

TIP-TOP STORIES BY STAR AUTHORS!

No. 802. Vol. XXIII. Week ending June 23rd, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library

of
School & Detective Stories



BILLY BUNTER DOES NOT ENJOY LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE!
(A screamingly funny incident from this week's 20,000-word school story, inside.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.





"A PUZZLE FOR THE REMOVE!"

If you take the world as a whole—this is no end of a big order, but no matter about that—you will find people are keen on a problem. Anything that tickles the curiosity and makes for much thinking is generally welcome. But the brave chaps of the Remove never bargained for such a knotty problem as was planked down for their edification on this present occasion. You will read all about the tangle in next week's surprise packet of a Greyfriars yarn. It gets you at once, and you may feel a trifle sympathetic for the Remove. It happens this way. A new fellow comes to Greyfriars, and his behaviour at once entitles him to be described as an arrant little worm—no gumption in him, no sense of sport at all! Then suddenly he displays a decent side to his character—a real good sportsman, etc., etc. What's the meaning of it? Why this thushness? Of course, no fellow is always the same. He has his ups and downs, his varying moods; but, in the ordinary way, he does not change entirely. You will be interested to see how the brainy men of the Remove tackle this fresh mystery. It is not merely temperament. A good-tempered chap who suddenly turns ratty may be understood. Something has gone amiss, and upset the apple-cart, but a complete volte-face—no, that leaves you guessing! That's where I am going to leave you until next Monday swings round in its usual agreeable style, for a real good yarn deserves a spell of waiting.

"THE THEFT AT SCOTLAND YARD!"

As we all know, a thief minus audacity might just as well put up the shutters and retire from business. He is bound

to fail—and very properly, just as should be the fate of all these misguided purloiners. But the attacker of other folk's property who selects the police headquarters as the scene of his depredations, is coming things a bit too strong. The Ferrers Locke story for next Monday reveals an extremely startling plot, and the great detective has his work cut out for him. Luckily, it takes a lot to outmatch Locke.

A HEAT WAVE NUMBER!

Next week's supplement suggests iced lemonades with straws, cooling hours in punts, and other pleasant features of midsummer. I am hoping as I write these few lines that genial old Sol will play up to our magnificent Heat Wave Issue. It is just the thing you are looking for; it has got the right atmosphere. The printer himself felt sultry and mopped his noble forehead as he fixed up the pages. But it contains a brain wave as well as the heat one.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

Oblige me by paying particular attention to the splendid Limerick and Cricket Competitions in next Monday's MAGNET. They are special, and the substantial money prizes are worth noting by anyone.

FRIDAY STREET!

Now that the roving cyclist is on the qui vive for interesting old countrysides to explore, it is only right to draw attention to the charm of the quaint, old-fashioned Surrey village known as Friday Street. If it were Wednesday or Thursday it would make no difference to the attractiveness of this out-of-the-world place. When you are travelling Leith Hill or Coldharbour way, have a look out for the spot. You will be interested, and if you have your camera on your trusty carrier, a snap is dead certain.

Your Editor.

GRAND NEW CRICKET COMPETITION! BIG CASH PRIZES.

Solve the Simple Picture-puzzle, and send in your solution.

FIRST PRIZE £5. SECOND PRIZE £2 10s.
Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each.

The grid contains various cricket-related images and text:

- Row 1: "MIDDLE X p/A f Ue X than ST" with Kent, Cornwall, Surrey, Essex labels.
- Row 2: "T F L does" with a picture of a hand holding a bat, "The cast will COMPRISE many noted actors", "3 3/4 of the 7 DAYS", and "er".
- Row 3: "SIDE P.F. WAR SIDE. P.I. NER," with "Jack Hobbs the DISTINGUISHED batsman was there", "THE", and "AAA".
- Row 4: "REST 3R GNER 3E" with "TAY", "1920", and "F.T.". Includes a picture of a cricket ball.
- Row 5: "EM n AS LER" with "THE", "From Uncle to Jimmy", "24 HOURS", and "SEX SEX SEX".
- Row 6: "GOT 3 RE UN CO PI P 1920 & 1921" with "SHIP".
- Row 7: "WE UN SUCS in THE IR" with "His TRIES to beat the record failed", "2/RE TA", and "Anno Domini 1922".

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here is a splendid Cricket competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a simple history of Middlesex Cricket Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Middlesex" Competition, MAGNET Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, June 28th, 1923.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be regarded as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

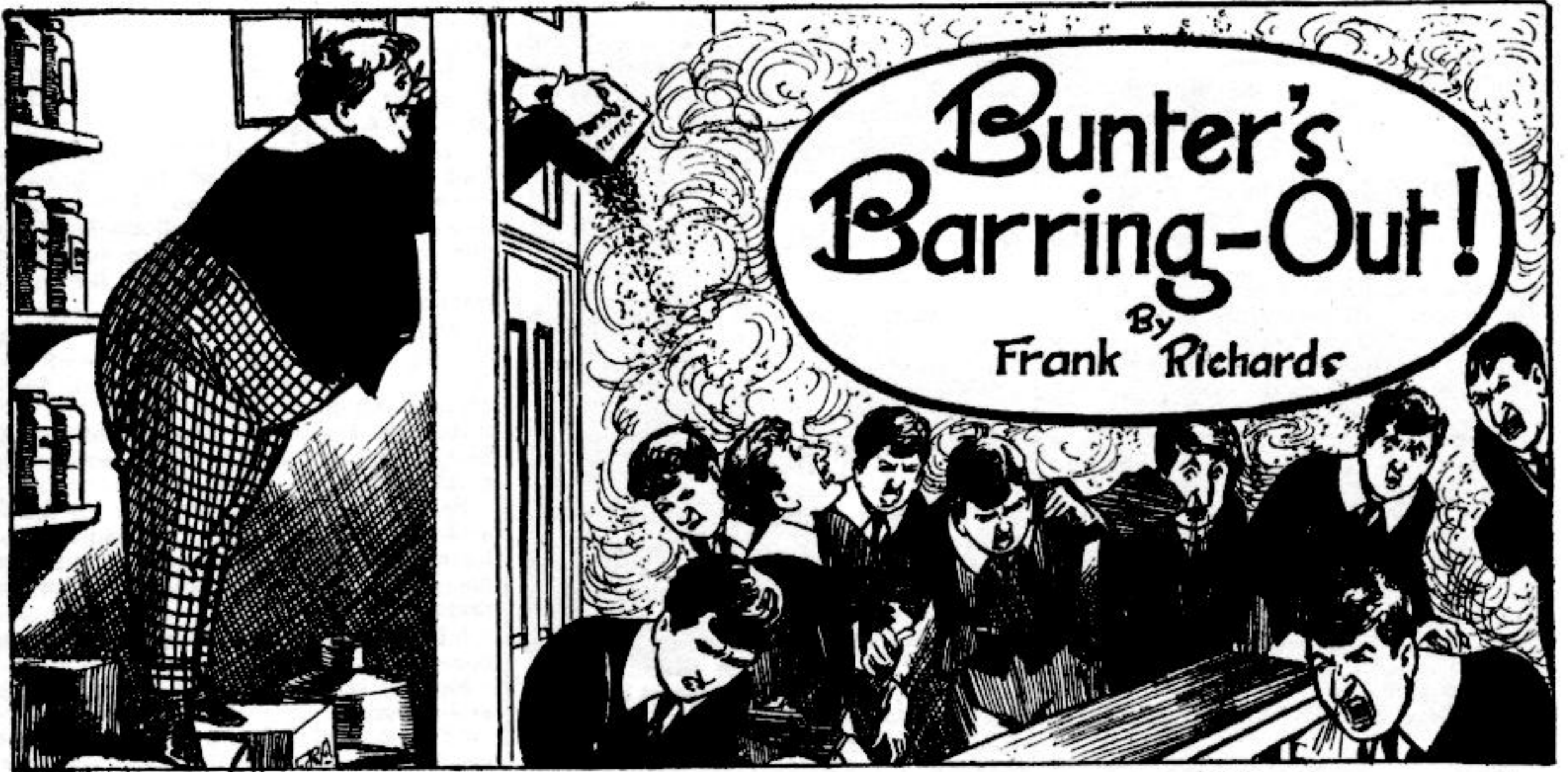
This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," "Gem," and "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter "Middlesex" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name

Address

M.



A splendid story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, with Billy Bunter as the central figure. His weird antics will send you into roars of laughter. Start reading this magnificent yarn right away.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Listening In!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Get out, Bunter!"

Those were the words of greeting that William George Bunter received when he blinked in at the door of Study No. 1 in the Remove passage, one evening, after tea.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh, known to posterity as the Famous Five, and Peter Todd and Vernon-Smith of the Remove, were all in that famous apartment.

They were "listening in" to a wireless concert from a broadcasting set, which the Famous Five had whipped up funds for and installed in Study No. 1.

The radio-concert was going strong. From the loud speaker fitted to Harry Wharton & Co.'s set a lady's voice proceeded, singing a tuneful ballad.

The chums of the Remove glared at Billy Bunter.

"Buzz off, Bunter!" growled Bob Cherry. "We're busy!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, I came to ask whether one of you chaps would care to lend me a few bob! Of course, I'll settle up when my postal-order comes—"

"Same old postal-order!" said Harry Wharton, with a grin. "It's been a long time coming, Bunt. There's nothing doing, and you're interfering with the wireless concert, so please mizzle!"

Billy Bunter did not "mizzle." He rolled farther into the study, and blinked at the wireless set through his spectacles.

"Blessed if I can see anything to go mad over in that!" he grunted. "Look here, you fellows, I'm jolly hungry! I don't get half enough to eat at this school! I had to have tea in Hall today, and—"

"Shurrup, Bunter!" snapped Harry Wharton. "We can't hear the concert while you're gassing!"

"Well, about that little loan—"

"We're not going to lend you anything, porpoise!" roared Johnny Bull. "Run away and play!"

"I'll square up with you when I receive the remittance from one of my

titled relations!" spluttered Billy Bunter desperately. "Look here, you heartless beasts, I'm famished! I've got a horrible sinking feeling, and I know what that means. I need a good feed! I need— Yaroooooogh!"

A large dictionary, hurled with unerring aim by Bob Cherry, whizzed at Bunter, and struck him upon his snub nose. The Owl of the Remove fell back with a roar, tripped over the carpet, and fell heavily to the floor.

Bump!

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Wow! My back's broken! Ow-ow-ow!" wailed Billy Bunter. "My spine's fractured—I can feel it! Yowp!"

Harry Wharton & Co. glared at Billy Bunter. They could not pay attention to the wireless concert. With grim looks on their faces they rose to their feet.

"Throw him out!" said Frank Nugent.

"Jump on him!" said the Bounder. "We've stood Bunter long enough, you chaps!"

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Wow! Help! Murder! Yaroooooogh!"

Billy Bunter struggled to his feet and clutched the table. The wireless-receiver rocked, and one of the valve lights went out.

Frank Nugent gave a roar.

"Pull the fat toad away! He'll mess up the whole giddy contraption in a minute! Oh, my hat!"

Nugent gave a wild leap, and just saved the apparatus in time as it went lurching from the table. Billy Bunter was dragged to the door by many hands, and as he went whizzing through it into the passage several hefty boots were planted behind him.

Thud!

"Yaroooooogh!"

Billy Bunter rolled on the linoleum and yelled.

"If you come barging in here any more, Bunter, we—we'll slaughter you!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "Come on, chaps, we shall have to tune up the set all over again now! Br-r-r-r!"

The door of Study No. 1 slammed, and Harry Wharton & Co. set about tuning up, in order to bring back the magic voice.

Billy Bunter picked himself up, and rolled away, grunting.

"Wow! The rotters! I'm hard up! I'm hungry! Groooooh! I lead a perfect dog's life at this school! Yow-wow! Beasts!"

Billy Bunter rolled into the Common-room.

Hazeldene, Bolsover major, Trevor, and a number of other Removites were discussing the local newspaper.

"That giddy masked footpad has been at his dirty work again!" Hazeldene was saying. "Nobody knows who he is. The police have been hunting for him for several days. He has been robbing houses right and left. He also waylays people at night on lonely roads, and robs 'em—just like Dick Turpin used to do. Coker was pulled up by the footpad last night, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was!" chuckled Dick Rake. "Coker went for the masked merchant, and they had a fight. But the other chap got away. You remember Coker coming in last night, you chaps? He was smothered with mud and weeds all over!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather!"

"I say, you fellows—" said Billy Bunter.

"Hallo, Bunt!" said Bulstrode. "You look as though you've been in the wars! What's the matter with your boko? It's swelling like a toy balloon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.

"Yow!" moaned Billy Bunter. "You fellows can laugh! I've been attacked by that bandit!"

"Eh?"

"I've just come in from Friardale!" said Billy Bunter, his wonderful imagination coming into full play. "As I was coming down the road a masked rotter dashed out at me! He wore a big black cloak and a mask! He presented a revolver, and told me to stand and deliver!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites incredulously.

"It's true, you fellows!" roared Billy Bunter, now quite convinced within his own mind that the story he had invented on the spur of the moment was really

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 802.

true. "A great, big fellow he was! You fellows would have fainted in sheer blue funk if you had seen him! But did I shrink? No! I clenched my fists, and aimed a terrific blow at the footpad, and hit him in the eye—"

"Great pip!"

"And then I got into my stride, and walloped him to right and left!" said Billy Bunter, fairly carried away by his own wild imagination. "Although he was bigger and heavier than me, I gave him a jolly good licking! But my strength gradually gave out. Being hungry and famished, and in a low condition from want of food—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fellows of the Remove.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at, you idiots!" shrieked Billy Bunter indignantly. "You know jolly well I'm half-starved at this school! I don't get enough grub to keep me going! And, as I was saying, my strength gave out, and the masked rotter gradually got the upper hand of me. He robbed me of all the money I had—five quid—"

"Oh, draw it mild, Bunty!" said Tom Brown.

"I was robbed of five quid!" yelled Billy Bunter furiously. "It was sent to me by one of my titled relations! You chaps saw the letter arrive just before tea, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw it come, Bunty, and I happened to see you open it!" grinned Dick Penfold. "There was a postal order for sixpence in it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It wasn't!" hooted Bunter. "It was a money-order for five quid!"

"Why, you fat little spoofer!" exclaimed Penfold. "You actually asked me to cash it for you. I gave you the tanner, and you went straight over to the tuckshop to blow it!"

"Ahem!" coughed Billy Bunter. "That wasn't the postal-order I was referring to. I—I had one after that. And the footpad took all the money—ten quid!"

"That remittance of yours seems to have grown, Bunty!" grinned Russell. "It was five quid just now!"

"Did I say five?" said Billy Bunter. "Ahem! My mistake. I should have said twelve—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the other juniors.

Billy Bunter glowered at them through his big spectacles.

"You heartless beasts!" he growled. "Beastly, unfeeling crew—that's what you are! The least you can do is to

raise a subscription to stand me a feed, after the terrible struggle I had with that masked fellow! I'm broke! He had all my valuables! Fifteen quid in money, besides a lovely gold watch and chain and my diamond tiepin!"

"Oh, rats!" said Bulstrode. "That watch you bought from Fishy for half-a-crown, Bunter! And the tiepin you found in Friardale one day! I should say it was bought at Woolworth's!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, ain't you chaps going to raise a subscription for me?" hooted Billy Bunter.

"No fear!"

"I'm broke—"

"You usually are, Bunter!" said Morgan. "That's nothing unusual whatever!"

"You—you rotters!" roared Billy Bunter wrathfully. "You're as bad as Wharton and the others! You're all tarred with the same brush! You—you—"

"Oh, bump him!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "He makes me tired!"

"Really, Bolsover, you beast!" yelled Billy Bunter, backing away.

But another step from Bolsover was a signal for the Owl to retreat. He fled for dear life. Once at a safe distance from the Common-room, however, Bunter resumed his natural rolling gait, frequently bewailing his lot; and all who heard him grinned hard-heartedly, and seemed to be amused by his woe.

And Billy Bunter moaned and felt that life—at Greyfriars, at any rate—was simply not worth living!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Held Up!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER rolled out of Wingate's study, in the Sixth Form passage, half an hour later.

He had just delivered an impot to the captain of Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter seemed to be in trouble with everybody lately. Mr. Quelch, the Form master of the Remove, was particularly down on him, for Bunter was slacking at lessons more than ever.

Bunter was a lazy youth at the best of times, but with the coming of the warm weather he grew lazier and more disinclined for either mental or physical effort. Consequently, he had been receiving lines and lickings galore.

Wingate had caught Bunter pilfering jam from the school pantry whilst the

matron was out of the way, and had given him five hundred lines.

Billy Bunter was grunting and rubbing his palms as he emerged from Wingate's study.

He had "skimped" his impot, and had tried to palm off three hundred lines on Wingate instead of five. And Wingate, failing to be "spoofered" by the wily Owl, had given him two sharp "licks" with the cane for his delinquency.

"Ow!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I'm leading a perfect dog's life here! Yowp! Everybody's against me! I—Hullo! There's Sammy!"

Sammy Bunter, a smaller edition of Billy, came out of Gerald Loder's study at that moment.

Sammy had a pound note in his hand, and the eyes of Billy glistened behind his spectacles when he saw it. He forgot his bodily hurts and rolled up to his minor.

"Hullo, Sammy!" he said. "Whose money have you got there?"

Sammy blinked through his spectacles at his major.

"Oh, really, Billy, you quite startled me!" he said. "This is Loder's money, of course. I'm his fag for this week, and I've got to go down to the village and get him a quid's worth of tuck. He's having Carne and Walker in to supper to-night."

"My word!" breathed Billy Bunter, his mouth watering at the bare thought of all that tuck. "I—I say, Sammy, let's wangle some of that tuck between us! I'm jolly hungry—starving, in fact! You could dock a few things out of the parcel and I'll take 'em away, and Loder will never know!"

"Oh, won't he!" snapped Sammy. "That's where you make a big mistake, Billy! Loder's given me orders to bring the bill back from Uncle Clegg, with a list of all I bought. He'll check it over when I get back. He said he'd flay me alive if there was anything missing!"

"Suspicious rotter!" growled Billy Bunter. "Couldn't you manage to—er—lose some of the tuck on the way back, you know? You could accidentally drop some, and—"

"Rats!" snorted Sammy. "I'm not going to risk a good hiding for you, Billy! You'd scoff all the grub, and I'd have to stand the racket! Yah! Likely! Go and eat coke!"

With that affectionate, brotherly remark, Sammy Bunter went downstairs.

William George Bunter blinked after his minor. He stood at the top of the stairs and thought deeply for several minutes.

Suddenly he gave a fat chuckle expressive of satisfaction.

"He, he, he! I've got it! I'll get all that tuck, and nobody will ever know!"

And, having delivered himself of that soliloquy, Billy Bunter rolled away.

He visited the Rag, which was empty. A cupboard in the far corner contained the Junior Dramatic Society's "props." The Owl of the Remove rummaged in the cupboard, and soon brought to light a mask and a cloak.

He rolled them up in a bundle, concealed them under his jacket, and departed. He next looked in at Mr. Prout's study, and grinned with satisfaction when he saw that the Fifth Form master was not at home. Mr. Prout had several rifles and revolvers hanging on the walls, trophies of his old days in the

"Magnet" Limerick Competition (No. 5).

In this competition the first prize of £1 1s. for the best line sent in has been awarded to:

B. SNEIDER, 316, Gt. Cheetham Street, Hr. Broughton, Manchester, whose last line was:

"Rail mishap"; "Cherries drop," journals read!

Three consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. each for the next best sent in have been awarded to the following:

BLANCHE BROOKS, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2.

REGGIE MORTON, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland.

WILLIAM HEWITT, 53, Durant's Road, Ponders End, N.

"A Puzzle for the Remove!" Next Monday's long complete story—

Rocky Mountains. Bunter took down a big revolver and stealthily rolled away.

He left Greyfriars as dusk was falling over the countryside, and made his way along the Friardale Lane towards the cross-roads.

Meanwhile, Sammy Bunter had reached Uncle Clegg's tuckshop in the old High Street at Friardale, and made extensive purchases of tuck, as ordered by Loder.

Dear! would Sammy have loved to sample some of those toothsome luxuries, for he was quite as greedy a youth as his major in the Remove. But terror of the wrath to come deterred Sammy from pilfering, and, with a deep sigh, he tucked two huge parcels under his arms and rolled out of Uncle Clegg's shop.

It was quite dark by the time Sammy reached the cross-roads in the Friardale Lane. He began to feel rather nervous. Sammy had heard about the depredations of the notorious highway robber who was plying his fell craft in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars. Sammy was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and he looked fearfully from side to side in the dark shadows of the trees.

There was nobody about, and Sammy increased his pace.

Suddenly he stopped stock still and gave a gurgle of horror.

A figure clad in a flowing robe and wearing a black mask detached itself from the shadows just behind him.

"Halt!" rapped a deep, threatening voice.

No need to command Sammy Bunter to halt. He stood rooted to the spot in horror. His little round eyes almost goggled from his head when he saw a big, ugly looking revolver pointed at him.

"Stand and deliver!" came that deep voice again. "I have you covered with my revolver! I am desperate! Drop your parcels, and, if you value your life, run!"

Sammy dropped those parcels of tuck as though they had suddenly become red hot.

Then, with a long, loud yell, Sammy fled along the Friardale Lane as fast as his fat little legs would carry him. He ran as if all the demons of the underworld were on his track, and disappeared into the gloom ahead.

The bold, bad robber behind picked up the two parcels and tucked them under his cloak.

Then he crashed his way through the bushes at the side of the lane and disappeared across the fields.

And as he went a soft chuckle was wafted on the night air:

"He, he, he! Now for a feed! He, he, he!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Way of the Transgressor!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

The Famous Five were adorning the gateway of Greyfriars with their presence when a small, fat figure came dashing pell-mell along the Friardale Lane.

Sammy Bunter fairly tore through the ancient gateway, and ran into the arms of Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull.

"Hold on, young Bunter!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "What's the hurry? Is someone chasing you?"

"Yah! Help! Murder! Thieves!" yelled Sammy, struggling. "Lemme go!



"Stand and deliver!" came a deep voice. "I have you covered with my revolver! I am desperate! Drop your parcels and, if you value your life, run!" Sammy Bunter dropped the parcels of tuck as though they had become red hot. (See Chapter 2.)

He's after me—wow! He's got a revolver and—and a knife! I've been robbed! Oh dear!"

The Famous Five looked in alarm at Sammy.

For the moment they thought that the fat fag had taken leave of his senses. But gradually they learned from Sammy the reason of his terror.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "So you've been waylaid by that rotten footpad?"

"Yes, up the lane, near the cross-roads!" gulped Sammy. "Horrible-looking fellow he was, too! Dressed in a black coat and a mask! He threatened my life with a revolver and a knife!"

"Great pip!"

The Removites drew deep breaths and looked at each other and at Sammy in amazement.

A tall, burly figure strode up through the gloom. It was Gerald Loder of the Sixth. He had come down to meet the postman, like the Famous Five. He glared when he saw Sammy Bunter.

"Why, it's you, you little sweep!" he grated. "Where's that grub I sent you out for? Haven't you bought it yet?"

"Yes, Loder, I bought it!" gasped Sammy.

"Then where is it?"

"I've been robbed!"

"What?" shouted Loder.

"I was waylaid in the dark by that horrible footpad, and he robbed me of the tuck, Loder!" stammered Sammy. "He threatened me with a revolver and—and— Yow! Yah! Leggo! Yarooooogh!"

Loder took hold of Sammy by his fat ear and tweaked it savagely.

"You lying little rotter! Don't try to spoof me with that yarn!" snarled the unpopular prefect. "It won't wash with me, young Bunter! Now, what have you done with my grub?"

Harry Wharton stepped forward and laid a heavy hand on Loder's arm.

"Here, cheese it, Loder!" he rapped. "I believe young Bunter is telling the truth. He came running up just now, frightened out of his wits. I don't think he's telling lies. Give the kid a chance. His story is worth looking into, anyway."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry. "Let's make a search for the giddy footpad. He's in the neighbourhood, if Sammy's yarn is true; so that he ought not to be difficult to find."

Loder let go of Sammy Bunter's ear.

"All right," he muttered. "You kids can come with me, and we'll go in search of this supposed robber. If I find out that you've been trying to spoof me, young Bunter, I'll skin you!"

Several other fellows, attracted to the gatas by Sammy's yelps, eagerly joined in the hunt. Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Russell had pocket-torches, and quite a pack of juniors followed Gerald Loder up the lane.

Sammy went with Loder, and he pointed out the spot where he had been held up and robbed.

Looking into the bushes at the side of the road, Harry Wharton soon discovered a spot where somebody had evidently burst through just recently.

—of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Don't miss it!

"This is where the footpad lay in waiting!" said the captain of the Remove tensely, flashing his pocket-torchlight from side to side. "Hallo! Here's a piece of black cloth hanging from one of the branches!"

"Great pip! So there is!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Then Sammy's yarn is true, after all! The footpad's been here!"

Loder gritted his teeth, and the juniors gathered round eagerly. They were all agog with excitement.

"Come on!" said Loder. "We might be able to track the desperado across these fields. I can see his footprints."

"So can I!" said Johnny Bull. "Oh, good egg! The moon's come out!"

The large moon, emerging from behind a bank of black cloud, cast its radiance down upon the fields, and Loder and Harry Wharton & Co. were able to follow the footprints easily.

They led from the hole in the hedge towards a large barn in a field nearby.

"I—I wonder if he's in that barn!" said Bob Cherry in a voice tremulous with excitement. "We'd better proceed cautiously, chaps!"

"Yes, rather!"

Loder led the way, and the trackers followed him with the least noise possible towards the barn.

They crowded round it and, breathing hard with tense expectancy, looked through the chinks in the old wooden door. A scene met their gaze that caused them to fall back and utter low gasps of amazement.

The moonlight, streaming in at the barn window, revealed the form of William George Bunter, sitting on a heap of straw and surrounded by the remains of what had once been a fine assortment of tuck.

There were empty bags which had contained jam-tarts, cream-puffs, and doughnuts, and the remains of cakes and jam-sponges, pork-pies, and other dainties. On the straw nearby lay a black cloak, somewhat rent in places, and a black mask.

There was still a good amount of tuck left, and this Billy Bunter was demolishing as fast as his powers of digestion would allow him. He was making vast inroads into a rabbit-pie with a knife and fork, with which he had thoughtfully provided himself.

Upon the plump visage of the Owl of the Remove there was a beatific smile of great enjoyment.

Loder, watching through the crack in the door, snapped his teeth down hard, and a very peculiar noise came from his throat.

Harry Wharton & Co. and the rest of the Greyfriars juniors grinned.

"Bunter!" breathed Bob Cherry. "It was that fat spoofer, after all! He way-laid Sammy and purloined the goods! Ha, ha, ha! Poor old Loder!"

"Rather poor old Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "Look at Loder's face! He's going in after Bunter!"

Gerald Loder burst open the barn door and strode in.

Billy Bunter was in the middle of a mouthful of rabbit-pie. He gulped it down, and then looked up at Loder with eyes that seemed to start out of his head.

"Bunter!" roared Loder. "So I've caught you, you little thief!"

"O-oo-er!" gasped Billy Bunter, turning pale. "I—I say, you fellows, protect me! I—I—"

"That's my tuck!" bellowed Loder, bending down and hauling Bunter up by the scruff of his neck. "You thieving little sweep! I'll—I'll —"

"Yaroooooogh! Yah! Wow! Leggo!" wailed Billy Bunter, as Loder shook him. "I didn't pinch that grub! Yarooooogh! I found it in the Friardale Lane! I— Yarooooogh! Wharrer you going to do, Loder? Yowp!"

"Come with me!" grated the enraged prefect, whirling Bunter towards the door. "I'm going to give you the biggest lamming of your career! I'll teach you to steal my grub! Don't you tell me you found it, you lying little toad! There's the mask and cloak you wore!"

"I found them, too!" yelled Billy Bunter desperately. "They were lying in the bushes—"

"Why, they belong to our dramatic society props!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, picking up the cloak and mask. "And, my hat! Prout's revolver!"

Billy Bunter's knees knocked together.

"Come on!" grated Loder, hauling him through the door. "When I get you back to Greyfriars, I'll—"

"Yaroooooogh! Wow! Rescue!" howled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you might—yowp!—take my part! Ow-wow-wow!"

"We're not going to take your part in the least, Bunter!" said Harry Whar-

The Big Five!

THE MAGNET.

Every Monday.

THE BOYS' FRIEND.

Every Monday.

THE POPULAR.

Every Tuesday.

THE GEM.

Every Wednesday.

CHUCKLES.

Every Thursday.

Price 2d. each.

Ask your newsagent to keep them for you!

ton curtly. "You deserve a licking, and I reckon you'll get it!"

Loder took possession of Mr. Prout's revolver, and marched the fat junior back to Greyfriars.

Carne and Walker were in Loder's study when the prefect entered, dragging Bunter behind him. The rascally prefect's two cronies looked impatient and cross.

"Hallo!" said Carne. "So you've come at last, Loder. Where's the feed?"

"Feed?" grated Loder. "This pilfering little rascal has had the feed! I'm going to flay him within an inch of his life!"

"Yaroooooogh!" yelled Billy Bunter. "Help! Murder! Ow-wow-wow!"

Carne and Walker, when they heard of Billy Bunter's artful ruse which had robbed them of their feed, growled angrily, and assisted Loder in the painful episode that followed.

Billy Bunter was laid across the table, face downwards, and held there by Carne and Walker whilst Loder, fairly boiling with rage, whacked him with his stoutest ashplant.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooogh! Yah! Stoppit! Help! Oooooogh!"

Whack, whack, whack!

The dust rose in clouds from Billy Bunter's trousers.

The Owl of the Remove fairly made the windows rattle with his yells. But Loder did not cease whacking him until his arm ached.

"There!" he grated, flinging away the cane, and hauling Bunter off the table. "That'll teach you not to burgle my grub again, you little sweep! Take five hundred lines, and deliver them to me by to-morrow morning!"

"Yoooooogh! Yah! Wowp! Groooooogh! Ow-wow-wow!"

"Get out!" roared Loder.

Billy Bunter got out as fast as he was able. He fairly crawled down the Sixth Form passage, moaning most piteously as he went. A crowd of Removites greeted him at the corner with wide grins.

The Owl of the Remove limped to the Remove passage. He opened the door of Study No. 7. As soon as Todd saw Bunter, he rose from the table and pointed to the door.

"Hop off, Bunter!" he said.

"Groooooogh! Wow!" moaned the suffering Owl. "This is my study, isn't it?"

"You're turned out till you can behave yourself decently, Bunter!" said Peter grimly. "Go along and dig with somebody else until you've repented of your wicked ways!"

"Ow-wow! I'm coming in!" roared Billy Bunter. "I've got my prep to do, and five hundred lines for Loder—"

"There's the Form-room quite handy!" said Peter Todd. "Sheer off as soon as you like, Bunter!"

"Look here, I've every right to come in!" howled Billy Bunter furiously. "I've suffered quite enough! Yowp! I— Yah! Wow! Keep off! I'll go!"

Bunter saw Peter coming at him with a cricket-stump, and, turning, he departed hastily.

Muttering to himself, the suffering Owl rolled into the dark, dreary, deserted Form-room, and sat down gingerly. He had to fetch a cushion from Mr. Quelch's chair before he could settle himself with any degree of comfort on the form.

Billy Bunter went on with his prep in solitude, writhing on the form in anguish, and giving vent to his feelings by frequent moans and groans and grunts:

"Ow-wow-wow-wow-wow!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Desperate Move!

"BUNTER! Where's Bunter?"

Gerald Loder asked that question grimly as he looked in at the door of Study No. 7 in the Remove passage next morning before lessons.

Peter Todd and Dutton were in there, getting their books ready.

"I haven't seen Bunter since breakfast-time!" said Peter shortly. "We've turned him out!"

Loder gritted his teeth.

"I'll give him a thundering good hiding when I do find him!" he said. "He hasn't delivered the impot I gave him last night!"

Loder departed and slammed the door.

Peter grinned.

"Poor old Bunty!" he said. "He's fairly in the wars lately. Perhaps it

Look out for Guthbert Wellesley, the new boy in the Remove!

will do him good, though. I've done my best to break him in!"

Loder hunted high and low for Billy Bunter. But the Owl of the Remove was not forthcoming. It was evident that Billy Bunter expected trouble from Loder, and was keeping out of the surly prefect's way.

Soon after Loder had departed from the Remove passage, Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, strode along and glared into Study No. 7.

"Where is Bunter?" he demanded of Peter.

"I don't know, sir!" answered Peter. "Is there anything wrong, sir?"

"It is my intention to chastise Bunter severely when I find him!" said Mr. Prout grimly. "The young rascal had the audacity to enter my study while I was out yesterday evening and appropriate one of my Colt revolvers—the very weapon with which I shot a giant grisly in the Rockies in '88! Loder returned the weapon to me. Fortunately it is not damaged. But when I find Bunter I shall give him a thrashing for his audacity! Ugh!"

Mr. Prout stamped away from Study No. 7, the light of battle glinting from his eye.

Peter Todd chuckled. "Poor old Bunty! He's in for a high old time, and no mistake!" he murmured. "But still, it's the silly chump's own fault. The fat ass!"

Loder and Mr. Prout did not find Bunter, although they hunted high and low for the fat Removite. Billy Bunter was hiding, and he managed it very artfully.

His two avengers gave up the search when the first lesson bell rang, but mentally promised Bunter worse to come when they did find him.

Mr. Quelch swooped into the Remove Form-room for morning lessons with the object of seeking out Billy Bunter for immediate attention. Mr. Prout had mentioned the matter of the Colt revolver to him.

He was amazed to find Harry Wharton & Co., and practically all the Form, standing up and blinking at the blackboard.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, striding angrily into the room. "Boys, why are you not in your places? What does this commotion mean?"

"Look on the blackboard, sir!" said Harold Skinner.

"Dear me! Boys, make way!"

The Removites made way for their master, and Mr. Quelch stood in front of the blackboard and gazed at it. His jaw dropped suddenly, and he took a step back. He gazed at the blackboard like one in a dream. For, chalked upon the board in large, scrawling characters, was this message:

"This is to say that I'm fedd up with life at Greyfriars and hav dedided to leev! I've been boolied and persekuted long enuff! The werm has terned! You can all go and eat koke! I, the undersined, shaik the dust of Greyfriars from my feat for ever! I have gon to seak fain and fortewn, and I shall nott' retern! Loder is a rotter, but I forgiv him. Wharton and Peter Todd and the others are beests, but they'll be sorry now I'm gon! Mr. Quelch is a tirant, but let this be a lesson to him! Good-bi for ever!

"(Sined) W. G. BUNTER."

Mr. Quelch blinked speechlessly at this epistle for some minutes. Then he gave vent to a gurgling gasp.

"Bless my soul! Is this a—a foolish joke, or—or can it be that Bunter has run away? Boys, have you seen Bunter?"

There was a general shaking of heads. Mr. Quelch's brows contracted, and his eyes glittered like beads of steel.

"The—the stupid little rascal!" he exclaimed. "Will there never be an end to the foolishness of Bunter? Surely he would not have taken upon himself to run away? I must see to this!"

Mr. Quelch hurried from the Form-room, leaving the Remove in a buzz of excitement.

"My only Sunday topper!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I can't believe it! It's some more of Bunter's spoof!"

"I hope so, for Bunter's sake!" said Harry Wharton. "He'll get it in the neck if he has run away, the fat chump!"

Mr. Quelch was in a quandary. Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars, had gone to London on business, and expected to be absent for several days.

The Remove master went down to the gates, where Gosling was sweeping the drive.

"Ah, Gosling!" said Mr. Quelch, striding up. "Have you seen anything of Bunter this morning?"

"Yessir!" replied the Greyfriars porter. "Which I did see Master Bunter go out just before lesson-time. 'Ad a bundle under 'is arm, 'e did; and I thought to mesself at the time that 'is manner was very strange. I 'aven't seen Master Bunter come in yet, sir."

"Bless my soul!" muttered Mr. Quelch,

knitting his brows. "Then it is apparently true! The foolish, stupid boy has run away!"

Mr. Quelch hurried back across the quadrangle and went indoors. He strode into the Remove Form-room, to find Harry Wharton & Co. animatedly discussing the writing on the board.

"Boys, do not make such a disturbance!" commanded Mr. Quelch. "It seems that Bunter has kept his word and run away. He will not go far. The young rascal will return ere long, and then he shall have to answer for his amazing impudence. Take your seats, boys! The lesson will proceed."

And the lesson proceeded; but the minds of the Removites were not upon the De Bello Gallico and the ancient warfare of the Romans, but upon Billy Bunter, the runaway from Greyfriars.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter on the Run!

"GROOOOGH! I'm tired!" Thus William George Bunter.

The fat junior was sitting on a milestone on the road to Redclyffe, leading to Pegg Bay. He was dusty and footsore, and his breath came in gasps, not unlike the wheezing of a pair of very old bellows.

Billy Bunter was puffed. He had been walking all the morning, and such unusual exertion had told upon him. It was rather warm, too, and he mopped his perspiring brow with a grubby handkerchief.



Bunter went into the trough with a splash and a loud yell. The pigs scattered in all directions, bellowing shrilly. "Yah! Wow! Help! Murder! Wow!" roared Bunter. (See Chapter 5.)

His peculiar character will "get you guessing."

"Beasts!" growled Billy Bunter, glaring back through his dusty spectacles towards Greyfriars, which was a long way off. "I'll show 'em! Groogh! I'm desperate this time! This is where I show 'em what I'm made of! Think they can tread on me, do they? Yah! I'm standing no more of it!"

And Billy Bunter brought a fat fist down upon his knee with great vehemence.

The pangs of hunger were assailing him, and he rummaged in the bag he had with him. He brought to light a veal-and-ham pie and some cakes—things he had thoughtfully raided from the school pantry before taking his departure from Greyfriars.

As he sat on the milestone and munched at the pie Billy Bunter thought steadily. His mind was made up. He would not return to Greyfriars unless he was satisfied that things would be different. He would not go home, for he knew that Bunter senior would give him a cold reception and pack him off to Greyfriars again—probably with a whacking thrown in.

"Beasts!" growled Billy Bunter again. "They've driven me to desperation this time! I've got nothing to live for at Greyfriars! I'm going to run away to sea!"

The idea of going to sea rather appealed to Billy Bunter's imagination.

Feeling quite cheerful at the prospect, the fat junior arose, grasped his bag firmly, and set his face towards the little fishing village of Pegg, which was not far away. So immersed was he in his own thoughts that he did not hear a car coming along the narrow road.

It was a car of the Ford variety, and was being driven at quite a good pace. Billy Bunter, rolling along in the middle of the road, did not hear it until it was almost upon him.

"Oh crumbs!" he ejaculated, blinking round through his spectacles, in alarm. "What the— Oh! Yah! Help!"

The car missed him by inches. Billy Bunter tore his way through the hedge, and, losing his balance on the other side, fell full tilt into a piggery attached to a farmyard at the other side.

The pigs were having their meal at the trough when the fat form of William George Bunter descended upon them.

Crash!
"Yaroooooogh!"

Bunter went into the trough with a splash and a loud yell.

The pigs scattered in all directions, bellowing shrilly.

Pandemonium seemed to have broken loose in the farmyard, and in the midst of it Billy Bunter's voice could be heard bawling as he sat wedged in the trough.

The farmer and two of his men came dashing up to find out the cause of the disturbance. They gasped when they saw the fat figure of Billy Bunter sitting in the trough, kicking and yelling at the top of his voice.

"Dang it!" ejaculated the farmer. "Wot the blazes— Haw, haw, haw! Where did ye come from, young shaver—a naryplane?"

"Ow-ow-ow!" moaned Billy Bunter. "Lemme out! I'm hurt! Yowp! My spine is fractured and my shoulder is dislocated! Groogh!"

The farmer and his men roared with laughter.

"Well, I'm blessed if it ain't another pig eom to join the rest, sir!" laughed one of the men. "Fine fat 'un, too, ain't he?"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Billy Bunter was in a parlous state when he did get out. He had to wash and clean up, but the unpleasant odour of the piggery still clung to him when he crawled away from the farmyard and bent his weary steps towards Pegg.

It was late in the afternoon when a fat, weary, forlorn figure rolled down the old-fashioned quayside at Pegg. The North Sea billows were beating against the breakwater and the piles of the quay, and from the deck of a small vessel docked against the quay came the discordant strains of a concertina.

Billy Bunter wiped the perspiration from his plump visage and blinked at the anchored ship.

It was called the Sally Ann, and was quite a trim craft.

The musician with the concertina was squatting on the main hatch.

A short, plump little man, with side-whiskers and a peaked cap set at a jaunty angle on his head, came up from below and aimed a scrubbing-brush at the melodious one on the main hatch. The scrubbing-brush missed its mark, whizzed over the taffrail, and Billy Bunter, happening by a stroke of evil fortune to be in the way, caught it on his nose.

"Yaroooooogh! Yah! Wow!" yelled Billy Bunter, and he sat down heavily on the quay.

A roar of laughter came from the Sally Ann. The music of the concertina

MORE POCKET-MONEY!

£10! £10! £10!

Result of Leicester City
Picture-Puzzle Competition!

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the picture. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

W. SIDWELL,
15, Broadmead Road,
Folkestone.

So many competitors qualified for the third grade of prizes that division among them of the prizes offered was impracticable. The Second Prize of £2 10s. and the ten prizes of 5s. each have therefore been added together and divided among the following twenty competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

John Hogben, 35, Bournemouth Road, Folkestone; William Gilbert, 16, Sandhurst Gardens, Belfast; William Scott, 424, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow; S. J. Evans, 44, Regent Street, Gloucester; Mrs. E. Arnold, 27, Delorme Street, Fulham, S.W. 6; W. Boyd Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; Charles H. Morton, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland; Nora Wyles, 51, Marmion Road, Southsea, Hants; Geo. Chambers, 172, Dover Road, Folkestone; Miss W. Wrigglesworth, 13, Church Street, Kidderminster; Archie Fullarton, 1, Adam Street, Gourrock, Scotland; Miss M. Gunn, 15, Waverley Park, Edinburgh; R. W. Stratton, 63, High Street, Whittlesey, Cambs; Ernest B. Simpson, 16, East View, Deepdale, Preston, Lancs; Thomas Howarth, 1, Pomfret Street, Accrington Road, Burnley; Fred Taylor, 53, Flaxby Road, Darnall, Sheffield; Miss A. Brewster, Polam Hall, Darlington; Oswald Williams, 71, Melrose Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey; F. Tarbotton, 37, Lyndhurst Street, Leeds Road, Bradford; V. Linater, 101, Maperton Road, Bradford, Yorks.

SOLUTION.

Leicester City club had a great fight to establish itself, owing to the enormous drawing power Rugby has in that district. But it has courageously kept the flag flying. There have been several splendid sides, but never a really first-class one.

wheezed to a finish, and the "musician" grinned first at Billy Bunter and then at the short gentleman with the peaked cap.

"Good shot that, cap'n!" he remarked. "Bowled him over like a ninepin, bedad!"

"That 'ere brush was meant for you, Murphy, you swab!" roared the captain. "Stow that row an' come below! Hey, laddie, sling back that scrubbin'-brush!"

"Yow-wow! Yowp!" moaned Billy Bunter, struggling to his feet. "You—you—you— Groogh! Are you the captain of this boat?"

"I am that 'ere!" replied the short gentleman in the peaked hat. "I'm the skipper of the Sally Ann! Cap'n Zebediah Dobbs—that's me! Now, about that scrubbin'-brush—"

"Look here, I want to come aboard!" said Billy Bunter, blinking at "Cap'n" Dobbs through his spectacles. "I—I want to have a word with you, sir!"

Captain Dobbs regarded the fat junior in astonishment.

"You want to come aboard?" he said. "I 'ope you ain't thinkin' of tryin' conclusions with me in a fistical encounter, sonnie? Hark ye here! Old Zeb's a man of peace and a father to 'is crew, but when Old Zeb gets roused—"

"I don't want to fight!" said Billy Bunter hastily. "I—I don't bear any ill-feeling about that scrubbing-brush, sir! It was an accident, wasn't it? Just let me come aboard. I want to ask you something."

Captain Dobbs aimed a kick at Murphy and ordered him to lower the gangway. This was done, and Billy Bunter clambered aboard.

"Groooooogh!" he said. "I—I thought I was going to drop in the water! Yow! My nose! I say, sir, is it swelling?"

"It is a bit," said the skipper, regarding Billy Bunter's nose critically. "Give it a coat of tar, an' hold a marline-spike against it for an hour. That's good for a swollen nose. But, see here, sonnie, what do you want now you're here?"

"I want to go to sea," said Billy Bunter, blinking at the captain through his spectacles. "I suppose you don't want a ship's cook, do you?"

Old Zeb stared at Billy Bunter from under his peaked cap.

"Want a ship's cook!" he gurgled. "So you're looking for a job, are you?"

Billy Bunter nodded.

"That's it!" he said eagerly. "I want to go to sea. I'm a dab at cooking. Try me!"

"Splinter my mainbrace!" quoth Dobbs. "Where the sufferin' sunfish did you come from, young shaver?"

"Ahem!" coughed Billy Bunter. "I've run away from school, you know. They—they ill-treated me there. I'm fed-up with school life. They're all beasts at Greyfriars! I don't get half enough to eat there, and it's work, impots, and canings all day long. Beastly rotten life! So I ran away this morning, and intend to go to sea. I'm a chap of good family, I am. I expect all my titled relations will be worrying after me, but I don't care!"

Captain Dobbs winked sideways at the grinning Murphy.

"Well, riddle my keel!" said Old Zeb, lifting his peaked cap and scratching his shiny head. "'Ere's a fine go! Look 'ere, young shaver! 'Ow am I to know you ain't committed some 'orrible crime, for which you're running away from the police? You look a desprit young villain!"

Who "knocks out" Percy Bolsover?

"Oh, really, you know!" said Billy Bunter peevishly. "I haven't committed any crime! I just ran away because I was fed-up with the chaps there and Loder, a prefect! I've had a rough time of it—"

"Haw, haw! So it seems, from your appearance!" chuckled the skipper. "Well, look here, young 'un! If you can cook an' work hard, there's a job waitin' for you aboard the Sally Ann! I 'ad to sack young Roffey this afternoon for makin' a mess of our dinner—the lazy little swab! There'll be work attached to the job as well as cookin', you know! Mind, if you accept, I'm takin' no responsibility for you to your—er—titled relations!"

"All right!" assented Billy Bunter eagerly. "I'll take it!"

"Come down," said Captain Dobbs. "I'll sign you on."

Billy Bunter went below and was signed on. Murphy, the mate, took him into the fo'c'sle and showed him his quarters and bunk.

"Cap'n says he wants 'is tea at five," said Murphy. "An' there'll be a row, begorrah, if it ain't to 'is hikin'! Old Zeb's a spalpeen for 'is meals! Mark that, young Bunter!"

Billy Bunter rolled along the deck to the cookhouse, and, looking out to sea across to the cliffs round Pegg Bay, he gave a fat grin.

"He, he, he! They'll never find me here!" he chuckled. "Wharton and Loder and Quelch can look till they're black in the face, but they wouldn't think of looking for me on board a ship! I'm a seaman now! Captain Dobbs says we're off to the South of France in a couple of days! He, he, he! This looks an easy life! My word! There's plenty of grub in the cookhouse, too!"

The skipper, as Murphy had hinted, was a mighty trencherman and fond of good living.

Billy Bunter's eyes glistened behind his spectacles when, rolling into the cookhouse, he saw bacon and eggs and prime pork-sausages and tins of preserved fruits and luscious pies in the larder.

"Oh, good!" he chuckled, rubbing his hands. "There's plenty of everything here! I'm jolly hungry, too! The captain told me to have some grub! Here's for a good tuck-in! He, he, he! This is the life! Heaps better than Greyfriars! Wouldn't Wharton and Peter Todd and the others stare to see me now! He, he, he!"

And William George Bunter, now ship's cook and general handyman on board the Sally Ann, rolled into the cookhouse, took off his jacket, donned an apron, and set about satisfying the cravings of the inner man.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Hard at it!

"IT'S jolly queer where Bunter's got to!" said Bob Cherry.

"The queerfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh in his weird and wonderful English. "The fat and ludicrous Bunter seems to have done the disappearing trickfulness into thinful air!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were gathered in the quadrangle at Greyfriars, discussing the absence of Billy Bunter.

After lessons Mr. Quelch had sent out a search-party, confident that Billy



Bunter crashed into the stove and got burnt. He gave a wild leap into the air and sent a saucepan full of hot soup all over Captain Dobbs. Old Zeb let out a roar like an angry lion. "Crack my jibstays!" he yelled. "I'll make you pay for that!" (See Chapter 6.)

Bunter would soon be found. But Win-gate & Co. and Loder and several other seniors had returned to Greyfriars empty-handed, so to speak. Billy Bunter had succeeded in getting away from Greyfriars without leaving tracks. His route to Pegg had been a devious one, and nobody yet had been able to trail him.

Gerald Loder came striding across from the gates.

The prefect's face was as black as thunder, and he scowled at the Famous Five as he passed.

"Nice, cheerful sort of chap, Loder—what?" said Frank Nugent. "He's been like a bear with a sore head ever since Bunter ran away. Young Sammy, I hear, has accused Loder of being the cause of Bunter vamoosing. Loder's been having rather a severe talking to from Mr. Quelch, I believe, and things will go rather hard with Bunter when Loder does lay hands on him!"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"We shall see Bunter rolling in worn out and hungry before nightfall, I dare say!" he said. "Bunter isn't the sort of chap to stand roughing it! He's got no money and no grub, except a little he burgled from the pantry. Bunter will soon return to the old nest when he gets hungry!"

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

But Harry Wharton's prophecy did not bear fruit.

Billy Bunter at that precise moment was having a good time on his own in the cookhouse on board the Sally Ann.

Seated on a little wooden box, with

an assortment of pies, pastries, sizzling eggs and ham, and tinned fruits around him, the Owl of the Remove was in his glory.

"First good feed I've had to-day!" chuckled the fat runaway from Greyfriars. "Jolly nice ham, this—and new-laid eggs, too! He, he, he! I'll show the beasts!"

Billy Bunter wired into the provisions, and the eggs and ham and pies and pastries and other sundries disappeared one after the other with great rapidity. William George Bunter could eat enough for four persons at usual times, but when he was really hungry his digestive capacity knew no limits.

He was tackling the preserved peaches, when a heavy step sounded outside and Captain Dobbs looked in.

"What about that 'ere tea, Bunter?" he said. "I just come along to—Shiverin' sharks! What the blazes—"

"Sha'n't be long, sir!" said Billy Bunter cheerfully, blinking up through his spectacles. "I was just having a snack first of all, you know!"

"A—a snack!" gasped Old Zeb in a faint voice, and his weather-beaten face took on a look of blank amazement.

He gazed with horrified eyes at his stock of provisions, now sadly depleted.

"Why, bend my bowsprit! You—you 'aven't shifted all that?" he gasped.

"Ahem!" coughed Billy Bunter. "I—I was hungry, you know!"

"Hungry!" howled the skipper, becoming suddenly galvanised into activity and dancing about the cookhouse like a dervish. "I'll give you hungry! Why,

And what price Billy Bunter as a fighting man of merit?

you've eaten enough to give a whale indigestion! Shatter my rivets! I'll give you the rope's-end, you—you thieving young lubber!"

"Here, I say, really, you know—Yah! Wowp! Stoppit!" howled Billy Bunter, jumping up as Dobbs made a rush at him. "It was only a snack, I tell you! I—Wow! I didn't mean to—Oooooop! Gerraway! Yah!"

Billy Bunter crashed into the stove and got burnt. He gave a wild leap into the air and sent a saucepan full of hot soup all over Captain Dobbs.

Old Zeb let out a roar like an angry lion and dived after Billy Bunter, who bolted out of the cookhouse and scudded along the deck.

Murphy, the mate, came round the companionway hatch loaded with two armfuls of rope, just as Billy Bunter rushed up.

Bunter cannoned into Murphy, and both of them went over with a fearful crash.

"Yarooooogh!"

"Wow-wew-wowow!"

The skipper running to the spot, got his feet entangled in the scattered rope, and he lost his balance and struck the hard deck with a thud that must have shivered all her timbers.

"Yah! Ow-ow!" roared old Zeb, who was sprawled most ungracefully on his back, beside Billy Bunter and Murphy. "Crack my jib-stays, I'll make the sneaking young son of a sea-rat pay for this! Ow!"

Billy Bunter gave a yell, and jumped up as Old Zeb crawled on hands and knees towards him, but a pair of large, hairy arms shot out and gripped his legs.

Murphy, the owner of those arms, pulled Billy Bunter over again, and the Sally Ann's new recruit was secured.

Murphy sat on him while Captain Zeb stood up and adjusted his peaked cap.

"Carollin' catfish! Put the young swab over yore knee, Murphy, and I'll just demonstrate to him the uses of the rope's-end?"

"Yah! Yarooooogh! Leggo!" wailed Billy Bunter, but he was like a babe in the strong arms of Murphy.

The mate sat down on the hatch and held Billy Bunter face downward across his knees.

Then the skipper proceeded with the rope's-end demonstration. Billy Bunter found it a distinctly painful one.

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Wow! Stoppit! Help! Murder! Wow-wooop!" wailed the luckless Owl.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"That'll do, Murphy," said Captain Dobbs, at length. "As I said before, Old Zeb is a man of peace and a father to his crew—but, by the pink-toed porpoise, they gets a lammin' from the old-man when they're fractious. Now, young Bunter, you can just start swabbin' the deck!"

"Yow-wow-wow-wow!" moaned Billy Bunter.

One of the grinning crew from the fo'c'sle was ordered by the skipper to provide Billy Bunter with a pail of water, brush and mop.

Then, despite his wild protests, Billy Bunter, able seaman, was set to work swabbing the deck of the Sally Ann.

"Groogh! Yah! Wow! Beasts!" he moaned, as he toiled away on his hands and knees. "That Dobbs' rotter is as bad as Loder and—and Quelch! Yow-wow! What does he take me for—a skivvey? Groogh!"

"Hey, you lazy fat scum!" came Captain Dobbs' raucous voice from the poop-deck. "No slackin' there! I'll

keel-haul you if you don't put some go into it, you lubber! You came aboard here to work! This is an ocean-goin' tramp—not a saloon passenger-boat! Get along with the swabbin'! I've got a rope's-end here, remember, and Old Zeb's a father to 'is crew!"

"Yow!" moaned Billy Bunter, and he got on with the deck swabbing.

Murphy, who had cleared up the mess in the cookhouse and put on the skipper's tea, sat down on the main hatch and played untuneful ditties on his concertina whilst Billy Bunter slaved on the deck.

Billy Bunter moaned, but every time he tried to slack the skipper showed him a rope's-end—and the runaway junior moaned deeper and went on with his uncongenial task.

Billy Bunter was beginning speedily to realise that a life on the ocean wave was not all honey!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Where is Bunter?

"YOU kids are coming with me this morning?"

Gerald Loder grated those words as he looked in at No. 1 Study in the Remove passage at Greyfriars next day.

Morning lessons were over, and the Famous Five were discussing the topic that was now on everybody's mind at Greyfriars—the mysterious disappearance of William George Bunter.

Bunter had been missing all the previous day and all night.

Mr. Quelch was getting anxious. He did not wish to worry the Head, who was attending a series of important conferences in London.

The master of the Remove wished to have Bunter back and the whole matter settled by the time Dr. Locke returned to Greyfriars.

But so far all his efforts to trace the fat Removite had met with no success. Several search parties had scoured the countryside in all directions, and inquiries by telephone had been made everywhere. But nobody seemed to have seen Billy Bunter.

Several fellows were of the opinion that Billy Bunter had not run away at all, but was in hiding at Greyfriars. But, if so, how was Bunter managing about food? Billy Bunter could not exist without food. The first pangs of hunger would be sufficient to bring him back to Greyfriars like the Prodigal Son.

Where was Billy Bunter?

That was the question that exercised the minds of everybody at Greyfriars from the smallest fag in the Second to the prefects of the Sixth.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked up in surprise as Loder scowled in at their door.

"We're going with you this morning, Loder?" asked Bob Cherry. "Going where—to a picnic?"

"No; to try and find Bunter!" growled the prefect bad-temperedly. "Mr. Quelch's orders!"

"Oh!"

The Famous Five did not look best pleased at the prospect of going on a hunt for Billy Bunter under the guidance of Loder.

"Hurry up, you kids!" he growled impatiently. "I don't want to waste any time! We shall have a late dinner as it is, I suppose? Get your caps!"

"All serene Loder!" said Bob

Cherry. "Keep your wool on, old scout!"

The Famous Five and Loder went downstairs and left Greyfriars.

"Which way, Loder?" asked Frank Nugent. "You take the high road and we'll take the low—"

"None of your cheek!" snapped Loder. "We'll go across the Heath!"

"Wingate and Rushden and several of the others went that way yesterday," said Harry Wharton. "I don't reckon we shall track Bunter there, Loder. I suggest we make for the cliffs at Pegg. That's a more likely place. There are heaps of caves there where Bunter might be hiding. Nobody's been to Pegg yet."

"All right," growled Loder, although he did not quite like the idea of taking advice from a Remove junior. "This way; and mind, no jaw!"

Harry Wharton & Co. dutifully followed Gerald Loder.

They made their way past Cliff House and along the Redclyffe road towards Pegg, inquiring for Bunter as they went.

The first clue they found came from the driver of a Ford van, which was drawn up outside a little roadside grocery store.

"Lookin' for a schoolfeller—wot?" grinned this worthy. "Rather short and very fat? Reg'lar Fat Boy of Peckham, in fact?"

"That's him!" said Loder eagerly, and his eyes glistened. "Have you seen the young rotter?"

"Haw-haw! I saw him yesterday on this road, a little 'igher up, towards Pegg!" grinned the motor-driver. "E was walking in the middle of the road, day-dreamin' I reckon, for 'e didn't take any notice of my horn until I was nearly on top of 'im. Went clean through the 'edge, 'e did! Haw, haw, haw!"

"Come on!" said Loder hastily, turning to Harry Wharton & Co. "We're on the track of the little rotter at last!"

A little higher up the road they came to the farmyard where Billy Bunter had fallen into the pigs' trough. Harry Wharton and Loder made inquiries there, and were told of the fat Removite's adventure.

"The lad washed and cleaned himself, an' then he made off towards Pegg!" the old farmer informed them.

"Good!" said Loder.

"The scent is getting hot!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Lead on, Macduff!"

Loder glared, and led the way to Pegg.

The surly prefect was all eagerness to lay the runaway Owl by the heels. Billy Bunter had cited him as the cause of all the trouble, and Loder had been chipped unmercifully at Greyfriars. Things would go hard with Billy Bunter when Loder did catch him.

"Here we are at Pegg!" said Bob Cherry breezily. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to make a few inquiries in the town before exploring the giddy coast. Bunter must have eaten since he left Greyfriars, or his corpse would have been picked up by now. And he would have had to come into the town to get his grub. Let's look for our tame porpoise round the harbour."

Loder consented, and he and the Famous Five went through the streets of Pegg. After careful inquiries they traced the fat runaway to the harbour.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton as, walking along the ancient causeway, he spotted the Sally Ann, and saw a plump figure dash out of the fo'c'sle and

"The Theft at Scotland Yard!"—next Monday's detective thriller!

scuttle along the deck, with two wrathful-looking seamen in chase. "That looks like Bunter!"

"Great pip!" gasped Cherry, in a faint voice. "It is Bunter!"

"Bunter!" gurgled Loder, and he stopped stock still.

So did the Famous Five. They were all thunderstruck.

William George Bunter was finding that life on board ship was by no means a bed of roses—quite the opposite, in fact.

Captain Zebediah Dobbs had kept him hard at it right from early morning. Billy Bunter had spent a very bad night in his bunk in the fo'c'sle, finding it very different from the cosy bed in the Remove dormitory. And Murphy, the mate, had turned him out at six o'clock in the morning, and made him get to work at once.

The fat junior had been on the go ever since. He had had to get the breakfast for captain and crew, then clear everything away, and help with the cleaning of the ship. Dobbs brooked no slackening, and Bunter had suffered frequent applications of the rope's-end.

Bunter had sought a brief respite from his arduous toil, and taken refuge in the fo'c'sle. There, a few minutes afterwards, Murphy and one of the men had discovered Bunter rummaging through their chests—hunting for grub.

They rushed at him in great wrath, chased him round the fo'c'sle and out on to the deck.

Billy Bunter gave a gasp when he saw Loder and the Famous Five on the quay.

"Oh crumbs!" he gasped. "The beasts have seen me! Groooogh! Yah! Wow-wow! Keep off! Yarooooogh!"

Murphy's heavy hand descended on the fat junior, and he was whirled over.

"Got you, you slippery son of a sea-rat!" grated Murphy. "Faith, an' we'll make it hot for you now! Gimme that rope, Trent!"

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Help! Leggo! Murder! Oooogh!" wailed Billy Bunter.

He was hauled across the burly mate's knee, and the rope rose and fell on his fat person.

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

Billy Bunter's yells arose crescendo. Captain Dobbs came up from his cabin, and he looked on, nodding with approval.

Loder and Harry Wharton & Co. ran to the quayside.

"Hi!" bawled Loder. "We've come for Bunter! He's a runaway from our school! Let down the gangway!"

The captain and the crew of the Sally Ann looked in surprise at the new arrivals on the quay.

"Splinter my mainbrace!" exclaimed Dobbs. "You—you've come for Bunter!"

"Yes; the fat idiot belongs to Greyfriars, and we've been hunting for him nearly all the morning!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "What is he doing on board your boat, sir?"

"What's he doing?" said Old Zeb, tilting his peaked cap backwards. "Why, he's been doin' everything he ought not to be doin'! Carollin' catfish! Lower the gangway, there! We'll let you 'ave Bunter back with pleasure, young gents!"

The gangway was lowered, and Loder and the Famous Five came aboard.

Gerald Loder's eyes were glittering maliciously as he looked at Billy Bunter. The fat Removite's knees knocked together.

"Yarooooogh! Don't let 'em take me

back!" he howled, making a dive out of Murphy's hands. "I won't go back! I say, you fellows, I've run away to sea—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

"Come here, Bunter!" exclaimed Loder, striding forward.

"Yarooooogh! Wow! I won't! Help! Keepimoff!" howled Billy Bunter, and he dodged round the main hatch.

Harry Wharton & Co. and the prefect ran in various directions to intercept Bunter. Captain Dobbs, Murphy, and the rest of the crew looked on in great enjoyment.

Billy Bunter scuttled this way and that over the deck of the Sally Ann. He seemed determined not to be captured.

"Surrender, you fat little sweep, or it will be the worse for you!" exclaimed Loder, between his teeth. "I'll make things hot for you now, as it is! I—Got you!"

The prefect gave a jump, and landed on top of Billy Bunter.

"Yaroooooogh!" howled the terrified Removite.

A wild and whirling struggle ensued near the ship's side. Loder's heavy hands came into violent contact with the fat junior's person. Bunter hit back wildly, and his left fist smote the prefect very forcibly on the nose, causing him to stagger back with a yell.

"Yooooogh! Wow! You little sweep, I'll pay you out for that!"

"Wow-wow! Help! Murder! Keepimoff!" howled Billy Bunter, and he made a dive into the rigging.

"Mum-my hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry, blinking at the fat Owl of the Remove as he clambered higher in the rigging. "The burbling chump! Loder's bound to catch him now!"

Loder swung himself up the rigging after Billy Bunter. The Owl of the Remove blinked down in terror, and climbed higher. He now held the prefect in mortal fear, and fear gave him bravery that he otherwise would not have possessed. It was really marvellous that the rigging stood his great weight.

Loder reached Billy Bunter near the cross-trees, and made a grab at him.

"Now, you little rotter!" grated the prefect, between his teeth, "we'll see whether you can defy me and—"

"Yarooooogh!" That wild yell rent the air, and, to the horror of all, they saw the fat form of Billy Bunter topple off the cross-trees into space.

Bunter had lost his hold of the rigging and had fallen!

Splash! Bunter just cleared the ship's taffrail, and fell into the sea with a choking gurgle:

"Yerrrrugh!"

That was all. Silence followed for a few moments. Harry Wharton & Co. and Captain Dobbs and the crew of the Sally Ann stood spellbound. Loder clung to the rigging, and looked down wildly. Then he clambered down on deck, his face white as a sheet.

"Bunter's overboard!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Come on, chaps—get a rope!"



Bunter was hauled across the mate's knees, and the rope's-end rose and fell on his fat person. Thwack! Loder and Harry Wharton & Co. ran to the quayside. "Hi!" roared the prefect. "We've come for Bunter! He's a runaway from school!" (See Chapter 7.)

Let me have your candid opinion of the MAGNET stories, chums!

Everybody ran to the ship's side, and looked over. But no sign of Billy Bunter was to be seen.

"He—he couldn't have come up!" said Frank Nugent.

Loder licked his dry lips.

"I didn't throw him over—he fell!" he muttered. "If any harm has come to Bunter, it wasn't my fault! Can't somebody lower a boat? He—he must be floating somewhere!"

Captain Dobbs speedily had a boat lowered. Harry Wharton, Loder, and Johnny Bull got aboard. But, although they rowed about the Sally Ann for nearly half an hour, they did not discover any trace of Billy Bunter.

The chums of the Remove looked anxious as they clambered aboard the Sally Ann again.

"I'm blessed if I can make it out!" said Harry Wharton. "Bunter couldn't have struck his head in falling, and—"

"The fat rotter's swum ashore, and wants us to think he's been drowned!" said Loder thickly. "But, in any case, it wasn't my fault—I'll swear to it!"

But, for all that, Loder looked pallid and disturbed.

"If you hadn't terrified Bunter so, he wouldn't have climbed the rigging to get out of your way, Loder!" said Johnny Bull, in his blunt, outspoken way. "If anything has happened to Bunter, and the Head holds an inquiry—"

"Look here, you kids, don't say anything about me!" panted Loder desperately. "Just say that Bunter fell overboard in trying to elude us, and—"

"Oh, shut up, Loder!" said Harry Wharton curtly, and he turned to his chums. "We'd better be going, you chaps. Perhaps Bunter swam ashore, and is hiding in the caves. Let's go and have a look!"

The Famous Five left the Sally Ann, Loder following limply. All the surliness and bombast was gone from the prefect now. He was only too eager to follow Harry Wharton's lead, in the hope of finding Billy Bunter safe and sound.

But a thorough search along the cliffs failed to give any clue to the mystery.

Harry Wharton & Co. returned to Greyfriars hungry and tired after their morning's hunt for the runaway. But they were convinced within themselves that Billy Bunter was not dead. They knew Bunter of old, and knew all the wiles that that youth was capable of.

They did not give Loder any ray of hope, however. The bullying prefect had had a lot to do with Billy Bunter's escapade, and Loder badly needed a lesson. So the Famous Five ignored Loder, and when, on arriving at Greyfriars, the prefect crawled away looking as worried and miserable as a fellow could look, the chums of the Remove smiled grimly.

"Loder's in a blue funk!" growled Johnny Bull. "He knows he's overstepped the mark with his rotten bullying this time. He's had the fright of his life—and it serves him jolly well right. And as for Bunter—"

"He'll turn up again, never worry!" said Harry Wharton confidently. "But what a sensation this will cause amongst the chaps—what!"

"My giddy aunt! Rather!" said Bob Cherry.

They were right. When the news of Billy Bunter's escapade and his fall from the rigging of the Sally Ann was told, all Greyfriars buzzed with excitement.

Mr. Quelch was intensely worried over the affair and telephoned to the

Pegg police immediately Loder told him. The Famous Five did not spare Loder. They knew that the surly prefect deserved to suffer for his bullying tactics—and they let him suffer!

Was Billy Bunter dead? What had happened to him after his fall into the sea? These were the two questions that exercised the minds of everybody at Greyfriars, and many were the suggestions made as solutions to the mystery.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Home Again!

"HE, he, he! That's frightened 'em! He, he, he! The rotters will think I'm dead now! What a lark! My word! He, he, he!"

William George Bunter was very much alive!

He was hiding in the hold of the Sally Ann. They were dark and dismal quarters, and, being wet through after his ducking in the sea, Bunter felt rather uncomfortable. But he didn't mind so much, now. He was getting used to roughing it.

On falling into the sea from the rigging, Bunter had come up under the stern of the Sally Ann and, holding on to one of the anchor ropes, had kept himself afloat. He had seen a rope hanging down from the porthole of the sail-locker, and by dint of superhuman efforts, he had clambered up the rope and squeezed through into the sail-locker, just as the boat containing Loder and Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry and Murphy came into view.

Billy Bunter had lain low in the sail-locker and listened to the anxious conversation of his schoolfellows as they searched for him, and watched the ever-deepening look of worry on Loder's face.

And Bunter had not seen fit to reveal himself. He had resolved to "keep them up" to their belief that he had not risen from the briny.

From the sail-locker Bunter, having dried himself as much as he was able, had crawled to the deserted store-room, where he had raided sufficient provender to keep him going for the rest of the day.

Billy Bunter had had a good feed and felt quite elated with himself.

"I'll give the beasts a scare!" he chuckled softly to himself. "I'll teach 'em to ill-treat me! Br-r-r-r! It's jolly cold in this wet clobber. I—I wonder where I can get some dry clothes?"

This question of clothing set Billy Bunter's mind working in a fresh channel and, after thinking hard for a little while, he chuckled.

He remained in the sail-locker all day and crept out when the crew were in the fo'c'sle and the strains of Murphy's concertina were rising discordantly over the waters of Pegg Bay.

Wrapped in a white sail, he crept out out of his hiding place and reached the deck. The gangway was lowered, for Captain Dobbs was about to return from a visit on shore.

Billy Bunter chuckled and, walking up to the fo'c'sle door, rapped three times upon it.

Murphy's concertina stopped playing, and the door opened. Four surprised faces looked out, and when they saw the white form on deck, four yells of terror rent the air.

"Howly mother of Moses!" bellowed Murphy, dropping his concertina. "It's the ghost of young Bunter, bedad!"

Billy Bunter waved an arm aloft, and made a movement towards the fo'c'sle. Slam!

The door of the fo'c'sle shut violently. Murphy and the other seamen were thoroughly alarmed!

"He, he, he!" chuckled Billy Bunter to himself. "That's scared the beasts! Now to get ashore!"

He made his way along the deck and clambered on to the gangway. In his haste he missed his footing and pitched headlong down the gangway, finally to land in a heap at the feet of Captain Dobbs, who had just arrived on the quay.

"Wow-wow-wow-wow!" moaned the white-clad heap at the skipper's feet.

Captain Dobbs blinked down in amazement at the fallen one.

"Sufferin' sunfish!" he ejaculated. "Wot the— Why, douse my bin-nacle light, it sounds like young Bunter!"

The skipper, to make sure, stirred the white-clad figure with his boot, and Billy Bunter arose, yelling.

"Wow-wow-wow! Yah! Yarooogh!"

The Owl of the Remove flung the sail from him and ran along the quayside as fast as his fat little legs would take him.

Captain Dobbs, and Murphy, and the rest of the crew of the Sally Ann blinked in astonishment after Billy Bunter until his fat form had disappeared into the darkness.

The Removite ran hard in the direction of Greyfriars, and did not stop until he was thoroughly winded.

The harbour clock at Pegg struck nine.

Two hours later a fat, weary, dishevelled youth crawled up the Friar-dale Lane and halted outside the Greyfriars school wall.

"Groooogh!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I—I shall die in a minute! Yowp! I'm famished! Wow-wow! My feet hurt me like—like anything! Groogh! Oh, dear! I'm fed up!"

The wanderer had returned!

William George Bunter had found the path of the runaway a hard one!

He blinked up at the old pile of Greyfriars. Not a light glimmered anywhere. The school was wrapped in slumber. The main gates were locked, and so was the little side gate.

Billy Bunter blinked round him in the darkness.

"Beasts!" he muttered. "I'm locked out! Groogh! I—I must get in somehow?"

At length he thought of a way out of his difficulty—or rather, a way in! He limped across the fields nearby, and returned with a rope raided from a barn.

He made a noose on the end of the rope and, after several unsuccessful attempts, at last flung the noose over the stone knob on the wall by the side gate.

Billy Bunter then commenced to climb the rope. He managed it by hanging on to the rope and literally walking up the wall! He reached the top of the wall at length, pulled up the rope and then jumped into the Close.

Bump!
"Yooooop!"

(Continued on page 17.)



What is the mystery surrounding Cuthbert Wellesley of the Remove?

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 130.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week Ending June 23rd, 1923.

GYMNASIUM JOTTINGS!



By Bob Cherry.

SIDNEY SNOOP was walking along the top beam in the gym, when he found he couldn't keep his feet. He couldn't keep his head, either, and he came an awful cropper. We collected up such portions of Snoop as we could find and conveyed them to the sanny for repairs!

BOLSOVER MAJOR declares that he can vault the boxhorse better than anyone else, and he has issued a challenge to all who care to compete against him. This is what Shakespeare would call "vaulting ambition"!

ANTHONY TRELUCE, who comes of a famous Cornish wrestling stock, has also issued a challenge to all comers. Wrestling is about the only thing that Treluce excels at. He can't box for toffee, and he can't play cricket for monkey-nuts. But when it comes to grovelling on the floor, and squeezing an opponent to see if he will squeak, Treluce is a giddy genius!

WHEN Hurree Jamset Ram Singh is in his native country he patronises a celebrated Indian club. There's no need for Inky to go so far afield. We've plenty of Indian clubs in the gym at Greyfriars!

ALONZO TODD has been at it again! He declares that boxing is a "degrading, demoralising, brutalising pastime, more suitable for a tribe of barbarians than for civilised people." Lonzy made this utterance after a friendly spar with Bolsover major, who is understood to have knocked him twenty yards with one gentle tap!

DON'T forget that the great gymnastic display comes off on Wednesday. The human tableau, with little Wun Lung perched dizzily on the top, will be worth going many miles to see. The price of admission is only twopence, so you won't have to draw out your life's savings in order to attend!

THE only time Billy Bunter ever excelled at acrobatics was when he saw a ghost. It actually made him jump! That's more than we can ever make him do!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THE term "gymnastics" is an elastic one. You can have mental gymnastics as well as physical, as we know to our cost during the mathematics lesson! Juggling with figures is a form of mental gymnastics which we cordially detest.

Again, such pursuits as leap-frog—or "overbacks," as it is called in some schools—comes under the heading of gymnastics. A fellow can be a gymnast without necessarily performing daring and breathless stunts on the top trapeze in the gym.

The amount of gymnastic talent in the Remove Form at Greyfriars is amazing. With the exception of Billy Bunter, who is as clumsy as a rhinoceros, and Alonzo Todd, who has a frail and delicate constitution, practically every fellow in the Form is a skilled gymnast. I have even seen the weedy Skinner walking on his hands—a feat which calls for a certain amount of gymnastic ability.

Many of my readers are keenly interested in the science of "Jimmy Nasticks"—as Gosling, the porter, calls it—and a special number dealing with this subject is quite a happy notion. You will find plenty of vim and sparkle in this issue. You will read of bonnie, bouncing boys who appear to be made of indiarubber. And many a cheery chuckle will greet the gymnastic exploits of the gay-spirited Removites.

In case I should be bombarded with letters asking who is the finest gymnast in the Form, I may as well state at once that this honour falls to Wun Lung, the agile Chinese. There is very little that Wun Lung can't do in the gymnastic line, and some of his daring exploits in the gym fairly make us hold our breath!

By the way, dear boys, I hope you are all going in for the Limerick competition in the MAGNET—a form of mental gymnastics which ought to appeal to you.

HARRY WHARTON.

SIR WILLIAM BUNTER DE BUNTER!

A story of Billy Bunter's ancestor, the first Sir Bunter de Bunter.

By DICK PENFOLD.

Sir William Bunter de Bunter
Sat astride of his big, black steed,
Watching the tide of the battle,
(And secretly having a feed!)
He was far enough from danger
(For Sir William had seen to that!)
For wasn't his life too precious?
(And wasn't Sir William too fat?)

He watched the gallant Crusaders,
(As he munched at a currant bun!)
Repelling the Turkish legions,
And he murmured, "The battle's
won!"
He clapped his spurs to his charger
And galloped towards the fight,
(But he had to stop here and there
To take one last lingering bite!)

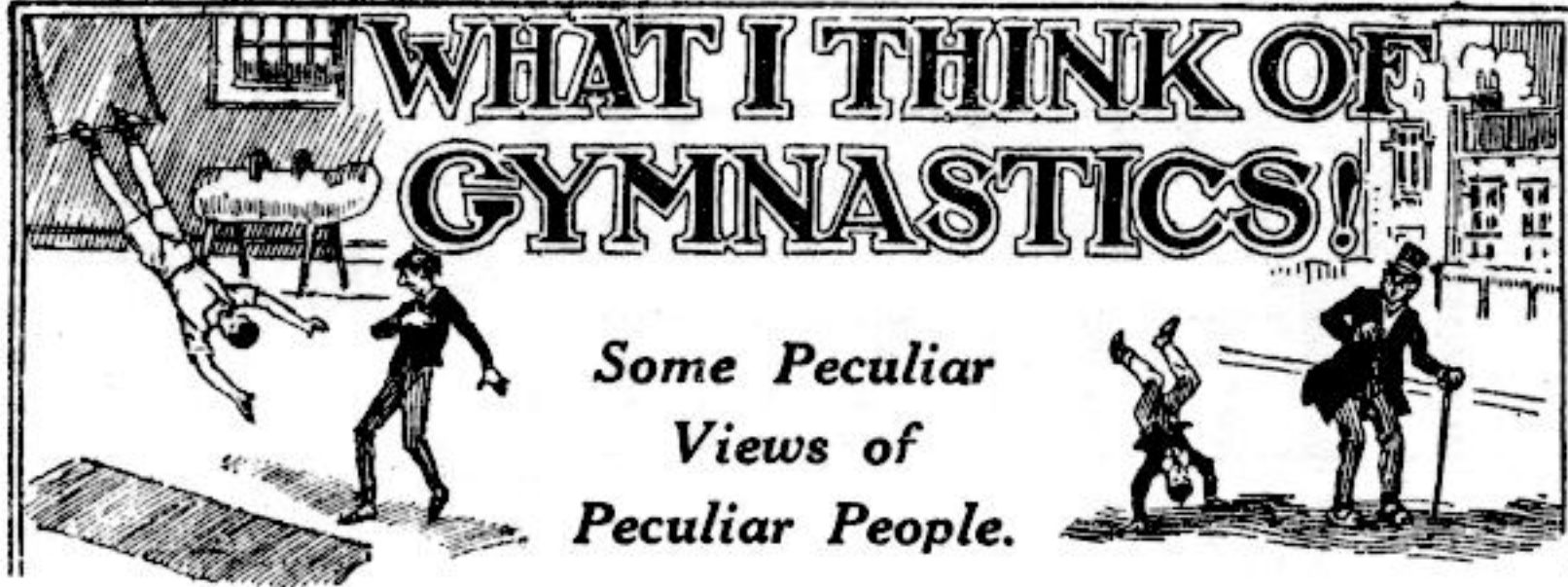
Sir William Bunter de Bunter
Took nearly an hour and a half
To reach the scene of the battle,
Then he entered it with a laugh.
The blood of Bunters de Bunter
Was coursing throughout each fat vein
As he halted right in the centre
Amongst all the wounded and slain.

Sir William Bunter de Bunter,
His mailed fist shook in the air.
"Up, merry men, and be at 'em!"
(The Turks, of course, were not there!)
'Twas then he fell from his charger,
Though it hurt him not in the least,
Sir William rolled in the debris,
And spluttered, "Yaroooh! Yah!
You beast!"

But he encountered a spear-point
That someone had carelessly dropped,
Horrors of horrors, Sir William,
First Knight Bunter de Bunter,
popped!

Could they discover his body?
Why, no! It had gone in thin air;
They found but a mangled mince-pie
And a bone or two and some hair!

A Special "Heat Wave" Number next Monday!



A FLIGHT OF FANCY!
By HAROLD SKINNER.

BOB CHERRY:

To an energetic mortal like myself, gymnastics are simply topping! I love vaulting the jolly old box-horse and walking on my hands along the parallel-bars. And it's great fun to swing at a dizzy height on the trapezes. The only drawback to gymnastics at Greyfriars is that we don't get enough of them. I think they ought to cut out Latin and Euclid from lessons, and let us disport ourselves in the gym instead. What does the Sahib Quelchy think of my esteemed and ludicrous suggestion?

ALONZO TODD:

I consider—and I have the full weight of my Uncle Benjamin's opinion behind me—that gymnastics are a highly dangerous form of sport. The other day I saw Harry Wharton hanging by his toes from the trapeze, and the spectacle made me shudder! I once heard of a gymnast, who fell from a great height and sprained his little finger. Since that terrible tragedy I have been strongly opposed to gymnastics in any shape or form. I have been asked to take part in the gymnastic display at Greyfriars, but I flatly refuse to jeopardise life and limb in such a foolhardy manner!

LORD MAULEVERER:

I'm far too drowsy to want to throw myself about in the gym, begad! I should need to have plenty of energy pumped into me before I started on that stunt. It's as much as I can do to keep my eyes open all day. Yaw-aw-aw! 'Scuse me yawning, but I'm simply fagged out. Methinks I'll take forty winks on my study sofa. It will do me a jolly sight more good than turning double somersaults in the gym!

DICK PENFOLD:

A chap whose muscles are elastic, is bound to be a bit gymnastic. He loves to exercise his limbs by doing daring stunts in gyms. He swings upon the high trapeze, with skill, dexterity, and ease. Sometimes he falls upon his scalp, and gives a frantic cry of "Help!" But, as a rule, he comes to ground, without mishap, and safe and sound. Gymnastics cause tremendous fun—in fact, they fairly take the bun!

DICKY NUGENT:

What i think of Jim Nasticks is that he's a jolly fine fellow. i was turning summersalts in the Close the other day, and an old gent came along and gave me tuppence. He thought i was doing it for munney! i spend quite a lot of time in the Jim, and there's hardly a Jim Nastick feet that i can't put my hands to! My majer Franky says i shall make a jolly clever Jim-nast when i grow up—always provided i don't brake my neck in the meantime!

MR. QUELCH:

Gymnastics are very useful and appropriate—in their proper place, i.e., the school gymnasium. But I strongly resent gymnastics in the Remove Form room, or in the dormitory. Playing leap-frog over forms and beds appears to be a popular pastime, but it must cease forthwith. I regret to state that this morning I saw Skinner walking through the Close on his hands, in a most undignified manner. Had Skinner been without legs, I should have raised no objection; but we were not provided with a pair of arms for purposes of peregrination. Skinner's hands are now so tender from the caning I gave him that I do not suppose he will want to walk on them again yet awhile!

BILLY BUNTER:

Gymnastics are eggcellent for reducing a fellow's weight, if he should be inclined to korpulency. Since I took up this manly pastime I have lost a pound a day, and at this rate I shall soon be as slim and slender as Alonzo Todd! It goes without saying that I am a wonderful gymnaster—or, should it be gymnast?—and I have been specially seleckted to appear in the grate gymnastic display which is coming off shortly.

VILLIAM GOSLING:

Which I don't hold with these here Jimmy Nasticks. They are much too dangerous, especially for a man of my years. When I told the doctor one day that I was feeling a bit out of sorts, he told me to take up Jimmy Nasticks. I took him at his word, and when I rung the rising-bell next morning I started to climb up the bell-rope, as a means of getting fit. The rope broke when I was about a dozen feet from the ground, and I came an awful cropper. I'm still a mass of bumps and bruises from head to foot, and what I says is this here—and I says it most emphatic—No more Jimmy Nasticks for me!

I had a vision in the night,
Which caused no apprehension;
It was a dream that made me scream—
With laughter, I might mention.

I saw old Quelchy in the gym
Performing deeds most drastic;
Aloft he hung, and swayed and swung,
For he had turned gymnastic!

He did a lot of daring stunts
And weird and wondrous wheezes;
Just like a fly he perched on high,
And clung to the trapezes.

He wore a pair of rubber shoes,
Also a spotless sweater.
"Come down!" I cried; but he replied:
"I hardly think I'd better!"

Then in walked Messrs. Prout and
Twigg,
And also Mr. Capper;
I did admire their gym attire,
It looked both neat and dapper.

They started swinging Indian clubs
With energy and vigour;
I think old Prout was really out
To cure his portly figure!

And then they walked upon their hands,
Their legs were wildly waving;
I grinned with glee to stand and see
The masters thus behaving!

Then came a crash from overhead,
A frail trapeze had sundered;
And Quelchy fell, with fearful yell:
Was he alive, I wondered?

I placed my hand upon his heart
And found that life still fluttered;
"But weeks will pass before the class
Sees him again!" I muttered.

We carried Quelchy to his room
With promptness and precision;
And there he lay for many a day—
But only in my vision!

THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG!

William H. (Manchester).—"Can Billy Bunter swim?" Excuse us a moment. We'll just drop him into the bowl of the school fountain and see!

"Keep Smiling" (Maidstone).—"I say, Wharton, why don't you cultivate Bob Cherry's sunny smile?" We have more responsibilities than Bob, and it's not always easy to be light-hearted.

"Tired Tim" (Hounslow).—"How many beds are there in the Remove dormitory?" Forty-two. Ours is a large dorm., ours is!"

H. R. P. (Preston).—"Is Mr. Prout really such an old duffer as you make out?" Not really. He is quite intelligent at times—for a master!

"Budding Author" (Norwich).—"I am sending you a ghost story that will make the blood freeze in your veins." Many thanks! We will postpone reading it until the next heat wave!

"Roadhog" (Malvern).—"Is Coker's motor-bike a self-starter?" Great Scott, no! It has to be coaxed for a couple of hours before it will condescend to start! But when it does start—well, the quicker one hops out of the way, the better!

"Sunny Jim" (Bournemouth).—"The 'Herald' is a sheer delight. I take it up to bed at night." A decent chap is "Sunny Jim," and there are many more like him!

"Heat Waves of the Past!" by George Wingate, next week!



"IT'S going to be a great occasion," said Harry Wharton.

"An awfully, fearfully special and solemn occasion!" said Bob Cherry.

"Let's hope nobody lets us down at the critical moment, that's all," remarked Frank Nugent.

The juniors were discussing the forthcoming Gymnastic Display, which was to be performed at Greyfriars, before crowned heads—the crowned heads being Sir Timothy Topham, Bart., Sir Hilton Popper, and the Mayor of Courtfield.

There was to be one very special item in which the Famous Five and others were to take part. This was a human tableau. The juniors had been practising it for weeks past, and practice had made perfect.

The tableau was formed as follows: Five juniors stood on the floor of the gym, in a row; their names, reading from left to right, so to speak, were as follows: Hurree Singh, Johnny Bull, Billy Bunter, Bob Cherry, and Bolsover major. Billy Bunter, it will be observed, was the central figure.

Perched upon the shoulders of these five were Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Vernon-Smith. And, on top of these three, making a third layer of humanity, as it were, stood Dick Russell and Donald Ogilvy.

Highest of all, to make the tableau complete, was little Wun Lung. The Chinese stood poised at quite a dizzy height, and it was altogether a thrilling and a breathless affair. There had been many rehearsals of the great event, and everything had gone without a hitch.

"I say, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter, bursting into Study No. 1. "I reckon our tableau will be the sensation of the term."

"Always provided you don't let us down," growled Nugent. "You'll have to stand as firm as a rock, you know. The least flutter of an eyelash, and down will come the whole blessed box of tricks!"

"Oh, really, Nugent— You know jolly well I sha'n't let you down!" said Bunter indignantly.

Frank Nugent could be excused for feeling a little anxious, for it was he who had to stand on Bunter's shoulders, while the fat junior gripped his ankles. If Bunter made a false move, or started fidgeting, Nugent would lose his balance, and the fellows above would lose theirs, also. The result would be

too dreadful to contemplate. It would be a case of—

"Frank fell down and broke his crown, And the rest came tumbling after!"

Everything had gone off splendidly at the rehearsals; but when it came to the real thing, some of the fellows were bound to feel a bit nervous. There would be two Governors looking on, to say nothing of the Mayor of Courtfield, and his majesty the Head.

"I hear that Quelch's going to take a photo of us, when we've formed the tableau," said Billy Bunter. "It ought to come out rippingly. I shall have to ask Quelch to print me a few dozen, to send round to my titled relations. What are you grinning at, Cherry?"

"Those titled relations of yours," chuckled Bob. "Yes, I know they exist all right—but only in your fertile imagination!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter snorted, and rolled out of the study in high dudgeon. He could never get anybody to believe in his titled relations, any more than they believed in his postal-order, which had been arriving ever since the Flood.

The day of the gymnastic display came round in due course, and there was great excitement in the Greyfriars Remove.

The "crowned heads" arrived, and were provided with special seats in the gym.

The tableau was the last event of all. There were boxing and wrestling and fencing contests first, followed by gymnastic stunts on the part of the school's best gymnasts. But these do not concern my story.

At last the great moment arrived. Clad in their sweaters, shorts, and rubber shoes, the members of the tableau advanced towards the middle of the gym.

Sir Timothy Topham and his colleagues craned forward eagerly, and Mr. Quelch got his camera ready for action.



The human pyramid came crashing down like a house of cards!

"This is the most thrilling event of all," murmured the Head to the gentlemen seated beside him. "I do hope everything goes without a hitch!"

The Head's hope was shared by the members of the tableau.

On the order being given by Mr. Lascelles, the human pyramid began to take shape.

The five juniors standing on the ground made stirrups of their hands, so that Wharton, Nugent, and Vernon-Smith could mount on to their shoulders.

Then Russell and Ogilvy climbed the human ladder, and took up their positions.

Last of all came Wun Lung. The little Chinese had a long way to climb, and it was a difficult and a delicate business. But Wun Lung was as agile as a monkey. He performed the feat successfully, and stood poised high above the heads of the spectators.

This was the supreme moment!

Mr. Quelch was about to click the camera, and the onlookers were on the verge of applauding, when a large fly, of the bluebottle variety, saw fit to perch itself on Billy Bunter's nose.

Bunter gave his head a slight shake, in an attempt to dislodge the intruder. But the fly clung with the tenacity of a limpet.

The fat junior could stand the tickling sensation no longer. There was only one thing for it, he reflected—to brush the fly away with his hand. He did so, releasing his grasp on Frank Nugent's ankle.

And then—down came the whole giddy box of tricks, as Bob Cherry described it afterwards.

Frank Nugent's equipose being disturbed, he swayed for one dizzy second, and then completely lost his balance.

The human pyramid came crashing down like a house of cards!

Fortunately, the gym mat was spread out on the floor, or there might have been some bones broken.

Wun Lung had the farthest to fall, and he landed on the mat with an impact which knocked all the breath out of his body.

There was a chorus of moans and groans:

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Gerroff my chest!"

"Yarooooough! I—I say, you fellows, I've fractured my spine in three places!"

Gradually the members of the tableau sorted themselves out. And the Head found it was not necessary to send for the ambulance, the juniors having escaped with bumps and bruises.

The Governors and the Mayor of Courtfield were actually smiling. But Billy Bunter didn't smile. And he smiled still less—rather an Irish way of putting it—when his indignant school-fellows bumped him afterwards.

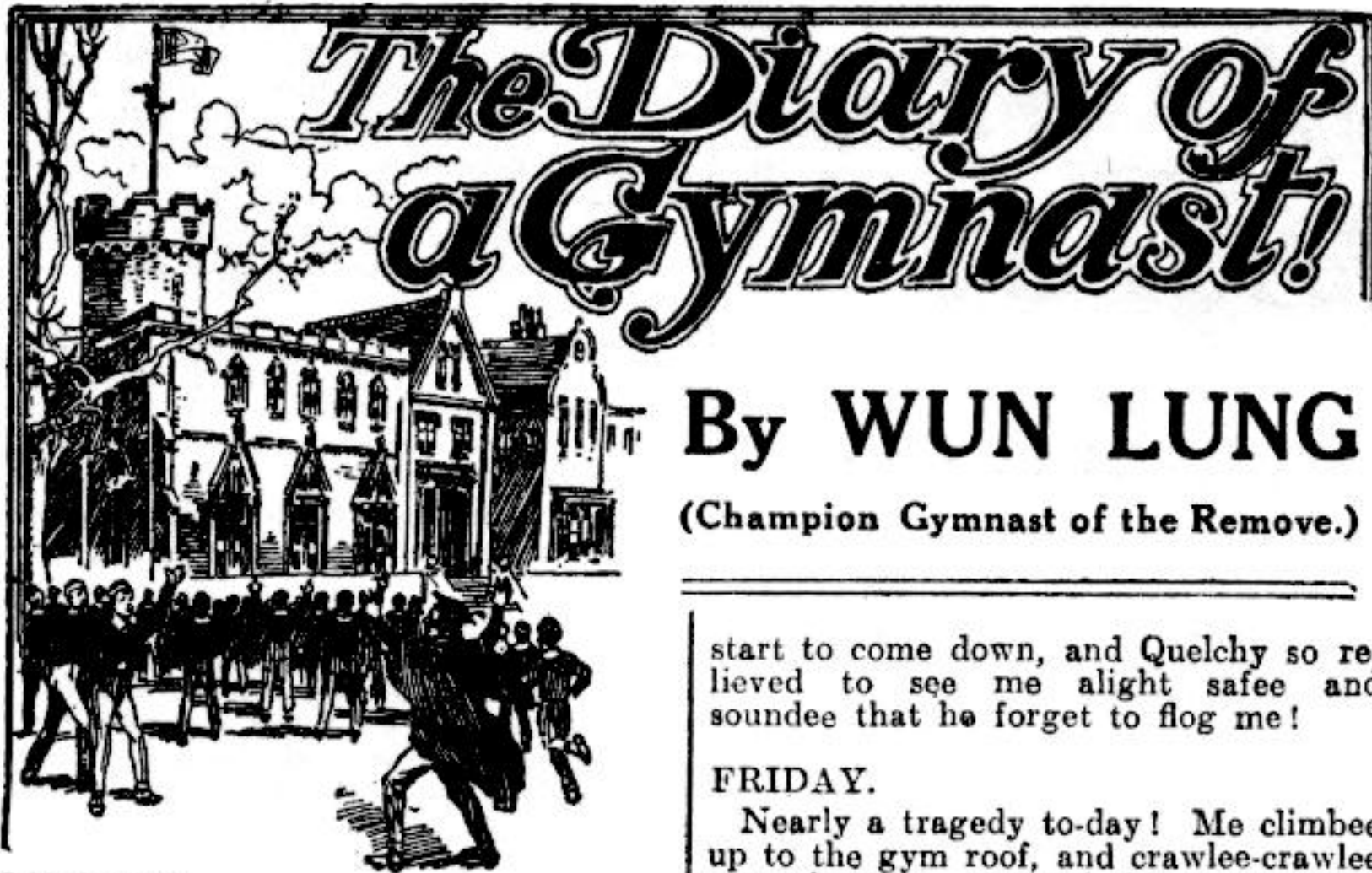
"All through a beastly bluebottle!" moaned Bunter, as he crawled away. "If only I could get hold of the pest, I—I'd pulverise it!"

But the pest in question had buzzed merrily out of the gym window ten minutes before!

THE END

(Don't miss our next supplement, chums; it's a real winner. What's the best thing to do when the country's suffering from a heat wave? You'll find the answer in our next number.—ED.)

"How To Keep Cool!" A few tips on the subject by Tom Brown.



By WUN LUNG

(Champion Gymnast of the Remove.)

MONDAY.

Me feel in the mood for gymnastics, so me suggest a game of leap-froggee in the Remove Form-room, before Quelchy come in. Half a dozen chappies formed up in a row, touching their toes, and we go leapee-leapee over their backs. When it came to my turn to clear Bol-sover major's back, he hoppee out of the way, and me go flying, to faller at the feet of Mr. Quelch, who come in at that moment. "What is the meaning of this?" he exclaim angrily. "How dare you convert the Form-room into a gymnasium? You will take a hundred lines, Wun Lung, for alighting at my feet in that precipitate manner!" Me trottee back to my place, looking very glumme. No more gymnastic adventures to-day.

TUESDAY.

Me go prancee-prancee along the passage, walking on my hands, when old Prout come along. Bumpee-bumpee! Biffie-biffie! Terrific collision! Prouty stagger back against the wall, glaring at little Wun Lung, and gasping. "How dare you come along the passage in that ridiculous manner?" he cry angrily. "Me velly solly, sir," me murmur. Prouty give me a sharp cuffee, and walk away.

WEDNESDAY.

Great Gymnastic Display at Greyfriars. Human tableau, with little Wun Lung perched on the top, three hundred feet above sea-level. The clumsy Bunter takee part in tableau, and he move at critical moment, and little Chinee come crashing down from a great height. No bones broken, me thankful to say. Little Wun Lung made of indiarubber! Me tackle Bunter afterwards, and offer to fight him, but he shakee head, and say, "No savvy!"

THURSDAY.

Little Wun Lung do a daring feat to-day. He climbee right up to the top of the flagstaff which is raised from the school tower. Scores of breathless fellows stand down below and watchee me, as I climbee-climbee, hand-over-hand. At last me reachee the top, and cling tightly, and lookee down. All the fellows seem like little black dots. Seems like being up in aeroplane. Mr. Quelch dancee about down below. He make a megaphone of his hands, and shoutee: "Come down! Come down at once! Bless my soul! The foolhardy boy will break his neck!" Little Chinee

start to come down, and Quelchy so relieved to see me alight safee and soundee that he forget to flog me!

FRIDAY.

Nearly a tragedy to-day! Me climbee up to the gym roof, and crawlee-crawlee over the tiles. Several slates gave way, and little Wun Lung lose his balance. As luck would have it, Harry Wharton & Co. stand down below, holding out the gym mat, and me faller plonk! right into the middle of it. Badly shaken up, but no bones broken. Me owe my life to the presence of mind of handsome Harry Wharton! He velly angry with me, and say: "We've had enough of your gymnastic stunts, you pigtailed heathen! Our hearts were in our mouths when you came whizzing down just now. We forbid you to get up to any more monkey tricks, and if you weren't so badly shaken, we'd jolly well bump you!"

SATURDAY.

Little Wun Lung has been put on his honour not to do any more roof-climbing; so he have to content himself with doing stunts on the trapeze in the gym. Not half so exciting as climbing flag-staffs; still, me no breakee word of honour. Only cad would do that. Me keenly looking forward to the next Gymnastic Display at Greyfriars. Little Chinee hot stuff at gymnastics. Bob Chelly say my ancestors must have been monkeys. Me regard that as insult, but Bob Chelly too big and strong for little Wun Lung to fightee!

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

A

GRAND GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

will be held in the Greyfriars Gymnasium on Wednesday Afternoon next, at 2.30.

Come and see **BILLY BUNTER** balance a jam-tart on his little toe!

Come and see **WUN LUNG**, the world's greatest gymnast, walk along on his eyelashes!

Come and see **GOSLING**, the **PORTER**, bounce along the floor with a series of double somersaults!

Reserved Seats, Twopencè. Standing Room, Nix.

ON NO ACCOUNT MUST YOU MISS THIS WONDERFUL SHOW!

Signor Roberto Cherrio, the famous Spanish Gymnast, will have charge of the proceedings.

ROLL UP IN YOUR THOUSANDS!

A Scream! "Bunter's Night Aloft!" Next Monday!

THIS WEEK'S "STRAIGHT TALK!"

By Fisher T. Fish.

SAY, bo!

Are you a hustler?
Are you a go-getter?
If not, why not?

Guess you want to carve out a niche for yourself in the temple of fame?

Well, go ahead! Deliver the goods! Get right there!

Don't dally. Don't dawdle. Don't delay. Don't be a quitter!

There is no room for quitters in these hustling, modern times.

Pull up your socks, you sleepy galoots!

Wake your ideas up!

Get things done!

Do 'em now!

Same as me!

The way to get things done quickly is to

Fill

Out

Your

Space

Like

This!

Do you get me, Steve?

(Another of Fishy's "Straight Talks" will NOT appear next week.)

THE GYMNASTIC DISPLAY!

Adapted from "The Floral Dance."

By Dick Penfold.

As I walked past the gym one night,
When all the lamps were burning bright,
Far away from the Form-room grim,
Close to the grand and stately gym

Where the Greyfriars fellows scrap,
Borne to my ears there came the noise
Made by a score of merry boys.

Sounds of fighting and sounds of cheers
Fell on my listening, eager ears
Like a mighty thunderclap!

I thought I heard the peculiar biff
Of the boxing-gloves so hard and stiff.
Fencing-foils and dumb-bells, too,
Kicked up quite a hullabaloo.
As in a trance, I heard that day
The sound of the glorious Gym Display!

And then I heard such a bustling and prancing,
And saw that the fellows were leaping and dancing.

High in the air they leapt and sprang,
And a wonderful burst of cheering rang
Through the grand old Greyfriars gym.

Many an acrobatic feat
They each performed, in manner neat.
Leaping high, and higher still,
They twisted and turned with many a thrill,
Graceful, and smart, and slim!

And still I heard the gay pat-pat
Of the canvas shoes on the wide gym mat.
And I stood and peered at the flying forms
Which seemed to spring through the air
in swarms!
And I joined in the mighty roar, "Hooray!"
That marked the close of the Gym Display!

**BUNTER'S
BARRING-OUT!**

(Continued from page 12.)

Bunter landed heavily on the gravel, and he received a jolt that shook every bone in his body.

He arose painfully and limped across the Close.

He was back at Greyfriars, like the Prodigal Son! But, unlike the Prodigal Son of ancient lore, Billy Bunter did not return penitent and seeking mercy. On the contrary, the Owl of the Remove was still full of his grievances, and he did not intend to give in!

"Beasts!" he muttered, as he crossed to the School House. "I'm not beaten yet! I'll show 'em all up! I'll stick up for my rights! Groogh! I'm terribly peckish, though. I—I think I'll get into the pantry!"

He made his way round the school pantry window. Bunter had often broken in through that window before, so it presented no difficulty to him now.

Slipping back the catch, he drew himself up, and squeezed through the window, dropping lightly into the dark pantry.

"Now for a feed!" said Billy Bunter, with the first ray of cheerfulness in his voice since leaving the sail-locker in the Sally Ann.

He found a candle, and lit it. Then William George Bunter proceeded to appease his hunger by sampling practically everything that the pantry contained.

Billy Bunter's jaws worked incessantly for over half an hour. By the time he called a halt the school matron's stock of provisions had been lessened considerably. Billy Bunter leaned back against a flour-bin, and, folding his hands across his ample waistcoat, heaved a deep, deep sigh of content.

A few minutes later a deep, resonant snore disturbed the stillness in the pantry.

William George Bunter had succumbed to the arms of Morpheus, and was fast asleep!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, the Rebel!

"GOODNESS gracious!" Mary, the housemaid at Greyfriars, gave that startled cry as she passed the pantry in the early hours of the morning. The domestic staff were early-risers. The rest of the school was still asleep.

Mary had been startled by hearing a strange noise proceeding from inside the pantry.

Snorr-rrr-rrr-rre!

Mary stood petrified with fear.

Then, with a shrill scream she ran along the passage, and collapsed in the arms of Trotter, the school page, who was coming round the corner.

"Lawks, Mary, wot's the matter!" gasped Trotter.

"Oh, Trotter, there's a ghost in the pantry!" cried Mary, in terror. "I heard it groaning and making horrible noises!"

"My heye!" ejaculated Trotter.

Trotter had a bootbrush in his hand. He had been engaged in the operation of cleaning the school boots when Mary's scream had brought him into the passage.

The page gripped his bootbrush firmly and walked along to the pantry. Mary followed at a respectful distance, trembling with fear.

Snorr-rrr-rrrre! came loudly from behind the closed door of the pantry.

Trotter gave a violent start.

"My heye! Wot was that!" he gurgled.

Mary gave another scream.

"Hark at the ghost groaning!" she cried. "Oh, Trotter, come away! The place is haunted!"

But Trotter, on the verge of running, suddenly realised what those weird noises really were.

"Why, it's someone snorin'!" gasped the astounded page.

Mary gave a louder scream.

"A burglar! Oh dear! Help! Thieves!"

And Mary ran.

Trotter plucked up courage, and banged on the pantry door with his bootbrush.

"Hi!" he said. "Who's in there?"

The snoring ceased, and there was a crash of a falling bin. The noise struck terror into Trotter's soul. He dropped the brush, and fled down the passage at top speed, fear lending him wings.

"Yaw-aw-aw!" said Billy Bunter sleepily. "What was that?"

In stretching himself, he had kicked over a tin bin.

Billy Bunter set his spectacles firmly on his snub nose, and looked round him.

"Groooogh! I'm stiff!" he grunted; and he arose and exercised his fat arms and legs to rid himself of the cramp.

The Owl of the Remove seized an apple-tart, and commenced operations upon it. He gave a deep chuckle.

"Well, here I am back at Greyfriars—and nobody knows I'm here!" he murmured. "I'm going to stick up for my rights, I am! If Quelchy catches me, or Loder, the beasts will want to give me a licking! But I'm not having any! I'm a chap of grim determination, I am! Ow! What's that?"

"That" was a fearful crash on the door.

Trotter had returned, and had brought back with him Gosling, the porter, Mible, the gardener, Mrs. Kebble, the matron, and all the domestic staff of Greyfriars.

Gosling smote the pantry door with a poker.

"Hi! Come hout, rascal!" he roared bravely.

Billy Bunter blinked at the door, which he had taken the precaution to lock the night previous. He recognised the dulcet voice of Gosling.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped the Owl of the Remove. "I'm discovered! They'll fetch Quelchy down! I—"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Which I horders you, whoever you hare, to hopen this 'ere door!" bawled Gosling.

Billy Bunter chuckled as he looked round him.

"I won't be taken!" he murmured. "I won't give myself up until I've got Quelchy's word that I shan't be punished, either by him or Loder—the rotter! I'll stop down here till they give in! I've got heaps of grub here—enough to last for weeks! He, he, he! I'm all right here, I am!"

Bang, bang, bang! came at the door.

"Bless my soul! What is the meaning of this commotion down here?"

Mr. Quelch's voice boomed out, and the school servants wheeled round.

Mr. Horace Quelch had risen early

that morning to get on with his cherished "History of Greyfriars." He had been startled to hear a disturbance from below stairs at such an early hour, and, hearing screams, had come down to investigate.

"There's a burglar in the pantry, sir!" gasped Gosling. "Which we've trapped the desprit willain and locked 'im in!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Remove master, looking thunderstruck. "A burglar in the pantry!"

He strode to the pantry door, and thumped upon it.

"Rascal! Who are you?" he rapped.

"It's only me, sir!" came Billy Bunter's voice cheerfully, if ungrammatically, through the keyhole.

Mr. Quelch almost fell down.

"Bless my soul! Bunter!" he exclaimed faintly. "Bunter! It is you!"

"Yes, sir. I've returned to demand my rights!" said the Owl from inside the pantry.

"Goodness gracious! The boy has come back!" gurgled Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you troublesome, rebellious little rascal, come out of there this minute!"

"No fear!" said Billy Bunter defiantly. "Not till I've got my rights!"

"What—what! Boy, you defy me!" cried the astounded Remove master.

"If I come out of here, you'll lick me, won't you, sir?" demanded Billy Bunter.

"Bless my soul! I shall certainly see that you are punished most severely for the trouble you have been causing these last two days, you wretched boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch harshly.

"Well, I'm not coming out of here until you've promised to let me off!"

"Boy, how dare you presume to dictate to me in that audacious manner?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"I mean it!" said Billy Bunter calmly. "You and Loder and the rest of the beasts are too fond of bullying me! Life is unbearable with you! That's why I ran away! But I have decided to return, on condition that you agree not to punish me, and that you promise to see that Loder doesn't lick me!"

Mr. Quelch fell back from the pantry door, amazed.

"Bunter! How dare you—how dare you!" he almost shouted. "You are making matters worse for yourself by your amazing audacity and insolence! Come out of there this minute, or I shall seek measures to have you forcibly removed!"

"Oh, rats!" said Billy Bunter defiantly. "Get me out, if you can!"

"Bunter!"

"Yah! Go and eat coke! I'm not coming out till I'm pardoned."

Mr. Quelch bristled with wrath. He thumped on the door and strode up and down the passage. Gosling, and Mible, and Trotter also thumped on the door, but all to no avail.

Billy Bunter sat on a bread bin and munched an apple-pie. He felt quite secure in the pantry. It was, to Billy Bunter, an ideal place for a barring-out!

Mr. Quelch left soon afterwards, and strode upstairs in great wrath.

The rising-bell rang out, and Harry Wharton & Co. in the Remove dormitory tumbled up.

"Bunter hasn't come back, then!" said Bob Cherry, glancing towards the Owl's empty bed. "I wonder where he really is? I don't believe he's dead!"

"Bunter wouldn't die so easily!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Going downstairs, the Removites met Trotter.

Don't forget—Monday is MAGNET DAY!

The page was looking very excited. "Excuse me, young gents," he said. "Did you know that Master Bunter has come back?"

The chums of the Remove gasped. They looked at Trotter in astonishment. "Bunter back!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "When—where—why?"

"He's in the pantry, and he won't come out!" said Trotter. "I think he's been there all night, too."

"Great pip!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Bunter's back!" yelled a score of voices.

"Bunter isn't dead!"

"He's in the pantry—the fat spoofer!"

A rush was made downstairs. Harry Wharton & Co., and Peter Todd, and Bolsover major led the way.

Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, Coker, Potter, Greene, and Blundell, of the Fifth, and Loder, Carne, and Walker, of the Sixth, were already outside the pantry door.

"Where's Bunter?" roared Peter Todd. "Let's hear his voice once again! Bunter! Bunter! Are you there?"

A fat chuckle came from inside the pantry.

"Yes, I'm here, Peter—he, he, he!" replied Billy Bunter. "Didn't you have a scare yesterday? Thought I was drowned, didn't you?"

"No such luck!" snorted Peter Todd. "You'd be as difficult to get rid of as a cat with nine lives, you fat spoofer!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Where've you been?" howled Peter Todd through the keyhole.

"Where did you get to after you fell overboard, Bunter?" exclaimed Harry Wharton indignantly.

"He, he, he!" came from the other side of the closed door. "That's telling, isn't it, you fellows? He, he, he!"

"You—you—you—"

"Can't someone break this door down?" roared Loder, looking round furiously. "If I lay hands on that little toad—"

"Yah! Go and eat coke, Loder!" yelled Billy Bunter defiantly. "You're the cause of all this! If it hadn't been for you I shouldn't have run away! I'm here to demand my rights. Yah!"

"Get a form from the kitchen," commanded Loder in a voice that was tremulous with rage. "We'll soon have the fat little sweep out of here!"

A form was fetched and grasped in many hands. It was turned towards the pantry door and brought forward violently.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

The door shivered under the terrific impact.

Billy Bunter jumped up in alarm. "Here, I say, you fellows—" he roared.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

"Yow! You'll have the door down in a minute—"

"That's what we're banging at it for, Bunter!" came Peter Todd's voice from outside. "Heave-ho, my hearties!"

Crash! Thud! Wallop!

Billy Bunter scuttled round the pantry and gathered up bins and boxes. He dumped them as quickly as he could in front of the door.

Crash! Crash!

The door was a stout oak one, but it would not withstand the onslaughts much longer.

"Yow! Hark at 'em! The beasts!" gasped the rebel, blinking round him through his spectacles. "I— Oh, I'll drive 'em off!"

Billy Bunter suddenly had an idea. He seized a large tin containing pepper from the top shelf of the pantry, and then, clambering up on the barricade he had made against the door, reached up and glared down through the fanlight.

Loder was supervising operations, and Peter Todd, and Bolsover major, and several others were battering at the door with the form. Harry Wharton & Co. were standing by, grinning.

"Beasts!" muttered Billy Bunter, removing the lid of the pepper-tin. "Now I'll show 'em!"

The fellows in the passage outside did not see the Owl of the Remove looking through the fanlight.

Billy Bunter inverted the tin of pepper over their heads.

Swoosh!

"My hat! Wh-what the dickens!" gasped Peter Todd, looking up with a start. "The idiot's chucking things at us through the fanlight! I— Oh! Yah! Groogh! Ah-ti-shoo!"

Peter broke off and gave vent to a mighty sneeze.

The pepper soon got to work among the fellows in the passage. A chorus of

weird, gasping gurgles arose, followed by a chorus of sneezes.

"Yah! Ooogh! Atchoo!"

"Atchoo! Choo! Choo!"

"Yerrugh! Gug! Gug! Ah-ti-shoo!"

The fellows holding the form dropped it in their wild paroxysms of sneezing. The pepper got into their eyes and down their throats and into their nostrils.

The passage re-echoed with sounds of sneezing.

"Oh, crumbs! Atchoo! Groogh! The little blighter!" gurgled Harry Wharton, clasping a handkerchief to his nose. "He's slung a tin of pepper through the fanlight! Yah! Gerrugh! Ah-ti-shoo!"

"Yurrrugh!" gurgled Loder, who was quite doubled up with sneezing. "The atchoo—fat little cad—choo! Oooooogh!"

"He, he, he!" roared Billy Bunter from the other side of the door.

There was the rustling of a gown near the stairs, and Mr. Quelch arrived upon the scene.

"Boys! Whatever is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Bless my soul! I— Yah! Ooogh! Atchoo! Groogh! Ah-ti-shooogh! Choo! Dear me! There is—gerrugh—pepper in the atmosphere—Choo, choo!"

Mr. Quelch sneezed away heartily with the rest, and his eyes streamed with water.

The Remove master staggered to the pantry door.

"Bunter! Atchoo! Bunter. I—"

Swooooooosh!

Another avalanche came from the fanlight of the pantry door. This time Billy Bunter was emptying the flour bin upon the avengers outside.

The flour came down in a white torrent, and it fairly deluged Mr. Quelch, and smothered everybody else.

"Yah! Bless my soul! Yerrrrugh!" gurgled Mr. Quelch. "Bunter," he spluttered, "have you—grooogh!—taken leave of your senses, boy? How dare you behave like this? You shall suffer—yowp!—severely for this!"

"Rats!" roared the Owl of the Remove defiantly. "I'm sticking out for my rights! I'll stay here till the Head comes back! I've got plenty of ammunition here, see! Yah!"

There was no help for it. Mr. Quelch ordered a retreat, and he followed the departing juniors, bestowing a grim glare upon Billy Bunter, who was still looking threateningly through the fanlight.

And Billy Bunter, left alone in his fort, chuckled deeply. He was beginning to enjoy his lapse into lawlessness.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, the Hero!

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER held out in the pantry all that day, and all the efforts of Mr. Quelch, the prefects, and Harry Wharton & Co. to shift him out were unavailing.

During morning lessons, when hardly anybody was about, he broke out of the pantry and, roaming in the school, obtained several things that he needed for the continuation of his barring-out. He obtained a complete change of clothing, and some cooking utensils, besides carrying out a raid on the studies in the Remove passage and plundering quite a good deal of tuck.

This new side to the complex character of the great W. G. created animated discussion amongst the juniors,

BOXING

BEST BOYS' BOOKS

SCHOOL

THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

Fourpence per Volume.

- No. 669.—**THE VENGEANCE OF THE TONG.**
A Real Tip-top Thriller of Roving Adventure in Foreign Lands.
- No. 670.—**THE FOURTH MAC.**
A Superb School Tale of Jimmy Mack & Co. at Haygarth. By JACK NORTH. Author of "Alexander the Great," "A Troubled Term," etc., etc.
- No. 671.—**THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK.**
A Breezy Nautical Yarn of Dare-devil Adventure at Sea. By STANTON HOPE.
- No. 672.—**RENEGADE CAMP.**
A Full-of-Punch Story of Boxing and Lumber Camp Life. By ERIC W. TOWNSEND. Author of "Outlaws of the Yukon," "The Man from Brooding Wild," etc., etc.

THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY.

Fourpence Per Volume.

- No. 287.—**THE OUTLAW OF YUGO-SLAVIA.**
A Tale of Sexton Blake and Tinker, introducing GRANITE GRANT (King's Spy) and MILE JULIE.
- No. 288.—**DOWN EAST; or, Tracked Through the Slums.**
A Tale of Sexton Blake, Tinker, and a Novelist in Thrilling Phases of Life and Adventure in East London.
- No. 289.—**THE GREAT REVUE MYSTERY; or, The Fourth Wall.**
A Romance of the Stage and Detective Adventure, involving a Threefold Mystery.
- No. 290.—**THE LAST CLUE.**
A Fascinating Story of Baffling Mystery and Clever Deduction. By the Author of "The Case of the 'Wizard' Jockey," etc., etc.

MYSTERY

NOW ON SALE!

ADVENTURE

Start reading the thrilling story of mystery and adventure—

but everybody agreed that it would go very hard with William George Bunter when at last he did surrender!

Billy Bunter, however, was a short-sighted youth, in more senses than one. He thought only of the present, and not of what was coming after.

So he held out cheerfully in the pantry and took things easy, and ate and drank all day to his heart's content.

Evening came on, and then night, and Billy Bunter's barring-out was still going strong.

"Br-r-r!" grunted the Owl of the Remove, as he lit another candle and tackled a bag of cream puffs raided from Study No. 1. "It's jolly cold down here to-night! Wish I had a decent bed! Grooogh! Oh! Hallo!"

Tap, tap!
"Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch's voice from outside the pantry door.

"Yes, sir?"
"It is nearly ten o'clock, and you are still here!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Do you seriously intend spending another night down here?"

"Yes—I'm staying on here till I get justice!" snorted Billy Bunter. "I'm not going to be bullied any more by you or Loder, so there! Yah!"

"You—you insolent boy!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, I am beginning to doubt your sanity! Are you aware that Dr. Locke will be returning to-morrow, and that if he finds you still proceeding with this ridiculous farce he will take a most serious view of the matter?"

"Oh, rot!" came the defiant reply. "The Head will listen to reason. I'll show you and Loder up, and get my rights! You're frightened I shall make things hot for you with the Head, aren't you? He, he, he!"

"Bunter! How dare you be so insolent!" thundered Mr. Quelch angrily. "Really, you are a most preposterous young rascal! I shall now wash my hands of the matter and leave it for Dr. Locke to deal with when he returns to Greyfriars!"

Billy Bunter chuckled as he heard the Remove master stamp away.

"Quelch's got the wind up—he, he, he!" he murmured. "I'll make all the beasts sit up soon! He, he, he! I'm determined this time, I am!"

As the night wore on, however, Billy Bunter felt chilled down there in his lonely fort. A cold wind was blowing up from the sea—and the pantry was well ventilated, as all good pantries should be.

"Grooogh!" murmured Billy Bunter. "I'm cold! All the beasts are in bed now. I—I think I'll go out and scrounge some blankets!"

The clock in the ancient school tower chimed eleven-thirty, and the shivering Owl arose and clambered cautiously out of the pantry window.

Not a soul was about, not a sound disturbed the black stillness of the night.

Billy Bunter scuttled round the School House and got in, via the lower box-room window. The passages were dark and deserted, and silent as the grave. He made his way silently to the Remove passage and cautiously opened the door.

All was dark within, and sounds of steady slumber greeted his ears.

Billy Bunter chuckled softly and rolled in. He found his own bed in the dark and carefully removed the blankets and a pillow. Then, moving with infinite stealth and caution, he crept out again loaded with the raided bedclothes, closed the door behind him, and made his way back along the corridor.



Wingate stopped and gasped when he saw a figure enveloped in a blanket, sprawled on the floor, with Billy Bunter scrambling on top of it. The "swag" lying about the floor told its own tale. Bunter had captured a burglar! (See Chapter 10.)

Suddenly the fat junior came to a halt and listened intently.

Footsteps echoed along the passage!
"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunter, blinking along the gloomy corridor. "I'm being followed! Someone's after me—Loder, perhaps, or Quelch, or—Peter, or one of the other beasts! Yow! I—I won't be caught! I'm desperate!"

Billy Bunter was very desperate indeed. He crouched low in an alcove in the wall and waited, scarcely daring to breathe, while the other person crept up.

The footsteps gradually came nearer, and Billy Bunter found himself gaining in confidence. He gave a soft chuckle and raised aloft one of the blankets he had raided from the Remove dormitory.

"Now!" he muttered to himself.

The unknown marauder rounded the corner and, as he passed the alcove, Billy Bunter brought down the blanket suddenly on his head, completely enveloping him.

There was a muffled gurgle and a crash, and Billy Bunter's victim collapsed with a clatter on the floor.

"Yerrugh! Yah! Grooogh!"

Next minute the fat, heavy bulk of Billy Bunter descended on the fallen one, rendering him quite powerless to get up.

"Got you!" chuckled the Owl of the Remove softly, as he fastened the blanket tight round his victim's neck. "Thought you'd catch me napping, didn't you? He, he, he! I caught you napping instead, and— Oh crumbs!

My word! It isn't one of the beasts, after all!"

Billy Bunter started back in amazement on seeing his victim's legs protruding from underneath the blanket. The moonlight, streaming in at the window, revealed a pair of legs draped in a pair of rough, corduroy trousers and rubber-soled boots!

"Yerrugh! Gerroff! I'm being choked! Yah!" came in gurgling tones from under the blanket.

It was a man's voice!

Then, to Bunter's further surprise, he saw a large sack lying on the floor near by. The sack mouth was open, and inside Billy Bunter could just see the football shield which the first Eleven had won last season, and some of the valuable school plate.

"Mum-my hat!" gasped the junior. "I—I've caught a burglar!"

The great truth dawned upon him suddenly, and Billy Bunter was amazed. Thinking that he was being stalked by one of his enemies, the Owl had bravely captured a burglar who was on his way out of Greyfriars with the school plate and other swag!

"Wow-wow-wow-ow-ow!" gurgled the luckless burglar, whose head was completely bound up in the blanket. Take-it-off! Grooogh! I'm choking! Yah! I'll come quietly. Lemme head loose!"

Billy Bunter sat there gasping, undecided whether to run or stay there.

If he had known previously that there was a burglar coming down that corridor, he would have run for his life! But, acting under a misapprehension,

—"The Golden Buddha!" in the "Boys' Friend." It's a stunner!

he had captured the burglar and the swag single-handed!

"Great Scott! What's the matter here?"

It was Wingate's voice. The captain of the Sixth, roused from his sleep by the sound of the burglar's fall and the scuffle that followed, had left his bedroom to find out the meaning of the midnight disturbance.

He carried a lamp, and its yellow light revealed an amazing scene in the lower corridor.

Wingate stopped and gasped when he saw the strange man, enveloped in a blanket, sprawled on the floor, with Billy Bunter sitting on top of him, and a sack lying near by!

"Bunter!" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain. "What the dickens—"

"I've captured a desperate burglar, Wingate!" said Billy Bunter, blinking. "Terrific rascal he is, too! Alone I did it! Here is the swag! I—"

"Bunter! Now I've got the little rotter!"

Loder came bounding along the passage in his dressing-gown. He did not stop to ask any questions. He made a grab at William George Bunter and hauled him up by the scruff of his neck.

"Yarooogh! Yah! Wow! Stop it! Help! Ow-wow-wow!" wailed Billy Bunter, as Loder shook him. "Really Loder, I— Wow-ow! Help!"

"Caught at last, you young cad!" grated Loder, between his teeth. "Now you shall smart for the tricks you've been up to lately! I—"

"Look out!" shouted Wingate suddenly. "The burglar's escaping!"

The burglar, taking advantage of the removal of Billy Bunter from his person, had flung the blanket from him and jumped up.

He was wearing a mask!

Wingate sprang forward and closed with the rascal.

There was a short, fierce struggle, but help was at hand. A number of Sixth Formers, and Coker and Blundell of the Fifth came along, and they laid hold of the burglar and soon overpowered him.

He was trussed up in the blanket and flung to the floor.

Wingate picked up the sack and examined its contents.

He gave a whistle.

"Whew! He must have cleaned out the Head's room of everything—besides our cup and other trophies!" he said. "Thank goodness we've got it back, or the rotter would have got away with a haul worth a thousand quid at least!"

"Yow-wow-wow-wow!" wailed Billy Bunter. "Rescue, Wingate! Yarooogh!"

Loder held Billy Bunter by his fat ear and was tweaking it viciously.

Bunter's yells rang out stridently through the night; doors banged open everywhere, and startled fellows came forth to see what was happening.

Harry Wharton & Co., and a whole host of Removites crowded into the corridor.

They all gazed spellbound at the scene before them.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry. "So Bunter's caught at last!"

"Yes, and Wingate's caught a burglar, too, by the look of it!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What's happened, Wingate?"

Wingate explained quietly.

A chorus of amazed, incredulous gasps arose.

"Bunter caught a burglar!" gurgled Bob Cherry faintly.

"Unaided and alone!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Impossible!" said Peter Todd. "Bunter would run a mile from a burglar! Must be some mistake, Wingate!"

"I tell you I caught the burglar!" howled Billy Bunter wrathfully. "I say, you fellows, I'm going to get the credit for this! I raided these bed-clothes from my bed in the Remove dorm—"

"You—you spoofer!"

"And as I was coming down here I heard the burglar coming. I thought I was being followed by one of you chaps and went for him—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I knew he was a burglar as soon as I saw him, of course!" said Billy Bunter. "I stood in his path and challenged him. He flew at me with murder in his eyes—"

"Oh, Jeminy!"

"And a terrific fight ensued!" Billy Bunter spoke dramatically. "We fought like demons. He's a strong brute, but I gradually gained the mastery. My thoughts were not for my own safety, but for the school valuables!"

"Oh, draw it mild, Bunter!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

The fellows of Greyfriars chuckled as Bunter continued to give a glowing account of what he, in his fertile imagination, really believed to have been a terrible struggle with the burglar. In the midst of Bunter's tale, Mr. Quelch strode along the passage.

He was amazed at the scene before him. Still further amazed was he when he heard Bunter's and Wingate's account of what had happened.

The Remove master looked from Bunter to the burglar, and then back again at Bunter.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "This—this is almost unbelievable! So, Bunter, you left the pantry to seek bed-clothes, and had an encounter with this rascal! You have saved the school valuables! Dear me! I had no idea you were such a brave and resourceful youth! Loder, there is no necessity for you to tweak Bunter's ear in that vicious manner! Bunter, you will not be allowed to re-enter the pantry! You must now surrender to the authority you have been setting at defiance for so long!"

The Owl of the Remove blinked nervously at Mr. Quelch.

"I—I say, sir, I'm not going to be punished, am I?" he stuttered. "I've been through enough! I demand justice! I—"

"You will receive justice, have no fear of that, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch quietly. "I am having nothing more to do with the matter, but will place it entirely into Dr. Locke's hands in the morning. I have no doubt, Bunter, that he will take into account the service you have rendered Greyfriars tonight, when passing judgment on you for your misdeeds. Boys, return to your beds. Bunter, you will go to your bed in the Remove dormitory. I will telephone to the police to come and apprehend the rascal!"

The boys dispersed to their dormitories. Billy Bunter gathered up his bedclothes and rolled away with Harry Wharton & Co. to the Remove dormitory.

"Bunter's caught a burglar!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Well, chaps, that takes the cake! Wonders will never cease! What silly chump said that the age of miracles was past?"

"Oh, really Cherry, you beast—"

"It was a fluke!" said Peter Todd, looking severely at Bunter. "Own up, Bunter, that you nabbed that burglar in mistake!"

"I—I won't!" roared Billy Bunter wrathfully. "I knew he was a burglar, I tell you! I didn't think it was Mr. Quelch, or Loder, or one of you! The idea never entered my head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.

"Well, it's lucky for you, Bunter, that things have turned out as they have!" said Harry Wharton. "You couldn't have held out in the pantry much longer. And you would have been scalped by the Head! He'll probably let you off a lot for capturing the giddy burglar. But you're bound to get a licking!"

"Yow! Do you really think so, Wharton?"

"I do!" said the Remove captain solemnly. "In fact, we've a good mind to bump you for the trouble you have caused us lately."

"Beasts!"

Billy Bunter rolled hastily into bed, and the Removites chuckled.

Soon, quiet settled on the Remove dormitory, and once more the night stillness in there was disturbed by the untuneful snore of William George Bunter.

Dr. Locke arrived back at Greyfriars early next morning, and he listened to Mr. Quelch's account of Billy Bunter's escapade in amazement. Still further amazed was he when he heard of how Billy Bunter had been caught, and the episode of how he had caught the burglar.

A further surprise awaited the school when news came from Courtfield that the man Billy Bunter had caught was none other than the notorious cracksmen and footpad who had been ravaging the neighbourhood for so long, and whom Bunter himself had impersonated on that memorable occasion when he had robbed Sammy of Loder's tuck.

The Head summoned Billy Bunter to him, and the Owl of the Remove was alone with him in his dread apartment for nearly an hour.

"Bunter, I have considered all the misdemeanours of which you have been guilty during my absence, and I do not hesitate to say that in the ordinary way you would have been punished most

(Continued on page 26, col. 2.)



A FREE CAMERA FOR YOU

See this week's

BOYS' CINEMA

The great weekly cinema adventure paper for boys. On sale every Wednesday. Make sure of this week's fine issue NOW.

The Case of the Coiner!



RILEY

A further episode in the adventurous career of Ferrers Locke—the famous scientific investigator—dealing with the tracking down of a gang of coiners who have long defied the efforts of the police to place them in the dock.

Told by

OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

On the Track of the Coiner!

"PHEW!" That burly and red-faced ornament of Scotland Yard, Inspector Pycroft, stopped and puffed from his exertions. It was a sultry day in June, and Pycroft had just climbed the flight of stairs at the residence of Ferrers Locke, at Baker Street.

The door of the consulting-room was thrown open, and Ferrers Locke himself, together with his young assistant, Jack Drake, emerged, and heartily greeted their old friend.

"Come into the consulting-room and make yourself at home, Pycroft," said Locke cheerfully. "You look worried. Have the newspapers been guying the Yard again?"

The burly inspector sank into an arm-chair, and accepted the cigar which Locke offered him.

"Yes, drat 'em!" he growled. "I guess you know that the country has been flooded of late with dud money. Most of the spurious coins are excellent imitations of florins or half-crowns. So cunningly are the duds made, though, that it is only in the chemical laboratory that they can be distinguished from the genuine articles. These wretched newspapers keep calling on the police to arrest the coiner or coiners. But it's a jolly sight easier to advise than to do the job."

"Still, the papers are only doing their job of looking after the public's interest. If the work's as clever as you say, you can surely trace it to one or another of the crooks of which you have records?"

"There's someone new on the lay," said the inspector; "and someone who's a born genius at the game, too, in my opinion. There's only one man known to the Yard who ever could have done work like this, and he's dead."

"You mean Gentleman Petrie?"

"Exactly, Mr. Locke. Old Simon Petrie, or Gentleman Petrie as they used to call him, was the prince of

coiners. But its sixteen or seventeen years since Petrie died. After serving a term in Portland he went potty, and died in an asylum. Queer how he ever came to take up coining as a profession, for he was a man of independent means."

"He was a very interesting study," murmured Ferrers Locke. "I've got all the records of Petrie's stormy career. Drake, my boy, hand me that blue-covered book from the end of the top shelf of the bookcase."

Jack Drake fetched the book, and Locke looked up the amazing records of the career of Gentleman Petrie.

"It was a clear case of heredity," remarked the famous private sleuth, looking up. "The taint of crime and lunacy runs back for generations in the family. Yet the Petries seem to have been extraordinarily clever in some ways. The Gentleman himself was a queer mixture."

"No," murmured Pycroft, thoughtfully. "I suppose he couldn't help that criminal trait any more'n a bit of gorgonzola can help being green in parts."

Locke and Drake laughed.

"What beautiful similes you think of, Pycroft," said the sleuth in mock admiration. "But seriously, old man, have you ever considered that Gentleman Petrie had a son? Is there not just a possibility that young Petrie may be following in his father's footsteps?"

The inspector blew out his cheeks and grunted like a stranded grampus.

"Phsaw!" he said. "There's nothing in that notion—nothing at all. Young Petrie, indeed! Why, Vincent Petrie was only five years old when the Gentleman died. The boy was taken to the United States. And there he is to this day."

"Perhaps!" murmured Locke. "But according to the records in this little book of mine, Gentleman Petrie left a rather curious will. He left his son a considerable sum of money, but on the

condition that the lad did not turn his hand to coining himself until he was the age of twenty-one. But the will was so curiously worded that it was almost an incitement to young Vincent Petrie to follow in his father's footsteps when he had come of age. And Vincent Petrie came of age last year."

"H'm! That's interesting," said Pycroft, "but not important. But you must excuse my staying longer, Mr. Locke. I thought I'd just drop round and see you after your Spanish tour. And, bless me, I nearly forgot! I wish to ask you and Drake to come and dine with me at my place in West Norwood this evening."

"Delighted!" said Locke.

"Good! I shall expect you both at about seven o'clock. And if, in the meantime, you can lay your hands on that coiner who's given the Yard so much trouble, Mr. Locke, you'll earn the gratitude of yours truly."

Locke laughed at the inspector's joking remark.

"Right-ho!" he said cheerily. "If we bump up against the coiner we'll take him by the coat-collar and whistle for you."

After the Scotland Yard man had been shown out Ferrers Locke looked at Drake with a twinkle in his keen grey eyes.

"Wouldn't it be a joke, my boy," he said, "if we accepted Pycroft's laughing challenge, and found the coiner, or coiners, for him?"

"My aunt, it would, sir!"

"Well, I've just read something in one of the cuttings in this book which gives me a notion. There is undoubtedly the 'Petrie touch' about the present coining activities. The dud coins being produced at present are as perfect in their way as the ones that Gentleman Petrie himself produced. But Gentleman Petrie is dead."

"Then you think, sir, that his son—"

"I think there is a possibility that Vincent Petrie, the son, may have come

Who is the thief in Scotland Yard?

back to this country, and has taken to the old man's profession. It's bred in the bone. Of course, it is only a very faint chance. But when one has no clues whatever to go upon, it is best to seize and test any possibility which presents itself."

"What do you propose to do, sir?"

Ferrers Locke indicated the open page of the book on his knees.

"A cutting here reminds me that in the early days Gentleman Petrie employed a nurse named Rose Grayling. This woman looked after young Vincent Petrie until he was about seven years old. She was extremely devoted to the boy. I remember that when Vincent was taken abroad by a relative, she married a man called Berlander, who kept a tobacconist's shop in Woolwich. It is all pretty clear in my mind, for I was once instrumental in getting Berlander put away for a year for receiving stolen goods. However, he has never fallen foul of the law since, so it is possible he is back at his old place in Woolwich. Despite his one lapse, he was a regular stick-in-the-mud."

"I see the idea, sir," said Drake. "You think that Mrs. Berlander, who had been the nurse of Vincent Petrie, might have kept in touch with the fellow?"

"Yes; and we may be able to find out his whereabouts from her if we are tactful in our questionings. But, come, let us take the trip to Woolwich. We can get back in good time for tea."

Before setting forth, both the sleuth and his young assistant put on some old clothes and pulled greasy caps down on their eyes. Proceeding by train and tram, they reached the road in which Berlander had kept his tobacconist's shop. The shop was there still, and a passer-by, in response to a query, informed the detective that "Berlander and his missus" still ran the place.

Locke led the way into the shop, and asked for a couple of ounces of a certain brand of tobacco. It was Mrs. Berlander herself who served him, and, as fortune would have it, the old lady was in one of her voluble moods. In paying for his purchase, Locke rang half-a-crown on the counter.

"I expect that's a good 'un," he remarked jovially. "It's difficult to tell duds nowadays, an' I hear say there's a good number about. These modern coiner chaps are a mighty heap smarter than the old-timers—eh?"

"Don't you believe it!" replied Mrs. Berlander, with a knowing smile. "I ought to know somethin' about it, seein' as I worked for the best chap as ever turned out a dud florin—Gentleman Petrie! There was a coiner for you, if you like!"

There was pride in the woman's tone, and Locke raised his eyebrows in feigned surprise.

"Golly!" he muttered. "Gentleman Petrie—eh? I've heard tell of him. You helped him make the coin, ma'am, maybe?"

"Not me," said the woman. "Fact is," she added confidentially, "I didn't know the Gentleman was a coiner until arter he was put away. I was the nurse to his son."

And, finding that her customers were willing listeners, Mrs. Berlander went on to tell of the old coiner and his baby son, and her own experiences as a nurse.

"I never knew such a child as young Vincent Petrie in me life!" said Mrs. Berlander. "Allus gettin' into hot water he was. If it hadn't been for me

and the constant care I give him, he'd have come to an early end, I can tell you. Why, one day he was toddling ahead of me in the Old Kent Road, when an iron bar fell from a top floor of a building which was bein' put up! I dragged him back, and the bar missed his head by an inch. But the end of it went clean through his right foot. Vincent Petrie's got the scar to this day!"

"Then you've seen him lately, ma'am," murmured Ferrers Locke, lighting his pipe. "Thought you told us he went abroad?"

"So he did," replied the voluble woman. "But, you see, Vincent Petrie

—"

She stopped short, and all three became aware of a bullnecked, elderly man scowling at them from a narrow doorway at the back of the premises. It was Berlander, the husband of the woman.

Stepping forward, he grasped his better half by the arm.

"What are they wantin' to know?" he demanded roughly.

"We was talkin' about Vincent Petrie an'—"

"Vincent Petrie! D'you know who that taller one is? Ferrers Locke, the 'tec who had me put away for receivin'!"

"Ferrers Locke!"

The woman spat the name out as though it had been poison in her mouth. Then, coming from behind the counter, followed by her husband, she rolled off a string of abuse against "spies and narks," which caused Locke and Drake to edge towards the door.

There were some burly, uncouth men leaning against a wall near the little tobacconist's shop. They caught the name of the famous sleuth as it rolled from the woman's mouth, mingled with a number of uncomplimentary expressions. Immediately, they moved threateningly towards Locke and the boy, for more than one of these loafers had ample cause for hating the great crook-hunter.

The loungers closed round the pair, and one of them shot out his foot to trip up the detective. Locke hopped over the outstretched leg, and ducked to avoid a swishing blow with a belt which another rogue had taken from his waist to use as a weapon. Next instant the sleuth's left shot out like a piston-rod, and the tough went reeling into the gutter with a broken jaw.

Berlander and his buxom wife took no part in the conflict. They kept just outside the danger-zone, and lent vocal encouragement to the toughs. There were at least half a dozen of the hooligans, but Locke and Drake fought like tigers. Several other people in the street, attracted by the fight, came running up.

"M-my aunt!" gasped Drake, as he side-stepped to avoid a right swing. "Wh-what about beating it?"

It seemed the wisest thing to do, but it was not so easy to shake off the thoroughly enraged toughs. Locke made no reply. He was too busy.

Diving down, he tackled an antagonist round the waist, swung the man from his feet, and sent him hurtling against one of the other hooligans. Then, seizing the brief respite, the sleuth drew a whistle from his pocket, and blew a shrill blast on it.

As though the note held some strange magic of its own, the toughs wavered. Then, turning to their heels, they fled down the street.

The spectators melted away like snow in a hot sun, and Berlander and his spouse beat a hasty retreat to their shop. No member of the official police force appeared on the scene in response to the summons, however, but Locke did not mind that.

He had succeeded in his object of putting the wind up the cowardly hooligans, and he and Drake rapidly moved away from this unhealthy district before any other trouble should befall them.

"Phew! We're well out of that scrape, my boy!" smiled the sleuth. "But for Berlander having butted in when he did we might have learned a deal more from that voluble female. I admit I did not expect he could recognise me after all these years. But come, let us hurry home to change. We dine with our old friend Pycroft this evening."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Man with the Scar!

PROMPTLY at seven o'clock that evening, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake were at the front door of Inspector Pycroft's homely residence in West Norwood.

They were admitted by the house-keeper, and Pycroft himself came into the hall to greet them.

"I hope you don't mind," whispered the inspector to them; "I have another guest to-night. He is in the dining-room now. He's a young chap named Arthur Raynes, fairly well-to-do, and the proprietor of a pewter factory in Camberwell, and owns a nice house down Beckenham way. Fact is, though," added Pycroft, even more confidentially, "that, whereas this chap Raynes makes pewter pots and so forth, he also does some mighty useful work for the Yard as a police spy."

"We shall have quite a professional little gathering at the dinner-table, then!" said Locke, with a chuckle.

Entering the dining-room, the two visitors were introduced to Raynes, who proved to be a good-looking, pleasant-mannered man in the early twenties.

"By the way, Pycroft," said Ferrers Locke, as they sat down to the meal, "Drake and I made an effort this afternoon to discover the whereabouts of old Petrie's son. We only succeeded in falling foul of half a dozen of the toughest toughs in Woolwich, though, I'm afraid."

Although he was speaking to his host he happened to notice the expression of Arthur Raynes from the corner of his eye. A flash of fear and astonishment showed on the fellow's face, but it was gone almost before Locke had time to wonder at the cause.

The inspector made some joking remark, and Locke made Drake narrate the story of the scrap with the toughs near the tobacconist's shop.

Soon Raynes changed the topic of conversation, but on two or three occasions Locke fancied that the police spy was regarding him with no favourable eye. Nevertheless, he agreed with almost everything that Locke said, and evinced great enthusiasm when the famous sleuth mentioned that he was keenly interested in old pewter.

"I've a grand collection of pewter at my place, The Nook," said Raynes, with the pride of a collector. "I wish you and Drake had time to run down and see it. I could put you up for the night. I live a lonely sort of existence, and I

You'll find the answer in our next long complete detective yarn!

should be jolly glad of some cheery company."

"Thanks!" said Locke. "We'll run down some time."

"I'm going abroad shortly," said Raynes. "Come along down with me to-night. We can run round to your place in a taxi and pick up your gear and easily catch the late train to Beckenham."

Raynes was so pressing in his invitation that the tinge of distrust which Locke had entertained towards him returned with renewed strength. The man was a police spy, so Pycroft had said, and Locke was not anxious to make too close an acquaintance with any of that kidney. Yet there was something about Raynes' manner which made the detective wish to see more of him. So, without even consulting Drake, he accepted the man's invitation.

"You're a lucky dog, Locke, to be able to take these little jaunts!" said Pycroft enviously. "I've got to spend half the night at Scotland Yard on routine work."

The guests remained with the genial inspector for about an hour after dinner, smoking and chatting. Then Raynes suggested they should "be moving." Taking farewell of Pycroft, they engaged a taxi and picked up the luggage at Baker Street. From there they proceeded to the station, and so by train to Beckenham, in Kent.

Raynes' residence, known as The Nook, proved to be a pleasant home away from any other houses on the outskirts of Beckenham. A light showed through the drawn blind of a front room, and the door was opened by a stocky, ugly man, who expressed no surprise at the appearance of Raynes and the two guests.

"He's my housekeeper," explained Raynes, as they entered the house. "Not much to look at, but a hard worker and a loyal servant. Unfortunately, he's a mute—can't say a word, but it's a good thing he's not deaf into the bargain. Now, what do you fellows say?—would you like a snack of something to eat before you retire?"

"A cup of coffee and a cigarette is all I want," said Locke.

While Swires, the manservant, prepared coffee for three, Raynes showed Locke his collection of old pewter, Drake, who was not interested in pewter, amused himself by examining the three-valve wireless receiving set installed in the room.

When they had finished their coffee Ferrers Locke suggested bed.

"That's the idea!" said Raynes, with a yawn. "It's long past eleven, and I'm tired out to-night. Hope you fellows don't mind having an oil lamp in your room. The electric light fused the other day, and the electricians haven't been to attend to it yet."

He shook hands with his two guests, and rang for Swires to show them to their room—a large apartment with twin beds.

As the detective and his young assistant left the library at the heels of the manservant, the former glanced back over his shoulder. There was a mirror on the wall and it plainly reflected the form of Arthur Raynes. Raynes was bending over the open drawer of a writing bureau. The mirror revealed the man's face distorted with hatred. His hand grasped a deadly-looking automatic pistol, which he took from the drawer and dropped into the pocket of his dinner jacket.

It was but a glimpse which Ferrers

Locke obtained, but it increased his suspicions of Raynes a hundred-fold.

Following Swires to the bed-room, the detective watched the servant light the handsome oil lamp and set it on a little table by the wall opposite the window. That done, Swires drew down the yellow blind, and left the room. When he had gone the detective stood for a few moments motionless, lost in thought.

Drake, discarding his coat and waistcoat, watched him in silence for a while.

"Penny for your thoughts, sir!" said the boy at last.

"I was thinking," answered Locke, "that our host is not all he appears."

Then he gave a start, as he noticed the yellow blind. On it was a clear silhouette of Jack Drake, who was standing in the middle of the room between the lamp and the window.

"My boy," said Ferrers Locke quietly but imperatively, "walk across to your bed, and stay by it."

Wondering greatly at the seriousness of his chief's order, the youngster did as he was requested. Locke stooped down so that his own shadow did not appear on the blind, and also crossed the room. Then he took the bolster from his own bed, and with some string from his pocket tied up one end of it into the form of a round knob as big as a man's head. Next he took an old alpaca coat from his suit-case and tied that to the bolster below the knob.

"What's the stunt, sir?" asked Drake curiously.

"You'll see."

The sleuth went down on his knees and pushed the bolster between the lamp and the window. On the yellow blind was clearly defined a black shadow which looked like the head and shoulders of a man. He moved the bolster slightly. Suddenly there came the crash of broken glass, and Locke pulled the bolster down. The window was broken, there was a small round hole in the yellow blind, and there was a similarly shaped hole through the bolster.

"Phew!" whistled Drake.

Ferrers Locke said not a word. Leaving the bolster on the floor, he unlocked the door and flung it open. Dashing downstairs he glanced into the room where he had taken leave of Raynes a little earlier. The light was still on, but Raynes was not there.

Suddenly the sleuth heard footsteps, and he hastened along the hall. Arthur Raynes was coming from the direction of the kitchen with a jug of water held in his hand. He gave a violent start as he saw the detective.

"Hallo!" he said. "What are you doing down here? You gave me quite a shock."

But Ferrers Locke was an even better actor than Arthur Raynes. For reasons of his own the sleuth did not wish at present to let his host know that he—Locke—suspected him.

"You gave me a shock, too, Raynes," he said with a laugh. "Thought you had gone to bed."

"Swires forgot to put any drinking water in my room," explained Raynes. "I always have it. So I've been to get some. But what's up?"

"A queer thing's happened," said the sleuth. "Someone has just had a shot at me from outside. Must have seen my shadow on the blind. Only missed me by an inch, too, old man!"

"Indeed?" cried Raynes, in a concerned tone. "By Jove, then someone must have mistaken your shadow for mine. Once or twice I have been shot

at. I ought to have warned you about it, I suppose; but nothing of the sort has occurred for some time. As a police spy I have made enemies, you know."

Locke professed to be perfectly satisfied with this weak explanation. He accepted Raynes' invitation to a "pick-me-up," and the two entered the library.

As they stood together by the writing bureau, Locke casually picked up a heavy brass image of Buddha and examined it with interest. Then, as though by accident, it slipped from his fingers, to fall with a crash on Raynes' right foot.

"Ooh!" gulped the fellow, hopping up and down on his left leg, with the pain of the blow.

"Oh, my poor chap," cried Locke; "I'm awfully sorry! How beastly careless that was of me. Here, sit down."

He pushed Raynes into an armchair, and, stooping down, untied the lace of his host's shoe. And on the sole of the shoe Locke noticed some soil which plainly showed that Raynes had been out in the garden.

Despite the other's protests, the detective insisted on removing both the shoe and sock to examine the damage done. Then he obtained some water and assisted to bathe the injured member, and finally helped Raynes upstairs to his bed-room.

That done, Locke bade his host good-night and went back to his own room. There was a look of the keenest satisfaction on his face. But it was not due to the fact that he had caused some slight injury to the man whom he believed had tried to slay him. It was because he had seen on the right foot of Raynes a dark, circular scar. And, remembering Mrs. Berlander's account of the accident to a charge of hers many years before, he was convinced in his own mind that Arthur Raynes was none other than Vincent Petrie, the son of Gentleman Petrie, the Prince of Coiners!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Warned by Wireless!

DRAKE, my boy, put your clothes on again. I hope you are not too tired to take watch and watch with me to-night."

"Rather not, sir! What's the stunt? You've found out something important?"

Locke told him everything.

"Yes," he concluded, "I am convinced that our host is none other than Vincent Petrie. He acts as a police spy merely to divert suspicion from himself, and to try and keep in touch with the Scotland Yard activities against coiners. Petrie has taken up his late father's game, I am certain."

"But he runs a pewter factory at Camberwell, sir."

"I know. He does a good trade in pewter pots, I believe. But it is a strange thing that the best of the dud coins at present in circulation are composed of pewter which had been silvered over by some electrical process. Day and night this man, Petrie, alias Raynes, should be watched if possible. There is a linen-cupboard, with a wire gauze opening at the top of the door, opposite his room. I propose that to-night, at any rate, we should take turns in watching from there."

As luck would have it, Locke's plan worked far better than even he had hoped for in his most sanguine moment. He himself took the first watch and crept

to the linen-cupboard after arranging to call Drake in two hours' time.

Through the wire gauze opening in the door he saw Petrie emerge from his room and descend the stairs. Locke glanced at his watch. The time was shortly after midnight. After waiting a few moments he cautiously came out of his hiding-place and followed Petrie down the stairs to the ground floor. He wondered what had become of the mute, Swires, of whom he had seen nothing.

But, going along the hall in his stocking feet, he heard a voice speaking in the kitchen. The kitchen door was slightly ajar. Through the crack the famous sleuth could discern Vincent Petrie. He was giving an account of the evening's happenings to the dumb manservant, who kept nodding and making a clucking noise with his lips.

"How the dickens he managed to avoid my shot I'm blessed if I know," Petrie was saying. "But I'll get him yet. I don't care a rap about that kid, Drake; it's his boss I'm scared of. I'm afraid we've got to give up the plant here, Swires, old man. I've a notion that to hang on here in Beckenham too long will prove dangerous. To-morrow afternoon you may go up to London. But be back early on the following morning. To-morrow evening at eleven o'clock my manager, Albert Cooper, is coming down here by motor to bring more pewter from the factory."

Locke could not catch any further remarks, for Petrie was bent double, with his head turned away as he raised the linoleum from the kitchen floor. Beneath it was revealed a trap-door, with a curious lever at the side, flush with the floor-boards. Petrie gradually worked this lever, and the trap-door fell with a dull thud. Then he and Swires disappeared through the aperture.

"Well, I'm hanged!" muttered Locke to himself. "If there isn't a coiners' den beneath this kitchen, I'll eat my boots!"

He decided not to awaken Drake, and remained on watch himself. It was far too risky to follow Petrie and Swires down under the kitchen floor. His plan was rather to lie low until he had seen the den for himself after they had come out of it. Not until daylight began to filter through the chinks in the kitchen blinds, however, did Locke hear Petrie and the manservant coming up again. He did not wait to see them, but cautiously slipped back to his own room and turned into bed to snatch an hour's sleep.

Breakfast was not served until nearly ten o'clock in the morning. Drake was as fresh as a daisy, and Locke, after a cold bath, showed little trace of the fatigue of his long vigil. But dark hollows showed beneath Petrie's eyes, and Swires, the manservant, was sleepy and listless. Before going down to the meal Locke told his young assistant of the happenings of the night, and the two arranged to examine the secret chamber beneath the kitchen of the Nook at the first favourable opportunity.

The chance was long in coming. Petrie suggested a round of golf in the morning, and lent Locke a spare bag of clubs. Drake suggested that he should stay behind, but Petrie would not hear of it. So the boy spent the morning meandering round a golf course, bored with watching an indifferent game, but eagerly anticipating the next move of the grimmer game of netting the coiners.

The party had lunch at the golf club, and then returned to the Nook. Swires

did not put in an appearance at all, and Locke began to think that he had gone to London early. However, this fact did not disturb the detective. He was confident of laying Swires by the heels when necessary.

For a time Locke, Drake, and Petrie listened-in to a special wireless concert which was being broadcasted from the London station. Gradually, as the afternoon wore on, the last-named grew more and more restless.

"If you two fellows will excuse me," he said, "I will go in to Beckenham to send a wire. I was expecting to see the manager of my factory to-night. I must stop him from coming down here, as I shall have to run up to town this evening myself."

raised the linoleum. By working the lever let into the floor Locke caused the trap-door to fall. Then, by the aid of their electric torches, they descended an upright iron ladder into the underground room.

"Now, my lad, shut and bolt that trap-door," ordered Locke, as he switched on the electric light, with which the place was fitted.

The boy did so and descended the iron ladder to the side of his chief. Then, together, they examined the cellar in which they found themselves.

That Vincent Petrie had followed in the steps of his notorious father was now as clear as daylight. A large cauldron filled with molten pewter was directly beneath the trap-door. An



Jack Drake quietly ascended the ladder and drew the bolt. The trapdoor fell, and through the aperture came hurtling the form of Swires, the mute, who fell with a splash into the cauldron of hot pewter. (See Chapter 3.)

He refused the offer of Locke to accompany him, and left the house.

"Drake," said the sleuth, "track that man. If he goes to the telegraph office hurry back here as fast as you can. I'll try and discover the whereabouts of Swires."

Directly Drake had set off, Locke went in search of the manservant, but could find no trace of the fellow. Within twenty minutes the boy returned. Petrie, it seemed, had gone to the telegraph office, and Drake had doubled back across the fields.

"Well, it looks as though we have ten minutes clear in which to make our examination of these premises, my boy," said Locke. "Come, let us go to the kitchen."

They hastened to the kitchen, and

electric fire was keeping the stuff hot. On a bench were a number of moulds, electric batteries, pairs of scales, brushes, and bottles filled with acid. Some neat racks partly filled with excellent imitations of florins and half-crowns, were fixed to one of the walls. Lying on the floor was a large ladle and several coins. About the cellar, close to the floor, were a series of curious long steel cylinders, the reason for which was not apparent.

Locke examined one of the dud half-crowns with intense interest.

"Egad!" he muttered. "You could never detect a dud like this without testing it in a chemical laboratory. This is undoubtedly the correct weight, and it has the exact appearance of a half-crown. It is filled with pewter, evidently

Ask your newsagent to reserve a copy of each for you!

brought from Petrie's factory for the purpose. And it has been silvered over by putting it in a bath of liquid silver through which has been passed an electric current. I expect the thing is actually worth about fourpence. I'll put a few of these coins in my pocket. We've seen quite enough to convict Vincent Petrie and his assistants and put them behind iron bars."

He motioned to Drake to mount the iron ladder and open the trap-door, for he did not deem it safe to remain longer.

Jack Drake quietly ascended the ladder and drew the bolt. Then an amazing thing happened. The trap-door fell, and through the aperture came hurtling the form of a man. It was the mute—Swires!

Emitting a cry like a startled animal, the man fell with a splash into the cauldron of hot pewter, while Locke shrank aside, splattered from head to foot with the stuff. But swiftly the detective recovered himself.

"Quick, Drake!" he cried. "Help me to get this chap out!"

He and the boy assisted the manservant out of his predicament, and discovered to their relief that Swires was more frightened than hurt. He had been bruised somewhat, but the pewter was not hot enough to have scalded him. But he was in a frightful mess and made a curious clucking noise with his mouth which appeared to be an expression of anger.

But every moment was precious now. With difficulty the detective and his assistant got Swires up to the kitchen, and Locke closed the trap-door from above and replaced the linoleum over it.

"There's a shed about fifty yards away at the back of the house," said the sleuth. "We will put Swires in there for the time being. We mustn't let Petrie see him on his return."

Drake, following the further instructions of his chief, darted upstairs and fetched the mute a change of attire. This they put on him after they had got him safely to the shed. Then, having gagged and bound the fellow, they left him to his own thoughts for the time being.

"I think, my boy," said Ferrers Locke, after he had tidied himself and they were back in the house again, "that we will let Pycroft have the honour of arresting Petrie. I should like you to go with Petrie to town. I will 'phone to Pycroft to meet you at the London station and arrest Petrie. I shall remain here to receive Albert Cooper, whom, I think, I can induce to come despite Petrie's telegram."

Within five minutes Vincent Petrie himself returned to the house. He explained that he had allowed Swires some time off, and offered to get tea himself.

The splashes of pewter had been cleaned from the kitchen floor by Drake after his return from the shed, so the coiner suspected nothing of the incidents which had happened during his absence.

"Drake and I will accompany you to town this evening," said Locke, as they dallied with the tea-cups. "It has been awfully decent of you to have us down here."

"Not at all, old man," said Petrie. "But you really mustn't go yet. I want you to have a really long stay here. Do stay overnight; I'll have another round of golf with you in the morning."

Locke wondered at the reason for the pressing invitation. He suspected that

there might be another attempt made on his life. But forewarned was forearmed, and he had no fear. It suited his plan very well to remain for one more night.

"Right!" he said brightly. "But I'm afraid Drake must return. There are one or two little matters which one of us must attend to in London. Perhaps he could go to town with you?"

Petrie willingly fell in with this suggestion.

"I'm jolly sorry you'll be alone this evening," he said, to the sleuth. "But business is business. However, you can amuse yourself by listening-in on the wireless."

"I will," said Ferrers Locke.

So shortly after seven o'clock that evening, Petrie, accompanied by Jack Drake, proceeded to Beckenham Station. Directly he had gone, Locke put a trunk telephone call through to Petrie's factory in Camberwell. Then, in a fair imitation of Petrie's voice, he addressed himself to Albert Cooper and told the man he was to ignore the telegram and stick to the original arrangement of coming down that evening. That done, he 'phoned to Scotland Yard and asked Pycroft to meet the Beckenham train and to send a man down to take charge of Swires, who was still a prisoner in the shed.

In the meanwhile, Jack Drake and Petrie were making the journey to town. Petrie read a newspaper and chatted at random. His remarks were broken at times by deep chuckles. And more than once Drake thought he detected an almost insane look in the eyes of his fellow-passenger.

Alighting from the train at the London terminus, Drake quickly espied Inspector Pycroft on the platform. The boy made a signal with his hand. The inspector stepped forward and laid a heavy hand on Petrie's shoulder.

"Vincent Petrie, alias Arthur Raynes," he said. "I have a warrant for your arrest on a charge of uttering spurious coins."

For a moment Petrie appeared stunned. Then he tried to treat the matter as a joke.

Next he stormed and raved as he saw that the Scotland Yard man was in earnest, and finally he treated Drake to a volley of abuse.

"It's no good, Petrie," remarked Jack Drake, as Pycroft snapped the darbies on the coiner's wrists. "The game's up!"

The look which Petrie gave him was such as the boy had seldom seen on a human face. In it were mingled bitterest hatred and an insane anger.

"I am sorry that I did not kill you when I had a chance!" hissed Petrie. "But you may have the satisfaction of knowing that your precious chief, Ferrers Locke, is a doomed man. Along the floor of the cellar beneath The Nook are a number of steel tubes filled with the most powerful explosive in existence. I considered it no longer safe to use that place for my work. And, before I left to-day I set an electric clock which, at eight o'clock sharp, will detonate all the explosives stored in the cellar and blow the house sky-high. There will be little left of Ferrers Locke after that hour, my clever young friend!"

The madman shook his manacled hands, and gave a gurgling laugh.

Drake and Pycroft looked at one another in horror. Through the boy's mind flashed all that he had heard of the family history of the coiner. That

Vincent Petrie had inherited the criminal and lunatic traits of his notorious father the lad was convinced. That Ferrers Locke was in the gravest peril he was equally certain. Then his partially numbed brain became aware that someone was speaking rapidly to him. It was Inspector Pycroft, who was as concerned as he was about the famous sleuth.

"My boy," said Pycroft, "this man may be lying, or he may not. Personally, I think Petrie's mad enough for anything. Slip across to the public telephone-booths, and put through a trunk-call to the Nook, and warn your chief!"

Drake darted away. The station clock indicated thirteen minutes to eight o'clock. But each of the telephone-booths was in use. The boy noted the fact, and simultaneously realised that even had one of them been vacant, he might not get a trunk-call through in time to warn the great detective. With the lines engaged, the thing was impossible. To go in search of a disengaged phone was equally out of the question.

Then another idea flashed through the harassed brain of the youngster. There was still a chance of warning his chief. Locke had said he was going to listen-in to the concert which was being broadcasted that evening. Therefore, the sleuth would be in touch with London by wireless. It was a desperate chance the lad intended to take, but one which promised the greatest likelihood of success.

The boy rushed across to a disengaged taxi.

"To Electrical House on the Embankment!" he cried. "A pound if you get me there under five minutes!"

Away sped the taxi out of the station. There was a slight block in the traffic outside, but the driver wormed his way through and down a side-street to the Embankment. In four minutes the cab drew up outside Electrical House. Drake tossed the driver a pound-note, and dashed into the building.

"Where's the broadcasting-room?" he demanded of a uniformed commissioner.

"On the fifth-floor, sir. But—"

Before the man had time to finish, Drake rushed to the lift. A notice met his eye: "Lift out of order!" The youngster groaned. Then he sped up the stairs two at a time.

Hot and breathless, he reached the top floor. His wrist-watch showed him the time—three minutes to eight o'clock! Red electric lights glowed outside the room indicating that broadcasting was in progress. There was also a notice requesting absolute silence on the part of anyone entering the room.

Jack Drake did not hesitate. He flung open the door. The broadcasting-room was a large apartment, heavily draped to make it sound-proof. An instrument fitted with the delicate microphones for transmitting stood in the centre of the room. One or two officials stood silently about the room. Before the transmitting instrument were seated a trio of musicians, with violins and 'cello giving an item.

The boy dashed in between them, sending them hurtling to the floor. Then, before the astounded officials had time to stop him, he spoke in a loud, clear voice, direct at the microphones:

"Ferrers Locke! Get out of that house at once! Jack Drake warns you!"

Next instant someone sprang forward and closed down a switch. Two others flung themselves on the boy, and frog-marched him from the room. But Jack Drake cared not what was said or done to him. His mind was filled with but one question. Had he been in time?

It was fully an hour after Jack Drake and Petrie had left the Nook at Beckenham that a police official arrived from Scotland Yard and took charge of the man Swires.

After the coiner's assistant had been led away to durance vile, Ferrers Locke went into the house and settled himself to await the coming of Albert Cooper, the other member of Petrie's gang.

Time dragged. Having smoked a couple of pipes, the famous sleuth tuned up the wireless set, and settled himself down to listen-in to the concert from London.

It was a good programme, and Locke listened with particular interest to a favourite piece of music played by an excellent trio of stringed instruments. And then, with startling suddenness, the music stopped, and a familiar voice called to him out of the ether:

"Ferrers Locke! Get out of that house at once! Jack Drake warns you!"

The detective tore the earpieces from his head and sprang to his feet. He was as astounded as the officials in the broadcasting-room had been. But he did not delay. That there was urgent reason for this amazing warning he had not the slightest doubt.

Dashing downstairs, he made towards the shed in which Swires had been confined. But before he reached it, a dull rumbling sound came from behind him. The whole earth seemed to lift, as though wracked by a terrific earthquake. His eardrums seemed shattered by the mighty explosion that followed. He felt himself hurled forward, and his head strike against something—and then all was blackness!

When he came to he found the anxious faces of Jack Drake and Pycroft gazing into his. From his assistant he learned that the time was after midnight, and that he was in the Beckenham Cottage Hospital.

"Thank goodness, you've come to no serious harm, sir!" said the boy fervently. "Petrie and Swires are in gaol, and that other fellow Cooper has also been arrested."

"Then you have one less worry to contend with, my dear Pycroft," said the sleuth, with a faint smile. "But, begad, I'm glad that Drake thought to broadcast that warning! But for that I should have been broadcasted myself! It would have been a sad ending to an otherwise interesting case!"

THE END.

(There is another powerful detective story, featuring Ferrers Locke, next Monday, entitled "The Theft at Scotland Yard!" This brilliant yarn shows your favourite author in great form. Make sure of your copy of the MAGNET.)

Jack Drake is the right kind of youth in an emergency!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 802.

Something To Shout About!

"THE GOLDEN BUDDHA!"

By MAURICE EVERARD.

THE
GREATEST
ADVENTURE
YARN EVER
WRITTEN.



FASCINATING
AND
THRILLING
THROUGH-
OUT.

Read the exciting adventures of Captain Joe Tremorne, the Polruan cousins, Frank and Dick, and Pieface, their jolly negro servant, in our top-notch companion paper,

THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

OUT TO-DAY!

PRICE 2d.

BUNTER'S BARRING-OUT!

(Continued from page 21.)

severely!" said Dr. Locke, in a grim voice. "Any other boy would have been expelled for what you have done, but as I have frequently in the past have had reason to think, you, Bunter, are more a foolish youth than a rascal, and I should have finished the matter by giving you a thrashing. But—ahem!—in consideration of the service you have rendered the school by—er—capturing the burglar last night, I shall take a lenient view of the situation. I cannot, however, let you off, Bunter, without giving you some reminder that what you have done constitutes a flagrant breach of school rules and discipline, and that you must not attempt any such thing again. Hold out your hand!"

The Head gave him three cuts and then delivered a lecture on his misdeeds.

Billy Bunter's fat hands were tucked tight under his armpits, and he was uttering the most heart-rending noises imaginable when at last he crawled from the Head's study.

Harry Wharton & Co., and Peter Todd, and a crowd of other fellows awaited him. They grinned at Bunter's suffering and told him that it served him right!

And when Peter Todd looked in at No. 7 Study some time afterwards Billy Bunter was sitting in the armchair, as of yore with a bag of tarts on his lap, and he was alternately munching the tarts, which incidentally belonged to Peter, and bemoaning his lot!

THE END.

READERS' NOTICES!

Miss Emily Killien, 24, Bushy Park, South End, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers.

Miss Isabel Thom, 71, Green Street, Fort Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers.

Fred Jukes, 2/56, Steward Street, Spring Hill, Birmingham, wishes to hear from readers keen on collecting photos and the Companion Papers.

N. Carter, 22, Victoria Street, Southwold, Suffolk, wishes to correspond with stamp collectors overseas with a view to exchange British George halfpenny to a shilling; old and new issues, Irish, etc.

Miss G. La Foley, 140, Victoria Road, Alexandra Park, N. 22, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

E. Collins, 47, Pennington Street, Hyde Park, Leeds, wishes to hear from readers interested in his amateur magazine. Contributions wanted on sport, hobbies, scouting, etc.

A. C. Brodie, 50, Skinner Lane, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with any readers in Scotland, especially those fond of cycling and travelling; also Gaelic readers; ages 17-25.

Frank Johnson, 41, Fining Street, St. John's Road, Fratton, Portsmouth, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 17-19.

J. O'Donohoe, 6, Annesley Br. Road, Fairview, Dublin, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. All letters answered.

:: The ::

"MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION!

NO ENTRANCE FEE REQUIRED.

First Prize - £1 1s. 0d.

and Consolation Prizes of 2/6 for all
efforts published.

In order to win one of the above prizes all you have to do is to supply the last line of the verse given below, taking care to see that your effort bears some apt relation to the theme.

RULES GOVERNING THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

1.—The First Prize will be awarded to the sender of what in the opinion of the Editor and a competent staff of adjudicators, is the best Last Line received.

2.—Consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. will be awarded from week to week to those competitors whose efforts show merit.

3.—The coupon below entitling you to enter for this competition must be either pasted on to a postcard, in which case your Last Line must be written IN INK directly beneath it, or enclosed separately in an envelope with your Last Line effort attached.

4.—Competitor's name and full postal address must accompany every effort sent in.

5.—Entries must reach us not later than June 28th, 1923, and MUST NOT be enclosed with entrance forms for any other competition. They must be addressed "MAGNET Limerick No. 11," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

6.—Your Editor undertakes that every effort sent in will receive careful consideration, but he will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid, or delayed in the post. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

7.—This competition is open to All Readers of the Companion Papers, but the result each week will appear only in the MAGNET.

8.—It is a distinct condition of entry that your Editor's decision must be accepted as binding in all matters. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION. No. 11.

We all heard Mauleverer say,
"I don't think I'll get up to-day."
But Cherry drew nigh
With a gleam in his eye—

.....
THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU:
And a sponge did the trick right away!

M

CUT HERE

WONDERFUL LIQUID TONIC THAT MAKES YOUR HAIR GROW BEAUTIFUL.

"Like a Rare and Stimulating Wine to the Hair Roots."

Every reader to enjoy Free "Harlene Hair-Drill," including Gratis Harlene-for-the-Hair, "Uzon" Brilliantine, and "Cremex" Shampoo.

The foremost Hair Specialist of the age wants everybody to realise that they can save their hair NOW and commence to grow it in the loveliest luxury and profusion free of charge, by means of a wonderful liquid tonic that acts almost like magic.

No one who wishes to get on by personality and charm can afford to neglect their hair and to look old or ill-groomed. Beautiful hair is almost everything in a woman's appearance. Men, too, can look years younger by possessing crisp, healthy hair. Moreover, with a clean and healthy scalp you FEEL more energetic, more confident, more impressive. That is why it has



FREE GIFT.

been decided to present absolutely free, a full Week's Toilet Outfit for this purpose, including a bottle of "Harlene"—the wonderful hair-grower about which everybody is talking—as well as a supply of other toilet requisites to every reader who sends the Coupon published below.

WHAT THE POSTMAN WILL BRING YOU.

Resolve to have beautiful, enviable hair—hair that clusters carelessly in adorable waves and curls—the DISTINCTIVE hair that only "Harlene" can endure and maintain in its natural glory. Sit down then—now—and write out your name and address on a sheet or slip of paper. Cut out and pin to the Coupon below with 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and then post to Edwards' Harlene Ltd., at the address printed on the coupon. By return post you will receive:

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," the true liquid food for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food and Dressing in one.
2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the Hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the Hair-drill treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting cocoanut oils.
3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A COPY OF THE NEW EDITION OF THE "HAIR-DRILL" MANUAL, giving complete instructions for this two-minutes-a-day hair-growing exercise.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or losing its colour you should try "Astol" at once, free of charge, by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the "Hair-Drill," a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included.

After a Free Trial, you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle. "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and stores all over the world.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22,
24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

MAGNET, 23/6/23.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

400 MODEL
£5.15
CASH



MEAD

12¹/₆ a Month

is all you pay for our No. 400A lady's or gentleman's Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycles ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Built to stand hard wear. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled, exquisitely lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid on **15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and Accessories 33¹/₄% below shop prices. Buy direct from the factory and save pounds. How a seven-year-old MEAD which had traversed 75,000 miles, beat 650 up-to-date machines and broke the world's record by covering 34,366 miles in 365 days is explained in our art catalogue. Write TO-DAY for free copy—brimful of information about bicycles and contains gigantic photographs of our latest models.

MEAD CYCLE CO. (Inc.)
(Dept. 2791)
Birmingham

HEIGHT COUNTS

in winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Wonderful results. Send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.

1/2-PRICE

Fine New Model Accordeon, 10 x 10¹/₂ x 5¹/₂, Piano-Finished. Metal-Bound 9-Fold Strong Bellows, 10 Keys, etc. Grand Organ Tone. Sent by Return Post, to approved orders, for 1/- Deposit and 1/3 Postage, and promise to send 2/- fortnightly till 15/- in all is paid. **2/- TUTOR FREE.** Cash Price, 12/6, Post Free (Elsewhere Double). Delight or Money Back. **FREE—**Grand Illustrated Catalogue Post Free. Big Bargains, 7d. to 77/6, Cash or 1/- Week. Accordeons, 12/6 to 42/-. Gramophones, 39/6 to 77/6. Clocks, 4/6 to 56/-. Watches, 5/- to 70/-. Jewellery, Novelties, Toys, Etc.—**PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 9A, HASTINGS.** (Established 34 Years.)

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C. 1.**

£2,000 Worth of Cheap Job Photographic Material, Cameras, &c. Send at Once for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—**HACKETT'S WORKS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL, E.**

THE BIG FIVE!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.
MONDAY.

BOYS' FRIEND.
MONDAY.

THE POPULAR.
TUESDAY.

THE GEM LIBRARY.
WEDNESDAY.

CHUCKLES.
THURSDAY.

The Famous Companion Papers!

Yours for 3^d. ONLY.

The "Big Ben" Keyless Lever Watch on **THE GREATEST BARGAIN TERMS** ever put before the British Public by one of **LONDON'S OLDEST-ESTABLISHED MAIL ORDER HOUSES.**



Free An absolutely FREE Gift of a Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert, with Seal attached, given FREE with every Watch.

SPECIFICATION: Gent's Full-size Keyless Lever Watch, improved action; fitted patent recoil click, preventing breakage of mainspring by overwinding. **10 YEARS' WARRANTY**

Sent on receipt of 3d deposit; after approval, send 1/9 more. The balance may then be paid by 9 monthly payments of 2/- each. Cash refunded in full if dissatisfied. Send 3d. now to

J. A. DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. 87), 28 Denmark Hill, London, S. E. 5.

RHEUMATISM CURED

After Life of Pain and Sleepless Nights.

49, Eldon Street, Sheffield.


Dear Sir,—I had no sleep for months, and doctors told me there was no cure. Before I had taken Urace a fortnight I had sleep and rest, and was free from pain. Since taking Urace I have not lost one day's work through rheumatism.

Yours sincerely, MR. WILSON.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system; and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box.

From Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the Urace Laboratories, 108, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.



URACE TABLETS


1/3, 3/- & 5/-
From Boots and all Chemists.

A NEW SUIT, Raincoat, Costume, Cycles, Cutlery, Watches, monthly. Write for Catalogue and FREE Patterns.
MASTERS, LTD., 6, HOPE STORES, RYE, SUSSEX.

HEIGHT INCREASED 5/- Complete Course.

IN 30 DAYS.

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials, Stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. 8.), 10, Ludgate Hill, London, Eng.



YOURS for 6^d.

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain Free with every watch. Ladies' or Gent's Wrist Watches in stock on same terms. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to

SIMPSONS (BRIGHTON) Ltd. (Dept. 122)
94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.



When Answering Advertisements
Please Mention This Paper.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.

Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. You will receive by return a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9, 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.). Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special New Offer—Your own name in gilt letters on either pen for 1/- extra.**

Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.

