

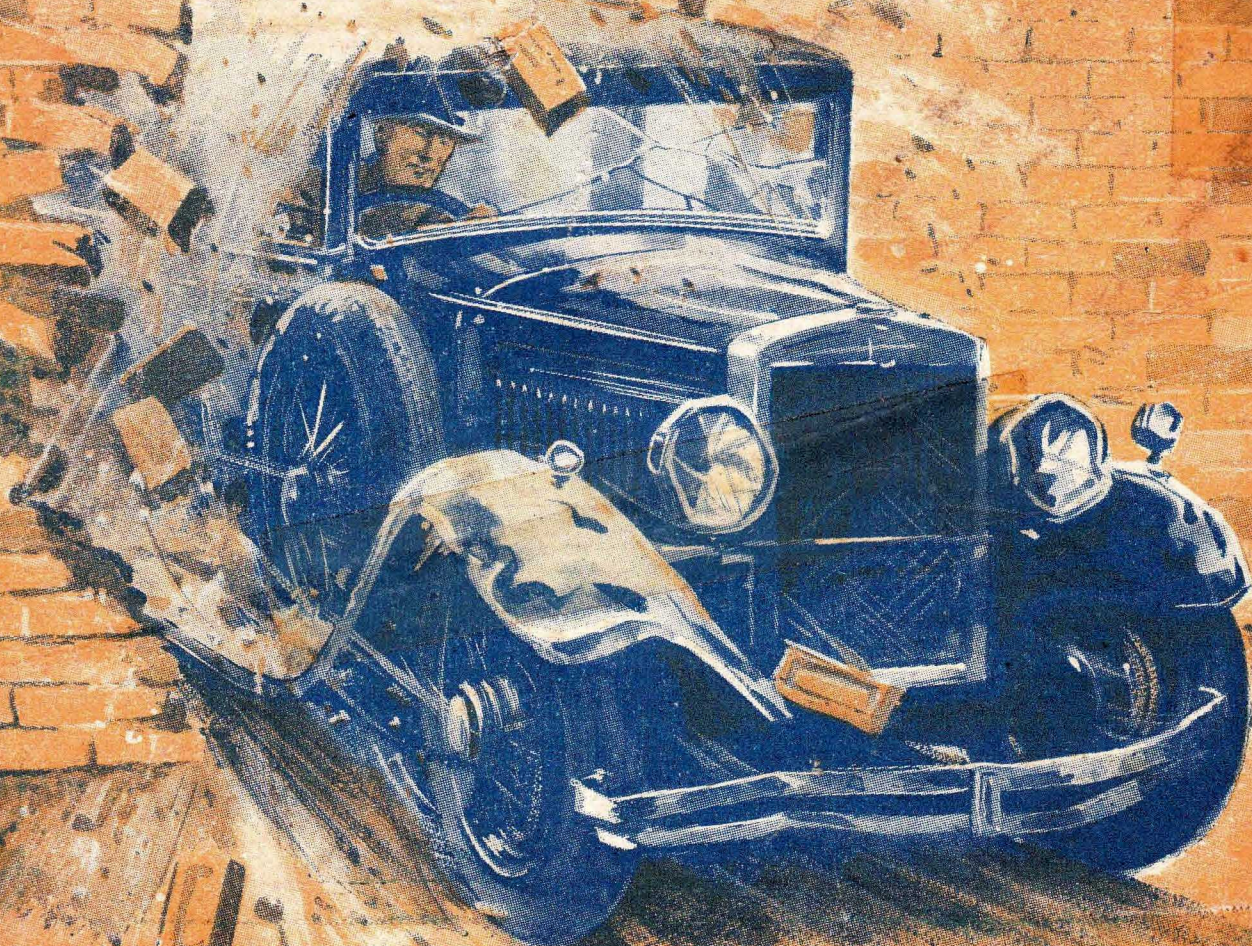
EVERY SATURDAY

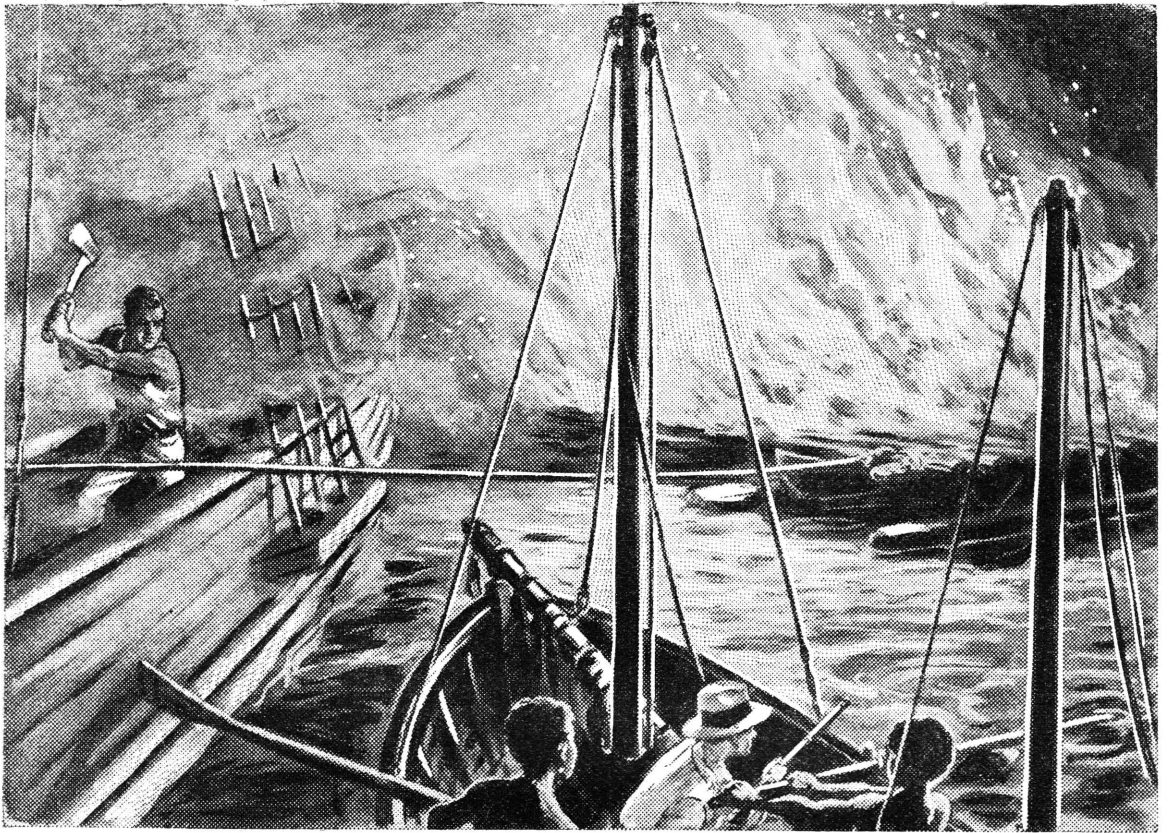
WEEK ENDING
24TH MARCH 1934

VOL. 13
N^o 320

The MODERN BOY 2^D

*Let's
Smash
it Up!*





His skin scorched, his clothing alight in two or three places, Ken rushed forward with upraised axe to cut the grappling rope.

The FIRE-SHIP!

Death by roasting looks like being the fate of KING OF THE ISLANDS— with dynamite-tipped arrows to blow him and his crew to pieces if they escape the fire that is making the ketch Dawn the hottest spot in the hot South Seas! - - - - By CHARLES HAMILTON

A Tower of Flame!

A FIRE-SHIP!" Ken King panted, as a grappling-hook landed in the rigging of the Dawn. It came from three lashed canoes that had floated down on the ketch as it swung to its anchor in the lagoon of Tunaviva, and the canoes had suddenly burst into flames!

King of the Islands had expected some wily move from Mr. Jam, the fat half-caste dealer in false pearls, who had some secret business on tiny, uninhabited Tunaviva—business that the half-caste was determined should not become known to the outside world—and he had wondered what it would be. He knew now! The Dawn was to be burned at her anchorage if Mr. Jam could contrive it!

Ken's eyes blazed with rage. The fire-ship had been sighted bearing down on the Dawn, but nobody had suspected its purpose. It consisted of three canoes lashed together, with a

platform built over them, on which was stacked palmwood and foliage.

No sign of life had been seen aboard the fire-ship as it approached, but hidden behind the stack of wood and foliage had been a man, who had thrown that grappling-iron into the Dawn's rigging and set fire to the wood before diving into the lagoon.

The wood was as dry as tinder in the tropical sun-blaze of the South Seas, but the suddenness with which the whole lot had blazed up showed that the lashed canoes and their cargo had been drenched with petrol.

It had needed but one match, once the fire-ship was fast to the Dawn, to set the whole lot blazing fiercely.

Koko, the Kanaka boatswain of the Dawn, flung down his bush-knife with a yell of fury. His weapon was useless against this enemy.

Howls of alarm came from the Kanaka crew. The Hiva-Oa boys stared at the pyramid of roaring flame beside the ketch with stupefied eyes.

They backed to the other side of the deck, howling with alarm. Long tongues of flame licked over the ketch on the wind. A lick of fire burned King of the Islands' cheek.

It was only a matter of minutes—perhaps of moments—before the ketch was to burn from stem to stern. In the perilous days and nights on Tunaviva, never had destruction been so fearfully near to the shipmates of the Dawn!

They had put in at Tunaviva to test Billy the Beachcomber's story that precious pink coral was to be found there. He had arrived during Mr. Jam's absence, and had fallen foul of the "garrison"—Pinto, who was a Filipino, and a crew of Santa Cruz blacks—that the pearl-trader had left to guard his secret business.

Ken and his crew—Koko, the boatswain, and five Hiva-Oa boys—together with Billy the Beachcomber, had been taken prisoners, but Kit Hudson, Ken's Australian mate, had

The Fire-Ship!

turned the tables by capturing the lugger in which Jam was returning to the island, and exchanging the pearl-trader for Ken and the other prisoners.

But Ken had been unable to leave Tunaviva. Jam and his men commanded the rock guarding the entrance to the lagoon, and the Dawn could not sail. And now, in the dead of night, Jam had sent a fire-ship to destroy his enemies!

BUT in that fearful moment, King of the Islands did not lose his presence of mind. A minute lost meant the loss of his ship, and of the lives of all on board! He yelled to Hudson, his young Australian mate, who was now aboard the captured lugger, as the flames shot up to the dark sky:

"Cut loose the lugger!"

"Ay, ay!" came back Hudson's shout. The crashing of an axe followed instantly.

"Koko!"

"Yes, sar!" Koko was there, ready for action; he had not lost his head like the Hiva-Oa boys. Koko, as he often said, was no common Kanaka! He was as collected as his white masters.

"Cut the cable!"

There was no time to up-anchor or to think of it. There was no time to buoy the cable, to find the anchor again. King of the Islands had to lose his anchor—lucky if that was all that he lost! Koko, axe in hand,

rushed for'ard, knocking over, as he rushed, a couple of the staring, terrified Kanakas, sending them sprawling.

In a split second the keen edge of the axe, wielded in both Koko's powerful hands, was cutting through the thick coir cable.

Ken left it to him; he knew that he could trust the faithful Koko. He grasped an axe and darted at the grappling-rope flung by the unseen man on the fire-ship. Pinto—there was little doubt that it was Pinto, for the Santa Cruz blacks could not have been entrusted with such a desperate task, and Mr. Jam, it was certain, had not the nerve for it—Pinto, if it was he, had escaped, and was swimming in the lagoon.

Ken had no eye and no thought for him. If he escaped the sharks, he would escape. Ken's only thought was for saving his ship—if yet there was time.

The grappling-hook was in the rigging of the Dawn. The rope stretched taut over the teak rail. On the wind came a sheet of flame, a rolling volume of smoke, as King of the Islands rushed at it.

For a moment fire and smoke beat him back, and he covered his eyes with his hands. But the next moment he was springing on again, his skin scorched, his clothing alight in two or three places. He did not heed it.

The axe swung up, and came crashing down on the grappling-rope, which parted with a twang under the single fierce stroke.

A surge of flame came at him, and he dropped the axe and stumbled

back. But the rope had parted—the ketch drifted free of the fire-ship. Here and there the rigging was already afire, tufts of flame gleaming against the velvety darkness of the sky. The heat was terrific, the crackle and roar of the fire-ship deafening.

"Koko!" panted King of the Islands, through the dense volumes of rolling smoke.

Koko's voice rang back:

"Feller anchor no stop!"

The cut cable slithered down through deep water to join the anchor at the bottom of the lagoon. The ketch rode free.

"Fend off, Koko!" roared King of the Islands.

"Yes, sar!"

With a long spar in his sinewy hands which an ordinary man could hardly have lifted, the giant Kanaka drove at the fire-ship, heedless of suffocating smoke and tongues of flame that licked his bare brown limbs.

"You feller boy!" King of the Islands' voice rang through the crackle and roar of the fire. "Lower the whaleboat—you move plenty quick!"

Terrified as the Hiva-Oa boys were, they were too accustomed to obeying the voice of their white master to fail him. There was no time to bend sail, and it would have been futile, for the canvas would have caught at once from the flames darting on the wind.

The whaleboat splashed down into the water, and three Hiva-Oa boys tumbled headlong into it, and King of the Islands lashed the tow-rope with his own hands.

"Washy-washy, you feller boy, too debblish quick," rang the voice of the boy trader. "You no wantee go finish along fire, you washy-washy too quick altogether!"

Three pairs of oars drove at the water. The ketch lurched into motion. Koko, scorching, sweating, suffocating, fended at the fire-ship. King of the Islands ran to the tiller. Under the pull of the towing boat, the ketch swung away from the roaring mass of flame.

Koko dropped the spar, the end of which was burning. He dashed a brown hand across his streaming brow.

"My word! This feller plenty too much hot!" gasped the boatswain. "This feller too much strong-feller hot!"

The heat was still terrible, and the roaring flames, tossed by the wind, seemed to reach for the ketch like red, savage hands. But the Dawn swung farther from the danger, the whaleboat pulling athwart the wind, and the fire-ship floated on before the wind slowly, but every moment increasing the distance and lessening the fearful heat and the danger of conflagration.

Ken wiped his brow and panted with relief. Timbers were scorched and smouldering. Here and there a rope was burning, but the ketch had escaped being set on fire. The escape had been terribly narrow. The men of Tunaviva had come within an ace of success.

The FOOTBALL DEFAULTER

by RICHARD GORDON

A Complete
Book-Length Yarn for
4d. only!



FOOTBALL! Dick Hazel lived for it! He was a star turn—likely to become a pro. But circumstances forced him to join the Army. It didn't matter at first, but later he found himself in a jam. The barrack-square or the football field—which? He had to choose and stand by his choice. He staked all on one move and won the game. Read how he did it in this gripping yarn of League Football and Army Life.

Ask for
No. 424 of

BOYS' FRIEND Library

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls

4^d.

"My sainted Sam! I'll make them pay for this!" breathed the boy trader, between his teeth.

"That foller fire-ship go along beach, sar!" said Koko, rubbing burns on his brawny arms.

Like a tower of flame in the darkness, the fire-ship drifted on. The wind that had brought it down on the ketch was now driving it farther and farther away to the northern beach of the lagoon. Crackling and roaring, it drifted on, casting red light across the shining surface of the lagoon.

Ken shouted to the whaleboat: "You feller boy! You comey along ketch, too quick!"

The whaleboat hooked on, and the Kanakas clambered on board again. Buckets were in every brown hand in a few moments, and water from the lagoon was dashed over scorched and smouldering woodwork. It was not long before every spark was extinguished.

Kit Hudson brought the lugger alongside, and made fast. He jumped on board the ketch.

"Not hurt, Ken?" He gave an anxious look at his comrade's smoke-blackened face.

"Only a few burns!" Ken gritted his teeth. "If we'd lost a minute, we should have lost the ketch! My sainted Sam! If I get my hands on that scoundrel Jam—"

"We're dealing with a more dangerous man than Pinto now!" said the mate of the Dawn. "We've never had a narrower escape!"

"A miss is as good as a mile!" The burning craft drifted on the northern beach of the lagoon, and the shipmates watched it as the flames died out, leaving a column of smoke rolling against the stars.

The ketch and the lugger remained hove-to, while the spare anchor and cable were broken out. Once more the Dawn rode at anchor—scorched and blackened, but safe and sound. From the men ashore came no sound or sign—but King of the Islands, as he watched anxiously for dawn, wondered whether the hours of darkness that yet remained would cover another move from his relentless enemy!

"WHAT the suffering cats—" It was the darkest hour—the hour before dawn. Not an
(Continued on next page)

—THE "DOLLA" AIR PISTOL—

The Best 5/- Air Pistol Made. Junior Model. Fires Darts, Slugs. Length 10 ins. Nickel Finish, with ammunition, 5/-. Post 6d. Senior Model, with ammunition, 7/6. AIR GUNS. Best make with ammunition at 6/-. 8/-. 10/-. and 12/-. each. Extra ammunition for any of above, 1/- & 2/-. Postage 6d. each article (Colonial 2/-). Send stamp for Catalogue. — HERBERTS & Co. (Dept. C.47), 81, Clapham Park Road, London, S.W.4.



MAKE YOUR OWN INVISIBLE INK
AND your ordinary ink, yourself. It's easy. IT'S SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NEW. Every MODERN BOY should secure his 1/- parcel containing powders for:—invisible ink, ordinary ink (many colours) and gum, and a FREE gift. CHOOSE ONE OF THESE:—
STAMP COLLECTORS: Renown 6d. pkt. (25 specimens); CIGARETTE CARD COLLECTORS: 30 cards (5 sets of 6). POSTCARD COLLECTORS: Pkt. 12 cards (of Churches or mixed).
1/- P.O. to A. ROW, 10, Arundel Road, Tunbridge Wells (D.4), secures this parcel. Complete bargain list free. Latest issue.

A HALF TIME REFRESHER



WRIGLEY'S
bucks you up...
1d PER PKT
keeps you fresh

Everybody likes the delicious Wrigley flavour that lasts . . . and lasts. It is good for you, too, an ideal "steadier," thirst quencher and sweetmeat. A pellet of Wrigley's revives you when you're feeling tired and parched. Try it for "half-time." In two famous flavours—P.K. and Spearmint.

BRITISH MADE

The . . .
Stamp Collector's Corner

STAMP ALBUM FREE!!
The "Vanbrugh Giant" Album. Size 8 1/2 x 6 inches, it holds 2,700 stamps, and has 150 illustrations. It is beautifully bound in Stout Pictorial Cover, and includes full index. It contains 3 special articles of interest to the collector, also a fine pictorial Andorra Valley stamp to go on the first page. Do not miss this great offer, which is absolutely FREE to all who request approvals and enclose 4d. stamp for postage and packing.
(Abroad 1/-.)—SHOWELL BROS. (M.B.25), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.



SEND A POSTCARD
with your address and address of stamp collecting friend and I will send you five BRITISH COLONIALS and CHARKHARI (Pictorial) FREE.
LESLIE,
37, Ossington Street, Bayswater, LONDON, W.2.

FREE!
100 DIFFERENT STAMPS
of unique value to all applicants for our special approvals of British and Colonial, rare stamps at one-fifth catalogue price.
Postage 2d. only
T. H. CROSS & CO. (M.B. Dept.),
2, Healdon, Whitchurch, Cardiff.

FREE WONDERFUL 1934 OFFER.
34 New Issues and Novelties. 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.

THE "MONSTER" PKT. FREE
This has nothing to do with Loch Ness, but just a monster packet of fine stamps, the Native, Zoo, and architectural stamps. Over 60 varieties from ALOUIES (Monument), Brazil, British Colonials, DAHOMEY, Egypt (Sphinx), Guatemala (Bird), CAPE VERDE, Bohemia, New Caledonia, F.M.S., and sets, also fine Congo, and Ivory Coast stamps. To the first 100 applicants we include a fine set of 3 CHARKARI, and if you get your friend to write we will send you a fine Camel stamp from NYASSA. Just send 2d. stamp, requesting approvals. You get the finest gifts and stamps from—**LISBURN & TOWNSEND (Dept. M.B.), LIVERPOOL.**

BOYS! LOOK!
Famous "X LCR" STAMP OUTFIT is unbeatable value. Contains: Pair Tweezers, Watermark Detector, Pocket Wallet (Strip pockets), Perforation Gauge, Approval Book (120 spaces), 125 stamp hinges, 5 transparent envelopes. Price lists and free set Pictorial Stamps. ALL FOR 6d. Ask your shop, or write to—
THOMAS CLIFFE, COLWYN BAY.



CHEMISTRY SETS
SPECIAL SAMPLE PARCEL
Containing:
1 Flask, flat bottom, 150 ccs., 1 Beaker, spouted, 100 ccs.; 3 Test Tubes, 4in. x 3/8in.; 1 Thistle Funnel, 20 cms.; 3ft Glass Tubing; 1 Rubber Cork, 2 holes; 4 inches Rubber Connection Tube; 1 Glass Stirring Rod, 2/6, Post Free.
BECK (Scientific) 60, High Street, (Dept. B) Stoke Newington, N.16.
Write for FREE PRICE LIST.



The Fire-Ship!

eye closed on the ketch or the lugger. Hardly a man had escaped burns, and anxiety and uneasiness were deep upon all. Even the Kanakas had no desire to sleep.

The Hiva-Oa boys and the three Easter Islanders were broad awake, looking into the darkness of the lagoon with uneasy eyes. Billy the Beachcomber sprawled on a mat, but he was not sleeping. Hudson on the lugger, King of the Islands on the ketch, were watchful as cats.

Both of them felt that another move from the enemy in the hours of darkness was more than likely, but they had to confess that they could not guess what form it might take. It was only too clear that Mr. Jam was a more cunning and wily enemy than the Filipino.

A faint whistling sound, like the whiz of an arrow, caused Kit Hudson's exclamation. It was followed by a faint plunge, as something dropped into the lagoon a fathom or two from the ketch.

"Tunaviva feller shoot along arrow, sar!" said Koko. "Shoot along arrow, along boat along lagoon!"

Ken strained his eyes into the darkness. It was an arrow that had whizzed in the air, and the ship was far out of range of the beach. Evidently the missile came from a boat. But the boat was not to be seen in the gloom. No sound had been heard—muffled oars had been used, and the boat had stopped at a distance.

Low on the water, it could not be seen; but the tall masts of the Dawn, black against the stars, guided the shooting of the unseen bowman.

Whistle again! Another arrow plunged into the water, this time under the rail. Ken had a glimpse of it as it dropped. The marksman was aiming high, and the arrow dropped almost vertically.

"Fool's game," said Hudson, from the lugger. "A thousand to one against picking a man off in the dark with that trick."

"A fool's game—if that is all!" said King of the Islands. "But—"

"Getting the range?" said Hudson. "Burning arrows to follow, perhaps! An old trick of the Islands! Nothing in it!"

Ken shook his head. He did not think it was that. Another whiz was heard, and the shipmates listened keenly, hoping to discover the direction from which the arrow came. There was a squeal from Danny the cooky-boy, and he scuttled into the shelter of his galley. Billy the Beachcomber was heard stumbling down the companion into the cabin.

The marksman in the unseen boat was sending his arrows skyward, to drop vertically, but there was little danger of one finding a human billet. If it was a trick to drive the Dawn's crew into cover and leave the way open to attack, it was not likely to succeed. Hudson's grip tightened on his rifle.

"If we get the bearings of that boat, we'll stop his sniping fast enough!" he muttered.

There was a "plop" as the arrow dropped into the lagoon, just astern

of the ketch. The unseen sniper was getting the range; not an easy matter, with only the spars of the ketch against the sky to guide his shooting in the darkness, and from a distance.

"That feller along boat plenty too much fool!" said Koko contemptuously. "No makee finish any feller along this hooker, along arrow belong bow belong him."

"No flaid along that feller!" said Lompo, shaking his dusky head.

Whiz! Another arrow, from a great height, dropped, and this time it struck the teak rail of the Dawn on the side where the lugger was tied on. It glanced from the hard teak and grazed Kit Hudson's arm as it dropped spent on the lugger.

The Australian lifted his rifle to his shoulder. It seemed to him that he had caught the faint twang of a bow from the darkness astern of the two vessels that rode bow by bow.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Four shots from the repeating-rifle cracked out in as many seconds, the lead showering on the dark water astern. The shipmates listened intently as the thunder of the reports rolled away. There was no cry, no sound, from the lagoon. If Hudson had spotted the direction of the sniping he had made no hit.

"Better luck next time!" grunted the mate of the Dawn. "I'll give them a few more—"

"Hold on!" said King of the Islands hastily.

"May as well keep them on the jump!"

"Hold on, I tell you! The flash of the rifle will help them get the range—"

Hudson whistled.



CAMPER (to companion who has fallen over cliff): "I'll have to get you up somehow, Harry, 'cos it's your turn to cook the breakfast!"

A PRIZE OF FIVE SHILLINGS for the above has been awarded to RONALD BROAD, 27, Waters Road, NORBITON, Surrey.

"Perhaps that's what they wanted. All the same, I'd like to give them a few!"

Whiz! Plop! Evidently the rifle-fire had helped the marksman in the unseen boat, for the next arrow dropped fairly on the lugger, and stuck quivering, a few feet from the mate of the Dawn. Two Kanakas were on the lugger with Hudson, and they gave a startled cackle.

"Silence!" rapped Ken. "You feller boy, you shut up mouth belong you! Tunaviva feller hear, ear belong him!"

"Yes, sar!" stammered Kolulo.

Plop, plop! Two more arrows dropped into the lugger in quick succession, coming as if from the sky. Lompo and Kolulo slipped over the rail to the Dawn. The dropping arrows were getting altogether too close for their liking. The shipmates did not heed them. The unseen sniper knew now that he was landing his arrows, though he could not have known whether they fell on the lugger or the ketch.

The sniping was getting close, yet neither of the shipmates could believe that the enemy hoped to pick them off in the darkness by blind chance. The attack seemed to them objectless, unless it was intended to rattle their nerves, and keep them "on the jump." Both were ready to fire at a glimpse of the enemy. But the darkness wrapped the boat and the sniper.

"Here comes another!" grinned Hudson. The next second the grin was wiped from his face. The arrow dropped into the bottom of the lugger, and there was a rending, crashing roar of explosion. King of the Islands gave a panting cry:

"Dynamite!"

"Feller dynamite!" stammered Koko. "Feller dynamite-stick stop along arrow, my word!"

"Hudson!" shouted Ken, in wild anxiety.

The force of the explosion shook the lugger from stem to stern. It flung Hudson from his feet, and he sprawled headlong. But he was up again in a second.

"All serene!" he panted. "So that's the game—dynamite! Now they've got the range—"

"You're not hurt?" panted Ken.

"Only a shake! But the lugger's got it—she's going! Cast off!" With a bound, Hudson leaped on to the ketch.

KEN'S face was white as chalk for a moment. He knew now the meaning of that patient and persistent sniping from the dark. As soon as the hidden sniper knew that he was landing his arrows on one of the vessels, the next arrow had dropped loaded with a stick of dynamite. Had it dropped by Hudson, at the rail, he could scarcely have escaped with his life.

Fortunately, it had dropped into the bottom of the lugger, and the force of the explosion had been expended on the timbers of the hull. A huge gap had been torn in it, and the waters of the lagoon were already rushing into the old banana-boat from Mangareva.

Hudson could hear the rush of the water pouring in below, even as he leaped to the ketch.

The sinking lugger was swiftly cast loose. A gap more than a yard wide had been torn in her hull, and the ropes were scarcely cast loose when she plunged under the surface.

Ken's heart beat quickly. Had that deadly missile dropped on the ketch— But there was no time to think of that!

"Up hook!" he roared.

The Dawn was driven from her anchorage. To remain where she was, was to share the fate of the lugger. Swiftly the anchor swung loose, and the ketch moved through the water. Never had sail been shaken out so swiftly on board King of the Islands' ketch. There was a splash, and a splash again, as the Dawn moved from her anchorage, arrows from the unseen boat dropping into the lagoon.

The ketch ran before the wind, swooping towards the northern beach of the lagoon, and if the dynamite-loaded arrows were still dropping, they dropped harmlessly into the water. Within a cable's length of the beach the ketch came about.

King of the Islands' eyes were glittering.

"We'll get the boat!" he breathed. "My sainted Sam! We'll get the boat! Stand ready to shoot, Kit!" "You bet!"

The Dawn tacked, and swept down the dark lagoon. In swift motion she was in little danger from dropping arrows; and it was most likely

that the enemy were already pulling for the beach, now that the game was up. But they were not going to escape, if King of the Islands could help it. It was a long pull to the beach, and there was a chance of running down the boat.

There came a sudden, grinding crash under the sharp prow of the Dawn. Koko gave a yell of triumph. "Feller boat no stop!"

Crash, crash! came from the breaking timbers of the boat, rammed in the darkness by the rushing ketch. Crack, crack, crack! came from Kit Hudson's rifle, on the forecastle head. Bullets crashed into the wrecked boat and splashed into the water.

Wild and frantic cries came from the lagoon. The fragments of the boat swept under the Dawn's prow, and the crew were swimming for their lives.

King of the Islands stared astern into the darkness. The cries on the lagoon died away. The survivors of the boat's crew were swimming for the beach, unseen in the night. But he knew that a deadly toll had been taken of the enemy. Hudson joined him, with a grim smile on his face, and dropped the butt of his rifle to the deck.

"They've called the tune, and they've paid the piper!" he said. "We've put paid to Mr. Jam, so far!"

Ken nodded.

"We've had luck!" Ken said.

For the remainder of the night

the ketch was under way. King of the Islands did not intend to come to anchor again till daylight. There was no sign from the men of Tunaviva; for the present, at least, Mr. Jam had been beaten, and he gave no sign. But it was with deep relief that King of the Islands and his crew saw the sun, at last, rise from the Pacific.

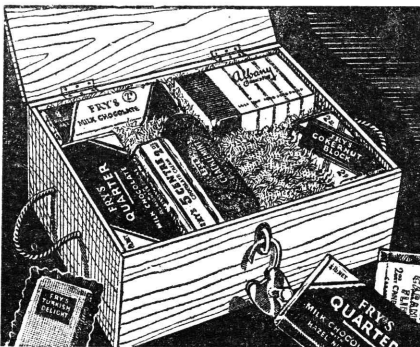
Under the sunrise the Dawn dropped anchor again in her old anchorage. As the sunlight strengthened, King of the Islands' eyes turned on the basaltic cliff by the reef passage. A faint smile crossed his lips at the sight of a fat figure in white ducks with a glaring red cummerbund on the rock terrace.

It was Mr. Jam, watching the ketch with black eyes that glittered from rolls of fat. And as he saw the face of King of the Islands turned towards him, the trader in false pearls lifted a podgy fist and shook it in savage menace.

"We're not done with him yet, Ken!" remarked Hudson.

"And he's not done with us!" said King of the Islands quietly. "We've got a long score against that swab, and I think our turn's coming!"

*It is—in Next Saturday's King of the Islands story—and if YOU don't want to miss that **SPLENDID** yarn you'd better **ORDER Next Week's MODERN BOY** this very day!*



This is one of the First Prizes
A Big TUCK BOX full of Fry's
delicious chocolates

Don't be too late!

1,500 SPLENDID PRIZES

Competition Closes April 30th

Quick! Time's getting short. Don't miss your chance of winning one of the 1,500 prizes in Fry's grand competition. No entrance fee . . . and no one over 15 may enter. Buy a bar—four big delicious sections—of **Fry's new Id. Chocolate Cream** and you'll get a free entry form with it. The competition's going to close very soon. So hurry, hurry! Get busy and win a prize. Competitors are divided into three age groups. Everyone has an equal chance.

FRY'S

New CHOCOLATE CREAM 1^d.

J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., SOMERDALE, SOMERSET