

TOUGH SHIP

**OUT-OF-THE-ORDINARY
SEA STORY**

By G. L. DALTON

MODERN BOY

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2^D

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The Cooking-Pots of Gulu!

By CHARLES HAMILTON

The Greed for Gold

DANDY PETER PARSONS stood on the deck of his cutter, the Sea-Cat, becalmed in the lagoon at Luta, and scowled at a whaleboat pulling in from the Pacific.

In the dead calm, the lagoon was like a sheet of shining glass. The Sea-Cat did not stir at her cable, and the ketch Dawn, the only other vessel in the lagoon, lay still as a painted ship. On the beach, lay brown natives lolled under the shade of the palms. On the cutter's deck, Kotoo and Nalasu lay fast asleep on tapa mats, and Solulo sat hunched against the rail, chewing betel-nut. There was no breath of wind, and the heat was like an oven. All Luta seemed lifeless in the drowsy heat of the tropic afternoon—the only spot of life was the whaleboat, with four sweating and weary Kanakas at the oars.

As the Dawn's whaleboat came through the reef, Dandy Peter stepped to the side and stood staring at it with knitted brows, and his hand went as if unconsciously to the hip pocket of his duck trousers.

He was in a savage mood. Far away on the sea-rim showed the wooded summit of the hill of Gulu, the island from which the whaleboat was returning. To that island, Ken King and his mate, Kit Hudson, had gone in quest of gold. And Dandy Peter had followed—only to escape by the skin of his teeth from the clutches of the Gulu cannibals. Now he was back at Luta, waiting and watching—and the Dawn's whaleboat, at last, was returning.

But his look was perplexed as he watched it. Four Hiva-Oa boys sat at the oars, weary from the long pull, Koko, the boatswain, was steering, and in the stern sat Gustave Dubosq, the little black-bearded Frenchman who had told the tale of gold on Gulu. But King of the Islands and Kit Hudson were not there. The shipmates of the Dawn, it seemed, had stayed on the cannibal island. Or—Dandy Peter's eyes gleamed at the thought—perhaps they had fallen victims to the cannibals.

The whaleboat passed within a few fathoms of the anchored cutter. Dandy Peter halted it.

"Ahoi! You feller Koko! King of the Islands stop along Gulu?"

Koko remained silent. He had no words to waste on his master's enemy.

"You hear me, ear belong you?" roared Parsons.

"Me hear, sar, ear belong me!" answered the boatswain, speaking at last. "Me no talkee along you, sar, mouth belong me. You feller boy, you washy-washy along ketch."

Parsons gripped the butt of the revolver. He was more than half-inclined to pull it and spray the whaleboat with lead. He was not the man to take "back-chai" from a Kanaka patiently.

"Dubosq, you dog, did you leave King of the Islands on Gulu, or have the niggers got him?" he called.

"Cap'n King and Meester Hudson remain on Gulu," Dubosq answered. "I leave zem zero, monsieur. Zey send me back in zis boat to Luta. I am finish viz Gulu, monsieur."

The whaleboat pulled on to the Dawn, and Dandy Peter watched as the crew went on board and Gustave went below with the boatswain.

He would have given much to know how matters stood on Gulu.

The whaleboat had come back with the Frenchman and the Kanakas, leaving the shipmates on the island. Had they remained to wash out gold from the placer pointed out by the man who knew the secret? Had Dubosq sold them the secret and finished, as he had said, with Gulu?

Dandy Peter was tempted to step into the dinghy, pull across to the Dawn, and demand information at the muzzle of the revolver.

He stared savagely across at the ketch. The boatswain and the Frenchman remained below for hardly ten minutes, then he saw them emerge from the companion. The Frenchman was grinning—his whole aspect was one of satisfaction.



Sweating and panting, the shipmates burst out of the bush on to the beach and saw the Dawn's whaleboat coming towards the island . . . but the cannibals were close behind!

Whatever had happened on Gulu it had contented Gustave Dubosq. He stepped into the whaleboat, and Tomoo and Kolulo pulled to the beach.

Dandy Peter saw the Frenchman land and walk up the beach to Macfarlane's store. Then the two Kanakas pulled back to the ketch.

But the boat was not taken in. Watching, Dandy Peter saw stores passed down the side and packed in the boat. He realized what that meant. The whaleboat was going back and taking stores to Gulu. That meant that the shipmates were remaining some time on the "black" island—and that could only mean that they were working the gold-mine.

Parsons watched the whaleboat pull away from the Dawn again and slide out to sea, taking the direction of the distant summit of Gulu.

Dandy Peter had no doubt now—there was gold on Gulu, and King of the Islands and Kit Hudson had found it. And that beachcombing French swab could tell him where to lay his finger on it, if he chose—and, once the wind came, he could slip out of Luta, pick up a crew of his lawless associates, and fight it out on Gulu, with force on his side!

For several days, Dandy Peter had been cursing the calm that chained his cutter to the lagoon. Now he cursed it more savagely than ever. And even as he uttered a string of oaths, there came a whisper of a cool breeze on his face—the first whisper of the coming wind!

"You feller boy, you look alive!" Dandy Peter snarled to his crew.

Solulo spat out a final stream of betel juice, and lounged to his feet. Kotoo and Nalasu rose yawning from their mats. Dandy Peter's eyes were gleaming. Very soon now the Sea-Cat would no longer be a prisoner in the lagoon. With or without the Frenchman as a guide, he was going to strike a blow for the gold of Gulu. He scowled at the beach, half-minded to seek Gustave Dubosq ashore and seize him by main force. Then he gave a sudden start—and stood staring!

From the beach a long canoe shot out into the lagoon. Six brown boys were kneeling at the paddles. Under a canvas awning, stretched to four palm poles to shelter him from the sun, lay Dubosq.

The Frenchman was leaving in a hired canoe. For Gulu—to rejoin the gold-seekers there? Gulu lay northward—the canoe, when it had threaded the reef passage, swung to the south! He had said that it was finished on Gulu. This looked like it! But he was not finished, if Dandy Peter could stop him.

The wind was coming! It ruffled the lagoon—it shook the tall palms—it whispered in the rigging of the Sea-Cat.

Far away, seen across the low reef, the canoe diminished to a speck—it had the sail up now, catching the rising wind. But the wind that was rising on the Pacific was rising on the lagoon—and the Sea-Cat, at long last, was in motion. The cutter glided down to the reef passage, and slid into the open sea. The canoe had vanished, but with his binoculars, Dandy Peter picked it up again—and the cutter, with gathering speed, ran before the wind in pursuit. Sailing three fathoms to the canoe's one, the Sea-Cat overhauled the man who knew the secret of the gold.

Rushed by Blacks
MY sainted Sam! I breathed King of the Islands. He leaned on his shovel, ankle-deep in the sand-beds of the stream high up on the hill of Gulu, and stared at his shipmate.

Kit Hudson brandished his clenched fists. The discovery he had made enraged the mate of the Dawn beyond words.

"Fooled—swindled—taken in like the greenest griffin that ever came out to the Islands!" Hudson choked, "and that—that thief gone—out of reach—back at Luta before this—gone from Luta—you bet he won't hang on till we hit Luta again, and deal with him!"

All through that burning day the shipmates had laboured in the tropic heat, digging and delving, washing out the sand for the precious golden grains. Not till the sun was dipping to the Pacific had Hudson realised the truth—that they had been deceived by a clever swindler, and that there was no gold on Gulu!

King of the Islands could hardly believe it yet.

"You're sure, Kit?" he said, at last. "We've been hoaxed—robbed—and we've let that thief escape. We've sent

away the whaleboat and can't get after him!" Hudson panted with rage. "Hoaxed—swindled—tricked—"

"Maybe we'll find him at Luta—"

"D'you think he'll wait for us to get back and wring his rascally neck?" roared Hudson. "He'll pull out of Luta an hour after the whaleboat lands him there—as fast as he can get a craft to take him—"

"But—look here," said Ken, "this beats me! I never believed there was gold on Gulu, till we had it proved. I'm no judge of such things, but you were satisfied—"

"I'm a fool—an idiot—a dot—a dud!" snorted Hudson. "Why didn't you tell me so, instead of listening to my foolery?"

Ken smiled.

"But the signs of gold, old man," he said. "Are you sure—"

"Salt!" said Hudson. "A salted mine! I've known salted mines at home, but who'd dream of a salted mine on a Pacific island? It's an easy trick to a cunning swindler like Dubosq—he loaded a shotgun with gold-dust, and planted all this sign for us to see, like the fools we are! There's no gold except what he scattered from a shotgun."

"But look here," argued Ken, "he gave us a lot of evidence at Luta. He had a bag of dust and nuggets—"

"His stock-in-trade!" said Hudson bitterly. "Spreading the snare to catch greenhorns! Ten to one he'll start the same game all over again on some island a hundred miles from Luta. Nine skippers in ten would laugh at the story, but if he waits long enough he'll catch mugs, as he caught us—me, I mean! He never fooled you—you only gave in because I was an obstinate fathead—"

"Then—we're done!" said Ken.

"Dished and done!" We've sent him back to Luta, no wonder he was in a hurry to go—it wasn't all fear of the blacks, as he made out! He had to get clear before we spotted the game. And we've sent Koko with orders to hand him five hundred pounds from the strong-box on the Dawn—the price of a gold-mine worth half a fathom of shell-money! All that we've made in the last two trips gone in that thief's pockets!" Kit Hudson almost foamed. "Too late to stop him—"

do you fancy me will stop on Luta with our money in his pockets?"

Ken shook his head.
"The wind's come," said Hudson. "But he never waited for the wind. He would run in a canoe—get away as soon as the whaleboat was out of sight. Oh! The mate of the Dawn clenched his fists convulsively. 'I don't care for what I've lost, I deserve it for being such a fool, but you—'"

"No good crouching old man: if we're done, we're done. But we'll try getting after that Froggy—we may get him yet!" Ken's eyes glared. "He's done us, but I'd like to stop him playing the same game again on others. If I get my hands on him—"

"Look out!" yelled Hudson suddenly, and leaped for his rifle.

In the gorge, through which the stream dropped from the high valley, a score of funny heads appeared, and there was a gleaming of spears.

The "sailed" mine, the swindle to which they had fallen victims, the escape of the cunning Frenchman with his plunder, vanished at once from the minds of Ken King and his mate. They grasped their rifles and faced the enemy—a swarm of the black cannibals of Gulu.

All through that blazing day they had worked, and watched for an attack. Now it had come!

Up from the rocky gorge, yelling and waving their spears, came the fussy-headed fighting-men, and arrows dropped and clattered on the sand round the shipmates.

Bang, bang, bang! The rifles roared, pitching bullets into the savage mob as they came on at a fierce rush.

Ken and Kit backed behind a rugged boulder for shelter from whizzing arrows and spears. Over the rock they fired fast, pumping bullets at the yelling savages.

It was well for the shipmates that their shooting was good. There were more than twenty of the blacks, and the shipmates had never been so near the cool-ang-pots of the cannibals.

For a fearful minute it looked as if the shipmates' fire, deadly as it was, would not stop the rush; that the cannibals would reach close quarters, with hacking knives and thrusting spears. Had they done so, neither of the shipmates would ever have trodden again the deck of the Dawn.

But the hail of bullets did stop the rush, and the savages, yelling and howling, scattered, leaving six or seven dead or wounded sprawling by the stream.

But they did not lie down the gorge. They scattered among the rocks of the little valley, and arrows whizzed in the air, dropping round the shipmates in the cover.

"Get out of this, Ken!" Kit Hudson panted, as he reloaded his rifle.

Ken nodded.
"Had there been gold on Gulu, as they had believed and hoped, the shipmates would have stood their ground till Koko returned with the crew of the Dawn. But it was futile to prolong a desperate fight now.

Rifle in hand, the shipmates made a sudden rush down the sandy bank of the stream to the gorge, where it tumbled down to the bush on the hillside below. The blacks rushed again the moment they saw the white men in retreat.

The shipmates faced round and fired into the thick of them—and again the blacks broke howling before the fire. Then, splashing in the falling water, they clambered down the gorge and reached the path in the bush below. Howls and yells told that the cannibals were in pursuit; but, once in the bush path the shipmates ran, and they emerged, sweating and panting, from the high, thick bush on the beach.

In the red of the sunset a sail danced on the sea to the south—the sail of a whaleboat! The wind had come—and with the wind came the Dawn's whaleboat, tacking down to Gulu.

From the bush came savage yells, and here and there a fierce face glared out—but the blacks did not venture to follow into the open. King of the Islands and his mate leaned on their rifles, watching the whaleboat as it ran in.

Too Late

KOKO'S brown face expressed relief and satisfaction as he leaped ashore from the whaleboat. He had been reluctant to leave his white masters, and had been delighted to find them safe.

"This feller plenty too much glad, sari!" said the boatswain. "Altogether too much glad, see head belong white master stop along shoulder belong white master belong me."

Ken nodded and smiled. The coming of the wind, so long waited for, had brought the whaleboat back earlier than he could have hoped. The whaleboat had had to tack to get back, for the wind came out of the north-west; but it was quicker work than pulling weary sea

miles with the oars. Ken had a faint hope that the rascally swindler, Duboseq, might yet be caught before he could pull clear of Luta. The whaleboat was back well before sunset, and the wind was favourable for Luta—it would be a swift run down to the island where he had left his ketch. If there was the faintest chance of getting hold of the swindler before he escaped King of the Islands was going to make the most of it.

"All aboard!" he rapped; and the crew, who had been about to land, stood fast in the whaleboat.

"White master no stop along Gulu?" asked Koko, in astonishment. He had cause to be astonished, as he had brought stores for a long camping on the black island, and had supposed that the stay there would last many days, if not weeks.

"No!" answered Ken briefly.
He stepped into the whaleboat, followed by Hudson and the wondering Koko. There was a howl from the bush, and a swarm of blacks appeared on the beach.

Hudson grasped his rifle, but he dropped the butt again with a shrug of the shoulders. The shipmates were done with Gulu, and done with its savage inhabitants.

"That hound!" muttered Hudson. "We might have gone to the cooking-pots. Little enough he cared! Oh, if we're in time to get him!"

"We've got the wind!" said Ken.
"And he's got it, too!" Hudson grunted. He turned to Koko as the sail puffed up the wind and they ran out to sea: "You feller Koko, feller Fiesman stop along Luta, you savvy?"

"Yesar," answered Koko. "Feller Fiesman go along beach, along Luta, take feller gold-money along bag belong him all same white master tell feller sar."

Hudson breathed hard and deep. Koko had carried out his instructions. Five hundred pounds had been handed over to Gustave Duboseq—the price of the gold-mine which had looked worth thousands, and was worth nothing! If the Frenchman was still on Luta with the money in his pockets he would not keep it long; he would exchange it for the soundest thrashing that a rascally swindler had ever received. But it was not likely.

"You no see feller Fiesman go along sea, eye belong you?" asked Hudson.

"No, sar," answered Koko, in surprise.

"He go along beach sar."
"He would wait till the whaleboat was clear of Luta, and then pull out," said Ken. "He wouldn't risk Koko spotting the course he steered. He doesn't need telling that we shall get after him, if we can."

The whaleboat was making great way. Fast as it flew, it was slow to Hudson's fierce impatience.

As they drew nearer to Luta, the shipmates scanned the sea, but there was no craft to be seen. They ran, at long last, in at the reef passage into the lagoon, and Hudson gave a sharp exclamation: "Parsons has pulled out!"

There was only one vessel in the lagoon—the Dawn, with Danny, the cooky boy's, brown face grinning over the rail. The Sea-Cat was gone from her anchorage, and evidently had been gone some time, as she had not been in sight on the open sea.

"Ay, ay, he's gone!" said King of the Islands. He laughed. If Dandy Peter were still here, we'd give him the news; for Gulu sold as long as he liked."

"The swab!" growled Hudson. "It was because he was after Duboseq and his lying secret that I was so sure—"

"And I reckon he was sure because we were after it," said Ken. "We've helped to make fools of one another. But he seems to have chucked it and gone as soon as he got the wind."

"As we should have done, if I'd had the sense of a bunny rabbit!" muttered Hudson.

Passing the Dawn's anchorage, and leaving Danny staring, the whaleboat ran on to the beach. King of the Islands and his mate jumped ashore. There were brown natives on the beach under the nodding palms, but no sign of the swindler who had sold them the sailed gold-mine. They ran up the beach to the trader's store, where old Macfarlane was sitting. The old trader's face wrinkled into a grin as he saw them.

"Ye've made Gulu, Cap'n King!" he chuckled. "Man, I'll give ye a stick of tobacco for all the gold ye've found there."

"Where's Duboseq?" rapped Hudson. Macfarlane waved his pipe to the Pacific, creaking on the reef.

"Gone!" said Hudson, between his teeth.

"Ay," answered the old trader. "Months he lived in Luta, waiting for a mug to listen to his tale. Looks to me as if he found one—or two!" He chuckled. "Man, I've seen him board craft after craft to tell his tale, but he never had any luck—till now!"

"He's gone!" repeated Hudson.
"He's gone!" answered Macfarlane. "He hired Popoluto and his canoe crew

for a run among the islands. He had money to spend, I reckon, and he was pressed for time. They went out under paddles before the calm broke. But the wind came soon after, and it's a sailing canoe. If you want Duboseq you've all the Pacific to choose from."

"He lost no time!" said Ken bitterly.

"But what?" went on the old trader curiously.

"But the shipmates stayed no longer. They cut down the beach to the boat, leaving Macfarlane staring, and grinning."

"There's a chance, Kit," said King of the Islands, as the whaleboat shot across the lagoon to the Dawn.

"You think so? He's been gone for hours, and we can't even guess the course he steered!"

"If he had to keep under paddles we should be guessing. But the wind came soon after he pulled out, from what old Mac says, and a man in haste would run before the wind. His object is to get as far away from Luta as he can in the shortest possible time! Ten to one he's running south."

"Ten to one!" said Hudson. "It's a chance—all we've got, anyhow! A chance in a thousand of picking him up at sea, Ken."

"He's not getting away, Kit, if there's a ghost of a chance of laying him by the heels. If it's only the ghost of a chance, we're making the most of it."

No more was said—the shipmates were resolved. The whaleboat swung up to the davits, the hook came up from the coral, and the Dawn slipped out to sea. The sun dipped to the Pacific, and in the tropic dusk the ketch ran south before a booming wind. Far and wide rolled the vast Pacific, and seeking the fleeing canoe was like seeking a needle in a haystack—a small needle in a big haystack! But there was, at least, a ghost of a chance—and to that the shipmates pinned their hope.

Dandy Peter's Prisoner

DANDY PETER grinned as the startled face of the Frenchman stared back from under the awning in the canoe. Of what had passed on Gulu, Parsons knew nothing; and he wondered, without guessing, what might be the Frenchman's motive for pulling out of Luta in the island. Whatever his motive was, he was not getting away from Dandy Peter. The canoe, under its mat sail, was swift—but the tall cutter was three as swift. Duboseq had had a long start; but once Dandy Peter had picked him up on the sea with the binoculars, he had no chance. Swiftly, the Sea-Cat swooped after the escaping Frenchman—for whom there was no escape.

The canoe's crew stared back in wonder, seeing that the cutter was in chase, but not understanding why. Dandy Peter, watching, could see the Frenchman, gesticulating to them; screaming at them, though the wind carried away his words. He saw the six natives dip their paddles again, labouring to help the sail with swift paddling. Kneeling to the labour, they paddled incessantly, while the Frenchman stared back with black gleaming eyes of rage and fear.

But the fight was futile. Gustave, perhaps, hoped to spin it out for the fall of night to save him. But the sunset was still red on the sea when the cutter came down, and the canoe, with its long outrigger, rocked in the wash of the Sea-Cat.

Dandy Peter leaned over the rail, and the revolver in his hand glimmered in the sun.

"You feller, Luta boy, you stand by!" he roared. "You hear me, ear belong you? You wantee this white feller shootee along gun belong him?"

Popoluto and his dusky crew stared in alarm—but the Frenchman gesticulated and yelled, and they paddled on. The revolver cracked, the reckless ruffian on the cutter pitching a bullet right into the canoe, regardless of the damage it might have done.

There was a wild howl from Popoluto as the bullet gashed along his bare brown leg. He howled, and made frantic signs of submission. The paddles were drawn in at once, and the mat sail dropped, Duboseq putting like a rat with rage and fear as the Luta boys drew in under the cutter's quarter. Soloilo threw a rope, and the canoe crew held on, eyeing the desperado of Luta in terror.

"Get aboard, Duboseq!" rapped Dandy Peter. He aimed the revolver at the yellow black-headed face.

"Mais jamais!" panted Duboseq. "Pourenoi, done? Jamais!" He broke off with a terrified yell as Parsons fired again, cutting a lock of greasy black hair from his head.

"Get aboard, you scum!" snarled Dandy Peter. Duboseq, in rage and terror, stared up at him from the canoe.

"You scum!" repeated the sea-lawyer. "I made you a fair offer—I'd have taken up the proposition—you chose to hand

it to King of the Islands. I reckon you have no choice now, Gustave Duboseq. 'Mon Dieu! But you are one fool!" panted Duboseq.

"Not fool enough to let King of the Islands beat me!" grinned Dandy Peter. "Let them wash out the gold on Gulu—for me! Do you savvy, you scum? In a couple of days I shall have six men at my back, and you will guide me to the gold-mine on Gulu—then let them put up a fight if they like, and I'll leave what's left of them to the niggers! Get aboard!"

Gustave's one desire was to put long sea-miles between him and the swindled shipmates before they began hunting for him. But he was caught in his own trickery. They had believed him—and Parsons believed the tale chiefly because they had believed it—and, believing it, he had run the Frenchman down to seize him! The bare possibility of being brought into contact again with King of the Islands and Kit Hudson, after they had discovered the cheat, sent cold chills to his rascally heart.

"Fool!" he snarled. "Listen to me! Zere is no gold on Gulu—comprenez? It is a tale—une histoire—histoire faite a plaisir—ze tale zat I tell—"

"Get aboard!"

"Mais, je vous dis—I tell you," yelled Duboseq. "zere is no gold on Gulu, and already King of ze Islands he find zat zere is no gold!"

Dandy Peter laughed. It was the truth that the rascal was telling now, to save his liberty, and pursue his flight. Had the sea-lawyer believed him, no doubt he would have allowed Duboseq to go, and laughed at the trick that had been played on his old enemy. But he did not believe a word of it. It seemed to him a clumsy lie which the Frenchman had invented on the spur of the moment in the hope of escaping his clutches.

"Get aboard, you scum!"

"Mais, but I tell you—"

Crack! rang the revolver. Gustave gave a wild howl and clapped his hand to an ear, from which a strip of skin had been whipped by the bullet.

"Do you want the next through your carcass, Duboseq?" snarled Dandy Peter, glaring down at the Frenchman. "By gosh, I'll riddle you if you don't get aboard!"

That was enough for Gustave. Spluttering with rage and terror, he clambered on the cutter and stumbled on her deck.

"But I tell you—!" he howled.

"Pack it up!" said Dandy Peter. He snapped an order to his crew, and the Sea-Cat was put before the wind again. The canoe dropped astern. Popoluto and his crew had lost their passenger and the promised payment for the trip, a matter to which the Luta skipper gave not a single thought. They stared after the cutter, then swung round the canoe, to paddle back to Luta.

Gustave Duboseq's sallow face was haggard as the Luta canoe dropped from his sight. He was a prisoner, in the hands of the most lawless desperado in the South Seas, with five hundred pounds in the bag buckled on his belt! He had tricked King of the Islands and his mate, robbed them of almost all they had—and now his trickery had, as it were, come home to roost! His eyes burned at the grinning face of the sea-lawyer.

"No gold on Gulu!" said Dandy Peter banteringly. He laughed. "I reckon you'd better guess again, Duboseq! I've got a sting-ray tail on board—look out for it, if you fail me when I make Gulu!"

The Frenchman made no answer; and Dandy Peter laughed again as the Sea-Cat ran on under the falling dusk on the Pacific.

Next Week:
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