

SIX TOPPING STORIES EVERY WEEK!

The POPULAR

2^D

EVERY TUESDAY.
Week Ending
Sept. 11th, 1926.
New Series.
No. 305.

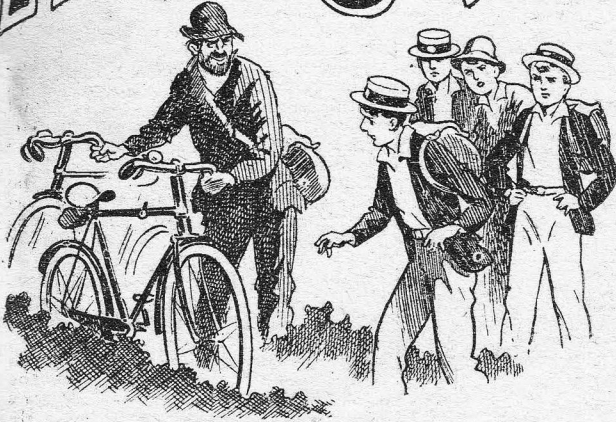


PAINFUL FOR BILLY BUNTER!

(A Humorous Incident from "Chumming With Loder!"—one of the Fine School Stories Inside.)

THE LUCK CHANGES! Honest John does some capital business which prompts him to remark that it is his "lucky day" a score of times. But the luck changes before sunset, likewise Honest John's cheery musing!

Honest John's Lucky Day!



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Lovell Loses a Bargain!

"**O**LD on, sir!" Jimmy Silver held on. He was leading Trotsky, the pony. His comrades were walking with the baggage-cart behind.

It was high noon, and the sun blazed down on the Berkshire lane. A man detached himself from the grassy bank by the hedge as the Rookwooders came along, and stepped out into the lane, holding up his hand. Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped to see what he wanted.

He was rather a shabby man, with a stubbly face, looking as if he were on bad terms with his barber, and had ceased to have any dealings at all with his soap-merchant. He had a pedlar's haversack on his back and a big stick in his hand.

He looked certainly a rather tough customer, but he touched his ragged hat very respectfully to the Rookwooders.

"Skuse me, young gentlemen," he said. "P'raps you'd like to buy some things—watches and clocks—"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Thanks, we've got all we want."

"P'raps you'd like to buy a bicycle?"

"A—a what?"

"Bicycle, sir," said the pedlar. "I've got some machines I bought cheap—party wanted to get rid of 'em. 'Tain't my usual line of business, and I got 'em cheap, and I'd be willing to let 'em go at a bargain."

Jimmy was shaking his head again, when Arthur Edward Lovell interposed. Lovell had a keen eye for a bargain—at least, he was firmly convinced that he had.

"What do you call a bargain?" he asked.

"I'd let 'em go at two pun', sir."

"Can't be any good at that price," said Raby. "Anyhow, we don't want any bikes, Lovell. Let's get on."

"Hold on!" said Lovell. "Might as well look at 'em. I've thought several times a bike would come in useful on this tour."

"You'd like them machines, sir," said the pedlar. "Good make, good condition. The poor man had the brokers in, sir, and was glad to get rid of them. That's how I got 'em cheap. Take my word for it, they're good machines, sir.

If you know this part, any bloke will tell you about me—Honest John Williams, the pedlar. They call me Honest John in these parts, sir." "They don't judge by appearances, then!" murmured Putty of the Fourth. "Let's see them, anyhow," said Lovell.

Honest John, the pedlar, went through a gap in the hedge under which he had been resting. He wheeled three handsome bikes, one after another, out into the lane.

"There you are, gents!" he said. "Look at 'em! Good value for the money, gents!"

There was no doubt that the bicycles were good value for the money. Not one of them had cost less than ten guineas—one of them looked worth fifteen. They were dusty, and scratched here and there, but in quite good condition. The pedlar eyed the juniors expectantly. Lovell looked over the machines, and nodded.

"We don't want three," he remarked thoughtfully.

"We don't want any," remarked Putty of the Fourth.

Lovell grunted.

"Don't be an ass, Putty! How often do you get a chance of bagging a bargain like this?"

"Not often," grinned Putty. "If I bagged a bargain like that I should expect to feel a policeman's hand on my shoulder soon afterwards, old bean!"

The pedlar started a little.

Four members of the Rookwood party were looking—and feeling—suspicious. But Lovell was not suspicious.

"Look 'ere, young gents," said the pedlar warmly, "if you don't think I come by them machines honest—"

"What rot!" said Lovell. "The man's told us how he came by them, straight enough."

"But we don't want any bikes, old top," said Jimmy Silver, "and it's not safe, buying bikes from strangers."

"That's all rot!" said Lovell. "Why, this Sunbeam is better than my old bike—lots better. If this chap is really selling it for two pounds—"

"That's the price, guv'nor," said Honest John. "I don't mind owning that I give only a pound each. But a man's got to make his profit."

A Topping Complete Yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Rookwood tramps, on holiday.

BY

OWEN CONQUEST.

"That's fair enough," said Lovell.

"But—"

"I'm having that Sunbeam!"

Arthur Edward Lovell spoke very decidedly. His comrades looked at one another.

Lovell knew best; it was a way he had. But Jimmy Silver & Co., though they often gave Lovell his head, were quite determined that Arthur Edward Lovell should not have his head on this occasion. Honest John might have been as honest as his name implied, but he did not look it. If he was a gentleman of sterling integrity, there was no doubt whatever that appearances were against him.

"So you're buying that bike, are you?" exclaimed Newcome.

"You bet!"

"You couldn't do better, guv'nor," said Honest John.

"I know that," said Lovell. "And I'm going—"

"You are!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're going on! You're not buying bikes to-day, old bean! Collar him!"

"Look here—" roared Lovell in great wrath.

Raby and Newcome took Lovell by either arm. Putty Grace fixed a firm grip on the back of his collar, Arthur Edward Lovell was marched on, resisting and protesting, fairly shouting in his wrath and indignation. Jimmy Silver led Trotsky on. And Honest John, with his three bicycles stacked round him, blinked at the Rookwooders in great annoyance.

"Look 'ere! Ain't it a trade?" he demanded angrily.

"Yes!" roared Lovell.

"No!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Leggo!" howled Lovell. "Raby, I'll punch your 'silly head! Newcome, if you want a thick ear—"

"Come on!"

"I'm having that bike!" roared Lovell.

"You're not, old top! Come on!"

Arthur Edward Lovell struggled in the grasp of his comrades. But he marched on notwithstanding. He had to.

Jimmy Silver followed with Trotsky and the baggage-cart. Honest John Williams was left standing in the lane.

THE POPULAR.—No. 398.

with his three handsome bargains and a very peculiar expression on his stubbly face.

The Rookwood party wound on down the lane and vanished from the sight of Honest John.

"You silly dummies!" said Lovell in a sulphurous voice. "It was the bargain of a lifetime!"

"We know your bargains, old chap," grinned Raby. And the Rookwooders chuckled.

"Anybody but a silly dummy could see that that chap was quite straight!" hooted Lovell.

"Then we're all silly dummies. Come on, all the same!"

And Arthur Edward Lovell came on; his devoted comrades gave him no choice about that.

But for the next half-hour Lovell was eloquent; and the Rookwooders listened patiently with smiling faces while Arthur Edward told them, at great length and with emphasis, what he thought of them.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Missing Bikes!

"YOU silly owls!"

"I say—"

"That's what you are—owls!"

Silly owls! Frabjous owls!

Blithering, burbling owls!"

"I know that sweet voice!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

The Rookwood party grinned. The loud booming voice came to their ears through a fringe of hawthorns; the speaker was only a few yards away. Jimmy Silver & Co. could have heard him if he had been fifty yards away.

The Rookwood tramps were camped on the edge of a common. The baggage-cart was at rest. Trotsky the pony, having cropped till he could crop no more, had lain down and gone to sleep in the grass. The weather was warm, and the chums of Rookwood School were taking it easy. As Lovell remarked, they were going nowhere in particular, and there was no hurry to arrive at that destination.

Through the sweet peace of the dreamy afternoon came that booming voice from beyond the hawthorns; a voice the Rookwooders thought they knew. It was not a Rookwood fellow's voice, and they were puzzled a little at first to "place" it, but they knew they had heard it before. Those powerful and strident tones once heard were not easily forgotten. And the voice went on, loudly and wrathfully:

"Owls! Fathheads! Chumps! You needn't scowl at me, Wilkins! If you gawn like that when I'm talking, Gunny, I shall punch you! A pair of blithering, burbling, frabjous owls—that's what you fellows are!"

"Look here, Grundy—"

"Oh, don't jaw, Wilkins! Never saw such a chap for jawing!"

"But—"

"Blessed if you're not like a sheep's head—all jaw! I've told you that before, Wilkins, at St. Jim's, lots of times!" And that remark was followed by a loud, emphatic snort.

Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled softly. "I know him now," murmured Jimmy Silver. "Chap named Grundy—he's in the Shell at St. Jim's. Seen him when we've been over there for the cricket. Biggest idiot going!"

"There he goes again!" chuckled Raby. "Listen to the band!"

The powerful voice of George Alfred Grundy of the Shell at St. Jim's was heard again. His comrades, Wilkins

and Guno, seemed to have resigned themselves to their fate.

"My fault! I like that! My fault going on a cycling tour with two silly owls, if you like! I'll admit that much. But it's no good talking to you, you'd never understand what dummies you are! The question is, how are we going to get the bikes back?"

There was a general start among the Rookwooders as they heard that remark. Lovell for a moment had quite a queer expression on his face.

"They've lost their bikes!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Three of them!" breathed Raby. "That would be three bikes! And that giddy pedlar—"

It was clear enough to the Rookwooders. They understood now how Honest John had obtained good machines which he was able to sell at such a ridiculous figure. Doubtless Honest John would have been glad to get rid of those three machines at any price.

"We can't get them back, Grundy!" said Wilkins.

"We've been tramping for hours, looking for them!" came Gunn's plaintive voice. "They're gone!"

"Do you think I'm going to let my Sunbeam be bagged like that, and not get it back?"

"His—his Sunbeam!" murmured Lovell.

Arthur Edward looked almost sickly. That, evidently, was the Sunbeam Lovell had so nearly secured as a wonderful bargain for two pounds. Arthur Edward realised that it was just as well that his comrades had overruled him on that point.

"The bikes have been stolen!" resumed Grundy. "It was all your fault, you two. When I left the camp, I naturally supposed you fellows were somewhere about keeping your eyes open."

"We supposed you—"

"You'd no business to suppose anything of the sort. But for goodness' sake don't argue. Some tramp's pinched those bikes, and we've got to get them back!"

"We've fagged about for hours," said Gunn, still plaintive. "I can tell you I'm jolly tired, Grundy."

"Think I'm not tired?" snorted Grundy. "But I shall keep going till we get those bikes back, and you're going to do the same! Pair of silly, blithering owls, letting a tramp sneak the machines under your very noses."

"We'd gone for a swim—"

"Oh, don't argue!"

"You shouldn't have left the camp till we came back, Grundy."

"If you try to put it on me, Wilkins, I shall punch you—hard! I'm getting fed-up with a pair of arguing, blithering owls! Now, we've got to get on the track, somehow. No good sticking here."

"I want a rest—"

"There's no time for a rest, Gunn."

Grundy & Co. were evidently unaware that there was a camp on the other side of the hawthorns. Jimmy Silver rose to his feet. It was obvious that Grundy & Co.'s bicycles were in the possession of Honest John, and it was less than an hour since Jimmy Silver & Co. had seen the pedlar. So he had valuable information to give.

Jimmy Silver dragged aside a branch and looked through the thicket.

"Hallo, you fellows!" he said cheerily. Grundy & Co. started, and looked round quickly as the thicket rustled. Then they stared at the captain of the Rookwood School.

"Hallo!" said Grundy gruffly. "Who the dickens are you?"

"It's Silver," said Wilkins. "I've played him at cricket. You'd know him if you played for St. Jim's, Grundy."

"If I don't play for St. Jim's, Wilkins, it's because a fool of a skipper is idiot enough to put you in instead of me!"

Jimmy Silver grinned. "We have heard Grundy talking through the megaphone," he said.

"So—"

"Megaphone!" said Grundy, staring. "I wasn't talking through any megaphone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the other side of the hawthorns.

"Sounded like it," said Jimmy sweetly. "My mistake, Grundy. But you were talking about having lost three bikes—one of them a Sunbeam?"

"Yes, we were!" growled Grundy. "But we've no time to waste talking to a Rookwood fag. Come on, you fellows!"

Jimmy blinked at him. He had seen Grundy of the Shell several times while on visits to St. Jim's, and had not been struck by his good manners, certainly. But he had not expected manners like this, even from Grundy.

"You silly chump—" began Jimmy.

"None of your fag cheek!" said Grundy. "I've no time to waste, or I'd pull your ear!"

"I was going to tell you—" shrieked Jimmy.

"Shut up!"

"You silly ass!"

"None of your cheek!" roared Grundy. "I'm in a hurry, but I could find time to thrash you!"

"Go ahead, then! I've got time, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're going to put up at the Red Cow, in Weededge, till we get our bikes back!" hooted Grundy. "It's a village across the common. If you see anything of a tramp with our bikes, leave word for us at the Red Cow. Understand?"

"Are you asking me to do that or ordering me, dear old bean?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"Telling you!" said Grundy.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Now come on, you pair of silly owls!" said Grundy to his comrades.

And the three Shell fellows of St. Jim's marched away.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Lovell Keeps Watch!

"HA, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly roared.

Even Arthur Edward Lovell, who had been feeling rather worried about the wonderful bargain he had nearly secured, roared with merriment.

Grundy of St. Jim's had had a wonderful cheering effect on them. They laughed till they had to wipe away their tears.

"Jever come across a chap like that?" gasped Raby.

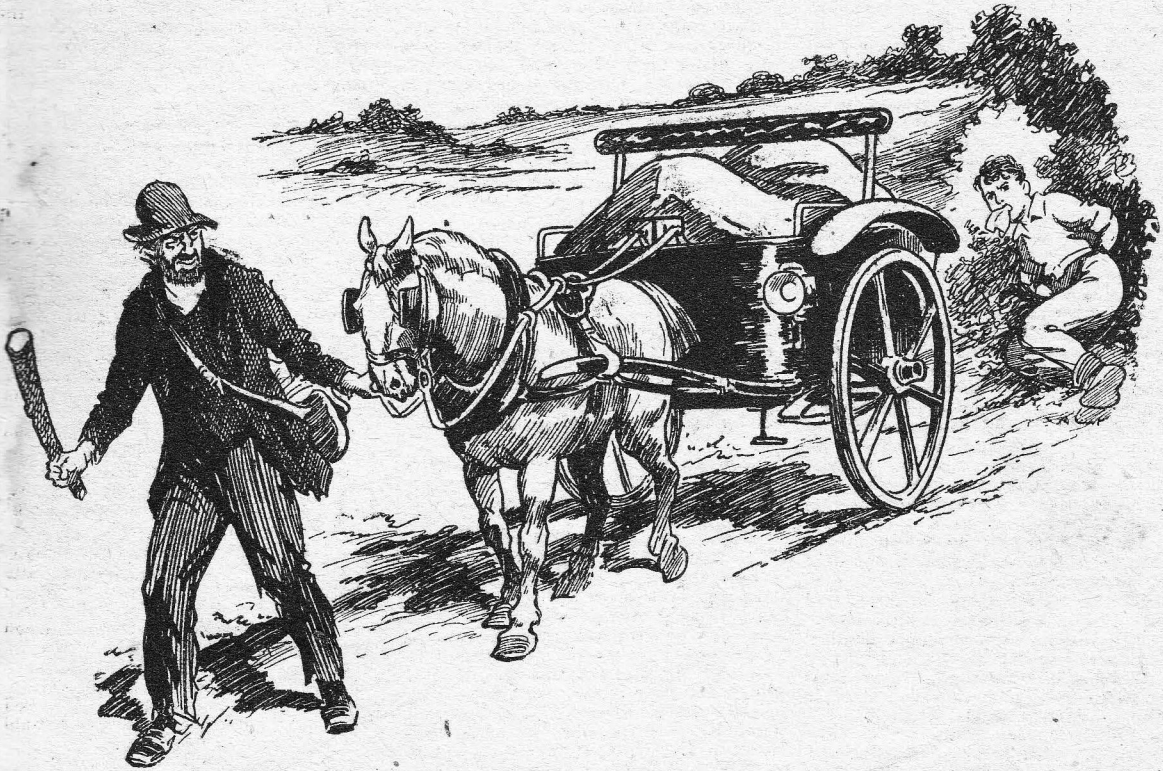
"Never!" chortled Putty.

"Well, hardly ever!" chirruped Newcome.

"The dear fellow wouldn't let me tell him about the giddy pedlar," said Jimmy, wiping his eyes. "No time to listen to a straight tip where to find his jigger."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Rookwooders roared again. It had not even occurred to Grundy that the Rookwood junior had had a motive in hailing him. Grundy was cross—in fact, in a savage temper—and he had had no politeness to waste on a Rookwood fag. That was how it was. And Grundy had gone off to hunt for his



Honest John bound Lovell's wrists and ankles together and stuffed his own handkerchief into his mouth. Then he rolled Lovell out of the way and led the pony and cart off the common. "This 'ere is my lucky day!" he grinned. (See Chapter 3.)

bike without waiting to be told that it was in the possession of a pedlar a mile away.

"Fools are born, not made—nascitur non fit!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "Grundy's about the completest specimen I've ever run on. But I suppose we ought to lend a hand?"

"Let him go and eat coke!" said Lovell.

"Well, there's the other two fellows," said Jimmy Silver. "They can't be having a happy time with Grundy, and they've lost their bikes. We've got plenty of time on our hands, and that sneaking thief ought to be made to give up his plunder."

"Hear, hear!"

"Of course, if we'd let Lovell make a bargain, he would have Grundy's bike here now to hand over—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Honest John would have two quid, and only two bikes to sell!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, dry up!" granted Lovell. "I—I—you see—"

"One of us had better stay with Trotsky," said Jimmy. "The rest come with me, and we'll look for the pedlar merchant. He may still be where we left him. He was resting there. Who's hanging on in camp? We don't want Trotsky bagged like Grundy's bike!"

"I'd better stay," said Lovell decidedly. "You know what you fellows are. We don't want Trotsky to get loose, or the baggage-cart to be stolen, or—"

"Bow-wow!"

As a matter of fact, Jimmy Silver was glad to leave Lovell on guard. He thought it doubtful whether Honest John would be captured if Lovell lent his valuable assistance in the task.

So four of the Rookwooders tramped back the way they had come, generously

giving up their afternoon in the service of the stranded St. Jim's fellows, in spite of Grundy's beautiful manners. They hoped to find Honest John in the shady lane where they had passed him—or, at least, to pick up his track there.

Arthur Edward Lovell stretched himself in the grass again, keeping watch and ward over the camp, and the baggage-cart and Trotsky.

He watched his comrades out of sight, and then took a "Gem" from his pocket to read. Having finished his "Gem," Lovell began to nod. It was a warm and drowsy afternoon. Trotsky was sleeping peacefully, the surroundings were soporific, and Lovell was tired with tramping. He resolved not to sleep, however, as he was on guard. He simply rested his head on a cushion, and rested with his eyes shut.

In a few minutes more he was in sound slumber.

Naturally, being fast asleep, he did not see a head in a ragged hat that poked through the hawthorns and surveyed the camp.

Had Lovell been awake, and looking in that direction, he would have recognised the shiny, stubby face of Honest John, the pedlar. Being fast asleep, naturally he did not do so.

Honest John surveyed the camp cautiously and grinned. He came very carefully through the thicket.

"This 'ere is luck!" murmured Honest John. "Real luck! Spiffing luck! Four on 'em gone rambling, and the other silly fool fast asleep! That there pony and cart is just what I want to get them bikes away! This 'ere is a good day's work, this is!"

Lovell slept peacefully.

He was awakened suddenly.

He started up with a grip like iron on his neck, and glared up to see a

stubby face and a brandished cudgel over him.

"Quiet!" said Honest John grimly. "The—the pedlar!" gasped Lovell.

"If you wants your brains knocked out, you've only got to give a 'owl!" said Honest John.

Arthur Edward Lovell did not give a howl. The cudgel was too heavy and too close for that. Resistance was out of the question, for it was clear that the ruffian would have stunned him without remorse. With feelings that could not have been expressed in speech, even if he had been allowed to speak, Arthur Edward Lovell submitted to his fate. With a length of cord the footpad bound his wrists together and then his ankles, and then stuffed his own handkerchief into his mouth. Then his light fingers ran through Lovell's pockets, relieved the Rookwood junior of his watch and loose cash. If looks could have slain, Honest John would have dropped in the grass beside Lovell, slaughtered! But looks could not—though Lovell's looks just then might have been envied by a Prussian Hun.

The ruffian grinned, and rolled him out of the way into the shadow of the hawthorns. Then he jerked up the pony and harnessed him to the cart. He led the pony and cart off the common, mounted into the cart, and drove away. Lovell, wriggling in the grass, listened to the dying sound of hoofs and wheels until they faded away in the distance.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

On the War-path!

"HERE'S the place," said Jimmy Silver.

The four Rookwooders were dusty and perspiring a little, after their tramp in the hot sun.

Honest John groaned dismally. It was not his lucky day, after all. The prospect of hard labour seemed to have a very despiriting effect on him.

"Let a bloke orf, guv'nor!" he groaned. "Oh lor! I ain't 'urt the young gent—only tied his 'ands up! Jest woke him up and tied him! Wouldn't ave 'urt him for love or money! And 'ere's the ticker, sir, and the spondulics! Let a bloke orf!"

"Woke him up!" murmured Putty. "Dear old Lovell! That's how he keeps watch!"

Jimmy Silver turned out the tramp's pockets. Lovell's watch and cash were recovered, and then Honest John was turned over in the grass, and Jimmy picked up the big stick the footpad had dropped. Honest John turned his head and blinked up at him in great alarm at these preparations.

"Wharrer you going to do, guv'nor?" he gasped.

"Give you a lesson, old top!" said Jimmy cheerily. "Would you rather have a hiding or be marched off to the police?"

"Oh lor! I don't want either!" groaned Honest John.

Whack, whack, whack!

As Honest John seemed unable to make up his mind, Jimmy Silver decided for him. He laid on the stick till the dust rose from Honest John's baggy trousers in clouds.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

The yells of Honest John woke the echoes of the fields. But the ruffian needed a lesson, and Jimmy Silver did not spare the rod. He laid on the stick, while Honest John squirmed and wriggled in the grasp of Putty and Raby and Newcome, and roared and howled and yelled. Not till his arm was aching did Jimmy Silver cease.

"There! I think that will do!" gasped Jimmy. "I think that's about enough!"

"I'm sure our friend agrees!" said Putty cheerily. "He really looks as if he thinks it's more than enough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Honest John was released, and he squirmed in the grass and groaned, while the Rookwooders unhitched the pony and drove away in triumph, with three bicycles stacked in the baggage-cart. Honest John stared after them lugubriously, a sadder if not a wiser or more honest footpad.

Jimmy Silver drove the pony and his comrades trotted beside the baggage-cart, and they lost no time in getting back to the camp on the common. They were rather anxious about Lovell. They found that helpless youth rolling and wriggling in the grass, trying vainly to gnaw away the handkerchief that was stuffed in his mouth. Lovell blinked up at them as they gathered round him.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" was all he could say.

Jimmy Silver, grinning, opened his pocket-knife and cut the prisoner loose. Lovell jerked the handkerchief from his mouth.

"Grooooooogh!" was his first remark.

"This is how you keep guard?" asked Jimmy.

"Groogh! You—you've got the pony and cart back?" gasped Lovell.

"Looks like it!"

"How—how did you do it?"

"You see, you weren't there to help, old chap! That's how it was!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Edward Lovell scrambled to his feet. He was feeling very stiff, and,

to judge by his looks, he was not in a good temper. But he was immensely relieved to see Trotsky again.

"I didn't go to sleep!" he said defensively.

"No?" grinned Jimmy.

"No! I just closed my eyes for a minute! Not more than a minute—less, in fact!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there's nothing to cackle at!" roared Lovell.

But the rest of the Rookwood party evidently thought that there was, for they yelled.

In the summer dusk a pony and cart, laden with three bicycles and five dusty schoolboys, stopped outside the Red Cow, in Weededge. Three Shell fellows of St. Jim's were refreshing themselves with ginger-beer at a bench in front of the inn, and the powerful voice of George Alfred Grundy could be heard as Jimmy Silver & Co. came up.

"Of all the blithering owls, you two fellows take the cake! Stupidity isn't the word for it! I've always told you you were a silly ass, Gunn! I've mentioned to you lots of times, George Wilkins, that you haven't the sense of a bunny-rabbit! Haven't I?"

"Hallo, old tops!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

* Grundy glared round.

"Hallo! There's that cheeky Rookwood fag again! I warn you, young Silver, that I'm not in a temper to stand any of your cheek! I'd whop you as soon as look at you!"

"Dear old Grundy!" said Jimmy.

Grundy jumped up.

"I'll jolly well—"

"Hallo! What have you got in that go-cart?" exclaimed Wilkins suddenly. "Your bikes!" said Jimmy, laughing. "We've got them back for you, and here they are—if Grundy doesn't think it's cheek on our part to bring them back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Rookwooders handed out the bikes. Wilkins and Gunn received their machines with heartfelt thanks; they had fairly given up hope of seeing them again. Grundy took his handsome Sunbeam with quite a peculiar expression on his face.

"Well," he said at last, "I'm obliged!"

"Go hon!" said Jimmy.

"And you're a cheeky young cad, Silver!"

"Eh?"

"But I won't lick you!" said Grundy generously. "There you are! I won't lick you! You can hook it!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at Grundy. Then, with one accord, they fell upon him, and Grundy, roaring, was swept off his feet.

Bump, bump, bump!

Grundy roared. Wilkins and Gunn roared, too, with happy merriment. But Grundy's roars were not of merriment. They were of mingled wrath and anguish.

Bump, bump, bump!

When Jimmy Silver & Co. marched on their way with Trotsky, they left Grundy of St. Jim's sitting outside the Red Cow with a dazed look on his face, struggling spasmodically to get his second wind. And the Rookwooders chortled as they went cheerily on their way.

THE END.

(More adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Rookwood Tramps, next week. Look out for—"Something Like Cricket!")

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

NEW FOOTER SERIAL.

Our grand Footer serial will be commencing in next Tuesday's issue. This is the first of the treats I have from my conjurer's hat, the others will appear in good time. A. S. Hardy, the popular boys' writer, is the author of our next serial, and it is without doubt his finest piece of work. "Play up, the Blue Crusaders!" will take the market by storm.

In this story you will meet some really fine sportsmen; old Fatty Fowkes, a giant goalkeeper, with a heart of gold and the pluck of a lion. Then there's Harry Ewing, a deadly forward, and many other characters. Every incident is lively and full of interest, and when the villains come on the scenes (yes, there are villains in this yarn), then the fun begins.

Tell all your pals that this wonderful footer story will be starting next week, and see that you, yourself, order the POPULAR well in advance.

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES.

The programme of stories for next week's issue is a winner. Here are the titles of the stories you simply must not miss:

"PLAY UP, THE BLUE CRUSADERS!"

By A. S. Hardy.

The opening chapters of our topping footer serial.

"BOUND TO SILENCE!"

By Martin Clifford.

A topping, long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., the chums of St. Jim's.

"SOMETHING LIKE CRICKET!"

By Owen Conquest.

Another stirring, complete tale of the Rookwood Tramps and their latest adventure.

"THE LUCK OF ALLAN-A-DALE!"

A splendid old-time romance dealing with the adventures of Robin Hood and his Merry Men of Sherwood Forest.

"BARRED!"

By Frank Richards.

A screamingly-funny tale of Harry Wharton & Co., and Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School.

"THE LION'S MISTAKE!"

By F. St. Mars.

Another ripping Nature story with a thrill.

DON'T FORGET THE ANNUALS.

Just a final word about the two great Annuals that are NOW ON SALE. The "Holiday Annual" and the "Every Boy's Hobby Annual," are two wonderful six-shilling books; the first is now the most famous storybook in the world, but the second annual is a unique new book—the very thing you are looking for—but it will not be long before it is as famous as the "Holiday Annual."

Your Editor.