

GREAT MOTOR-RACING STORY ! 6 COLOURED PICTURES !
By SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL ! FREE INSIDE !

The MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY.
Week Ending December 30th, 1933.

No. 308.
Vol. 12.

2^D.





The beachcomber, with an angry snarl, swung round the mop and landed it with a crash on Koko's woolly head.

ON *the* PINK CORAL TRAIL!

The market value of pink coral is £5 an ounce—and KING OF THE ISLANDS is sailing in search of a South Seas island that is MADE of that treasure. And he doesn't find it easy going! **By Charles Hamilton**

A Dozen for Danny!

"YOU feller Billee!" roared Koko, the brown boatswain of the Dawn. "You feller Billee! You show feller leg belong you!"

Koko's powerful voice rang from one end of the ketch to the other, and to a considerable distance over the shining waters of the Pacific. But there came no answer from below. If Billy the Beachcomber—the derelict whom King of the Islands, the boy trader of the South Seas and owner of the ketch Dawn, had taken off Tahiti—heard, he did not heed.

King of the Islands, standing by the binnacle, was looking up at the crowd of canvas carried by the tall cedar masts of his ketch. Kit Hudson, his young Australian mate, sat on the taffrail, hands in pockets. The wind came out of the north-west, and the mountains of Tahiti had long since vanished below the sea-line. It was morning on the Pacific, and a sky of cloudless blue gleamed over a sea of deep indigo.

"You feller Billee!" roared Koko again.

There was a cackle from the Kanaka crew. Lompo at the helm, Kolulo scraping the whaleboat, Lufu and Tomoo swabbing the fore-deck, all

looked round at the boatswain, and cackled. Danny the cooky-boy looked out of his little galley forward, but he did not cackle—he seemed uneasy.

Koko was growing wrathful. The beachcomber was a white man, and Koko a brown man. But the beachcomber was only a dingy derelict off Tahiti beach, whilst Koko was boatswain of the Dawn, and a rather important person in his own eyes, and the eyes of the crew!

"You feller Billee!" he roared angrily. "What name you no sing out along this feller Koko? Which way you no tumble up along deck, along me sing out along you, you plenty bad feller?"

"Tinke that feller Billee stop along sleep along cabin!" ventured Danny the cooky-boy.

"What name he sleep, along day he come?" hooted Koko. "You shut up mouth belong you, you feller Danny. My word, me plenty too much mad along that feller Billee! S'pose he no tumble up, me go along that feller with lawyer-cane!"

King of the Islands frowned. He had taken Billy the Beachcomber on board the Dawn because the French authorities had turned him out of Tahiti, and Ken King had consented to waste a week's time in running

down to the far-off, lonely isle of Tunaviva, where the outcast believed that precious pink coral was to be found.

But good-natured as he was, Ken King was firm on one point—he was going to have no loafers on his ship. The outcast had to turn to while he was on the Dawn, and do a man's work for his rations.

"Rouse him out, Kit!" said the boy trader. Hudson smiled, and jerked himself from the dipping taffrail. Much as he thought of Koko, and little as he thought of the beachcomber, Ken did not want to see a brown man handle a white man. But the mate of the Dawn was ready and willing to do all the handling that might be necessary.

"Leave him to me, old coffee-bean," said Hudson, as he passed Koko and went down the companion.

King of the Islands glanced back over the taffrail at a sail that showed far astern in the direction of Tahiti. It was the brown, patched sail of a pearling schooner and since sunrise Ken's eyes had turned on it many times. The schooner was making the same course as the ketch. Likely enough, it was only some Tahitian schooner going down to Mangareva or possibly Pitcairn. But there was a

On the Pink Coral Trail!

suspicion in Ken's mind that Mr. Jam, an enemy he had left at Papeete, might have followed him to sea.

Hudson tramped down into the cabin. The beachcomber had been given a berth on the lockers, and there Hudson found him, in his dingy, tattered shirt and his old duck trousers cut short at the knee, fast asleep. One grubby hand held an empty bottle. And as Kit Hudson realised the cause of the outcast's deep slumber, his brow darkened. The Dawn was a temperance ship and drink was absolutely "taboo."

Hudson stood staring grimly at the miserable wretch on the lockers. The beachcomber had not brought the bottle on board with him. He had jumped on the ketch in Papeete harbour in the rags he stood in. One of the Kanakas must have smuggled the bottle on board, and Hudson could

guess which. It was not the first time that Danny had offended, and he would be made to pay for it!

TAKING a grip on the man's neck, Hudson tipped him sprawling on the floor. His eyes opened and he gave a gasping yelp:

"Burn my timbers! Hands off!"

"Get on deck!" ordered Hudson.

Billy tried to sit up on the planks. But he rolled over again, helplessly. With a snort of contempt, Hudson hauled him bodily up the companion ladder and dumped him down on deck.

"What's the matter with him?" exclaimed King of the Islands.

"What's been the matter with him for donkey's years!" snorted Hudson.

"What he was kicked off Tahiti for! Look at him!" King of the Islands looked, and his brow became as dark as his mate's. He rapped out an order to Tomoo and Lufu.

"You feller boy, you take bucket along water, swab that feller altogether too much!"

The Kanakas entered on the task with zest. Bucket after bucket of water was swamped over Billy, and he gasped and gurgled and grunted.

"Danny!" roared Hudson. The uneasy cooky-boy came along from the galley. "You bring bottle along this ship you givum along that feller Billee?" asked the mate.

"Me plenty solly, sar," mumbled Danny. "Me tinkee likee bling one feller bottle along galley belong me, sar. That feller givum this Kanaka money belong him along that feller bottle, sar."

"Koko, you go along galley belong Danny, you look see feller bottle he stop!" ordered Hudson.

"Oh, sar, no feller bottle he stop!" howled Danny. "Me bling one feller bottle, sar, along galley belong me, and givum to feller Billee. This feller boy talk good talk along you, sar, along he say one feller bottle he stop!"

Unheeding the cooky-boy, Koko tramped along to the little galley. There was a clattering as he searched Danny's den for smuggled goods. He came out again with a bottle under each arm.

"That the lot?" growled Hudson. "Yes, sar! Two feller bottle he stop!" said Koko.

"Chuck them over the rail!" said Hudson. The bottles whizzed over the teak rail, and vanished into the depths of the ocean. Then the mate of the Dawn fixed a grim look on the shrinking cooky-boy.

"You too much bad feller altogether!" he snapped. "What name you say one feller bottle he stop, along two-three feller bottle he stop?"

"Me no savvy two feller bottle, sar!" wailed Danny. "No see um, eye belong me!"

"Give him a dozen, Koko!" The brown boatswain selected a lawyer-cane, and Danny bolted back into his galley like a fat black rabbit into a burrow. The boatswain followed him, and there came a sound like the cracking of coconuts as Koko laid on the cane. Danny was still yelling when the boatswain came out of the galley with the cane tucked under his arm.

Billy's Lesson!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stood looking at the beachcomber, who stood drenched and dripping, resting one shaking hand on the mizzen and blinking at the boy trader like an owl in the sunlight.

Kicked out of Tahiti, Billy had been glad to ship on the Dawn. He had been overjoyed when Ken King consented to run down to uninhabited Tunaviva to test his story of the precious pink coral. But sailing on a temperance ship had been a blow to him, and at the first chance his besetting sin had found him out. It was likely to be a long time before the clean sea-winds blew the rottenness out of Billy the Beachcomber.

"You rascal!" said Ken, in disgust. "Are you sober enough to listen to me?"

Get this Super ALBUM, Boys!

—HOLDS ALL FOUR GIFT ALBUMS—



A cover for the whole collection of Albums of Coloured Pictures given with MODERN BOY, RANGER, MAGNET and GEM.

This fine Album Cover has been specially designed and made for those lucky readers who are collecting the wonderful sets of coloured pictures given in our companion papers, as well as those we give. It's made to hold 1, 2, 3 or 4 of the Free Albums, complete with all the pictures, and it enables you to keep together the whole of this marvellous series of coloured pictures, bound in an appropriately handsome cover that you'll be proud to show your friends. You can get it for 2d. only, post free (or 3d. abroad). Seize your opportunity and post the coupon to-day, or you may be too late.

Here you see the Album Cover, which is made in a stout and serviceable material. You can obtain it for 2d. post free (or 3d. overs-as, including Irish Free State).

FILL IN AND POST THIS COUPON NOW!

Name

Address

**PIN TWO
1d. STAMPS
HERE**

Fill in the coupon in Block Letters and post to:
MODERN BOY
Special Album Offer,
The Amalgamated Press,
Ltd.,
Bear Alley,
Farringdon St.,
London, E.C.4.

The beachcomber scowled sullenly at the skipper and mate of the Dawn.

"Now listen to me!" snapped King of the Islands. "You're going to be rigged out in decent clothes, and you're going to keep yourself clean. You're going to pull and haul with the crew, and take your fair share of the ship's work. You've finished with loafing in the sun and putting poison down your neck. Got that?"

"We make Tunaviva in a couple of days," said Billy. "You know what we're going to raise on Tunaviva. It will be the best week's trade you've ever done. I told you there was a fortune on Tunaviva, and you and your mate share when we raise the pink coral. That's good enough for you. Leave a man alone!" And with that he turned his back on King of the Islands, and slumped away towards the companion, to go below and sleep.

Ken drew a deep breath. He had been aware that the man was worthless—that whatever manhood there might once have been in him had been sapped away by drink—but he had been sorry for the dilapidated wreck of what had once been a white man, and had felt that he could not leave the miserable wretch at the mercy of the half-caste pearl-trader, Mr. Jam, who had twice sought to take his worthless life.

Cost and trouble the boy trader could tolerate, but not impudent defiance on his own deck. He stared after the slouching outcast, then glanced at the mate of the Dawn.

"I leave him in your hands, Kit," he said; and turned away to watch the distant schooner.

"You couldn't leave him in better," grinned Hudson. The sturdy Australian stepped after Billy, grabbed his shoulder as the man was stepping into the companion, and twirled him round. "You're ordered on deck, my man!" he said tersely.

Billy's sunken eyes glittered at him. Ashore in Tahiti he had been one of the most quarrelsome and troublesome of the rough characters who haunted Yellow Charley's place. And it seemed that in his fixed belief that there was a fortune on Tunaviva, which the skipper and mate of the Dawn were to share if found, he now regarded himself as a person of some consequence. He glared at Hudson, lifted his grubby hand, and struck the grasp from his shoulder.

"Hands off, you!" he grunted. "Burn my timbers! I'll be riding in my own car at Sydney after we've raised Tunaviva! You reckon I'm going to be handled by a mate on a trading ketch? Hands off!"

"You're going to be handled, my man, and handled hard!" Hudson smiled grimly. "You won't be long on this hooker, I hope, but you'll be a different man when I'm done with you! Koko, hand me that lawyer-cane!"

The boatswain handed it over. The beachcomber set his jaw as Hudson grasped his shoulder again, to twirl him away from the com-

panion to the open deck. Next moment the outcast, with a savage snarl, struck at the mate's face.

"That does it!" said Hudson, and, dropping the cane, he put up his fists and sailed into the beachcomber.

There was a cackle of excitement from the crew. A fight on the deck of the Dawn was a welcome entertainment to the Hiva-Oa boys. Ken King glanced round from the taffrail, but he knew that the beachcomber could safely be left in the hands of his mate.

The outcast, used to rough-and-tumble scrapping, wretched derelict as he was, seemed to have some pluck. He stood up to the mate of the Dawn for a full five minutes, during which he was knocked right and left. Then he was knocked sprawling on the deck, beaten to the wide, blinking and gasping. Hudson rubbed his knuckles, which had been damaged, and looked down at the outcast.

"That enough?" he inquired. "Then I reckon I'll let you off the lawyer-cane, but only if you jump to orders, my man! Get up! Get a bucket of water, and wash—sharp! Get yourself clean—a tiger-shark wouldn't touch you as you are! Jump to it!" rapped Hudson.

The outcast of Tahiti glared at him, but he was thoroughly thrashed, and there was hardly a kick left in him. Slowly he obeyed. Under Hudson's eye he washed and cleaned himself, shaved, and cropped his

(Continued on next page)

A REAL BOYS' PARADISE!

Here are some of the attractions!

War in the Air!

The World's Fastest Fighting Aeroplane, side by side with a Sopwith Camel on a special exhibit by the Air League, showing the history of the great Air Aces of the Great War.

British Racing Drivers' Club.

The 9 Record-Breaking Cars of 1933. This exhibit will be the most interesting show boys have ever seen—a Racing Pit. See how big races are run and won.

History by Telephone.

A Glorious Riot of Fun and Laughter. Imagine the fun there would have been in the past if they had had Telephones. Come and hear it.

A Model Railway.

With an eight-foot Scale Model of the Southern Railway's Giant Locomotive—"The Nelson."

A Wonderful Gaumont-British Cinema.

With a Free Competition you will just have to enter.

A Meccano Competition.

Firework Displays.

A Full Size Fun Fair.

We could go on for hours, but book to Wood Lane and come and see for yourself—the finest

THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION WHITE CITY (Wood Lane Entrance)

DEC. 28th - TO - JAN. 13th. 10 a.m. - TO - 9 p.m.

ADMISSION 1/6 (including Tax)

A 2/3 Ticket includes Admission and a jolly good meal at Heinz Schoolboys' Own Restaurant.

The...
Stamp Collector's Corner



STAMP HINTS
and FACTS

STANLEY GIBBONS LTD.
15, ABchurch Lane, London, W.C.2.

**THE WORLD'S
RAREST
STAMP**

is fully described and illustrated in our new book—"STAMP HINTS AND FACTS." Write for this fine book, it's

*** FREE ***

STANLEY GIBBONS LTD.,
DEPT. 88, 391 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

FREE WONDERFUL 1934 OFFER.
34 New Issues and Novelities.

Including Afghanistan (1932 unused), Angola (1933 redrawn type), obsolete Austria, France (unused new value just issued), French Morocco (Sultan's Palace at Tangier), Italy—portraits; long obsolete set of Japan, Martinique (new pictorials), Middle Congo (steam train on viaduct), Reunion (waterfall), St. Pierre (new designs), fine long set of pictorial Ukraine, etc. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 4d.).

G. P. KEEF, Willingdon, Eastbourne, Sussex.

STAMP OUTFIT FREE

Comprising Watermark Detector, Duplicate Book, Perforation Gauge, 100 Stamp Mounts, Tweezers, also the Liberia Packet of 51 different stamps, which includes the beautiful engraved View of the Liberian Coast. (The famous Negro Republic).

Sent to applicants for ours,
The World's Most Attractive Approvals
Send 2d. Stamp for Packing, etc. (Abroad 4d.).

R. WILKINSON,
Majestic Buildings, COLWYN BAY

Treasure Island Pkt. & Grand Outfit Free!!

Treasures galore will be found in this wonderful assemblage. Stamps from the far-off Caribbean Sea Islands where pirates of old buried their loot, Barbados, Cuba, Guiana, Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago. Also a useful miniature Stamp Album and Perforation Gauge, Packet of Stamp Hinges, over 57 different varieties of stamps which include several interesting Russian Army emissions as well as fine sets. All these are free and waiting to be stored in your Album. Just request approvals and send 2d. postage.

LISBURN & TOWNSEND (Dept. M.B.),
LIVERPOOL.

SETS. (Postage Extra.)

20 Austria	2d.	20 Poland	2d.
20 Bavaria	3d.	20 Hungary	2d.
20 Belgium	2d.	20 Italy	2d.
10 Bulgaria	2d.	10 Japan	2d.
10 Canada	2d.	20 Portugal	2d.
20 Czecho	2d.	20 Romania	2d.
20 Denmark	3d.	20 Russia	2d.
5 Estonia	2d.	20 Sweden	2d.
20 France	2d.	20 Switzerland	2d.
20 French Cols.	2d.	10 Turkey	4d.
10 Greece	2d.	10 Persia	4d.

J. RUSSELL, 23, SHANKLIN DRIVE,
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.

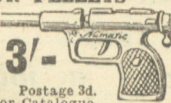
The Paper
that made
Wireless Popular

POPULAR³
WIRELESS
Weekly

On Sale Every Wednesday

THE "NUMATIC" PISTOL
MAKES ITS OWN PELLETS

Breech-loading. Bolt action.
Heavy model, Black finish.
Fires potato, apple, etc.,
by compressed air. No
licence required. Each in
box with instructions.
Postage 3d. extra. Colonial
1/- extra. Send stamp for Catalogue.



HERBERTS & CO. (Dept. B95),
81, Clapham Park Rd., London, S.W.4.

On the Pink Coral Trail!

tousled hair, and dressed in clean shorts, shirt, and hat that a Kanaka fetched up from the trade-room for him. The difference it made in his looks was amazing.

"Good!" said Hudson at last. "Now you look a white man of sorts. You're going to be in my watch, and if you don't turn out a good sailor-man, you'll wish yourself back in prison at Papeete. Bear a hand swabbing decks!"

BILLY looked at him, and breathed long and hard. But he had had his lesson—and he took a mop and joined Lufu and Tomoo swabbing the deck.

"Koko, you see that feller stop along work, eye belong you!" said the mate of the Dawn.

"Yes, sar!" grinned the boatswain. Kit Hudson walked aft to Ken. The boy trader was standing with his eyes fixed on the distant schooner.

"She's after us, Kit!" said King of the Islands abruptly. "I've shifted the course three times, and each time she's shifted to keep astern, like a shark astern of a pilot-fish. If she was making a port, she'd make her own course. That's a schooner out of Papeete, and she's followed us down to the south.

"She can't be following for anything but trouble! It must be that half-caste, Jam, in our wake! Goodness knows what the man's game is, but we know that he's got some interest in Tunaviva, though I'm pretty sure it's not that swab Billy's pink coral. With her spread of canvas she could run us down in this wind if she liked."

"Why doesn't she, if it's trouble?" asked Kit.

"We told Jam we were sailing north—as we intended when we pulled out of Tahiti," answered Ken. "We've changed our minds since. I reckon he was watching to see if we made Tunaviva, and he's spotted it. He knows we can't be making anything else on this course, and he doesn't overhaul us because he's waiting to get clear of the French islands. Once in lonely seas, I fancy he'll overhaul us fast enough."

Hudson's face became very grave, and he said:

"That half-caste's a murderous villain, Ken, and he's got some game on at Tunaviva, that he doesn't want a white man to spot. If they overhaul us in lonely seas, it means—fighting!"

"He'll have a good crew on a packet that size, and you can bet he's picked them for trouble," added Kit. "The swab seemed to have plenty of money—made by selling dud pearls, I suppose. We're landed with a hefty dose of trouble, for the sake of that swab of a beachcomber.

"Suffering cats! He's giving trouble again!"

Hudson spun round, staring along the deck.

Billy had ceased his labours almost as soon as the mate's back was turned. Koko was on him like a shot.

"You feller Billee, you swab along

deck, all same white master he say!" he ordered.

The beachcomber, with an angry snarl, swung round the mop and landed it with a crash on Koko's woolly head. There was a yell from the boatswain as he sat down suddenly on the deck.

"Take that, you nigger!" growled Billy. "And if you give me any more of your lip—"

He got no further. Hudson came striding along the deck, and with a swing of his sinewy arm, flung the outcast on the teak planks.

"Give me the lawyer-cane, Koko!" he cried, then laid it on good and hard. Not till his strong arm was tired did he cease, after which the outcast of Tahiti turned to and swabbed decks with the meekness of a lamb.

A Warning Shot!

MISTER JAM, the fat, olive-skinned pearl-trader, stood by the rail of the schooner, watching the ketch that fluttered like a sea-bird far away ahead on the

(Continued on opposite page)

The Schoolboys' Own!

WHOD' like to win a £135 talking-picture apparatus for his school—plus a super radio set for himself? Don't all shout at once! These are just two of the fine prizes waiting to be won at the Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, which opens on December 28th at the White City, London, and lasts till January 13th.

Half a million fellows at least are expected to visit this Exhibition, and, from what I have seen of the lists of exhibits, every visitor is going to have a really GREAT time. There is plenty to interest everybody—full-size and model planes; the very latest wireless, telephone, tele-printer, and television apparatus; models of railway locos; magnificent stamp collections; racing cars; pets; working models of blast furnaces and machinery—something of everything, in fact.

Of special interest to fellows about to leave school will be the Careers Section, where free advice by experts will be given to anyone wanting to know about the job he is thinking of taking up.

The charge for admission to the Exhibition, including the huge Amusement Park attached to it, will be 1s. 6d. And, by arrangement with the railway companies, parties of eight or more fellows under sixteen years of age from any school in the United Kingdom will be allowed to travel to and from the Exhibition at half single juvenile fare!

Now—what about it?

Pacific. His fat form, almost bursting from his white ducks, with the crimson cummerbund encircling his enormous waist, and his podgy face perspiring under his big panama hat, drew many grinning glances from the schooner's crew. But if Mr. Jam's aspect was amusing, there was nothing funny in the cold, hard ferocity of his olive face as he watched the ketch skimming the sea.

Captain Shuck, skipper of the Frisco Belle, sat on the hatchway coamings, smoking a black Manila cheroot and watching the fat man curiously. There were a dozen men on deck, and every man, from the skipper to the cook, was as tough a specimen as had ever sailed out of San Francisco.

The Frisco Belle was well known in Pacific waters. Pearl poaching and kidnapping were all in the day's work to Captain Shuck and his crew, and tales were told on the beaches of darker deeds—*island traders* robbed and plundered, and of piracy in lonely waters. It was because of his tough reputation that Mr. Jam had picked out Captain Shuck for the present trip.

The Dawn ran on under full sail to the south-east, and like a hound on the track of a deer, the Frisco Belle followed. The schooner had almost twice the ketch's spread of canvas, and it rested with her whether to overhaul the ketch or not. So far, Mr. Jam had been content with keeping Ken King's ship in sight. But he turned from the rail at last, and looked into the glowing west. The day was drawing to a close. He came across to the stubbly-faced American skipper.

"Fall of night approximates," said Mr. Jam, in his remarkable English. "Great distance has elapsed from Tahiti, yess?"

"I guess we're getting clear of the islands," answered Captain Shuck. "I'll say that if young King figures that you're after him, he will change his course after dark, and give you a miss."

"Such suspicion has entered wary mind of this Mr. Jam," said the pearl-trader. "From course followed by ketch, what destination would it appear to be desire to approximate?"

"Might be making Miraroa or Mangareva, I guess. Might be making Pitcairn," answered Shuck.

"But on present course of ketch, possibility exists that youthful King makes Tunaviva?" said the pearl-trader.

"Yep, if he wanted!" Shuck rose from the coamings, and stared across the sunset-reddened water at the ketch. "Likely enough; I guess. He sure ought to make more easting for Mangareva."

Mr. Jam had no idea of giving Ken King a chance to escape after dark, and to make Tunaviva at a later and safer date. His plans were laid, and captain and crew of the Frisco Belle were ready to carry them out, as they were paid to do.

"Order is to approximate to ketch," said Mr. Jam. "Youthful skipper will have no opportunity to remove himself after fall of dark with prompt

dispatch to other places. No! You have numerous crew, and resistance of King of the Islands will be negligible trifle."

"I guess it's jest pie!" the Frisco skipper grinned. "King of the Islands won't be the first, by long chalks."

He threw away the stump of his cheroot, and shouted orders to the crew. Immediately more sail was shaken out on the Frisco Belle, and she surged more rapidly through the water, masts and spars straining under the load of patched brown canvas.

MR. Jam resumed watching the ketch. Nearer and clearer she grew, till he could make out the three white men staring back over her rail, and the gazing Kanakas on her deck.

The pearl-trader recognised Ken and Kit instantly. But the third white man puzzled him. He knew Billy the Beachcomber was aboard, and expected to see the ragged, unshaven individual he had been accustomed to see loafing and cadging on the beach of Tahiti. The new Billy—washed, shaved, and decently dressed—was something unexpected, and not until the schooner approached nearer, and he was able to see the third man's features more clearly, did Mr. Jam recognise them as those of Billy the Beachcomber—the man he had tried to kill!

"Great gophers!" yelled Shuck suddenly, as a puff of white smoke showed over the taffrail of the Dawn. The bullet from Kit Hudson's rifle whizzed over the schooner before the report was heard. It tore a gash in a brown patch in the mainsail.

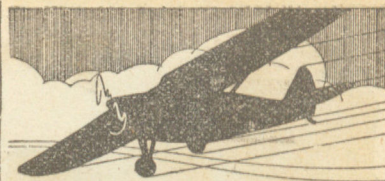
"They're asking for it!" snarled Shuck, gritting his tobacco-stained teeth. "They sure won't have any kick coming when they do get it!"

The shot from the ketch was a warning. It was not heeded. The schooner swept on, overhauling the Dawn hand over fist. Again came a puff of white smoke, and again a leaden messenger sang over the schooner. Captain Shuck roared to his crew. Five or six of the ruffians lined the rail, rifles in hand. The two vessels were now within easy range, and a good shot could have picked off men on either deck. The blaze of rifle-fire from the schooner pitted the sails of the Dawn. Mr. Jam rubbed his fat hands.

"I think with extensive confidence that youthful skipper will not approximate to Tunaviva!" he murmured, as the schooner rushed down on the ketch, to the tune of ringing rifles.

And Mr. Jam's confidence seemed to be well founded. King of the Islands had been in many a tight corner in his adventurous life in the South Seas, but never in a tighter corner than this!

And now that war is openly declared, King of the Islands is going to have his hands very full indeed—full and overflowing! Next Week's story is a BEAUTY!



UNRIVALLED!

WARNEFORD FLYING AIRCRAFT
STILL LEADS THE FIELD AS THE HIGHEST PERFORMANCE

MODEL AIRCRAFT TO BE HAD—THE RECOMMENDATIONS FLOWING IN TO US AS USUAL FROM SATISFIED AND PROUD POSSESSORS OF OUR MODELS ARE PROOF POSITIVE THAT WARNEFORD AEROPLANES ARE KEEPING UP THE PERFORMANCES ACCREDITED TO THEM—AND AFTER ALL — IT'S THE PERFORMANCE THAT MATTERS MOST

BELOW IS THE SPECIFICATION OF ONLY ONE OF THESE DELIGHTFUL MODELS— BUT THERE IS A WIDE AND VARIED RANGE WITH PRICES TO SUIT ALL POCKETS!

The "MOTH" Price 4/6
 Length 19 in., span 16½ in., fitted patent double bearing and shockproof chassis, 8in. hand-carved and balanced propeller, covered red proofed silk. A splendid flyer, and beautifully finished. At the price this model is undoubtedly the finest value ever offered. (Patent No. 296946.)
 Weight, 1 15/16ths ozs. ● Distance, 700 feet.
 Speed, 15 m. p. h. ● Ceiling, 50 feet.
 Rises from the ground.

INSIST ON A WARNEFORD AND BE PROUD OF IT!

PRICES 1/6 to 5 gns.
 Obtainable from all good Stores and Toy shops and Sports dealers throughout the world. Illustrated Price List sent free on application from WARNEFORDS, Dept. B.7, 137, Greenwich Road, London, S.E. 10.