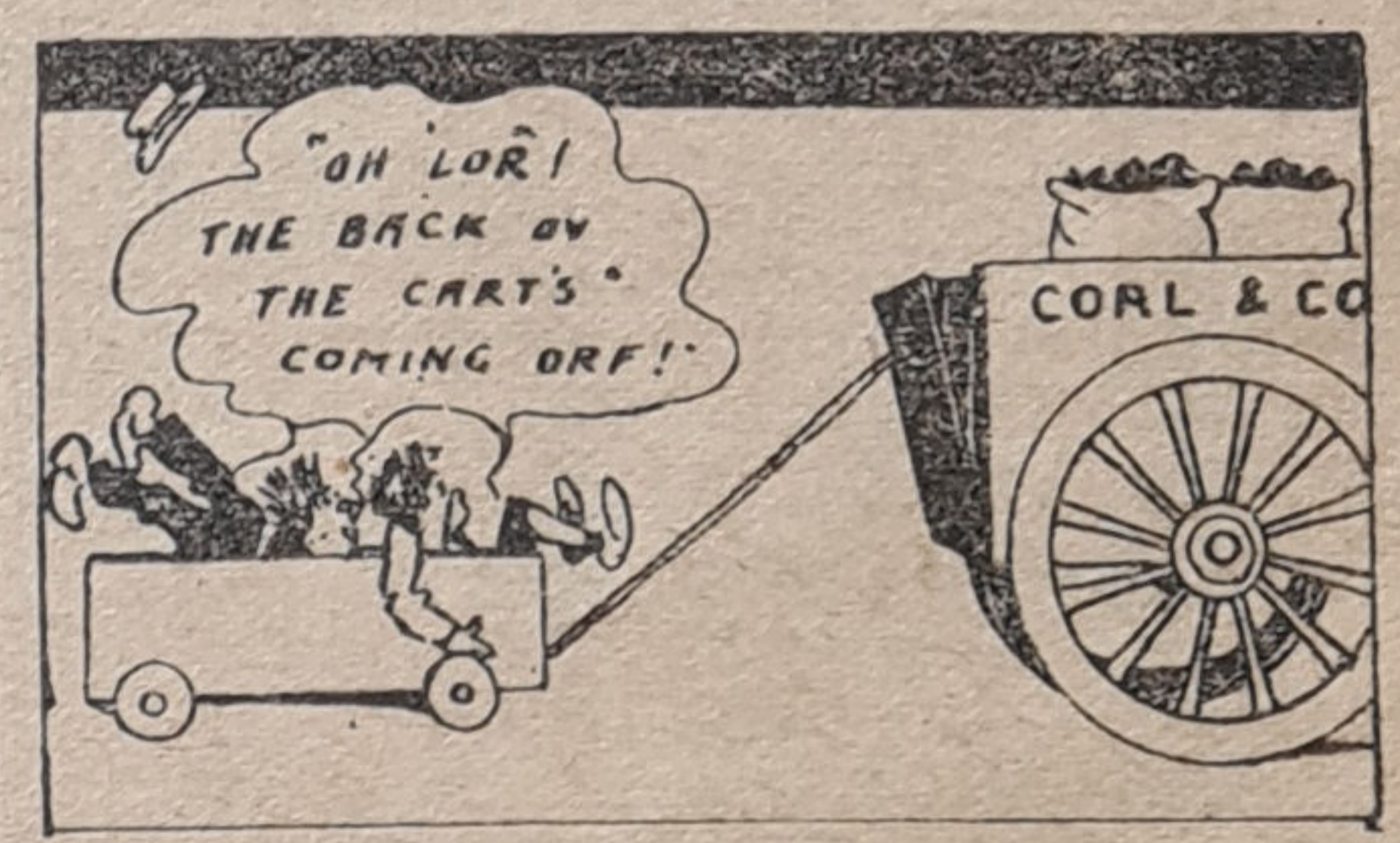


3.—MRS. N. PECK: "What do you mean, you brazen hussy, behaving to my husband like that, and calling me his mother, indeed? Impertinence! You go away, and find a husband for yourself."

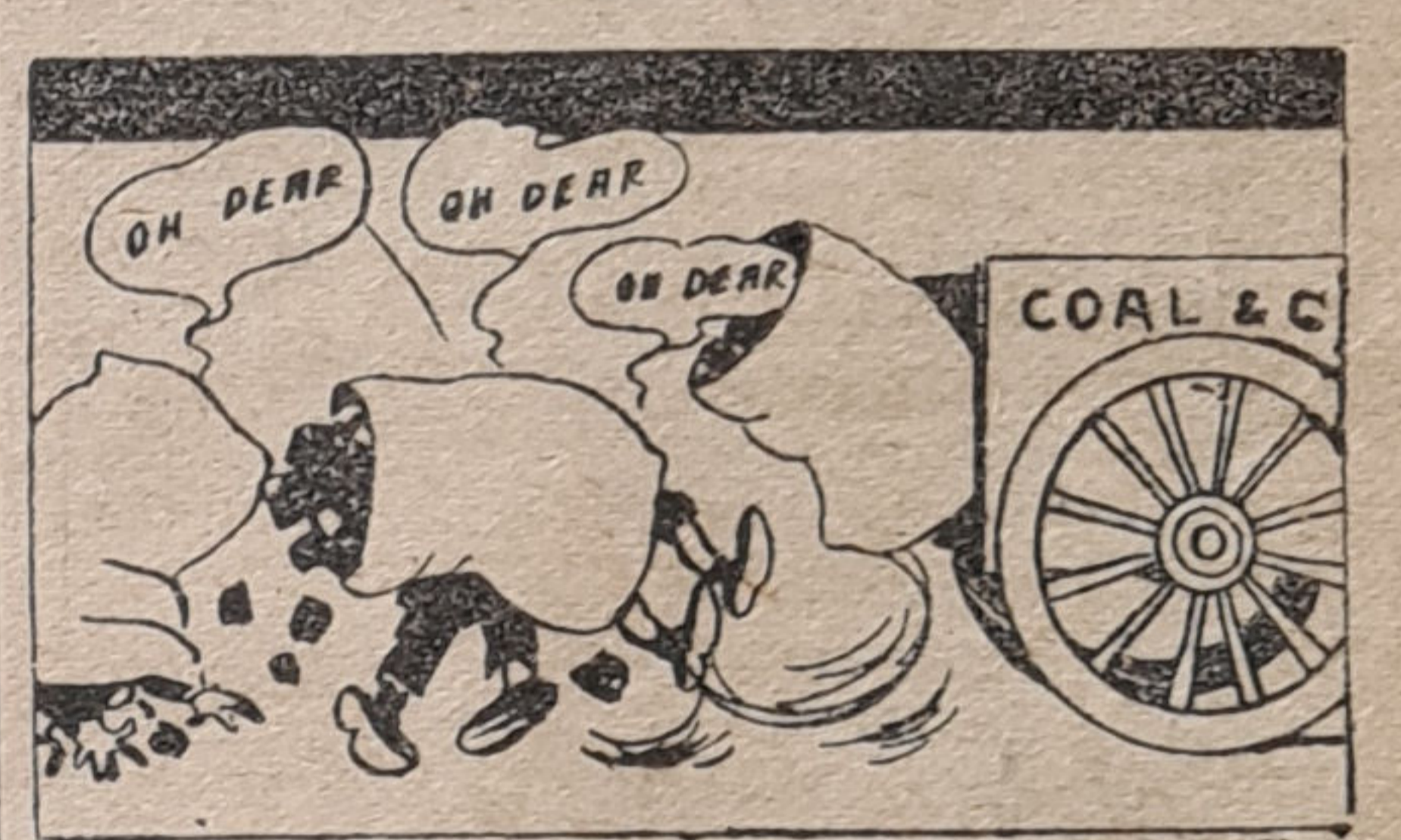
**PROFITABLE SPORT.**



1.—The Alley kids go out for an afternoon's sledging —



2.—And return —

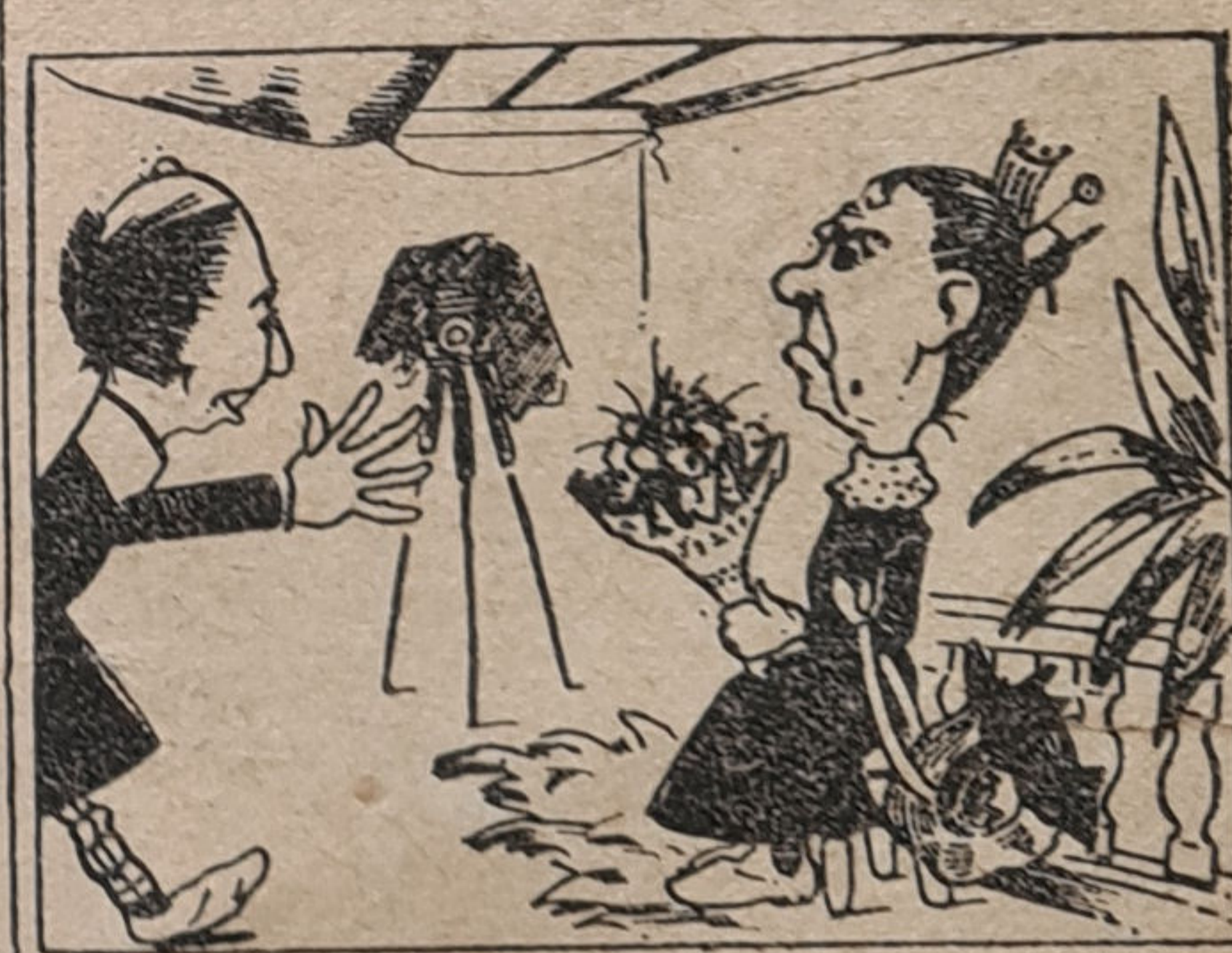


3.—Each with a —

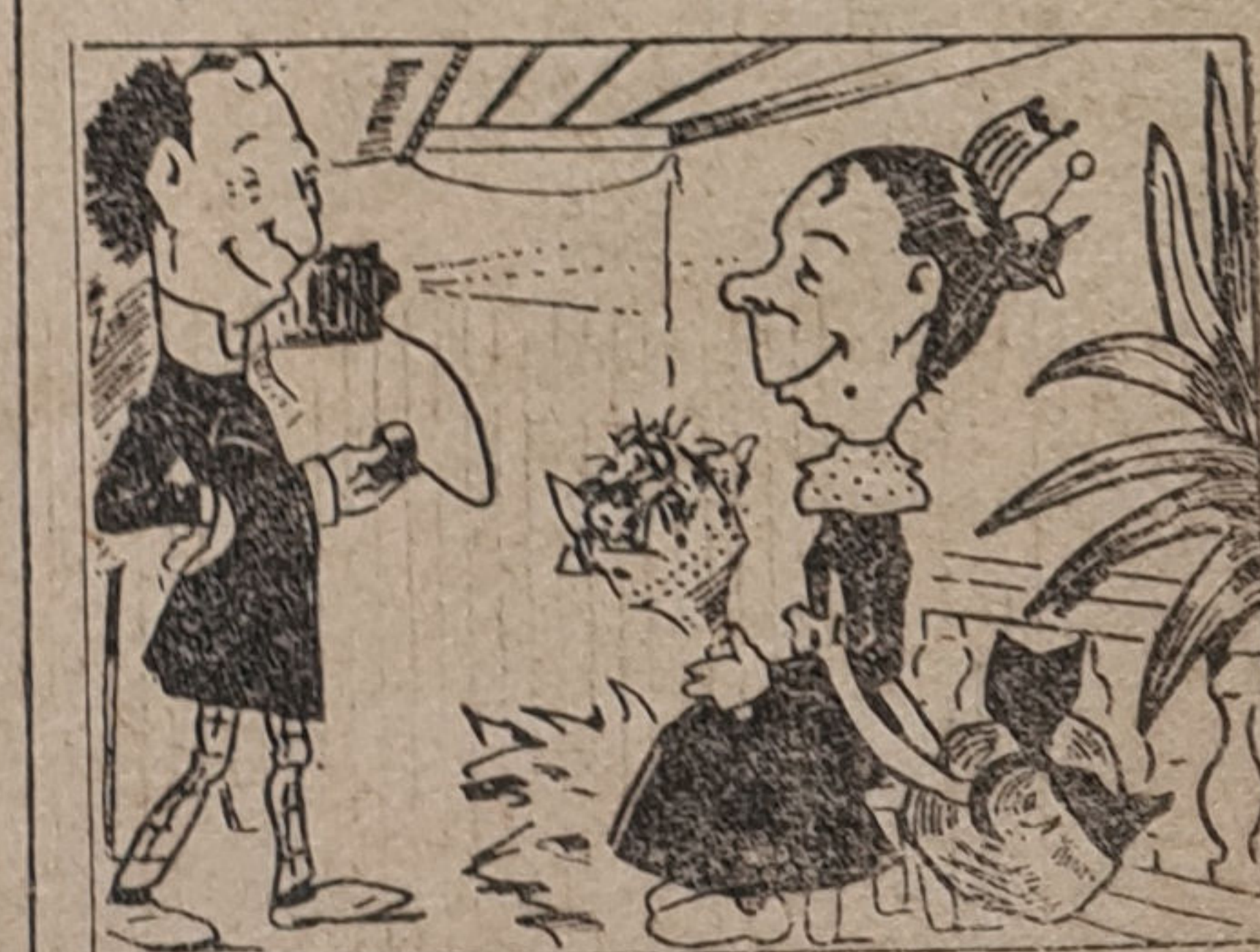


4.—Sack o' coal.

**HIS LITTLE GAME.**



1.—PHOTOGRAPHER (to himself): "Goodness! What a brutal expression! What shall I do?" (Aloud) "My dear madam, if you could only try and look a little severe—I know it is hard—your face being used only to lines of angelic sweetness and youthful merriment—still—"



2.—"Ah, the very thing, madam. The photo will be a perfect success now."



# TOM REDFERN'S SCHOOLDAYS.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

## GOOD SAMARITANS!

Saturday afternoon.

Morning school was over, and the boys of Ronan's had turned out into the bright sunny Close in high spirits.

A half-holiday is ever welcome to the average schoolboy, and the St. Ronan's fellows were no exception to the rule.

Many of the fellows went down to the river, while others strolled off to the playing fields for cricket practice.

The glances of the chums of the Fourth followed the latter longingly.

Cricket appealed very strongly to Tom Redfern and Pat Butler, and to Frank as well, and they would gladly have spent a few hours that afternoon on the pitch with the rest of the Ronan's juniors.

But it was not to be.

Tom had made up his mind, and when he made up his mind, his chums were usually not long in coming to his way of thinking.

"We are going to play the giddy good Samaritans this afternoon," Tom Redfern declared. "We've got to give up the cricket and the river for the good of the cause."

Frank nodded.

"Well, I've no objection to that, if it will really do any good," he remarked.

"My dear kid, there won't be any good done in this matter if we don't do it," Tom Redfern replied.

"Very likely, but—"

"Faith, and how are we going to help Gore?" exclaimed Pat Butler. "We've already got into one row over the confounded fellow, through talking over his affairs in the class room."

Tom Redfern grinned at the recollection of the scene with the German master.

Herr Bebel had been unusually subdued for several days, the result of the ragging he had experienced at the hands of the young ventriloquist.

"Still, we're ready to get into another, if it's any use," said Frank. "I don't like to see St. Ronan's fellows in the hands of a money-lending scoundrel like Isaacs, if we can help him out."

"Sure and he would knock our heads together, kids, if he caught us helping him, and guessed that we knew anything about the matter at all, at all."

"Quite so!"

"Still, we're going to do our best," said

quism will come in useful, and we shall be able to give Isaacs a set-down."

"Oh, very well, then, we'll give up the cricket if ye like, ye gossoon, and come with ye to Fernford," said Pat, in a tone of resignation.

"Righto!" assented Frank.

"That's right; I knew you would—"

"There wouldn't be any peace unless we did, you bounder!"

"Well, in the sacred cause of—"

"Rats! What's the game now? We're going to follow your lead, so lead on for goodness sake," said Frank. "And let us be doing something or other."

"Or somebody or other!" grinned Pat.

"Dry up, Paddy. Where are we going now, Tom?"

"To Fernford."

"But—"

"Well, what?"

"From what we heard the other afternoon, Gore isn't to be at the moneylender's office till four o'clock."

"I know that."

"Besides, we shall have to follow him if we are to get on the spot and take a hand in the game."

Tom Redfern shook his head.

"Nothing of the sort!"

His chums looked at him in puzzled inquiry.

"What's your idea then, Tom?"

"We had better get to Fernford first."

"But we don't know where the moneylender's office is."

"I suppose we can easily find it."

"Well, yes, I suppose we could."

"You see," explained Tom Redfern, "when Gore leaves St. Ronan's to go over there, he will probably be a bit nervous about being followed."

Frank grinned.

"Well, yes, as he knows perfectly well that a visit to the moneylender's office would lead to his expulsion from St. Ronan's, if it came to Dr. Lascelles' ears, I have no doubt he will be feeling a bit rotten."

"Well, then, it would be pretty difficult to follow him such a long way without getting spotted."

"Thru for ye, my bhoys! Sure and he's a suspicious baste at the best of times!" said Pat Butler, with a nod.

"Good! If we are on the ground first, we can watch for Gore coming, and save all the risk of being spotted."

"Something in that."

"Well, as it's my idea, I should rather say there was something in it," said Tom Redfern, loftily. "It takes a fellow like me to think of these things."

"Oh, don't gas," said Frank, with a grimace.

"We know exactly how many horse-power your brain works at—"

"Cheese it! We may as well start now, as we may have to take some time finding the beastly moneylender's office in Fernford, and we don't want to risk being late on the scene."

"Righto!"

"Come along, then. Follow your uncle."

And the chums of the Fourth Form at St. Ronan's made their way down to the great gates of the college.

Shandon and Sleath were lounging in the gateway, and they glanced at the three chums as they passed.

"Hullo!" said Shandon. "Where are you going?"

"Going to mind our own business," said Tom Redfern, blandly.

Shandon scowled.

The chums of the Fourth walked on down the road, and vanished from sight.

Not till they were out of sight of the school did the three chums take the lane to Fernford.

They had no desire to be either followed or questioned by inquisitive juniors of St. Ronan's.

It was a good long walk, but they had started in ample time, and it was scarcely half-past three when they arrived in the town.

It was a quaint old place, with narrow, winding streets, and it was not an easy task to find the office of Isaacs the moneylender especially as the boys did not care to inquire openly for it. But the place was found at last.

It was an old-fashioned private house, with a long garden in front thick with overgrown bushes and weeds.

It was plain that Mr. Isaacs had no eye to Nature's beauty, and that the state of his garden

was a matter of supreme indifference to him.

A brass plate on the gate announced to all that might be interested that Mr. Isaacs lived there, and that he dealt in loans.

The window of the front room of the little house, looking out into a mass of unkempt bushes bore the legend "Office" on the dusty pane.

Tom Redfern stopped at the gate.

He gave a quick glance round, and then signed to his chums to follow him into the garden. They were quick to take the cue.

In a few moments the three were in the midst of the thick ragged bushes, secure from observation either from the street or the house.

Tom Redfern was breathing rather quickly.

There was a sparkle in his eyes as he turned to his chums in the cover of the thick bushes.



"Hullo!" said Shandon, "where are you going?"

"Going to mind our own business," said Tom Redfern, blandly.

"I think we did that rather neatly, kids."

"Thru for ye, me bhoys."

"Rather," assented Frank.

"I think."

Tom Redfern broke off suddenly.

There was a crunching footstep on the path through the garden.

The St. Ronan's juniors peered out of the screen of tangled bush.

A well-known figure was passing up the ill-kept path to the house.

Tom Redfern laid his finger on his lips.

"Gore!" he whispered.

It was indeed Gore.

The nephew of the Bishop of Barchester was coming to keep his appointment with the moneylender of Fernford.

The clock at the church boomed out the hour of four as Gore knocked at the door of the moneylender's house.

"He's in time," whispered Frank.

Tom Redfern nodded.

"He dare not be late, I imagine, Frank."

"You are right."

They heard the door open.

There was a number of voices, and then it closed again.

Tom Redfern's eyes glittered.

"Listen!" he whispered.

The sound of voices was audible again.

It proceeded from the room marked "OFFICE" on the window, and evidently came out through the window, which was open on account of the heat.

Mr. Isaacs evidently had no suspicion that any eavesdroppers might be hiding among the ragged bushes in his garden, and he had opened the window thoughtlessly, and now the juniors of St. Ronan's could hear the voices of the talkers within.

They could not distinguish the words, but could easily be obviated by getting nearer to the window, the bushes growing right up to the sill.

Tom Redfern hesitated for a moment.

He did not like to play the odious part of an eavesdropper, even upon such an unscrupulous rascal as Isaacs.

But it was only for a moment.

The moneylender's victim was to be saved if possible; that was why the juniors were there.

(To be continued.)



## NOBBLER AND JERRY



### A WORD IN SEASON.

We attended a race meeting, the other day, did me & Jerry, with a basket of shrimps.

It was a glorious day, & we didn't feel at all proud of ourselves, I can tell yer, as orl the titled nobs & their ladies' fair recognised us with a nod & a smile.

Standing near the grand stand, we began to do a roaring trade supplying little penny bags of the afore-mentioned table delicacy when my attention was attracted to the strange behaviour of a well-dressed man, evidently of gentle birth.

He seemed to be in a most distressed state of mind, & as he passed & repassed our shrimp store which consisted of a fruit basket turned upside down & an old tea tray he kept muttering to himself.

"That's dun it! That's dun me in! I'm a ruined man abserlutely! Wat will become of my poor wife?"

Anxious to know whether I could be of any assistance, I strolled over to him & asked why his brow was furrowed.

"I am in dire distress," he wailed.

"Wat about?" I inquired, cheerfully.

"Well," he says, "Unless I can find a rider for my mare, 'Sore Eyed Sal,' for the Glued Hoof Handicap, I'm a ruined man abserlutely! My jockey has just sent me a wire to say, he's bin & overslept hisself this morning on purpose, & that when he gets up, he's going out for a day's travelling with a cure for red noses."

"Cum," I says, "pull yoreself together! I shouldn't let a little thing like that upset me. Couldn't you find somebody else. There's as good fish out of the sea as ever was in it. How will I do?"

"Do?" he cried, excitedly. "Why, you'd do a treat. Are you really in earnest about riding for me?"

"Yes," I says. "Certainly."

"I don't know how to thank you," he says, beaming over with joy. "Cum to the dressing-room and try my colours on."

So I tried his colours on, a carrotty coat and elbow sleeves. They were miles too big. Then I was shown the mare I was to ride.

"Is this the animal," I says, as he led me to Sore-Eyed Sal.

"Yuss," he says.

"Why, this is an old 'bus horse, that until lately has been running for The Spar Omnibus Co., in South London!"

"Yuss, that's rite," he says.

"She's a rank outsider!" I says. "She stands no earthly. Whose riding the favour-ite?"

"Sammy Louts," he replied. "He's bin specially sent for to make success doubly sure."

"If a man like that," I says, thoughtfully, "is riding Tinned Salmon, the favourite, I don't see how you can expect to win."

"I know my mare stands no earthly," continued the gent, but orl the same, it'll av to win to save my stately old home in Surroy, from the dread clutches of the brokers.

"Very well," I says, as I mounted. "I'll do the best I can."

There was a good field & after a couple of breaks away, we were orf.

For a mile the horses orl kept together & then, sumthing in a pink jacket, white sleeves & cap, drew away from the ruck.

The vast crowd, who had backed the favourite, went nearly nutty with excitement, as the horse obtained the lead without the slightest effort.

We were now approaching the distance & lusty shouts of "The favourite wins! Tinned Salmon walks home!" rent the air.

Orl at once, however, these cries suddenly ceased, for I managed to get Sore-Eyed Sal to rush past Tinned Salmon.

Immediately Sammy Louts got to work with arms and legs, but orl to no purpose, for as Capt. Coe reported next day, "After a terrific struggle, such as is seldom seen on a race course, you could av struck me pink when I saw that well-known sport or Nobbler & Jerry fame, beat the favourite on the post by a head."

After the race, I was congratulated by the King (of Sausages) who, taking me on one side, asked me how I had managed to win such a classic event on such an old crock.

"Well, yore majesty," I says, "to tell you the plain, unvarnished truth, the animal ran away with me."

"Well, when I could see she was absolutely bunkered up, I whispered in her ear-ole,

"Sal, the knacker's man is just behind," she then literally flew for her life & I've won a handsome present from her owner through it."

Yours merrily, LEW LAKE.



"We are going to play the Giddy Good Samaritans this afternoon."

Tom Redfern, with a decided nod of the head.

"Sure, and what's the programme then?"

Redfern laughed.

"I don't know."

"But if ye don't know—"

"Ass! We shall have to be guided by circumstances."

"Arrah, then—"

"At any rate, I am sure that my ventrilo-

THE PRIZE BAT.

(Continued from page 2.)

least learned on cricket-lore had any hope left now.

But the next man was a stone-waller, and he helped Jack to put on thirty-two runs before he was taken at cover-point.

Jack Collison was now playing splendid cricket and had made twenty-five.

Play was very slow indeed, and tea-time arrived with seven wickets down for sixty-one. Fifty-one runs were required with only three wickets to fall.

Play was resumed at half-past five. There was yet an hour and a-half to go, for stumps were to be drawn at seven. Fifty-one runs to be made on a bad pitch in a falling light with only the tail to make them. The game seemed lost already and there were few, indeed, who held out any hope of even a draw.

But Jack and his partner, a tall, sturdy youngster, named Brooks, were loudly cheered as they left the pavilion. Brooks had shaped well and made three not out. He took guard and received the first ball. It was a slow twisting ball which Brooks only just managed to smother, the second was similar, but the third he managed to place between slip and third man, and they ran once. Jack now received the bowling, beating every ball with respect, and the over ended without further runs being scored.

MacLeod took off Williams and put himself on bowling. He was fast and slightly erratic. His first ball was a wide, and the next whizzed by on the leg, and a couple of byes were run. Brook cut the next ball past cover-point. A boundary!

The onlookers held their breath. Were these two going to make a stand?

III.

Brooks licked his lips. He told himself that he was in form. He was going to try to force the game and make runs. The next ball was also on the off. Brook cut it hard and it went skimming through the slips close to the ground. Long slip ran in and took it one-handed, so close to the grass that some thought it had touched the ground.

But the umpire said "out" and Brook marched away, evidently dissatisfied. Forty-three to get and two wickets to fall. Lorrimer came in next, he was a change bowler, with no pretensions to batting, but he kept the four remaining balls of the over away from his stumps, and the field changed over, leaving Jack facing the redoubted Denson.

The first two he played, the third beat him but missed his stumps, whilst the fourth and fifth went by on the off. From the last ball of the over, he executed a pretty leg glide, and to the intense relief of the onlookers, received MacLeod's bowling.

This he treated respectfully, not trying to score until he received the last ball of the over. This he placed for a single, and again received the bowling.

This performance was repeated at the end of nearly every over, and the score crept up and up. Lorrimer received a few balls from time to time, and how they failed to hit his wicket puzzled everybody. He had a narrow shave every straight ball he received.

Jack Collison was now quite at home with the bowling, and the score crept up and up, from seventy to eighty, eighty to ninety, and one

draw. But just as the triumphant shouts were loud, Jack failed to score off the last ball of the over, and Lorrimer was left to deal with a whole over from Denson, who was bowling again.

The first ball settled the question. A wicked little break from the off, and a ball which clean beat him knocked away a bail.

Amidst breathless silence, he walked away, and the last man came in. A hundred and one—nine—three called out the scorer to the man at the telegraph.

The last man was even a worse bat than Lorrimer; played, in fact, for his splendid fielding at point. More than that, he was nervous, and his hands shook as if he were palsied as he walked to the wickets.

Jack came to meet him, and whispered something in his ear. A moment later, and he was waiting for the ball, having carefully taken middle and off, and hammered the pitch with much precision.

Denson sent down a ball that pitched off the wicket and broke inwards. The last man never moved his bat. The ball struck it and rolled backwards up the pitch. Somebody laughed. The field moved closer in.

The next ball went by on the off, but the next struck the edge of the bat, and went through his legs. Jack was backing up well, and they managed to steal a run.

Jack played two balls cautiously, but confidently, and the third he cut past point for a single. The spectators breathed again. He was facing Williams. Five of William's balls were treated with respect; the last was snicked to leg for another single.

"Last over!" cried the umpire, as Denson took the ball.

"Eight to win, and one over in which to make them. Would he do it, or would he get out?"

Denson bit his lips as he took the ball. He gripped the seam for every atom of screw he could get on the ball. The first ball whizzed the air as it came in. It nearly hit Jack. The second our hero cut hard and true, but cover-point stopped it red rot and twisting, and returned it to the wicket-keeper.

The third ball was hit round to leg for two, and the run evoked a storm of cheers from the pavilion. The fourth ball was a yorker, and Jack barely played it. From the fifth ball Jack scored another couple, and the boys went frantic. He nerved himself to receive the last ball of the match. Should he risk the game by striving to win it, or should he let it remain a draw. A single boundary meant winning the game, the fall of his wicket meant a loss.

In the moment that elapsed, he tried to put himself in the bowler's place to see what he would do. He would send down, under the circumstances, a straight good-length ball.

As Denson delivered the ball, he ran right out of his crease, turning a good length ball into a half-volley. He caught it fair and full on the driving part of his bat, felt it rebound, and watched it soar in the air high over the boundary and down, down into the road beyond.

The School had won, and a mean plot had recoiled upon the head of the plotter!

The cheering was terrific, and from the boundary-line, all round the field the boys came flocking to carry Jack to the pavilion on their shoulders. Our hero had carried his bat for a magnificent sixty-five.

On the following day Jack knocked on the door of Broad's study, and having received permission, entered the room.

"Hallo!" Broad cried. "Come and sit down. Glad to see you."

"Don't be, you're not," Jack said, "and you'll be less pleased than ever when you hear what I've got to tell you."

Broad rose to his feet. "If I don't care to hear what you say, I shan't trouble to hear it. This is my study, and there is the door."

"I think Bunder owes you some money?" Jack said.

"What's that to do with you?"

"He will pay you today."

"Eh?"

"I have lent him sufficient for him to get out of your clutches," Jack went on. "The game is up. He has told me everything. What a low, sneaking hound you are!"

"I—I couldn't help it," Broad whined. "I wanted the money so much. There was no one who could have saved me. As it is, I am

A GRAND CRICKET COMPETITION. £5 PRIZE MONEY £5.

We are GIVING you the above in conjunction with the Editors of "Vanguard," "World's Comic," and "Smiles." You all take a great interest in cricket! You all do, or should follow the grand national game! Here is your chance. Don't miss it. Send in the form below and win the FIVE POUNDS this week. It's for YOU. The form must be sent so as to reach the Office on SATURDAY, the 16th of May. Any forms arriving later will be disqualified. The Matches given in the Coupon below are arranged to be played during the week ending May 23rd.

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To be played at

Lords.—M.C.C. v. Hampshire.  
Worcester.—Worcestershire v. Surrey.  
Bradford.—Yorkshire v. Kent.  
Trent Bridge.—Notts. v. Leicester.  
Derby.—Derbyshire v. Sussex.

To be played at

Manchester.—Lancashire v. Northamptonshire  
Lords.—M.C.C. v. Worcestershire.  
Leyton.—Essex v. Yorkshire.  
Manchester.—Lancashire v. Derbyshire.  
Taunton.—Somerset v. Sussex.

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"Funny Cuts."

Cut out the form above, stick it on a sheet of paper, then strike out WITH INK the name of the eleven you think WILL LOSE the particular match. If you think any of the matches will be drawn, then WRITE A BOLD 'D' AT THE LEFT HAND SIDE OF THE FIRST NAMED TEAM IN THE MATCH, and strike both names through. Any other marks on the coupon will disqualify it.

Fill in full name and address on the form and send in a sealed envelope (penny stamp) addressed to CRICKET EDITOR, "FUNNY CUTS" OFFICE, 32, FLEET LANE, E.C., so as to reach the Office not later than SATURDAY, MAY 16th.

The competitor who sends in the most accurate forecast will receive the above gift of FIVE POUNDS STERLING (Ties divide). Winners will be announced first in "FUNNY CUTS." NOTE.—You may have as many attempts at winning the Five Pounds as you care to send in, but each attempt MUST BE made on the form printed above. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final on every point respecting this competition.

WINNERS IN THE 18th FOOTBALL FORECAST COMPETITION.

We regret to announce that owing to the large number of coupons received in this particular Competition the Winners cannot be announced till next week. Look out for it!

ruined—absolutely ruined."

"You are going to get more money than you deserve," Jack said. "I have been round to your creditors and offered to stand as a surety for you. If you fulfil my one condition, you can pay at your leisure, and be safe from your uncle's anger."

"And the condition?" Broad said, trembling.

"That you don't return here next term. We don't want fellows of your sort in this place."

"I'll do it—I'll do it!" Broad cried, joyfully.

"Oh, Collison, old man, how can I say how sorry I am—how can I thank you?"

Jack said nothing, and turned to go.

Broad followed him to the door, with his hand outstretched.

"You'll shake, won't you?" he said.

"I don't know that I want to," Jack replied.

But he took the proffered hand, and went, closing the door behind him.

THE END.



loose shingle and boulders beside the landing-place.

The Smuggler's Cave yawned behind them, a huge, irregular arch in the beetling precipice.

FELLINGHAM SCHOOL AND THE BOYS THERE.

(Continued from page 3.)

"Come on, let us go down and have a look round. There may be more of the things lying about. Do you know what I believe? that this jewel is a relic of the Spanish Armada. You know there's a tradition that one of the Spanish boats ran ashore here and that her captain, Don Antonio Ferreira, and some of his crew managed to land, but were massacred by the villagers who found them on the cliffs."

"By Jove! you are very likely right, Fred. Come on, fellows and let's try and find some relics."

The four lads hurried down the zig-zag path to the lower cave at an even more reckless speed than Jim Bridge had done.

They all got down in safety, however; and immediately they threw themselves on their knees and began grubbing about among the

and extending back about fifty feet into the solid rock.

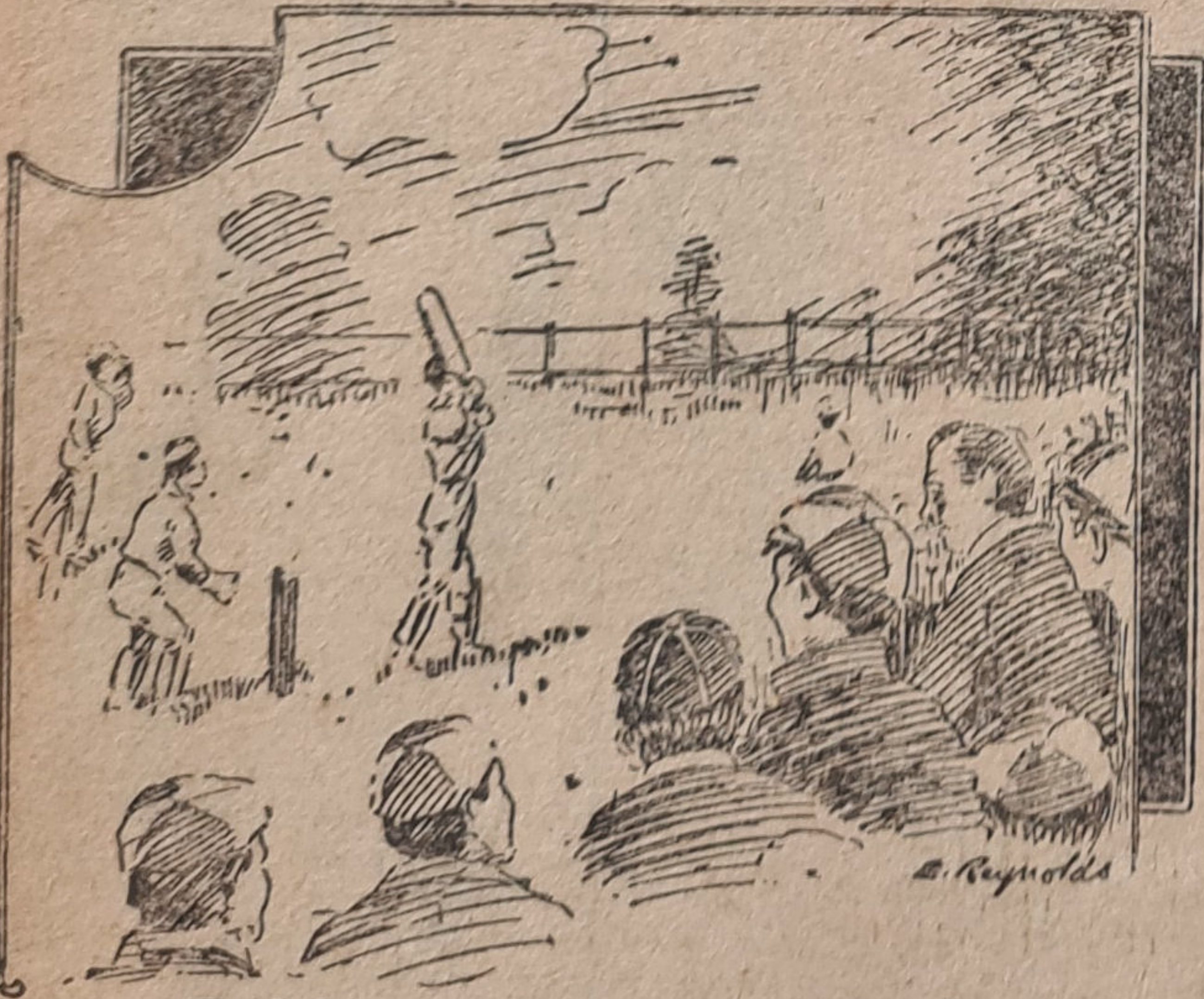
On the side they were, there was a fairly level ledge or shelf of rock, some ten feet wide, running from the projecting lip, that formed a natural landing place outside, to the extreme back of the cavern.

The ledge was not covered by the water except at very high tides, while the rest of the cavern was always flooded, even at low tide, as now.

In former days the smugglers rowed their contraband cargoes into the cave, landed them on this ledge as on a quay, and then, as we have said, hoisted or transported the goods at leisure up the zig-zag path and stored them in the caves above, where they were quite safe from discovery by any revenue men who might come nosing in a boat into the lower cavern.

Almost immediately Harry Baines cried out excitedly and held up an old-fashioned pistol, the butt of which shone with gold and flashed with jewels.

(To be continued next week.)

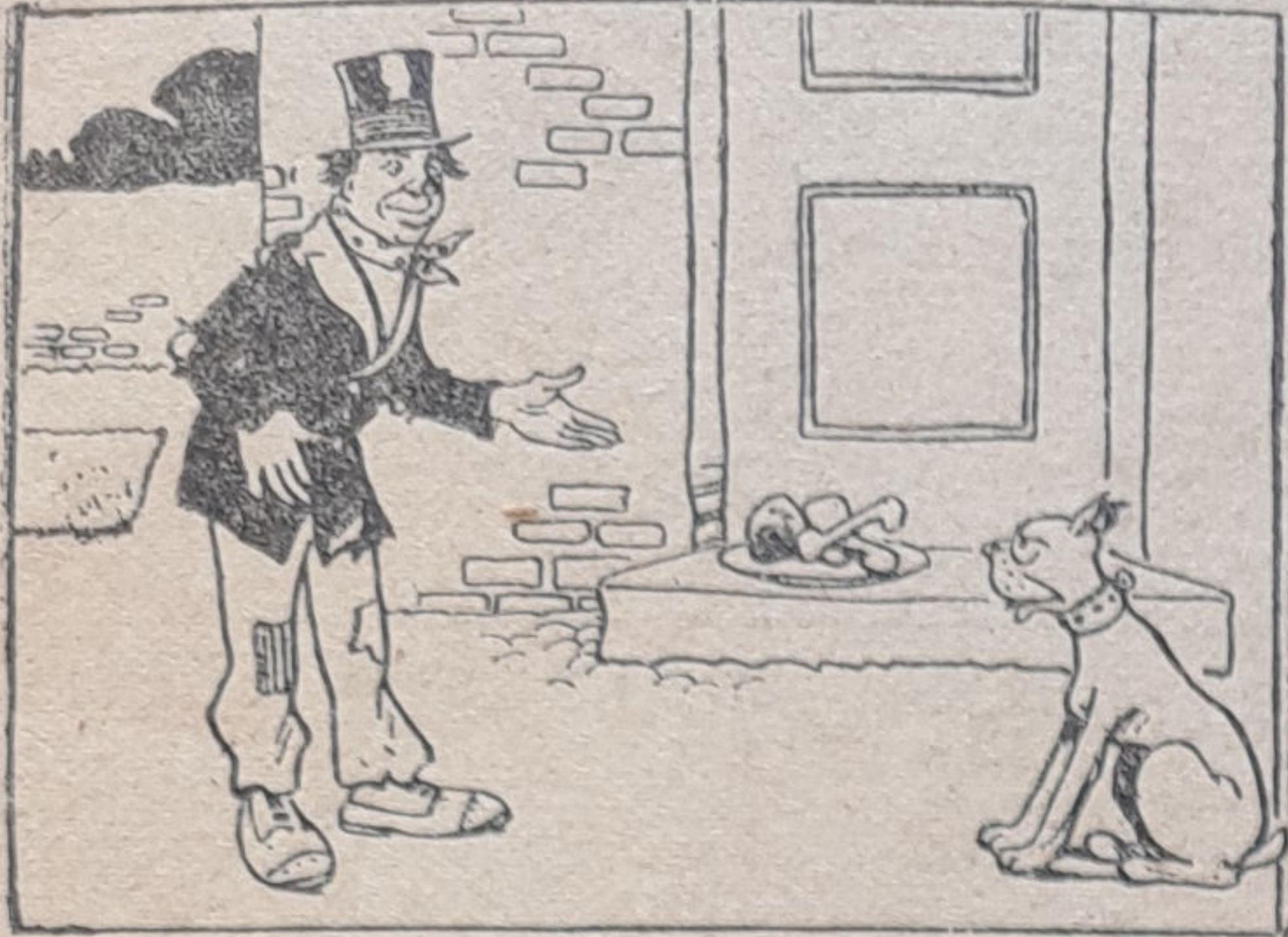


Watched it soar in the air high over the boundary.

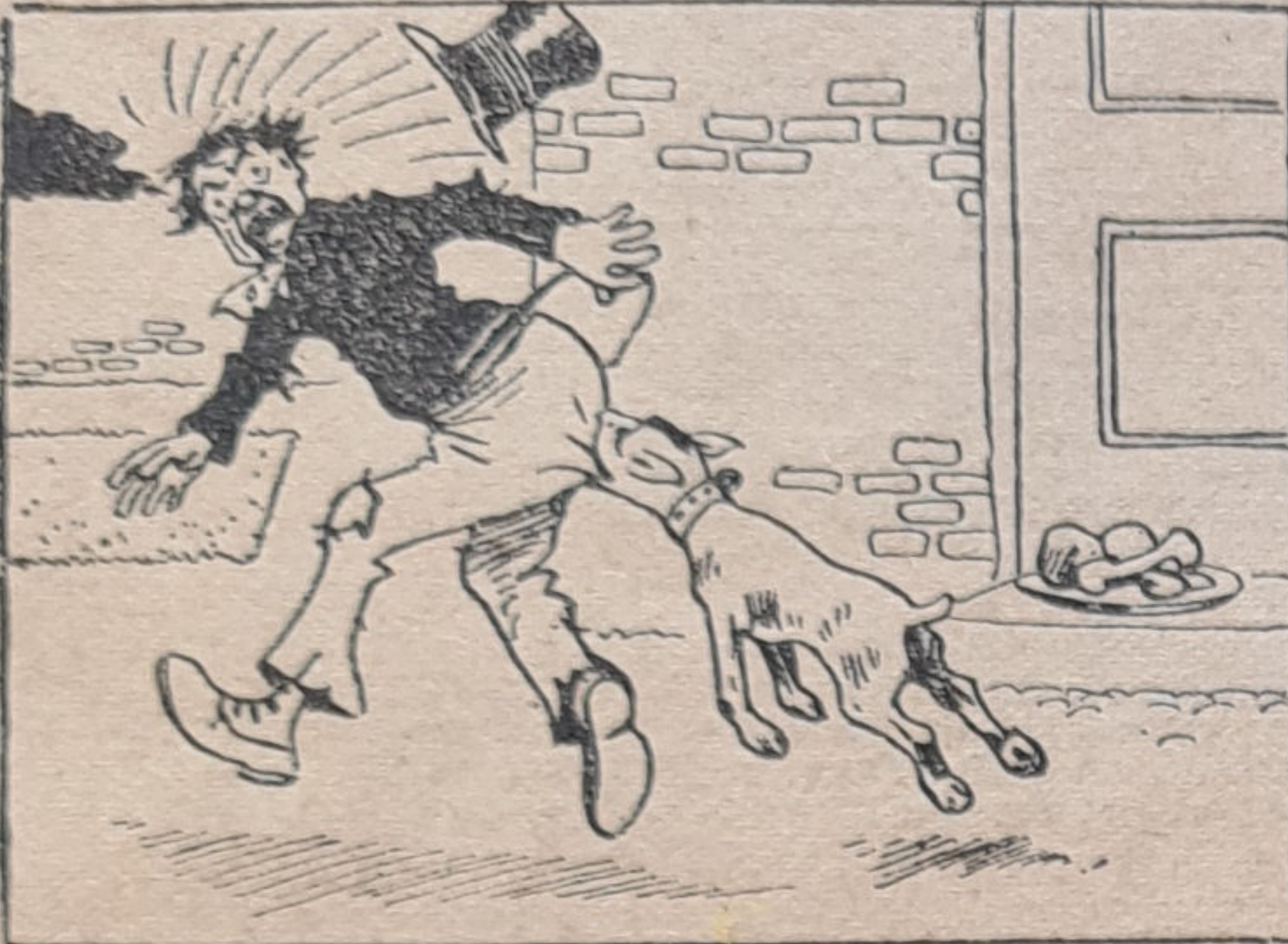
mighty cheer announced the twisting of the century.

Ten minutes remained for play, and in that time eleven runs were required for a win. The game had veered round, and it looked any odds on the school winning, or at least making a

ANOTHER SEAT CAPTURED.



1.—TRAMP (who is about to eat Grip's dinner): "Won't you take a seat?"

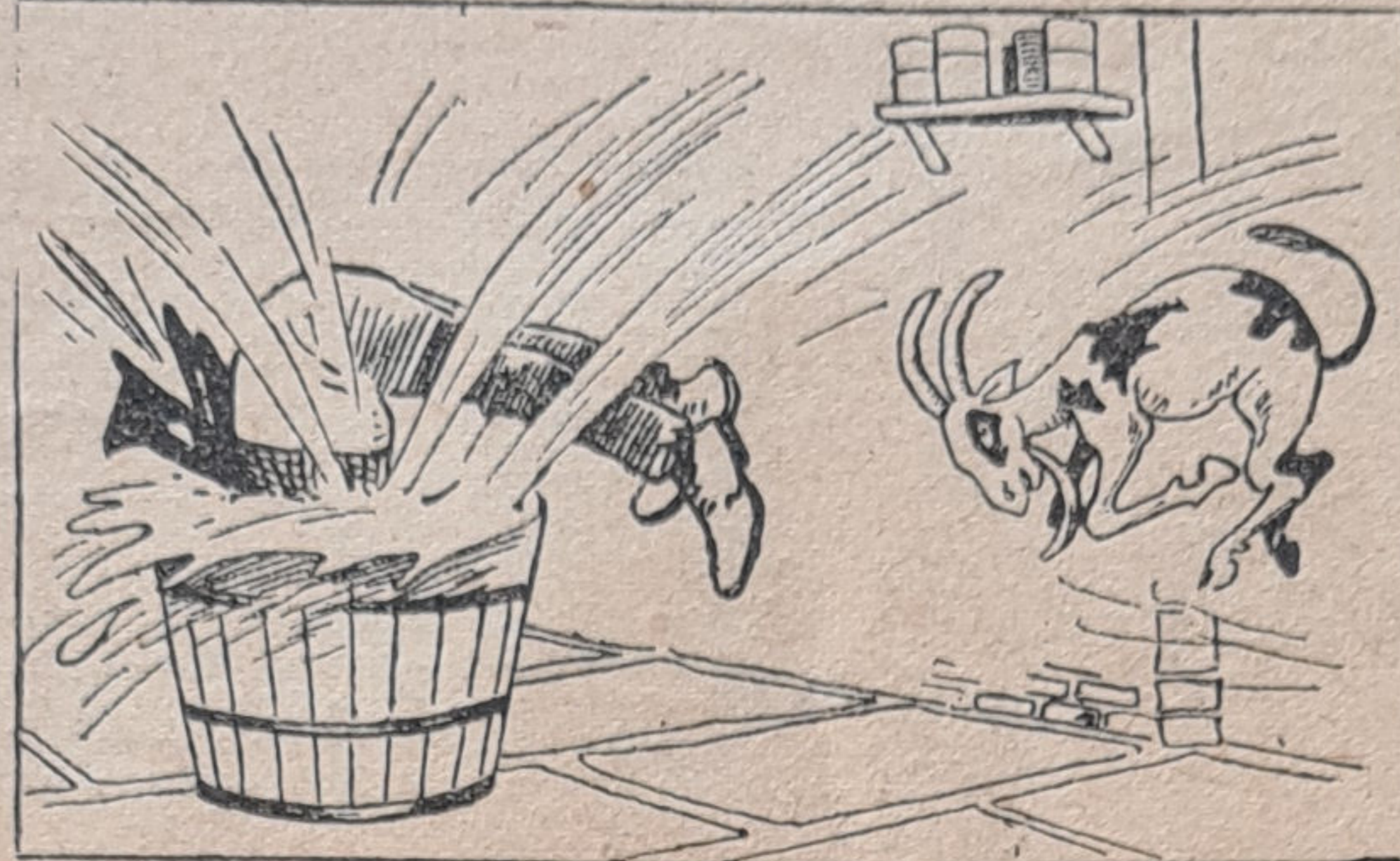


Grip: "Yes, but not that one."

THE TRAMP'S FIRST BATH.

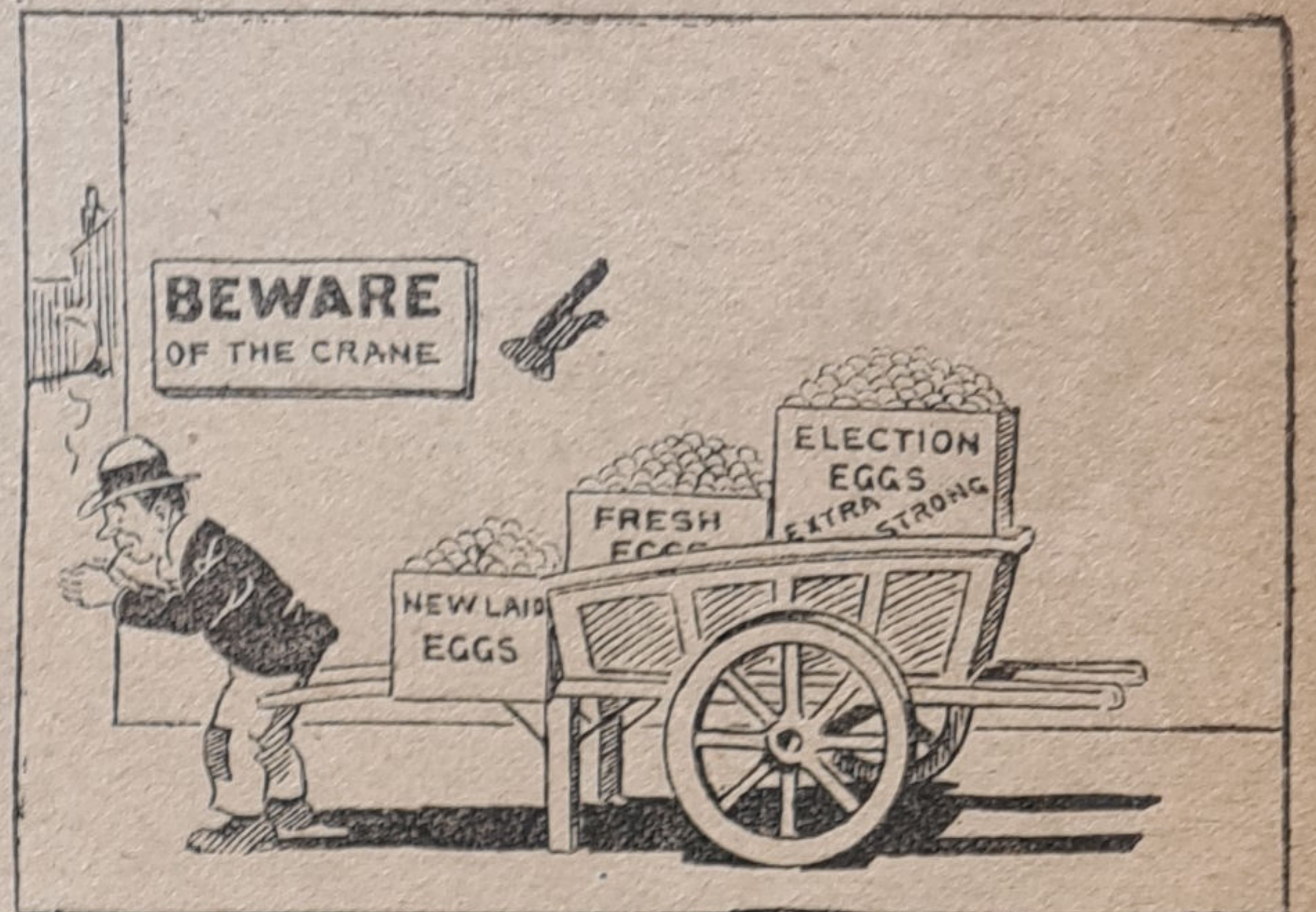


TRAMP: "Oh lor! Fancy, full of water! What an awful thing to fall in! Nothing in the world would force me to take a bath."

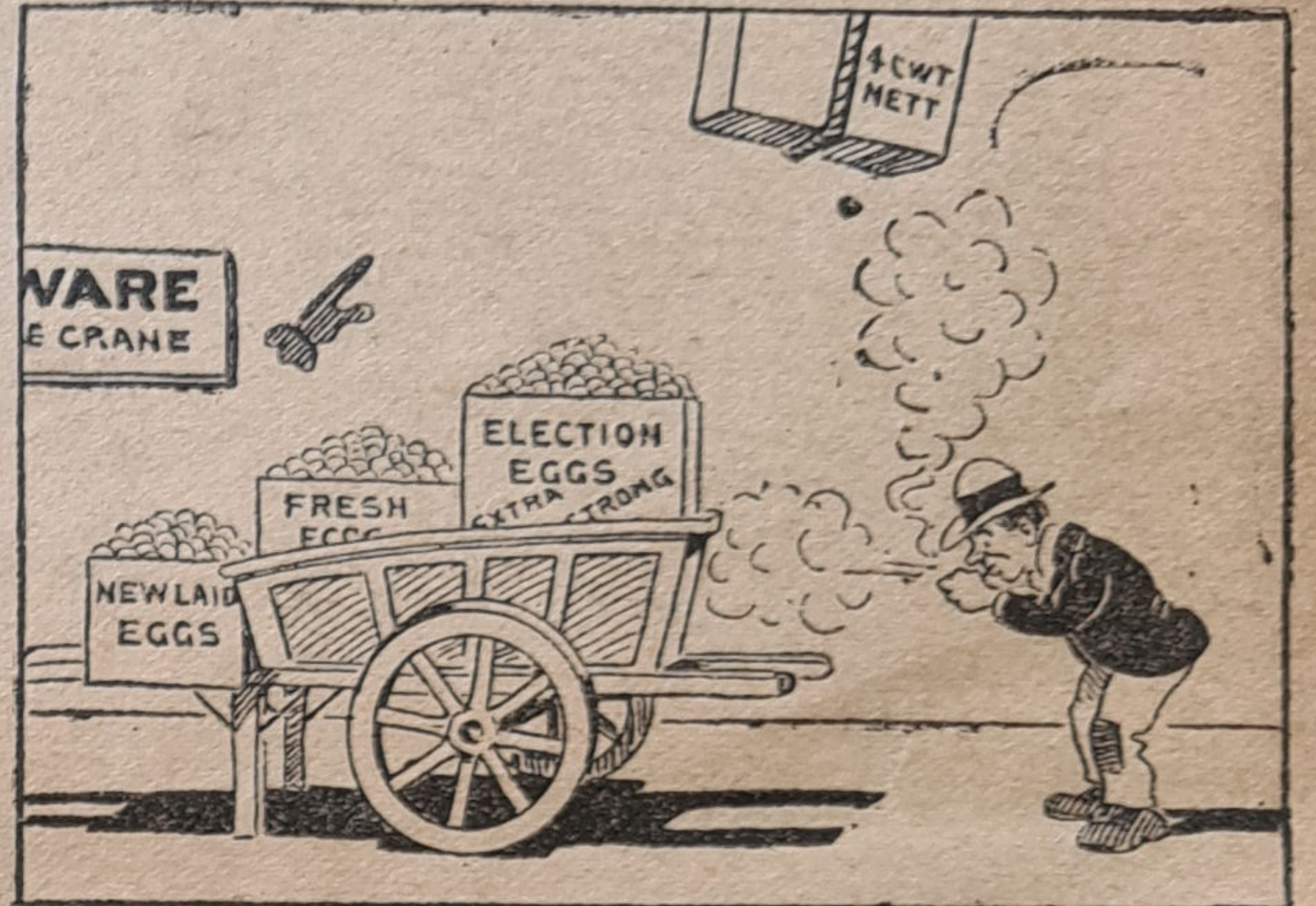


The Goat: "How's that for force?" And that poor tramp had a bath after all.

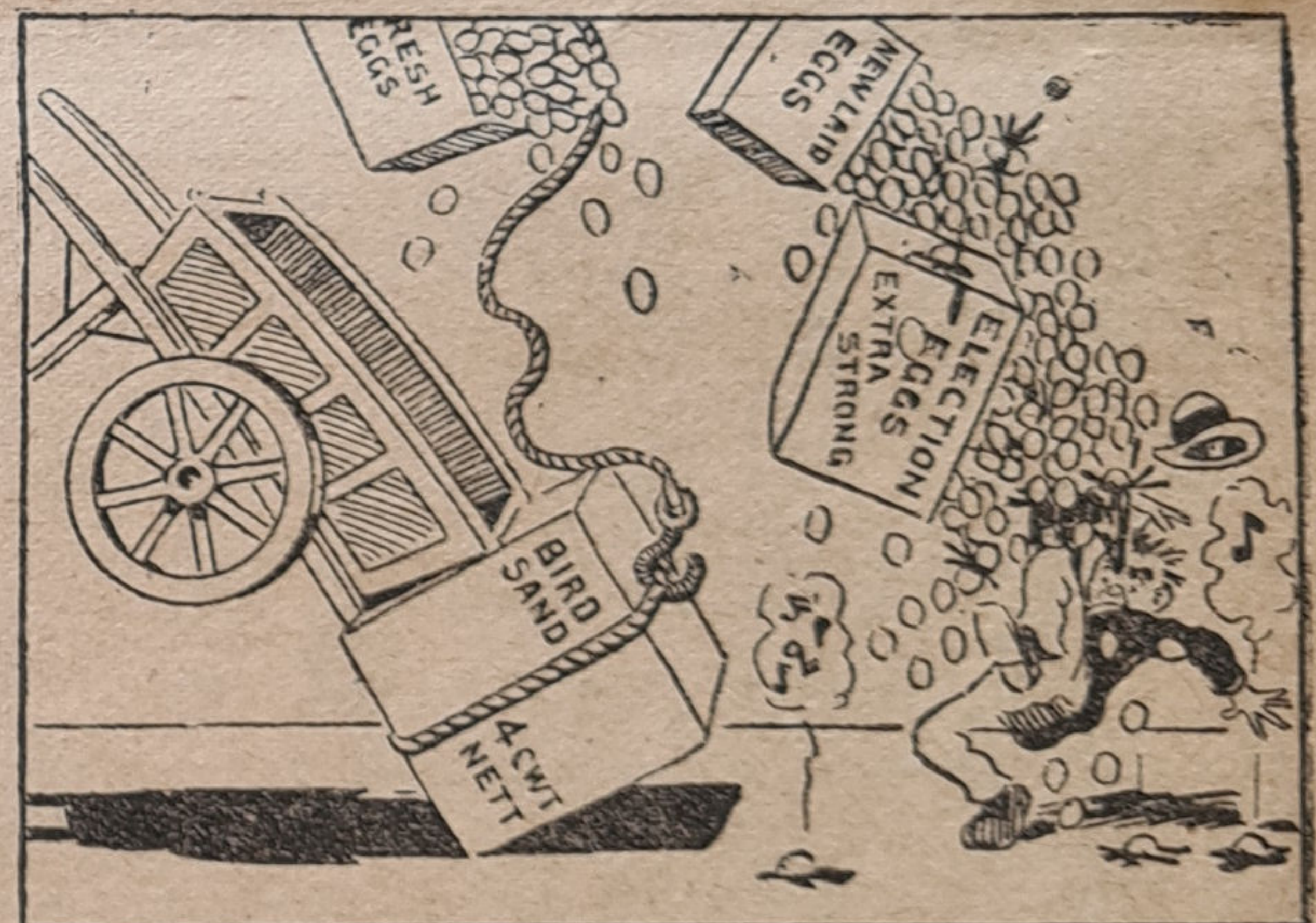
BEWARE OF THE CRANE.



1.—"Confound it! That's the third match."



2.—"I'll get behind the truck out of the wind. Ah, that's better."



3.—But, alas! the heavy box came down and upset the cargo of eggs.

POOR GUSSIE'S PROPOSAL.



1.—Young Gussie was offering his hand and heart to Gertie Sweetstuff, when the charwoman came in.

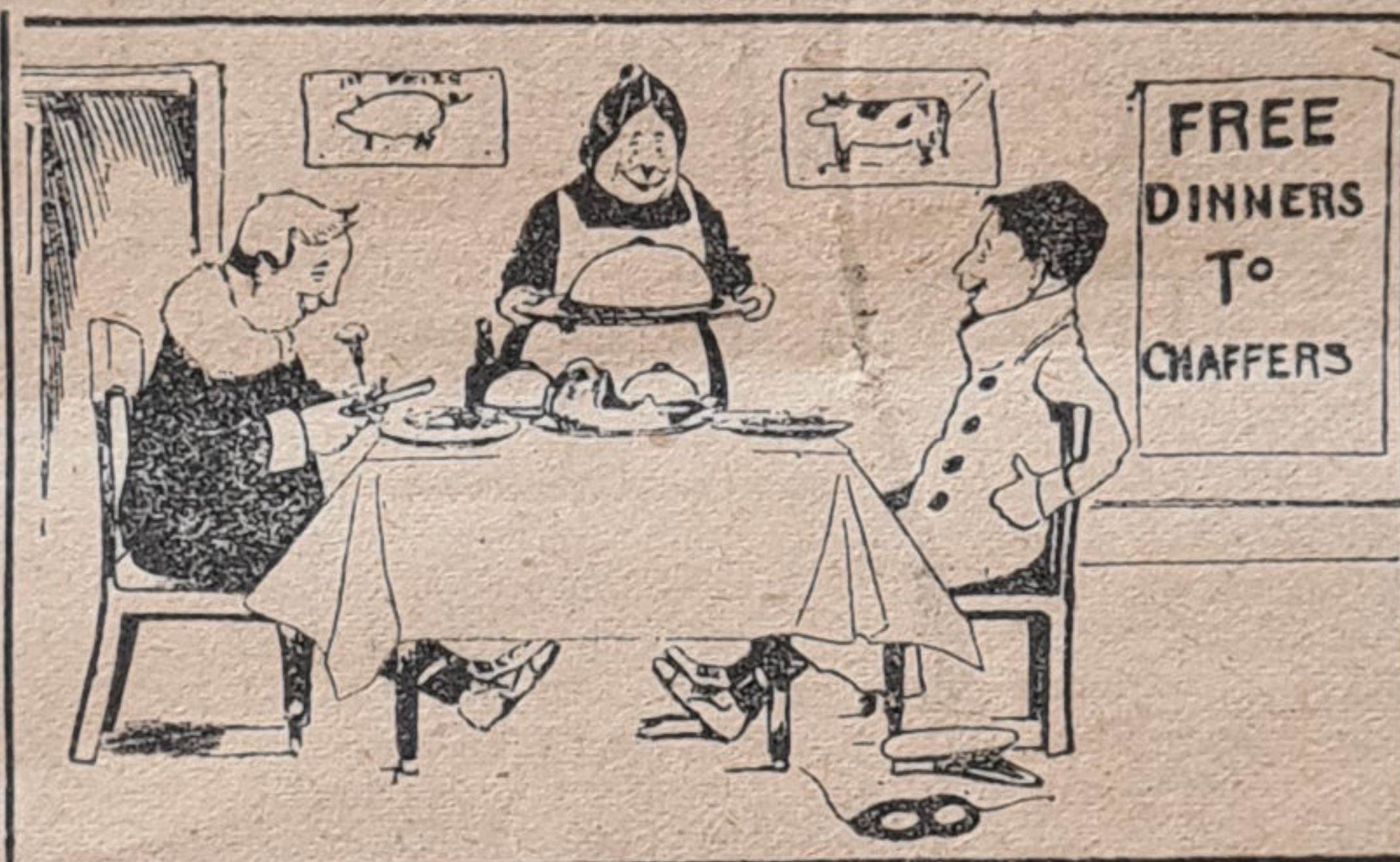


2.—And Gertie, being nervous, hooked it, but Gussie was so busy declaring his love, that he didn't notice the charlady had taken Gertie's place, and was offering him some refreshment, "Pe mine for ever more," cooed he, "or I swear I'll never leave the premises."

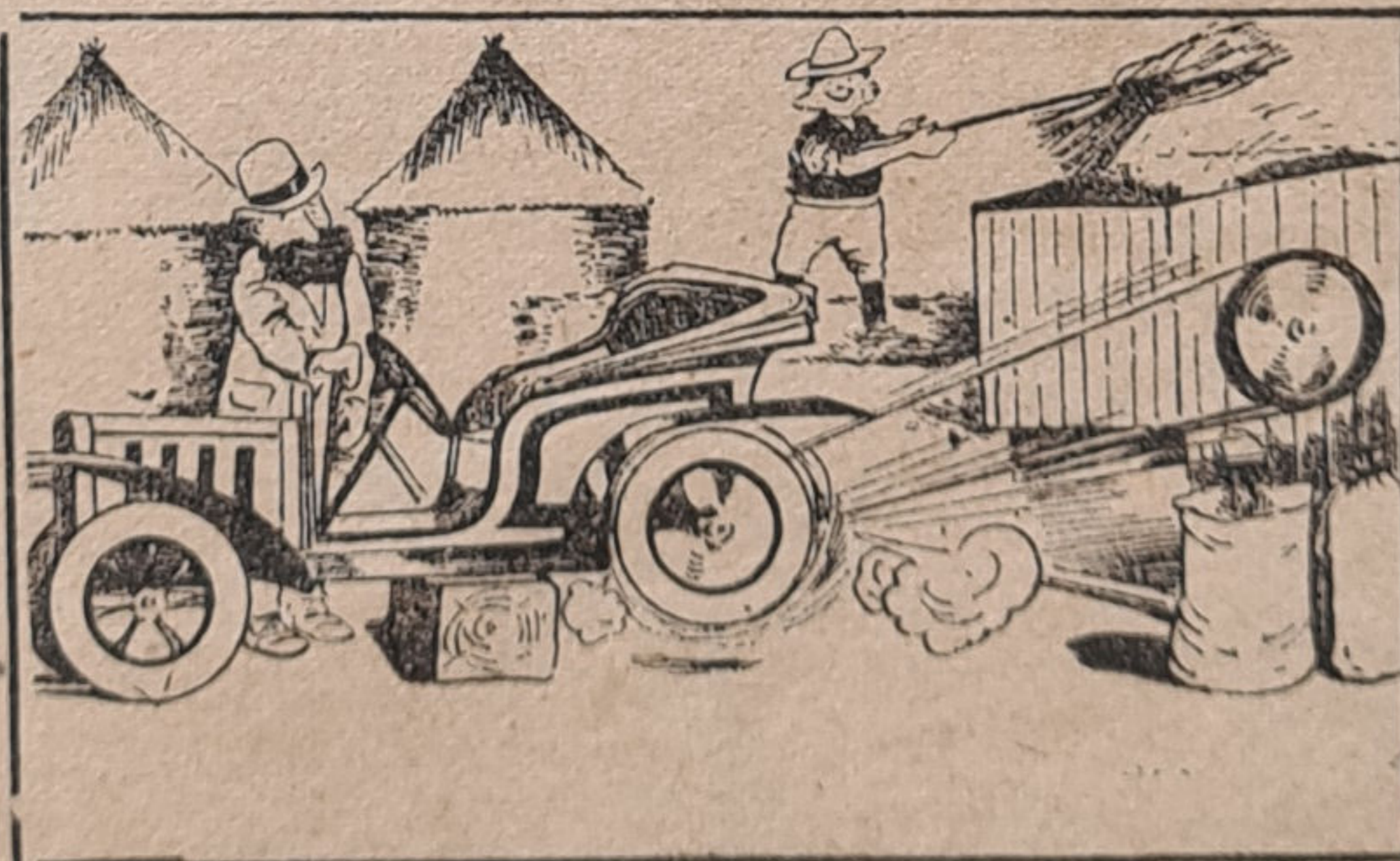


3.—Then he got up all of a suddint, and banged his head against the tray. Then it was that he did the swearing. Oh, lawks! he did look a hee haw hass. Very sad, ain't it?

ALL CHAFF.



1.—"WHAT I cannot understand, Mrs. Mutts, is how it pays you to give us motorists free dinners." "Lor, bless you, sir, its only too pleased we are to see you about the place."



2.—But if the motorists could have seen how farmer Mutts was working their 40 h-p. motor, they would have known that it was all chaff what Mrs. Mutts said.

A Very Agreeable Young Lady.



COUNTRY ROBERT (mournfully): "I suppose now that the holidays are over, you will return to town and forget all about me?" She: "I suppose so!"

FAIR OFFER.



GIGANTIC COSTER (on little donkey) to little Lord Tomtite (on immense hunter): "I say, mate, our mounts don't fit us very well! S'pose we changes!"

KIND GIRLIE.



HE: "This is the first time, Miss Sweetlips, that I have let you see me in a pinama." Miss Sweetlips: "Tha lsa; I'm so glad. Let it be the last."

A GOOD REASON.



RECRUITING SERGEANT: "But if you are a married man, what do you want to join the Army for?" Henpeck: "Because I'm such a lover of peace."