

READ: "THE TOAD OF THE REMOVE!"

This Week's Special School Story.



WHAT'S "THE TOAD" DOING IN HIS FORM-MASTER'S STUDY?

(An incident from the grand long school story inside.)





This week our Football Expert has some interesting facts to tell us about

## BURY

the famous Lancashire Club in the First Division.

**B**URY are known as "The Shakers." Exactly how they got this pet name is a matter of some doubt. Various stories are told, but this is the one that I like best, and it seems the most likely to be true. In the dim and distant past, before the Bury club got anywhere near the First Division, they were playing a match against a supposedly much stronger side. The Bury lads of those days set their teeth, and proceeded to give their very good opponents more than they got.

"That's the stuff!" shouted an enthusiast at the top of his voice. "Shake 'em up, Bury!" And the cry was taken up by the spectators round the field in their enthusiasm at the fine display which was being given by the boys. "Shake 'em!" the cry rang out, and "Shake 'em" they did. And to this day the Bury club is known as "The Shakers."

### Living Up to It!

Whether the foregoing story of how they got the title is true or not doesn't much matter. The point is this: Can you think of a side which has a more appropriate title? It has never been suggested that Bury had a football team of all the talents, but from time to time the men who have worn their colours have made up in dash and hustle anything which was lacking so far as scientific skill was concerned. In other words, they have been "The Shakers." And they are shakers even to this day, having shaken good and plenty in the early days of the present season, when they were right at the top of the First Division table.

Quite recently the chairman of the Bury club admitted quite frankly that the team did not come up to the ideal in some senses. Asked at the annual meeting of the shareholders why the management didn't buy some more star players, the Bury chairman replied that they just couldn't afford it. But, he added: "We have often seen that craft and skill isn't everything in football, and clever teams are often beaten by sheer dash and enthusiasm."

That is the Bury team of the present moment all over: a team of dash and enthusiasm. "They look to me just like the boys who might do well in the Cup again. That was a proud day in the Bury history—it's long ago now—when the English Cup was won. And the final victory was no half-and-half affair. It was the biggest Cup Final win of all time—a six to none victory over Derby County.

One of these days Bury will win the Cup again; I feel it in my bones, and it may be sooner rather than later.

### Triers Every One!

That the Shakers are just a level

lot of triers rather than a collection of brilliant individuals, is shown by a mere statement of fact. In the side which played unchanged for the first ten matches of the present season, there is only one International player—centre-forward Norman Bullock. Twice he has played for England; also for the Football League, and in other representative games.

He is a player who was obtained, like a great many other Bury players of to-day—for nothing. The officials saw him when he was with an amateur side near Manchester; they invited him to have a trial, and after one trial he was signed on. A very short time afterwards, Norman was in the first team, and he signalled his rise by scoring a couple of goals in his opening match. He has been scoring for them ever since, and woe betide the full-back or goalkeeper who happens to get in the way of one of his hardest-driven shots. "Hit it, Norman!" is a favourite cry of the Bury supporters, and Norman carries out the advice, believe me.

### Consistent Quality!

Having dealt with Bury's centre International, I think we had now better go through the team from the goalkeeper.

The man who holds the fort is Richardson, and I need only say that he came from Scotswood as a boy to reveal that he is good. They only turn out good footballers from Scotswood—a club famous for the number of stars it has supplied to the game. Richardson

used to be at Blackpool, and there picked up a breezy way of keeping goal. But he is sound, as well as enterprising.

I have said that Bury don't usually pay big transfer fees. Occasionally, however, they have to go for the ready-made player, and one such is "Laurie" Crown, the right full-back who was obtained from Newcastle United during the last close season period. Previously Crown had been with Sunderland—where they didn't appreciate him—and with South Shields, where they know all about the way to produce good full-backs. "Laurie" is a big lad six feet high, and weighs over twelve stone. So when he shoulder-charges a player that player knows—well, that he has been up against a "shaker."

Left-back Tom Adamson is one of several Scots in the side. The Bury manager found him some seven years ago playing for Blantyre Celtic. There's nothing showy about "Tom," he just gets there, playing a consistent game week in and week out. I like especially the calm way in which he places the ball back to his goalkeeper when he is in a tight corner; it shows a man confident in himself.

### The Giant of the Side!

The regular half-backs of Bury are Porter, Bradshaw, and Dutton, and there are few half-back lines more solid in the whole country. James Porter went to Bury from Wishaw, where he played for the Y.M.C.A. club, and the story is told that when he went to

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## THE BOYS OF BURY.



Reading from Left to Right: Back row: Porter, Yates (Trainer), Crown, Richardson, Adamson, P. Smith (Manager), Dutton. Front row: Bradshaw (Captain), Robbie, Stage, Bullock, Ball, Amos.



**THE OUTSIDER!** A chap who sneaks, who prys into other people's affairs, and who torments harmless animals, is not likely to make any friends at Greyfriars. And Edgar Bright soon discovers just how popular his sort of character is, for the Remove nickname him *The Toad* on his first day at school!

# The Toad of the Remove!



**A Grand Long Complete School Story of the Chums of Greyfriars, dealing with the return of Ernest Levison. By FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### An Alarm in the Night!

**O** OOOOOOOOH! I say, you fellows! Help!

"What the dickens—"

Harry Wharton started suddenly from slumber. So did most of the Greyfriars Remove at the same moment.

The howl that rang through the dormitory might have awakened Rip Van Winkle himself, had that ancient gentleman been a member of the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars.

It was Billy Bunter's voice that echoed through the gloom. It was still echoing.

"I say, you fellows! Wake up! Help! Burglars!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" boomed Bob Cherry. "What's the row?"

"Help!"

"Fathead! Shut up!"

"Burglars!"

It was past midnight, and the November darkness lay thick upon Greyfriars School. The last door had long since closed; the last light was extinguished. All Greyfriars was sleeping, or should have been sleeping.

Billy Bunter, evidently, was an exception.

Generally, at midnight's witching hour, Billy Bunter was so deeply plunged in slumber, that a salvo of cannon would hardly have awakened him. For once, however, at that witching time of night, Bunter's eyes were wide open; and so, apparently, was his mouth.

It was, of course, from the latter that the wild howls proceeded, that had startled the Remove into wakefulness. Bunter was not in bed.

The dormitory door was wide open, and the Owl of the Remove had just rushed in from the shadowy corridor—though why he had been out of bed, and out of his dormitory, at that hour, was rather a mystery.

Bob Cherry sat up and groped for a box of matches.

He struck a match, and the flickering light showed William George Bunter, half-dressed, his little round eyes dilated with terror behind his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up!" came from Vernon-Smith. "You fat idiot! Do you want to have the prefects up here?"

"Burglars!"

"Fathead!"

"I saw them—"

"Too much supper," said Bob Cherry. "If you eat a dozen pork pies going to bed, Bunter, you're bound to see burglars, or something."

"Beast! I had only two pork pies—that's why I was too hungry to sleep."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd lighted a candle-end and turned out of bed. He picked up his pillow from the bed.

"Where will you have it, Bunter?" he inquired.

"Eh?"

"You don't expect to get off without a licking, I suppose, after waking us all up in the middle of the night?" demanded Peter.

Bunter dodged round a bed. He seemed, for the moment, more alarmed by Peter Todd than by the burglars—if any.

"Keep off, you beast! I say, you fellows, turn out! Call the Head! Call Mr. Quelch! Telephone to the police-station! Wake up old Prout and tell him to get his gun! We shall all be murdered! Ow!"

"Will you shut up?" demanded the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Bend over that bed, Bunter," said Toddy, swinging up the pillow.

"Shan't!" howled Bunter. "I tell you it's burglars! I ran right into him—them, I mean—"

"And I tell you it's pork pies!" said Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

"Where have you been, out of the dormitory?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I wasn't going down to the pantry—"

"What?"

"I never even knew there was a cold pie—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I—I—I was just—just taking a—walk, you know—" stammered Bunter. "In fact, I thought there might be burglars, so I went to look."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Don't you fellows say anything about a pie before Mr. Quelch. He

might think I was after the pie. He's suspicious."

"He might think you were after the pie, my esteemed Bunter, without being terrifically suspicious!" chuckled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Ain't you fellows turning out?" exclaimed Bunter, backing round another bed, with a wary eye on Toddy's pillow. "The Head may be murdered by this time—and old Quelch—we may all be murdered in our beds—"

"Not all of us, old fat bean," said Bob Cherry. "Too big an order, even for the heftiest sort of burglar. It would take him too long. If he belongs to the Burglars' Union, they wouldn't let him work more than an eight hour night."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" howled Bunter. "Look here, some of you go and call the masters! Call the prefects! Call the police! I say— Yaroooooh!"

Billy Bunter had not meant to say "Yaroooooh!" He said it suddenly and unintentionally, because Peter Todd's pillow got him at that moment.

Bunter roared and sprawled across a bed.

"Now give him jip!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Bunter squirmed wildly away from the swiping pillow. There was a chortle along the row of beds. Obviously, the Removites did not believe in Bunter's burglar. They were quite assured that Bunter himself was the only burglar abroad in Greyfriars that night and that he had been frightened by some shadow while on his surreptitious way to burgle the pie.

"Oh, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "Keep off! Yow-ow-ow! I say, you fellows, there really was a burglar! There really is one. He's downstairs. I nearly ran into him. You cackling idiots! Talk about Pontius Pilate fiddling while Carthage was burning—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on a minute, Toddy!" exclaimed Tom Rodwing, laughing, as Peter was proceeding with the pillow. "It's just barely possible that Bunter did see somebody or something."

"Rot!" said Peter. "He says he

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did; therefore he didn't! That's as certain as anything in Euclid!"

"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"Well, what did you see?" demanded Peter. "If there's a giddy burglar, we'll go after him, and strow the hungry churchyard with his bones. Where is he, and what is he like?"

"I was going down to the pantry—I mean, I wasn't going down after the pie——"

"Cut that out! We know all about the pie you weren't after. Where did you see the shadow?"

"What shadow?"

"The one you took for a burglar."

"It was a burglar!" hooted Bunter. "Who else would be rooting about the House with an electric torch at this time of night?"

"Oh!" said Peter, a little impressed. "He had an electric torch, had he?"

"Yes, you ass. That was how I saw him. I'd got to the bottom of the stairs, and was just going towards the kitchen stairs—I mean, I wasn't going towards the kitchen stairs—when I came on him—creeping along like—like anything, and if I hadn't dodged behind the banisters he would have seen me. I might have been murdered, and——"

"No such luck!" said Peter heartlessly.

"Why, you beast——"

"I say, this sounds as if Bunter really did see something, though," said Bob Cherry, turning out of bed. "I suppose there wasn't another fellow after the same pie at the same time?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I didn't think of that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But he wouldn't be going towards Masters' passage for a pie!" said Bunter. "That's where he was going."

"What on earth would a burglar want in the masters' studies?" said the Bounder. "Nothing to burgle there, except Quelch's typer and Prout's old rifle. He can't be after Latin exercises."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton had slipped out of bed, and was hurrying on some of his clothes. The captain of the Remove apparently considered that the startling episode required looking into.

"May as well see what it was," said Wharton. "If it's some fellow larking in the middle of the night we'll jolly well rag him. It's barely possible that it might be a burglar."

"Let's go and see," said Bob.

"Let's!" assented Johnny Bull.

"If you wake up Quelch there'll be a row!" said the Bounder. "Better kick Bunter and turn in. It's nothing, of course."

"Oh, really, Smithy——"

"Come on!" said Harry.

And the captain of the Remove left the dormitory, with six or seven fellows following him.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Searcher of the Study!

"QUIET!" breathed Wharton.

"What——"

"There's a light!"

"Oh!"

A thrill of excitement ran through the little crowd of half-dressed juniors. They had descended very quietly from the dormitory. It was judicious to be as quiet as possible, not only on account of the supposed burglar. There was Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, to be considered.

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True, had the heroes of the Remove caught a burglarious intruder in the act and collared him, and prevented a robbery in the school, their Form master could not have failed to be pleased with them. But had Mr. Quelch caught the juniors rooting about the House after midnight, looking for a burglar that did not exist, the case would have been very different. Instead of being praised for their courage, it was only too likely that the burglar-hunters would have received the very sharpest edge of Mr. Quelch's tongue, to be followed up by a still sharper application of Mr. Quelch's cane. In these circumstances it behoved the Removites to be very cautious indeed.

They trod on tiptoe into Masters' passage. And there Harry Wharton's whispered warning brought them to a halt.

Wharton pointed along the passage.

From under the door of one of the studies—their own Form master's study—came a glimmer of light.

Certainly, Mr. Quelch was not up at that hour, and equally certainly the methodical Remove master would never have left his light burning when he went to bed.

There was a surreptitious intruder in the study.

That was certain.

"A giddy burglar, after all?" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Not likely! More likely some ass playing a jape on Quelch—ragging his books, or something."

"At this time of the night?" murmured Nugent.

"Well, we shall see. Tread softly."

"You bet."

On tiptoe, more cautiously than ever, the juniors crept down the corridor and stopped outside their Form master's study.

The door was closed, but as they listened they could hear the sound of soft and stealthy movements in the room.

Someone was there!

The light was moving, too. The glimmer under the door came and went. It was the light of an electric-torch, in the hand of someone moving about the study.

The juniors felt their hearts beat faster.

It was possible that some japer was playing a prank in the Form master's study, in revenge for some licking or lines received in class. Such things were not unknown at Greyfriars.

But they realised that it was not likely. The stealthy movements, the shifting light seemed to indicate that the unknown person was searching through the study—searching the room carefully and meticulously.

And it occurred to the juniors, rather late, that it would not be a light matter to meet a burglar, if it was a burglar—some desperate ruffian, perhaps armed, perhaps murderous. The Famous Five of the Remove had plenty of pluck, but they were in no hurry to open the door of the study and look in.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh silently pushed his chums aside and dropped on his knee at the keyhole.

"Good!" breathed Bob.

The dusky junior applied his eye to the keyhole. This gave him a view of a good part of the room.

For some moments he could see nothing save the moving glimmer of the light carried by the person who was stealing about the room. But the movements of the unknown brought him within the nabob's line of vision at last.

Then there was a soft chuckle from Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"What——" began Wharton, in a whisper.

"It is not an esteemed burglar, my worthy chums!"

"Then who——"

"It is an excellent and ridiculous Remove chap."

"Oh, my hat! Who——"

"The esteemed and execrable new fellow Bright."

"Oh!"

It had not occurred to Harry Wharton & Co. before leaving the Remove dormitory, to ascertain whether any of the Form were missing. Certainly they had not thought of Edgar Bright, the new fellow in the Remove, at all. They were astonished to learn that it was Bright who was rooting about the Form master's study. Bright was an unpleasant fellow, disagreeable in all sorts of ways, and generally disliked in the Remove. He had been nicknamed the Toad, and all the Remove agreed that the name fitted him. But he was not at all the sort of fellow to play any trick on a master where there was danger to follow. And playing tricks on Mr. Quelch was a dangerous game—a very dangerous game, somewhat akin to twisting the tail of a tiger.

"Sure it's Bright?" whispered Redwing.

"The surefulness is terrific!"

"He's heard us," muttered Bob Cherry.

The stealthy movements in the study had ceased, the light was still. A moment more and it was shut off. Evidently Bright of the Remove had caught some sound of the whispering outside the door.

Bob Cherry chuckled softly.

"The Toad's alarmed!" he murmured. "He fancies Quelch has come down and caught him."

The juniors grinned. They could imagine the feelings of Edgar Bright if he fancied himself caught in his Form master's study at that hour of the night. Certainly he would have found his presence there at such an hour very difficult to explain.

Harry Wharton opened the study door.

In the dense darkness the fellow in the study could not see the juniors any more than they could see him. But he had heard the door open, and the Removites caught a suppressed gasp of terror.

"Only little us, you funky toad!" said Bob Cherry, taking pity on the terrified young rascal.

"Oh!"

It was an exclamation of relief.

"You can turn on the light," said Nugent.

The electric-torch glimmered out again. It gleamed on the faces of the little crowd of juniors in the doorway. Behind it they saw Bright dimly, his face white and startled and savage.

"What are you doing here?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

He glanced round the study. So far as he could see, nothing had been disturbed. It was not, apparently, a rag that had brought Bright there while the rest of the school was sleeping. It was difficult to imagine what had brought him there. Even the Toad could hardly be suspected of having intended to steal anything.

He did not answer Wharton's question.

"What's the game?" asked Bob Cherry, as the Toad did not speak.

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Bright.

"You came down from the dormitory





"Call the police!" howled Billy Bunter. "I say— Yaroooh!" The Owl of the Remove had not meant to say "yaroooh!" He said it suddenly and unintentionally, because Peter Todd's pillow got him at that moment: "Now give him jip!" said Johnny Bull. (See Chapter I.)

at midnight for nothing, and you're rooting about Quelch's study for nothing?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

Bright's face set sullenly.

"No business of yours, anyhow!" he snapped. "I don't see what you fellows came down for."

"We came down because you frightened Bunter nearly out of his wits and he took you for a burglar," said Harry.

"Bunter?" repeated Bright.

"Bunter was on the prowl as well as you, as it happens. He was after a pie. He came back to the dorm yelling 'Burglars!' Anybody might have been woke up, and if he'd woke the House you'd have been caught here," said the captain of the Remove. "You'd have had to explain to Mr. Quelch."

"Well, I haven't got to explain to you, anyhow," sneered Bright.

"That's so," assented Wharton quietly. "You haven't—unless you've been up to some harm."

"What harm could I be up to? Do you think I came here to look through Mr. Quelch's desk for his loose change?"

"Well, no; but if it was a rag you can say so."

"Well, it was a rag."

"What sort of a rag?"

Bright's eyes glittered at the captain of the Remove. It was evident that this catechism made him uneasy and angry, and that he did not desire to answer. But he answered.

"I was going to rag Quelch's manuscripts in return for causing me in class to-day. You know he caned me."

"Yes, and I know you deserved it. So you were going to rag Mr. Quelch's jolly old History of Greyfriars?"

"That's it."

"But you haven't done it yet," said Harry. "You've been a good time here, but you haven't got through."

Bright gritted his teeth.

"I couldn't find it."

"That's why you were searching about the study?" asked Bob. "We saw the light shifting about."

"Yes," muttered Bright, "that's why."

Wharton's lip curled. He knew that the fellow was lying, though he could not make out why he was lying.

"You were searching for the typed manuscripts?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I've said so!"

"Up and down the walls and corners, all over the study?" asked the captain of the Remove, with contemptuous sarcasm. "Did you think Quelch might have left his giddy manuscripts on a chair, or behind the screen, or under his desk?"

Bright set his thin lips hard, his mouth looking like an evil gash.

"I've told you what I was doing," he answered sullenly.

"And I tell you that you're lying," said Harry scornfully. "You were up to some trick here that you daren't admit. No business of mine, as I've said, if you didn't mean any harm—but if you did, I warn you that I shall make it my business."

"What do you think I was up to, then?" asked Bright in a low voice, between his closed lips.

"I don't know; but it was something rotten, or you wouldn't be afraid to own up to it. Get back to the dorm now."

"I'll go back to the dorm when I like."

"You'll go back now, or you'll be taken there with a finger and thumb on your ear," answered the captain of the Remove.

Bright clenched his hands hard.

But he shut off the light again and groped out of the study. Whatever had been his object in visiting Mr. Quelch's quarters, he had to give it up now. His stealthy footsteps faded away along the corridor.

"What on earth was his game here?" asked Bob Cherry in sheer wonder.

"Goodness knows!" said Harry. "Anything but what he told us. He would never dare to touch Quelch's manuscripts—he knows there would be a hullabaloo about it. And he had lots of time for that, if he wanted to. I can't make it out—but I've no doubt at all that he was up to some dirty trick; that's his sort."

And the juniors, much puzzled, returned to the Remove dormitory as quietly as they had left it. The candle-end was still glimmering there, and a dozen fellows looked at them inquiringly as they came in.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Found the burglar?"

"Bright's just come into the dorm," said the Bounder, with a nod towards the new junior's bed.

"Bright was Bunter's burglar," answered Harry.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"It was Bright, you fat duffer!" said



Bob Cherry. "He's been down to Quelchy's study rooting about—for goodness knows what!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter. "Then—then—then there isn't a burglar after all!"

"No, you fathhead!"

"Oh! Good!"

Bunter rolled towards the dormitory door. Now that his terrors were relieved he was thinking of Mrs. Kebble's pie again.

"Where are you going?" hooted Peter Todd.

"I—I'm just going down to—to make sure that there isn't a burglar, old chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not for the pie?" asked Peter.

"Nunno—not at all! I—I'm not going for the pie!"

"Right!" assented Peter. "You think you are, but you're not. You're going back to bed. I'm going to swipe you with this pillow till you do."

"Oh, really, Toddy— Yaroooh! Keep off, you beast! Look here, I'll let you have half the pie—"

Swipe! Swipe!

"Beast! Yooop! I'm getting into bed, ain't I?" howled Bunter. "Stoppit! Oh! Ow! Wow! I'm in bed, you beast! Yoooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You get out of that bed again before rising-bell, and I'll use my boot instead of a pillow," said Peter.

"Beast!"

Bunter did not get out of bed again. The pie seemed to have lost its attractions. When the rising-bell rang out over Greyfriars in the dim November morning Bunter was still snoring.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Mysterious!

**H**ARRY WHARTON glanced at Bright of the Remove when the juniors turned out in the morning.

The Toad's face was dark and sullen. He met Wharton's look with a bitter stare of enmity, and sullenly dressed himself and went down.

Wharton had never before given much heed to the new fellow, though Bright had been placed in Study No. 1 with him and Nugent. The two juniors disliked their new study-mate and had as little to do with him as they could. Bright was an unpleasant fellow in many ways; it seemed difficult for him to open his mouth at all without saying something disagreeable. He did not join in the Form games, he loathed football, he showed no desire whatever to be friendly with his study-mates, and his favourite amusement seemed to be the tormenting of any hapless animal or insect that came within his reach.

A more thoroughly unpleasant fellow the Famous Five had never seen or met. Even Skinner and Snoop of the Remove were quite agreeable in comparison. Since he had been placed in Study No. 1 Wharton and Nugent had used the study as little as possible, generally "teasing" with their friends along the Remove passage, and sometimes even doing their prep in another study. Bright, so far from missing their company, was openly pleased to be rid of them.

Except to avoid him as much as possible, the captain of the Remove had hitherto given him little attention.

But he gave the fellow some thought now.

At breakfast he looked at Bright across the Remove table, and noted the pallid face, the heavy eyes, that told of loss of sleep. Bright had been up a part of the night—but so had a good many other fellows, as it had happened, and they showed no signs of it. Wharton remembered that he had noticed, though without heeding, such traces in Bright's face before. It came into his mind as a certainty that the previous night was not the only occasion on which Bright had slipped out of bed after the other fellows were asleep. Owing to Bunter's quest of the pie, and the fright he had received, Bright's nocturnal proceedings had been discovered; but Wharton was assured that they had been going on previously—undiscovered.

What the explanation might be was a mystery to the captain of the Remove. Unless the fellow was out of his right senses, it seemed inexplicable that he should turn out of bed at a late hour of the night, when all Greyfriars was sleeping, to root about the school. And he was not out of his senses; he was a particularly cool, clear-headed, and calculating young rascal.

That he was up to something was certain; but what he could possibly be up to was a deep mystery. A fellow who lost necessary sleep night after night, at the risk of losing his health, must certainly have a powerful motive. But what possibly could be Bright's motive? Had any specially ill-natured trick been played, even had any article of value been missing, there would have been an explanation. But the fellow was not playing tricks, and he was not a thief. What did it mean?

Wharton could not help giving some thought to it. He had a feeling that something underhand was going on in connection with Bright and his nocturnal ramblings. But he had to confess, after thinking it over, that he could not even begin to guess what it was.

The Bounder joined him in morning break, and smiled at the cloud of thought on the brow of the captain of the Remove.

"Worryin' over it?" he asked.

"Not exactly worrying over it," answered Wharton, with a smile. "I was thinking it over!"

"Looks all right to me."

"Eh?"

"Doesn't it to you?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Well, no! There's something jolly fishy about it, I think."

The Bounder stared at him.

"Something fishy about the match with St. Jim's?" he exclaimed.

Wharton stared at him in turn, and then burst into a laugh.

"Were you speaking of the St. Jim's match?"

"Of course. Weren't you thinking about it?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"Well, it's time to think about it, as it comes off to-morrow," said the Bounder. "I think we shall beat St. Jim's. What were you scowling about, then? Do you ever worry over anything but football matches?"

"I was thinking of that worm Bright."

"Oh, the Toad!" said the Bounder carelessly. "Bother him!"

"He was up to something last night," said Harry, "and it seems to me that last night wasn't the first time. What can the fellow's game possibly be?"

"What does it matter?"

"I don't know that it matters at all. But it looks to me awfully fishy; he is up to something."

The Bounder yawned a little. Evidently he was not interested in the Toad and his mysterious proceedings. All his thoughts were given to the football match at St. Jim's on the morrow—the Bounder's first match since he had rejoined the school late in the term.

"Hallo, there's another Johnny with something to worry about," the Bounder remarked, with a nod towards a gentleman who was coming up the path towards the House.

Wharton glanced at him.

He saw a rather slight man, handsome in a grave, elderly way, whose face showed care-worn lines that were visible at the most casual glance.

"My hat! That's Mr. Levison!" said Harry.

"Who?" asked the Bounder.

"Levison's father—a chap who used to be in the Remove here. He's at St. Jim's now."

"I remember. He had to leave Greyfriars," said the Bounder, with a grin. "Not exactly sacked, but politely requested to get out, what?"

Wharton frowned a little.

"Well, something of the kind," he admitted reluctantly. "But he's quite a different sort of fellow now; he's very popular at St. Jim's, and I know that Dr. Locke offered to take him back if he wanted to return to Greyfriars. I fancy he will be in the St. Jim's eleven when we meet them to-morrow."

"Reformed character, and all that—I know," said the Bounder, rather sarcastically. "I had some of it from him when he visited Greyfriars once. Not a bad chap! If this is his pater the old scout looks as if he has been hunting trouble with great success."

Harry Wharton raised his cap with great respect as Mr. Levison passed. The Bounder followed his example more carelessly.

Mr. Levison glanced at the juniors, acknowledged the salute, and went into the House.

"Wonder what he wants," said Smithy curiously. "If he's called to see his hopeful son he's dropped in at the wrong school."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"He's been to see the Head before," he said. "A relation of his, an uncle or something, was a Form master here once."

"Never heard of him. Must have been a jolly long time ago—the old bean himself looks no chicken."

"Well, it was a long time ago," said Harry. "I happened to hear of it, because the man was master of the Remove when he was here, and I remember Levison mentioning once that a relation of his had once been master of the Remove. Chap named Thorpe."

The Bounder started.

"Thorpe?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. You've heard of him, then?"

"Not till a day or two ago," said the Bounder. "The Toad seems to be interested in Levison's relations, if that old Johnny Thorpe was a relation of Levison's."

"The Toad?" repeated Harry, in amazement.

"Yes."

"You mean that Bright has mentioned Mr. Thorpe, who was a Form master here years and years ago?"

"I mean just that," answered Vernon-Smith. "I heard him asking Gosling if he remembered Mr. Thorpe, who used to be master of the Remove donkey's years ago. Gosling was here at the time, of course. He asked Gosling whether the masters of the Remove always had the same study—the same that Quelchy has now."



"What on earth could he want to know that for?" asked Harry.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "Can't imagine," he answered. "Just idle curiosity, I suppose."

"What did Gosling tell him?"

"I don't know. I was just passing the lodge when Bright asked him about old Thorpe, and I wasn't interested. What have you got in your head now?" asked the Bounder.

"Well, it's odd," said Harry. "The Toad asks Gosling about the Remove master's study in Thorpe's time, and we find him rooting about Quelch's study. I believe it's the same study. He can't suppose that old Thorpe left anything valuable behind, that hasn't been shifted since."

"Ha, ha, ha! No. I believe the study's been swept out since Thorpe's time," chuckled the Bounder.

"Still, it's odd," said Harry.

Wharton could not help feeling that there was some connection, somehow, between Bright's interest in the old Form master who had once occupied Mr. Quelch's study, and his nocturnal searching in that same study. But what the connection could be was a mystery. Indeed, it seemed to make the strange affair more mysterious than ever.

It was a puzzle, and Wharton had to give it up. He dismissed the Toad and his strange proceedings from his mind, and discussed the St. Jim's match with the Bounder—a topic which really was more congenial to both of them.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### A Strange Quest!

"GOING down to the footer?" Billy Bunter gave his questioner a pitying glance. Without living up to his name Bright of the Remove might really have known that Billy Bunter was not going down to the footer. Really, he did not seem very bright.

"Tain't compulsory this time," said the Owl of the Remove.

"Oh!" said Bright. "Where are you going, old chap?"

Billy Bunter stopped and faced Bright and fixed his big spectacles upon him with scornful significance.

Bunter blinked first at Bright's feet, and allowed the glimmer of his spectacles to travel up till they were fixed on Bright's face. Then the Owl of the Remove allowed his glance to travel down to Bright's feet again. Then once more upward to his hard-favoured face.

This was what Bunter called looking a fellow up and down.

It was supposed—by Bunter—to have a crushing effect.

The crushing effect was not perceptible in this case. Bright did not look crushed, only annoyed and puzzled.

"What's the game?" he asked.

Bunter waved a fat hand at him.

"You sheer off!" he said.

"What?"

"I don't like your company," said Bunter.

"Look here——"

"You refused, twice, to cash a postal-order for me," said the Owl of the Remove severely. "Don't deny it—you did."

"I fancy every fellow in the Remove has done the same, more than twice," remarked Bright. "I haven't been here long, but I've heard all about your postal-order. You first expected it when you were a kid in the Second Form, I believe. You've been expecting it ever since. But it hasn't come."

Bunter's fat face reddened with anger.

"Don't give me any of your cheek!" he said loftily. "You're an outsider in the Form, young Bright; and if you think I'm going to take you up, when all the other fellows turn you down, you're making a mistake. See?"

Bright's thin lip curled.

He did not seem to want to make friends at Greyfriars; there were, indeed, very few fellows in the school with whom the Toad could have been friendly. But if he had wanted to make friends, certainly he would not have selected William George Bunter.

"You fat idiot!" he answered.

"Oh, really, Bright——" Bunter paused. "Look here, if you're going to do the decent thing. I'm not the fellow to say no. I've been disappointed about a postal-order again to-day——"

"Something wrong with the post—what?" jeered Bright.

"That's it," said Bunter. "It's the way the Government run things, you know; must be mismanagement at the post office. Otherwise, why hasn't my postal-order come?"

"I wonder why," said Bright sarcastically.

"Still, it's bound to come to-morrow morning, at the latest. If you care to hand me the five shillings now——"

"I don't!"

"I'll hand you the postal-order as soon as it comes. See?"

"I shan't need it then," answered Bright, still sarcastic. "I shall be rich when I'm of age."

"You won't be of age to-morrow morning, fathead!" William George Bunter was not quick on the up-take.

"I shall be of age by the time your postal-order comes, though. Or more likely an old, old man."

Billy Bunter breathed deep and hard. Bunter was, as he had said, not the man to take up a fellow whom other fellows turned down. And here he was

wasting his valuable time on a rank outsider who could do nothing but sneer in return.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" he snapped, and he rolled away.

Bright followed him.

For reasons of his own, whatever they were, the new junior in the Remove wanted Bunter's company that afternoon, though his peculiar nature found it difficult to be agreeable to a fellow even when he wanted his company.

"Bunter, old chap——"

"Don't call me old chap!" said the Owl of the Remove over his shoulder. "Just sheer off. I don't care to be seen talking to you."

"Unless I shell out five bob!" sneered Bright. Even in his own interests he could not restrain a sneer.

"Oh, sheer off!" grunted Bunter.

"I'm going to the tuckshop," said Bright.

"Oh!"

Bunter slackened down. He had stated that he did not care to be seen talking to Bright. But Bunter would have been seen talking to the heaviest villain in existence, if the conversation had taken place in the tuckshop.

"What about some tarts?" asked Bright.

"Come on, old fellow!" said Bunter, quite briskly.

They walked together into the school shop. Bright, with visible reluctance, ordered a tart for Bunter. The Remove fellows had all observed that Bright seemed to have plenty of money, but a rooted objection to parting with any of it.

Bunter sniffed. One tart was not much to him—a dozen would have been only a snack. Still, a tart was a tart, and Bunter commenced operations on it at once. The operations were active, but not protracted.

"You're a fellow who notices things," Bright remarked.

(Continued on next page.)

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## THE TOAD OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter promptly. "Precious little goes on in this school without my knowing, I can tell you."

"It's a weird old place," Bright went on. "I've heard the fellows talking about secret passages and things."

"Lots of 'em," said Bunter.

"You've seen them?"

"Of course!"

"Secret passages, and panels, and doors, and that kind of thing?"

"Tons of 'em," said Bunter.

"Masters' passage is one of the oldest parts of the school buildings, isn't it?"

"Jolly old, anyhow," said Bunter.

"So-long, Bright!" Bunter had finished the solitary tart now, and thought it time to be going. He was not interested in the secret passages that existed in the rambling old buildings of Greyfriars, and he was not interested in Bright. He was interested in looking for Lord Mauleverer, the likeliest fellow in the Remove to make an advance upon Bunter's long-expected postal-order.

"Hold on a minute!" said Bright, suppressing a scowl. "You're just the fellow to know all about these things, Bunter."

"Oh, yes," said Bunter.

"Ever heard of a secret passage, or a secret door, or anything, in Masters' passage?"

Bunter shook his head.

"No. There's a secret passage under the school that goes to the old priory in the wood. I've been through it. Don't you try it on—it needs pluck, and you're a funk, you know."

Bright gritted his teeth.

"Is that the only secret place you know about, Bunter?"

"Oh, no! Lots and lots," answered Bunter cheerfully. "Sorry I haven't time to talk about it now; my friend Lord Mauleverer is expecting me. Tell you what, Bright—I'll come to tea in your study one of these days, and we'll have a talk—what?"

And Bunter rolled out of the tuck-shop in search of Lord Mauleverer.

Bright, with a moody brow, paid for Bunter's tart and left the shop. He strolled along to Gosling's lodge and glanced in. The ancient porter of Greyfriars was warming himself by his cosy fire, and to judge by his grunt as he looked round, he was not pleased by the door being opened.

"Mind a fellow coming in?" asked Bright, as agreeably as he could.

"The young gents ain't supposed to come in 'ere," answered Gosling.

"That's a jolly fire on a cold day like this."

No answer from Gosling.

The crusty old gentleman did not seem keen on Lower Fourth society. Bright stepped in, all the same.

"The fact is—" he said.

Grunt!

"I've picked up a shilling—"

Gosling looked round.

"As it was close by your door I thought it might be yours."

"I dessay, I dessay!" assented Gosling, extending a horny hand. "Very kind and polite of you to take the trouble, Master Bright."

With an inward wince, Bright of the Remove relinquished a shilling into Gosling's ancient palm. The old porter made no objection to Bright lounging by the fire after that.

"You've been at Greyfriars a long time, Gosling, I've heard?" Bright remarked.

"You've 'eard right," assented Gosling.

"Before Dr. Locke was here—what?"

"Long afore," said Gosling proudly.

"Why, I knowed that young man—"

"What young man?"

"The 'Ead, of course. Wasn't we speaking about the 'Ead?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" It dawned upon Bright that Dr. Locke, the reverend Head of Greyfriars, was still a youngish gentleman from the point of view of the ancient Gosling.

"I knowed that young man when he was a Form master at another school—and afore that, too," said Gosling. "I was glad, I was, when the Governing Board made him headmaster here, though I thought he was young for the job—very young for the job."

"Mr. Thorpe was here before Dr. Locke?"

"He came and went afore Dr. Locke." Gosling eyed the new junior rather curiously and queerly. "This here is the second or third time you've asked me questions about Mr. Thorpe, Master Bright."

"He was a great friend of my father's," said Bright.

"Oh, was he?" said Gosling.

"I dare say you may have seen my father sometimes, years and years ago," said Bright. "Of course, he is quite old now. He used to come here and visit Mr. Thorpe. He lived at Lantham then, as he does now—that was before he went abroad."

"Name of Bright?" said Gosling musingly. "Yes, I think I sort of remember a young man of that name that used to come here and see one of the Form masters. A good many years afore you was born, Master Bright."

"Oh, yes! I suppose you saw a lot of Mr. Thorpe?"

"Course I didn't," said Gosling. "I don't see much of the Form masters at any time. I've got my duties to attend to and they've got theirs. I 'ardly notice how those young men come and go."

Evidently William Gosling regarded himself as a more permanent and important institution at Greyfriars than a mere Form master.

"But you remember him all right?"

"Oh, yes, especially at the end," said Gosling. "He was rather queer at the end. Health breaking down, I suppose. He was queer!"

Bright's eyes sparkled.

"Queer in his ways?" he asked.

"Yes, queer," said Gosling, ruminatively. "Used to go and sit in the old tower by hisself for hours when he wasn't at his duty."

"Secretive, and liable to hide things?" asked Bright.

Gosling stared.

"Not that I knows of," he answered.

"I remember he was always a very careful gentleman—very careful and methodical. He made a 'obby of—what do you call it—sort of ology about stones and things?"

"Archæology?"

"That's it. Always nosing after old buildings and things, and asking a man questions," said Gosling. "Very keen he was on the old places in the school, and once he made me show him the secret passage. Very interested in that he was."

"I suppose there are lots of them here?"

"There's one," said Gosling. "That's known. There might be others, but if there is nobody knows."

"Mr. Thorpe may have found one."

"He might 'ave, nosing about as he was always," said Gosling. "But if he did he never said so."

"He had Mr. Quelch's study," said Bright. "That's a jolly old room, panelled in oak. Must be hundreds of years old."

"More'n that," said Gosling.

"Might be a secret panel, or something of the sort, there."

"Might be," said Gosling. "I shouldn't be surprised. But if there is, it ain't known about."

"You've never heard of such a thing," said Bright, disappointed.

"Never," said Gosling. "But the room ain't all old. The fireplace is quite modern—not fifty years old."

"And the builders never found anything out of the common when they were at work there?"

"They never told me if they did," answered Gosling.

"You see, I'm rather keen on archæology myself," Bright explained. "I shall take it up when I'm older."

"Ho!" said Gosling.

Bright strolled out of the porter's lodge, the old gentleman there blinking after him curiously. Bright's footsteps took him in the direction of the old tower.

"The old fool!" he muttered. He was not referring to Gosling. "The old fool! He was queer at the end, was he? And, of course, he hid his last will away in some queer place, just as the pater thinks—but where? There might be a thousand nooks and crannies in the thumping old place, and, of course, he knew every one of them. Looks to me as if I shall be rooting about here all the term, and perhaps find nothing at the finish. And all the time somebody must know the place, and the dashed old document may turn up at any minute and cost the pater twenty thousand pounds. The study's the most likely place, but—"

Bright stopped before the old tower. The ancient oak door was padlocked. The old place was almost ruinous, and was out of bounds for Greyfriars fellows. Bright had already learned, however, that fellows sometimes penetrated into it, in spite of the fact that it was out of bounds. The old loophole windows were boarded up, but in one place a board was loose. Bright moved it and crept into the shadowy old tower.

He grunted as he looked round him.

"If the old ass used to root about here this may be the place," he muttered. "Oh, my hat! What a hunt for a fellow on a half-holiday! I'm getting fed-up!"

Bright was rather tired and dusty when he came in to tea, and he was feeling more fed-up than before. The strange task Mr. Esau Bright, of Lantham, had assigned to him, of finding the last will and testament of John Thorpe, once a Form master at Greyfriars, supposed to be concealed in some nook in the ancient buildings, had rather appealed to him at first, as anything secretive and underhand appealed to him. But he was fed-up with the task by this time, and more than half-disposed to let it slide.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Bumps for Bunter!

"HARRY, old chap!"

Harry Wharton laughed. "Nothing doing," he answered.

"I was going to ask you—"

"I know. Ask Bright; he's a new fellow, and may not have heard about your postal-order yet," suggested the captain of the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was the following day, and Billy





"I've picked up a shilling," said Bright. "As it was close to your door, I thought it might be yours." "I dessay," assented Gosling, extending a horny hand. "Very kind and polite of you to take the trouble, Master Bright." With an inward wrench, Bright of the Remove relinquished a shilling into Gosling's ancient palm. (See Chapter 4.)

Bunter rolled up to the Famous Five as the Remove came out for morning break. Bunter evidently wanted something.

"I wasn't going to ask you anything about a postal-order, you ass!" hooted Bunter.

"Not?" ejaculated Wharton.

"No!" growled Bunter.

"You weren't going to ask for a little loan?"

"No!" howled Bunter.

"Then why the thump did you call me Harry old chap?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! It's about the St. Jim's match."

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton. "Are you taking an interest in the St. Jim's match? You can't eat it."

"I want to come along to St. Jim's," said Bunter, with dignity. "You fellows have often called me a slacker. You make out that I shirk games. Don't deny it; you do."

"I'm not denying it, old fat bean," said Harry. "You're a fat slacker, and you shirk games. What about it?"

"Well, I want to play this afternoon."

"Eh?"

"I'm rather keen on playing St. Jim's," said Bunter. "Now don't tell me that the team's made up, and that you've got better men. I've heard all that before, and I'm sick of it. I'm asking you, just for once, to put aside all this mean jealousy of a better man than yourself. I've heard you say that a footballer ought to think of the side, and not of bagging kudos for himself. Well, then, act up to it for once. Play me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. I'm willing to take any position in the field. I'm best at centre-forward—"

"Oh, ye gods!" gasped Wharton. "You're best at centre-forward, are you?"

"Yes; but I can play half—"

"Not half!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there are very few backs like me at Greyfriars!" said Bunter.

"The fewfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"In goal, who can beat me?" demanded Bunter.

"Any kid of seven!" answered the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"The question is, could you get into a goal?" asked Bob Cherry. "You might wedge in sideways, perhaps. But could you turn round?"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, I'll take any position on the field you like, Wharton, and guarantee to knock spots off Tom Merry's lot, wherever you put me," said Bunter. "They'll be simply squashed."

"They would be if you fell on them!" remarked Johnny Bull. "But it isn't Soccer to turn fellows into pancakes."

"I'm accustomed to this jealousy," said Bunter bitterly, "but on a special occasion like this, I think it might be put aside for once. I know your reasons, of course—you hate the idea of a better man putting you in the shade. It's a bit sickening."

"Finished?" asked Wharton.

"No!" roared the fat junior.



"My hat! He's wound up!" said Bob Cherry. "Run away and tell some other chaps the end of the story, Bunter."

"But why this sudden keenness to play football?" asked Wharton. "It's rather a change, isn't it, fatty?"

"You see, I want to go over to St. Jim's with the team."

"Any fellow can come if he likes; it's a half-holiday, and Quelchy will give leave out of bounds to see the match."

"Yes; but members of the team have their fares paid out of the club funds," explained Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! Then I'm to put you in the eleven to save you your train fare?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"Yes, old chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, I want to meet my old pals there," said Bunter. "There's D'Arcy of the Fourth—a very old friend of mine."

"You can keep your postal-order for Greyfriars!" grunted Johnny Bull. "If you get asking St. Jim's men to cash it, you'll get scalped."

"And the scalpfulness would be terrific."

"I disdain to answer that," said Bunter, with dignity. "There's that chap Levison, too, who used to be here. I'd like to see him again."

"Why?" asked Johnny Bull. "Levison heard all about your postal-order when he was at Greyfriars. He's wide to it."

"Beast! The fact is, Levison left owing me money."

"Liar!" said Bob Cherry politely.

"A mere trifle—only a pound or two," said Bunter. "But I happen to be short of cash now. Even a pound is something when a fellow's hard up."

"For the first time in your life?" asked Bob.

"Yes, exactly. If you won't play me in the team, Wharton—"

"You can bank on that," said Harry, laughing.

"Well, then, it's up to you to lend me my railway fare to St. Jim's," said Bunter. "I'll make that do. I suppose you want me to come over and see the game?"

"Then your supposer is out of order, old fat bean! No!"

"Beast!"

The Famous Five walked on, laughing.

"I say, you fellows, I haven't finished yet!" roared Bunter.

"Your mistake; you have!" answered Bob Cherry.

And the chums of the Remove accelerated, and left William George Bunter to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

Billy Bunter grunted wrathfully. Apparently, he had hoped that his modest request might be granted, though really the most obliging football captain might have hesitated to include a hopeless dud in his team, simply to save that dud his railway fare.

"Beast!" snorted Bunter.

"Bunter!"

"Oh!" Bunter spun round, and blinked at Dr. Locke. "Oh, yes, sir! I—I wasn't calling you a beast, sir!"

The Head almost jumped.

"What?" he ejaculated.

"I—I wasn't, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Really and truly, sir, I—I never say what I think of any of the masters, sir."

"What?"

"Never, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I'm too respectful, sir."

The Head gazed fixedly at William George Bunter for some moments. The

fat junior quaked. But the Head only said mildly:

"You will find Wharton, of your Form, Bunter, and tell him that I desire to see him in my study."

"Oh, yes, sir!" stuttered Bunter, in great relief.

And he rolled out of the House after the Famous Five. He found them in a cheery group with Vernon-Smith, Redwing, Toddy, Squiff, and other fellows in the football team, discussing the arrangements for the afternoon. Bunter rolled up with a grin on his fat face.

"I say, you fellows!"

"Chuck it, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry. "You've done your funny turn. Now give us a rest."

"Yah! Wharton's wanted!" hooted Bunter. "The Head sent me for him."

"Oh, bother!" said the captain of the Remove. "What the thump does the Beak want now?"

"A flogging, I think," said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"He looked frightfully waxy—ferocious, in fact," said Bunter, with great satisfaction. "I've never seen him in such a rage. I'm afraid it's all up with footer for you this afternoon, Wharton. I'm sorry, of course. He, he, he! You're going to be detained, as well as flogged!"

"You fat idiot!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! The Head was in a fearful bate—gnashing his teeth!" said Bunter impressively.

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

The idea of the reverend Head of Greyfriars gnashing his teeth quite took them by storm.

"Grinding them, at least!" said Bunter. "Crimson with rage. 'Find Wharton and send him to me!' he said to me. 'I'll teach the young rascal!' His exact words."

"Can't be anything up!" said Harry, without heeding the Owl of the Remove. "But I wonder what the dickens the Head wants."

"Put some exercise-books in your bags!" chuckled Bunter. "I could see in the old sport's face that it was a licking. 'Send that young scoundrel Wharton to me!' were his exact words. He fairly hissed them."

"Fathead!"

Harry Wharton walked away towards the House. Bunter's description of the Head did not worry him very much; but he was quite serious. When a fellow was called to his Headmaster's study, he always went in a serious and wary frame of mind. The Head might only be going to tell him what a good boy he was, and what a credit to the school; but the chances were against it.

"Poor old Wharton!" said Bunter, as the captain of the Remove disappeared into the House. "He's for it! I say, you fellows, do you think he's going to be bunked?"

"I think not," said Peter Todd. "But I know somebody who's going to be bumped. A fat fabricator named Bunter."

"Oh, really, Toddy! Yaroooooh!"

Bunter sat down in the quad quite suddenly.

"Now," said Peter, "was the Head really gnashing his teeth?"

"Ow! Yes!"

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"

"Was he really?" persisted Peter.

"Yow-ow! Yes!" roared Bunter. "Like a tiger! Yaroooh!"

Bump!

"Whoop! Leave off, you beasts!" roared the Owl of the Remove.

"We're not going to leave off bumping you till the Head leaves off gnashing his teeth!" explained Peter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow! He—he—he wasn't exactly gnashing his teeth!" howled Bunter. "In—in fact, he wasn't gnashing them at all. Yarooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Was he crimson with rage?" asked Peter.

"Ow! Yes!"

Bump!

"I—I mean, he wasn't!" shrieked Bunter. "He was quite pale."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors walked away laughing, leaving William George Bunter to get his second wind.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Surprising News for the Remove!

**H**ARRY WHARTON tapped at the door of the Head's study and entered.

Dr. Locke gave him a kindly nod.

"Ah! Come in, Wharton!" he said.

The Head's benevolent aspect was a relief. Evidently it was not a licking this time. Wharton wondered what it was.

"I understand that you and your friends are going to St. James' School this afternoon to play football," said the Head.

"Yes, sir," answered Harry, more and more surprised.

"The match with St. Jim's was, of course, an affair of tremendous importance. All the Remove were agreed upon that. But the captain of the Remove had not expected the Head to realise it. It was quite a surprise to find Dr. Locke taking a personal interest in it."

"Quite so!" said the Head. "You will doubtless see there a boy who was some time ago, at Greyfriars School, in your Form, Wharton—a lad named Levison."

"Yes, sir; I think he is in the junior football team at St. Jim's," said Harry.

"You remember him when he was at Greyfriars?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Harry Wharton. "We've met him a good many times since he left, too."

The Head coughed.

"You are aware, Wharton, that this boy, Ernest Levison, was somewhat under a cloud when he left this school?"

"Yes, sir."

"I had good reason, at that time, to be displeased with him," said Dr. Locke. "But I have observed the boy's career since he left, and have been glad to see that he has more than retrieved his old faults of character. I understand from my old friend, Dr. Holmes, the headmaster of St. James' School, that he is regarded as one of the very best boys there."

"Very likely, sir," said Harry. "We all think him a splendid fellow now, sir."

"I am glad of that," said the Head.

Wharton waited, quite astonished now. He simply could not imagine why the Head had called him in to speak about the one-time Greyfriars fellow, Ernest Levison, now in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

"I am glad of it," repeated the Head, "because it is probable that Levison may return to this school—for a time, at least."

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton.

"He was not, I fear, on good terms with many members of his Form when he was here?"

"Well, there were some troubles, sir," said Harry. "But all that's past and forgotten now. We shall be glad to see Levison here again, if he comes."



"The lad will be sure, then, of a welcome in his old Form?" asked the Head. "Certainly, sir! We all like him." "No doubt this will surprise you a little," said Dr. Locke. "Owing to a change of circumstances, into which I need not enter, Mr. Levison has decided to remove both his sons from St. James' School and to place them here for the remainder of the term. This implies no dissatisfaction with their present school, and no dissatisfaction on the part of Dr. Holmes with the two boys. It is merely due to a certain change of circumstances."

"I understand, sir," said Wharton, though, as a matter of fact, he was far from understanding what extraordinary change of circumstances could have caused so very unusual a proceeding.

"Ernest Levison will resume his old place in the Remove, here," went on the Head. "His young brother, Francis, will be placed in the Third Form. This I have arranged in consultation with Mr. Levison. When the two boys will arrive is not definitely decided; but it has occurred to me that Levison might find it more agreeable to return in company with other Remove boys, and it is probable, therefore, that he will come back to Greyfriars with you and your friends."

"I—I see, sir." "You have no objection to this, Wharton?"

"None at all, sir. Levison will have a warm welcome in the Remove," said Harry. "All my friends are friends of his."

"I am glad to hear you say so. You understand, then, that if Levison and his brother so decide they will accompany you back to Greyfriars after the football match. I shall be very pleased if you make the change as agreeable to them as possible."

"I'll do my best, sir." "Thank you, Wharton. That is all." And the captain of the Remove left the Head's study in a state of great astonishment.

He went out into the quad, where a dozen fellows waited for him near the House steps. All the footballers were rather anxious to know what the summons to the Head's study portended. Anything that was likely to interfere with the football fixture of the afternoon was a serious matter, from the Remove point of view.

"Cough it up, old man!" said Bob Cherry. "Not a licking?"

"No," said Harry, with a smile. "Not a detention?" asked Bob. "No fear!" "Then it doesn't matter what it was,

if it doesn't interfere with the jolly old football," said Bob, relieved.

"It's a bit queer, all the same," said the captain of the Remove. "That chap, Levison, who used to be here, is coming back."

"Levison!" "Coming back?" "Oh, my hat!" chimed in Skinner, of the Remove, who was lounging in the doorway. "Is he sacked from St. Jim's, after being sacked from Greyfriars? What an exciting career!"

Wharton looked at him. "Levison never was sacked from Greyfriars, Skinner," he said quietly.

"Asked politely to depart—what?" grinned Skinner. "Comes to much the same thing, so far as I can see."

"Just the same," remarked Snoop. "Not quite the same—and, anyhow, it's all over now. He's not sacked from St. Jim's, and the Head letting him come back here shows what is his opinion of him now."

"Levison's all right!" said Squiff. "But what the thump is he changing his school for?"

"The Head said it was owing to a change of circumstances," answered the captain of the Remove. "Can't make it out. Still, it's Levison's business, not ours. I think all you fellows will welcome him back?"

"Yes, rather!" "The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"He's a good sort now, whatever he was once upon a time," said Bob Cherry. "We'll be glad to have him back in the Remove."

"Hear, hear!" "We shall all be delightfully pleased to extend the glad hand of ridiculous fellowship," declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"His young brother is coming with him," added Wharton. "I think I've seen the kid when we've been over at St. Jim's, and he came here once with old Levison, you know. A decent sort of kid, I believe."

"Oh, my hat!" said Skinner. "Is he bringing his whole family?"

"No," said Harry quietly, "only his minor."

"Not his sister Doris, and his pater, and his mater, and his Aunt Sempronia, and his Uncle Joseph?" asked Skinner.

Some of the fellows laughed.

"You see, we found one Levison quite enough here," said Skinner. "Two will be rather too much. I dare say Smithy will get on all right with Levison."

"I dare say I shall," said the Bounder.

"Smokes, and banker, and all that—quite a high old time for them when they get going," remarked Skinner.

"Levison's not that sort, Skinner," said Harry.

"He was once," yawned Skinner. "Once isn't now," said the captain of the Remove, compressing his lips.

"Isn't there a giddy old proverb, which says that the leopard can't change his spots, nor a jolly old Ethiopian his skin?" inquired Skinner.

"Oh, shut up, Skinner!" said Bob Cherry. "You've always got something rotten to say, you know."

"We'll be jolly glad to have Levison back!" said Johnny Bull. "I hear that he's turned out a great footballer. He will be useful in the matches."

"I was thinking of that," confessed Wharton. "He will be playing against us to-day. I expect; but I should be jolly glad to have him in our team against Highcliffe next time. Most likely he will come back to Greyfriars with our crowd, and I'm sure there's no fellow here who won't make him jolly welcome!"

"Not a man!" said Nugent. "Leave me out," suggested Skinner. "I can't say I like the idea of the fellow coming back here."

"Oh, you don't count!" said Bob Cherry. "If Levison got on good terms with you I should think there was something fishy about him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's passed unanimously that Levison is a first-class chap," said Squiff, with a grin. "We all like him, and Skinner doesn't. That's a complete testimonial."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner lounged away, sneering; and until the bell went for third lesson the Remove fellows discussed, with considerable interest, the surprising news that Ernest Levison, once of the Greyfriars Remove, was coming back to his old Form and school. And, though not particularly curious, the fellows could not help wondering what the "circumstances" were which had caused so very unusual a proceeding. It was obvious that the circumstances, whatever they were, must be very unusual circumstances indeed.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Diplomatic!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo, young Tubb!"

Thus Robert Cherry of the Remove after morning class.

It was very novel. No wonder Tubb of the Third Form stared.

Cherry greetings like that from  
(Continued on next page.)



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## THE TOAD OF THE REMOVE!

*(Continued from previous page.)*

Remove men fell oddly upon the ears of a fag of the Third Form. Generally the Remove men went on their way regardless of the Third, who were simply fags and nobodies—less than nobodies, if possible, though in their own opinion of some account—just as the high and mighty Sixth and Fifth walked the earth regardless of the Remove.

In ordinary circumstances, had a Remove man had occasion to address George Tubb, he would have said, "Here, young Tubb!" or "Look here, you young fathead," or "you young sweep," as the case might be.

To be greeted like a man and a brother, so to speak, was rather new to Tubb.

Neither did he specially appreciate it.

For if the Remove looked on the Third as nobodies, the Third looked—or pretended to look—on the Remove as swanking asses, noodles, duffers, footling chumps, and other things of that sort. Sometimes a Third Form fag, greatly daring, would creep across the Remove landing, send a yell of defiance along the Remove passage, and then scuttle back to his own quarters before he could be collared, greatly to the admiration of the other fags.

So George Tubb stared at Robert Cherry; and Paget of the Third, to whom Tubb had been speaking, stared at him also and shrugged his shoulders. Paget of the Third was a rather elegant and aristocratic youth, distinguished among the fags by the fact that his fingernails were always clean and neatly pared, and his collar often spotless. At home in the holidays Percival Paget was the demure little darling of many aunts, at school he was the most reckless young scamp in the Third. He chummed with Tubb because Tubb was top dog in the Third; his private opinion of Tubb being that he was rather a lout.

Bob Cherry's cheery greeting ought really to have caused expansive smiles of good-fellowship to spread over the faces of the fags.

But it didn't.

The grubby face of George Tubb was suspicious; the clean countenance of Percival Paget was derisive.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" repeated Bob cheerily.

"Say it again!" suggested Paget.

"What?"

"We had one of your ancestors in class to-day with old Wiggins," said Paget.

"One of my ancestors?" repeated Bob, staring.

"Yes, his name was Stentor."

"Stentor?"

"The bloke who had a voice as loud as any fifty men," said Paget. "I take it he was an ancestor of yours? I judge by the voice."

Tubb chortled.

George Tubb was fairly good with his grubby knuckles; he called himself captain of the Third and maintained his captaincy, such as it was, by means of his grubby fists. But he was no good at all at fencing with words; Paget had him there. It was very entertaining to Tubb to hear Paget giving a Remove man some of his polished "sarc."

Bob Cherry breathed hard and deep. The proper proceeding on the part of a Remove man cheeked by fags was to take them by their collars and bang their heads together. Bob refrained from that proper proceeding.

"Look here, you kids—" he said.

"Us what?" inquired Tubb.

"Chaps," said Bob.

"Oh!" said Tubb.

Paget shrugged his shoulders again. He had learned that shrug of the shoulders from a sardonic uncle who was in the House of Lords. It was often very effective in the Third.

"I've been looking for you men," said Bob amicably.

Tubb thawed considerably.

This was the first time a Remove man had ever acknowledged that the Third Form were men also.

"Well, here we are," said Tubb.

"What the dooce does the man want?" asked Paget. Percival Paget had learned to say "dooce" from the same uncle from whom he had derived his shrug of the shoulders.

"You men are top in the Third," said Bob, still amicable. "That's so, isn't it?"

"You bet!" said Tubb.

"There's a new kid coming in the Third."

"Is there?" said Tubb indifferently. "Good lord, we're overrun with new kids!"

"Scrubby lot this term!" said Paget, shaking his head. "I looked 'em over first day of term, and said to Tubb, 'What a crew!'"

"You did!" said Tubb, in assent.

"The new kid I'm speaking of is coming from another school," said Bob. "From St. Jim's."

"St. Jim's! I believe I've heard of the place," remarked Paget.

"Some sort of school, somewhere, I believe," said Tubb. "What are they chucking the young cad over here for, then?"

"I believe he's rather a nice chap," said Bob. "His name's Levison—Frank Levison."

"Well, what about it?" demanded Tubb.

Why a Remove man should be interested in a new fag coming into the Third was a mystery to Paget and Tubb.

"He may come along to-day," said Bob. "I—I think you'll like him; he's really rather decent. Inoffensive and all that."

"Some mammy's darling?" asked Paget scornfully.

"Oh, no! Not at all. He can use his hands, I believe," said Bob.

"I'll give him a chance if he puts on any lift in the Third," said Tubb darkly.

"Oh, there's no lift about him!" said Bob hastily.

"All the better for him if there isn't," said Tubb. "We'll jolly soon take it out of him if there is."

"Jolly soon!" agreed Paget.

"Well, he's coming, you know," said Bob. "Very likely he and his brother will come back with us from St. Jim's to-day. We're playing a match at St. Jim's this afternoon, you know."

"I don't know," answered Tubb.

"Not at all," said Paget.

Once more Bob Cherry was tempted to knock two cheeky heads together. Once more he refrained.

"Well, I thought I'd mention it," he said. "You being captain of the Third, Tubb—"

This was a diplomatic stroke. In the Remove it was a standing joke that the Third Form had a captain. But, for once, Bob Cherry was combining the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove.

"I see," said Tubb, flattered.

"I thought you might give the kid a sort of welcome, and all that," said Bob. "New kids find it a bit strange in a big school, you know."

"They soon get knocked into shape," said Paget.

"That's so," assented Tubb, "and I'm the fellow to do it."

"You being such a good-natured chap, Tubb—"

"Oh!" said Tubb.

"I thought I'd put in a word for him," said Bob cheerily. "I'm sure you'll like the kid. You may find him useful in footer, too."

"Puts on lift about his footer, does he?" asked Paget.

"Oh, no, not in the least! But he can play quite a good game, I believe, and you're the man, Tubb, to pick out a good man for your team."

This was more diplomacy and wisdom of the serpent. In the Remove the Third Form football team was regarded as a real shriek. Now Bob spoke of it with gravity, as he might have spoken of the Greyfriars First Eleven.

George Tubb's face was quite amiable now. It was so very seldom that he received flattery from a man in a higher Form that he liked it when he did receive it.

"I'll give the kid a chance," he said. "Look here, I'll look for him when he comes, and speak a word to him."

"That's the idea," said Bob. "That's why fellows like you so much, Tubb, because you're so jolly good-natured."

And Bob, with a friendly nod to the fags, sauntered away to join his friends. Tubb was left with quite a pleased expression on his rugged face. Paget, on the other hand, smiled sarcastically.

"That Remove man can hand out the soft stuff when he likes," Paget remarked, understudying once more his sardonic uncle's shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Tubb. "Cherry's a decent sort, best of the bunch in the Remove."

"That's not sayin' much for him."

"Oh, no, not much!" agreed Tubb.

"If a Remove man thinks he can tell us how we're to treat a new kid in our Form he's makin' a mistake."

"What! I should jolly well say so!" exclaimed Tubb, belligerent at once. "Cheek, I call it!"

"The Remove are altogether too sidey," said Paget. "But when it comes to tellin' us how we're to treat new men in the Third, it's the limit. The best thing we can do, Tubb, is to put this young cad Levison in his place as soon as he gets here. What? We'd better make him understand, for his own sake, that it doesn't do a man any good to have pals in a higher Form, especially Remove men who butt in and give us advice."

"What-ho!" said Tubb.

"Cheek, you know," said Paget.

"Neck!" agreed Tubb.

"We'll look for that young rotter when he comes," went on Paget, "and first of all we'll impress on him that he can't swank in the Third about his friends in the Remove."

"We jolly well will!" agreed Tubb emphatically.

From which it seemed probable that Bob Cherry's well-meant intervention was not likely to produce much benefit for Frank Levison of St. Jim's.

Meanwhile, Bob rejoined his friends in the quad, and found them regarding him rather curiously. Bob grinned.

"Palling with the Third?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No, you ass! I've put in a word for young Levison," explained Bob.

"He's a sensitive little chap, I believe, and the Third here is pretty rough-and-tumble. I've put in a word for him with Tubb, captain of the Third, you know."



"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Well, it will make things rather easier for the kid when he butts in," said Bob cheerfully.  
 And the subject changed to football, Frank Levison and the Third Form being dismissed from further consideration. But whether the word Bob had put in for young Levison was likely to make matters easier in the rough-and-tumble Third for that sensitive young gentleman remained to be seen.

**THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.**  
**A Shock for the Toad!**

**"BRIGHT!"**  
 Harry Wharton spoke as civilly as he could. It went against the grain with the captain of the Remove to

about to start for the station. But he came along to Study No. 1 in the Remove to speak to Bright, the subject being a rather pressing one. Both Wharton and Nugent would have liked to take Ernest Levison in as a study-mate when he came, partly because they rather liked the St. Jim's fellow and partly to show all the Lower School that, whatever Levison had been like in his old days at Greyfriars, he was now regarded as one of the best by the leaders of the Remove. The chums would not have troubled to ask Bright's leave if it came to that, though he was entitled to a voice in the matter. But they did not care to ask any decent fellow to share the study so long as the Toad was an occupant. The Toad had made friends, more or less, with Skinner & Co., the least

as we are with you," said the captain of the Remove bluntly.  
 "Quite."  
 "Well, then, what about changing out?"  
 "Jolly civil all of a sudden when you're asking a favour—what?" said Bright, with a jeering grin.  
 "I think it's an arrangement to suit both sides," answered Harry. "You seem to pull with Skinner, and he might take you into his study."  
 "I don't know that I should mind," said Bright carelessly. "I can't stand you with your swanky ways, or that milksop Nugent, either."  
 "Well, I won't mention the things about you that I can't stand. It would take too long," said Wharton. "Is it a go?"  
 "I'll think it over."

"The fact is," said Harry Wharton, "there's a new chap coming into the Remove—named Levison!"  
 "What?" Bright almost shouted the word as he sat bolt upright in his chair and stared blankly at the captain of the Remove. "What name did you say?"  
 "Levison," answered Wharton, astonished in his turn by Bright's astonishment. (See Chapter 8.)



speaking to Bright at all, and it required an effort to speak civilly. But he managed it.  
 Bright looked round with a sneering expression.  
 He was sprawling in the armchair in Study No. 1, smoking a cigarette. Smoking was one of Bright's pleasant little ways, though he did not venture to produce his cigarettes when his study-mates were present.  
 This afternoon was a half-holiday, and Harry Wharton & Co. were bound for St. Jim's. Edgar Bright expected to have the study to himself for the afternoon, and he was surprised when Wharton looked in.  
 As a matter of fact, Wharton had little time to spare, as the team were

desirable members of the Remove, and, therefore, the most to his liking. It seemed reasonable to suppose that he might change into their study and leave room for Levison in Study No. 1.  
 That was what the captain of the Remove was about to suggest, and hence his civil manner. He could not very well ask the fellow to change out and at the same time tell him what he thought of him.  
 "Well?" sneered Bright.  
 He expected some remark on the subject of his smoking. But Wharton affected not to notice that.  
 "We don't get on very well in this study," said Harry.  
 "That's so."  
 "I dare say you're as fed-up with us

"The fact is, there's a new chap coming, and he may be here to-day," said Harry. "If he comes to-day I'd like him to come into this study."  
 "Oh!" said Bright. "I hadn't heard that there was a new man coming into the Remove. Who is it?"  
 "Chap who used to be here terms ago, named Levison."  
 "What!"  
 Bright almost shouted the word. He sat bolt upright in the chair, the cigarette dropping from his fingers. He stared blankly at the captain of the Remove.  
 "What name did you say?" he stammered.  
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(Continued from page 13.)

"Levison," answered Harry, astonished in his turn by Bright's astonishment. "You don't know him, do you?"

"Levison! My hat! But, of course, there are plenty of Levisons," said Bright, recovering himself. "It's not a very uncommon name." Then he started again. "But you said the chap used to be here."

"That's so. He was in the Remove."

"You don't mean that the fellow Levison who's at St. Jim's is coming here?" demanded Bright, staring at him.

"Yes, that's the chap."

"Oh crumbs!"

"I never knew you knew him," said Harry.

"I don't know him—never seen him that I know of," growled Bright. "Look here! Are you pulling my leg? Is this a joke?"

"Of course not!"

"Why is Levison leaving St. Jim's, then, in the middle of the term?"

"I haven't asked him," answered Harry, with a slight smile. "I don't mean to ask him, either, as it's no bizney of mine."

"You're sure he's coming here?"

"The Head told me so. He may come back with the football party from St. Jim's to-day, with his young brother."

"Oh gad! But why?"

"I don't know, and don't care much. I know we shall all be glad to see him in the Remove again, and Nugent and I would like him in this study. So if you'd care to change out—"

"I wouldn't!" snapped Bright.

"It will be rather a crowd in the study—four men," said Wharton.

"It would be four in No. 11, if I changed in with Skinner and Snoop and Stott," sneered Bright.

Wharton coughed. It was true enough. But Wharton was thinking rather of getting rid of Bright, than of what quarters he would find himself in when got rid of.

"Then you won't change?" asked Harry.

"No, I won't!"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"Look here, Bright! What does this mean?" he demanded. "I can tell you that you're a good deal too jolly mysterious for this school. A fellow who roots about the House in the middle of the night, and asks all sorts of weird questions about dead-and-gone Form masters—"

"No business of yours."

"You were thinking of changing out before I mentioned Levison," said Harry. "Now you've changed your mind. Yet you say that you don't know Levison, and have never seen him. Anyhow, you wouldn't like him; he's quite a decent chap."

"Thanks!" said Bright.

"Well, what does it mean?" exclaimed Harry.

Bright eyed him with his shifty, running eyes. He evidently realised that he had given himself away a little.

"It's simple enough," he answered,

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after a pause. "I never knew Levison, but I know his name well enough."

"I could see that."

"My father was a great friend once of a Form master who used to be here ages ago—man named Thorpe. Thorpe was a relation of Mr. Levison, the father of that St. Jim's chap. My father's met Mr. Levison several times lately—in fact, he has a claim on him for a large sum of money, and old Levison is jolly slow to pay up," sneered Bright. "I fancy he will go on the rocks, financially, when he does squeeze it out. That's why I was startled when you mentioned Levison coming here."

"Your father has a claim on Mr. Levison for a large sum of money?" repeated Wharton incredulously.

"It's something under a will. Old Levison got it when he wasn't entitled to it, my father being abroad at the time. Now he's back in England he's claimed it, and old Levison's got to part. He's got the court to allow him time to make restitution, but he will have to shell out!"

"I'm quite certain that Levison's father has never touched anything he wasn't entitled to!" said Wharton sternly.

"He thought he was. I'm not saying anything against the man," answered Bright. "He inherited a large sum of money from his uncle, old Thorpe, not knowing that there was a will in existence that left it all to my father. Now the will's been proved, and he has to make restitution. There's no secret about that. I dare say Levison will tell you. He's sure to know."

"Oh!" said Harry.

"Why," exclaimed Bright, struck by a sudden thought, "that's why he's coming here, of course! I dare say the old josses can't keep his fees paid at St. Jim's any longer."

"That's rot! The fees here are as high as St. Jim's."

"Yes, that's so, too," assented Bright. "But old Levison may have got round the Head somehow. The Beak is rather a soft old bird."

"His letting a fellow like you into Greyfriars looks a bit like it, certainly," said Wharton. "I don't know what to think of what you've told me. Anyhow, Levison's business isn't my business. To come back to that, will you change out, and let Levison come in here?"

"I won't change out!" answered Bright obstinately. "But Levison can come in here, if you like. I've no objection."

"I don't like to ask him while you're here."

"Please yourself," sneered Bright.

"I shall do that without asking your leave," answered the captain of the Remove. "I'm going now. I hope you'll think it over and decide to get out of a study where you're not wanted."

And he turned on his heel and walked away, and went down to join the footballers.

Bright stared after him, and whistled.

"Levison coming here!" he muttered. "Oh, my hat! Is it because they're hard up, and can't pay their way at St. Jim's?" He wrinkled his sallow brow in thought. "Is it that—or something else? Does he know anything about the later will, and has he wangled his way into Greyfriars to hunt for it?"

He whistled again.

"Anyhow, I shall be able to keep an eye on him if he's in the same Form and the same study. I'm not changing out—not much!"

And Bright grinned. He was not likely to change out of Study No. 1 if Levison of St. Jim's was to be an inmate of that celebrated apartment.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Some Very Valuable Information!

**B**ILLY BUNTER watched the footballers depart, with a discontented frown upon his fat brow.

Bunter was not going.

Several Remove men were going with the team to see the game at St. Jim's. Bunter wasn't. He wanted to go. But the railway-fare stood like a lion in the path.

The Owl of the Remove was in an impecunious state, as usual. But had he been in funds, he would not have thought of paying his own fare on a long railway journey. He wanted somebody else to perform that trifling service. There were no volunteers. And Wharton—in the selfish way to which Bunter was sadly accustomed—had declined to give him a place in the team to save his fare. So there was William George Bunter blinking morosely through his big spectacles after the footballers as they departed to catch their train.

"Beasts!" was Bunter's parting malediction.

The beasts being gone, Bunter, with a charitable hope that they would get a good licking on the football field at St. Jim's, turned away. He felt himself at a loose end for the afternoon. Most of the fellows of whom he was accustomed to borrow money were gone. Even Bunter was not hungry yet, so soon after dinner. But, obviously, he would be hungry later. Even if he could hold out till tea-time, what about tea? Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were accustomed to standing tea in Study No. 7, the study which Bunter honoured by his presence. Toddy was in the team, and Dutton had gone as a follower.

The prospect of tea in Hall stared Bunter in the face unless he could raise funds somewhere, or plant himself on some other study. Tea in Hall was solid and wholesome. Bunter, certainly, liked his meals solid; but he did not care particularly about their wholesomeness. Stacks of pastry were what he wanted; and the school authorities, ruthlessly regardless of what William George Bunter wanted, neglected to provide stacks of pastry at tea-time.

Even Lord Mauleverer had gone out of gates, as Bunter discovered after rooting about for half an hour in quest of that noble youth. The Hounder and Redwing were gone, and all the Famous Five, and Squiff, and Tom Brown—all the fellows who might have allowed Bunter to butt in at tea-time, or whose tea would have been worth butting into.

"After all I've done for 'em!" reflected Bunter bitterly. "To think that I gave up my whole summer vacation to go to the South Seas with them, and— and look after them, and now they leave a chap stranded like this! Beasts!"

The sight of Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth, disposing of buns and ginger-beer in the school shop encouraged Bunter to enter that establishment. He was prepared to make himself agreeable to any extent—even to tell Cecil Reginald Temple that he could play football—for the sake of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

But Cecil Reginald Temple, so far from standing buns and ginger-pop for Bunter, professed an objection to a Remove fag hanging about while he was treating his friends. He enforced his



objection with a boot, which, though elegant and well-fitting, Bunter found hard and heavy. Bunter departed from the school shop in a great hurry and a great state of indignation.

Roaming at large under the old elms in the quad, Bunter came on a party of the Third Form: Tubb, and Paget, and Bolsover minor, sharing a packet of toffee. Bunter had all the pride of a Remove man, and regarded Third-form fags as mere dust under his feet. But with a packet of toffee in their possession, they were not so dusty, so to speak. Bunter rolled up with an agreeable grin on his face.

"What the dooce is that?" asked Paget of the Third, raising his eyebrows in aristocratic surprise.

"Oh, really, you know—" said Bunter.

"We're a long way from Regent's Park," said Paget. "How did it get as far as this after it escaped from the Zoo?"

"You cheeky little beast!" roared Bunter.

"Why, it's Bunter of the Remove!" exclaimed Paget. "It isn't a walrus, you men. Appearances are deceptive."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover minor and Tubb.

"Like some toffee, Bunter?" asked Paget, with a sudden change of manner.

"Certainly, old chap," said Bunter. The fat junior did not mind being compared to a walrus, if there was toffee going. "I don't mind."

"A nice new packet, all to yourself?" asked Paget.

"Yes, old fellow."

"One of those large shilling packets?" Bunter beamed.

"Yes, rather."

"That's the way, then," said Paget, pointing through the elms. "Mrs. Mimble will give you one."

"Eh?"

"For a shilling," added Paget pleasantly. "You've only got to ask at the tuck-shop. Mrs. Mimble has lots."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter breathed hard and deep. He had lowered the dignity of a Remove man so far as to grin amiably at a gang of fags, only to have his fat leg pulled in return. Only one consideration prevented Bunter from rushing on the grinning trio, and smiting them hip and thigh. That was the circumstance that Tubb & Co. would have rolled him over and bumped him, without much likelihood of receiving damage themselves in the combat. Bunter decided to treat them with the contempt they deserved. He turned up his fat little nose and rolled away, leaving the fags chuckling.

Bunter was getting really hungry now. It was two hours since dinner, and Bunter had eaten only enough for three. That was not Bunter's fault. He had been willing and ready to dispose of twice as much. It was due to Mr. Quelch keeping an eye on him. Mr. Quelch did not know or care how much provender Bunter needed; or perhaps he knew how much he needed, and did not care how much he wanted. Howsoever that might be, Bunter had not had what he considered enough. What he considered enough, had he been allowed to devour it, would probably have stretched him on the dining-room floor in a comatose condition.

In these straits, Bunter remembered the new fellow, Bright.

Bunter was not particular in his choice of friends. Any fellow who had any money had a passport to his esteem. But he did not like the Toad. Still,

personal prejudices could not be allowed to weigh at such a time. He cordially disliked the Toad; but if the Toad was to be "touched" for a small loan, the Toad was his man. He rolled into the House in search of Bright. He knew that he was likely to find that weedy youth slacking about somewhere indoors on a half-holiday.

He found him in Study No. 1.

The Toad was, of course, slacking. He had built up a large fire, and was "frowsting" over it. The room was hot and stuffy, but Bunter did not mind that; he was rather given to frowsting himself.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Bunter affably.

The Toad eyed him without speaking.

"You were asking me the other day about secret passages and things," said Bunter. "I haven't had time to speak to you since. A fellow with such a host of friends never has any time to call his own, you know."

"Can it," answered Bright.

But he sat up and took notice, as it were.

"You can come in," he said.

Bunter came in.

"I used to be in this study at one time," he remarked.

"And they got rid of you?" asked Bright. "I'm not surprised!"

"I changed out," answered Bunter, with dignity. "Toddy begged me to take him up, and change into No. 7. I consented. Out of kindness, you know. A kind heart was always my weakness."

"Was it?" yawned Bright. "I thought your weakness was higher up."

"Eh?"

"Somewhere about the brain-box!"

Bunter coughed, and decided to let that remark pass unheeded.

"When I used to be in this study, I generally had the arm-chair," he remarked casually.

"Want it now?" asked Bright.

"Yes, old chap."

"You can want," said Bright laconically.

Bunter breathed hard. He sat on the edge of the table, and blinked at Bright through his big spectacles. He knew that the fellow was a funk—all the Remove knew that. Bunter wondered whether he was funky enough to let his nose be punched by W. G. Bunter. If Bunter could have felt sure about that, Edgar Bright's nose would have gone through a very painful experience. But Bunter could not feel sure, and he did not risk it.

Bright yawned again.

"Well, what about those secret passages?" he asked. "Old Thorpe used to jaw to my father about such things; he's supposed to have written a lot of stuff about the archaeology of this rambling old ruin of a place, though the papers never turned up. I daresay he found out a lot of things, rooting about the place as he did. If you've ever heard of anything of the sort in Masters' passage, say—" He eyed Bunter curiously.

Bunter had never heard of anything of the sort. But he knew that the ancient buildings of Greyfriars were full of strange old secrets, or at least that that was a general supposition. Certainly there was a well-known secret passage from the vaults under the main building; and Bunter had heard that skeletons had once been discovered in a secret chamber below the school. What Bunter did not know he was willing to supply from his fertile imagination. If Bright wanted to hear of a secret passage in the masters' quarters, why shouldn't he? Bunter had not been

brought up at the feet of the late lamented Mr. Washington, and he saw no reason why Bright shouldn't.

"That's exactly it," he said, with a nod.

"Anywhere near Quelch's study?"

"What about actually in it?" asked Bunter.

He saw Bright's eyes gleam.

"How do you know?" asked Bright.

"Oh, there are lots of old plans, and things, in the library," said Bunter vaguely. "You can find out a lot from them."

"The study's panelled, and the oak must be hundreds of years old," said Bright. "Worth a lot of money if they had the sense to take it down and sell it. It's carved in places."

"You know all about it," grinned Bunter. "You've rooted about in Quelch's study when the other fellows were asleep."

"I'm interested in—in archaeology," said Bright. "I'm taking it up as a subject—some time. I'm no end keen on exploring ruins, and things. What is it in Quelch's study? Sliding panel, or something?"

"That's it!" agreed Bunter.

"Just where?" asked Bright.

"That's telling," said Bunter, with a wink.

"Well, you can tell me," said Bright persuasively. His manner was eager now.

"The fact is," said Bunter, "I was thinking about something else. I've been disappointed about a postal order, old chap."

"Keep to the subject."

"That's the subject, old fellow. I was expecting a postal order this morning. For five shillings, from my Uncle Montague," added Bunter. Bunter was always ready with details.

"Look here—"

"I was wondering if you'd care to cash it for me, old chap. Of course, I shall hand you the postal order immediately it comes."

Bright eyed him unpleasantly. But apparently he made up his mind that Bunter's information was worth five shillings.

"It's a go, if you tell me exactly where to find the panel," he said.

"That's putting it rather rottenly, Bright—but you are a bit of a rotter, aren't you?" remarked Bunter agreeably. "If you care to make me a merely temporary loan, as a friend, of course I should tell you anything you wanted to know."

"That's all right," said Bright impatiently. "Don't beat about the bush, Bunter. Tell me about that panel, and where to find it."

Bunter paused for a moment.

In an ancient oak-panelled room, like the Remove master's study at Greyfriars, there might be secret sliding panels, for anything Bunter knew to the contrary. There might, indeed, be half a dozen of them. But if there were, Bunter was unacquainted with even one out of the half-dozen. His fat mind was an absolute blank so far as any knowledge on the subject was concerned; he had merely taken hints from Bright's own eager questions on the principle of telling the fellow exactly what he wanted to hear. But Bunter's pause was only momentary.

"Are you putting this matter on a business footing, Bright, instead of a friendly footing?" he asked, with a great deal of dignity.

"I'm giving you five bob to tell me where that panel is, if that's what you mean," scowled Bright.



"That sort of thing isn't done at Greyfriars," said Bunter disdainfully. "Were you brought up in a pawnshop? To take a gift of money from anyone is scarcely possible for a Remove man."

"Only to take a loan and never repay it," sneered Bright. He was seeking to draw Bunter, to gain valuable information from him, yet the Toad could not restrain from sneering.

"I've said that my postal-order is coming in the morning," said Bunter. "If you doubt my word, let the subject drop."

And William George Bunter turned with great dignity to the door.

Bright gave him a malevolent glare, and with difficulty resisted the temptation to plant a boot on him as he rolled off.

"Hold on, Bunter," he said amicably.

Bunter grinned. Why Bright was so keen on discovering some secret panel or recess in the Remove master's study, Bunter did not know or care; but he knew that the fellow was extremely keen on it. He was quite aware that Bright would call him back.

"Well?" he said loftily.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," said Bright. "I'll lend you five bob till—till your postal order comes, if you like."

"Thanks!" said Bunter, extending a fat hand.

"Look here, you tell me where to find that panel first," said Bright sourly.

"You're putting it on a business footing again, Bright. I'm not surprised, seeing how you were brought up. But it won't do for me," answered Bunter. "You may make me that loan if you choose—and if you do, certainly I shall tell you all I know about the—the secret panel. I should do that as—as a friend. Bargaining about the matter is rather too low-down. You'd understand that, only, of course, you're no gentleman."

Bright's teeth set hard.

But he extracted five shillings from his pocket and dropped them into William George Bunter's fat palm.

"Thanks!" yawned Bunter. "See you later, Bright."

He rolled to the door again.

"Stop!" howled Bright.

"Eh?"

"About that panel—"

"Oh! Yes!" Bunter, having transacted the important part of the transaction, had actually forgotten already the less important part. "Oh! Yes! The—the panel! Of—of course! I say, you'll keep it dark, won't you?"

Bunter asked the question to gain time. Obviously, he had to tell Bright something. He wanted a few moments to think.

"Yes, yes."

"You—you know where old Quelch's bookcase stands—"

"Yes, yes."

"It's behind it," said Bunter.

Mr. Quelch's bookcase being a rather heavy article of furniture, stacked with weighty literature, Bunter thought that it was safe to locate the secret panel behind it. Bright was not likely, he considered, to be able to move that bookcase—at least not until after the five shillings had been expended at the tuck-shop, and were beyond recovery.

"Oh, rotten!" growled Bright. "Look here; if it's behind that dashed big bookcase, how do you know it's there?"

"It used to be somewhere else—"

"What?"

"The bookcase, I mean," said Bunter hastily, "that—that's how I found the panel one day. See?"

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"How did you find it?"

Bunter frowned. All this questioning seemed to him quite superfluous, as there was no secret panel at all, so far as he knew; and he was in a hurry to get to the tuck-shop. But he felt that he had to answer. That toad, Bright, was quite capable of cutting up rusty if he was not satisfied.

"I was waiting for Quelch there one day," said Bunter, speaking more slowly than usual, from the necessity of making up his tale as he went along. "Leaning on the wall, you know—"

"Well?" snapped Bright.

"Leaning on the wall—" repeated Bunter.

"I've had that."

"I mean, I—I was leaning on the wall, and—and while I was leaning on the wall, you know," repeated Bunter, cudgelling his fat brains, "I—I leaned on the wall, you know. Well, while I was—was leaning on the wall—"

"Will you come to the point, you fat idiot?"

"Oh, really, Bright! If you're going to call me names—"

"Will you come to the point?"

"I'm coming to it as fast I can. I was—was leaning on the wall. Suddenly my foot slipped. The panel opened—"

"Your foot?" exclaimed Bright.

"I—I mean my head. I wonder what made me say my foot. Of course, I mean my head. My head slipped. You see, I must have rested my head, by sheer chance, on the—the panel, and it must have touched a spring or something, and the panel opened—all of a sudden—"

"And what did you see?"

"A—a-an opening in the wall—an opening, you know; just where I had been leaning on the wall—"

"Anything inside?"

"Oh, no."

"Not any papers or anything?"

"Yes; now I come to think of it, there was something that looked like a bundle of papers." There was no doubt that Bunter was an obliging fellow when he was giving information to an eager inquirer. He merely required a hint.

"A large bundle?" asked Bright.

"Yes, very large."

"Oh! Not just a single document—in an envelope, perhaps?"

"There was a large bundle of papers, and something that looked like a document in an envelope as well," answered Bunter, still ready to oblige.

Bright's shifty eyes glinted. He was blinded by his own eagerness, and could not perceive that he was himself dictating Bunter's answers to his questions.

"Did you touch them?" asked Bright.

"Oh! No! I can't say what they were," answered Bunter hastily. "I haven't the faintest idea."

To his surprise, Bright seemed relieved to hear that.

"Did Quelch see the panel open?"

"Quelch!" repeated Bunter.

"Yes; when he came into the study."

"Of course."

"He saw it?" almost shouted Bright.

Bunter realised that he was on the wrong tack.

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, Bright. I was going to say of course not. Can't you let a fellow speak?"

"Oh! Did you shut it yourself, then?"

"That's it," said Bunter. "I shut it up at once. I—I thought Quelch might think I'd been nosing about, you know—like you do. I shouldn't like anybody to think me a Nosey Parker-like you, Bright."

"Did you tell anybody?"

"Oh! No! I forgot all about it. Look here, Bright, I can't stay any longer. I'm sorry, but my friend Temple of the Fourth is waiting for me."

"You can cut as soon as you like," growled Bright, under the impression that he had pumped Bunter dry of information now. This was quite a mistake, for Bunter could have gone on for hours.

Billy Bunter promptly cut.

He lost no time in arriving at Mrs. Mible's little establishment in the corner of the quad behind the elms. There, in the enjoyment of refreshments, liquid and solid, to the exact value of five shillings, he forgot all about the Toad.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### The Toad Asks for It!

EDGAR BRIGHT left Study No. 1 in the Remove, and went downstairs and strolled round with a careless manner to Masters' passage. He was aware that Mr. Quelch was out of doors that afternoon; he had seen the Remove master start on one of his long walks with Mr. Wiggins, the master of the Third. Mr. Quelch was not likely to be back for some time yet; and on the half-holiday the House was almost deserted. There was a first eleven match in progress on Big Side, and some of the masters were there, looking on. Bright found Masters' passage deserted, as he had hoped, and he slipped quietly into Mr. Quelch's study. There, he closed the door after him, and drew the curtain across the window.

Mr. Esau Bright, of Lantham, had told his hopeful son, as a certainty, that the last will and testament of John Thorpe, once a Form master at the school, was hidden somewhere at Greyfriars—probably in some secret recess, of which the existence was generally unknown. Bright's nocturnal explorations had revealed nothing, so far. But it seemed to him now that he was on the track. Every question he had put to Bunter had been satisfactorily answered; and it did not yet occur to him that he had, in his eagerness, practically supplied the answers himself.

He grinned derisively as he thought of Levison of St. Jim's coming to Greyfriars on the same quest. Levison of St. Jim's would arrive too late! The document which would save Mr. Levison from ruin was going to be found by Bright before Levison even arrived. It would be in Mr. Bright's hands very soon afterwards; and what his worthy parent was going to do with it Bright discreetly did not intend to inquire. He was well aware that the will would never see the light when once the greedy fingers of the Lantham moneylender closed on it. Once it was out of existence, the earlier will remained indisputable in law. That this was a crime hardly occurred to Bright; did not trouble him if it occurred to him. The moneylender's son was a worthy son of a worthy sire.

Moving the bookcase was a rather hefty task for a weedy fellow like Bright. It was scarcely possible for it to be done without discovery and inquiry to follow. But with the missing will once safely in his pocket, the young rascal was prepared to leave Greyfriars and never return. He had no desire whatever to remain at the school; Highcliffe was much more to his taste, and the society of Ponsonby and the Highcliffe



nuts; and his worthy father had promised that he should go where he liked if his quest at Greyfriars was once successful.

In these circumstances, Bright was prepared to take some risks; and it was certain that he could not proceed without taking risks.

He opened the bookcase and proceeded to take out the bulky volumes it contained and stack them on the table. Even when it was emptied of its contents, the bookcase was heavy and not easy to move. Bright tugged and lugged at it, shifting it an inch or two at a time, till at last he had dragged it out a foot or more from the wall.

He paused to recover breath and wipe the perspiration from his brow. Then

"Bunter, old bean, you talk too much," said Peter Todd, taking the Owl of the Remove by the back of the collar. "Now tell Levison how jolly glad you are to see him." "Yaroooh!" "Get on with it!" "Grooooh!" wailed Bunter. "I—I say, Levison, I'm jolly glad to see you. Grooooh!" (See Chapter 11.)



he slipped behind the bookcase, and examined the old oak, almost black with age, of the wall. There was scarcely a doubt of success in his mind. But doubts soon came.

He groped and felt and pressed over every inch of the wall at the height of a fellow's head. Nothing rewarded him. He tapped on the wall and listened; but there was no sound of a hollow. Behind the oak panels was the old stone of which most of Greyfriars was built.

Bright's eager face grew dark with disappointment.

But he did not relinquish the search. Again and again he groped over the wall. The spring must be there somewhere, he told himself savagely. If Bunter's head had touched it and opened it by accident, it must be there. He was certain to succeed—if Bunter's tale was true.

If! Slowly Bright realised at long last that the tale was not true—that the fat Owl of the Remove had been pulling his leg!

There was no secret panel behind the bookcase. There was no spring to be found!

Bunter had told him that circumstantial story—he understood it now—for the sole purpose of extracting a loan of five shillings.

Bright's face was almost white with rage when he realised it.

But he realised it at last.

Dusty and perspiring and enraged, he stepped out from behind the bulky bookcase.

He was not going to take the train

where they were. In any case, he would know that there had been a rag. It did not take Bright long to reach that decision. If he could get away unseen, there would be no evidence to connect him with what had happened in the study.

He crept to the door and opened it cautiously.

With beating heart, he listened. Footsteps came to his ears, and the sound of voices.

"A very pleasant walk, Mr. Quelch."

That was the voice of Mr. Wiggins, the master of the Third. Bright trembled. The two masters had returned!

"Very pleasant indeed, Mr. Wiggins. A remarkably fine day for November."

for Lantham with the missing will in his pocket—not that afternoon, at all events. And Mr. Quelch's study was in a state of disorder that would require a great deal of explanation when the Remove master came in. And Bright realised, with a start of terror, that Mr. Quelch could not be long now. A great deal of time had been spent in his fruitless search.

Bright breathed hard.

To get the bookcase back into its place and re-pack the books on the shelves would take a great deal of time—more time than he had at his disposal. If Mr. Quelch found him there—in any case, it was certain that Mr. Quelch would discover that someone had been rooting about in his study, and would inquire very rigorously into the matter. He might as well find the bookcase and the books just

"Remarkably so, Mr. Quelch."

Bright heard a door open and shut. Mr. Wiggins had gone into his study. Footsteps again!

There was no escape for the wretched Bright. He was standing rooted to the floor when Mr. Quelch's angular figure loomed up in the doorway.

The Remove master glanced at him in surprise.

"What do you want here, Bright?"

"I—I—I came to—to speak to you, sir!" stammered Bright.

"Well, what—?" Mr. Quelch broke off as he saw what had happened in his study.

He stared blankly at the stacks of books on the table and the floor, and the bookcase standing a foot out from the wall.

His astonishment was so great that



he could not speak for some moments. But the expression on his face was eloquent. Bright quaked.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch at last. "You have done this, Bright!"

"Oh! No, sir!" gasped Bright.

"What? I find you here, and my study in wild disorder! You say that you have perpetrated this—this outrage?"

"I—I only came in this—this minute, sir!" stammered the wretched Toad. "I found the room like this, sir!"

Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes seemed almost to bore into him.

"You only came in this minute?"

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"I came into the House five minutes ago with Mr. Wiggins. I could not have failed to see you if you had entered my study during the last five minutes, Bright."

"Oh! I—I mean—"

"Well, what do you mean?" inquired Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice.

"I—I came about—about ten minutes ago, sir, and—and waited, as—as you weren't here."

"And you came here with your hands and your clothes in a dusty state, as I see them at present?"

"Oh!" Bright started as he realised that he showed traces, only too plain, of the "moving job" he had undertaken.

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"You can scarcely expect me to believe that obviously false statement, Bright. You have been guilty of a practical joke—what you would call a rag, I believe—in my study—your Form master's study. Is not that the truth?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh dear! Yes, sir!" gasped Bright. He was glad, at least, that the Remove master did not dream of guessing his real object in dismantling the bookcase.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch.

"Very well, indeed!" He picked up a cane from the table. "You are one of the worst boys in my Form, Bright, but I should hardly have expected you to be guilty of this daring offence. You will learn, Bright, that you cannot play disrespectful tricks on your Form master with impunity. Bend over that chair!"

Bright almost collapsed over the chair, and his yells rang loudly as the cane rose and fell.

Mr. Quelch was wrathful. In his just wrath he did not spare the rod.

The Remove master's study had been "ragged" before, once or twice. But never had there been what seemed to Mr. Quelch so utterly reckless a ragging as this. It was difficult for him to believe his eyes when he saw his bookcase dragged out, and his precious volumes stacked about anyhow. It was a senseless prank, in the Remove master's opinion. Had he known that it was something much worse than a prank, perhaps the licking would have been still more severe. As it was, it was severe enough for Bright.

He yelled and wriggled and squirmed under the cane.

Mr. Quelch was breathing quite hard when he had finished.

"Now, Bright—"

"Yooooooooowwwwooh!"

"Cease that absurd noise!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Silence! You will restore this study to order—to the most exact and meticulous order—before you leave it. If I find so much as a single volume out of its place, you will be caned again with the utmost severity. You understand me?"

"Yow-ow-ow! Yes, sir. Wow!"

"After that, you will go to your

study and write out five hundred lines. These lines must be handed in by tomorrow."

"Ow! Yes! Yow!"

"That is all, Bright! You are a young rascal, sir!"

And Mr. Quelch, with heightened colour, quitted the study, leaving Bright of the Remove to his task—and to his aches.

It was not till a couple of hours later that Bright—still with his lines to do—found time to search for Billy Bunter.

He searched for him with glinting eyes, and an ebony ruler hidden under his jacket. He searched with vengeful design. Had he found Bunter, the Owl of the Remove would have had a hectic time. But the Owl of the Remove had disappeared. Bright learned from Mrs. Mumble that he had been in the tuckshop, and had disposed of five shillings' worth of tuck there—long ago. Since then he did not seem to have been seen. Bright nursed his wrath, which, like wine, seemed rather to increase in potency with keeping. But he sought and sought in vain for William Bunter as the November dusk deepened over the old school. Billy Bunter was not a bright youth—but he was too bright for Bright, as it were.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Levison Major and Levison Minor!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"I thought I'd come to meet you chaps," said Bunter affectionately.

Harry Wharton & Co. descended from the train at Friardale. They poured on to the platform in a ruddy, cheery crowd. And the first person they observed there was a person who, from his extensive circumstance, was never likely to escape observation. The Owl of the Remove grinned at them cheerfully.

"You've come to meet us!" exclaimed Peter Todd.

"Yes, old chap."

"What for?"

"Oh, really, Peter! Because I'm your pal, old man."

"Who gave you a free lift to Friardale?" asked Squiff.

"Eh! Nobody! I walked!"

"You walked to the village to meet us?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yes, old fellow. I was so anxious to know how you'd got on at St. Jim's."

"Well, my hat!"

"You lost the match, of course?" asked Bunter.

"I don't see where the 'of course' comes in," said the captain of the Remove, rather gruffly. "As it happens, we were a goal short."

Bunter grinned.

"What do you expect, if you leave out your best man?" he asked. "I warned you. I offered to play. You can't say I didn't."

"You fat duffer!"

"Are you walking to the school from here?" asked Bunter.

"Well, we're not swimming or flying," remarked Bob Cherry.

"You could telephone to Courtfield for a taxi—a couple of them, in fact," said Bunter. "I'll stand my whack. Dash it all, I'll stand the whole fare for the whole party!" went on Bunter, in a burst of generosity. "You just telephone for the cabs, and leave the rest to me."

"Until the time comes to settle the bill?" grinned Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Same old Bunter, what?" said a cheery voice; and the Owl of the Remove blinked round at a well-set-up, sturdy youth, who carried a bag in his hand.

"Eh? Who are you?" he demanded.

The junior smiled.

"You've forgotten me? My name's Levison."

"Oh, you're Levison, are you?" said Bunter. "I remember you now. I remember the time you were bunked! He, he, he!"

"Shut up, you fat idiot!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"The shut-upfulness of the esteemed mouth is the proper caper, my excellent fat Bunter," said Hurrce Jamset Ram Singh.

"So you're Levison," said Bunter, unheeding. "I've heard that your kid brother is coming with you. Smug little sweep, I've heard."

"Thank you!" said a quiet, soft voice.

And Bunter blinked round again, to see Frank Levison, of the Third Form at St. Jim's. He was at the Owl's elbow.

Frank was a good deal like his brother; but his young face was softer in outline, and he was undoubtedly a very good-looking lad. Bunter blinked at him disparagingly.

"This your kid brother, Levison?"

"Yes."

"Looks rather a milksop."

"Bunter, old bean, you talk too much!" said Peter Todd, taking the Owl of the Remove by the back of the collar. "Now tell Levison how jolly glad you are to see him."

"Yaroooh!"

"Get on with it!"

"Grooogh! You're nearly chook-chook-choke me!" spluttered Bunter.

"I shall quite chook-chook-choke you if you don't buck up!"

"Grooogh! I—I say, Levison, I'm jolly glad to see you! Grooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now tell Levison minor how glad you are to see him," urged Peter.

"Gug-gug! Jolly glad to see you, Levison minor!" gurgled Bunter. "Ow! Leggo, you beast! Grooogh!"

"Good! Now you can take a rest," said Peter cheerfully; and he sat Bunter down on the platform, and walked on with the laughing footballers.

Harry Wharton & Co. started cheerfully for Greyfriars. The game at St. Jim's had not gone exactly as the heroes of Greyfriars had planned. St. Jim's had won the match, as a matter of fact. Still, a football team could not expect to win every time; and it had been a good game, anyhow, so the Greyfriars fellows were returning in cheery spirits. Levison and his brother, so strangely transferred from one school to the other, had been a little thoughtful at first on the journey; no doubt Ernest Levison felt the parting from his chums in the Fourth, and Frank missed the cheery company of his pals in the Third. But the good-natured friendliness of the Greyfriars fellows had its natural effect; both the Levisons felt that they were among friends, and going where they were warmly welcome. It was futile to repine over what could not be helped, and the influence of their cheery companions brightened their faces. And to Ernest



Levison there was an undoubted satisfaction in going back, honoured and welcomed, to the school which he had once left under a cloud.

Billy Bunter rolled hurriedly after the footballers as they strode along in the deep dusk. Bunter had his own good reasons for wishing to arrive at the school in company. He had heard Bright's yells from Mr. Quelch's study, and he did not want to meet the Toad by himself. Hence his affectionate attention to the returning footballers.

"I say, you fellows—" he gasped. "I say, don't race, you know! Give a chap a chance!"

"We've got to get in, old fat man," said Bob Cherry.

"After I came to meet you at the station—"

"Well, so you did," said Bob, slackening his long strides. "Put on some steam, though."

Bunter's little fat legs were already going like clockwork.

"Look here, Bunter, what's the game?" asked Peter Todd. "What the thump made you walk down to the station?"

"Oh, really, Toddy, if you think I want you to protect me, you're mistaken. I can look after myself, I hope."

"What have you been up to?" demanded Peter.

"Nothing."

"What else?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The fact is, the Toad is after me," said Bunter. "Of course, I'm not afraid of that cad. I could knock him out with one hand. But it's a bit beneath a fellow's dignity to scrap with such a rotter."

"What have you done to the Toad? Pinched his tuck?"

"Certainly not. He's been ragging in Quelch's study—"

"My hat! I never believed the Toad would have the nerve."

"Well, he had," said Bunter. "Quelch caught him and licked him. He puts it down to me for some reason."

"Spying, more likely than ragging," grunted Johnny Bull. "We've caught him at that ourselves."

"Who's the Toad?" asked Levison.

"I don't remember a Toad in the Remove in my time?"

"A new chap," answered Bob. "He came quite lately, and he's a rank outsider. He gave away a big stunt we had on Bonfire Day, though it turned out rather well for some of us that he did. Still, he was a sneaking worm. He roots about Quelch's study at night."

Levison stared.

"My hat! What does he do that for?"

"Goodness knows, unless spying is so strong in him that he can't help it, and just does it for that reason."

"A pleasant sort of chap," said Levison, laughing.

"That's why we call him the Toad," said Nugent. "What was he doing in Quelch's study, Bunter?"

"Looking for a secret passage or a secret panel or something," said Bunter.

"Mad, I think, you know. He thinks there may be documents hidden in some secret place in Quelch's study. He, he, he!"

Ernest Levison gave the fat junior a strange look.

"He may have fancied from something I said that there was a secret panel behind old Quelch's bookcase," went on Bunter. "Of course, you fellows know me too well to think that I'd pull a fellow's leg, just to borrow five shillings of him."

## LEVISON AT GREYFRIARS!

Most chaps at Greyfriars look upon the reform of Ernest Levison, once an outsider, as a genuine effort to make good. But Harold Skinner, the Cad of the Remove, thinks it's all bunkum. Accordingly, Skinner sets out to drag Levison back to the fold of shady sportsmen, and the method he employs is typical of the Skinner the Remove has grown wary and weary of.

You'll see for yourselves just how much success attends Skinner's amiable efforts when you read

### "Levison Makes Good!"

By FRANK RICHARDS,

next week's powerful long story of the Chums of Greyfriars.



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"Oh, my hat!"

"That was quite a distinct and separate matter," explained Bunter. "He lent me five shillings, and he's going to have my postal order for it when—when it comes."

"The whenfulness is terrific."

"We had a chat about secret panels and things, and he seems to have got an idea that there was something of the kind behind old Quelch's bookcase," said Bunter. "He can't blame me for getting these silly ideas into his head. But—but I think he does, all the same. You know what a suspicious beast he is."

"So you spun him a yarn and set him rooting in Quelch's study," said Harry Wharton, laughing, "and Quelch caught him! Serve him right!"

"Just what I thought!" exclaimed Bunter eagerly. "I—I thought I'd teach him a lesson about spying and prying, you know. You fellows know what I think of such things."

"Ha, ha! We do!"

"But he's waxy," said Bunter. "I just wanted to teach him a lesson, for his own good, you know. He's not grateful."

"Not really!" ejaculated Peter.

"No. He's after me," said Bunter. "In the circumstances, Peter, I think you ought to—to speak to him. You can hit him if you like. In fact, I think you had better hit him first. Hit him hard."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And why can't you hit him?" asked Peter.

"I disdain to soil my hands on the fellow," answered Bunter loftily.

"And my hands don't matter?"

"That's it, old fellow. Not a bit."

"Why, you cheeky fat porpoise—"

"Oh, really, Peter—"

"Bunter's hands won't stand much more soiling," remarked the Bounder.

"They've generally got on as much as they can carry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you beast, Smithy—"

"Well, the fellow is a spying cad, and he's got what he deserved," said the captain of the Remove. "I think we'll see you through, Bunter."

Which was grateful and comforting to the Owl of the Remove. His fat face was quite cheery when he arrived at Greyfriars with the footballers.

### THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

#### Levison at Greyfriars!

"LEVISON, I am glad to see you, my boy."

Mr. Quelch shook hands cordially with Ernest Levison.

"And this is your brother?" he added.

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad to see you also, Levison minor," said Mr. Quelch graciously.

"You will be in Mr. Wiggins' Form here. Both of you come to my study in an hour, and I will take you to the headmaster."

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch, with a gracious nod, rustled back into his study. A good many fellows had witnessed his welcoming of Ernest Levison, and it showed them on what footing the former Greyfriars junior had returned. Obviously, he was not in Mr. Quelch's black books, as of old. Which, perhaps, was Mr. Quelch's kindly object in welcoming him publicly.

"You'll pull all right with Quelch this time, Levison," remarked the Bounder, with a cynical grin.

"I hope so," answered Levison quietly.

"A fellow after your own heart, Redwing," added the Bounder satirically.

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Redwing laughed.

"I hope I shall be friends with Levison," he answered.

"It won't be my fault if you're not," said Levison. "I'm in hopes of finding only friends at my old school."

"You used to be jolly quarrelsome when you were here before, you know," remarked Bunter. "Yow-ow-ow! Who's that kicking me?"

"Your old pal Peter," answered Peter Todd. "Rely on your old pal to kick you when you want it, Bunter."

"Beast! I was only saying that Levison— Yaroooh! Beast! Stoppit! Yow-ow-ow!" And Bunter dodged.

Frank Levison was looking about him shyly. He had visited Greyfriars before, but it was a new and strange school to him. His brother had many friends there; almost all his Form were glad to see him. Frank knew nobody in the Form he was to join. Just then the fag was feeling rather heavy of heart, as he thought of the Third Form room at St. Jim's, and the rough, cheery mob of fags there.

Bob Cherry clapped him on the shoulder.

"You'll find the Third all right here, kid," he said, as if reading the fag's thoughts. "I've spoken to some of them about you, and they know you're coming. But you're coming up to the Remove for supper with your brother; you'll see the fags later. This way."

"Come on, Frank," said Levison, with a smile.

The two Levisons were "new kids" at Greyfriars, but they did not lack attention. In fact, quite a crowd of the Remove were making it a point to look after them. And Greyfriars, after all, was not so much unlike St. Jim's; they knew their way about, as it were. Roll-call was over, the team and their followers having late leave on account of the journey. Only Bunter was called to order for missing roll-call; he had to interview Wingate of the Sixth on that subject; and Wingate let him off with a caution when he learned that the fat junior had only been to the station to meet the returning team—being so very anxious to know how the match had gone. But thus it happened that when Bunter went up to the Remove passage he went alone. And on the Remove landing he found Bright of the Remove, with an evil expression on his face and a ruler in his hand.

Bright made a step towards him.

Bunter did not wait for him to make a second step. He bolted yelling into Study No. 1.

"Help! I say, you fellows! He's after me! Help!"

The Famous Five were in the study with the two Levisons. Bunter, rushing blindly in, butted into the younger Levison, and there was a gasp from Frank as he went staggering against the table.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look out for the battering-ram!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Oh!" gasped Frank.

"He's after me!" yelled Bunter.

"He—who—what—"

Bright appeared in the doorway. Bunter dodged round the table, and Harry Wharton stepped between.

"Chuck that, Bright!" he said curtly.

"I'm going to thrash that fat rotter!" roared Bright.

"You'll thrash me first, then."

"And me!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"And little me," chuckled Johnny Bull.

"And likewise my esteemed self," purred the Nabob of Bhanipur.

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"Put me on the list," said Nugent, laughing.

"I tell you—" hissed Bright.

"We know all about it," interrupted Wharton. "You've been spying again, and Bunter pulled your leg. Serve you right!"

"He told me lies!"

"You ought to like him for that. You've told a good many yourself since you've been in the Remove."

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, you know," urged Bob Cherry. "Doesn't it have that effect on you, Bright?"

Levison of St. Jim's was staring hard at Bright. The name had struck him at once. It was the name his father had mentioned to him as that of the rival heir of Mr. Thorpe's disputed fortune.

"Is that the fellow you called the Toad?" he asked.

"That's the merchant," answered Bob.

"His name's Bright?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Levison. And the look he fixed on Edgar Bright was very penetrating.

Bright did not heed him. He was thinking of nothing but vengeance on Bunter. He was still aching from the licking he had received from Mr. Quelch, and he wanted vengeance, and wanted it badly. He made a sudden rush into the study, dodging the Famous Five, and whipped round the table after Bunter.

"Yaroooh! Keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

Whack!

"Yooop!"

Bright landed one with the ruler, and it elicited a terrific yell from Bunter. The next moment the Famous Five had collared him.

He struggled savagely in their grasp.

"I think I told you to chuck it, Bright," said the captain of the Remove quietly.

"Mind your own business, confound you!" shouted Bright.

"I'm making this my business. Drop that ruler."

"I won't!"

Wharton twisted it from his hand.

"Bunter!"

"Yaroooogh!"

"Take this ruler and give that cad six!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Put him across the table, you fellows."

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter grinned and grabbed the ruler. Bright, struggling wildly, was placed face down on the table. He wriggled and yelled and kicked, but five pairs of hands held him there. The Famous Five, certainly, were very far from approving of Bunter's peculiar methods of raising the wind. But they were fed-up with the Toad's spying, and considered that he deserved all he had received, which undoubtedly was the case.

"Six!" said Wharton.

"What-ho!" grinned the Owl of the Remove.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Billy Bunter put all his beef into it, and the sounds of woe rang the length of the Remove passage.

"That's enough!"

"I'm not tired," said Bunter. "Look here, I'll make it sixteen, or perhaps sixty would be better."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chuck it, fatty!" Bright was rolled off the table. "That's a tip," said Harry. "You're not to touch Bunter. If we can stand him, you can. If Bright goes for you again, Bunter, you

tell me, and we'll hold him while you give him another six."

"I—I—I—" panted Bright.

"Get out!"

"This is my study!" yelled Bright.

"Get out, all the same. We've got company, and toads like you are not wanted. Come back when you've learned to be decent."

"I won't go! I—"

"You've got the biggest boots, Bob. Lift that cad into the passage."

"Pleasure!" said Bob Cherry.

Bright did not wait for Bob Cherry's boot. He knew that it was hefty. He had been there before, so to speak. He fled into the Remove passage and vanished, a sadder if not a wiser Toad.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Supper in Study No. 1.

HARRY WHARTON turned to Levison with a slight smile.

"Sorry to give you an entertainment like this to begin with, Levison," he said.

"Not at all," said the St. Jim's junior, laughing.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, you know! I think you fellows might stand Levison a decent supper after a long journey. What about Greyfriars hospitality?" demanded Bunter. "He will only get a bit of cold pie from the housekeeper. Look here, I'll get the supper ready. You fellows can jaw—"

"Eh?"

"You're all jaw, you know," said Bunter. "You can jaw, while I, as usual, get on with something. See? I'll do the shopping, too. The tuck-shop ain't closed yet. Hand me a couple of pounds."

"Do you mean a couple of thick ears?"

"No, I don't!" roared Bunter. "If you're going to be mean when our old pal Levison has come back— Yaroooh!" Bunter roared again in a different key. "Leggo my ear, Inky, you beast!"

Hurree Janset Ram Singh drew Bunter towards the door by means of his fat ear.

"The shopfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed execrable Bunter," he said. "Come alongfully."

"Oh! All right old chap."

And Bunter went along. Study No. 1 was quite busy for a little time. All the footballers had come in hungry, and there was just time for a study supper before Levison and his brother had to go to Mr. Quelch. Billy Bunter returned laden with parcels and wreathed in smiles, followed by the nabob with more parcels. Bunter gave Ernest Levison a really friendly blink. If Levison's return meant a whacking supper for William George Bunter, then there was at least one fellow at Greyfriars who was heartily glad that Ernest Levison had returned, and his name was William George Bunter.

Frank Levison was a little quiet and shy, as became a fag among a crowd of Remove men; but Ernest Levison had dropped back at once into being a Removite of Greyfriars. The old familiar faces, the old familiar sights and sounds of the Remove passage, even the old familiar fat, grinning face of Billy Bunter, were all welcome to him. Certainly he had not forgotten his loyal friends at St. Jim's. But he was already finding himself glad to be at Greyfriars again—in many ways.

"Quelchy will give you a study when



Bright made a sudden rush into the study, dodging the Famous Five, and whipped round the table after Bunter. "Yaroooh! Keep him off!" yelled Bunter. Whack! "Yooooop!" Bright landed one with the ruler, and it elicited a terrific yell from the Owl of the Remove. (See Chapter 12.)



you see him, of course," Wharton remarked over supper. "We'd like to have you here, Levison!"

"Yes, rather," said Nugent at once.

"If you'd care for it, you're more than welcome. But we feel a bit diffident about asking a fellow into a study with the Toad," explained Harry. "I wanted the fellow to change out, but he refused. He's got friends of his own sort along the passage—Skinner and that lot—but he won't go and join them."

"If you fellows can stand the Toad, I think I could survive his company," said Levison, with a smile. "Of course I'd be jolly glad to be in this study, if it wouldn't bother you."

"We'd be jolly glad to have you," said the captain of the Remove. "If you can stand that cad Bright, then, you'd better speak to Quelchy, and he will put you in here with us."

"Done!" said Levison. He smiled and coloured a little. "At St. Jim's my minor used to come up to the study sometimes—"

"Ernest helps me with my Latin!" explained Frank, pausing over a cream puff to contribute that information.

"My dear man, the kid can come up to this study as much as he likes," said Wharton, smiling. "Nugent minor butts in sometimes—especially when he's hard-up."

Frank Levison looked up quickly.

"In the Third?" he asked.

"No; in the Second. But you'll find some quite decent men in the Third, kid," said Wharton. "There's Tubb—you'll make him a friend for life if you treat him as captain of the Third. And Bolsover minor is a good kid. Come

up to this study whenever you want to; in fact, we'll all lend a hand with jolly old Julius."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I was going to say—"

"Don't take the trouble, old fat bean," said Bob Cherry.

"I was going to say that Levison's keeping old Quelchy waiting!" snorted Bunter. "Quelchy told him to come in an hour. The hour's up."

"Oh!" exclaimed Levison, rising hastily from the table. Frank followed his example at once. All the party rose with the exception of Billy Bunter. He was busy.

"I'd better get off, if you fellows don't mind," said Levison. "I remember that Quelchy never liked to be kept waiting."

"Well, rather not," grinned Bob Cherry. "Blessed if I hadn't forgotten the time! Fancy Bunter coming in useful for once."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"We'll all take you down to Quelchy's den," said Harry.

"We shall form an honourable and ridiculous escort," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

And Levison major and minor left the study with the Famous Five, and Billy Bunter grinned after them. Supplies for that study supper were ample; but with so numerous a party

the supplies were already running low. Hence Bunter's unaccustomed thoughtfulness on Levison's account. Harry Wharton & Co. tramped away cheerily to the Remove staircase, what time William George Bunter devoted his earnest and undivided attention to the good things that remained on the study table, and those good things disappeared at a rate that was really remarkable.

The Co. escorted the Lovisons to Mr. Quelch's door in a very cheery crowd. When Wharton and Nugent returned to Study No. 1 they found the supper-table cleared of everything but the crockery, and Billy Bunter leaning back heavily in the armchair, panting after his uncommon exertions.

"I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, I'm rather tired. You might give me a hand to my study."

"I'll give you a foot!" said Wharton.

"Beast!"

And Billy Bunter departed without assistance.

THE END.

(Now look out for next week's magnificent yarn of the chums of Greyfriars, entitled: "LEVISON MAKES GOOD!" You'll enjoy every line of it.)

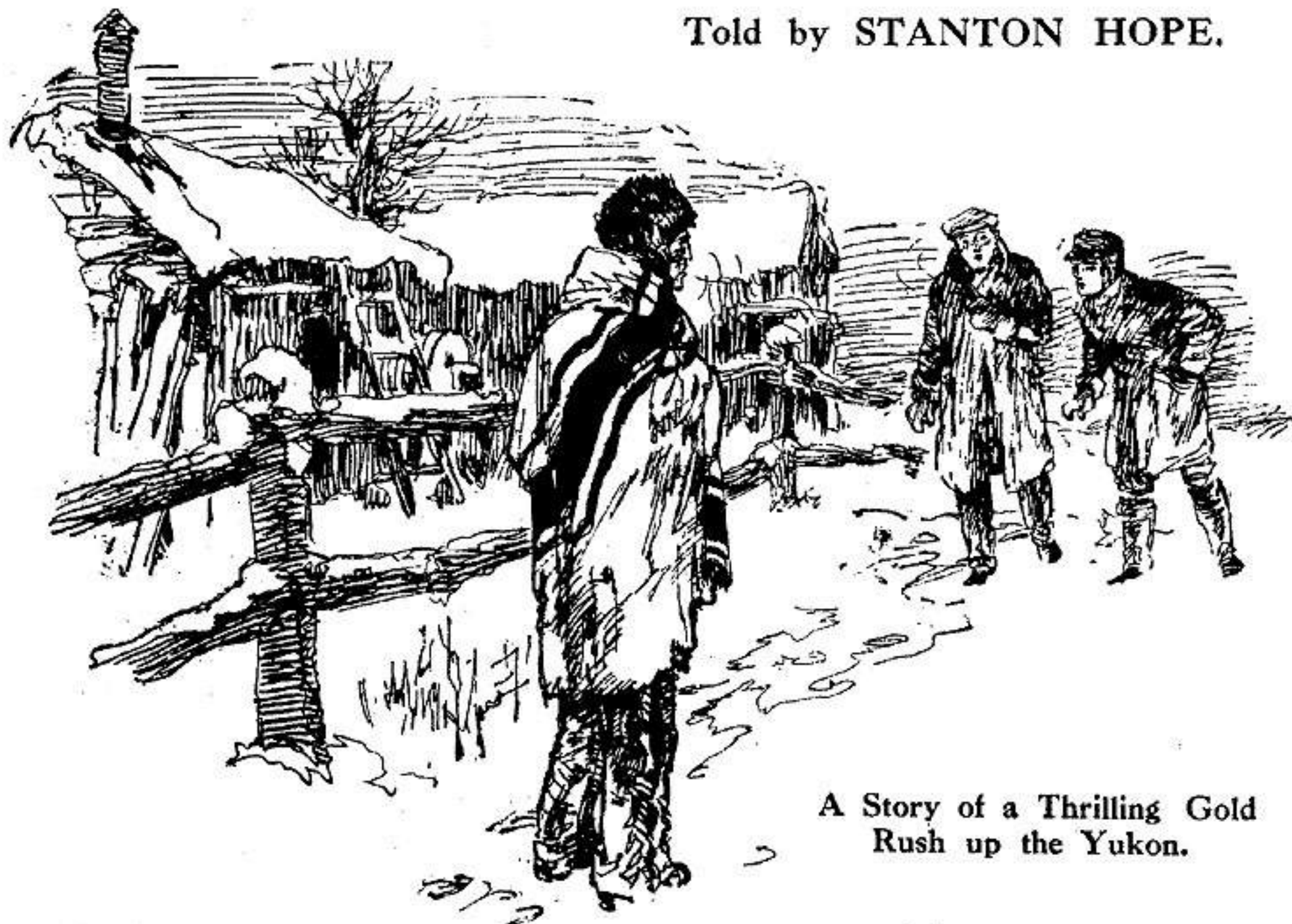
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**THE SUBSTITUTE!** Lone Bear is the name of Jack's opponent in a bout with the gloves, but when the time comes round for the fight, Jack finds himself forced to fight Yap Hemmens, a professional pug, and one of the most formidable men at the game!

# GOLD FOR THE GETTING!

Told by STANTON HOPE.



A Story of a Thrilling Gold Rush up the Yukon.

## INTRODUCTION.

**JACK ORCHARD** arrives in San Francisco to find his uncle, **DAVE ORCHARD**, missing, having apparently absconded with a bag of gold entrusted to him. Later Jack falls in with **TERRY O'HARA**, a cheery Irish boy, and **CLEM HARDY**, an old prospector. The trio join forces in a gold rush to the Yukon, and make a good strike. At intervals the three partners have trouble with **BULL MORGAN** and **LEPTY SIMONS**, a pair of shady camp followers and, on one occasion, Jack sees suspended round the neck of Morgan a nugget of gold—shaped like a bear's claw—that Dave Orchard is supposed to have stolen. Some time later, to Jack's astonishment, Clem Hardy is identified as Dave Orchard, the wanted man, and arrested. "Uncle Clem," however, escapes from gaol. Investing their gold in a team of huskies Jack and Terry then stake further claims at Kettle Creek. In the race back to register their claims they are instrumental in saving the lives of Morgan and Simons, who get entrapped in an avalanche of snow. Instead of showing his gratitude, however, Bull Morgan takes advantage of a quarrel between Jack and Lone Bear, an Indian packer, by suggesting that the two should settle their differences in the ring in a forthcoming boxing gala. Jack agrees, with the result that Morgan backs heavily on Jack's opponent with a number of men who firmly believe that the English boy can lick the Indian.  
(Now read on.)

### Nak-Ta, the Chilkeot!

**A**S Jack and Terry reached the outskirts of Dawson, a figure heavily wrapped about in a coloured blanket emerged from between a row of shanties and came towards them with the peculiar loping walk of the native race. A dirty fur cap was on his head, and the lank, black hair hung down on either side of his brown face, which was streaked unpleasantly with grime. Heavy beaded mocassins were on his feet, and his hands were hidden in the folds of the blanket.

At first the boys thought that it was Lone Bear; but as the man drew close to them in the darkness they saw that they were mistaken in their first impression.

During their sojourn in the Yukon they had come to distinguish more or less correctly between the various

Indian tribes, and they judged that the unpleasant-looking person who approached them was one of the Chilkeot Indians.

The man withdrew a hand from under his blanket and put a forefinger to his lips.

"Come," he whispered, gesturing away from the shacks.

"What is it?" demanded Jack. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Come," repeated the other. "Nak-Ta want make pow-wow with Palefaces."

"Bedad, 'tis just as aisy to talk here as over there, ould chief," responded Terry. "But come on, then, and cut the cackle short, for 'tis important business we have to-night."

Slowly the man raised himself to his full height.

"Jack! Terry!" he said. "I felt I must have another word with you."

The jaws of the young partners dropped like a couple of trap-doors, and

their eyes grew round as saucers. In appearance the man was a Chilkeot Indian, but the voice was that of Uncle Dave!

Terry recovered first from his surprise.

"Arrah!" he hooted gleefully. "'Tis our ould pard, or may I niver see Oireland again!"

Jack looked anxiously round in the darkness, but no one save themselves was about, and he heartily gripped Uncle Dave by the hand.

"Yes, it's real good to see you again, Uncle Dave!" he said. "But isn't it a— a bit risky coming back to Dawson?"

The fugitive smiled.

"I simply had to," he answered.

"I've been staying among some friendly Chilkeot Indians till even Sergeant Curtis himself, who's as cute as they make 'em, wouldn't know me from one of the tribe. Then I got wind of the boxing tournament, and I decided that the Big Moose Hall would be about the safest spot for me to-night."

"You—you mean you're coming to see me fight, uncle?" cried Jack. "My hat, I feel bucked! But it's likely that Sergeant Curtis and other members of the R.C.M.P. will be present, and it's taking a frightful risk."

"Don't you worry, Jack," smiled Uncle Dave. "I shan't exactly throw my weight about in the ringside seats. I'll keep well at the back with some good Indian pals of mine for whom I once did a service. And believe me, Sergeant Curtis will never dream that Dave Orchard, the man he's been hunting high and low, is a member of the same audience as himself!"

So confident was Uncle Dave of the safety of his plan that the boys were convinced against their own judgment,



and felt heartened that he would be there to see the fight arranged for Jack by Bull Morgan.

Deeming it risky, however, to remain talking there long on the outskirts of Dawson, Uncle Dave gave but a brief account of his life among the Indians since he had last seen them. He said that he hoped in the future to make good use of his liberty by trying to unearth what Bull Morgan and Simons had done with the Bear's Claw nugget and so clear his own name. In return, Jack and Terry told him of the buying of the dog-team, the staking of the claims on Kettle Creek, and of their plans for working the new holdings.

"You've done well, boys," commended Uncle Dave, "and I'm mighty glad that Terry's arm is so much better. I shan't be seeing you after the fight, or perhaps for some time; still, don't worry. Now good luck, Jack, and mind you put it across the Bear, who's a pretty mean sort of Indian cuss."

A hand-grip for each of the boys, and Uncle Dave drew his coloured blanket closer about him and shuffled away through the snow.

Jack and Terry watched him pass between the shacks, and took another path to the Big Moose Hall. And both greatly exulted in the knowledge that their old pard was well and reasonably safe from Sergeant Curtis and his trackers.

If only Uncle Dave could use his liberty to fastening the theft of the Bear's Claw nugget on the real crook, his gaol-breaking exploit would not have been in vain. Though convinced that Bull Morgan and Lefty Simons had had something to do with the theft, even if they were not themselves the actual thieves, the chums had seen no way of bringing their guilt home to them, although they had discussed many plans.

As they walked through the whitened Dawson streets towards the hall, they put the matter of the stolen gold from their mind and reverted to the subject of the forthcoming scrap. There had been no need for special training to get Jack into condition, but he had worked a deal at shadow-sparring and punching a sack of flour suspended from the ceiling of the shanty.

"Shure, you'll give Lone Bear the walloping of his life, Jack!" said Terry confidently. "He's got a yellow streak as broad as my hand, as he showed that day near Discovery Hill when you hit him."

#### The Substitute!

**D**IRECTLY they came within sight of the great log building known as the Big Moose Hall, they saw that Morgan's boxing tournament was likely to be a success—at least, on the financial side.

A crowd of men—miners and citizens, and a few women—were thronging through the well-lighted entrance over which was hung a great canvas sign announcing the boxing gala. Jack and Terry, who was to act as his second, went round to a side entrance, and were directed to the dressing-rooms by a man in the employ of the promoters.

Certainly Morgan and Simons had done the thing in style. In the centre of the great hall was a specially constructed ring, with new ropes and padded posts, and above the ring some powerful lights were suspended, throwing a strong glare on the square of canvas below. Chairs and benches ranged the ring on all sides, and the ring itself was raised so that all might have a good view of the boxing.

Most of the seats were occupied already, as were those in a narrow gallery along three sides of the hall. At the end farthest from the main entrance to the place were a number of specially constructed partitions, forming enclosures for the use of the boxers as dressing-rooms.

Leaving their heavy coats and caps in one of these rooms, Jack and Terry took their seats on a back bench to watch two or three of the earlier contests. They saw nothing of Lone Bear nor of Lefty Simons, for the latter was money-taking at the doors. Bull Morgan, though, was much in evidence, his giant frame encased in an absurdly small dress-suit which he had hired for the occasion from one of the town stores.

By an astute move, Morgan had secured the services of Sergeant Curtis, of the R.C.M.P., an all-round sportsman himself, to officiate as referee. And, as though to emphasise the entire honesty of his latest venture, he had given free passes to all the Mounties who had cared to attend in uniform.

Unfortunately, the first bouts on the programme proved tame affairs. So unevenly matched were the first two contestants that Sergeant Curtis, as referee, stopped the bout in the second round. Another match developed into a wrestling contest, and the gallant sergeant spent most of his time separating the contestants.

(Continued on the next page.)

# 1927 MECCANO

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**"GOLD FOR THE GETTING!"***(Continued from previous page.)*

In due course Jack was warned to get ready, and, entering the cubicle again, he stripped and got into a pair of blue shorts and black rubber boots he had bought for the occasion. Then, with a greatcoat thrown over his shoulders, he made his way to the ringside, followed by the excited Terry, bearing towel and sponge.

Cheers greeted his appearance, and a real enthusiasm was displayed by those present who had witnessed the boy's gallant fight against Morgan himself for the life of Skookum.

Scrambling through the ropes, Jack settled himself in a chair, and Terry followed him into the ring.

"I don't see anything of Lone Bear," Terry remarked. "I would just be loike the spalpeen to keep you waiting!"

Comparative silence fell in the crowded hall as Bull Morgan, in his almost-bursting dress suit, got up in the centre of the ring and held up a great gnarled hand for silence.

"Gen'lemen and ladies!" he bellowed. "As you will see by taking a dekko at your programmes, the next item in the list of events is a ten-round mix between Young Jack Orchard, o' the Yellow Hoss-shoo Mine, and the Injun, Lone Bear."

Applause burst out, but it was soon checked by a flip of Morgan's big paw.

"Gen'lemen and ladies," he resumed, "in the ring is Jack Orchard; but unfortunately Lone Bear has been unable to be with us to-night."

Loud groans rent the smoke-laden air of the hall, and a tough old prospector yelled:

"What's the matter with the Injun?" "Frost-bitten feet, I 'spect!" bellowed someone in response; and there was some laughter.

"I've received a message," roared Bull Morgan, when silence had been restored, "that Lone Bear is sufferin' from a slight attack o' appendicitis."

"Firewater-itis, you mean!" hooted someone.

Heedless of the interruption, Bull Morgan continued:

"But so's not to disappoint you to-night, gen'lemen and ladies, I've secured the services o' another boxer who may make an equally good match for the boy from the Yellow Hoss-shoe, and I hopes that all the bets will stand."

As a matter of fact, the cunning promoters of the bout had taken good care in their own case to put on their money through secret channels, not on Lone Bear, but on "Orchard's opponent." Thus their own secret wagers would stand, anyway.

"See here, Mither Morgan," cried Terry, when the promoter had finished, "as Jack's second, 'tis protestin' I am that you didn't let us know before he entered the ring!"

"Aw, I didn't know meself till a few minutes ago!" grunted Morgan. "But I guess Jack ain't skeered to meet another man o' his own weight. After all, there'll be no difference in the prizes."

Not to disappoint further the already unsettled audience, Jack nodded his willingness to meet anyone else of his own weight. Still, Terry, who rightly was suspicious of their old enemy, was not satisfied.

"Where is the spalpeen?" he demanded. "Who is he?"

Bull Morgan grinned, and waved a hand towards the passageway through the crowd which led from the dressing-rooms. Along it was ambling a stocky youth, wearing a dirty green dressing-gown, followed by a flabby-faced man in grey check flannel trousers tucked into his boots, and a blue check shirt.

"Yap Hemmens!" announced Morgan.

The assembled crowd of fight fans recognised the bruiser on the same instant as Jack and Terry.

There, approaching the ring to fight the English boy, was the yellow-haired Swede whose pugdog face had been so prominent in the sporting pages of the American newspapers—Yap Hemmens, one of the most formidable men in the professional fighting game.

A murmur of voices rose in crescendo among the audience. Most of the expressions were of surprise, some were of greeting of the well-known pug, and a few of protest that the English boy should be made the chopping block of the Swede to suit Morgan's purposes.

Both Jack and Terry watched the approach of the bruiser in silence, growing hot inwardly at what they suspected was but another of Morgan's underhand tricks. They guessed—and rightly, too—that Lone Bear's illness was a mere excuse, and that Morgan and Simons had deliberately arranged for him to be absent. Thus they were able to substitute that natural fighting machine, Yap Hemmens, whom they had bribed to appear.

"Bedad!" ejaculated Terry, glaring

at Morgan. "Phwat the mischief do you mean by—"

"Sh-sh, Terry!" whispered Jack.

"Cut out the protests. I'm not backing out now."

Terry turned and glared at Jack calmly seated in the corner of the ring.

"Are you crazy, me bhoys?" he demanded. "Shure it wasn't on the programme for you to meet a professional pug. Yap will knock seven bells out of ye, and you won't be able to help work the new claims on Kettle Creek for a month."

"I'll risk that," replied Jack determinedly. "Anyway, I'm not getting out of this ring now, even if I have to be carried out of it later. Besides, I've no particular objection to having a crack at the Swede. If I could only land one good punch on his flattened nose it would be some consolation for that rotten trick he played on you while you were in hospital. Boning the calves' foot jelly of an invalid is about on a par with stealing pennies out of the can of a blind man."

The murmurings of the crowd died away as Bull Morgan hypocritically apologised for the substitution and introduced the two fighters. Whereupon loud cheers were accorded Jack for his gameness in agreeing to meet the fighting Swede.

The rest of the preliminaries were quickly conducted; the gloves were adjusted on the bandaged hands of the two contestants. The warning "Seconds out!" was swiftly followed by

the resonant clang of the gong—and the fight was on!

At one and the same time Jack and the Swede advanced swiftly to the centre of the squared ring. Determination was on Jack's face, but the pug-dog countenance of his more experienced opponent wore a contemptuous grin that revealed his ill-kept and uneven teeth.

Extending his right glove, Jack felt Yap Hemmens give it a flick with his own which served as a handshake. A fraction of a second afterwards the Swede's left described a swift semi-circle to the side of Jack's jaw which spread the English boy in a heap on the canvas.

So swiftly had the blow followed the hand-grip that many present were of the opinion that the two had been made together, and many yells of protest rang out.

However, Sergeant Curtis deemed the blow fair. In a dazed way, Jack became aware of the ref's sawing arm, and heard the count of the seconds above the general hubbub.

He scrambled to his feet on the count of seven, and Yap Hemmens, standing alert nearby, tried to put him down with another vicious swing. The blow missed, and before the Swede could retire, Jack drove home a couple of snapping blows to his opponent's ribs.

"Good for you, me bhoys!" bellowed Terry excitedly. "Keep afther him, but watch that right of his!"

The hammer-force of those rib punches and the exultation of the crowd that followed erased the contemptuous smile from Hemmens' face.

Apart from the prize which was to be won, he had been promised good money for "smashing" the English boy—not merely awarding him the knock-out, but battering him severely first. Previously he had had no particular grudge against Jack; but now he set out in earnest to get some of Morgan's "own back" for him.

With the tigerish ferocity that had carried him far up the ladder of fighting success in the States, he drove the English boy back to the ropes.

Manfully Jack strove to ward off the attack; but he might just as well have tried to fend off a Yukon blizzard with an umbrella. His back was pressed against the straining ropes as he crouched with his gloves covering his face, and his arms lengthways over his body. Yet the Swede found several exposed if not vital parts on which to hammer home his blows, and this he did unmercifully.

"Another durn fiasco!" came in a disgusted voice from the ringside seats.

The remark stung Jack worse than any of the Swede's slashing blows, and he flung himself off the ropes, only to be sent reeling back again with a straight left to the chest which was like the kick of a mule.

This time he rebounded again from the ropes like a rubber ball, and rather luckily caught Yap a lusty right on the mouth which took the astonished Swede off his balance and caused him to sit down heavily. A rippling treble laugh burst out from Terry, easily distinguishable above the guttural chuckles of the majority of the crowd.

"Shure 'tis getting tired he is!" he cried. "For he's sitting down for a rest!"

*(Look out for the continuation of this great adventure serial in next week's bumper issue of the MAGNET.)*



**FAMOUS FOOTER CLUBS.**

(Continued from page 2.)

Lancashire for a trial, he asked that the fact should be kept secret. He didn't want people to know about his ambition to become a leading professional player until he had made good.

A brother Scot, and a brother half-back is Tom Bradshaw, and I should say this fellow is deserving of more recognition than has yet come his way. I know that he has been watched by the Scottish selectors more than once, which shows how near they have considered him to International standard. Bradshaw is the giant of the side; six feet two in his socks, and thirteen and a half stone with which to move his opponents off the ball.

Reginald Dutton, left-half, first came into prominence with Tufnell Park. Then he went to West Bromwich, and from there to Bury.

The forwards of Bury have full steam ahead as their motto. They don't believe in weaving fancy patterns. Rather, it is their opinion that the shortest way to goal is the best. Outside-right David Robbie carried out this principle. He comes from Bathgate, which is in Scotland, and he joined Bury in 1921. It is said that once Sunderland made an offer of four thousand pounds for him. But just as Bury don't pay big fees for their players, so they don't jump at any offer to buy the men they want to keep.

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Billy Stage, one-time captain—that honour is now Bradshaw's—is about the cleverest footballer in the side. He's Scotch, too, having been brought out by the "Hibs." And he's one of the "nibs."

The inside-left, and a fine goal-scorer, is John Ball. Born in Cheshire, he went to Sheffield United as a boy. There he couldn't get a regular place in the team, so he moved to Bristol Rovers, and then later got to Gigg Lane—that's where the Bury ground is situated.

Ball is one of those many footballers whose careers illustrate the uncertainty of the game. There was a time when no first-class club would pay him wages; when he had to throw in his lot with a junior side again, and go back to work in the pit. But this self-same player recently joined Bullock as a Bury man who has gained an International cap. He was put in the England side to play against Ireland at Belfast in October.

Then he had indeed a strange and in some respects an unlucky experience. Instead of playing throughout the match as a forward, he had to become a goalkeeper in the second half of the game owing to an injury to Hufton, who was keeping goal for England. And Ball, in his unusual role of holder of the fort, let quite a soft one go. But that was more his misfortune than his fault, because, as he says, "I never professed to be a goalkeeper." But the fact that he volunteered for service between the posts at half-time, when England was in dire need, at least shows the sort of stuff of which he is made.

To finish, at outside-left is Wally Amos, the midget of the team. He was once at Worksop, and played with that side when they created a tremendous sensation by drawing with Tottenham Hotspur at Tottenham in an English Cup tie. He can slip along like a hare.

Bury are this season controlled by a new manager in Mr. Percy Smith, who knows football because he has played it, and who is able to give the lads most useful lessons.

**MASTERS versus THE FOURTH!**

(Continued from page 15.)

round their skipper, ringing his hands and slapping him on the back.

But it was the Head's turn to ring his own hands, a little later. For when the final whistle rang out, and he rushed up to Sir Frederick Funguss to demand the fifty pounds, he received the shock of his life!

"Doctor Birchmall," said Sir Frederick, "I have been trying to eggplain to you—but you wouldn't give me a hearing—that a most distressing thing has happened. On my way to St. Sam's my travelling-bag was stolen from the railway carriage. It contained the Cup, and also the fifty pounds!"

The Head's face was a study. "You—you have dared to arrive here empty-handed?" he cried, horsely. "Why didn't you tell me before the match that the Cup and munny had been pinched?"

"I have been trying to tell you all along—" began Sir Frederick.

Doctor Birchmall turned savvidgely to the masters, who came crowding round.

"Jentlemen! We have been dished, diddled, and done! Sir Frederick has had the cheek to arrive without the Cup, and without the dibbs! Our victory has been in vain!"

At this, a howl of eggsecration rent the air. And the last that was seen of Sir Frederick Funguss was his feet. The rest of his anatomy was berried in the mud, and was being sat upon by the baffled and infuriated members of Doctor Birchmall's Eleven!

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss next week's amusing yarn of the heroes of St. Sam's, entitled: "ONLY A SCHOLARSHIP LAD!" It's a corker!)

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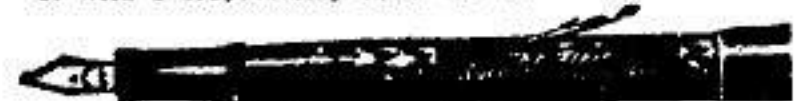
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**"GOOD-MORNING, Burleigh!"** said Doctor Birchmell cheerily.

"Good-morning, sir!" said the Captain of St. Sam's, who was hobbling across the quadrangle on crutches.

"I am glad to see you are out and about again, Burleigh," said the Head.

"It was very unfortunate that you should bust your collar-bone, and have to crawl about on crutches in consequence. How soon do you think you will be fit again? By Saturday?"

"I hope so, sir," said Burleigh. "I'm fed-up with hobbling around like a broken-down cabhorse. But why do you ask?"

"Because I shall want your services on Saturday—yours and Tallooy's," explained the Head. "I shall want you to play rightback and leftback respectively, in my eleven. As you know, we are meeting the Fourth Form in the Final for the Guvernors' Cup," Burleigh stared at the Head in amazement.

"But—but, we can't play in your eleven, sir," he protested. "There would be an outcry if we did—a public scandal! You see, we're not masters."

The Head grinned.

"I have provided against that little difficulty," he said. "I shall appoint you and Tallooy masters for the occasion. Savvy? From now until after the match you will both be temporary masters."

"My hat!" ejaculated Burleigh.

"I want a good, reliable pair of box," said Doctor Birchmell. "I shall drop Mr. Justiss and Herr Guggenheimer from the team. I am not at all satisfied with the form they have shown in practice. They are the biggest duffers that ever duffed. And I cannot afford to take any risks, even against a team of fags, like Jack Jolly & Co. There must be no weak spot in my eleven."

"Then you are dropping out yourself, sir?" queried Burleigh.

"Of course not, Burleigh! Why do you ask that?"

"Because you say there must be no weak spot in the team, sir. And if you play, the weak spot will be only too patently apparent!"

The Head chuckled to the roots of his bald pate.

"How dare you, Burleigh? How dare you insinuate that I shall let the side down? I shall be its inspiration, its guiding star, its life, and soul, and brains, and all the rest of it. I shall pile up the merry goals at such a rate that the spectators will lose count! And my football fame will spread to such an extent that the Spurs and Aston Villa will be after my signature. What are you laughing at, Burleigh?"

"Ahem! I wasn't laughing, sir; I merely coughed."

At that moment Tallooy of the Sixth came up. Like Burleigh, he was just down from the sunny Tallooy had been ill through eating some of the Head's seed cake, and he still looked very seedy. As a matter of fact, he had been suffering from toe-maine poisoning.

"Well, Tallooy?" said the Head. "I am glad to see your toe is better! Toe-maine poisoning is a dreadful thing. Shall you be fit to play football by Saturday?"

"I hope so, sir," said Tallooy.

"Good! I want you to play in my eleven, against the Fourth, with Burleigh as your partner. I am making both of you masters for the occasion."

"Grate pup!" ejaculated Tallooy. "We've simply got to kick the Fourth," said the Head earnestly. "I made up my mind long ago to win the Guvernors' Gold Cup—or rather, the fifty pounds offered in lieu thereof. When it is won I shall take a modest fifty per cent, and the remainder will be equally waded out among the other members of my eleven. So you two fellows will come in for a share of the spoils."

"I don't feel very comfortable about it, sir," confessed Burleigh. "We're not masters, and we've no right to play in a Masters' eleven. But if you order us to do so—"

"I do!" said the Head sharply. "You will play in my eleven or be birched black and blue—the pair of you!"

"Very well, sir; I suppose we must play," said Burleigh.

Doctor Birchmell nodded grimly to the two seniors, and stalked away.

A little later, the following announcement, in the Head's inimitable handwriting and spelling, appeared on the notice-board:

**FOOTBALL, FINAL!**  
DOCTOR BIRCHEMELL'S XI,  
versus  
**FOURTH FORM!**

"This match will be played on Saturday afternoon (weather weather permitting or not) unless the Fourth decide to scratch in the meantime. Kick-off at two-sixty p.m.

**"MASTERS" XI:** Goal, Monsture Froggay; Back, Mr. Burleigh and Mr.

When Mr. Justiss and Herr Guggenheimer read that notice they fairly went off the deep end—though it was no time of the year for swimming.

"Dropped!" cried Mr. Justiss. "Chucked out of the team! To make way for a couple of seniors! This is too thick!"

"Hook! Hook! Donner und blitzten!" said the German master, his face purple with rage. "What for has Doctor Birchmell done this? He vos a peeg! I will see him about this! I will demand an explanation, ain't it?"

"Come!" said Mr. Justiss. "And together the two irate masters rushed away to the Head's study. They burst in upon Doctor Birchmell like a couple of cyclones.

"Do you call this justiss, sir?" hooted Mr. Justiss. "You have dropped me and Herr Guggenheimer from the Masters' Eleven, and brought in Burleigh and Tallooy!"

The Head nodded.

"I can say, in all justiss, that that is very just justiss, justiss!" he said. "You and Guggy are such hopeless duffers at the game that I simply had to drop you. I can't afford to take any chances; and with a weak pair of box we should be asking for trouble."

"It vos not fair!" shouted Herr Guggenheimer. "We vos not duffers! We vos the best players in the team—and you go and drop us! I tell you to your face, Doctor Birchmell, that you are a peeg!"

"What?" cried the Head, his beard bristling. "Do you dare to beard me in my den and insult me to my fizz?"

"Oh, bump him!" cried Mr. Justiss, in eggspiration.

What happened next was like a nightmare to the astonished Head. The two furious masters rushed at him and wiled him off his feet, and he landed on his study carpet with a terrific concussion.

But there was no one at hand to hear the Head's cries; and Mr. Justiss and Herr Guggenheimer left him sprawling on his carpet, with his collar and the streaming loose, and his gown rumpled and his beard ruffled, and the uncomfortable feeling that he had just passed through a whole series of earthquakes.

field. I will attend to you after the game."

"But, my dear Birchmell," protested Sir Frederick, "I have something very urgent and important to tell you. I have some intelligence—"

"I am surprised to hear it," said the Head dryly. "Anyway, it will keep."

And he turned his back on Sir Frederick, who beat a reluctant retreat. The game was resumed, and now it was the turn of Jack Jolly & Co. to attack. They went through the masters' halfback line like a knife through butter; and Messrs. Wokham, Jack-ham, and Swingham were fairly swept off their feet.

But Burleigh and Tallooy, at back, were as solid as rock. The nippy Fourth-Formers could not get past them.

Presently, however, Frank Fearless fired in a terrific shot from a long way out. Monsture Froggay, in the masters' goal, was beaten all the way. The ball eluded his frantic clutch, and crashed into the net.

"Goal!"

"first blud to us!" cried Jack Jolly, jubilantly.

"Bosh!" said the Head, scornfully. "That was off-side! Wasn't it, ref?"

"Nunno—or—I mean, yes, certainly!" stammered the referee.

"But I wasn't off-side!" protested Frank Fearless, hotly.

"Silence!" thundered the Head.

The Fourth-Formers were furious at having a perfectly good goal disallowed; and they began shrouding to suspect that the Head had bribed the referee.

Half-time arrived with the score-sheet blank.

"So far, so good!" said the Head, making a rue face as he sucked a lemon. "We haven't scored, but we've kept those cheeky brats from scoring, and that's something. Hello! Hero's Sir Frederick again! The man is becoming a newswoman!"

"My dear Birchmell!" panted Sir Frederick. "I have some intelligence that—"

"You told me that before, but I beg leave to doubt it," said the Head.

"I have some most pressing news—"

"It must wait until after the match," said the Head.

And he printed on to the field as fast as he could.

The second half of that memorable match was fast and fierce, and crammed with spills and thrills. The masters were soon played to a standstill, and it was only the stubborn, cast-iron defence of Burleigh and Tallooy that kept the Fourth from scoring. They did score one, but the referee pretended that Jack Jolly had handled, and he refused to allow the point.

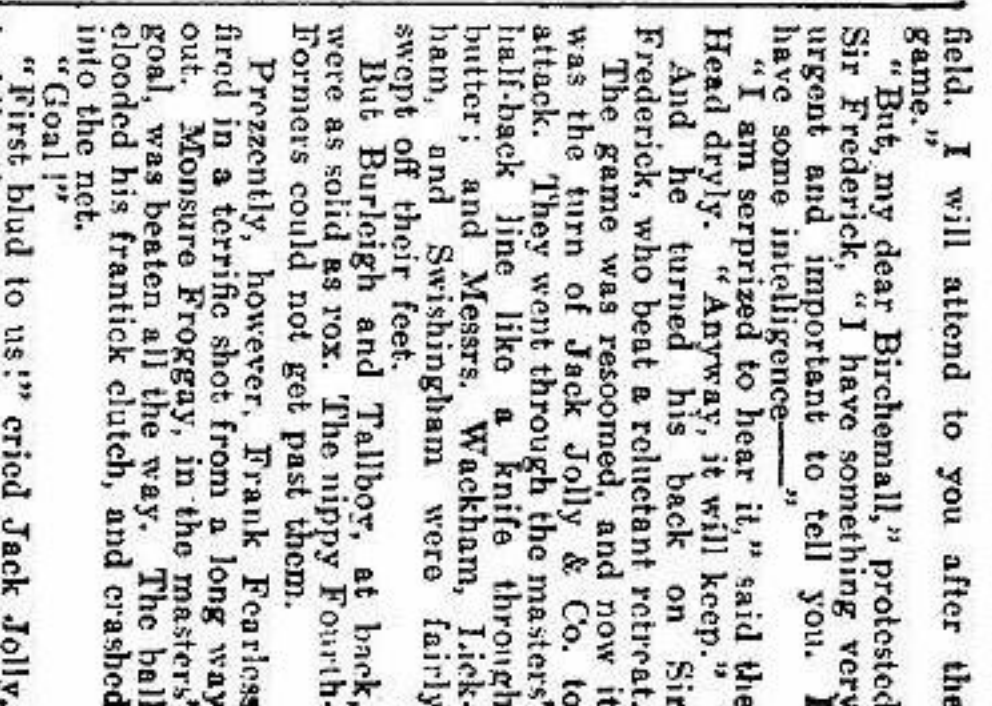
With only five minutes to go, Doctor Birchmell braced himself for a last anxious effort. He was desperately anxious to win the fifty pounds at stake; and he gained possession of the ball, and went away like a hair. Several fellows tried to tackle him, but the Head either tripped them up or knocked them out with his fists. This was no time for kid-glove methods. It was now or never!

Finally, Doctor Birchmell wound up his amazing run by punching the Fourth Form goalie on the nose, and putting him out of action. Then he coolly walked the ball into the net.

"Goal!" he cried. "A trooly wonderful goal! Alone I did it! Congratulations!"

And the egg-sited masters swarmed over him, jealously.

(Continued on page 27.)  
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**A FULL-O'-FUN STORY OF THE HEROES OF ST. SAM'S.**

**Masters versus The Fourth!**

By DICKY NUGENT

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**"MASTERS" XI:** Goal, Monsture Froggay; Back, Mr. Burleigh and Mr.

When Mr. Justiss and Herr Guggenheimer read that notice they fairly went off the deep end—though it was no time of the year for swimming.

"Dropped!" cried Mr. Justiss. "Chucked out of the team! To make way for a couple of seniors! This is too thick!"

"Hook! Hook! Donner und blitzten!" said the German master, his face purple with rage. "What for has Doctor Birchmell done this? He vos a peeg! I will see him about this! I will demand an explanation, ain't it?"

"Come!" said Mr. Justiss. "And together the two irate masters rushed away to the Head's study. They burst in upon Doctor Birchmell like a couple of cyclones.

"Do you call this justiss, sir?" hooted Mr. Justiss. "You have dropped me and Herr Guggenheimer from the Masters' Eleven, and brought in Burleigh and Tallooy!"

The Head nodded.

"I can say, in all justiss, that that is very just justiss, justiss!" he said. "You and Guggy are such hopeless duffers at the game that I simply had to drop you. I can't afford to take any chances; and with a weak pair of box we should be asking for trouble."

"It vos not fair!" shouted Herr Guggenheimer. "We vos not duffers! We vos the best players in the team—and you go and drop us! I tell you to your face, Doctor Birchmell, that you are a peeg!"

"What?" cried the Head, his beard bristling. "Do you dare to beard me in my den and insult me to my fizz?"

"Oh, bump him!" cried Mr. Justiss, in eggspiration.

What happened next was like a nightmare to the astonished Head. The two furious masters rushed at him and wiled him off his feet, and he landed on his study carpet with a terrific concussion.

But there was no one at hand to hear the Head's cries; and Mr. Justiss and Herr Guggenheimer left him sprawling on his carpet, with his collar and the streaming loose, and his gown rumpled and his beard ruffled, and the uncomfortable feeling that he had just passed through a whole series of earthquakes.

field. I will attend to you after the game."

"But, my dear Birchmell," protested Sir Frederick, "I have something very urgent and important to tell you. I have some intelligence—"

"I am surprised to hear it," said the Head dryly. "Anyway, it will keep."

And he turned his back on Sir Frederick, who beat a reluctant retreat. The game was resumed, and now it was the turn of Jack Jolly & Co. to attack. They went through the masters' halfback line like a knife through butter; and Messrs. Wokham, Jack-ham, and Swingham were fairly swept off their feet.

But Burleigh and Tallooy, at back, were as solid as rock. The nippy Fourth-Formers could not get past them.

Presently, however, Frank Fearless fired in a terrific shot from a long way out. Monsture Froggay, in the masters' goal, was beaten all the way. The ball eluded his frantic clutch, and crashed into the net.

"Goal!"

"first blud to us!" cried Jack Jolly, jubilantly.

"Bosh!" said the Head, scornfully. "That was off-side! Wasn't it, ref?"

"Nunno—or—I mean, yes, certainly!" stammered the referee.

"But I wasn't off-side!" protested Frank Fearless, hotly.

"Silence!" thundered the Head.

The Fourth-Formers were furious at having a perfectly good goal disallowed; and they began shrouding to suspect that the Head had bribed the referee.

Half-time arrived with the score-sheet blank.

"So far, so good!" said the Head, making a rue face as he sucked a lemon. "We haven't scored, but we've kept those cheeky brats from scoring, and that's something. Hello! Hero's Sir Frederick again! The man is becoming a newswoman!"

"My dear Birchmell!" panted Sir Frederick. "I have some intelligence that—"

"You told me that before, but I beg leave to doubt it," said the Head.

"I have some most pressing news—"

"It must wait until after the match," said the Head.

And he printed on to the field as fast as he could.

The second half of that memorable match was fast and fierce, and crammed with spills and thrills. The masters were soon played to a standstill, and it was only the stubborn, cast-iron defence of Burleigh and Tallooy that kept the Fourth from scoring. They did score one, but the referee pretended that Jack Jolly had handled, and he refused to allow the point.

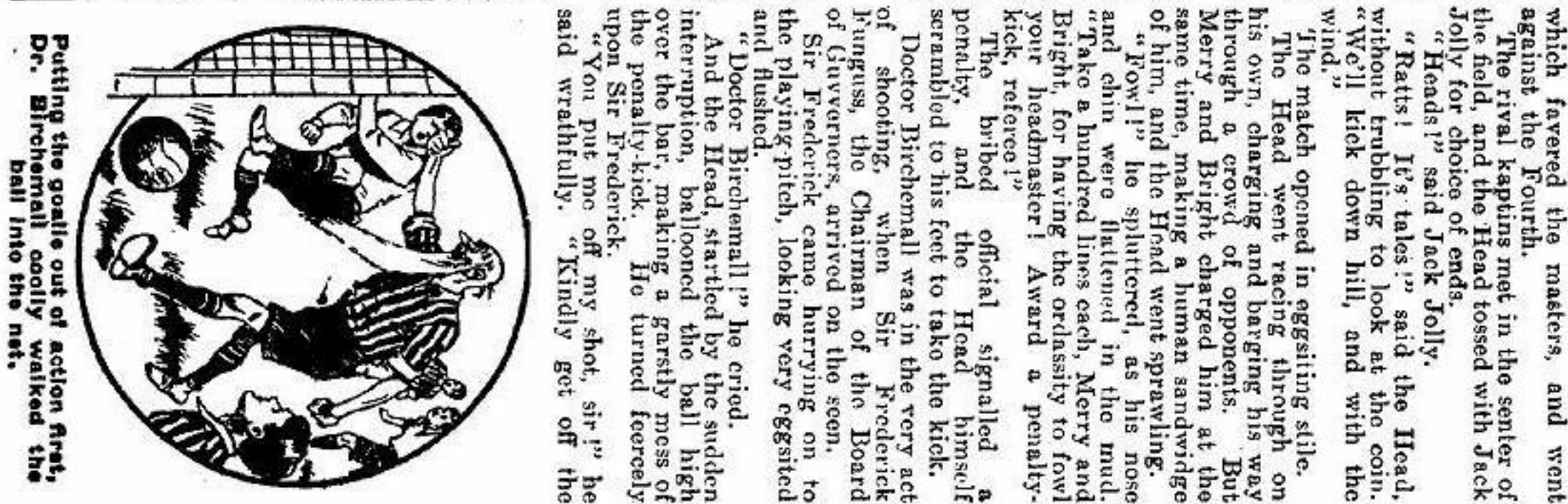
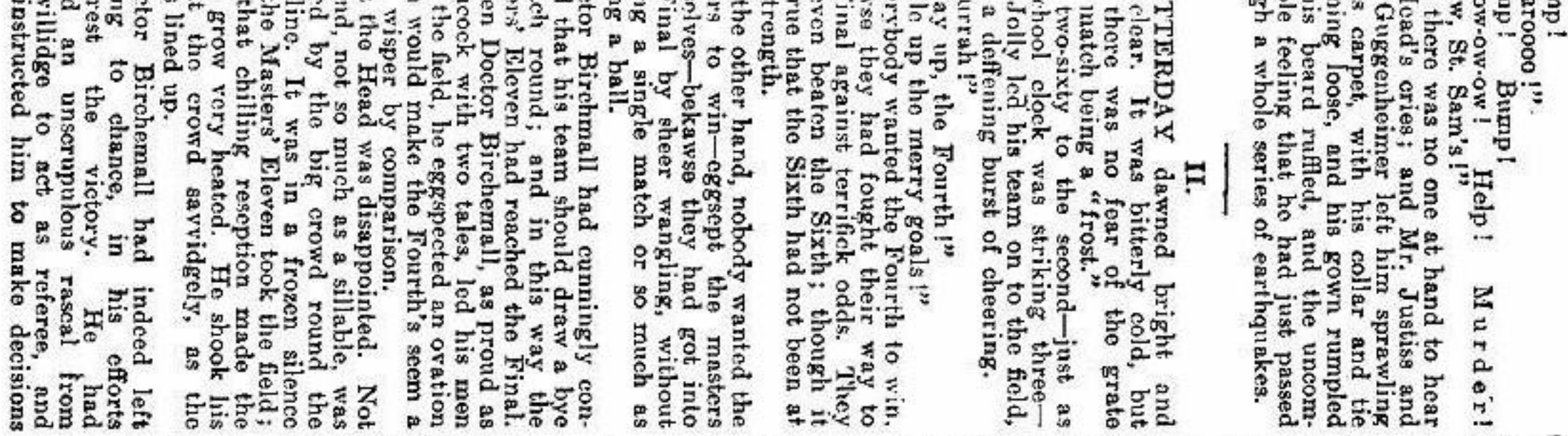
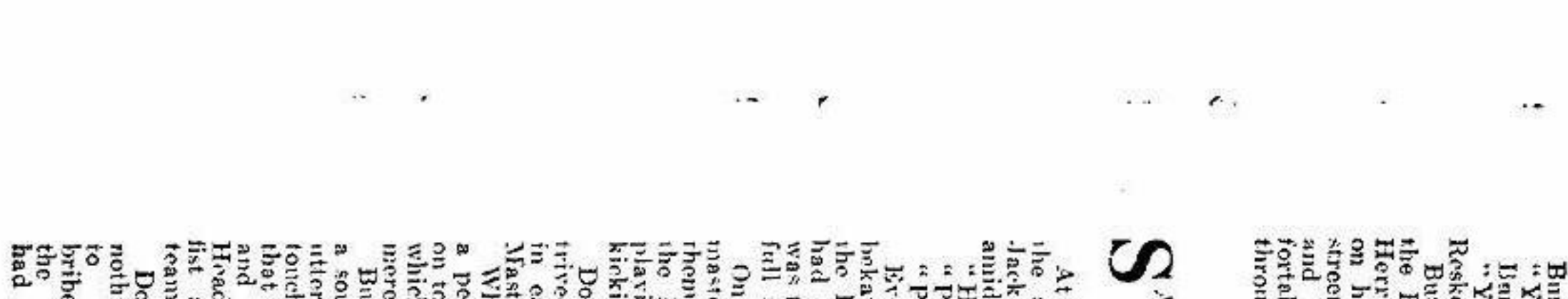
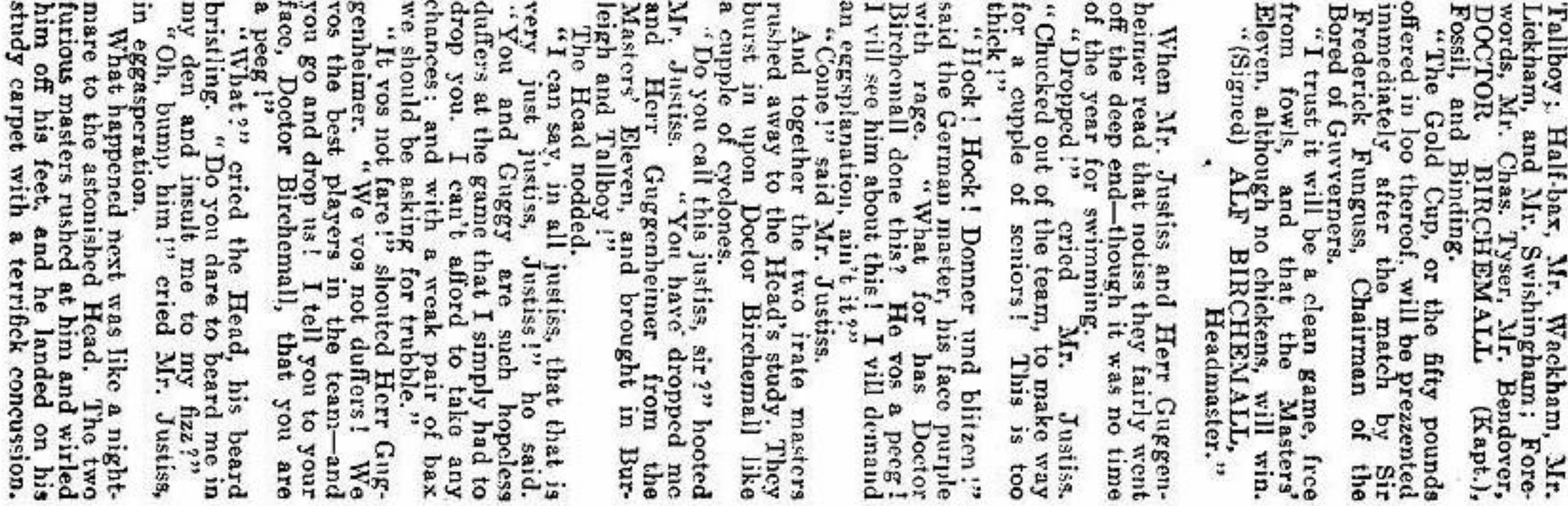
With only five minutes to go, Doctor Birchmell braced himself for a last anxious effort. He was desperately anxious to win the fifty pounds at stake; and he gained possession of the ball, and went away like a hair. Several fellows tried to tackle him, but the Head either tripped them up or knocked them out with his fists. This was no time for kid-glove methods. It was now or never!

Finally, Doctor Birchmell wound up his amazing run by punching the Fourth Form goalie on the nose, and putting him out of action. Then he coolly walked the ball into the net.

"Goal!" he cried. "A trooly wonderful goal! Alone I did it! Congratulations!"

And the egg-sited masters swarmed over him, jealously.

(Continued on page 27.)  
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