

THE FUNNIEST SCHOOL STORY EVER WRITTEN!

No. 732. Vol. XXI.

Week Ending Feb. 18th, 1922.

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THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



TROUBLE FOR MR. WALLY BUNTER—FORM-MASTER I

(A Humorous Episode from the Long Complete Tale inside.)



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE WARNING!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of next week's grand long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. and Mr. Wally Bunter, Form-master. In this story Wally Bunter receives a warning to the effect that, "Someone is coming into your Form, and into your life, who will make things decidedly unpleasant for you. Be on your guard." At first he is inclined to treat it as a practical joke; but later, a new boy, Willie Newman, comes to the school for the First Form. Although Newman looks innocent enough, Wally decides to keep a sharp look-out on the new boy's movements, and is surprised, not to say a little alarmed, at the curious actions of Willie Newman.

Things come to a head, and Newman is accused of stealing a valuable stamp album from Wally Bunter's study. Unable to account for himself, Newman is sent away from the school. On the same day another new fag arrives for the First Form. Percy Smith, the second fag, turns out to be an utterly impossible sort of person, who has plenty of money and very bad manners. Before Smith has been twenty-four hours at Greyfriars Wally Bunter has to punish him for insubordination. Like the little cad he is, Percy Smith decides to get even with Wally Bunter, and, with the help of Loder, he lays a cunning trap for his Form-master. Whether the two rotters succeed in their plotting you will discover in

"THE MYSTERY OF THE WARNING!" next week.

To follow this will be the usual four-page supplement, "The Greyfriars Herald," edited by Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, which will be crammed full of splendid stories and articles penned by the juniors of Greyfriars.

THE GREAT BIG POPULAR!

Our companion paper is going strong. It comes out this next Friday with **TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES**, crammed full of fine stories and articles. There is a grand, long, complete school story of Greyfriars, another of Rookwood, another of St. Jim's, and still another. The last story is something new to readers of the "POPULAR," being nothing less than stories of the schooldays of famous **FRANK RICHARDS**, who went to a school in the **BACKWOODS OF CANADA**.

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Twenty-eight pages on Friday! More than ever does the "Popular" deserve to be called the finest boys' paper published for week-end reading.

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

Miss Ethel P. Yates, Devonshire Cottage, Lordsmill Street, Chesterfield, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

John C. Allen, 36, Queen Street, Clifton, Rotherham, Yorks, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 13-15. All letters answered.

L. Simmonds, 3, Parkgate Road, Watford, Herts, would be glad to hear of a few readers who would like to join the Corona Correspondence Club which is being run by himself and R. E. Smith.

William L. Bennett, Box 2,004, G.P.O., Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, would like to correspond with readers in England and America, ages 19-26, to exchange postcard views; also with soldiers serving anywhere in the British Army.

Norman E. Cunningham, 18, Temple Street, Victoria Park, Perth, West Australia, wishes to hear from readers who will tell him about England.

E. Roberts, 92, Clifton Avenue, West Hartlepool, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere who are interested in photography and motor-cars.

Albert E. Bramwell, 5, Douglas Place, Bordesley Green, Birmingham, would like to hear from editors of amateur magazines, with a view to contributing to same.

Miss Winifred Muller, 72, Perkin Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Frank Dann, 52, Hopkins Street, Footscray, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15, about the Navy.

A. Clarey, 18, Manchester Mansions, Sunnyside Road, Hornsey Lane, London, N., would like to hear from a reader in France—Paris preferred—who in the summer holidays could come to England, exchanging visits with the advertiser.

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Your Editor.

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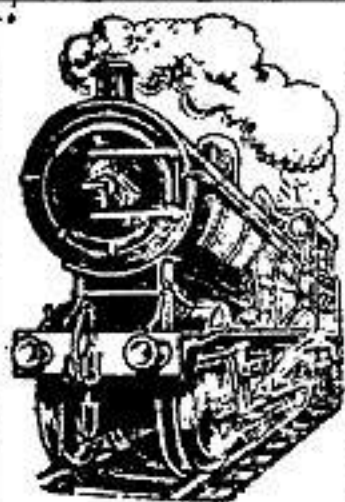
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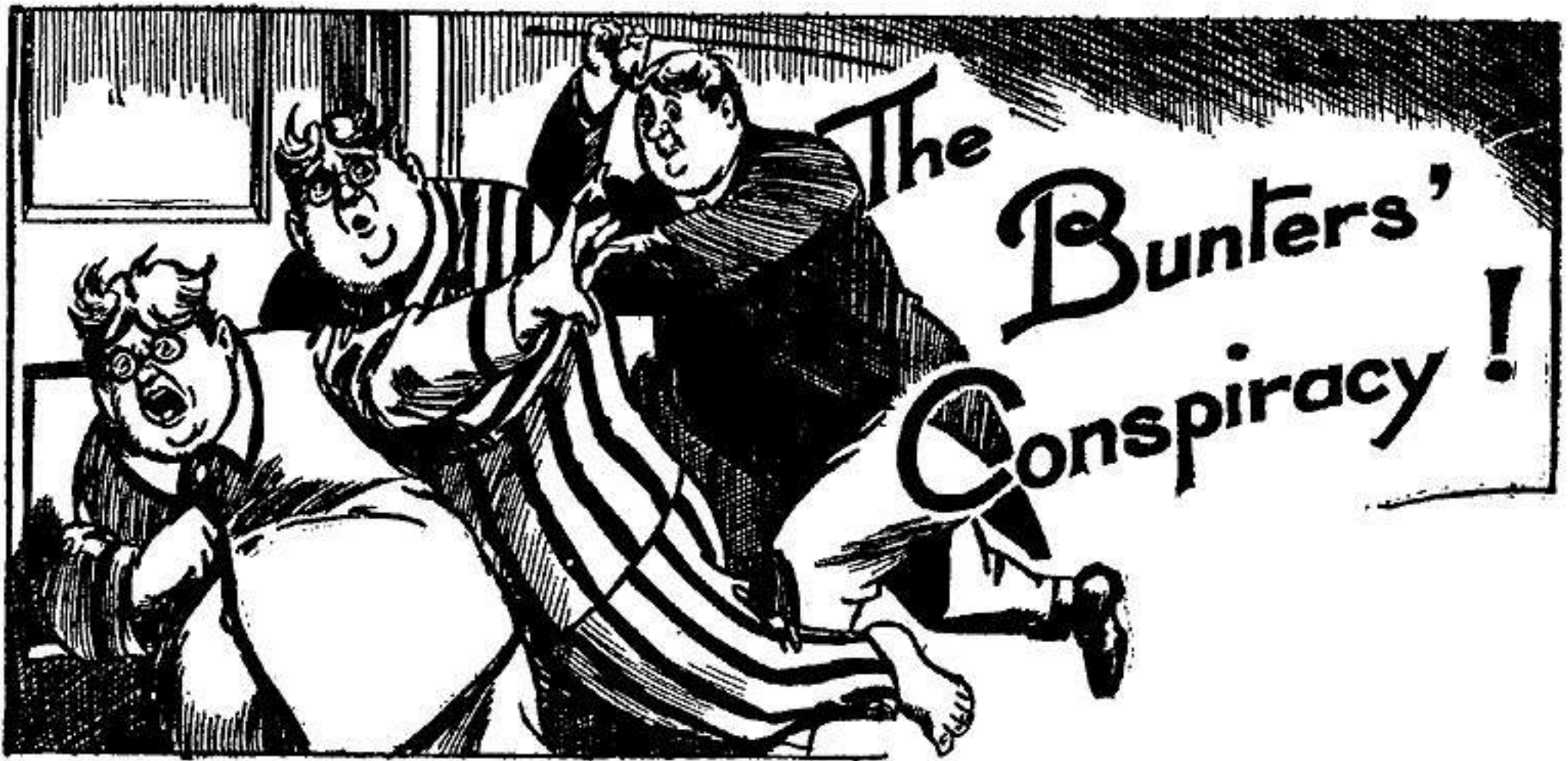
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A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars School. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Mutiny!

"BUNTER!"

It was not merely a call. It was a command. And it grated unpleasantly on the ears of Billy Bunter of the Remove Form at Greyfriars as he rolled along the passage.

Billy Bunter stopped short and blinked. A scowl came over his flabby features.

"Bunter! I trust you are not getting deaf? Come here at once!"

The voice was one of authority. It was the voice of Mr. Walter Bunter, the newly-appointed master of the First Form at Greyfriars.

Mr. Bunter stood framed in the doorway of his study, impatiently awaiting his plump cousin.

Billy Bunter came forward slowly. He took his time about it. He was annoyed at being ordered about in this way by a person who, although dressed in a little brief authority, as Shakespeare has it, was, after all, his own cousin.

"Oh, really, Wally—" he began protestingly.

Mr. Bunter frowned.

"How many times have I told you not to address me in that familiar manner, Bunter? You appear to forget that I am a master here!"

Billy Bunter gave a grunt.

"You don't give a fellow much chance of forgetting the fact!" he growled. "What do you want?"

"Go and find Trotter the page, and tell him I wish to see him."

Billy Bunter bristled with indignation. He blinked wrathfully at his cousin through his big spectacles.

"I'm in the Remove!" he exclaimed.

"I quite fail to see what bearing that has on the matter," said Wally.

"You can't fag the Remove!"

"Indeed?"

"If you want Trotter, you'll have to send a fag for him," said Billy insolently. "I'm not a fag!"

"For present purposes, you will consider yourself such," said Wally. "I'm not going to waste my time arguing

with a junior. Go and find Trotter immediately!"

Billy Bunter trembled with rage. When he trembled, he reminded one of a quivering jolly.

"Look here, you beast—" he began.

"For using that opprobrious expression, Bunter," said Wally sternly, "you will take a hundred lines!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"If you utter another word, I shall take you into my study and cane you! You will save yourself a great deal of trouble and physical discomfort by conveying my message at once!"

Billy Bunter was about to make an impertinent retort, but he thought better of it. He turned on his heel, and rolled sullenly away. The master of the First stepped back into his study and closed the door.

"Beast!" muttered Bunter savagely.

"He's using me as a blessed doormat! He's treating me as if I were one of the babes of the First! It's a jolly shame!"

Billy Bunter was mightily indignant. Moreover, he was sadly disillusioned. When the news had filtered through that Wally Bunter was to be appointed master of the First Form at Greyfriars, Billy had danced a hornpipe with delight.

He didn't feel like dancing now. Everything had turned out contrary to expectation.

Billy Bunter had fondly imagined that he would be quite a privileged person when his cousin became a Form-master. He had cherished fond dreams of being invited to tea in Wally's study, of getting passes out of gates whenever he wanted them, and a thousand-and-one other privileges.

On Wally's arrival, however, Billy's dreams had been rudely shattered.

From the outset Wally had insisted upon being treated with respect. He did not permit either Billy or Sammy to become familiar, and to hail him as "Wally, old bean!" or "Sporty boy!"

So far, Billy Bunter had received no invitation to have tea in his cousin's study. He had applied for a late pass to go to Courtfield, and it had been

curtly refused him. He had made the excuse that he wished to get his hair cut, and Wally had decided that Billy's locks were not sufficiently long to warrant shearing. So Billy had been sent empty away, seething with fury.

The Owl of the Remove had hoped that, with Wally at Greyfriars, life would be one grand sweet song. It was proving nothing of the sort.

Billy decided that Wally was behaving like a tyrant.

"This appointment has turned his head!" he muttered. "He used to be quite a decent sort of fellow, but now he's too conceited for words! He doesn't seem to realise that I'm his cousin. He treats me like the dirt under his feet! And I'm not going to stand it!"

Bunter made his way down the passage. He had not gone a dozen yards when he encountered Trotter.

"Mr. Bunter wants you, Trotter!" he growled.

The page nodded, and passed on with a quickened step.

Billy Bunter proceeded to the fags' Common-room, where Sammy was seated alone, the rest of the fags being on the football-ground.

Sammy was engaged in the often difficult task of killing two birds with one stone. That is to say, he was trying to make toast and read a book at the same time. The result was that the piece of bread had slipped off the end of the toasting-fork and fallen into the fire.

Sammy continued to dangle the fork in front of the grate, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the toast was being devoured by the consuming flames. On Billy's entry he closed his book with a start and withdrew the toasting-fork, only to find that there was nothing on the end of it.

"Oh, my hat!" he ejaculated in dismay. "The beastly toast has nosedived into the fire!"

"Bother the toast!" growled Billy.

"But I was looking forward to it like anything!" groaned Sammy, almost in tears. "You haven't a chunk of bread in your pocket, I suppose, Billy?"

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"What do you take me for—a walking baker's shop?" snapped Billy. "Look here, I want to talk to you about that precious cousin of ours."

Sammy almost forgot the ruined toast at the mention of his cousin.

"What about him?" he said.

"He's making our lives a misery," said Billy. "And something ought to be done about it."

"Yes, Wally hasn't turned out at all as we expected," agreed Sammy. "We might be utter strangers instead of cousins, the way he treats us. What's he been up to now?"

"He lammed me without mercy!" exclaimed Billy, screwing himself into contortions. "I've only just managed to crawl along here. Wally slung me across his study table, and walloped me unmercifully with a cricket-stump!"

Sammy looked surprised.

"That's jolly queer," he said.

"Eh? What's jolly queer?"

"If Wally had lammed you like that I should have heard your yells. They usually penetrate to every part of the building."

"Ass! You wouldn't have heard them here."

"They can be heard as far away as Ffordale!" said Sammy, with a chuckle.

"Be careful!" said Billy, shaking a warning finger at his minor. "I'm not in the mood for cheek just now. You know jolly well that I never yell when I'm licked. I can stand the severest whopping without a murmur."

"Some may believe you," said Sammy, "but I know better. But, I say, what's going to be done about Wally? Things can't go on like this, you know."

"Of course they can't!" growled Billy. "And that's just what I've come to see you about. So long as Wally stays at Greyfriars as a Form-master life won't be worth living for either of us."

Sammy nodded.

"But what can we do?" he asked helplessly.

Billy Bunter glanced round to make sure they were not being overheard.

"We must get rid of him!" he said dramatically.

Sammy stared.

"Billy!" he gasped. "You—you can't mean—"

"I mean every word I say!" was the reply. "If anybody becomes a nuisance to you there's only one thing to be done. You must get him out of the way!"

"But—but we can't get a Form-master out of the way!" gasped Sammy, appalled at the bare suggestion.

"Of course we can! I don't say it's the easiest thing in the world, but it can be done!"

Sammy stared wide-eyed at his major.

"You—you're not going to suggest that we kidnap Wally?" he stammered.

"Great Scott, no!" Billy Bunter laughed aloud. "Wally's a hefty lump to kidnap and conceal. It couldn't be done. Besides, I've got a vague idea that kidnapping's against the law. Even if you kidnap your own kith and kin, somebody generally makes a song about it."

"Well, if you're not going to kidnap Wally, how are you going to get rid of him?"

Billy Bunter gave another covert glance over his shoulder. When he spoke again it was in an undertone.

"We must make things so dashed unpleasant for Wally," he said. "that he'll be only too pleased to pack his traps and clear out. We must force his hand, see?"

"No, I don't quite see—"

"Then I'll explain. Lend me your

ears, and pay close attention to what I'm going to say."

Billy Bunter spoke to Sammy at some length. Every now and then the fag burst into a peal of laughter. He was evidently very much tickled by Billy's scheme.

"It's a great stunt!" he exclaimed, when Billy had finished. "It ought to work like a charm!"

"It will!" said Billy confidently.

Major and minor exchanged glances, and they giggled involuntarily.

A deep, dark plot had been plotted against the master of the First.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Midnight Mystery!

BILLY BUNTER was very excited that evening. But, for once in a way, he kept his feelings well under control, and Harry Wharton & Co., when they spoke to the fat junior in the Remove dormitory, noticed nothing unusual.

Bunter was usually the first fellow in the dormitory to fall asleep. On this particular evening, however, he remained in a state of wakefulness, pinching himself from time to time when he was in danger of dozing. One by one

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the Removites fell asleep. And still Bunter remained, propped up on the pillows, and forcing himself to keep awake.

He was waiting for the clock in the school tower to boom out the hour of midnight.

The hours dragged by with terrible slowness, but at last Billy Bunter's patience and vigilance were rewarded.

Boom!

The first stroke of midnight reverberated on the night air.

Billy Bunter slipped out of bed and hastily threw a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, for the night was chilly.

"You fellows awake?" he murmured.

There was no response. A guttural snore from Bolsover major was the only sound which disturbed the stillness of the night.

Billy Bunter put on his slippers, and tied the cord of his dressing-gown tightly about him. Then, satisfied that no one was aware of his movements, he stole quietly out of the dormitory.

It was very dark, but the fat junior had no difficulty in descending the stairs. He was guided by instinct.

At the foot of the stairs, however, he collided violently with a human form.

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

After these anguished ejaculations there was silence for a moment. It was broken by the startled voice of Sammy Bunter.

"That you, Billy?"

"Yes."

"Oh, good! I was afraid it was one of the beaks. Wish you'd look where you're going, though!"

"How can I see in the dark, you young idiot? I'm not a blessed tomcat!"

"Don't get huffy," said Sammy. "I say, it's about five past twelve. Do you think Wally's still up?"

"Sure of it," said Billy. "He never goes to bed till the small hours. Sits up in his study swotting at books that would give me a headache."

"You think we shall manage our little stunt all right?"

Billy chuckled.

"I don't think—I know! Wally's going to get the scare of his life! I'm going to convince him that there's a ghost in his study."

"But when you come to think of it," said Sammy, "that's not going to make him leave Greyfriars. If he thinks his study's haunted, he'll get fresh quarters."

"Then we'll visit those quarters, wherever they are, and haunt those as well!" chuckled Billy. "We'll haunt every blessed room he occupies! And he'll be scared stiff. The spooks—the imaginary spooks, of course—will get on his nerves to such a frightful extent that he'll be only too glad to clear out. Within a week, my son, Wally will be back at Canterbury, working for his living in an office!"

"Good!"

"You thought it was impossible to get rid of Wally, didn't you? But it can be done, and it's going to be done. You trust your Brother Bill to think of a way. If this wheeze of mine doesn't do the trick, I'll eat my Sunday topper!"

Sammy chuckled in the darkness.

"Time we were getting along," he remarked.

Major and minor groped their way along the winding corridors.

As they approached the study occupied by their cousin Wally their footsteps became more cautious. They had to feel their way very carefully, for detection would mean swift disaster.

Outside the door of Wally's study they halted.

They expected to see a light shining through the chink under the door. But such was not the case.

Billy peered through the keyhole. There was not a glimmer of light.

"Dash it all, he must have gone to bed!" he muttered. "There's no sign of a light."

"All the better," said Sammy. "A bed-room's a much better place to work the ghost stunt. We ought not to have come to the study at all."

"Do you know where Wally's bed-room is?"

"Yes."

"Lead the way, then."

Wally Bunter's bed-room was situated right at the top of the building. It was not nearly so spacious and comfortable as the majority of the masters' bed-rooms. The Head had told Wally to regard it as a temporary room until a better one was available. The place was little more than an attic. There was very little furniture, and Wally was obliged to undress by candlelight. As a rule, Wally stayed up until the small hours swotting. Now that he was a master, it was his ambition to get abreast of such persons as Mr. Larry Lascelles in the matter of knowledge. He felt that he had lots to learn, and he took his work seriously.

On this particular evening, however, Wally felt stale and tired. He had

retired to his attic at eleven, and was now sound asleep in the little bed, which groaned beneath his weight.

He was awakened shortly after midnight by a loud wailing sound close at hand.

Wally sat up in bed, and peered through the gloom.

He could see nothing. But a further penetrating wail fairly made his flesh creep.

"What the thump—" began Wally, in amazement.

He was no coward, but there was something altogether uncanny in that sound. It was like the wail of a spirit in torment. Moreover, it emanated from someone or something inside the room. Wally felt certain of that.

For a moment there was silence.

Wally Bunter sat bolt upright in bed, shivering—partly with the cold, and partly with a nameless fear.

Gradually, however, his self-composure returned to him, and he laughed aloud.

"Spooks—eh?" he chuckled. "I fancy I shall be able to deal with them!"

Scarcely had Wally finished speaking when another ghostly wail sounded. It died solemnly away. And then a mysterious voice, startlingly close to Wally's ear, exclaimed:

"Tremble, thou saucy knave! I am the ghost of the Ancient Friar!"

Wally Bunter strained his eyes in the gloom, but he could see nothing.

"I have come hither on a mission of vengeance!" continued the ghostly voice. "I bring danger. Verily, thou art in peril!"

"So will you be, if I can get hold of you!" growled Wally.

He groped for his matches, and then remembered that the box was empty.

Wally gritted his teeth with annoyance. But he fully intended to get to grips with the "ghost." He was furious at having been roused from his sleep in this way.

"Ha, ha!" came a ghostly cackle. "Dost think that thou canst use physical violence against a spirit? I am not of flesh and blood, that thou canst attack me. I am present, yet invisible."

Wally Bunter stepped grimly out of bed.

"I'll jolly soon rout you out, whoever you are!" he said.

There was a mocking laugh, which goaded Wally to still greater fury.

He picked up a chair, and brandished it above his head. Then he proceeded to lash out with it in the darkness.

The noise that Wally made was deafening. And the damage he did was colossal.

The few ornaments on the mantelpiece were swept off into the fireplace. The solitary picture was knocked off the wall and sent crashing to the floor. All was chaos and confusion.

"Come out of it!" roared Wally. "Give yourself up, or I'll do you an injury!"

Another mocking laugh rang out through the darkness.

Wally tramped round and round the room, lashing out furiously with the chair. He sent the furniture flying, and, to crown everything, he smashed a couple of window-panes.

Cr-rash!

The broken glass went clattering down on to the next roof.

"Oh crumbs!" panted Wally. "I've smashed up the happy home, with a vengeance!"

"Get back to thy bed, thou scurvy knave!" came the ghostly command.

Wally set down the chair, and came



"Go and find Trotter, and tell him I wish to see him!" said Wally. Billy Bunter bristled with indignation. He blinked wrathfully at his cousin through his big spectacles. "If you want Trotter you'll have to send a fag for him! You can't fag me!" he replied, indignantly. (See Chapter 1.)

to a bewildered halt in the middle of the room.

There was some mystery here—something he could not comprehend.

Wally did not believe in ghosts. Yet he felt strangely uneasy at that moment; for there was undoubtedly a voice in the room—a voice, but no human shape.

The noise which Wally had made had echoed through the building. Harry Wharton & Co., in the Remove dormitory, had heard it, and the Famous Five hurriedly left their beds, slipped on their clothes, and went out to investigate. Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, and Tom Brown accompanied them.

"The sounds came from the top of the building," said Wharton, as the party of juniors hurried up the stairs.

Vernon-Smith nodded. "Seemed to me to come from Mr. Bunter's bed-room," he said.

Quite a number of people were blundering about in the darkness.

Wally Bunter's noisy antics had roused the building.

On reaching the top landing, Johnny Bull flashed his electric torch.

There were about a dozen fellows, including Billy and Sammy Bunter, congregated on the landing.

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed Billy Bunter, "do you think there are burglars in the place?"

"Burglars don't usually advertise their presence by kicking up an unholy din," said Bob Cherry.

"Let's ask Mr. Bunter if he can throw any light on the matter," said Nugent.

Harry Wharton tapped on Wally's door.

"Who's there?" called Wally quickly.

"Wharton, sir!"

"Bring a light here—quick!"

Johnny Bull dashed into the room with his electric torch.

Wally Bunter, an unkempt figure in his pyjamas, glanced swiftly round the room. Then he uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Gone, by thunder!"

The juniors crowded in the doorway.

"Who was it, sir?" asked Tom Brown.

"A giddy burglar?"

"No. It was somebody pretending to be a ghost."

"My hat!"

"Might have been a real ghost," suggested Nugent.

"But how did he get out? That is what puzzles me," said Wally. "He could not have rushed out on to the landing without being seen."

"If he was a real ghost, he could have done," said Nugent.

"Nonsense, Nugent! I'm not so foolish and credible as to believe in ghosts. There is some mystery here!"

"And some damage, too!" chuckled Bob Cherry, glancing round the room.

Wally smiled.

"I left no stone unturned to locate the person, whoever he was," he said. "But he's vanished into thin air. The practical joker—if it was a practical joker—has disappeared, and you kids had better get back to bed. There's nothing to be gained by hanging about here."

The juniors went back to their dormitory, excitedly discussing the strange affair.

As for Wally Bunter, he returned to

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bed and slept with one eye open, so to speak.

But there were no further disturbances that night, and the mystery of the midnight visitor remained unsolved.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Nipped in the Bud!

"GREAT Scott! Anybody would imagine there had been an air-raid last night!"

Wally Bunter sat up in bed, as the rising-bell rang out, and gazed at the scene of chaos in his bed-room.

The wreckage was truly appalling.

The furniture was scattered and battered; the mirror on the dressing-table had been shattered into minute fragments; and there was a gaping aperture in the window, where a couple of panes were missing. A current of cold air swept into the room, causing Wally's teeth to chatter.

"Wish I could discover the individual who disturbed my peace last night!" muttered Wally, as he started to dress. "I'd give him such a shaking-up that he wouldn't pass himself off as the ghost of the Ancient Friar again in a hurry!"

Wally tried hard to fathom the mystery. It occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. But although he turned the strange affair over and over in his mind, he got no nearer a solution.

Wally had just put the finishing touches to his toilet, when there was a tap on the door.

"Come in!" he called.

Billy Bunter stepped into the room,

looking very solemn and important. He was followed by Sammy.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Billy gravely.

"Good-morning, Bunter! What do you want?"

"I've come to investigate the mystery of the midnight marauder," explained Billy.

"Oh!"

"And I'm going to give him a hand, sir," chimed in Sammy. "I shall play Tinker to his Sexton Blake."

Wally could not repress a smile.

"What have you got in that bag, Bunter major?" he inquired.

"My instruments, sir," said Billy briefly.

He opened the small case he carried, and produced an enormous magnifying-glass.

Wally stared at his cousin in growing amazement.

"What are you going to do with that?" he demanded.

"Search for finger-prints, sir."

Wally laughed.

"I don't know that I ought to encourage you in this tomfoolery," he said. "But you can go ahead."

"Thank you, sir!"

Billy Bunter, looking very wise and business-like, started to make an examination of the room.

The fat junior's antics were extraordinary. He grovelled on his hands and knees, and sniffed at the carpet. He thrust his head into the coal-scuttle, and when he withdrew it his face resembled that of a Christy minstrel.

Bunter then examined, at considerable length, the window-sill, the fireplace, and the mantelpiece. He was assisted in his

task by the magnifying-glass, and by Sammy.

"Have you picked up any clues yet, Bunter?" asked Wally sarcastically.

Billy Bunter turned his coal-begrimed face towards his cousin.

"There is no evidence that any human being entered this room during the night, with the exception of yourself and the fellows who came along to see what the row was about," he said.

"Then what do you make of it all?" asked Wally, with a smile.

Billy Bunter shook his head gravely.

"There's only one explanation, sir," he said. "It was a real ghost that visited you last night."

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense, sir—it's a fact. If it had been a human being, he could not have got away without being spotted. There was a crowd of us on the landing, and we should have collared him. And you're not going to tell me that he jumped out of the window, or slithered up the chimney!"

"It was a real ghost, right enough," said Sammy. "Must have given you an awful scare!"

"Shall you sleep in this room again to-night, sir?" inquired Billy.

Wally Bunter looked searchingly at his cousin.

"Why do you ask me that?" he demanded.

"Ahem! Just—just out of curiosity, sir."

Wally frowned.

"There is no reason why I should enlighten your curiosity," he said.

"However, I will do so. If you really wish to know, I shall be sleeping in my study to-night."

"And what time shall you go to bed, sir?"

Wally gave a start. It occurred to him at once that Billy Bunter had a motive in asking such a question.

And then, gradually, the truth dawned upon his mind.

The mysterious happenings of the previous night had a very simple explanation. Wally could have kicked himself for not having thought of it before.

Billy was a ventriloquist—and a very clever ventriloquist at that.

It was Billy who had produced those ghostly wailings. It was Billy who had addressed Wally as a saucy knave, and made it appear that there was a ghost in the bed-room.

The whole thing was a ventriloquial trick on Billy's part, and Sammy had assisted by keeping guard.

All this dawned upon Wally's mind with remarkable clarity. But he said nothing to Billy concerning the discovery.

"I asked you a question, sir," said Billy peevishly. "What time shall you go to bed to-night?"

"Why do you ask, Bunter?"

"Oh, I just wondered."

"Your curiosity seems to be without limit," said Wally. "I propose to retire at midnight. And now you can clear off, both of you. Your investigations have proved a farce!"

Billy Bunter returned the magnifying-glass to the case, and quitted the room with Sammy.

Outside, on the landing, he almost hugged his minor with delight.

"It's working like a charm!" he chortled. "We scared Wally out of his wits last night, and he's dead frightened to spend another night in his bed-room. So he's going to sleep in his study!"

"You'll repeat the ventriloquism to-night, Billy?"

"Of course! And I shall repeat it

every night, until Wally gets into such a state of nerves that he'll clear out of Greyfriars. No fellow can stand a haunted place for long. After a few sleepless nights, Wally will chuck in his mit."

"And jolly good riddance to him!" said Sammy.

"Hear, hear! If he'd behaved decently to us when he came here as a Form-master, we'd have behaved decently in return. But he's been a perfect beast to us, so we'll hound him out of it! He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter emitted a gloating cackle. And Sammy cackled, too. They rendered a cackling duet as they went downstairs, arm-in-arm.

That night, when the midnight chimes had sounded, major and minor met by appointment, and prepared to repeat their antics of the previous night.

Stealthily they made their way to Wally's study.

They were confident of further success, and neither had the slightest misgiving.

Inside the study, the master of the First Form watched and waited. He was fully dressed. There was an ashplant in his hand, and a grim smile on his countenance.

"My precious cousins will find that they've walked into a hornets' nest this time!" he murmured.

The hands of the clock pointed to five minutes past twelve, when Wally, listening intently, heard the sound of stealthy footsteps. He crossed silently to the door.

Suddenly a piercing wail, such as Wally had heard the previous night, floated through the study.

Gradually the wailing died away, and then a voice—apparently close behind Wally—exclaimed:

"This is my second visitation! I am the ghost of the Ancient Friar!"

Wally did not wait to hear more. With startling suddenness, he threw open the door, and sprang out into the passage.

There was a startled cry of "Look out!" from Sammy, and an ejaculation of dismay from Billy.

"Caught in the act, you young rascals!" roared Wally. "Back to your dormitories, both of you!"

He brought his ashplant into play as he spoke, and the Bunter brothers uttered shrill yelps of anguish as the instrument of torture descended upon their scantily-covered shoulders.

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Yoooooop!"

"Give over, Wally!"

"Don't be a bullying beast!"

Wally showed no sign of "giving over." Whereupon, Bunter major and minor promptly took to their heels.

Wally gave chase, lashing out with the ashplant as he went. He was not in a merciful mood. He laid on the ashplant with great vigour, and the agonised yells of the victims must have awakened nearly everybody in the building.

Stumbling, and yelling, and gasping, Billy and Sammy eventually reached the foot of the stairs.

Wally, breathless with his exertions, gave them a final cut apiece, and they went up the stairs two at a time, as if a pack of wolves were in hot pursuit.

"Let that be a lesson to you!" panted Wally, as the victims vanished from sight. "If you dare to play such pranks on me again, the consequences will be even more serious!"

"Ow-ow-ow!"

Billy and Sammy parted company on

the first landing. Billy crawled painfully into the Remove dormitory, and Sammy limped along to his own quarters. Harry Wharton & Co., who had been awakened by the noise, were sitting up in bed when Billy Bunter came in.

The fat junior's groans of anguish were terrible in the extreme.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in astonishment. "What's the matter, porpoise? Why are you out of bed? What's been going on?"

Billy Bunter sank gingerly down on to his bed.

"Yow! That beast Wally—"

"Mr. Bunter been lamming you again?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes! He's taken all the skin off my back!"

"Well, you've plenty of flesh to lose, that's one consolation," said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What was it all about, Bunter?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"Nothing!" groaned the fat junior.

"I merely went along to Wally's study to play a perfectly harmless jape, and he rushed out at me like a madman. He had a cricket-bat in one hand, an ashplant in the other, and a poker in the other!"

"First time I've ever heard of a three-handed master!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to cackle at, you fellows," said Billy Bunter dolefully. "I'm a mass of bruises from head to foot. I—I'm going to die, I think!"

"Well, before you go, you might pay me back that one-and-fourpence you owe me!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter removed his dressing-

gown, and crawled into bed. And for at least an hour afterwards, hollow groans echoed through the Remove dormitory.

Wally Bunter had done great execution with the ashplant, and Billy and Sammy were likely to feel the effects of the castigation for some time to come.

The conspiracy to drive Wally Bunter from Greyfriars had failed dismally.

Wally was proving a difficult customer to get rid of. But Billy Bunter had by no means abandoned his intention of "hounding Wally out of Greyfriars," as he savagely expressed it.

The first conspiracy had proved a "wash-out." But there were further conspiracies to follow!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Desperate Scheme!

"HALLO, Sammy! How do you feel?"

Billy Bunter bore down upon his minor in the Close next morning, and asked the question.

"It was your fault that we got

"How do I feel?" echoed Sammy.

"Like nothing on earth! I'm stiff and sore, and fed-up into the bargain!"

"Same here. That beast Wally didn't spare the rod, did he?"

Sammy snorted.

"My fault! How do you make that out?"

"You should have made sure that Wally had gone to bed before you started your beastly ventriloquism!"

"Well, I like that!" said Billy indignantly. "How did I know the bounder



Billy Bunter opened a small bag he carried, and produced an enormous magnifying-glass. Wally stared at his cousin in growing amazement. "What are you going to do with that?" he demanded. "I'm going to search for finger-prints, sir!" said Billy. (See Chapter 3.)

would be waiting for us with an ash-plant? But, look here, Sammy. There's no sense in quarrelling. We came a cropper over the ghost stunt. But there are other ways and means of getting rid of Wally. We'll put our heads together—"

"You needn't count me in," said Sammy. "I'm just about sick of schemes, at the moment. If you want to drive Wally out of the school, you must do it off your own bat."

Billy fairly bristled with wrath.

"Look here, you young traitor—"

"Fancy names don't hurt me," said Sammy. "I want to see the back of Wally just as much as you do, but I'm not going to put my foot into another trap. Wally's too smart for us, Billy. There's no flies on him."

"There are no flies on me, either!" was the reply. "By hook or by crook, I'm going to force Wally into chucking up his job and leaving Greyfriars. By Jove! I've got a wheeze already!"

"I don't want to hear it," said Sammy, edging away from his major. "Another licking would just about finish me! You'll have to tackle Wally on your own—for a time, anyway."

Billy spun round upon his minor, and administered a severe cuff.

"Yaroooooh!" yelled the fag.

"Serves you right, for being a beastly little traitor!" growled Billy.

And he rolled away, wrinkling his brows in thought.

That morning, Billy Bunter proved a most inattentive pupil. Mr. Quelch had occasion to administer several sharp rebukes, and several hundred lines.

Billy Bunter's thoughts were not concentrated on Latin verbs. He was thinking out another scheme whereby he hoped to compel Wally to leave Greyfriars.

The fat junior's schemes were usually of a transparent nature. They invariably failed because of their very absurdity.

Billy's latest wheeze was a desperate one. He himself had sufficient sense to realise that. But he meant to carry it through. Moreover, he felt fairly confident of success.

When morning lessons were over, Billy Bunter rolled away in the direction of Wally's study.

On the way, he encountered a couple of babes of the First.

"Seen your Form-master?" inquired Billy.

"Yes," answered one of the fags, in a squeaky voice. "He's gone down to the village on his bike."

"Oh, good!"

Billy Bunter was so delighted with the information that he would have "tipped" the fag a penny—if he had one. But he was not in funds, so he contented himself with promising the fag a chunk of toffee when next he saw him.

"The coast is clear!" he chuckled, as he hurried away. "Jolly thoughtful of Wally to pop down to the village when I want to visit his study! He, he, he!"

Outside the door of his cousin's study, Billy Bunter halted. Like Moses of old, he looked this way and that way, and there was no man.

With a further chuckle of satisfaction, Billy stepped quickly into the study.

First of all, he locked the door on the inside. Then he removed his spectacles, and placed them on the mantelpiece. After which, he took off his Eton jacket, and put on one of Wally's black, swallow-tailed coats.

Gazing at himself in the mirror, Billy Bunter felt confident that he would be mistaken for Wally.

There was every reason for his confidence.

Apart from certain differences in attire, and the fact that Billy wore spectacles and Wally didn't, the two cousins were as alike as two peas.

By discarding his spectacles, and donning Wally's coat, Billy Bunter bore a remarkable resemblance to the master of the First. It did not occur to him, however, as he stood preening himself before the glass, that his voice was not the voice of Wally, and that if he tried to emulate Wally's way of speaking he would give himself away in a moment. This was a factor which Billy fortunately remembered later on.

Having satisfied himself that his disguise was perfect, Billy Bunter unlocked the door, and walked out of the study, carefully imitating Wally's rather sedate step.

Harry Wharton & Co. passed him in the passage.

"Good-morning, sir!" they said respectfully, and in chorus.

Bunter nodded shortly, and passed on.

"The disguise is standing the test jolly well!" he murmured. "Hallo! What does this kid want, I wonder?"

A diminutive, grubby-looking fag came towards Billy. There were several sheets of impot. paper in his hand.

"Please, sir, I've done my lines," he said, in a piping voice.

"Oh, all right!" said Billy gruffly. "Leave them on my study table, will you?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the fag. And he scuttled away.

Billy Bunter chuckled with satisfaction as he walked on. But his face fell, and he became very uneasy, when he saw Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, coming towards him.

"Ah! Good-morning, Bunter!" said Mr. Prout. "I propose to play golf this afternoon on the Courtfield links. Are you a golfer?"

"Yes, rather!" said Billy Bunter, in deep and unnatural tones. "During the holidays I beat Tom Niblick, the professional, by two clear goals."

Mr. Prout gasped.

"I am speaking of golf—not football!" he exclaimed.

Billy Bunter felt himself colouring to the roots of his hair.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he stuttered.

"I—I'm rather deaf this morning. I've got a bad cold in the head, Mr. Prout."

"So I gathered, from your unfamiliar mode of speech," said the master of the Fifth. "Your voice is strange and husky. I was going to ask you to join me this afternoon on the links, but possibly you do not feel sufficiently up to the mark to play golf?"

"No, I don't," said Bunter, clutching at the opportunity like a drowning man at a straw. "I expect I shall go to bed."

Mr. Prout nodded approvingly.

"The best place for you, Bunter," he said. "I will instruct the matron to send you some quinine. And I trust your cold will soon be better."

Billy Bunter drew a deep breath of relief as Mr. Prout passed on.

It had been a very near thing. Another master, more astute than Mr. Prout, might have divined the cause of Bunter's embarrassment.

Having successfully run the gauntlet of various people, Billy Bunter proceeded to the Head's study.

Nerving himself for the difficult part he was about to play, he tapped on the door.

"Come in!"

In response to the Head's summons, Billy Bunter entered.

Dr. Locke, taking it for granted that

his visitor was Wally Bunter, glanced at him kindly.

"Take a chair, Bunter," he said. Billy Bunter took the chair that was farthest away from the Head.

"I trust that by this time you have comfortably settled down to your duties as master of the First Form?" said Dr. Locke.

"No, sir."

"What?"

"I haven't settled down at all, sir," said Billy, in the gruff tones that he imagined Wally would adopt. "That's just what I've come to see you about, sir. The fact is, I'm fed up!"

The Head frowned.

"That is hardly a choice expression for a young master to use, Bunter," he said. "You mean, I suppose, that you are discontented?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you told me only a few days ago that you were quite happy here!" said the Head, in bewilderment.

"Quite so. But things have happened since then, sir. I find that the First Form kids are getting on my nerves. They keep playing practical jokes on me—putting frogs in my desk, setting booby-traps for me, and so forth."

"You should keep them under control," said the Head. "That is what you are here for."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Have you any other grievances, Bunter?"

"Yessir. Crowds of them, sir. But I won't bore you with the whole lot. I'll just tell you about the ghosts—"

"The—the ghosts!" stammered the Head.

Bunter nodded.

"You know my bed-room at the top of the building, sir? It's haunted!"

"Nonsense, Bunter!"

"But I've seen the ghost with my own eyes, sir—the ghost of the Ancient Friar. It comes into my room in the middle of the night, clanking its chains, and threatening me with all sorts of horrible things!"

The Head started to his feet in amazement.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "I can only conclude, Bunter, in view of what you tell me, that you have been studying too much, and, consequently, your nerves have become disordered. You have been suffering from hallucinations."

"Oh? I've never heard of her, sir!"

"Never heard of whom?" gasped the Head.

"Lucy Nations, sir."

Dr. Locke regarded the speaker in blank amazement.

"I was not referring to a female, Bunter," he said. "I was remarking that you have been suffering from hallucinations—mental delusions. Surely you know what I mean?"

The Head was frankly puzzled. He had always found Wally Bunter to be an intelligent person, able to talk sensibly and to give satisfactory replies to questions.

On this occasion, however, the master of the First seemed to be utterly dense. Moreover, he was behaving in a manner quite foreign to him.

The kindly old Head came to the conclusion that Wally Bunter had been overworking of late, and that he had temporarily lost his mental balance. Even his voice was not the same. It was strange and husky.

"You are not well, Bunter," he said, and there was genuine sympathy in his tone. "You have been spending too

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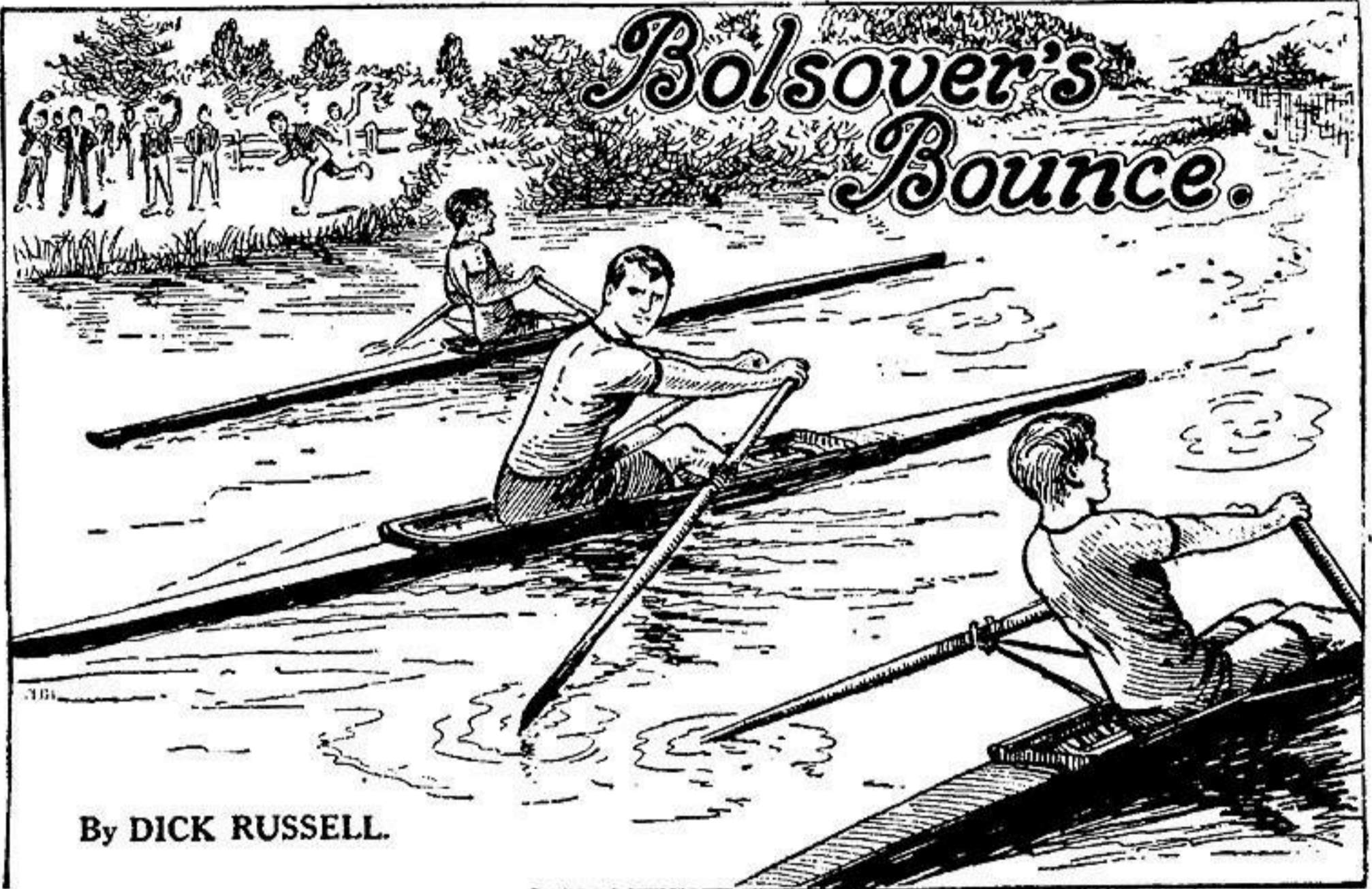
The GREYFRIARS HERALD

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

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Harry Wharton
Editor

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By DICK RUSSELL.

NEAR THE WINNING POST. Bolsover gave a grunt of satisfaction as he shot ahead of two of the other boats. Frank Nugent and Inky were rowing level. Bolsover guided his boat between them, pulling like a Trojan.

"I'M what you call an all-round sportsman," said Bolsover major.

An ironical laugh greeted Bolsover's remark.

A discussion on sport was taking place in the junior Common-room at Greyfriars. It was a personal discussion, and a rather heated one.

A slow flush spread over Bolsover's heavy features.

"You fellows can cackle," he said; "but you know I'm right! An all-round sportsman, that's what I am! I don't specialise in one particular sport, but I'm good at all. I don't claim to be the best walker in the Remove, or the best runner, or the best oarsman, or the best cyclist. But combine those four things, and I'm the best man in the Remove!"

Harry Wharton looked puzzled.

"I don't quite understand—" he began.

"Of course you don't!" sneered Bolsover. "You're too beastly dense! I'll try and make my meaning clearer, so that the babes and sucklings will be able to grasp it. Now, supposing we had a contest on these lines. Walk a mile, row a mile, run a mile, and cycle a mile. That's a four-mile contest, and it embraces four different sports. Now, I claim that if such a contest were held, I should finish first!"

"Rats!"

A howl of derision greeted Bolsover's confident assertion.

The bully of the Remove was certainly a

good walker. He was also a useful runner. He could pull strongly on a pair of oars, and his strong legs made him a powerful cyclist.

But there were others in the Remove Form who were not merely good or useful. They were brilliant.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Mark Linley, Vernon-Smith—to mention only a few—were splendid all-round athletes. They felt confident that they could defeat Bolsover major if a contest were held on the lines he suggested.

Bolsover scowled darkly.

"I challenge you—the whole jolly lot of you!" he exclaimed. "I throw down the gauntlet!"

"You're getting quite melodramatic in your old age, Bolsy!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

"Will you accept my challenge, or not?" demanded Bolsover, glaring round at the circle of grinning faces.

"Yes, rather!"

"Of course we'll accept it!"

"We'll settle once and for all this question as to who is the best all-round sportsman!" said Harry Wharton. "Personally, I incline to the opinion that it won't be Bolsover!"

"Of course," said Bolsover savagely, "you're eaten up with conceit, Wharton—"

"Drop that," said the captain of the Remove sharply, "or it will be my turn to issue a challenge! I shall ask you to step along to the gym!"

Bolsover subsided. He was no match for Wharton with the gloves, and he knew it.

"By the way," said Nugent, "when is this race coming off?"

"I propose to-morrow afternoon!" said Johnny Bull. "It's a half-holiday, and we've no footer fixture."

The event was arranged accordingly, and there was great excitement in the Remove.

The excitement increased greatly when it became known that Mr. Larry Lascelles, the mathematics master, was taking an interest in the race, and offering a silver medal to the winner.

"I shall reserve a space on my manly breast for that giddy medal!" declared Bob Cherry.

"Sorry to dash your hopes," said Harry Wharton, "but I've got designs on that medal myself!"

"Same here!" echoed half a dozen voices.

But there was one person who had not the slightest doubt that the medal would come to him. That person was Bolsover major.

The bully of the Remove took the affair very seriously. He was up betimes next morning, and he put in some running practice on the playing-fields.

With a cork gripped in each fist, and with teeth grimly set, Bolsover raced along at top speed. He knew that he was being watched from the dormitory windows, and he meant to show Harry Wharton & Co. what they were up against.

Wharton and his chums, however, were not in the least perturbed.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 732.

Quite a crowd of fellows intended to compete in the novel race.

The competitors ate sparingly at dinner, and they looked very fit as they lined up in the school gateway, clad in their vests and running-shorts.

There were four prefects in charge of the race.

Wingate was to start the contest, and the competitors had to walk one mile, which would bring them to the boathouse on the bank of the River Sark. Gwynne of the Sixth was to have the boats ready, and the juniors were to row one mile downstream. At the end of the distance Faulkner would be stationed. The competitors then had to run a mile; and Tom North was to stand by with bicycles, on which the race would be completed.

It would finish where it started—at the school gateway.

Wingate glanced at the tense, eager faces of the competitors.

"Ready?" he inquired tersely.

There was a general murmur of assent.

Wingate fired the pistol, and, amid a hurricane of shouts and cheers from the on-lookers, the great race began.

Bolsover major had always imagined himself to be a great walker. He had often been heard to declare that he wouldn't mind taking on the London-to-Brighton walk.

Thrusting his chin forward, and clenching his fists, he went as hard as he could go. But he was heavy and ungainly. He moved along cumbrously, like an overloaded train. He lacked the quick, graceful, effortless stride of Bob Cherry, who walked abreast of him for a time, and then left him behind.

Other fellows overhauled him as well. In fact, everybody overhauled him.

To his chagrin, Bolsover was the last to reach the boathouse.

He saw over a dozen boats making their way rapidly downstream.

"Buck up, Bolsover!" said Gwynne, holding a boat steady with a boathook, and beckoning to the bully of the Remove to jump in. "There's three miles to go yet, and anything may happen. You may forge right ahead. Put your beef into it!"

Bolsover jumped into the boat without replying.

He was a strong oarsman, but he had a lot of leeway to make up. He pulled on the oars with such vigour that the perspiration stood out in beads on his forehead and trickled down his face.

Presently he gave a grunt of satisfaction as he shot ahead of two of the other boats.

Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh were rowing level. Bolsover guided his boat in between them, pulling like a Trojan, and he left them behind.

But he could not overhaul anybody else. The others had had too good a start.

On completing the distance, Bolsover scrambled out of the boat, and started in pursuit of those who were running a mile.

By this time, as may be readily imagined, he was feeling stale and fagged. His exertions on the river had sapped his strength.

He struggled along as gamely as he could, but he could not lessen the distance between himself and those in front.

Meanwhile, a great struggle for supremacy was in progress.

Three fellows finished the running-race at a dead heat. They were Bob Cherry, Mark Linley, and Tom Brown.

Brown had done remarkably well in getting to the front. Nobody had expected him to be "in at the death"; but he had confounded the prophets by overhauling such fine athletes as Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith.

Only one mile remained, and that was to be covered on bicycles. It would take less than four minutes.

The bicycles were of the racing variety, and Cherry, Linley, and Brown mounted their machines simultaneously. Then they were off like the wind.

Bob Cherry gripped the handle-bars tenaciously, and rode as if for dear life. Mark Linley was making the pedals revolve at a dizzy speed. Tom Brown's machine simply ate up the yards.

The crowd in the school gateway, where a tape was outstretched, cheered frantically.

"Come along, Bob!"

"Let's have you, Linley!"

"Buck up, Browney!"

Neck and neck, their front wheels in line, the three cyclists bore down upon the tape.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 732.

A dozen yards from home Tom Brown was left by the other two, who, like Jehu of old, rode furiously.

Those keen rivals, yet staunch chums, Bob Cherry and Mark Linley, were each intent upon reaching the tape first. Their last-minute efforts were almost superhuman.

Down went the tape, and the two cyclists applied their brakes, and almost rolled off their machines.

Each thought the other had won; it had been such a near thing. Mark Linley promptly held out his hand to congratulate Bob Cherry, and Bob, at the same instant, panted out:

"Bravo, Marky!"

Mr. Lascelles smiled at the two juniors as they pushed their machines through the gateway.

"A splendid finish!" he exclaimed. "You won by inches only, Linley!"

"I?" cried Mark, in astonishment. "My hat! I—I thought—"

"I knew it was your race, Marky!" said Bob Cherry. "I felt it in my bones! Your bike seemed to make quite a leap at the finish! Jolly well played, old man!"

And Bob patted the silver medallist heartily on the back.

It had been truly a great race.

Tom Brown finished third, Harry Wharton fourth, and Vernon-Smith fifth. Dick Penfold and Peter Todd dead-headed for sixth place.

And Bolsover major?

Let the horrible truth be told in all its baldness.

Bolsover came in last!

Even Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh, whom he had overhauled on the river, had overhauled him in turn.

Bolsover staggered towards the tape, with a scowl of savage disappointment on his face. He, the fellow who had issued the challenge, had been beaten by every other competitor!

It was a bitter pill for the bully of the Remove to swallow. And from that time he has never been heard to declare that he is an all-round sportsman!

WHERE I SCORE.

By Billy Bunter.

"He, he, he!"

This, readers, is where I score! Wharton and his lot think they are mighty smart, but they are not smart enough for your plump pal, W.G.B.!

Wharton said I could have half a column this week for an article. This is an article—but not quite what Wharton thought he was going to get—one of my famous football articles, I expect!

Readers, you have all heard of my "Weekly!" Well, this week it is being published, together with the finest budget of boys' stories ever thought about, in the greatly enlarged number of the "Popular." There are now twenty-eight pages in that famous Friday paper, and right bang in the centre of the paper is "Billy Bunter's Weekly"—in other words, the real bright spot in schoolboy journalism! (You wait, you fat ass! I'll give you put your "Weekly" before the "Herald."—Ed.)

Billions of readers are going to see it, buy it, and read it. Billions are going to place an order for a copy every week. Plates are going to be given away—not one plate, mark you, but nearly a dozen! There are four long complete school stories, including the schooldays of my famous friend, Mr. Frank Richards, a good competition, and a grand serial.

That is a magnificent programme, isn't it? But when you come to remember that the place of honour is occupied by my famous "Weekly," well, that makes the programme scrumptious, to put it mildly. Doubtless realising that I am the finest schoolboy Editor in the world, the Editor of the "Popular" has placed my paper in the best part of his journal.

I advise all my chums to see that they place an order for the greatly-enlarged number of the "Popular" right away, because if they don't, they're going to be disappointed. I know for a fact that the Editor is only going to print two billion copies.

I say, in conclusion—Wharton, how do you like your goose cooked?

(I'll give you another half-column, you chump! I don't think!—Ed.)

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

Among the writers of short stories who are coming rapidly to the front must be mentioned Dick Russell.

Russell has done much useful work, in a quiet way for the "Greyfriars Herald," although not a member of the editorial staff.

Dick's latest story, "Bolsover's Bounce!" appears in this issue, and I think your verdict, when you have read it, will be "Ripping!"

Bolsover's boast led to a very novel and exciting sports contest, in which the bully of the Remove didn't exactly shine! But there is no need for me to describe the event in detail. Dick Russell has done that very creditably.

I have just been reading a budget of very interesting letters which have recently come to hand.

A reader signing himself "A Lover of Mauly," deplores the fact that Lord Mauly-never has not contributed to the "Herald" for some time, although a member of the staff. He wants me to goad his lordship into action, and get him to contribute an article dealing with the latest fashions.

I have just sent Bob Cherry along to Mauly's study with an alarm-clock, a cricket-stump, and a plentiful supply of jumping crackers. Doubtless Bob will succeed in effectively rousing the slacker of the Remove.

Another reader suggests that I am rather unkind to Mr. Prout. Never let it be said! Not for one moment do I wish to be unkind to anybody.

It is true that some of our contributors poke fun at the master of the Fifth, both in regard to his golfing and to his motor-cycling, but it is not ill-natured fun, and Mr. Prout himself frequently enjoys a hearty laugh over the contributions in question.

I hope the reader who raises this point will be satisfied with my explanation, and that he will not report me to the S.P.C.W. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Form-masters.)

Dozens of other letters have come to me, but I cannot deal with them in detail. But I take this opportunity of thanking, in the general way, the boys and girls who have written to me. Their letters clearly show that they are keenly interested in Greyfriars, and in our little supplement. May their interest never wane!

HARRY WHARTON.

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



CLAUDE HOSKINS.

[Supplement ii.]

THE NEW BOY'S CATECHISM!

Another Short Humorous Article by that Ass,
TOM BROWN.

IT is rather amusing to hear the different questions which are put to a new boy on his arrival. His replies are also amusing.

A new boy must be prepared to answer a whole bombardment of questions. And different new boys answer them in different ways.

This is the sort of dialogue you hear when a very wealthy new boy arrives at the school in state:

"What's your name?"
"Maurice Moneybags."
"What's your pater?"
"A multi-multi-millionaire."
"Where do you live?"
"We have a country seat, a town house, and a seaside mansion."
"How much pocket-money are you going to get?"
"Fifty pounds a week."
"What shall you do with it?"
"Blow it on myself."
"Do you smoke?"
"Only a pipe. Cigarettes stunt my growth."
"Which Form are you going into?"
"The Sixth—if powerful influence counts for anything."
"Do you play footer?"
"No—but I'm a giddy champion at 'Put and Take.'"
"What do you think of Greyfriars at first sight?"
"Poky little hole. I could buy it up tomorrow if I wanted to—lock, stock, and barrel!"
And so on and so forth.

Now let us take the case of the poor scholarship boy, who arrives at Greyfriars on foot, clad in somewhat shabby Etons, and looking anything but a Rothschild.

This is how the dialogue goes:

"What's your name?"
"S. Tony Broke."
"What's your pater?"
"A chimney-sweep."
"Where do you live?"
"No fixed abode."
"How much pocket-money are you going to get?"
"Sixpence a month—if I'm lucky!"
"What shall you do with it?"
"Buy a Rolls-Royce, I suppose!"
"Do you smoke?"
"Yes—an occasional kipper."
"Which Form are you going into?"
"The Remove—if they'll have me."
"Do you play footer?"
"Can a duck swim?"
"What do you think of Greyfriars at first sight?"
"I feel overwhelmed at finding myself in such a swell place!"
And so forth.

Now we come to the poor chap who has the misfortune to st-st-stutter. The following painful dialogue ensues:

"What's your name?"
"Bib-bib-bib—"
"You look as if you ought to be wearing one!"
"Bib-bib-bib-Billy Jones!"
"What's your pater?"
"A pip-pip-pip—"
"It's enough to give a fellow the pip to hear you talk!"
"A pip-pip-pip-parson!"
"Where do you live?"
"Tut-tut-tut—"
"Here, don't you say 'Tut-tut!' to me—"
"Tut-tut-tut-Toothing!"

"How much pocket-money are you going to get?"

"Shush-shush—"
"I refuse to shush!"
"Shush-shush-shilling a week!"
"What shall you do with it?"
"Sis-sis-sis—"
"Send it to your sister?"
"Sis-sis-sis-spend it!"
"Do you smoke?"
"Nun-nun-nun-no!"
"Which Form are you coming into?"
"The Fuf-fuf-fuf—"
"There's no Form of that name here."
"The Fuf-fuf-fuf-Fifth!"
"Do you play footer?"
"When I kik-kik-kik—"
"Yes, of course you kick when you play footer—"
"When I kik-kik-kik-can!"
"What do you think of Greyfriars at first sight?"
"Dud-dud-dud—"
"Dud, is it, you cheeky rotter?"
"Dud-dud-dud-don't quite know what to think!"

And so the stream of questions goes on, until the poor new kid begins to wonder whether he's on his head or his heels.

Personally, I wouldn't be a new kid again for all the wealth of the Indies. It's too jolly embarrassing!

I think there ought to be a society formed for the protection of new kids. The poor little beggars do nothing for the first twenty-four hours of their school career but answer idiotic questions. They have my sympathy, and if I, Thomas Brown, the great reformer, can remedy matters, I certainly shall!



FOOTBALL..... NOTES & NEWS!

.. By ..

H. VERNON-SMITH
(Our Sports Editor.)

GREYFRIARS v. HIGHCLIFFE.

Played at Greyfriars. Our Highcliffe rivals brought a very weak team over, Frank Courtenay being down with flu, and Derwent and Smithson being "crooked." The Remove went off at a great pace, Nugent netting in the first minute. The Highcliffe backs were weak under pressure, and Wharton raced through on his own and scored with a fast ground shot. Highcliffe rallied desperately, and succeeded in keeping the Remove forwards at bay until half-time. On resuming, the Remove ran riot, Penfold scoring two beautiful goals, and Hurree Singh and myself one each. The visitors were weakened considerably by the absence of Frank Courtenay, whose generalship was sadly missed. Result: Greyfriars Remove, 6; Highcliffe, 0.

Supplement iii.]

ROOKWOOD v. GREYFRIARS REMOVE.

The Remove had high hopes of defeating their Rookwood rivals, on the latter's ground. But Rookwood were at the top of their form, and took command of the game at the outset, Lovell scoring a brilliant goal. The Remove strove desperately for the equaliser, Wharton having very bad luck with a shot which struck the crossbar. Rookwood again took up the running, Silver scoring with a pass by Mornington. Half-time: Rookwood, 2; Greyfriars Remove, 0. With the wind in their favour in the second half, the Remove had the lion's share of the play, but the Rookwood backs defended stubbornly. Five minutes from time Bob Cherry reduced the margin with a long shot, and the game ended: Rookwood, 2; Greyfriars Remove, 1.

FRIARDALE JUNIORS v. GREYFRIARS REMOVE.

A regrettable scene marred this match on the village ground. The Remove attacked strongly from the start, and Penfold scored after ten minutes play. Friardale protested fiercely that Penfold was offside, but the referee awarded a goal. Twenty minutes later Wharton added to the score with a beautiful shot, and the Remove were two up. At this stage, a gang of hooligans standing behind the Greyfriars goal proceeded to pelt Bulstrode with lumps of turf and other missiles. This led to a free fight, and the match was abandoned by the referee, with the score: Greyfriars Remove, 2; Friardale Juniors, 0.

"GREYFRIARS HERALD" XI. v. "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY" XI.

This highly amusing match took place at Greyfriars, Billy Bunter's antics sending the spectators into hysterics. Bunter had secured the services of several good players, and Wynn, of St. Jim's, kept goal for the "Weekly." The "Herald" did most of the attacking, but found Wynn impregnable. There was no score at half-time. Shortly after the restart, Johnny Bull was unfortunate enough to handle the ball, and the "Weekly" were awarded a penalty. The centre-forward took the kick, and scored. The "Herald" team now found itself in a tight corner, but they played up with great resolution, and Linley made the scores level just ou time. But for Fatty Wynn's fine goal-keeping, the "Weekly" must inevitably have been badly beaten. Result: "Greyfriars Herald," 1; "Billy Bunter's Weekly," 1.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 732.

OPEN LETTERS TO VARIOUS PEOPLE!

BY THE EDITOR.

To Gerald Loder, Sixth Form.

Lanky Lout,—I see that you have again been throwing your weight about, in spite of the fact that you have been repeatedly warned about bullying.

On Saturday afternoon, you instructed Tubb of the Third to go to the tobacconist's in the village. The fag promptly and rightly refused. Whereupon you flew into an ungovernable rage, and lammed him unmercifully with a cricket-stump. Tubb was too loyal to the schoolboy code to report you—otherwise, we feel sure the Head would have had something to say, and had you been deposed from your position of prefect, it would have been no more than you deserved.

But listen to me. If this sort of thing goes on, the members of the Remove Form will take the law into their own hands, and will give you a dose of the same medicine which you administered to George Tubb. This is no idle threat, as you will find to your cost, if there is a repetition of such base and cowardly conduct!

Yours contemptuously,
HARRY WHARTON.

To Horace Coker, Fifth Form.

Champion Ass,—No doubt you thought it very funny to ride your motor-cycle on to the football field in the middle of a match between the Remove Form and Highcliffe. Your priceless sense of humour will land you in serious trouble one of these days.

You managed to hold up the game for a few moments, but when the players rushed towards you, you deemed discretion the better part of valour, and rode off.

On this occasion, we will take no action. But mark my words. If you resort to any further tomfoolery of this sort, you will be soundly and severely bumped!

It is high time, in my opinion, that you were sent to your rightful destination—Colney Hatch!

Yours grimly,
HARRY WHARTON.

To William George Bunter, Remove Form,

My dear old Prize Porker,—I notice you have been uttering your usual lamentation to the effect that you don't get sufficient food to keep body and soul together.

It has come to my knowledge that you raided the cupboards in not less than six studies yesterday, including Study No. 1 in the Remove passage. You consumed sufficient food to satisfy the cravings of a large family, and there is not much danger of your wasting away to a shadow, as you assert.

A warrant has been issued for your arrest, and you will be committed for trial to the Box-room Petty Sessions. As the presiding magistrate, I hope to have the pleasure of pronouncing sentence!

Yours,
HARRY WHARTON.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 732.

THE KEEPER OF THE GATE!

Written by DICK PENFOLD.
Warbled by WILLIAM GOSLING.

All young ribs should be drowned at birth,
No young ribs should be left on the earth.
Down with their pranks and their japes, say I,
Down with the lot—and I'll tell you why!

Oh, it's Gossy this, and Gossy that,
And it's "Pull yourself together!"
It's Gossy here, and it's Gossy there,
In any sort of weather.
Just like a Turk they make me work
On jobs I need not mention.
Here's to the day when I retire,
And draw my Old Age Pension!

I suffers with backache and palsy and gout,
I'll suffer from madness afore the year's out!
I suffers with this, and I suffers with that,
Life isn't worth living, I tell you flat!

For it's Gossy this, and Gossy that,
And it's "Now, then, at the double!"
And life is one continual round
Of worry, care, and trouble.
Just like a dog they make me slog
At duties small and menial.
Here's to the day when I retire,
And make my life congenial!

For donkeys' years I've guarded the gate,
A cottage and pension should now be my fate,
For I'm getting too old to work like a slave
Among youngsters what don't know the way to behave!

Oh, it's Gossy this, and Gossy that,
And it's "Come on, at the jump!"
It's Gossy here, and it's Gossy there,
And it fair gives me the hump!
Just like a nigger I work with vigour,
I'm never slack nor late.
Then spare a thought, as well you ought,
For the keeper of the gate!

SOME CHEERY CONUNDRUMS!

By BOB CHERRY.

Why is Mr. Quetch like an affectionate spaniel?

Because he sometimes licks our hands!

Why is Billy Bunter unlike a monkey?

Because he can't climb for nuts!

How do we know that Gosling is fond of cards?

Because he always shuffles!

Why is Loder of the Sixth like a cloud of smoke?

Because they are both in the habit of going out of the window!

What is the difference between a civilised person and Billy Bunter?

One takes his food internally—the other eternally!

Who is a marvellous athlete?
The man who, although possessing only Wun Lung, can always manage to Hop Hi!

Why is Mr. Hacker kind to his pupils?
Because he's always giving them "socks."

MY FOOTBOWL KOLLUM!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

Satterday dorned brito and kloor.
(That's how most footbawl-story riters begin there narratiffs.)

XI. Greyfriars felloes, and XI. Highcliffe ditto, making XXII. in all (I generally rito in roaming figgers) were lined up on the hard, frosty ground, sodden by resent rane.

A grate match was about to take place, and I had been detaled to report it for the "Greyfriars Herald."

Armed with a notebook and pensill, I sat on a camp-stool (or a toadstool, I forget wich) in the middel of the feeld, and waited for the kick-off.

Wingate of the Vith, who was refferree, came up and klapped me on the sholder.

"You can't sit hear!" he said.

"Eh? Why can't I?"

"You'll get in the way of the players, you silly yung ass!"

"But I've got to report this match—"

"Then I should advise you to report it from a safe distanse. If you stay hear, you'll get so badly nocked about that we shall have to take you away on the amberlance!"

"Oh crumms!" I ejakulated.

And I promptly changed my 's.

Wharton won the toss, and he elected to kick with the wind in his faver. Not that the wind was likely to help him much!

Fe-e-e-p!

The refferree's wissel rang out over the frozen feelds. And then the game began in reel Ernest.

I could see that the Remove would have to fite hard in order to avoyd defeat.

"On the bawl!" I showted. "Pile in! Pull yore sox up!"

Wharton & Co. attacked despritley, but in vane. The Highcliffe bax were in grate form, and they stemmed the feerce rushes of the oppersition.

I was too short-sited to see much of the play, so I was obliged to konsult Skinner, who was standing neer.

"What's the skore?" I asked him, at ½-time.

"Highcliffe are leeding by five goles to nil," he replide.

"My hat!"

I felt rather sorry for Wharton, but, of course, he had only himself to blame. I had offered my services to the team, and they had been deklined without thanks. If Wharton had aloud me to play, I should have gone threw the Highcliffe defense like a nife threw butter.

The second ½ was very thrilling, but I was too busy munching jam-tarts to pay much attenshun to the game.

When the final wissel rang out, I agane asked Skinner the skore, and he told me that Highcliffe had won by twelve goles to nix.

"Ruff luck!" I said to Wharton, as he came off the feeld. "I'm sorry you were licked by such a kolossal marjin."

"Licked?" he ekkoed. "Why, you fat duffer, we won by six goles to nil!"

"But Skinner said that Highcliffe had beeten you hollo!"

"He was pulling yore leg, you cham-pyun chump!"

And so it proved. But when I took rownd for Skinner, I fownd he had vannished. And the remainder of my jam-tarts had vannished, too!

Such is life!

[Supplement iv.

THE BUNTERS' CONSPIRACY I

(Continued from page 8.)

much time with your books, and too little in the fresh air. All this is nonsense about ghosts—"

"It isn't nonsense, sir! The night before last I was scared out of my wits, and I vowed I wouldn't spend another night in that beastly little garret at the top of the building. Last night I slept in my study. But I couldn't escape the ghost of the Ancient Friar. Shortly after midnight, it visited me in its flowing chains and clanking robes—I mean robing chains and flowing clanks—that is to say—"

By this time the Head was thoroughly alarmed.

"I am positive, Bunter, that you are suffering from some mental disorder," he said. "You had better retire to your room, and I will telephone for the doctor—"

At that moment there came a tap on the door of the Head's study.

"Come in!" said the well-nigh distracted doctor.

Harry Wharton of the Remove entered with a brisk step. He glanced at Wally Bunter—at least, he took him to be Wally Bunter—and then he turned to the Head.

"Excuse me, sir. I didn't know you were engaged. I wish to ask you a favour."

"Very well, Wharton."

"A party of us in the Remove would very much like to go to Ashley Downs, about twenty miles from here, for a picnic, sir. We should be back rather late—about an hour after locking-up time—and if you would be good enough to give us special passes—"

"Certainly, certainly!" murmured the Head.

At the mention of the magic word "picnic," Billy Bunter pricked up his ears.

Whenever there was a picnic on the programme, Bunter always contrived to be there.

He rose to his feet, approached Harry Wharton, and nudged him in the ribs.

The captain of the Remove couldn't help thinking that that was a very singular way for a Form-master to behave.

"I say, Wharton, old chap—"

Harry gasped.

"You might let my cousin Billy, of the Remove, join your party. Bo a sport!"

Harry Wharton stared in amazement at the speaker, who stood blinking at him beseechingly.

Wharton remembered that Wally Bunter was not usually in the habit of blinking. And then, as in a flash, it dawned upon him that this was not Wally Bunter at all. It was Billy! William George Bunter of the Remove was masquerading as his cousin!

The captain of the Remove gave a violent start.

"Bunter, you ass!" he muttered.

"What's the little game?"

The Head paused in the act of writing out the late passes, and he looked up, with a frown.

"Why are you muttering to Mr. Bunter in that way, Wharton?" he demanded.

"It's quite all right, sir," said Billy, before Wharton could speak. "We were just passing remarks about the weather, sir. I believe there's going to be a change in the temperament."

The Head gave a gasp.

"Surely you mean 'temperature,' Bunter?"

"Yessir. Isn't that what I said?"

Dr. Locke looked searchingly at Billy Bunter.

"You are neither talking nor acting as you usually talk and act, Bunter," he said. "Instead of behaving with the dignity which becomes a master, you are acting like your cousin William of the Remove Form."

Billy Bunter stood blinking at the Head in dismay. He felt as if he were standing on the edge of a precipice, and that at any moment he might fall over. He would have been wise to keep a still tongue. Instead of which, he started talking in an attempt to cover his confusion, and he only made matters a hundred times worse.

"I hope you don't think I'm Billy, sir, and that I'd be cad enough to try and pass myself off as Wally. I assure you, sir, that such a thought would never enter my head. What are you looking at me like that for, Wharton? You know jolly well that I'm Wally and not Billy! If you give the game away," added Bunter, in a low tone, but sufficiently loud for the Head to hear, "I—I'll jolly well pulverise you!"

Wharton smiled grimly. He reflected that Billy had given the game away very completely himself!

As for the Head, he was almost overcome. He rose to his feet, and advanced towards Billy Bunter, and he seemed to tower over the unhappy junior.

At last Dr. Locke found his voice.

"Bunter," he roared, "this is a gross imposture—a deliberate attempt to deceive me! You are Bunter of the Remove!"

"Nunno, sir!" Billy Bunter's knees were fairly knocking together with fright. "You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, sir. I'm Wally—Wally to the life, sir! I made sure that my disguise was perfect before I came along to your study—that is to say—"

"Enough, Bunter!" The Head's voice was terrible in its sternness. "I cannot fathom your motives, but for some reason or other you have chosen to impersonate your cousin. Do you realise, wretched boy, the enormity of your offence? Do you suppose that it is a trifling or a slipshod matter to impersonate a Form-master?"

"Oh crumbs! I—I— Don't be hard on me, sir! It's my first offence!"

The Head frowned.

"It is very far from being your first offence, Bunter. Time after time you have been arraigned before me for various misdemeanours. You are an utterly worthless and unscrupulous young rascal, and I shall cane you severely!"

"Of course, you're joking, sir?" said Bunter feebly. "You wouldn't cane a Form-master!"

The Head nearly choked.

"So you are still trying to keep up your flimsy deception?" he thundered. "I am perfectly satisfied that you are Bunter of the Remove. As for the suggestion that I am joking, do I look as if I were jesting with you?"

The Head certainly did not. His frown at that moment resembled the frown of Jove of old.

"You have behaved abominably, Bunter!" he went on. "A repetition of such conduct will result in your expulsion from the school. As it is, you will kindly place yourself in a convenient position to receive corporal punishment!"

The Head pointed to a chair. Very reluctantly Billy Bunter bent over it.

A very painful scene followed—painful, at any rate, for the Owl of the Remove.

The Head laid on the cane with tremendous vigour, and the victim's screams of

anguish were so piercing that Harry Wharton was obliged to stop his ears.

Not until he was breathless, and spent with his exertions, did the Head desist. By this time Billy Bunter was grovelling on the carpet, groaning in anguish.

The Head glared down at him.

"Go!" he commanded. "Leave my presence instantly!"

Billy Bunter picked himself up with a great effort, and limped out of the study.

Fortunately, Wally had not yet returned from Friar Dale, so Billy was able to change back into his Eton jacket and resume his spectacles. Then he crawled along to Study No. 7, and lay groaning on the sofa.

His second plot against Wally had ended even more disastrously than the first.

"I seem to be baulked at every twist and turn!" he muttered. "But I'm not beaten yet! I'll force Wally to leave this place somehow. He's been a perfect beast to Sammy and me, and he's going to suffer for it. Ow! The Head's just about done for me, I think!"

In spite of his sufferings, however, Billy Bunter recovered sufficiently to be able to dispose of a dozen jam-tarts at tea-time. He raided the tarts from Coker's study, and, after partaking of them he felt in slightly better spirits.

But his decision with regard to Wally was unchanged.

"Wally must go! That was Billy Bunter's slogan.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Billy and the Fair Sex!

BILLY BUNTER did not immediately renew his campaign against Wally.

The fat junior intended to wait until he had fully recovered from the Head's licking; and that would not be for some days.

Besides, it was necessary for Billy to think out a fresh scheme; and brilliant schemes did not readily occur to his slow brain.

It was not until the next half-holiday that Billy had his next move cut and dried.

Greyfriars First Eleven had an away match. They were due to visit St. Jim's; and Wingate, who knew that Wally Bunter was an excellent footballer, despatched a note by a fag, asking if Mr. Bunter would care to play at right-back, in place of Hammersley, who was crooked.

Wally jumped at the chance.

Up till now his career as a master had been one of all work and no play; and Wally realised that he was beginning to get a bit flabby, and that his physical condition needed toning up. He replied to Wingate's note, pointing out that he had not practised for some time, but that he would be pleased to play, and would do his best.

Billy Bunter saw his cousin's name on the notice-board, as a member of the First Eleven, and he chuckled.

"That's good! Wally will be out of the way this afternoon!" he muttered. "The coast will be clear!"

He waited until the First Eleven had taken their departure. Then he went along to Wally's study, and, as on a previous occasion, locked the door on the inside.

"There was nothing wrong with my disguise last time," he murmured. "It was perfect, and nobody twigged. It was the voice that gave me away. And the voice won't matter this time."

Billy Bunter removed the screen, behind which was Wally's wardrobe.

Wally possessed, among other things, a very smart and stylish Sunday suit.

Billy, discarding his own shabby and crumpled togs, proceeded to attire himself in Wally's.

Wally's suit would have fitted no one else at Greyfriars but himself and Billy.

The Owl of the Remove found it a perfect fit.

He dressed himself with scrupulous care.

The expansive white shirt, the stand-up collar, and the bow-tie added greatly to the dignity of Billy's appearance. He looked really smart; and even Lord Mauleverer, the fashion-eritic of the Remove, could have found no fault with him.

From top to toe, Billy Bunter resembled an exquisite. The trousers were creased and speckless; the coat fitted him to perfection; the patent-leather shoes shone so that he could see his face in them. The shoes were surmounted by silk spats.

Having carefully parted his hair in the middle, and brushed his eyebrows, Billy set his cousin's shining silk topper upon his head. Then he took a bunch of spring violets from the vase, and pinned them to the lapel of his coat. They made a most attractive buttonhole.

Finally, Billy Bunter took possession of Wally's gloves, and of his silver-mounted walking-stick. Then he surveyed himself in the glass. He twisted himself round, in order to get a view of his back, in a manner suggestive of a cat chasing its own tail.

"Ripping!" was his verdict. "I'm always a fellow of smart appearance, but I've never looked so smart as this in my life! Wally's got some topping togs, and no mistake!"

Billy Bunter unlocked the door, and stepped out into the passage, tucking the walking-stick under his arm, and pulling on his gloves as he went.

The school building was, for the most part, deserted. The majority of the fellows were out on the playing-fields.

There were a few people about, however. One of them was Dicky Nugent.

The fag stepped aside to allow Billy Bunter to pass. And he stared at him in open-mouthed surprise.

"I thought you were playing for the First this afternoon, sir!" he exclaimed.

Billy Bunter was in no way taken aback.

"I dropped out at the last moment, Nugent minor," he said gruffly. "I have another appointment."

"But I—I thought I saw you go off with the team!" said Dicky.

Billy smiled indulgently.

"I accompanied the team as far as the station, in order to see them off," he said.

"Oh!"

Dicky Nugent did not look altogether satisfied with the explanation. And Billy Bunter, fearing that awkward questions might follow, nodded briefly to the fag, and passed on.

To his infinite relief, there was nobody in the Close except Gosling the porter.

Gosling, when he saw Billy Bunter coming, nearly dropped his broom in his astonishment.

"Which there's a mystery 'ere!" he ejaculated. "Are you Mr. Wally Bunter, sir?"

"Of course I am!" snapped Billy.

"But I distinctly saw Mr. Bunter go off with the football team!"

"Gosling," said Billy sternly, "you

have been seeing things! This is the result of not taking sufficient water with it!"

Gosling looked utterly bewildered.

"Which I could swear—" he began.

"You'd better not," said Billy, "or it will be my painful duty to report you to the Head."

The school porter passed his hand dazedly across his brow.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—I'm certain I saw you go off with the footballers!"

Billy Bunter frowned.

"Enough!" he said sternly. "How could you possibly have seen me, when I have been in my study all the time? You have been drinking, man! That is the only possible explanation of your strange conduct. You had better pull yourself together, Gosling, and mend your ways, or you will find yourself in serious trouble!"

With which rebuke, Billy Bunter passed on.

Gosling stood staring after his fat figure in blank perplexity.

"Which I'm positive I saw him go off with Wingate an' the others!" he muttered. "It's queer—werry queer! I shall have to puzzle it out."

GAN WAGA'S ISLAND

BY
SIDNEY DREW

Starting in this week's
POPULAR

Billy Bunter, feeling quite satisfied in his mind that Gosling had no suspicion as to his real identity, stalked away in the direction of Courtfield.

Many pedestrians paused to stare at him. For Billy was indeed magnificent. He carried with him an air of prosperity. He seemed to ooze affluence. In reality, he hadn't a penny in his pocket.

He had proceeded about a mile along the road, when there was a whirring noise behind him, and a motor-cycle bore down upon him.

Stepping to one side in order to safeguard his clothes, Billy Bunter looked round, and saw that the motor-cyclist was Mr. Prout.

The master of the Fifth slowed up. The machine throbbed to a standstill.

"Good-afternoon, Bunter!" said Mr. Prout genially. "Bless my soul! You are clad in all your finery! Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like you are at this moment! Is this a special occasion?"

Billy Bunter nodded. He began to feel very uneasy lest Mr. Prout's suspicions should be aroused.

"You are going into Courtfield, I presume?" said Mr. Prout.

Bunter nodded again. He did not want to do any more talking than was absolutely necessary.

"Then I shall be pleased to give you a lift in my sidecar," said the master of the Fifth. "I am going to Burchester to attend a political meeting, and I shall have to pass through Courtfield."

Billy Bunter gruffly expressed his thanks, and got into the sidecar.

It was a tight squeeze. When firms manufacture sidecars they do not make allowance for persons of Billy Bunter's bulk. The fat junior really required a specially spacious sidecar, in which he could feel comfortable, and not like a sardine huddled with its brethren in a tin.

"Comfortable?" asked Mr. Prout.

Billy Bunter grunted. The grunt might have meant anything. Mr. Prout took it to be an affirmative.

"Then off we go!" he said cheerfully.

The machine leapt forward, and it fairly ate up the miles.

Mr. Prout and his companion were in Courtfield almost before they realised the fact.

In the High Street a pompous policeman cautioned Mr. Prout to "go slow."

"Where shall I put you down, Bunter?" inquired the master of the Fifth.

"Outside the Elysian Cafe, if you don't mind," said Billy.

Mr. Prout nodded, and slowed up outside the establishment in question.

Billy Bunter detached himself with difficulty from the sidecar, and stretched his cramped limbs.

"I trust you will have an enjoyable afternoon," said Mr. Prout. "You have not enlightened me as to the nature of this special occasion; in fact, you have been a most taciturn companion. But I suppose you prefer to keep your own personal affairs to yourself. Good-afternoon, Bunter!"

"Good-afternoon!" said Billy.

"Thanks for the lift!"

And it was with a feeling of relief that he gazed after Mr. Prout's motor-cycle, until it was swallowed up in the rest of the traffic.

Billy Bunter strutted up and down outside the Elysian Cafe, watching the throng of the pedestrians on the pavement, and grinning in a doggish manner at all the maidens—fair and otherwise—who went past.

Some of the girls smiled in return, but not many gave him sufficient encouragement to address them.

Presently, however, a tall, angular lady of uncertain years stopped short when Billy Bunter grinned at her.

The fat junior raised his topper with a flourish.

"Good-afternoon!" he said cordially.

The angular lady returned the salutation. She added that it was a nice day.

"Yes, rather!" said Billy Bunter. "I always like it to be fine on a Wednesday afternoon. It's a half-holiday, you see, and I like to enjoy myself. I get fed-up with cramming Latin and Greek into the noddles of small boys!"

"You are a schoolmaster?"

Billy Bunter nodded proudly.

"I'm in charge of the First Form at Greyfriars," he said.

He would have said the Sixth Form, but he was not certain whether his companion had heard of Wally Bunter, and the position he held.

"My name's Bunter—Walter Bunter," he went on. "I'm a Master of Arts and a Bachelor of Science. I hope to take lots of other degrees soon."

"You are very young to occupy such a position," was the lady's comment.

Billy Bunter smiled.

"Young in years, but old in experience," he said. "Doctor Locko reckons I'm the best man he's got on his staff. He's dead scared that I shall resign my job and go off to Eton or Harrow, or one of the better-known schools. Matter of fact, Eton would jump at me!"

"Then why not go?"
 "Oh, I'm quite happy where I am," said Billy. "But, I say! Don't let's stand here jawing. We're obstructing the giddy pavement."

The lady felt inclined to say, "Speak for yourself." For it was Bunter's huge bulk that was responsible for the obstruction. The angular lady was quite slim, and took up only a moderate amount of standing room.

"I suggest we pop into the cafe and have tea," said Billy. "Are you agreeable?"

"Certainly!"
 They passed into the cafe together. "By the way," said Billy Bunter, as they seated themselves at one of the tables, "you haven't told me your name."

"I am Miss Primrose Perkins."
 "My hat! What a charming name!" said Billy, with enthusiasm.

"Yes, it is rather sweet," said Miss Perkins. "Everybody admires it."

At that moment the waitress approached. She smiled covertly on glancing at the ill-assorted pair.

"Rather like an advertisement for fattening food," she reflected. "The lady is 'Before Taking,' and the fat fellow is 'After Taking.' What would you like to eat?" she added aloud.

Billy Bunter gave orders on a lavish scale. The walk, followed by the spin in the sidecar, had whetted his appetite. The waitress had all her work cut out to memorise his instructions.

Miss Perkins surveyed Bunter with interest, not unmingled with admiration. His smart, well-groomed appearance appealed to her strongly. Here, she reflected, was a youth who, though still in his teens, had made good. He had taken honours for which men twice his age were still laboriously swotting. He had become a master at a public school. Moreover, he had deigned to offer her his friendship.

Miss Primrose Perkins had few male friends. She was well-dressed, and she had a small private income. But she was ugly. There was no gainsaying the fact. She had a hatchet face, and her nose was of the beak variety. Not the choicest of cosmetics could have transformed her face into a beautiful one.

She was painfully aware of her own shortcomings; and this made her appreciate all the more the attentions which this young schoolmaster was bestowing upon her.

Billy Bunter chatted amiably with Miss Perkins until the tea arrived. Then his jaws got busy again—but in a different way.

The fat junior hadn't a penny-piece in his pocket. But that fact did not seem to trouble him. His brows were not lined with care. On the contrary, his fat face was beaming like a full moon.

"These cream buns are prime!" he mumbled.

Miss Perkins smiled as she watched Billy Bunter's gastronomic feats.

"You have a healthy appetite?" she asked.

"I don't know about that. Some of the Greyfriars fellows say I have a jolly unhealthy one! Every time Bob Cherry sees me stuffing he bumps me—"

Miss Perkins looked astonished.

"I am surprised that you, a Form-master, should allow the boys to criticise your appetite, and to bump you!" she said.

Billy Bunter realised that he had allowed his tongue to run away with him.

"Ahem! That—that was merely a figure of speech!" he stammered. "Pile in, Miss Perkins," he added, pushing a dish of pastries across to his companion. "You're doing all the jawing, and I'm doing all the eating."

Miss Perkins ate sparingly. She liked being taken out to tea, but she did not wish to make the bill too heavy for her companion. He was making it sufficiently heavy himself.

As she watched Billy Bunter getting through a pile of cream buns, Miss Perkins vaguely wondered where he managed to put it all.

The fat junior thoroughly enjoyed himself.

After the feast came the reckoning. But Billy had already decided that there would be no reckoning in this case. He had thought of quite an ingenious scheme whereby he hoped to solve the problem of paying the bill.

Billy Bunter was finished at last. He leaned back in his seat, with a sigh of contentment.

"Enjoyed it?" asked Miss Perkins, with a smile.

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter, having gorged himself into a state of drowsiness, was on the point of dozing off when the waitress flattered towards him with the bill.

For some fellows it would have been a terrible moment. But Billy Bunter didn't turn a hair. He lazily reached out

his hand for the bill, and glanced at it carelessly.

It was for seventeen shillings and sixpence!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Further Adventures!

"**H**URRY up and pay the bill, Mr. Bunter, and we'll be getting out into the fresh air."

It was Miss Perkins who uttered that remark.

The waitress stood in the offing, so to speak, waiting for Billy Bunter to settle up, and wondering how big a tip she would get.

Bunter languidly groped in his right-hand trouser pocket, and then in the left-hand pocket. After which, he plunged his hand into his breast-pocket. Then he broke into a cackle.

"I say, what a lark!" he exclaimed. "I've left all my money in my other togs! Ha, ha, ha!"

There is a proverb which says, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." In Billy Bunter's case he laughed alone.

Miss Perkins looked very embarrassed. The waitress looked grim. She was trying to recall to her mind a previous occasion when Billy Bunter had "done himself well" at the Elysian Cafe, and had not been in a position to pay the bill.

"What a blessed idiot I am, to be sure!" said Billy Bunter.

He turned to the waitress with a jovial smile.

"Of course, it'll be all right if I drop



Billy Bunter took the chair that was farthest away from the Head. "I trust that by this time you have settled down to your duties!" said Dr. Locke. "No, sir!" said Billy, in gruff tones that he imagined Wally would adopt. "In fact, I'm fed up!" (See Chapter 4.)

NEXT MONDAY!

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in and settle this little bill to-morrow?" he said.

The waitress shook her head.

"My instructions are to allow no one to leave this establishment without paying!" she said firmly.

Billy Bunter became indignant.

"You know jolly well that my credit's good!" he exclaimed. "I'm a Form-master up at Greyfriars, at a salary of two thousand a year! And the Head's giving me a rise next week!"

The waitress was unimpressed.

"Look here, if you doubt my word, fetch the manager! I won't be fooled about like this!" declared Bunter heatedly.

"The manager is out."

"When will he be back?"

"In about an hour. I can't allow you to leave the premises until he returns."

Billy Bunter turned to Miss Perkins.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "You pay the bill, and I'll give you the money back when you come over to Greyfriars to-morrow. I want you to come and have tea with me to-morrow, at five."

Miss Perkins brightened up somewhat. She genuinely believed Bunter's story of having inadvertently left his money in his other clothes. If she paid the bill, she reflected, she would get the seventeen-and-sixpence back next day, and also enjoy the unique experience of having tea in a Form-master's study.

"That is quite a good arrangement," she said.

She produced a pound-note from her bag, and handed it to the waitress. That young lady was considerably mollified, especially on being told that she might keep the change.

"Many thanks, Miss Perkins!" said Billy Bunter. "I shall have to be going now. You'll be at the school at five to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Ask for me—Mr. Walter Bunter. Everybody knows me. I'm quite a landmark at Greyfriars. Don't go and ask for Billy Bunter by mistake. I've got a young rascal of a cousin in the Remove Form. He's something like me in appearance, but not quite so good-looking. Be sure you ask for Mr. Walter Bunter."

"Very well!"

They passed out into the street.

Billy Bunter lifted his topper in farewell, and strutted away, leaving Miss Perkins to bask in the pleasant prospect of having tea with him next day.

Having made sure that his new acquaintance was out of sight, Billy Bunter looked around for fresh worlds to conquer.

His immaculate appearance readily attracted attention, and he presently found himself in conversation with a Miss Green.

Miss Green was a giggling girl of about sixteen. She was an assistant at a large drapery store in Courtfield, and her constant aim in life seemed to be to "get off." In this she was generally disappointed, for the average young man of Courtfield had something better to do than to pilot an empty-headed girl through the country lanes.

Billy Bunter chatted pleasantly to Miss Green, who punctuated his conversation with shrill giggles.

"I should like to take you to the cinema, you know," said Billy.

"That would be s' nice," said Miss Green. And then she promptly gave another hysterical giggle. Her giggling was beginning to get on Billy Bunter's nerves. But he had a part to play, and he intended to carry it through.

"Unfortunately," he went on, "I'm pressed for time just now. But I'll tell you what. Would you care to come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon?"

"I'd simply love it!" said Miss Green.

"I'm a Form-master at the school over there," said Bunter, pointing vaguely at the distant horizon. "Call at five o'clock, and ask for Mr. Walter Bunter. Mind you're punctual!"

"Trust me!" said Miss Green, with a final giggle.

Billy Bunter watched the girl out of sight. Then he darted across the street, and raised his hat to a young lady who was gazing in a shop window.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Robinson!" he said.

The girl spun round with a start.

"That is not my name," she said. "I am Miss Browne!"

Billy Bunter was profuse in his apologies.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he said. "I mistook you for Molly Robinson. You're just like her in appearance, you know—rather better-looking, if anything."

Miss Browne smiled graciously at the compliment.

"Ripping afternoon, isn't it?" said Bunter.

"It is."

"I see you're heavy-laden. Been doing some shopping, I suppose? Let me carry those parcels for you."

Miss Browne hesitated, and was lost.

Billy Bunter relieved her of the parcels, and they moved off together.

"Where do you live?" asked the fat junior.

"Melrose Avenue?"

"That's a good step from here."

"You are sure you don't mind?"

"It's a pleasure, dear girl!"

Miss Browne was a nicer type of girl than Miss Perkins and Miss Green. She was pleasant and good-natured, and she laughed at Billy Bunter's jokes. But she was not a flirt.

However, when Billy Bunter suggested that she dropped in and had tea with him on the morrow, she agreed at once—not because she was particularly keen on Bunter's society, but because she had heard a lot about Greyfriars, and welcomed the opportunity of seeing the school from within.

"I shall expect you at five o'clock sharp," said Bunter. "You'll be there?"

"Without fail!"

Having accompanied Miss Browne as far as the gate of her house, Billy Bunter handed her the parcels, raised his hat with the air of a Beau Brummell, and took his departure.

"That's three people to see Wally at five o'clock to-morrow!" he chuckled. "And when the Head gets to know that Wally's entertaining a collection of girls from Courtfield there will be the dickens of a row! Shouldn't be surprised to see Wally sacked on the spot!"

It did not seem to occur to the fat junior that in storing up trouble for Wally he was acting despicably. His mind was intent upon one thing—to get his cousin away from Greyfriars; and Bunter argued that any means justified the end. His latest move, he reflected, was the most ingenious of all. And Billy felt confident that it would end in Wally being ordered to quit.

Having achieved his purpose in going to Courtfield, Billy Bunter hurried back

to Greyfriars. It was imperative that he should get back before the First Eleven returned from St. Jim's. He had to change his clothes before Wally arrived, or the fat would be in the fire.

Dusk was falling when Billy Bunter reached the school. And the dusk enabled him to cross the Close and enter the building without exciting comment.

He made his way by a devious route to Wally's study, and hastily changed back into his Etons, replacing Wally's clothes in the wardrobe.

He effected the transformation just in time.

The Greyfriars First Eleven returned shortly afterwards.

They had no tale of victory to tell. The match at St. Jim's had ended in a draw of one goal each.

According to Wingate, St. Jim's had had three-parts of the play, and only the sterling defensive work of Wally Bunter had saved Greyfriars from defeat.

Wally was in a happy mood. He had thoroughly enjoyed the match, which came as a welcome break after a long period of swotting.

On his way to his study, Wally encountered Mr. Prout.

"I trust you enjoyed yourself in Courtfield, Bunter," said that worthy.

Wally looked surprised.

"I've not been to Courtfield," he said. "I played for the First Eleven this afternoon at St. Jim's."

"Bless my soul!"

"What makes you think I was in Courtfield, Mr. Prout?"

"I—I took you there myself!" gasped the bewildered Form-master. "You travelled in my sidcar!"

"Nonsense!"

Mr. Prout fired up at this terse rejoinder.

"I cannot doubt the evidence of my own eyes, Bunter," he said. "You were walking along the road, arrayed in your best clothes, and I overtook you and gave you a lift."

Wally was staggered.

"You are wrong," he said, with conviction. "Wingate or any of the others will bear out the fact that I accompanied the team to St. Jim's."

"In that case," said Mr. Prout, "the person I met this afternoon was your double. Stay! There is your cousin, Bunter of the Remove. But it was not he. He always wears spectacles."

"He probably discarded them for the purpose of impersonating me," said Wally grimly. "I expect you heard about the previous affair, when he went to the Head and tried to pass himself off as me!"

Mr. Prout nodded.

"Yes!" he declared. "It must have been your cousin! I have been duped—fooled—bamboozled!" Mr. Prout's tones were vibrant with anger. "I will deal with that young rascal as he deserves! I have never heard of such brazen audacity!"

"If you don't mind," said Wally, "I should prefer that this matter were left in my hands."

"You will deal effectively with your cousin?"

Wally nodded.

"Very well," said Mr. Prout. "The unmitigated young rascal merits a severe caning!"

The master of the Fifth passed on, and Wally went along to his own study.

He examined his wardrobe, but there were no signs that his Sunday clothes had been tampered with. Billy Bunter had replaced them very carefully. He had also restored the bunch of violets to the vase.

ANSWERS
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Wally remained deep in thought for some moments. Then he summoned a fag, and despatched him in quest of Billy.

After a brief interval, there was a tap on the door.

"Come in!" called Wally.

Billy Bunter entered cheerfully—almost jauntily.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "It's about time!"

Wally stared at him.

"What are you talking about, Bunter?"

"I say it's about time. I was wondering when you were going to do the decent, cousinly thing, and invite me to tea!"

Wally frowned.

"I have not invited you to tea, Bunter! I have sent for you in connection with a serious matter. Don't lean against the mantelpiece! Stand erect whilst I am speaking to you!"

Billy came smartly to attention, clicking his heels together, and grinning at Wally like a Cheshire cat.

"No impertinence!" said Wally sharply. "Now, listen to me! I have reason to believe that you came into my study this afternoon, in my absence, and donned my Sunday clothes. For some reason best known to yourself, you impersonated me!"

"I deny it!" said Billy promptly.

"You assure me that you did not change into my clothes this afternoon?"

"Of course I didn't! Why should I want to change into your togs, when my own are the smartest in the Remove?"

"I believe you are lying!" said Wally.

"Oh, really, Wally—! I never lie!"

Wally gave a grunt.

"You are far from being a George Washington in that respect!" he said. "And please don't call me Wally again, or I shall cane you! You have had several warnings!"

Billy Bunter blinked reproachfully at his cousin.

"You've got a spite against me, sir, that's what it is!" he broke out.

"You're always making rotten accusations against me! I've not tried to impersonate you! When I impersonate anybody, I always see that it's a person as good-looking as myself!"

"That's enough!" said Wally. "You still stick to your denial?"

"Of course!"

"Very well. I shall take no action at the moment. But if it should turn out that you have impersonated me in order to place me in an unpleasant position, I shall not spare you! You may go, Bunter!"

And Billy Bunter left Wally's study less jauntily than he had entered it.

The fat junior began to feel very uncomfortable. He would have cancelled the appointments he had made for the following day, but he did not know the addresses of two of the ladies—Miss Perkins and Miss Green.

There was no retracting now. The plot would be carried through to a finish. And Billy Bunter was extremely dubious as to how Wally would take it.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Visitors for Wally!

WALLY BUNTER took his duties as a Form-master very seriously. He handled the babes of the First firmly and well. At first, some of them had been inclined to rebel against his authority; but Wally had clearly shown them that any breach of discipline would meet with severe punishment.

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE MYSTERY OF THE WARNING!"



The Head rose to his feet and advanced towards Billy Bunter, and he seemed to tower over the unhappy junior. "Bunter!" he roared. "This is a gross imposture—a deliberate attempt to deceive me!" "Nunno, sir!" stammered Bunter. "You're mistaken. I am Wally, Wally to the life. My disguise is per—I mean—" (See Chapter 4.)

Wally's duties did not end when afternoon lessons finished. He voluntarily devoted an hour, after lessons, to putting his pupils through a series of physical exercises. He also taught them boxing.

Fags were constantly being bullied, and unable to take their own part. Wally decided to teach them how.

At five o'clock, on the day after the match with St. Jim's, Wally was in the gym, supervising a three-minute bout between two of his charges.

One was a short, stocky infant. The other had a freckled face and ginger hair. They were pummeling each other unmercifully, amid shrill cries of "Go it, Ginger!" and "Wallop him, Fatty!"

The fight had reached a most interesting stage when the door of the gymnasium opened, and Trotter, the page, looked in.

Wally Bunter glanced across at him.

"You want me, Trotter?"

"Yessir! There's a fieldmale 'ere to see you, sir!"

"A—a what?"

"A fieldmale woman, sir!"

"Oh! You mean a female?"

"That's what I said, sir!"

Wally looked perplexed. He had no acquaintances of the other sex in the neighbourhood.

Then it dawned upon him that the visitor might be his cousin Bessie, of Cliff House.

"Is it Miss Bunter, Trotter?" he asked.

"No, sir! Which she gives the name of Miss Green, sir."

Wally was about to step outside and interview the caller, when the latter, evidently tired of waiting for Trotter to

deliver her message, tripped into the gym.

"Cheerio, old bean!" she said, as she advanced towards Wally.

And then she burst into an explosive giggle.

The boxing bout had ceased abruptly, and the fags gazed in astonishment at the intruder.

As for Wally Bunter, he was completely taken aback.

"Who—who are you?" he stammered.

Miss Green stopped giggling.

"Oh, come off it!" she said. "You needn't pretend you don't know me! You met me in Courtfield yesterday, and invited me here to tea. I went to your study, but you weren't there, so I was directed here. What about the merry tea, old fruit?"

Wally was quite flabbergasted for a moment.

"You—you say I met you in Courtfield yesterday?" he stammered.

"You know you did! You stopped me in the High Street, and—"

"I'm not in the habit of stopping strangers in the street," said Wally grimly. It was beginning to dawn upon him that Billy was responsible for the present situation. "The fellow who stopped you was my cousin, Bunter of the Remove!"

The girl's face fell.

"But he said he was a Form-master here—"

"Very likely! I'm afraid he was fooling you! That was his idea of a priceless joke, to pass himself off as me, and invite you here. He wanted to land me in an unpleasant situation!"

Miss Green took some little time to

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digest these facts. Then she looked at Wally Bunter, and gave a feeble giggle.

"Now that I've tramped all the way over here, surely you'll give me some tea, old bean?" she said.

Wally flushed. It was not pleasant to be called "old bean" in front of his pupils. He walked to the door and held it open.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Green!" he said quietly, but with an air of finality.

Wally's visitor stopped giggling, and glared at him. Then she passed out, and at the same moment another young lady passed in.

The second young lady was Miss Browne. Wally groaned audibly as she entered. It did not lessen his discomfort to know that a grinning crowd of Removites hovered outside the door.

"Good-afternoon!" said Miss Browne brightly.

"Gug-gug-good-afternoon!" stammered Wally.

"I've come to tea, as you suggested," said the girl.

Wally ran his fingers through his hair. "I don't remember having made any such suggestion," he said.

"What! Surely you have not forgotten? You met me in Courtfield yesterday afternoon—"

"Help!" groaned Wally. "It's that precious cousin of mine again! I can see his hand in all this!"

Miss Browne stared.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

Wally was obliged to embark upon further explanations and apologies.

Fortunately, he did not find it very difficult to get rid of Miss Browne. When she learned that the affair was a put-up job she expressed her sympathy for Wally, also the hope that he would soundly chastise his cousin.

"Chastise him?" said Wally, in a burst of anger. "I—I'll pulverise him!"

That was not exactly the sort of language that might have been expected from a Form-master; but Wally was so furious at the hoax that had been played upon him that he did not measure his words.

Miss Browne took her departure. Wally was about to close the door after her when in came a furious-faced female, brandishing an umbrella.

The latest visitor entered the gymnasium after the manner of a whirlwind. She seemed to be borne into the place by some unseen impetus.

Wally jumped back out of range as the umbrella was flourished in his face.

"My—my dear madam—" he stammered.

"Don't 'dear madam' me! You are a trifle, sir—a man of a lightly spoken word! You expressly asked me to be here at five o'clock sharp. I have been waiting in your study for ten minutes, and you have not put in an appearance! And there was no sign of tea!"

Wally was dumbfounded. As for his pupils, they were tittering audibly. Wally spun round upon them.

"You are dismissed!" he exclaimed.

But no one budged. The fags were enjoying the fun, and they preferred to remain. As one of their number remarked, it was better than a pantomime.

Wally faced the excited creature with the umbrella, which was now in perilous proximity to his nose.

"I—I'm sorry—" he began.

"Don't apologise!" snapped Miss Primrose Perkins, for it was she. "After the flagrant insult of being kept waiting, I shall not stay to tea!"

"Thank goodness!" murmured Wally.

"I will trouble you to hand over the seventeen-and-sixpence! Then I will depart!" said Miss Perkins dramatically.

She held out her hand for the money. Wally stared at her in amazement.

"I—I don't understand!" he muttered.

"I owe you nothing!"

At this Miss Perkins flew into a state of ungovernable fury. No champion of Women's Suffrage could have displayed the hostility which she showed at that moment. She rushed at Wally with upraised umbrella, and Wally fled round and round the gym in a most undignified manner, with Miss Perkins in hot pursuit.

The fags yelled with delight. In the doorway a group of Removites rocked and roared with laughter.

"Go it, sir!"

"Put the pace on!"

"You nearly got a crack on the napper that time!"

Owing to the many obstacles that were in the way, Wally Bunter found it difficult to make progress.

Miss Perkins got to close quarters, and proceeded to belabour him with her umbrella.

Whack, whack, whack!

Wally emitted a yelp of anguish. He crouched low, and gazed around him like a hunted animal.

Then, with a flash of inspiration, he gave a sudden leap, and swung himself on to the trapeze.

With the agility of Tarzan of the Apes he climbed the trapeze until he was out of reach of his furious assailant.

Miss Perkins, not being a lady athlete, was unable to follow. She stood glaring up at Wally, in much the same way as a baffled dog glares at a cat which has evaded it by shinning up a tree.

"Come down!" she hissed.

"I'm rather more comfortable up here, thanks," said Wally, regaining his composure now that he was safe from further attack. "Now, do calm down, madam, and be reasonable. It is all a mistake!"

"I want my seventeen-and-sixpence! I will let all your pupils know what manner of man you are! You took me into the Elysian Cafe, in Courtfield, yesterday afternoon, and pretended to treat me to a tea. When the bill was handed to you, you declared you had left your money in your other clothes. You then suggested that I should pay the bill, and you promised to reimburse me to-day. I want my money!"

"You shall have it, dear lady!" said Wally. "But it wasn't I who had tea with you yesterday afternoon. It was my cousin, who is also my double. He has led me a fine old dance, one way and another."

"Good gracious!" gasped Miss Perkins.

"I am sorry you should have been used as a catspaw by my cousin, for the purpose of making things unpleasant for me," said Wally. "I will pay you the money out of my own pocket, and will deal with my precious cousin as soon as you have gone. Are you satisfied with my explanation?"

"Yes," said Miss Perkins, her anger melting. "I am sorry that I attacked you in a moment of weakness—"

"If that was a moment of weakness, I shouldn't like to encounter you in a moment of strength!" said Wally, with a grin. "It's safe for me to come down now?"

"Of course."

Wally descended to the floor. He paid the seventeen-and-sixpence to the now mollified Miss Perkins, and bade her good-afternoon. And he fervently prayed that there would be no more visitors.

His nerves had not been so upset for a long time.

When Miss Perkins had taken her departure, Wally went along to his study. He adjusted his collar and tie before the mirror, then he despatched a fag in quest of Bunter of the Remove.

Billy entered his cousin's study in a state of considerable apprehension.

Wally stood with his back to the fire, looking very grim.

The Owl of the Remove tried to speak, but he was awed by the expression on his cousin's face, and no words would come.

"I now understand," said Wally, "why you impersonated me yesterday. You met a number of young ladies, represented yourself as a Form-master here, and invited them to tea this afternoon. No doubt you hoped that the matter would cause a scandal, and that I should be asked to resign my position."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"I am not going to argue with you, Bunter, or listen to any attempt at defence, because your conduct is indefensible. 'Get across that table!'"

"But—but I've had two lickings lately!"

"Well, this will make it a hat-trick!" said Wally imperturbably.

He picked up his ashplant, and Billy very reluctantly got across the table.

Wally did not spare his cousin. He realised that these plots and conspiracies would have to be stamped out once and for all. He brought down the ashplant with stinging, unrelenting force. And he brought it down not once, nor twice, but many times.

Three minutes later William George Bunter lay grovelling on the carpet in Wally's study, groaning piteously.

And the burden of his plaint was:

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Wally Turns the Tables!

THAT same afternoon, after the summary chastisement of his cousin, Wally Bunter was invited to tea in Study No. 1.

Wally accepted the invitation. For once in a way he put off the cloak of authority, and chatted with the Famous Five as if he were one of themselves.

"You had some queer visitors this afternoon, sir," said Bob Cherry. "And they didn't seem to be welcome guests, either. Glad you got rid of them all right."

Wally smiled.

"It was a put-up affair," he explained. "Billy impersonated me yesterday in Courtfield, and arranged for those females to come here and have tea with me."

"My hat!"

"Billy's object seems to be to get me into trouble, and to jeopardise my position here," Wally went on. "He finds that life at Greyfriars, with a cousin as a Form-master, is not the grand, sweet song it promised to be. On three separate occasions he has plotted against me."

"Then I think, sir," said Nugent, "that it's high time you turned the tables."

"In what way?"

"Well, it would be a tremendous lark if you were to bring a mock charge against Billy, and scare him stiff."

"That's the idea!" said Harry Wharton. "Show him clearly that you've got him in the hollow of your hand and that it would be much easier for a Form-master to ruin a junior than vice-versa. It will cure Billy. He won't try on any more of his tricks."

Wally nodded thoughtfully. "It's worth considering," he said. "I'll arrange something this very evening!"

That evening the startling news spread through the Remove that two valuable articles were missing from Mr. Bunter's study.

The articles in question were a stamp album and a silver inkstand. Both were of great intrinsic value.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not perturbed by the news, though they pretended to be.

"There's a giddy thief in the place," said Bob Cherry, in the Junior Common-room.

"A couple of 'em, p'r'aps," said Johnny Bull.

"Trust Mr. Bunter to weed them out!" was Nugent's comment.

At that moment the door of the Common-room opened, and Tubb of the Third looked in. His glance fell on Billy Bunter.

"You're wanted, porpoise!" he said irreverently.

"Who by?"

"Mr. Bunter. There's trouble brewing!" added Tubb.

The fat junior rolled away to Wally's quarters. On entering the study he found Sammy there, looking scared out of his wits.

Wally Bunter, stern and grave, glanced from minor to major, and his glance sent cold shivers down Billy's spine.

There was an ominous silence for a moment. Then Wally spoke.

"As you have doubtless heard," he began, "two valuable articles have been taken—presumably stolen—from this study. In view of the fact that you two resent my presence here, and have already done your utmost to make things unpleasant for me, I am justified in assuming that you can throw some light on this matter. Bunter major, did you remove those articles from my study?"

"Nunno, sir!" said Bunter hastily.

"Bunter minor, do you know anything of this?"

Sammy squeaked a frantic denial.

"I will have your study searched, Bunter major, also the lockers in your dormitories," said Wally.

Wally stepped to the door, and threw it open.

Was it by accident or by design that Bob Cherry happened to be lurking outside in the passage?

"Cherry!" Wally exclaimed, in a tone of simulated seriousness.

"Yes, sir?"

"I wish you to go to the Second Form dormitory and investigate Bunter minor's locker. As you know, a valuable stamp album and a silver inkstand are missing from my study. I wish to trace the articles, and Bunter minor is under suspicion."

Bob Cherry nodded gravely, and departed on his errand.

Sammy Bunter awaited Bob's return with composure. He was satisfied that there was nothing in his locker which ought not to be there.

Judge of Sammy's horror and dismay, therefore, when Bob Cherry returned, carrying a silver inkstand.

"I found this in Bunter minor's locker, sir," he said.

Sammy gave a startled cry.

"I don't know anything about it!" he protested wildly.

"Silence!" said Wally sternly. "You will all accompany me at once to the Remove dormitory. Ask your friends to come, too, Cherry. I shall require witnesses."

Wally led the way to the dormitory. Billy and Sammy, looking pale and terrified, followed; and Harry Wharton & Co. formed the rear of the procession.

On arriving at the dormitory, Wally ordered a couple of juniors to search Billy Bunter's locker.

There was no sign of the missing stamp album.

And then Wally suddenly stepped forward, and turned back the coverlet on Billy Bunter's bed.

A stamp album lay revealed!

"Bunter major," said Wally gravely, "what have you to say to this?"

Billy Bunter nearly fell down. He was utterly dazed.

"I—I—" stuttered Billy.

"Your faltering accents testify eloquently to your guilt, Bunter major!" said Wally sternly. "You and your minor have been guilty of a base theft. You will accompany me to the headmaster!"

Both Billy and Sammy felt that the world was coming to an end. They were staggered—utterly bewildered. Sammy burst into a torrent of tears.

Perhaps the sight of those tears softened Wally. He had succeeded in effectually scaring his cousins and showing them how completely they were at his mercy. The game had been played far enough.

Wally's stern countenance melted into a smile.

"It is all right," he said. "I know you are both innocent, for the simple reason that no theft has been committed."

(Continued on page 20.)

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THE BUNTERS' CONSPIRACY

(Continued from page 16.)

I arranged this incriminating evidence myself. But supposing I wished to serve you as you have tried to serve me? Supposing I took you before Dr. Locke and charged you with stealing these things? You would deny it. But what would your denial be worth? Nothing at all! The word of a Form-

master would be taken, backed up by the testimony of witnesses, and you would probably have been expelled."

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I trust this will teach you both a lesson," said Wally. "I venture to think that after this painful experience you will not molest me any further. Let there be an end to these conspiracies, or the conspirators will suffer!"

Wally Bunter had pressed home his

point. He had given his cousins a scare from which they would not readily recover.

In future they resolved to give the master of the First a wide berth. And no further conspiracies were likely to be engineered by the firm of Bunter Brothers!

THE END.

(See Chat page for full particulars of next week's grand long complete story.)

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