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2<sup>D</sup>



*The  
Demon Barber!*

# THE CHEERIO CASTAWAYS!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

## The Hunted Rebel!



**J**IM DAINTY sat up suddenly in the dusky shade of the tropical forest on Castaway Island and listened intently.

He was sitting at the foot of an immense ceiba-tree. The great trunk was more than fifteen feet in width, and it was quite a

good walk round it. Not that it would have been easy to walk round it, for other trees grew close, mingling their branches with those of the big ceiba, and thick lianas hung like tangled ropes from the boughs.

It was scarcely possible to see ten feet in any direction, so luxuriant were the tropical undergrowths. But it was possible to hear, and to Jim Dainty's ears came a sound of rustling and brushing, that told of someone unseeing forcing a way through the wood.

The rebel of Grimslade sat up and listened, with a glint in his eyes and a grim squaring of his jaw. Deep in the wood, on the western side of the solitary West Indian island, Jim had fancied that he was safe from search and recapture—but he had not felt quite sure! In dealing with a man like Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the headmaster of Grimslade, you never could tell!

"My giddy goloshes!" It was the panting voice of Ginger Rawlinson. "It's thick here, sir!"

"And hot!" came Streaky Bacon's gasping tones.

"Both!" agreed the cool, quiet voice of Sammy Sparshott.

On the hottest day—and it was always hot on Castaway Island—Sammy Sparshott seemed as cool as a cucumber.

"Dainty can't have come this way, sir!" It was Sandy Bean who spoke, and Jim grinned as he heard the words. "That was a monkey we saw a few minutes ago!"

"Rather like Dainty, to look at—but not Dainty!" said Ginger. And there was a breathless laugh.

"Dainty came this way!" answered Dr. Sparshott's cool voice. "I have picked up several traces of him. I fancy we are close on him, too! Keep your eyes open! The young rascal must be caught this time and taken home!"

Jim Dainty rose to his feet. In the silence of the wood, silent save for the chattering of parrots and monkeys, the words came quite clearly to him—the speakers were not six yards away.

Flight was futile; the sound of rustling would have guided the pursuers to him at once. And the rebel of Grimslade was as determined as ever not to be taken back to the castaways' hut on the eastern side of the island.

Many days had passed since he had fled from the little community of shipwrecked Grimsladers; he was still free, and he was going to remain free.

Jim stepped closer to the gnarled, irregular trunk of the huge ceiba and climbed. There was hiding-space for an army almost, in the forest of branches above him. He swarmed swiftly up the massive trunk, and reached a spot ten or twelve feet up, where several mighty branches jutted out in various directions, with a kind of rugged floor in the centre.



It was deeply dusky under the thick foliage. Swiftly Jim Dainty clambered into the centre of the jutting branches—and then, with a sudden gasp, he felt himself falling.

"Oh!"

That sharp gasp left his lips as he fell into utter darkness. It had not occurred to him that the ancient tree was hollow. But it was, and he had clambered over the hollow and pitched headlong in. Before he knew what was happening he was shooting down into the dense, dusky darkness of the interior of the tree-trunk.

Bump!

He landed heavily, sprawling and panting. He had not fallen far—seven or eight feet perhaps—but the sudden shock was almost stunning. It was fortunate for him that he fell on mouldering wood and a thick bed of old leaves that had collected in the hollow.

### THE MONKEY WHO FANCIED HIMSELF IN FANCY DRESS!

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Jim, as he struggled to his feet—which sank inches into the mouldering mass of old leaves that had softened his fall.

But as he pulled himself together and collected his scattered wits he grinned in the darkness of the hollow tree. Inadvertently he had tumbled into a very safe hiding-place.

Keen as Sammy Sparshott's eyes were, they could not penetrate the thick trunk and spot him inside. Hollow as it was, the outer case of the big trunk was probably still two or three feet thick—it was like a massive wooden wall round him.

Jim listened intently. Through the thick trunk no sound was audible, but the opening at the top let in sound. He heard a rustling and a murmur of voices. Suddenly he became aware of a pair of bright eyes staring down at him in the hollow tree, and gave a violent start.

The next moment he chuckled silently as he saw that it was a monkey staring at him.

Peering down at Jim, the ape chattered

with excitement, and the schoolboy below watched it hang on by its tail and swing down to investigate.

At any other time the monkey's curiosity would have amused him. But it occurred to him now that the creature's antics might draw the attention of the searchers to the spot.

With that thought in his mind, he was careful to make no movement to startle the ape and send it scuttling away in alarm. He stood quite still, watching the animal as it swung down—and then, with a sudden thought, he took a nut from his pocket and held it up.

The monkey, swinging on his tail, blinked at him, and seemed a little alarmed by the sight of him at close quarters. But perceiving the nut, he grabbed it in a paw and promptly transferred it to his jaws. Having disposed of it, he hung there, watching the junior, apparently in happy expectation of another nut!

Jim grinned, and took a handful from his pocket, which the monkey took one after another, cracking them with cheerful contentment.

"Here, I think!" came a deep voice, startlingly close at hand. And Jim started as he realised that only the thickness of the surrounding trunk separated him from Sammy Sparshott.

The deep voice startled the monkey, and he swung upward and scampered into the branches above. There was a yell from Ginger Rawlinson below.

"There he goes—in the tree!"

"Fathead!" It was Dick Dawson's voice. "That's that dashed monkey again!"

"Mein gootness!" came a fat, gasping voice. "I like not tose monkeys! I tink tat perhaps tat peastly prute of a monkey trow down te nuts on mein kopf! I like not gokernuts on mein kopf!"

"Nothing in your head to damage, old Boche bloater!" said Ginger.

"Peastly prute—"

"Dainty has been here!" It was Dr. Sparshott's deep voice again. "There are signs of a camp. There are banana-skins here—"

"Ach! Himmel! Yarooooop!" roared Fritz Splitz.

There was the sound of a heavy bump! Evidently Fritz Splitz had found one of the banana-skins—by treading on it!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Within the hollow tree Jim Dainty was grinning. He made no sound.

"You should not be so clumsy, Splitz!" came Dr. Sparshott's deep voice. "Silence, please! Dainty has been here—this is his camp! He cannot be far away! It is nearly noon, and we shall camp here for lunch!"

"Good egg!" gasped Ginger, "I can do with a rest!" All the castaway schoolboys were tired from the struggle through the dense, tropical forest. Jim Dainty drew a deep breath. He had intended to keep doggo in the interior of the ceiba till the hunters passed on. But they were not passing on; they were camping under the mighty branches, and the rebel of Grimslade was a prisoner in the hollow tree.

### Tree'd!

**D**R. SAMUEL SPARSHOTT, his tattered mortar-board tilted over his eyes, sat leaning against the trunk of the ceiba, frowning.

Ginger and Bacon and Bean and Dick Dawson lay in the thick herbage, resting and dozing. Fritz Splitz, extended on his back, with his eyes shut and his mouth wide open, was snoring.

They had eaten their midday meal; but until the fierce heat of the tropical day had passed, they were not resuming their way.

Sammy's brows were knitted under his mortar-board. He was deeply and intensely angry with the rebel of Grimslade, who was giving him all this trouble; and every day that passed only made him more determined to bring the rebel to book.

Sammy was keen and wary; but it did not occur to him, as he sat there thinking it over, that the rebellious junior was watching him from above.

For a long hour or more, Jim had remained in the interior of the tree, after which, fed up with his imprisonment, he climbed silently up the rugged inner side of the hollow trunk to the open space above. There, hidden by branches, he peered down at the camp under the tree.

He had hoped to find the campers asleep, and to get a chance of stealing softly away. So far as the boys were concerned, he could have done so; but a glance showed him that Sammy was awake, and would spot a retreating movement at once.

Fritz was directly below him, his capacious mouth wide open, and the temptation to drop something into that wide mouth was almost too strong for Jim.

He grinned at the idea. The rucksack was on his back, and he had supplies of food in it, gathered in the forest. Quietly, he drew out a large, fat plantain.

Holding it directly above Fritz's wide-open mouth, he hesitated. But he was fed up with inaction and waiting and watching. Suddenly he let the plantain fall! It dropped fairly into the wide receptacle below!

A horrible gurgle came from Fritz Splitz as he woke suddenly. He started up, gurgling, gasping, and spluttering frantically. Instantly, Jim Dainty dropped back into the hollow trunk.

"Urrrrgh! Gurrgh! Wurrgh!" came in gurgles from Friedrich von Splitz. "Ach! Himmel! I was joked mit meinsel in mein troat after! I was joking! Mein gootness! I have no more to breff! Urrrrgh!"

"My giddy goloshes! What the thump—" Ginger jumped up, and the other fellows sat up and stared. Dr. Sparshott turned a frown on the fat, gurgling German.

"Splitz! What—" he barked. "Gurrgh! I joke in mein troat!" gurgled Fritz. "Something trop in mein mou' vile tat I sleep mit meinsel after! Grugggh!"

Dr. Sparshott started at the fat plantain, which had fallen from Fritz's mouth as he started up. He stared at it keenly. Sammy did not need telling that plantains did not grow on ceiba-trees! It was no accidental fall of fruit that had happened. He rose to his feet, and stared up grimly into the vast branches overhead. His eyes glinted.

"Ach! Urrgh! I tink tat peastly prute of a monkey trow tat peastly ting at me!" gasped Fritz Splitz.

"That is a plantain," said Dr. Sparshott, "and there are no plantains growing near here. It has been carried from a distance."

"But it trop in mein mou' pefore—"

"Monkeys," said Dr. Sparshott, "will pelt people with anything near at hand! But I have never heard of a monkey carrying missiles from a distance."

"It couldn't have dropped from the tree, sir!" said Ginger.

"It could have dropped from the hand of a boy in the tree, Rawlinson!"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!"

"I think," said Dr. Sparshott calmly, "that Dainty is not far away! We have found his camp; and I have no doubt that he was here and heard us coming! Dainty is in that tree!"

Ginger whistled!

Every word came to the junior in the hollow trunk. Jim set his lips, rather repentant of that little jest on the sleeping Rhinelander. He had hardly expected Sammy to jump to it like this!

"Then we've jolly well got the silly young ass!" said Streaky Bacon. "He's given himself away!"

Sammy stood with his head thrown back, staring up into the vast mass of branches and foliage. Ginger & Co. were quite ready to clamber into the tree at a word from Sammy, and search for the rebel there. But the gigantic tree, almost a forest in itself, would need a lot of searching—some of the branches extending as far as eighty or ninety feet from the parent trunk. And Dainty, if found, was not likely to come quietly! Sammy had no wish to risk lives and limbs. His voice suddenly barked out:

"Daiaty! I know that you are there, and I know that you can hear me! I order you to come down from that tree!"

Jim Dainty certainly heard. But he gave no heed. Dr. Sparshott paused, like Brutus of old, for a reply. Like Brutus, he paused in vain.

"Cheeky young ass!" muttered Ginger.

"Very well, Dainty!" said Dr. Sparshott quietly. "You refuse to obey your headmaster! But this time, I think, you will not be able to elude me. I shall remain here until you descend and give yourself up. My boys, we are going to camp here for the night! Probably that rebellious young rascal will be tired of staying up in the tree before sunset."

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Jim Dainty. It was many, many long hours to sunset, and the prospect of remaining imprisoned in the hollow tree through the long, hot hours of the tropical day was dismaying.

But he was not thinking of surrender. It was a contest now between him and Sammy, and he was not going to be beaten!

He heard Sammy barking out orders to the juniors. A sound of rustling in the underwoods followed. He knew what was happening. The five juniors were being posted round the great ceiba at various spots to watch for him to make an attempt at escape. If he quitted the refuge of the tree, he would be pounced upon at once.

His teeth shut hard. All his resolution, all his obstinacy were roused now. Somehow he was going to beat them.

A few minutes passed and then Jim Dainty crawled along a wide-extended branch, peering down through the twigs and leaves as he went. A glimpse of a mortar-board below sent him crawling back to the trunk.

He selected a branch on the opposite side of the tree, and crawled out again. On that side he was, at least, secure from Sammy's keen eyes. At a distance of forty feet from the trunk, he stopped, as a well-known rumbling sound reached his ears from below.

Friedrich von Splitz, set to watch like the rest, had gone to sleep at his post! There he lay, half-hidden in tree-ferns, fast asleep and snoring.

Jim's eyes gleamed. This was a chance! To drop from the tree without awakening the fat German, and creep away on tiptoe—

He swung himself down the branch on his hands and dropped lightly. He was only a couple of yards from the sleeping Fritz; but the saucer-eyes did not open. Fritz was far away in the land of dreams, revelling in visions of the fat and juicy sausages of his native land!

Breathing hard, the rebel of Grimslade made a step—but he did not make another. A red head showed through the thickets and there was a yell.

"My giddy goloshes! Got him!"

The next instant Ginger Rawlinson had jumped on him.

"Oh, you red-headed rotter!" panted Jim, as he struggled fiercely. He had been trapped—trapped like a rabbit! Ginger was grinning as he grasped him.

"Got you, you tick!" gasped Ginger. "Caught you out, you cheeky worm! I fancied you'd hear that Boche bloater snoring, and think it was a safe way to cut. And I was jolly well watching—"

Jim had guessed that already. He struggled desperately to throw off the red-headed junior, as he heard the sound of calling voices, trampling footsteps, and brushing in the thickets. Through the tall tree-ferns a tattered mortar-board showed.

"This way!" Ginger was yelling. "I've got him—I— Urrgh! Whoop! Oh, my giddy goloshes!"

A sudden uppercut sent Ginger staggering. Jim Dainty tore free. For an instant he stood panting for breath—then, with a desperate spring, he was clambering into the ceiba again. The grasp of Dr. Sparshott's hand missed his foot by barely an inch, as he went.

"Dainty!" roared Sammy. "You young rascal!"

"Jim, you fool!" panted Dawson.

But Jim Dainty was gone. He had escaped by the skin of his teeth; but he had escaped. Panting for breath, he rolled back into the dusty, dark hollow of the tree-trunk. Ginger, nursing his jaw, mumbled with wrath. Sammy Sparshott set his lips in a tight line.

"I will break a bamboo on that young rascal when I catch him!" he said. "Take your places and keep watch! He cannot escape!"

### A Wild-Goose Chase!

**A**RUSTLE in the thick foliage and the glitter of two bright, red-rimmed eyes. From above the junior imprisoned in the trunk of the hollow ceiba, the monkey looked down, grinning amicably.

Jim Dainty, squatting uncomfortably in the hollow tree, grinned faintly up at his visitor. For a moment he had fancied that it was one of the Grimsladers clambering into the ceiba, and it was a relief to see again the black, hairy face of the ape to whom he had given the nuts.

Apparently the monkey remembered that gift, and, having got over the alarm caused by the arrival of the Grimslade crowd, had come back for more. But Jim had no more to give him—he was at the end of all his supplies.

For long, hot hours he had been a prisoner now. Dr. Sparshott, knowing nothing of the hollow trunk, supposed that he was lodged somewhere in the vast branches. Wherever he was, there was no escape for him—the great tree was watched vigilantly on all sides.

Jim had finished the supply of food in his rucksack long ago; and worse still, not a drop of water remained in the bottle slung to his belt. And it was hot—terribly hot and terribly stuffy inside the mouldering trunk of the ceiba, and thirst had tormented him for a long time.

There was no help for it—he had to endure it or surrender—and surrender was as far from his thoughts as ever.

At the back of his mind was a desperate scheme of escape—by clambering from the tree to the next, and so on from tree to tree, like a monkey, without descending to the earth at all; but he would be heard and seen and followed. They would not fail to keep track of him. That scheme had to be left till nightfall, when it offered a chance of good luck. In the meantime, hungry, and tormented by thirst, he had to wait.

The big monkey clambered down into the hollow, evidently having no fear of the fellow who had fed him. He even pawed Jim's sleeve and muzzled with his flat, flabby nose. He wanted more nuts; and Jim, searching through his pockets, found one that he had overlooked—which his new friend cracked, and ate with great pleasure.

Jim's eyes were so used by this time to the dusky interior of the tree that he could see about him fairly well; and he watched the grimaces of the ape with a grinning face.

Suddenly, the monkey made a snatch at Jim's hat, and placed it on his own head. Jim

chuckled. He reached out to take the hat back, but the monkey jumped away, chattering and grimacing.

With Jim's hat on his head, the ape clambered swiftly up from the hollow trunk, and sat above, out of Jim's reach. There was a sudden shout from below the tree.

"There he is!" It was Sandy Bean's voice. "Where?" came the deep tones of Dr. Sparshott.

"I can see his hat— Oh, he's gone now!" Startled by the voices, the monkey dropped back into the hollow trunk beside Jim.

"Keep watch!" said the headmaster of Grimslade. "I have no doubt that that young rascal will tire of his rebellious folly before much longer."

Sammy Sparshott was right there; the rebellious young rascal was tired, more than tired, already. It was still long hours to dark, and Jim wondered desperately whether he would be able to stick it out much longer.

He did not want his hat in the hollow tree, and he allowed the monkey to retain it. Suddenly a gleam came into his eyes as a thought flashed into his mind—caused by what he had heard from Sandy Bean. Sandy had seen the hat on the monkey's head among the leaves, and supposed that it was on Jim's.

"My only Aunt Jemima!" murmured Jim breathlessly.

He opened his rucksack. In that he had packed a change of clothes before getting away from the castaways' hut on the other side of the island. He sorted out a pair of cotton shorts and a shirt. Immediately, his companion eyed the new articles with inquisitive interest, and stretched out to paw them.

"Yours, old bean!" murmured Jim. He made soothing, friendly gestures—but they were hardly needed. The monkey grinned with delight at having the shirt slipped on him, and chattered away with great glee. Then Jim slipped the cotton shorts over the hairy legs and secured them.

In the dusk of the hollow tree anyone might have taken the monkey for a human being, clad as he was.

"Now get out, old monkey-nut!" whispered Jim.

He gave the ape a shove and a push without avail, then he bestowed a smack, and the monkey, with a startled and indignant squeal, whipped out of the hollow tree into the branches above.

Jim listened, with beating heart. Was it going to work?

It was! There was a shout from Ginger Rawlinson. "There he goes! After him!"

Shout after shout answered. The monkey, in shirt and shorts and hat, scrambling in the foliage, was seen only in glimpses, and not a fellow who glimpsed him had the slightest doubt that it was Jim Dainty, making at last a desperate attempt at escape!

Startled and alarmed by the clamour, the monkey scuttled along a branch leaped into the next tree, and scuttled through it to another. There was a trampling of feet and a cracking of the underwoods. The deep voice of Sammy Sparshott shouted:

"This way! Follow on!"

Jim Dainty chuckled breathlessly. His trick had succeeded—even the wary Sammy had no doubt that it was the elusive rebel whom he glimpsed from moment to moment clambering high in the branches from tree to tree!

Voices and trampling footsteps grew fainter in the distance. There was silence at last in the forest round the great ceiba—hunters and hunted were gone!

Jim Dainty clambered up, and dropped from the tree to the earth, glad enough to get into the open air again. With a cheery grin on his face, he started through the forest in a direction opposite from that taken by the monkey and his pursuers. Ten minutes later he was kneeling at a woodland stream, drinking deep.

Meanwhile, the pursuit was going on, through the thick forest, far away from the rebel of Grimslade. The monkey, in a state of wild alarm, was fleeing fast; but the pursuers kept pace, breaking through thickets and tree-ferns, wrestling through tangled lianas, panting for breath, but never stopping a moment, only Fritz Splitz panting far in the rear.

Sammy Sparshott kept ahead, watchful of the fugitive to drop from a tree, marvelling at the activity with which the supposed junior swung from one high branch to another. His keen ears followed the rustling and brushing in the foliage overhead; his keen eyes caught, from moment to moment, a glimpse of a hat or a shirt, or cotton shorts. Not a doubt entered his mind till the chase had gone on for more than half a mile.

Then a more open space in the forest was reached; and the fugitive either had to turn back or to descend—or to take the risk of a long leap from one tree to another, which no human being could have made in safety. And then—

Sammy Sparshott staggered in amazement. For the fugitive, coming out into full view, swung to a branch by a long tail—which Jim Dainty certainly could never have done!

"What—?" gurgled the Head of Grimslade, transfixed.

"My giddy goloshes!" howled Ginger, staring.

For a long moment they had sight of the figure in shirt and shorts and hat swinging by its tail! Then, with a long swing, it shot to a distant tree, caught hold, and clambered. There was a stirring and a rustling in the branches as it fled on.

But the Grimsladers no longer pursued. They stood transfixed. The expression on Sammy Sparshott's face was extraordinary.

"A—a—a monkey!" stuttered Streaky Bacon. "That—that—that's a monkey! It—it—it's got Dainty's clobber on, but it—it—it's a m-m-monkey!"

"Done!" gasped Ginger.

Sammy Sparshott stared, speechless, after the vanished monkey. Then, without a word, he swung round and started back through the forest at a rapid run. He knew now—and he covered the ground back to the giant ceiba at a pace that left the juniors hopelessly behind.

But he had little hope that Jim Dainty would still be there. Obviously, the Grimslade rebel had played that extraordinary trick on his hunters to get a chance to clear—and when Sammy reached the big ceiba, he had cleared!

Where, Sammy was left guessing!

Deep in a bed of leaves, rolled in a tattered blanket, Jim Dainty slept soundly under the midnight stars, his head resting on his rucksack. He awakened drowsily at a stirring in

the leaves beside him. His eyes opened, and his heart jumped.

Something touched him in the darkness—and for a moment he fancied that Sammy had run him down. Then, in the deep gloom, he had a glimpse of a grinning black face, of red-rimmed eyes winking under an old hat!

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Jim.

It was the monkey; and, with a squeal of satisfaction, he snuggled down in the bed of leaves beside the junior. Jim gave a sleepy chuckle. Evidently the ape had taken a fancy to him, and had looked for him and found him again. Apparently he was going to stick to his human pal.

"Good old bean!" chuckled Jim. "I'm going to be Robinson Crusoe, and you're going to be my Man Friday. Good-night, Friday!"

And when Jim awoke in the morning Friday was still there, sitting up in the bed of leaves, cracking nuts and grinning.

*(An aeroplane comes to Castaway Island—and that is the beginning of a fresh series of amazing adventures for the Grimslade crusoes! Don't miss next week's thrilling adventure story.)*

## ATLANTIS!

*(Continued from page 197.)*

"Wind—just wind—in the idol's hollow interior!" Grimson growled, setting his teeth. "You superstitious fools! Do you think I am to be frightened by such trickery of long-dead priests? Science has banished all that. And now—"

The knife flashed up and whirled downwards. Crash!

A tongue of flame leapt from the idol's mouth. A cloud of smoke spurted outwards, curling across the blazing ruby eyes.

With a scream of pain, Jasper Grimson spun on his toes, his fingers clawing the air. The knife tinkled to the stones. Then he fell forward on his face.

"Hurroo! Hurroo!"

A wild yell broke from the image. It was enough. Shrieking and gibbering, the natives turned and fled. Bill Norton was left alone on his bed of gold, the two dead men beside him.

While he recovered from his amazement a steady tapping sounded on the pavement. Pat O'Kelly came into view, hobbling on his wooden stump.

"Oi struck deep water," he announced, as he cut Bill's bonds. "Oi dived under some weed on the water and kep' quiet whiles they fished you out. Then Oi slipped out and ran for the tractor. Oi got a gun an' crept back agin. There's a hollow space inside yonder image, an' Oi climbed up into ut. Oi was in toime to have speech wid the spalpeens—an' the rest ye know for yeself."

Bill rolled stiffly off the altar.

"Thanks, old man—"

"Ye can do that same when we've started up the tractor," was the practical sailorman's prompt interruption. "Let's beat it while the goin's good."

And beat it they did.

*(Bill and Pat have escaped from Atlantis—but they run headlong into further thrills and dangers in next week's gripping adventure story.)*

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