

£5 AND 12 CONSOLATION PRIZES MUST BE WON!

SEE THE GRAND OFFER INSIDE.

No. 890. Vol. XXVII.

Week Ending February 28th, 1925.

The Magnet 2^d

Library EVERY MONDAY.

Complete School Stories



THE INTERRUPTED TEA PARTY!

(A "moving" scene from the long complete story of Harry Wharion & Co., at Greyfriars -inside)



THIS is a competition in which every one of you can join. You are all familiar with the Cross Words that fly between schoolboys, and you are all familiar with the time-honoured Limerick.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with completing an unfinished Limerick I will give a few hints that may be found helpful. Now, suppose you were required to complete the following verse:

Said Brown to Bully Silvester
In tones that courted disaster:
"Yah, go and eat coke,
Hit some other bloke,"

You must make your last line scan with the first two. That's the most important thing to remember in completing a Limerick.

For instance, such a line as:

"Then Brown ran—but Silvester was the faster"

is obviously far too long. A more suitable last line would be:

"Now Brown's requiring some plaster."

I don't say that this is a clever line, but it fulfils the requirements of a Limerick and scans correctly with the first two lines.

Another point is, don't try to be too clever. A simple but forceful line is what is wanted—a line that rhymes and scans with the first two.

Now that you have got the hang of the thing fill in the coupon below.

To the sender of the "last line," which in the Editor's opinion is the best, will be awarded the handsome money prize of FIVE POUNDS. To the 12 next best, Consolation Prizes of SPLENDID POCKET-KNIVES will be awarded.

DIRECTIONS.

When you have thought out a really good last line fill in the coupon below, taking care to write your name and address clearly IN INK, and post it to:—

"Cross Words" Limerick Competition, No. 6,
c/o MAGNET, Gough House,
Gough Square, London, E.C. 4,

so as to reach that address not later than March 3rd, 1925.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, but all efforts must be written on the proper Entrance Form.

It is a distinct condition of entry that the Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME!

"THE GREAT POSTAL-ORDER MYSTERY!"

By Frank Richards.

EVER since Billy Bunter first made his bow to the Remove at Greyfriars stories of his "expected" postal orders have delighted my host of readers. The coming treat will stand out as being one of the finest "Bunter" stories ever penned by Frank Richards. Now prepare for a shock. Bunter actually has a postal-order! (Another shock!) Bunter has a whole heap of 'em! Can you imagine the fat and fatuous Owl of the Remove in funds? The Removites can't! They want proof. When they get the necessary proof it would quite fit in with their astonishment if the earth suddenly turned upside-down. Wonder of wonders, no one appears to have lost any postal-orders; that's saying something, for usually when Bunter comes into a heap of cash it is discovered that someone or other has lost or mislaid his pocket-book!

Can you imagine Harry Wharton & Co.'s surprise when Bunter offers to pay—and does—for a few feeds he has had at the Famous Five's expense? The suddenness of it all takes Harry Wharton & Co.'s breath away; they collapse in a gasping heap on the floor of the study.

DOLLARS!

That's the beginning and end of Fisher T. Fish's existence. Fishy imagines that he was born into a world populated by fools with plenty of money to lose. Now, Fishy is a "cute" fellow—in his own estimation. People with money are fair prey to him, and Bunter's sudden rise to affluence sets his American money-making mind in action. There's a chance of bringing off a deal that will show considerable profit—to Fishy! Alas! so many of Fishy's wonderful schemes go astray somewhere; he appears always to overstep the bounds of his fellow-mortals' credulity. With Fisher T. Fish taking an interest in Bunter—or, rather, Bunter's postal-orders—the story moves on to its climax at a rare pace. No Magnetite must miss this splendid yarn. As Fishy himself would express it, it's the "goods"!

"THE DEPUTY DETECTIVE!"

By Hedley Scott.

There is another thrilling instalment of this wonderful detective serial on the programme for next Monday. In it Inspector Pyecroft and two of his colleagues suffer at the hands of the notorious motor bandits. Meanwhile, the chief of this mysterious organisation is making his "get away." But Jack Drake is on the track; he's determined to "get" his man, despite the amazing run of bad luck he has experienced. Patience is a virtue, so we are told, and Drake has bags of patience. Just you keep your peepers on our clever boy sleuth; he's got a great future before him.

A SUPPLEMENT IN VERSE!

That's a surprise for you, I'll wager. Harry Wharton & Co. are versatile to a degree. It was a happy idea—this Supplement in rhyme—and the result adds another laurel to the fame of these schoolboy authors. Dicky Nugent's story of a certain event at St. Sam's is really clever. I never knew Dicky to be poetically inclined, but he has certainly scored a bullseye in this direction. I'll warrant you will all enjoy this clever Supplement. Get ready to welcome it, chums!

CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 5.

Look out for another fascinating puzzle in next week's MAGNET, chums, together with the solution of Puzzle No. 4. Everywhere I go I find people—young and old—deeply engrossed in this popular craze. And, between you and me, I've already seen, on my way to and from the office, a few Magnetites biting the end of a pencil over one or two "teasers" in the MAGNET puzzles. There's just that touch of difficulty about them to make them interesting. Just you have a shot at these puzzles; you'll find them a pleasant and invigorating brain exercise.

YOUR EDITOR.

"CROSS WORDS"

LIMERICK COMPETITION.

"I feel in fine form for a fight."
Said Bolsover major, one night,
"Now, Wharton, you worm,
I'll soon make you squirm—"

Last Line

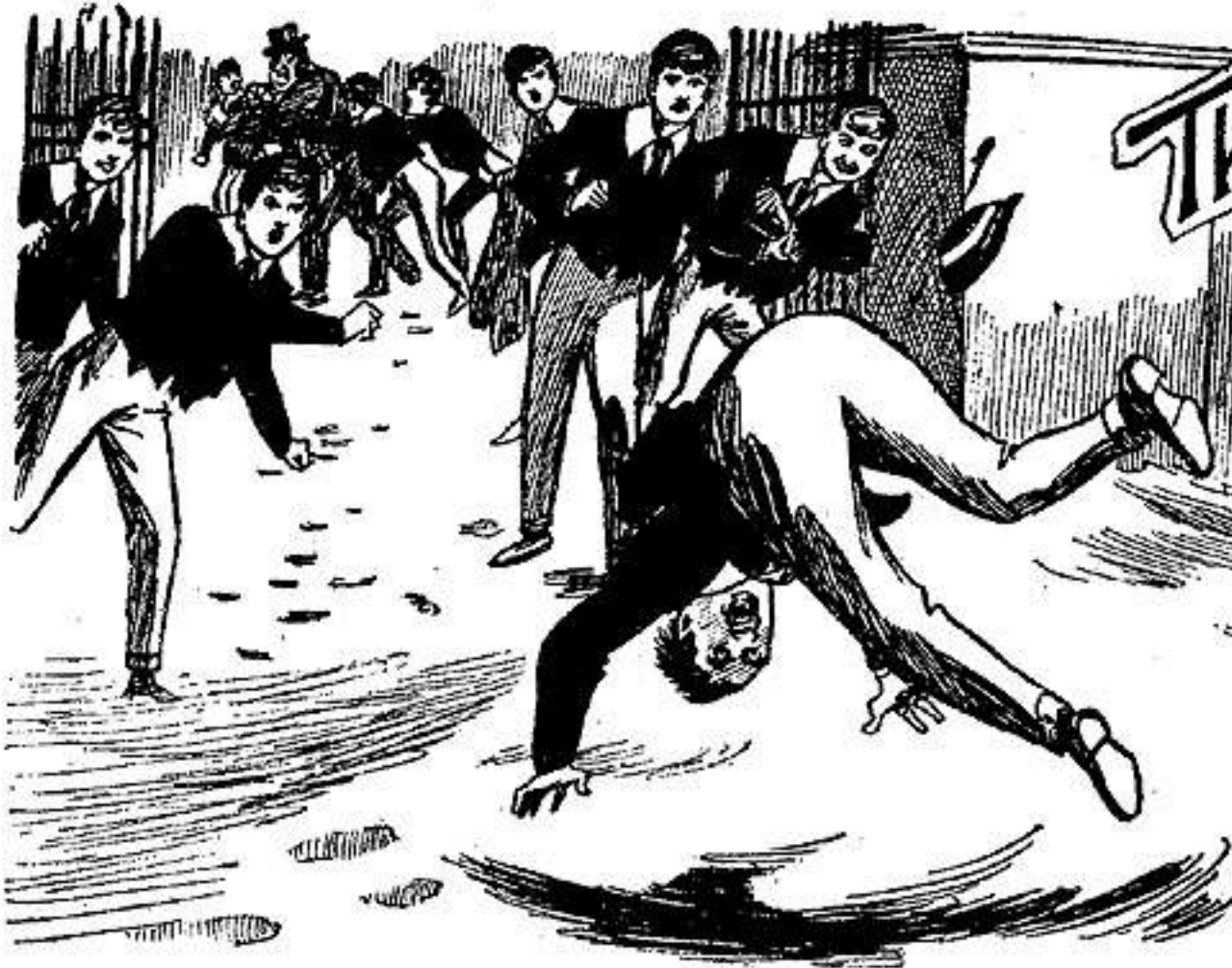
No. 6.

Name

Address

Closing date, March 3rd.

EXPULSED BY HIS FORM FELLOWS! Bolsover major, the bully of the Greyfriars Remove, has never been very popular. His latest misdemeanour brings the wrath of all his Form fellows upon him, with the result that he is thrown out of Greyfriars!



The Barring of Bolsover!

A Magnificent New Long Complete
Story of Harry Wharton & Co.
at Greyfriars, featuring Bolsover
major, the Bully of the Remove.
By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter is Wanted!

YOU fellows seen that fat, sneaking toad anywhere?" Bolsover major, of the Greyfriars Remove, asked that question as Harry Wharton & Co. came along the Remove passage. He asked it in a tone of concentrated fury.

The Famous Five, who were strolling along to Study No. 1 for tea, stopped and chuckled. They did not need to be told who the "fat, sneaking toad" might be.

"Haven't seen Bunter since afternoon class," grinned Harry Wharton.

"Perhaps you'll find him in the tuck-shop," suggested Bob Cherry.

"What's he been up to this time?" asked Frank Nugent.

The burly Removite breathed hard.

"I'll smash him—smash the fat rotter to a jelly!" he hissed. "Mucked up my birthday feed, the little beast! A thumping great plum-cake, a bag of meringues, a whacking great bag of jam-tarts, and goodness knows what else—all gone! That fat worm's wolfed the lot!"

"Well, what about it?" asked Bob. "Nothing new in that! Isn't Bunter doing that sort of thing every day, Bolsy? He's only keeping up his reputation."

"You silly ass——"

"Take it smiling, old chap," advised Bob cheerfully. "Nothing at all to get excited about, you know."

"Excited!" hooted Bolsover major. "Wouldn't you be excited if that fat beast had scoffed your grub? A thumping great plum-cake——"

"You've already told us that," reminded Bob gently. "Do keep cool, old chap! Even Bunter must live. And, after all, it's your own fault."

"Mum—my own fault?"

"Exactly! You should have asked Bunter to the feed, you know."

"That—that fat pig? You——"

"If you had," argued Bob, shaking his head sagely, "he would have scoffed three-quarters of the grub right enough! But you would have had a look in. As

it is, you've left him to shift for himself, and apparently he has shifted the lot!"

"You—you burbling idiot——"

"Oh,—well, if you don't want advice and——"

"Oh, go and eat coke, you silly ass!" snarled Bolsover.

And with that he marched away wrathfully—to continue his search for Billy Bunter. The Famous Five chuckled and went on their way. Unlike Bolsover major, they seemed to see only a humorous side to the depredations of William George Bunter.

They were soon reminded of Bolsover's troubles, however, during preparations for tea.

While emulating the immortal Mother Hubbard, Bob Cherry made a discovery that brought his chums to his side with a rush.

"What's the matter, Bob?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"The cake!" said Bob. "I thought you said there was a cake in here?"

"Well, so there is!"

"There isn't!" snapped Bob. "And the muffins—I thought you said there were some muffins——"

"Well, so there—— You don't mean to say they've gone?" gasped Harry in alarm.

He jumped to the cupboard and peered within. He looked once and then he looked again. The cupboard was bare—of muffins and cakes, at all events.

"Well, my hat!" breathed Harry. "Bunter again!"

"What?"

Nugent, Bull, and Hurree Singh looked, and then there was a chorus of wrathful remarks.

"The fat villain!"

"The scrounging toad!"

"The podgy rascal!"

"Well, if this isn't the limit!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gave their views on Billy Bunter freely and with vigour; they also told each other what they would do to that unpopular junior when they caught him. They quite failed to see the humour in the present situation. Bob Cherry, indeed, was

more wrathful than any of them. Good as his advice had been to Bolsover in a like situation, he did not offer it to his chums now. He neither advised them to "take it smiling," nor to keep cool. Nor did he make any effort to follow that advice himself.

"Wait till I get my hands on the fat villain!" he hissed. "I—I'll smash him! He wants a lesson, and a thundering good one! Come on, you chaps! Let's go and look for the little beast!"

"Oh, let him rip!" grunted Harry Wharton. "What's the good of licking him? It won't bring the cake back or the muffins."

"Yes, but——"

"It can't be helped," said Harry. "We'll have to make toast, and luckily we've some eggs. We can safely leave Bolsover to deal with that fat clam. I'm sorry for him when—— Hallo!"

Harry ended, with a jump, as the door crashed open. It revealed Bolsover, whose great fists were clenched, while his eyes glittered as they roamed round the study. It was clear Bolsover had not found Bunter yet.

"Where is he?" he snapped, glowering round. "Fishy says he saw him come in here five minutes ago."

"Well, he isn't here now!" snapped Harry. "We'd like to find the little cad ourselves, Bol—— Here! What——"

Harry broke off in astonishment. Without any apparent reason, Bolsover major had made a rush across the room, and clutched at something beneath the table. At the same moment a wild yell rang out—from beneath the table.

"Yarrough! Leggo! Oh crumbs! Wharton, old chap, keep him off! Leggo!"

"Bunter!" yelled Bob Cherry. "He's been here all the time!"

"My hat!"

"I say, you fellows——"

A fat face, adorned by a pair of gleaming spectacles, showed beneath the hanging tablecloth. It was undoubtedly Billy Bunter.

He was lying with arms outstretched, clutching like grim death at the two

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front legs of the table. On the far side Bunter's fat legs wriggled frantically in Bolsover's clutch—a clutch that was also like grim death.

"I say, you fellows," howled Bunter, "make the beast leggo! Oh crumbs! Help!"

The Famous Five rushed forward to help—though not to help Billy Bunter. They rushed to help Bolsover capture the fat junior, and once again the old adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," was borne out by facts.

In his eagerness to get a grip on Bunter, Bob Cherry lurched against Bolsover, and that youth overbalanced and sprawled forward, releasing Bunter as he did so.

Unfortunately, he clutched at the tablecloth to save himself.

"Look out!" yelled Harry Wharton.

The warning came too late. All Bolsover's bulky weight was on the cloth, and as he sprawled beneath the table he took the cloth with him.

Crash! Clatter! Crash, crash!

"Yarrough! Grough! Yarrough!"

There was a terrific crash of breaking crockery as the things on the table followed the cloth. A milkjug emptied its contents over Bob Cherry before crashing to the floor, and the teapot crashed down, sending spurting streams of scalding tea over Nugent and Bolsover. Both juniors howled fiendishly—as was only natural.

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter.

He scrambled from beneath the table and blinked apprehensively at the havoc. Then, as Harry Wharton made a jump at him, he turned and leaped for the door.

"Stop him!" roared Harry furiously.

Johnny Bull made a frantic clutch at the fat junior, but Bunter's blind charge sent him staggering backwards, and the next moment Bunter was outside.

"After the fat cad!" roared Bolsover.

He was up in a flash and charging after Bunter before the rest had realised that Bunter was gone.

They were scarcely a second in hesitating, however. Even Harry Wharton was as eager to get his hands on Bunter now as was Bolsover major, and he led his chums through the doorway with a rush. They were hungry, and they wanted their tea, but they wanted vengeance more urgently. Bunter had gone beyond the limit. He was always a genius for finding trouble, but it looked as if he was booked for an unusually big heap of trouble this time.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bolsover's Fault!

"OH dear! Beasts!" Billy Bunter panted out those dismayed observations as he scudded along the Remove passage, his fat little legs going like clockwork.

Bolsover major was something of a bully, and the knowledge that the burly Removeite was thirsting for his blood was not cheering to Billy Bunter. It was far from cheering to know that the Famous Five were hard on his track for a like purpose.

So Billy Bunter went along the passage as if he were scudding along the cinder-path.

Unfortunately, the fat junior was not gifted with the ability to see round corners, and at the very first corner he came to utter grief.

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Dashing headlong round it, he charged full-tilt into a tall form approaching from the opposite direction—a tall, ominous figure in cap and gown. It was Mr. Quelch, the Remove master; and Mr. Quelch was considerably upset at the unexpected encounter.

He staggered back against the passage wall, and doubled himself up with a gasp like a punctured air-balloon.

"Oh crumbs!" panted Bunter.

Bunter himself was badly shaken by the collision, but he retained his wits, and in the faint hope that the master had not recognised him, he turned abruptly, intending to bolt.

"Bunter!"

"Oh, dear!"

Mr. Quelch's gasping voice brought Bunter up sharply. And at that moment Bolsover arrived—only just pulling up in time to avoid a second accident.

Mr. Quelch's eyes glittered as they rested on Bolsover's furious face.

"Bolsover! Bunter!" he gasped, his brow thunderous. "How—how dare you race about the corridor in such a reckless and dangerous manner! I—I presume you were in pursuit of Bunter, Bolsover?"

"Y-yes, sir!" growled Bolsover sulkily.

"Very well!" almost snarled the master, his face still twisted with pain and almost green in hue. "Bunter, you will proceed to my study at once. You—you have hurt me considerably, and I shall punish you severely!"

"Oh, dear!"

Bunter groaned and obeyed. Bolsover, the Famous Five—and now Mr. Quelch! He rolled away, looking anything but happy.

Mr. Quelch turned his glittering eyes upon Bolsover again.

"You also will go to my study and await me there, Bolsover!" he gasped. "You are far more to blame than Bunter!"

"But, sir—"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Quelch, who was recovering his "wind" now. "You were undoubtedly in chase of that wretched boy in order to bully him, Bolsover. I have long been aware that you are much given to bullying the smaller and weaker boys in the Form, Bolsover. I propose to teach you a severe lesson. Go!"

With that Mr. Quelch tottered away, looking very shaky, but obviously in a state of towering wrath; which was not to be wondered at in the circumstances.

He met Harry Wharton & Co. in the passage a little farther along, but he scarcely glanced at them. Luckily they had heard the Form master's voice in time to pull up, and he obviously had no suspicion that they also had been in chase of the luckless Bunter.

Mr. Quelch vanished, and the juniors hurried after Bolsover. The look on the Remove master's face had quite startled them.

"What on earth's happened, Bolsover?" asked Harry Wharton. "Quelchy looks as if he's been seasick."

Bolsover's rugged, heavy face was crimson with fury.

"It—it's that fat cad again!" he hissed. "The little beast barged into Quelchy, and now I'm to be blamed for it. He's pinched my dashed grub, he's scalded me with dashed tea, and now he's dashed well let me in for a licking! I'll—I'll—"

Without waiting to explain what he intended doing, the furious junior rushed off after Billy Bunter.

"Well, that fat frog's the limit for causing trouble," breathed Bob Cherry.

"We've no need to bother to lick him now, you chaps. There won't be any Bunter left to lick when Bolsy's finished with him."

"But the mad ass can't intend to kick up a rumpus in Quelchy's study!" exclaimed Harry, in alarm. "Come on, let's see what happens!"

The juniors hurried along after Bolsover, a trifle scared. They knew Bolsover's ungovernable temper, and they saw he was in the mood for any recklessness. Bolsover had never been friendly with the Famous Five—quite the reverse. He was the eldest and biggest fellow in the Remove, and he had always been "up against" Harry Wharton. Moreover, he was a great bully, and his high-handed methods often brought him into conflict with Harry Wharton & Co.

Yet Harry Wharton was not a little concerned on his behalf now. And his fears were realised as they came within earshot of the Remove master's study.

From the open door came a sudden scuffle of feet, followed by a wild yelling in Bunter's well-known voice.

"My hat!" gasped Harry. "Fancy kicking up a shindy in there!"

The next moment the startled juniors were peering into the study. They found the irate Bolsover chasing Billy Bunter round and round the table to the accompaniment of frantic yells from the fat youth.

"Help! Yarrough! Stop him—keep him off, Wharton!" howled Bunter, suddenly catching sight of the juniors round the doorway. "Keep him off—his mad!"

"The mad ass!" snorted Harry. "Quelchy may come along any minute."

He was about to step into the study to interfere when there sounded a firm step in the passage behind the juniors, and Bob Cherry gave a warning hiss of:

"Cave!"

At the same moment things reached a climax in the study.

While avoiding a savage clutch from Bolsover, Billy Bunter stumbled over the waste-paper basket, and went down in a heap.

As he did so Bolsover went headlong over him, and his burly form barged into the table.

It was only a light, typewriting table, but on it was Mr. Quelch's typewriter, also a neat pile of manuscript and a neat pile of typing paper.

Bolsover's helpless charge sent the whole lot toppling over, and there followed a crash and clatter more ominous than the sound of breaking crockery in Study No. 1 some minutes earlier.

But Bolsover seemed scarcely to have heard it. He had got Bunter now, and he was punching him as though his life depended upon his doing the job thoroughly. It was the voice of Mr. Quelch that brought him to his senses.

"Bolsover! What—what— Good heavens!"

Bolsover looked up, scared enough then. He saw that Harry Wharton & Co. had vanished, and in their place stood Mr. Quelch. The master fairly blinked at the scene.

Only for a moment, though! The next he had taken a long stride into the room, and grasping Bolsover by the coat-collar, he fairly lifted the burly Removeite to his feet, and shook him like a rat.

"Bolsover!" he thundered, ceasing to shake the bully of the Remove at last. "Have you taken leave of your senses? After my remarks to you some minutes ago, you have dared to—to renew your persecution of Bunter here—you have

dared to brawl in my room? You shall suffer dearly for this!"

Bolsover said nothing. His heavy face was scowling. He had scarcely noted what had stood on the table, but at sight of the typewriter on the floor, and of the scattered typewritten sheets about the carpet, he realised he was "in for it."

The typewriter lay on the carpet, obviously damaged; indeed, it could scarcely have escaped serious damage after that terrific crash.

Yet Bolsover knew the wrecked typewriter was a small matter compared to the heinous offence of interfering with the papers on the master's desk—accidentally or otherwise.

Those neatly typed sheets that had reposed in a pile in the wire basket were part of Mr. Quelch's famous "History of Greyfriars"—the monumental work upon which he had been engaged for years. It was the master's joy and delight—his companion and solace against the worries and trials of his everyday life—which were numerous enough in the life of a master of the Greyfriars Remove. Every moment he could spare from his daily duties he gave joyfully and gladly to the task upon which his heart was set. Every neatly typed sheet was precious to him, and he would never even allow a servant to dust his desk while his manuscript reposed upon it.

And now those neatly typed sheets were scattered about the room in hopeless disarray, some of them spattered with ink from an upset bottle, some of them lying among the cinders in the hearth.

It was no wonder Mr. Quelch was in a towering state of wrath—especially after the damage he had already sustained to his august person at the hands—or, rather, head—of Billy Bunter.

Billy Bunter fairly shook in his shoes as he caught the glitter in the master's eyes.

"I—I sus-say, sir!" he gasped. "It wasn't me—it wasn't my fault, sir! Bolsover was after me, sir! He's a bully—"

"I am fully aware that what has happened is scarcely your fault, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice. "I shall punish you as I promised, nevertheless, Bunter. Hold out your hand!"

"Oh dear!"

Mr. Quelch picked up his cane, and Billy Bunter held out his hand gingerly. But he held it out. He dared not risk exasperating Mr. Quelch further. Two strokes on each of Bunter's fat palms was Bunter's punishment, and he yelled as though they had been a hundred.

The operation over, Mr. Quelch pointed to the door, and Bunter crawled out, groaning and wringing his smarting hands.

"Now, Bolsover," said Mr. Quelch, almost in a snarl, "I will deal with you. I am about to punish you, not only for bullying, but for having had the brazen effrontery to brawl, and cause a scandalous disturbance in my study. Indirectly you were responsible for Bunter's accidental assault upon me in the passage a few moments ago. You have now smashed my typewriter and created havoc among my manuscript. Hold out your hand!"

Bolsover major held out his hand sulkily.

Whiz!

The cane slashed downwards with terrific vim, and an involuntary yelp came from Bolsover as it bit into his palm. It was one of Mr. Quelch's extraspecials, and it was not the only one.



While avoiding a savage clutch from Bolsover, Billy Bunter stumbled over the waste-paper basket and went down in a heap. As he did so Bolsover went head-long with him. Crash! The small table toppled over, sending a pile of manuscript and Mr. Quelch's typewriter to the floor. "Bolsover! What—what! Good heavens!" Mr. Quelch stood in petrified horror in the doorway. (See Chapter 2.)

Four on each hand Bolsover took, and he was fairly doubled up with agony when the angry master had finished.

"That, Bolsover," snapped Mr. Quelch, "is only part of your punishment. You will now pick up those scattered sheets and place them on the table. All soiled or crumpled sheets you will place apart from the rest."

With glittering eyes Percy Bolsover obeyed. He righted the table, and then he picked up the sheets of manuscript, and did as the master indicated. He threw the two heaps on the table with scarcely veiled insolence.

Mr. Quelch's brows darkened.

"Insolent behaviour will not help you, Bolsover," he said tartly. "However, I understand that you can use a typewriter?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bolsover sulkily, and not a little astonished at the question.

"Very good. You will stay in to-morrow afternoon and copy out these spoiled sheets of manuscript. You will also do five hundred lines of Virgil, Bolsover, which I shall expect to be handed in to me by to-morrow evening."

"But—but, sir—" stammered Bolsover.

"Meanwhile," proceeded Mr. Quelch, ignoring the amazed junior's interruption, "I will ring up Temple's, of Courtfield, and request them to send me a machine on hire without delay, and to take away this damaged machine to be repaired. The cost of its repair, Bolsover, will be deducted from your pocket-money. You may go."

But Bolsover made no move. His

heavy jaw was set, and his eyes gleamed rebelliously.

"It—it's not fair, sir," he muttered through clenched teeth. "It was an accident. You've already caned me, and it's unjust—"

"Wha-a-at!"

Bolsover quailed a trifle beneath Mr. Quelch's almost terrifying look. But he went on doggedly, bitterly.

"Bunter's barging into you was an accident, sir. So was the smashing of this machine. I don't mind paying for the damage, though, and I don't mind doing the lines and copying out those sheets. But—"

"Bolsover!"

"I don't care, sir!" said Bolsover recklessly. "I've been caned, too, and it's a bit thick to detain me to-morrow afternoon as well. I'm down to play in the Higheliffe match. It's ages since I've been given a chance to play for the Remove in a big match. And—"

"Enough!" thundered Mr. Quelch, in a voice that made the junior jump. "How—how dare you talk to me like that, Bolsover! How dare you question the fairness and the justice of my actions, boy! You—your insolence and impudence is astounding! You shall certainly be detained to-morrow afternoon, Bolsover. Go—go before I am tempted to punish you still further!"

"But, sir—"

"Go!"

Bolsover went. He had been on the point of speaking yet again, but as Mr. Quelch whipped up his cane he decided not to. Mr. Quelch looked decidedly dangerous.

He left the Remove master's study with an ugly look on his heavy features. He was inwardly smouldering with fury and bitter resentment against what he believed to be unjust and spiteful punishment. In his view, the luckless collision in the Remove passage between the master and Bunter had been a pure accident, as had been the smashing of the typewriter. In any case, he felt that Bunter was solely to blame.

In the general way, Mr. Quelch rarely erred on the side of leniency. He believed in the old adage that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Yet he was never knowingly unjust. And in this case he had certainly good reason to be angry. It was no joke to be in sudden collision with a fellow of Bunter's weight, and Mr. Quelch was still feeling quite ill with the painful effects of the shock.

Moreover, the Remove master was fully aware of Bolsover's reputation as a bully, and he was "down" on bullying in any shape or form. On top of this was the sacrilege of disturbing his precious literary work, and the smashing of the typewriter, which had put the finishing touch to Mr. Quelch's sorely tried patience. It was, perhaps, no wonder that Mr. Quelch had been unusually severe on Bolsover.

But Bolsover, in his blind passion, refused to look at the matter from Mr. Quelch's point of view. He knew Mr. Quelch disliked him, he believed he had been unjustly punished in consequence, and he left the study seething with bitter hatred and resentment.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bolsover's Reckless Act!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. did not linger outside Mr. Quelch's door after he had gone inside. The Remove master had ordered them curtly to go, and they had gone. They knew better than to disobey Mr. Quelch, much as they wanted to see what would happen. They walked back to Study No. 1 in a scared group. Bolsover and Bunter were "for it." There was little doubt about that.

"Phew! There's trouble in store for those asses now," breathed Harry Wharton, as the juniors entered their study. "I shouldn't care to be in their shoes."

"Let's hope that fat idiot gets it hot, anyway," grunted Johnny Bull. "The mischief-maker's always causing trouble of some sort. Blest if I blame Bolsy, anyway!"

"Bolsover must be potty to kick up a rumpus in Quelch's study," said Harry. "He's fairly asked for it."

That also was the opinion of Harry's chums. Bolsover had undoubtedly "asked for it."

The juniors replaced the tea-stained tablecloth on the table, and picked up the smashed crockery with feelings that were anything but kindly towards either Bolsover or Billy Bunter. The teapot and several other articles had been smashed to atoms, but Bob Cherry went along to his own study and brought a fresh supply of crockery, and in a few moments tea was ready again—a very sparse tea. The juniors were just seating themselves when the door opened and Bunter entered, groaning dismally, and squeezing his fat hands under his armpits.

The Famous Five blinked at him wrathfully. That the fat junior should dare to enter Study No. 1 after what

had happened almost took their breath away.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Bunter!"

Bunter blinked at them appealingly and not a little apprehensively.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"You—you nervy fat bounder!"

"Oh, really Cherry—"

"Get out of this!" snapped Harry Wharton wrathfully. "You silly owl, get out while you're safe! Scat!"

"Oh, really, you fellows!" said Bunter pathetically. "Don't be hard on a fellow! Old Quelch's licked me—"

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"The rotten beast's nearly cut my hands in two!" hooted Bunter, his eyes glittering behind his spectacles. "The awful beast gave me two on each hand—scorchers! I'm—I'm not standing it, the beast. I'm going to make him sit up for it!"

"You silly chump!"

"That beast Bolsover punched me, too!" went on Bunter, blinking dismally at the grinning juniors. "I've had enough, haven't I? He'll be after me again soon, too."

"Good!"

"Beasts! I say, you fellows," continued Bunter, with a pathetic groan, "he'll be looking for me soon. I know he will. I saw it in his eyes when we were with Quelch. You might let a fellow stay here with you. I know you won't let that beast bully me, Wharton, old fellow."

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh. Angry as he was with Bunter, he could not help it. It was clear now why Bunter had turned up again. He had come for their protection from Bolsover. It was not the first time Billy Bunter had sought sanctuary in Study No. 1. This time it was obviously a case of any port in a storm.

"Well, the cheeky rotter!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"The cheekfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Singh.

"Kick the fat cad out!" hooted Johnny Bull. "Come on, all together!"

"Oh, let the fat beast stay!" grinned Harry Wharton. "After all, we can't let even Bunter be slaughtered. That's what will happen if Bolsover collars him. He's not going to get any tea, though. He's already had more than enough out of us. You hear that, Bunter? You've got to sit in the corner there and behave yourself, otherwise out you go on your neck!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And if he as much as opens his mouth we'll bung giddy cushions at him!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

"Oh, but really, you fellows—"

Bunter broke off and made a jump for the corner, as Bob picked up a cushion. He decided hurriedly to keep his mouth shut. He got a chair and emulated the celebrated Jack Horner—excepting that he had no pie to eat! To sit silent was agony to the tattler and busybody of the Remove; but, as it happened, he had not to endure the ordeal for long. There came a sudden heavy footstep in the passage, and he gave a gasp of alarm.

"That sounds like Bolsover's number nines!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Bunter—"

"Get under the table, ass!" hissed Harry Wharton.

Bunter gasped again, and dived under the table like a startled rabbit. Bob Cherry immediately wiped his feet on his fat person, but Bunter did not move. He crouched, trembling, for the door had opened and Bolsover had entered the study.

He walked into the room, clenching

and unclenching his big fists convulsively. Harry Wharton & Co. stared curiously at his white face and glittering eyes. He obviously had no idea that Bunter was in the study—which was just as well for Bunter.

"Hallo!" said Harry. "You look pretty pipped. What happened?"

"Get it bad?" asked Bob Cherry, with a sympathetic grin.

Bolsover's eyes blazed and he showed the palms of his hands. The flesh was slightly swollen, and red ridges showed clearly.

"Phew!" whistled Harry. "He's fairly laid it on!"

"Hard lines!" murmured Bob. "You asked for it, though, Bolsy!"

"The—the howling brute!" hissed Bolsover, through clenched teeth.

"The unjust brute! Four on each hand he gave me! That's not all, though! I've come to tell you, Wharton, that you'll have to find another man for to-morrow."

"Why? He—he hasn't—"

"Yes!" hissed Bolsover savagely.

"Quelch's gated me! He's given me five hundred lines, and I've got to copy out some of his beastly rot—some pages that got mucked up when the table went over."

"Phew!"

"That's rotten!" said Harry, frowning. "We were depending on you, Bolsover! Hazeldene's off colour, and you've been showing good form lately."

"I know!" gritted Bolsover. "You—you don't know how keen I was on the match to-morrow. And now I'm done! The rotten, spiteful beast's legged me!"

There was silence in the study.

"Well, it certainly isn't like Quelch to come down so heavily," said Harry quietly. "He must have been in a fine old wax, and no mistake. No good asking him to reconsider it, I suppose?"

"No; hang the brute! I tried it on! It's no good! I've got to spend the dashed half-holiday writing lines and copying out his dashed History of Greyfriars! I—I'd like to see his rubbish at the bottom of the sea! I'd like to rip the whole dashed lot up to bits. And—and what's more, I thundering well will—"

"Shut up, you silly ass!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "If anyone hears you gassing like that—"

"Shut up, be hanged!" snarled Bolsover furiously. "I tell you I'll pay the brute out for this—you see if I don't! Four on each hand he gave me—brutes! Wasn't that punishment enough? On top of that he's given me five hundred lines, and his dashed stuff to copy—about twenty pages of the rot! And I've got to pay for the damage to his confounded typewriter, too!"

"Yes, but—"

"It's no good talking!" said the burly Removite bitterly. "You fellows know he's always down on me. I'm not taking this lying down, though. As for that little beast Bunter—just let me get my hands on him, that's all! I'll give the little toad the hiding of his life! It's all his dashed fault—"

"Well, that's so," said Harry Wharton quickly, wondering what the burly Removite would do if he discovered Bunter was scarcely a yard from him. "But you know what a little fool he is. You'd better let him off after this, Bolsover. He's already been punched by you, and he's been licked by Quelch. He's had enough!"

"Enough!" echoed Bolsover viciously. "He's not had half what he's going to get from me. It's just like you chaps to back up both Quelch and that fat beast!"

"That's rot, Bolsover!" snapped Harry. "Look here—"

"Go to pot!" snarled the fuming junior. "I tell you I mean to make the little toad sit up for this—and old Quelch, too! I'll make Quelch wish he—"

Bolsover broke off abruptly and stamped from the room, his eyes glinting. Harry Wharton looked after him uneasily.

"Talking through his hat, I suppose," muttered Harry as the door closed. "I hope—oh, blow the mad ass! You can come out now, Bunter!"

"Oh dear! I say, you fellows, are you sure he's gone? Oh, the awful beast!"

Billy Bunter showed a fat, shaking face beneath the tablecloth, but after a glance at the closed door he crawled from beneath the table, gasping and breathless. It had been far from pleasant under the table—especially with five pairs of boots digging him in his fat ribs. But it had been far safer there for Bunter—with Bolsover in the room.

With red, heated face and crumpled clothes Billy Bunter staggered to his feet and stood panting. He only stood for a moment, though. For even as he did so the heavy tramp of returning feet sounded, and the door-knob turned.

Bunter gave a terrified gasp and dived for the table again. But this time he was too late. The door had swung open, and Bolsover, standing in the doorway, was just in time to see him.

For a single instant the burly junior stared at Bunter's disappearing legs, and then he gave a growl and leaped forward. His hands closed on Bunter's fat leg, and as he hauled him out Bunter gave vent to a howl of dismay.

"Got you!" hissed Bolsover hoarsely. "Got you at last! So—so you were here all the time, hang you!"

"Punch, punch, punch!" howled Bunter fiendishly as Bolsover started to punch him furiously. "Help! Yarrrough! Yooup! Ow! Yarrrough!"

"Punch, punch, punch! Thump, thump, thump!"

Bolsover's fists thudded into the fat person of Billy Bunter with all Bolsover's fury and strength behind them. And Bunter howled and yelled with all the force of his lungs.

"Stop that, Bolsover!" shouted Harry Wharton. "You silly fool! You'll have—"

Without stopping to finish Harry sprang to the rescue. Harry's chums also came to his aid, and together they dragged the fuming and breathless Bolsover off his yelling victim.

"Oh dear!"

Bunter tottered to his feet, yelling. He stood glaring at Bolsover for a moment, and then he bolted along the passage as Bolsover strained to get at him again.

"Let me go, hang you!" hissed the furious junior. "You interfering cads!"

"Don't be a fool!" said Harry sharply. "It's a marvel none of the beaks has turned up as it is. And, look here, this has got to stop. If you touch Bunter again you'll have us to deal with us! I warn you!"

He released the fuming Bolsover. Bunter was gone, and fellows were coming out of their studies to see what the row was about. Bolsover said nothing. He gave the juniors one black look and stamped away, his eyes glittering with rage. Harry watched him go uneasily. He knew the angry fellow was capable of any reckless folly in his present mood.

Bunter had vanished, but Bolsover made no attempt to follow him. He took the opposite direction, and a few moments later he was out in the quad, tramping restlessly up and down in the rapidly deepening dusk. He scarcely gave Bunter a thought now.

His thoughts were of Mr. Quelch, and they were bitter, vengeful thoughts. Mr. Quelch had more than once given him worse lickings than the one he had recently received. But this one, he felt, was different. It was undeserved. The licking scarcely mattered to Bolsover, however, then. It was the gating for the following afternoon that rankled so deep and filled his mind with black thoughts.

For ten minutes or more the junior tramped up and down, and then quite abruptly he stopped and drew in a deep breath.

From the Hall doorway a figure in a greatcoat and hat had emerged. In the bright light the junior glimpsed the somewhat thin, angular features of Mr. Quelch. He watched the master descend the School House steps into the darkness of the quad and across to the gates.

For fully a minute after Mr. Quelch had vanished under the lighted gateway Bolsover stood motionless. Then with sudden resolution he set his teeth and entered the House again.

He made straight for the Remove master's study. As he entered the passage leading to it he saw a fat figure coming towards him. It was Billy Bunter, and as Bunter glimpsed him, he

wheeled abruptly, and bolted in the opposite direction.

But Bolsover scarcely noticed him. He walked up to Mr. Quelch's door, and, after a quick glance round, he pushed the door wide and entered, closing it carefully after him.

The room was lit by flickering fire-light, and Bolsover had no need to light up. There was light enough for him to do what he had come to do.

The typewriter stood in its case on the table, but the manuscript had gone. Bolsover knew where it was kept, however. He opened a drawer in the table, and lifted out a bulky bundle of papers. There was not light enough for him to see what they were. But Bolsover did not trouble to look. He hesitated a brief instant, his heart thumping against his ribs, and then he crossed to the fire and dropped the mass of paper among the glowing coals.

The flames licked round it, and Bolsover stamped and pressed the burning mass viciously with his foot. Then he turned and slipped to the door. As he reached it the room was lit up vividly by a blaze of fire from the grate. The junior turned and looked back at it, his eyes gleaming.

"There, you brute!" he hissed through his teeth. "You've always been down on me, Quelch, but this about puts us square! You'll get your lines all right to-morrow, but I fancy that copying won't be done by me—or anyone else!"

And with that Percy Bolsover left the study, carefully closing the door after him.



The flames licked round the pile of manuscript and Bolsover stamped and pressed the burning mass with his foot. "There, you brute!" he hissed through his teeth. "You've always been down on me, Quelch, but this about puts us square!"
(See Chapter 3.)

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Burnt Manuscript!

"GOOD heavens!" Wingate stopped abruptly. The captain of Greyfriars was just passing the Remove master's study when he heard that exclamation through the slightly open door. The voice was Mr. Quelch's, though Wingate scarcely recognised it, so fraught was the tone with mingled amazement and horrified apprehension.

Wingate was quite startled. He wondered if the master of the Remove had been stricken with sudden illness.

He tapped sharply on the door and pushed it open.

Mr. Quelch was stooping over the fireplace. He looked round suddenly, and Wingate was shocked at the expression on the master's face.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" asked Wingate in alarm, stepping quickly into the room.

"Ah! It is you, Wingate," said Mr. Quelch in a curiously high-pitched and agitated voice. "Come in and close the door, please."

Wingate closed the door, and approached the master wondering.

Mr. Quelch stroked his head with a shaking hand.

"It—it is my manuscript, Wingate," he stammered. "You—you know, of course, that I have been engaged for years upon literary work—the writing of the history of this school?"

Wingate smiled slightly. Everybody at Greyfriars knew that only too well; Mr. Quelch's history of Greyfriars was not taken very seriously, even by the seniors of Greyfriars.

"Oh, yes sir—of course!" he said in surprise.

"Very well, Wingate," said Mr. Quelch, pointing a trembling hand at his table drawers, all of which were open. "On leaving here this evening I placed the manuscript of my book in this drawer, where it is usually kept. When I returned from a visit to the post-office, I found this drawer open, and my manuscript gone. I was naturally much alarmed, and I immediately began a thorough search of the room. But—but all I found is—that!"

Once again Mr. Quelch raised his hand, and this time he pointed to the firegrate. Wingate looked, and started. Among the glowing coals were masses of charred and blackened scraps, obviously burnt paper. The hearth itself was strewn with blackened scraps and lumps of soot from the chimney. Evidently paper had been burned recently in the grate—a mass of paper!

"Sir!" gasped Wingate. "You—you don't mean to say that your manuscript's been burnt?"

Mr. Quelch's white face twitched.

"I fear there is no room for doubt, Wingate," he said in a broken voice. "You see there the result of years of unremitting toil. All my leisure, every moment I could spare from my scholastic duties, I gave to the task I had set myself. And now—there it is, a heap of ashes! Wingate, who can have done this thing—who can have been so incredibly heartless, so cruel—"

Wingate said nothing for a moment. The sight of the master's agitation, his keen distress, brought a lump to the senior's throat. Mr. Quelch's history of Greyfriars had been looked upon by the boys as something of a joke; Wingate himself had smiled often at the mentioning of it. But he saw now that to Mr. Quelch it was no joke—far from it. It was the master's pride and pleasure, his dream and delight. And now it was

gone for ever—reduced to a pile of black, feathery ashes.

"I'm sorry, sir, sorry to hear this," said Wingate at last, in a deeply sympathetic voice. "But—but are you sure that it is the manuscript that has been burnt? Look, sir! This looks like a bit of exercise paper."

Wingate stooped and raked a scrap of half-burnt paper from among the cinders, the only visible scrap that was not burned black. On it was writing, not typing.

Mr. Quelch shook his head dully.

"That is nothing, Wingate," he said with quivering lip. "The outer sheets of my manuscript were waste sheets of paper—old exercises placed there to keep it clean."

"But—but did you not take copies as you typed it, sir?"

"No, alas! I did not, Wingate. I found it such a tiresome task, and I foolishly typed only single sheets. All the notes I have taken also—thousands of notes collected laboriously through the years—were thrown away or destroyed but recently. It is hopeless, my boy. All that I have left are some twenty sheets—sheets that were soiled by accident this afternoon, and which were to have been copied out again to-morrow."

"You—you think someone's done it purposely?" asked Wingate quietly.

"It pains me to suggest such a possibility, Wingate; but that much seems obvious," said Mr. Quelch. "Yet who could have been the culprit, who could have done such a senseless and dastardly trick? But we must discover that! We must discover who has visited the study in my absence this—"

The master broke off; Wingate had given a sudden start.

"I saw one fellow enter this room myself, sir, about half an hour ago," said Wingate, his eyes gleaming. "It was Bunter—Bunter of the Remove."

It was Mr. Quelch's turn to start. His face grew grim, and his eyes gleamed with sudden recollection.

"You—you saw Bunter enter my study this evening, Wingate?" he snapped.

"Yes, sir. I thought nothing of it, however. I believed you were in."

"Then," said Mr. Quelch in a sudden burst of anger, "that is the culprit, Wingate. He is the only boy in my Form whom I should imagine capable of such utterly thoughtless and wicked work. He is too foolish and obtuse to realise the gravity of such an action. Moreover," added Mr. Quelch, his voice quivering with growing anger, "only this afternoon I had occasion to punish him for disturbing my manuscript. He has doubtless done this wicked thing to be revenged upon me."

Wingate's face went hard. He had little doubt about that himself now. Bunter was just the sort of fellow to do such a reckless thing, he felt.

"I must see the wretched boy at once," cried Mr. Quelch in a shaky voice. "Possibly he may—I dare not hope that there is any mistake, however. It is, alas! only too clear. Wingate—"

"He'll be in the junior Common-room at this hour," said Wingate. "Shall I bring him, sir?"

"No, no!" stammered the master. "I will go to him—I must!"

He hurried from the room, and Wingate followed hard on his heels. The captain of Greyfriars was seething with indignation himself now. Whether the manuscript was of great value or not, it was a caddish, rotten trick to destroy it, and Wingate was honestly indignant, and full of deep sympathy for Mr. Quelch.

They found the Common-room full at

that hour, and the cheery hum of voices ceased abruptly as Mr. Quelch sent the door flying open and whisked in. The startled juniors stared in amazement at his white face and glittering eyes. They had seen Mr. Quelch angry, many times and oft; they had never before seen him so angry as this, and certainly not so obviously agitated and so lacking in self-control.

There was a dead silence as the master walked across to the fireplace round which a crowd were grouped. His hand fell on the shoulder of Billy Bunter, and the fat junior, greatly to his surprise, was whirled from his seat.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch in a hoarse voice, "I have come—"

"I—I say, sir!" gasped Bunter in great alarm. "It wasn't me; I didn't do it, I swear I didn't!"

"What?"

Billy Bunter gasped like a stranded fish. His face had gone almost green with fear. Mr. Quelch gripped him again in a grip of iron. His thin lips were trembling with emotion now. Bunter's frantic denial before he had been charged with anything was certainly suspicious, to say the least of it—or so thought both master and senior.

"Bunter!" gasped Mr. Quelch before the fat junior could speak again. "So—so you are apparently aware of the crime that has been committed? You were in my room this evening—"

"I, sir? Oh no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Not at all! I—I haven't been near your study, sir—not once to-day, sir!"

"You are speaking falsely, Bunter!" cried Mr. Quelch, in a voice he hardly recognised himself as his own. "You were in my room this afternoon. I had occasion to punish you there. You were also alone in my room this evening. Wingate saw you enter the room."

"Oh dear!"

Bunter fairly shook.

"Falsehood will not help you, wretched boy!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "You visited my room this evening in order to carry out the dastardly revenge you had determined upon for the caning I meted out to you this afternoon. Are you aware of the unjust and grievous harm you have done me, boy? Are you aware that your heartless and spiteful act has destroyed the hopes of years, that in one moment of wickedness you have consigned to the flames the labour of my best years?"

Bunter gave a jump.

"F-fluf-flames?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, flames!" was the bitter retort.

"Boys"—the master turned almost appealingly to the crowd of astounded, staring juniors—"if any of you here know anything of this—this outrage, I beg of you to come forward here and now. Was any other boy concerned in the matter in addition to Bunter?"

Harry Wharton stepped out, his face showing his bewilderment.

"We—we know nothing, sir," he said quietly. "What has happened?"

"I will tell you, then," said Mr. Quelch, striving to regain control of himself. "This evening some boy—this rascally boy, Bunter—entered my room in my absence. From the drawer in my desk he abstracted my—my manuscript—the manuscript of my work, the 'History of Greyfriars.' He—he," continued Mr. Quelch in a quivering voice, "then destroyed it—flung it into the fire. It is burnt."

There was a buzz of utter amazement. All eyes turned upon Bunter, who was looking almost as amazed as they were. He licked his lips, and after a desperate blink round he spoke.

"It—it wasn't me, sir—I tell you it

wasn't!" he stuttered almost hysterically. "I didn't burn it—never dreamed of burning it, sir!"

"Then what were you doing in my room this evening, Bunter?" demanded the master in a terrible voice.

"I—I—I—" Bunter stammered and stopped; then he went on desperately: "I—I took an impot, sir—"

"That is not the truth, Bunter!" gritted Mr. Quelch. "There was no imposition from you on my table, or anywhere in my room. It is obvious to me—too obvious—that you have destroyed my manuscript in a mean spirit of revenge. But you shall suffer for it! You shall—shall—"

Mr. Quelch's words became inarticulate. He struggled for a moment, and then in an uncontrollable burst of anger his grasp tightened on Bunter and he shook the junior—shook him until Bunter yelled with fear.

"Mr. Quelch—" began Wingate, in alarm.

With startling abruptness the master flung Bunter from him, and, turning, he hastened towards the door as if afraid to trust himself longer. He had almost reached the door when he swayed curiously.

"Look out!" cried Wingate, aghast.

He sprang forward, as did Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, and they were just in time to save the master from falling. Together they assisted him to a form.

"I—I shall be all right in a moment," gasped Mr. Quelch weakly. "A—a momentary attack of faintness, I think. Will—will you assist me to my study, Wingate?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Wingate, in great concern.

At that moment Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, who happened to be on the point of passing the open door, came rushing in, having glimpsed that something was wrong. He quickly took charge of affairs, and a moment later, with Wingate's aid, he was escorting the Remove master to his study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Self-condemned!

AS the door closed upon the three the dead silence in the Common-room gave place to a buzz of excited voices. Billy Bunter staggered to his feet and blinked round. He shivered as he met the glares of disgust and condemnation from his schoolfellows.

"I—I say, you fellows—" he began desperately. "It's all a mistake—"

"Shut up, you fat cad!"

"You miserable worm!"

"You spiteful, mean cad!"

A chorus of angry cries were flung at the fat junior from every corner of the room. Mr. Quelch was a strict—sometimes exceedingly severe—master, but he was just, and with the majority he was popular. Yet had he been otherwise but popular the juniors, on the whole, could scarcely have been anything else but sorry for him in his great loss, and indignant and disgusted with the fellow who had been responsible for such a mean, dastardly act.

With threatening looks they crowded round the fat youth, and Bunter fairly shook in his shoes.

"I—I tell you it's a mistake!" he howled in great alarm. "I didn't do it! It wasn't me. I swear! I only just—I mean, I know nothing at all about it! Nothing! I tell you I didn't burn—"



"Snowball the rotter!" "Good egg!" "Good wheeze!" The suggestion caught on. In a moment the air was thick with flying snowballs. "You—you—you rotters!" shouted Bolsover shrilly. "I won't go! I tell you—" A perfect fusillade of snowballs burst about him and the Bully of the Remove reeled before the onslaught and fell. (See Chapter 7.)

"Bosh!" snorted Bulstrode wrathfully. "You—you fat sweep! You've done it this time, my lad! You'll get the boot as sure as fate, and serve you jolly well right!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Just a minute, you fellows!"

The interruption came suddenly from Harry Wharton. He pushed his way through the angry group, his face hard, his eyes gleaming.

"Just a minute, you fellows!" he repeated grimly. "Are we sure Bunter did do it?"

"What?"

Without answering the scornful shout, Harry Wharton stepped up to a junior who was seated alone on a form in the corner. It was Percy Bolsover.

"Now, Bolsover," said Harry curtly, "I want you to answer a question. Was it Bunter, or was it you who burnt Mr. Quelch's manuscript?"

Bolsover got up from his seat. His face was pale; but it was set hard, and his eyes glittered. As he looked round and met the surprised looks of the rest his face went whiter still.

"What—what do you mean, Wharton?" he muttered.

"I fancy you know what I mean well enough!" snapped Harry. "Bunter's blamed for that dirty, miserable trick, but I don't believe he did it! I don't believe he could have had the nerve to do such a thing! That's not why, though. I haven't forgot what you said this afternoon. You vowed to get

even with Quelch! You said you would like to rip his stuff up to bits! In fact, you said you would!"

There was a murmur at that. Bolsover said nothing.

"You were licked by Quelch," resumed Harry steadily. "Everybody knows he gave you a severe caning for smashing his typewriter. You vowed to us that you'd get square! I fancy it's more likely to be you than Bunter."

There was a dead silence. All eyes—many of them accusing now—were turned upon Bolsover. Billy Bunter was blinking from Wharton to Bolsover in astonishment. Still Bolsover did not speak.

"If you did it, Bolsover," went on Harry quietly, "it's up to you to own up and clear Bunter. You can't be such a howling cad as to let him suffer if he's innocent. If you did it, it'll pay you to own up—especially if Bunter can clear himself."

Bolsover set his lips hard. He had been utterly dumbfounded when Mr. Quelch had dropped his bombshell by charging Bunter. He could not understand why they should charge Bunter, and why Bunter had been so curiously and suspiciously agitated at the charge. But he had not spoken, feeling sure that Bunter could easily clear himself—though Bolsover hardly knew himself whether he would have owned up had he thought otherwise.

"I—I didn't do it, you fool!" he

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hissed. "What proof have you that I did it, hang you, Wharton? If Bunter didn't do it, I suppose he can clear himself?"

"He'll find it hard to do that. Nobody will take Bunter's word!" said Harry grimly. "Anyhow, you ask me what proof I have that you did it. I haven't any real proof, I suppose, but I'll tell you why I suspect you, Bolsover. In the first place, you vowed to do something of the sort, and it's the kind of thing you were in the mood to do."

"What rot!" hissed Bolsover. "I—I admit I said it, but I tell you—"

"Wait a minute. I haven't finished yet!" snapped Harry. He pointed suddenly to Bolsover's right foot. "If you didn't do it, Bolsover," he cried, in a clear voice, "perhaps you'll tell us why your right boot and the bottoms of your trousers-leg are blackened and scorched, and why smuts and bits of paper are sticking to them? Look!"

"My hat!"

Every eye in the room was directed to the bottoms of Bolsover's trousers, and his boots. It was as Harry had said. Both the cloth and the leather showed clear and unmistakable signs of burning, and of soot.

Bolsover's face went ashen as he noted the damning facts.

"I—I—I—" he stammered. "I tell you—"

"Own up, you cad!"

It was a yell—an angry yell from every corner of the room.

"I noticed it and wondered at it when Bolsover first entered the Common-room to-night," said Harry, his eyes flashing scornfully. "You've used your foot to stamp and press Mr. Quelch's manuscript into the flames, Bolsover. Now will you own up?"

"Own up, Bolsover, you howling cad!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Bolsover did it!" screamed Billy Bunter. "He must have done it, the beast! I say, you fellows, I saw him—"

"What?"

"I saw him go into Quelch's room!" yelled Bunter triumphantly, almost beside himself with joy. "I saw the rotter—"

"Is that true, Bunter?"

"Honour bright!" yelled Billy Bunter, pointing at the flushing Bolsover. "Look at the rotter—he can't deny it! I saw him!"

Bolsover went scarlet with rage. He took a threatening step towards Bunter, but Harry Wharton stepped quickly between them, his eyes flashing.

"None of that, Bolsover!" he cried fiercely. "If what Bunter says is true, then that settles the matter. You—you howling cad! You've taken a mean revenge on Quelch—a revenge no decent fellow would dream of taking. That's not all! You were willing to let another fellow take the blame—you stood by and said nothing when Bunter was charged!"

"I tell you—"

"Rats!"

"He's bowled out, the rotter!"

"Own up, you cad!"

Bolsover fairly shrivelled under the storm of scorn and contempt of the Remove. To do him justice, he had no thought in his mind of allowing Bunter to take the blame—of trying to throw the blame on anybody. He had kept silent because he expected Bunter would clear himself.

At the same time, he had had no intention of owning up—far from it. But now he saw it was useless to attempt to deny it—to the Remove, at all events.

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He was amazed that so much fuss was being made about the matter—amazed at his fellow Removites' attitude regarding it. Yet he felt no remorse or shame—far from it. He only felt increased bitterness against Mr. Quelch, and fury against Harry Wharton, who had shown him up.

He glared round defiantly at his angry Form-fellows. Always a reckless and headstrong fellow, he showed utter recklessness and disregard for his position or for his fellow Removites' opinion now.

"Hang you—hang the lot of you!" he hissed, glowering round with clenched fists and blazing eyes. "Go to pot! Think I care a toss for the lot of you! Bah! You want me to own up, and I thundering well will—quickly enough! I did it, and I'm thundering glad I did it, too!"

"You—you did do it, then?"

"Yes! So put that in your pipes and smoke it!" snarled Bolsover. "I vowed I'd pay Quelch out, and I've done it! He's always been up against me—you fellows know that!"

"You howling cad!"

"Cad or not!" shouted Bolsover passionately. "I've paid that beast out, and I'm thundering glad I have! I don't care what happens—I don't care for you rotters, or the Head either!"

There was a dead silence then. It was out now. And then the silence was shattered by a howl of wrath. That Bolsover showed no sign of remorse or shame—that he obviously gloried in his revenge—filled the juniors with towering anger and disgust.

In the midst of the hubbub Harry Wharton sprang on to a form and shouted for silence. He made himself heard at length.

"You fellows!" he cried, in a ringing voice. "You've heard what this cad says—he's owned up to an act which every fellow ought to be heartily ashamed of."

"Hear, hear!"

"He's not only owned up, but he's crowing about it—gloating over it. It was a dirty trick to destroy Quelch's stuff—whether it's rubbish or not makes little difference. You've all seen what it means to Quelch. A fellow who would do a thing like that and gloat about it isn't fit to be in the Remove—isn't fit to be among decent fellows. A fellow who would let another chap be blamed for what he's done isn't fit to be in the Remove, either."

There was a roar of acclamation, and Bolsover major shivered, and his red face went white again.

"That being so," went on Harry grimly, "I vote we send the cad to Coventry—let him see what we think about such caddish work."

"Until he's sacked!" yelled a voice.

"Yes, until he's sacked!" agreed Harry. "And he's certain to get the boot; and a jolly good job, too! Hands up those in favour of barring Bolsover!"

Every hand in the room went up—with the exception of Bolsover's own, naturally. The burly junior glared round him like a wild beast.

"That's good enough, then," said Harry Wharton, jumping down again. "Bolsover, you've heard—"

Wharton paused for a moment. Two figures entered the room. They were Dr. Locke and Mr. Prout. Both the Head and the Fifth-Form master were looking angry and indignant.

"Wharton!" began the Head, looking round him sharply. "I will not ask what this—this tumult means now. I have come to see Bunter—Bunter of the Remove. Ah!"

The Head's glance fell upon Bunter, and that junior shivered at the wrath in the Head's eyes.

"Bunter!" exclaimed the Head, in a tone trembling with anger. "I have just heard of the dastardly outrage perpetrated upon Mr. Quelch, your Form-master—an outrage which has filled me with deep anger and disgust. Wretched boy—"

"It—it wasn't me, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Oh dear! I swear it wasn't me, sir! These fellows know it wasn't me! It was Bolsover—Wharton will tell you it was Bolsover, sir!"

"Bolsover!" echoed the Head, his brow dark. "What do you mean, boy? Mr. Quelch has just informed me that you, Bunter, are the rascally vandal who destroyed his manuscript—a manuscript of the greatest value!"

"Mr. Quelch is mistaken, sir!" gasped Bunter desperately, giving Wharton an appealing glance. "Wharton knows Bolsover did it—ask him, sir!"

"It wasn't Bunter, sir!" came a chorus of voices.

Wharton stood hesitating, and his glance went to Bolsover—a meaning glance that Bolsover understood well enough. The Head noted it quickly, and he turned sharply to Bolsover.

"Bolsover!" he demanded in a harsh voice. "Is Bunter's statement correct? Do you know anything of this matter?"

Bolsover's limbs trembled, but his face set in the old obstinate way. He knew it was hopeless to deny it now; he knew the Head would never rest until he had brought what the juniors knew to light. But in his present mood of bitter rage and self-will he cared little what happened.

"Yes, sir!" he muttered through clenched teeth. "It wasn't Bunter. I did it!"

"You—you did it?" gasped the Head. Bolsover nodded almost insolently.

The Head's brow grew thunderous.

"Bolsover!" he gasped. "I am amazed—scandalised that you, the oldest boy in the Remove, should have done this wicked thing! Bunter I might have found some excuse for; he is obtuse and thoughtless. But I am amazed that you, unruly and insubordinate as I know you to be, should stoop to do this thing—a thing that no right-minded and honourable boy could have done. Why—why did you burn Mr. Quelch's manuscript, Bolsover?"

Bolsover licked his lips, and hung his head sulkily.

"He—he was down on me," he muttered sullenly. "He caned me this afternoon unjustly, and he's gated me for to-morrow afternoon unjustly."

"Bolsover!" thundered the Head.

"I don't care!" said Bolsover doggedly. "It was unjust—he's always been unjust to me!"

"Boy!" thundered the Head. "How dare you make such statements against your Form master! Mr. Quelch, to my knowledge, has always treated his Form with unswerving impartiality and justice. He has only punished you when you have deserved punishment. Had you shown any sorrow—any sign of remorse for the wicked crime—for crime it is—which you have committed, I should possibly have shown some measure of mercy. As it is, your attitude of sullen defiance has destroyed any hopes of that. Wretched boy, have you no sense of shame for what you have done?"

Bolsover was silent.

"Very well," said the Head, controlling his voice with an effort. "You must suffer the extreme penalty, Bolsover. You have shown a base spirit

of revenge which proves you to be utterly unfitted to take your place among decent and right-minded boys. You have, in one moment of despicable ill-temper and spitefulness, done your master a great and cruel injustice which should bring upon you the scorn and contempt of your school-fellows, and for which I, for one, can never forgive. You will leave this school to-morrow in disgrace. Mr. Prout, will you kindly escort this wretched boy to the punishment-room?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Prout, treating Bolsover to a glance of intense scorn. "Come, Bolsover!"

Bolsover nodded coolly, and followed the Fifth Form master from the room. Yet, though he was outwardly cool, and his manner insolent, he was inwardly writhing. The Head's scorn and his lashing tongue had cut him like a whip, and had pierced his armour of dogged self-will and sullenness.

But he showed no outward sign of this to his staring Form-fellows as he followed Mr. Prout from the room amid a dead silence. And a few seconds later he was alone—alone with the bitter knowledge that he was to be expelled from his school in disgrace.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Remorse!

ALL Greyfriars was buzzing with the story of Mr. Quelch's tragic loss before morning, and all Greyfriars had nothing but the deepest sympathy for the Remove master, and the deepest scorn and contempt for the fellow who had committed the unfortunate act—if it could be called that.

It was known that Mr. Quelch was completely broken up by his loss, and that he was confined to his room, and would be unlikely to take the Remove as usual that morning. Such news in the ordinary way would have been received with joy by the members of his Form. But it was not so now. Even fellows like Skinner & Co. and Billy Bunter—inveterate slackers—would have been glad enough to see Mr. Quelch in his usual place in the Form-room that morning.

In the Remove especially, Mr. Quelch's History of Greyfriars had been looked upon with a humorous eye. It was something of a standing joke in the Remove. Fellows were always asking when the great work was to be finished. Bob Cherry had given it as his view that it never would be finished—that, like the proverbial brook, it would go on for ever and ever.

And now it looked as if Bob's words had come true—in a tragic manner. Mr. Quelch's great work was burned to ashes; it never would be finished. Yet now the juniors saw no humour in the thought. They had never dreamed that their master could have been so stricken by the loss of what they had generally regarded as "tosh" and "rubbish."

They knew now, however: they realised what its loss spelled to Mr. Quelch—the hope and dream of years of toil and arduous labour, of thousands of hours spent in research and preparation in addition to the labour of composition. And they felt deeply sorry for him, and a burning rage against Bolsover.

To their amazement Bolsover turned up in class that morning. Why, they did not know. Wingate had released him from the punishment-room and escorted him to the Form-room without a word of explanation. After doing which, Wingate had himself taken charge of the Form.

Bolsover sat alone that morning. Not a single fellow in the Remove would speak to him, and the glances he met were full of scorn and contempt. He realised that the juniors were in real earnest. He was barred—an outcast, unfit to associate with his fellows. And the rest of the school—even the high and lofty seniors, took no pains to avoid showing what they thought of him. The only fellow who spoke to him was his minor—young Hubert Bolsover of the Third.

The outcast showed no signs of shame, however. His sullen, lowering face showed the savage, bitter state of his mind. He felt he hated the school and all in it. Why the Head was allowing him to remain in the Form-room after being expelled he could not imagine. It seemed to him an unjust and cruel act to subject him to the contemptuous eyes of his school-fellows unnecessarily, and it made him more bitter than ever. It was nothing less than torture waiting—waiting for the message that would summon him to the Head's study before his departure from Greyfriars.

The summons from the Head came at last—though not until the morning was almost over. Trotter came in with a note from the Head, and handed it to Wingate. Wingate read it, and spoke to Bolsover.

"You're to go to the Head at once, Bolsover!" he said curtly.

There was a buzz of interest. All eyes turned on the hapless junior as he rose to his feet with white, set face. The juniors were pretty certain what it meant. They felt they were looking

their last on Percy Bolsover—and they were not sorry. There was not a scrap of sympathy in their glances as Bolsover walked unsteadily to the door and went out.

It had come at last. He had seen his last of the old Form-room and the familiar faces of his fellow Removites. As he walked along the passage the real extent of his position struck Bolsover like a blow. What would his people think? A sudden wave of emotion swept through him at the thought of going home, and he had to blink hard to keep back the bitter tears.

What a fool—what a blind, reckless fool he had been!

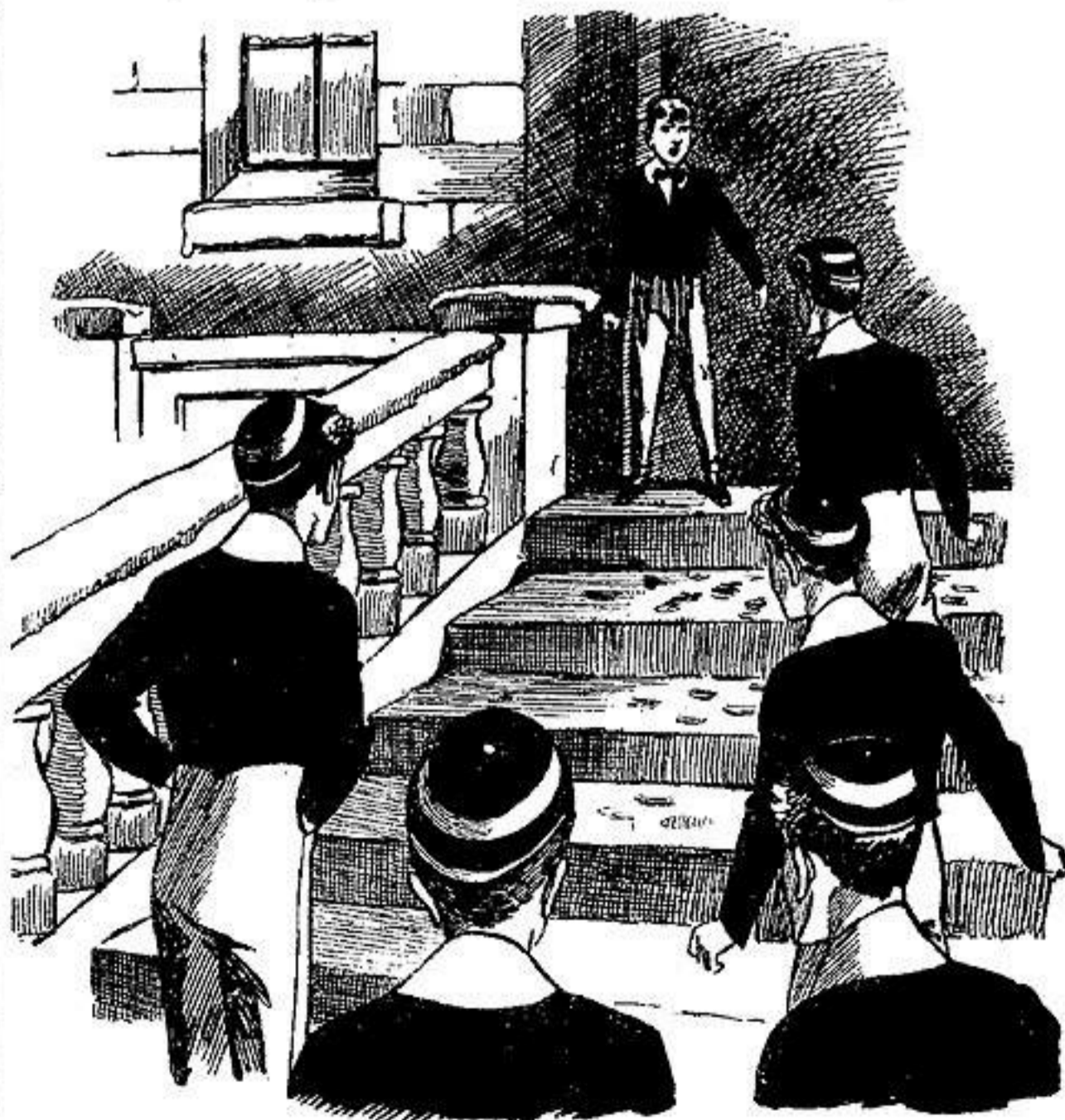
He knocked at the Head's door and entered quickly, steeling himself to calmness. He was determined to show no emotion—no fear, or regret.

The Head was alone. He looked up and eyed the junior steadily as he took his stand before the desk. He frowned slightly as he noted the hard, bitter expression on Bolsover's heavy features.

"Bolsover!" he said quietly. "Last night I told you that you would leave Greyfriars to-day—that you would be expelled from the school in disgrace. I have now sent for you in order to inform you that I have now rescinded that decision. You will not be expelled, my boy!"

"Oh!"

Bolsover staggered. He could scarcely believe his ears. He had expected to be ordered curtly to pack his boxes—he had expected the Head to hand him his fare home, and to tell him the time of the train he was to travel by.



As Harry Wharton & Co. went up the steps of the School House a youngster with a white, set face and flashing eyes confronted them. It was Bolsover minor. "You cads!" he cried shrilly. "You beastly, cowardly cads! I know what you've done! You've—you've kicked my major out of the school! Oh, you beasts!" (See Chapter 7.)

He trembled violently with the overwhelming relief that took possession of him.

"Not—not expelled?" he said hoarsely. "No, Bolsover; you will be allowed to remain at Greyfriars after all," was the Head's grave reply. "And when I tell you that you owe your escape from that disgrace to the master whom you have so cruelly wronged, I hope that you will feel and show what, up to the present, you have apparently failed to feel and show, real regret and remorse for your grave fault."

"You—you mean Mr. Quelch?" breathed Bolsover, a flood of crimson dyeing his face. "You mean that Mr. Quelch has begged me off, sir?" he added in a scarcely audible voice.

The Head nodded gravely. "Yes, I do mean that, Bolsover. He has pleaded with me—has begged me to allow you to remain. He has pointed out that you acted as you did in a burst of passion, believing you had been unjustly treated. He has even insisted that he was unduly severe with you. You boys forget that the master in whose charge you are placed has your best interests at heart. He realised that expulsion would be a lasting disgrace—might even ruin your career. He has, with the utmost unselfishness and magnanimity, suppressed his own bitterness and distress in order to come to me and plead on your behalf."

Bolsover said nothing. He was stunned. That Mr. Quelch, the master whom he had believed hated him, detested him, was "down" on him, the man whom he had so recklessly wronged, had been the very man to plead and save him, filled him with utter amazement and wonder.

It did more than that, however. It swept away his self-made barrier of bitter hate and sullen pride. It filled him with self-loathing. It was heaping coals of fire on his head, and the junior's bitterness and hate gave place to remorse and shame. Every word the Head uttered stabbed his newly-awakened conscience like a dagger. A flood of tears rushed unchecked to his eyes, and his lips quivered.

The Head noted this, and his grave features relaxed.

"Bolsover," he exclaimed gently, "I am glad to see that at last you regret the wrong you have done—that you now show signs of penitence. You need say nothing now. I had intended—I had agreed with Mr. Quelch that instead of expulsion I should be satisfied to punish you with a severe flogging. I think—yes, I will now withdraw even that punishment. As Mr. Quelch has so unreservedly forgiven you, it is not for me to be unduly harsh. Let this be a lasting lesson to you, however. Revenge is un-English—it is utterly unworthy and can never be justified; nor does it bring satisfaction, but only shame and self-loathing. You may go, Bolsover."

Bolsover turned away with bowed head. Before reaching the door, however, he turned, and came back.

"May—may I see Mr. Quelch?" he stammered huskily.

The Head smiled.

"Yes, I think you will find him in his study, Bolsover," he said in a kindly tone.

"Thank you, sir!"

Bolsover left the room like a fellow in a dream. He could scarcely believe it. He was free—unpunished; it was all over and done with. And Mr. Quelch had brought it about—the master whom he had imagined would gloat in his expulsion.

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Bolsover's face was set and his eyes shining as he walked to Mr. Quelch's door to knock. What he intended to say and do he did not know. He only knew that his heart was full of gratitude to the master who had shown such amazing forgiveness and kindness.

He found himself inside the room a moment later. Mr. Quelch was reclining on the couch, but he sat up and eyed the junior searchingly as he entered. Bolsover was cut to the heart as he noted the master's strained face and shadowed eyes.

"Well, Bolsover?" said Mr. Quelch. Bolsover strove to speak, but could not. His face was flushed with shame, and his lips quivered. Mr. Quelch appeared to understand.

"I think, Bolsover," he said quietly, "that you have come to me to express your regret for what has happened. Is not that so?"

"I—I—I—" Bolsover stammered and stopped, and instead of going on he nodded dumbly.

"I am glad of that, my boy," said the master. "The matter is now ended. You may go."

Bolsover did not move.

"But—but I want to say how sorry I am, sir," he muttered shakily, finding his voice at last. "I—I wish I hadn't done it now, sir. I hope you will believe me. I was a cad—a howling cad and rotter! I'm heartily sorry now. If—if I can do anything to make up for it—if you intend to start your book again sir," he added in an eager, trembling voice, "I hope you'll let me help. I can type, and I'll work—work like a nigger every second of my spare time to make amends for what I've done."

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet and rested his hand on the junior's shoulder.

"My boy," he said quietly. "I have already forgiven you, hard as it has been for me to do so. You can never understand what a loss—what a bitter loss—this has been to me. But what is done, alas! cannot now be undone. You can do nothing, Bolsover. I fear I can never resume the struggle, I can never summon the energy or courage to start so gigantic a task again. Only recently I destroyed all my notes, the results of years of patient research and toil, from which I had built up what was finished of my task. But let this be a lasting lesson to you, Bolsover. I trust that you will repay me, however, in another way—in your conduct and behaviour in the future."

And cutting Bolsover's almost hysterical thanks short with grim kindness, Mr. Quelch led him to the door, and, with a parting squeeze of the shoulder, ushered him out.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Cast Out!

BOLSOVER major spent that afternoon alone in the detention-room, doing his lines. Most of the Remove also spent that half-holiday indoors, for, by a strange stroke of Fate, there was no football that afternoon. When the juniors came out of class at noon it was snowing hard, and it was very soon obvious that the Highcliffe match would have to be abandoned.

Yet, though most were indoors, it was late in the afternoon when the Remove heard the news regarding Bolsover. From Wingate Bob Cherry learned the facts, and the knowledge that Bolsover was to get off filled him with anger and disgust, as it did with the rest of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch's amazing magnanimity served only to increase the juniors' sympathy with him, and to intensify their contempt of Bolsover. They were, one and all, furious that the fellow who had so disgraced the Form should escape the penalty of his caddishness. They did not look at the matter through the Head's eyes, naturally. Moreover, they could not forget that Bolsover had callously stood by when Bunter had been charged, and they believed that, but for Wharton, he would never have owned up at all.

Indeed, the feeling was so strong that Harry Wharton, as leader of the Form, found himself forced to act in the matter, though he needed little urging to act.

Accordingly a meeting of the Form was called in the Rag immediately the news was confirmed. All the fellows were fetched in, and the meeting was crowded.

The Removites were in a savage mood, and ready for anything. From the top of a form Harry Wharton addressed them, and gave his views in no uncertain manner.

"Bolsover's disgraced the Form, you fellows!" he said fiercely. "And if the Head's going to do nothing in the matter we will. We've already sent the rotter to Coventry, but that's not enough."

There was a roar of acclamation, and Harry went on grimly:

"I'm blessed if I know what we can do, though," he said. "We could make him run the gauntlet, for one thing. If the howling cad showed any signs of regret for what he's done it would be a different matter. But he doesn't care a hang! We haven't seen the cad since he went to the Head, but I bet he's still sulky, and still defiant. Well, we'll make him sing a different tune before we've finished with him!"

"Hear, hear!" George Bulstrode jumped up on to a form.

"I've got a suggestion to make, you chaps," he shouted. "A thundering good suggestion, too! As the Head wouldn't sack the blighter, I propose we sack him—kick him out—ourselves! It's been done before, and I don't see why it can't be done now."

The suggestion took the majority of the juniors by storm. The sheer boldness of the idea appealed to them. Harry Wharton and several others were a bit dubious about it, but even they fell in with the suggestion at last.

"Right, then!" snapped Harry grimly. "There's bound to be trouble; but we can stand in all together. Bolsover's bound to come back, too; but if he does we'll jolly well sling him neck and crop out again!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll do it!"

"Yes, rather!"

"We'll do it at once, then," said Harry, when the tumult had subsided. "We'll have to be slipper over the job and make as little row as possible. Some of us can see to his baggage and the others can do the slinging out. Come on!"

There was a rush for the door, and in a moment the excited juniors were surging towards the study occupied by Percy Bolsover.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!

The door was sent crashing open, and, headed by Harry Wharton, they crowded inside.

Bolsover was alone. He was seated at the table, but he sprang to his feet with a cry as the angry swarm poured in.

"What—what do you fellows want?" he stammered, his face going white.

"We want you, Bolsover!" snapped Harry Wharton, in a grim voice. "You've escaped your dashed deserts at the hands of the beaks, but you won't escape it at our hands, my pippin! Have you got any money on you, Bolsover?"

"Why—yes, but——" Bolsover stammered again, and stopped.

"You've got enough for your fare home, I suppose?" asked Harry, in hard tones.

"What—what do you mean?" panted Bolsover.

"I mean this," snapped Harry. "You're sacked, Bolsover—sacked by your Form-fellows. We're going to kick you out of Greyfriars. If you come back we'll kick you out again. Anyhow, if we fail in the end we'll have shown the Head what we think about you, you cad!"

Bolsover drew a deep breath.

"But—but you can't!" he gasped. "The Head's—"

"Can't we?" echoed Harry scornfully. "You'll see thundering soon whether we can't. Get busy, you chaps!"

"Yes, rather!"

The juniors were only too eager to begin, and while several rushed up to the dormitory for Bolsover's clothing and personal belongings there, others collected anything in the study they knew belonged to the hapless junior.

Bolsover stood as if stunned. He seemed incapable of movement. Suddenly, however, Harry Wharton gave the word, and a crowd of juniors closed in on him. They grasped him, and as they did so Bolsover seemed to wake from the trance that gripped him.

The old dogged, savage look came into his pale face, and, with a hoarse cry of defiance, he started to struggle, hitting out right and left with his great fists.

But the odds were too great. Fighting like a madman, he was rushed to the door and into the passage. Big fellow as he was, his frantic efforts availed him little against the horde of angry juniors.

He was fairly lifted off his feet at length, and the rest was easy. Though he still struggled and kicked passionately, he was rushed along the passages to the hall-door.

Knowing that at any moment someone in authority might spoil their intention, the juniors fairly ran their fiercely-battling prisoner through the Hall. Luckily—for their purpose—most of the seniors and masters were at tea, and the passages were deserted, as was the Hall.

They were outside in the quad at last, and, heedless of the thickly-falling snow, they hustled and hustled the almost exhausted Bolsover through the Close and towards the gates.

"Now, out with him!" shouted Harry Wharton. "And sling his blessed goods after him!"

"Here goes, then!"

Bolsover gave a yell at that—so far he had struggled without a word. But now he gave a hoarse, panting yell.

"You—you cads!" he yelled. "I won't go—I tell you I won't go, hang you! You've no right—"

He broke off desperately as the juniors swung him and sent him flying through



"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's this?" The Removites crowded round him eagerly as he tore the brown paper off the package. It revealed a thick mass of paper, neatly tied with ribbon. "It's it!" yelled Bob excitedly. "It's Quelchy's manuscript! Great Scott!" (See Chapter 9.)

the air. With sprawling limbs, he fell in the snow outside the gates. Gosling, the porter, came rushing up.

"Young gents!" he gasped. "Which it ain't—"

Gosling was grasped by the angry juniors, and rushed back into his lodge. As Bolsover picked himself up, covered from head to foot in snow, and, gasping with rage, a dozen Removites lined themselves across the gateway.

"You—you cads!" choked Bolsover passionately.

He eyed the juniors for a moment, and then he came back with a bull-like rush. But the juniors were ready for him.

There was a brief, furious struggle, and then Bolsover, burly as he was, went flying through the air again, to plunge into the rapidly thickening snow of the lane.

As he lay, breathless and almost weeping with helpless rage and mortification, the rest of the Removites came rushing up, and a couple of bags and a shower of articles rattled about his head.

"You can come back again, Bolsover," called Harry Wharton grimly. "But I'd advise you not to. You'll get slung out again, and we sha'n't be so gentle next time!"

Bolsover staggered to his feet. His face was white as death, and his eyes glittered with fury and bitter despair. Less than an hour ago he had thought himself safe—he had forgotten that the Removite might not forgive if others did.

As he stood panting and undecided, Skinner of the Removite made a gloating yell. Skinner had been one of Bolsover's own clique, but he was full of malicious glee now at his old friend's downfall. Skinner & Co. were fair-weather friends only.

"Snowball the rotter!" he yelled. "Give him something to remember us by. On the ball!"

"Good egg!"

"Good wheeze!"

The suggestion was adopted on the instant. In a moment the air was thick with flying snowballs.

"You—you howling rotters!" shouted Bolsover shrilly. "I won't go, I tell you—"

But he did go. A perfect fusillade of snowballs burst round him, and he was almost smothered in bursting snow. He reeled before the onslaught, struggling madly to make another rush for the gates.

But it was an impossible task. Under the hurricane of missiles he staggered and reeled, and fell. He scrambled to his feet, and, all but sobbing with helpless rage, he snatched up his cap and coat and ran.

A triumphant cheer followed him, together with a parting volley of snowballs.

From the gates the Removite juniors watched him until his burly, slouching form was swallowed up in the dusk, and then they turned and tramped back towards the School House.

"Well, that's that!" said Skinner, with satisfaction. "That's good-bye to Bolsover."

"Jolly good riddance!"

"Hear, hear!"

Harry Wharton & Co. said nothing. They walked in slowly after the others. They had taken no part in the snowballing of Bolsover, at all events. Harry Wharton's face was flushed, and he was

(Continued on page 17.)



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EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON

Week Ending February 28th, 1925.



Books of the Month

By
Our Special Reviewer.

"THE COMPLETE MOTOR-CYCLIST." By HORACE COKER. (Messrs. Speedy & Slaughter, 2/6.)

Who is better qualified to write a book on motor-cycling than Horace Coker? Why, everybody! But Coker thinks he knows the Alpha and the Omega of motor-cycling, and his latest book is full of advice to those who own motor-cycles, and to prospective owners thereof. The spelling is a work of art. It is so weird and wonderful that it made me think, at first, that the book was written in either Greek or Chinese. Coker, who is the most reckless of "roadhogs," cannot claim to be a complete motor-cyclist himself. One of these days he will have a terrific smash-up on the King's Highway, and find himself in pieces, like Humpty-Dumpty of nursery-rhyme fame. Coker will then be an incomplete motor-cyclist!

"THE GENTLE ART OF BULLYING." By GERALD ASSHETON LODER. (Chas. Tyser, 3/6.)

In this book Loder of the Sixth lets us into all the secrets of his trade, which is the persistent persecution and punishing of small fags. The book contains much valuable advice to would-be bullies, and is illustrated by diagrams showing how the various tortures are inflicted. For instance, there is a sketch of an unhappy fag having his arm twisted, followed by a sketch of the same fag having his nose pulled. The wretched infant is then shown lying across a study table, and being "walloped" by his fag master. Loder is undoubtedly a true disciple of Nero, and if he had his own way he would revive the rack and the thumbscrew, the pillory, and the stocks. Loder refers to bullying as "the gentle art." There may come a day when he himself will be put through the mill, and he will then discover that bullying is anything but a "gentle" pursuit!

"SIXTY YEARS A GATE-PORTER." By WILLIAM GOSLING. (Messrs. Fossil & Funguss, 5/-.)

We had no idea that Gosling, the porter, was such a hoary and venerable old man until we perused his latest book, which is a record of all Gossy's adventures and experiences from his youth up. "Which I've held my present position, man and boy, for nigh on sixty years," writes Gosling, "and I'm spending my declining days a-writing of these here Mee-mores." Declining days, Gossy? Tut-tut! You will yet live to be as old as Methuselah! I hope you will send me an invitation to your hundredth birthday party!

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"COLLECTED POEMS." By DICK PENFOLD. (Messrs. Rime & Reezon, 2/6.)

All of Penfold's poems, grave and gay, have been issued in one bulky volume. Although he is only in his fifteenth year, Pen's output has been prodigious. I believe he has written half as much as Shakespeare, and as much as Milton. Of course, the quality of his verse is not to be compared with that of the old masters, yet I know heaps of Greyfriars fellows who would rather read Penfold than Shakespeare. Here's more power to Pen's elbow!

"TUCKSHOPP TOPPICKS." By WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER. (Messrs. Gorge & Guzzell, 25/-)

Rather a tall price for a book, methinks—even for a book by Bunter! Evidently the fat junior is out for big profits, which he can expend at his usual trysting-place, the school tuckshop, where he flirts with sugary doughnuts, and clasps jam-tarts in an affectionate embrace. I cannot recommend Bunter's book to scholars, because the spelling and syntax will bewilder them. Neither can I recommend it to dyspeptics, because it deals with what Mr. Quech calls "sticky and indigestible compounds." But I can heartily recommend the book to all epicures and food-hogs. One of the chapters is entitled "What to eat, and what to avoid," but the author fails to mention any item of food that should be avoided! Certainly there is no kind of edible that Bunter would willingly avoid!

"A BOOK OF ENGLISH QUOTATIONS." By HURREE SINGH. (The Inky Publishing Company, 4/6.)

"Having masterfully conquered the learning of the esteemed and ludicrous English literature, I feel that I am qualified to compile a book of quotations from the works of Shakespeare, Milton, and other worthy and esteemed writers." Here is a sample:

"There is a tateful tide in the affairs of menfulness
Which, taken at the floodful flood, leadfully goes on to fortune."

And another:

"Hope springfully leaps eternal in the human breastfulness:
Man never is, but always to be blissfully blestfulness."

These quotations are supposed to be gems from Shakespeare and Pope. But the "gems" lose their value when Hurree Singh flavours them with his own peculiar English.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THE amateur journalists of Greyfriars may be divided into several sections. There are those who think they can write stories, and can; there are those who think they can write stories, and can't; and there are those modest spirits who don't think they can write stories, but who can when they are put to it.

The amount of literary talent at Greyfriars is amazing. The "Greyfriars Herald" is not nearly large enough to accommodate the works of fiction which flow fluently from dozens of pens.

Mark Linley, the Lancashire junior, writes excellent stories in serious vein; while Tom Brown is probably our champion humorous writer. Vernon-Smith can serve up an exciting sports yarn; and Peter Todd's detective stories need no "puffing." Dicky Nugent, of course, is in a class by himself. His weird and wonderful stories of school life are inimitable. For this, our Special Fiction Number, I have prevailed upon Master Richard to write an article on how to become a successful author, in addition to a complete pirate story; but I must warn my readers against taking Dicky's advice too seriously! Perhaps, when he is about ninety years older, Dicky will have gained more wisdom in these matters. But it is not for a fag in the Second to place himself on a par with such masters of fiction as H. G. Wells, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Arnold Bennett.

Another person who greatly fancies himself in the sphere of fiction is the fat and fatuous Bunter. Billy thinks he knows the writer's craft inside out—and a lot more besides. He does not boast that he will become a famous author one of these days; he boasts that he is one already!

The time may come when we shall see Billy Bunter occupying the editorial chair of the "Gorger's Gazette" or the "Tuckshop Times," but we can't picture him proving a success in any other branch of journalism.

At the present time I am snowed up under an avalanche of manuscripts. They have been pouring into my sanctum all day. There is a Wild-West yarn by Fisher T. Fish, and a fighting yarn, featuring Bill the Basher, by Bolsover major. There is a football yarn by Skinner, who has never kicked a football in his life unless under compulsion; and there is a boxing yarn by Alonzo Todd, who knows nothing of the noble art of self-defence. Why don't these budding authors stick to the subjects of which they have a first-hand knowledge? Bunter, for instance, who has just purloined a cake from my study cupboard, ought to be able to write an excellent burglar yarn!

I must "cease fire" now, and wade through the mass of manuscripts beneath which I am almost buried!

Next week's Supplement is something out of the way—nothing less than a complete Supplement in rhyme. That surprises you, I'll warrant. The result is distinctly good, although I "says it as didn't ought." Young Dicky Nugent scores right along the line with a story in rhyme concerning the doings of that weird and wonderful—and impossible—school, St. Sam's. Even Bob Cherry, who's not given to bursting into verse, does his bit right royally. Mind you read this special number, my chums; you'll enjoy it from beginning to end.

HARRY WHARTON.



How To Write a Story!

By Dicky Nugent

HAVING written more stories for the "Greyfriars Herald" than any other orther, dead or alive, I am folly kwallified to give advice on the subject of story-riting.

Some people will tell you that orthers are born, and not maid. This is all Tommy Rott. Charles Dickens wasn't born with a pen in his fist, or with his cranium full of bright brain-waves. He had to learn his perfession, just like everyone else.

But to come to the point—as Mister Twigg said when he sat on a tin-tack. Supposing you want to become a talented writer of skool stories, like me. Well, your best training will be to read all my stories of St. Sam's, and saturate yourself with my stile. At the same time, you will be learning how to spel korrekctly, and how to avoid bad grammer.

Having paved the way in the manner described, you will be able to make a start with your first story. But don't sit down and scribble at randum. Think out a plot first—or, as they call it in the best littery circles, a sinnopsis. You will, of corse, have your hero, and your

villen, and a number of less important carracters. The hero must be a real, live, go-ahead he-man—not a feeble, weak-need sort of fellow who can't say "Bo!" to a goose. Your villen, too, must be a skoundrel of the deepest die—not a mild, aneemick sort of villen. You will lead both the hero and the villen into all sorts of thrilling adventures, and have them clashing with each other all through the story, until finally the hero emerges triumphant, while the villen tumbles over a cliff and brakes his neck, or else perrishes mizzerably under the weals of a motor-buss.

When you have drawn up your plot, you may go ahead with the actual story. Don't begin with a description of the silvery moon shining on the bosom of the ocean, or any of that sort of rot. Descriptions of scenery are a beestly bore to the reader. His attention should be rivetted and nailed down by the opening paragraff of the story.

I always remember the beginning of a story which Bob Cherry once wrote. Cherry isn't any grate shakes as an orther, but he knows how to start a story properly. This was the opening sentence:

"Overwhelmed with debt, the result of my own vice and folly, I have no alternative but to blow out my brains!"

Now, that grips the reader at once. He is eager to see what happens next. Will the unhappy hero—or villen, as the case may be—put his desprit resolve into eggsecution? Will he loose off a Webley Colt, and stroo the hungry churchyard with his bones—I mean, branes? Or will help arrive in the nick of time and save him from a garstly fate?

Having started your story in a sensational manner, you must keep the eggsitement at feverpitch all the way through. Insident should follow insident with bewildering rappidity, so that the reader is carried along on a wave of breathless emotion. Never mind how impossibul the insidents seem. Trooth is stranger than fiction, and more amazing things happen in our everyday life than the brane of an orther could ever conseeve. So you need have no fear of your story being too far-fetched. Nothing could be too far-fetched in this age of mirracles.

When you have finished your story, and korrekcted all the speling mistakes—if any—mind you send it to a paper for which it is sootable. If it's a boxing yarn, send it to "Punch." If it's a yarn that attracts, send it to the MAGNET. If it's a sparkling story, send it to the "Gem." If it's a trajjick story, with a lot of deths in it, send it to the "Mourning Post."

I trusted you will find this artikel a grate help, and I wish you every suxcess in your jernalistic venchers!

SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE!

An amusing dialogue between two fags.

"**Y**AH! I'm not afraid of you!"
"Well, I'm not afraid of you, either!"
"You'd better be!"
"Pooh!"
"I'll give you something to 'pooh' for!"
"You will—eh?"
"Yes, I will!"
"Just you try it on!"
"Well, I can do it!"
"You jolly well can't!"
"I jolly well can!"
"You think I'm afraid of you, or anybody like you?"
"Well, if I couldn't lick you with one hand, I'd eat my Sunday topper!"
"Rats! Any fool can talk!"
"I can do it, too!"
"Do it, then!"
"You'd better look out, or I will!"
"Talk's cheap!"
"You touch me once, and then see what happens!"
"Touch you! Why, if I touched you once, you'd never know what had hit you—till you came round in hospital!"
"Well, do it, then, you cheeky rotter!"
"You say much more, and I will!"
"I dare you to!"
"Be careful what you say! You see this fist? It knocked out six fellows yesterday! They're all in the sanny now!"
"Knock me out! I'd laugh to see you!"
"Yes! You'd laugh on the wrong side of your face!"
"Just you try knocking me out, and see!"
"Go and eat coke!"
"Go and fry your face!"
"You say much more, and I'll give you a tuppenny!"
"You will?"
"Yes!"
"I dare you!"
"Here goes, then!"
"Yah!"
"Bah!"

And so on, ad lib., until something interrupts them, when they separate, each vowing that he will never speak to the other again. And he doesn't—until next time!

If I Were Head?



By DICK PENFOLD.

CLAD in my gown and mortar-board,
Of Greyfriars School the sovereign lord,
I'd be respected and adored,
If I were Head!

I'd burn the birch, and scrap the cane,
And never give an instant's pain
To any boy in my domain,
If I were Head!

No schoolboy pleasures I'd restrict,
No impositions I'd inflict,
No erring youth would find me strict,
If I were Head!



Latin and Greek I'd soon abolish,
Tarts in the tuckshop I'd demolish.
My pupils' boots and shoes I'd polish
If I were Head!

I'd give a host of holidays,
Delightful days and jolly days,
Not mournful, melancholy days—
If I were Head!

I'd make my worthy friend Tom Brown
Head prefect, held in high renown,
A sort of King without a crown—
If I were Head!

I'd ask the festive fags to dinner,
And even chaps like Snoop and Skinner.
Bunter, you bet, would NOT get thinner,
If I were Head!



Maully, who loves to sleep all day,
Could do so, 'neath my genial sway.
I'd take his meals up, on a tray,
If I were Head!

Life would flow pleasantly along,
In fact, 'twould be "one grand sweet song."
The boys would be a happy throng
If I were Head!

So when you go to sleep o' nights
Just dream of all the grand delights
That would appease your appetites
If I were Head!

THE CASTAWAY'S CAPTCHER!

A dare-devil yarn of pirates and buccaneers in the Good Old Days.

By **DICKY NUGENT.**

FRANK FEARLESS was a strapping young lad of eighteen summers.

He was also a strapping young lad of eighteen winters, eighteen springs, and eighteen autumns. But he was not satisfied with all that.

So one day he ran away to sea. As he was running away he saw that an old sailing-ship lay alongside the key. So instead of running away to sea he thought he might just as well run on board the ship.

He did this at night, in case someone should see him. He stood over six feet in his boots, so he was the sort of strapping young lad that anyone would be sure to notice.

He hid under a locker on the lower deck. The ship sailed, and two days later he crawled abaft the beam, as they say. (That is what sailors call going upstairs.)

Frank Fearless crawled abaft the beam on his hands and knees. When he reached the beam he uncurled himself and stood on his feet. He felt much easier like that.

But the very next moment he felt a terrific pain in his lower story. A boot had caused the pain. He looked up, and saw a bearded man gazing angrily down upon him. It was the captain of the ship. For Frank noticed he had on a badge with the word written on it in small capitals.

He saw that he was not abaft the beam as he had thought, but on the bridge. The captain was holding the wheel in his hand. As Frank met his gaze the wheel dropped to the deck, and one of the spokes broke.

"You snorting son of a leering land-lubber!" shouted the captain in a low voice. "Look what you've done. How am I going to steer?"

Frank drew himself haughtily to his full height. He was bent almost double with pain, but he did not care.

"Captain," he said, "you hit me!" And I will take a blow from no man!"

Without a word he walked towards the captain and dealt him a resounding smack across the nose!

The captain scarcely moved. He had never expected such an outburst. He half expected that the lad would hit him. But his voice was kind and gentle as he whispered:

"Belay, there! Yo, ho! You purple-faced progeny of a solidified shrimp! What are you doing on my deck?"

Frank ignored the insult. He turned his broad back on the coarse fellow. Then, facing the skipper, he folded his arms.

"Yo, ho! Heave ho!" guffored the captain. "You young fighting cock! Bust me topsails, but you're a well plucked 'un!"

Frank laughed aloud. His silent mirth made the skipper serious in a moment. He frowned like thunder so that the sails shook.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Are you a stowaway?"

"Yes, please, skipper," returned Frank politely.

"Call me cap'en!" roared the skipper in his soft voice. "Or, cut me catlines, but I'll hit you over the head with a marlinspike!"

At the kindly, well-intentioned words Frank almost burst into manly tears. But he restrained himself. He did not want to make a nasty mess on the clean decks on his very first voyage. So he coiled and blew his nose rather violently.

"I want to be a sailor," he explained.

"The sort that goes on the sea in a ship?"

"Where are your credentials?" hissed the skipper.

"Alas!" replied Frank, hiding a blush of shame. "I have none. We had a pot of geraniums once, but the cat ate them."

At the words the skipper wiped his eyes with his sleeve. Then he wiped Frank one with his hand.

The boy did not flinch. He could not. He was rooted to the spot!

For as he glanced upwards he saw a sight that made his cheeks blanch. There was a flag at the masthead. It was a black flag on which were a skull and crossbones. It was the Jolly Roger!

He faced the skipper squarely.

The skipper merely glanced at his reflection in the binnacle.

Frank faced the skipper diagonally. Then he faced him circularly. At last, driven to madness by the other's silence, he twisted suddenly round and faced him backwards!

"Skipper," he cried in a ringing voice, "I see it all! You—you are a pyrate!"

The words rang out! Frank could not help it. They rang out like wedding-bells. Then they rang like a telephone-bell.

"Hallo! Wrong number!" laughed the captain in disgust. "Yo, ho! And a bottle of rum!"

At the words Frank became suddenly alive. At once he saw that he was dealing with a desperate character. Talk how he might, he saw that the skipper was nothing more nor less than a buccaneer.

"Very well, sir," he said haughtily. "Then it is death to the knife between us. When we meet again it shall be as enemies. Shake hands!"

The skipper thrust out his right hand, and Frank caught it in a grip of steel.

Without a word Frank said good-bye.

He turned on his heel. Then he turned on the hands of his wrist-watch, which had stopped during the little chat he had had with the skipper. Not knowing his way about the decks, Frank nearly fell down the poop.

He saved himself by clutching hold of the mizzen-mast. Then he swayed towards the galley, and pressed the bell.

At once he was surrounded by a mob of pirates. They were dressed in all manner of clothes, and revolvers brizzled at their belts. Cutlasses gleamed in their teeth. And one huge fellow had a sheath-knife behind his right ear.

Frank Fearless scowled at them with a grin. He was not afraid. He meant to capture the ship.

But at that very moment something happened. He heard a gun boom, and the ship began to heave alongside. It heaved for a minute or two. Then it heaved. It looked as though at any moment it might heave again.

Frank and the pirate crew dashed to the side and looked over. The sea tossed beneath them in blue waves.

It was a dead calm, and not a puff of wind. And there alongside was a trader with red sails. At once the crew took their grappling-irons out of their pockets and made fast.

Led by the skipper, they swarmed on the other's deck. With shouts of jubilation, they bound and gagged the crew of the trader.

"Dash me scuppers, a prize—a prize!" yelled the captain, dancing in his glee. Frank watched him with disdain.

By this time the trader had been captured. Her crew was brought aboard, and the prize tied to the pirate ship's stern by bits of string.

That night aboard the Jolly Roger, as she was called, there were great goings on. Ginger-beer flowed like water and streamed on the deck.

The only man who did not join in the scene was Frank Fearless. He stood apart,

sitting on one of the deck-chairs that lay about.

He was sorry now he had run away to sea. He had not realised that a pirate could be such a terrible man. And he was sorry for the poor crew of the trader.

His mind worked very quickly as he thought out a way of setting them free.

Five hours later the plan was worked out in all its details. Frank stole away from the plank on which he had been lying. He threw off the blanket that covered him and stole along the deck.

Though he was in his pyjamas, he did not waste time putting on his morning-suit. He had a desperate plan to put into action. Though he had not yet worked out all the details, he knew that it was good.

He stole quietly down the hatch.

When he reached the bottom he put his hand in the pocket of his overcoat which he was wearing. He pulled out a bit of candle.

From another pocket of his waistcoat he brought out a box of matches. Under the decks it was pitch-dark, so he struck a light and peered ahead of him.

He was in one of the cabins. A large lamp illumined the cabin with a strong brilliance.

And in the bunks round the large room lay the prisoners from the trader. They were all gagged and bound. They snored loudly as they lay sleeping.

Frank put out his light, and softly crept to the first bunk.

"Hist!" he cried to its occupant. "I have come to save you!"

"Hold!" cried the man. "I will not be shaved!"

At his words all the other prisoners, who had been lying, sleepless, for so many hours, sprang to their feet.

"What do you want?" they asked Frank, glaring at him with ferocious looks.

Frank heeded not their laughter. His plan was made up.

"I am going to escape," he told them, "and you are coming with me."

"But how?" asked the trader's captain, an immense man with a red beard. "All the decks are guarded. We can never get overboard."

"No," Frank retorted. "We are not going overboard; we are going through!"

The black-bearded skipper fell back a pace, tripping over one of the bunks.

"What mean you?" he gasped.

"I mean," said Frank, "that there is only one way of escape. We must bore a hole through the side of the ship and leave that way."

By this time all the other traders had fallen asleep, and it was left to Frank to act alone.

But, owing to the strain to which he had gone, Frank felt suddenly tired. He stretched his arms above his head. Then he opened his mouth in a yawn.

In the middle of these exercises the skipper remembered him. He rushed towards Frank.

"Dog!" he cried. "You shall walk the plank!"

"Yo, ho!" the buccaneers chorused.

The plank was brought and fixed to the stern of the ship. The pirate skipper pointed at it with a firm hand. Even his strong fingers were trembling.

"Walk the plank!" he commanded good-naturedly.

Frank stood there with knotted brows. He untwisted them and faced the skipper eagerly. He had thought out a brilliant plan.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "I have never been to sea before, and I do not know how to walk the plank!"

"I'll soon show you the way!" thundered the skipper.

As he whispered the reply he took five paces along the piece of wood. It was quite enough. Frank flung himself at him and pushed him over into the sea below!

At the deed the crew stood silent in utter amazement. Their shouts rose on every hand. But Frank was firm.

"Back, you dogs!" he said. "Step forward, all of you!"

They dared not disobey.

One by one they were captured all together and flung into irons. Then Frank elected himself skipper without getting a single vote.

He was now in command of the ship, and by means of the captured crew he was able to make for port, where his exploit is talked about till this day.

THE END.



(Continued from page 13.)

looking far from comfortable in his mind.

Now the excitement was over, and Bolsover had gone, he was wondering if they had not been too harsh—too heartless. There would be trouble, of course; but the Famous Five, at all events, were not worrying about that. Yet they were worrying—worrying about what they had just done. They had taken the law into their own hands. But had they done right?

As they went up the steps a youngster, with a white, set face and flashing eyes, appeared at the top and stopped Harry Wharton. It was Bolsover's brother, of the Third.

"You cads!" he cried shrilly. "You beastly, cowardly cads! I know what you've done—you've kicked my major out, you beasts! Oh, you beasts!"

Harry Wharton went crimson, as did his chums.

"Here, hold on, kid," said Harry in a curiously strained voice. "You know what your brother's done, don't you? He deserved that—and more! I'm sorry—sorry this rotten business ever happened. But—but—"

"Cowards!" cried Hubert Bolsover shrilly. "Why can't you give him fair play? The Head's forgiven him—even Quelch's forgiven him. Who

are you to refuse to forgive? Who are you to punish my brother? Oh, you beasts!"

With that the youngster ran down the steps and out into the quadrangle. The Famous Five watched him go, and then they eyed each other uneasily, shamefacedly.

"Rotten!" grunted Johnny Bull in a low tone. "I—I almost wish we hadn't done it, Harry."

"I do wish we hadn't!" snapped Harry. "But—but—oh, hang! That kid's made me feel rotten. He's a good kid; but—well, we've done it now. Come on; let's get tea!"

But it was little tea Harry Wharton & Co. consumed that evening. They would have consumed none had they known what happened in the quad after they had gone.

For, after leaving them on the steps, young Bolsover minor ran to the gates. He saw a pile of baggage, and, with tears glistening on his cheeks, and with snow falling thickly about him, he started to move the things to the shelter of the lodge. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he darted through the open gates. There was no sign of Bolsover's burly form, but the youngster did not even look for it. Hatless and coatless as he was, he ran out into the lane and vanished from sight amid the driving snow and deepening dusk of night.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Puzzle for Toddy!

"I—I say, Toddy, old fellow—"

Billy Bunter laid down his pen and looked up across the study table at Peter Todd. On Bunter's face—in addition to smudges of ink—

was a frown of deep thought. Evidently the fat mind of Billy Bunter was engaged in a problem of unusual difficulty.

Peter Todd looked up from his prep and regarded his fat study-mate curiously. Bunter's manner was curiously nervous, and his speech hesitating. Tom Dutton, the deaf occupant of Study No. 7, did not look up. He had not even heard Bunter.

"Well?" inquired Peter. "What's the trouble now, old fat lard-tub?"

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter.

He seemed to have great difficulty in deciding to say what he was apparently desirous of saying.

"Go on; let's hear it!" demanded Peter. "What the thump are you coughing about?"

"Ahem!"

"You silly ass!" roared Toddy. "Get on with the washing, can't you? I want to get on with my prep. Hallo! What's that you're writing, fatty?" he added, his eyes falling on the sheet of exercise paper on the table before Bunter.

Billy Bunter hastily turned the sheet over and placed a fat elbow upon it.

"Oh, really, Toddy," said Bunter warmly, "it's only a—a letter, you know; nothing to do with you."

"Blow your letter!" grinned Toddy, though his sharp eyes had not missed Bunter's obvious confusion. "I don't want to see the dashed thing! But when the dickens are you going to start prep, Bunter?"

"Just now, Toddy. I—I want to finish this letter first, you know!"

"You'll get it hot if Quelch turns up in the morning!" warned Peter. "Better get on with your prep now, Bunter. Anyhow, what were you going to say, old tulip?"

"It—it's about this affair of

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS ONE?

Cross word puzzles are all the rage, In future, chums, upon this page You'll find a simple problem.

PUZZLE No. 4.

All you will need is a pencil, rubber, and a little patience.

I want it to be clearly understood that these puzzles are published merely for your AMUSEMENT. There is no competition attached to the scheme. Readers are, therefore, requested not to send in their solutions.

Next week's MAGNET will contain the solution of this week's cross word puzzle, together with a new puzzle. Now for a few tips on solving cross word puzzles.

In the diagram alongside you will see a number of white and black squares, in some of which appear numbers. Each number in the puzzle indicates the position of the first letter of the word whose definition you will find in the clue column alongside the same number in the square. From this clue you are to decide what the word is and to place each of its letters in one square until the number of white squares allotted to this word has been filled.

Each word reads from left to right (across) or top to bottom (down) according to the positions indicated in the clue column.

Remember that each black square separates one word from another.

When you have completed the puzzle you will find that all the words that cross interlock.

It is advisable to pencil the letters in lightly at first, so that should they be wrong you will be able to erase them with a rubber, without mutilating the diagram. Now get busy, chums!

The Solution of Last Week's Puzzle appears on Page 21.

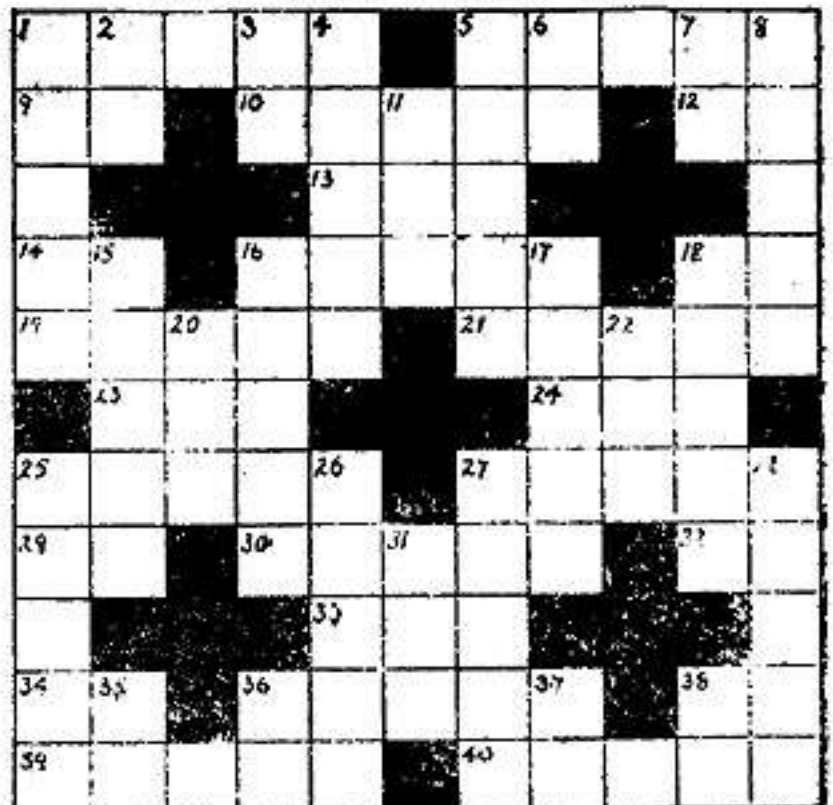
CLUES ACROSS.

- 1. A Greyfriars master.
- 5. Another Greyfriars master.
- 9. Short for "account."
- 10. An unnumbered quantity of peas.
- 12. Upon.
- 13. A watering-place.
- 14. Short for "Editor."
- 16. Mr. Quelch's expression.
- 18. Evening.
- 19. Words from which others are derived.
- 21. A girl's name.
- 23. Surname of Indian junior at St. Jim's.
- 24. A boy's name.
- 25. Connected with fruit.
- 27. A tree of the birch variety.
- 29. You.
- 30. A Highcliffe master.
- 32. A point of the compass.
- 33. To make use of.
- 34. Preposition.
- 36. A country in Europe.
- 38. Letters after Dr. Locke's name.
- 39. A Greyfriars prefect.
- 40. Uncanny.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1. Father.
- 2. Initials of popular Revue.
- 3. Aloft.
- 4. Played in Australia.
- 5. Russian rulers.
- 6. I and others.
- 7. Depart.
- 8. A goblin.
- 11. A monkey.
- 15. A golden-yellow fish.
- 16. Tempest.
- 17. Fingers have them.
- 18. Evergreen-trees.
- 20. Used in Boat Race.
- 22. Shang for "father."
- 25. A famous poet.
- 26. A young man.
- 27. The white poplar-tree.
- 28. Novelist who wrote "It's Never Too Late to Mend."
- 31. A make of motorcycle.
- 35. Negative.
- 36. Pronoun.
- 37. Personal pronoun.
- 38. Short for "Diana."

CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 4.



Solution and a New Puzzle Next Monday. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 890.

Quelchy's!" gasped Bunter, plunging ahead at last. "I—I say, Toddy, suppose his blessed manuscript isn't burnt at all. Would—wouldn't it be a joke?"

Peter Todd fairly blinked at Bunter. "I'm only saying supposing it isn't, of course," said Bunter hastily. "I'm just putting a s-sus-surreptitious case, of course."

"You mean a suppositious case!" chuckled Peter. "Yes, go on, Billy."

"Well," proceeded Bunter, "suppose his blessed rubbish isn't burnt at all, Toddy? Mind you, I'm not saying it isn't. I'm only putting a—a suppositious case, you know."

"But it is burnt, you idiot!" said Toddy wonderingly. "What's the good of talking rot, Bunter?"

"You never know," said Bunter, shaking his head. "Accidents do happen, you know, Toddy."

"But it is, you burbling dummy!" almost shrieked Peter. "Bolsover's owned up to burning it! What the rump—"

"Bolsover thinks it's burned!" grinned Bunter. "I could—"

He broke off abruptly. It was obvious to the keen-witted Peter that Billy Bunter realised he was saying too much.

"Go on, Billy!" said Todd grimly.

"You—you see what I mean, Toddy?" stammered Bunter. "I mean to say, of course, that Bolsover might be mistaken. He might have burned something else—a bundle of old exercises, or something like that. That's quite likely, isn't it?"

"Quite likely," agreed Peter, a strange gleam appearing for a moment in his eyes. "And you think that's what's happened, Billy?"

"Nunno—not at all!" gasped Bunter. "Certainly not! I was only supposing, Peter. It just struck me how—how funny it would be if it wasn't burnt at all. I mean to say, it might be lost, and—and some chap might have found it, you know. That's quite likely, isn't it?"

"It's possible!" assented Peter.

"That's what I thought. Wouldn't it be ripping if it turned up again, Toddy? Quelchy would simply go wild with joy, wouldn't he? It—it would be worth something to Quelchy to get it back, wouldn't it, Toddy?"

"I should say so, Billy," assented Peter Todd.

"That's just what I thought," said Bunter, blinking up eagerly at Peter. "Now, why doesn't Quelchy offer a reward—say, of a fiver—for his blessed manuscript?"

"I wonder!" murmured Toddy.

"I suppose he hasn't thought about it," said Bunter solemnly. "Now, my idea is for someone to tell him—to suggest a reward to him, you know. It—it wouldn't be a bad idea if you suggested it, Toddy. He—he'll take notice of you."

Peter Todd drew a deep breath. He regarded his fat study-mate fixedly. Peter was as keen as mustard; he was not called, by the Remove, the School-boy Lawyer for nothing. Since the evening before Peter had been not a little puzzled by Bunter's behaviour. The fat and fatuous Owl of the Remove was far from being an adept at hiding his feelings, and Peter had very soon seen that he was not himself—that he had something on his mind, and something that worried him.

And Peter Todd was more puzzled than ever now.

What was Bunter driving at? Was it possible that there had been a mistake in regard to the manuscript—a mistake that Bunter knew of? Peter Todd

could not forget that Bunter had been charged in the first place with the crime, and that he had been seen entering the study by Wingate.

It was certainly very curious—very extraordinary. Knowing Bunter as he did, Toddy could not help being suspicious.

"So—so you want me to suggest to Mr. Quelch that he offers a reward, eh?" he asked quietly.

"That's it, Toddy. I bet he doesn't dream it hasn't been burned. I bet he doesn't dream some chap might have boned it and hidden it in the box-room, you know."

"The box-room!" ejaculated Peter Todd.

Bunter jumped.

"D-did I say box-room, Toddy? I—I meant anywhere, of course. It—it might be hidden in the box-room, or the cellar, or anywhere, you know. Mind you," said Bunter warningly, "I'm not saying it is hidden—I'm only supposing. Supposing some chap boned it for—a lark, and hid it somewhere—"

"You, for instance?" suggested Toddy.

"Eh? Me? Not at all!" gasped Bunter in great alarm. "Wha-whatever put that in your head, Toddy?"

"And the manuscript hasn't been burned, then?" said Toddy grimly.

Bunter blinked in still greater alarm at his study-mate.

"Wha-whatever made you think that, Toddy? Of course it has! Did—did you think I meant it? He, he, he! I was—was only pulling your leg, Toddy. Bolsover burnt it—didn't he say so himself?"

Peter Todd did not echo his study-mate's cachinnation. He looked at Bunter with a look that made the fat junior more alarmed still.

"I—I sus-say, Toddy—"

"You—you fat ass!" breathed Toddy. "Let me see that sheet of paper, Bunter. Hand it over!"

Bunter jumped up, and crammed the sheet of exercise paper into his pocket and backed away.

"Oh, really, Toddy, you beast!" he mumbled. "Don't be so jolly inquisitive, you know. It's low! I'm surprised at you—"

"Hand it over!" roared Peter Todd.

Without waiting for compliance, Peter sprang at Bunter. Despite the fat junior's howls and struggles, he plunged

a hand into his pocket and dragged out the paper. Peter looked upon himself as Billy Bunter's keeper, more or less, and he was often very high-handed in that capacity—for Bunter's own good.

Holding the struggling and yelling fat junior at arm's length, he glanced at it. Then he crammed it into his pocket.

"Gimme my paper!" howled Bunter furiously. "You beast! Dutton, old chap, make Toddy gimme my paper!"

Tom Dutton was on his feet, grinning. He did not know what the rumpus was about; but he was not likely to aid Bunter in any case.

Billy Bunter made a blind rush at Peter Todd, but Toddy grasped him and rushing him backwards across the study, he planked him into the easy-chair. Then he ran to the door. Swiftly changing the key from the inside to the outside, he slipped out, and locked the door.

Out in the passage he drew a deep breath and looked at the mysterious document. It was addressed to Mr. Quelch, and was certainly an amazing document.

"Dere Mr. Quelch," it ran,—*"I am writting to you in regared to your manuscript, which evverybody suposes has been burned by Bolsover, of the Remove. A grate mistake has been maid. I hapen to know on good orthority that it has not been burned at all, but has been hiden away in a safe place, by a certane fellow whose name I am bound by a strickt oathe not to divullge. As a friend and well-whisher, however, I am sugesting to you that you offer a reward—I would sugest—"*

That was apparently as far as Billy Bunter had got. He had evidently stopped there for Peter's valuable opinion as to the amount of reward he should suggest.

"Well, my only hat!" breathed Peter Todd, as he finished reading the remarkable document. "I—I really wonder if the fat fool intended to send it. Phew! I'd better have a chin-wag with Wharton about this."

And Peter Todd hurried away to "chin-wag" with Harry Wharton.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Found!

"COME in, Toddy!"

As Peter Todd looked in at the door of Study No. 1 Harry Wharton called out that invitation, and Peter Todd came in quickly enough. Without a word he laid Bunter's remarkable document on the table.

"Look at that, you fellows," he said grimly. "And tell me what you think of it!"

Harry Wharton looked, and then he fairly jumped. He did not need to be told who had written it. Billy Bunter's atrocious scrawl, and his original style of spelling were too well known to him for that.

"But—but what does it mean, Toddy?" he demanded blankly. "That fat ass wasn't going to send that to poor old Quelchy?"

"I fancy he was!"

"Well, the fat fool—the heartless cad!" snapped Harry indignantly. "Fancy sending a thing like that to Quelchy just now! The fat toad wants a thundering good hiding!"

"You think it's his fat idea of a joke, then?" said Peter quietly.

"Of course! What else could it be—a pretty idiotic joke, too!"

"Well, I don't, Wharton," replied

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Peter grimly. "And I'll tell you why."

In cool tones he told of his conversation with Billy Bunter, and of how he had captured the precious document.

"Great pip!"

The juniors eyed Peter in amazed wonder as he finished his recital.

"But—but it's all rot—I'm blessed if I can quite get the hang of it!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, after he, too, had read the "letter." "It must be spoof—it must! Didn't Bolsover own up himself to having burned the manuscript?"

"He certainly owned up to having done so," said Peter coolly. "But—as Bunter himself said—an accident might have happened. I fancy I know our Bunter bird. I can't forget Bunter's face when Quelch rushed into the Common-room. It showed guilt—sheer terror! I don't pretend to understand it all, but I think it will be just as well if we have a bit of a hunt round the box-room, you fellows."

"Phew!"

The juniors stared at Peter Todd blankly, and then Harry Wharton nodded, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"By Jingo, Toddy!" he exclaimed. "I'm blessed if I don't agree with you there! It's thundering well worth looking into, anyway! Where is Bunter now?"

"Locked in Study No. 7," grinned Peter.

"Then come on!" said Harry eagerly, scarcely able to control his impatience. "My only hat! Supposing it proves to be no mare's nest—supposing we do find Quelch's manuscript! Come on!"

The juniors crowded out of the study. All of them were eager to test the genuineness of Todd's theory, or, rather, suspicion.

They fairly rushed up the stairs, and within a few seconds the top box-room was reached and they were searching almost feverishly.

It was not a long task. Many of the boxes and bags were locked and many were empty. It was while Peter Todd and Bob Cherry were going through an old packing-case in the far corner of the room that Bob suddenly uttered an exclamation and brought to light a thick brown-paper package.

"Hallo! What's this?" he ejaculated.

The rest of the juniors crowded round him eagerly as he tore the brown paper off. It revealed a thick mass of paper, neatly tied with ribbon.

"That's typing-paper!" breathed Harry Wharton, his voice thrilling with excitement. "Open it! Buck up, Bob!"

Bob Cherry undid the ribbon and lifted the top sheet. Then he yelled.

"It—it's it!" he yelled excitedly. "Great Scott!"

There was not the slightest doubt about it. The lifting of the top sheet—evidently a covering sheet—had revealed a typewritten title-page. It was entitled, "The History of Greyfriars," and beneath the title was the name—Henry Quelch.

The juniors gazed blankly at it. Even Peter Todd was staggered, despite the fact that he had suspected so strongly. Though they had come to search for it, half expecting to find something, they were stunned now they had found it.

Half-unconsciously Harry Wharton turned over page after page; but there was no doubt about it, it was indeed Mr. Quelch's manuscript, the manuscript that all the school believed to be burned, and which Bolsover had been charged with burning—and had admitted having burned.

It was amazing; but it was true.



Bolsover major wrenched off his own greatcoat and wrapped it round his young brother. A moment later the bully of the Remove was staggering back the way he had come, his brother in his arms. Bolsover major was already exhausted and spent, but he set his teeth and plodded on. (See Chapter 10.)

"Come on!" breathed Harry, his voice surcharged with thankfulness and excitement. "We must tell him at once."

He fairly bolted through the door with his precious bundle under his arm. Behind him came his chums and Peter Todd, and they stamped down the stairs three at a time.

In a matter of seconds they were at the Remove master's study door.

Scarcely stopping even to knock, Harry flung the door open and dashed inside, with his chums hard on his heels.

Mr. Quelch was in; he was seated at his desk, but he sprang to his feet as the juniors rushed in.

"What—what— Bless my soul! Wharton! Boys—"

The master's angry and amazed voice stopped short abruptly as Harry laid the package on his desk and ripped off the covering brown paper.

"It's your manuscript, sir!" said Harry eagerly. "We've found it! It wasn't burned at all, sir!"

"Good heavens!"

Mr. Quelch reeled as his eyes fell on the title-page—a page that was so dear and familiar to him. With an effort he pulled himself together, and with trembling fingers he ran through page after page. He seemed to grasp the truth at last.

"Wharton—boys," he faltered, "am I dreaming? I—I can scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes! What amazing miracle is this?"

"It's true enough, sir!" said Harry Wharton, laughing excitedly. "Bolsover didn't burn it, after all! We found it in the box-room at the top of the House."

The master sank back into his chair with closed eyes. It was some moments before he opened them again. He met their eyes at last, however, and he smiled.

"Thank you, boys!" he said quietly, his voice composed now. "What that means to me you can never know. But—but I am bewildered, dumb-founded. You—you say that you found the manuscript in the top box-room, Wharton?"

"Ye-es, sir!" stammered Harry.

It only dawned upon Harry then that Bunter would have to be brought into the affair now. There was no help for it. The matter was much too serious to attempt to hide the facts.

"But how did you come to know that it would be found in the box-room, Wharton?"

Harry glanced at Todd, and Peter nodded.

"It—it was Bunter, sir," said Harry slowly. "He—he said certain things to Todd which made him suspicious, and he managed to worm some of the truth out of him."

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "So—so Bunter was not guiltless in the matter, after all!"

He was silent for some moments, and then he compressed his lips.

"Will you kindly bring Bunter to me, Wharton," he said quietly. "This matter must be cleared up without delay. And, of course, I shall require Bolsover; you had better tell him to come to me also."

"Oh—oh, ye-es, sir!" stammered Harry. "If I can find him I will."

And Harry left the room. He fancied it would be no easy matter to find Percy Bolsover. Bolsover had gone, and, as far as he was aware, he had not returned yet. And Harry was none too easy in his mind concerning him.

Harry found the key in the lock of Study No. 7, and a moment later he was facing the furious and extremely scared Billy Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 890.

"Come along, Bunter!" said Harry curtly. "Quelch wants you!"

"Oh dear! I—I say, Harry—"

"Come on!" snapped Harry.

He hooked his hand in Bunter's collar, and fairly hauled the quaking fat youth into the passage. After what had happened he felt little or no sympathy for Billy Bunter. He refused to enlighten the terrified fat junior as to the meaning of the summons, and a couple of minutes later Bunter was standing before Mr. Quelch.

The first thing Bunter's eyes fell upon was the manuscript on the desk, and his face went green and his fat legs knocked together with fright.

"Bunter," began Mr. Quelch, in steely tones, "I wish you to tell me how my manuscript, which was supposed to be burned, came to be hidden in the box-room. I am awaiting!"

"I sus-say, sir, I know nothing about it—absolutely nothing, sir! I'm as innocent as a newly-born babe, sir!"

"Bunter!"

"Nothing at all, sir; I'm quite innocent! If these fellows say I hid it there, they're telling whoppers, sir!" stammered Bunter wildly. "Besides, Bolsover owned up himself that he'd burned it, so how could I?"

"You utterly foolish boy!" cried Mr. Quelch. "The manuscript is before you. It was hidden in the box-room by you—or so I must conclude."

"Nunno, sir! Quite a mistake, sir! If you think I hid it there just to get my own back for that licking, you're mistaken, sir—quite mistaken! It—it must have been Bolsover who hid it there, or one of these fellows!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch looked at Bunter. Bunter shivered.

"Bunter!" gasped the master, "you have practically admitted having hidden my manuscript in the box-room. Denials will not help you now. For your own sake I demand the truth now! If you will explain frankly and truthfully your part in this extraordinary affair, I will do my best to persuade Dr. Locke to deal leniently with you. Otherwise, when the truth comes to light—as it assuredly will—your punishment will be severe indeed!"

Bunter groaned. But he saw there was no help for it. Obtuse and terrified as he was, he realised that his only hope lay in making a clean breast of it.

This he did. In a mumbling voice he stammered out the explanation. And it was what Peter Todd, at all events, had suspected. Furious for the caning, and having heard Bolsover swear to destroy the manuscript, he had taken the suggestion to heart, and, though he had not dared to harm it, he had hidden it, placing a bundle of old exercise-books in its place in the drawer. He had little dreamed that Bolsover actually intended to carry out his threat.

Afterwards, amazed at the turn of events, Bunter had been too terrified to return the manuscript.

That, at all events, was Bunter's explanation. But the juniors had their own views regarding Bunter's reasons for not returning it. They believed he had kept it back, partly to pay Bolsover out, and partly in the hope of getting a "reward" for its return.

But the juniors said nothing. Harry Wharton had Bunter's remarkable letter still in his pocket, and he kept it there. It was no good raking up further trouble—for Billy Bunter or anyone else.

To the junior's relief—and especially Bunter's relief—Mr. Quelch accepted the explanation as it stood.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 890.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, when Bunter had finished. "Then—then what Bolsover destroyed was—"

"A pile of old exercises, sir," mumbled Bunter. "I guessed that straight away, sir. Can—can I go now, sir?"

"Yes, Bunter, you may go for the present," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Wharton, did you ask Bolsover to come here? He must be informed at once of this!"

Wharton flushed uncomfortably. All the juniors eyed each other uncomfortably. It would have to come out now.

"Bolsover is out of doors, sir!" stammered Harry.

"Out of doors?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in astonishment. "What ever do you mean, Wharton? Bolsover out so late—a terrible night like this?"

"I—I'm sorry, sir!" muttered Harry.

"It—it was our doing! We—we were wild about his being let off punishment. We thought he should be sacked, and we determined to sack him ourselves. We've kicked him out, sir! He—he went at teatime, sir."

Mr. Quelch was thunderstruck. He glared at the discomfited juniors, and then he leaped to his feet, alarm and dismay on his face.

"Boys," he gasped, "do you seriously mean to tell me that you have taken upon yourselves to send Bolsover away from this school by main force?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Harry.

"And he has not returned yet?" said Mr. Quelch sharply.

"No, sir."

"Good gracious!"

The Remove master was astounded.

"This must be seen to at once, Wharton," he said curtly. "Send Wingate to me without delay. Meanwhile, I must get on the phone to the railway-station. The poor lad may have run away in his desperation. The rest of you may go. I will go into this matter later."

But, as it happened, Harry Wharton had no need to call Wingate, for at that moment he entered the room, looking considerably disturbed.

"Excuse me, sir," he exclaimed before the master could address him. "But do you know that Bolsover major is out of gates? And Bolsover minor is also missing, sir."

"Bolsover minor!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I have just been informed that Bolsover major is out, but I certainly was not aware that his brother was missing also. This is most alarming, Wingate. The Head must be informed at once. Meanwhile, you had better get together one or two prefects, as most probably Dr. Locke will order search-parties to hunt for the hapless boys."

Mr. Quelch stood thinking a moment, and then he picked up the telephone transmitter. In a few moments he was through to the Friardale booking-office, and after a brief conversation there he rang up Courtfield Junction. The juniors and Wingate only heard part of the conversation, of course, and they eyed him anxiously as he turned away at last.

"They've been seen, sir?" said Wingate.

"Yes, at Friardale. The booking clerk informs me that they both have been there. Apparently Bolsover minor was inquiring for his brother. They have not been seen at Courtfield, however. It is most strange and very alarming, Wingate."

"They did not take train at Friardale, then, sir?"

"Apparently not. The clerk informs me that the younger boy made inquiries there for the older one. Afterwards

Bolsover major seems to have turned up, making inquiries for his young brother. I do not understand it at all. But the booking clerk believes that Bolsover minor intended to walk to Courtfield, and that his brother went after him."

"Queer, sir."

"It is certainly strange, Wingate," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "I think you had better wait for the Head's instructions. Get a search-party together without delay. You had better search the Courtfield road. I have requested the Courtfield railway authorities to detain them should they visit them."

Wingate obeyed without a word, and Mr. Quelch rustled out to acquaint the Head with the alarming news. Harry Wharton and his chums eyed each other in dismay.

"This—this is our doing, you fellows," muttered Harry, in a low voice. "We—we sent Bolsover out. If anything's happened to them—"

"We were eads—fools!" growled Johnny Bull. "We ought to do something, Harry."

"That's what I'm just thinking," said Harry, his face set and determined. "We sent them out, and it's up to us to bring them back. What about going out on our own?"

"I'm game!"

"Same here!"

There was unanimous agreement on that.

"Very well!" snapped Harry. "We'll get torches, and we'll have a search on our own. We'll leave the Courtfield road alone, though. I vote we try Courtfield Common."

"But why—"

"Don't you see," said Harry. "If Bolsover did take the road he would have got to Courtfield before this—almost certain to have done. He's gone across the common, I bet. It's just the sort of reckless thing he would do in the mood he must have been in. That booking clerk has made a mistake. Bolsover major must have gone there first, and his young brother went after him."

"My hat! That's it."

"Come on, then!" said Harry. "We'll have to sneak out, though."

And the juniors hurried from the study with set, determined faces.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Lost in the Storm!

BOLSOVER MAJOR tramped on through the snow and wind towards Friardale with bent head and flagging steps. His face was bitter and his heart full of despair. He had left Mr. Quelch's study full of high resolve and hope. It had not occurred to him then that the Remove would not forgive and forget so easily as the Head and Mr. Quelch had done.

Yet, though he felt sick at heart and bitter against his schoolfellows, he knew he could scarcely blame them. He had done a rotten, caddish thing, a thing he was heartily ashamed of now. He felt he would do anything on earth, give anything, if he could only undo the harm he had done. Mr. Quelch's unselfish kindness and forgiveness had broken down all his pride and hatred. Yes, he had done a rotten thing, and he deserved all he was getting. He knew full well in his heart that had the position been reversed, had it been another fellow who had done it, he would have been one of the first to condemn, to cast out.

He tramped on with no clear idea of where he was going, or what he would do. But one thing he was resolutely,

grimly determined upon, and that was not to go. Mr. Quelch had forgiven him. That was all that mattered. He had given his word to make amends in the only way he could. He would do what the master would wish him to do—stay and fight down the scorn of his schoolfellows. It would be hard. He knew it would be hard.

By the time the village was reached Bolsover had made up his mind what to do, however. He would hang about until prep time, until the fellows were in their studies, when he could slip in unnoticed. He felt they would not dare to kick him out a second time.

But it was a wild night, bitterly cold, with a biting wind, and he could scarcely see his hand before him through the whirling, stinging snowflakes. He must find shelter in the meantime.

In the village there was scarcely a soul about, and the junior made for Uncle Clegg's shop in the High Street. He was soon sitting down before a plate of scones and a pot of tea. He had had no tea as yet, and he devoured the food hungrily.

Then he settled himself near the stove to wait. It was warm and cosy there, and he felt thankful for the shelter. More than once Uncle Clegg eyed the white face of the outcast closely, but he asked no questions. Buried in his bitter thoughts, he crouched there until, at last, his watch told him it was time to return.

He gave Uncle Clegg a gruff good-night, and stepped into the snow-clad street. As he did so a youth, who was passing at that moment, stopped on sighting Bolsover.

"Hallo, Bolsover!" he said wonderingly. "What are you doing abroad so late?"

Bolsover, who was just turning his collar up, wheeled abruptly. In the light that streamed out from the shop window he recognised Dick Trumper, a Courtfield Council School boy. He had played against him more than once at football, and he knew him well.

Bolsover muttered some scarcely audible reply, and was turning away, but Dick Trumper gripped his arm.

"Half a mo!" he said, eyeing Bolsover's white face curiously. "I stopped you, old chap, because I wondered if you knew your young brother's looking for you this evening."

Bolsover gave a violent start. "My—my young brother!" he echoed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I met him in the street here earlier on this evening, Bolsover. He asked me if I'd seen anything of you. The poor kid had no cap or coat on. He looked like a drowned rat. I fancied something must be wrong, so I thought I'd tell you now."

"You met him this evening—in the street here?" gasped Bolsover.

Dick Trumper nodded grimly.

"Which way did he go? Did he go back towards the school?" demanded Bolsover, in an agony of fear.

"No: he went towards the station. I say, I hope nothing's wrong, Bolsover. Has the poor kid run away?"

Bolsover did not answer that question. He stood motionless for a full minute, and then, with a muttered word of thanks, he rushed off towards the station.

He ran hard, despite the buffeting wind and stinging snow, and he was panting hoarsely when he reached the little booking-office of Friardale Station at last. It needed little thought to tell him what had happened. Young Hubert must have heard he had been kicked out, and he must have rushed in pursuit of him, fearing he would do something desperate in his wretched plight. He

knew, none better, how devoted to him the youngster was.

The booking-office clerk soon settled the matter.

"Yes. A youngster did come here," he said. "It's a fairly long time since, though. He asked if I'd issued a ticket to a chap of your build and age. I told him I hadn't, and he hurried out. In a fine state he was, too. Why, is—"

"Did you notice which way he went?" demanded Bolsover hoarsely.

"Yes, I did. I thought something was wrong; I was suspicious, and I slipped out and watched him go. He went up past the church."

"Good heavens!"

Bolsover walked slowly out into the street like a fellow in a dream. What did it mean? He could understand his young brother, in his frantic anxiety, rushing to the station on his track—as he must have supposed. But why had he turned towards the church, the road that led to Courtfield?

The only possible conclusion dawned upon his mind in a sudden flash.

Learning he had not gone by train from Friardale, Hubert had naturally concluded that he had tramped by road

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R	N	U	M	E	R	A	L	O
E	G	T	A	R	T	S	D	O
P	O	D	S	S	H	Y	M	N

to Courtfield Junction, possibly thinking he had decided to do that rather than wait for the late train.

"That's it!" muttered Bolsover to himself huskily. "Poor kid! That's what he's done! He—he'd go through fire and water for me!"

There was no doubt in Bolsover's mind now, and without a moment's hesitation, he tramped on out of the village, turning his back on Greyfriars and his face towards the Courtfield road.

As he came abreast the stile that led on to the path across Courtfield Common, he stopped suddenly, a new thought entering his mind, a thought which filled his mind with dread.

Supposing Hubert had not gone by road? Supposing he had attempted to cross the common to save time?

The thought struck him like a blow.

It was possible—more than possible. In his distress and anxiety, the hapless youngster would not think, would not realise, that to attempt to cross the bleak, windswept common on such a night was sheer madness. He would only remember that it was a short cut to Courtfield, and that it would bring him to the junction before his brother got there.

Bolsover stood motionless, his heart thumping with the sudden fear that gripped him. He felt instinctively that it was so, that it was just the sort of

thing his devoted and stout-hearted young brother would do for him.

Trembling violently in his anxiety to know the worst, the junior plunged through the snow to the stile. He noted before he reached it the faint outlines of feet—small feet—in the snow leading to it. Snow on the step of the stile had been disturbed, he saw that from the uneven surface of the treads.

He crossed the stile, and, bending down in the darkness, he scanned the snow closely round about. Then his heart sank. There was no doubt about it. Faint, very faint, marks showed, the marks of small shoes.

To make quite sure, Bolsover struck a match, and, holding it in his cupped hands, he scrutinised the footprints closely. The scrutiny settled all doubts.

"Good heavens!" gasped Bolsover.

He stood a brief instant in horrified indecision, and then he started out across the dark, desolate common. He realised it could scarcely have been dark when Hubert started the journey, and the thought filled him with hope.

With his head bent before the blinding, whirling snow that swept before the wind, he trudged on, now and again glimpsing the faint outlines in the snow before him.

It was far worse than he had expected it to be. Up here on the wild, desolate common, the wind swept unchecked, and the snow lay about in huge drifts, whose tops were whipped into flying icicles by the wind. It was a desolate, eerie scene, though little could Bolsover see through the thick darkness and whirling flakes.

Before he had been trudging ten minutes, Bolsover realised that he was unaware whether he was on the path or not. He looked about him vainly for familiar landmarks. The common was not extensive, and in the daytime the thought of getting lost on it would have made Bolsover smile.

But it was different now. Snow-covered thickets and gorse assumed strange fantastic shapes in the darkness, and made the common unknown ground to the junior.

But he plodded on doggedly, almost blinded with icy moisture, and with dragging, aching limbs. Whether he had left the path or not he scarcely cared. The only fear he had was of losing the tracks in the snow.

Dozens of times he thought he had lost them where drifting banks of snow had obliterated the faint indentations, but each time, to his joy, he found them after a desperate search.

He trudged on like a fellow in a dream. He seemed as if he were trudging in an unreal world—as if his ears were stuffed with cotton-wool, for the silence about him was strange and deadly. But just as he was beginning to think he was lost—had been travelling in a circle—his ears caught a faint sound—a cry.

The sound electrified the junior. It awoke him from the trance into which he had fallen, and he plunged on with renewed energy.

But he did not go far. He saw a sudden movement ahead, and he gave a shout. It was answered by a faint voice—a voice he knew well.

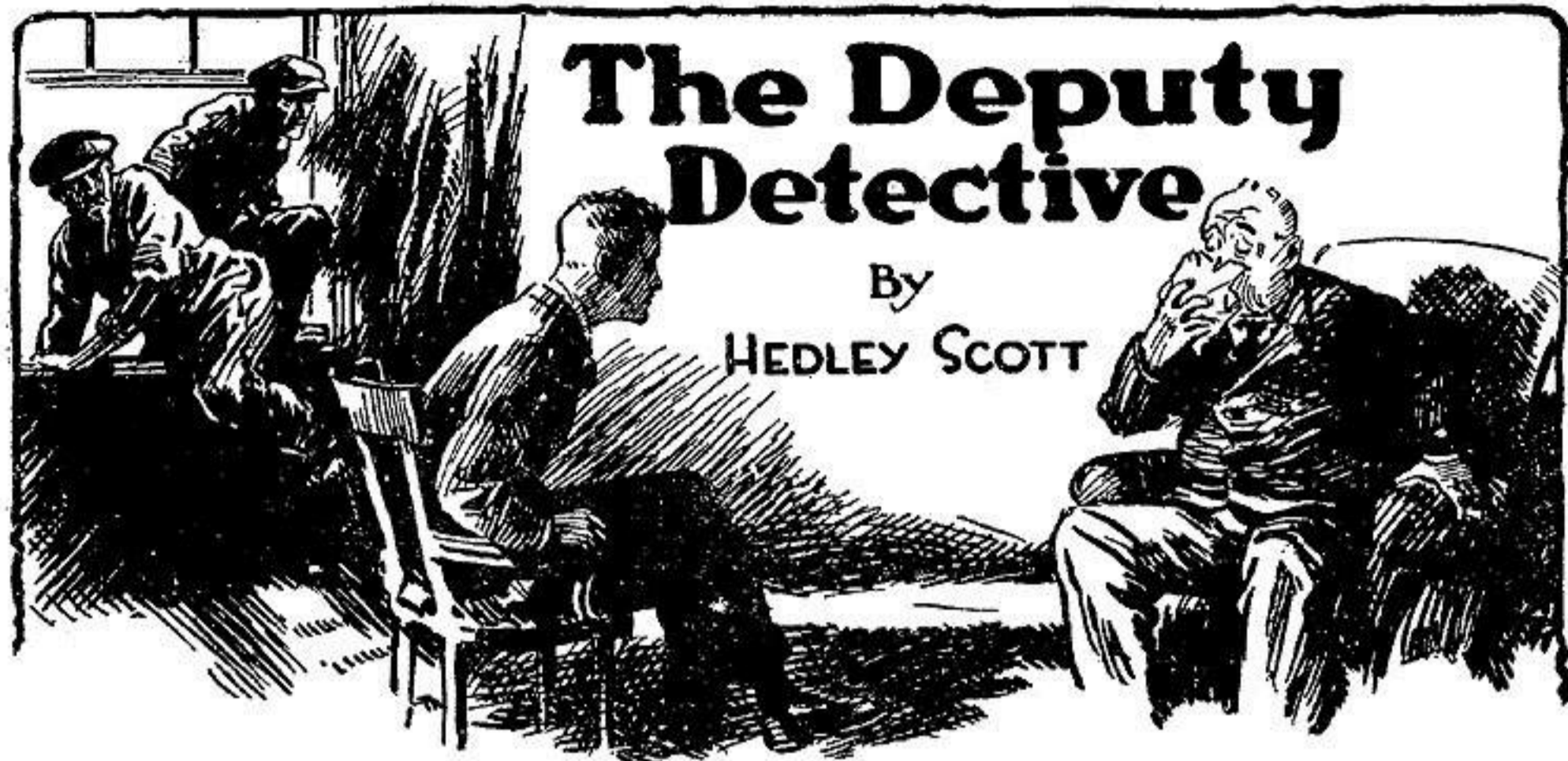
Bolsover floundered ahead with thumping heart, and the next moment he saw that the search was ended. In the shelter of a thicket lay a figure, crouching in the snow. Bolsover glimpsed his white face, and gave a shout.

"Hubert! Kid!"

He dropped on his knees beside the half-conscious boy. It was Hubert Bolsover. His features were ashen and

(Continued on page 27.)

GRIT! It isn't exactly pleasant to be a helpless prisoner in an aeroplane hurtling seawards out of control, neither is it comfortable to drift about in mid-Channel on a fragment of wreckage on the off chance of being sighted and picked up by a passing vessel. These adventures, however, are "all part of the game" to Jack Drake, for he smiles throughout, game to the last.



A Powerful Detective Story Featuring JACK DRAKE, Ferrers Locke's Capable Boy Assistant.

Alone in Mid-Channel!

THE pilot, his anxious face watching the flickering needles on the dashboard instruments, brought the aeroplane down a thousand feet, in the hope that the power of the gale would be lessened. But he was doomed to a miserable disappointment. It was stronger. An instrument registered the gale at this point at sixty-five miles an hour.

The rush of air past the struts whistled the wires, a "music" that delighted Drake's boyish ears, but which to the pilot was disconcerting. No longer could he battle against the gale; he must be content to fly with it. That this would take him back over England he knew. And it was with this reflection that he remembered his prisoner. How could he land anywhere with a passenger handcuffed?

He turned in his seat, as if to reassure himself that he still had a passenger. Drake noted the anxious, strained expression in his crafty features, and it was then that the boy sleuth knew that something was wrong.

Even as the pilot's head was turned in his direction the force of the gale strengthened. It seemed to gather up the aeroplane and hurl it literally through the air.

Those next few moments were all a blur to the boy sleuth. He was tossed up and down, sideways—in every direction. To his startled eyes the sky and the sea seemed inextricably mixed.

He gripped the edge of the cockpit tenaciously with his manacled hands. He realised now that the machine was practically out of control. He smiled then, smiled at the thought that the pilot would never accomplish his sinister purpose. That the aeroplane would "crash" he had not the slightest doubt. The agonised face of the pilot told him that. But he felt strangely cool and resigned, in striking contrast to the scoundrelly individual in the pilot's seat, who was now stark staring mad with terror.

Another gust of wind caught up the tail of the machine. Down went the

nose of the aeroplane. Drake felt himself forced into the back of the cockpit, the rush of air was so great. Then as he peeped over the side he made out a trailing strand of wire. The rudder control had snapped! There was no hope now—the machine was certain to crash, was certain to be swallowed up in the angry seas below.

Down, down! Drake wondered when this mad rush would end. The pilot turned an agonised face in the lad's direction and shouted something to him.

CHARACTERS YOU WILL MEET.

JACK DRAKE, a boy of fifteen with a gift for detective work, the assistant of Ferrers Locke, the world-famous scientific investigator.

INSPECTOR PYECROFT, of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard, a friend of Locke and Drake's.

THE CHIEF, a mysterious person who directs the coups of the notorious motor bandits, and of whose identity nothing is known to the police.

THOMAS and WATSON, members of the gang.

While Locke is away on the Continent Drake is given the opportunity of handling his first case, his instructions being to lay the rascally motor bandits by the heels.

He soon discovers that the chief of the motor bandits is in some way connected with a school.

After a whole heap of exciting adventures Drake accidentally meets the chief of the motor bandits in Haslemere. The sleuth is sure of his man, for at certain periods there appears on the scoundrel's right hand a peculiar blood-red rash shaped after a cross. Anxious to arrest the bandit himself, Drake follows him to a bungalow at Hindhead. There he has the misfortune to fall into a trap cunningly prepared for him.

The chief admits his identity, but adds that Drake will never live to pass on the secret.

The boy sleuth is secured with handcuffs and taken aboard a fast aeroplane. The pilot of the machine—one of the gang—is given instructions to drop the boy sleuth overboard in mid-Channel. The scoundrel is gloating over the fate that awaits Drake when suddenly the aeroplane runs into a terrific gale. It is tossed hither and thither like a kite, and the pilot has all his work cut out to save the aeroplane from "crashing."

(Now read on.)

But the words were lost in the roar of the wind.

Down—down! Would this mad descent never stop?

Resigned now to his fate, Drake wondered how long was left to him of life, and was idly curious on that point. He put it at two minutes.

The sea was now two thousand feet nearer; ten seconds more and the altimeter registered another drop of a thousand feet.

The stretch of dark blue water that had seemed so placid high aloft was now shown in its true form. Mountainous foam-crested waves leaped across like an express train. The roar of the engine mingled inharmoniously with the roar of the sea as the altimeter registered but three thousand feet above sea-level.

The end was drawing nearer.

Down—down!

Drake could see the angry billows as large as life now. They seemed to be awaiting him, beckoning him.

Crash!

The nose of the machine struck the surface of the water with a terrific crash. Drake felt himself flung out of the cockpit, turning over and over in a series of somersaults. Then—

The boy sleuth was pitched into that roaring maelstrom. It seemed to his distorted senses of distance at that moment that he sank for a mile. His heart was beating fiercely against his ribs, his lungs were on the point of bursting. But Drake was a fighter. There was a faint chance, a very faint chance, that he might escape the fate prepared for him. He raised his manacled hands above his head and shot to the surface of the tossing sea, gasping and spluttering.

He tried to look around him, but he was caught up in the embrace of a gigantic wave and hurled he knew not whither. He came up again, gasping, his eyes smarting with the brine, and turned on his back.

He was floating. That was all that was left to him. To swim, of course, was impossible—his hands and ankles were secured together too securely for

that! But he could float; there was a sporting chance.

Darkness was setting in.

At the mercy of the waves he was buffeted and tossed. Suddenly there loomed up before him a dark shape, which he knew to be the remains of the aeroplane. It was part of the fuselage, floating like himself, victim of the whimsical waves.

He tried to head for it. If that piece of wreckage could float, perhaps it would support him, too.

Luck was with him. The next wave crashed him atop of this piece of wreckage. His manacled hands reached out for a handhold. The luck was still with him; his hands closed upon a strip of canvas. He pulled on it. Bit by bit he drew himself in until he was able to grip a portion of the woodwork.

It would serve him as a lifebelt.

Holding on to this slight refuge, the boy sleuth breathed a silent prayer of gratitude and looked about him for signs of the pilot.

But the pilot had gone to his last account. His head had struck the edge of the cockpit and stunned him. The waves had opened up to receive him, and nothing now remained to tell the grim story of his end.

Drake began to shiver. The cold was eating into his limbs. His teeth were chattering, his strength would not hold out for long in such conditions. He prayed that a ship might pass him, so that he could yell at the top of his lungs for help.

His prayer was answered—answered ironically.

Through the gathering darkness a gigantic black shape bore down upon the wreckage. At several points upon its outline appeared coloured lights. Every second the shape grew larger, the lights more brilliant.

It was an ocean liner.

Drake's hopes leapt high. His teeth ceased to chatter, he forgot the numbness of his limbs, forgot the weariness that had held him a second before. He was safe!

"Help!"

The cry went up with all the power of his youthful lungs.

"Help!"

As if in mockery, the liner's siren hooted its piercing shriek, the ship kept on its course, drawing nearer and nearer that parcel of wreckage.

"Help!"

With a dread despair clutching at his heart Drake shouted again and again. Would they never hear his voice? Would those on the look-out never see that heap of wreckage?

"Help!"

It was the last time his lips opened, it was the last time that agonised shriek was swallowed up in the roar of the waves, the hooting of the siren.

The ship came speeding by, forging its way through the mountainous seas, sending up a terrific shower of spray that blinded and suffocated the boy sleuth clinging to that remnant of an aeroplane.

It passed within a couple of yards of the lad, its wash lifted the wreckage high out of the water and slammed it down in a seething cauldron of lashing foam.

When Drake's eyes opened again he saw the departing shape of the ocean liner, once more heard the hooting of its siren, smiled bitterly at the luck of the game, and finally watched the twinkling lights until they disappeared.

Then Nature mercifully rescued him from further suffering. He fell unconscious.

Ships That Pass in the Night!

THREE ocean-bound vessels passed within hailing distance of that piece of human wreckage floating at the mercy of the waves in mid-Channel. Three "look-outs" failed to note the youthful figure of Jack Drake inextricably mixed up in that jumble of woodwork and canvas.

One after the other they sped past during the night.

Overhead twinkled the stars against a background of watery blue; the sea had calmed—the storm had departed as quickly as it had dawned. The mass of wreckage lapped idly along with the waves, the smaller waves falling over the boy sleuth's prostrate figure.

Luckily his head was above water.

The fourth vessel loomed up on the horizon at two o'clock in the morning. As the minutes sped by it grew larger and larger in outline, cutting a course straight for the wreckage.

On the poop of the ship stood the officer of the middle watch, scanning the untroubled vista of sea to right and left of him. By his side was an ordinary seaman.

It was this latter individual who first spotted the jumbled mass of wreckage lying direct in the ship's course.

"A bit to starboard, sir!" he advised. "There's some wreckage we'll be running into—"

His words broke off abruptly as the officer of the watch switched the searchlight for'ard. The brilliant beam flitted across a wide expanse of water before it drew within its radius the aeroplane wreckage.

The officer was about to jam the wheel hard over, when his keen eyes made out a strange outline clinging to the wreckage. He turned the searchlight in its direction again.

Then he gasped.

"Hawkins!" his voice was husky, his finger trembled as he indicated what the searchlight had revealed. "Am I right? Isn't that a human figure on that wreckage?"

Hawkins looked long and searchingly. Then he slapped his thigh.

"You're right, sir! Swop me, there's a kid sprawled out on it. Looks to me like the remains of an aeroplane."

The officer of the watch rang down to the engine-room to "go slowly." The liner slackened its pace considerably. The wreckage was nearer now. Another twist of the indicator on the bridge and the liner's engine was merely "ticking over."

Then the officer's booming voice startled the men of the middle watch.

"Lower a boat—take off that kid from the wreckage!"

In a moment the ship's cutter was being lowered with its crew of rescuers. A few strong pulls and the cutter had leapt the intervening space, and was within oar's length of the wreckage. A boathook flashed through the air, its steel arm gripped a portion of the woodwork, a lusty arm pulled on it until the wreckage, with Drake sprawled across it in an unconscious heap, was level with the gunwale.

"A kid!" muttered one old salt compassionately. "And— Shiver me timbers, he's handcuffed!"

A gasp of amazement went up from the crew. Yet there was no mistaking what their companion had said. The strong ray from the liner's searchlight revealed to all those astonished faces Drake's handcuffed wrists and ankles. Willing hands went out to him, tender hands lifted him aboard, fatherly hearts were stirred with compassion as they noted the pale, drawn features.

Had the boy been rescued in time?

Five minutes more, and Drake was being carried aboard the liner. The skipper and his officers were waiting at the gangway. The bells rang to the engine-room, the giant screws began to revolve—the *Manetunia* continued on its course at redoubled speed as if nothing had happened.

And while the skipper's chief concern was to make up the time he had lost, the ship's doctor's chief worry was to



Crash! The nose of the aeroplane struck the surface of the water with a terrific crash. Jack Drake felt himself flung out of the cockpit, turning over and over in a series of somersaults. (See page 22.)

get Drake back to consciousness. Feverishly the medico worked at those numbed limbs, using every known remedy at his command. Great warm blankets were wrapped about Drake's icy figure, the fire in the cabin was made up until it glowed like a live thing, a brandy-flask was plied continuously.

And at last the ship's doctor, pausing to wipe the perspiration from his brow, saw Drake's eyelids flicker. A smile, too, flitted at the corners of his mouth. Medicine was winning!

Within the hour the boy sleuth was able to talk, was able to pour out his thanks to the perspiring medico—to the officer of the watch who had spotted him. But these old salts would have none of it. They bade him rest.

Hot broth was brought before him which put new life into the lad's limbs. The colour came back to his cheeks, his eyes lost that sunken appearance, and sparkled as of old.

Drake had cheated the bandits of their prey!

The skipper came into the sick ward, motioned to the curiosity mongers, as he called them, to make themselves scarce, and then sat down by Drake's bed.

The boy sleuth told his story simply and without exaggeration. The skipper who thought he had seen plenty of adventure—and villainy—at sea during his fifty-five years of life, was dumbfounded. He gazed upon the boy sleuth as if he might have been regarding a prize product in an exhibition.

"And you—a mere kid—have been through all this, and you're not afraid?" he gasped, tugging at his beard. "Swelp me, I've seen some hardy young 'uns, but I reckon you outstrip 'em all. Here, kid, shake—"

He stretched a weatherbeaten, gnarled hand in the boy's direction. Drake took it and wrung it warmly. That was all. The skipper, man of few words that he was, gave the boy a final glance of admiration, and rolled out of the ward.

When morning broke, the boy sleuth felt considerably refreshed. A good

sleep had done him a world of good; his hardy constitution had pulled him through where another person less hardy would have succumbed.

"I'm getting up, doc," he smiled at the anxious medico. "Never could stick in bed for long. They've even tried strapping me down to it," he added, his mind reverting to the time when the matron at Teddington had adopted that stringent measure.

"Well, if you feel capable of getting up, my son, by all means do so," answered the doctor. "I know what young folk are like. One word from a doctor—and you do as you like—eh?"

He smiled indulgently, and helped the boy out of bed. He smiled still more as he saw Drake's features break into a pained expression of surprise as the boy sleuth found his feet wandering "all over the place" as he himself expressed it. The giddy feeling was but momentary, however. The blood coursed through his veins, and he gently withdrew the medico's helping hand.

"I'm all right now, thanks!" he said. "I'll take a turn on deck."

"You won't be able to do much of that," said the doctor. "We shall be touching Southampton inside ten minutes!"

"Oh!"

Drake walked up the companion-way and reached the deck. Away to his left rose the white cliffs of England. The passengers, attired ready for going ashore, were congregated at the rail. Amongst them was a schoolboy in Etons of about Drake's own age.

He detached himself from his friends as the boy sleuth walked up, and beckoned him.

"How do you feel?" he asked. "Jove, you should have seen your face when they brought you in—I thought you were a gonner!"

"Very much alive now, thanks!" said Drake, with a smile. "You've heard about the cat and its nine lives—"

"Don't rot!" said the boy in Etons, grinning. "My name's Braithwaite—special leave from col, you know. Had

to push off like lightning to Alexandria as my pater was very ill. He's all right now, though. That's him—next to the steward!"

Drake followed the boy's gesture, and saw a tall, soldierly-looking gentleman of middle age.

"Why, that's Colonel Braithwaite!" he said suddenly. "I met him a year or so ago—"

"Well, I'm blessed! Come and re-introduce yourself!"

Nothing loth, the boy sleuth was soon in conversation with the old soldier. Colonel Braithwaite asked him for his card so that he could call upon him when he was in town. Drake fumbled in his jacket pocket for his wallet, and was still fumbling when Braithwaite junior took him by the arm.

"That's my jacket you've got on," he explained. "Your things are drying down below."

"Great Scott! I was forgetting that these clothes are not my own!" exclaimed Drake. "So it's you I have to thank for this dry suit of clothes—eh?" he added. "Very many thanks! Might just as well change back into my own things now. Expect the purser will have dried them."

"I'll come with you," said Braithwaite. "Sha'n't be long, pater!" he called out over his shoulder as he followed the boy sleuth down the companion-way.

Drake's clothes were all ready for him. A hot iron had worked wonders with them, thanks to an energetic purser; but, as was to be expected, they had shrunk a bit.

The boy sleuth proceeded to change. The contents of his pockets had been put on a small table, likewise the hand-cuffs which had been prised open by the medico. Drake's eyes gleamed as he picked them up.

"Another souvenir!" he chuckled. "Ha, my wallet!"

He picked up his wallet and was about to plunge it into his inside pocket when a folded sheet of notepaper dropped to the deck. An eddy of wind opened it, sending it flat against the wall of the companion-way.

"On the ball!" exclaimed Braithwaite, with a grin; and he made after it.

"Good fellow!" encouraged Drake. "Hallo—" He broke off sharply. "What's bitten you?"

For the boy in Etons was regarding the sheet of paper as if he were gazing upon some strange phenomena.

"Where—where did you get this?" he asked, turning to Drake.

The boy sleuth took the sheet of paper and looked at it. It was the impot paper he had collected at the Haven in Hambleton.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," he read the scribbled words aloud. "Oh, I believe I picked it up in a house in Surrey," he added rather lamely. "But why do you ask?"

"Because that's my writing," came the amazing reply. "I wrote that impot weeks and weeks ago!"

"What!" Drake's eyes sparkled excitedly. "You wrote it?"

"Yes!"

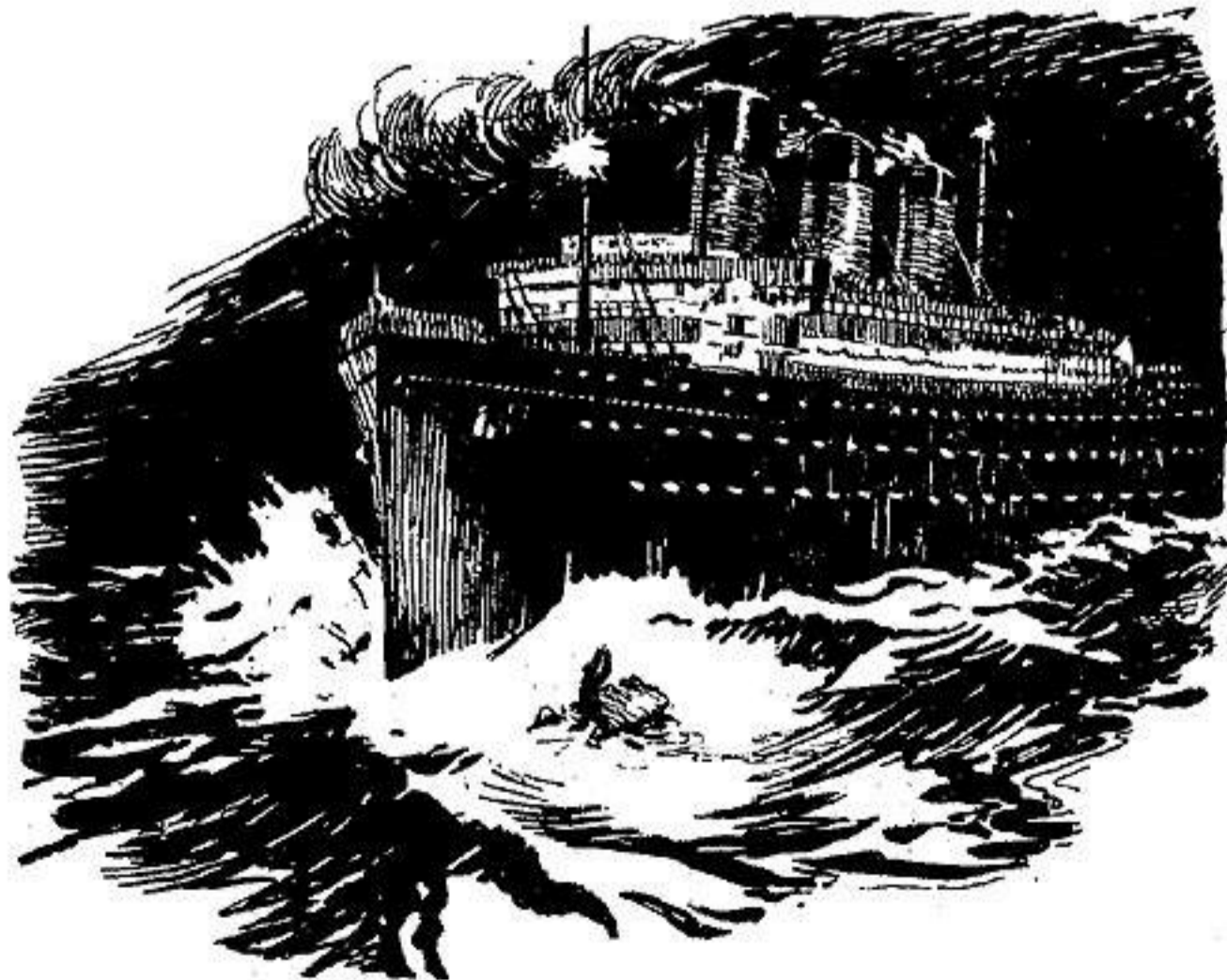
To Braithwaite's astonishment the boy sleuth seized him round the waist and waltzed with him along the deck.

"Here, steady on, old chap!"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Drake triumphantly, waving the impot paper aloft. "Hurrah! We're on the trail again!"

Then, this light, ecstatic mood falling from him, he became deadly serious.

"Tell me, Braithwaite," he said earnestly, "are you absolutely sure you wrote these lines?"



"Help!" The cry went up with all the power of Drake's youthful lungs. As if in mockery the liner's siren hooted a derisive shriek and forged its way through the mountainous seas, passing within a couple of yards of the lad on the wreckage.
(See page 23.)

"Don't I keep telling you so?"
"Then tell me—who gave you the impot? And what school do you belong to? And is it something 'hurst'?"

These questions almost took Braithwaite's breath away. He began to wonder if the night's events had turned Drake's mind.

"Who gave me the impot?" he said meditatively. "Why, Dr. Fourstanton."

"Fourstanton!" exclaimed Drake, with a whoop of triumph. "Why, he was down on Foneyzy's list of guests as a common Mr.!"

"He's the Head of Hurstleigh College—"

"Hurstleigh—"

"Yes, close to the Hampshire-Surrey border—not more than ten miles from Hindhead!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Drake, wildly excited. "And is Dr. Fourstanton in the habit of wearing a glove on his right hand at odd times?"

Braithwaite started.

"How the deuce did you know that?" he demanded. "As a matter of fact, old Fourstanton does wear a glove on his right hand—about once a month he turned up at prayers with the beastly thing on. We used to wonder what the deuce was the matter with his fin. But how—"

"I'll tell you all there is to know in a moment," said Drake, who could hardly restrain himself. "This is great! Splendid! Magnificent! Top-hole!"

And having exhausted his stock of ready adjectives, the boy sleuth led his companion to a deck-chair and plumped him into it.

"Tell me," he said at length, "does Fourstanton take a lot of time off from school duties?"

"Not exactly school duties," answered Braithwaite. "But he used to clear off from Hurstleigh every night of the week soon after prep. One of the chaps who broke bounds to go into the village ran foul of him at two in the morning on one occasion, I remember."

"There's no mistake," said Drake, more to himself than to his companion. "Fourstanton is the giddy mystery man—he's the bandit chief!"

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Braithwaite, in amazement. "Bandit chief—what the thump are you talking about?"

"Simply this," said Drake seriously enough. "A strange fate has tossed me up and down, has dropped me in the Channel, has allowed me to be saved by this ship's crew, has allowed me to meet Colonel Braithwaite and his son—"

"Well?"

"Finally, it has put me on the track of the man I had sworn to get—the notorious motor bandit chief!"

"But—but—" began Braithwaite. "Dr. Fourstanton is not—"

"Your mistake!" said Drake, with a smile. "He is! Dr. Fourstanton is the man I'm going to arrest within the next twenty-four hours, or my name's not Jack Drake."

"Uncle Braithwaite!"

"RATS!" said Braithwaite derisively. "Your dip overnight has affected your napper. Bandit chief—Dr. Fourstanton! Oh, my hat! This is too rich!"

Drake let the boy have his laugh out. He knew how much he would have scorned the suggestion had he been in Braithwaite's place.

"Now I'll back up all I say with facts," he said at length. "As you know, my name's Drake—assistant of Ferrers Locke."

"The famous detective?"



With a suddenness that was born of despair Dr. Fourstanton's hand reached out for a weapon. It closed upon a cup filled with scalding hot tea. Smack! Cup and contents clattered into Drake's face, blinding him. (See page 27.)

"Exactly. Now, I've been trying to get on the trail of the motor bandits for months past," explained the boy sleuth. "My first clue dealt with a peculiar blood-red rash shaped like a cross that appeared on his right hand the day I had the misfortune to become his prisoner."

"Oh!"

"That explains why Dr. Fourstanton wears a glove," continued Drake. "My second clue brought me this sheet of impot paper—your impot, in other words. My third clue led me to Teddinghurst—"

"Teddinghurst? Why, that's only a few miles from Hurstleigh!"

"Exactly. A fellow who was dying—I'll tell you about him presently—gashed out these words before he went under. 'He's at —hurst School, near Hindhead, Surrey.' Well, I looked up the directory, and the only school in Surrey situated near Hindhead, whose name ended in 'hurst' was Teddinghurst!"

"Great Scott!"

"So to Teddinghurst College I went," resumed Drake. "And at Teddinghurst College I made the silliest blunder of my life."

Here he explained his adventures in the guise of Montmorency Percival Shackleton.

"You were misled—if there's any truth in this dying man's words—by the fact that he reckoned the school to be in Surrey," said Braithwaite, who was now keenly interested.

"Exactly! Quite a pardonable error on his part, really," said Drake, "for one can easily get a trifle muddled over the Hampshire-Surrey border. Obviously, now Eccleston meant Hampshire; obviously, too, he meant 'hurst' something—not something 'hurst.' Savvy?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Braithwaite. "This is prime! And you've found it all out really through this rotten sheet of impot paper."

"That certainly links my chain of evidence," said Drake. "But I'm not going to make any more silly blunders."

I'll make assurance doubly sure this time. That is, of course, if you'll help me," he added.

"I'll help you, like a shot!" was Braithwaite's instantaneous reply. "But what can I do?"

"Adopt an uncle for a little while," said Drake with a smile.

"An—an uncle?" gasped the boy.

"Sure! Uncle Braithwaite, lately returned from abroad," explained the boy sleuth, "very keen to see his nephew's college, very keen to make the acquaintance of his learned headmaster."

"But I don't quite catch on!"

"Fathead!" roared Drake. "I'm going to be Uncle Braithwaite. Savvy? I'm going to have tea with Dr. Fourstanton. I'm going to make sure of my man. Understand?"

Braithwaite nearly collapsed in his deck chair.

"Well, you're a cool customer!" he said at length. "Uncle Braithwaite! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, are you on?" demanded Drake.

"Like a bird," grinned the other.

"Then we'll travel down to Hurstleigh—" began Drake.

"To-morrow!" snapped Braithwaite. "I'm dying to see this game played out to a finish."

"Shake, old son!" said Drake boisterously. "You're a fellow after my own heart. Between us we'll carry off all the honours, and Dr. Fourstanton into the bargain."

And the two lads shook hands on their compact.

There was little difficulty in Drake's getting ashore, despite the fact that he was without a passport. The skipper of the liner, together with Colonel Braithwaite, "pulled the strings."

The colonel was let into the secret.

"Strikes me you're playing a very dangerous game, young man," he said kindly to Jack Drake. "But you know your own business best. I wish you luck!"

Drake and Braithwaite junior journeyed up to town together. The boy sleuth called at the chambers in THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 890.

Baker Street, selected a suitable attire for his impersonation of the morrow, and then mapped out his plan of campaign.

As the three-fifteen steamed into Hazelmere Station the next day Braithwaite, of the Fourth Form at Hurstleigh, prodded his "uncle" in the ribs and shouted:

"Wake up, old scout! We've arrived!"

Uncle Braithwaite, a slim little man, clad in a frock-coat, morning trousers, white spats, and patent shoes, rose from the cushions and peered into the mirror of the compartment. He smiled a little at his reflection.

His face was well covered with "whiskers," his skin had stood up well to a treatment of grease paint that aged the texture of it considerably. A pair of spectacles did a lot to hide the youthful twinkle of his blue eyes, the shaggy eyebrows were worth a guinea a box, as his "nephew" expressed it.

"Well, well, don't hurry me, Walter!" came uncle's quavering voice. "I never like to be hurried. Bad for the heart to hurry, you know. Just remember that, my boy."

Stifling the grin that threatened to make itself manifest, Braithwaite, of the Fourth, stepped from the carriage and helped his uncle to alight. Many eyes were turned on the middle-aged gentleman, many sympathetic hearts noticed how his hands shook as he steadied himself with his silver-mounted walking-stick.

"Which is the way?" demanded uncle, still in the same high-pitched voice. "Where do we go for Hurstleigh?"

"This way, uncle," said Walter cheerfully. He knew Drake was getting his hand in, as it were. "I'll fetch you a cab."

He departed for a cab, what time uncle produced a large handkerchief and carefully wiped his spectacles and his nose. Then hobbling, after the fashion of elderly men who need a stick to enable them to travel at all, uncle joined his nephew, and was helped into the cab.

Five minutes later, and Braithwaite was escorting "Uncle James, from South America," through the gates of Hurstleigh.

"Oh, my hat!"

The exclamation came from a group

of juniors stationed near the gates. They had seen a few visitors to Hurstleigh in their time, but never one to rival Braithwaite's companion. He certainly was an eccentric-looking fellow.

"Who's your friend?" called out Tompkins, of the Third, who entertained a false idea that it was clever to be funny at someone else's expense.

Braithwaite glared.

"Come along, uncle!" he said, taking Drake by the arm. "Take no notice of the cheeky fags!"

"Uncle!" gasped Tompkins, of the Third. "Never knew Braithwaite had an uncle like that! I nearly called out 'Any old clo' after him."

Braithwaite and his uncle walked on. One of the first persons the pair came across was Dr. Fourstanton.

Drake could scarcely suppress his excitement as he came face to face with the man, for it was undoubtedly the same person who had planned his death at the bungalow at Hindhead!

The Head smiled indulgently at Braithwaite as the junior touched his cap.

"Let me introduce you to my uncle, sir," said the junior. "Dr. Fourstanton—Mr. Braithwaite!"

"How do you do?" came uncle's quavering voice. "I hope I see you well?"

From lowered lids Drake was taking stock of the tall figure before him. He knew the figure. There was no mistake. The man was the bandit chief. Drake recognised now and again the voice of the scoundrel he had sworn to get.

As for Dr. Fourstanton himself, he was a charming individual. Tall and well proportioned, he possessed a highly intellectual face, from which peered out two piercing orbs, capable of laughter or savagery at a second's notice.

The mouth was the feature that betrayed him still more. Drake, looking at those thin lips, knew he had seen them before. He could never forget the cruel twist in them.

Braithwaite watched the pair before him with interested gaze. Doubts began to assail him that Drake had made another colossal blunder. He began to fidget with his cap.

Dr. Fourstanton turned to him.

"Perhaps you and Mr. Braithwaite would care to have tea with me?"

"Delighted, I am sure!" squeaked uncle, rejoicing that Dr. Fourstanton had taken the hints he had thrown out.

"Thank you, sir!" murmured Braithwaite. "I will show uncle over the school first."

"By all means!" said the Head with a smile. "At half-past four, then, I shall expect you."

He rustled away. Drake peered after his departing figure with gleaming eyes. Even his spectacles could not hide the gleam in them.

"Well?" queried Braithwaite, somewhat anxiously. "Are you on the target?"

"A dead bull's-eye!" said Drake in his normal voice. "Or, rather, a live one. He's the fellow, right enough. At tea we'll give him the shock of his life!"

Half-past four came all too slowly to the boy sleuth and his companion, but it came at last. They wended their way to the Head's quarters. A trim maid bowed them into the sitting-room. A moment later Dr. Fourstanton appeared. He smiled genially at his guests.

"Do sit down!"

Uncle Braithwaite seated himself directly opposite his host, his keen eyes watching the clever face before him like a cat watches a mouse.

Tea proceeded pleasantly enough, except for Walter Braithwaite. He was feeling the tenseness in the atmosphere. But Drake was thoroughly enjoying himself. The Head shifted the topic of conversation to Uncle Braithwaite.

"And so you have retired from ranch life, Mr. Braithwaite?" he remarked. "And taking up your abode in London, despite our fickle climate, eh?"

"Yes; you must do me the honour of a visit," said the old man querulously. "I see you and I have a lot in common," he added, indicating the wonderful array of antique silver with which the room abounded.

"Are you, then, a collector?"

"Well, I've been collecting antique silver for the last thirty years," answered the "man from South America."

"Have you, indeed? Then I expect you have spent a fortune at it?"

The Head's tone was strangely eager.

"Well, hardly a fortune," answered Drake, drawing on his imagination. "I had my collection valued yesterday strangely enough, and I was told that it is worth a hundred thousand pounds."

Dr. Fourstanton could hardly suppress his eagerness. He leaned forward over the table.

"I am dying to see this collection," he said, with a smile. "May I take your address, Mr. Braithwaite?"

"By all means," croaked the visitor. "But you will never live to handle any of my collection, Dr. Fourstanton," he added, and his voice had undergone a startling change.

The Head leapt to his feet, his eyes blazed, his jaw was thrust out aggressively. To his amazement Mr. Braithwaite had levelled a revolver at his chest.

"Wha-a-at?" he gasped. "I beg you—"

"I beg you to put up your hands and keep them there!" rapped Drake.

The Head's face paled visibly, his eyes nearly started from their sockets.

"Drake," he said hoarsely. "Drake, I thought you were dead—"

"Sorry to disappoint you," said the lad mockingly. "But I am very much alive—very much alive!"

And before the startled headmaster

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was aware of the change, Drake had whipped his false whiskers and wig from his hair.

Dr. Fourstanton stood as one transfixed. He began to shiver as though with the ague. It was then that Braithwaite realised that the boy sleuth had made no mistake; this indeed was no respectable headmaster; it was the face of a hunted, desperate man.

"I said we'd meet again," smiled Drake. "This time, you scoundrel, there shall be no mistake. I've hunted high and low for you, and I've got you. You, a respectable headmaster of a college. Ha, ha! What a story this will make for the papers!"

"You young fool!" rapped the Head, endeavouring to collect his startled wits. "You're talking out of your hat! You're making a mistake."

"Oh, no, I am not!" smiled Drake. "Walter," he added, turning to the Fourth-Former, "do me the favour of phoning for the police."

The Head watched his pupil stroll across to the instrument. Realisation of what it meant should he get through to the police came home to him in a flash.

He had run his course! He had been beaten by a boy!

With a suddenness that was born of despair, Dr. Fourstanton's hand reached out for a weapon. His hand closed upon a cup of tea.

Smack!

Cup and its contents clattered into Drake's face, scalding him.

Crack!

A bullet sped away harmlessly as Drake's finger compressed the trigger.

With a bound, the Head was across the room. He reached the door as Walter Braithwaite leaped at him just as Drake was dashing the scalding tea from his face.

"Stop him!" roared Drake. "Don't let him escape, for Heaven's sake!"

Thud!

Dr. Fourstanton turned sharply, his right fist crashed out, catching the plucky Fourth-Former full in the face. Braithwaite went down like a log. With a plucky effort Drake bounded across the room in a last attempt to stop his quarry from escaping. But he was the fraction of a second too late.

The door was slammed in his face, followed by the sound of a key being turned in the lock. Another moment and the corridor without echoed to the sound of retreating footsteps.

Dr. Fourstanton, the chief of the notorious motor bandits, had escaped the net!

(Has Drake had all his trouble for nothing? Will the chief of the motor bandits prove too clever for him once again? These interesting questions are answered in next week's instalment of this powerful story. Don't miss it, chums.)

The Barring of Bolsover!

(Continued from page 21.)

pinched with cold, his eyes were red-rimmed, and his lips stiff and white.

"You—you, Percy?" he whispered faintly. "Oh, thank Heaven! I—I got lost; I was wandering about for ages, and then I fell. My—my knee's hurt, Percy, I can't walk."

"You—you came after me, kid?" asked Bolsover huskily.

"Yes. I thought—I thought—"

"Hold up, kid!" cried Bolsover major. He caught his brother as he collapsed limply. He was unconscious.

"Poor kid!" breathed the Remove junior.

A moment later he was staggering back the way he had come, the form of his brother in his arms. He was already exhausted and spent, but he set

his teeth and plodded on, stumbling and lurching over the treacherous ground.

How long he staggered on he could never afterwards tell, but suddenly he became aware of bright flashes of white light ahead.

At first he thought it was a hallucination, but the next instant he saw them again—three distinct flashes at some distance. He fancied he caught voices in the distance, and his heart throbbed with joy. The next moment he was shouting—hoarsely, appealingly.

And then he drew a deep breath of thankfulness as, borne on the wind, there came an answering shout:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bolsover felt his brain reel; he lurched, stumbled, and then he went down in the snow with his burden.

It was Harry Wharton & Co. They came tramping across the common, spread out in wide formation, flashing their electric torches as they came. Bob Cherry had heard the faint cry for help, and it was he who reached the dark figures in the snow first. They took Bolsover minor from his brother's clinging grasp, and the next moment they were at work chaffing the half-frozen limbs, and bringing colour to the cheeks of the unconscious brothers.

Bolsover major very soon came round, but his young brother was still unconscious when the rescuers carried him under the old gateway of Greyfriars half an hour later. They took him straight to the school sanatorium, and then Harry Wharton went in to report to Mr. Quelch, and Bolsover major went with him. And Bolsover's face was bright, and his heart thankful. The matron had assured him that there was nothing seriously wrong.

Harry had already told him the news, that the precious manuscript was found.

(Continued on page 28.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 800.



(Continued from previous page.)

that it had not been destroyed after all, and the news was like the lifting of a heavy load from the heart of the burly Removeite. He came out of the Remove master's study with a smiling face. He found the Famous Five waiting for him. "I'm ready to shake if you are, Bolsover," said Harry, holding out his hand. "And so are these chaps. We're sorry for what we did to-day—thundering

sorry. We ought to have forgiven as Mr. Queleh forgave."

Bolsover took the outstretched hand, his eyes shining.

"It—it's good of you to say that, Wharton," he stammered. "I can't blame you chaps for what you did. I deserved it all. I acted like a cad and a villain. But—but if you chaps don't bar me, I don't care so much what the other fellows do. I can stand it!"

"You needn't worry about the others," said Harry. "They're as sorry now as we are. You'll find everything O.K. now, Bolsover."

And Harry proved to be right there. The events of the evening, and the amazing news that the manuscript had not been burned, after all, caused a revolution of feeling in Bolsover's favour.

As for Billy Bunter, it was an exceedingly lucky thing for him that the happy

ending to the affair had put the Head and Mr. Queleh also in a forgiving mood. It was lucky, also, that the Head never learned of that remarkable document he had penned. Had he done so, he would have realised Bunter's real reason for keeping the manuscript back, and instead of letting him off with a terrific wiggling—which didn't hurt Bunter—he would undoubtedly have given him something that would have made Billy Bunter remember for a long time the affair of the Barring of Bolsover.

THE END.

(There is another magnificent story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars next Monday, featuring Billy Bunter of the Remove. Bunter actually has a postal-order—in fact, he has several of them. Read how he "throws his weight about" in—"The Great Postal-Order Mystery.")

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