

Extra Special: "Herne the Hunter!" "Aces of the Legion!" & "Skull of the Skies!"

The

RANGER 2^D

New Series No. 36. Vol. 2.
Every Saturday.
Week Ending April 14th, 1934.



THE CHEERIO CASTAWAYS!

By FRANK RICHARDS

Going Fishing.



BUDGE!" grunted Ginger Rawlinson. "P o s h!" retorted Fritz Splitz. "I will not pudge!"

Fatty Fritz was feeling too comfortable to "budge."

He was sprawling on the sandy beach of Castaway Island, on the shady side of the

boat, which was drawn up out of the water. The beached boat sheltered him nicely from the tropical sun that blazed down from a sky of cloudless blue. Fritz's bullet head rested against the timbers. His fat limbs sank luxuriously into the soft sand. In one podgy hand he had a stick of sugar-cane, which he lazily chewed. He blinked indignantly at the red-headed junior of Grimslade.

"Go and eat goke!" said Fritz. "I was derribly dired, and I will not pudge mit meinself before."

"You blithering, bloated Boche!" said Jim Dainty. "We're taking the boat out."

It was a busy morning on Castaway Island—for everybody but Fritz von Splitz. Dr. Samuel Sparshott had gone to cut sugar-cane, taking with him Dawson and Bacon and Bean. Jim Dainty and Ginger and Fritz had been left to hoe the garden by the hut, where weeds sprang up with tropical luxuriance. This was how Fritz did his share of the work!

Having put in a couple of hours with the too-luxuriant weeds, Jim and Ginger were going out fishing. For that purpose they wanted the boat. Which was annoying to Fritz von Splitz, who did not want to "budge."

Ginger, whose methods with slackers were rather rough-and-ready, settled the point by grasping Fritz by his fat ankles. With a podgy ankle in either hand, Ginger jerked at the fat German.

"Ach! Peast and a prute!" roared Fritz. "Ach! Mein Kopf!" Fritz's head, suddenly leaving its resting-place against the timbers of the boat, rapped on the sand, with an emphatic rap, as Ginger jerked him away.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Led go, you peastly pounder!" roared Fritz.

But Ginger, having got possession of the fat legs, retained possession of them. Handling them as if they were the handles of a barrow, he marched along the beach, dragging Fritz after him. Fritz's fat back scored a deep furrow in the sand, and his fat hands clutched wildly, as he roared at the top of his voice.

"Mein gootness! Vill you led go?" shrieked Fritz. "Vy for you trag me py te legs, peast and a prutal pounder? Mein gootness! I will peat you till you pellow like a pull! Ach! I have no more te breff! Urrrggh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jim Dainty.

Having dragged the fat Rhinelander about a dozen yards along the sand, Ginger released him, leaving him in a gasping heap. Then he walked back to the boat and helped Dainty shove it down the shelving beach to the water.

A hairy figure in cotton trousers and a ragged hat came skipping up, and joined in shoving at the boat. It was Jim Dainty's



monkey friend, Friday. Friday had a way of imitating everything that his master did. Ginger chuckled as the monkey clawed at the boat.

"Your young brother likes to make himself useful, Dainty!" he remarked.

"Fathead!" was Dainty's reply. It was a standing joke among the shipwrecked Grimsladers that Jim had found a long-lost relation on Castaway Island. Ginger & Co. affected to discern a close personal resemblance between them.

THE SCHOOLBOY CRUSOES

versus

THE FIGHTING FLYING FISH!

The boat ran into the water. Dainty and Ginger jumped in, and Friday jumped in after them.

"Is your minor coming, Dainty?" grinned Ginger.

"I'm taking a red-headed monkey—why not a black-headed one, too?" answered Jim, who was getting tired of the joke sooner than the other fellows.

"Why, you cheeky ass!" exclaimed Ginger. "Shut up, and shove off!"

Fritz von Splitz had picked himself up. Fritz was wrathful. Fritz was not, as a rule, much of a fighting-man; but Ginger's rough handling had roused the fighting-blood of the Von Splitzes—such as it was! Fritz grabbed up a thick bamboo, and rushed down the beach to the boat for vengeance. The boat was shoving off, and the fat German waddled in the water to his knees, and landed the bamboo on Ginger with a terrific swipe.

"Take tat, peast and a prute!" roared Fritz. "I tink tat you tink too times, before you trag me along py te legs after."

"Yaroooooh!" roared Ginger, as he took it. He dropped the oar he was shoving against the sand, staggered, and sat down. The boat rocked wildly and collided with Fatty Fritz, the gunwale catching him just where he had parked a large breakfast.

"Ach!" gasped Fritz, as he collapsed over the gunwale, head and shoulders in the boat, and fat legs in the water.

Jim Dainty, grinning, shoved hard, and the boat shot out into the bay. Fatty Fritz clung on to the gunwale for dear life. In a moment he was in deep water, and he dared not let go.

"Peast!" he gasped. "Go pack—go pack! I shall be trowned before, if you go not pack after."

"No loss if you are, old Boche bean!" answered Jim cheerily. "If you're not going to sleep there, Ginger, get up and lend me a hand with the mast."

Ginger scrambled up. His face was as red as his hair with wrath.

"I'll burst that blithering Boche!" he gasped.

"Ach! Go pack mit you!" yelled Fritz.

The boat slid out to sea, with the fat German hanging on to the gunwale. Jim Dainty slipped a pair of oars into the water, and pulled, regardless of Fritz's predicament. Ginger's glare of wrath changed into a grin, and he chuckled.

"Hang on, old Boche barrel!" he said. "You can come, if you like."

"But I vant not to gum!" gasped Fritz. "I vant to go pack! I vas all vet mit meinself before! Go pack to te peach!"

"Likely!" grinned Ginger.

Fritz spluttered with wrath. He blinked back at the beach with his saucer-eyes, but it was already receding to a distance. Fritz was not disposed to swim for it. He clung on, and tried to scramble into the boat. Ginger planted the toe of a boot on a fat pimple of a nose. Fritz gurgled.

"Peastly pounder, if you vill not go pack, help me into te boat!"

"You're all right where you are!" answered Ginger. "Stick on there! I say, Dainty, is that a shark yonder?"

There was a fearful yell from Fritz. Probably there was no shark within a mile or two; but the mere mention of one was enough for Fritz von Splitz.

"Mein gootness! I vas vun tead Cherman!" he yelled. "Help me into te poast, peast and a prute! Mein legs vill be pitten off before! Vill you not trag me into tat poast, peastly prute and pounder?"

"Ha, ha, ha! He's just behind you!" roared Ginger. "Good-bye, Fritz—sorry to lose you like this!"

"Ach himmel! Help! I was tead mit meinsel'f after!" shrieked Fritz, and as Ginger doubled up with laughter, Fritz made a clutch at his red head, got a grip on his hair, and dragged himself desperately into the boat. Ginger ceased to laugh quite suddenly. He rolled into the bottom of the boat with Fritz, feeling as if his red mop had been pulled out by the roots.

"My giddy goloshes! I'll pulverise him!" gasped Ginger.

"Ach! Mein gootness! Bunch me not before!" gurgled Fritz. "I have a bain in mein pread-pasket! Groooooogh!"

Leaving Fritz for dead, as it were, Ginger Rawlinson lent Jim Dainty a hand in stepping the mast and hoisting the sail. With Ginger at the tiller, and Jim handling the sheets, the boat ran out into the wide bay.

The Fight with the Ray.

BUMP! "Peast!" murmured Fritz Splitz drowsily.

"What the dickens—" said Jim Dainty, staring round.

The boat had run out almost to the mouth of East Bay fronting the wide Atlantic. There the Grimsladers dropped the sail, and glided on the current, with a net trailing in the water. Fish were thick in the waters round the lonely West Indian island. There was already a good catch.

While Jim and Ginger watched the net and managed the boat, Fritz Splitz settled down to the repose which had been interrupted by his unexpected coming out a-fishing. Fritz Splitz could sleep anywhere; and he was soon snoring, with his hat shading his fat face from the sun. Friday, the monkey, climbed to the top of the mast, and elung there, surveying sea and sky contentedly.

A sudden heavy bump under the keel made the boat jump, and rock violently from side to side, rousing Fritz from his nap, and startling the other two fellows.

The sea was calm within the bay, though outside the headlands it was ruffled by the breeze. By Sammy Sparshott's orders, the juniors never went outside the bay, except when their headmaster was with them. They could handle the boat well enough, but there were sudden squalls and currents that made it too dangerous, and the risk of being carried out into the open ocean was not to be lightly incurred.

In the calm, shining waters, it was difficult to guess what had bumped the boat so suddenly and sharply from below. The juniors were quite certain that they had not run on a hidden rock or reef.

Bump! It came again, rocking the boat so violently that it shipped a sea, and Fritz, startled by a sudden wash of salt water, started up with a howl.

"Peastly pounders! Vy for you vet me mit vatter after?" he roared.

"My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "Hold on!"

In amazement and alarm, the juniors held on, Jim Dainty to the tiller, Ginger to the mast. Fritz rolled over helplessly in the rocking boat, and might have gone overboard had not Jim freed a hand and grasped him in time. His grasp closed on Fritz's fat ear, the nearest part of Fritz that came to hand, and he dragged him back, to the accompaniment of fiendish howls from Fritz.

"Yaroo! Led go mein ear before!" shrieked Fritz. "Will you pull tat ear off mein kopf, peastly plockhead?"

"Hold on, you fat idiot!" gasped Jim, and Fritz got hold of a thwart, and clung. "Ginger, what the dooce—"

"Look!" yelled Ginger, in consternation.

He pointed to a strange shape rising beside the boat. Loose ropes slithered where the net had been—and fish had been torn away by sharp snapping jaws. Jim Dainty's eyes almost started from his head, as he stared at the hideous thing that had bumped under the boat from below, and was now rising under the gunwale.

At the first glance, it might have been taken for a section of rubber flooring, afloat in the water, or a huge, thick mat. But there

was a head to it, and a tail—the former with grasping jaws and savage eyes, the latter with the fatal sting of the sting-ray. He had never seen such a beast before, but he knew what it was—the giant sting-ray of tropical seas.

Jim's heart almost died in his breast at the sight of it. He had time for only one horrified stare, before the head of the great ray crashed on the boat and sent it spinning and shipping water.

"Vat is it?" gasped Fritz Splitz. "Is tat a shark? Ach himmel!"

"Worse!" gasped Ginger, his face white. "Keep where you are, fathead, and hold on for your life! We've got to pull, Dainty."

The schoolboys had lost their catch and their net as well. But they were not thinking of that. The giant ray was attacking the boat, and they had to think of escape—which was not likely to be easy.

Fritz, spluttering with terror, lay in a state of collapse in the bottom of the boat, but the other two were glad to have him out of the way there. Friday was squealing wildly as he now huddled beside Fritz. Jim and Ginger, keeping their balance in the rocking boat somehow, grasped the oars and pulled, only anxious to get away from the next crash, which might capsize the boat.

The ray rushed again, but the swift motion of the boat eluded him. He missed, the boat dancing on his wash as he shot by. So close by was his rush, however, that it whipped away Jim's oar from his hand. And at a little distance, the ray turned to come back.

"The sail!" panted Jim.

That they could not escape by rowing was clear, after the first moment or two. Whether they had a chance of shaking out the sail they could not tell, but they had to try. Luckily, they had left the canvas ready for hoisting. But the ray was coming back with a rush,

FRANK RICHARDS

writes in "The Magnet"

EVERY WEEK.

and Jim Dainty, leaving Ginger to secure the sail, caught up a fish-spear from the thwarts, and faced the terrible enemy. Ginger caught the loose sheet, and held it in his teeth while he handled the halyards. Jim Dainty drove the fish-spear right at the hideous head that charged at the boat.

It sank deep into one of the glaring, bulging eyes of the giant ray. The next instant it was torn away from his hand, sticking in the ray's head. The wound seemed to check the brute, for he passed under the boat, reappearing at a little distance on the other side. There he thrashed and flurried wildly in a mountain of foam.

"Quick!" panted Jim.

He sprang to help Ginger with the canvas. The ray, for the moment, seemed to be checked, but Jim had no hope that the fight was over. And he knew, from what Dr. Sparshott had told him, that the giant ray could leap aboard, and crush the boat under its weight. That would be the finish for all.

But the sail was up now, and filling with wind. The wind came off the shore, from the west. The schoolboys could have tacked home easily enough, after the trip, but they were not thinking of tacking home now. There was one chance, and one chance only, of escaping the fearful enemy alongside, and that was by running free, and getting every ounce of speed out of the heavy boat. That they were running out to sea could not be helped—as Sammy Sparshott would have agreed.

The sail filled, and the boat shot away, even as the giant ray, mad with pain and rage, came charging again.

As the boat fled seaward before the wind, the ray was directly astern. But it came with almost incredible swiftness, and it seemed to the Grimsladers that they would be overtaken before they could gather speed. Suddenly the shapeless mass shot from the water, leaping clear into the air, right at the fleeing boat.

Jim Dainty dragged over the tiller barely in time, and as the boat glanced away, surging gunwale under, the giant ray landed on the water where the craft had been a few seconds before. The monster came down with the crash of a solid ton's weight, sending up a waterspout. Had that crash landed on the

boat it would have been driven down in splinters. The Grimsladers had escaped by hardly two fathoms' length, and water fell in showers on them from the spout made by the ray as it fell behind.

"My giddy goloshes!" panted Ginger, through his chattering teeth.

"Stand on!" breathed Jim.

"Mein gootness!" moaned Fritz Splitz. "Vat was tat ting in te vatter after? Safe me! Ve vas all tead before! Ach, safe me!"

The boat stood on before the wind. She was already outside the bay, and in rougher water. In the bay, sheltered by the thick woods and the island hill, the wind had seemed light, but outside the headlands, it blew a stiff breeze, and the water was strongly ruffled.

Jim, at the tiller, swung the boat a few points from the wind, without lessening her speed. Astern, the giant ray was coming on again with a savage rush.

"Will he get us?" muttered Ginger.

It seemed as if he would, for the speed with which the clumsy-looking monster moved was amazing. But the boat was going faster now—faster and faster. The wind drove her hard, and Castaway Island was sinking in the west, only the wooded hill still visible above the sea. Faster and faster—till Jim Dainty panted at last:

"We're beating him!"

They had beaten him! Dropping behind in the chase, the giant ray plunged, and disappeared. They had beaten him in the race for life and death, and they gasped with relief when the sea rolled over him, at long last, and he was lost to sight.

Blown Out to Sea!

MY giddy goloshes!" Ginger Rawlinson wiped the sweat from his brow, and breathed hard and deep. "We've done it, Dainty."

"Looks like it!" gasped Jim.

Fritz Splitz sat up dizzily. Fatty Fritz had been so terrified that he hardly knew what had been happening. He was soaked to the skin with the water that had been shipped, and he sat up in several inches of it. He gasped for breath, and blinked at Jim and Ginger with bulging saucer-eyes.

"Mein gootness!" gurgled Fritz. "Is tat ting gone? Himmel! I vas all vet all ofer—vet to te skin! Peasts and prutes, vy you make me all vet?" Fritz dragged himself up, and blinked round for the land. He jumped. "Oh crumbs! Vere vas ve? Vere vas te island before?"

He stared over the rolling sea. Jim Dainty pointed to a dark speck far astern of the boat.

"There's the island, fathead!" he answered. "At any rate, there's the hill—the top of it! We're miles out."

"Tat you vas vun peast!" roared Fritz. "Sammy say tat you go not out to sea in te poat! You disobey Sammy, you peast."

"You bloated, blithering, blethering Boche!" growled Ginger. "If we hadn't run out to sea, that big ray would be chewing you up about this time. Not that that would matter—but he would be chewing us up along with you."

"Which matters a lot!" grinned Jim Dainty.

"Tat is all ferry vell!" snapped Fritz, deeply alarmed at finding himself so far from land. "I tink tat you vas rather vunky to run away from tat pig feesh!"

"What?" roared Jim and Ginger together.

This was rather cool, even from Fritz Splitz, as he had been spluttering with terror in the bottom of the boat, while the other two fellows carried on the struggle with the giant ray.

"You run away from a feesh!" snorted Fritz. Safe from the giant ray now, Fritz found it easy to be courageous. "Ach! If you vas as prave as a Cherman you would not run away from a feesh! I tink tat you vas ferry vunky! Now how vas ve get back vunce more? Mein gootness! Subbose tat ve vas late for supper!"

"Hold this rope a minute, Dainty, while I bang his fat head on the gunwale!" said Ginger, in sulphurous wrath.

"Peastly prute, you geeep off mit you!" exclaimed Fritz. "I ask you vun more time how vas ve get pack? Alretty I vas hungry."

"You're likely to be hungrier, old fat Boche!" said Jim Dainty grimly. "Never

mind banging his silly head, Ginger! If we make Castaway Island before morning, in this wind, we shall be lucky."

"Pefore morning!" gasped Fritz, in utter consternation. "Vy, you peastly plighter, ve have no food in te poat mit ourselves! You run away to sea from vun feesh vun tere is nottings to eat in te poat after! Mein gootness! I hope tat Sammy vill giff you vun derrible whopping!"

"Shut up!" growled Ginger, picking up a boat-hook.

"I vill not shut up!" roared Fritz Splitz furiously. "You dakes me out to sea in tis peastly poat, to starve mit me meinself after! I vill not vamish mitout food to please you, you peastly Chinger! Dake me pack to te island, you pounders! I say tat I vant to go pack to te island! I say— Yarroooooop!"

A jab from the boat-hook cut short the flow of Fritz's eloquence. He gave a gasping howl and sat down suddenly in three inches of water.

"Now are you going to shut up, or do you want another of the same?" demanded Ginger ferociously.

"Urrrrrrrghh!" gurgled Fritz. Jim Dainty stood up, shading his eyes with his hand from the glare of the blazing sun. With the wind right off the island, and blowing hard, it was no easy matter to tack home; and it was likely to be many weary hours, at the best, before the schoolboys set foot on the golden sands again. But that was not the worst of it.

Over the speck that marked the hilltop of Castaway Island—the only guide they had homeward—a dark cloud was blotting the blue. Had they been still fishing in the bay the schoolboys would have run in at once at that sign of foul weather. But they were miles out of the bay now. Jim's face set rather hard.

"Looks like a blow!" he said quietly. "Looks like it!" said Ginger. "We've got to get back, old man! Chance that dashed ray showing up again. This old hooker won't sail very near the wind, either! But we've got to manage it somehow."

Since the Grimslade castaways had captured Ezra Sarson's boat they had had plenty of practice in sailing her, and plenty of instruction from Dr. Sammy Sparshott, who was a skilful yachtsman. It stood them in good stead now.

They brought the heavy craft round into the wind, and in their keenness to reach the island made the natural mistake of trying to sail too close to the wind, which emptied the sail and drifted them to leeward. Letting her fall away, they made progress again, but it was clear that they had to tack wide and large, at the risk of losing sight of the island altogether. It could not be helped, and they carried on, while the dark cloud over the island hill thickened and darkened, and the wind came harder and harder, with a roar.

"Luff!" yelled Ginger suddenly. A sharp squall came so suddenly that Jim had barely time to put the helm down at Ginger's yell. The boat, thrown suddenly into the wind, trembled and shook like a frightened animal; but she met the squall with her bows, over which the sea broke in a torrent. Had that sea struck her broadside, nothing could have saved her. As it was, she was flooded fore and aft, but her nose surged out of the billows, and she still rode.

Fritz Splitz gurgled wildly as the water washed over him in a flood; and Friday squealed and clambered on the mast again. For a second or two, both Jim and Ginger believed that she was filling under their feet; but she still rode, though deep and wallowing.

"My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "That was a close shave, old bean! Fritz, you squeaking German sausage, get hold of the baler!"

"Ach! I vas trowned mit meinself!" wailed Fritz Splitz. "Peasts and prutes, you pring me here to trown me after! Ach! I vish tat I vas pack in Chermany! Urrrrgh!"

"Bale, you fat freak!" hissed Ginger. "Are you setting up as a parlour ornament, or what? Bale, before I crack your nut with the boat-hook!"

"Ach! You vas vun peast!" groaned Fritz Splitz. "I vas too trowned to pale! I vant to go pack, you peastly prute! Dake me back mit meinself to tat island after!"

Crack! Ginger Rawlinson had his hands full, but he found a second to snatch up the boat-hook and land it on Fritz's bullet head. There was a fearful howl from Fritz, and he discovered that he was not too drowned to set to work baling the boat. Gasping and gurgling, he baled and baled, realising at last that his fat life depended on it.

Again and again a sudden squall struck, but the juniors were watchful, and each time they met it head to the wind. Between the squalls, they drove onward, the boat swimming in water in spite of Fritz's busy baling, the mast bending like a stick. Friday slithered down again and clung to a thwart, chattering and grimacing, almost as scared as Fritz Splitz. It was Friday's first trip to sea, and he was not enjoying it.

Through the spattering spray and spindrift Jim stared hard to windward, picking up the clouded hill of Castaway Island—now far away on the port bow, as the boat was running on the starboard tack. To carry on further was to risk shooting past the island and missing it altogether. Jim put the helm down, while Ginger slacked the fore sheet, and the boat came round into the wind. And as it swung, Jim Dainty jammed down the helm with all his strength.

"Look out, Fritz, you fool!" shrieked Ginger, as the tackle swung over, and Fritz Splitz dodged just in time and sprawled, spluttering.

The canvas filled on the new tack, and the boat shot onward. Once more the island hill loomed more clearly, now to starboard. Jim wondered whether Sammy Sparshott and Dawson and Bacon and Bean had yet returned to the hut, and missed them and the boat. If so, he could imagine how anxiously they were watching the sea for a sign of them.

But all thought of that was dashed from his mind by a rending, shattering howl of rent canvas and cracking ropes. A terrific gust had torn away the sail. For an instant or two it was visible, flying like a bird, before it vanished in the billows, leaving a few rags fluttering from the rigging.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" He heard Ginger's breathless shout. "That's dished us, Dainty!"

"Dished and done!" breathed Jim. The boat lost way immediately. Fritz howled

and squealed and baled as the water washed inboard.

"Let her run!" roared Ginger. There was nothing else to be done. With the sail blown out of the ropes, there was no chance of making the island—not the remotest chance of keeping anywhere near the wind. Oars were useless in such a sea. All that the castaways could do was to run before the wind and hope for the best, and at all events keep the seas from breaking abeam.

"That tears it!" said Ginger Rawlinson; and he sat down and started baling with an empty can. "How much would you give for our chances now, Dainty?"

"While there's life there's hope," said Jim. "Keep a stiff upper lip, old man! Grimslade never says die!"

"Mein gootness!" Fritz sat up in swamping water. "Vere vas ve now? Are we getting into te pay, Chinger?"

Ginger laughed, grimly and mirthlessly. Driven helplessly before the wind, in danger every moment of being swamped by the racing seas, the boat was scuttling out into the wide Atlantic, and already the hill of Castaway Island had disappeared from sight. Mile on mile of rolling, surging water raged between them and the bay that Fritz hoped they were entering—and they had their stern to it. Fritz passed a fat hand across his saucer-eyes and blinked round in dismay and dread.

"Vere vas tat island?" he gasped. "I see tat island mit mein eyes no more after."

"Lucky if you ever see it again!" grunted Ginger.

"Vat?" gasped Fritz. "Keep your pecker up, Fritz," said Jim Dainty, gently enough. "We're blown out to sea—but we're not dead yet, by long chalks!"

"Mein gootness!" stuttered Fritz, through his chattering teeth. "Ach! Turn te poat round, you peasts and prutes! I vill not go away to sea like tat! I vant to go pack to te island!"

"All serene, old Boche bloater!" said Ginger. "If we keep on this tack long enough, you'll reach your jolly old Germany! We're heading straight for Europe, old fat Dutchman!"

"Go pack!" yelled Fritz. "Go pack to te island, peasts and prutal plighters! I vill not be trowned mit meinself after!"

"Get out and swim!" suggested Ginger.

Fritz gave a terrified blink round at the rolling, surging seas, boiling in foam round the driven boat. It penetrated at last into his podgy brain that the craft was utterly helpless, driven by the gale into the vast spaces of the Atlantic.

He gave a groan and collapsed into the bottom of the boat, where he lay mumbling and whimpering. Unheeding him, Jim Dainty and Ginger baled and baled, keeping up their courage—though both of them knew that the chances were a thousand to one that they would ever see Castaway Island and their comrades again—or any other land or living face!

(Adrift in an open boat on a gale-tossed sea! Desperate indeed is the plight of the three schoolboy castaways, and they will need all their courage to pull through to safety. Make sure you read next week's full-of-thrills story.)

BE TALL Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course, 5/- . Send STAMP NOW for free book.—**STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.**


509 STAMPS FREE! GWALIOR, JAPAN, RUSSIA, etc. 2d. postage; request approvals. (Abroad 6d. P.O.)—**A. EASTICK, 22, BANKSIDE ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH.**

VENTRILOQUISM TAUGHT.—Wonderful System. Failure impossible. 3d. stamps for First Lesson.—**W. L. MOUND & STUDIOS, 17, Balmoral Road, London, N.W.2.**

TENTS 9/- to 3 gns. Also Bell Tents for Hire. Send for 40-page Catalogue of Camping and Hiking Equipment.—**44, NUTTALL, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.**

STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.**

MY GREAT OFFER



Write for my free Bargain Lists of the best ALL-BRITISH cycles. 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID. Cash price £3 10s., or terms. All accessories FREE. Value 21/-.

O'Brien THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP. 17 COVENTRY

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The RANGER, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

BE TALLER! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. Clients gain 2 to 6 ins. 1. Fee £2 2s. Stamp brings Free Parties.—**P. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough.**

George GROSE & Co., 8, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4

SPURPROOF TENTS



(1934 MODEL) Special Offer Made from Strong, Lightweight Material. Size 6 ft. x 4 ft. 3 in., with 6 in. Wall. **8/6**

Send for Art Coloured Illustrated List, Post Free. The RANGER Readers' Favourite—**GEORGE GROSE.**

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS :: PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER. ::