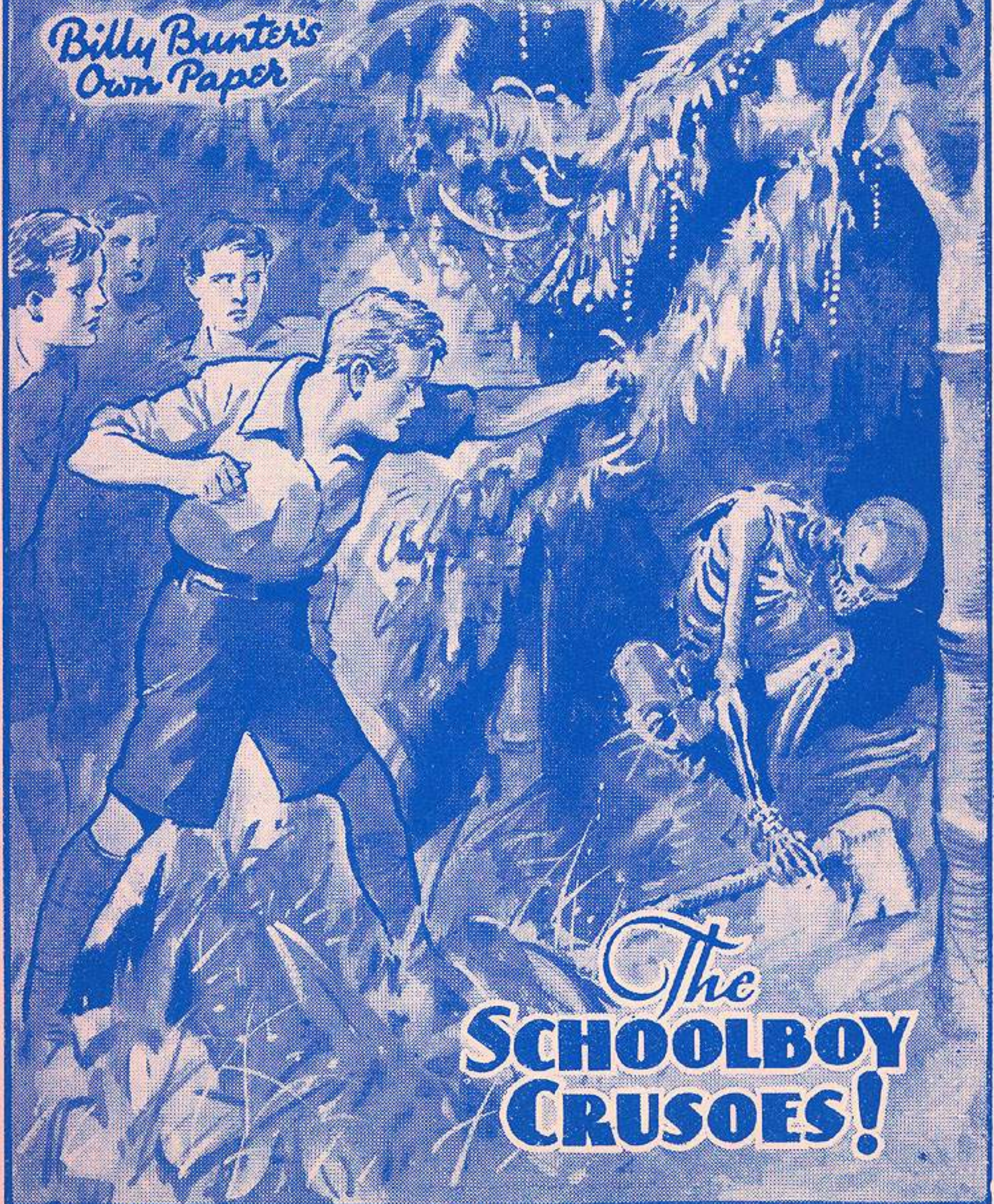


250 FOOTBALLS TO BE WON THIS MONTH—*SEE INSIDE!*

The Magnet 2^D

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



The
**SCHOOLBOY
CRUSOES!**

OUR GREAT NEW STAMP-COLLECTING OFFER!

JOIN IN
TO-DAY!



1000 FREE FOOTBALLS

for Scoring "Goals"
with FOOTER STAMPS

A LREADY ten readers have won Bicycles and over 4,000 more have received other splendid prizes as a result of our recent stamp-collecting scheme. And NOW—here's another even more thrilling collecting competition—FOOTER-STAMPS. It's great! The offer first appeared last week, and if you have not already started, join in to-day—you can still win a Super Football for the coming season.

This is what to do: Every week in MAGNET we are giving "Footer-Stamps"—pictures of six different actions on the football field. The object of this great stamp-game is to score as many "goals" as possible by the end of August when the first 250 footballs are to be awarded.

★ TO SCORE A "GOAL" you must collect a complete set of six stamps (they're numbered 1 to 6) made up of the following movements: KICK-OFF — DRIBBLE — TACKLE — HEADER — SHOT — GOAL.

Easy, isn't it? The more stamps you collect the more "goals" you can score. (Note that the "goal" stamp by itself does NOT count as a goal, you must get a set of the stamps 1 to 6 each time.)

We give ten more stamps this week. Cut them out and try to "score a goal"; then keep all your stamps until you get some more in our next issue.

★ If you want to score some other quick "goals," remember that "Footer-Stamps" are also appearing in "Gem" and "Modern Boy." There are more "goals" waiting in those papers.

Get busy at once, because up to 250 of the FREE Footballs are going to be awarded in the August competition for the readers scoring the highest number of "goals" with "Footer-Stamps" for the month. More footballs will be given in the next month, and so on.

Don't send any stamps until we tell you how and where at the end of August. There's nothing to pay, remember.

RULES: Up to 250 Footballs will be awarded in the August contest to the readers declaring and sending in the largest number of "goals" scored with "Footer-Stamps." The Editor may extend or amend the prize list in case of too many ties.

Each "goal" must consist of a set of "Footer-Stamps" Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive—all claims for prizes to be made on the proper coupon (to be given later). No allowance made for any coupon or stamps mutilated or lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence! No one connected with this paper may enter, and the Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout.

(N.B.—"Footer-Stamps" may also be collected from the following papers: GEM, MODERN BOY, BOY'S CINEMA, DETECTIVE WEEKLY, TRIUMPH, WILD WEST WEEKLY, THRILLER, SPORTS BUDGET, and CHAMPION.)

OVERSEAS READERS! You pals who are far away—you're in this great scheme also, and special awards will be given for the best "scores" from overseas readers. There will be a special closing date for you, as well, of course!

**TEN MORE
FOOTER STAMPS
TO SAVE!**



THE CASTAWAYS OF YO'O! Having travelled half-way across the world with Lord Mauleverer, the schoolboy millionaire, Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, bank on spending a happy holiday in the South Seas—instead of which they find themselves stranded on a desert island where they have to fend for themselves after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe!

The SCHOOLBOY CRUSOES!



By FRANK RICHARDS

The schoolboy castaways set to work, and very soon the camp-fire was blazing brightly. Popoo, grinning cheerfully, proceeded to cook fish, and a delightful scent pervaded the camp on Yo'o!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Swipe!

"POPOO!" roared Billy Bunter.

"Yessar!"

"Come here, you black scoundrel!"

Billy Bunter was wrathful.

He stood in the veranda of the manager's bungalow, on the island of Kalua-alua-lalua, his plump face pink with wrath, and a thick lawyer-cane grasped in his fat hand.

It was bright morning on the Pacific island.

The lagoon rolled bright and blue in the streaming sunshine, lapping the dazzling beach of white sand and powdered coral.

In the shady veranda, Lord Mauleverer reclined elegantly in a deep Madeira chair, his hands behind his noble head. Harry Wharton & Co. leaned in a cheery row on the palm-wood rail.

All of them were watching Bunter.

They seemed amused.

Billy Bunter did not mean to be amusing. His own belief was that, in his wrath, he looked a masterful figure, if not majestic. Bunter fancied himself as a "white master" making a nigger toe the line. He saw no reason whatever for six grins to wreath six faces.

But there was one person in the veranda who was not amused. That was Popoo, the brown-skinned Tonga boy.

Popoo eyed Bunter and the lawyer-cane uneasily. Probably Popoo knew, by experience, what it was like to have

a lawyer-cane applied to his brown back. Bunter looked as if he were going to lay it on hard. The prospect did not seem attractive to Popoo.

"Oh, sar!" mumbled Popoo. "What name you makee stick belong you, stop along back belong this poor Tonga boy, sar?"

"You cheeky black beast!" said Bunter, his very spectacles gleaming with indignant wrath. "You know what you've done!"

"Me no savvy, sar!" denied Popoo.

"I'm going to give you a jolly good hiding!"

"No savvy hiding, sar!"

Stirring Story of South Seas Adventure, starring HARRY WHARTON & CO., of GREYFRIARS.

"I'll make you savvy soon enough!" said Bunter. "You'll savvy what a hiding is when I've done with you! I say, you fellows, there's nothing to grin at! I know how to keep cheeky niggers in order, I can tell you. What are you sniggering at, Bob Cherry?"

"A fat chump!" answered Bob.

"Yah! Now, then, Popoo! Come here and bend over!" snorted Bunter, flourishing the lawyer-cane.

"Chuck it, Bunter!" suggested Harry Wharton.

"You shut up, Wharton!"

"Look here, you fat ass——" began Johnny Bull.

"You shut up, too, Bull! Don't you fellows interfere between me and my nigger!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Niggers have to be kept in order! I know how to handle niggers! I'm jolly well going to give him a dozen! Perhaps two dozen! I'm jolly well going to teach him who's who, and what's what!"

"And which is which?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Yah! You shut up! I've told you to come here, Popoo! Do you want me to come and fetch you?" roared Bunter.

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter——" began Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You shut up, Inky! I dare say you'd like me to let that nigger off—sort of fellow-feeling, what?" snorted Bunter. "You've got a touch of the tar-brush yourself! I'm not letting him off, I can jolly well tell you. I'll teach him to sneak off when I go to sleep——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! The cheeky beast actually slipped out of the canoe when I went to sleep, and left me on my own!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, breathing wrath.

"Me wantee go along dance, sar!" pleaded Popoo.

"I'll teach you to go along dance and leave me drifting about the lagoon in a canoe!" hooted Bunter. "Why, you

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black villain, I drifted about till dark, and then bumped on the reef—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up, you cackling asses!" roared Bunter. "It's not a laughing matter. I got stranded on the reef, and should have had to stay out all night if Mauly hadn't turned up! I jolly nearly missed my supper—"

"Awful!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The awfulness is truly terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Think a whopping will meet the case?" asked Nugent. "What about something lingering, with boiling oil in it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" said Bunter. "I'll jolly well teach that cheeky nigger that he can't play tricks on me. Come here, Popoo!"

Popoo approached—slowly!

Bunter pointed to a chair with the lawyer-cane!

Popoo was to bend over that chair and take his gruel. At Greyfriars School, Billy Bunter had often had to bend over a chair, and take a whopping from a prefect's cane. Now Bunter was handling the cane, which was ever so much more agreeable. Bunter had never liked taking a whopping. But handling one out was quite a different matter. A whopping was one of those things which it was more blessed to give than to receive!

"Bunter, old man—" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"You shut up, Mauly! I'm not going to argue about this! I'm going to whop my nigger!" said Bunter.

"But—" murmured his lordship.

"I said shut up! Come here, Popoo!"

Popoo was coming—at the speed of a lizard crawling on the beach! He was far from being so keen on the performance as Bunter was.

Bunter flourished the lawyer-cane impatiently.

The Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer looked on, grinning. The fat Owl of the Remove, in the role of a lordly white master enforcing discipline on natives, was quite entertaining. Also, they were wondering a little exactly what was going to happen.

Popoo was a "boy" in the South Sea sense of the word, where all natives are "boys." But he was, in actual fact, a man—twice as old as Bunter, at least, and nearly twice as tall—though Bunter undoubtedly was wider. The Tonga boy could have picked up Billy Bunter, weighty as he was, in one hand, and dropped him over the veranda-rail into the shrubs below. He could have taken away the lawyer-cane, and reversed the order of the whopping! The juniors wondered cheerfully whether he would!

If he did, they had no idea of intervening. Bunter had started these judicial proceedings on his own, and could carry on with them on his own.

It was true that Popoo had been taken into Bunter's service, and was therefore bound to obey his white master. On the other hand, Bunter had not, so far, paid him anything in the way of wages—cash being as short with the fat Owl on the Pacific island as at Greyfriars School. There were no trade unions on Kalua-alua-lalua, and natives were not, generally speaking, allowed to get their ears up! Still, it was possible that Popoo was not wholly satisfied with serving his fat white master simply for the honour and glory thereof, and nothing in the way of cash.

The Greyfriars fellows doubted whether that drastic correction was really going to be administered to the Tonga boy.

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But Bunter had no doubts! Being a "white master" had rather got into Bunter's fat head. He brandished the lawyer-cane.

"Bend over!" he roared.

"Oh, sar, me plenty solly me no stop along canoe day before!" pleaded Popoo-lo-linga-lulo. "Plenty too much solly, sar."

"I'll make you plenty too much sorrier before I've done with you!" said Bunter. "Now, then! Think I'm paying you to leave me in the lurch, you cheeky nigger?"

"You no pay this feller boy nothing, sar!"

"Don't be cheeky!" roared Bunter.

"Now, then—"

The Tonga boy paused. But the habit of obedience to a white man was strong. Slowly he stooped, bending his brown back to take the swipes.

"Keep like that!" yapped Bunter.

He gripped the lawyer-cane hard and threw up a fat arm. He put all his beef into a terrific swipe.

That swipe, had it landed on Popoo's back, would undoubtedly have made the Tonga boy sorry that he had sneaked out of the canoe the previous afternoon and left his fat white master to drift on the reef.

But it didn't!

Popoo, at the psychological moment, squirmed away out of reach of the descending lawyer-cane. If he had made up his fuzzy mind to take that whopping, he unmade it again, as the lawyer-cane came down.

That terrific swipe missed Popoo!

Meeting with no resistance, the lawyer-cane swept on, and landed on a fat leg—Bunter's.

Crack!

It rang like a pistol-shot!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Louder than the crack of the lawyer-cane on Bunter's fat leg, rang the yell of Billy Bunter! It rang on Bunter's top note, through the bungalow, across the beach, far into the palms, far across the lagoon! It was probably the loudest yell ever uttered on the island of Kalua-alua-lalua!

"Yooo-hooo-hoop!"

Bunter dropped the lawyer-cane! He hopped on one leg, clasping the other with both hands! He hopped—he bounded—he danced—and he roared!

"Oh! Ow! Yaroo! My leg! Yoo-hoop! Oh crikey! Ow!"

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

"Ow! My knee's broken! Wow! I'm hurt! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Popoo made one bound to the veranda steps—another down them! He was gone in the twinkling of an eye! But Billy Bunter had no eyes, or spectacles, for Popoo! Bunter was too busy with his song and dance!

"Ow! Yow! Wow! My leg! Wow! Yow! Wow! My knee! Oh crikey! Ooooh! I say, you fellows—yarooop!"

Billy Bunter danced, and yelled, and roared. And the Famous Five, apparently regarding this as the best part of the entertainment, howled with laughter as he danced, and yelled, and roared!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Arm Of The Law!

"HERE he comes!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Mr. McTab, manager and magistrate of Kalua-alua-lalua, came out of the house into the veranda. He was followed by Bomoo, the head house-boy.

The Greyfriars fellows had been waiting for him.

Mr. McTab had asked them to wait there, after breakfast. Otherwise the Famous Five would have been taking walks abroad before that time.

Lord Mauleverer was content to sit in a long cane chair, in the shade, for any length of time; and Billy Bunter was far from anxious to get on the go; but the Famous Five were made of rather more strenuous stuff.

However, the little Scotch gentleman who governed Kalua had requested them to attend, and they attended, wondering a good deal what was to come.

So far, they had no idea why they were wanted. They supposed that Mr. McTab would explain when he arrived, but he seemed a long time coming. Bunter had—unintentionally—helped the time to pass, with a little entertainment. But here was Mr. McTab at last.

The expression on Mr. McTab's bronzed face, under his panama hat, was very serious, indeed stern, not to say grim.

Bomoo placed a chair for his master, and Mr. McTab sat down. He glanced at Bunter.

Bunter was sitting down, by that time, but he had not recovered from the swipe of the lawyer-cane. He was nursing one fat leg over the other, and emitting a series of gasps and squeaks.

"Be quiet, please, Bunter!" rapped Mr. McTab.

"Oh, really, you know—" yapped Bunter.

"That will do!"

Billy Bunter gave the manager of Kalua a concentrated glare through his spectacles.

For some reason—a mystery to Bunter—the manager of Kalua did not seem to like him very much. He did not speak to him with becoming respect.

Bunter was a guest of Lord Mauleverer, on Kalua, like the other fellows. The island belonged to Mauly; McTab was only his manager. He ought, therefore, to have treated Bunter with the deepest respect. Only he didn't!

To the other fellows, Mr. McTab was kindly, even genial. He was a man of few words, but they were generally agreeable ones. He seemed to like seeing cheery, boyish faces about him. But he hardly ever gave Bunter more than a grunt. Generally it was a disapproving grunt. It puzzled and annoyed Bunter, who knew that he was the most likeable fellow of the lot.

When he did take the trouble to waste a few words on Bunter, they generally came in raps. Really, Bunter might have fancied himself, sometimes, back in the Form-room at Greyfriars with Mr. Quelch.

Bunter's glare, which was intended to express disdain, to remind Mr. McTab that he was only a dashed plantation manager, and to put him in his place, was wasted. Having rapped at Bunter, the Scotch gentleman turned from him, and remained in happy ignorance of the disdainful glare.

"You are all here, I think!" Mr. McTab's keen grey eyes glanced over the Greyfriars juniors. "Thank you! I had to keep you waiting, as it has taken some time to find the man."

"The man?" repeated Harry Wharton.

"The prisoner!" said Mr. McTab.

"He is coming now, and your evidence will be required."

"Oh!" said all the juniors together.

They realised what that stern expression on Mr. McTab's face implied. He was not, at the moment, the kindly manager, the genial planter, but the magistrate of Kalua. Some delinquent

was to be brought up for justice—justice on the island of Kalua, being administered by Mr. McTab.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry, glancing over the veranda rail into the tropical garden below. "That scallawag!"

All the juniors looked.

"Ysabel Dick!" said Harry.

"The beachcomber!" said Nugent.

Two native policemen were coming up from the beach, with a white man walking between them. The white man was Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber of Kalua.

The outcast of Kalua looked a dismal object.

His face, sun-browned almost as dark as a native's, had several days' stubble of beard on it. He was dressed in a dingy pair of duck trousers, a ragged shirt, and a tattered old hat.

His seamed, stubbly face was black and bitter in its expression, and his sunken eyes roved from right to left, like those of a captured animal.

Evidently he was not willing to come up to the manager's bungalow. But he had no choice about that. On one side of him walked Kololoo, the chief of the native police; on the other, another native policeman. Both of them had hold of him. Either of them could have handled the weedy, gin-soaked waster with ease. The disgrace of Kalua had no chance of escape.

The Greyfriars juniors' faces became grave as they looked at him. It was not pleasant to see a white man reduced to so low a level, an object of contempt to the natives themselves.

Johnny Bull gave a grunt of disgust. But there was a gleam of pity in Lord Mauleverer's eyes.

"Poor beggar!" murmured Mauly.

"Putrid rotter, you mean!" grunted Johnny.

"The rottenfulness is terrific," remarked Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh. "But the poorfulness is also great, my esteemed Johnny."

"Rot!" grunted Johnny Bull. "The miserable worm could pull himself together, if he chose. He could get a job on one of the plantations, if he liked. What he wants is a jolly good booting!"

"Shut up, old man—don't let him hear you!" murmured Bob.

Johnny grunted again, but he forbore to make any further remarks, as the outcast of Kalua came within hearing.

The two natives walked him to the coral steps that led up to the veranda, walked him up, and led him in. He was brought to a halt, facing Mr. McTab in his chair.

At a sign from the manager, the natives released his arms, and stepped back. They posted themselves at the top of the steps, cutting off Ysabel Dick's escape, if he had thought of bolting.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked on in silence. They were not surprised that the worthless waster of Kalua was in trouble and up for judgment. But they did not understand how they were concerned in the matter. Neither were they anxious to take a hand against him. Little as they liked him, they had no desire whatever to give a man a shove when he was down. And a man could hardly have been deeper down than the beachcomber of Kalua.

Ysabel Dick cast a savage, sulky, defiant glance round him, and then snarled at Mr. McTab.

"What am I here for? What do you want with me this time, Sandy?"

Mr. McTab's face purpled.

His friends at the Planters' Club sometimes addressed him, playfully, as "Sandy." But such a familiar address

from a disreputable blackguard brought before him for judgment, roused his deep ire.

"Man, ye'd better speak respectfully to your betters!" rapped Mr. McTab. "You're here as a suspected person. I suspect ye of having attempted to kidnap Lord Mauleverer, my employer, and the owner of this island."

The beachcomber started violently.

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer, in astonishment. And the Famous Five stared.

"Oh crikey!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I shouldn't wonder if it was that blighter who got Mauly last night, when I rescued him—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't! I say—"

"Silence in court!" rapped Mr. McTab.

Billy Bunter snorted, and was silent.

The veranda of the manager's bungalow was, at the moment, a court of law. The man from Ysabel was the prisoner at the bar, and Mr. McTab was there to judge him. The Greyfriars juniors were there as witnesses, though they did not know yet to what they were to bear witness.

Having established silence, Mr. McTab glanced at Lord Mauleverer.

"You are the first witness, my lord! Kindly step forward."

And Lord Mauleverer, unwillingly detaching his elegant person from the comfortable depths of the Medeira chair, kindly stood forward.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Last of Ysabel Dick!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. looked on, wondering.

They had been quite mystified by the mysterious attack made on Lord Mauleverer the previous night. His lordship, on his lordship's own island, had had a narrow escape of falling a victim to an unknown kidnapper. But they had not thought of the beachcomber in connection with the matter. Apparently, Mr. McTab had!

The Greyfriars holiday party had been more than a week on Mauly's island, and during that time they had seen a good deal of Ysabel Dick—loafing on the beach or sprawling in the shade of the palm-trees. They had seen him give Lord Mauleverer hostile looks—why, was a puzzle, for his good-natured lordship was not a fellow to inspire dislike in anyone. Once he had been insolent to Mauly, for which Mr. McTab had resolved to turn him off the island, only allowing him to remain at Mauly's amiable intervention. Apart from that, the juniors saw no reason for suspecting the man from Ysabel.

"My lord, you will state what happened last night, so far as you know it!" said Mr. McTab.

"Yaas. That ass, Bunter—"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Will ye be silent till ye're spoken to?" demanded Mr. McTab, with a glare at the fat Owl of the Remove.

Snort, from Bunter.

"I mean, that intellectual genius, Bunter," amended Lord Mauleverer, at which there was very nearly laughter in court. "Bunter went out in a canoe and got lost, and we went out to look for Popoo, to see if he had any news of him. I was walkin' under a palm when some sportsman mopped a sack over my nut."

"You did not see him?"

"No, sir. Can't see through a copra sack!" said Lord Mauleverer. "It was over my napper before I knew what was

happenin', and the blighter had a cord round it, and knotted it. A fellow could do nothin'."

"Proceed!"

"Yaas! I was hiked off into a canoe. The canoe was paddled across to the reef, and I was taken out and walked across the reef—still in the sack. On the outer side of the reef I was pitched into another canoe. I lauded on somethin' that squeaked—"

"Oh, really—"

"Silence! Did ye, my lord, first or last, see anything of the man who had kidnapped you?"

"Nothin'."

"Did ye have any idea who it was?"

"I thought for a minute that it was that Dutchman, Van Dink," said Lord Mauleverer. "But it wasn't. The Dutchman was still safe in the island gaol when I got back. He's there now."

"Did ye think of this man?"

"No."

"That will do, my lord! Ye may sit down. Bunter!"

Billy Bunter popped up much more willingly than Lord Mauleverer.

Bunter always liked to be in the lime-light. Bunter was prepared to say all that was necessary, and a lot more that was not.

"Now tell me—" rapped Mr. McTab.

"I'll tell you all about it," said the fat Owl cheerfully. "I never got lost, as Mauly said. Mauly's a silly ass! I went out in my canoe, with my faithful nigger, and the beast slipped away when I went to sleep, and—"

"Ye landed on the reef?" rapped Mr. McTab.

"Yes. You see, it was dark, and I thought it was the island at first, and started to walk home. If you fellows are going to cackle while I give my evidence—"

"Silence, please!"

"Well, I found out it wasn't the island, but the beastly reef," went on Bunter. "I never found that out till I got to the other side, and I couldn't get any farther, because I got as far as the sea—see? And—"

"Ye found a canoe?"

"Yes, I did!" grunted Bunter, annoyed at being cut short. "It was tied up in a gully in the reef, and I got into it to get a rest; and it was jolly lucky that there was a lot of grub in it, or I should have missed my supper and—"

"Ye've told us ye went to sleep in the canoe—"

Yes, I did; but, of course, I had some grub first. There was some roast pork packed in a basket, and—"

"What happened next?"

"I ate it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, please! Boy, will ye tell me what happened?" hooted Mr. McTab.

"I'm telling you, ain't I?" demanded Bunter. "I ate the roast pork. And I had some bananas—"

"Will ye state what happened?" roared Mr. McTab.

"I got under some canvas and went to sleep. I was woke up by something whopping down on my legs. It was Mauly, in a sack! I didn't know it was Mauly then. I thought—"

"Never mind what ye thought—if ye can, think at all!" snapped Mr. McTab. "Did you see the man who pitched Lord Mauleverer into that canoe?"

"Yes, of course I did! I pushed off just in time to prevent him from jumping in! I wasn't frightened of him, of course! It was presence of mind—"

"Ye saw him! Was it the prisoner here present?"

"Well, you see, I only saw his back, as he was stooping to untie the rope," explained Bunter. "But I shouldn't wonder if it was."

"Never mind what ye shouldn't wonder! Ye never knew the man! But now that ye see this man, is he the same man?"

Billy Bunter paused, fixing his eyes—and his spectacles—on the outcast of Kalua.

All the juniors could read the tense expression on the face of Ysabel Dick. He seemed hardly to breathe as he waited for Bunter's answer.

"Blessed if I know!" said Bunter, at last. "It might have been, of course. But then, again, it mightn't. You see, it was jolly dark, and I only saw his back—"

"Ye cannot identify this man?"

"Well, no," said Bunter, "but I shouldn't wonder—"

"Sit down!"

Bunter snorted, and rolled back to his chair.

Mr. McTab gave an expressive grunt. His opinion of Bunter seemed to have sunk lower than ever.

It was true that Bunter had only seen a shadowy figure, in deep dusk, in that adventure on the barrier reef. Still, he might have been expected to know whether Ysabel Dick was the same man or not. But no doubt Bunter had been in too much of a hurry to get to a safe distance from the kidnapper to think of giving him a second blink. Anyhow, Bunter's evidence left the matter where it was.

"Wharton!" rapped Mr. McTab. The captain of the Greyfriars Remove stepped forward.

"Ye and your friends were out in the whaleboat yesterday afternoon, and ye saw this man in a canoe, towing another canoe."

"Oh! Yes, Mr. McTab," said Harry. He guessed now what it was to which he was to bear witness.

"He came back without the towed canoe?"

"Yes."

"Ye're sure that he left a canoe outside the reef?"

"He must have done so," answered Harry.

"Cherry, Bull, Nugent, Hurree Singh, do ye say the same?"

"Yes, sir!"

Ysabel Dick's scamed and stubbly face set harder. His eyes gleamed at the Famous Five. Lord Mauleverer's and Bunter's evidence had done him no damage; but this was a different matter.

"Now, my man," said Mr. McTab, quietly and grimly, "ye'll explain why ye towed a canoe out of the lagoon and left it on the seaward side of the barrier reef. That was the canoe to which Lord Mauleverer was taken—there's nae doubt about that. Had not Bunter stumbled on it there's nae doubt that the kidnapper would have got away with his lordship—in the canoe you placed outside the reef. Are ye denying it?"

The beachcomber did not reply for a moment. But if he was thinking of denying what the Famous Five had seen he must have realised that it was futile. He set his discoloured teeth.

"I was going on a pearling-trip," he muttered. "I put the canoe ready to start at dawn. When I went for it at sun-up it was gone."

"And why did ye leave it outside the reef for the night, instead of going out at dawn by the reef passage?"

The beachcomber shrugged his shoulders.

"I was going off secretly on the trip. I borrowed the canoe without asking the owner."

"Ye mean that ye stole it?"

Ysabel Dick gave another shrug.

Mr. McTab grunted. Evidently he did not believe a word of the beachcomber's explanation of his action. The Famous Five were at one with him there.

It was obviously Ysabel Dick's canoe that the unknown kidnapper had intended to use to carry off Lord Mauleverer on the Pacific. It was not proof, but it was enough to cause the juniors to make up their minds.

"That's all ye've got to say?" asked Mr. McTab.

"That's the lot, Sandy," said the beachcomber, with cool insolence.

Mr. McTab breathed hard.

"Then I've got a few words to say to ye!" he rapped. "Why ye wanted to kidnap his lordship I'm not guessing, but I've nae doubt ye did. Ye've glowered at the wee lord ever since he came to his own island, and now ye've laid your dirty hands on him. If I'd sound proof, I'd send ye to Suva, with the Dutchman, to take your sentence. But I've nae doubt. You're going to be deported from Kalua on the first craft that sails, and that's Barney Hall's lugger, now in the lagoon. If ye set foot on this island again ye'll repent it. Take him away!"

The beachcomber clenched his hands, his eyes blazing; but the two native policemen stepped forward on the instant and grasped his arms.

Lord Mauleverer rose to his feet with unusual quickness.

"My dear sir—" he exclaimed.

"Are ye puttin' in a word for the scallawag as ye did before, my lord?" demanded Mr. McTab gruffly.

"Yaas. I've never harmed the man, and I can't believe that he would harm me," said Mauleverer. "Why should he? There's no proof—"

"If there were proof, my lord, he would go to prison on Fiji," said Mr. McTab. "As it is, he's deported from Kalua."

"But—"

"Ye're not talking to your manager now, my lord," said Mr. McTab. "Ye're talking to the magistrate of Kalua, acting under powers from the High Commissioner of the Pacific. The magistrate's sentence has been given. Ye're not going to argue with the law, Lord Mauleverer?"

Maully sat down again.

Mr. McTab made a sign to the Kanakas to lead the prisoner away.

The man from Ysabel made one desperate effort to wrench himself loose, then, panting, he walked between the two natives down the steps, down the coral path, and down the beach to the quay where the lugger lay moored.

The juniors, in silence, watched.

Evidently Mr. McTab's arrangements had been made. They saw the beachcomber tossed on the lugger, the two Kanakas standing watching, with grinning faces, after they had pitched him on board.

A few minutes later the lugger cast off its moorings and rocked away from the coral quay. The lug-sail went up, and the wind filled it.

Over the gunwale of Barney Hall's lugger they glimpsed the stubbly, haggard face of the beachcomber, staring back at Kalua with burning eyes of rage as the lugger ran down to the reef passage and out into the Pacific.

The man from Ysabel, who for long months had combed the beach on Kalua, was gone from Maully's island.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

His Master's Voice!

"STOP!" roared Billy Bunter. Popoo did not stop. He jumped like a kangaroo. It was hot on the beach of Kalua.

Hot as it was, Harry Wharton & Co. were getting the manager's whaleboat ready for a trip which was to last a whole day, from early morn till dewy eve.

Lord Mauleverer was sitting in the shade of a palm, while the Famous Five were getting busy. House-boys from the bungalow were carrying down the necessary supplies to pack in the boat, and Maully watched them meditatively from under the shady palm. Billy Bunter was looking for his "faithful nigger."

That faithful—or faithless—nigger was easier to find than to catch.

Billy Bunter, limping a little on one fat leg, and with a stout lawyer-cane in a fat hand, rooted Popoo out of a shady spot; but the Tonga boy jumped out of reach of the lawyer-cane, and out of reach of Bunter, and did not seem disposed to come within reach of either.

Which was fearfully exasperating to the fat white master.

Bunter was going with the Greyfriars party on that trip among the neighbouring islands. He was not, of course, going without his faithful nigger.

He might need waiting on. In fact, he was pretty certain to need waiting on.

Other fellows could wait on themselves. Indeed, the Famous Five preferred to do so, and Maully did not mind. They could have crowded the whaleboat with house-boys from the bungalow, had they so desired; but they preferred not to crowd it.

It was different with Billy Bunter. According to Bunter, he was waited on hand and foot by the menials at Bunter Court. There was no doubt, at any rate, that he liked being waited on. The fat Owl would give orders just for the pleasure of giving them.

Moreover, Bunter was the only member of the party who had a "faithful nigger." The natives generally seemed to think more of the other fellows than they did of Bunter; but no "nigger" had picked out any member of the Co. for special loyal devotion. Bunter quite enjoyed the idea of a faithful, devoted slave, jumping to his orders, anticipating his lightest wishes.

So it was really exasperating when Popoo did not play up to the part assigned to him.

Instead of jumping to Bunter's orders he was jumping away from Bunter! Instead of taking the whipping he deserved, and learning better therefrom, he was plainly determined not to be whopped if he could help it.

Bunter would have let him off the whipping, if it came to that, in return for a loyal display of faithfulness. But that lazy and ungrateful Kanaka did not seem to realise that he was required to play the part of "faithful nigger" at all. He did not want to go in the whaleboat. He did not look forward to a long, hot day of waiting hand and foot on Bunter. He wanted to sprawl lazily under the palms and chew betelnut.

So he jumped out of reach, and as the exasperated fat Owl followed him up, he jumped again, and yet again.

Popoo jumping back, Bunter spluttering after him, passed Lord Mauleverer under his palm, causing a lazy grin to dawn on Maully's noble countenance.



Popoo squirmed away out of reach at the psychological moment, and the descending lawyer-cane landed on a fat leg—Bunter's. Crack! Louder than the crack of the lawyer-cane, rang the yell of Billy Bunter. "Yoooo-hoo-hooooop!"

"I say, Mauly, bag that nigger for me!" howled Bunter.

Popoo cast a quick glance towards Mauleverer; but he need not have been uneasy. His lazy lordship had no intention of getting up to join in a game of nigger-chasing.

"Do you hear me, Mauly?" squeaked Bunter.

"Yaas!"

"Well, are you going to stick there, you lazy ass?"

"Yaas!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

Mauly smiled, and lazily watched the peculiar chase as it went on.

Bunter made a rush; Popoo made a backward hop. The fat Owl halted, panting for breath. A little exertion went a long way with Bunter, even at home in a temperate clime. In a tropic clime a very little exertion went a very long way.

"You cheeky black beast!" gasped Bunter. "Will you stop?"

"This feller Popoo no likee stop, sar! No likee lawyer-cane along back belong him!" answered the Tonga boy.

"I'll let you off," said Bunter. "Get on the whaleboat and I'll let you off the licking, though you jolly well deserve it."

"No likee goes along whaleboat, sar."

"You ungrateful black beast!" howled Bunter. "Think I'm paying you for nothing?"

"No tinkee you pay this poor feller Popoo nothing, sar."

"I'm going to, you black beast!" snorted Bunter. "Never mind that now. By gum, I jolly well wish now that I'd let that Lukwe skipper get hold of you when he was after you at Suva! Have you forgotten how I saved you from Cap'n Parsons, you black rotter?"

"White master tinkee back plenty too much!" said Popoo.

"Tinking back," or remembering, was not in Popoo's line—or any Kanaka's.

It was true that Bunter had given him a helping hand when he had run from Dandy Peter Parsons' cutter at Suva. Popoo's gratitude had lasted a week or more; but the incident had grown dim in his fuzzy mind. Perhaps, too, Bunter was not the kind of white master to keep gratitude alive. Popoo was lazy—almost as lazy as Bunter. Popoo's motto was that of all Kanakas—"no likee work." Bunter believed in "making 'em work." So really there were difficulties in the way of Popoo carrying on as a faithful nigger.

Bunter made another rush. Popoo made another backward jump. Lord Mauleverer chuckled under the palm.

"Get on that whaleboat!" roared Bunter.

"No likee, sar."

Billy Bunter stood breathing hard and deep. His fat face was spotted with perspiration, and crimson with wrath and exertion.

Popoo-lo-linga-lulo was grinning—actually impudently grinning!

He was going to dodge his infuriated white master till the whale-boat sailed. Then he was going to loll back to the shady spot from which Bunter had rooted him out, spread his brown lazy limbs in the shade, and pass a happy day without Bunter.

Bunter blinked at him ferociously through his big spectacles. It was not much use having a faithful nigger on these lines. That faithful nigger leaned on a palm, grinning, but watching Bunter like a cat, ready to dodge again if his fat white master drew nearer. Popoo was much more active at this game than Bunter was, and the fat Owl realised that he had no chance whatever of rounding up that unfaithful nigger.

But suddenly Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his big round spectacles. Popoo would not obey his master's voice; but he would jump, with both feet, to obey the voice of Mr. McTab. Not a brown man on Kalua would have dreamed of disobeying the little Scotch gentleman.

Mr. McTab was not on the spot, neither would he have been likely to enforce Bunter's authority, had he been there. But the Greyfriars ventriloquist was able to supply the deficiency.

"Tell that nigger to go on the whale-boat, Mr. McTab!" he called out.

Popoo chuckled derisively.

"Feller Mr. McTab no stop," he grinned. "That feller go along sugar plantation, me savvy too much."

"You feller Popoo!" came a sharp, rapping voice, apparently from under the palms close at hand.

Popoo jumped.

"Oh, yessar!" he stammered.

"You feller boy, you go along whale-boat close-up!" rapped the sharp voice.

"Yessar!"

Popoo stepped away from the palm.

The fat ventriloquist grinned. Popoo stared round, surprised not to see the manager of Kalua almost at his elbow. Not for a moment did he doubt that it was the voice of Mr. McTab that had rapped at him.

He did not see Mr. McTab, which was not surprising, as the manager was a mile away on one of the plantations.

Popoo's dark eyes rolled in astonishment.

"No see feller McTab, eye belong me!" he ejaculated. "Where that feller stop?"

"Get on the whaleboat!" snapped Bunter.

Popoo gave one more astonished stare round, and started for the whaleboat. Whether he could see Mr. McTab or not, he did not think for a moment of disobeying his command.

Unwillingly, but obediently, he started down the beach.

Billy Bunter rolled after him. There was a vengeful gleam in his eyes behind his spectacles as he rolled, and he gripped the lawyer-cane.

Whack!
"Ooooooh!" yelled Popoo, as the whack came across his bare brown back.

Whack!
Popoo bolted for the whaleboat. Bunter rolled after him, grinning. The Tonga boy scrambled into the whaleboat well ahead of Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, staring. "What's this game?"

"Keeping my nigger in order," said Bunter carelessly. "Any more cheek from you, Popoo, and you'll get a few more!"

"Yessar," mumbled Popoo, wriggling.

"So Popoo's coming," grinned Bob. "I rather fancied he was dodging."

"My nigger would not be likely to dispute my orders," answered Bunter, with dignity. "I can manage niggers."

And, really, it looked as if Bunter could manage niggers.

Popoo, willing or unwilling, was in the whaleboat when it pushed off from the quay, and glided away over the blue lagoon.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not An Albatross!

"I SAY, you fellows! Did you bring the rifles?"

"Yes."

"Sort out one for me, Bob."

"All you fellows paid up on your insurance?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"What the dickens do you want a rifle for, Bunter?" demanded Harry Wharton. "Tired of life?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

The Famous Five regarded Bunter in surprised inquiry.

There was a case of rifles and cartridges in the whaleboat. The seas round Kalua-alua-lalua were safe for voyagers, or Mr. McTab would never have allowed the Greyfriars fellows to sail out of the lagoon on their own. But far away on the Western sea was the savage island of Baloo.

The juniors were going nowhere near Baloo. They had had a glimpse of Kaminengo, the cannibal chief of Baloo, and his savage followers, on their way to Kalua, and did not want another. And no savage canoe ever ventured near Kalua. Nevertheless, in case of unexpected contingencies, it was only prudent to have firearms on board, and the case of rifles was packed in. The juniors did not expect to have to open it, and certainly it was not going to be opened to provide Billy Bunter with deadly weapons. Firearms in Bunter's hands would not have added to the general safety—rather the reverse.

Popoo sat at the steering oar. Lord Mauleverer reclined gracefully with his head on a cushion. The Famous Five gave their attention to sailing the boat. Bunter was blinking round the blue

horizon, when he suddenly made his surprising request for a rifle.

"You can load it for me, Wharton," said the fat Owl. "Buck up!"

"If you handle a rifle, old fat man, I shall take jolly good care that it's not loaded," answered the captain of the Greyfriars Remove. "We're enjoying life too much to be tired of it yet."

"I'm going to have a shot at that albatross!" snapped Bunter.

"What?"

"Which?"

The eyes of the Famous Five were a good deal better than Bunter's. But they could see no albatross winging over the sea.

"Can't you see it?" demanded Bunter.

"Blessed if I can!" said Nugent, staring round.

"You'd better get some specs," said Bunter scornfully. "It's plain enough to me, and I'm jolly well going to bring it down!"

Lord Mauleverer lifted his lazy head.

"Don't let that fat idiot kill anythin'!" he murmured. "What does the hewlin' ass want to kill anythin' for?"

"Oh, really, Mauly! You're no sportsman," answered Bunter, scornfully. "I'm certainly going to bring that albatross down!"

"One of you fellows kick him!" yawned Mauleverer.

"All serene, Mauly!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Bunter's not going to get hold of a loaded gun! Besides, there isn't any albatross."

"Blind?" hooted Bunter.

"Well, where is it, then?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Look!" snorted Bunter. And he pointed.

There was a sudden howl from the Famous Five.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They howled and yelled.

Far away on the sea a dingy lugger was rolling. Distant as it was the juniors knew it. It was Barney Hall's lugger that had pulled out of the Kalua lagoon that morning, taking away the beachcomber from Mauly's island. It had been in sight for some time, though Bunter, apparently, had only just spotted it.

Bunter, however, did not recognise it as Barney Hall's lugger, or a vessel at all. That was the albatross he wanted to bring down with a rifle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the jolly old joke?" asked Lord Mauleverer, sitting up.

"Bunter wants to shoot Barney Hall," answered Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh gad! Is that the albatross?" Mauly grinned at the distant, rolling lugger. "Oh gad! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wharrer you mean?" roared Bunter. "I tell you I'm jolly well going to get that albatross! You can sail a bit nearer before it flies away."

"Oh, my hat! Mr. MacTab would have another prisoner at the bar if you did," chuckled Bob. "That's a lugger, fathead! 'Tain't an albatross; it's a lugger!"

"Rot!" said Bunter. "Look here! Will you unpack a rifle for me to get that albatross?"

"Hardly!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "You wouldn't be likely to hit it; but you might. Think of Mr.

McTab's feelings, if he had to send you over to Suva to be hanged!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Popoo!" roared Bunter.

"Yessar!"

"Steer for the albatross!"

Popoo's eyes grew big and round.

"No feller albatross, sir. Feller lugger, sar, belong Barney Hall, belong Tonga."

"So you want another spot of lawyer-cane!" roared Bunter. "Steer for that albatross at once! If you fellows are too lazy to unpack a rifle, I'll do it myself. Starboard, Popoo, or—or port—I—I forget which! Anyhow, make straight for that albatross."

Billy Bunter scrambled towards the case of rifles.

Johnny Bull put a foot in his way, and Bunter sat down with a bump that made the whaleboat rock.

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Bunter.

"Leave the rifles alone, you fat ass! You're not safe with firearms," grunted Johnny Bull. "And shut up!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "I say, you fellows, if you think you're going to spoil my sport, you're jolly well mistaken! Just like you, I must say! Beastly selfishness all round—"

"You silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's not an albatross, and if it were you wouldn't be allowed to pot at it!"

"Beast! I say, Mauly—"

"Oh, let's run a bit nearer, and let the howling ass see what it is," said Harry Wharton. "Get hold of that sheet, Bob."

The wind was coming out of the north, and the lugger, some distance south of the whaleboat, was beating east. It was, therefore, easy for the Greyfriars crew to run in closer to Barney Hall's craft. Bob unhooked the sheet from the cleat, and Popoo, grinning, steered for the distant lugger.

The whaleboat, changing her course to south by east, ran swiftly, almost direct before the wind. Bunter's albatross grew rapidly larger to the view.

The fat junior blinked at it with satisfaction. Shooting an albatross on the Pacific would be something to tell the fellows in the Remove studies, later on. Bunter was already thinking of having it stuffed, to stick up in Study No. 7 in the Remove! Barney Hall, the trader of Tonga, would probably have been very much astonished, had he been aware that there was a fat schoolboy in the approaching whaleboat, who was thinking of having his lugger stuffed.

"Get out that rifle!" said Bunter.

"I'd better have it ready!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you cackling beasts—"

"Wait till you see the jolly old albatross a bit nearer," chuckled Bob.

"If you begin shooting at that albatross, I fancy that Barney Hall will get a bit shirty. He might pop back with a gun."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" snorted Bunter.

The lug-sail was still an albatross to Bunter!

But as the whaleboat ran swiftly on and the Tonga lugger grew nearer and clearer Bunter's expression changed.

The short-sighted Owl of the Remove began to make out the craft at last: and even Bunter had to realise that an albatross, mighty bird as it often was, was not provided with a mast and a sail.

"Oh!" said Bunter.

The whaleboat swept round in easy view of the lugger. Barney Hall stood in full view, staring at it. His two Tonga boys could be seen, staring also.

A fourth figure appeared—that of the tattered beachcomber of Kalua. Bunter had to admit that this was no albatross! An albatross with a crew of four was really altogether too uncommon!

The juniors had rather forgotten Ysabel Dick. They were reminded of him by the dark, bitter face that stared over the lugger's low rail.

They saw the outcast of Kalua lift his fist, clenched, and shake it at the whaleboat. Then they saw Barney Hall step towards him, and, with a swing of his sinewy arm, knock the beachcomber backwards with the back of his heavy hand.

The man from Ysabel disappeared from their sight. Harry Wharton knitted his brows.

He rapped a word to Popoo, at the steering oar, and the whaleboat shot away from the lugger.

Little as they liked the worthless outcast of Kalua, the rough and brutal action of the Tonga skipper gave them an unpleasant jolt. It was plain that Ysabel Dick was not booked for an easy time on his trip away from Kalua. He deserved no better, perhaps, but it was not pleasant to see—and not pleasant to realise that they were partly the cause of the wretched man having been knocked backwards by the Tonga trader.

"That fat ass—" growled Bob Cherry.

"Boot him!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, did you think I fancied that was an albatross?" grinned Billy Bunter. "Only pulling your leg! He, he, he! Of course, I knew it was that lugger all the time! He, he, he!"

"You fat, footling, fibbing, flopshus freak—"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Bump him!" said Bob.

"Good egg!"

"I say, you fellows!" roared Bunter. "I say—yaroo! You jolly well bump me, and I'll— Whoooooop!"

Bump!

"Ow! Beasts!" roared Bunter. "I say—wow! Yow! Wow!"

Bunter sat and roared.

The Tonga lugger, rolling on long tacks eastward, became a speck on the sea.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
The Solitary Island!

"**L**OVELY!" said Frank Nugent.

"The loveliness is terrific!"

Even Lord Mauleverer sat up and took notice.

No doubt Billy Bunter would have done the same, but for the fact that he had encircled the contents of one of the provision baskets, and gone to sleep after his exertions.

The scene upon which the Greyfriars fellows were gazing was like a dream of beauty.

It was a tiny island—not, perhaps, more than half a mile in extent at its widest point, a quarter of a mile at its narrowest.

Clusters of stanting palms waved feathery fronds, mingled with hibiscus and pawpaw. Green and scarlet gleamed in the brilliant sunshine. A little beach, white as if blanched, dazzled the eyes. Far out from the beach, coral reefs creamed with spray, forming a barrier against the Pacific, like the great barrier reef at Kalua. There was no sign of any inhabitant—it was a solitude so far as human beings were concerned, though the bird life was plentiful.

"By gum!" said Bob Cherry. "There's some jolly old beauty spots spotted about the Pacific, you fellows."

"It's a gem!" said Johnny Bull.

"And it draws you like a magnet!" grinned Bob.

Harry Wharton scanned the island. The weather was perfect, the wind light. In rougher weather it would have been dangerous to run near the little island, but now all was calm and bright.

Popoo steered for one of the openings in the circling coral.

"What's it called, you men?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Has it got a name?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Bob. "Popoo! You savvy that feller island, name belong him?"

"Yessar!" answered Popoo. "Name belong that feller island Yo'o, sar."

"Yo'o!" repeated Bob. "Nobody there, Popoo?"

"No, sar!" said Popoo. "No feller stop along Yo'o, sar! Long time before feller stop; no feller stop any more altogether."

"We must be twenty miles from Kalua!" said Harry Wharton. "Lovely spot, but a bit solitary. I suppose, after a time! Not much room for planting, either! But I should have thought some natives would be there."

(Continued on next page.)

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"No stop any more, sar!" said Popoo. "Why did the natives leave such a jolly place?" asked Bob.

Popoo made a grimace.

"Nigger-stealer comey, sar, makee takee all feller bey along ship, go along plantation belong white feller, sar," he answered. "Long time before."

"Oh!" said Bob.

His cheery face darkened a little.

The juniors had heard, and read, of the "black-birders" of the old days, who kidnapped natives from the islands to be carried off to the plantations. They knew that small islands had sometimes been cleared of their population. Yo'o it seemed, was one of them.

Probably so small an island had not supported a population of more than a hundred or so. One visit from a kidnapping ship had been enough to leave Yo'o a solitude—and it had remained so ever since. It was a paradise of Nature—but the serpent had crept into it! It was not a pleasant reflection that the serpent had come in the shape of a white man's ship!

"Well, that sort of thing's all over now, thank goodness," said Harry Wharton. "We'll land here for grub, you fellows."

"Yes, rather."

Lord Mauleverer sat looking at the lovely little island, as the whaleboat glided down to it, fanned by the light wind.

Mauly, who seldom displayed keenness on anything, was keen on cruising among the islands of the Kalua group. The nearest islands it was possible to visit in the whaleboat, which the Greyfriars fellows could handle themselves. They were going to use a schooner for more extended cruises.

His lazy lordship had a reason for being keen on cruising among the

islands. It was in the Kalua group that Brian Mauleverer, his cousin, the "bad hat" of the family, had last been heard of.

Mauly entertained the hope of falling in with the scapegrace during that holiday in the South Seas.

Brian had been at Pita, six months ago: the farthest island in the group, and a port of call for the Sydney steamer. He was no longer at Pita. Where he was, Mauly had not the remotest idea.

He had told his friends that he was going to look for "old Brian" in the South Seas—a task that rather resembled looking for a floating cork in the sea!

Perhaps Mauly realised how hopeless it was, for he was not making a fearful lot of exertion. He seemed, rather, to be hoping that some news of Brian Mauleverer would turn up of its own accord.

If the missing man were still anywhere in the Kalua group of islands, it was possible that something might be heard of him; if he was not, it was obviously futile to think of seeking him amid thousands of islands in thousands of miles of ocean.

So Mauly, no doubt, hoped that he was still somewhere about, and left it at that. He was, at all events, going to visit every island in the group one after another, and leave no stone unturned, so far as that went.

His friends hardly hoped that he would be successful.

From what they had heard of old Brian, he was not merely a "bad hat," but a dissipated and unscrupulous "rotter." He had sailed with Van Dink, the Dutch freebooter, who was now in the island-gaol on Kalua. They

could not help thinking that the less Mauly saw of him the better.

"By gad, you know, a fellow might do worse than set up on a jolly little island like that!" remarked Lord Mauleverer.

"Bit lonely after a week or two," said Johnny Bull.

"Yaas. But a fellow who wanted to work would find it all right," said Mauly. "With a spot of capital to get a plantation going—what? I shouldn't wonder if that island belongs to me—"

"Eh?"

"Some of them do, as well as Kalua," explained Lord Mauleverer. "I forget their names. If old Brian wanted to start in the planting line—"

"Oh!" said Bob; and as Lord Mauleverer continued to gaze thoughtfully at the little island Bob gave his friends a wink, and they grinned.

Brian Mauleverer, they rather fancied, was about the last man in the Pacific to put in several years of strenuous work planting on an island. "I mean to say, he mentioned that he needed capital in his letter to my uncle," said Lord Mauleverer. "Might have had some idea of that sort—what?"

"The mightfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Perhaps we'll find him there, surveying the land and thinking out what a chance it is to put in a spot of real hard work," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Begad! That would be rippin', wouldn't it?" said Lord Mauleverer innocently. "I'd back him up no end, you know, if he were really goin' to put his back into it. He was always a bit of an idler. But one mustn't be too hard on a bloke. Quelch has called me lazy, you know; at school."

"Now, I wonder what put that into Quelch's head?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer grinned; but his amiable face became serious again. "I suppose there ain't a healthy chance that I shall come across old Brian," he remarked. "But I'd give a good deal to see him, and see him turnin' over a new leaf. If anythin' happened to me he would be Lord Mauleverer—and I shouldn't like the old place to go to pot."

"We'll take jolly good care that nothing happens to you, old bean, if only for the sake of the old place!" said Bob, with a chuckle.

"Well, accidents happen, you know," yawned Lord Mauleverer. "That Dutch blighter Van Dink came jolly near pushin' me off the Sunderbund when we were comin' out. And Bunter's nearly bored me to death several times. You fellows keep your ears open for news of Brian."

"This feller keep ear belong him plenty too much wide open," assured Bob Cherry; and Mauly chuckled and laid his noble head on the cushion again.

The whaleboat ran inside the reef, and the sail was taken in.

There was a loud yelp from Bunter as he was trodden on.

It was quite a large and roomy whaleboat, but really there was not a lot of space for a fellow to sprawl about with fat legs extended. The biggest foot in the Greyfriars Remove landed on a fat leg as Bob Cherry lent a hand with the sail.

"Wow!" spluttered Bunter. "Ow!" He sat up. "Beast! Wharrer you tramping on me for? You want an Atlantic liner, Bob Cherry, if you're going to take both your feet about with you! Popoo!"

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"Yessar?"

"Come and give me a hand up, you lazy nigger!"

"This feller steer, sar—hand belong him."

"Do you want some more lawyer-cane?" roared Bunter. He seemed to have awakened in rather an irritable mood. Perhaps some of the varied assortment of comestibles that he had encircled were on ill terms with one another.

"You stick where you are, Popoo," said Bob. "I'll help your white feller master."

"Yessar!"

There was no particular reason, so far as the other fellows could see, why Billy Bunter should not have heaved himself up unaided. True, he had rather an uncommon amount of weight to lift. But that was Bunter all over. The most faithful of faithful niggers might have jibbed at the extent of faithful service that that fat white master required.

However, if Bunter wanted assistance, Bob Cherry was more than ready to render it. He stooped over Bunter.

"Up you come!" he said cheerily.

And he grabbed a fat ear.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

"Up with you, old fat man—"

"Beast! Leggo!" raved Bunter.

"You're pulling my ear off! Ow! Leggo! Will you leggo my ear?"

"Don't you want to be helped up?"

"Ow! Beast! Leggo my ear!" shrieked Bunter. "Beast! Cad! Rotter! I'm getting up, ain't I?"

Bunter got up quite quickly. He gave Bob Cherry a devastating glare through his spectacles by way of thanks for assistance rendered and sat rubbing a fat ear while the whaleboat glided in to the white beach of Yo'o.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Overboard!

"BY hokey!" roared Barney Hall. The burly, brawny trader of Tonga clenched his huge fists, glaring at the beachcomber of Kalua.

Soo, the boat-steerer, and the other Tonga boy, who formed the crew of the lugger, grinned.

Barney was not in a good temper that day. The dingy, clumsy old lugger was heading to the eastward, in which direction lay Pita, which was Barney's next port of call. It was not easy work, for the old Tonga lugger objected to getting anywhere near the wind. Tacking and wearing, and often losing way, were not calculated to improve any skipper's temper—and Barney's temper was never very good, to begin with.

All was grist that came to the mill of the dingy trader of Tonga, and Barney had been glad enough to take the beachcomber on his lugger to be carried off Kalua for a small fee. But for the beachcomber himself the brawny Barney had only scorn and contempt, and he had given him plenty of the raw edge of his tongue—rather to the relief of his crew, who were accustomed to getting it all themselves.

Angry words and reckless blows were rather the rule than the exception on board Barney Hall's craft. Five or six times, at least, already, his heavy hand had fallen on Ysabel Dick.

The lugger, small as it was, was short-handed, with a skipper and a crew of two native boys, unless it was running before the wind. An extra

hand was more than welcome when Barney had to beat his way along in a series of wavy sacks. But the beachcomber—idle in the tone, and breathing rage and bitterness and sullen defiance—was not going to jump to Barney's orders if he could help it.

He found that he could not help it. One word of defiance was followed by a blow that spun him across the lugger.

Then he turned to, but he was of little use—or was determined to be of little use. So the two Tonga boys escaped their usual attentions from Barney's tongue and knuckles—all being bestowed on the wretched beachcomber.

For long, hot, weary hours Ysabel Dick had led a dog's life on the lugger, his savage rage growing deeper and more bitter with every passing hour.

It had given the finishing touch to his bitter rage to glimpse the Kalua whaleboat with the happy crowd of schoolboys in it.

The whaleboat had long disappeared

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now. The lugger thumped and bumped onward through the endless Pacific rollers.

Barney Hall comforted himself with a deep pull at a square bottle, and then turned to behold a sight that made him roar with rage.

The lugger towed a small dinghy, there being no room for carrying a boat. Ysabel Dick had grasped the tow-rope and pulled the dinghy in.

Taking advantage of Barney's back being turned for a few minutes, the desperate outcast was seeking to escape.

Had Barney been a minute longer off the deck the outcast would have been in the dinghy, the rope cast off, and fleeing. Barney, no doubt, would have taken the trouble to run him down, rather than lose his boat; but it would have meant long delay and endless trouble—and Barney had had delays and troubles enough already beating

along to Pita. But he was just in time to stop the beachcomber.

His enraged roar rang and echoed through the lugger and far over the water as he rushed at the beachcomber.

Ysabel Dick, gritting his teeth, made a desperate leap for the boat, but the Tonga trader's brawny fist caught him as he leaped and hurled him crashing on the deck.

He sprawled gasping. The dinghy slid back to the end of the tow-rope.

Barney Hall, with clenched fists and scowling brow, glared down at the wretched beachcomber. The two Tonga boys grinned at one another.

"You scum!" roared Barney. "You scum of the beaches! By hokey, you'd run in my boat, would you? By hokey!"

He kicked the sprawling wretch, and kicked him again, and yet again. The trader's feet were bare—but they were hard and heavy.

Ysabel Dick panted and howled under the savage kicks.

"I reckon I'll l'arn you!" said Barney, between his teeth. "You lubberly scum, I'll haze you, by hokey! Get up, you scum, and lay hold of that sheet! I'll teach you to haul before we make Pita, by hokey! Get up, you crawling jetsam of the beach!"

The man from Ysabel, gasping, staggered up.

His eyes burned at the Tonga trader. Ysabel Dick had been a white man, if he was hardly to be called one now. Barney was handling him like a native—more roughly than he handled a native. And there was more to come, if he did not turn to and make himself useful as far as Pita. He staggered against the gunwale of the lugger, struggling for breath.

"You hear me?" roared Barney Hall, following him up, his big fist clenched to knock the beachcomber down again.

Ysabel Dick's face was desperate.

He had no chance of getting away in the trader's boat. He cast a wild glance round at the sea, as if thinking of taking to the water.

Far away, a tuft of palm-tops nodded against the blue sky—too far away for any but a powerful swimmer. And the beachcomber, once strong enough, had had his strength sapped by foul liquors—his very skin reeked horribly of gin. No such swim was possible to him.

Neither, indeed, would Barney have given him the chance. He had been paid to carry the deported outcast away from Kalua, and he was going to land him at Pita. He would have stopped to pick up the outcast had he jumped overboard, and beaten him black and blue for having given him the trouble.

But the man was desperate.

Barney, with jutting jaw, stepped closer to him, his heavy fist drawn back to knock him away from the gunwale.

Ysabel Dick ducked the blow, barely escaped it, and leaped away aft.

Soo, the boat-steerer, at the tiller, grinned at him. But he ceased to grin the next moment as Ysabel Dick grappled with him, and, taking him by surprise, wrenched him away from the tiller.

Soo, with a startled howl, went head-long on the deck, his fuzzy head banging on the planks. The tiller swung free.

The lugger yawed, and fairly spun into the wind.

Barney Hall, rushing after the beachcomber as he saw his action, lost his footing as the lugger whirled, her bows dipping deep, the deck slanting wildly.

He rolled over, roaring with rage, sprawling over Soo. The other Tonga boy clung to a hold, as the lugger

rocked frantically, threatening to capsize.

Ysabel Dick leapt on to the gunwale, put his hands together, and dived into the sea.

Deep down went the beachcomber of Kalua, and he came up, gasping as his face emerged into the blaze of the sun, and striking out desperately for that distant tuft of palms.

His escape was unheeded on the lugger. Barney Hall was far too busy to think of him, or whether he lived or went down to the bottom of the Pacific. The Tonga trader struggled for his feet, and scrambled to the swinging tiller, yelling to his crew. He had to get his craft in hand again, and he did not even think about the beachcomber.

By the time Barney had leisure to think of him, the lugger was more than half a mile from the spot where Ysabel Dick had jumped overboard.

Barney Hall scowled over the shining sea, but there was no sign to be seen of the man from Ysabel, and he had little doubt that the beachcomber had gone down in the deep waters. Had he been at hand, Barney would have picked him up—but tacking and wearing over wide spaces in search of him, with little chance of seeing him, was quite a different matter.

Barney Hall shrugged his brawny shoulders, and stood on his course to Pina. The man from Ysabel had asked for it, and he had to take what came to him; and Barney had no doubt that his fate would remain unknown to all but the sharks of the Pacific. He stood on his course—and a man who was still struggling, far away on the rolling waters, saw the lug-sail disappear on the sea rim.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Poetic!

"THIS reminds me of a jolly old poem!" said Bob Cherry.

Whereat his comrades grinned.

Bob was not, as a rule, poetical. His knowledge of poetry was chiefly limited to the amount that he unavoidably absorbed when "English Literature" was dealt with in the Remove Form Room at Greyfriars.

Bob would rather have hit a "sixer" than have written the Iliad, with the Odyssey thrown in.

But the little isle of Yo'o had put even Bob into a poetical mood.

It was undoubtedly a beauty spot.

The whaleboat was tied up to a peg driven in the sandy beach. It bobbed peacefully on the calm waters at the end of the rope.

The Greyfriars party were sitting, or lying, on soft white sand, under the shade of lofty nodding palms.

They had landed the stores from the boat. Supplies of provender had been unpacked. Even Bunter had found energy enough to lend a helping hand in that task!

It was, as Bob remarked, a "cold collation"; nobody was dreaming of lighting a cooking fire, in the blaze of tropic heat. But it was ample, and varied; and after a run in the sea wind, every member of the party was prepared to do full justice to it—which they accordingly did.

They had not found any water on the little island so far; but they had a keg from the whaleboat. As the isle had once been inhabited, no doubt there was water somewhere; but it was not to be seen from the spot of beach where they had landed.

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Over the palm-tops, the sun soared like a ball of fire, in a sky of unclouded blue. Heat lay heavy on Yo'o. Even the Famous Five were not disposed to move in a hurry after an ample lunch.

Popoo had gone into the shade of the palms, probably to get out of hearing of his fat white master's squeak. Bunter had required a good deal of waiting on at lunch. Now, however, the fat Owl was packed to the chin, leaning back against a palm, and in quite a happy and contented mood. He had not room for one more banana—which was rather a pity, for the bananas were ripe and rich and tempting. Still, even Bunter had a limit, though it was a wide one. He had done his best; and no fellow could do more!

Lord Mauleverer, half-asleep, yawned gently. The Famous Five sat at ease, on sand as soft as down cushions.

The vast Pacific stretched, endless, before their eyes, of deepest blue. Far away in the west, a blur showed the distant hilltop of Kalua. Nothing else broke the illimitable circle of the sea. Barney Hall's lugger had long ago been lost to sight; no other craft had appeared on the horizon. They might have fancied themselves the last inhabitants of a deserted world. The almost unearthly beauty of their surroundings moved even Bob to poetical meditations.

"We had it in class once," said Bob. "Let's see—how did it go? What was the name of the jolly old sportsman who went home from Troy in a jolly old boat—"

"Ulysses!" yawned Nugent.

"That was the old bean," agreed Bob, "and they came to the land of the lotus-eaters, where everybody was as lazy as Bunter—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"This reminds me of the jolly old lotus-land," said Bob. "I don't know whether the lotus grows here—but cold roast pork makes you feel just as lazy—in this jolly old climate—"

"Not so poetical!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand!" said Bob. "What comes next? Do you remember, Mauly?"

"Yaas—I mean, no!"

"I say, you fellows, I think—"

"Well, what do you think, Bunter?" asked Bob.

"I think I could manage one more banana, after all. Push that bunch over here, will you?"

"You fat ass!" hooted Bob. "I'm talking about poetry, not bananas!"

"Well, don't!" suggested Bunter. "I say, you might shove those bananas this way! I don't want to move!"

The bananas were nearly a foot out of Bunter's reach.

"That lazy brute Popoo has cleared off!" granted the fat Owl. "These Kanakas are simply bone idle, you fellows! Talk about laziness! They take the cake! I say, Bob, chuck those bananas this way!"

"Here you are!"

"Ow! Beast!" roared Bunter, as Bob Cherry clucked the bunch of bananas.

They landed on a fat chin.

"Have some more?" asked Bob. "More here—"

"Ow! No! Beast!"

"I've got it," said Bob, ruminating. "Listen—"

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,

Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;

And sweet it was, to dream of father-land,

Of child and wife, and slave, but evermore

Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam;

Then someone said 'We will return no more,'

And all at once they sang: 'Our island home

Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

Lord Mauleverer sat up.

"That's jolly good!" he said. "Carry on!"

"That's all I remember," said Bob.

"Thank goodness!" granted Bunter. "Just like you to remind a fellow of lessons, Bob! For goodness' sake don't spout any more Shakespeare!"

"Any more what?" yelled Bob.

"I—I—I mean, Byron!" said Bunter hastily.

"You howling ass, that's Tennyson!"

"Oh, rot!" said Bunter. "Shelley, I fancy! You don't know much about poetry, Bob! Anyhow, don't spout any more! It reminds a fellow of being in class with Quelch!"

"You unpoetical porpoise—"

"Yah!"

Bunter closed his eyes behind his big spectacles. He did not want anything in the poetical line. He wanted to go to sleep.

"Cough up some more, Bob!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I've always been goin' to learn the 'Lotus Eaters' by heart—but I never have. Sort of johnnies I feel I could have got on with. Tennyson could write poetry. He seldom did—but he could! What? They make a lot of jokes about the jolly old Victorians—but some of the Victorians could do things we can't do now. Such as poems! Carry on."

"Let's see," said Bob. "There's another bit—oh, here it is!

"There is sweet music here that softer falls

Than petals from blown roses on the grass."

Snore!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter had fallen asleep, and he contributed a snore, which was certainly very unlike sweet music that more softly fell than petals from blown roses on the grass!

"Shut up, you snoring grampus!" hissed Bob. And he went on:

"There is sweet music here that softer falls

Than petals from blown roses on the grass,

Or night-dews on still waters, between walls

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

Music that gentler on the spirit lies Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."

Snore!

"You fat porker—"

Snore!

"Kill him, somebody!"

Snore!

Lord Mauleverer rose to his feet. Poetry, to the accompaniment of Billy Bunter's snore palled on his lordship.

"What about a stroll over the jolly old island?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!"

The Famous Five jumped up at once. Leaving Billy Bunter snoring, they strolled up through the palms towards the interior of Yo'o.

Lord Mauleverer's stroll lasted exactly as long as it took him to get out of



As Barney Hall rolled over, roaring with rage, the boat rocked frantically. Leaping to his feet, Ysabel Dick, the beachcomber of Kalua, put his hands together and dived into the sea!

hearing of Bunter's snore. Then he sat down under a shady palm.

"Is that as far as you're going to walk, Mauly?" inquired Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Yaas!"

And the Famous Five, grinning, walked on, leaving Mauly to gaze dreamily at sea and sky, and doze gently, while Bunter snored on the beach, and Popoo slumbered somewhere in the shade.

But the Famous Five, at all events, had not come to the South Seas to follow the ways of Lotus Eaters, and they walked on with springy steps, to explore the little tropical island, set like a gem in the blue immensity of the Pacific.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Cast Up By The Sea!

YSABEL DICK'S dizzy eyes looked at the burning blue sky, and a bubbling groan came from his lips. And it was at that moment that his hand came in contact with the bobbing driftwood.

His grasp closed on it.

It was in a mood of sheer desperation that the beachcomber had flung himself into the sea from the Tonga lugger. Any chance, however desperate, had seemed to him better than "hazing" at the brawny hands of Barney Hall. And it had seemed to him that there was a chance—if a slim one. That nodding tuft of palms was distant, but he might reach it. And he drew renewed hope from the fact that there was a current setting westward, which helped him in his attempt to reach the island.

But it was not long before he realised that there was no chance. He was, or had been, a good swimmer, but the

beach had sapped his strength; he was nothing like the man he had once been.

The lug-sail had vanished from his eyes—there was no hope from Barney Hall, even had he, with death hovering over him, wished to get back to the lugger and the trader's brawny fists. When he lifted his head from the waves, he could see the palms—a little nearer perhaps, but terribly distant—mocking him with their promise of safety.

He had miscalculated the distance, so far as he had, in his passionate desperation, thought about it at all. There was no chance! His strength was going—and he knew that he would still be miles, long miles, many miles, short of those mocking palms, when the Pacific rollers washed him lifeless to and fro.

And then, in the moment of despair, his hand struck something in the waters, and he clutched—the clutch of a drowning man.

He did not know what it was—and for long minutes he did not care! He hung on, afloat, satisfied to be relieved of effort, to keep his head above the rolling water.

But as his strength revived, he groped over it, and discerned that it was a palm-trunk—no doubt torn away from some island shore in a hurricane, and sent adrift on the sea. For days, or weeks, or months, that log had drifted aimlessly on the wide waters—and now he was grasping it, and it was saving his life!

He floated on, clinging to the log, drifting westward on the current. He drifted slowly, but the palm-tops in the distance grew clearer.

Hope revived in the heart of the out-cast of Kalua.

That tuft of palms told of an island—one of the scattered isles of the Kalua group. Kalua itself was far away; he

had no hope of reaching it. But all he asked was to set his foot on land.

His tattered hat still clung to his head—but the burning sun baked down on him like an oven. Salt water caked his lips, and thirst tormented him. But there was hope in his heart.

The nodding palms lay west by north—and the current was drifting him west. He would pass by the island, far to the south of it, if he remained clinging to the unguided log. Keeping to the support of the driftwood, he swam again, steering himself northward.

If he missed the island, he was doomed. But he was not going to miss it, now that the driftwood had come to save him.

Hope was in his heart; and with renewed hope came renewed plans. He had been turned off Kalua, and to return there to "comb the beach" again was impossible. Mr. McTab would see to that. But there were untrodden recesses on Kalua, high bush on the hill, where he could hide, where he could lurk hidden and unknown, if he succeeded in getting back to Lord Mauleverer's island.

Then—then he could, and would, carry on with his desperate scheme against the schoolboy earl—with an associate to help him, if he could succeed in releasing Van Dink from the island gaol.

But first of all, he had to get ashore, on the first land that he could reach, and that was this little isle, twenty miles or more from Kalua-alua-lalua. He had to reach it or die.

Closer and closer the palm-trunk drifted, but he was still far south of the nodding palm fronds ashore. With all his efforts, he could not make north-

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The SCHOOLBOY CRUSOES!



By FRANK RICHARDS

(Continued from page 13.)

ward to a sufficient extent to escape being drifted past. He dared not abandon the floating log—but it became clearer and clearer to his tormented mind that he would never succeed in steering that log to the island.

It rolled and drifted on, with the beachcomber clinging to it, and his efforts were now frantic to make northward. The isle loomed quite near—he could make out the feathery fronds that nodded in the sea-wind—the red blossoms that glowed from the thickets. But the drifting log was going to miss the island, and he could not prevent it.

There was a jarring, jolting bump. The shock came suddenly, and jolted him from his hold.

The driftwood had jolted on a half-submerged reef of coral. It rolled away, out of the beachcomber's reach as he lost his hold.

But the coral was under him, hardly a foot under the rolling water, and he scrambled on it and gained a stumbling foothold.

The log rolled on, and disappeared in the waves. He was left stranded on the sunken reef.

But he was hardly a hundred yards from the island beach.

He stood unsteadily on the rough coral, the sea washing around his legs, and shaded his haggard eyes with one hand, staring at the island. Then he scrambled along to where a rugged spur of rock jutted over the water, and sat down on it, to rest—to wait for his strength to revive, for the swim to the shore.

Watching the isle, he knew where he was now; he knew that it was a tiny, uninhabited spot of land, twenty miles or so east of Kalua. It was a safe refuge for him till he could build himself a canoe to get back to Kalua and find a hiding-place in the bush there.

He gazed longingly at the coconut-palms, so near, yet so far, thinking of the cool milk in the clustering nuts. His throat was parched with thirst, his lips salt from the sea. But he had to wait till his strength revived before he could swim. If he failed to make the shore he would never have a second chance.

Then, as he looked, he gave a sudden start, and a blaze of hate came into his sunken eyes.

He picked out the shape of a boat tied up farther along the beach, and he knew it at once as Mr. McTab's whaleboat—the one in which he had seen the Greyfriars party sailing.

They were there! The boat was tied up; no one was in it. He could see that it was vacant, unless someone was lying down, out of sight under the gunwale.

That, then, was where Lord Mauleverer and his friends had been going when he had sighted them from the lugger. To that little isle, Yo'o; and they were there now, barring him off from his only refuge!

He groaned aloud with rage and disappointment.

Likely enough, they would seize him

as soon as he landed. Whatever Lord Mauleverer believed, he had no doubt that Mauleverer's friends believed him guilty of the kidnapping on Kalua, like Mr. McTab. They would make him a prisoner. Or, if they did not, they would report having seen him to the manager at Kalua, and that came to the same thing. Angus McTab had deported him, and would not allow him to linger so near at hand. He would send a crew of Kanakas to bring him in.

The outcast clenched his fists in rage! It was an unexpected and crushing blow to all his hopes.

But he braced himself. He had no choice but to land on Yo'o or go down to his death in the sea. He realised that no one was in sight—no eyes was on him. He might yet swim ashore and hide, unseen. Probably they were exploring the island—likely enough for schoolboys to be doing so. Anyhow, he could see nothing of them.

Then another thought came, and his eyes flashed! If they had gone out of sight of the beach, the whaleboat was at his mercy!

He caught his breath.

They had tied up the boat and left it, never dreaming that it needed guarding on that solitary isle in the immensity of the ocean, never dreaming of a desperate man cast up by the sea!

The beachcomber of Kalua made up his mind. With shut teeth he slipped, at last, from the inner side of the reef and swam for the beach.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Stranded!

SNORE!

Billy Bunter, the only member of the Greyfriars party who remained at the camp on the beach, slept, and snored.

Leaning on the palm, with his fat little legs stretched out, his hat tilted over his face, to keep off sun and flies, the fat Owl slept as soundly as ever he had slept in the dormitory at Greyfriars School.

If he were dreaming, he certainly did not dream that a haggard, dripping figure was dragging itself from the water, full in view of his eyes, had he opened them.

Billy Bunter would have had a startling surprise, had his eyes opened at that moment.

But they did not open! Deep in happy slumber, the fat junior snored, never dreaming that a desperate man had been cast up by the sea, almost at his feet.

Ysabel Dick stood on the sand, breathing hard and deep after his struggle ashore, exhausted, sweating. But he was ashore; his feet were on the land at last. He passed his hand across his eyes, and stared round him.

None of the Greyfriars party was to be seen, and it was clear that they had gone inland. Then suddenly his eyes fell on Bunter!

He gave a start, stooped, and grasped a rugged lump of coral from the beach—an instinctive grasp at a weapon. But he saw the next moment that the fat schoolboy was fast asleep.

Bunter did not stir. He would have stirred, fast enough, if he had seen the haggard man staring at him, the lump of coral in his hand. But he snored on regardless.

The man from Ysabel breathed more freely, with relief. He could have dealt with Bunter easily enough; but one howl from the fat schoolboy would

have reached every ear on the little island.

Bunter was asleep, and did not look like waking. So long as he did not alarm him, he was safe from Bunter.

His eyes fixed on the water-keg. Another moment, and he reached it. A tin pannikin lay at hand. And he drank, and drank—and drank; and as his burning thirst was allayed new life came into his limbs, new light into his eyes.

He laid down the tin mug at last and shot a suspicious glance round him—the glance of a hunted animal.

Bunter snored on! He had nothing to fear from Bunter! But the others—or some of them—might return at any moment; and he remembered that he had seen a native in the whaleboat—the Tonga boy, Popoo. He had no time to lose. He made a step towards the whaleboat, but paused.

To enter the boat, cut the mooring-rope, and steer out to sea was easy. He could not hoist the sail unaided, and it would be hard work rowing the long, heavy boat single-handed; but once out in the current it would drift. Once out of reach of recapture, he cared for nothing else. But he needed food, and still more, he needed water; and he could see that all the stores had been taken out of the boat.

Minutes were precious, but he had to delay for that. He rolled the keg down to the boat, and contrived to heave it on board. It slipped from his hands and clattered in the whaleboat, and his eyes shot round to Bunter. The noise seemed, to his own startled ears, like thunder. But it had not awakened Bunter.

Breathing hard, the beachcomber stepped back and grasped up bunches of bananas and tossed them into the boat. Then he laid hands on three or four rush baskets of food.

He stayed for no more. Every instant he dreaded to hear a returning footstep, or a voice shouting the alarm.

He cast off the rope, tossed it into the whaleboat, and scrambled in after it. A shove from an oar sent the boat rocking out from the beach.

Ysabel Dick grinned with glee! He had succeeded, almost beyond his hopes. Even if they saw him now, they could not stop him. He cared little if he heard a shout giving the alarm.

But there was no shout! Bunter snored on, and no other of the party was anywhere near at hand.

The boat rocked away, and the beachcomber seized a pair of oars. He stared back at the island, grinning, as he pulled.

The whaleboat glided out, past the coral reef on which the driftwood had cast him, so short a time ago. It was heavy work, and as soon as the boat was beyond the reef he laid in his oars.

Slowly but surely the whaleboat drifted westward in the current that set towards Kalua. The man from Ysabel sprawled in the stern, with one arm over the steering-oar. He only needed to steer. He was in no haste now—now that he was clear of the island.

He grinned savagely as he looked back at Yo'o. Already the beach was sinking from view. The schoolboys were stranded there—left without any possible means of getting away.

Unless the manager of Kalua knew where they had gone, it was possible that they might never be found and rescued. That, with his heart full of bitterness and malice and uncharitableness, was a satisfaction to the outcast. Let them remain there, marooned, as he had planned to maroon Lord Mauleverer, had the schoolboy earl fallen into

his hands. It was possible that by chance he had done what by planning and cunning scheming he had failed to do—and that Lord Mauleverer would never be heard of again!

His eyes gleamed wickedly. The manager of Kalua, if they did not return, would search for them far and wide! But would he search if the whaleboat was found wrecked on the Kalua reef?

Ysabel Dick grinned. Easy enough to wreck the whaleboat on the reef when he made Kalua! It would be found there—and what was McTab to think?

Not that the Greyfriars crew were stranded on a spot of land far below the sea-rim, but that they had met with disaster in the whaleboat and gone down in the sea. What else was he to think when the whaleboat was found, wrecked, on the reef of Kalua?

Ysabel Dick laughed aloud. Slowly, but surely, the palm-tops of Yo'o sank to the sea. Slowly, but surely, the whaleboat drifted on, the beachcomber steering by the distant summit of the hill of Kalua. Sometimes he pulled at the oars—then he rested, and sprawled, and left the boat to the current. And he laughed, and laughed again, when he looked back and saw that the palm-tops of Yo'o had sunk below the rim of the Pacific.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery!

"HOT!" murmured Bob Cherry. "And then some!" gasped Nugent.

Even Hurree Jamset Ram Singh acknowledged that it was warm! It was, in fact, rather like an oven, in the interior of Yo'o.

The Famous Five mopped their streaming faces, and admitted that, lovely as that little Pacific isle was to look at, their own island in the North Sea was rather preferable, from the point of view of comfort.

Still, they had set out to explore Yo'o, and they were going to explore it. Hot as it was, they pushed on cheerily.

In the years since Yo'o had been deserted, the tropical vegetation had grown unchecked, and was tangled in thick luxuriance. Here and there, they could detect traces of what had once been fields of yams and taro—overgrown by thick jungle. And it was quite an exciting discovery to find palm-pole uprights still planted in the earth—signs of an old native hut, though now grown thickly over. Bush had grown over everything: and insects buzzed in their myriads—birds rose in flocks from the branches, seldom or never disturbed by the tread of human feet.

"Some job, to clear this for planting!" remarked Johnny Bull. "I fancy that cousin of Mauly's wouldn't thank him for the offer."

"The thankfulness would probably not be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Here's where they lived!" said Bob, coming to a halt: "they" meaning the one-time inhabitants of Yo'o.

Amid the tangled bush, the juniors made out the shapes of old huts, long since fallen into decay. Inside and outside, the thickets grew in wild tangles. Probably the buildings had been flimsy enough: palm-pole supports, walled and thatched with pandanus leaves. Only the poles remained—and many of them were fallen or broken. But it was possible to make out the shapes of many of the old huts.

"Oh!" gasped Bob, suddenly, and he started back, his ruddy face paling. Pulling aside a mass of creepers, to look into a hut, he saw something white and round that glimmered from the green dusk.

He let the creepers fall back, hastily. "What was it?" asked Harry, looking round.

"A skull!" answered Bob, with a shiver.

"Oh!" The juniors moved on. A native village had been on the spot, now hardly clearer than the rest of the bush. It was fifty years, probably, since the last Kanaka had lived on Yo'o—and that glimmering skull remained, in the dust, to tell that men had once lived there.

They stopped again, at what looked like a larger and more imposing building than the rest. The walls, so far as they could make them out in the thick jungly bush that had overgrown them, were strong, and much better preserved than the others they had seen.

"Some jolly old chief's house, I suppose!" said Bob. "Regular mansion, to judge by the size of it."

They peered in at a wide doorway, that faced towards the beach. The interior was thick jungle. Once it had been a spacious hut—used for what purpose the juniors did not know, unless it was, as Bob suggested, the house of the tribal chief.

Bob grasped the thick tropical growths within, to pull them aside, and survey the interior. Then he had another shock.

Facing the doorway, just within the big hut, was propped a skeleton form. It was half-hidden by the tropical plants, but Bob's pull had partly uncovered it from the hanging creepers.

The juniors' faces were shadowed, as they looked at it.

It was the skeleton of a powerful man, several inches over six feet in height. In the bony hand was still grasped an axe—of sharp-edged stone.

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath. "Let's get out of this!" he muttered.

What lay within, they had no further curiosity to see. The skeleton at the doorway was more than enough for them.

It was easy to see that the man had fallen in defence of the building—left where he had fallen, by the invaders who had shot him down. The stone axe, grasped in the grizzly hand, had not saved him. That raid on the lonely isle, by the slave-hunters of the black old days, had met with resistance—the natives had put up a fight: futile enough against an armed and reckless crew of "black-birders."

The juniors could imagine the wild excitement, and dismay, and terror, the frantic tumult that had reigned, on the spot that was now so silent and deserted, overgrown by jungle. Not all the hapless Kanakas had been dragged away to the white man's ship—some of them, perhaps many of them, had fallen in defence of their homes. It was not pleasant to think what relics of a forgotten massacre might be hidden among the crumbling ruins. The juniors had seen enough of the past of Yo'o—perhaps a little too much. In silence, they moved away from the spot.

They were not far from the beach, though the tangled bush had taken them a long time to traverse. In the olden days, no doubt, the way was open up from the beach to the native village. Now it was almost as dense as the surrounding bush.

"Time we got back!" said Bob. "Anybody thirsty?"

"What-ho?" "Must be water on the island somewhere," said Harry. "A spring, very likely, somewhere about here—choked up long ago, I suppose. Not much good looking for it."

"Let's get back!" And the juniors retraced their steps to the spot where they had left Lord Mauleverer.

They found his lordship still sitting under the palm where they had left him a couple of hours before. The only difference was, that they had left him awake, and they found him asleep.

Bob Cherry leaned over him, and roared:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" "Oh, gad!" Mauleverer jumped suddenly out of slumber. "What—Oh, you ass! Have I been asleep?"

"Sort of," grinned Bob. "Feel too tired to get up, Mauly?"

"Yaas!" yawned his lordship. "Like some help?"

"Keep off, you dangerous maniac!" Lord Mauleverer rose hastily to his feet. "Found anythin' interestin' on the island, you fellows?"

"A skeleton—"

"Urrgh!"

"Come on, and let's wake up Bunter. Time for tea, old bean!" said Bob. "I'm as dry as a lime-kiln. We've got to make Kalua before dark—or the McTab of McTab will sit up and worry about us."

A deep rumbling sound greeted the juniors as they returned to the beach. Billy Bunter was still bound in slumber's chain.

Bob Cherry grinned, and bent over him, to wake him as he had awakened Mauleverer.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared.

Snore!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob.

Snore!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "I give Bunter best! Where's the water-keg? I'm as dry as Latin prose. Where the dickens is that water-keg?"

"It was here—where the dickens—"

"If Bunter's scoffed the whole water supply, I'll scalp him! But he can't have scoffed the keg along with it—even Bunter! And where are those baskets? Has Bunter finished the grub, and the baskets after it?"

"What the thump—"

"What the preposterous dickens—"

The juniors stared round the camp, in amazement. Bunter snored on. It would have been rather like Bunter, if hungry, to finish the food supply: and if thirsty, to finish the water supply. But even Bunter could not have scoffed the keg and the baskets.

"Popoo!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Where's tha' Kanaka? If he's had the neck to bag the supplies—"

"Popoo!" shouted Harry.

"Blessed if I can make this out!" said Bob Cherry, in perplexity. "Popoo wouldn't have the neck to bag the lot. Has that fat ass been larking? Here, wake up, Bunter!"

Snore!

"Wake up, Rip Van Winkle!" roared Bob.

Snore!

Bunter's snore suddenly changed into a gurgle, as the toe of a boot poked into his ribs.

"Gurrrrrgh!"

His eyes opened behind his spectacles. He pushed back his hat and blinked irritably at the juniors.

"Wharrer you waking me up for, you beasts? Can't you let a fellow have a few minutes' snooze in peace?"

"You've been asleep two or three hours, you fat ass!"

"Rot! I'd only just closed my eyes!"

"Where's the grub, fathead? Where's the water-keg?"

"Eh? Ain't they there?" asked Bunter. "How should I know? Think I've been sitting here watching them?" Bunter sat up, rubbed his eyes, and replaced his spectacles on his fat little nose. "I say, you fellows, I'm thirsty. Where's that keg? If you fellows think you're going to keep it all for yourselves—"

"Don't you know what's become of it, blitherer?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I jolly well know you've shifted it, and if you think—"

"Oh, kick him!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Popoo!" shouted Harry Wharton.

It was clear that Bunter did not know what had become of the missing articles, and that he had, in fact, been snoring all the while the other fellows were absent. So they could only conclude that the Tonga boy was responsible for the mysterious disappearance.

Popoo was sleeping, or lazing somewhere in the palms. Probably Bunter's voice would not have called him forth; but as all the Famous Five shouted together, there was an answer at last from Popoo.

"Yessar! This feller Popoo comey, sar."

Popoo came out of the bush, the red juice of betel-nut trickling from a corner of his mouth.

"Look here, Popoo, what's become of the water-keg and the baskets of provisions?" demanded Harry Wharton.

Popoo-lo-linga-lulo stared round.

"Me no savvy, sar!" he answered.

"Haven't you shifted them?"

"No, sar. This feller Popoo stop along bush, sar, along shade along tree, sar. No savvy."

"Well, this beats it!" said Bob.

"There's nobody else on the island, we jolly well know that! Nobody can have shifted the things. Bunter—"

"Beast! I'm thirsty. If you think—"

"Look here, Popoo—" said Harry.

"Me no savvy sar! Tinkee some feller comey along this island, sar, along us feller no see, eye belong us feller! Takee feller keg, takee feller basket, takee feller whaleboat—"

"What?"

Popoo pointed with a brown finger to the edge of the beach.

"Whaleboat no stop!" he said.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Castaways Of Yo'o!

"THE boat—"

"Gone!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood rooted, staring at the spot where the whaleboat had been tied up. That spot was vacant. They stared, hardly able to believe their eyes.

Puzzled as they were by the disappearance of the water-keg and the baskets of provisions, they had not thought of the whaleboat, or glanced in its direction, never dreaming that anything could have happened to it. Not till Popoo pointed out the fact did they become aware that it was gone.

"Gone!" repeated Harry. "The boat—gone! What—who—how—" he stammered in amazement. "There was no one on the island—we know that—"

"Nobody!" said Bob.

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"But—the boat's gone!"

"Well, this beats it!"

They ran down to the water's edge. They stared out over the sea, and at the coral reefs. There was no sign of the whaleboat to be seen. It had vanished as if into thin air.

The peg in the sand to which it had been moored, above high-water mark, was still there. The rope was gone, and the boat. They stared about them, almost in stupefaction.

"The rope must have slipped," said Johnny Bull. "The dashed boat floated off! Didn't you put a knot on it, Bob?" It was Bob who had tied up.

"The rope never slipped," said Bob. "Think I hadn't sense enough to make it safe?"

"Well, it's gone!" said Johnny.

"It couldn't have slipped loose!" said Bob positively. "That boat never drifted off. Besides, the other things are gone. Somebody's been here—"

"Who?" grunted Johnny.

"What's the good of asking me that, fathead?"

Bob's friends looked at him. Really, it was almost unimaginable that some unknown person had visited that solitary isle and taken away the boat. Hardly ever, if ever, did a canoe from Kalua paddle to Yo'o, and even if one had done so, Kalua natives would not have stolen the boat, which was well known to belong to Mr. McTab.

It was still less probable that there had been a visit from hostile natives from Baloo. Baloo was forty miles distant—that is, twenty miles west of Kalua, Yo'o being twenty miles east of Mauly's island. Moreover, Baloo savages, if by some utterly improbable chance they had come, would not have been satisfied with taking away the whaleboat.

"The rope must have slipped," said Harry Wharton, at last.

"It did not!" grunted Bob.

"Well, old chap, it must have!" said Nugent. "Not that it makes any difference how the boat went—it's gone!"

"Did the baskets and the keg slip, too?" demanded Bob sarcastically.

"Oh rot!" said Johnny Bull. "They're somewhere about all right. The boat's gone; the rope wasn't fastened—"

"It was!" roared Bob.

"My dear ass—"

"I tell you—"

"Dear men," murmured Lord Mauleverer, "don't rag! It's too jolly hot to argue. Besides, the rope never slipped off."

"Listen to the words of wisdom!" said Johnny Bull satirically. "You know all about it, Mauly, when you were snoozing out of sight!"

"Yaas."

Lord Mauleverer smiled gently, and pointed to the sand between the peg and the water's edge.

"See those footprints?" he asked.

"Not blind!" said Johnny. "Some of us—Are you going to make out that they're somebody else's footprints?"

"Yaas."

"Good old Mauly!" grinned Bob. "You're right, old man, though I'm blessed if I see how you make it out!"

"Oh, Mauly's no end of a scout!" said Johnny Bull, still satirical. "When we have a scout run at Greyfriars, he sits down under the first tree—picks up a lot of scoutcraft that way. He ought to be Chief Scout, really, if he can pick out any difference among all these tramlings."

The sand was trampled, it was true; but the Famous Five could not detect any distinction between one irregular

trace and another. The footprints were not clear enough for that.

"Mauly, old man—" murmured Harry Wharton.

"But look, old beans!" urged Lord Mauleverer. "Between those footprints the surface of the sand is quite undisturbed—what?"

"Why shouldn't it be, fathead?" asked Johnny.

"Good old Mauly!" roared Bob, catching on to his lordship's idea. "Of course, if the rope had slipped off it would have dragged down the sand when the boat drifted, pulling the rope after it. It would have scored a mark all down the sand to the water—"

"By Jove, of course it would!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Is that your idea, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Oh!" said Johnny. And he left it at that.

Now that his lordship drew attention to the circumstance, there was, of course, no further doubt. The rope dragging after the drifting boat could not have failed to furrow the soft surface of the sand.

There was no sign whatever of such a furrowing. Obviously, therefore, the rope had not slipped off the peg and dragged.

It had been taken off by someone who had unmoored the boat! Amazing as it was, it was certain that some stranger had come ashore, unmoored the boat, and gone off in it, while the juniors were in the interior of the island and Billy Bunter fast asleep.

"But who—" said Nugent.

"Some native—in a canoe," said Bob.

"Nobody on Kalua would dare to pinch a boat belonging to Mr. McTab."

"Some Johnny from another island, perhaps—goodness knows! Anyhow," said Bob, "somebody's been here, and he's walked off with the water and the grub in our boat, and—we're stranded!"

Who could have taken the boat was an utter mystery to the juniors. They knew now that some unseen man must have taken it, that was all; and they could not doubt, further, that he had put the water and the baskets of food on board before he cleared off.

After all, it mattered little, as Nugent had remarked, how the boat had gone. It was gone—that was the dismaying and overwhelming fact. The Greyfriars party were stranded on Yo'o.

"Stranded!" breathed Harry Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You fat ass!" roared Bob, glaring at the Owl of the Remove. "The boat's gone. Somebody's walked it off right under your silly nose. You had to snore all the time, of course."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The blighter must have walked about right in front of that snoring grampus, when he put the stuff on board," said Johnny Bull. "And that blithering, blethering, blathering bandersnatch let him do it!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Fathead!"

"Ass!"

"Chump!"

"Draw it mild, old beans!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "Tain't Bunter's fault. If he hadn't gone to sleep, he would have come exploring with us, and wouldn't have been on the spot at all. Might as well have been asleep here as out of sight—what?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Right, as usual, old man!" he said.

"The fact is, we ought to ha

a watch on the boat. Still, we can hardly blame ourselves. Who would have dreamed of anyone turning up here and pinching it?"

"Well, we're stranded," said Johnny Bull. "No getting off this dashed island! How the thump are we getting back to Kalua?"

"That's an easy one," said Bob. "We're not getting back."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, we can't stay here!"

"Looks as if we've got to, whether we can or not, old fat man," said Bob.

"Oh lor!"

The juniors stared across the shining sea at the distant hill-top of Kalua, looming like a blur against the red of the sinking sun.

The high hill-top was dimly visible from Yo'o. But Yo'o was out of sight from Kalua—the tiny island far below the sea-rim.

"Did McTab know where you fellows were headin'?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Only that we were running out among the islands," said Harry. "We might have headed for any island on the eastern side. It was sheer chance that we picked this one. Might never have seen it if we hadn't run after that lugger—"

"Then McTab won't know—"

"Not in the least!"

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer whistled softly.

"Then we're landed and stranded," he said, with undiminished cheerfulness. "But McTab will send a craft out to look for us if we don't turn up. Bound to drop on us sooner or later."

"The laterfulness will be more terrific than the soonerfulness," remarked Hurrec Janset Ram Singh.

The juniors looked at one another. Unaware, of course, of how the man from Ysabel had intervened, and of the cunning scheme he had laid for making Mr. McTab believe that they had been wrecked in the whaleboat, they had no doubt that the manager of Kalua would institute a search, when they failed to return.

But such a search might take many days, or weeks, as Mr. McTab had no idea where to look for them, except that he had warned them to keep east of Kalua.

"I say, you fellows, we can't stop here!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I say, I'm hungry!"

"Fathead!"

"I'm thirsty!" roared Bunter indignantly.

"Idiot!"

Billy Bunter was not the only member of the party who was hungry and thirsty, though he seemed to take the view that he was the only one who mattered.

But there was not a spot of food, or a drop of water left for the cast-aways. They had, somehow, to find food and drink to keep them alive till Mr. McTab found them. And it was just as well for their comfort that they did not know that Mr. McTab was not going to search for them at all—or that, if he did, it would be a search for relics of a wreck on the reef of Kalua.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Popoo Comes In Useful!

BILLY BUNTER slumped down under a palm, and groaned.

He was hungry, he was thirsty. There was nothing to eat, there was nothing to drink.



Climbing the slanting trunk to a dizzy height, Popoo detached nut after nut, tossing them down to earth. Billy Bunter, venturing too near, stopped one with a fat shoulder. Crack! "Yoo-hooooop!" roared the fat junior.

Bunter just groaned.

Popoo, leaning on a palm, chewed betel-nut, unmoved. He still had some of his supply of betel-nut left in a recess in his mop of hair. So he chewed it, regarding the disastrous situation with the happy indifference natural to a Kanaka.

But Harry Wharton & Co. faced up to the situation. It was useless to cry over spilt milk.

They were stranded on that tiny, solitary island, and the best they could hope for was to be found after a long search.

The situation was bad enough; but, obviously, it was not going to be improved by sitting down and mourning over it.

On a tropical island no fellow need starve, if he took the trouble to hunt for food. Water must exist somewhere, or, if water could not be found, there was the juice of coconuts. The Famous Five were not afraid of roughing it, and they were not afraid

of hard work. Indeed, Bob Cherry was already beginning to regard this unexpected adventure as rather a lark.

"We're a jolly crowd of Crusoes!" said Bob cheerily. "And Popoo's going to be our Man Friday—see? Tons of coconuts round about—food and drink free of charge right at our door. Bunter!"

Groan!

"Climb up after some of those coconuts, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The suggestion that the fat Owl should climb the steep, slender trunk of a palm after the coconuts, had the effect of enlivening the schoolboy Crusoes.

"Beast!" groaned Bunter.

"Let's see what that brute, whoever he was, has left us!" said Harry.

And the juniors sorted over the articles that were still in the camp.

The result was not encouraging. The case of rifles was there—useless.

as there was no game on the island. The cooking utensils were there, but there was nothing to cook in them. There was a boat-cloak, and some rugs—useful for making up a bed of sorts. Some covering was welcome for the coming night; for hot as the days were, it was often cold at night. But of food or drink not a spot remained.

"Coconuts," said Bob. "Tons of 'em; only want gathering. I'll go up, if Bunter won't oblige. Sure you won't go, Bunter?"

"Beast!" moaned Bunter.

Coconuts, combining food and drink, were a boon and a blessing in the circumstances. Clusters of them grew in endless profusion under the feathery fronds that waved from the tall palm-tops. They only needed gathering.

But that, as Bob found when he made the essay, was no easy task. The tall, slender, bare trunk of a palm was very different from the trees Bob had actively climbed in the woods round Greyfriars School.

Bob would have been up an oak or a beech or an elm in the twinkling of an eye. He found a palm-tree a much tougher proposition.

Having, with considerable exertion, gained a dozen feet from the ground, he slipped, and shot down again, landing at the feet of his friends with a bump!

"Oooh!" gasped Bob.

"Do that again, old chap!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oooh! Fathead! Ow!"

Bob sat and pumped in breath.

"Go it!" said Nugent. "Remember Bruce and the jolly old spider!"

"Blow Bruce!" gasped Bob. "And bless his spider! Ow!"

"Hold on!" Lord Mauleverer came towards the spot. "Take a rest, Bob, old man! Here, Popoo!"

"Yessar!" said the Tonga boy.

"You walk along palm, along get coconut," said Lord Mauleverer.

His lordship had observed, and remembered the ways of the Kanakas on Kalua.

"Oh, good!" said Bob. He staggered to his feet, gasping. "I shouldn't wonder if Popoo could handle the job better than any feller white master."

Popoo grinned. He had no doubt about that.

The trick of "walking" up a palm came easily to a Kanaka with his bare feet, and toes as flexible and useful as a white man's fingers. Popoo planted his hands on the trunk, and then his feet, and, under the admiring eyes of the juniors, walked up the trunk.

A perpendicular trunk could not have been negotiated in that manner, even by a Kanaka. But the palm-tree grows with a slant, and the upper side of the slant gives hold to an active climber.

To the juniors it looked as if only a monkey could have made such a climb, but the Kanaka climbed as easily as any monkey.

Up went Popoo, walking on all fours up the slanting trunk, reaching the cluster of nuts under the jutting fronds high above.

Clinging there, at a dizzy height, he looked in danger, every moment, of pitching off into space; but in point of fact, he was in no danger at all.

He detached nut after nut, tossing them down to the earth.

At the first "plop" of a falling nut, Billy Bunter sat up and took notice.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Good!"

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And the fat Owl scrambled up and dived for the nearest nut!

"Get back, you ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Popoo was dropping a nut a second, and a coconut dropping from that height was likely to do some damage if it landed on a head.

"Shan't!" hooted Bunter. "If you think you're going to have the first nut, I can jolly well say—Yaroooooooop!"

Crack!

"Yoo-hooooop!" roared Bunter.

Luckily, the falling nut did not bang on Bunter's fat head. It plopped on a fat shoulder, and Bunter rolled over, roaring. It was quite a painful bang, and it seemed to take the fat Owl by surprise.

Bob Cherry rushed at him, grabbed him, and dragged him out of range. There was danger of real damage, from dropping coconuts, and Bob lost no time. The nearest part of Bunter being his fat legs, Bob grasped the same and dragged.

Frantic and infuriated roars emanated from Bunter as he travelled fast, whirled along by his legs.

"Ow! Oh! Oooh! Stoppit! Beast! Ow, my napper! Wow! Leggo! I'll jolly well punch your head—Yaroooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There!" gasped Bob, landing the fat Owl in a breathless heap, out of reach of the falling nuts.

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

"Did you want to be knocked on the head, you fat chump?" roared Bob.

"Yah! Beast! Ow!"

Bunter sat up, spluttered for breath, and rubbed a fat shoulder. He was, for the moment, too busy to think of gathering in the nuts.

Plop, plop, plop, sounded the falling coconuts, till Popoo had cleared off the clusters, when he slid down the trunk and landed lightly.

"Good old Man Friday!" chuckled Bob.

"Popoo!" roared Bunter. "Give me a nut! Do you hear? Never mind those fellows—you're my nigger, you beast! Bring me a nut!"

"Yessar!" said Popoo.

A sharp stick, driven into the end of a nut, split the husk, which Popoo jerked neatly off. The rich nut within was revealed. Popoo, with his knife, sliced off the end. The nut was nearly full of "milk," and served as a cup for drinking the same—after which it could be eaten.

Popoo presented it to his fat white master.

Naturally, he expected Bunter to drink the liquid before he started eating the nut. The Owl of the Remove, however, did not observe the contents of the nut in his haste to get his teeth into it. He grabbed it from Popoo's brown hand and jammed it to his mouth for a big bite.

"Ooooooogh!" gurgled Bunter, the next moment, as the milk of the coconut shot over his fat face and down into his fat neck in a splashing stream.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Ooogh! I'm soaked! Ooogh! You idiot, Popoo! You—you dummy! I've a jolly good mind to give you the lawyer-cane! I've a jolly good mind to—Ooogh—woogh—groooogh!"

Popoo grinned. Leaving his fat white master dabbling frantically at coconut juice, he husked nuts for the other fellows—and in a few minutes every one of the thirsty juniors was drinking delicious cool liquid.

"Topping!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath.

"The topfulness is terrific!"

"No need to starve here," said Bob, beginning to chew his nut. "Jolly useful things. Now, at home, you can't eat your teacup after drinking your tea—even Bunter couldn't."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrgh! Popoo, bring me some nuts! Don't spill the juice over me again, you silly fathead, or I'll whop you with a lawyer-cane! Now another one—and another—you'd better get a dozen or so ready while I'm eating this! Don't be a lazy nigger! Get to it!"

Bunter was keeping his faithful nigger busy. He drank coconut milk and ate the nuts alternately; and long after the other fellows had finished the fat Owl was still going strong. Not till his fat jaws ached with chewing did he pause in his labours. It was certainly fortunate for the Greyfriars castaways that the supply of coconuts on Yo'o was practically unlimited.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Maully Finds A Fire-Lighter!

"WHO'S got a match?"

It was an urgent question.

While the sun sank lower beyond the distant hills of Kalua, the stranded schoolboys had been busy.

Stranded on the lonely island, with no choice but to make the best of it, they set to work cheerfully to do that very thing.

Billy Bunter's contribution to the general industry consisted wholly of chewing coconuts. But Lord Mauleverer forgot that he was lazy, and bucked up as energetically as the Famous Five. And Popoo came in very useful.

It was true that Billy Bunter required his faithful nigger to sit by him, fan off the flies, and keep up the supply of coconuts. But Billy Bunter's requirements were ruthlessly brushed aside.

Popoo found wild yams growing where there had once been cultivated fields adjacent to the ruined village. Popoo netted fish, with a net of material supplied by the jungle. Popoo, in the foraging line, was rather more useful than all the white masters put together.

But every fellow did all he could and worked hard—Bunter occasionally throwing in a word of advice, which was not heeded.

It was easy enough to gather fire-wood for a cooking-fire, and the juniors gathered a whole stack, and Bob Cherry built a fire, all ready for the application of the match—and then—

There was no match!

The Greyfriars party had intended to be home by sunset. They had never dreamed of lighting a fire on a broiling tropical day. It had never, certainly, occurred to them that they might be out for the night. Nobody had thought of matches.

Matches, had anyone thought of them, would have seemed the least necessary of articles. Nobody had, anyhow.

Five fellows went through their pockets carefully. Then Lord Mauleverer followed their example. Not a matchbox came to light.

"Got a match, Bunter?" called out Bob.

"No!"

"Oh, crumbs!" said Bob.

The fire was laid—nicely laid! The stack of firewood was ready to keep it banked up through the night. Popoo was adding to the store of fish, ready for broiling. But—

"Oh gum!" said Nugent. "If we'd thought of it sooner," remarked Johnny Bull, "might have got a spot of fire from a burning-glass. Too late now."

"The too-latefulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh. There was only a glimmer of red left of the sun in the western sea.

"Well, if this isn't brutal!" sighed Bob. "There was a box of matches with the lantern in the whaleboat—but who'd have thought we should need matches ashore?"

"I say, you fellows, hadn't you better get that fire going?" asked Billy Bunter. "My nigger's getting some fish, you know, and we've got to cook it! Hadn't you better have the fire ready?"

"Ass!" "Well, I think you might buck up, considering how we're stranded here," said Bunter. "If you think I can live on coconuts, you're jolly well mistaken. I want something to eat before I turn in to-night."

"Have you got any matches?" bawled Bob.

"I've told you no."

"Then shut up!"

"I say, you fellows, mean to say you haven't got any matches?" exclaimed Bunter. "Well, of all the silly fools! Mean to say that not one of you thought of bringing any matches?"

"Did you think of it?" roared Johnny Bull.

"You needn't yell at a chap, Bull, because you've been a silly, forgetful ass!" said Bunter warmly. "I think

one of you might have thought of it! I really think that! How am I going to eat fish if it can't be cooked?"

"How is anybody else going to?" shrieked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! Don't give me any of your rotten selfishness now!" said Bunter. "Thinking of yourself, of course as per usual!"

"I'd forgive that blighter, whoever he was, for taking away the boat, if he'd taken Bunter in it!" said Bob, breathing hard.

"Beast! If you fellows think I'm going to starve, just because you've forgotten the matches—"

"Shut up!" yelled Nugent.

"Shan't!" yelled back Bunter. "Nice, isn't it, after stranding me here, to tell me that I can't have any supper because you've forgotten the matches! I can jolly well say plainly— Yurrrrrrrrrrrp!"

A coconut, landing on Bunter's wide waistcoat, interrupted him quite suddenly. For the next few minutes he spluttered.

"All serene, old bean," said Mauleverer. "If we haven't got a match, I think we've got a fire-lighter. I'll fetch it."

His lordship ambled away to the beach, where Popoo was collecting his catch in a bundle to bring back to the camp.

The Famous Five stared after him.

"What does the ass mean?" granted Johnny Bull. "We never had any fire-lighters on the boat that I know of."

"I'm jolly sure there was nothing of the kind," said Harry Wharton, quite mystified.

They watched Lord Mauleverer, wondering what on earth that noble youth had been driving at. They

watched him walk back to the camp with Popoo.

He was speaking to Popoo, who handed him the bundle of fish and disappeared into the thickets.

Maully arrived in the camp, and laid down the bundle. He smiled at the puzzled, inquiring faces of his comrades.

"O.K.!" he said.

"How—"

"What—"

Popoo emerged into view again. He had a chunk of soft wood, as dry as tinder, in one brown hand. In the other he had a rough fragment of hard wood.

He grinned at the perplexed white masters.

"Makee feller fire stop plenty too soon!" said the Tonga boy.

"Oh!" gasped the juniors.

"Kanaka boy savvy makee feller fire!" said Popoo.

"Maully, you ass, is Popoo your fire-lighter?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yaas."

"Think he can do it?"

"Yaas."

"Makee feller fire, close up, ear!" said Popoo.

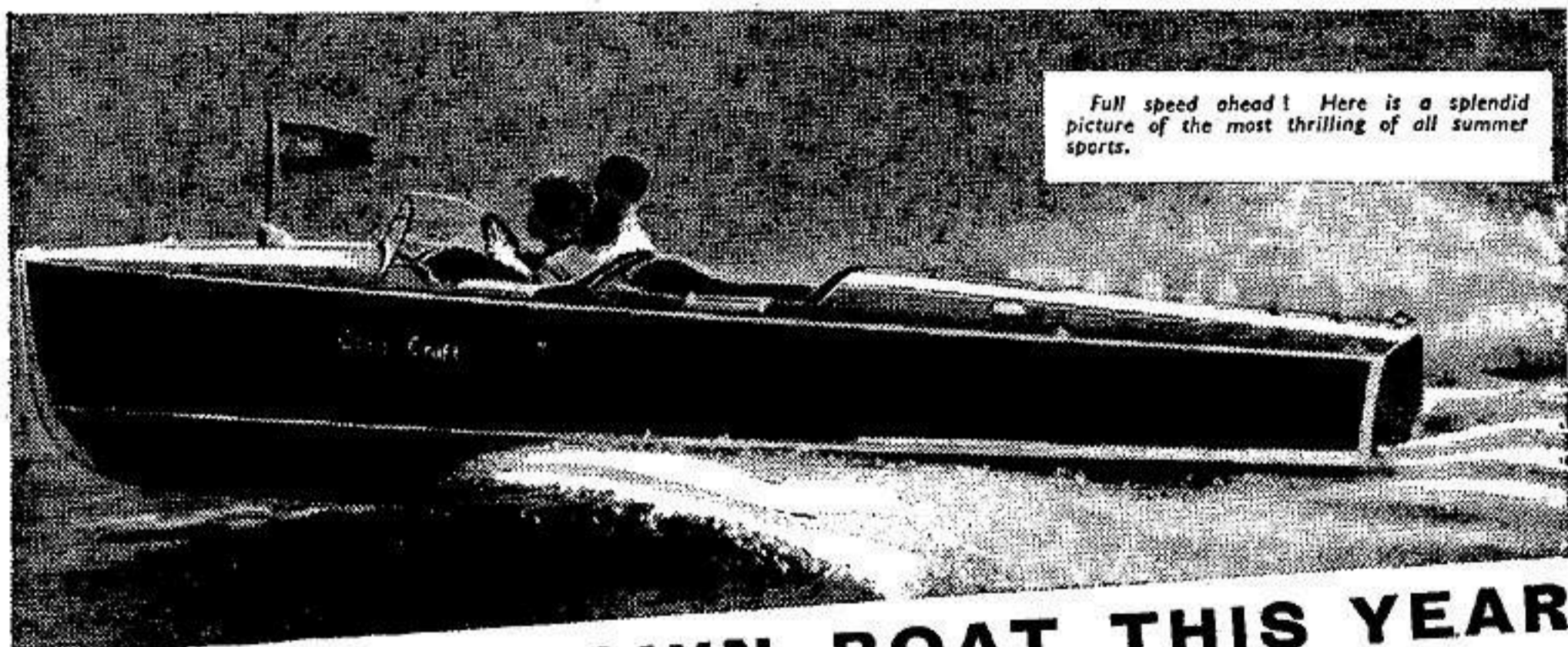
The Greyfriars fellows watched the Tonga boy with keen interest. They had heard of the native way of making fire without matches, now that they came to think of it. But, though they knew that it could be done, it was hard to believe that Popoo was going to produce fire from those two pieces of wood.

Popoo gashed a groove in the soft wood with his knife, sharpened the end of the hard piece, and jabbed it in.

Then he applied rapid friction.

The operation required strong muscles and a patient temper. Popoo rubbed and rubbed and rubbed with incessant

(Continued on next page.)



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motion, almost too rapid for the eye to follow it.

Wood-dust gathered in the groove, growing hotter and hotter from the incessant friction, till it smouldered.

Then Popoo blew on it with great care, holding a tuft of dry grass to it to catch.

The juniors knew what to expect, yet they could hardly believe their eyes when the tuft of grass burst into flame. It smoked and smoked, and then came the fiery gleam—and it was alight!

Swiftly Popoo transferred it to a larger bunch of dry grass, and there was what amounted to a torch for lighting the fire!

A few minutes more, and the camp-fire was blazing brightly.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "we learn a lot of things at Greyfriars—and I fancy that even Bunter could construe Virgil better than Popoo—but they know a thing or two in these parts that we don't pick up at a Public school."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

Popoo, grinning cheerfully, proceeded to cook fish. A delightful scent pervaded the camp on Yo'o.

Coconuts were all very well, so were bananas, but all the fellows were feeling, by this time, that something in the way of a solid supper would be extremely welcome.

Maul's "fire-lighter" had solved the knotty problem, and there was fish for all. There was also coconut juice to wash down the meal.

Even Billy Bunter seemed satisfied with the supper, and looked as happy as he was greasy and shiny.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

In The Night!

DARKNESS that wrapped the little isle of Yo'o lay like a cloak on the reef of Kalua.

Ysabel Dick, squatting in the stolen whaleboat, peered through the gloom in the glimmer of the stars.

The night was calm, but the eternal surf broke and foamed on the barrier reef that encircled the lagoon of Kalua. The dull drone of the surf reached the beachcomber's ears and warned him that he was drifting on the coral.

The hour was late. Mr. McTab, at his bungalow on the island, was probably watching and waiting anxiously for the schoolboys who had not returned. The man from Ysabel thought of that, and grinned at the thought. He was not likely to feel concerned for the anxiety of the man who had kicked him off Kalua.

To-night the manager would be anxious; on the morrow he would know that he could never expect to see the missing schoolboys again—if all went well with the outcast's dastardly scheme.

And he had no doubt about that! Darkness had fallen long before he had approached Kalua; he could not have been seen. The whaleboat was drifting on the reef—it would remain there; to be found when the sun came up again over Kalua, to tell its own tale!

It was well for the beachcomber that the night was calm. In rough weather he would have been dashed on the reef, and he would not have been likely to escape with his life.

But the sea was calm; the rollers breaking on the rugged coral with a deep murmur. There was a sudden bump as the whaleboat struck; but it struck lightly, without damage.

The tide was going in; most of the reef was under water. Ysabel Dick, as

he peered about him, cursed the darkness—though it was the darkness that saved him from possible discovery.

Bump, and bump again; and then the whaleboat floated over sunken coral and bumped once more, and came to a rest, turning on its side. The water washed round it as it lay.

Ysabel Dick scrambled out, knee-deep in water. Dark as it was, he was able to pick up his bearings. He knew the barrier reef of Kalua like a book.

For weeks and months he had "combed the beach" on Kalua; many a long morning he had spent on the reef, netting fish left in the hollows by the tide, hunting for the flotsam and jetsam cast up by the sea.

He took the oars from the whaleboat and pitched them into the water. He dragged mast and sail over the gunwale, to toss about in the tide. The water-keg, the baskets, were thrown to the surf.

So far as he could, he gave the whaleboat the appearance of having come to grief on the reef. Later, as the tide rocked it in, it would shift farther and farther on the reef, to be left when the tide receded. What was Mr. McTab to think when it was found?

That the juniors, running back to Kalua after nightfall, had missed the reef passage and gone on the reef! What else could he think?

Ysabel Dick had no doubt on that point. Once the whaleboat was found tossed on the reef the conclusion was inevitable. Angus McTab would not search far and wide on the seas for the schoolboys he would believe drowned. All he could hope for was the washing ashore of their bodies. Even if he learned, later, that Ysabel Dick was back on the island, he would not connect that with the wrecked whaleboat. He could never guess that it was in the whaleboat that the beachcomber had returned.

No bodies would be washed up, however long the manager of Kalua might look. But that would cause no doubt in a sea infested by sharks. All through that long drift back to Kalua the man from Ysabel had pondered over his scheme, surveying it from all angles, and he could see no weakness in it. It was all plain sailing.

If by chance Lord Mauleverer and his friends were rescued from the lonely isle, that was a chance against which he could not guard. It was not a likely chance. No white man ever had any business near Yo'o. No native had any business there.

Shipwrecked sailormen might have contrived to build themselves a boat or a canoe, to escape from the isle; a crowd of schoolboys had no chance of doing anything of the kind. Only an unforeseen chance, as far as Ysabel Dick could see, could mar his scheme—and he could think of no such chance.

Lord Mauleverer would be reported drowned—drowned at sea! And then—no more combing the beach for Ysabel Dick! No more cadging of square-face from Chinese Charley! No more burning suns and blinding beaches and endless, hopeless days!

In what way the outcast planned to benefit from Lord Mauleverer's supposed fate was his own secret, known to no man except the Dutchman in the island gaol. Whatever was the prospect before the beachcomber, it brought the dancing light of triumph to his eyes.

Leaving the whaleboat rocking in the tide on the sunken coral, the man from Ysabel picked his way across the reef.

He was on the eastern side of Kalua, and there the lagoon was more than a mile wide between the barrier reef and the island within. But he knew every

foot of the reef—he knew where to pick the place at which the inner lagoon was narrowest and where he could swim it.

The white men's houses and the native village were on the south side of Kalua, barred from his sight by the curve of the island shore. He caught no twinkle of distant lights—though he had no doubt that lights were still burning at the manager's bungalow. Mr. McTab was not likely to go to bed while the schoolboys were missing.

It was on the northern side that the lagoon was narrowest; and there, after a weary hour of stumbling over coral, the beachcomber arrived.

The stars told him that it was now past midnight. Probably every man on Kalua—excepting Angus McTab—was sleeping. No eye was likely to fall on the returning outcast.

He slipped, at last, into the lagoon, and swam for the island. It was a long and weary swim to the man whose strength had been sapped by idleness and dissipation. But he made it at last, and dragged himself from the water on the northern side of Kalua, where the bush grew down to the beach, wild and untamed.

For a long time he lay on the shore, exhausted by his efforts—watching the stars, and thinking of new prospects that opened before him! Then, at last, he rose, and made his way into the bush.

He had lived in the bush before, more than once—he could live there again, lurking, watching, till he had news. He would get the news somehow, sooner or later, from some of the natives. And when he knew that Mr. McTab was satisfied that Lord Mauleverer had gone down in the Pacific, that he had sent the report of his fate home, then—farewell to Kalua and to the South Seas!

The early sunrise was glimmering over Kalua when Ysabel Dick sank down to sleep in a bed of leaves and ferns deep in the bush.

He slept and dreamed of what was to come; while, on the other side of the island, an anxious man, whose eyes had not closed during the night, watched the rising dawn with a heavy heart.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Knows How!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"Shut up!"
"Roll out, old fat man!"
"Shan't!"

It was bright morning on Yo'o. The night had passed in peaceful slumber—though in quarters very different from those to which the Greyfriars fellows were accustomed.

Billy Bunter had turned in first; having made a collection of the rugs and the boat-cloak for his own behalf. But there was plenty of natural bedding on Yo'o, and beds of soft dry leaves were comfortable. So long as the weather continued fair, the castaways were not badly off, and Bob Cherry was already planning the building of a hut.

The juniors were still expecting, as a matter of course, a search to be made for them, and rescue sooner or later. But they all knew that, at the best, it was more likely to be later than sooner; and they had to make up their minds to stay on Yo'o for an indefinite period. That day was going to be a day of hard work, and by the next night—they hoped, at least—there was going to be a hut to live in, with a fireplace in which a fire could constantly be kept going. Clever as Popoo was as a fire-lighter, they did not want to repeat that performance every time a fire was needed.



As Bob Cherry made a rush, Popoo threw himself down on the shelving sand. Unable to check his rush, the Greyfriars junior stumbled headlong over the Tonga boy and shot into the water. Splash! "Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry Wharton.

With plenty of work ahead for all hands, nobody saw any reason why Bunter should slack while everybody else laboured—excepting, of course, William George Bunter himself. Bunter saw a lot of reasons, all good ones.

He had sat up to eat a large breakfast; fish again, and coconuts and bananas, with coconut "milk" as the only drink. He had told the other fellows that they might have thought of bringing a pinch of tea, or coffee, anyhow, and might have looked for water, instead of exploring mouldy old ruins and skeletons, the previous day.

After which, the fat Owl had laid himself down again for another nap! And it would have been difficult for Bunter to have expressed his indignation in words, when Bob Cherry roared to him to turn out.

Bunter had no intention of turning out—not for a long time yet! Later, he was going to turn out and sit under a palm instead of sprawling on the boat-cloak! That was going to be the sum of Bunter's exertions!

That, at all events, was the programme. But with a strenuous fellow like Bob Cherry on hand, there were difficulties in the way of carrying out that programme.

"All hands on deck, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "This jolly weather mayn't last, you know, and we've got to have a shelter. That means work."

"The workfulness is going to be terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter! But many hands make the cracked pitcher go longest to the well!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh encouragingly.

"I say, you fellows, I wish you'd shut up!" said Bunter peevishly. "How's a fellow to get a wink of sleep if you go on jawing nineteen to the dozen?"

"Roll out!" hooted Johnny Bull.

"Up you get, old fat man!" said Bob. "Even Mauly's going to turn to and work, ain't you, Mauly?"

"Yaas!"

"Oh, do shut up!" said Bunter. "I'll lend you my nigger, if you like! You can make him work as hard as you like. Give him a spot of lawyer-cane if he slacks. These Kanakas are all lazy, and I don't believe in encouraging laziness. Now shut up while a fellow goes to sleep!"

Bunter closed his eyes behind his spectacles.

He opened them again in a split second as a finger and thumb closed on a fat little nose, like a pair of pincers.

"Gurrgh!" gurgled Bunter. "Led do by dose! Yuurrghh!"

"Getting up?"

"Urrgh! Led do by dose! Wurrghh!"

Bunter jerked his fat nose away and glared at Bob Cherry with a devastating glare.

"Are you going to leave a fellow alone?" he roared.

"No fear! Up you get, or I'm going to lift you up by your boko!" answered Bob cheerily.

Bunter breathed fury. He glared round for his faithful nigger.

"Popoo!" he howled.

"Yessar!"

"Come here! Stick here! Keep that fatheaded ass off! See! If that idiot comes near me again, knock him down!"

"Oh, sar!" gasped Popoo, with wide eyes. "No can knock down feller white master, sar, hand belong me."

"Do as I tell you!" roared Bunter. "Now, Bob Cherry, you mad ass, keep off, or I'll make my nigger wallop you, see?"

"I don't think!" grinned Bob.

He reached for the fat little nose, and

Bunter popped his fat head back and yelled to Popoo.

But Popoo did not approach. The Tonga boy was not likely to carry out his fat white master's instructions to the extent of knocking down any of the other white masters!

"Popoo!" roared Bunter.

"Yessar!" gasped Popoo.

"You collar that beast Cherry, hand belong you!" roared Bunter. "Do you hear me, you black dummy?"

"Me hear you, sar, ear belong me! No can knock down white master Cherry, sar! Him no likee."

"I'll sack you!" roared Bunter. "You hear me, ear belong you, you black image? I'll jolly well sack you!"

Popoo grinned and backed away. Probably the "sack" from the service of his fat white master would not have been a crushing blow to the Tonga boy.

"Now, then, old fat man, get a move on!" said Bob.

Billy Bunter glared at him. He glared at Popoo. His faithful nigger had failed him—not for the first time!

But the Greyfriars ventriloquist had still a card to play!

"Come on, Bunter, old bloated bean!" said Bob, as he reached again to grab a fat nose.

"You feller Cherry, you no touch master belong me, hand belong you!" came a sharp rap; and if it was not the voice of Popoo-lo-linga-lulo, only the fat ventriloquist of Greyfriars was aware of the fact! "Me kill you plenty too much, hand belong me, you plenty bad feller Cherry."

Bob jumped almost clear of the ground in angry astonishment. He turned from Bunter, and glared at the Tonga boy.

"What's that?" he bawled.

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Popoo blinked at him. He blinked round him. Popoo had heard those words, like all the rest, but he did not know who had spoken. Certainly he did not guess that he was supposed to have uttered those words himself. He stood blinking.

"You cheeky blighter!" roared Bob. "Do you want the lawyer-cane on your back?"

"You speakee along me, sar?" gasped Popoo. "Me no savvy, sar! What name you speakee along lawyer-cane, along this feller Popoo, sar? This feller Popoo good boy along you, sar!"

"By gum! I've a jolly good mind to—"

"You shut up mouth belong you, sar!" went on Billy Bunter's skilful imitation of Popoo's voice. "You talk plenty too much, sar, mouth belong you."

"What?" gasped Bob, crimson with wrath.

"You bad feller too much!" went on the Greyfriars ventriloquist. "Me tinkee you plenty too much big fool altogether, you poor white trash!"

"My only hat!" gasped Bob. "I'll jolly well—" He made a rush at the Tonga boy, who was blinking at him in hopeless bewilderment.

Billy Bunter grinned. There was trouble in the castaways' camp; but that was of no consequence, so long as the fat Owl was left in peace.

"Oh, sar!" stuttered Popoo. "What name—" Without stopping to finish the question, Popoo dodged round a palm-tree.

"Hold on, Bob!" gasped Harry Wharton, as Bob rushed round the palm after the alarmed Tonga boy.

"Bob, old chap—" exclaimed Nugent.

"Think I'm going to be talked to like that!" roared Bob. "By gum, I'll give him poor white trash. I'll— Stop him!"

Popoo, in amazement and great alarm, cut away towards the beach.

Bob Cherry rushed in pursuit. After Bob rushed the rest of the Co.

And Billy Bunter, with a cheery fat grin, laid his fat head down again, and snored in comfort.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Beastly For Bunter!

"**B**OB, you ass—"

"Stop!"

"My esteemed Bob—"

Unheeding the voices behind him, Bob Cherry rushed after Popoo.

The Tonga boy scudded down the sand. He did not stop until he reached the water's edge, and then he turned and stared back with popping eyes.

If that angry white master was still after him, Popoo was going to take to the water, and swim.

But the white master was closer behind him than he expected. His popping eyes spotted Bob Cherry's red and wrathful face hardly a yard away—and, as he turned, Bob jumped at him.

Bob was a good-tempered fellow, but "poor white trash" from a Kanaka was a little too much to tolerate. He jumped at the Tonga boy, who threw himself down on the shelving sand just in time.

Bob Cherry was quite unable to check that jump. He stumbled headlong over Popoo, and shot across him into the water.

Splash!

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry Wharton.

That sudden, heavy splash sent up quite a water-spout. Bob Cherry disappeared from view, except his feet, which whisked in the air above the

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water for a moment, and then followed the rest of him.

The next moment, however, his red and wrathful face appeared above the surface, and he scrambled up, up to his neck in water, and struggled shoreward.

The Co. were on the spot by that time.

Popoo, scrambling up, would have resumed his flight, but the four juniors were round him, and escape was cut off.

He blinked in alarm at Bob, as he struggled ashore. Bob Cherry looked as if that sudden and unexpected nose-dive had not improved his temper. Popoo cast an appealing glance round at the Co.

"Oh, sar!" You makee white master Cherry no kill this poor feller Popoo!" he gasped. "Me tinkee brain belong that feller no walk about any more."

Which was the Kanaka's way of saying that he thought that Bob had gone out of his senses. Really, it was not surprising that Popoo had that impression, as he was unconscious of having given offence.

"You cheeky ass!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "What do you mean? Do you think you can call a white man poor white trash?"

Popoo's eyes rolled.

"Me no savvy, sar! Me no say white trash, sar! Me no savvy what feller say white trash, sar! This feller Popoo no sing out."

"What?" roared Johnny. "Didn't we all hear you?"

"No, sar!" gasped Popoo. "Me no speakee, sar! Me no savvy what feller speakee! Me no savvy altogether too much."

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Hold on, Bob—"

"Bob Cherry, dripping with water, and boiling with wrath, headed for the hapless Popoo. But Harry Wharton pushed hastily between.

"Stop, old bean—hold on!"

"I'm going to mop him up all over the island!" roared Bob. "Look at me—why, I'll jolly well—"

"Hold on, I tell you!" Wharton pushed the excited Bob back. "It wasn't Popoo—Popoo never said anything—"

"You silly ass, are you deaf?" howled Bob. "Didn't you hear him?"

"You fathead, he says he didn't—and I jolly well know who did! It was that fat, fozzling, ventriloquising toad—"

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

"Bunter!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Of course it was Bunter," said the captain of the Remove. "Bet you he's gone to sleep again, while we're all playing the goat—"

"Oh!" gasped Bob again. "Oh, my hat! I never thought—"

"That's nothing new—"

"Fathead! Look here, Popoo, wasn't it you who said poor white trash?" demanded Bob.

"No, sar! Me no speakee, mouth belong me!" gasped Popoo. "Me hear, sar, ear belong me; me no savvy who speakee, sar."

"Bunter!" said Bob. "All right—let's go back to Bunter!"

He rushed up the beach, leaving a watery trail behind him.

Once more the Co. rushed after him. Popoo was left staring, glad to escape the wrath of the exasperated white master, but quite at a loss to know why that wrath had turned on Bunter.

The cheery sound of a snore greeted the Famous Five, as they arrived at the camp again.

Billy Bunter, stretched on the boat-cloak, his head pillowed on the folded rugs, was asleep again. With his eyes shut, and his mouth open, the fat Owl of the Remove slept and snored.

He was awakened quite suddenly.

Bob Cherry grasped a fat neck, and Bunter rolled and roared. He blinked up in angry surprise.

"I say, you fellows—oh crikey! Stoppim! Wharrer you kicking me for, you beast? Oh crumbs!"

Bunter bounded to his feet. Bob Cherry grabbed up the lawyer-cane, which Bunter had so thoughtfully brought along with him for the benefit of Popoo. It was Popoo's fat white master who now got the benefit of it.

Whack, whack, whack!

Bunter bounded, and leaped, and dodged, and roared.

Whack, whack!

"I say, you fellows, keep him off!" yelled Bunter, as the lawyer-cane rang round his fat limbs. "Has he gone mad? Stoppim! Hold him! Oh crikey! Yaroooh!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Will you stoppit?" shrieked Bunter. "Beast! Stoppit! What's the matter with you, you beast? Stoppit! Help!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"There!" gasped Bob. "I think that will do! Give us some more ventriloquism, you fat villain, and I'll give you some more lawyer-cane!"

"Ow! Beast! Ow! I didn't!" yelled Bunter. "Besides, you were waking me up, you beast, when I wanted to go to sleep! You know that! Ow! Beast! Rotter! Keep off, you beast!"

"Now," said Bob Cherry grimly, "we're going to begin work, Bunter! You're going to begin, and I'm going to keep you up to it! Every time you slack, I'm going to give you a whop with this lawyer-cane—like that!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Or like that!"

"Ow! Beast! Stoppit!"

"That's a sample!" said Bob. "The rest will be up to sample! Let me catch you slacking, you fat, fozzling, footling frump!"

"Come on," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We've got to cut wood for the hut, Bunter, and carry it here—"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter. "I won't come! I—"

Whack!

"I—I—I mean, I'm coming!" yelled Bunter. "Keep that stick away, you beast! I tell you I'm coming!"

Billy Bunter, wriggling, and in the worst temper ever, left the camp with the rest, to join in the morning's work.

Twice on the way he attempted to dodge into the bush—and each time a whack from the lawyer-cane persuaded him to alter his mind.

That spot of ventriloquism had given him only a brief respite, and the fat Owl had to exert himself. Which was fearfully annoying to Bunter, but better than the lawyer-cane.

It was a busy morning for the Greyfriars castaways. There was only one axe, which the juniors wielded in turn, cutting poles for the building of a hut. The poles had to be carried out of the bush to the spot selected for the building, and there was plenty of work to be done; and Billy Bunter, in deep wrath and indignation, put in his share.

The fat junior rolled away again and again laden with a pole or a stake, crimson with exertion and wrath, streaming with perspiration. Lord Mauleverer was working as hard as any of the party, willingly—Bunter did the same, unwillingly. Many hands made light work, and quite a large pile of building material had been gathered, when the castaways knocked off for a rest and lunch in the heat of noonday.

The rest was welcome to all, especially to Bunter. The fat Owl was fearfully fatigued, though not too fatigued to

pack away an ample meal, which Popoo prepared over the cooking-fire. After which, Bunter curled up in the sand, and went to sleep.

In the heat of the tropic midday, even the most strenuous member of the Co. did not feel equal to hard labour. But as soon as the worst of the heat was over, Bob Cherry jumped up.

"Go it!" he said.

"Bunter!" roared Johnny Bull.

Snore!

It seemed to Billy Bunter that he had only just closed his eyes when he was shaken into wakefulness again. He sat up and glared.

"You beasts!" said Bunter with concentrated fury. "I'm going to have a rest! If you think I'm going to move—"

"Where's that lawyer-cane?"

"If you touch me with that stick, Bob Cherry, I'll— Wow! Owl!"

Bunter got up.

"Coming, old fat bean?" asked Bob, flourishing the lawyer-cane.

"No—I mean, yes!"

And once more Billy Bunter toiled and perspired and moaned and groaned and wondered dismally whether life was worth living.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Discovery!

BOMOO, the house-boy, came into the veranda of the manager's bungalow on Kalua with a grave expression on his brown face.

Mr. McTab turned from the telescope that was perched on the rail, with which he had been sweeping the ocean beyond the reef—in vain. Far and wide to the horizon the Pacific rolled blue and bright, without a sign of the craft that Mr. McTab hoped to see.

It had been an anxious night to the manager of Kalua—and an anxious morning. The Greyfriars fellows had been bidden to return before sunset—and they were not the fellows to worry him by disregarding instructions if they could help it. But the whaleboat had not returned.

The weather was fair, the ocean calm, and he knew that the Famous Five could handle a sailing boat efficiently; he had watched them a good many times sailing on the lagoon before he trusted them outside the reef. So it was difficult to think of what accident might have happened. There were a dozen or more islands within easy sail where they might have stopped, but there was no reason why they should not have returned.

Mr. McTab had not closed his eyes all night. He was tired and troubled, but less inclined to close them than ever now. Something must have happened to the Greyfriars party—he knew that.

Until morning he had hoped that they had landed on some island, and, finding it too late to run back to Kalua before dark, stopped there for the night. But, in that case, they would run back as early as they could in the morning; they could not fail to know that he would be anxious.

But it was now past noon, and they had not come; and he swept the sea in vain with the telescope.

Bomoo had been sent to make inquiries among natives who had come into the lagoon in canoes, and the look on his brown face as he came into the veranda warned Mr. McTab that he had news—not good!

"Feller whaleboat stop, sar," said Bomoo.

"The whaleboat—"

"Stop along reef, sar."

Mr. McTab breathed hard.

"The boys—"

"No feller stop along whaleboat, sar," said Bomoo. "Whaleboat stop along reef, along no feller he stop."

Mr. McTab looked at the house-boy fixedly in silence. He had dreaded bad news by this time, but not so bad as that. For a long minute he stood silent, as if stunned.

Then, still without speaking, he made a gesture to the house-boy and went down the steps, followed by Bomoo.

A crowd of natives were gathering round a canoe on the beach. By the canoe stood a brown Kalua boy, who had evidently made the discovery.

"You feller Umulo, what thing you see along reef?" asked Mr. McTab very quietly.

"Me see feller whaleboat belong you, sar, stop along reef," answered Umulo.

"No feller stop along that whaleboat, sar. Feller belong that boat go stop along bottom sea, sar."

Mr. McTab compressed his lips. A minute later he was in the canoe, and Umulo and Bomoo were paddling him across the lagoon to the reef. A dozen other canoes were already heading in the same direction. The news of the wreck of the whaleboat had spread, causing great excitement on the beach of Kalua.

Two or three score of natives had already landed on the coral reef by the time Mr. McTab reached it.

In grim silence the manager of Kalua stepped from the canoe and followed Umulo's guidance across the rugged reef.

Mr. McTab was a very neat and natty gentleman, but he did not heed the water that splashed over his clean pipe-clayed shoes, or the ooze of the seaweed. With a face like stone, he followed Umulo till he reached the spot where the native had found the boat in which the Greyfriars fellows had sailed out of the lagoon the previous day.

The whaleboat lay on its side, half-submerged. Mast, sail, and oars were gone; but some of them had already been picked up, scattered about the wide reef, by the natives.

Of the crew that had sailed in the boat there was no trace; no bodies had been washed up on the reef. But the empty boat lying there on the coral told its own tale.

Mr. McTab's bronzed face was pale; deep wrinkles settled on his brow.

What had happened—or seemed to have happened—was clear enough. The whaleboat had capsized, the crew had been drowned, and the capsized boat had drifted in the tide on to the barrier reef of Kalua. Bodies, perhaps, might wash up later—not likely with prowling sharks hunting the sea for prey. It seemed to Angus McTab almost unbelievable that he would never look again on the cheery party that had sailed out so merrily from the lagoon of Kalua only the previous day.

For a long time the Scotch gentleman stood silent, looking at the whaleboat, the natives standing round—silent, too—exchanging glances.

He spoke at last, to give a few instructions, and then went back to the canoe to return to the island.

Once more at his bungalow, the manager of Kalua sank into a chair; he sat and stared at the sea. The disaster was overwhelming.

It never crossed his mind to doubt what had happened. There did not seem any possible room for doubt. One

faint and lingering hope might remain—that some of the crew who had gone overboard when the whaleboat capsized might have been picked up by native canoes.

But that hope was so faint as to be negligible. Mr. McTab did not wholly dismiss it, but he knew that if the whaleboat had capsized at sea all the chances were that the crew had gone down in the deep waters; some of them, perhaps, might have clung to the boat till exhausted, or till the sharks— He shuddered at the thought.

Lord Mauleverer and his friends had been on Kalua little more than a week, but Mr. McTab had become attached to them—especially Mauly, whose father he had known in days long past.

Now he had to send the news to England that Mauleverer had found his death in the Pacific with the friends he had brought with him for a happy holiday in the South Seas.

How long he sat there in an almost stunned state of mind he hardly knew. For the first time in many years, the manager of Kalua forgot his usual duties, his daily visit to the plantations. An excited crowd babbled on the beach, but he did not see or hear them; he sat staring at the Pacific with unseeing eyes as the sun went down in a blaze of crimson and gold behind the hill of Kalua.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Mauly Does Some Thinking!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Pile in, Bunter!"

"But, I say—"

"Want some more lawyer-cane?"

"Look here, you beasts," roared Billy Bunter, "if Mauly's going to chuck it, I'm going to chuck it! See?"

The heat of noon was past, but it was still hot on Yo'o. Hot or cold, there was work to be done, and the Famous Five were not going to slack, or see anyone else slacking. Popoo—lazy, like all Kanakas—could work when he had to work, and he was putting his beef into it. His fat white master was extremely reluctant to follow his example. Work had never really agreed with Billy Bunter, and in the tropics it agreed less than ever.

The building was already growing. Every hand was busy—and until Bunter drew attention to the fact Harry Wharton & Co. had not noticed that Mauleverer was missing.

Mauly, slacker as he was by nature, was not the fellow to slack when other fellows had to work; in that important respect he differed very widely from William George Bunter.

"Eh? Where's Mauly?" asked Bob, looking round. His lordship was no longer visible at the castaways' camp.

"Mauly!" called Nugent.

But there was no answer.

Popoo grinned.

"That white master go along bush, sar," he said. "Me see um. eye belong me."

"He ain't so tired as I am," grunted Billy Bunter, "and he's jolly well sneaked off for a rest! I'm going to chuck it! See? Fair play's a jewel. I'll begin again when Mauly does! See?"

"Where on earth has Mauly got to?" asked Bob Cherry, puzzled. "Why the thump has he gone into the bush?"

Billy Bunter snorted.

He had no doubt why Lord Mauleverer had gone off quietly into the bush, without mentioning that he was

going. There was only one reason, so far as Billy Bunter could see, at all events. Mauly had chucked work, and gone off for a rest in the shade, as Bunter longed to do, and would have done long ago, but for Bob Cherry's watchful eye and the lawyer-cane.

"Snoozing in the shade while I'm toiling and moiling in this beastly heat!" snorted Bunter. "I can tell you I'm fed up! Look here, let's all sit down and rest, and keep Popoo at it. Niggers ought to work."

"Kick him!"

"Beast!"

"But what the dickens is Mauly up to?" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Dash it all, he can't be slacking, like that fat frump!"

"Rot!" said Harry. "He was asking us about that ruined village at tiffin. May have gone off to have a squint at it—"

"Well, that's rubbish!" said Johnny. "No time for going exploring now, when we've got to get this hut up before dark."

"Yah!" snorted Bunter. "Catch Mauly! He's too jolly lazy to go exploring. I know where he is—sitting in the shade, out of sight! And me slaying here, like a beastly nigger—"

"Oh, shut up!" roared Bob.

"Well, I'm going to have a rest!" declared Bunter. And he plumped down determinedly under a palm. "You can call me when Mauly comes back! I'm not going to slave while he's sitting in the shade, I can jolly well tell you!"

Bob Cherry picked up the lawyer-cane.

"Where will you have it?" he inquired.

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Go after Mauly, and root him out—see?"

"Never mind Mauly! Pile in!"

"Shan't!" yelled Bunter.

Whack!

Billy Bunter heaved his weight up again. One whack seemed enough to

spur him on. Once more he piled into weary labour.

But if Bunter had been indignant before he was doubly and trebly indignant now. It was bad enough to have to work, with everybody else working. But to work while another fellow was taking a rest in the shade was simply awful and outrageous.

Billy Bunter's spectacles almost cracked under the bitter and indignant glares he gave the Famous Five.

But the lawyer-cane was ready, and he piled in. So did the five. What had become of Lord Mauleverer they did not know; but they could not think that he had cleared off to slack. He might have gone to hunt for water; he had been asking questions about the ruined village over lunch. Water would have been a boon and a blessing to the castaways, as their only drink at present was the milk of the coconuts.

Anyhow, for whatever reason Mauly had gone, nobody else was going to slack. And the activity continued unabated till Harry Wharton gave the signal for a rest and tea!

"Tea" consisted wholly of coconuts, bananas, and coconut milk; and Billy Bunter thought of tea in a Remove study at Greyfriars with dismal groans. Still, he was glad to chuck work, at any rate.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Mauly!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the castaways sat at tea under the palms.

His lordship came sauntering back, with a cheery smile on his face.

He did not look as if he had been sitting in the shade. He looked warm and tired, and his clothes were in a shocking state, as if he had been struggling and scrambling in dense bush. Perspiration clotted his noble brow. But he seemed in very cheery spirits.

Bob held out a coconut full of milk.

Mauly took it gladly; and drained off the refreshing liquid.

"Thanks!" he said. "By gad, you know, I'm jolly dry! Might have

cracked a nut, only I've been so jolly busy."

Sniff, from Bunter!

"Awfully busy, sitting in the shade, while other fellows toil and moil!" he yapped.

Lord Mauleverer looked at him.

"Do you really think I've been sitting in the shade, Bunter, and leavin' the rest of you to it?" he asked gently.

"Yes, I jolly well do!"

"Beats me, you fellows!" said Lord Mauleverer. "How does Bunter do these things? I mean, if his brain works at all, what makes it work like that?"

The Famous Five chuckled. Billy Bunter snorted.

"But what have you been up to all this time, Mauly?" asked Bob.

"I've been thinkin', old bean! That jolly old sportsman, McTab, will be fearfully worried about us," said Lord Mauleverer.

"I'm afraid he will think we've had some accident with the boat, and can't get back," said Harry. "But it can't be helped, Mauly."

"I mean, the sooner he sees us again the better!" said Mauleverer. "That's why I was askin' you all those questions about the place you found yesterday—that buildin' with the jolly old skeleton in it."

The Famous Five gazed at his lordship.

"Wandering in your mind?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yaas—I mean no."

"You've been exploring that buildin'?" asked Bob.

"Yaas."

"You look as if you'd had a tussle," said Harry. "It was thick jungle inside that place—"

"Don't I know it?" said Lord Mauleverer ruefully. "I feel all shreds and patches! And that skeleton made me feel fearfully creepy! There were two more inside, too—tangled in the bush." Mauleverer shivered. "Not nice, I can tell you."

"Then why on earth did you barge into it?" demanded Nugent.

"Eh? I've just told you. I'm afraid McTab's worryin', and the sooner we get back, the better!" said Lord Mauleverer, while the juniors stared at him blankly. "You see, it occurred to me—I didn't mention it, in case I'd got it wrong, but just went to look—"

"What occurred to you, you ass?"

"I mean, the native johnnies, who lived on this island, once upon a time, must have used canoes; like all the islanders," said Mauleverer. "It occurred to me that that big buildin' you found might be the canoe-house."

"What?"

"They seem to have come to a sudden finish here, all that while ago," went on Mauleverer. "The blighters who cleared them off couldn't have had any use for canoes. They wanted the Kanakas, not their jolly old canoes! See? So, if there was a canoe-house I fancied there might be jolly old canoes left lying around—"

"Mauly!"

"So I trickled in to look—"

"And—" gasped Bob.

"And there were!" yawned Mauleverer. "I've got myself into a shockin' state, but perhaps it was worth it. They're a bit old and mouldy, but there's three or four canoes in that jolly old buildin'—"

"Mauly!"

"My hat!"

"And unless you men are fearfully

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keen on goin' on with the architecture, we might go and drag one of them out and sort of relieve Mr. McTab's mind by paddlin' back to Kalua," said Lord Mauleverer. "Only a suggestion, you know. Got another coconut?"

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Luck!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. gazed at Lord Mauleverer.

They gazed in silence. Mauly seemed to have taken their breath away.

The stranded schoolboys had made up their minds that they had to remain on Yo'o until found and rescued.

They had—very sensibly—set to work to make themselves a habitation, as they had to stay there. Not for a moment had it occurred to them that the means might exist on Yo'o of getting off the island.

Had it not occurred to Mauly they might have gone on, day after day, digging themselves in, as it were, but never dreaming that the means of escape lay at hand.

Mauly, who was generally considered an ass in the Greyfriars Remove, had used his noble "nut" to some purpose!

"Well," said Harry Wharton, at last, "my hat!"

"Mauly, old bean, you take the Peek Frean, with the Huntley & Palmer thrown in!" said Bob Cherry. "I thought that place might be the chief's house, because it was such a size, but I—"

"Never thought of a canoe-house!" said Nugent. "and if we had, we shouldn't have guessed there were any canoes in it, after all these years."

"Well, after all, why not?" said Harry Wharton. "The black-birders cleared the natives off the island. Everything must have been left as it was at the time. It wouldn't take long in this climate for the jungle to grow over the place. It grows fast enough. Anybody who dropped in, even only a few months afterwards, would find the place covered, and out of sight."

"And after what happened here, the natives of other islands would most likely give the place a wide berth for years afterwards," said Johnny Bull. "I shouldn't wonder if we're the first who ever barged into those ruins at all."

"Quite likely! We might have thought—" Harry Wharton paused, and laughed. "Well, we might have—but we didn't! Mauly did. We hand it to you, Mauly, old bean!"

Lord Mauleverer grinned amiably. "Come on, you men!" said Bob. "Now Mauly's put us wise, we'll give the jolly old building a rest. If one of those canoes is seaworthy we're getting out of this!"

"What-ho!"
"Coming, Bunter?" grinned Bob.
"Beast!"
"You take a rest, Mauly—"
"Rot!" said Mauly. "It won't be easy to get a canoe out—lots of work to be done! All hands on deck!"

Bunter was left sprawling—gladder that the work had come to an end than that a means of transport had been discovered.

Popoo followed the juniors as they started for the interior of the island.

They pushed their way through the tangled bush with bright faces.

The castaways had been prepared to make the best of their enforced stay on Yo'o, but the prospect of getting away, and getting back to Kalua, was exhilarating.

They reached the building in the

ruined village, which, on the first inspection, they had taken to be a chief's house. The tangled jungle within was almost impenetrable; and it was no wonder that Mauleverer felt all "shreds and patches" after forcing a passage through it.

"This way!" said Mauly. He plunged in, dragging aside wiry creepers, and the Famous Five followed him, with the Tonga boy.

Not an inch of space was left uncovered by the bush, and every foot of the way meant vigorous pushing and pulling. Here and there, as the juniors shifted the tangled, matted growths, there was a glimmer of white bones in the dusk.

"Here!" said Mauly. He put his hand on an object that he had already partly uncovered. It was the high carved prow of a canoe.

The juniors could discern that there were several others hidden by masses of bush and trailing creepers.

"My word, feller canoe stop!" said Popoo. "Big feller canoe, sar—war-canoe belong Yo'o feller."

"Oh, what a bit of luck!" chirruped Bob Cherry. "Mauly, old man, you're worth your weight in ten-pound notes, and then some! With a brain like yours, old thing, you'll make them sit up some day in the House of Lords!"

"Now to get it out!" said Harry. "Not so jolly easy but we're going to do it, old beans!" said Bob. "Fancy McTab's face when we come sailing merrily home in this jolly old canoe! Pile in, my infants!"

Bob Cherry wielded the axe, and the other fellows their knives, but it was very far from an easy task to clear the canoe.

A sweating hour followed before they had it anything like clear and were able to examine it closely.

How many years it had lain there, hidden from all eyes, they could hardly guess—long, long years! But the hard wood of which it was built was well-preserved. It was almost stacked with mouldy vegetation, which smelt horribly when it was stirred. But it had to be shifted, and the Greyfriars fellows shifted it, and the canoe was cleared at last.

Getting it out of the canoe-house was a still more laborious task. In the old days there had been a clear runway, and a crowd of natives to run a canoe up from the sea. It was very different now.

But it had to be done, and the Greyfriars castaways set about it, hacking a way for it to be dragged.

"If we had a rope—" sighed Bob. "If that blighter who bagged the boat had left us just one rope—"

"Makee feller rope, sar!" said Popoo.

"Oh, my hat! I'd forgotten Man Friday!" chuckled Bob. "You makee feller rope, Popoo, and I'll let you kick Bunter all over Kalua when we get back."

Popoo grinned and disappeared into the bush.

The juniors continued to hack a path for the canoe while he was gone.

The Tonga boy came back with a rope of plaited osiers. It was knotted to the high prow of the canoe.

"Now for the jolly old tug-of-war!" said Bob.

With some of them pulling, and the rest heaving and pushing, the canoe was got into motion, and trundled out of the canoe-house.

Then there was a pause for a much-needed rest. The sun was sinking towards Kalua; but in the bush, the heat was baking, and the Greyfriars

fellows were feeling rather as if they were in an oven. They sat and mopped streams of perspiration, and drank coconut milk; but fatigue could not dash their satisfaction at this happy discovery.

The work was not over yet, however, by any means. The distance down to the beach was not great; but where once there had been an open runway, was now tangled bush, and a way had to be hacked for the canoe to pass. And it was necessary to search in the canoe-house for paddles.

So, after a brief rest, the castaways set to work again.

Popoo wriggled in the jungle in the canoe-house till he discovered paddles, while the juniors hacked at the bush on the old runway.

Lower sank the sun to the Western Pacific. Dusk began to fall on the sea and the island. But the juniors sweated on; and, foot by foot, almost inch by inch, the canoe was pulled and pushed and dragged and persuaded down its ancient path to the sea, to be ready to start at the first gleam of dawn for Kalua.

It was by the glimmer of the moon that the castaways, tired to the bone, landed it at last on the beach. Then, leaving it there, they almost tottered back to camp, and threw themselves down, too tired even to think of supper.

"I say, you fellows—" came a squeak from the gloom.

The Greyfriars fellows had been too busy to remember the lazy fat Owl. Now they were reminded of him, however.

"I say, what about supper?" asked Bunter. "You've kept me waiting a jolly long time, I must say."

Nobody seemed disposed to answer. Billy Bunter blinked through the shadows at tired face after face peevishly.

"Deaf?" he asked. "I say, I'm hungry! I should be starving, but for the bananas. Have you caught any fish, Popoo?"

"No catchee fish, sar!"
"You lazy beast! I jolly well knew you wouldn't if I hadn't got my eye on you!" roared Bunter. "What do you think I'm going to have for supper?"

"No savvy, sar!"
"I say, you fellows—"
"Anybody here not too tired to get up and kick Bunter?" asked Lord Mauleverer plaintively. "I'm too jolly tired, or I would!"

"I think I can manage it!" said Bob. He heaved himself to his feet. A loud and anguished yell announced that he had found energy enough to kick Bunter. There was a sound of thudding, accompanied by another sound of fiendish yelling. After which, Bob sat down to rest again, and Billy Bunter, speechless with indignation, refrained from making any more observations on that important subject, his supper!

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

Home Again!

MR. McTAB jumped. He stared at Bomoo. Another day had dawned—a bright and sunny day, but dismal enough to the manager of Kalua.

His faint hope that some canoe crew from the adjacent islands might bring news of the lost schoolboys had faded away.

There had been no news; and in the hot midday, the manager of Kalua sat in the shady veranda, thinking it over.

Not till the last faintest hope had gone, would he send such news home—bad news could not travel too slowly. But he knew that it must come: and he was thinking it over, with a wrinkled brow and a heavy heart, when his house-boy came scudding up from the beach, whipping up the steps and bursting in to the veranda like a hurricane.

Breathless from haste, Bomoo, stood gasping, almost gibbering, before his startled master, unable to speak for the moment.

Mr. McTab gave him a glare. That was not the way for a house-boy to enter his master's presence, especially when his master was a prim and particular Scotch gentleman.

"What—" hooted Mr. McTab.

"Oh, sar!" gasped Bomoo. "Oh, sar!" He gurgled for breath. "This feller Bomoo comey plenty too quick altogether, sar, along sing out white master comey, sar—"

"White master!" repeated Mr. McTab. His face changed. He made a stride at the house-boy, and grasped him by a bare brown shoulder. "What— Quick! Is there news—the wee lord—speak!"

"Him comey, sar!" gasped Bomoo. He waved a hand to the veranda rail. "You look, sar, eye belong you, you see white feller master, sar, comey along lagoon, sar, along canoe! Me comey altogether too quick, sar, tell you, along me see that feller canoe, eye belong me."

Mr. McTab stood, for an instant, as if petrified. Then he made a bound to the rail, and stared over it, seaward.

The wide lagoon rolled before his eyes—on the beach, a mob of excited natives shouted and pointed. From the reef passage, gliding into the lagoon, came a canoe—a tall-prowed war canoe of the islands;—paddled by a white crew.

Angus McTab fixed his eyes on it. He could see, and count, the canoe's crew: Lord Mauleverer, and the Famous Five, and Popoo, all handling paddles; and the gleam of a big pair of spectacles in the sunshine from the fat face of one who was not handling a paddle!

Mr. McTab could only gaze. The whole Greyfriars party, whom he had given up as hopelessly lost, drowned at sea when the whaleboat capsized, were paddling into the lagoon under his astonished eyes.

It seemed like a dream to the manager

of Kalua. For long, long minutes, he stood there, staring, hardly daring to believe that his eyes did not deceive him.

"White feller master stop, sar!" grinned Bomoo.

Mr. McTab looked at him. He smiled. Then he went down the steps, and crossed the beach to the quay, to greet the returning schoolboys when they arrived. Half Kalua was watching them as they came.

From the bush, high up the hill of Kalua, another was watching—watching with glinting eyes of rage; and savage words of bitter fury and disappointment fell from the lips of Ysabel Dick as he watched the canoe come in.

THE GREYFRIARS GUIDE.

Our rhymester's weekly page has been unavoidably held over from this issue. It will be back again next week.

But no one saw the man from Ysabel, or thought of him—no one knew that he was on the island at all. On the beach of Kalua, every face, white or brown, was merry and bright.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Mr. McTab heard a well-known cheery voice, as the canoe glided up to the quay. "There's Mr. McTab—and— My hat! There's the jolly old whaleboat! Look!"

The whaleboat, brought in from the reef, was moored at the quay.

Harry Wharton & Co., stared at it in amazement, as Bob pointed it out. They had never expected to see the whaleboat again—least of all at Kalua.

"Well, this beats it!" said Harry Wharton. "Did the blighter who pinched it bring it home?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob, again, waving his paddle to Mr. McTab. "Here we are, here we are, here we are again!"

The canoe rocked up to the quay, and the juniors scrambled out.

Billy Bunter's squeak was heard.

"Popoo! Where's that nigger? Popoo, lend me a hand, you lazy nigger! I'll jolly well sack you!"

Popoo, grinning, helped his fat white master out of the canoe.

Harry Wharton & Co. were surrounding Mr. McTab.

Billy Bunter did not bother about Mr. McTab. Billy Bunter shot off to the bungalow like an arrow from a bow. Coconuts and bananas were all very well; but what Bunter wanted was something solid, and he had no time to waste on the whole clan of McTab. Billy Bunter headed for the bungalow, and the foodstuffs, losing no time.

"The wee lord!" Mr. McTab was saying. "The wee lord, alive and safe! My dear-r-r-r boys—"

"Aw'fly sorry to have worried you, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm afraid you've been anxious! Not our fault, really—some rotter pinched our boat—"

"We've been stranded on Yo'o, sir!" said Harry.

"And we'd be there yet if old Maudy hadn't had more brains than the lot of us put together!" said Bob.

"The brainfulness was terrific." Mr. McTab gasped.

"The whaleboat was picked up on the reef—wrecked!" he said. "I'd nae doubt that ye were all drowned—"

"Oh!" gasped the juniors.

"But here ye are, safe and sound!" said Mr. McTab. "The wee lord, safe and sound! It's a glad sight to see ye safe and sound."

Mr. McTab led his flock up to the bungalow.

A sound of clamping and munching greeted them, when they entered. Billy Bunter blinked at them, with a happy blink over a well-filled plate, and ceased, for a moment, to champ and munch.

"I say, you fellows, try the cold chicken!" he said. "I can tell you it's good. It's from the refrigerator—but it's good—I can tell you it's good. You just try it! I'm not a chap to think much about food, as a rule, as you fellows know, but I can tell you, it's scrumptious! You just try it!"

After which, Billy Bunter said no more. For a long, long time, his jaws were far too busy for further speech!

THE END.

(The best-laid schemes of Ysabel Dick seem destined to go awry, but he's very far from relinquishing his mission. He proves himself a still more dangerous enemy in next week's long story of the South Seas.)

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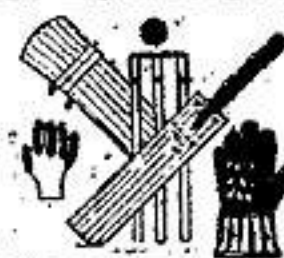
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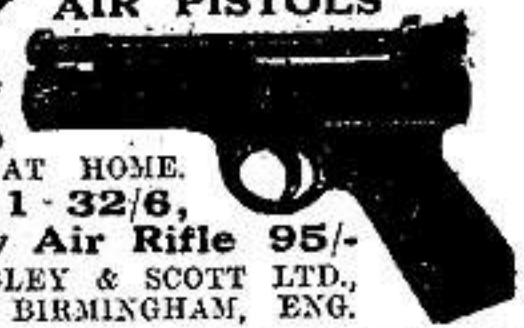
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THE BEAK ON THE BEACH!

A Laughable School Story of Jack Jolly & Co., the Cheery Chums of St. Sam's.

By DICKY NUGENT

"What about going in for the sand-castle kontest, you fellows?" asked Jack Jolly. "Good wheeze!" said Frank Fearless. "Topping!" grinned Morry and Bright. The heroes of the St. Sam's Fourth were strolling along the prom. at Breezyville - on - Sea, where they were enjoying a tip-top hollerday, slightly marred on this particular morning by a temporary shortage of cash. Jack Jolly's suggestion held out a hoap that that

shortage would now be relieved. The Mayor of Breezyville was offering a cash prize of one pound to the boy who built the best sand-castle on the beach. If one of the quartette could win that munny, they would be in a land flowing with milk and hunny! "Share and share alike, of course, if one of us wins," said Jack Jolly. "Nobody minds doing that, I suppose?" "Not a bit! Ripping idea, I think!" Jack Jolly & Co.

turned round with a start, as these words fell on their ears. They found themselves gazing at the familiar figger of Doctor Alfred Birchemall. The Head, who was dressed in flannel trowis, a striped blazer and a straw hat that looked as if it had come out of the Ark, grinned cheerfully at the juniors, who doffed their

hats respectfully. "Well, this is a ser-prize, sir, and no mistake!" larfed Jolly. "Are you staying at Breezyville, too?" "Yes, rather!" grinned the Head. "I have the royal suite at the Hotel Posh, you know." "Why, sir, that's where we're staying!" "Ahem! I should have said, the Hotel de

Swagger," corrected the Head, with a coff. "It's luck I've run into you boys, for you're just in time to help me out of a slite difficulty. A remittance I was expect-ing has been delayed in the post; and I need a pound to help me over till to-morrow." "Then we're all in the same boat, sir!" grinned Jolly. "A pound is just what we need ourselves. And we're hoaping to win it in the sand-castle kontest on the beach this morning." Doctor Birchemall's greenish eyes gleamed. "Indeed, Jolly! I think I mite have a go at that, myself. I used to be a regular dab at sand-castles in my yung days."

"Nothing doing, sir!" chuckled Frank Fearless. "This kontest is for boys only. No old fogeys need apply!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Doctor Birchemall sniffed. "Dashed if I see anything to cackle at! I'm going to look at the rules to see if what you boys say is correct." With these words, the Head climbed over the promenard railings and jumped down on to the beach. On the sands was a gentleman dressed in a yotsman's rig-out, who wore on his coat a badge bearing the words "SANDCASTLE KONTEST. JUDGE." The Head approached him with a fawning smile on his face. "Excuse me, sir, but do you mind telling me if it's all right for me to go in for the sand-castle kontest?" he asked. The yotsman farly roared at that innerent question. "You've got a nerve, grandpa, I must say!" he chuckled, as he wiped the tears of merriment from his eyes. "Fancy a dodderly old jent like you wanting to win a sand-castle kontest! You're about a hundred years too late, grandpa!" "What, mite I inquire, is the age limit?" asked the Head, loftily. "Well, if you really want to know, grandpa,

it's sixteen," grinned the cheery yotsman. "But don't you worry. One of these days they'll have a bathchair parade; and then you'll have your chance to win a prize, grandpa! Haw, haw, haw!" Doctor Birchemall scowled. "Dashed if I see anything comical in calling a meek scripling like me 'grandpa'!" he snorted. "I declins to discuss the matter further with such a low, common person as you are! Bust you!" And with that crushing re-act, the Head strode majestically away over the sands. Jack Jolly & Co. concluded that he had given up all idea of entering for the sand-castle kontest. But this was quite a mistake on their part. The Head had by no means given up hoap yet. After leaving the yotsman, he walked along the beach till he came to a sheltered corner underneath some cliffs, where half-a-duzzen yungsters had undressed to go in swimming. The moment he spotted the clothing they had left on the beach, he had a tranewave. "By Jays! he muttered to himself. "If I could borrow some of these tigs and dress up as a boy, I could go in for the sand-castle kontest without anyone being any the wiser. My beard I could tie round my neck so that it looked like a muffer."

To think was to act, with the Head. In a cuple of jiffies, he had helped himself to some of the clothing and vanished from site behind a big boulder. Who... he reappeared, five minits later, his closest friend would never have reckernised him. He wore a skimpy pair of shorts, a tight, open-necked shirt, and a white sun hat about six sizes too small for him. His beard, neatly tied round his neck, looked for all the world like a woolly muffer. He was bare-footed because none of the boys' sand-shoes were big enuff for him; but this, he decided, would not matter in a sand-castle kontest. "Ha, ha! The desprit deed is done!" he said, with a gloating larf. "It will be a little awkward explaining things to the owner of this clobber when I return—but it will be worth it for a pound!" The Head galloped gleefully back to the place where the kontest was to be held, stopping on his way to buy a spade and pail at a beach-stall. Head's long years of experience. When the time allowed was up, nobody had the slitest doubt about which was the best castle in the kontest. Amid loud cheers, the yotsman pointed to Doctor Birchemall. Then he led the Mayor of Breezyville to the winning castle, and the Head stretched out his hand to receive the crisp, ruffling note that the mayor was preparing to give him.

did the yotsman; and finally the Mayor of Breezyville himself held his sides and larfed till his chain of office simply rattled! The Head stood it for some time—hoaping against hoap that he was still going to get his prize munny. But that hoap was dashed to the ground when the yotsman - judge had a confab with the mayor and the crisp, ruffling note was handed to Jack Jolly, whose sand-castle was generally agreed to be the next best on the beach. After that, Doctor Birchemall made a hurried move away from the scene of his exposure, changed clothes with the yungster and returned to his hotel at the dubble. For the time being, the Beak had had quite enuff of the beach! "Well, who's for an ice?" chortled Jack Jolly, as he led the heroes of the Fourth back to the promenade. And Jack Jolly & Co. strolled away to seek refreshment. (Spare a thought for Dicky Nugent, labouring on another yarn of St. Sam's for next week—when he should be doing his prep.)

At present the wheeze seems to be to give one school one period and the next another, and so on. But why not go the whole hog and apply the same wheeze to different sections of the same school? Think how jolly it would be if the Upper Fourth had their hols. at a different time from the Remove! With Temple and his pals out of the way, we should feel as if we belonged to a real school instead of a kind of menagerie! It would be better from their point of view, too. The old grievance about which is the real Junior Eleven would disappear for ever. While we were away they would run it, and while they were away we would have the honour! Quite simple! But the idea might be carried still further. Why not stagger the holidays for individuals, too? If Bunter had the first choice, we should all know what dates to dodge at once. And imagine how much cleaner the atmosphere would be without Skinner and one or two more. Altogether, this staggered holidays wheeze opens up a vista of very cheery possibilities. I really think we ought to do something about it!

FISHER T. FISH.

BUNTER MINOR BAGS BATHING BEAUTY PRIZE!

Seaside Sensation's Strange Sequel

Dicky Nugent & Co. visited Margate. Sammy Bunter went, too. When the party reached Margate and saw posters announcing a Search for Male Beauty Sammy Bunter beamed. "It's jolly lucky we've come in time for this Male Beauty stunt," he said. "The prize is a fiver—worth winning, what? I'm going in for it!" "You're what?" howled the Co. "I'm going in for it," said Bunter minor firmly. "Why not? They want Male Beauty in Face and Figure. I've got both. Catch me chucking away the chance of a buckshee fiver! I'm putting my name down!" "But what are you going to wear?" asked Myers. "A bathing costume, of course. That's what the rest will wear, I suppose." "Very likely!" nodded Myers. "But what I mean 'is, what are you going to wear over your face?" The Co. grinned. Sammy Bunter snorted. "Beast! I wish you wouldn't let your jealousy get the better of you, Myers! Of course, I admit it must be hard for a skinny bounder like you to avoid feeling jealous of a well-set-up fellow like me—" "You mean a well-

set-down fellow like you, don't you Bunter?" grinned Myers, setting Bunter down on the hard prom. as he spoke. Bunter rolled over and howled; and temporarily stopped thinking about the Search for Male Beauty. None of the Co. seriously imagined that the fat Second Former would have the nerve to go in for the competition. But they did not know Bunter minor. When the Search for Male Beauty was held Bunter minor joined in the parade—as large as life and twice as natural, as Myers put it (and twice as large, as well, Nugent minor added). It was a special Carnival Day, and there was such a dickens of a crush that half the parade of Male Beauty got lost among the spectators or mixed up with the Beach Pets' Show which was being held near by. So Bunter minor did not create such a sensation as Dicky Nugent and his pals had imagined he would. The Co. watched him from their deckchairs,

and had a good old laugh over him. Then suddenly their laughs changed to blinks. What they saw was certainly enough to make any man blink. Believe it or not, one of the officials had stepped down to Bunter minor and hung round his neck a card bearing these incredible words: "FIRST PRIZE!" "What the thump!" gasped Dicky Nugent. "It's Bunter! What does it mean?" "One of two things, I should say," grinned Myers. "Either that the chap's having a joke or else he's gone off his rocker!" Whatever it was, Bunter minor seemed pleased



enough. He made way to Nugent's crowd, with his face beaming like a full moon. "He, he, he! I've done it!" he cackled. "First prize winner in the Search for Male Beauty! I say, this'll make 'em sit up and take notice when they hear about it at Greyfriars!" The ringing of a bell

cut short Bunter minor's remarks. The prizes were to be presented. "Will the winner of the Search for Male Beauty step forward, please?" bawled somebody through a megaphone. Sammy Bunter made a rush. So did somebody else—a good-looking young fellow, who also had a ticket on him bearing the words "First Prize"! The two collided. The crowd roared. Willing hands helped them to their feet, and the good-looking young fellow went forward. Before Bunter minor had recovered his breath the good-looking young fellow had taken the prize and walked off amid the plaudits of the crowd. Sammy Bunter staggered up to receive his prize. He knew he must have one coming, from the label on his chest. And he was quite right—he had! Only it was not quite what he had expected. Bunter minor had been fondly banking on a fiver. But all he got was a painful of fresh herrings! The explanation turned out to be quite a simple one. Bunter minor had got mixed up with the Beach Pets' Show in the general melee, and the judges had awarded him the prize for the best pet on the beach—thinking he was somebody's pet sealion! If you can't swallow this, ask Bunter minor. He's bound to say it's untrue—and that's as good a proof that it's true as any reasonable man can demand!

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STAGGERED HOLIDAYS FOR ALL!

By PETER TODD

A lot of people stumble on the problem of staggered holidays. I think myself that it's a jolly good idea. The term "staggered" holidays, by the way, does not mean holidays in which one staggers about a lot. All it implies is, holidays arranged at different times for different people, instead of all together in August, as we arrange them at present.

At present the wheeze seems to be to give one school one period and the next another, and so on. But why not go the whole hog and apply the same wheeze to different sections of the same school? Think how jolly it would be if the Upper Fourth had their hols. at a different time from the Remove! With Temple and his pals out of the way, we should feel as if we belonged to a real school instead of a kind of menagerie! It would be better from their point of view, too. The old grievance about which is the real Junior Eleven would disappear for ever. While we were away they would run it, and while they were away we would have the honour! Quite simple! But the idea might be carried still further. Why not stagger the holidays for individuals, too? If Bunter had the first choice, we should all know what dates to dodge at once. And imagine how much cleaner the atmosphere would be without Skinner and one or two more. Altogether, this staggered holidays wheeze opens up a vista of very cheery possibilities. I really think we ought to do something about it!

FISHER T. FISH.

UNCENSORED LETTERS

No. 8. From CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE

Dear Fry.—Why not drift over and join the party here at home? Dab. has trickled along and one or two others are likely to ooze in shortly. I'll grant you things are quietish at present. The governor has taken the best Rolls and seeped away somewhere for a week, and mater has floated off to Scotland in the second-best. But there's still a chariot or two left in the dump, and one or two tennis players and what-nots remain to save a man from being bored. How devastatingly jolly to be far from the madding crowd again!

A man feels he can breathe when he's no longer surrounded by a swarming army of inky-fingered infants, what? I floated into Capper the other day and he threatened to look me up during the hols. But please don't let this put you off, old boy. If he does arrive I'll get one of the chauffeurs to run over him, and that will be that! Hoping you're not finding things too frightfully depressing, old boy. As ever, CECIL R. TEMPLE. P.S.—Do totter along some time!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 305. EDITED BY FISHER T. FISH. August 13th, 1938.



YOUR EDITOR CALLING

Howya, folks! This is Fisher T. Fish calling—temporary Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald"! Sit up and rub your eyes, you guys, who have been soothed to sleep by the "Greyfriars Herald" of the past! From now on you got a guy in the editorial chair that allows nix in these columns unless it's got pep, snap and zip!

All the same folks, don't expect too much. If I had a free hand, you surely would get a paper to make you open your peepers. I guess I'd be real ruthless. My motto would be: "Scrap the lot!" All existing features would go, Dicky Nugent's included—to be replaced by snappy American tabloid stuff written by yours truly!

But, sad to say, I have not got that free hand. Jevver know anything like it? That dumbbell Wharton would only allow me to take over the job if I agreed not to interfere with existing features! So, you see, my style is cramped from the start. All the same, boys and gals, I guess I'm gonna do all I know how to put some gunpowder into this paper. And if Wharton don't turn round to me after the vacation and say, "Fisher! I can never hope to keep it up at this level; the Editor's job is yours for keeps," I'll eat my sombrero!

So long, pals!

FISHER T. FISH.



The yotsman, who was now taking charge of the kontest, farly blinked when the Head tottered up on the scene. "My word! You're a long-legged yungster and no error!" he cried. "How old are you?" "Please, sir, fifteen last birthday!" answered Doctor Birchemall, in a shrill, piping voice. And he simply hugged himself when the yotsman nodded and pointed out a pitch to him. It was as plain as a pikestaff that the man had not the faintest idea he was talking to the old fogey he had warned off only five minits earlier!

The kontest now began. Very soon sand-castles by the score were spring-up as if by magick. It was soon evident in the Head's case that the old hand had not lost its cunning. A noble castle, bristling with spires and battlements and round towers, quickly arose out of the sand, and a buzz of admiration went up from the crowd as it began to take shape. Jolly and Fearless and Merry and Bright all made good efforts. But they were powerless to suxceed against the

At the same moment there was a sudden commotion among the crowd, and the weirdest site imaginable appeared. It was a small boy, wearing enormous trowis, a striped blazer that nearly reached to the ground, and an ancient straw hat six sizes too large for him! Dashing up to the Head, he grabbed him by the thing that everyone had taken to be his muffer. "Here's the old jent that pinched my togs!" he cried in a shrill, piping treble. "Make him give them back to me, somebody!" As he spoke, he tugged hard at the "muffer." The result was a four-gone conclusion. The "muffer" became untied and, to the amazement of the crowd, a long beard tumbled down from the prizewinner's chin. "Why, it's not a boy at all!" gasped the crowd. "It's an old jent!" "The Head!" yelled Jack Jolly. "He dressed up as a kid to win the prize! Ha, ha, ha!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Merry and Bright and Fearless; and then the crowd joined in, and so