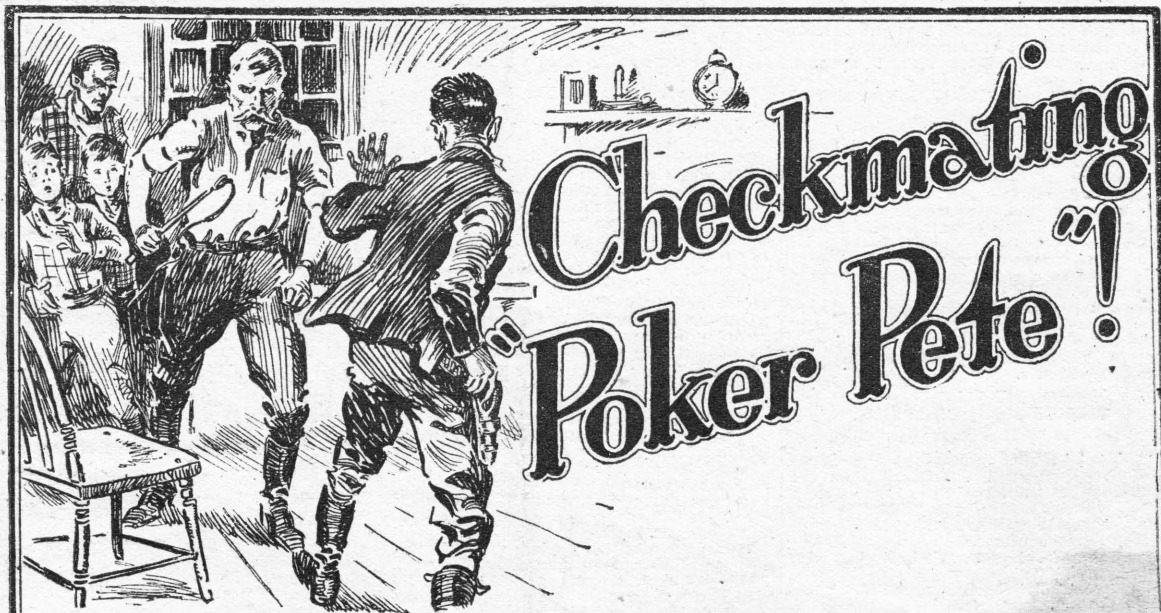


--Presented FREE in this Week's issue of the "Magnet" ?

A SPLENDID STORY, TELLING HOW "POKER PETE" MEETS HIS MASTER AT LAST IN FRANK RICHARDS' CANADIAN UNCLE!



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of

## FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous School Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Frank Richards takes a Hand.

**T**HE brute!" Frank Richards' eyes blazed as he uttered the words.

Frank and his cousin Bob were on their way to Cedar Creek School in the frosty winter morning.

As they approached the opening of the trail through the timber a loud, shrill squealing greeted their ears—the shrill, hysterical squealing of a horse in pain.

The chums quickened their pace, and rode into the timber, and then the scene burst upon them that called that indignant exclamation from Frank's lips.

A horse was roped to a tree beside the trail, its head down to the trunk, and a man was raining blows upon it with a heavy cowhide.

The schoolboys knew the man by sight. It was Poker Pete, the "sport" of Thompson, an enterprising sharper who lived by playing poker and euchre with the cattlemen and ranchers.

The horse was a handsome animal, and evidently an expensive beast. It looked like a cross between a Western pony and an English thoroughbred.

Roped securely to the tree, the animal could only whirl about and kick, unable to get at its tormentor.

Taking care to keep out of reach of the lashing hoofs, Poker Pete lashed and lashed with the cowhide with all the strength of his arm.

The chums of Cedar Creek drew rein at once.

"You coward!" bellowed Bob Lawless furiously. "Leave that horse alone!"

Poker Pete glared round.

The man's swarthy face was set with rage, his eyes gleaming. He paused a moment in the cruel punishment.

"Mind your own business!" he snapped savagely.

Frank Richards jumped to the ground.

"It is any decent fellow's business to interfere, you cowardly brute!" he exclaimed. "How dare you treat a horse like that?"

"It's my horse, you young fool!"

"That doesn't give you a right to treat the animal in such a brutal way!" exclaimed Frank hotly. "You ought to be lynched!"

"Oh, don't chew the rag with me!" snarled Poker Pete. "Get on your way to school, you baby-faced whelp!"

He turned to the horse again, and the cowhide rose and fell with cruel force.

The horse kicked and plunged and squealed.

Frank Richards ran forward, his teeth set.

Poker Pete was a full-grown man, and Frank was a boy; and the man was reputed a dangerous character.

But Frank did not hesitate. He grasped the ruffian by the shoulder and dragged him back with such force that Poker Pete whirled round and sat down in the snow.

The sudden fall jarred every bone in his body, and he sat and gasped.

Bob Lawless joined his chum at once, riding-whip in hand.

Poker Pete glared up at them breathlessly.

"You—you—" he stammered.

"Get up, you rotter, and try it on us instead of the gee-gee!" exclaimed Bob.

"We'll hand you as good as you give!"

The sport staggered to his feet.

He gripped the cowhide hard, and seemed on the point of rushing on the two schoolboys.

Frank and Bob faced him coolly, gripping their riding-whips.

It dawned on the sharper that he was not likely to get the best of such a contest, and he paused, gritting his teeth.

"You young fools!" he shouted. "Can't you mind your own business? I'm breaking in that horse!"

"Liar!" said Bob cheerfully. "You're ill-treating it because you're a cowardly beast!"

"I tell you he threw me this morning!" said Poker Pete hoarsely. "He pitched me out of the saddle. I'm teaching him a lesson!"

"You should learn to ride, then!" said Bob contemptuously. "He wouldn't pitch me off, I guess. Take some riding lessons instead of playing poker so much in the Red Dog saloon."

"Will you clear off and leave me alone, you young hounds?" shouted Poker Pete.

"I guess not!"

"I tell you I'm going to cowhide that brute till he hasn't a kick left in his carcase!" said Poker Pete between his teeth.

"And I tell you you're not!" said Frank Richards grimly. "You're not going to touch him again!"

"I guess—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Poker Pete seemed again on the point of springing at the chums like a panther. But again he restrained himself.

He stepped back and leaned against a tree, with a bitter look, and took out his cigar-case.

"I guess I'll wait!" he remarked.

There was a pause.

The sport knew that Rancher Lawless' son and nephew were on their way to school, and that they had no time to lose. He could afford to wait, and they could not.

Bob Lawless looked doubtfully at his chum.

"We shall be late, Franky!" he muttered.

Frank Richards' jaw set grimly. He did not intend to abandon the horse to the cruelty of its owner.

From Frank's point of view, a man who could not treat a horse decently had no right to own one, though perhaps that point of view was not yet embodied in the law.

He turned his back on the sport, and moved towards the panting horse.

"Look out, Frank!" exclaimed Bob anxiously.

"All serene, old scout!"

Frank was careful not to get within reach of the hoofs.

The horse was in a frantic state from its savage punishment, and would certainly have smashed up friend or foe if within reach.

Its eyes gleamed wickedly round at Frank, and it made an effort to reach him with a kick.

But the schoolboy kept clear.

He moved round the tree to which the animal's head was roped, and took out his clasp-knife.

Poker Pete started forward as he understood the schoolboy's intention.

"Let that rope alone!" he shouted.

"Stand clear!" answered Frank.

The rope passed right round the trunk, and from the safe side of the tree Frank Richards sawed across it with the keen blade.

Bob Lawless ran back to the ponies in the trail and mounted one, holding the other ready for Frank.

As soon as the maddened horse was loose it was prudent to keep out of its reach.

THE POPULAR.—No. 135.

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!" A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Poker Pete ran towards Frank. But the keen blade was through the rope in a couple of slashes, and the horse threw up its freed head.

The sport made a desperate spring back, and leaped into the branches of the nearest tree as the animal reared and plunged.

Frank Richards swung himself upon a branch.

With a shrill neigh, the black horse dashed out into the trail, his tail tossing wildly, his mane streaming in the wind.

Down the trail towards the distant Cedar Creek he went at a mad gallop, his reins on his neck, his hoofs thudding furiously.

Frank dropped to the ground again, and went into the trail. He mounted his pony, and rode on with his chum after the fleeing horse.

Loud and savage curses came to their ears from Poker Pete as they rode on. But they were out of hearing in a few minutes.

The sport was left, with his useless cowhide, to make his way home on foot, and his prospect of recapturing the horse, free now to take to the plains, was a very problematical one.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
**Doubts!**

**B**OB LAWLESS grinned as the chums rode on at a smart gallop up the timber trail.

Frank's face was still dark and angry, but it cleared, and he smiled as he met his chum's glance.

The thud of the runaway's hoofs had died away ahead.

"By gum!" Bob Lawless chuckled. "Has it struck you, Franky, that it's rather high-handed to let a galoot's horse loose like that?"

"Wasn't it the only thing to be done?" asked Frank.

"Ha, ha! Yes, from the gee-gee's point of view. I don't know what a lawyer would say about it, though."

"Well, I don't, either, and I don't care much."

"Same here," said Bob cheerfully. "Poker Pete will be in a terrific wax, though. That horse was worth a lot of money. Three or four hundred dollars, at least. Poker Pete must have had a lot of luck lately with the wicked pasteboards, to buy a horse like that."

"The rotten cad!" said Frank hotly. "Why, the poor brute was marked all over with that cowhide! I'm sorry now we didn't lay our whips about that sharper."

Bob laughed.

"But that runaway may do some damage—breaking fences, and so on," he remarked, becoming grave. "If he does, we get the bill, Franky. I'm not sure whether Poker Pete won't have a claim on us for damages, if he loses the horse. Never mind; I think it was right."

"I'm sure of it," answered Frank.

"Hallo! Here's the Cherub."

The chums reined in their ponies and dismounted as they saw Vere Beauclerc waiting at the fork of the trail.

The remittance-man's son joined them, and they walked on together.

The cousins were accustomed to walking the rest of the way to school, as Beauclerc had no horse.

"There's a runaway gee on the trail," Beauclerc remarked. "He passed me a few minutes ago, going like thunder."

"We know—we know!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Franky conferred the boon of liberty upon him."

"Frank did?" questioned Beauclerc, in amazement.

Frank Richards explained.

"Jolly good!" exclaimed Beauclerc heartily. "The brute doesn't deserve to have a horse. That was a splendid animal, too. I wish I had the tin to buy him from that gambling brute."

"He didn't look an easy critter to ride," remarked Bob.

"No, that's so. I think I could ride him, though. I'd try, anyway."

Vere Beauclerc looked thoughtful as he walked on and there was a shade on his brow.

The son of the remittance-man of Cedar Camp had little money at any time, and certainly never such a sum as would have purchased the black stallion.

When Mr. Beauclerc's remittance arrived

from the Old Country, it always went the same way—in the payment of part of a mass of pressing debts, and the rest in a "tear" at Thompson.

The grim hand of poverty was always to be seen in the shack by the creek where Beauclerc lived with his father.

"You're an ass, Cherub!" remarked Bob Lawless.

Beauclerc looked up and smiled.

"Why?" he asked.

"My popper offered you a pony, and you refused it. You oughtn't to have done that."

Beauclerc coloured painfully.

"Perhaps I ought not, Bob," he answered.

"I know that Mr. Lawless only meant to be kind. But—but I couldn't. I suppose it must seem rather surly to you; but I've nothing except independence, and—and—"

Bob laughed.

"I understand, but I think you're an ass, all the same," he said cheerfully. "Here we are, and here's Chunky. Found any more gold-mines, Chunky?"

Chunky Todgers greeted the chums with a fat grin, as they came in at the gates.

But he did not reply, as his fat cheek was distended by an enormous chunk of maple-sugar, which he had not yet masticated.

"Just in time," said Frank Richards, as the bell began to ring, and the chums went on to the schoolhouse.

Frank Richards was rather thoughtful in class that morning.

He was not wholly occupied in thinking about his lessons, either, as Miss Meadows found once or twice.

Frank was wondering what would be the outcome of his morning's adventure.

Though he was quite satisfied that his action was right, he knew that the legal aspect of it was at least doubtful.

Poker Pete's feelings would be like those of an old-time slave-owner when someone came between him and "his nigger."

For Poker Pete himself Frank had no fear, nothing but the most profound contempt.

But he had the inborn British respect for the law, and he wished that there had been some other way of saving the black horse from Poker Pete's cruelty.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**Called on the Carpet.**

**F**RANK RICHARDS and Bob Lawless were both in an unusually thoughtful frame of mind, as they rode home that evening, after parting with Vere Beauclerc on the trail.

If Poker Pete carried his complaint to the sheriff, they could not guess what the result might be.

Yet Frank could not regret what he had done.

His blood boiled at the thought of the cruelty he had witnessed, and if the affair had happened over again, he would not have

left the unfortunate animal to the tender mercy of its owner.

Billy Cook, the foreman, met the schoolboys on the trail to the ranch, and made a sign to them.

They drew rein.

"What have you young galoots been up to—eh?" demanded Billy Cook, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Anything happened, Billy?" asked Frank.

"Oh! Has Poker Pete been here?" exclaimed Frank.

"You've hit it. And I guess he's still here," said the ranchman, eyeing the schoolboys curiously. "I'm giving you the tip."

"Thanks!" said Bob. "Is the popper mad with us?"

"I guess so—a little," admitted Billy Cook. "Poker Pete's spun a yarn about you stealing his boss."

"Well, popper wouldn't believe that, anyway."

"None! He reckons it's one of your tricks, and he's waiting for you to come home," said Cook, with a grin. "Pete's waiting, too. He's threatening to lay the case before the sheriff of Thompson."

"Let him!" growled Frank. "If he had a good case, he'd have laid it before the sheriff already!"

Billy Cook nodded, and the schoolboys rode on to the ranch.

Frank Richards' brows were wrinkled.

"It's rotten if it means any trouble for your pater, Bob," he said ruefully. "I didn't think about that, at the time."

"I guess we couldn't have done anything else, if we had," said Bob sturdily. "I don't think popper will blame you, Franky, when he knows the facts. He's only heard Poker Pete's yarn, so far."

But it was in a rather troubled frame of mind that the chums of Cedar Creek entered the ranch house, after putting up their ponies.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Mr. Lawless gruffly as they came in.

Mrs. Lawless looked very distressed, but she did not speak.

Poker Pete was in the room, with an unlighted cigar gripped between his teeth.

His eyes gleamed at the sight of the two schoolboys.

"Yes, here we are, dad," said Bob.

"Have you brought the horse here?" demanded the rancher.

"Eh? What horse?"

"Poker Pete's horse, of course. He says you took it away from him in the timber this morning," said the rancher gruffly.

"I am sure they did nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawless.

Bob gave his mother an affectionate grin.

"Right!" he answered.

The rancher looked puzzled.

"Did you have anything at all to do with the man's horse?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that much is true, uncle," said Frank Richards.

"Well, tell me what you did."

"They'll tell you lies, of course," sneered Poker Pete. "But I reckon I want that animal, or there will be trouble."

The rancher turned on him angrily.

"My son won't tell me lies, or my nephew, either," he said. "I'll thank you to keep your tongue between your teeth, Poker Pete. Now, then, Bob, I'm waiting to hear you."

"Frank had better spin the yarn," grinned Bob. "He's a better hand than I am. Go ahead, Franky; I'm going to get busy with this corn-cake."

Frank smiled, but his face became grave as he related the incident of the morning.

His voice vibrated with indignation as he told how the tied-up animal had been lashed with the cowhide.

**OMAR THE MAGNIFICENT!**

Start this thrilling new adventure story of the mysterious East to-day.

Ask for

**The Boys' FRIEND**

1 1/2'

**"THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!"** A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE POPULAR.—No. 185.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!"

the horse was marked all over. He was nearly mad with pain. You should have seen how he bolted when I set him loose."

Mr. Lawless nodded.  
"Still, I guess it's a bit high-handed to set a man's horse loose in this country," he said.  
Frank coloured.  
"I'm sorry if you think I did wrong, uncle," he said.

"I don't know about that. It depends a good deal on the way the man was treating his horse," said the rancher. "I hope no son of mine—or nephew, either—would stand by and see an animal ill-treated without chipping in. You're quite sure that Poker Pete was actually cruel to the beast?"

"I wish you could have seen it," said Frank. "There was blood running down its flanks."  
"Robert, you cannot blame the boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawless warmly. "I should be ashamed of them if they had not interfered."

"Leave it to me, Mary," said the rancher. His brow was wrinkled with thought. He turned at last to Poker Pete, who was waiting with a sneering face. "I guess, Poker Pete, that the boys have made out their case. You were treating that horse badly, and they were bound to chip in."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob delightedly, and Frank Richards looked very relieved.  
Poker Pete gritted his teeth.

"I guess you're not the judge in the matter," he said. "I claim that horse, and it's mine. I reckon you ought to cowhide those young scoundrels."

"I guess you'll be disappointed on that score," said the rancher, unmoved.

"That's as you choose," sneered Poker Pete. "But you'll hear from the sheriff about my horse, I promise you. Hoss thieves are not encouraged in the Thompson valley."

"Bette' language, please, Mr. Poker Pete," said the rancher quietly. "I guess I've made up my mind. I've always known you for a sharper and card-player, and I know now that you are a bully and a brute. If I'd been on the scene this morning, I'd have laid my cowhide about you yourself. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

The sport flushed with rage.

"The matter can be settled," continued the rancher, in the same stolid way, quite unheeding the looks of the Thompson card-sharper. "The boys speak of a black horse. I guess that's the horse I've seen you with in Cedar Camp. How much did you give for that horse?"

"What's that to do with the matter?"  
"I'm willing to buy it from you."

"I'm not willing to sell," said Poker Pete coolly. "I'm going to get that horse back, and I'm going to cut him into ribbons when I get him. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!" he added with a grin.

He made a movement towards the door as he spoke.

Mr. Lawless stepped between him and the door, and the sport halted, with a furious look.

"Let me pass!" he exclaimed fiercely.  
"I haven't finished with you yet."

"I'm finished, and I'm going."  
"I'm not finished, and you're not going," answered Mr. Lawless calmly.

There was a pause, and the chums looked on breathlessly.

But the sport of Thompson did not care to try conclusions with the stalwart Canadian rancher.

And Billy Cook's burly form loomed up in the porch outside. Poker Pete stepped back, with a muttered curse.

"What do you want?" he muttered.  
"I want to buy that horse," answered Mr. Lawless.

"I won't sell!"  
"You will!"

And again there was a breathless pause.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**Brought to Terms.**

**P**OKER PETE stood with his hands clenched, his eyes blazing at the calm, stolid rancher.

His rage did not affect the rancher in the least; indeed, Mr. Lawless did not seem even to observe it.

He was as calm and unmoved as if he were conducting any ordinary business transaction. Frank and Bob were smiling now.

Mrs. Lawless went out quietly from the room.

"The horse is lost at present, it seems,"

**NEXT TUESDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY**

said the rancher, after a pause. "You claim that it has been stolen."

"It has been stolen!" hissed Poker Pete.

"Lost, at all events. You claim compensation, I understand?"

"Yes, hang you!"

"Very good. Sell me the horse at a reasonable figure, and I'll take the risk of not finding him," said Mr. Lawless.

It was a fair offer enough, but Poker Pete was not in the least inclined to accept it.

"Yes, or no?" asked the rancher impatiently.

"No!" snapped Poker Pete.

"You won't sell the horse?"

"No, I won't sell him!"

"Not though he's lost, and, according to your own yarn, you can't recover him?"

"I guess I shall get him back some time,"

said Poker Pete venomously; "and then I'll take the skin off him in strips. That's the good your meddling brats have done him."

"Oh, you brute!" muttered Frank.

"How much did you give for that horse, Poker Pete?"

"Find out!"

"I intend to," said Mr. Lawless calmly.

"You there, Billy?"

"Hyer I am, boss!" answered Billy Cook, from outside.

"Bring me a riding-whip, will you?"

"Won't I just!" grinned Billy Cook.

Poker Pete turned pale.

His hand slid inside his jacket to the hip-pocket, which concealed a weapon.

Mr. Lawless' quiet glance upon him never wavered.

"If you draw a pistol here, Poker Pete, I'll have you up before the sheriff, and have you sent to prison for five years by a Thompson jury," he said coldly. "You're not in Boot Leg Camp or the Black Hills now, my man!"

Poker Pete drew a hissing breath.

"Will you let me pass?" he muttered, in a choking voice.

"Not yet, I guess."

"I—I—"

"Answer my question," said Mr. Lawless. "You'll have to answer it when Billy Cook comes in, anyhow."

"I—I didn't buy the horse," muttered Poker Pete. "I won him over a poker game."

"I might have guessed that," assented the rancher, with a nod. "What figure would you put on him to sell?"

"I'm not going to sell."

"I should say three hundred dollars," remarked the rancher.

"You can say what you like," sneered Poker Pete. "I'm not selling."

"I don't want to skin you on the deal,"

continued Mr. Lawless, unheeding. "It's a good horse—a very good horse—a dash of the Old Country thoroughbred in him, I should say. I've seen him, and I know something about horseflesh. What do you say to three hundred and fifty?"

"I'm not selling."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Poker Pete, between his teeth. "Because I'm going to cut him to ribbons after I get hold of him, even if I lose half the value of the beast in doing it! Is that good enough for you?"

He cast a malignant glance at Frank Richards as he spoke, all his cruel, base nature gleaming in his eyes.

He knew what the boy felt like when he heard that savage threat uttered. And there was no doubt that the ruffian meant it.

Frank cast an almost beseeching glance at his uncle.

Mr. Lawless looked the sport over with a calm eye. His bronzed face was just a trifle harder and grimmer.

"So that's the game, is it?" he remarked.

"Yes, that's the game, and be hanged to you!"

"I don't think you'll play that game," said the rancher quietly. "I'm offering you three hundred and fifty for that horse, Poker Pete."



**A CLOSE SHAVE!** Frank Richards cut the rope in a couple of slashes. Poker Pete made a desperate spring back, and leaped into the branches of the nearest tree as the maddened horse reared and plunged. Frank then swung himself upon a branch, and the animal, with a shrill neigh, dashed out into the trail. (See Chapter 1.)

THE POPULAR--No. 135.

**THE SCHOOLBOY HORSE-MASTER!** A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Make it three thousand, and I'll say the same!"  
 "I don't intend to make it three thousand. Three hundred and fifty is the figure. Bob, bring pen and ink and paper here for the gentleman."  
 "Yes, dad."

Bob brought the writing materials at once. Poker Pete looked at them and at him, and then at the rancher, puzzled and savage. "I'm not going to sell you the horse!" he exclaimed. "Do you think you can make me?"

Mr. Lawless nodded.  
 "Yes, I think I can make you," he answered calmly.  
 "Oh, my hat!" murmured Frank Richards. He had never admired his uncle so much as he did at this moment.

Bob's face was beaming.  
 "Make me?" repeated Poker Pete, in angry amazement.

"I guess so."  
 Billy Cook entered the room, with a riding-whip in his hand and a huge grin on his rugged face.

There was no love lost between the honest cattleman and the sharper from Thompson.

"Hyer you are, boss!"  
 Mr. Lawless took the riding-whip, and advanced towards the sport.

"Poker Pete's hand slid into his hip-pocket again."

"Lay a finger on me, and I'll let daylight through you!" he said hoarsely.

"And he hanged afterwards at Kamloops!" smiled Mr. Lawless. "I guess that's all moonshine, Poker Pete. I'm risking it, anyhow."

The sport's face was pale with rage now. But he did not draw his weapon.

The Thompson Valley was not the Black Hills, and Poker Pete knew the difference.

Blood had stained his hands during his reckless career, but not under the shadow of Canadian law.

He trembled with rage, and perhaps something else, as the stalwart rancher came at him.

Mr. Lawless, with his left hand, pointed to the writing materials on the table.

"Make out the paper," he said. "Put in the horse's description, and sign the receipt for three hundred and fifty dollars sale price. It's a bit over the mark, but you're welcome to the difference."

"It won't hold in law," muttered Poker Pete, gnawing his lip.

"I think it will. You'll be welcome to dispute it in the law courts afterwards, if you like."

Poker Pete clenched his hands.

"You know I'd have no chance—a sportsman against a rich rancher in the law courts!" he muttered.

"That's your look-out!" said Mr. Lawless. "You're a cardsharp by your own choice, I suppose. There's work for you to do in Canada, if you choose—and in your own country, too, I dare say. But I've wasted enough time on you, Poker Pete. You're going to sell me that horse, and I take my chance of recovering him. The butt-end of the bargain is all on your side. I may be simply throwing my money away if the horse isn't caught. You ought to be glad of the chance."

"I won't sell!" shouted Poker Pete furiously.

"You'll be thrashed till you do, then."

"Oh, ripping!" gasped Bob.

Poker Pete sprang back, and then made a desperate rush for the door.

Billy Cook grinned, and collared him. He grasped the sport's arm, and held back his hand from the hip-pocket, for the desperate man might have drawn the revolver at that moment.

"Take his pill-box away, Bob," said Billy Cook, holding the rascal in his muscular grip.

Bob Lawless jerked the revolver from Poker Pete's pocket, and laid it on the table.

"Throw him over here, Billy!" said Mr. Lawless.

Crash!

The sport sprawled on the floor at the rancher's feet.

The riding-whip sang through the air, and came down across Poker Pete's shoulders with a cut that made him howl with pain.

He scrambled away, and staggered to his feet.

"Are you selling yet?" asked the rancher calmly.

The sport panted.  
 "Hang you! I'll sell! Hang you!"

"Good! You might as well have saved the time you've wasted. Put it in black and white."

Panting with rage, the baffled rascal sat down at the table and jabbed the pen into the ink.

"Make the receipt for three hundred and sixty—that covers the popgun," said Mr. Lawless. "You're better without this popgun, my man. It will get you into trouble some day."

Poker Pete was too enraged to reply; but he did as he was bidden.

He finished the paper, and Mr. Lawless picked up and read it carefully through.

Then he nodded.

"I guess that's square. It's a good sale," he said. "Bob, take this key, and fetch me three hundred and sixty dollars from the strong-box in my room."

"Yes, dad."  
 Bob hurried out of the room.

Poker Pete rose to his feet, trembling in every limb with rage and humiliation.

Mr. Lawless, quite unmoved, called Billy Cook to witness the document, which the ranchman did with great gusto.

Mr. Lawless folded the paper, and placed it methodically in his pocket-book.

The black horse was his property now—if found.

As the animal was at large, the former owner had all the "butt-end" of the bargain, as the rancher expressed it, but he did not look gratified.

Bob came back with the Canadian bills, and Mr. Lawless counted them over and laid them on the table.

"There's your money, Poker Pete!"

The sport gathered up the bills sullenly and savagely.

"He was beaten, and the money was all that remained to him."

"Now you can go, and the sooner the better!" added Mr. Lawless.

Poker Pete stepped towards the door, and Billy Cook, grinning, stepped aside to let him pass.

In the doorway the sport half turned, his face white, his eyes gleaming.

"I'll remember this!" he said, in a choking voice. "My turn will come!"

"Your turn in the penitentiary perhaps," said the rancher. "It's high time you were there, my friend. And I'll give you a warning. There's law in Canada to deal with brutes of your sort, and if you don't take mighty good care, you'll find yourself inside Kamloops Prison! Now get out before you're kicked out!"

The sport gave one last savage look of hatred round the room, and tramped out, and his footsteps died away.

Billy Cook, grinning from ear to ear, followed him out.

"Oh, dad," exclaimed Bob breathlessly, "it was ripping! I never reckoned you'd deal with that bulldozer like that!"

"It was splendid, uncle!" said Frank Richards. "But—but you lose your money if the horse isn't found."

"I guess Billy Cook and the rest will be hunting him to-morrow," said the rancher, with a smile. "I'll take the risk of that. But I guess he'll be found sooner or later. Now, you young rascals, get to your supper!"

Frank and Bob were very cheery over their supper that evening. The affair of Poker Pete's horse had ended to their complete satisfaction.

As for the threatened revenge of the cardsharp, they did not give that a thought.

"Isn't the popper a brick, Franky?" said Bob Lawless, when they went up to their room that night. "A really gilt-edge brick—eh?"

"Yes, rather!" said Frank heartily. "I only hope he won't lose the money over it. If the horse isn't found by Saturday, Bob—"

He paused.

Bob grinned.

"Just what I was thinking," he agreed. "If the gee's not found by then we'll take a hand in looking for him, and show them how Cedar Creek fellows do it. Rather! It will be ripping fun!"

"Good!" said Frank.

And the chums of Cedar Creek went to bed feeling quite satisfied with their day's work.

THE END.

(There will be another grand long, complete tale of Frank Richards & Co.'s schooldays in the backwoods of Canada in next week's issue.)

**RESULT OF POPULAR PUZZLES COMPETITION.**

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £10 has therefore been awarded to:

A. Jones,  
 Vine Cottage,  
 Dudley Road,  
 Ventnor.

whose solution came nearest to correct with two errors.

The second prize of £5 has been awarded to:

William Scott,  
 424, Parliamentary Road,  
 Glasgow,

whose solution came next nearest to correct with three errors.

Two competitors with four errors each divide the third prize of £2 10s.:

Cyril Bovington 66, Colville Road, South Acton, W. 3; William Downs, 45, Wordsley Green, Worsley, near Stourbridge, Staffs.

The twenty prizes of 2s. 6d. each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit:

Stanley Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, South Beach, Ardrossan; Miss G. Jeffery, 25, Bield Road, Reading; P. Charles, 521, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol; John Simpson, 8, Mill Road, Halfway, Cambuslang, Lanark; G. W. Amphlett, 190, Highgate Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; Fred Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Rhondda, Glam; William H. Radford, 128, Hollybush Street, Plaistow, E. 13; H. G. Burrows, Albury, Hounslow Road, Twickenham; F. T. Flanders, 72, Frithville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12; S. Consterdine, 33, Charles Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts; Miss B. Buckley, 7, Well Street, Hanley, Staffs; Lilly Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; Charles H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth Street, Sunderland; Norman E. Stibbs, Rock Cottage, Hanham, Bristol; S. J. Evans, 44, Regent Street, Gloucester; J. Marriott, 193, Conran Street, Harpurhey, Manchester; Kenneth Marshall, Sunnyside, Elm Grove, Thorpe Bay, Essex; Raymond W. Kernick, 62, Ivor Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; Albert E. Stocks, 2, Factory Lane, Doncaster, Yorks; Muriel Higgin, The Poplars, Mayfield Park, Fishponds, Bristol.

**SOLUTION.**

No. 1.—Harry Wharton, leader of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, was once the least liked lad in the whole school. He had been spoiled, and on arrival thought everyone should do as he told them. He soon found out his mistake, and became more popular. Later he was elected captain of the Form.

No. 2.—Bob Cherry, a member of the Famous Five at Greyfriars is one of the finest junior boxers in this country. He is well known at Greyfriars for his cheerfulness. He is a staunch friend of Mark Linley, who has been saved much trouble and worry through Bob's cheerful guidance.

No. 3.—Frank Nugent is one of the most likeable lads at Greyfriars. He is, unfortunately, rather weak-willed, and this has led him into numerous troubles. But Frank claims the friendship of several fine fellows, and they have always backed him up, and got him out of his troubles.

No. 4.—William George Bunter, sometimes called the Owl of the Remove, is the best known junior at Greyfriars. Everyone knows Billy Bunter, for the plump junior takes good care that they do. He has a craving for food—in fact, it has been stated that Billy only came to Greyfriars for grub.

**A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.**