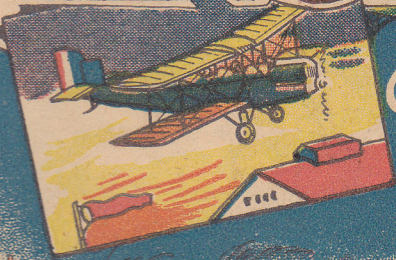


6 MORE GRAND PICTURE STAMPS FREE *inside*



The RANGER

2^d



Goes with a BANG



The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

A SPECIAL "GUY FAWKES" STORY FEATURING THE CHUMS OF GRIMSLADE, THAT GOES WITH A BANG FROM FIRST TO LAST!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the famous Greyfriars stories appearing in the "Magnet" every week.)



moment he recognised the Head. "Ach! Mein gutness!"

"What have you got there, Spitz?" asked Sammy, with an eye on the bag.

"Notting!" gasped Fritz. "Tat is not a pag of duck, sir! Ach, nein! In tat pag tere are only poots—mein football poots!"

"Bring them to my study!" said Sammy grimly.

"Ach!" groaned Fritz.

The Head walked away with his long strides to Big School. Fritz trailed after him dismally.

He followed Sammy Sparshott into his study. There he stood before the Head, the paper bag in his podgy hand, his saucer-eyes blinking uneasily at Sammy's face.

"Spitz!" said the Head severely. "You are aware that it is against the rules to smuggle tuck into the school?"

"Ach! Ja wohl! I smuggle not duck!" gasped Fritz. "In tat pag tere are only some pooks tat I have porrowed."

"It is still more seriously against the rules of Grimslade to tell untruths, Spitz."

"Ach! Mein Housemaster he tell you tat I am te most trootful poy in te House, sir."

"There is food in that bag!" said Sammy sternly. "Now, then—yes or no?"

"Ach! Ja!" groaned Fritz. "Only a leetle duck, sir."

"Precisely," said Dr. Sparshott. "You are a greedy boy, Spitz! You eat far too much! Place that bag on the fire!"

"Vat?" gasped Fritz in horror. "Ach, sir! Tere are gakes and puns and toughnuts and tings—"

"Put it on the fire!"

Fritz groaned.

A bright fire blazed in the Head's grate: it was a cold, misty, November day. Dr. Sparshott pointed to it with a stern finger. If there was tuck in that bag this was the direst punishment that could have been devised for the greedy German junior. Fritz's feelings as he saw cakes and buns and doughnuts consumed by the flames would have been harrowing.

Groaning, Fritz approached the fire. He cast a last appealing blink from his saucer-eyes over his shoulder.

"Ach, sir! I tink—I tink—if you please, goot sir—"

"Put it on the fire!" barked Sammy, his hand reaching for a cane.

Fritz Spitz hesitated no longer. With a dismal groan, he dropped the brown paper bag into the midst of the glowing embers.

"Now you may go!" said Dr. Sparshott. "And remember—"

Bang!

Sammy broke off with a jump.

Squizzzzzz!

"Why—what—" gasped Dr. Sparshott.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"What the deuce—what—"

"Ach himmel! Donner und blitzten! Whooop!" spluttered Fritz.

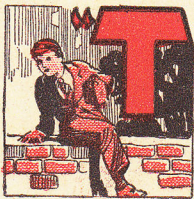
Bang, squish, bang, squizz! Whoosh! Bang, bang, BANG!

"Dropping a bag of fireworks into the middle of a glowing fire could have only one possible result. The result happened at once!

There were crackers, and squibs, and

THEY'RE CELEBRATING THE GLORIOUS "FIFTH" AT GRIMSLADE, AND GUYS ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY. YOU'LL EXPLODE WITH LAUGHTER AT THE ANTICS OF JIM DAINTY & CO. FOR THE GUY THEY SPRING ON THEIR RIVALS IS THE BIGGEST SENSATION OF THE TERM—AND HOW!

Startling Sammy!



AIN'T! Vat you got in tat pag?"

"Shut up, ass, buzz off!"

grunted Jim Dainty.

But Fritz Spitz wanted to know.

When a fellow slipped into Grimslade School

over the wall of the school field, instead of coming in at the gates, and when that fellow had a bag under his arm, it meant only one thing. That fellow was smuggling something into the school surreptitiously.

To the obtuse German mind of Fatty Fritz there was only one thing that any fellow in his right senses would take the trouble and risk of smuggling into school. That was tuck.

To Fritz tuck was the beginning and end of all things. He lived, moved and had his fat being in tuck. His saucer-eyes fixed longingly on the bag.

"Mein goot friend Tainty, let me garry tat pag for you," said Fritz.

"Rats!"

Jim Dainty dropped from the wall, bag in hand. It was a small bag, but it was

packed full. The fat heart of Friedrich von Spitz yearned over it.

"Mein goot Tainty, it is against te rules to smuggle in duck!" he said. "I will take all te risk of garrying tat pag to te House."

Jim Dainty laughed. The bag was packed with fireworks. It was the day before the great and glorious Fifth. Grimslade fellows were not permitted to lay in fireworks before the day came. Jim Dainty was learning discipline at Grimslade, but he was still rather a law unto himself in some things. Even Fatty Fritz would not have wanted to devour the contents of the paper bag had he known their nature.

Three figures came trotting along the wall—Ginger Rawlinson, Bacon, and Bean, of Redmayes House. Evidently they had spotted the junior of White's House climbing in.

"Bag him!" shouted Ginger. "Bag his bag!"

"Oh my hat!"

Jim Dainty hurriedly thrust the bag into Fritz's ready hands.

"Cut off to the House and shove that in No. 10!" he exclaimed, and he jumped to face the Redmayes trio.

In a moment he was mixed up with Ginger & Co. in a wild and whirling combat.

Fritz did not linger. He had no taste for scrimmages, and he believed that there was tuck in the brown paper bag. He flew. Behind him there was a scuffling and tramping, a thumping and a bumping. Jim Dainty was hotly engaged keeping Ginger & Co. busy. Fritz put on speed.

But it was a case of more haste and less speed. Dr. Sparshott, Head of Grimslade, was coming out of White's House as Fritz von Spitz rushed up the steps. "Sammy" Sparshott barely dodged the fat Rhinelander's charge, caught him by the collar—as he passed, and Fritz spun round like a humming-top.

"Ach himmel! Let go, you peast and a prute!" gasped Fritz. The next

Roman candles—all sorts of fireworks in that bag. The flames licked through the paper and reached the fireworks all at once. They exploded merrily!

Roaring crackers, fizzing squibs jumped out of the fire; fragments of coal, dust and ashes rained over the study; smoke poured out in a volume. Dr. Sparshott stared at the explosion transfixed, till a fizzing squib caught him under the chin and a jumping cracker landed on his ear. Then Sammy jumped as actively as the cracker.

"What—what—you young rascal! Fireworks—oh—ah—whoop!" gasped the Head of Grimslade as he jumped clear of the floor. He landed again on a repeating cracker, which cracked as he landed; and he jumped again, and the cracker jumped and exploded again between his knees. Sammy stumbled over and fell, and the cracker exploded once more on the back of his neck.

"Ach! Mein gootness! Tat vas not duck—tat vas fireworks! Mein gootness! Shave me!" yelled Fritz, staggering away from the exploding mass. "Fire! Help! I am burned to death! I am plown to pits! Shave mein life! Ach!"

He staggered over the Head and fell across him. Dr. Sparshott scrambled to his feet red with wrath. He grasped Fritz by the collar and jerked him up. With the other hand he grasped his cane. Crackers were still cracking, squibs were still squibbing, dust and smoke and the smell of gunpowder filled the study. But Sammy Sparshott did not heed them. He gave his attention to Fritz von Splitz.

Whack, whack, whack!
"Ach! Mein gootness! Leaf off!" shrieked Fritz. "Pang me not on mein trousers! Yarooooooh!"

Whack, whack, whack!
Bang, bang, bang! Bang! BANG!
It was rather lucky for Fritz that a jumping cracker, hurling out of the terrific explosion, landed banging on Sammy Sparshott's ear! Sammy released the howling Fritz—and Fritz made one jump for the door. He got out of the door and fled. Behind him in the Head's study sounded banging and squizzing and fizzing, but Fritz did not stop to listen.

Quick Work!

"YOU howling ass!" growled Jim Dainty.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dick Dawson.

"Ach! I tinks tat it vas duck, and tat Sammy he tink tat it vas duck!" growled Fritz Splitz in No. 10 Study in White's House. "Mein gootness! Te study vas almost plown to pits!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dawson.

Jim Dainty grinned.
"Must have made Sammy jump!" he said. "But all my fireworks are gone. I blew a whole quid on them. Look here, it's the fault of those Redmayes ticks. They were going to raid the bag when they grabbed me. Tit for tat is a good rule. Ten to one Ginger's got his fireworks ready in his study. I'm going to see."
"Good egg!" agreed Dawson.

It was dusky and misty in the quad when the chums of No. 10 left the House. It was close on lock-up, and most of the Grimslade fellows were in the Houses. Nobody saw the two White's juniors as they arrived under the window of Ginger Rawlinson's study in Redmayes' House. That window was dark; Ginger & Co. were not at home yet. In less than a minute Jim Dainty had the sash up, and was clambering in. Dick Dawson followed him, and they stood in the dusky study.

In the passage outside the study door they could hear a good many voices. But the door was shut.

"Buck up!" breathed Jim. "They may come in any minute."

It was likely enough that Ginger & Co. had laid in their fireworks—in spite of the rules. But if so, they were sure to be packed out of sight somewhere. Rules at Grimslade were rather severely enforced. Jim Dainty and Dawson lost no time in rooting through the study. There was no time for ceremony—which was no doubt the reason why they scattered things left and right, tipped the coal bucket on to the floor and upset the inkpot over the table. Little accidents like this could not be helped—especially in a House raid!

"Where the dickens——" grunted Jim, after ten minutes' vain search. "Oh, my hat! Cave! Beaks!"

The door-handle turned. At the same moment the voice of Mr. Redmayes, the Housemaster, was heard. Another moment and he would have discovered the two White's juniors in the study. But a moment was enough for Jim Dainty and his comrade. Jim dragged Dick Dawson to the study table and they plunged under it. It was the only cover available—and they hoped for the best.

The two juniors were crouching under the table as Mr. Redmayes stepped in and switched on the light. They had a view of his legs and his gown as he came in. Fortunately, he had no view of them. Trafford, the captain of Grimslade, a prefect, followed him in.

"Kindly search the study, Trafford," said Mr. Redmayes. "If there are any fireworks, they must be discovered and confiscated. Dr. Sparshott has ordered a search of all junior studies in both Houses—it seems that there was an explosion

in his study, caused by some White's junior smuggling in fireworks."

Evidently Sammy was on the warpath! Under the study table Jim Dainty and Dawson tried to still their breathing. Trafford moved about the room, looking into all sorts of likely and unlikely places. The White's juniors could only hope that he would not think of looking under the table! Mr. Redmayes sat on the edge of the table, supervising the search. He had to go through study after study, searching for contraband, and he was beginning with Ginger's—rather unfortunately for the raiders from White's.

"No fireworks here, sir!" said the Sixth-Former at last. "I think I've looked everywhere. May as well look under the table, though."

Dawson's jaw dropped.

The game was up!

Trafford was stooping to glance under the table when Jim Dainty suddenly rose to his feet, his shoulders planted firmly against the table above him.

What happened next seemed like an earthquake to Mr. Redmayes.

The table he was sitting on suddenly heaved beneath him, slanting, and pitching him off feet-first.

"Goodness gracious—what——" gasped the Housemaster as he shot forward.

He sprawled over, throwing out his arms wildly to save himself. One of his arms caught Trafford round the neck.

Trafford went over backwards with a yell, and the astounded Housemaster sprawled over him. Trafford crashed on the floor, Mr. Redmayes crashed on Trafford, and the next moment the overturned table crashed on Mr. Redmayes. Jim Dainty caught Dawson's arm.

"Quick!" he hissed.

With a single leap he was through the open window and landed in the quad outside. A second later Dawson was at his side.

Wild yelling came from the study they had left.

"Hook it!" gasped Jim.

They ran for their lives.

In Ginger's study Mr. Redmayes, in a state of dizzy amazement, hurled the table off and sat up dazedly. A gurgling sound of suffocation came from beneath him. He was sitting on his head prefect's face, though he did not realise it at the moment.

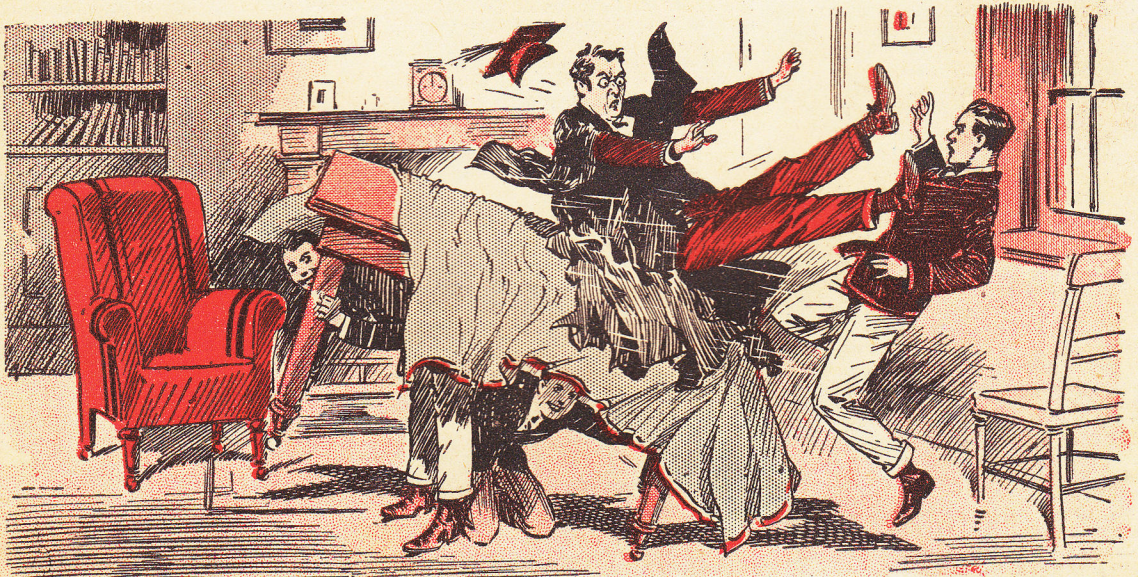
"Urrrrrrrghh!" came from Trafford.

He wriggled wildly.

"Oooooooooooh!" yelled the Housemaster of Redmayes suddenly. "What—what—I am bitten—whoooooop!"

He leaped up as if electrified.

"What—Trafford—how dare you—yaroooh! Ow! Upon my word! I am bitten——"



Jim Dainty suddenly rose to his feet, his shoulders planted firmly against the table above him. What happened next seemed like an earthquake to Mr. Redmayes. The table he was sitting on suddenly heaved beneath him, slanting, and pitching him off feet-first. "Goodness gracious—what——" gasped the Housemaster, as he shot forward.

"Urrrh! You were suffocating me, sir—sorry—"

"Really, Trafford—" Mr. Redmayes wriggled quite painfully. "Really—upon my word—but who—what—!" He ran to the open window, catching a glimpse of two dim figures vanishing in the misty quad. "There were two boys here—under the table—White's boys—they are running in that direction. Carry on with the search, Trafford—I shall go over to Mr. White's house at once."

Those words reached the ears of the two juniors fleeing in the dusk. Jim Dainty grabbed his chum's arm and drew him quickly away from the path to White's House doorway.

"You ass!" gasped Dawson. "Quick—we shall be nailed—"

"This way, fathead!"

Jim Dainty rushed away to the windows of the Fourth-Form studies in White's House, dragging Dawson after him. They stopped under the window of No. 10. The light was on in the study and they could see Fritz Splitz within. Jim tapped on the lower pane and saw Fritz give a startled jump and spin round towards the window.

"Good egg!" gasped Dawson. "Old Redmayes won't be a minute behind us, and if we were seen going in—"

Tap, tap!

Fritz von Splitz came over to the study window. His fat features were flattened on the glass as he peered out into the dusk in surprise. Jim Dainty tapped and tapped again, impatiently, but the fat Rhinelander was slow on the uptake. He continued to peer with his saucer eyes.

"Duck!" breathed Jim as footsteps were heard coming from the direction of Redmayes House.

The two juniors crouched below the window-sill. There the thickening dusk screened them as Mr. Redmayes came striding wrathfully up to White's House. He passed in at the doorway and the juniors rose again. Jim glared at the fat face flattened on the inside of the pane, and tapped so forcibly that the pane cracked. Fritz jumped back with a startled yell.

"Ach himmel! Vat vas tat pefore?"

"Let us in, you dummy!" yelled Jim.

"Mein gootness! Is tat Tainty? Is tat Tawson!" Fritz Splitz lifted the sash at last and peered out. "Is tat Tainty and Tawson? Vy for you gum to te window instead of te door—Ach! Vy for you pang me on te poko, you peast and a prute?" roared Fritz.

Fritz did not seem to realise that he was in the way of the juniors clambering in. Perhaps he realised it, however, as he received a fierce smite on his fat nose. He staggered back across the study, clapping his nose with both hands, roaring.

The juniors scrambled in, closed the window, and drew the blind. They could hear voices outside the study.

"Better be busy with something when they look in!" breathed Jim. "Rag that fat Boche! The idiot nearly got us spotted!"

"Good egg!" chuckled Dawson.

Footsteps were approaching the study. Jim Dainty and Dawson collared Fritz von Splitz, and the fat Rhinelander bumped on the floor. He roared as he bumped, and roared again as his podgy nose was tapped on the carpet. He was wriggling and roaring wildly when the door opened and Mr. White looked in, with Mr. Redmayes by his side.

"What is this?" exclaimed the House-master of White's sharply. "What—"

"Ach! I am pang on mein poko—I am pumped on te floor—I have no more te breff—"

"Cease this horseplay at once," said Mr. White, and he passed on with the other Housemaster to look into other studies and ascertain which juniors were out of the House. The busy scene going on in No. 10 had disarmed suspicion of that study!

No juniors were found out of the House. The identity of the ragers in Ginger's study remained a mystery.

Some Guy!

"DAINTY!" gasped Bacon and Bean together.

"Just Dainty!" said Ginger Rawlinson, with cheerful coolness. "Why not?"

"Streaky" Bacon and Sandy Bean could only stare at their great leader.

It was the following day—the Fifth of November. Classes were over, the early dusk was falling, and most Grimslade fellows were thinking of the celebration to come. Mrs. Sykes, at the school shop, had almost sold out of fireworks.

In the school field, rival bonfires were already being stacked up—ready for lighting. Sammy Sparshott had given some of the prefects a hint to keep an eye on the proceedings, lest the rival celebrations should develop into a House rag, and perhaps a battle royal between "Reds" and "Whites."

White's juniors were going to parade a "guy" got up in the brightest red, in derision of Redmayes House. Redmayes juniors were thinking of a guy in spotless white, for similar reasons. But Ginger Rawlinson was thinking of more than that—under Ginger's mop of red hair there was a remarkably active brain. Ginger was the man for startling stunts.

"Just Dainty!" repeated Ginger. "We bag him, bung him into the tool-shed, where we parked our fireworks—lucky we did, as it turned out—and there we fix him up. A few sheets tied round him and a Guy Fawkes mask on his face—what? We're going to have a live guy this time, and it's going to be a White's man! Just Dainty."

"You ass!" gasped Streaky. "Think he won't yell his head off, and bring all the other ticks on to us!"

"Not with a duster in his mouth," said Ginger calmly.

"Oh crickey!" ejaculated Sandy Bean. "Whisper it to the fellows—mind a single syllable doesn't get to a White's man, though," grinned Ginger. "We're going to parade Dainty as our jolly old guy—it will be no end of a score over White's. We won't burn him on the bonfire, of course—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They'll be just hopping mad when they know! What?"

Ginger & Co. sallied forth to look for Jim Dainty. Redmayes fellows simply chortled at the idea of making a guy of the junior leader of White's House. They agreed that it was the catch of the season. But "bagging" Jim Dainty seemed to some of them a doubtful proposition. He was not a fellow to be easily bagged.

But fortune smiled on Ginger. Jim Dainty seemed to play into his hands. Scouting in the quad, looking for him, Ginger & Co. spotted him slipping away quietly in the direction of the tool-shed. Amazed at their good luck, they followed on.

Jim entered the tool-shed, and turned on an electric torch. He had a suspicion where Ginger & Co. had parked their fireworks. He was there to look for them. He was not given much time, however. Three figures rushed in at the open doorway; Sandy Bean jerked the torch from his hand, and Ginger and Bacon grasped him and up-ended him on the cement floor.

"Got him!" chortled Ginger.

Jim Dainty, taken by surprise, struggled frantically. There was a roar from Ginger as he captured a hefty punch with his nose, and a howl from Streaky as he caught an elbow with his eye. But they had him down, and kept him down. Sandy stuck the torch into a crevice, and came to the aid of his comrades. Resisting valiantly, Jim was overpowered.

"You silly chumps!" he panted. "What's this game? What do you want?"

"We want you," chuckled Ginger, "and we've jolly well got you! You're our guy!"

"What?" yelled Dainty.

"Stiek something in his potato-trap! He makes too much noise!" said Sandy Bean. "We don't want the whole crew here!"

"Look here," gasped Jim, struggling. "You—ooogh—groooogh!" A folded,

and rather dusty, duster was crammed into his mouth.

He gurgled into silence. Bacon and Bean, grinning, sat on him, while Ginger cut up a box-ropo and tied his hands and feet. Jim Dainty spluttered and gurgled; but he could do nothing more.

"Keep him there!" chuckled Ginger. "I'll be back in a tick!"

He cut out of the tool-shed. Jim Dainty wriggled helplessly under Bacon and Bean till he returned. He came back with a couple of sheets, borrowed—without permission—from the dormitory.

Jim Dainty was hoisted to his feet. The sheets were draped round him, and pinned on with safety-pins. Over his white drapery, his face was crimson with wrath. But his face disappeared from view as Ginger fastened a Guy Fawkes mask over it. Only through the eye-openings of the mask his eyes gleamed and glared.

"Here's another guy!" chortled Ginger. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Gurgle! came from under the mask. "Shove him in the chair!"

An ancient chair had been fastened on two poles—rather like a sedan—for carrying the effigy. Jim Dainty was lifted into it, and more lengths of box-ropo fastened him to it securely.

The Redmayes trio chortled gleefully. Ginger looked at his watch.

"You men cut off and tell the fellows to be ready," he said. "It's turned half-past five, and we light up the bonfire at six. I'll stop here and keep an eye on our jolly old guy!"

"Right-ho!"

Bacon and Bean strolled away, leaving Ginger Rawlinson on guard over that remarkable guy. They grinned cheerily as they walked back to Redmayes House. Undoubtedly Ginger's stunt was the catch of the season, and it had worked, so far, like a charm!

Dick Dawson called to them in the quad.

"Seen Dainty?"

"Dainty!" answered Streaky Bacon, with a wink at Bean. "Dainty! Have you lost him? Yes, I've seen him."

"Where?" asked Dawson.

"In the Form-room!"

"What the thump's he doing in the Form-room?"

"Better ask him."

Dawson, rather puzzled, hurried away towards Big School. Bacon and Bean walked on to their House.

"I suppose I wasn't bound to mention that it was two hours ago that I saw Dainty in the Form-room!" remarked Streaky thoughtfully. And Sandy Bean chuckled.

It did not take Dick Dawson long to discover that Jim Dainty was not in the Form-room. He looked for him in the School field, where crowds of fellows were gathering, without finding him. Then, more puzzled than ever, he went back to White's House.

"Seen Dainty, Fritz?"

"Plow Dainty," answered Fritz Splitz morosely. "Tat Tainty he ask me to lend him mein face for a Guy Fawkes guy—he say tat it is chust like it. He is chelous of a good-looking Cherman. I tink—"

"Fathead! Where on earth is the fellow?" exclaimed Dawson. "He told me he was going to the tool-shed to look for Ginger's fireworks there—but he can't be there all this time! Where the thump has he got to?"

Fritz Splitz grinned.

"Perhaps they find him looking for te fireworks, and giff him chip!" he said. "If tey giff him chip, I hope tey giff him plenty of chip."

"Oh!" ejaculated Dawson. He called three or four fellows, and they hurried away from the House together. It was possible that, as Fritz suggested, Redmayes fellows had happened on Dainty and were giving him "jip"!

Dawson, Pulley, Bates, and Tucker came up to the tool-shed at a run. Through the open doorway came a gleam of light. Ginger Rawlinson jumped up from a bench as they looked in. Dainty was not to be seen, but the guy sitting in the chair was very much in evidence.

"Here, you White's ticks clear off!" exclaimed Ginger, in alarm.

"So that's your guy, is it?" said Dick Dawson, staring at the figure draped in white. "Well, we'll jolly well smash it up for you. Sit on that Redmayes tick, you men, while I break up that rotten guy into little pieces!"

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Ginger.

He made a rush for the doorway to yell for help. But Tucker, Bates, and Pulley had him on the floor in a twinkling and sat on his back, rubbing his nose on the cement. Suffocated howls came from the hapless Ginger.

Dick Dawson wanted to find Dainty, but he was more than willing to spend a few minutes wrecking the Redmayes guy. He grasped it and dragged it over on the floor with a crash.

The next instant he gave a yell of amazement.

A horrible gurgle came from the sprawling guy.

Dawson fairly jumped.

"Why, it—it—it's alive!" he gasped.

"What!"

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle!

The White's juniors stared at the guy in amazement, and something like horror. It was the surprise of their lives.

"Let that guy alone!" gasped Ginger. "Let—ooogh! Ow! Wow!" His face was rubbed on the cement again, and he spluttered into silence.

Dick Dawson tore the mask from the face of the gurgling effigy. A crimson, human face was revealed.

"Dainty!" gasped Dawson.

Gurgle!

Dawson tore the duster from Jim's mouth, gazing at him almost in stupefaction as he did so. Dainty panted for breath.

"Cut me loose!" he gasped.

"Oh, crumbs! What the thump——"

"Get me loose, you ass!"

Dawson opened his pocket-knife and cut the ropes. Jim Dainty staggered to his feet, panting.

"But what——" gasped Dawson.

"They'd fixed me up for a guy!" panted Jim. "Thank goodness you came along! Keep hold of that tick Rawlinson! I want him."

"What for?"

"Tit for tat! Sauce for the gander!" answered Jim. "They're going to have a guy—but it isn't going to be me—it's going to be Ginger! Catch on!"

"Oh, crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

And no time was lost.

Turning the Tables!

GINGER RAWLINSON struggled frantically. Ginger was a hefty fellow, and there was plenty of beef in him. He put all his beef into a desperate resistance.

But it was in vain!

Four pairs of hands were on him, and they were much too much even for the strenuous Ginger. His hands were tied behind him, his ankles knotted together, and the duster was crammed into his gasping mouth and tied there with a string round his head. Then the Guy Fawkes mask was fastened on his red and furious face, and the sheets were draped round him and pinned.

Then he was sat in the ancient chair and tied fast to it. Jim Dainty and Co. chortled explosively.

Ginger now presented exactly the same aspect that Jim Dainty had presented in the same position. There was nothing to reveal that a change had been made in the guy. The suffocated gurgle that came from under the mask might have been anybody's gurgle!

"That's that!" chuckled Jim Dainty. "They can have their guy. I wish them joy of him! Hook it before they butt in."

But the White's juniors did not "hook it" immediately. A fat form suddenly appeared in the doorway. It was Fritz von Splitz, and there was a curious expression on his podgy features. His little eyes gleamed with mischief.

"He, he, he!" sniggered Fritz.

"What's biting you, you fat chump?" asked Jim Dainty.

"He, he, he!" cackled Splitz again. "So you tinks to guy Chinger, ain't it."

"We do, we does!" chortled Dick Dawson. "This is where we give Redmayes one in the eye."

Fritz fixed his saucer-eyes upon the grinning Grimsladers.

"I tinks tat tat is unkind," he said. "I can not allow it. As a goot Cherman——"

"What do you mean, you fat Boche?" snapped Dainty. "So you've been listening, have you?"

"I was chust passing," replied Fritz Splitz with dignity. "And I tinks, as a goot Cherman, tat I will have to tell te Redmayes——"

"You fat traitor!" hooted Pulley. "Grab the rotter, you fellows!"

A rush was made towards the fat Fourth-Former, but with remarkable agility, Fritz Splitz sprang outside the tool-shed and closed the door. There was a click as he turned the key on the outside.

"He, he, he!"

"Open the door, you rotter!" roared Dainty. "We'll scrag you for this!"

But Fritz was not likely to accept those charitable terms. Safe in the knowledge that he was on the other side of the locked door, he continued to snigger.

Truth to tell, Fritz was still smarting under the bumping he had received from Dainty and Dawson earlier on, when Mr. Redmayes and Mr. White had looked into Study No. 10. Fritz disliked being bumped for obvious reasons, and a desire for revenge burned in his podgy breast. Now he saw his opportunity.

"Tainty!" he called.

"Open this door, you fat traitor!"

"Tainty, tat is not te way to speak.

I tinks Pacon and Pean will giff me a gake if I tells tem tat Chinger——"

"You fat fraud!" roared Dainty from inside the tool-shed. "I'll—I'll——"

He thought desperately. "Look here, Splitz, I've got a cake which you can have if you'll let us out."

Fritz Splitz grinned. This was something like. Vengeance in the form of a cake was very dear to his fat heart. But for all that, Fritz was cautious.

"Is dat a bromise, Tainty? You giff me a gake if I keeps quiet?"

Jim Dainty gulped.

"I'll give you a cake—honour bright. Now let us out, you fat freak!"

Still Fritz was cautious.

"And you bromise not to rag me?"

"I promise!" almost snarled Dainty in his impatience.

YOU WILL FIND SIX MORE WONDERFUL PICTURE STAMPS IN NEXT WEEK'S "RANGER," BUDDIES!

Here they are, shown in miniature. Mind you add them to your collection.

And don't forget—

SIX STAMPS ARE ALSO GIVEN FREE WITH EVERY ISSUE OF "MODERN BOY" AND "MAGNET" EACH WEEK.

Get these fine Companion Papers To-day!



Order Next Saturday's Free Gift Number of **THE RANGER** Early!



The door of the shed opened, and the juniors swarmed out with wrathful faces. For a moment they were tempted to fall upon the fat junior and smite him hip and thigh, but just in time they remembered Jim Dainty's promise. It seemed that Fritz von Splitz had them on the hip, so to speak. But Jim Dainty still had a trump card to play.

"Where is te cake?" asked Fritz eagerly.

"Up in the top box-room," replied Jim Dainty. "I haven't unpacked it since it arrived. Come on, you fat chump!"

And with a wink of the eye which was farthest away from the fat junior and which his astonished chums saw, he led the way at a trot to the House. Von Splitz puffed and panted at his side, whilst the rest of the juniors brought up the rear.

Wonderingly they mounted the almost deserted staircase to the box-room, and Fritz was quite out of breath by the time it was reached.

"Grooo! Now where is tat gake, Tainty?" he panted.

Jim nodded grimly in the direction of a large suit-case which reposed amongst others in the far corner of the room.

"In there," he said briefly.

Fritz von Splitz rolled towards the suit-case, and eagerly commenced to unfasten the catches. Then his little eyes blinked in wonder.

"You have made some mistake, Tainty. Tere is only a gake of soap here—"

"Exactly!" grinned Jim Dainty. "I promised you a cake, but I didn't say what kind of a cake. You're welcome to that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dawson & Co., appreciating the joke.

"Ach! You rotter!" howled Fritz, only just realising how cleverly he had been fooled. "I will tell—"

Slam!

While Fritz von Splitz was roaring his indignation Jim Dainty slammed the door, locked it on the outside, and pocketed the key.

"Now that fat frump can yell to his heart's content," he chuckled. "No one will hear him. And we won't let him out until we've had the best of the joke with Ginger!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In a merry frame of mind now Dawson & Co. trooped downstairs, what time Von Splitz's frantic yells to be released, and his equally frantic pounding on the door of the locked box-room, grew fainter and fainter until they died away completely.

The White's juniors mingled with the crowd, some of whom had donned Guy Fawkes masks, and Jim Dainty did the same, lest any Redmayes eye should fall on him. His escape was not to be discovered yet; that would have spoiled the jest.

Ginger Rawlinson, left alone in the toolshed, with feelings that could not have been described in words, was furious. He wriggled desperately, but he was safely tied—as safely as Jim had been—and he could hardly stir a limb. He chewed frantically on the gag, but he could emit no sound save a horrible gurgle. He waited in dire apprehension for his friends to arrive—watching the doorway through the eyeholes of the mask.

Ten minutes later there was a tramp of feet. Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean came in, with a swarm of Redmayes' fellows at their heels. There was a roar of laughter at the sight of the guy.

"Is that Dainty?" exclaimed several voices.

"That's Dainty!" chuckled Streaky. "Some guy, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But where's Ginger?" asked Sandy. "He said he was going to stay here and keep an eye on the guy."

"Well, he's not here now. Get going."

Before and behind the ancient chair in which the effigy sat three or four fellows lifted the poles. The guy swung up into the air and swayed to and fro. Ginger gurgled wildly. A fall on the cement floor

would not have been agreeable. Desperately he strove to get rid of the gag. But he strove in vain.

"Careful!" exclaimed Sandy. "Don't brain the chap on the floor! Remember that that jolly old guy is alive."

"Steady on!" chortled Streaky.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The effigy was steadied, the poles resting on many shoulders. Then the Redmayes crowd marched out with their guy. Streaky Bacon stalked ahead, blowing on a tin trumpet. Sandy Bean followed him, beating a drum. After them came a crowd with the effigy high in their midst. In a few minutes they were in the quad, which was illumined by a red glare from the school field, where the bonfires were now lighted and blazing.

"Right round the quad!" shouted Streaky. "Take him under the windows of White's House."

"Hurray!"

"Here's another guy!"

"Please to remember the Fifth of November!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The procession paraded on with the blare of the tin trumpet, a boom of the drum, and a thunder of cheering. They passed Big School, where Sammy Sparshott stood with Mr. Redmayes and Mr. White, looking on with smiling faces. They smiled at the guy, whose eyes glared at them through the mask horribly. Sammy gave quite a start, and stared after the effigy as the procession marched on.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Sammy. "Did you notice the eyes of that effigy—they seemed to be actually alive! I could almost have thought—"

The Redmayes crowd marched on rather hastily. It was not judicious to linger under Sammy's keen gaze.

"Hurray! Here's another guy!" roared Dick Dawson. "Join up, you men! Here's another guy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rather to the surprise of the Redmayes crowd, White's juniors joined up in a swarm. They seemed to have forgotten their own guy and their own procession. They seemed to be willing to let Redmayes "guy" them with that white-clad effigy, and to join in the guying of their own House. Which was surprising enough to the Redmayes crowd—who did not know what the White's crowd knew.

Redmayes were laughing, but White's laughed still more uproariously. The procession passed round the quad, under the windows of both Houses. Then it headed for the school field. The bonfires were blazing merrily. Trafford and Yorke and some more prefects were on the spot to keep order. But really it seemed unnecessary—complete harmony reigned. Redmayes were "guying" White's, and White's were not only letting them get on with it, but actually backing them up in it.

"Where the thump's Ginger?" exclaimed Streaky Bacon, as the procession arrived at the Redmayes bonfire. "He's missing all the fun!"

Gurgle! came from the effigy. Ginger was not missing the fun, though to him it did not seem funny!

"Ginger!" shouted Sandy Bean. "Ginger! Where's Ginger?"

But Ginger Rawlinson was not to be seen. Unaccountably, he was absent. His friends shouted for him in vain, while the effigy swayed in the chair, and gurgled horribly.

"Shove that guy on the fire!" shouted a White's junior whose face was masked; and Streaky stared at him for a moment: his voice was so like Jim Dainty's!

"Shove it on!" roared Dick Dawson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're not burning this guy!" chuckled Streaky. "No fear! Where's that ass Ginger? He ought to be here to take its mask off."

"I'll take it off," said the White's junior, whose voice was so like Jim Dainty's, and Streaky stared at him again.

"Who the thump are you?" he

snapped. "You let our guy alone! Who—oh, my hat! What—!"

Streaky's eyes almost popped from his head as the White's junior removed his mask and revealed the grinning face of Jim Dainty.

Sandy Bean gave a startled yell.

"Dainty! That's Dainty!"

"Little me!" chuckled Jim, and there was a roar of laughter from the White's crowd.

Streaky and Sandy stared at him; the Redmayes crowd stared at him. The ghost of Jim Dainty could not have startled them more. They had paraded that guy all round Grimslade in the belief that it was Jim Dainty. But evidently it wasn't, and couldn't be!

"That—that—that's Dainty!" gasped Streaky Bacon. "Then who—what—?" He turned his startled eyes on the guy, and met a ferocious glare from the eyeholes of the mask on it.

"It—it—it's somebody!" articulated Sandy Bean. "But who—what—?"

Gurgle! from the guy.

"Take off the mask and see!" chuckled Jim Dainty. "Seen Ginger lately?"

"Ginger!" gasped Streaky.

He tore the mask from the face of the effigy! The face was revealed—the face of Ginger Rawlinson, crimson with fury.

"Ginger!" shrieked Sandy Bean. "Oh crikey! We've been guying Ginger! Oh, my hat! Why, what—?"

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle!

Ginger was making frantic efforts to speak. The chair swayed as the Redmayes juniors stared at him in stupefaction. There was a roar of merriment from the White's crowd.

"Here's another guy! Ha, ha, ha!"

Gurgle, gurgle!

Sandy Bean, like a fellow in a dream, jerked the gag away. Ginger Rawlinson found his voice.

"You silly idiots!"

"But what—how—?"

"You burbling brighters!"

"But—oh, crikey—but—oh, crumbs!"

"You howling maniacs! Put me down!" shrieked Ginger. "Get me out of this! I'll punch your silly heads! I'll pulverise you! Guying your own pal, you blithering idiots! Put me down, blow you!"

The chair rocked to the ground, amid amazed exclamations from Redmayes, and yells of laughter from White's.

"Here's another guy!"

"Ginger the guy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ginger was released. He staggered from the chair. The first use he made of his freedom was to jump at Streaky and Sandy, grasp them both, and bring their heads together with a sounding concussion.

Crack!

"Ooooop!"

"Whoooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Prefects were on the spot to keep order between the rivals of Grimslade, Redmayes and White's. But they found that they were needed to keep order between Ginger and Co.! Ginger and Streaky and Sandy were mixed up in a wild and whirling heap, the enraged Ginger pitching into his two old chums with terrific vim, while the crowd rocked with laughter. The prefects, laughing as loudly as the juniors, grasped them, and dragged them apart at last.

With shouting and cheering, cracking of crackers and squibbing of squibs, the great and glorious Fifth was celebrated—but there were two fellows, at least, who did not share the general hilarity. One was Ginger, the Grimslade Guy, and the other was Fritz von Splitz, whom Jim Dainty and Co. released from the box-room when the celebrations were finished.

(Jim Dainty has scored over Ginger—but next week the Redmayes leader gets his own back—and how! Look out for this sparkling story of the Chums of Grimslade in next Saturday's bumper Free Gift issue of The RANGER.)