

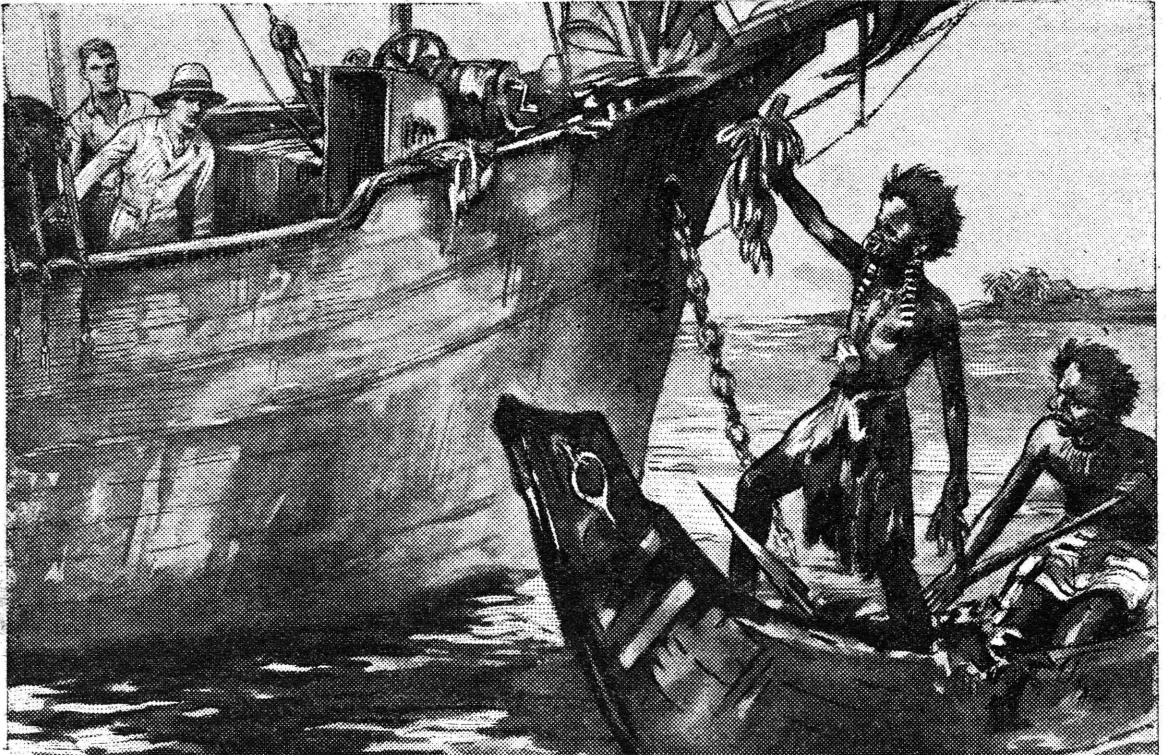
The MODERN BOY

2D

**COMPLETE
MODEL
RAILWAY
AND
AEROPLANES
TO BE
WON!**

EVERY SATURDAY
WEEK ENDING
October 27, 1934
No 351
VOL. 14.





Komo-omo lifted a big bunch of bananas as an offering to Peter Parsons and Kit, and in doing so uncovered the broad blade of a razor-edged spear.

HEAD-HUNTERS *of* TREASURE ISLAND!

Hot on the trail of Seven Thousand Golden Sovereigns, Kit Hudson and his new partner meet the cannibal guardians of a South Seas treasure-wreck!

Found—and Lost!

FELLER Hudson stop!" yelled Koko, the Kanaka boatswain of Ken King's South Seas trading ketch, the Dawn.

King of the Islands, the boy skipper and owner, had run the Dawn in by the reef passage from the Pacific, and was standing across the lagoon of Lascelles Island, heading for the coral wharf, backed by the golden beach and lines of bungalows and warehouses.

Koko, giant Kanaka, stood like a bronze statue at the wheel, his face grave. Ken King leaned on the taffrail, his hands driven deep in his pockets, his face pale and harassed. The Hiva-Oa crew were unusually silent; even Danny, the fat cooky-boy, usually chattering like a parrot, was mute.

King of the Islands was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve, but all the crew of the Dawn could see that his heart was like lead. The sight of Ezra Hunk's motor-boat, drifting a shattered wreck on the Pacific after the storm, had struck him like a stunning blow.

In that rotten old boat Kit Hudson, Ken's old shipmate, had been making

the run from Lalinge to Lascelles. Where now was the mate of the Dawn?

Suddenly the grave look on Koko's brown face lifted, his eyes lighted up, and he almost let go the wheel in his excitement. A figure on the coral wharf, glimpsed among the Kanakas and black coolies, brought that excited yell from the boatswain. And King of the Islands spun round at him, his heart thumping.

"Koko! What—"
"He stop—that feller stop!" panted Koko. He released one brown hand from the wheel, and pointed. "You look, sar, eye belong you! Feller Hudson no walk about along bottom sea—he stop too much!"

Ken stared in the direction of the pointing finger. Two white men were standing by a stack of packing-cases on the wharf. One was a little, lithe, dapper man in spotless white ducks and Panama hat—Dandy Peter Parsons, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

Well Ken knew the athletic frame and sun-bronzed face of the other. It was Kit Hudson, his shipmate and comrade, alive and safe on Lascelles!

"My sainted Sam!" breathed Ken. He ran forward along the teak

deck, as if he would get to his comrade before the ketch reached the wharf. Koko grinned cheerily as he steered on. The two men on the wharf were staring towards the Dawn—Hudson, with a blank expression on his face, Peter Parsons with a cynical grin. The sea-lawyer of Lukwe spoke to Hudson. Kit did not answer, and Dandy Peter, with a shrug of the shoulders, walked up the wharf and left him. Kit Hudson remained where he was, his eyes fixed on the incoming ketch.

King of the Islands had no eyes for Dandy Peter. He hardly noticed that the Lukwe skipper was there. He waved his hand to Hudson, his face bright. The mate of the Dawn made a gesture, that was all. Surprise and something like dismay seemed to be his chief feelings at the unexpected sight of his shipmate.

"Hudson, ahoy!" shouted Ken; but the mate of the Dawn did not answer. The ketch ranged up to the wharf and King of the Islands leaped to the coral. He landed lightly and ran towards Hudson.

"Kit! Oh, I'm glad—glad to find you here!" he panted. "We were fools to part, old man."

Head-Hunters of Treasure Island!

"We needn't have parted!" muttered Hudson. "If you'd stood by me to put in for the wreck of the Crackerjack at the auction—"

"I'll stand by you now, old fellow, all along the line. Kit!" King of the Islands' voice trembled. "I put the ketch about when the wind changed, and came after you—and—and—I saw Hunk's old motor-boat, a wreck, broken up by the gale, and I thought—I feared—"

Hudson's face softened. "You thought I'd gone to Davy Jones, Ken? I never finished the trip in that old tin can—"

"I know that now, Kit. But you can guess what I felt like when—"

"I know!" Hudson's face softened. "I'm not losing sight of you again, old fellow! If you won't give in, I must!" King of the Islands laughed. He could laugh now. "If the old Crackerjack's sticking together on the Suna-Suna reef, we'll raise the seven thousand sovereigns in her. If she's gone, we shall have our trip for our pains! Anyhow, we're going into it together."

Hudson's face worked strangely. "You're a good shipmate, Ken!" he muttered huskily. "But—it's too late!"

"Too late?" Ken started. "Weren't you in time for the auction, then?"

"Ay, ay! But—"

"Everybody said the old brig would go for a song," said Ken. "Did the bidding go out of your depth, after all?"

"It went to eight hundred and fifty."

"My sainted Sam! Eight hundred and fifty for an old hulk lying on the worst reef in the Solomon Islands!" exclaimed Ken. "Fools and their money are soon parted! You're well out of it, Kit. I'm sorry, on your account, but you're well out of it—"

"I'm not out of it."
"But—you never—"

"I did!" said Hudson grimly. Ken's face became very grave. "You went in over your depth, and bid more than you could stand for?" King of the Islands drew a deep breath. "Then—thank goodness I came! I'm not going to pretend I think there's much hope of salvaging the sovereigns, Kit—it's a cargo of

pearl-shell to a stick of tobacco that they're deep under the sea-sand long ago. But if you've gone in over your depth, I'm seeing you through. Sink or swim together!"

"It's too late, Ken!" groaned Hudson. "I bid up to eight hundred and fifty, and, of course, I couldn't see it through. I was glad to get an offer from anybody to stand by me, and share—even from a man I'd hate to touch with a ten-foot pole!"

"I thought you were hundreds of miles away. If you'd come in an hour ago—even one hour. Now it's too late. I've gone into partnership with Peter Parsons."

King of the Islands stared at his shipmate incredulously.

"Dandy Peter?" he almost shouted. "He was here after the Crackerjack," muttered Hudson. "He was too late—it was out of his depth, anyhow, same as it was out of mine. But he made me the offer, hardly an hour ago, to go in with me—"

"That rascal—sea-lawyer, pearl-poacher, nigger-kidnapper!" broke in Ken. "Kit, you never stood for it—"

"It was that or losing the chance!" Ken's eyes flashed.

"Hudson! You can't—you sultan't—"

"I tell you it's signed and sealed. He's my partner in the venture now, half-owner of the Crackerjack! We're going in his cutter, the Sea-Cat—"

"That scoundrel—that sea-thief!" exclaimed King of the Islands passionately. "You can't! The blackest scoundrel in the Pacific—"

"Thanks!" drawled a mocking voice.

King of the Islands spun round to meet the ironical grin of Dandy Peter. His eyes blazed at the handsome, wicked face of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe. He clenched his hands convulsively.

"You can cut out the gas, King of the Islands," sneered the sea-lawyer. "You let your shipmate down! I'm standing by him! Stick to your ketch, and drumming round the islands for copra—while a better man than you is going after a fortune!" And Dandy Peter snapped his fingers contemptuously in the face of the boy trader.

That was the last straw. Ken King's fist shot out, and landed full in the sneering face. Dandy Peter, with a yell, staggered backwards, lost his footing on the edge of the coral wharf, and pitched headlong into the lagoon.

"Ken!" shouted Hudson, starting forward.

Ken panted. "That for Peter Parsons! And now—"

"Now you'd better steer clear, and leave me and my partner alone!" snapped Hudson. He turned from King of the Islands, and ran to the edge of the wharf. Dandy Peter had gone completely under, but he was up in a moment, and swimming for the wharf, his face white with rage. Hudson leaned over to give him a hand ashore.

"Kit!" panted King of the Islands. "Leave me alone, I tell you!" snapped Hudson, over his shoulder.

WHERE'S GEORGE ?



—gone to

LIONCH!

In sending this to me, THE OLD BOY says :

"I confess that I have pinched this idea, like the low hound I am, from the humorous advertisements of Messrs. J. Lyons & Co., which we have all seen in the papers. So I offer them my humble apologies!"

THE EDITOR.

"You've done enough—more than enough! Leave me alone!"

He dragged the drenched and dripping sea-lawyer up the coral. King of the Islands stood with set face and clenched hands, ready for further trouble with Dandy Peter—and not only ready but keen and eager. But Kit Hudson half-led, half-dragged the dripping, furious sea-lawyer along the wharf, and the boy trader was left standing alone.

With a black brow, he strode back to the ketch. Koko's brown face wore a troubled look, but he did not speak. He knew that his white master had found his shipmate, only to lose him again.

Bound for the Solomons!

EZRA HUNK, the storekeeper of Lalinge, slid from the counter where he was seated, and glared at a man who strode in out of the brilliant sunshine. He clenched a bony fist, and brandished it at Kit Hudson.

"Say, you guy, you've got back?" he hooted.

"Looks like it!" agreed the mate of the Dawn.

"And what about my motor-boat?" roared Ezra. "I hired you that boat to run down to Lascelles. It's been towed in by a skipper what found it drifting, nearly knocked to pieces. And he's sticking me for twenty dollars for the tow!"

"More than it's worth!" said Hudson coolly. "That rotten old tin-can let me down. If I hadn't got a lift in a canoe, I'd have been late for the Crackerjack auction."

"You've bought the Crackerjack?" ejaculated Ezra.

"Ay, ay, with my partner!"

"I'll say you're the prize boob!" said Ezra. "That old brig's a cable's length down, long ago. If she's still on the reef, I guess the niggers of Suna-Suna have cleared her out, fore

and aft. I'll sure say you're the big boob from Boobsville!"

Kit Hudson frowned. Since he had bought the Crackerjack at Lascelles, he had heard a good many opinions on the purchase. Most of them agreed with Ezra's. Hudson was tired of hearing them.

"Take a bight on your jawing-tackle!" he grunted. "I'm here for stores. I'm sailing in the Sea-Cat at sundown, and I've no time to waste."

"You figure that you're paying for my motor-boat out of the sovereigns you'll raise on Suna-Suna?" sneered Hunk.

"I figure that I paid twice what it was worth, for its hire!" snapped Hudson. "You won't get a cent more, you swab. I'm here for stores for the trip to the Solomons."

Ezra Hunk interrupted him. He explained at full length that he wanted five hundred dollars for the damage to his ancient motor-boat. Hudson laughed mockingly, until the exasperated storekeeper shook a bony fist in his face, and then lashed out at him.

Then Hudson grasped the Yankee storekeeper, up-ended him with a swing of his powerful arm, and banged his bony head on his own counter.

Ezra's head was hard. But the counter, built of teak, was harder. Ezra's frantic roars rang over half Lalinge. Finally the mate of the Dawn pitched him to the floor, left him spluttering, and strode to the door. Ezra sat up dizzily, rubbing his damaged head.

"Say!" he called out, as Hudson reached the door. "Say, I guess you needn't go off on your ear! If you want stores, I'm sure the guy you want to do business with!"

Hudson stared at him. Ezra staggered to his feet, and Hudson burst into a laugh. After that little incident, he had expected to have to look for stores elsewhere. But Mr. Hunk

was a business man. The banging of his bony head made no difference to that. He dropped the disputed subject of the damaged motor-boat, and came down to business.

For the next hour Kit Hudson was deep in the business of stores for the trip to the Solomons. Ezra was the most accomplished swindler in the Islands; but he found the ex-mate of the Dawn very keen and wary. Paying eight hundred and fifty pounds for the Crackerjack had left both Hudson and his partner very nearly "on the beach."

Dandy Peter knew a man on Lalinge who had a second-hand diving-suit to sell, and he had gone to drive a bargain for it. The stores were left to Hudson, and, almost at the end of his resources, he expended every sovereign with care. After a long hour of bargaining, Ezra had not succeeded in over-charging him by more than ten dollars, much to his disgust.

Hudson left the store at last, and walked down to the beach. In the lagoon lay Peter Parsons' handsome little cutter, the Sea-Cat, with two Lukwe boys lolling on her deck. Hudson frowned as he looked at her. It had been a stroke of fortune, Dandy Peter standing in with him for the Suna-Suna venture.

But it was not in the Sea-Cat, it was in the Dawn, that Hudson had wanted to sail on the trip. If only he had known, if he could have guessed, that King of the Islands was coming after him to Lascelles!

But King of the Islands had come too late, and that was that! Hudson had not exchanged a word with his old shipmate since that interview on the wharf at Lascelles. His faith was pledged to the sea-lawyer of Lukwe, and he had to stand by it.

The Dawn had been still in the Lascelles lagoon when Hudson and Dandy Peter left in a canoe for

(Continued on page 29.)

ONE GUINEA

has been awarded to P. ROWLAND, Deany Fieldmore Road, Hardway, Gosport, Hants, for this snap of a Grove Road Jnr. Football Team. Rowland is seated on the extreme left

If the OWNER of the RINGED HEAD will send his full name and address, vouched for by P. Rowland, in envelope marked "Claim," to the Editor of MODERN BOY, he will receive a Gift of FIVE SHILLINGS



Head-Hunters of Treasure Island!

(Continued from page 27)

Lalinge, and Hudson did not expect to see King of the Islands again before he pulled out for the Solomons. Indeed, he was doubtful whether he would ever see him again at all.

The bitter reflection was in his mind that the Cracker-jack's sovereigns, if he picked them up, were not worth it. But the die was cast now.

There was a tap on his shoulder, and he glanced round at the grinning face of Dandy Peter. The sea-lawyer of Lukwe was in high feather, whatever Hudson's feelings might be.

"Fixed up the stores?" he asked.

Hudson nodded.

"And I've got the diving-suit," said Peter Parsons. "Naked diving's no good on Suna-Suna—I know those waters. Too many tiger-sharks and squids. If the niggers there have been down after the wreck, I reckon some of them have been fed to the sharks. John Shark's been looking after the sovereigns for us."

He laughed and waved to the Lukwe boys to bring the dinghy to the beach.

THE Sea-Cat, like most of the vessels in the Islands that were too small to carry a boat in davits, towed a dinghy astern. Toto and Koo, the black boys, pulled the dinghy alongside, jumped into it, and pulled to the beach. Hudson glanced at the large, heavy package that was placed in the dinghy by a couple of Ysabel boys who had followed Parsons.

The package contained the diving outfit which was to be used at Suna-Suna. It did not occur to Kit Hudson to examine the contents. It was not till much later that he wished he had thought of examining the package before sailing out of Lalinge. Then it was too late.

On board the Sea-Cat, the big package was stowed away unopened. The stores were brought on board, and the cutter prepared for sea. A native canoe gave her a tow out of the reef passage. Outside the reef the wind was picked up.

As Lalinge dropped astern, Kit Hudson's eyes swept the horizon to the south. Perhaps the thought was in his mind of catching a last glimpse of the Dawn. But there was no sail on the sea—only a black bar of smoke from the Sydney steamer coming in.

Crowded with sail, the Sea-Cat ran westward, and Lalinge disappeared below the sea-line. The cutter was a good sea-boat, and Dandy Peter a good though reckless skipper. He was in high spirits and high good-humour. Hudson had rather wondered how he would "pull" with an old enemy, now a friend, or at least shipmate, shut up in the narrow quarters of a little cutter.

He was ready to make the best of Dandy Peter now that there was no help for it, but it seemed doubtful whether Dandy Peter would make the best of him. But his doubts were soon relieved. The sea-lawyer was all good-humour and cordiality. He seemed glad to have Hudson on board, and to have a mate to take watch and watch.

There were two bunks in the tiny cabin, one of which was assigned to Hudson. And Dandy Peter's cutter, unlike those of most traders in the South Seas, was as clean as a new pin. Parsons himself was a dandy, the only man on Lukwe who ever wore a full suit of clothes, and he kept his ship as spotless as himself.

When Hudson turned in that night, he was thinking that the trip looked like being a good deal more agreeable than he had anticipated.

After a long, hot day and breathless night, Santa Cruz was raised on the port bow, and then the Sea-Cat ran through the passage between Malaita and San Christabel in the Solomons. The wind had been variable, but the trip swift, Dandy Peter generally crowding on more sail than the cutter could safely carry, and Hudson wondering at times whether the sticks would stand it.

Malaita was a dark mass far astern when Peter Parsons pointed out a blur on the sea, black against the sunset in the west.

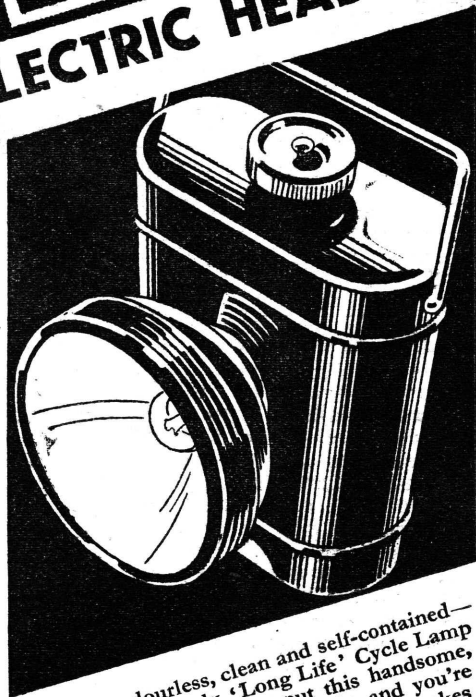
"Suna-Suna!" he said briefly.

Hudson's eyes turned eagerly on the blur as the cutter ran on before the wind. Suna-Suna lay far off the main group of the Solomons, far from the white man's sway. Seldom, indeed, had a white man's foot trodden that

(Continued on next page)

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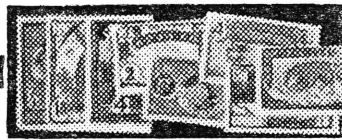
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Head-Hunters of Treasure Island!

forbidding island. Foul and fetid mangroves lined the shore; beyond them, the black mass of the high bush, impenetrable save where the natives had cut runways.

Lifeless and deserted the shore looked as the cutter drew nearer and nearer. But Hudson knew that savage eyes would be watching, and that the news of a ship in the offing would not be long in spreading over the bushy island.

A mile from the shore lay the sunken reef where the Crackerjack had met her doom; and where, according to Hudson's hope and belief, her topmasts would be picked up, sticking out of the water.

Dandy Peter ran the cutter in between the reef and the shore, and the cable ran out, the anchor finding ground at sixty feet. And as the clatter died away, there was a shrill squeak from Toto, the boat-steerer of the Sea-Cat.

"Feller canoe stop along sea!"

Dandy Peter laughed.

"They've not been long in spotting us!" he said.

From the dark mangroves of Suna-Suna a long black shape glided out—a war-canoe of the Solomons, with towering prow, and a dozen black men kneeling to the paddles.

Dandy Peter's Way!

KOMO-OMO, chief of the salt-water tribe of Suna-Suna, stood in the canoe, his black eyes glittering at the anchored cutter. There were many tribes on Suna-Suna, always at war with one another, hunting heads in dark by-ways of the jungle and the bush.

In the long dark canoe-house in Komo-omo's village, back of the mangroves, many heads smoked in the wood-fires that burned incessantly—black men's heads and white.

Usually, ships gave Suna-Suna—its reefs and its cannibals—a wide berth, and the sight of a ship anchoring within the reef brought joy to Komo-omo.

The plunder even of a small cutter was enough to make him the richest chief on his island. And in addition to the plunder there were heads to be smoked in the wood-fires. The tall, brawny, broad-shouldered chief of the salt-water men grinned with glee, as a dozen paddles drove the canoe out to the anchored cutter.

At the bottom of the canoe, half-

hidden by tapa mats, were broad-bladed spears, shark's-tooth knives, and trade tomahawks. The weapons were not to be displayed till the canoe was under the cutter's rail.

Kit Hudson's face was grave and set. The sight of the war-canoe made him realise more clearly than before the peril of seeking salvage on the shore of a wild, untamed cannibal island. Toto and Koo gazed at the advancing canoe with undisguised terror, as if they hardly doubted that in a short time they would be making "kai-kai" for the black men of Suna-Suna.

Dandy Peter was as cool as ice, and the grin was still on his face. Scoundrel as he was, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe did not know the meaning of fear; and even more than Hudson, he was the man for this reckless and desperate adventure.

Standing by the rail, Parsons jerked the revolver from his hip, examined it for a second, and then fixed his cool eyes on the tall chief standing in the canoe. Hudson, looking at him, started. That the black men were coming out of the mangroves with hostile intent was fairly certain, but the mate of the Dawn could hardly believe that Dandy Peter intended to open fire without a word of warning.

But that, plainly, was the sea-lawyer's intention. He was watching, coolly and ruthlessly, for the canoe to come within easy range.

"Parsons!" breathed Hudson. "You're not—"

Dandy Peter glanced at him.

"That's Komo-omo," he said, "the big chief hereabouts. I know him by that tin can he has hanging on his chest. When I get him, it's a ton of copra to an ounce of pearl-shell that the niggers scuttle for the mangroves!"

Hudson breathed hard and deep. It was a hundred to one that the blacks intended treachery and hostility, but to fire on them without warning! He set his lips, bitterly repenting at that moment that he had sailed with Dandy Peter.

His eyes turned on the Suna-Suna chief again.

The chief made a strange and terrible figure as he stood in the canoe, strings of cartridge-clips dangling from his ears, a brass curtaining in his broad, thick nose, an old coffee-pot, polished till it shone like silver, hanging on his brawny bare black chest. He was waving a hand, palm outward, in sign of peace and friendship, while his bare black foot rested on the spear that he hoped soon to be handling on board the cutter.

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"Parsons, you can't—" muttered Hudson.

"Fool!" said Dandy Peter crisply.

"You're not sure—"
"Sure enough!" The sea-lawyer laughed scoffingly. "I haven't come to Suna-Suna to take more chances than I can help. Kit Hudson, you're not sailing with King of the Islands now!"

He raised the revolver and took a steady aim at the brawny figure in the canoe. Whether Komo-omo came in peace or war—in friendship or in treachery—another second would have seen him rolling over among the legs of his paddlers with a bullet in his brain.

But in that second Hudson struck up the sea-lawyer's arm, and the bullet, missing the black chief by yards, flew over his head and screamed away towards the mangroves.

THERE was a yell of rage from Peter Parsons. He turned on the mate of the Dawn, his eyes blazing with fury.

"You swab!" he roared. "By James, I—"

"It's murder!" snapped Hudson savagely. "We're not here for that, Peter Parsons! Keep your gun down and give them a chance!"

"Are you giving me orders on my own deck?" yelled Dandy Peter. "Stand back, you scum, or, by James, I'll shoot you where you stand!"

Hudson laughed contemptuously.

"You'll have enough shooting soon, if those niggers mean trouble!" he

snapped. "Keep that gun down, Peter Parsons! I'll knock you down if you lift it!"

In his rage, the sea-lawyer half-raised the revolver. But he lowered it again. If a struggle was coming, it was no time for strife on the Sea-Cat. Dandy Peter realised that, and controlled his rage.

"You fool!" he hissed. "I tell you they—"

"Give them a chance!"

The canoe had stopped at the pistol-shot. Komo-omo waved his hands excitedly. His bawling voice came across the water.

"You white feller, you no shoot along this feller canoe. This black feller good feller along you, good feller along all white feller! Plenty yam, plenty coconut, plenty banana stop along this canoe, along trade along white feller."

He lifted a big bunch of ripe bananas, holding it up to view. In doing so, he uncovered the broad blade of a hidden spear with a cutting-edge like a razor. It gleamed in the sun.

"Do you see that, you fool?" snarled Parsons.

"Order them to sheer off, then! If they come on, I'll shoot as fast as you!" growled Hudson. He picked up a Winchester and stood with the rifle ready in his hands.

"You feller boy along canoe," shouted Parsons, "you stop along island belong you! No wantee feller yam, feller coconut. S'pose you come along this ship, us feller shoot

along gun, you plenty too much dead feller!"

There was a brief pause. Treachery had failed, and Komo-omo seemed to hesitate to rush on the firearms. The paddles in the black hands were held idle, dripping water. The pause was brief, but it seemed to the crew of the Sea-Cat to last an age.

Then, at a sudden sign from Komo-omo, the paddles flashed into the water, and the canoe shot forward like an arrow.

If Komo-omo expected to catch the white men napping, he was bitterly disappointed. Hudson and Dandy Peter had had plenty of experience of the black man's methods of fighting, and were keenly on the alert, fully expecting some such move. Instantly they came into brisk action.

"Fire!" yelled Peter Parsons.

Crack, crack, crack, crack! Under the sweep of the paddles, the long canoe rushed on, and crashed against the timbers of the Sea-Cat. Black hands dropped paddles and grasped spears and axes, and with a yell the cannibals of Suna-Suna swarmed to the attack!

The battle for the Sea-Cat waxes fast and furious in Next Saturday's story—and Kit and his partner, with no hope of reinforcements, have got to beat off the head-hunters on their own or go under. The wildest scrap even the South Seas have ever seen!



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