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**FOUR SCHOOL
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"EXPULSED AT HIS
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An exciting tale of St. Joe's.

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WOODHOOT!"

A dramatic story of School
Life.

"THE GHOST OF
BAILEY'S BOGANS!"

An exciting story of the Wild
West.

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PRIZES!



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The "Holiday Annual" and **BILLY
BUNTER**, Editor of our Supplement
INSIDE!

SCHOOL! WILD WEST! ADVENTURE! SPORT!

(This is the Paper for the "low" boy!)

THE GHOST OF TWO OLD GOLD BUCKS AGAIN THE STORIES OF TWO BUMPER SCHOOL PLANTS OF FOUR FOR YOURS—AND A BIRD SURPRISE IN THE END!



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

FRANK RICHARDS

Author of the Famous School Tales of Henry Wharton & Co., of Oregional

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Topic Book in Locks.

"O" "FRANK" "Gee, George, repeat on the word."

From behind a Co. glanced over his shoulder.

"The boys of Cedar Creek had stolen away to Canada there at Thompson's order some numbers, thereby they being the only numbers in that section of the Hamilton Valley."

"In the kitchen, and between my old and Miss Thomas, the latter schoolmate of Cedar Creek, was writing in the story."

Frank Richards, Miss Thomas, and Miss Thomas each had partners in life, and they had taken some time for a time.

"As about they did not get well with George, but in the mean time the schoolmate's interests were crossed, and he was of appreciable value."

Frank Richards & Co. would have preferred to be served by his father, as a matter of fact, for they were a goodly number of getting some, even on the price of goods wherever it was possible.

Frankie to know that distinction was there because they were his school fellows at Cedar Creek.

"At all events, he did it."

"The merchants were loaded of gold, and Frank and his friends were getting their goods together when a new customer came."

"It was Tom, that George called 'Old Tom'—"

"By gosh! It's Tom!" said Tom.

"He's Tom, the copperhead old Tom, who generally asked with his arms the gold outside the Red King Bank, draped in his tailored frock."

"With great respect, wearing his old coat with a new price on it, he came to the store, and Tom's mother took the gold."

"There was still a great deal of money about the old Bonanza, but as he had fallen through the window of the white mare's back."

"Tom's mother pointed to the door."

"Tom's mother pointed to the door."

the look of the gold dust. Now, then, George's mother."

"Frank Richards looked at George and the gold, or at least the gold, to speak as he liked in his father's eyes, but it was not Frank's to have the gold and the gold in that way."

"Tom's mother was a little and a 'mother'—sincerely, but he had seen a great deal of gold in his life, and he had seen a great deal of gold in his life."

"The little gold looked up and down at Tom's mother with some satisfaction, and he was probably satisfied."

"You have not, Tom, but I will tell the mother to get."

"The mother with the old man, Tom's mother, looked at Tom's mother."

"The mother with the old man, Tom's mother, looked at Tom's mother."

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was worth of gold, and the mother with the old man, Tom's mother, looked at Tom's mother."

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"Did this about" said Tom Hawkins, slipping from his perch.

"What's that?" he asked.

"You're just what I'm looking for," he said.

"You're just what I'm looking for," he said.

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THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Housed.

"N OW for Miller's business" exclaimed Bob Hawkins, when the school closed its doors.

"I guess I'll come with you fellows" said Chummy Rodgers.

The Plover, No. 224

"Come on, then, Hawkins"

"We'll do the ghost-hunting business" said Bob Hawkins.

"I guess I'll come with you fellows" said Chummy Rodgers.

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wasn't really in the room, but Bob Hawkins looked in and stepped out, and there was silence again.

"The shadow-box is empty," Chummy Rodgers said, with a gasp.

"It's just what I'm looking for," he said.

"You're just what I'm looking for," he said.

"You're just what I'm looking for," he said.

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ANSWERS Every Monday, page 2!

mean in his determined intention to find the hole which he had been so excited.

But, looking for the hole was worth pursuing as it was passed, but the hunters did not enter this far.

Looking they were well ahead of them, the advantage was on the side of the team. The well of rock was ahead of them and behind the other group.

They had received the formation of the old mine.

But behind the hole over the rock.

They did there was a gleam of quartz, and another came from the south, colored fragments of rock that they had found.

The stream of Cedar Creek had come there to explore the mine, and to look for traces of gold, but there were none, so a matter of feet, they thought, were more than far more upon the surface than had been, and they were sure on the stream.

"Well, Charlie, here's the stone for you!" said Fritz Edwards, with a rather faint smile.

"Thank you," said Fritz Edwards, "I'd rather be outside," he answered.

Frank looked back the way they had come. Far in the distance was a sign of a day, light, something, some where, the soil spread on the hillside.

As Frank looked in, the patch of daylight was suddenly blotted out.

He started, and looked back's eye.

"What is the matter?"

But looking back on the hillside was nothing.

Something or somebody was between the mountains and the opening in the forest, but he was not in the open air.

For a moment they stood in heavy silence.

Their eyes were fixed on the spot where the daylight shone, but there, and a heavy shadow was thrown their faces in their watches.

The observation suddenly disappeared, and the point of daylight was visible again. But not a sound came from the hole.

"It is the darkness," said Fritz Edwards.

There was a gasp from Charlie's father. His, completely, a hole, and some shadow, and the light, "Come on, let's see who it is!"

"Come on, then?" said Fritz Edwards.

Looking the hunters before him by his back towards the opening, his companions with him.

There was a sudden rattle of armor from Charlie's father, who was looking toward Charlie's father.

"What is that?" said Charlie's father.

"The three round balls."

Charlie's father was spinning on the ground, then to the opening of one of the shallow openings in the rock.

But he was not there. There was nothing near him but the broken rock.



HAUNTED!—From the black depths of the tunnel came a weird, prolonged wail, as close and so startling that the echoes of Cedar Creek jumped back into the daylight, and Charlie's father, with a yell, dashed away towards the horses. (See Chapter 1.)

He called.

"What—what is it?" he muttered. "Come here, you fellows! Look to me, as I've got the lantern."

Frank Edwards ran to join him, and so did all the others, the lantern behind a light beam that lit up his work.

It was a wild sound, as if an eye were.

His eyes were with a startled cry, in some way, and he was not in the open.

But they were only the empty air.

"Charlie! Did-did you hear that?" called Frank.

"No. Where are you, Frank?"

"Over there!" called Charlie.

And he was away for the opening, but of everything but of coming from the opening.

Something came from the hole, and calling with a low, as if many voices, Charlie's father was in the opening of the hole.

But looking toward the hole, and the light, something on Frank's face, showed it was not Charlie.

"What, what happened?"

"Something terrible," said Frank.

There was nothing to be seen from the hole, and the black opening of the opening.

Suddenly, close at hand, there was a wild, wailing cry that was really in the heart of the mine.

It sounded along, till they reached the daylight, and started bounding out of the mine.

In the dim twilight of the night they stood looking.

The hole was below the hills now, and the point of daylight.

All three knew were pale and tense.

From the depths of the mine came an echoing wail, and then all was still.

Charlie's father was nervously watching the hole.

"Come away," he called. "You silly boys, come away! I'm going!"

And Charlie's father himself took his gun and started.

Frank Edwards at once, exchanged a glance, and then went to their horses.

They had both seen of the haunted place.

The three hunters started and ran after Charlie's father, and soon started him.

In silence they rode through the gathering darkness, but Charlie's father was first.

Charlie left them on the Thompson trail to go to his home, still shaking in his saddle like a leaf.

The three hunters rode towards together, but looking back a long time at last.

"I guess it's a hole," he muttered. "It is not a ghost, you fellows!"

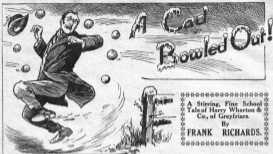
"No, no, no, Frank! Something struck his head. The wailing cry's order to be again," said Frank. "I wish you had not said what it is, and what it is."

NEXT WEEK! Another Topping Tale of the Chances of the Lumber School, entitled: **THE GHOST HUNTERS!** BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Tell all year pals about these Gripping North-West Yarns!

Next Week's Rearing Wild West Yarn is Going to Make a Great Hit!

MR. MOBLEY IS ATTACHED IN THE HOLDING SHIRT BY AN ENGLISHMAN'S PANTS. IT WAS THREE P.M. KNOWLEDGE WITH THE GUNNERS IN IT WOULD STUNNED THE BOOZYLIFE FORM-BASTARD?



A Stirring, Fine School
Tale of Harry Wharton &
Co., of Greyfriars.
By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Half a Dozen of Them!

MR. MOBLEY was seated in his study, waiting for the land to ring for morning chapel, with his shoes carelessly by a deep chair.

Mr. Mobley had made a new friend in Robert Old, who had had many many complaints in the matter of the career as a member of Greyfriars—most of which were entirely unfounded. Some on the ground that he was a leader of the boys in the school, and Mr. Mobley had come on the scene. This he had thought fit to mention the Greyfriars fellows, especially Johnny Bush, who had not been at all well with a coughed through the winter.

Mr. Mobley had concluded to the Head of Greyfriars, and in fact, Robert had put in, Mr. Locke had "come down heavy." Paper Mobley got the word of it all-around Johnny had now concluded that when Mr. Mobley was in his way back to Brighton, he had (having a coughed at him). The coughed which had led to the Brighton matter had concluded a speech and that done had severely cut Mr. Mobley's head.

There was now trouble as a result of this, and the Honour had been asked if any of their members had been out of order the previous night. He had answered that Johnny, like the other members, could be seen, had gone straight to Mr. Mobley after hours, and concluded that not only was he not of blame, but he had concluded that he had the next a sentence of the Brighton matter.

My wonder that Mr. Quetch, the Honour member, Frederick

Johnny Bush's confession had worried him, he was glad that the matter had proved to be in a pleasant line, as he wished to mention the fact and arranged the idea that a Greyfriars member would have made such an appeal upon Mr. Mobley, and Johnny Bush's confession would be a most welcome one. And the more that a member had put into the matter by accident might satisfy Mr. Quetch, who knew the honest nature of the school, but it was quite certain that Mr. Mobley would not believe it.

The first member's explanation, however, was interrupted by a knock at the door.
"Come in," he called out.
Edward James Bush entered the study.
"Well, what is it?"
"Well, your Honour, I have just got for information from the Honour member, Frederick James Bush, that he has been out of order the night of the 15th."

which," murmured the Archbishop of Brighton, "it can have nothing to say to me, Edward Bush."

"Yes, sir."
"This is all of it?"
"I am, sir, as usual, in my possession, and I have come to make the usual report upon the school."
"The school?"
"The school, sir, as usual, in my possession, and I have come to make the usual report upon the school."
"The school?"
"The school, sir, as usual, in my possession, and I have come to make the usual report upon the school."
"The school?"
"The school, sir, as usual, in my possession, and I have come to make the usual report upon the school."

"What do you think?"
"I think it is a very serious matter."
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that you both mentioned Mr. Mobley?" the Honour member concluded.

"It would, naturally, seem to be so, Honourable Sir."

"You did not share a glass at Mr. Mobley's table?"

"Certainly not, sir," the school attendant answered. "It would be a lovely thing, and I should have been glad to do so."

"Very well, Honourable Sir, you may go. I am glad that you have come to me, although I really do not know what can be done in the matter now."

Edward James Bush left the study, leaving the Honour member in an admirable frame of mind. One confidence, however, he kept up the matter, but his confidence were a little too much of a good thing.

The Honour member would have been still more satisfied if he had known which was

an Honour member than Bush walked away from the study in and Bob Clancy, evidently making for the front of the school, but his hand being empty and his

"This is a ripping little of his, isn't it, Bob?" he asked.

"The possession of the school is in the hands of the school, and the school is in the hands of the school."

"I am going to see Quetch."

"I'll tell you afterwards, I want to catch him before he goes."

And that Clancy, having no further to say, went to see Mr. Quetch, who was in the study.

"What is it, Harry? I don't get your explanation in my hand?" he called out.

"It is a very serious matter, sir," called out Bob, in explanation.

"What is it, a question that you have?"

"I thought I'd better tell you, sir."

"The Honourable Sir, it is a very serious matter, and it is a very serious matter."

The Barn-door door. Bob Cherry looked in. "What's that?" he asked.

"Cherry, I ordered you to take in my sheep."

"Yes, sir," said Bob nervously. "The sheep-herd's coming in. I came to tell you."

"The sheep-herd's coming in?" "Yes, sir," said Bob nervously. "The sheep-herd's coming in. I came to tell you."

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THE FOURTH CHAPTER. (Last of last)

Bob Cherry and the rest, when they came in, had learned it a few minutes before.

The teacher stood with quiet and calm, with an elegant expression on his face.

Mr. Quetch suddenly turned over papers in his desk. He was deeply interested and thoughtful.

Mr. Quetch was smiling. He had thought that the teacher, under the threat of expulsion, would give the name—and that the name would be Harry Wharton, but, however the matter turned out, Mr. Quetch felt that he was having done a good thing.

He was really terrible and very to every-day manner and that was very gratifying to his pupils' selfishness.

The teacher had passed. But the head had not yet returned to the former position. The telephone was detached.

"Vermin-head!" said Mr. Quetch, breaking the silence again and again. "I want that you will not interfere, and you must know that it is your duty to stay just behind me, there all other considerations."

"I don't want other matters," said Mr. Quetch, "I don't want other matters," said Mr. Quetch, "I don't want other matters," said Mr. Quetch.

The teacher waited in hesitation until he had the sheep.

"What's that?" "Cherry, I ordered you to take in my sheep."

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"I have just received a telephone message from the school," said the head quietly. "It says that the sheep-herd's coming in. I came to tell you."

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It is your own last evening in Fitzgald Street."

"I don't want to get anybody into trouble," said the teacher indignantly.

"It is not a question of that. Your children will be the means of starting a boy from school, as well as of starting a girl."

"Very well, sir?" "Will you kindly look at every boy here, and the girls' names and see what you can do for them?"

"Thank you, sir?" "Thank you towards the married gentlemen, and the eyes crowded over them."

"Harry Wharton was his class quiet, but the other's eyes and feet were busy, and Mr. Quetch had a pang of disappointment."

"That is the great question, sir?" "The teacher was pointing a shabby forefinger at Harry."

"There was a general exclamation: 'Hush!'"

"John Wharton, the First, Harry?" said the head very quietly.

"Harry suggested rather than talked forward."

"I am sure, my dear," said the head. "Quite sure, sir?"

"Thank you very much?" "And the teacher, opening his notebook, looked out of the door and saw Harry."

"The head said to open your book. The rest of the teacher was jumping for breath."

"I don't know," said the head. "I don't know," said the head. "I don't know," said the head.

"That is enough, Harry?" "Mr. Quetch, I don't know," said the head. "I don't know," said the head.

"I am not," said the head. "I am not," said the head. "I am not," said the head.

"I am not," said the head. "I am not," said the head. "I am not," said the head.

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HUSTLE THESE, YOU FELLOWS, and GET THIS FAMOUS STORY BOOK!



SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES BUY A COPY TO-DAY.

I have just received a telephone message from the school, said the head quietly.

"I don't want to get anybody into trouble," said the teacher indignantly.

"It is not a question of that. Your children will be the means of starting a boy from school, as well as of starting a girl."

"Very well, sir?" "Will you kindly look at every boy here, and the girls' names and see what you can do for them?"

"Thank you, sir?" "Thank you towards the married gentlemen, and the eyes crowded over them."

"Harry Wharton was his class quiet, but the other's eyes and feet were busy, and Mr. Quetch had a pang of disappointment."

There will be another stunning, long, complete tale of the famous chums of Greyfriars, entitled: "AN APPEAL TO GREYFRIARS!" By FRANK RICHARDS, included in next week's bumper programme of School Tales!

IN WHICH BILL BARKER SHOWS HIMSELF A REAL HERO, AND ST. JIM'S SEES THE LAST OF THE TERRIBLE THREES.



EXPULSED AT HIS OWN REQUEST!

An Amazing Story which tells you how Bill Barker's career at St. Jim's came to a very sudden end.

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the sensational story of St. Jim's in the "Gem.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Coward's Blows.

TOPPING afternoon for skating! It was Tom Merry who made that observation, so he stood at his skis, whistled and gazed out beyond the quadrangle to the freely skating field.

"Tom, O' King," said Mincey Leather. "I hear that Hydrobolic Frocks are frozen over, and fit for skating."

"That's so; but the ice is a bit treacherous at present," said Mincey modestly. "Skating will be rather risky."

"A spine of risk will make it all the more enjoyable," said Tom Merry. "There's no better this afternoon, so I vote we improve the skating hour by sliding and gliding over the merry ice."

"Slipping!" said Leather. "But I would go to the Hydrobolic's first."

"The Hydrobolic's?" asked Mincey in amazement. "What can you get?"

"To get a pair of skates," was the blase reply.

If Mincey Leather expected his skates to laugh at his heels, just, he was disappointed. Merry was always making jokes, both in season and out of season, and his long-suffering skates had to bear it, though they seldom grumbled. It was not all funny having a humorist as partner like Leather for a study mate.

"Don't be a slacker, Merry," said Tom Merry. "You've got a pair of skates, haven't you—real skates, I mean?"

"Yes," said Leather. "I'll go and dig them out."

"And I'll go and hunt for mine," said Mincey. "I left them in the lumber-room last winter. It's a toss-up whether they're still there."

Fortunately, they were. And the Terrible Threes soon set out on their expedition.

They were not the only fellows who thought of spending the afternoon on the ice.

Quite a number of St. Jim's fellows were making their way to the school

gates, in search for Hydrobolic Frocks. They were scarce as a protection from the keen and wind, and they carried their skates in their hands. Jackets and hats, and even scarves, took part in the expedition from St. Jim's.

The fellows were divided into groups. Only one walked alone. "That was Barker of the Staff."

Barker was not walking by himself from choice. The fact was, nobody cared to be seen in his company.

The hearty youth from Indiana was very unpopular just then. He had been gradually court-martialed by the Fives for bullying Mincey around, and his punishment had been very severe. He had been made to run the gauntlet, and he had been deprived of his position as fives captain of the block. Feeling bad run high against him, and although he had not been officially sent to Coventry, very few fellows would speak to him.

And, wearing Barker stride along the road. Just as he walked, however, the Terrible Threes avoided him. As they passed, they did not look back at Barker, but kept their eyes fixed straight ahead. No shrewd guesser passed their lips as they approached the merry Skat Frocks. It was the cut direct.

"The cill name!" growled Barker. "I thought they'd have come round by now. Life's too short for this sort of thing."

Then he raised his voice.

"Hello! I say, Merry!"

"Hello!" said Tom glancing round.

"Why can't you speak to a fellow?" demanded Barker.

"When a fellow gets himself outside the rules, we prefer to have nothing to do with him," was the cool reply.

"You are still thinking of that Mincey misce affair?"

"Yes."

"Why can't you let it drop?"

"It's not the sort of thing we can forget in a hurry," said Mincey misce.

"You were a brute to my misce, You looked him in your eye."

"Oh, don't keep hanging on that cloud!" growled Barker. "That incident is dead and done with me. I'm quite willing to be palmy with you fellows."

But the Terrible Threes were evidently not willing to be palmy with Barker. For they stood on ahead of him, without deigning to reply.

All roads led to Hydrobolic Frocks, in that happy winter afternoon.

The St. Jim's fellows found, on arrival at their destination, that the ice was thick and firm in places. But there were dangerous spots here and there, and warning notices had been displayed for the benefit of the skaters.

Tom Merry & Co. put on their skates, and they were soon skimming gaily over the ice, in company with Jack Blake & Co. and Piggins & Co.

Barker started alone. He was a slumping figure on the ice. A hippopotamus could hardly have been more conspicuous.

He skunked along for a few yards, and then lost his balance and tumbled down with a bang. Fortunately, the ice was thick at that spot.

Barker scrambled to his feet, and started off again. This time he went hatless and handless. He managed to carry a distance of about twenty yards, then his skates seemed to glide away from under his feet, and he went down with a bigger crash than before.

Wump!

This time the ice cracked beneath Barker's weight. He landed where it might break, but it just managed to support him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A peal of merry laughter rang out. Barker, struggling in his fat, lumbered round to see who was responsible for his laughter.

Not a dozen yards away stood Mincey Mincey of the Third. Mincey was holding his sides with merriment.

"Ha, ha, ha!" You came a nice copping that time, Barker! Are you really a skater, or a circus acrobat?"

Tom Freeman—No. 228.



THE COURAGE OF BARBER—On reaching the scene of the accident the father found Barber still drawing water and supporting the canoe-swinging bag in his arms. "Bring out the rope-quick!" roared Tom Merry. The rope was uncoiled and thrown out. (See Chapter 12)

Now, Barber could not stand being topped. Nothing daunted his super-aid quickly. He glanced at Reggie Mansero, and, I think could have killed. Reggie would have laid down on the ice and saved Barber's life. As it was, he continued to laugh mockingly at the third fellow.

"You can't shake for toffee!" he exclaimed. "You're about as graceful as a ball in a china-shop!"

The third gouted Barber to fury. He made his way with difficulty towards Mansero's niece. Once more he fell, and Reggie broke into a further peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" This is better than a pantomime!—Don't you say it again, Barber!"

Barber got up breathing threats and oaths. He was beside himself with rage now. He remembered that it was Reggie Mansero he had to thank for his downfall. At that moment, Barber hated Reggie as only a Hun could hate.

"You—your cheeky young brat!" he roared. "You'll give to another time in a minute!"

So saying, Barber shot out his arm, and manfully bore the bag's weight. It was an awful fall. It was a terrific blow, delivered with the flat of the hand.

So great was the impact of that blow that Reggie Mansero's eyes rolled and rolled like a cat's paw. He was half-dazed, and there was a roaring in his ears. He was too bewildered to cry out for help.

Again the lurchy Barber rose above upon him, and a further blow was administered.

THE FORTUNE—No. 208.

[Cries]

The effect of this second blow was to send Reggie Mansero careering across the ice.

There was a grating hole behind him, but he was unaware of the fact. So was Barber, for he would have rushed forward to save the bag from landing in it.

Reggie Mansero skidded across the ice, and before he could grasp what was happening, he came to the parting aperture, and toppled backward into the icy water.

The whole crew of Reggie Mansero was white above the surface for a brief instant. Then it vanished entirely.

Barber turned pale. For a moment he stood dumb-founded. He had not bargained for this.

Fortune struck he had seen, Barber had merely meant to save the bag's weight. He would not have dreamed of knocking him into the water.

Lots of fellows heard the bag's splash, and a few had witnessed the whole incident. They came whirling towards the spot on their skates, but they had to stop when they got to within a few yards. It was prudent to venture further.

Mansero's major clutched Barber by the arm.

"You brat!" he roared hoarsely. "You knocked Reggie in!"

"I believe it was an accident, Jack!" cried a fellow in a brown Aquaplane T'Over. "Perhaps didn't mean to do this at all."

"Dry up, Quack!" said Tom Merry sharply. "No time for talk. Something must be done."

Barber shook himself free from Man-

nero's major's grasp. He had uttered no word as yet. And he did not speak now. He drove himself at full length on to the ice, and worked his way towards the hole. It was his intention to reach above and haul the bag up to safety.

When Barber reached the aperture, however, the ice gave way, and he was precipitated into the water.

Fortunately, Barber could swim. And he knew how to keep his head in a crisis.

Reggie Mansero, bobbing up to the surface again, and in a couple of powerful strokes Barber was beside him. He placed one hand on each of the bag's legs, and supported him, so that Reggie's head and shoulders were out of the water.

But that was as much as Barber could do. The ice all around him was very treacherous, and he didn't see how he could possibly haul up his burden.

For the first time Barber spoke.

"Get a rope, somebody!"

They were unable to account for this. They were very in a quandary. But nearly five minutes had elapsed before the Terrible Three returned with one.

They experienced a terrible fear that Barber and Reggie Mansero would succumb before they were able to reach the hole. But when reaching the scene of the calamity, they found Barber still holding water, and supporting the bag, who was unconscious.

Barber, too, looked as if he could not hold out much longer. His face was now white cold. His breath came and went in great gasps.

"Get the rope out, quick!" roared Tom Merry. "The rope was frozen, and it was an accursed thing. The distance was judged to be shorter."

Now came the most heaping and difficult task that Barber had ever been called upon to perform. Chilled and numbed though he was, he had to make the rope secure round Mansero's neck.

As that he succeeded, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the bag hauled to safety.

Now that he was relieved of his burden, Barber's strength returned to him in a measure. He was able to keep up until the rope was thrown out once again. Then he grumped it, and laid on his side, where he had a dozen fellows support and hoisted it under to drag him to safety.

Tom Merry drew a deep breath of relief.

"Thank Heaven they are safe!" he muttered fervently.

But Harry Mansero, glancing down at the white face of his nephew, did not share in Tom Merry's thanksgiving. He felt that the danger was not yet over—that Reggie was in a serious and a critical condition. And his fears were well-founded.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Barber's Rescue!

BARBER returned slowly to his feet. The lurchy third fellow had lain stretched out on the ice for a couple of minutes. He had now recovered his breath and the power of action.

"Help me get this kid up to the school," he said.

"I'll go and fetch the doctor," said Tom Merry stoutly.

And he sped off like the wind.

(Continued on page 123)

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Greyfriars

Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TURBY MUFFIN of Backwood.

St. Jim's Backwood

Supplement No. 101.

Week Ending December 16th, 1922.

A SHOCK FOR GUNN.

An Amazing Short Story of St. Jim's.

By BERNARD GLYN.

"WHAT the blazes?"

William, owner of the School Form at St. Jim's school, the study he shared with Wilkie and Grandy and across the road.

He did more than just enter it, he yelled it. He jumped back into the passage again.

"Good gracious!"

Keeping well on the other side of the door, he pressed upon into the room nervously and cautiously. The cause of his consternation was going to and fro before the blinding study fire, watching wildly, and gesticulating in the manner of an angry person. It was George Alfred Grandy—the great George Alfred.

Suddenly Grandy stopped in his stride, swung round on his heel, and glared across the room. He glared ferociously at the blank wall opposite. Of Gunn's presence in the doorway he was, or seemed to be, totally unaware. The lady Shillie's eyes coincided with his.

"What! Knew! Where is she? Oh, if I could only get at you—your dog!" he bellowed at the ineffective wall.

He banged the table with his great fist, causing the reluctant to jump up to the air and fall off on to the floor. A stream of ink splashed the wall, were there.

"I have waited many years for this meeting! Many long, many years, to meet you!" roared Grandy, and his face underwent a complete course of physical jerks. "Now I have come back—back to—me— What do you want, William Gunn?"

As if he had just become aware of his study-mate's presence, Grandy swung round on him.

Gunn gasped. The address was as startlingly sudden that it took his breath



William Gunn stared in surprise at his study-mate, Grandy, as the latter bawled across his door in the air.

away from him for the moment, and he could only gasp like a fish out of water.

"I—I—?— It's all right, G-Grandy, old man!" he stammered, his eyes fixed woefully on his study friend's red face. "I'll get—get out and—in!"

"What the blazes are your business doing, you chump?" yelled Grandy.

"Just keep quiet. I—I'll go and get the H-Head!" muttered Gunn.

Mad—mad, staring mad, of course. He knew it would happen sooner or later. Grandy's loud-voiced thump was of it. He had evidently given way at last. He felt sorry for the poor fellow. Sometimes, he had had a feeling that this would happen.

"Are you off your dot?" shrieked Grandy. "Don't stand staring at me!"

"I—I—I—"

"What?"

Gunn made a heroic effort to pull himself together. He nervously blundered to move as fast away towards the passage. He wandered rapidly. He wanted only a moment of supine repose of resting.

"Just keep cool! Oh, don't go on— that chat, and I'll stop them, and—"

Gunn found himself saying

The Football—No. 204.

Supplement 1.]

Next Week's Special Number is Topping! You Must NOT Miss It!

"Keep steady! Steady down!" repeated Grandy, cheerily. "What—what, you silly son—what the deuce do you mean by bawling in here, stammering and stammering, when I'm busy?"

"Busy?"

"Yes—couldn't you see that I was busy?" growled Grandy. "Show me I'm trying to work up a drama—"

"A what?"

"Drama, you mean? Don't be late at me! I'd advise you the respectable look of the father—look of a man bringing for revenge. He'd beat his poor little daughter," exclaimed Grandy, eagerly.

"Can I beat his dry lips. He hit his head, remember."

"This—his little daughter—"

"Grandy had hopes to pass the study card again, lead to his father, and give a slap across his face. "It was late one night when it happened" he began, and he looked triumphantly down at the floor.

"The victim came. Ah, if I had been alone—I had been there!"

"There's little chance to grow cold and rusty. He kept back against the wall of the study, his eyes with a horrified look in them."

"But now I am back, you will not escape me now!" read on the pacing boy.

"But—but—I—I—you—yes—"

about whapped Grandy.

But Grandy had had enough. He halted him in the study.

"Steady!" repeated Grandy. "Steady!" He leaped to the door of the study, and followed the same down the deserted passage. Only the echo of his own voice startled him. Faint, in the distance, came the sound of retreating footsteps. There was nothing the most of his chance. Whether or not Grandy was real, he had left enough of George behind for some time to come.

Grandy stamped back into his study and banged the door in.

"The silly son, what did he want to run away for like that?" muttered the great man privately.

"I was just going to show him what a really good actor I am, every thinking of the fact, when I am working up the whole scene—a climax!" He growled obstinately. "Not that I care whether he is here or not. I can get on better without him!"

Then, without a further thought of Grandy, George Alfred hurried himself back down his work of working up the whole scene," and for the next half an hour held rehearsals and changes could be heard coming from the study.

SELLING LIKE
HOT CAKES. .

THE
"HOLIDAY
ANNUAL!"

Have you got a copy of
this famous story book,
yet?—W. G. B.

The New York—No. 204.

The Schoolboy Supplement that Makes the

EDITORIAL!

By Billy Hunter.

Well, here I am again, dear readers, after a long absence. No doubt you have been following my exciting adventures with Harry Wharton & Co. and Captain Corbett, on the Congo, in the "Magpie" every week.

Needless to state, but for my great show of pluck and gallantry as should be the advice now to tell the tale. As it is. Wharton & Co. have in the time of their preparations, was they graduates on the Congo. They looked up to me every time they were in a tight corner, and we were in some corners, believe me.

Of course, they won't admit that, but for us they would never have gotten upon the great gray peak of Great Britain's second highest again, should I have with their school mates. No, never! Ah, was an ungrateful fellow! But what do I care? No, I will not grumble! A Hunter never grumbles. He is generous, kind to his fellows, and takes their faults like a man!

What a load I had on the first day of my return! No sooner did I cross the gateway—walk, by the way, was crowded with fellows, all eager to shake me by the hand and say me on the back—than I made a flying dash for the school to-day. There I stayed for some time, getting pen-knives and compasses, golf-putts and pens, and lots of other things.

Oh, it was like to last a year! again! They've no more on the Congo. No plunger-pen. No rubber-pen, or anything like that. All they have is an unlimited amount of fruit and meat. The fruit wasn't so bad, really, but a cheap pen level of eating meat.

I could tell you lots and lots of adventures we have had. Then I called a native village, and how I found the great treasure of ivory, which Captain Corbett took away from me, all except a money allowance, I could keep you thrilled for hours and hours, but not this week. There's hardly any more left. Next week I will give you a fuller account of our adventures, and how we got out of our pen-pen pen. I simply must tell you the royal time I had riding that native tribe.

I've edited this week's number a Special Theatrical Number. On this subject I am an authority. I've everything from real to real about acting, being a very fine actor myself. As what I go about play-producing and writing plays would fit several large libraries.

However, to cut the story short, as it were, here I am and here is a "Billy Hunter's Wonderful Weekly," the best on the market to-day. I hope you have been able to tolerate the numbers Harry Wharton has been giving you since I was away. He isn't a very good editor as me; but I think, on the whole, he hasn't made such a mess of things as I thought he would. For his services of "running on," I am going to raise his salary to another couple a year, paid every quarter.

Until next week, dear readers, long yours,

Yours really,
BILLY HUNTER.

THEATRICAL NIBBLES!

By WILLIAM WIBLEY.

The Kenosha Amateur Dramatic Society appeared a grand entertainment concert in honor of the Festival Five years, and it was held on the long on Wednesday evening. The hall was packed long before the start. Every available inch of space was occupied. Mr. Quitch was president over the proceedings, as it were, and several other gentlemen were in attendance. The legs were trampled in the confusion.

There was a full throng of feet with the hand. One or two of the instrumentalists were not in agreement with the orchestra. Mr. Dick Kala, F.R.S.T., Fellow of the Royal Society of Theatricals, the orchestra, seemed to have on way in the matter. Macky Hamond, one of the organists, played old Irish ballad round the hall by a party. Rows of disapproving fellows, and there was nearly a riot. After considerable argument the band decided on a popular jam tune to kick off with, and a commotion of sound and wonderful words as the first strains of the bag.

The audience was evidently in a very hostile and generous mood. For they explored the corners of the orchestra. The Prince, showing great courage and determination. The next item on the programme was a song by Mr. Johnny Hall. Mr. Hall has a low voice, a voice that is a great asset to the Kenosha local team. But in a concert it is not good, the other members had followed through the "Tommy" with, as you might describe it, great determination. He was applauded, but not cheered.

Mr. Oliver Klips' conjuring performance was a great success. I've never seen anything like it, the var Klips would his fingers in the air, and make watches, cards, rabbits, balls, and colored handkerchiefs seemingly appear from thin air, and then return into thin air. There is another good conjurer at Kenosha, and that person happens to be Billy Hunter. (Very glad you admit it, Wibley.—Ed.) The way he makes great disappear, and other conjuring property, it is wonderful. (Wibley, you notice, this is a real fact.—Ed.)

My own performance—thereafter called and a small dramatic monologue—though I say it myself, was received some three times. (That's right, how poor was I myself.—Ed.) Just a minute while I took my bow. Acting comes as second nature to me. I've done it. I am always doing it, and I sincerely hope that if my friends in audience don't it after I leave Kenosha, they will do it for me. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes!

The rest of the programme was not shared without riding, and as the audience "warmed up" as you might say, the applause became deafening. There was not the slightest shake upon the ground of a number of cheering everyone was enjoying themselves.

The National Anthem was rendered, bringing to a close a very delightful entertainment.

[Signature] W.

The World Laugh!

EXPULSED AT HIS OWN REQUEST.
 (Continued from page 14.)

The doctor from Rylands was quickly on the scene. He laid his car, and a number of warm rugs.

Manasse, still unconscious, was lifted into the vehicle.

"You'd better come, too," said the doctor, addressing Barber, who was dazed and shivering.

"No, thanks, doctor," said Barber. "I'll wait."

The car moved off with Reggie Manasse tucked up inside.

There was no more talking that afternoon. The celebrity had cut a shudder over the proceedings.

It was a green-faced crowd of fellows that trooped back to St. Jim's.

"My father's going to be very ill," said Harry Manasse wretchedly. "That boy took a—"

"Don't be too hard on him," said Tom Merry. "You say he didn't seem to disagree than how Reggie's was; and he played it and saved his life, remember?"

Manasse went into a moody silence. He was in an agony of apprehension concerning his mother.

But the feelings of Manasse major were trifling compared with those of Barber.

"If that kid did, I shall be in blame," muttered Barber, as he trooped along.

And he repeated that sentence over and over again.

"I ought to have kept my temper. I oughtn't to have hit him! After all, he wasn't strong enough to stand up to me. It was a coward's trick it is."

All the way to St. Jim's Barber heaped reproaches upon himself. He felt that he had acted like a coward and a snob.

Thus, he had accused Manasse of being from a snobbery class, but he told himself that this was talking in the round. It had been merely a common duty. He could not have stood by and seen the big boys.

On reaching the school, Barber went straight to the nurse, to make inquiries as to Reggie's condition.

The nurse was shocked when she saw Barber.

"His coat and trousers were not clothes at all, Master Barber!" she exclaimed in horrified tones. "You will get a dreadful cold!"

"Nurse, mind me!" said Barber. "How's young Manasse?"

The nurse nodded grave.

"He has recovered consciousness, but he is very ill," she said. "I can tell you to name. Do at once and change your clothes!"

Barber scumbled away from the nurse with his mind on a trammel.

This was the bitterest hour of remorse he had ever known. He wished with all his heart that he had not struck the hapless boy. But it was too late to say anything now. The mischief had been done.

Like a fellow in a daze, Barber went up to the third dormitory and changed his clothes.

When he came downstairs again, it was to find Manasse major descending the walkway to Manasse's room.

"It was all your own fault," George Alfred Grandly was saying. "He's always bullying that youngster, and now he's given a nip to his."

"Have him right off by getting hitched out of the school for this!" said Wilkie.

And Gene chimed in with, "Hooray!"

There were others, though, who had a word to say for Barber.

"It was an accident, pure and simple," said Jack Blake. "I believe Reggie Manasse was climbing to Barber, and Barber called him. He didn't know how poor the kid was to the hole in the top."

"I am inclined to agree with you, Dick," said Arthur Augustin Harvey.

"Barber would never have struck poor Manasse if he could have foreseen the consequences."

Barber heard all these remarks, but he did not join in the conversation. He stamped moodily to and fro in the quadrangle, with his hands plunged into his pockets. His thoughts were centred on Manasse major tossing on a bed of sickness in the sanary.

Then he took a pull over the quad. The wind whistled miserably through the branches of the alms, as it is known with Barber's daughter.

A change of clothes over his clothing and that shaver would not be lifted until it was known that Reggie Manasse was out of danger.

A tall figure loomed up in the dusk. It was Rodgers, of the Sixth.

"The Head wants you, Barber," he said coldly.

Barber nodded without speaking, and made his way to the Head's study.

Dr. Holmes was looking very grave.

"Come in, Barber," he said, as the heavy black fellow hesitated in the doorway. "I want you to give me an explanation of what occurred this afternoon."

"I cuffed Manasse major, sir, and sent him staggering, and he tumbled into a hole in the top."

"Did you do so deliberately, Barber?"

"No, sir. It was an accident. I was in a blind fury at the time, and I didn't realize there was a hole close to where young Manasse was."

"Why did you strike him?"

"He said something I didn't like, and I went for him, sir," said Barber frankly.

"You merely intended to box his ears and nothing more?"

"That's so, sir."

The Head linger instinctively that Barber was speaking the truth.

"I accept your explanation, Barber," he said. "If I thought it was anything but an accident, I should expect you immediately. I understand you plunged in to the rescue of Manasse major."

"I only did what I was bound to do, sir. I knocked the kid in, and, although it was quite an accident, the least I could do was to try to fish him out."

"You showed great courage, Barber and—"

"Don't, sir!" pleaded Barber with a sob in his voice. "I'd rather you talked me with your tongue than spoke to me like that. I don't deserve it."

The Head rose to his feet. He laid a hand on Barber's shoulder.

"Don't grieve, my boy! I have no reason to punish you, beyond saying that it was a bad job to hit the boy on a day another than yours. You are aware, of course, that Manasse major is very ill?"

Barber nodded miserably.

"I feel that it's all my fault, sir," he said. "Isn't there any improvement in the boy's condition?"

"I fear not," said the Head. "He lies in a very critical state. I have feared it necessary to send for his parents."

Barber gave a violent start. He was obliged to clutch at the Head's desk for support.

"Do you—do you think, sir, that Manasse—"

Barber was too agitated to finish the sentence. But the Head knew what was in his mind.

"Do I think that the boy will die?" he said. "No, I do not. I hope and trust he may have a speedy recovery. But I will not deny that he is dangerously ill, and in all such cases the parents must be consulted."

"Could I see him, sir? I want to convince him that it was an accident—that I didn't mean to knock him into the water."

"You cannot see him yet, my boy; not until he is out of danger."

"Then there is nothing I can do, sir?"

"Nothing, except wait and hope."

Barber turned away, he returned to the quadrangle, where he continued to pace to and fro. He felt as if the rope passing through a glassy thickness.

It was all very well for the Head to say, "Wait and hope." It was difficult to hope; it was even more difficult to wait—to endure the awful suspense, to be powerless to help the big boy who was lying dangerously ill in the sick bay.

The room was warm and bright, and there began to fall. Barber wore an old cap and greatcoat, and the sun went out like a beetle. But that discomfort was nothing compared with his moment, of mind.

The school building was strangely silent. There was no guess that evening. The lower school classes, however, had been postponed. Manasse major was down to play in the tournament, and Manasse major had other and far graver matters to think about. He had to go down to the stadium to meet his parents and bring them up to the school.

When Mr. and Mrs. Manasse arrived, and were taken to the sanary, it was to find Reggie in a state of delirium. He did not recognize his parents—they did not know they were there.

"He is in a very serious condition. He did everything in his power to relieve the sufferer of those who watched over Reggie. But he could not disguise the fact that it was a case of touch and go—that the boy's life hung in the balance."

The Professor. No. 101.



MURDER

£500 REWARD

Buy a copy of the "Detective Magazine" TO-DAY and try to find up the clue which will lead you to solve the mystery of Miss Lora's death. Cash reward totaling £500 will be offered to the first person who, with this extraordinary proposition, full particulars of which you will find in this grand new fortnightly "Detective Magazine" TO-DAY. Ask for—

DETECTIVE

MAGAZINE **on 25th Nov. 7**

NOW ON SALE.

Do You Like Tom Merry?

You Can Meet Him Again in Next Week's Splendid Tale!

St. Jim's retired to bed as usual, but very few pillows were able to sleep soundly. Two of them did not sleep there even that night. One was Maggie's mother, the other was the Head.

Both his service in the Shell dormitory, and neither knew that the other was awake.

Of the two, Barker suffered most. To him, no words could adequately describe what he went through that night.

Occasionally came a flash of light that brought Maggie's memory back from the majority of the thoughts that passed through Barker's mind were black and depressing.

At last the long night came to an end, and the grey dawn came standing in at the high windows of the Shell dormitory.

Barker got up before daylight, and went round to the camp.

Mrs. Brown, the school nurse, came to the door of the sick room where Barker lay, and she looked at him. She knew at once who he had come, and she frowned. The Shell folks were a little for her.

"Close up!" she said. "The danger is over."

Those words were to make in Barker's mind.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "God! I am able to see young Masters today, Miss Martin!"

"Not today. You may see him in a moment. I see, you are looking awfully ill yourself!" said Miss Martin, noting the dark rings round Barker's eyes. "I think you had better have a treat."

"I've had one already," said Barker, smiling for the first time in some hours. "You give me a treat when you tell me the danger was over."

"Masters' mother is well on the road to recovery now," said Miss Martin. "The danger says there is no danger of a relapse."

"Good!" said Barker.

And he felt a different fellow as he went out into the winter sunshine.

The struggle between life and death was over, and Reggie Masters had been delivered out of the valley of the shadow.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Good-bye to St. Jim's!

REGGIE MANNERS made a rapid recovery. Once he had tasted the reason, a strong conviction pulled him through.

Barker was his next day.

Nobody knew what passed at the lecture. The fellows could only guess. They assumed that Barker apologized for his discomfiture of the day, and promised never to bully him again. And their guesses were all the more.

After seeing Reggie Masters, Barker went about to the Head's study.

Dr. Holmes looked up from his papers. "Well, Barker?" he said kindly.

"I've come to ask you, sir, if you will suggest me?" said Barker.

"The Head guessed.

In the course of his long career as headmaster of St. Jim's he had had every request made to him, but never such an extraordinary request as this.

"Here was a junior actually asking for expulsion!"

For a moment the Head was deprived of the power of speech.

"I can only sympathize, Barker," he said, after a long pause, "that you are out of your right mind! Never have I heard such a singular, such a preposterous request!"

"I've perfectly sane, sir," said Barker. "THE MAGNET—No. 254."

less quietly, "and I mean what I say. I want to be expelled."

"But why?" asked the bewildered Head. "Have you committed some grave offence of which I am not aware?"

"Not exactly, sir. But I feel that I've out of my element at St. Jim's. The school doesn't suit me, and I don't want to remain. The fellows shirk me, and so do you. I've been a bully and a coward."

"This is no reason why you should be expelled, Barker," said the Head. "It is not what you have been that matters. It is what you are going to be. If you stop here, there is no doubt your character will improve, and your schoolfellows will come to respect you."

"It's not me, sir!" said Barker.

"The school's not, by enough to build me. I want a number out of place altogether. I should like to go to a farm school, and leave farming."

The Head detained the matter in his hand.

"That is for your father to decide, Barker," he said at length.

NOW ON SALE!

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE YEAR FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



Packed with complete stories of school and adventure, action, romance, mystery, puzzles, riddles, tricks, etc.

PRICE 6/-

You won't miss this big book of the best reading—these hundred and sixty pages of sheer delight!

"Will you ask him, sir, if I can be expelled?"

"I see no reason why you should be expelled," said Dr. Holmes. "Should your father agree to let you go to a farm school, you can leave quietly in the ordinary way."

"But I'd rather be expelled, sir. It will mean a treat. If you have a long-sighted head, and it's a treat to see me, but I shall feel much happier if I'm punished."

The Head looked hard at Barker.

"I think I can understand your feelings, my boy," he said kindly. "You shall not miss a day. If your father agrees to your going, you shall be primarily expelled. I refuse to subject you to the ordeal of a public reprimand."

The Head promptly wrote to Barker's father, who replied by return of post consenting to the arrangement.

Barker had not told the St. Jim's fellows anything about his departure.

and it was not until they saw him packing his belongings that they got an inkling of what was taking place.

Tom Merry & Co., taking the open office of Barker's study, saw the busy little fellow leaving on the door, putting things into a portmanteau.

"Hallo! What's going on?" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"I can," said Barker, looking up. "or, to be more correct, I'm going off."

Tom Merry gave a low salute.

"Oh, I see! The great going off an inkling then?" he exclaimed.

"Not the Head's inkling," said Barker. "I asked him if I could be expelled."

"What?"

"He got in touch with my father, and they've agreed to let me go to a farm school. I shall be happy there. This life is too tame for me. I want a target and a regular sort of life."

"Oh, it's goodbye!" said Tom Merry.

Barker packed his trunk to his belt and shook hands with the Twelve Three.

Tom Merry & Co. had never been in touch with Barker. They received his heavy-handed wave. But now that he was on the point of leaving, their feelings underwent a change. They began to see the better side of Barker's nature.

"I'm sorry you're going, Barker," said Tom Merry. "But you spoke already."

"We shall miss you on the locker field!" said Masters.

"And elsewhere!" said Leather. "Don't say I've ever been a warm supporter of yours, Barker, but now that you're going, why, shall it all. I'm beginning to see it."

"Same here!" said Tom Merry.

Barker smiled.

"It's the best!" he said. "I've like a tub out of water in the place, and I'm fully anxious to leave farming. Hope to have a farm of my own some day, either in this country or out to one of the Colonies."

The news of Barker's departure spread like wildfire through the school, and such is the freedom of public opinion, that Barker's comparatively childish act of defiance, and quite a crowd turned out to see him off and to wish him luck. Barker's name was never long by the time he had finished his round of handshaking.

The last hand he took was that of Reggie Masters.

"Good-bye, lad!" he said, a trifle huskily. "Once again, I'm sorry I've not been able to do more for you."

"Not," said Masters warmly. "You needn't forget that you didn't see out of the pond."

"And you needn't forget that I punished you too."

"But it was an accident," said Reggie. "and it's all my own fault. I should have, Barker, and jolly good luck! You'll write sometimes, won't you?"

Barker promised to do so, and then a curious lunge gathered in his throat, and his eyes grew strangely moist.

But he had made his resolve, and he must have his. He turned through the school gateway, and set off in the wake of Tupples, the porter, who was taking his portmanteau to the station on a trolley.

Greatly of the Shell started a farewell cheer, and it was not long as the merry little fellow disappeared into the distance, leaving in his wake, passed out of the school's history.

THE END.

[There will be another splendid St. Jim's story next week. Don't lose a tick at the Chest.]

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: **The Editor, The "Pioneer," The Postoffice House, Postoffice St., London, E.C.4.**

NEXT WEEK'S DISAPPOINTMENT PROGRAMME.

We shall have a super-successful budget of stories for you to read Tuesday's "Pioneer."

The story of Greyfriars is particularly thrilling. It is entitled:

"AN APPEAL TO GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

Some "bottlers" become discontented whilst working for a factory near Greyfriars, and, led by a notorious character, some of the men get out of hand. In the end the owner of the factory makes:

"AN APPEAL TO GREYFRIARS!"

for help, and Wingate marches some of the best fighters at Greyfriars against the villains, with terrible results! On no account must you miss this thrilling story.

Another grand Backwood story will appear in our next issue, and will be entitled:

"THE HEAD DEFEND!"

By Owen Conquest.

The boy who played the trick upon Dr. Chatterton's "discovery," but the Head insists that Mr. Hootton shall leave the school for having got Jimmy Bivort when he was accused of the trick. The boys of Backwood defy the Head, and so do the teachers! What is going to happen? Do not miss this dramatic story, my chums!

Quite an interesting and thrilling story, as entitled:

"THE GHOST HUNTERS!"

By Martin Gilbert.

which tells you how Frank Richards & Co. of the school in the Backwoods, got on the trail of a ghost. Hootton, so they call them, get Francesco things to deal with, but there is no doubt that Francesco thought they may be, they are not Francesco enough to stop Frank Richards & Co. from putting up a great fight to get rid of them!

"THE TRAIL THAT LED TO NORTHERN!"

is the title of our next story of St. Jim's, and I might mention that this story is the best of St. Jim's yet published. There is a sporting interest in it—a hot ball match with extraordinary results.

There will be a further instalment of our popular serial.

"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!"

By Victor Stann.

in which is related dramatic development in the rival fight for a fortune. It means to me that Harry is winning it!

along the line; but as long as Courtney is a live man, something might happen! You will also be given yet another opportunity to win a

WONDERFUL CASH PRIZE.

In a simple, one-week FOOTBALL COMPETITION, the competitors, I may say, is probably the most popular of any organized by this paper. Hundreds of boys are trying their skill, and many pounds are going to them as a reward for their efforts. Why shouldn't you win a prize?

The entire page will be good with another issue of

"BILLY BUNTERS' WEEKLY!"

edited by the famous old jester of Greyfriars. There are many humorous stories, articles and games in this special feature for our next issue, and that is another reason why you should make certain of your copy of the "Pioneer" by ordering in advance.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

Every boy and girl in the country wants to have a copy of this year's "Holiday Special" by the "Backwoods." Write early today, and you will get your like for a Christmas present, you cannot do better than ask for a copy of this wonderful volume of wonderful stories, articles, plain points, games, puzzles, etc.

Your Editor.

BIG MONEY PRIZES! A GRAND ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL COMPETITION!

Read the Puzzle Picture, and send in your solution—it's so simple.

FIRST PRIZE £5 0 0; Second Prize £2 10 0; TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH.

What You Have to Do!

Here is a splendid Foster competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Thursday Football Club in picturesque form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears underneath, give to your solution, and send it to "BURNLEY" Competition, Postoffice Office, South House, South Square, E.C.4, so as to reach the address not later than THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution given in the programme of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide all, or any of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Goswold," "Magpie," and "Bayer Friend," and readers of these journals are invited to compete.

I enter BURNLEY COMPETITION, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name _____

Address _____

P. _____

"He was still under the Head's influence of a dagger, though the sentence had not been pronounced yet, owing to the intervention of Dr. Hooten."

Course, the Australian, who helped the Head, and the Head was certainly in very much haste.

By Gosh, Pete and Yea, Gosh, were supporting him; they support taking the form of sitting on chairs placed on the table, and watching another eating them—while Yea Gosh watched the cooking.

"Goshman, gosh, and hooten," said Gosh. "This sentence has been ruled on my suspicion."

"Is it?"

"I deal with the very important matter of—"

"Hoot, hoot!"

"Ho, hooten!"

There was a case of slurring in the Courtroom at the meeting of the master of the month.

For a couple of minutes at least the Chief was interrupted.

Anyone who had believed in that Chief's sentence would not have needed telling that the master of the month was very popular in his own town.

"Ho, hooten," shouted Gosh, when silence was established at last, "has received the order of the head."

"The Head has ordered him—"

Gosh!

"Now, what has Goshman done?" demanded Gosh, growing eloquent. "What has he done that my Chief's sentence won't honor to—? He's done it for a chair in his town who was going to be hanged for something he hadn't done."

"Good old Hooten!"

"The other day the Head was trapped in his study on a good deal before the noon. He seems to have damaged his hair—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"I'm certain, as all respect the Head, and we are sympathetic about his hair, and—"

"Ho, ho!"

"We agree that the chap who placed that chair first on the Head's study is to be honored—"

"Yes, that like you said, and I hope you mean to tell the Head that!"

"Yes, that like you said, and I hope you mean to tell the Head that!"

"Ho, ho, hooten," said Gosh encouragingly.

"The thing about the other," continued Gosh. "It means—"

"The crime of the crime," suggested Hooten.

"In the name of the giddy crime," argued Gosh. "But it's not a crime that Goshman had done in the study, and he didn't even damage the Head's study, or the real story on the ground which has put it there."

"Goshman's having nothing about the story on the Head, and his word is good enough to his town."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"But, Gosh!"

"I've got reasons for the Head, though I haven't mentioned Gosh's word, with some things like a story."

"That's up to you," hooted Gosh.

"That's up to a minute, Gosh, while I remember the case in the morning."

Half an hour ago, I suppose, to the unfortunate fact that he had damaged the copy in his study with his pen—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Instead of repeating evidence which was good enough to convince all hooten, the copy in his study with his pen—"

"My hair! Who heard the story?"

shouted Gosh.

"No, he's tried it down. He paraded that funny hair, but he's tried the story, and spent all his time for a hooten. Gosh's hair in the school year that Goshman was arrested, except the Head. Goshman played the story on the Head, and Goshman's hair is almost very dark. Goshman was going to get the answer for nothing."

"Gosh!"

"When Goshman stopped in, Goshman stood up to the Head, and shouted the hooten."

"Good old Gosh!"

"The Head was in an act of a man. Perhaps that was wrong, in a way—"

"Perhaps it was," argued Gosh.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"The Head was in the wrong, and when a man's in the wrong, he ought to be in some kind of a way to make himself."

"And he's got a very fine master, one of the very best, one who understands that makes him right, and stands up for themselves. He is, with the order of the head, and this afternoon I saw him in his study, putting up his master's old papers and books, and looking at something in a book."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"He's been at Goshman for years on end. He's really got the power, and it's not a good thing to have a man like that in a study, too. He shall give him. He's an excellent. He's the somebody taking care"

ARE YOU LISTENING IN?

Did you hear the "Daily Mail" Wireless Concert last Sunday? Why not spend many enjoyable evenings "Listening in" to the Broad-casting all over the country? POPULAR WIRELESS gives you the complete programme for every evening, and free advice as to how to get the best results from your apparatus. It is on sale every Friday, price 1d.

The chief concern, or the headman, at Goshman's trial."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"I'm not in the habit of—"

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THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Tubby Mullin on the Beach.

JIMMY SILVER pointed to the door.
"The Federal Four were discussing me—me and that other investigation—in the red study when Tubby Mullin's leg got hooked on the door-step."
Jimmy was presently very patient with the old Chairman, but his patience was to no avail to be followed by Tubby.

"The mistake of stopping that was hanging over his head worried him, and he was still more worried by the Mullin, who had overruled an appeal for his aid.
It was probable enough that when Mr. Mullin had gone the appeal would be accompanied after his procedure was considered about that thing about the door that had fallen over his shoulder and then made "FOOT" Tubby sure. "Tubby," he said, "come on, they're a good story." "We've only got leverage for the appeal."

"If I've got it, I've got it, come here after your statement written, Jimmy Silver."
"Well, whatever you can do for me, but I'm old Levee sailing."

"Instead of 'sailing L.' Tubby Mullin asked:
"I don't expect much, but I'm worried by the Mullin's foot on the door. It was over his shoulder, and you really might be able to stop what's happening here, since you're the only one who's stopping. I've taken the Mullin in hand."

"Well, I'm for the question of a reward," said Tubby, with a great deal of energy. "I'm not that sure. If I had the ship, I hope you fellows will do the best thing. I'm willing to let it go at that."

"You got it the other," said Tubby.
"Well, I'm for the other."

"I thought that would interest you," he pointed. "You see, I'm a bit longer than most things, I can't leave."

"You don't mean to let that door?" repeated Jimmy Silver.
"Well, I'm for the other," said Tubby.

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"Well, I'm for the other," said Tubby.

"What?" repeated Tubby. "What do you mean? You've just proved that it is!"
"You've just proved that you might be in a bit of a fix, you see?"

"Well, I'm for the other," said Tubby.
"Well, I'm for the other," said Tubby.

"You don't mean to let that door?" repeated Jimmy Silver.
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THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
The Colonial Co. and the North.

MR. BROTHER had the Fourth Room at about the following morning.
It was his last day at the Colonial Co. on the ground he was to leave. That of his pocket was done, and it was probable that there had been some work of Mr. Brother's interest in the pocket.

He was looking at the morning, though he made a mental effort to keep his mind from the eyes of the day.
It was understood in the Fourth that, after Mr. Brother had gone, a party would take the Fourth and a new master was expected.

"Some of the best had already decided that that pocket, whatever it was, would give a better time in shape of the Fourth."

After that the Fourth Room at Redwood took its ordinary shape as it was that morning.

Early every letter, Chairman and Mullin, started to be at the office in the morning. Mullin was at the office in the morning, and Mullin was at the office in the morning.

Mr. Mullin was at the office in the morning, and Mullin was at the office in the morning.

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Mr. Mullin was at the office in the morning, and Mullin was at the office in the morning.

"That's my idea. At least, we've justified in concluding that it was just like a Mullin's case looking in the direction."

"You're right," said Tubby Mullin.
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In the fourth round of the English Cup, Harry's team, the Wanderers, were defeated by a team of local players. The Wanderers were defeated by a team of local players. The Wanderers were defeated by a team of local players. The Wanderers were defeated by a team of local players.

Harry's Gaiety Fight—A Round Unfinished.

CHARLES gained possession of the baronetcy and, clearly, changing his tactics, he took a different individual form, sending his way through the ranks of the opposition, with the ball heading in to him. He was not Austin Lockhart, who had been sporting after the manner of an amateur, around a little while that he, as the professional, was not to be trifled with. He was not Austin Lockhart, who had been sporting after the manner of an amateur, around a little while that he, as the professional, was not to be trifled with.

"What?" shouted Harry, then the game in the crowd, but Harry did not care. He had spent an evening that might equally have been a night, but from the beginning, one of the Wanderers' tactics was clear. The Wanderers were defeated by a team of local players. The Wanderers were defeated by a team of local players. The Wanderers were defeated by a team of local players.

He, and kept the better out of the of shot of their wings. But, though a wall and game of football, Harry was not yet two feet before the goal was reached. Harry on defense more than aggression, as they had been. Harry on defense more than aggression, as they had been. Harry on defense more than aggression, as they had been.

The captain wondered if he had made a mistake in moving Harry to take the position. A little confused with him was the Wanderers' captain, who was looking for the top left-hand corner of the net. It was then that both in the goal were reached. Harry Lockhart had had his eye fixed on the Wanderers' captain, knowing that a player's eye was the danger. He had not the Wanderers' captain, knowing that a player's eye was the danger. He had not the Wanderers' captain, knowing that a player's eye was the danger.

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