

AT THE TOP OF THE TREE FOR BOYS' SCHOOL STORIES!



No. 759. Vol. XXII.

Week ending Aug. 26th, 1922.

The Magnet ^{1 1/2} Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



This Week's Story: "THE TERROR TRACKED DOWN!" By Frank Richards.



HARRY WHARTON'S STRUGGLE FOR LIFE!

(A dramatic episode from the long complete school story in this issue.)



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.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
 "THE MAGNET" Every Monday
 "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
 "THE GEM" Every Wednesday
 "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday
 "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

The outstanding feature for next Monday's issue is undoubtedly the splendid long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars. For the last few weeks we have been thrilled with the amazing adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. on board the Silver Scud. In this week's story we have read how the captain of the Remove exercised his detective abilities in tracking down the terror which had shadowed them from the time they had left Greyfriars, even to the shores of France.

Like all good things, their tour comes to an end, and they have to bid the Silver Scud farewell when the new term at Greyfriars commences. Our next grand story deals with their return to the school, and is entitled:

"COKER'S RIVAL!"

By Frank Richards.

Amongst Horace Coker's many weaknesses there is that high-and-mighty opinion he has of his literary abilities. He has given Greyfriars some examples of his poetry, he has also gone as far as story and article writing, but when he

announces his intention of play-writing to his chums—well—

But Coker is not the only person who had seen an advertisement in a newspaper. William George Bunter had seen it, and when Billy gets hold of an idea there's certain to be something doing.

Billy gets to work in his own inimitable way, and there is trouble—heaps of it. In the end

"COKER'S RIVAL!"

scores, and there's heaps more trouble. In fact, our next story might be called "The Troubles of Bunter and Coker." So you can guess there is plenty of fun for Harry Wharton & Co. Make sure of your copy by ordering it well in advance.

SPECIAL NUMBER OF THE "HERALD."

Next week's supplement will be an extra-special number. It deals almost entirely with the "Holiday Annual." In fact, Harry Wharton has called it his "Special 'Holiday Annual' Number."

There are several fine stories in this issue, and a poem or two by Penfold and others, several interesting articles, and a cartoon of exceptional interest.

Readers will be missing a grand treat if they fail to get a copy of next Monday's MAGNET Library.

NEXT WEEK!

Next week will see the end of August and the coming of September. And September 1st will herald the arrival of the "Holiday Annual," for which so many thousands of boys and girls all over the country have been waiting.

This year's "Annual" will contain well over three hundred and fifty pages of interesting stories, articles, poems, tricks, puzzles, plates, cartoons, and everything else you really like. No pains or expense have been spared to get the finest of everything, and you will realise this when you get your copy of the "Holiday Annual."

Last year I had to read many, many letters from readers who waited weeks before they attempted to get a copy of the "Holiday Annual," and then they were disappointed because they found others had been before them and bought all the copies. Don't let that happen this year. I want ALL my chums to have a copy of this extra-special volume, and you can only make certain of that by ordering it NOW.

Correspondence.

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A tale of thrilling adventure and clever detective work. By the author of "The Case of the Deserted Wife," etc.

Now on Sale. Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 759.

Your Editor.



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Holiday Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous chums of Greyfriars, in France, and telling how Harry Wharton brings about the downfall of the mysterious blackmaller.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

In the Shadow of Death!

"IT'S going to be a rough night!" Bob Cherry made that remark, as his coffee-cup overturned and went sliding along the table. Hurree Janset Ram Singh, on the other side of the table, fielded it neatly. "Well caught, Inky!" grinned Bob. The yacht, Silver Scud, was tossing almost like a cork upon a heavy sea. Lord Mauleverer, reclining at ease in a deep armchair in the saloon, gave an occasional grunt as his armchair shifted or slid. The Greyfriars juniors listened to the howling of the wind overhead, and to the deep, sullen booming of the sea. It was the first rough weather they had experienced since the Silver Scud had sailed—a sudden summer storm. Billy Bunter was sitting quite still—or as still as the motion of the yacht allowed—and quite silent. Silence was unusual with Billy Bunter. He valued the silver of speech more than the gold of silence, as a rule. But the Owl of Greyfriars had his reasons. Since the wind had risen to "half a gale" Bunter had been plunged deeper and deeper into sombre thoughtfulness, and his rich complexion had grown paler and paler, its pallor tinged with green. Bunter feared to move or to speak. He almost feared to breathe—lest disaster should follow. "Who's for the deck?" asked Harry Wharton. "Not little me!" yawned Nugent. "Too jolly windy! Most likely they've locked the companion, too." "Captain Hawke can't want to be bothered with little us on deck now," remarked Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head. "The stormfulness is great, and the botherfulness might be terrific," observed Hurree Singh. "Well, we haven't been told to keep below," said Harry. "Leaving it to our common-sense," suggested Johnny Bull. Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'd like to have a look at the sea," he said. Harry Wharton went up the companion stairs. Wharton was a good sailor, and the motion of the yacht did not affect him in the least. The door at the head of the companion was closed, but not secured, and Harry Wharton opened it, and put his head out into a black night. The next instant his hair was tossing wildly, and his cap was gone. The wind plucked and tore at him like a huge hand from the darkness. He caught his breath, and looked round him, keeping hold of the stanchion. Overhead there was scarcely a star to be seen—only black clouds hurrying before a fierce wind. The lights of the Silver Scud and the lighted chart-house glimmered in an immensity of gloom. A figure passed near him for a second—that of Edgar Poynings, the mate of the Silver Scud, and vanished again. Wharton felt his way cautiously on the slanting deck. Huge waves rolled and boiled round the yacht, and she rode them like a duck; but anyone who was clumsy or incautious was in real danger of being tossed into the sea. The Greyfriars junior had a grip on the deck-rail at last, and he held on to it, his hair flying in the wind, his cheeks stung by the salt sea spray, breathing deep with exhilaration, thoroughly enjoying himself. At times he seemed to be spinning on the edge of a black abyss of water, and the next moment he would be plunged down deep in the trough of the sea, while the wind sang in his ears, and stung his face, and every rope and bolt on the Silver Scud rattled and rang. Somewhere, far away in the darkness, was the coast of France—too far for even the lighthouse glares to be seen. Round the yacht on all sides was the heaving, boiling sea. In the rush of the wind it was impossible to hear anything else, and Wharton had heard no sound to warn him, when suddenly there fell a powerful grip upon him from behind.

For a moment he fancied that one of his chums had come on deck and was bent upon startling him for a practical joke. But that thought was only for an instant. The next, he knew that he was in the grip of an enemy. The grasp closed round him, and he was torn away from the rail, the powerful wrench tearing his hands from their hold. The junior's brain swam for a second or two. He knew, now, that he was in an enemy's grip—the enemy whose mysterious presence had haunted the Silver Scud since she had steamed out of Southampton weeks before. He was dragged bodily from the deck. He could see nothing. He had no time for thought. The muscular ruffian in whose grasp he was, was raising him bodily, to toss him over the rail. He knew it, and he knew that sudden and terrible death was before him, for no swimmer could have lived for a minute in the wild, tumbling waves. Instinctively he clutched at the man who held him, and even as he was tossed away his clutch fastened on the ruffian—one hand in a collar, the other upon a cap. His weight fell back upon the unknown assailant, and with a crash they came to the deck together. The moment they had fallen they became detached, and Wharton found himself rolling away helplessly, without seeing what became of his assailant. Half-dazed by the suddenness of the happening, the Greyfriars junior rolled with the motion of the vessel, in imminent danger of pitching overboard, till his grasp fell on something solid, and he held on. For full five minutes Harry Wharton lay, trying to recover himself, before he moved, his heart throbbing. His enemy had vanished as silently, suddenly, and mysteriously as he had appeared, but Wharton knew that he

had been within the very shadow of death. When he had recovered a little he crawled back to the companion, all his nerves tensely on the alert for a fresh attack as he went. And almost a sob of relief broke from him as he found himself on the stairs, and staggered down them to rejoin his comrades.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Surrender!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"Bit too windy, what?"
"Anythin' happened, old bean?" yawned Lord Mauleverer. "You're lookin' rather green."

Bob Cherry chuckled.
"Is it the jolly old mal-de-mer?" he asked. "Caught it from Bunter?"
Harry Wharton did not answer. He could not speak for the moment. He leaned heavily on a bulkhead, his breath coming in spasms, his face white, and his eyes almost staring. His chums realised that there was something more serious than mal-de-mer the matter with him; and Bob Cherry came quickly towards him, his face becoming grave.

"What's happened, Harry?" he asked.
"Surely," began Lord Mauleverer, his lazy face growing startled, "not—not that man again? It's impossible!"

Wharton nodded without speaking.
"Not Gideon Gaunt, the black-mailer?"

"I—I think so."
"The man with the nose?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Yes, yes! I did not see him—it was too dark, but it must have been the man!"

"Good heavens!"
Every sign of laziness was gone from Lord Mauleverer now. He sat bolt upright and stared at the captain of the Remove. The rest of the juniors were grave and startled.

"Tell us what's happened, then!" exclaimed Bob. "Wait a bit—better call Mauly's uncle, though."

"He must be told," said Harry.
Bob Cherry stepped into the smoke-room, and returned with Sir Reginald Brooke. The old baronet looked inquiringly at Wharton.

"You have something to tell me?" he began. "Cherry says—"

"Yes, sir." Wharton had recovered himself somewhat now, though the horror of that brief, tense struggle in the dark was still strong upon him. "I—I've been within inches of going overboard. It's nearly a miracle that I'm alive here instead of being deep in the sea!"

"Good heavens! What has happened?" exclaimed the old baronet, a cloud of anxiety coming over his kind old face.

Harry Wharton succinctly related what had happened on deck.

Sir Reginald Brooke listened in silence, and, when Wharton had finished, he passed his thin old hand wearily over his brow. The mystery of the Silver Scud was almost too much for the old gentleman.

"You did not see the man?" he asked.

"Only a moment's glimpse of something shadowy in the dark."

"Then you could not be sure it was the same man—Gideon Gaunt, the man with the misshapen nose?"

"Who else could it be, sir?" said Harry.

NEXT MONDAY!

"COKER'S RIVAL!"

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"But it was clear that he went overboard after the attack on Mauleverer, when we were lying at anchor at Le Bosquet," said the old baronet. "The splash was heard—and—yet, as you say, who else could it be? We have no other enemy! In Heaven's name, how does this wretch possess the power of coming on board the yacht at sea, coming and going as he pleases, even in the midst of a storm?"

"Like a giddy phantom!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"It's amazin'," muttered Lord Mauleverer. "I thought we had done with the scoundrel for good."

"The donefulness is not the accomplished fact," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Sir Reginald sat down heavily.

"But—you are sure, Wharton?" he muttered. "It is amazing that that desperate rascal can be on board the yacht—amazing! It is uncanny! It is as if the ship were haunted by an evil spirit. I cannot understand it. It cannot be that the man is on board!"

Wharton was silent. He had no doubt upon the matter himself.

"Why should he attack you, my boy?" resumed the old baronet. "It is Mauleverer who is his marked victim. He has demanded a ransom of ten thousand pounds under the threat of taking Lord Mauleverer's life. But you—you are nothing to him."

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"I think I understand that," said Harry quietly. "The man is desperate now. After all his threats and outrages he has gained nothing. He has threatened Mauleverer's life, but he dare not kill him, for that would be the end of his chance of getting the money. He intended to take the life of one of Mauleverer's friends—as a warning. When he attacked Nugent, Frank had a narrow escape. He came near being choked to death. This time he meant to make no mistake—and I was the victim."

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"Looks like it!" he said. "Gad, I would rather shell out the ten thousand ten times over than have anything happen to you chaps while you're on my yacht."

"You won't do it," growled Johnny Bull. "We're taking our chance."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific," exclaimed Hurree Singh emphatically. "The playfulness of the esteemed scoundrel would be unworthy surrender and cowardly. Neverfully, my esteemed and ludicrous Mauly."

"It may come to that!" muttered old Sir Reginald. "It may come to it! We seem to be at the villain's mercy. No life

on board the Silver Scud is safe. Herbert, you should have let me turn the yacht back to England after the last attack, where, at least, there would be the protection of the police."

The schoolboy earl shook his head.

"Runnin' away from the rascal isn't our game," he said. "But, of course, if our guests are in danger, uncle, that alters the case."

"It doesn't!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Hark! What's that?" exclaimed Johnny Bull, as there was a sudden clatter on the companion stairs, as of a heavy object rolling from one step to another. In the tense state of their nerves, the sudden clatter startled the whole party.

Harry Wharton picked up the object that had rolled down, evidently tossed into the companion by someone on deck. It was a short iron bolt, and tied round it was a sheet of paper—written upon. Wharton quietly cut the string and unrolled the paper from the bolt, which had evidently only been used as a weight.

Written upon the paper in pencil, in capital letters, was a message, such a message as the Silver Scud party had received more than once from the unknown enemy.

"Lord Mauleverer,—You have not heeded my warning; your ransom is not yet paid. If you do not come to terms within twenty-four hours the life of one of your friends will pay for your obstinacy. Wharton—if he still lives—can tell you that this threat is not an idle one."

"Fly the white ensign at half-mast as a signal that you yield, and you will receive another communication. Neglect to do so, and in twenty-four hours a life will pay for it."

"GIDEON GAUNT."

The Greyfriars juniors looked at one another with pale faces. Sir Reginald Brooke gave a groan. The old gentleman's nerve was utterly shaken by this haunting, intangible danger—the danger that could not be seen and could not be guarded against. Lord Mauleverer's face was dark and sombre.

"That does it!" he said. "We can't deal with him. I'm not goin' to have you fellows' lives endangered. Uncle, we've got to give the villain his money and get clear of him."

The old baronet nodded.

"We are helpless, Herbert, and I fear there is no other resource," he said. "Lives cannot be sacrificed, and the dastard will stick at nothing, as he has proved."

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull grimly. "I beg your pardon, sir, but it's all rot! We're not afraid of the rascal."

"No fear!"

"We may be able to lay him by the heels before he can do any more mischief!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

Sir Reginald Brooke shook his head without replying. It was evident that Gideon Gaunt had won the day, so far as the old baronet was concerned. And Lord Mauleverer, in his anxiety for his friends' safety, was in full agreement with his uncle. The Famous Five of Greyfriars were in opposition; but the matter was not in their hands. And with grim faces the chums of the Remove heard the old baronet declare that at daylight the signal demanded should be given—the signal of surrender to Mauleverer's mysterious enemy.

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Under Suspicion!

MORNING dawned upon the Silver Scud and the wide blue sea.

The storm had passed with the night; only a long swell upon the sea remained as a trace of it.

The sun came out in a blue sky, and the yacht throbbled onward over sunny waters. When the chums of the Remove came on deck after breakfast they had a view of the French coast in the distance, growing nearer and clearer with every throb of the engines.

Billy Bunter came on deck, looking a little yellow. His sea-sickness had passed with the rough weather; and Bunter had contrived to do remarkably well at breakfast—filling up an aching void, as it were, and filling it to overflowing as usual. Bunter had heard by this time of the incident of the night, and he was thinking more about that than about his late attack of mal-de-mer. The discovery that Gideon Gaunt, the man with the misshapen nose, was still on board the Silver Scud was a shock to William George Bunter, and he was fully in agreement with the policy of surrender. Harry Wharton & Co. observed Sir Reginald Brooke in consultation with the skipper in the chart-house, and they noticed that Captain Hawke's face was grim and almost surly. The captain was utterly perplexed by the mystery of the yacht; but it was obvious that he was against surrender. But Wharton's narrow escape from death had settled the matter for Lord Mauleverer and his uncle.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, as he joined the Famous Five. "You're looking pretty glum. No need to worry now, you know. Mauly's going to pay up, and there won't be any more trouble. What about the cricket at La Fontaine to-day?"

"Blow the cricket!" grunted Bob Cherry. "We're not thinking about the cricket now."

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"You're not much of a sportsman, Cherry," he remarked. "Now, I'm rather keen on showing those French chaps how to play cricket. I suppose you're not feeling very fit after what happened last night, Wharton?"

Grunt from the captain of the Remove.

"You'll be able to play," said Bunter encouragingly. "Buck up, you know. Don't be nery! But you won't feel up to captaining the team. Now, I'm prepared to take that off your hands."

"Fathead!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! We're not at Greyfriars now, you know, and there's no need for you to swank. Just for once stand aside and make room for a better man. What?"

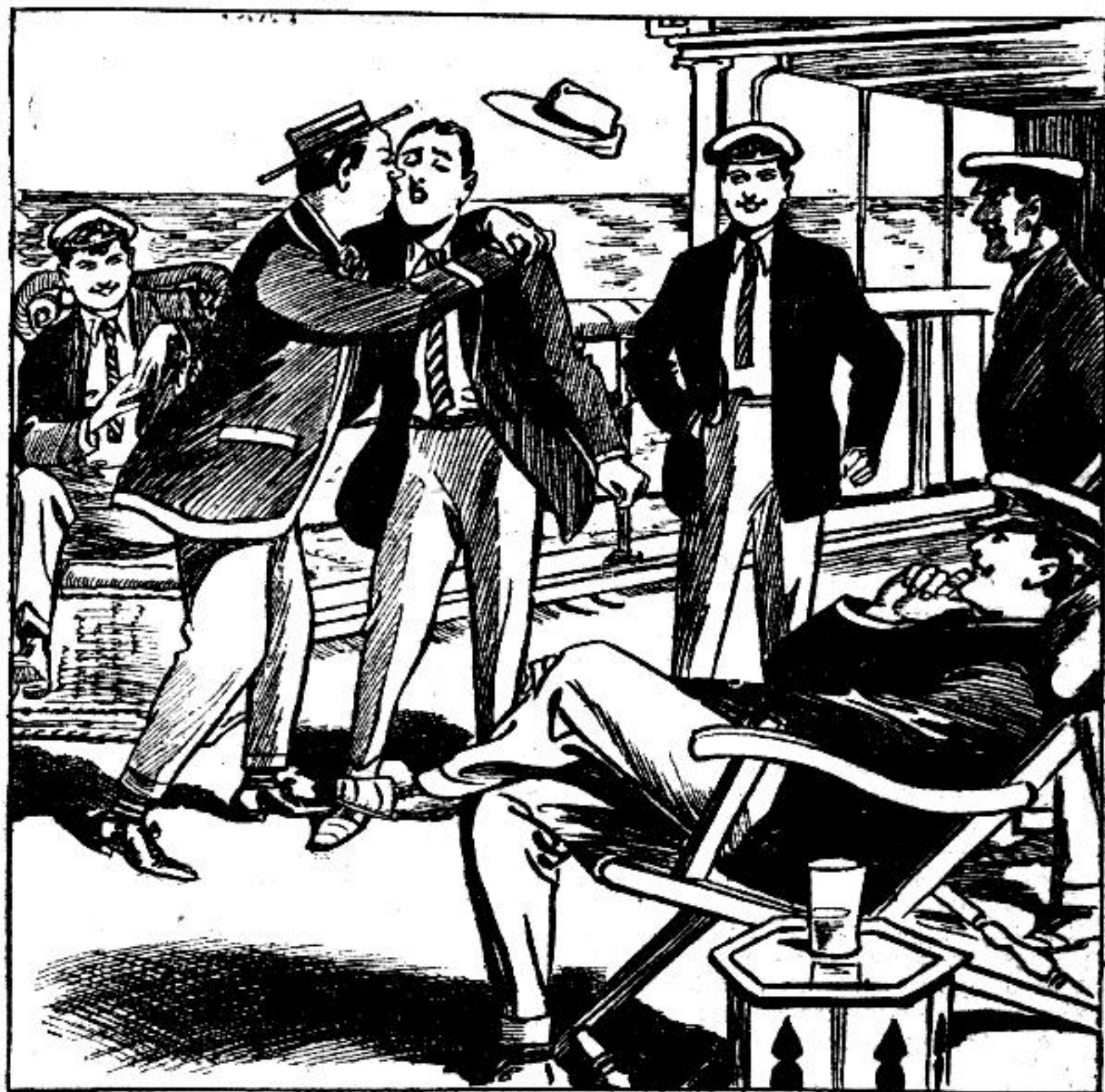
"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"We sha'n't have a full team, as it is," urged Bunter. "There's you five chaps and Mauly, that's six, and me, that's seven. Perhaps Poynings can play—that will make eight. So we shall be three short. You'll want my very best batting and bowling."

"Do they differ from your very worst?" inquired Johnny Bull sarcastically. "I've never noticed any difference, at Greyfriars."

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"After all, we've got to fix up about the cricket," remarked Nugent, with a glance at the captain of the Remove. "Mauleverer's arranged with his pal



The anchor was dropped and the boat ranged alongside of the Silver Scud, and Louis de Cernay came clambering lightly aboard. Lord Mauleverer held out his hand to his French chum, but Cernay threw his arms round his lordship's neck and kissed him on both cheeks! (See Chapter 4.)

Cernay for a match with his club. It's not off, is it, Harry?"

"I can pick up two or three men from for'ard," said the captain of the Remove. "The skipper will give them leave, I think. With only six of us here, we can't make up a wholly Greyfriars team."

"There's seven!" roared Bunter.

"You don't count," explained Bob Cherry.

"Yah!"

"There's the mate Poynings," said Frank Nugent. "He looks like a cricketer, Harry. He could get off duty, as the yacht will be lying at anchor. If he plays the game at all, I think he would be glad to play for us."

Harry Wharton was silent, with a sombre brow. He had his own thoughts about Edgar Poynings, the mate of the Silver Scud—thoughts of which his chums were not aware, with the exception of Bob Cherry. Harry had been thinking deeply whether he should take the Co. into his confidence with regard to his dark suspicions of the mate. But as yet he had said nothing.

He glanced at Poynings, who was on the bridge.

Handsome and well set-up the young yachting officer looked, in his trim uniform, with his bronzed, good-looking face. But Wharton remembered how that handsome face had looked, when he had seen Poynings emerging from the gambling casino at Le Bosquet—white, drawn, savage, years older—so he had seen it then; and so he had learned that there was more in Edgar Poynings than anyone on the yacht suspected. Under that sailor-like exterior what did Poynings conceal? He was a desperate,

reckless gambler. Was he worse than that? More and more Harry Wharton's secret suspicions had centred on the mate of the Silver Scud; and he believed—incredible as it seemed now that he looked at the trim young officer—he believed that it was in Edgar Poynings' grasp that he had struggled and fought for his life in the darkness of the night.

"Good!" said Johnny Bull, as the captain of the Remove did not speak. "Poynings is the man. Better ask him, Wharton, if he'd care to play."

"I don't care to ask him," muttered Harry.

"Why not?" asked Johnny in surprise.

"Well, I—I—"

"You think he wouldn't care to play for a schoolboy team?" asked Bull. "That's rot! He must be a cricketer, as he's an old Highcliffe chap. You remember he told us he was a relation of Ponsonby at Highcliffe, and had been at the school."

"Being a relation of Ponsonby isn't much of a recommendation for anybody," said Wharton dryly.

"Well, no. But he's not much like Pon," said Johnny Bull. "Anyhow, if he's a cricketer, you ought to ask him to play. I dare say he'd be glad of the chance, and we can find a bat for him."

"Well, Mauleverer can ask him," said Harry. "After all, it's Mauly's party."

"Mauly will have to play, too," grinned Bob Cherry. "We shall have to buck Mauleverer up, somehow."

"Oh, gad!" said Mauly's voice, as he came drifting along the deck. "Will you fellows want me?"

"Can't do without you, old top."

NEXT MONDAY!

"COKER'S RIVAL!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

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"I think I'd better score," suggested Mauleverer.

"Yes—runs," grinned Bob. "And if you don't make a century for us, Mauly, we'll give you a real Remove ragging, and make you think you're back in the old Remove passage at Greyfriars."

"Oh, gad!" murmured his lordship.

Lord Mauleverer gave a deep, deep yawn, apparently not looking forward with any great enjoyment to exerting himself in the noble game of cricket. But all thoughts of cricket were driven from Harry Wharton's mind, at least, a few minutes later, by the sight of the white ensign fluttering in the breeze at half-mast. It was the signal of surrender to the mysterious enemy that haunted the Silver Scud, and Wharton's brow darkened, and his lips set, as he saw it. His eyes met Bob Cherry's, and the two juniors drew a little apart from the group.

"That settles it!" muttered Bob.

"Perhaps not," said Harry, in a low voice. "Sir Reginald has agreed to pay that villain the ransom for safety; that's all. It is not paid yet. We may turn the tables on the scoundrel before then."

"But how, Harry—even if you're right about Poynings, where's the proof?" said Bob. "And—and I can't believe—"

He broke off, hesitating.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I know! There's no proof, but somehow I'm going to put a spoke in the villain's wheel—somehow before he fingers Mauly's money—"

"I say, you fellows—"

And the juniors spoke of something else, as Billy Bunter rolled within hearing.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mauly's Pal!

A WHITE sail glanced on the water, and most eyes on board the Silver Scud turned upon the little skiff that came dancing over the curling waves to meet the yacht, as she drew into the bay of La Fontaine. Lord Mauleverer jerked himself out of his deckchair, and waved his Panama hat to a youth who was standing up in the boat, while another sat at the rudder lines.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You know that merchant, Mauly?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yaas."

"The chap you've told us of?" asked Wharton.

"Yaas; Louis Cernay."

"Oh, good!" said Bob. "So that's the giddy cricketer."

"Yaas."

The Greyfriars juniors looked at the French youth with interest. He was rather older than themselves, slim but well-built, with a rather good-looking dark face, and merry black eyes. He was gripping the sheet with one hand, and he waved the other to Lord Mauleverer. The anchor dropped, and the boat ranged alongside the Silver Scud, and Louis de Cernay came clambering lightly aboard.

Lord Mauleverer held out his hand to his French chum; but Cernay threw his arms round his lordship's neck and kissed him on both cheeks. He broke into a torrent of French, Lord Mauleverer occasionally interjecting "Yaas." Then Cernay was presented to the Greyfriars juniors, and they were greatly relieved to find that he contented himself with shaking hands with them—they had been rather alarmed at the prospect of being kissed all round by the impulsive Gaul.

"*Quel bonheur!*" ejaculated Louis.

"*Enfin je te vois, mon ami, et—but I speak ze English, too. Also! Yes. Velcome! Vous etes—you are—yes—verree welcome and happy to come! Yes. Ze amis of Milord Mauleverer sont—are—yes—my friends also, isn't it? What happiness!*"

"The happyfulness is terrific, esteemed sahib!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "It is a boot on both feet."

Louis looked perplexed for an instant. His own English was not perfect; and the dusky nabob's English was beyond him.

"A boot?" he repeated. "A *soulier* on bofe feet? One *boot* on deux *pieds*! Comment?"

"Inky means it's a pleasure on both sides," translated Lord Mauleverer.

"*Mais oui—je comprends—but Inky—vat is inky—tu parle de l'encre, milor'?*"

"Inky—I mean Hurree Singh—His Esteemed and Magnificent Highness the Nabob Jampot of Bhanipur!" said Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My esteemed Mauly, the correctfulness of the honourable title is not great," murmured Hurree Singh.

"Near enough, old top," said Lord Mauleverer. "Jolly good of you to run aboard and see us, Louis. Jolly glad to see your old chivvy."

"Ah! *Mon Dieu!* But *vat* is *chivvie?*"

"Dial, old fellow," said Lord Mauleverer, which did not add to the French youth's knowledge. "Sit down, old bean, and have a lemon-squash. Steward! Where's that dashed steward? Isn't it an extraordinary thing that the dashed steward is never to be seen if a chap wants him! *Amazin'!*"

"My lord!" said a voice at his lordship's elbow.

"Oh, is that you, Judkins? So nice of you to be on hand just when you're wanted," said Lord Mauleverer urbanely. "Trot out some squashes, dear old gen. Sit down, Louis, old bean."

Louis de Cernay sat down, smiling cheerily.

"Ole bean?" he said. "*Moi? Me ole bean? Vat is ole bean?*"

"*Vieux haricot,*" said Bob Cherry, putting it into French for the distinguished visitor.

"Ah! *Mais, mon Dieu!*" said Cernay. "In Angleterre, you say to your friend: *ole bean—vieux haricot.*"

"Just a way of speakin'," explained Lord Mauleverer.

"*Mais c'est drole,*" said Cernay.

"*Chez nous, we say to our friend, cabbage—le choux, vous savez—and ze English zink it is verree funnee. But you shall say 'ole bean,' n'est-ce-pas? But I am not legume—vat you call vegetable. But you shall call me ole bean if you wish, and I also—I speak English fairly fine—I call you *vieux haricot* also, isn't it?"*

"Any old thing," assented his lordship, with a grin.

The steward arrived with lemon-squash and biscuits. Billy Bunter rolled on the scene at the same time. Provender on board the Silver Scud was absolutely unlimited, and Bunter was having the time of his life; but he was always prepared to put in a little more.

"Nozzer friend of yours, milor'?" asked Cernay. "Nozzer ole bean?"

"No! Yaas! Not quite! Exactly!" said Lord Mauleverer lucidly. "Name's Bunter, I think—"

"You think?" hooted Bunter.

"Yaas! This is Louis de Cernay, Bunter. Captain of the La Fontaine Cricket Club."

Bunter gave the French boy a fat and

flabby hand, carelessly enough. Bunter didn't think much of foreigners, anyway, perhaps because he was himself such a credit to his native country. Sir Reginald Brooke came up to speak to Cernay, and the youth honoured him with an embrace. Bunter pricked up his fat ears when the old baronet proceeded to inquire of Louis about his father, the "count." Bunter was aware that a count's son was a viscount; and although Cernay was only a blessed foreigner, a title was a title, in Bunter's opinion. He wished he had been a little more effusive. It would sound quite well next term to tell the Remove fellows about his holiday in France with "my friend the Vicomte de Cernay."

The vicomte was talking cricket, and Harry Wharton & Co. listened to him with much interest. They gathered that it was since the war that Louis had taken up the English summer game, and formed the junior cricket club in La Fontaine. He was delighted—ravishe, as he expressed it—to meet an English team at the English game—Lord Mauleverer's visit to La Fontaine was a wind-fall for him. Harry Wharton & Co. could not help wondering how the French junior club played the game, and they were very curious to see. They were aware that both cricket and football had made great strides on the Continent in late years; in a former vacation they had seen both Association and Rugby played, and played well; but they had not happened on any French cricket so far. Louis de Cernay, it appeared, was a footballer also; though he referred to the game as "feetball."

The cricket-pitch was in the grounds of the Chateau de Cernay, where the yachting-party were to be the guests for the day. That news made Billy Bunter all the more determined to be a member of the Silver Scud team. Harry Wharton had to give his mind now to the task of making up his eleven, and, as he lacked players for a full team, he assented to Bunter's inclusion—not that the Owl of the Remove was likely to be of much use to his side.

In other circumstances, he would have been glad enough to ask Poynings, who, as an old public-school boy, must have been supposed to be a cricketer; but with such black suspicions of the young man in his mind, Wharton was anxious to avoid him. But Lord Mauleverer had already spoken to the mate, and Poynings came up to tell Wharton that he was available.

"That is, if you want me," he added, with a smile.

Wharton repressed his feelings. He reflected that, after all, he had no actual proof against Poynings—indeed, that his suspicion, if stated, would only have provoked wonder and incredulity on board the Silver Scud.

"You'd care to play in a schoolboy team?" he asked.

Poynings nodded.

"I've no objection, if you want to make up the number."

"Then it's settled," said Harry.

"I suppose all your friends are playing?" asked Poynings.

"Yes."

"That's seven—eight with me. I can pick out three men who know one end of a bat from the other, if you'd like to make up a full eleven."

"Thanks—do," said Harry.

And three of the yacht's crew were picked out by the mate. There was some good stuff in Wharton's eleven—the Famous Five, at least, were all good men at the game; but, taken all in all, it was rather a scratch team. So far as

the result was concerned, the captain of the Remove could only hope for the best.

Sir Reginald Brooke went ashore with the cricketers, chiefly to call on his old friend the Comte de Cernay. The old baronet, however, was thinking more of Gideon Gaunt than of anything else. He had obeyed the unknown rascal's order—the signal had been given that the ransom would be paid. Now he was expecting to receive the promised communication from the man with the misshapen nose regarding the method of handing over the money—or, rather, the draft for it, for, of course, there was no such sum on board the yacht.

How the blackmailer should learn that the required signal was given—that was a mystery the baronet no longer tried to penetrate. He was so involved in mystery that he had given up trying to puzzle out the problem. That it was impossible for Gideon Gaunt to be on board the Silver Scud—yet that he most indubitably was on board—constituted a problem that was too much for Sir Reginald Brooke.

As the party landed at the little jetty on the bay one of the seamen called the baronet's attention to an envelope on the seat he had risen from:

"You've dropped a letter, sir."

"A—a letter!"

Sir Reginald mechanically picked up the envelope. Outside was inscribed:

"Sir Reginald Brooke.
"From G. G."

Sir Reginald mechanically crushed it into his pocket. His brain seemed to swim for a moment. Where was Gideon Gaunt, that he had been able to place that letter in the boat? The baronet walked along the jetty, with the letter unopened in his pocket, like a man in a dream.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

King Cricket!

"VIVE l'Angleterre!"

That polite and genial greeting met the Silver Scud party on the cricket ground of La Fontaine. The French cricketers were there, and the stumps were pitched, and all was ready for the match. A good many of the inhabitants of the French village had followed the party from the yacht, and gathered round to watch the play.

Billy Bunter eyed the French cricketers rather disparagingly. He confided to Bob Cherry that the Froggies weren't anything like his form. And Bob agreed that there was no form like Bunter's in Cernay's eleven—not one of them three yards round. To which Bunter wrathfully rejoined that that wasn't the form he was alluding to—but Bob Cherry was too busy to listen.

Sir Reginald Brooke came down to the ground with a white-whiskered, benevolent-looking old gentleman, whom the juniors learned was the Comte de Cernay—"mon pere," as Louis explained. But the old baronet was answering Monsieur le Comte very absently; his thoughts were running on the mysterious letter from the man with the misshapen nose. The fact that Gideon Gaunt, unseen, mysterious, but undoubtedly present, haunted the yachting-party, banished any last doubt the baronet might have had about yielding to his terms. He was almost feverishly anxious to get the matter over and off his mind; any further resistance to the

man of mysterious powers seemed to him impossible.

Harry Wharton had not failed to note the incident of the letter in the boat, and he was anxious to speak to the baronet on the subject. But there was no time now; he was wanted for the cricket. He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, and devote his attention to the business in hand.

Wharton won the toss, and elected to bat. Billy Bunter nudged him in the ribs.

"I suppose I'm opening the innings, Wharton?" he inquired.

"Oh, give us a rest, Bunter!" urged the captain of the Remove.

Snort from Bunter.

"It's a pretty scratch crew you've got together, you know," he said. "It will put heart into the team to open with a really first-class innings. Make 'em buck up, you know!"

"Oh, put Bunter in first!" grinned Bob Cherry. "It will entertain the natives!"

"The entertainfulness will be——"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, it won't matter much," he said. "The game's for us five to play—unless Poynings turns out to be a dark horse."

"Poynings plays a good game," said Lord Mauleverer. "I've seen him. Nunky had him down at Mauleverer Towers last summer for a cricket week there. He played no end."

"That's good!" said Bob. "That'll be six players, anyhow."

"What about me?" hooted Bunter.

"Nothing about you, old fat bean—nothing to do with cricket, anyhow."

"Yah!"

Louis de Cernay chimed in.

"You speak Cherman, mon ami!" he remarked to Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove blinked at him.

"German? Oh, yes, lots! But I wasn't speaking German then."

"Is not zat a Cherman word—'ja'?" asked Louis. "It is Cherman for 'oui'—that is, 'yes.' N'est-ce-pas? Vy for you speak Cherman?"

Bob Cherry chuckled. The vicomte was evidently unacquainted with the beautiful English word "yah!"

"Am I going in first, Wharton?" demanded Bunter, leaving the inquiring vicomte unanswered.

"Yes, if you like," said Harry. "May as well get you finished before the game begins."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" snorted Bunter.

"Zere, now he speak Cherman again!" murmured the puzzled vicomte.

"The fact is, there won't be much for you other fellows to do," said Bunter. "First in, and not out—that's my style! You fellows try to keep the game going while I score—that's all I want!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Owl of the Remove was allowed to have his way, and he opened the innings for Greyfriars, with Nugent at the other end. Louis de Cernay and his friends took the field.

The vicomte bowled the first over. He was evidently very careful with his bowling, realising that he was up against an English team at the British game. Billy Bunter stood at the wicket with a lofty straddle, blinking along the pitch. The vicomte took a little run, and turned himself into a catherine-wheel, and the ball flew like a bullet.



Frank Nugent was caught out, and Edgar Poynings, the mate of the Silver Scud, went in to take his place. Then the bowlers and fieldsmen of La Fontaine soon discovered that they had a good man to deal with. (See Chapter 5.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"COKER'S RIVAL!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 759.

Billy Bunter swiped at it manfully.

He was going to begin with a boundary, which would have a double advantage. It would show these French chaps what batting really was like, and it would save him the trouble of running. Somehow the boundary did not come off according to programme.

The willow smote the leather, which was something for Bunter. But where the leather went was a mystery to William George. He stood and blinked round for it, and was awakened, as it were, by the wicketkeeper, ball in hand, knocking his bails off.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the Silver Scud party.

Bunter blinked at his wicket.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Out, you silly ass!" roared Frank Nugent.

"Rot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where did that ball go?" yelled Bunter.

"In the wicketkeeper's waistcoat pocket."

"Rot! I wasn't out of my ground!"

"Only a yard or two," chuckled Cherry.

"The yardfulness was terrific!" grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Look here, Bob Cherry—"

Bob gave the fat junior a prod with his bat. He had come out to take Bunter's place, but the Owl of the Remove did not appear willing to relinquish it.

But Bob Cherry's bat was a powerful persuader. He came back to the pavilion snorting with wrath.

The Owl of the Remove settled down to watch the game in a mood of deep pessimism. He was going to find some solace in seeing Bob Cherry out to the next ball. But that solace was denied the Owl of the Remove. After his easy triumph over Bunter, the vicomte looked for victory. But Bob knocked the bowling all over the field, and he and Nugent crossed and recrossed the pitch at a great rate. And when Frank Nugent was caught out, Edgar Poynings, the mate of the Silver Scud, went in to take his place. Then the bowlers and fieldsmen of La Fontaine soon discovered that they had a good man to deal with. Poynings was still going strong when Bob Cherry was caught out in the slips, and Harry Wharton joined him, and was dismissed for twenty while the mate of the Silver Scud was still going strong. And after that Poynings came in for a regular ovation from the Silver Scud party, loud cheers greeting every successful hit.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Red Flower.

HARRY WHARTON watched Poynings for some time at the wickets. He was glad enough to see that he had captured so good a man for his eleven. But he was thinking of other things besides cricket. After a little time he approached the old baronet, seeing that Comte de Cernay had left his side. Sir Reginald Brooke was watching the game, but it would have been safe to say that he hardly knew which side was batting and which in the field. He was too occupied with troublesome thoughts to give his attention to it. He sat with his eyes fixed on the field, as if absorbed in every incident; but he saw nothing, and he did not look up when Wharton approached, until the captain of the

Remove touched him on the arm. Then he gave a start.

"Yes, yes! What is it, Wharton? Are you not playing?" he asked.

Harry Wharton smiled slightly.

"My wicket's down, sir," he said.

"Oh, yes, just so!" murmured Sir Reginald.

"You've heard from that villain, sir," said the captain of the Remove in a low voice.

"You—you know—"

"I saw you pick up the letter in the boat, sir."

Sir Reginald pulled himself together. The poor old gentleman seemed to be in almost a dazed state of nerves.

"Yes, yes, I have a letter, Wharton. It is amazing, but it was in the boat, as you say."

"May I see it, sir?" asked Harry.

"The matter is settled now, Wharton. I cannot expose your lives to further risk," said the old gentleman in an agitated voice. "You may put it quite out of your mind, my boy, and return to your—your football—I mean, cricket."

"I'd like to see the letter, sir. It may be possible still to put a stopper on that scoundrel somehow."

"I fear not, Wharton. How can anyone deal with a ruthless villain who is present, yet seemingly invisible?" said the old gentleman helplessly. "I am haunted by the thought of your fearfully narrow escape last night."

"That is nothing, sir. May I—"

"Yes, yes, you may see the letter if you wish," said the baronet, with a touch of impatience. And he placed it in the hand of the captain of the Remove.

Wharton glanced at the field. Another batsman was out, and Lord Mauleverer was called on. But Edgar Poynings was still going great guns. He looked a fine figure at the wicket or running lightly along the pitch. Evidently he had not forgotten the game of his old days at Highcliffe School. Was he the villain and dastard that Wharton suspected? Again the Greyfriars junior felt shaken by a doubt. Yet if his belief was not well founded, what was the truth of the mystery of the Silver Scud?

He sat down and examined the letter.

It was jotted in capitals, plainly to disguise the writer's hand, on a sheet of common notepaper, in pencil. It ran:

"I am glad you have come to a wise decision. It is only just in time to save a life.

"Now for paying over the ransom. You will communicate immediately with your bankers, and the sum of money—ten thousand pounds—must be paid over in French billets-de-banque. No note larger than five hundred francs. When the money is in your hands, you will make it into a bundle and walk alone with it on the shore at La Fontaine, half a mile above the jetty. My agent will meet you there and demand the bundle. Remember that you will be watched, and that the slightest attempt at trickery will be followed by the death of a member of Lord Mauleverer's party. You know that every life is in my power. Only chance saved Wharton from death last night. You know it.

"If you intend to carry out these instructions, wear a red flower in your coat at the cricket match to-day.

"G. G."

Harry Wharton glanced quickly at the baronet. There was a small red rose from the chateau rose-garden in the lapel of Sir Reginald's coat.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Clue at Last!

IT was the signal that the black-mailer's command was to be obeyed.

Wharton compressed his lips.

Such a surrender to a ruthless rascal was like gall and wormwood to the Greyfriars junior, yet he could hardly blame the old gentleman for his decision. On his own account the baronet certainly would never have yielded to threats. But the danger to the lives of his young charges had overcome his resolution, now that it seemed impossible to grapple with the invisible enemy that haunted the party.

Wharton handed back the letter to the old gentleman.

"You have not written to the bankers yet, sir?" he asked.

Sir Reginald shook his head.

"I have decided to do so," he answered. "I shall write this evening unless—"

"Unless what, sir?" asked Harry eagerly.

"I was going to say unless something should be discovered, some means of dealing with Gideon Gaunt," said the baronet. "But I have no hope. I cannot even begin to understand how he haunts us in this manner. The letter will be written."

"And the money—"

"Will be paid," said the baronet, with a sigh. "We are helpless, my boy. It is bitter enough, but there is no help for it."

"It will take some days," said Harry. "Will the Silver Scud remain at La Fontaine, instead of sailing to-morrow as you intended?"

"That is inevitable. But you young fellows will find plenty of entertainment here," said the old gentleman, with a faint smile.

"Oh, yes, sir, no doubt! But—"

Wharton did not continue. It was useless arguing the point now that the head of the party had made up his mind.

But Wharton's feelings were dark and bitter.

He was certain, almost certain, that his suspicions were fixed on the right man, though even in his mind there was a lingering doubt. If only he could obtain even a jot or tittle of evidence, something more than mere inference and suspicion, ever so slight.

Yet it seemed hopeless. The rascal covered up his tracks too well for that.

Wharton was tempted to state at that moment what he suspected, to tell the old gentleman all. But he knew how such an amazing statement would be received—with utter blank incredulity.

There was no proof, no tangible proof, and even his knowledge that Edgar Poynings was a desperate gambler would be doubted, for there was only his evidence of that, and it might easily be supposed that he had been mistaken in judging of what he had seen at the casino of Le Bosquet.

In his own mind was a practical certainty, yet, he knew, to all other minds it would seem like a wild surmise. Even Bob Cherry, in whom he had confided, hesitated to believe as he believed.

Wharton checked the words on his lips, and turned back to the group of batsmen.

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

NEXT MONDAY!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 759.

"COKER'S RIVAL!"

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By FRANK RICHARDS.



The GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 87.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR!



by PETER TODD.

THE SNEAK OF THE SIXTH! Gerald Loder peered round the corner of the High Street, and gave a start. He saw Wingate standing outside the Cross Keys in deep conversation with a thoroughly shabby-looking man. "If only the Head could see Wingate now!" muttered Loder. "He would have several kinds of fits."

LODER of the Sixth gave a start. He was passing through the village of Friardale when he suddenly caught sight of George Wingate, captain of Greyfriars—the fellow whom Loder both envied and hated.

Wingate was standing outside the hostelry known as the Cross Keys. And he was in deep conversation with a thoroughly shabby-looking man.

It was not Wingate's habit to form chance acquaintanceships. He was seldom to be seen in doubtful company. Yet the man with whom he was now talking was of the hooligan type. He wore working clothes, and a gaudy muffler was tied round his neck. An ancient bowler hat was perched on his head, and he had a straggling, unkempt beard. On the whole, he looked a most undesirable person.

"If only the Head could see Wingate now!" muttered Loder. "He'd have several sorts of fits."

Loder stopped short, and watched the couple. They were talking as if they were old friends.

"Wish a master would come along!" murmured Loder. "There'd be a fearful row about this! Our respected skipper in conversation with a low-down ruffian! Jove! What a sensation it would make!"

Loder actually scanned the distant stretch of roadway, in the hope of seeing a Greyfriars master approaching. But he was unlucky.

Wingate remained in conversation with his

shabby-looking companion for some moments. Then he shook hands with him, and the man slouched away.

The captain of Greyfriars, his interview over, came striding along, and he almost bumped into Loder. There was a very unpleasant look on the latter's face.

"Who was that?" he asked, pointing at the retreating figure of the man in the gaudy muffler.

"Mind your own business!" said Wingate shortly.

"He looks a pretty low sort of waster!" said Loder.

"You shouldn't judge by appearances," said Wingate, a little more amiably. "Many an honest heart beats beneath a tattered waistcoat."

Loder gave a sneer.

"There's no honesty about that lout!" he said. "He looked as if he'd just come out of prison, and was likely to go back there very shortly. Is he a pal of yours, might I ask?"

"He is!" said Wingate quietly. "And if you make any more insulting remarks about him, I shall have to ask you to take your coat off!"

Loder backed away a step. He was not at all keen on coming to blows with Wingate. The captain of Greyfriars had a habit of hitting straight from the shoulder. And Loder was no match for him, anyway.

"I hardly think the Head would approve of your having pals of that description," muttered Loder.

Wingate made no reply. He brushed past

Loder, and went ahead with his athletic stride.

"Shall you be seeing that chap again?" called Loder.

Wingate turned his head. There was a smile on his lips.

"He's coming to tea to-morrow afternoon, in my study," he said.

"Great Scott!" gasped Loder.

He was thunderstruck. Wingate must surely be mad, he reflected, to invite such an unwholesome-looking specimen to Greyfriars?

Loder walked back to the school in a very thoughtful frame of mind. He hoped to make capital out of what he had seen.

If the Head were to get to know that Wingate was inviting a doubtful character to Greyfriars, there would be trouble—serious trouble.

Evidently Wingate hoped to smuggle the man into the school building without the knowledge of the authorities.

"If only the Head could see them having tea together," mused Loder, "there would be the very dickens to pay! Wingate would be sacked from the captaincy, as sure as Fate!"

Loder dwelt lovingly on the prospect.

It had long been his desire to see Wingate deprived of his position. Once that happened, there might be a chance of Loder himself securing the captaincy. Only a faint chance, it was true; for Loder didn't exactly bask in the sunshine of popularity. He was heartily disliked. Still, once Wingate was sacked from his position, anything might happen.

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Loder dreamed dreams as he strode along. He pictured himself captain of Greyfriars—head of all the school.

It was a glorious prospect.

A prefect had plenty of power, but the captain of the school had even more.

How ripping, Loder reflected, to be able to lord it over everybody!

"I've only got to give the Head a hint of what is going on, and the fat will be in the fire!" muttered Loder.

The rascally prefect had no scruples about sneaking. He had no code of honour. His one idea was to get Wingate into serious trouble.

"I'll lie low for a bit," he murmured, "and see what happens to-morrow afternoon."

Loder was feeling quite excited. He had no doubt that he would be able to make things very unpleasant for his old rival.

Next day, when it was nearing tea-time, he took up his position at his study window, which commanded a view of the school gates.

Loder kept a sharp look-out for the man in the gaudy muffler. He expected to see him come slouching into the Close at any moment. But the time wore on, and there was no sign of him.

At length, however, a taxicab rolled in at the school gateway. It crossed the Close, and drew up at the entrance to the School House.

A figure alighted from the vehicle. It was the man in the gaudy muffler—Wingate's companion of the day before.

"He's turned up!" muttered Loder. "Rather a cute dodge, to come in a taxi. If he had walked across the Close, the Head or one of the masters might have spotted him. As it is, he's dodged into the building without being seen—except by me."

Footsteps sounded in the Sixth Form passage.

Loder heard the man in the muffler pass his door, on his way to Wingate's study.

"Now for it!" muttered the prefect.

And, having first satisfied himself that Wingate was entertaining the shabby stranger, Loder made his way to the Head's study.

Dr. Locke looked up from his papers.

"Well, Loder?" he said, in tones which implied that he was not best pleased at being disturbed. "What is it?"

"I wish to bring something to your notice, sir," said Loder. "You do not, I believe, approve of disreputable characters visiting Greyfriars?"

"Most certainly I do not, Loder!" said the Head, with a frown.

"Well, it so happens, sir, that at the present moment a most objectionable person of the gaolbird type is being entertained at tea in Wingate's study."

"Bless my soul!"

"I should not have mentioned the matter to you, sir, if the man had been at all decent looking," said Loder. "But the fact is, he appears to be a thorough-paced black-guard!"

"Dear me!" murmured Dr. Locke, rising to his feet. "You astonish me, Loder! I will investigate this matter at once, and if the facts are as you say, I shall deal most severely with Wingate!"

It was as much as Loder could do to repress an exclamation of satisfaction.

"This is where Wingate gets it in the neck!" was his joyful reflection.

"Come with me, Loder!" said the Head.

Loder cheerfully complied. Together they proceeded to Wingate's study, and Dr. Locke tapped on the door.

"Come in!" called Wingate.

The Head opened the door and entered, while Loder hovered in the background.

On catching sight of Wingate's guest, Dr. Locke's brow grew stern.

The man certainly bore out Loder's description of being a most objectionable person.

"Wingate!" said the Head. "This calls for an explanation. Who is this—er—offensive-looking person?"

Wingate betrayed no alarm. He actually smiled.

"This is Bill Murphy, sir—"

"What!"

"Alias your nephew, Mr. Ferrers Locke!"

The Head gave a violent start. So did Loder.

The man in the multi-coloured muffler rose to his feet. He held out his hand to the Head.

"How do you do, Uncle Herbert?" he said, in tones which were strangely out of keeping with his shabby garb. "I expect you are surprised to see me in this guise. I was coming along to see you presently."

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"Ferrers! What brings you here?" gasped the Head.

"I have come down at the instance of Scotland Yard, to solve a little mystery which has baffled the Courtfield police," explained the young detective. "In order to carry out my investigations without arousing suspicion, I have found it necessary to adopt this disguise."

"Oh!"

When he had recovered from his astonishment the Head laughed.

"I feel quite relieved," he said. "Loder informed me that Wingate was entertaining a thorough-paced black-guard!"

Wingate glanced past the Head at the figure of Loder, standing in the doorway. It was a glance of utter contempt.

Loder looked—and felt—a very complete idiot. He mumbled a few words of apology, and tottered away down the passage. Gone were his fond dreams of getting Wingate into trouble. His castles in the air had come tumbling down, and all he could do was to beat a retreat to his own study, there to hide his diminished head.

EDITORIAL!

By Gerald Loder.

(Temporary Editor.)

GOODNESS knows why I should condescend to run this trashy paper for a week. It is far beneath my dignity to do such a thing. However, it gives me an opportunity of airing my views on various topics, and of telling the cheeky Remove fags in plain, blunt language, what I think of them!

As you are all aware, I am a prefect, and I like everybody to know it!

I'm not a soft-hearted ass like Wingate. I put down misdemeanours with an iron hand, and shall continue to do so.

Whilst I am writing these lines a number of noisy fags have congregated in the Close beneath my study window, and they are singing rude songs about me. Just wait till I've finished! I'll wade in amongst them with an ash-plant!

I don't think I'm a particularly popular fellow, judging by the hooting and howling which is going on outside.

It seems rather strange occupying the editorial chair. But I'll undertake to produce a number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD which will be superior to anything that Harry Wharton has inflicted on the long-suffering public.

Carne and Walker, my chief cronies in the Sixth, have promised to help me, and between us we mean to make things hum.

Unfortunately, one or two things have crept into this issue without my knowledge. Young Penfold's impertinent poem, for instance. I don't quite know how it was wangled, but the cheeky Remove cubs evidently came to an understanding with the printer. I shall have to look into this matter, and the delinquents will be laid face downwards across my study table!

I rather fancy myself as an editor. If it wasn't such a beastly fag, I'd start a magazine of my own. But journalism is a strenuous game. It means that you must sit up late at night working. And I have other things to do when night falls!

Did I hear somebody ask in a whisper whether I broke bounds? Shush! This paper will be read by the masters—probably by the Head himself! So I dare not disclose my bad habits.

I will now lay down my pen, and go and quell the turbulent mob outside.

GERALD LODER.

THE ARCH-TYRANT!

By Dick Penfold.

My name is Gerald Loder,
I'm always in bad odour.
I make my victims quake and quail,
I make them whimper, whine, and wail!

Swish! Swish! Swish!

My ashplant rends the air.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

My victim's in despair.

He writhes and wriggles, shouts and squirms,

He's not been flogged like this for terms!

He's the most cowardly of worms—

Swish! Swish! Swish!

I bully and I bluster,

I've neither fame nor lustre.

The fags all sing their hymn of hate

Whenever I march past in state!

Swish! Swish! Swish!

I lay it on in style.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Just note my cruel smile!

The fags who sneer at me are licked,
And bruised and beaten, bumped and kicked.

Fit for the sanny, I predict—

Swish! Swish! Swish!

I'm lofty and I'm lanky,

I'm stately and I'm swanky.

I mean to exercise my power

And make the juniors cringe and cower.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Dust rises in a cloud.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The victim's cries are loud.

A beastly, bullying brute am I,

I love to hear my victims cry.

I'll lam Dick Penfold by-and-by—

Swish! Swish! Swish!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



HERBERT VERNON-SMITH.

[Supplement ii.]

LODER IN HIS LAIR!

By Tom Brown.

"PLEASE, Loder—" "Get out!" I stood trembling on the threshold of Loder's study, with a note in my hand.

Loder looked at me and at the envelope I carried with extreme disfavour.

The prefect was at work on his special number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. He had been worried and harassed all day by unwelcome contributions, and he evidently imagined that the envelope I had in my hand contained an ode, or a short story. That envelope had the effect of a red rag being dangled before a bull.

"If you please, Loder—" I faltered. "Will you get out?" roared the prefect.

"But I've got something to give you at—"

"Take it away and bury it!" I dallied on the threshold. "Do let me explain," I pleaded. "This is jolly important—"

Loder jumped to his feet. There was a homicidal expression on his face. He caught up a cricket-stump, and was upon me in two strides.

Whack! Fortunately, I bounced through the doorway in the nick of time, and the cricket-stump crashed against the side of the door and broke in two. Had it struck me, I believe I should have been cut in half.

"Get out when I tell you!" hooted Loder. "Don't come bothering me! You can see I'm up to my eyes in work?"

"But please, Loder, this is important!" I exclaimed. "Awfully, fearfully important!"

Loder promptly charged at me. His face was working convulsively.

Stepping nimbly to one side, I dodged him, and he cannoned into the wall of the passage with terrific force.

"Yaroooooh!" he roared. Chuckling softly, I sped away down the passage.

I didn't see Loder again until two hours later. He had finished his work on the HERALD, and he was drifting aimlessly along the Sixth Form passage.

"I can't make out where all the prefects have got to," he said, with a puzzled frown. "I've called on Wingate, and he's out. Gwynne's out, too, and so are Hammersley and North and Walker. Have you any idea where they are, young Brown?"

I nodded. "Where are they?" demanded Loder. "Having tea on the Head's lawn," I said, with a grin. "The Head sent a special invitation round to all the prefects."

"Then why didn't I receive one?" shouted Loder, furious to think that he had missed such a grand treat.

"I offered you one, and you wouldn't take it," I said cheerfully. "You chased me out of your study."

"What!" hooted Loder. "Do you mean to say that that envelope you had in your hand contained an invite from the Head?"

"Exactly! You would have had a topping tea on the Head's lawn, Loder. But, of course, it's too late now!"

Loder's face was distorted with fury. If only he had been able to get hold of me I shouldn't be alive now to tell the tale. But he didn't!

Supplement iii.]



The jet of water struck the prefect full in the face.

I T was in fear and trembling that I made my way to Loder's study. Honestly, I would sooner have stepped into a lion's den or a Chamber of Horrors.

For Loder, as everyone knows, is a bullying beast, and his hand comes down very heavily at times.

Sounds of anguish smote my ears as I entered Loder's study.

The unpopular prefect was in the act of spanking his fag, a grubby youth named Gatty.

Whether Gatty had burnt the toast or devoured Loder's jam-tarts or made tea that tasted like Irish stew, I could not say. But the unfortunate fag was certainly going through the mill. His yells of anguish might have been heard as far off as Friardale.

Whack, whack, whack! Loder's hand did great execution. And Loder's face resembled Vesuvius on the verge of an eruption.

"Take that, you young imp—and that—and that!" he snarled, punctuating the words with violent spans. "I'll teach you to pour scalding tea down the back of my neck!"

So that was it! Gatty had actually poured boiling tea down the neck of his fag-master. I felt that he had rendered a public service; but I had sufficient sense not to say so.

Presently, having completed his castigation, Loder tossed the fag into the fireplace, where he lay whimpering.

The prefect then turned his attention to me.

"What do you want?" he demanded. And his tone was anything but amiable.

"Ahem!"

"Oh, you want a hem, do you? Well, you'd better go to a dressmaking establishment! I don't stock hems in this study."

I sniggered faintly at Loder's joke.

"It pleases his Majesty to jest," I murmured. "May I introduce myself? I am the special representative of the GREYFRIARS HERALD—"

"Well?"

"And I've come to collect some candid confessions from you."

"Very well. Pick that snivelling fag out of the fireplace and toss him out into the passage, and then I'll attend to you."

I picked up Gatty with the tongs, which gripped his garments at the small of the back, and carried him out of Loder's presence. Then I stepped back into the study, taking care to stand near the door in case of emergency. As you will have gathered, Loder's temper is uncertain.

Producing my notebook, I got to business.

"Your name?" I said briskly.

"Gerald Assheton Loder."

"Age?"

"I'm old enough to be your father!"

"Then you must be about a hundred and ten, because I often feel an old man

CANDID CONFESSIONS!

By Our Special Representative.

GERALD LODER.

myself, after a hard day's work. What is your profession?"

"Bullying." "You love putting small boys to the torture?"

"It's all I live for. Matter of fact, I'm hungering for a fresh victim."

As he spoke, Loder looked me up and down in the same way that a cannibal surveys a plump missionary.

"If you'd care to get across my table, I'll lay into you with a five-bat!" he said.

"That's very generous of you, Loder, but I don't feel cold enough to want warming up. Curb your vicious impulses until we've finished these confessions. What is your favourite game?"

"Nap."

"Do you mean going to sleep?"

"Of course not, you young ass! I mean the game that's played with cards."

"Oh! Now, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Loder gave a snort.

"I'm already grown up!" he growled. "Can't you see the moustache on my upper lip?"

"It isn't visible to the naked eye," I replied. "If you'll lend me a magnifying-glass—"

"I'll lend you a thick ear if you start being impertinent!"

I thoughtfully edged nearer to the door.

"What time do you go to bed?" was my next question.

"Ten o'clock."

"And what time do you get up?"

"Ten-thirty!" said Loder, with a chuckle.

"Ten-thirty next morning, do you mean?"

"Great Scott, no! I get up half an hour after I go to bed."

"What do you do then?"

"That's my business."

"You don't break bounds, I hope?"

"I decline to answer."

Swiftly I jotted down Loder's statements in my notebook.

"What is your opinion of the Remove Form?" I inquired.

Loder nearly choked.

"I consider it's a menagerie of mischievous young monkeys!" he spluttered. "I hate them—I hate the whole jolly lot of 'em, from Harry Wharton downwards! If I had a member of the Remove here now, I—I'd make mincemeat of him!"

I couldn't bear to hear my Form slandered like this. So what do you think I did? I took a water-pistol from my pocket and fired point-blank at Loder.

A jet of water struck the prefect full in the face, and he staggered back with a wild yell.

"Ooooooh!"

Having emptied the pistol, I promptly faded away through the doorway, and sprinted down the passage like a champion of the cinder-path.

A furious figure came rushing in pursuit. It was Loder. Water was streaming down his face, and his collar had been reduced to a limp rag. He was breathing threatenings and slaughter.

I knew what would happen if I fell into the hands of the enemy, and fear lent me wings.

I darted out into the Close, shot across it at express speed, and sought sanctuary behind the school chapel.

Loder is still looking for me. There is a price on my head. He has offered the handsome reward of a tanner to the fellow who succeeds in capturing me, dead or alive.

But there is nothing doing. My school-fellows would not dream of handing me over to justice—especially such rough justice as I should receive at the hands of Loder!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 759.

HOW TO CURE AILMENTS!

By Gerald Loder.

ALTHOUGH I am not a medical man, it is my proud boast that I can cure most of the ailments to which fags are subject.

My cures are rather original. I don't believe in quinine, and tonics, and all that sort of thing.

Here are some cures I have effected during the past week.

SLEEPING SICKNESS (Nugent minor).

Medicine.—Six strokes with a cricket-stump, laid on with the full force of the right arm. Patient was well shaken before the dose was taken. The sleeping sickness had not quite disappeared by the evening, so I repeated the dose as before. Result—a complete cure.

BILIOUSNESS (George Tubb).

Young Tubb was misguided enough to devour a bagful of assorted pastries, which he found in my study cupboard. He, therefore, developed a bilious-attack. I gathered him up by the scruff of the neck, and carried him to the fountain in the Close. He was given a severe ducking, and he has not had a bilious-attack since!

NERVOUS SPASMS (Bolsover minor).

Whilst fagging for me, this infant developed a severe attack of nervous spasms, which caused him to drop a tray laden with crockeryware. All my cups and saucers and plates were broken, and the teapot had its spout severed from its body. I cured Bolsover minor by a liberal application of the study poker. He had more nervous spasms while the cure was being carried out—he seemed to twitch all over—but he has never had an attack since!

LASSITUDE (George Alfred Gatty).

This child complained that he was suffering from extreme lassitude, and that he hadn't the energy to carry out any of his fagging duties. I applied the same cure as for Nugent minor, above.

FATTY DEGENERATION (Samuel Bunter).

This was a very serious case, which required prompt medical treatment—and got it! I tanned the patient with an ashplant until he was black-and-blue, and the fatty degeneration has now disappeared. The patient is still, however, suffering from shock!

DEAFNESS (Percival Spencer Page).

This cheeky young cub made it convenient not to hear anything I said to him. He told me he was stone deaf. I didn't have any dynamite handy; all the same, I gave him a good "blowing up," and his deafness disappeared as if by magic!

Any other fags suffering from ailments should present themselves at my study during surgery hours!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 759.

THE GREYFRIARS TYRANT!

(NOTE.—A musty old parchment has been discovered in the school library. It was evidently compiled by one of the ancient monks, who must also have been a prophet, because he predicts the tyrannical reign of Loder of the Sixth. The parchment was discovered by me, and I have smuggled it into this issue without Loder's knowledge.—
BOB CHERRY.)

NOW, there did come unto Greyfriars School a lean and lanky tyrant, very tall of stature, and possessing a pimple on his nose. And his name it was Loder.

And, behold, he was a savage brute. He laid about him right lustily with an ashplant, and he did smite and spare not.

And his fags that ministered unto him said one to the other: "Verily, Loder is a bully and a beast and a braggart. He doth not spare the rod, and, behold, we are covered with weals and bruises, so that we are peradventure unable to sit down."

And it came to pass that one of the fags, whose name was Tubb, plotted him a plot. And he did mix glue, and ink, and soot, and syrup in a paper bag, which he did perch upon the door of Loder's sanctum.

Now, when this was noised abroad, a crowd did assemble in the Sixth Form corridor, to witness the result of the booby trap.

And they did nudge one another with great glee, saying: "Behold, now, that Prussian tyrant will catch it hot, yea, even in the neck." And they did giggle in ecstasy.

And it came to pass, that Loder of the Sixth came stalking along the corridor with his giant stride. And a great hush fell upon the assembly.

And Loder murmured unto himself: "I would fain go into my sanctum and prepare me a cup of tea. For I am athirst."

Saying which, he did push open the door, and a mighty avalanche descended upon his head, yea, even upon his unprotected napper.

And there were sounds of spluttering and loud lamentation, such as "Gug-gug-gug!" and "Ooooooch!"

And the glue, and the ink, and the soot, and the syrup, which the fag Tubb had prepared, did cover Loder's face as with a garment. And his countenance was black, but not comely.

And he turned to the assembly with a snarl, saying: "Who did this thing? Tell me, I pray thee, his name, that I may chastise him with a cricket stump?"

And, behold, there was no reply. And Loder said: "Dost thou not hear the question which I addressed unto thee?"

And the crowd answered him, saying: "We are not deaf in our old age. We know who played this jape on thee, and, behold, we will not give him away. Wild horses would not drag his name from us."

Then did Loder wax wroth. And he called a messenger, and said: "Bring hither Tubb of the Third. For my suspicions are kindled against him."

And the messenger that was gone to call Tubb spake unto him: "Behold, Loder, the prefect, is in a towering rage, and he wisheth to see thee in his study. Take my advice, and barricade thy bags, for he will surely chastise thee."

And Tubb did even as the messenger advised him. And he presented himself before Loder.

And the wrath of Loder was terrible to behold. For he foamed at the mouth, and gnashed his teeth, and rent his hair.

And he said unto Tubb: "Get thee across my table, that I may chastise thee." And the fag grinned, and obeyed right cheerfully.

Then did Loder discover the presence of the cushion, which served as a barricade. And he commanded Tubb to remove it, saying: "Behold, I am up to all those dodges."

And he picked up a cricket-stump, and cruelly chastised the fag. And Tubb's squeals were heard all over Greyfriars, yea, and even in the village of Friardale.

And it came to pass, that the door of Loder's sanctum was burst open, and Wingate of the Sixth appeared.

And Wingate glared at Loder, saying: "Verily, thou art a beast and a tyrant. Put up thy hands, and I will lick thee."

And Loder sneered, and said: "If thou canst! But methinks thou wilt find it a tough job."

Then did Wingate rush to the attack. And he did hit out with great force, first with his right fist, and then with his left. And Loder was sore smitten, so that his eyes were shut up, and his nose, it became bulbous.

And, finally, Wingate felled his man with a mighty uppercut, so that Loder was unable to rise.

And Wingate said unto him: "Let that be a lesson unto thee, thou tyrant! If I should catch thee at thy bullying games again, I will march thee into the presence of the headmaster!"

And Loder whimpered, and said: "Behold, I will not do it again. In future I will be a good lad, yea, even as good as gold."

Thus did the Greyfriars tyrant gain his just deserts. And he will not resort to his bullying tricks again for the space of many moons.

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[Supplement iv.]

THE TERROR TRACKED DOWN!

(Continued from page 8.)

Poynings was still at the wickets when the last man went in for Greyfriars. The mate of the Silver Scud was in great form, and enjoying his game. He was plainly in the highest spirits that morning. Harry wondered whether it was the red rose in the baronet's coat that was the cause of it—the signal of the plotter's success in his designs upon Lord Mauleverer's money. Did the gambler see before him a prospect of a large sum of money with which to indulge his darling vice?

It seemed certain to Wharton, and yet he had to be silent. If only there came his way the slightest tangible clue. But he hardly dared to hope for it.

Greyfriars were eight down for 94 when the game was stopped for lunch. Poynings was not out. He came off the field cheerily, swinging his bat lightly in his hand.

"A good game," he remarked, as he joined the fellows at the pavilion. "It's some time since I've handled a bat. Quite a treat for me."

"The handlefulness is terrifically good!" observed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Poynings smiled. "I haven't done badly for you so far, Master Wharton," he said.

"Very well indeed!" said Harry, as cordially as he could. "The French chaps are in jolly good form."

"Razzer good, old bean, yes?" smiled Louis de Cernay.

"Jolly good," said Bob. "Ripping, in fact!"

"I hope you'll be able to bat for us again to-morrow, Mr. Poynings," added Wharton. Remembering that a man was bound to be considered innocent until he was found guilty, Wharton felt that he had to show as much civility as possible to the man he distrusted.

Poynings nodded. "I've no doubt Captain Hawke will be able to spare me, so long as the yacht remains at La Fontaine," he said. "I think you can rely on me, however long it lasts, and it looks like a three-day match to me."

And with a cheery nod the young man walked on and joined the baronet, who was going towards the chateau with the Comte de Cernay.

"Trois jours, yes," said the vicomte, with a nod. "I tink we keep you busy for tree days, mes amis. Oh, yes!"

"Can't be done," said Bob Cherry. "It's fixed for the yacht to leave to-morrow afternoon. Only a morning to-morrow."

"Ah, j'oublie, zat is so," assented Louis. "I forget him! But it is one great peety if we leave him unfinish."

"Yes, rather." Harry Wharton started. His face became quite pale, so sudden was the shock he had received.

It was the clue at last!

He turned away from his companions, who were beginning to move off towards the chateau for lunch. Bob Cherry joined him, apart from the others.

"What's up, Harry?" he asked tersely.

"You noticed——"

"I noticed that you seemed to get a jump," said Bob. "You're not letting that affair of last night get on your nerves, are you?"

"No, no!" Wharton's eyes were

glittering. He spoke in a low, tense voice. "Bob, it was fixed for the yacht to sail to-morrow afternoon. Everybody knew it. Poynings, of course, knew——"

"Of course," said Bob.

"Yet he offered to play for a three-day match," said Harry. "How did he know that the yacht would be staying on after the arranged time? He spoke without thinking. He was thinking only of the cricket at the moment, of course. But he knew—he knew that the Silver Scud would still be at La Fontaine the day after to-morrow."

Bob stared.

"But will it?" he asked.

"Yes; the plans have been changed on——"

"Then they've told Poynings so," said Bob. "He knew, that's plain. But naturally they'd tell him, Harry. What are you driving at?"

Wharton shook his head.

"Listen to me!" he said quietly. And he told Bob of the mysterious letter and its contents. "Got that? Now, do you see? Only Sir Reginald has seen that letter so far, excepting myself. He has changed his plans because he is going to give in to the villain's demand. But he has told no one so far."

Bob whistled.

"Captain Hawke does not know yet. He will be told when we go aboard this evening," said Harry. "Sir Reginald hasn't told Poynings; he can't have. And if Sir Reginald hasn't told Poynings that the yacht is staying on, how does he know?"

Bob rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"He couldn't know, unless he's seen the letter," he said.

"He couldn't have seen the letter, unless he's the man that wrote it."

Bob nodded slowly. "By Jove, Harry, it—it looks—— But you must make sure that Sir Reginald hasn't shown him the letter, or told him of it."

"I'll do that, though I'm certain already. Poynings knew that the yacht would be staying on at La Fontaine, because of the red flower in Sir Reginald's coat," he said. "That told him that the terms were accepted—which meant that we should have to stay on till the money was paid."

"Harry, what are you going to do?"

"That needs thinking out. But——"

"I say, you fellows, you'll be late for lunch!" howled Bunter, along the avenue.

And the chums of the Remove joined the merry party at lunch in the chateau.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Wharton Makes Up His Mind!

HARRY WHARTON found it rather difficult to join in the merry chat at the lunch table.

His thoughts were busy. He was convinced at last; he had found the clue that he had hardly dared hope to find.

The cunning rascal, in a careless moment, had left a point unguarded—a little trifle, but enough to convince the captain of the Remove that he was on the right track.

It was all that Wharton needed—a sufficient certainty to enable him to speak. And he was certain now.

In the merry talk and laughter at the table, Wharton's silence passed unnoticed. Edgar Poynings was in great

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spirits, evidently enjoying himself. That was not surprising, if the man was indeed the mysterious "Gidcon Gaunt," and saw success within his grasp at last.

Billy Bunter had not distinguished himself on the cricket-field; but he came out strong at lunch, and distinguished himself very much indeed. In fact, the Owl of the Remove came out so strong with the pate-de-foie-gras, that after lunch he disappeared, with a pale complexion and a feeling that he was aboard the Silver Scud again in rough weather. But Bunter's fascinating society was not missed.

After lunch the guests rambled through the grounds of the chateau for a time, before play was resumed. Harry Wharton looked for an opportunity, and found Sir Reginald Brooke chatting with his nephew on the terrace, with no others in hearing. The baronet had taken Lord Mauleverer aside to tell him of the mysterious letter, and of his decision—in which his lordship concurred. Harry Wharton interrupted their talk.

"Excuse me, sir," he began, as the baronet glanced at him. "I won't interrupt you a minute—"

"Go on, my boy," said the old gentleman kindly. "I am afraid I cannot discuss the decision I have come to, Wharton. Herbert fully agrees with me, and that is settled."

"Yaas," assented Lord Mauleverer. "I know you'd rather stick it out, old bean; but you fellows are my guests, and I'm not runnin' any more risks with your lives. What happened last night settles that."

"You've seen the letter, then, Mauly?"

"Yaas; uncle's just shown it to me. Dashed queer how the rotter got it into the boat!" said Mauly. "But I've given up tryin' to understand how he does things."

"It is a hopeless mystery," said the old baronet, with a shake of the head. "You must see that, Wharton."

"I only wanted to ask you one thing, sir," said Harry. "You showed me the letter at the pavilion, during the cricket. Had you shown it to anyone else before that?"

"No; I have only just told Herbert."

"But anyone else, sir?" asked Harry eagerly.

"No," said Sir Reginald, looking

puzzled. "I should hardly be likely to trouble our kind host, the Comte de Cernay, with such an affair, if that is what you mean."

"You did not show it to Mr. Poyning?"

"Mr. Poyning?" The baronet raised his eyebrows. "I do not understand you. Why should I show it to the mate of the yacht?"

"But you did not, sir?"

"Certainly not."

"You did not tell him that the yacht would be remaining on at La Fontaine, after the time arranged for leaving to-morrow?"

"No; I have not spoken to Mr. Poyning at all this morning," said the old gentleman, rather testily. "I did not exchange a word with him until we came in to lunch. I fail to see any reason whatever for these very peculiar questions."

Lord Mauleverer looked curiously at Wharton. He was as surprised as his uncle.

"What are you drivin' at, old bean?" he asked.

Wharton did not reply to that. He was more and more convinced of his clue; but he did not mean to leave a shadow of doubt.

"Then nobody knew that the yacht would be staying on after to-morrow, until you told me at the pavilion, sir?" he asked.

"Nobody could have known, as I had not mentioned the matter to a single soul!" said Sir Reginald, almost snappishly.

"Wharton!" bawled Bob Cherry, from the avenue. "Where are you, Harry? Wanted, old man!"

"Coming!" Harry Wharton hurried away, and Lord Mauleverer, with a deep yawn, rose to follow him. Sir Reginald walked down to the cricket-ground at a very leisurely pace, thinking of anything but cricket.

The cricketers gathered for the afternoon's play. Edgar Poyning resumed his interrupted innings, and Wharton watched him at the wickets, with a grim smile on his handsome face. Bob Cherry nudged him.

"You've spoken to the old gent?"

"Yes."

"And—"

said Bob.

"Not a soul knew, excepting Sir Reginald and myself, that the yacht was staying on at La Fontaine," said Wharton quietly. "Except the man who wrote that letter, and afterwards saw the red flower in Sir Reginald's coat. That man is Edgar Poyning—who knew!"

Bob Cherry drew a deep breath. "It looks—it looks—" he muttered.

"It looks like what it is," said Harry. "I've spotted the scoundrel at last."

"But," faltered Bob, "it may look like that to you, Harry, and to me; but still there's no proof."

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Proof enough, when once I had sufficient certainty to go upon," he said coolly. "I've got that now. There's a surprise waiting for Mr. Edgar Poyning when we go aboard this evening."

"I don't quite see—"

Wharton spoke in a whisper as Billy Bunter came hovering round. Bob started and nodded. Bunter came up, with an inquiring blink.

"I say, you fellows, what are you confabbing about?" he inquired. "I say, did you try that foreign muck they call pate-de-foie-gras, at lunch? Made me feel quite queer."

"You loaded up over the Plimsoll line, Fatty," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"How zat?" came in a yell from Louis, in the field.

"Man down," said Bob Cherry. "Last man in. Won't last long now."

Last man in was one of the yacht's crew, and he did not last long against the vicomte's bowling. Greyfriars were all down for 110, and Edgar Poyning carried out his bat, not out.

The French innings began, with Louis de Cernay at the batting end. Harry Wharton led his team on to the field.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh was put on to bowl the first over. The champion junior bowler of Greyfriars found that the vicomte was not easy to deal with. The bowling was too good for Louis to capture runs from it; but he finished the over with a single, which gave him the batting again, against Nugent. And the vicomte proceeded to knock up runs in great style off Nugent's bowling.

Bunter had been put into the long field—out of the way, as it were.

Play ended with the home team three down for 35 runs. It was not likely that that well-contested match would finish the next day; but it was generally known by this time that the Silver Scud would be staying on at La Fontaine, so all the cricketers were looking forward to a third day to finish. The vicomte walked down to the jetty with his English friends, and kissed Lord Mauleverer at parting—rather to his lordship's discomfort, though he bore it with his usual equanimity.

"A demain!" said the vicomte, from the jetty, as the Silver Scud party crowded into the boat. "To-morrow—yes, ole beans!" And he added specially to Lord Mauleverer, "Je te reverrai demain, vieux haricot."

At which the "vieux haricot" chuckled.

It was a merry crowd that pulled back to the yacht, riding at anchor in the bay. But Harry Wharton was not smiling, amid so many smiling faces. There was stern business on hand when his foot trod once more the deck of the Silver Scud. He glanced at Edgar Poyning in the stern. He noted grimly that the mate's eye lingered on the red flower still in the old baronet's coat, and that his well-cut lip curved a little with

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a slightly ironical smile. Wharton knew what that smile meant. But a surprise was at hand for the man who had so long baffled the holiday crowd of the Silver Scud.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Accusation!

"CAPTAIN Hawke!"
"Well?"
The burly skipper of the Silver Scud was a man of few words. He ejaculated that monosyllable, and looked down at Wharton.

Poynings, who was with him, glanced at Wharton. Perhaps he wondered what the Greyfriars junior had to say to the skipper that made his youthful face so grave.

"I want you and Mr. Poynings to step down into the saloon," said Harry. "A discovery has been made."

"A discovery?" repeated the skipper. "What do you mean? Not about that lubber Gideon Gaunt, I suppose?"

"Yes."
"Holy smoke!" ejaculated the skipper in his astonishment.

Poyning's glance on Harry's face became fixed, rigid. Wharton's eyes were on the mate. He saw the sudden stiffening of the muscles—the effort the man made to conceal the shock the words had given him. If he had doubted before, he would have been certain now.

But the man, if he was guilty, had a nerve of iron. In an instant a smile was on his lips.

"You do not mean to say that the mysterious person has been discovered on board, Master Wharton?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Holy smoke!" repeated the skipper blankly. "Then where is he?"

"He will have to be identified," said Harry. "I don't mean that I can hand him over this minute, sir. But when he is found he will put up a fight most likely, and I want you and Mr. Poynings to be present. I've told Sir Reginald already."

The skipper gnawed his lip and looked at Wharton. Poynings was smiling, as if rather entertained.

"Very well, I'll come," said the skipper shortly. "Come with me, Poynings."

"Certainly, sir."

There was a rather startled party gathered in the saloon. All the Greyfriars juniors were there, with the old baronet. Sir Reginald Brooke looked surprised and a little testy, as if he did not place much faith in the communication Wharton had to make. Bob Cherry's face was grim and set—the other fellows only looked surprised. Only Lord Mauleverer retained his habitual tranquillity. Billy Bunter was buzzing with excitement, and blinking first over one shoulder and then over the other, as if he expected to see the man with the misshapen nose at his fat elbow. Captain Hawke and Edgar Poynings glanced round the assembly, the latter still smiling.

"Well," rapped out the skipper, "where's the man?"

"Wharton tells me he has made a discovery, Captain Hawke," said the old baronet. "We must hear what he has to say. But—" He finished with a shrug of the shoulders.

"We shall see!" grunted the skipper.

"If Master Wharton has made such a discovery he deserves the thanks of all on board the yacht," remarked Poynings.

"Yaas, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.



"The man I mean is present!" said Harry Wharton. "Here present?" repeated the skipper. "Quite so!" said the captain of the Remove, his eyes on the mate, his glance never faltering. "The man I accuse of being Gideon Gaunt, blackmailer and attempted murderer, is Edgar Poynings, mate of the Silver Scud!" (See Chapter 9.)

"And don't you run away with the idea that Wharton is talking out of his hat. He wouldn't say a thing like this unless he had somethin' to go upon, uncle."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Bob.

Bob Cherry waited till Poynings was seated, and then moved carelessly behind his chair. If Wharton's theory was well-founded, Poynings needed watching—and Bob Cherry was watching him.

Wharton stood and faced the interested assembly, quiet and calm and composed. All eyes were fixed on him.

"Well, where's the man, my boy?" repeated the skipper.

"He is a member of the crew of this yacht," said Harry Wharton.

"Nonsense! That was suspected at first, and put out of court," said the skipper gruffly. "I've never seen the man, but the description of him is—a man with a black beard and a big misshapen nose. No such man on the books of the Silver Scud, and you know it."

"The beard came off in my hand, when I was struggling with him, the last time he attacked Lord Mauleverer," said Wharton.

Captain Hawke nodded impatiently.

"I know that! The beard was false! But the man's nose did not come off, I suppose?" he added sarcastically.

"No, but it might have done so!"

"What?"

"My belief is that by some trickery the man disguised himself with a false nose," said Harry Wharton steadily.

"Holy smoke!"

"Wharton!" murmured Sir Reginald.

Poynings was not smiling now. His eyes were fixed on Wharton with a deep glitter in their depths.

"We thought that the man might be disguised, among the crew," resumed Harry steadily. "But we did not think—at the time—that he might be a quite ordinary-looking man, disguised when he appeared as Gideon Gaunt. That is my belief—he wore a false beard, and he wore a false nose, made to look like one misshapen but real. That put everybody off the track. Such things can be done. Actors do them on the stage. It is difficult enough, but it can be done."

"I suppose it's possible," grunted the skipper. "But—"

Sir Reginald Brooke nodded slowly. "It is worth thinking of, captain," he said. "Certainly, it never occurred to my mind, but it is possible, and it would account—"

"Yaas, begad, it would!" said Lord Mauleverer. "If it's possible—and I suppose it is."

"But how can you possibly know this, Wharton?" asked Edgar Poynings in an even tone.

"I have worked it out," said Harry. "I believe I have hit on the truth—and I know the man."

"You—you know him?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said Captain Hawke, "if there's such a scoundrel in my crew, I want to lay him by the heels. You say he is a member of the ship's company?"

"Yes."

"You know his name?"

NEXT MONDAY!

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"Yes."
 "Then you can lay your finger on him?"
 "Yes," said Wharton again.
 "You shall have a chance," said the captain. "The whole crew shall be piped on deck."
 "That is not necessary," said Harry.
 "Not necessary? What the thunder do you mean?"
 "I mean that the man is here present," said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove firmly.
 Captain Hawke stared at him. Poynings' lips were white.
 "Here present!" repeated the skipper. "Of all the ship's company, only Mr. Poynings and myself are present."
 "Quite so," said Harry Wharton, his eyes on the mate, his glance never faltering. "The man I accuse of being Gideon Gaunt, blackmailer and attempted murderer, is Edgar Poynings, mate of the Silver Scud!"

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Face to Face!

A BOMBSHELL dropped into the saloon of the Silver Scud could hardly have given a greater shock than Harry Wharton's quietly-spoken words.
 For some moments there was silence—a dead stillness. No one moved, and no one spoke.
 Poynings' face was white as death. The effort he was making to pull himself together was visible.
 Captain Hawke stood thunderstruck. He was the first to break the silence.
 "Edgar Poynings!" he repeated.
 "Yes," said Harry.
 "The mate of the yacht! Are you mad?"
 "Look at him!" said Wharton.
 All eyes were on the mate's face. He was white. His eyes had a hunted look; but his emotion was by no means construed into a sign of guilt. The startling accusation might well have produced that effect upon a perfectly innocent man.
 Captain Hawke gave an angry grunt.
 "I didn't expect to hear anything worth hearing," he said. "But I never thought I was to listen to foolery like this. I hope you are not taking any notice of this, Poynings? The boy is out of his senses!"
 "He must be mad, I think," said the mate of the Silver Scud, calming his voice with a great effort. "Sir Reginald Brooke, you cannot for one moment give any credence to this ridiculous accusation?"
 The old baronet looked from one to another.
 "Of course not!" he stammered.
 "It is absurd! But what has led the boy to make so cruel, so terrible a mistake? He cannot be speaking entirely without reason."
 "I am going to prove it," said Harry calmly.
 The skipper rapped the table with his fist.
 "Prove it, then," he said. "You've accused the mate of this yacht, and my shipmate, of being a scoundrelly sea-lawyer. Prove it if you can. I fancy Poynings isn't afraid of your proofs. But if you don't prove it, by gum, I'll see that you pay for making the accusation! I'll—"
 "Give me a chance," said Wharton. "If I fail to prove it, I'll face anything that's to follow. But if I prove it I've exposed a ruthless villain who must go from here to gaol. You're bound to go into the matter to the very bottom,

Captain Hawke, whether you believe me or not."
 "I'm ready to do that."
 Poynings rose.
 "I cannot remain and listen to it," he said. "You will excuse me, captain, and you, Sir Reginald. Whatever wild story the boy may have to tell you can be told without my presence."
 "Bob!" exclaimed Harry.
 Bob was ready. He made one jump to the door and turned the key, and slipped the key into his pocket.
 "What does that mean?" shouted Poynings. "Give me that key."
 "No jolly fear!" said Bob coolly. "You're not going out till this matter's settled, old bean!"
 "Calm yourself, Mr. Poynings," broke in the baronet. "Perhaps it would be better for you to remain."
 "I refuse to remain," exclaimed the mate angrily. "I am accused of a crime. I refuse to listen to any such base slander. I am prepared to resign my post on this yacht!"
 "You are prepared to destroy the proofs I have against you if you get out of this room," said Harry Wharton, with bitter scorn.
 "You lie! You—"
 Captain Hawke raised his hand authoritatively.
 "Remain here, Poynings," he said.

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"Whatever the boy says, you had better hear it."
 "I do not care to."
 "Then I order you, as your captain, to remain," said the skipper. For a moment there was quick suspicion under his bushy brows. "Poynings, it can't be that you fear anything the boy has to say? If I thought so, by gum—"
 Poynings laughed.
 "I will remain if you wish," he said.
 "Of course I have nothing to fear; but it is rather hard to be forced to listen to senseless insults from a schoolboy!"
 Poynings threw himself carelessly into his chair again. But his action had not failed to have its effect. All eyes were upon him now with suspicion. Even Captain Hawke was determined that at all events the mate should remain present while the accusation was thrashed out to the very end. Whatever might have been Poynings' inward feelings, he realised that he would not be allowed to leave, and he had to make the best of it.
 "Go on, Wharton!" said Captain Hawke. And his manner was decidedly less hostile now.
 "Very well," said Harry. "I've had this suspicion in my mind for some days—since the last attack on Lord Mauleverer, while you were ashore, sir, at Le Bosquet. On that occasion the whole yacht was alarmed, but Mr. Poynings did not come out of his cabin. I thumped at his door and called him. Still he did not come out. He was taken

by surprise when he found Bob and myself in Mauly's cabin. In the struggle he left his false beard in my hand. My firm belief was that he had dodged back to his own cabin and locked himself in, and was getting out of his Gideon Gaunt disguise even while I was hammering at the door."
 "Have you any proof of that?"
 "Naturally, none, as I could not see through the door."
 "We want proof. Anything else?"
 "The attacks on Vivian, on Nugent, and on Lord Mauleverer, and at last upon me, prove that Gideon Gaunt was present all the time on the yacht."
 "That applies to every man on board as much as to Poynings."
 "That is not all," said Harry. "At the beginning of the holidays we were with Mauly at Mauleverer Towers. He was attacked there—the second attack. The whole house was bolted safely for the night, yet he was attacked by the man with the misshapen nose. You, sir, and Mr. Poynings were guests in the house. Of all the crew of the Silver Scud, only you or Mr. Poynings could have been the man."
 "Thank you for not suspecting me," said the skipper grimly.
 "I would have suspected you if there had been any reason," said Harry Wharton coolly. "But you wear a beard, over which you could not wear the false black beard. Besides, I have not told you all. I must go back to the first attack on Mauleverer, on breaking-up day at Greyfriars."
 "Well?"
 "On that day Lord Mauleverer saw Gideon Gaunt, as he called himself, for the first time. The man attacked him in his study and chloroformed him, as a warning of what he could do if he did not submit to pay blackmail. You were then at Mauleverer Towers."
 "So was Poynings."
 Wharton shook his head.
 "No, sir. I learned that Poynings had left the Towers that day to attend the break-up and prize-giving at his old school, Highcliffe. Highcliffe is quite near Greyfriars."
 The captain compressed his lips.
 "Let it be so," he said. "All you have proved so far is that Mr. Poynings has been on the spot whenever an outrage has happened, and so might possibly be the man. Is that ground for such a fearful accusation as you have made?"
 "Every little helps," said Harry calmly. "I did not think of Poynings in this connection until I saw him at Le Bosquet last week. I entered the casino vestibule for a few moments, and saw him coming out of the gaming-rooms. The look on his face struck me—startled me. I've seen such faces before, on another vacation. He looked, as I'm certain was the case, like a hardened gambler, a desperate man who had lost all his money."
 "Perhaps your fancy helped you!" said the skipper sarcastically. "Poynings has already told me that he looked into the casino out of curiosity. You fancied the rest."
 "I think not, but I am aware that what I saw is not proof," said Harry. "It gave me my clue; that is all. Putting one thing together with another, I worked it out in my mind that the man was Poynings."
 "Is this all?" asked the mate of the Silver Scud, with a bitter sneer. "Am I to listen to much more of this, Captain Hawke?"
 "Let the boy finish," growled the captain.

"I am nearly done," said Wharton. "I knew all this, and suspected it, but without something more definite to go upon, I thought that I ought not to accuse Poynings—"

"I should think not."

"Very well! To-day a mysterious letter was dropped in the boat for Sir Reginald Brooke. It stated the blackmailer's arrangements for receiving the ransom the villain had demanded, and which Sir Reginald was now willing to pay. As a result of that, Sir Reginald decided to remain on at La Fontaine, instead of leaving to-morrow as arranged. He has assured me that he said no word of this to Poynings, or to any other soul, during the morning. Only he wore the red flower as a signal to Gideon Gaunt that he would obey instructions. Well, sir, Poynings knew that the yacht would stay on. He let his knowledge out carelessly, in talking of the cricket. How did he know, unless he was the man who wrote the blackmailer's letter?"

"Bless my soul!" murmured the old baronet.

The juniors were all silent. They listened to Wharton with almost breathless attention.

Captain Hawke gave a grunt.

"I suppose you can explain that, Poynings?" he said.

The mate shrugged his shoulders.

"The boy must have misunderstood some remark I made," he answered carelessly. "Certainly I was not aware that Sir Reginald intended to remain on at La Fontaine. I never said so. The boy misunderstood, with this foolish suspicion in his mind."

Captain Hawke nodded, and turned again to Wharton, his bronzed face growing grimmer.

"I am quite satisfied with Mr. Poynings' explanation," he said. "Is that what you call proof, Wharton?"

"It was proof enough for me, added to what I knew," said Harry. "It decided me to speak out, feeling certain of the man's guilt, because as soon as he was openly accused, proof was to be found on board the Silver Scud."

Bob Cherry nodded vigorously.

"Now we sha'n't be long!" he murmured.

"We hear a lot of these proofs, but we seem a long time coming to them," growled the captain. "What, and where, are they, if they exist?"

"I've said that I believe Mr. Poynings to be the man calling himself Gideon Gaunt, disguised in that character with a false nose," said Harry Wharton. "In that character he has shown up several times on board the yacht. It is clear, then, that he has his disguise always at hand. That is the proof. Order a search of Mr. Poynings' cabin, and if you do not find Gideon Gaunt's disguise among his belongings, I will take back every word I've said, and beg Mr. Poynings' pardon on my knees. But you will find it—the false nose he wears in his disguise as Gideon Gaunt."

There was a deep-drawn breath in the saloon.

Poynings sat as if turned to stone.

"And now you know," added Wharton, "why Mr. Poynings wanted to leave the saloon as soon as he was accused. If he had succeeded in doing so, the proof would have been overboard long ago."

"I don't believe it," muttered the captain. "Poynings, you have no objection to the search the boy suggests? It will prove your innocence; and the facts must be made clear, after all that has been said."

Poynings' eyes rested on Wharton for

a moment, with a glitter of the most savage hate in them.

"Well?" rapped out the captain.

"I have no objection, if you think fit, Captain Hawke," said the mate of the Silver Scud. "I am under your orders."

He spoke calmly; but the muscles of his face were twitching, his lips quivered. He rose to his feet and made a movement towards the door.

"Unlock the door!" said the captain sternly.

Bob Cherry glanced at Wharton. It was the captain of the Remove, not the captain of the yacht, to whom Bob looked for instructions. Wharton gave a nod.

The door was unlocked.

Harry Wharton breathed hard, his heart beating. He knew—he knew that the accusation was right; he knew that indubitable proof existed in Edgar Poynings' cabin; to Wharton, at least, the man had betrayed himself during that strange scene in the saloon of the yacht. Even now, he could see Edgar Poynings had hard work to keep his calmness. The man did not intend to wait for the search, when immediate arrest would follow; Wharton knew it. He was waiting for the door to be opened to give him a chance of freedom—a few seconds' start would be enough for him. One of Poynings' hands had slid into a pocket, and Wharton knew, as well as if he could see it with his eyes, that that hand gripped a hidden weapon, which the exposed villain would use without scruple or remorse in a desperate bid for liberty. His game was up—the prize so near his grasp had escaped him, by his own villainy he was ruined and blackened for life; but liberty still was dear.

The same thought was in Bob Cherry's

mind, and he looked at Wharton when the key was turned back.

Harry Wharton grasped his cricket bat, which he had laid on the table. Bob drew a quick breath and stood ready. The door was opened; the captain strode out with Edgar Poynings. Wharton followed on their heels.

"Your keys, Poynings!" said the captain.

He strode away towards the mate's cabin.

Poynings paused, and his face, pale with hate and fury, was turned on Harry Wharton.

"This is the finish!" he muttered. "But you—"

His hand came from his pocket, and there was a glimmer of a revolver-barrel.

A moment more and a shot would have been fired, and Edgar Poynings would have been fleeing for his life. It was well for Harry Wharton at that moment that he was on his guard. He was prepared, and he was watching, and even as the scoundrel flashed out the revolver, and there was a startled cry from the juniors, Wharton hurled the cricket bat.

Crash!

Crack!

The trigger was pulled as the mate staggered back under the crashing bat, the bullet flew through the skylight above, with a clattering of broken glass. Before he could raise the weapon again Harry Wharton was upon him with the spring of a tiger. Bob Cherry was not a second behind, and the staggering ruffian went to the floor with a crash, in the grasp of the two Greyfriars juniors.



The powerful grasp of Captain Hawke settled the rascal. A brawny knee was planted on the mate's chest, pinning him down. Poynings lay panting, glaring up at his captors with savage ferocity. "There's no irons on board this craft," said the captain, "but I reckon a rope will serve!" (See Chapter 11.)

NEXT MONDAY!

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THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

In His True Colours!

CRASH!
"Help here!" shouted Wharton breathlessly.
"Look out!"

There was a fierce, savage struggle. Bob Cherry had grasped the mate's arm, and was dragging it down, to keep the revolver towards the floor. Wharton clung to the rascal, heedless of the savage blows raining on him from Poyning's left hand, clenched like iron.

For a second or two the sudden outbreak paralysed the rest; they stared on dazedly. But quickly enough Johnny Bull roused himself, and rushed to the help of his comrades. Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh ran up quickly.

There was a howl of terror from Billy Bunter at the crack of the pistol, and the Owl of the Remove scrambled under a table, palpitating. But nobody heeded Bunter.

Sir Reginald Brooke stood looking on, dazed and bewildered. Slowly conviction had forced itself upon the old baronet's mind, as he listened to Wharton, but the sudden outbreak on the part of Poyning took him completely by surprise. He leaned on a bulkhead and stared blankly at the wild scene within a few feet of him. But Lord Mauleverer dropped his lazy tranquillity like a cloak; as soon as he realised what was passing, he joined in the struggle, and there were six Greyfriars fellows grasping the black-mailer.

The odds were too heavy for Poyning, muscular and powerful as he was. But the revolver was still in his hand, and his face was desperate. Once more he succeeded in pulling the trigger, but his arm was forced down, and the bullet ploughed the polished planks.

Captain Hawke seemed at first more thunderstruck than the old baronet. But he came striding back, and his brow was black now. He could not doubt any longer, unwilling as he was to believe that his first mate was a dastardly criminal.

"Avast, there!" he growled. "Give me a hold!"

He grasped the mate's right wrist. The bone almost cracked in his iron grip, and the revolver fell with a crash to the floor.

"So that's the game!" said the skipper. "Pin the scoundrel down!"

"We've got him!" gasped Bob Cherry. "The gotfulness is terrific."

Poyning was still struggling savagely. He knew that the game was up—that he would never leave the Silver Scud a free man. A desperate dive overboard and a swim ashore had been his intention, but he knew now that it would never be carried out. But still, like a wild beast at bay, he fought and kicked and tore.

But the captain's powerful grasp settled the matter. A brawny knee was planted on the mate's chest, pinning him down, and the juniors held his arms. Poyning lay panting, glaring up at his captors with savage ferocity.

"Good heavens!" gasped Sir Reginald Brooke. "Good heavens!"

"There's no irons on board this craft," said Captain Hawke. "But I reckon a rope will serve. Steward! A rope—a stout rope—sharp!"

The startled steward had appeared on the scene, fairly gaping at what he witnessed. He hurried away for a rope, and speedily returned with it.

Coolly and carefully the skipper bound

Poyning's wrists together, knotting the cord with a sailor's skill.

Then he rose to his feet.

"You can let him up now!" he said. The juniors helped the bound man to his feet. Poyning leaned against a bulkhead, gasping spasmodically, utterly spent by his fearful struggle.

"Gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "I fancy we don't need to look for any further proof now, old beans!"

"He's given us enough!" said Nugent.

"Plenty!" grinned Bob. "I believe the beast has given me a black eye, too! Never mind, we've got him!"

Captain Hawke fixed his eyes on Poyning's face. He received a glare of defiance from the mate.

"Anything to say, Poyning?" he asked gruffly. "You've given yourself away pretty completely, I think." He picked up the revolver from the floor. "Luckily you didn't do any damage with this; it would have been a hanging matter, you scoundrel!"

Poyning laughed scoffingly.

"I'd take my chance if I could have winged that young hound!" he said, his eyes glinting at Harry Wharton.

"You own up, then?"

The man laughed again—a savage laugh.

"What's the good of denying it, when I know what you're going to find in my locker?" he snarled. "Plenty of evidence there, as well as what that young hound guessed. The game's up! I can stand it—I'm not going to whine."

"It will do you good to get put away for seven years!" said Captain Hawke in disgust. "You scoundrel! I've sailed with you and trusted you, and all the time you were playing this dirty game."

The bound man shrugged his shoulders. His coolness and nerve were returning now.

"Not all the time," he said. "It's not two months since I started the idea—and not till I was desperate for money. The game was pretty well up for me, anyhow. I've put my name on paper I can't meet—and another man's name, too, for that matter." He laughed harshly. "It all went on the green tables—that was at the bottom of it all. But I should have pulled through if I'd handled Mauleverer's money; and I'd have done that but for—" His gaze blazed at Harry Wharton. "If only he'd gone overboard when I had him in my grip last night, I—"

"Begad! You awful rascal!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Detestable scoundrel!" exclaimed the old baronet, his face flushed with indignation. "Thank Heaven you have been exposed in your true colours at last! Thank Heaven!"

A few minutes later Poyning, still bound securely, was under guard of two seamen, and Captain Hawke was pulling ashore—to return with the French police.



THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

All Serene!

THAT night Edgar Poyning went ashore with handcuffs on his wrists, in charge of two French gendarmes. He went with a white, set face, despair in his looks and in his heart. But there was no one on board the Silver Scud to pity him. His wickedness and baseness had been too deep for that. In a French gaol he was destined to wait till lengthy extradition

proceedings landed him at last in England, to stand his trial, his sentence a foregone conclusion.

The search of his cabin revealed ample evidence, if that was needed now.

Concealed in a locker was the false nose he had worn in his character of Gideon Gaunt—a masterpiece of its kind. That large, misshapen nose, which had seemed to mark off the blackmailer from all other men, and so had rendered Poyning's double game so easy, was nothing but a clever disguise—as Wharton had at last come to suspect. It had been easy enough for Poyning, on nights when he was off duty, to "make up" in his cabin, and so to make the mysterious appearances as Gideon Gaunt which had so mystified the yachtsmen. It had been a clever as well as a dastardly scheme, and it had come very near to success. But the clever criminal had found, as criminals have so often found, that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

There was other evidence of the state of Poyning's affairs, showing that he was in desperate need of money—dunning letters from creditors, threatening letters from moneylenders, and a letter from another man of his own kind, hinting at knowledge of a forgery, and demanding money as the price of silence. It was amazing, with such things on his guilty mind, that Poyning had been able to play his part so well on board the Silver Scud—the part of a cheery yachting officer with hardly a care in the world. There was plenty of evidence that the man was a desperate gambler, and a most unlucky one—sheets and sheets of figures, which were apparently compilations of "systems" for breaking the bank at the Continental casinos. It was clear where Lord Mauleverer's ransom would have gone if the rascal had succeeded in laying his hands upon it.

The chums of Greyfriars breathed more freely when the rascal was gone from the yacht. The discovery had been a shock to most of the Silver Scud party; but they were immensely relieved that the haunting mystery was solved at last, and that they had seen the last of "Gideon Gaunt."

There was quite a jollification that evening on the Silver Scud, and Harry Wharton was congratulated on all hands. The captain of the Remove had relieved Lord Mauleverer of his cunning enemy, but he bore his blushing honours with becoming modesty.

The next day a merry party went ashore, to resume the cricket match at the Chateau de Cernay; but Wharton was short of one of his best batsmen, without regretting the loss.

The vicomte inquired after Poyning, and Bob Cherry cheerfully informed him that that gentleman was in chokey—a reply that astounded the French youth.

"Shokey!" he repeated. "Qu'est-ce que c'est—que shokey?"

"The stone jug!" explained Bob.

Louis de Cernay knew what a stone jug was, or thought he did. But he was amazed by the information.

"You put him in one jug!" he ejaculated in astonishment. "Mais, mon Dieu, vy for you put him in one jug?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Vous vous moquez de moi—you mock yourself of me, isn't it?" said the vicomte.

Whereupon Harry Wharton put it into French, and the vicomte understood. The game was resumed without Poyning's assistance—that gentleman

(Continued on page 20.)

THE BROAD HIGHWAY!

ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE
WITH THE GREYFRIARS
SCOUTS.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are Scouts, or who are interested in camping and in the "Great Out-Doors" generally, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips and information on this fascinating subject.—ED.

"A GROWING WONDER!"

By Harry Wharton (Leader of the Lions).

FOR the last few weeks we have wandered from the highway, as it were, and, camping in the country, dealt with the account of Tom Brown's lake journey, and also the building of his canvas-covered canoe. This has been very interesting reading, what little has appeared, for it has dealt with a new method of camping-out, a method which has unbounding delights.

We read in the first chapter how Brown thought of the canoe-camp, and how he visualised the wonderful time he and Monty Newland would experience in the midst of their gorgeous surroundings. The most important question which arose was the craft in which they were to make their tour, and they decided to build a canoe.

Exactly how this work was done has been described under the heading of "Building A Canvas Canoe," and this week we publish the concluding chapter. In the article below you will read how the canvas is stretched over the framework and tacked down. Then comes the waterproofing process of the canvas, the painting, and the finishing touches.

We adopted the same design and principle of construction when we built a canoe at the school, which I think I mentioned last week. The description of the building is quite clear and easy to follow. After the start—that is, when you have fashioned the bow and stern posts—you will find the rest of the work comparatively easy to overcome. It's an accomplishment you should feel proud of, especially at the launching stage, when the canoe is run out into the water, to float on an even keel.

That is the most anxious moment for the builder, whether the craft floats evenly, but if you have been careful in your work, success is almost assured.

No doubt you will say: "What, if I can't go on a lake-camp, is the use of building a canoe?" What use—why, a lot! What about a riverside camp? I know it may not be possible for many of you to taste the delights of a lake-camp, but there is always the river-camp to fall back on in this case, which is as delightful as the lake-camp.

That's where the great advantage the grand sport of camping has, for there are so many branches, or departments, in it—so many ways of camping out. One year you may go camping out in the country for the summer holidays, remaining in one spot all the time. Another year it's for the river, a long walking tour, cycling tour, caravan trip, canal journey, and so on. For the short week-end it is different, for the limitation of time prevents you from doing anything big, but does not prevent you from camping out at all.

To take a week-end camp often is an exceedingly good thing. It gives you a rest from your usual routine in life, and a rest or change is a wonderful tonic, more especially when you take it in the open.

Camping out as a sport is becoming a great vogue all over the world, and is a sport which is only in its infancy, with a tremendous future before it. People are beginning to realise that there is more in camping than meets the eye, and when they begin to realise facts like this, you can expect questions. That inquiry is the seed of the "fever," for when they find out a little about it, desire is strong in them to acquire more advanced knowledge—first-hand this time—and well, you can guess the rest.

H. W.

BUILDING OUR CANVAS CANOE.

By Tom Brown.

LAST week we dealt with building up the framework of the canoe, and completed the job of fixing on the long side ribs and short ribs to the bow and stern posts and the gunwales. Whilst the framework is drying you can be fashioning the floorboard to the shape shown in Fig. 6.

You will notice that the floor does not reach fully across the bottom of the canoe, but only as far as the short side ribs, J and K, marked on Fig. 5. The reason of this is that the floor can be more firmly secured if screwed to two ribs than if it went fully across the bottom of the hull of the canoe, and fastened to the bow and stern posts.

Fig. 6 gives you an idea of the slight oval shape of the floor. The length is 6 ft. 8 ins., and width, in the centre, 1 ft. Care must be taken when shaping the two edges of the floorboard, so that they correspond faithfully with the shape of the canoe sides. Having cut the floor from $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wood, or three-ply wood to fit, your next job is shaping the three brackets shown in Fig. 6.

Cut the brackets from wood about an inch in thickness. The centre bracket will be 1 ft. in length, and 4 ins. in width. The two end pieces will be 4 ins. in width, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in length. Having cut these three pieces of wood to the shape shown in the diagram, screw the two small brackets to both ends of the floorboard, and the larger one to the centre. Then place the floor into the canoe, and screw the brackets to the centre rib, and the two marked J and K.

By the time you have finished the floor the painted framework will have dried sufficiently to allow you to put on the canvas covering.

Preparing and Fixing on the Canvas.

This next job will require a great amount of patience, as it will not be an easy matter to cover the framework with the canvas without a few wrinkles appearing. With care the number of wrinkles in the cloth can be reduced to a minimum, if distributed over a large enough area, and not be noticeable.

The first thing to do is to sew the two lengths of calico together down one side, so that you have one piece to deal with that has a width measurement of the two pieces combined—that is, 48 ins. and 30 ins., which will give you a piece 78 ins. in width.

Lay the strip carefully lengthwise over the upturned canoe. Start tacking along the bottom of the keel from bow to stern, then tack the canvas to the two sides of the keelson.

Be careful during the tacking down to keep the canvas well stretched over the hull, and work always from the keel to the gunwales, tacking along each long rib as you advance towards the top of the canoe.

It is always a good plan to drive the tacks in a little way, temporary, until the whole side is finished, so that it is possible to take

a tack out to smooth out any wrinkles. You will find the bow and stern the most difficult part to cover, because of their wedge shape.

When arriving at the bow and stern, cut the calico to the same curved shape of the posts, then tack down the edge of the canvas about a quarter of an inch from the edge of the post, putting the tacks close enough so that their heads will touch.

When this is finished it is then necessary to waterproof the calico by the alum and soft soap process.

Mix $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of alum into $1\frac{1}{2}$ gals. of boiling water, and paint the calico liberally with it. When this is dry, mix the same amount of soft soap with $1\frac{1}{2}$ gals. of boiling water, and apply it over the alum coat, in both cases, inside and out of the canoe.

Let the soft soap dry, then melt the tar in an old bucket, and paint the outside of the canoe. Do not paint the ribs inside with the tar, as the paint already applied will be sufficient to preserve them from the water.

The tar coat will take longer to dry than the previous coats; but it must be thoroughly dry before you touch it with the oil paint, which is put on as one of the finishing touches.

After one coating of oil paint, of any

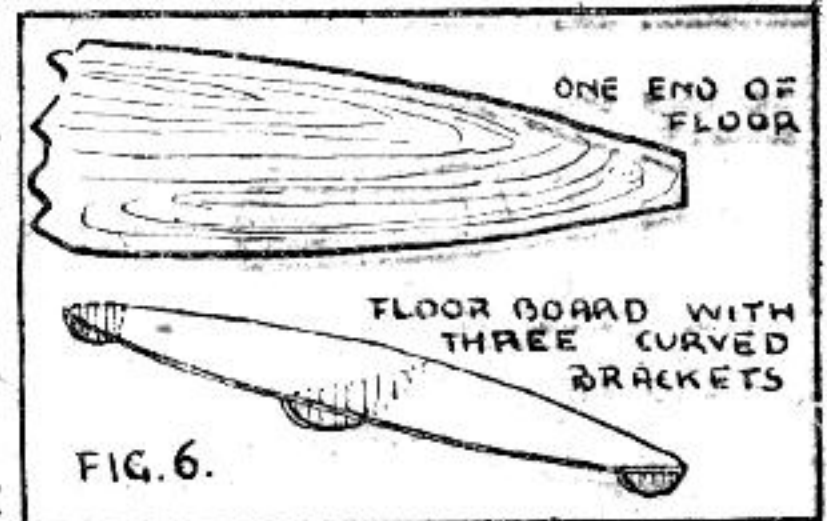


FIG. 6.

colour, has been applied and is dry, rub the whole of the hull with a fine glass-paper, then put on a second coating of paint.

Finishing Touches.

Now for the other finishing touches to the almost completed canoe. Fasten a 10-foot lattice strip directly underneath the keelson, which will prevent the canvas, which has been tacked over the keel, from being worn away.

Then half-way between the gunwales and keelson, as shown in Fig. 1 in the article two weeks ago, screw on two other lattice strips one on each side of the canoe. Bevel off the ends neatly, and paint or varnish.

You may paint a decorative design on the side of the canoe or you can leave it as it is. Either way, you have a craft, which you have fashioned yourself, and in which you can make a canoe journey on a lake in the same way that we did, or down the river on a riverside camp.

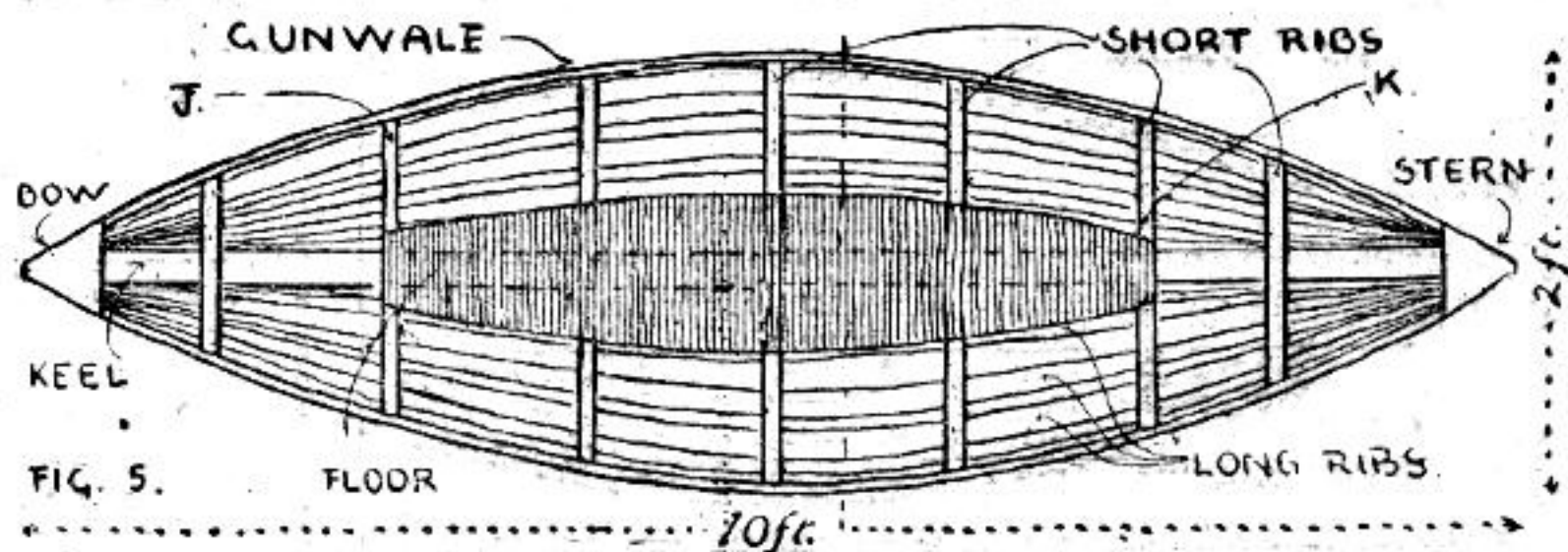


FIG. 5.

The Terror Tracked Down!

(Continued from page 18.)

being then safe and sound in the grim building which Bob Cherry described as the "stone jug."

Sir Reginald Brooke watched the game, with much more attention and enjoyment than on the previous day; the old baronet seemed to have grown twenty years younger since the clearing up of the mystery of the Silver Scud.

The match lasted over the third day, as Wharton expected; and he found the

loss of Poynings' batting serious enough, though he did not regret the loss in the circumstances. But the Silver Scud cricketers pulled off a win by two runs, and, amazing to relate, it was Lord Mauleverer who made the catch that sent out the last French batsman in time to save the game. And Bob Cherry rewarded his lordship with a thump on the back that made Mauly almost wish he hadn't made that wonderful catch.

When the Silver Scud weighed anchor and left La Fontaine at last, a merry crowd on deck waved adieu to Louis de Cernay on the jetty, and the last words of farewell that they distinguished from the vicomte were "Mon vieux haricot!" addressed to Lord Mauleverer.

"Good old Froggy!" said his lordship, waving his Panama hat to the diminishing figure on the jetty. "We've had a good time in La Belle France, you fellows—what?"

"Ripping!" said Bob.

"If we hadn't gone ashore there for the cricket we might never have known Poynings in his true colours," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "So it was a great idea of yours, Mauly, old man!"

"Yaas, begad!"

And the rest of the schoolboy yachtsmen chimed in:

"Hear, hear!"

THE END.

(All-important news on page 2.)

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