

A SHOCK FOR JIMMY!

Jimmy Silver quite expected—but not turn up!

That his cousin from the Backwoods of Canada would be a little rough and ready, quite so "rough" as the cousin who does



Jimmy's Canadian Cousin!

A Screamingly-funny, Long Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Chance for Peele!

"WHAT time?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"That's all very well——" began Arthur Edward Lovell in his most argumentative tone.

"Oh, bother!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"That's all very well——" repeated Lovell, his tone implying that, in his humble opinion, it wasn't very well at all.

"Bosh!" said Raby. "We're standing by Jimmy."

"We are!" agreed Newcome. "Dash it all, Lovell, we stood by you when your aunt came!"

"That's all very well——" said Lovell, for the third time; "but if Jimmy's dashed cousin is coming to Rookwood on a dashed half-holiday, the least his dashed cousin can do is to let us know what dashed train he is coming by! We don't want to waste a whole dashed half-holiday hanging about for a dashed visitor!"

"Bother!" said Jimmy again.

Jimmy Silver looked very thoughtful that sunny spring afternoon. Arthur Edward Lovell looked a little impatient. Newcome and Raby seemed quite content and cheerful, even though Jimmy's relation was coming to the school and hadn't specified what train he was coming by.

The Fistical Four had been sauntering before dinner, waiting for the bell. Now they had stopped, and were leaning in a row on the bike-shed wall, while they discussed the extremely important question of what was to be done with the afternoon. The question, naturally, was important. Only two half-holidays came in the week at Rookwood, and fellows had to make the most of them.

Lovell's idea was a pull up the river and tea on the island. Hence his impatience. Visitors on a half-holiday were really too thick; and visitors who did not mention what time they were coming were thicker still. The Fistical Four were great chums, and always stood by one another loyally when relations came. The whole Co. had stood

Lovell's aunt with manly fortitude on a late occasion. It was only fair play to stand Jimmy Silver's cousin in his turn. Arthur Edward Lovell admitted that freely, but it was a worry, all the same.

Cyril Peele, cleaning his bike in the shed ready for a spin that afternoon, heard the voices of the Fistical Four through the open window, and grinned. From the tones of the voices, the cad of the Fourth had an amiable hope that the Fistical Four were about to quarrel. Peele was most emphatically "up against" the end study, and any sign of a rift in the lute in that quarter was welcome to him.

"Now, look here, Jimmy——" said Lovell, with a manner of exaggerated patience that was a little irritating.

Grunt from Jimmy Silver.

"Look here——" roared Lovell.

"Oh, give us a rest!" said Jimmy.

"You fellows can go out of gates after dinner, if you like. I'm bound to stay in, as Mr. Smedley is coming."

"Is his name Smedley?" yawned Lovell.

"Yes, Hudson Smedley."

"What's he like?" asked Raby.

"Haven't an idea."

"You haven't an idea what he's like?" asked Lovell. "I know what my cousins are like!"

"Your cousins don't live in Canada, fathead! Cousin Smedley was born in Canada, and he hasn't crossed since I was a kid of six. He's over here now, staying with my father, and naturally he wants to come and see me——"

"Why should he?" asked Lovell.

"Ass! I dare say he would like to see Rookwood, too!" said Jimmy.

"Chap doesn't have a cousin from Canada every day, and I'm jolly well not going to risk missing him."

"Oh! He's older than you, I suppose?"

"Ass again! He's a rancher in Canada—twice as old as I am, at least! He's a jolly good sort!"

"How do you know he's a good sort if you've never seen him?"

"He stood me a bike on my last birthday. He sent the tin over for it: That shows he's jolly decent."

"Well, that's all right," said Lovell. "We'll stand by you, of course. I dare say he will be worth seeing. Will he come in his rancher hat and his number fifteen cowboy boots?"

"Fathead! I understand that he's a rather good-looking man! My father says he's rather like me!"

"Poor chap!" said Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He will be along here some time in the afternoon," continued Jimmy Silver. "I dare say our silly trains puzzle him—they have real railways in Canada! Anyhow, he's coming, and I'm staying in gates to meet him. You chaps can go on the river, or go to Jericho! Any old thing you like!"

"Shush!" said Lovell soothingly. "We're standing by you—we'll see you through! We'll stand him tea in the study!"

"Hallo! There's the bell! Come on!"

The sound of the dinner-bell was wafted on the spring breeze. The Fistical Four detached themselves from the wall of the bike-shed, and started for the School House at a brisk walk.

From the bike-shed window Cyril Peele's grinning face looked after them.

Peele had left off cleaning his bike. He was no longer thinking of the spin he had intended for the afternoon.

The talk he had overheard seemed to have put another idea into Peele's active brain.

"A giddy cousin from Canada!" murmured Peele. "And he's never seen him—not since he was a kid of six, anyhow—and doesn't know what he's like, and doesn't know when he's coming! I wonder——"

The dinner-bell ceased to ring. Peele hurried out of the bike-shed, and scudded off to the School House. As he dropped into his seat at the dinner-table, Peele glanced across at Jimmy Silver & Co. and smiled. Something of an exceedingly humorous nature was working in Peele's mind, and Peele had an idea that he was going to enjoy his half-holiday in a manner peculiar to

himself. Jimmy Silver, quite unaccustomed to taking the slightest notice of Cyril Peele, did not even glance at him, but Peele glanced many times at Jimmy, and every time he glanced at Jimmy's thoughtful face he smiled.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Remarkable Rumour!

AFTER dinner Jimmy Silver & Co. strolled out in the sunny quadrangle. Mornington and Erroll, who were going on the river, called to the Fistical Four to join them, but heads were shaken in response. Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn, who were going out to rag the Bagshot fellows, would willingly have recruited the Fistical Four, but it was not to be.

Rags were barred that afternoon. The chums of the Fourth were to greet Mr. Smedley, of Canada, with their best manners, their cleanest collars, and their neatest ties. Cyril Peele was busy for some time in low-voiced conversation with his pals, Lattrey and Gower; and the three young rascals grinned as they passed the Fistical Four on their way to the gates.

Jimmy Silver was patient. Raby and Newcome felt that it was up to them to be patient too; and only Arthur Edward Lovell made an occasional remark on the subject of dashed relations, who butted in on dashed half-holidays without mentioning the time of their dashed arrival. But the chums of the Fourth soon had something else to think about. Tubby Muffin rolled up to them, grinning.

"Hard cheese, old bean!" he said sympathetically to Jimmy Silver.

"Hallo! How's that?" asked Jimmy.

"I suppose you'll have to stand it, though," said Tubby.

"Stand what, ass?"

"That awful ruffian."

"What?"

"But suppose the Head sees him?" said Tubby seriously.

Jimmy Silver stared at the fat junior in amazement. He could not make head or tail of Reginald Muffin's mysterious observations.

"What are you driving at, you podgy duffer?" asked Jimmy crossly.

"Well, you needn't call a fellow names when he's sympathising with you," said Tubby warmly. "I'm awfully sorry that your cousin's coming, and that he's such a frightful outsider, old chap."

"What?" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Couldn't you meet him at the station, and persuade him to wash before he comes up to the school?" asked Tubby.

"Wash!" said Jimmy dazedly.

"Well, it would improve his appearance, wouldn't it, even if he does come in corduroy trousers and navy's boots?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co. But Jimmy Silver did not laugh. He took Tubby Muffin by one fat ear.

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Tubby.

"Now, what do you mean, you prize porker?" demanded Jimmy Silver grimly. "How do you know anything about my cousin from Canada? I haven't said a word to any but these fellows."

"Yow-ow! Leggo! I only know what Gower said—"

"Gower!" exclaimed Jimmy. "And what does Gower know about my cousin, the cad?"

"Ow! He's sorry for you, same as I am," said Tubby indignantly. "He said the man ought to have more sense than to come here, when he's such a frightful bouncer. Showing you up, you know! Yaroooooh!" roared Tubby, in conclu-

sion; as Jimmy Silver, quite out of patience, slung him round, and applied a boot to Tubby's fat person.

Muffin fled without proffering any more sympathy. Evidently his sympathy was destined to meet with nothing but black ingratitude.

Jimmy turned a frowning face upon his chums, who were grinning.

"Now, what's this jape?" he demanded gruffly. "Have you fellows been spinning any silly yarns to Gower?"

"Not guilty, my lord!" grinned Lovell.

"Not a word!" chuckled Raby. "You must have told him something yourself, Jimmy."

"I haven't spoken about Mr. Smedley, except to you fellows. Nobody else at Rookwood knew he was coming, excepting the Head."

"Somebody else seems to have heard of it," said Newcome laughing. "But I don't see how they got the impression that he is a frightful outsider—unless you told them, Jimmy."

"Look here—"

"Awfully hard cheese, Jimmy," said Tommy Dodd, coming along. "Anything we can do to help?"

"Eh! What?"

"What price meeting him outside the gates and keeping him there?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"When?" roared Jimmy.

"Your cousin, the convict—"

"Convict!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"Isn't it true?" asked Tommy Dodd, in surprise. "Haven't you a relation coming this afternoon—?"

"Yes, you ass! But—"

"Isn't he a convict, from Canada?"

"You silly owl!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "He's a Canadian rancher. Who told you he was a convict?"

"I had it from Lattrey—"

"Where's Lattrey?" asked Jimmy Silver, breathing hard. "I'll teach him to call my cousin a convict!"

"Gone out of gates, I think. I'm glad if it isn't true—if it isn't—"

"If!" howled Jimmy Silver. "Oh, sit down!"

"Yaroooooh!" roared Tommy Dodd, as he sat down—hard!

Jimmy Silver walked away with his chums, his brow very ruffled. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were grinning; they could not help it. Evidently it was a rag—planned by Peele and Lattrey and Gower—who had gone out of gates after starting the ball rolling, as it were. The Co. seemed to see something humorous in it; which naturally was quite lost on Jimmy Silver.

"Keep smiling—your own merry maxim, old chap!" murmured Raby. "The fellows will know it's only a rag when Mr. Smedley turns up."

"I dare say he'll look all right," said Lovell soothingly. "Only a bit rough and ready—"

"You silly ass!"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"You fellows waiting for him?" asked Smythe of the Shell, coming along to the Fistical Four.

"We're waiting for my cousin," said Jimmy gruffly.

"Of course, I don't want to butt into your private concerns, Silver," said Adolphus Smythe, with a lofty air, "but do you really think that you ought to bring that ruffian to Rookwood? Accordin' to what I hear, he's very likely to turn up here— Yoooooop!"

A left-hander, which landed on Smythe's nose, interrupted his remarks. Jimmy Silver seemed to be losing his temper!

Smythe sat down with a bump and a roar.

"Want another?" yelled Jimmy.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Get up and be funny again, and I'll sit you down again!" snapped Jimmy.

"Groogh! Oh, gad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Co.

Jimmy Silver glared at his chums. "So you think this funny?" he exclaimed.

"Hem!"

"You silly owls!"

And Jimmy Silver, for once out of temper, left his comrades, and stalked away to the School House, in high dudgeon, by himself.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Man from Canada!

LOVELL & CO. laughed — they could not help it. This peculiar rag of Peele & Co. had started this remarkable rumour about Jimmy's Canadian cousin, to make him waxy; and undoubtedly they had succeeded. And the rumour had spread far and wide by this time. After Jimmy Silver had gone in, a dozen or more fellows came round Lovell & Co., to ask them about that Canadian cousin. Every Lower School boy within gates seemed to have heard the yarn. They looked rather sceptical when Lovell explained that it was only a rag. Cook remarked that there was no smoke without a fire; Leggett declared that he had heard something of this kind before; Tubby Muffin wanted to know why Jimmy had been keeping his relation dark.

Lovell & Co. began to be rather keen for the arrival of the Canadian; they wanted to see him. But after a time they went in to look for Jimmy Silver, who had retired to the end study, to improve the shining hour by tidying-up in preparation for the distinguished visitor. As the Co. came along the Fourth Form passage a loud bump, and a louder yell, greeted their ears; and Gunner of the Fourth came sprawling wildly out of the end study.

"Another giddy inquirer!" chuckled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunner jumped up and charged into the end study again, only to emerge once more "on his neck." Then he limped away.

Lovell & Co. entered the study, where they found the captain of the Fourth with a rather flushed face. Jimmy looked at his chums rather grimly.

"Been rowing with Gunner?" yawned Lovell.

"I chucked the cheeky cad out."

"Asking after your cousin?"

"Yes," growled Jimmy.

"I suppose—" began Lovell.

"You suppose what?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, nothing!" said Arthur Edward rather hastily. He did not like the look in Jimmy's eye; and he did not want to leave the end study in the same style as Peter Cuthbert Gunner.

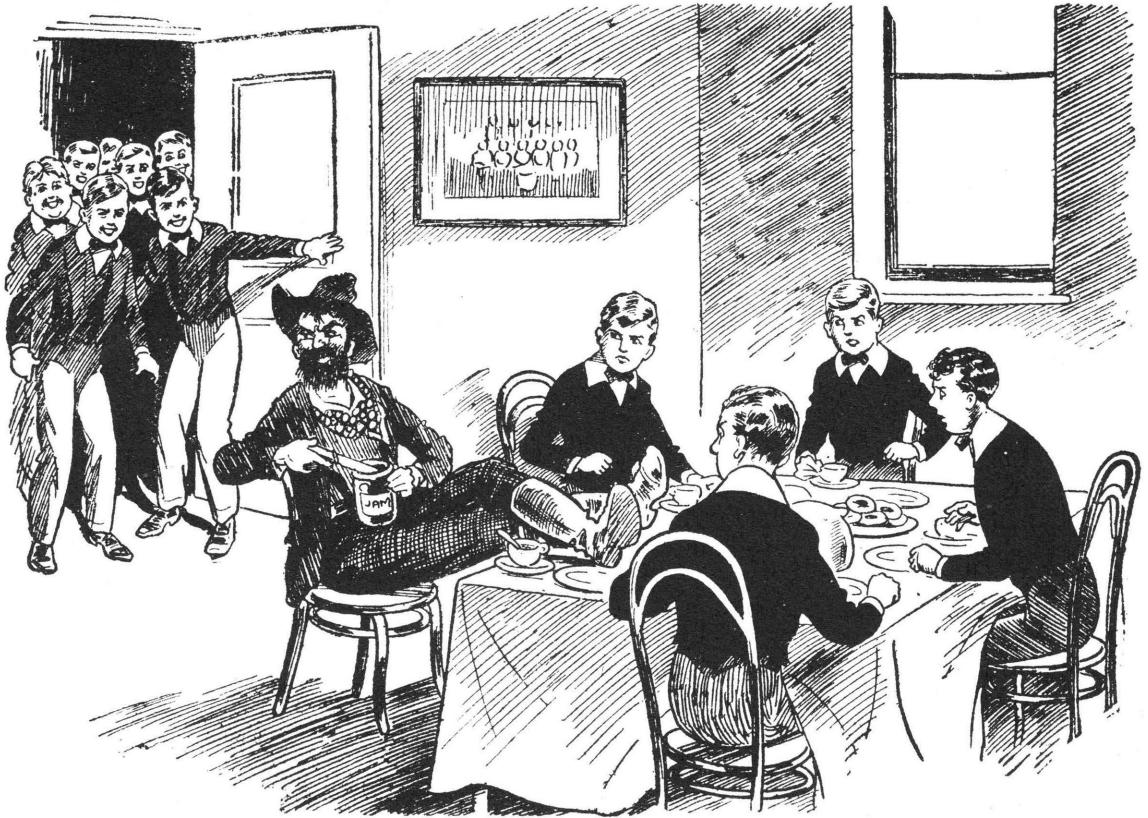
Jimmy grunted, and went on arranging the study. His chums kindly lent their aid, and the end study was soon looking newly swept and garnished. There was a sudden rush of footsteps along the passage, and Tubby Muffin put a fat face into the doorway. He was breathless, and he was chortling; and between the two he found difficulty in speaking.

"He, he, he—he's come!" stuttered Muffin.

"My cousin?" asked Jimmy, looking round.

"Yes. He, he, he!" gasped Muffin.

"What are you 'He, he, he-ing' about?" roared Jimmy Silver.



A TREAT FOR THE FOURTH! Tea in the end study was hurriedly prepared. Quite a large supply of good things had been laid in for the refreshment of Jimmy Silver's Canadian cousin. Mr. Smedley did not eat with elegance. He strewed fragments on the floor, and to the delight of the crowd in the passage, ate jam with a knife! (See Chapter 4.)

"Oh, he's a corker! He, he, he!" Jimmy made a rush at the fat junior, and Muffin fled for his life. Lovell and Raby and Newcome exchanged queer glances. What did Muffin—who had evidently seen him—mean by calling Jimmy's cousin a "corker"? Was that rumour an echo of the facts, after all?

"I—I say, Jimmy, we'll stand by you," said Lovell. "We—"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Jimmy gruffly.

He strode out of the room and his chums followed him. Whatsoever Jimmy's relation was like, they were going to stand by him and see him through, like real chums.

Outside the School House door there was a crowd, and a sound of laughter floated into the House. Jimmy Silver's brow grew blacker as he hurried downstairs. If the fellows were going to the length of ragging his visitor—

"Here comes Silver!" roared Smythe of the Shell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's your cousin, Silver!" shouted Gower.

"He, he, he!"

Jimmy Silver came out of the big doorway with a rush, his chums at his heels.

Half the Lower School, or more, seemed to be gathered there, as well as a good many seniors. In the midst of the crowd stood the new arrival, and Jimmy's eyes were fixed upon him in a second—fixed, glued, fascinated.

Was this his Canadian cousin?

A short, stumpy man, hardly taller than the fellows around him. He was dressed in dirty corduroys, with enormous muddy boots reaching to his

knees, his dirty trousers being tucked into them. He wore a red-flannel shirt open at the neck, with a yellow-spotted muffler wound round his neck. His face was dark in hue, almost brown, and extremely dirty. A short black pipe was stuck, bowl downwards, in the corner of his mouth. His beard was reddish in hue, thick and scraggy, with whiskers to match, and great bushy eyebrows. His wide-brimmed hat might have been picked off a dust-heap.

Jimmy almost fell down as he saw him. Lovell gasped for breath.

"Here's your cousin, Silver!" yelled Lattrey.

"Mack didn't want to let him in," called out Gower; "but we explained that the gentleman was your cousin from Canada."

"My—my cousin—" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Hallo, Jimmy!" shouted the gentleman, waving a dirty hand to the junior. "Ere I am, sonny. Give us your fin."

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy, petrified.

The newcomer pushed his way through the grinning crowd. He held out his hand to the captain of the Fourth.

"Put it thar!" he exclaimed. "My eye! You've growed, Jimmy, since I last saw yer, a kid of six. But I'd 'ave knowed you anywhere."

Jimmy Silver's heart sank almost to his boots. For a moment he had fancied—or hoped—that there was some mistake, some terrible mistake; this frightful character couldn't possibly be the cousin he was expecting at Rookwood. But the reference in the man's speech settled the matter.

Only to his own chums, and only that day, had Jimmy ever referred to the

fact that his Canadian cousin had not seen him since he was six years old.

Jimmy Silver stood transfixed, so utterly taken aback and dismayed that he did not even notice the outstretched hand.

"Ain't you shaking 'ands with me, Jimmy?" asked the Colonial visitor.

"Ain't you glad to see me 'ere, Jim?"

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy. "Yes—oh, —ah—yes! Certainly!" He shook hands mechanically with the dreadful apparition.

"Looks glad, don't he?" murmured Gower.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my only hat!" breathed Lovell. "Poor old Jimmy! Stand by him, you fellows."

"You bet!" said Raby and Newcome together, loyally.

"Jolly glad to see you at Rookwood, Mr. Smedley," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Jimmy's been telling us about you."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the brown-faced gentleman, shaking hands with Lovell. "You do me proud!"

"Oh, ah! Yes! Quite!" gasped Lovell. "Come in, won't you? We—we want you to come up to the study."

It was quite tactful of Lovell. He wanted to get this character into the study, out of sight, before all Rookwood saw him. It was horrifying to think of the Head happening on this visitor.

"Do come in, sir," gasped Raby, following Lovell's lead.

"You do me proud, and no blooming error!" said Mr. Smedley. "I must say I'd like a snack after my journey. Is the bike going all right, Jimmy?"

"The—the bike—"
 "You ain't forgot I stood you a bike on your last birthday?"
 "Oh! No! Yes! It—it's going a treat," gasped Jimmy.
 "That's O.K., then," said the visitor. "Where's your 'eadmaster? I ought to see your 'eadmaster."
 "Oh! He—I—ah—"
 "Here comes Dalton!" murmured Putty of the Fourth.

Mr. Dalton, the Fourth Form master, came out of his study. There was a remarkable expression upon his face.

"Silver! Who is this? What—"
 "My—my—my cousin, from—from Canada, sir," gasped Jimmy Silver, his face the hue of a beetroot.

Mr. Dalton almost fell down. Obviously he had come out to inquire sternly into this matter, and to turn this remarkable character out of the school gates. But he could scarcely turn out a visiting relation of a Rookwooder.

"Your—your cousin, Silver?"
 "Yes, sir," groaned Jimmy.

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! Good-after-noon, sir!" stuttered Mr. Dalton.

"Afternoon to you, sir!" said the corduroy-clad gentleman affably. "Arter I've 'ad a talk with my Cousin Jimmy, sir, p'haps you'll step round the corner and 'ave a drink, sir?"

"Oh! Ah! Thank you, no. Oh!"
 Mr. Dalton backed into his study. There was a ripple of merriment among the Rookwooders.

"Three cheers for Jimmy Silver's cousin!" shouted Smythe of the Shell, in great enjoyment.
 "Hurrah!"

The Rookwooders cheered; in fact, they roared. The whole crowd seemed to be in a state of exuberant enjoyment, and they had to express their feelings somehow. In the midst of the roar Jimmy Silver drew his Canadian cousin into the House, and marched him up the staircase to the Fourth Form quarters.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Simply Awful!

"HA, ha, ha!"
 The roar of joyful voices followed Jimmy Silver and his visitor. Mr. Smedley dropped into the armchair in the end study, keeping his hat on. Apparently he was ignorant of the custom of removing one's hat indoors. He put a foot on another chair, and lighted his pipe and blew out a cloud of black smoke. Through the smoke-cloud he beamed on the Fistical Four.

"Now, I've 'ad a blooming long journey 'ere," he said. "You're going to stand your cousin a snack, Jimmy? What?"

"Certainly!" gasped Jimmy. "We—we're having tea in the study. All ready in a few ticks."

"That's O.K. Got any liquor handy?"

"Oh, no! Sorry! We—we—we're not allowed to keep spirits in the studies!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"He's asking for liquor," came a fat voice in the passage, and there was a roar. Apparently the Lower School had followed along the Fourth Form passage, to keep a friendly and interested eye on Jimmy Silver's cousin.

Slam! Jimmy closed the door of the end study with unnecessary force.

"What are you shutting the young blokes out for?" asked Mr. Smedley.

"Open that door!"
 "But I—I—" stammered Jimmy.

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"Open that door! I'm used to the open air, I guess. Open it!"

Jimmy Silver obediently opened the door. Outside, the passage was crammed with grinning juniors. Mr. Smedley waved a dirty hand to them in the most affable manner.

"Glad to see you young gents all around," he said. "I guess I'd like to see you out on my ranch in the 'olidays."

"You're a sport, sir!" chuckled Talboys of the Fifth. "Oh, my aunt! Can we help you entertain your cousin, Silver?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Get out!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Don't you be rude to the young gents, Jimmy!" said the gentleman in the armchair. "You remember that it's kind of them to take notice of you and your relations, being as we're 'umble folks ourselves."

There was a shriek of enjoyment in the passage. Jimmy Silver's face was burning.

Tea in the end study was hurriedly prepared. Quite a large supply of good things had been laid in for the refreshment of Jimmy Silver's Canadian cousin. Mr. Smedley did not eat with elegance. He strewed fragments on the floor, and, to the delight of the crowd in the passage, ate jam with a knife. The fellows outside still crowded there, unwilling to go; it was, as Talboys of the Fifth remarked, as good as a cinema, or better. Mr. Smedley did not seem to mind; indeed, it was clear that he was pleased to have them there. There did not seem to be any danger of hurting his feelings; it was doubtful whether he had any.

He did full justice to a very handsome spread, and in the kindness of his heart called in some of the juniors to share it. Gower and Lattrey came in as he called to them.

"You young galoots care for these 'ere jam-tarts?" asked the hospitable gentleman. "Tuck in! You don't mind, Jimmy?"

"Eh? Oh, no! Anything!"
 "O.K., then! But you're not 'aving your tea, Jimmy."

Jimmy's cousin had taken Jimmy's appetite away. But Jimmy Silver could not explain that.

It seemed like some dreadful dream to the unhappy Jimmy. To the rest of the fellows, it seemed like the joke of the season. Even Lovell and Raby and Newcome were grinning as they helped to look after the remarkable guest. It was clear now that the rumour regarding Cousin Smedley was well-founded—only it had under-stated the case.

"I guess I ain't able to stay long," said the visitor; which was happy news to Jimmy Silver. "Not more'n 'arf an hour, Jimmy. But we'll make the most of it, my boy. Got any 'baccy 'ere?"

"Won't you—won't you try the jam-tarts?"

"I've 'ad some," said Mr. Smedley. "Nuff's as good as a blinking feast. Now I'll 'ave a smoke afore I bunk. Got any 'baccy?"

"Nunno!"

"Waal, I guess you're a young idiot," said Mr. Smedley. "I've left my blooming pouch in the blinking train. One of you cut off and fetch me some 'baccy—and look 'ere, bring me something to drink. I dessay the 'Ead will lend you some liquor when you tell 'im you've got a visitor."

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed in the passage. Jimmy Silver wiped his perspiring brow.

"You 'ear me, Jimmy?" exclaimed Mr. Smedley.

"Yes, I—I—I— We're not allowed to—" gasped Jimmy. "We—we—I—I— Oh, my hat! D-did you leave my father well?"

"Your popper's all right, only he's been drinking again," answered the visitor.

"Wha-a-a-t?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" whispered Lovell.

"How long is this going to last?"
 He did not intend Mr. Smedley to hear that; but, apparently, the gentleman from Canada had quick hearing.

He turned on Lovell.

"What's that?" he roared.
 "Oh, I—I—" stammered Lovell.

"Take that!"
 "Yaroooh!"

Lovell took it—a terrific clump on the side of his head, which laid him on the study carpet.

"Hallo! He's getting dangerous!" gasped Higgs of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Now I'm going, I guess!" exclaimed the terrible visitor.

"Don't you say a word, young Jimmy; you ain't treated me well. I've been cheeked 'ere. I'm going!"

And he made a stride to the door. But, as it happened, Jimmy Silver's visitor was not destined to go just yet.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Genuine Article!

"MR. SMEDLEY?"
 "Yes."

"S-s-silver's c-cousin?"
 "I guess so."

Mr. Dalton fairly blinked at the tall, handsome, sunburnt gentleman in the School House doorway. He did not understand.

The sunburnt gentleman seemed equally puzzled. He had just arrived; and he could not see why his arrival should have caused this amazement and perplexity.

"Mr. Hudson Smedley," he said. "Young Silver of the Fourth Form here is my cousin. He knew I was coming; his father wrote to tell him. Perhaps he hasn't mentioned it to you?"

"But—but," stammered Mr. Dalton blankly, "Silver's cousin has already arrived—"

"Eh?"
 "At all events, a—a—a person calling himself Silver's cousin."

The Canadian gentleman's brow darkened.

"I guess that's queer," he remarked.

"Let us see this person, and hear what he has to say for himself. Where is he?"

"Pray come with me!" stammered Mr. Dalton.

He conducted the sunburnt gentleman to the Fourth Form passage. That passage was crowded with Rookwood fellows weeping tears of merriment. At the sight of their Form master they became a little graver.

Way was made for Mr. Dalton and his companion, upon whom many curious glances were cast. That stalwart, sun-browned, deep-chested gentleman was a stranger at Rookwood School; but one or two fellows noted a resemblance to Jimmy Silver in his features.

They arrived at the open doorway of the end study. Behind them crowded the Rookwooders, wondering.

"Silver!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Jimmy.

"This gentleman states that he is your cousin, Mr. Smedley—"

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"This gentleman states that he is your cousin, Mr. Smedley—"

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JIMMY'S CANADIAN COUSIN!
(Continued from page 10)

"Wha-a-at!" stuttered Jimmy.
The whiskered, bearded, corduroy-clad man in the study backed round the table hurriedly. A few minutes more, and he would have been gone; but those few minutes had been denied him. Gower and Lattrey exchanged a startled glance of dismay, and fairly bolted from the study. But there was no opportunity for the impostor to bolt.
"I guess that's correct," said the tall gentleman. "You're Jimmy, what—I guess I know you by your portrait at home. Shake!"
Jimmy Silver shook hands blankly with the newcomer. He did not know, at that moment, whether he was on his head or his heels. He was utterly astounded and bewildered.
"And now," continued Mr. Hudson Smedley, "who's this critter? Another cousin that I've not seen yet?"
Jimmy almost babbled.
"He—he—he calls himself by your name; anyhow, he says he's Mr. Smedley. He—he—he came here as my cousin."
"Calls himself Mr. Smedley, does he?" said the Canadian gentleman grimly. "I guess I don't allow a hobo like that to borrow my name." He strode across the study, and grasped the false claimant by the shoulder. "Now then, you ragged rascal, who are you, and what does this gum-game mean?"
"Oh, lor!" gasped the first Mr. Smedley.
"You reckoned that hobo was little

me, Jimmy!" exclaimed Mr. Smedley. "By gum, I guess I'm not flattered!"
Jimmy crimsoned.
"I—I didn't know what you were like!" he gasped. "I—I haven't seen you since I was six—"
"I guess I'm going to make this galoot answer for it!" The powerful Canadian shook the impostor wrathfully. "Now, then, what have you got to say before you're sent to the stone jug?"
"Oh, lor!"
Jimmy Silver started. The impostor was speaking in quite a different voice now; and something in his tones was familiar to Jimmy's ear.
"It—it was only a joke!" gasped the first visitor. "Only—only pulling Silver's leg! Oh dear, I—I meant to be gone before you came, sir! Oh crumbs! I—I heard them talking about you by the bike-shed this morning, so I—I—"
"Who are you?" thundered the Canadian gentleman.
"Oh dear! I'm Peele!"
"Peele!" yelled the Fistical Four.
"Peele!" shouted Mr. Dalton.
"I guess I'm no wiser," remarked Mr. Smedley. "Who's Peele?"
Jimmy Silver, enlightened at last, made a rush at his tormentor. He grabbed at the beard and whiskers and eyebrows, and they came off in his grasp. In spite of make-up and dirt, the features of Cyril Peele of the Fourth Form were recognisable then.
"Why, it—it's a boy!" ejaculated Mr. Smedley, releasing the impostor in amazement. "What the dickens are you—"
"Oh dear! Only a joke, sir!" stuttered Peele. "Just pulling Silver's leg, sir!"
"Peele!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton wrathfully. "You—you have dared to play such an unheard-of prank! Upon my word!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors in the passage. That amazing discovery seemed the cream of the joke to the Rookwooders.
Mr. Hudson Smedley blinked at Peele. His frowning brow relaxed, and he burst into a laugh.
"You cheeky young rascal!" he exclaimed. "So it was a practical joke on my Cousin Jimmy what? Jimmy, you were a young ass to be taken in so easily."
"I—I suppose I was! But—"
"Well, if it was only a joke, there's no harm done, I guess," said Mr. Smedley, much to Peele's relief. "I hope your Form master will overlook what you have done, you rascal!"
"Well, if Mr. Smedley forgives your imposture, and your impertinent use of his name, Peele, I need not say anything more about the matter," said the master of the Fourth. "You may go!"
"Thank you, sir!" gasped Peele. He retreated to the door. There he paused for a moment. "Mr. Smedley, you're very kind, I'm sorry, really! Silver, your cousin's an awfully good chap!"
And Peele disappeared, grateful for once in his life, and very glad to escape so cheaply.
Jimmy Silver looked very bright. The clouds had rolled by, as it were. His Canadian cousin—the genuine article—was entertained right royally in the end study—Lovell rushing off to the school shop for further supplies.
Tea in the end study was a great success, after all. And after tea the Fistical Four walked out with Mr. Hudson Smedley, and Jimmy Silver was as proud as Punch of his Canadian cousin.
THE END.
"Foul Play" is the title of next week's topping story of the chums of Rookwood, which deals with the school boatrace.)

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