



THIS IS THE SUPPLEMENT to "THE WORLD'S COMIC."

MAKING 24 PAGES.

SMILES 1^D

No. 48. Vol. 2.]

MAY 25, 1907.

[ONE PENNY.]

GOT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.



1.—"We must see these folk, Maria," cried Farmer Snodgers, when he saw the big placard. "I allus thout we wos as good a looking couple as there's knocking about."



2.—So in they went, only to find themselves reflected in two large mirrors. "Why, hang me, Maria!" cried Snodgers, "them's lus!"

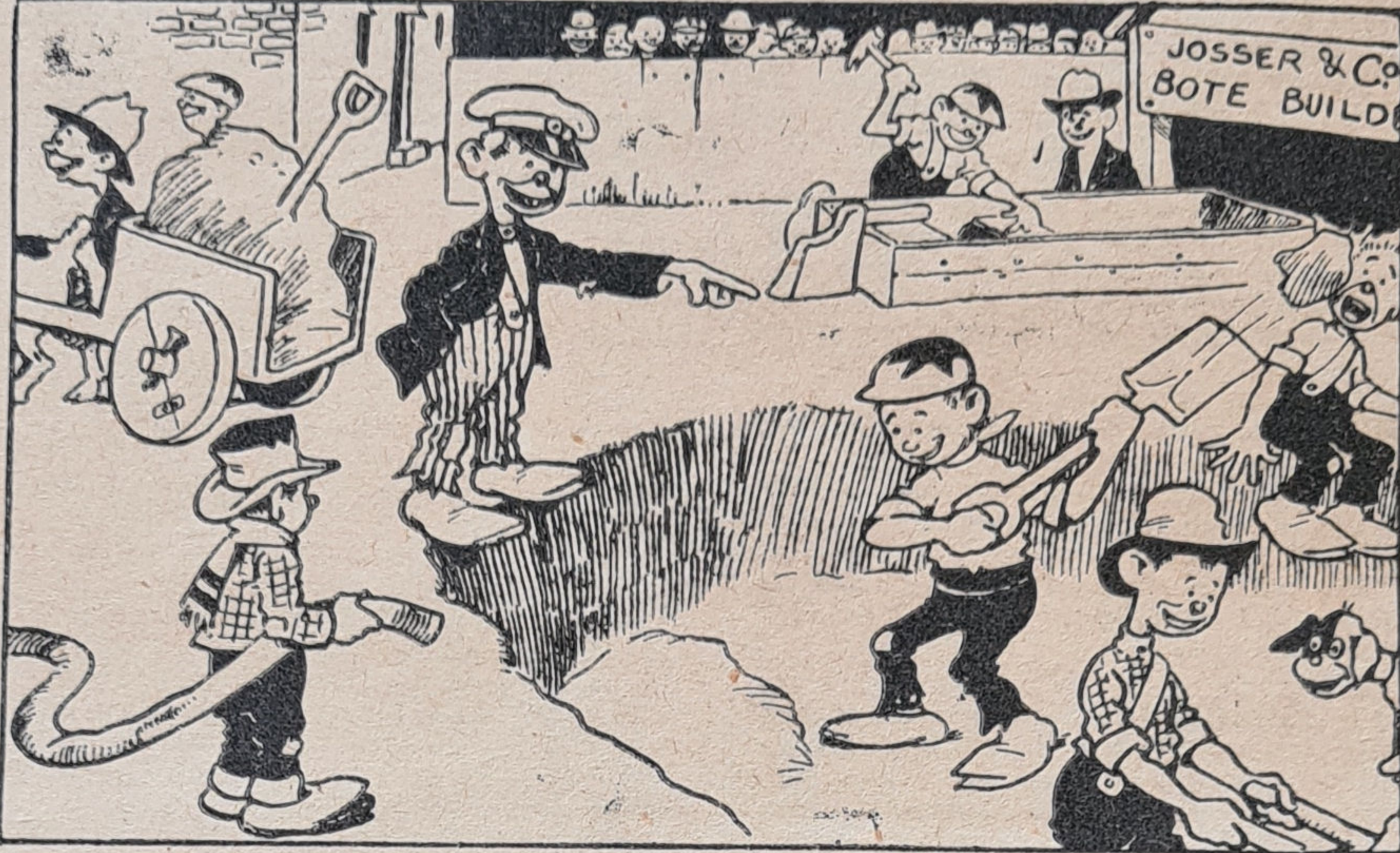


3.—"Ere, Mr. Man," yelled Snodgers, "where's the best looking folks in the world?" "Why, you've just been looking at them!" grinned the artful proprietor.

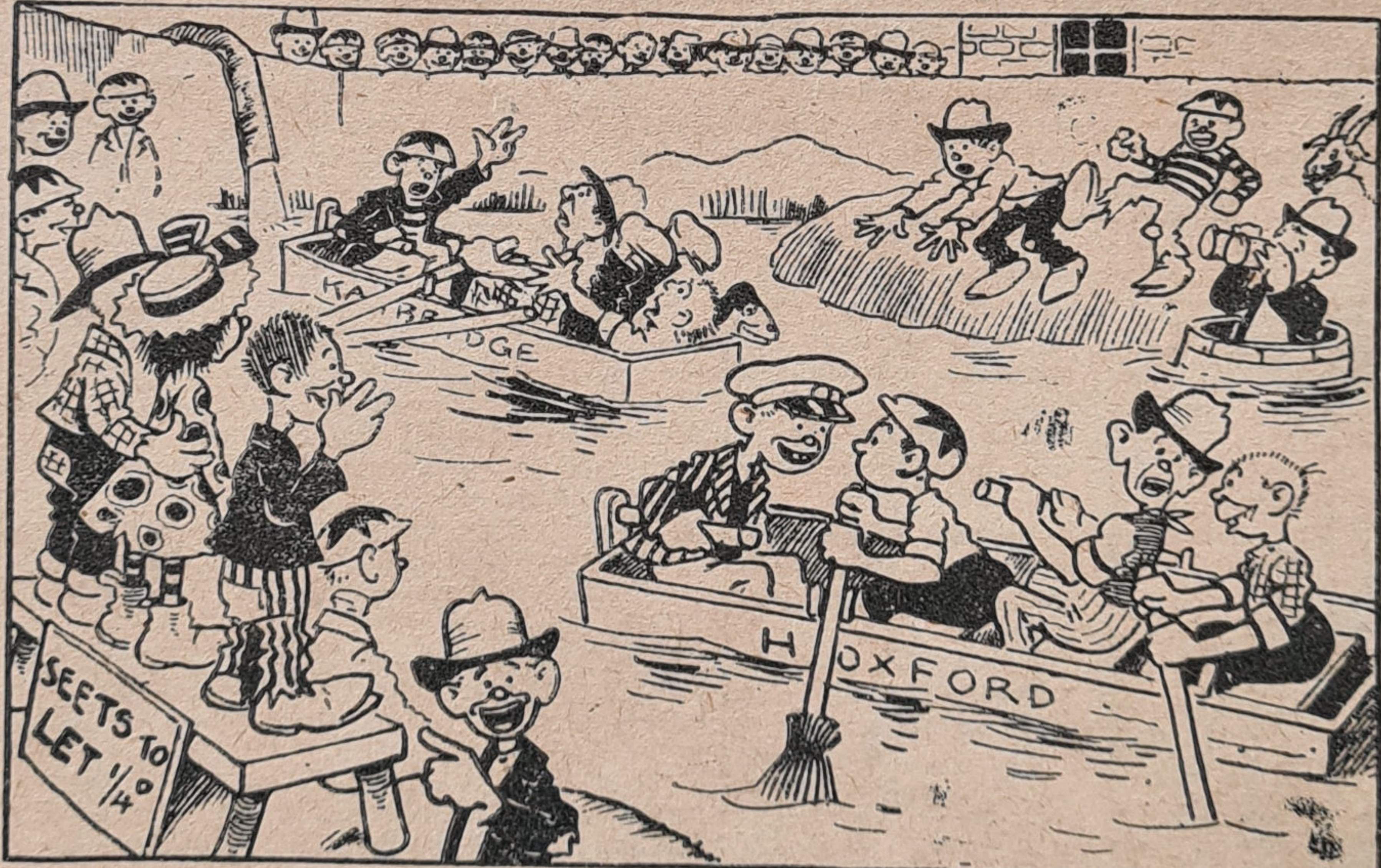


4.—"There y'ar, Maria," chuckled Snodgers, as they toddled out delighted. "I allus knew we'd be bad ta beat when it comes ter good looks." "Sold again and got the money?" chuckled the showman.

HAPPY ALLEY BOAT RACE BREAKS THE RECORD.



1.—LAST week there was great excitement in Happy Alley. The great annual boat race took place, and day and night (especially at night when the local police are busy with the rabbit pie), gangs were at work preparing the course; of course under the supervision of the one and only Jossor. The boats were built, the crews went into training, and everything was extra.



2.—On the eventful day the crews, both as fit as fiddles, launched their racing boats, and started off at 7 to the minute. Owing to a slight oversight, the Cambridge boat had been constructed rather smaller than the Oxford boat. The crew was one man less, but Bones, the Alley dog, took his place. That noble sportsman, Jimmy Jossor, commanded the Oxford boat, which appeared to be a certain winner.

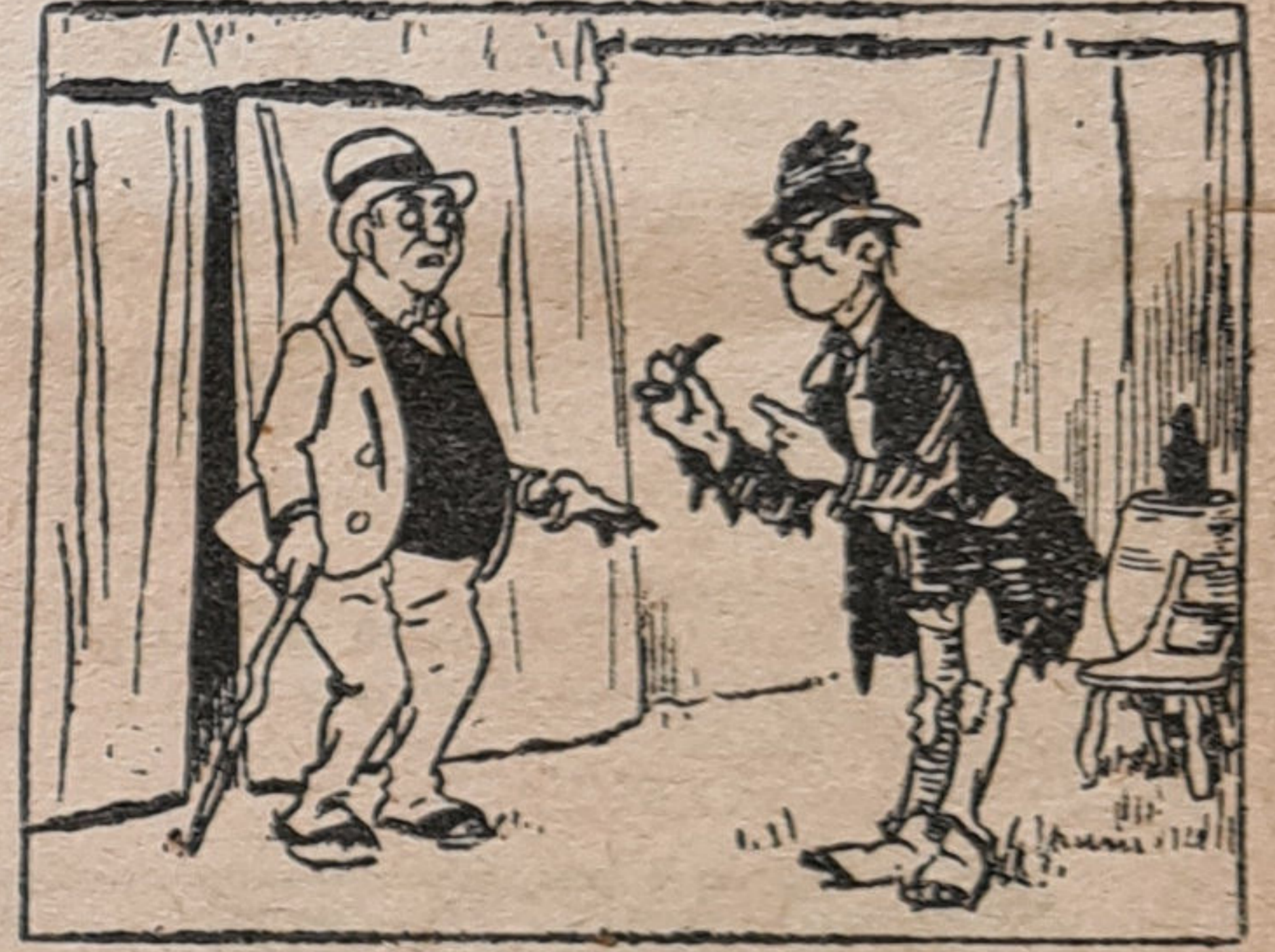


3.—When, unfortunately, in the excitement, both crews upset their boats, and were precipitated into the water, which in places was fully three feet deep. However, they were finally rescued, and the spectators appeared to enjoy this part of the race immensely. The crews had covered a distance of 34 feet, in the magnificent time of 48 minutes—a record for the distance!

THERE WAS NO DECEPTION.



1.—"ONLY sixpence to see the biggest sponge on earth," yelled the showman. "My word! it must be a wopper!" cried Tupman. "I must see that!"



2.—So he parted with his tanner, and when he got inside, all he saw was a seedy-looking gent, who began to cadge tobacco and matches.



3.—And finished up by taking the loan of Tupman's new hat, and handing him his old battered tile in exchange. "Ere, I've had enough of this," yelled Tupman. "Where's the sponge?"



4.—"That's him!" grinned the showman, popping his head inside, "he'll sponge the very nose off yer face if yer stay long enough." But Tupman didn't!

The Adventures of HARLEY STAINES DETECTIVE



NO. 47.

IN PERIL OF DEATH.

Upon a rough bed, in his rude hovel, Seth Greene, the poacher, lay twisting and turning in pain. He was alone, save for the dog that was curled on the floor near the bed, watching its ruffianly master with steadfast eyes.

There was a sound at the door. Seth Greene turned his eyes towards it as it swung open. A form appeared in the light of the smokey lamp, and the poacher sat up on the bed, with a curse upon his lips.

"So it's you!"
He clutched up his gun and levelled it. The visitor took not the slightest notice of the levelled weapon. He closed the door, and turned towards the poacher, his face calm and cool.

"Put down your gun, Seth Greene!"
"You infernal murderer—"
"Tut, tut! I have not come here to harm you."

"You tried to kill me in the wood."
Algernon Blake shook his head.
"It was not I."
"Liar!"

The gentleman ground his teeth.
It was not to endure the lie direct from this brutal ruffian.

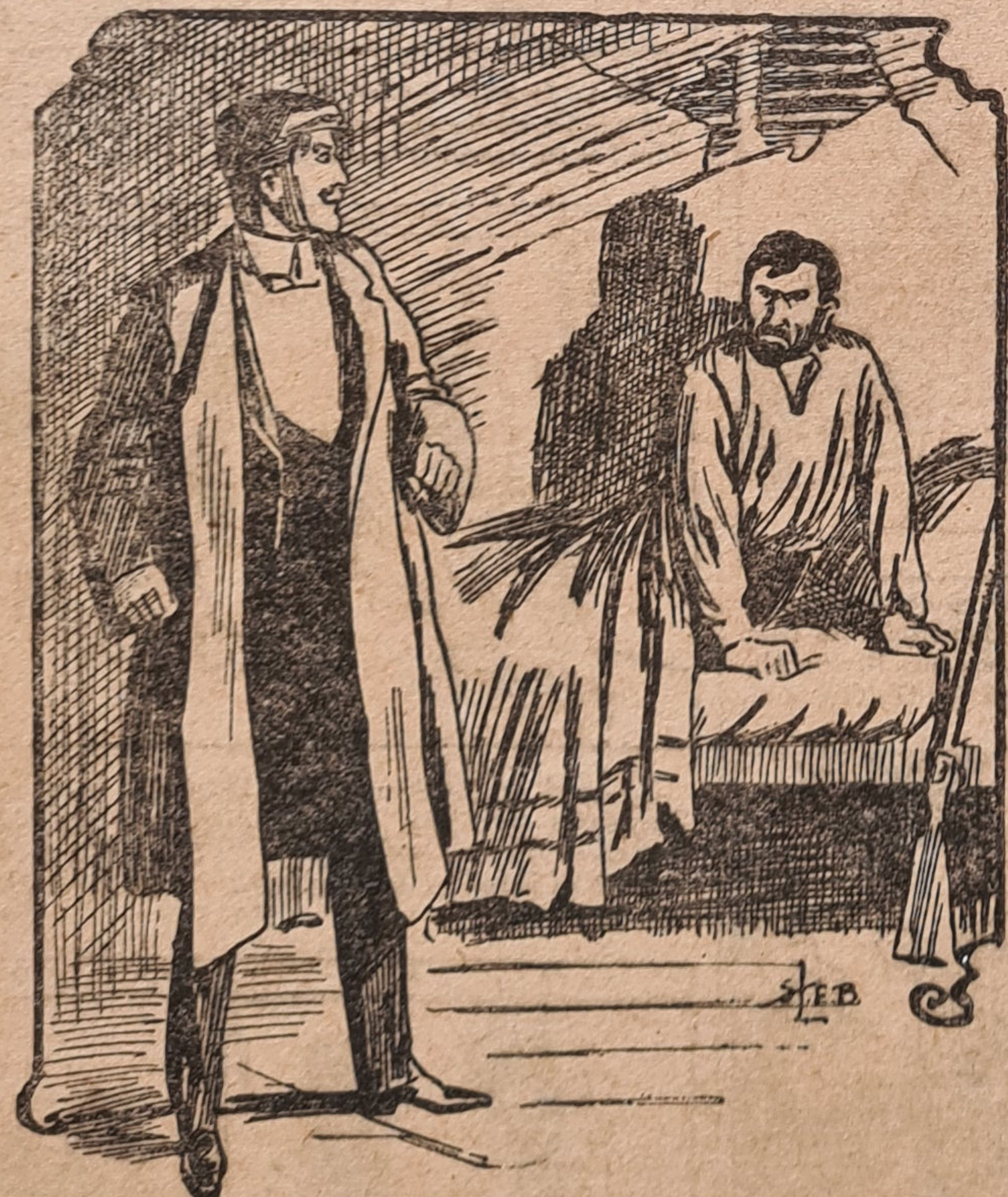
But Algernon Blake was not likely to give way to temper when his interests, even his life, were at stake.

He was calm and smiling again in a moment.
"Come, Greene, be reasonable. It was not I fired at you."

"No, it was your man, by your orders."
"You are mistaken. He acted on his own initiative—of his own accord—without waiting for orders from me."

"I don't believe it."
"Ah! you know it would be to my interest to get rid of you, and you think I would go to the risk of murder?"

"I know you would!"



"Your neck is cheap at the price. Twelve thousand cash down, my fine feller!"

"You are mistaken. I am here now to make terms with you."
"Yes, because you failed to kill me."

"I repeat that Phipps acted without my orders."
"And I repeat that I don't believe a word of it. Keep your distance, you hound! My dog is ready to spring, and if he got his teeth

in your throat, your pistol wouldn't help you much. And this gun is loaded!"

"I have come to talk matters over peacefully, and arrange—"

"I don't know that I will do it now. My life ain't safe while you're alive; I'd be safer if you were hanged for killing Colonel Cleveland, as you deserve!"

"Don't waste words, Greene," said Blake, calmly. "You intend to make terms, or you would have gone to the police before this. It is three hours since your adventure in the wood. You have not remained silent for nothing."

The poacher gritted his teeth.
He was no match for Algernon Blake, and he knew it.

"Well, suppose that's so," he said. "Have you agreed to come to my terms?"

"Yes."
"The price is gone up now," grinned the poacher. "I want twelve thousand pounds."

"You are mad!"
"Not a bit of it. You tried to kill me. You're not going to have your fun without paying for it. If there hadn't been help at hand I'd be a dead man now. You can't expect to get off scot-free. Twelve thousand pounds is the figure now, my fine bird, and you can pay it or not as you like; but if you don't, I'll hang you!"

The poacher's eyes gleamed with hate.
The attempt upon his life, and the pain of his wound, had roused all the black evil in his nature, and it was plain that he meant to keep his word.

For the enormous sum he had named he would forego his vengeance, and take the risk of another attempt. But if Blake refused, he would have no mercy.

Algernon Blake knew it, and so he nodded assent.

He had no intention of paying such an extravagant sum if he could possibly get out of it, but he would rather pay it than have the poacher tell all he knew.

At all events, he must gain time—time was everything to him now.

"You shall have the money, Greene," he said, quietly.

The poacher grinned.
"I thought so. You're a rich man, Mr. Blake, and you can't grumble. Your neck is cheap at the price. Twelve thousand cash down, my fine feller! Then as much more as I like to sew out of you. I'll make you pay for your whistle."

"I can't grumble, Greene," said Blake, with an appearance of great honesty. "My man fired at you, without my knowledge—"

"Stop them lies."
"Very well. I will pay the sum demanded. But what about the other man—will you settle with him?"

The poacher stared.
"What other man?"

"The man who chipped in when you fell—your pal?"

Blake watched the poacher closely.
He had not the faintest idea that it was Harley Staines, the detective, who had interfered at that critical moment to save the life of the poacher.

He had taken it for granted that it was some

mate of the ruffian, whom Seth Greene had secretly posted near the rendezvous to see that there was no foul play.

Now, as he saw the ruffian's evident surprise, he divined that his theory was wide of the mark.

It was no friend of Seth Greene's who had saved his life. The poacher had come alone to the rendezvous.

Blake's heart beat lighter.
True, he had to face the fact that some stranger knew much of his secret; knew that he had planned to kill Seth Greene.

But that stranger, whoever he was, he could deal with afterwards.

Had it been a pal of the poacher's, Blake would have been bound to agree to all the ruffian's demands, for if he silenced Seth Greene by another crime, the other man would have been able to denounce him.

Now he knew that the supposed pal did not exist.

It was still safe to silence the poacher if the opportunity came!

Seth Greene was dull of comprehension, and he did not guess the thoughts that were passing through Blake's mind.

He was not quick-witted enough to divine Blake's mistake, and take advantage of it for his own security.

"Never mind the other man," said the poacher, evasively. "Never mind him. It's me you've got to deal with."

"Very well," said Blake. "But if the other man talks?"

"You'd better find him and shut him up somehow," grinned the poacher. "I shall talk, anyway, if I don't have my price."

"You shall have it."
"A thousand to-morrow, mind, and the rest next week."

"It will be difficult—"

"As bad as being hanged?"

"You shall have the thousand to-morrow."

"I thought so!"

"Now, I'll leave you," said Blake. "There's a confounded detective staying at Cleveland Manor, and though I waited till he was gone to bed, still—!"

Greene gave a sudden start.
A swift guess had come into his mind as to whom his rescuer was.

Blake caught his expression, and turned pale as a similar thought flashed into his brain. He sprang towards the poacher. The gun went up to a level again.

"Stand back!"

Blake recoiled.

"Fool! Fool! I want but to ask a question!"

"Ask it from that distance, then," said the poacher, grimly.

"Was it Harley Staines who helped you in the wood?"

"I don't know."

"Greene, don't be a fool. You're in this as much as I am. If I am arrested you lose your money, as I shall lose my life. It's to your interest, as much as mine, to give me information. Was it Harley Staines?"

"I tell you I don't know. It was black as pitch in the wood, and I couldn't see him. He didn't tell me who he was."

"Curses! And could you not guess?"

"I guessed he was a detective."

"He questioned you?"

"Yes, he wanted me for a witness against you. I said I had another game to play. He heard our talk, but he could not prove anything."

"But then he knows—he knows!" Blake paced the hovel in deep agitation. "He knows! Yet when I talked with him he gave no sign! No, he would not give a sign till he had the proofs—till he had the hangman's rope ready for my neck."

"Put a bullet through him," said the poacher, grinning. "You are handy with your pistol, Mr. Blake."

Blake's eyes gleamed savagely.

"If I only had a chance!"

He turned to the door.

"Don't forget the thousand to-morrow, Mr. Blake!" said the poacher.

"I shall not forget!"

There was a glitter in Blake's eyes as he passed from the hovel. Upon the table close to the poacher's bed was a jug of water, from which he had evidently been drinking. Unseen by the ruffian, Blake had contrived to drop a pill into it, which had instantly dissolved.

He closed the door, and strode away. Under a group of trees close by the hovel a dim figure was waiting. It was Phipps.

"Well, sir?" said Phipps, in an eager whisper.

"Come into the shadow," said Blake.

They stopped further into the trees. Neither observed a dark form crouching behind a trunk close at hand.

"I have learned something," said Blake. "The poacher had no pal there, as we imagined. It was a stranger saved him from us."

"Harley Staines!" cried Phipps, in a gasping voice.

"Ah! is that what you guess?"

"Whom else could it be?"

"You are right; I think the same."

"But does not Seth Greene know?"

"No, it was too dark for him to see the man, but he guessed that he was a detective."

"He was right there, sir."

"I am sure of it. It was Harley Staines!"

"Then he must know all," said Phipps, in an agitated voice.

"All, or nearly all."

"I mean, he must be playing a deep game. Before we left the manor to meet the poacher, I would swear they were in their room—Staines and Nugent both. I listened outside and heard two voices."

"Some trick to deceive you. One was there, undoubtedly; the other was watching us."

"Can it be possible?"

"I feel that it is certain."

"In that case—"

"In that case, Harley Staines knows that Seth Greene could hang me, and it is only a question of time before he makes the ruffian



Would he ever get out of that death trap alive?

talk. Even if I pay the scoundrel the sum he demands, he will then be provided for life, and there is nothing to keep him from then betraying me, out of revenge for the attempt upon his life."

"The money must not be paid, sir."

"Now that we know Greene had no pal in the business, it will be safe to deal with him," said Blake, between his teeth. "Come!"

"He will be on his guard now."

"Oh! we are not going to attack him. He has his gun and his dog."

They strode away from the trees. The dark figure rose behind the tree trunk; it was Harley Staines. He had shadowed the rascals from the manor.

He looked after them in the dimness of the night.

What was their intention? They were looking into the hovel through the small, patched window. Blake had said that another attack was not intended! What was their plan then?

The two men were close to the window. They saw into the hovel in the light of the grimy lamp. Seth Greene lay on the bed breathing stertorously. The jug was close by him.

Algernon Blake grinned like a fiend.

"Do you see that, Phipps?"

"Yes, sir. He seems to be asleep."

"He is quite insensible. I saw the jug of water there, and guessed that his wound made him thirsty. On the chance, I contrived to drop a pill into the jug—you know the kind of pill? Seth Greene is safe till dawn at least."

"Then we can safely—"

"Stop! If you enter the hut his dog will fly at you, and wake the whole village with its barking."

Phipps paused.

"Then of what use will it be to have drugged Greene, sir?"

"There are more ways than one of killing a cat, or a blackmailer," said Blake, with a savage smile. "This hut is old and dry as tinder; it will burn as easily as matchwood."

"Good Heavens, sir!"

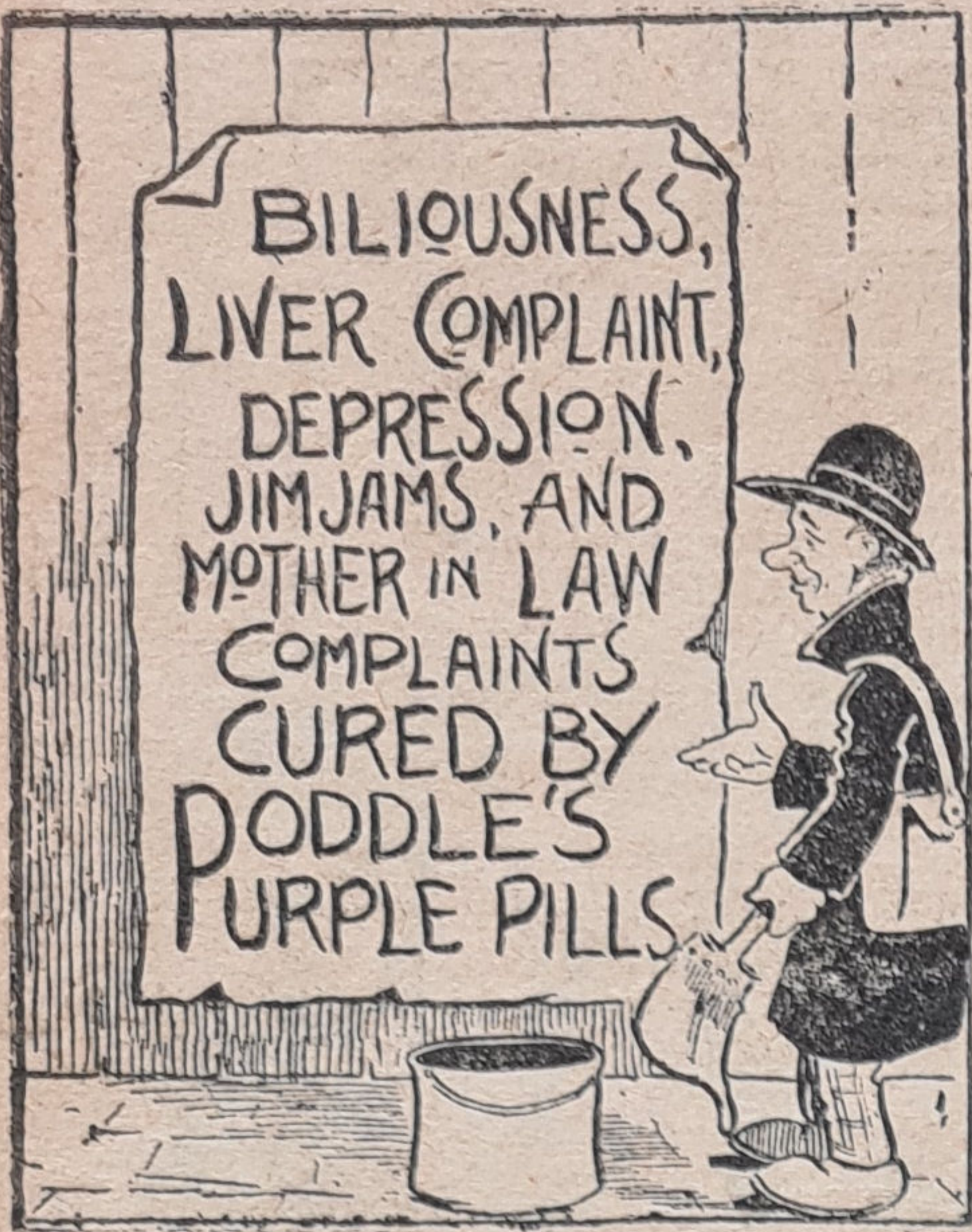
"Isn't it a good plan?"

"Ye—es."

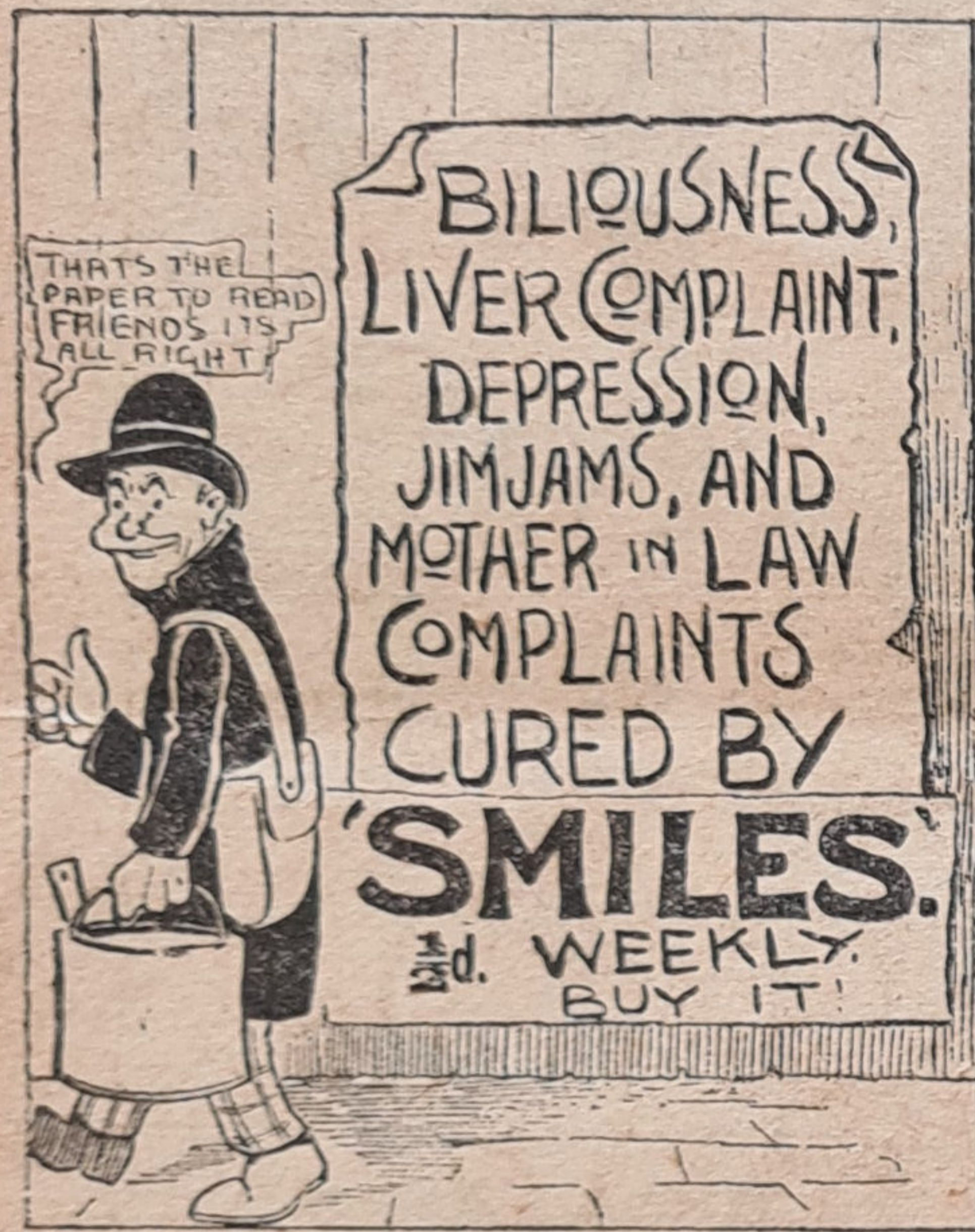
"It cannot fail. The hovel will flare up; Greene is incapable of helping himself; he will perish long before help can come."

(Continued on page 6.)

THE SMART BILLPOSTER.



1.—THE state of the hoarding when the smart billposter came upon the scene, and—



2.—How he altered it for the benefit of the great British public.

HE DIDN'T FORGET HIS MANNERS.



1.—THE Professor did not notice that his hat had blown off, nor was he aware of anything—



2.—Odd when he raised his hair to a young lady friend.

THOSE TERRIBLE TWINS AND THE MARCH



1.—"DEER REEDERS.—We were taking a walk the other morning, enjoying the March winds when an old gal's hat blew off.

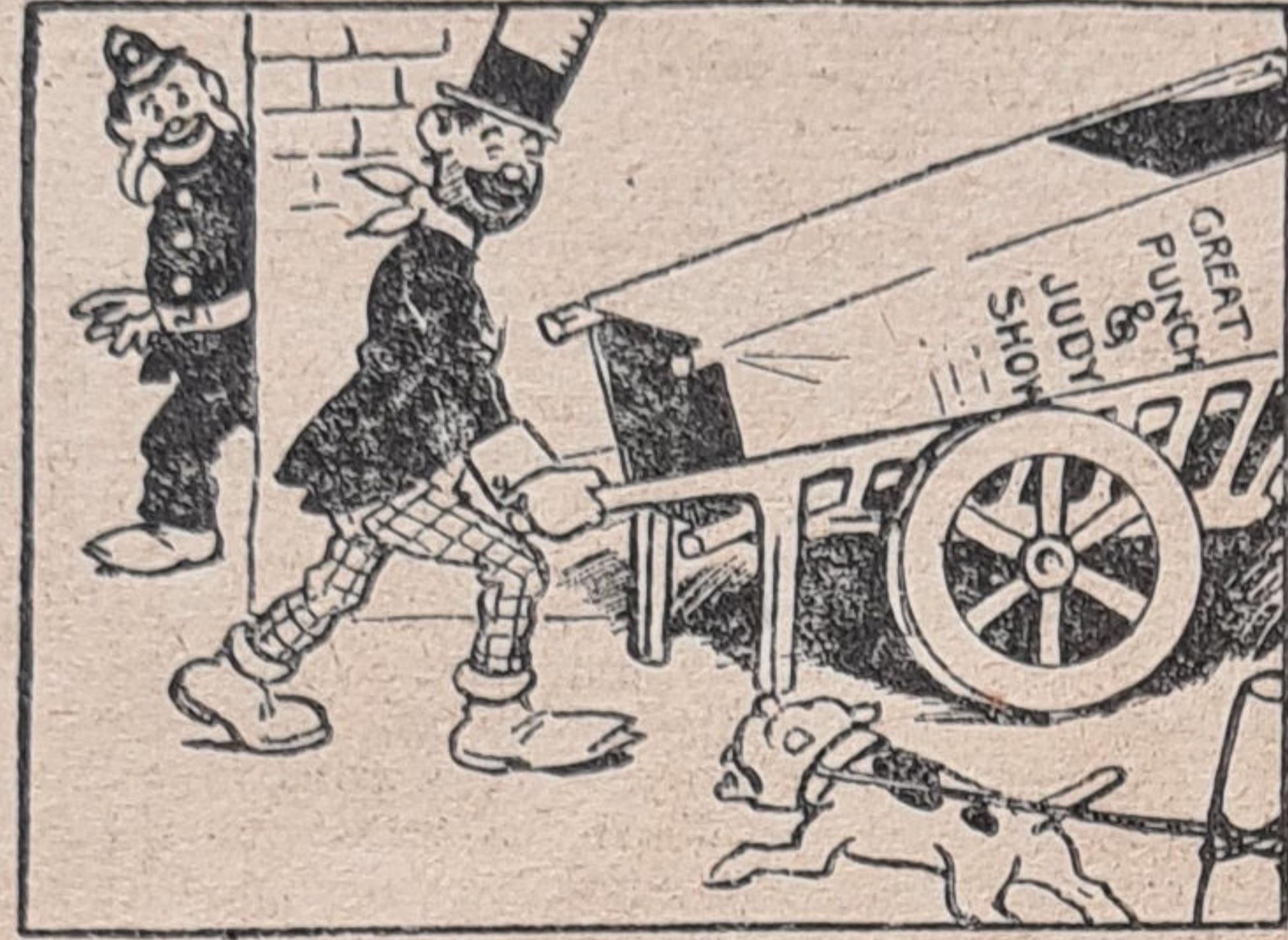


2.—"Ever ready to help beauty in distress, we dashed after the hat, and so did the boy next door, who happened to be passing.

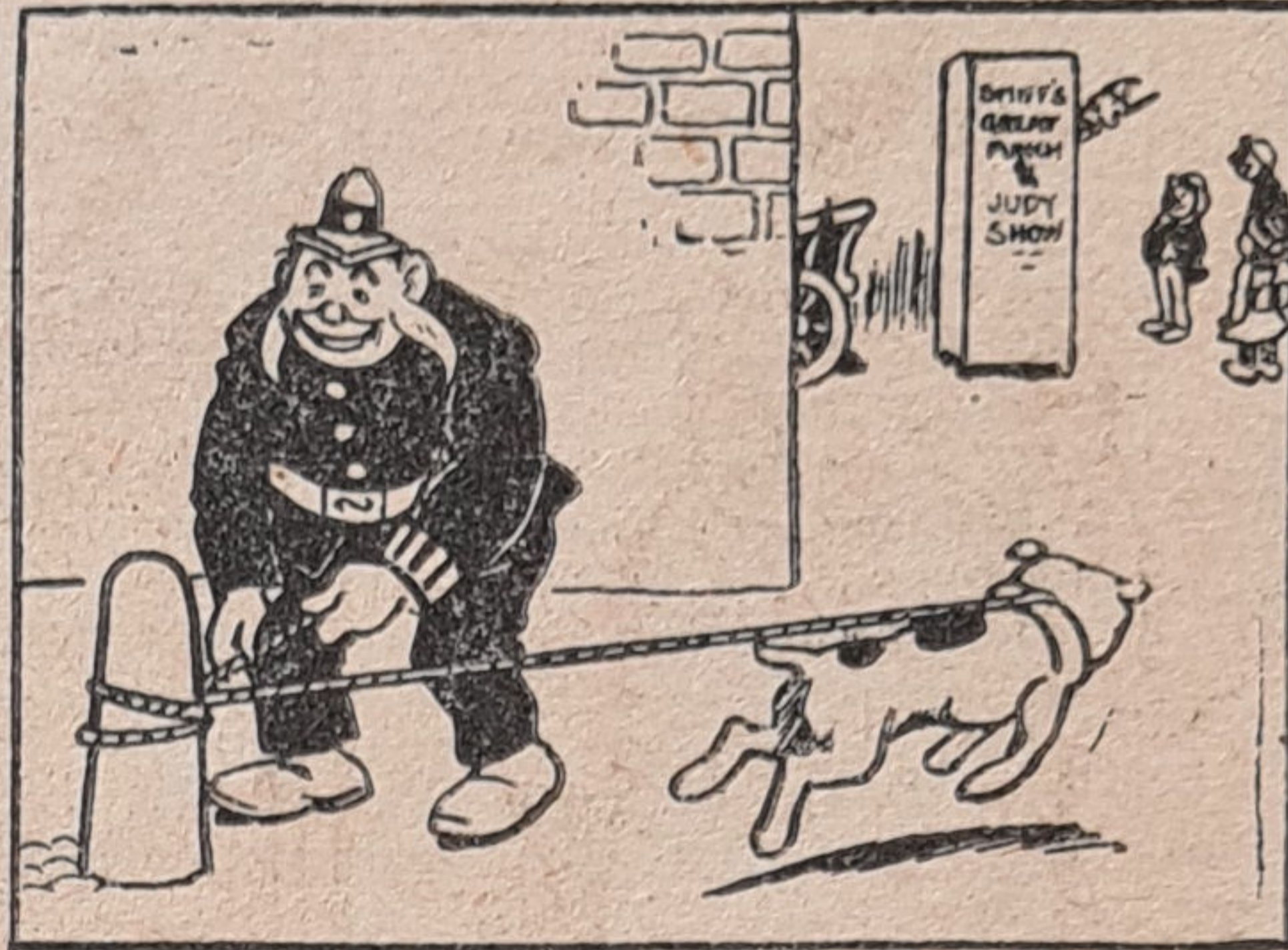


3.—"The boy next door got time that I did. Of course I won it, so a terrific struggle started.

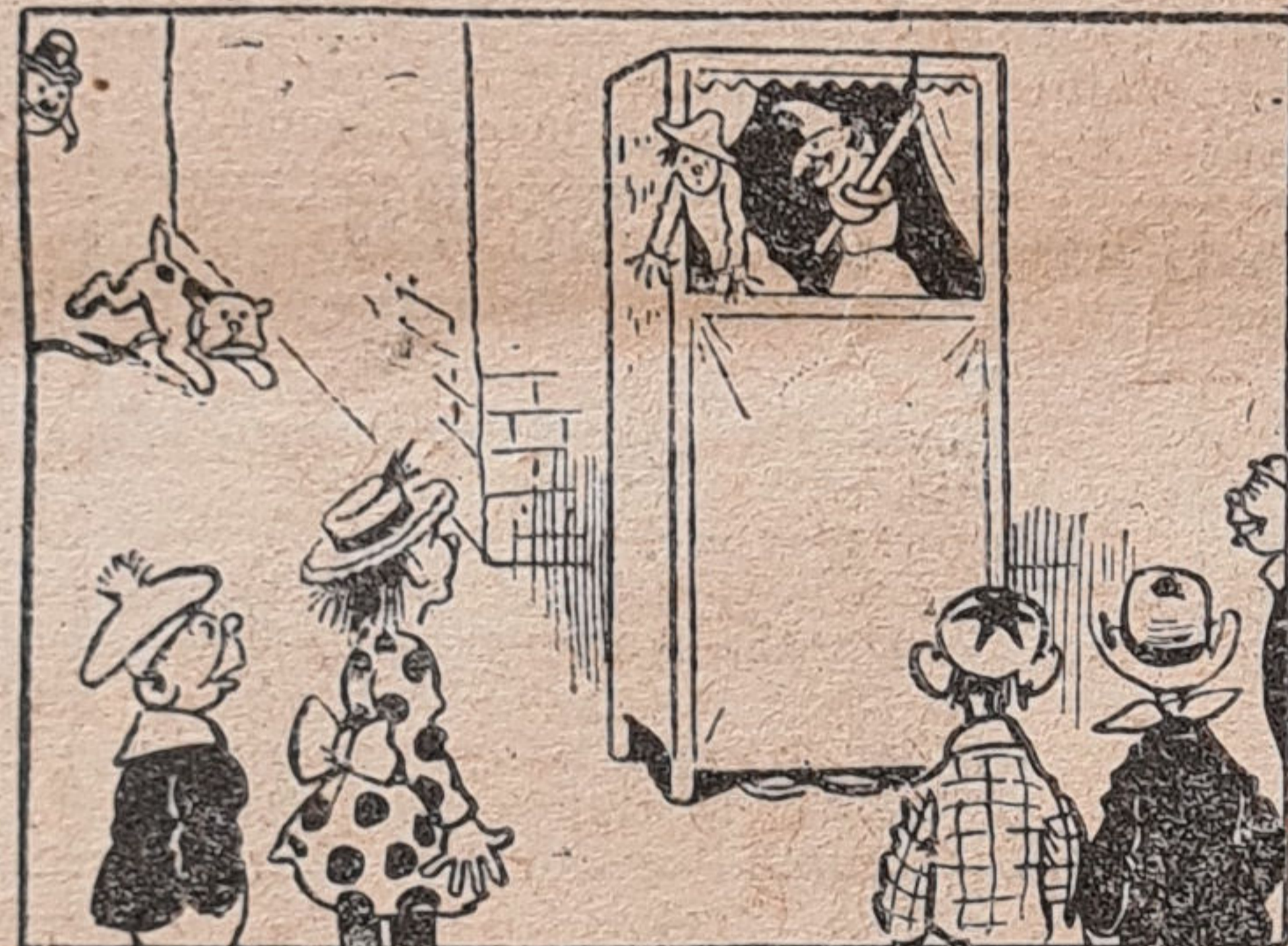
TIRED TOOTSIES AND THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.



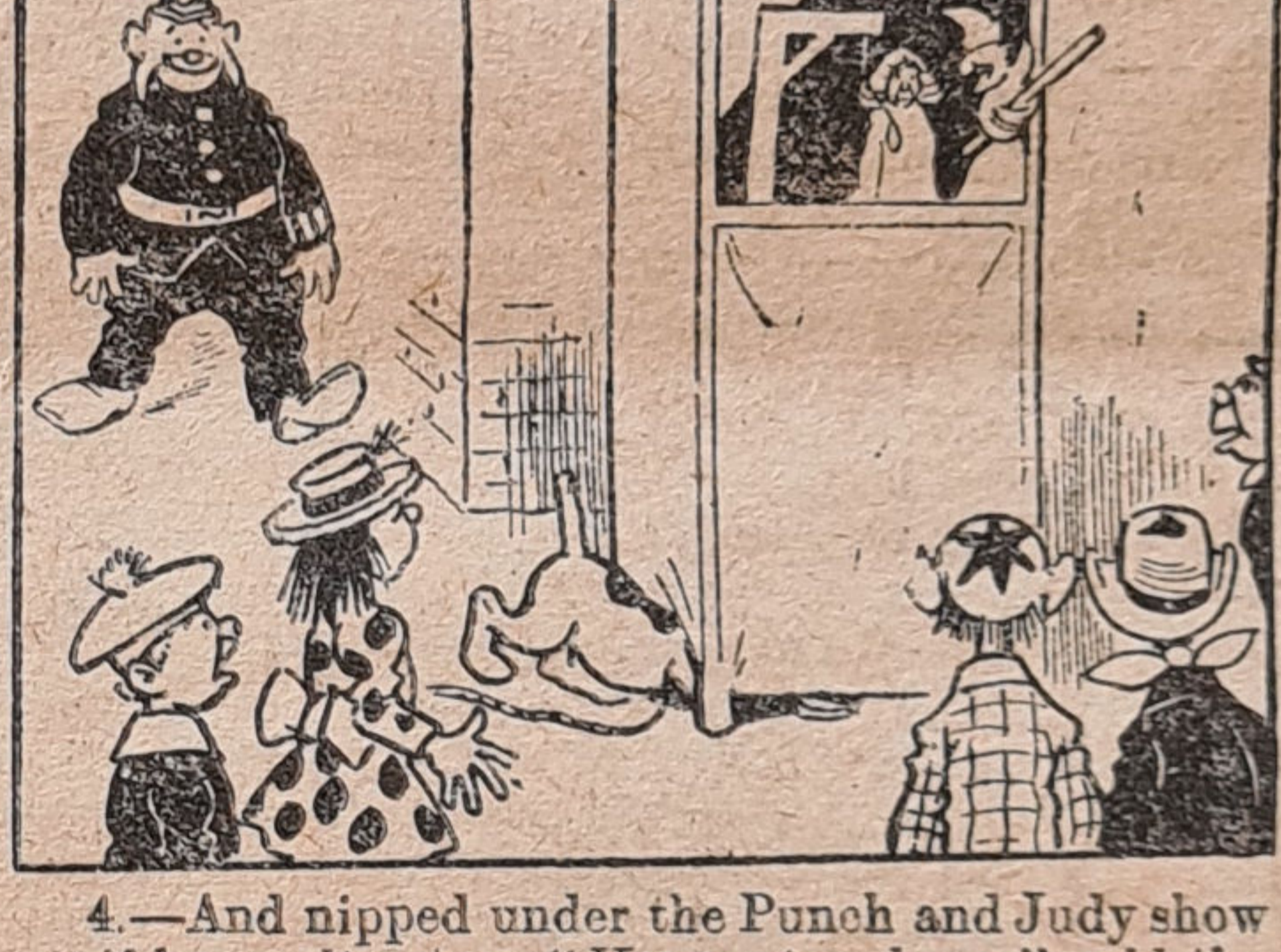
1.—THE Punch and Judy man had left his dog on guard, but the silly jossler had tied him too far away to be any good. So as Tootsies wanted to make a bit, he pinched the show.



2.—But P.C. Pieshifter had observed him, and the wily cop untied the dog.



3.—The show was a great success, and everybody was enjoying themselves first rate, when the dog came a'long—



4.—And nipped under the Punch and Judy show as if he smelt rats. "He wants a bone," said the kids; and they were right.



5.—He did; and he got it! "Wot a funny Punch and Judy show!" yapped the audience; "but it's fust rate—a lot better than the old one."



6.—When the real showman came up he helped wheel Tootsies off to the hospital. "Punch and Judy shows is no good," groaned the tired one; "the work's too hard!"

HOW HE CAUGHT IT.



"WELL, but how did you catch such a cold?" "Why, I made an undershirt of a story paper last week, and there was a yarn in it what would give anybody cold chills."

SEASONABLE.



MADAME QUACK: "Why! how hoarse you are! Are you ill?" "No! only a frog in my throat."

AUNT



1.—WHEN baby was about four days old, the aunt took it down to show to his distinguished father.



3.—"Su-per-ior, indeed! Yus, you're very super it's a misfortune for the child to have such a ras and I've heard other things about you.

TOMMY'S ANSWER.



SCHOOLMASTER (to Tommy, who has been sent to him for being idle): "Now, Tommy, who is it that sits idle, and does simply nothing, whilst all others around are busy?" Tommy: "Teacher, sir!"

IS ALWAYS HAPPY.

RCH WINDS.



or got hold of the hat at the same
se I won't going to let him have
arted.

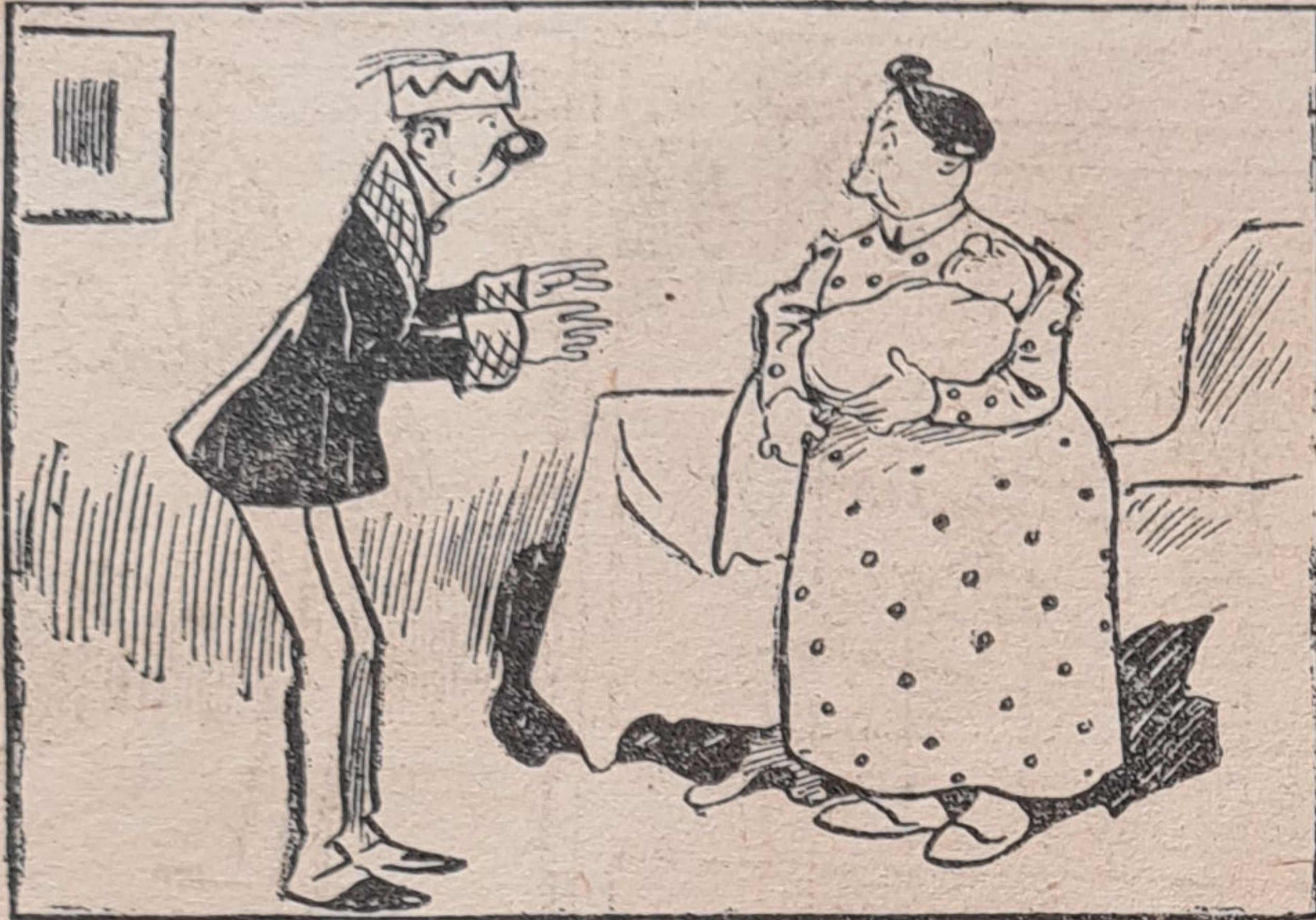


4.—"At larst, wiv a mighty effort, the boy next door
was sent flying, taking wiv him half the geeser's hat. And
as she started hollering 'Fire!' and 'Police!' we bunked
orf, home to see what they had got for dinner.—Yours
trooly, BERTIE BANKS."

NT TOZER'S MARRIED TROUBLES.



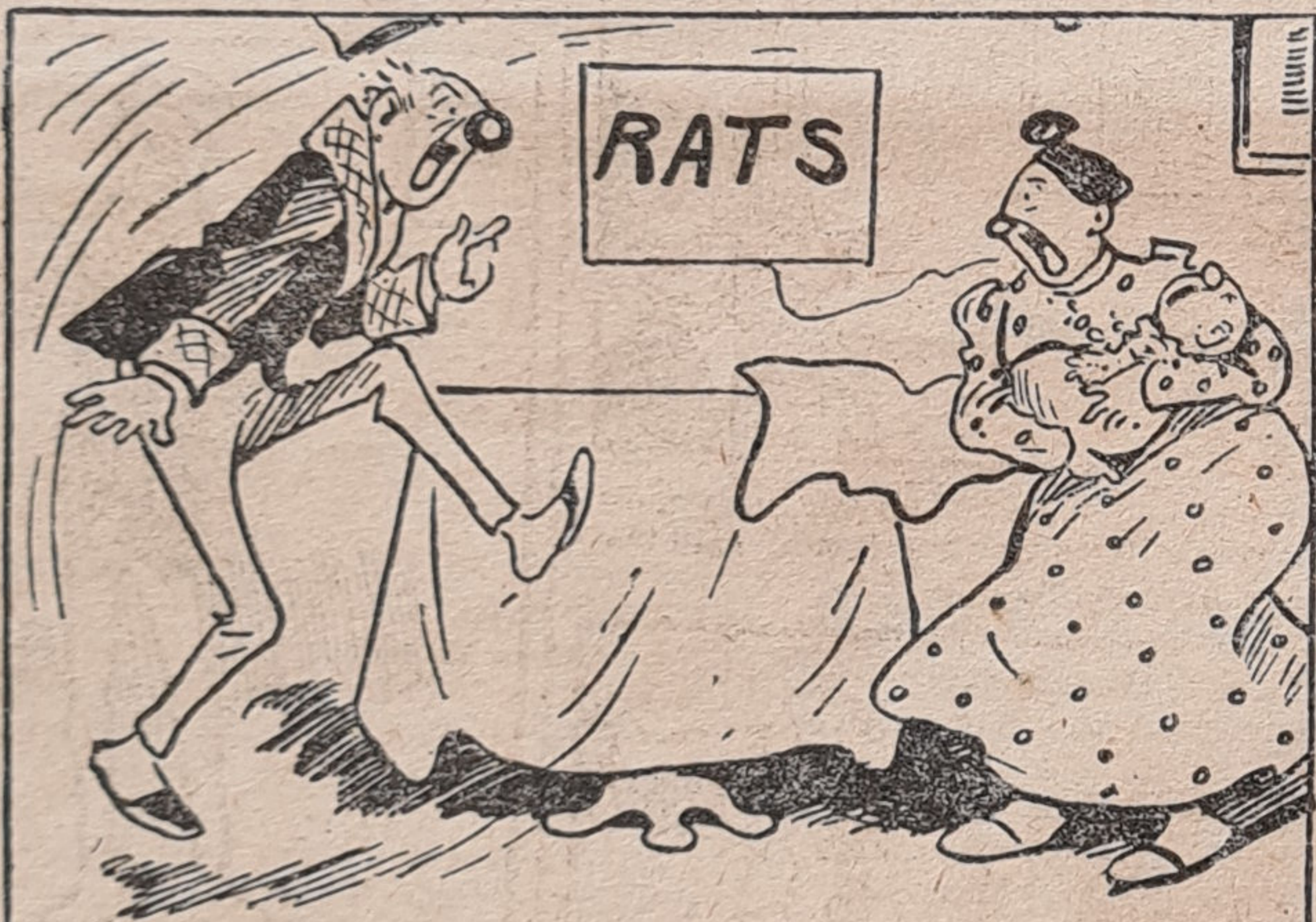
old, the nurse brought him



2.—"Poor little beggar! let's hope he won't grow up like his
father," said the nurse. "Wot do you mean, woming? I'll tell your
mistress. You don't know how to respect your superiors!" observed
the Captain. !



y superior, you are! I say,
a raspberry-nosed father;



4.—"Where did the wedding presents disappear to so mysteriously?
Yer pawned 'em didn't yer, eh?" bawled the woman. "Leave my
presence, or I'll call a constable, you vulgar person!" hollered Doormat.
"Rats!" screeched she. Ain't nurses saucy, eh? ain't they?"

HORRID GIRL.

A MOUTHFUL.



BETTY: "Then hov many hours do you
think a man ought to sleep?"
Harold: "Oh! it depends on the amount
of brain work he does?"
Betty (sweetly): "Then in that case, dear,
you don't need to go to bed at all."



FARMER STUBBLES (to his son, whom he
has taken in for refreshment at the inn):
"Now, Tammus, what are ye a-goin' to
have ter drink?"
Tammus: "Oill 'ave a mouth o' beer,
da!"
Farmer Stubbles: "No, yer don't! Ye
can have a pint, and no more!"

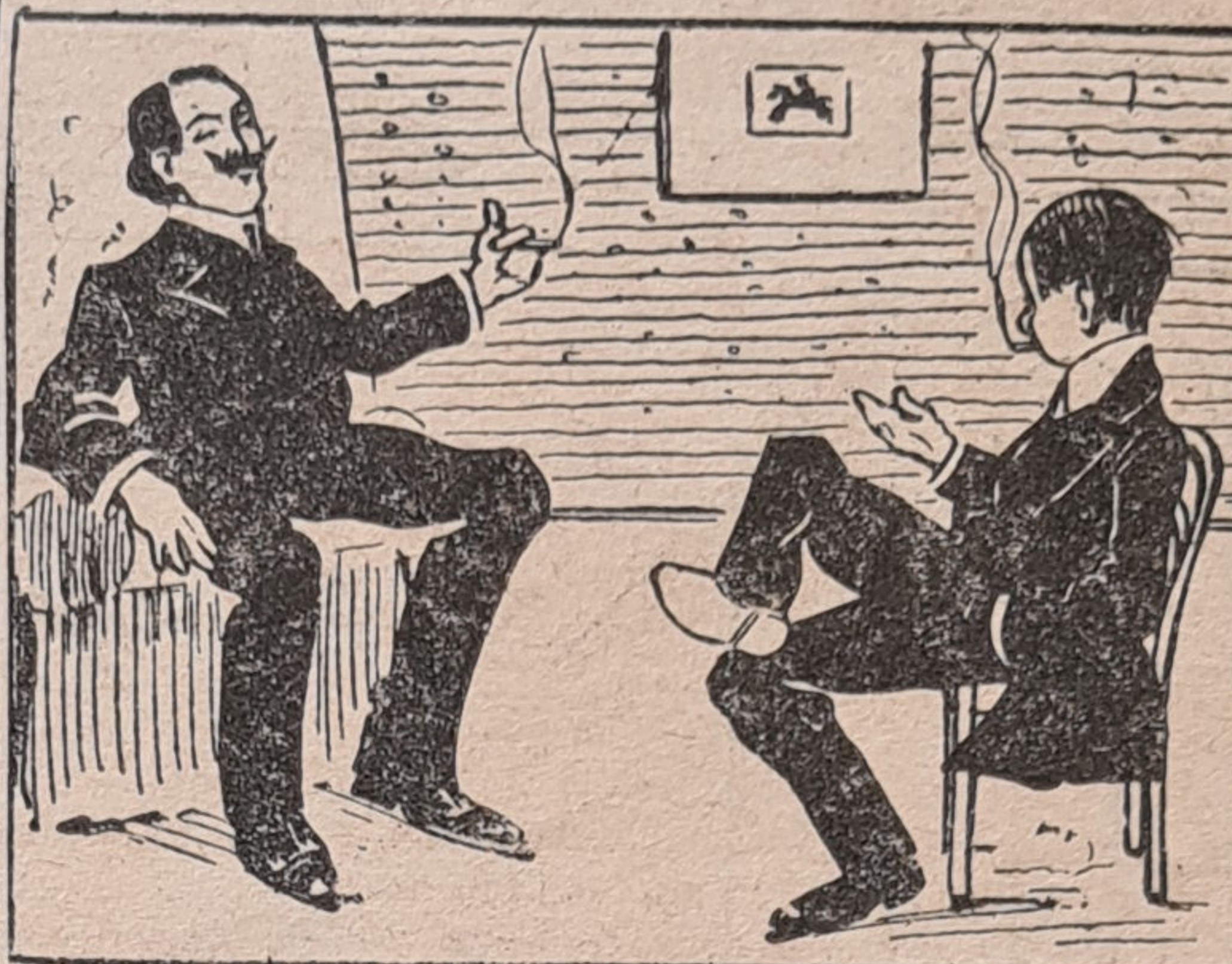
SMILES.

AFTER THE PARTY.



ALGERNON: "Some fool's eollared my hat!"
The Major: "That's curious—some idiot's taken mine!"

HE KNEW.



YOUNG MAN: "What I want is to get married, and
have a peaceful quiet home."
Man of the World: "Well, sometimes it works that
way, and sometimes it's like joining a debating society."

FOUND WORK NOW.



"Yes, my 'usband used to go in for that sort of
thing once, but, thank goodness, 'e's found work now."

HIS LUCK.



GRANDMA: "You are very lucky, my boy, to be a
seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune."
Johnnie: "Well, it ain't so far. All it's brought me
is my brothers' old clothes!"

NOT LIKELY.



"If I were to kiss you, Amelia, would you call
for assistance?"
"D'yer think I need any assistance with one
stingy kiss?"

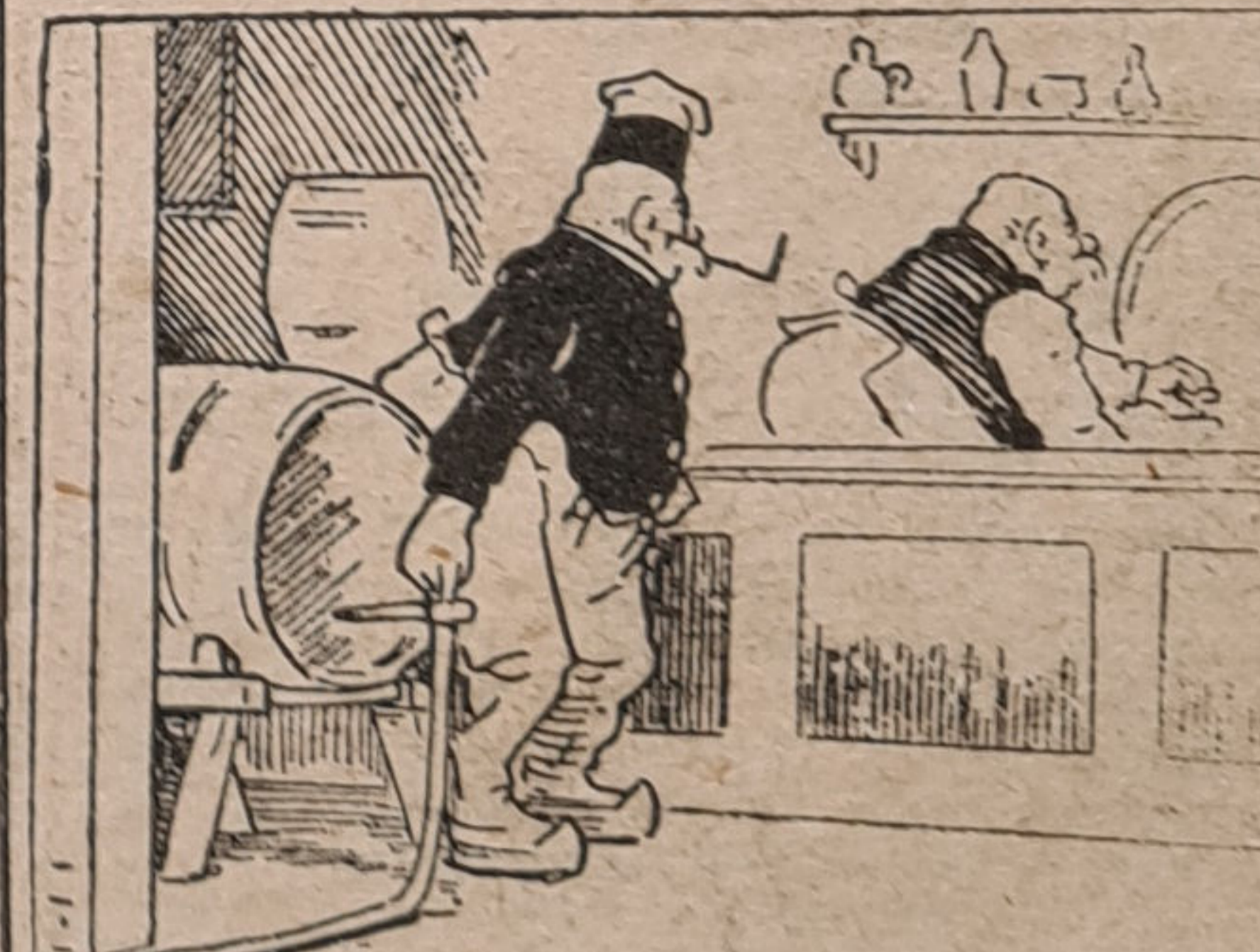
HOW HANS GOT GOOD MEASURE.



1.—WHEN Hans, the double Dutchman, went
for his beer, he left a jolly sight bigger jug out-
side than he took in, which same jug had a tube
in it.



2.—And while Hans was getting served with
his pint of lager, he fixed the tube to a cask,
and turned the tap full on.



3.—And let it run all the time he waited,
which was fully five minutes, 'cos old Vinkle-
splosh was a never sweat.



4.—So that when Hans got outside again, he
found his big jug quite full. "Vel, dare's one
ting about Vinklesplosh," grinned Hans, "he
gives goot measure!"

SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL, IF POSSIBLE, INCREASE THE INTEREST OF THIS PAPER.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARLEY STAINES, Detective.

(Continued from page 2.)

"But if you cannot enter the place—!"
 "This broken pane will serve our purpose!"
 Blake took out his silver fusee box, and struck one.

With a deft movement he jerked it through the broken pane, and it fell on the bed.

It fell close by the poacher's feet, and still burned, in contact with the rough dirty blanket. The movement had been so slight, and so rapid, that it had not been observed by the detective, at some distance, and in the deep dusk of night.

Blake and Phipps continued to watch. Their faces were pale now; their teeth set. Surely nothing now could save the poacher! And with Seth Greene would die the witness whose evidence only could hang the assassin—without whom even Harley Staines could do little or nothing.

The blanket was smouldering. A thin haze of smoke spread through the hovel.

At last it burst into flames. Blake drew a sharp hissing breath.

What could save the poacher now? He did not move. Under the influence of the drug he lay still, breathing stertorously. Even the licking of the flame could not wake him.

Death, in its grimmest form, hovered over the insensible poacher!

The watchers at the window looked on with merciless eyes.

The blanket was all aflame now, and the blaze was spreading over the bed, and catching at the dry wall close to which the bed lay.

Still the poacher moved not!

The dog began to whine and moan. He ran to his master, growling, and tugged at the bed with his teeth, evidently seeking to awaken the doomed man. With a dog's keen instinct he realised the poacher's danger.

But the faithful animal's efforts were in vain. Seth Greene, did not stir.

The dog burst into furious barking. He ran to the door and tried to get out, but could not open it. His barks rang far through the night.

"He'll wake the village," muttered Phipps, uneasily.

Blake's hand slid into his breast.

"Shall I risk a shot to silence him?"

"It would be risky—Fiends! Someone is coming!"

Like a flash the two rascals sped away into the night.

It was Harley Staines who was running towards the hovel.

He had been alarmed by the furious barking of the dog.

Though he could not divine what could be wrong in the hut, he was certain that the dog would never bark so wildly for nothing.

Something was wrong—very wrong, in Seth Greene's hovel.

The shadowy forms of the scoundrels vanished, and Harley Staines reached the hovel.

A glaze of flame-light through the window told him the terrible truth.

The hovel was on fire!

He flung the door open. The dog came bounding out, barking loudly. A rush of flame and smoke met the detective, and he staggered back.

Loudly his shout rang out through the night.

"Fire! fire!"

There was a sound of opening windows and calling voices. The nearest house in the village was fifty yards away. If anything was to be done for the poacher, it was for Harley Staines to do it. For the moment he forgot the scoundrels he had been shadowing; he forgot even the value of the poacher's life to himself. He remembered only that a fellow-being was in danger of a terrible death, and he plunged through flame and smoke into the hut.

He could see nothing: smoke was rolling in thick clouds round him.

"Greene! Seth Greene!"

There was no reply.

"Wake, man, wake! Fire!"

Still silence, save for the crackling flames.

"Greene!"

A faint moan from an unconscious man!

Faint and low, but a sufficient guide to the detective.

He rushed towards the bed. He was choked, throttled, burnt. He heeded nothing. His hands felt the form of the poacher beneath them.

A moment more, and he had gripped the poacher, and raised him in his arms.

With his senses reeling he swung round and made for the door.

Would he ever get out of that death-trap alive?

The horrors of strangulation were at his throat: he staggered under the poacher's heavy weight. He staggered: but he fought on bravely!

A cool breath of air!

**ON THE TRACK!
 THE HARLEY STAINES PUZZLE.**

A Box of Gold had been Stolen. HARLEY STAINES was called in to trace the thief. He taxed a man in the firm's employ with having taken it. This man was the culprit, and before STAINES had time to arrest him, he made a bolt.

HARLEY STAINES was however soon on his track. The thief entered the plan below at the point where the arrow is printed, and was captured by STAINES in the corner where the STAR is printed. WHICH WAY DID HE TRAVEL? We know; we have it marked on a copy of the plan, and we will award

TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS

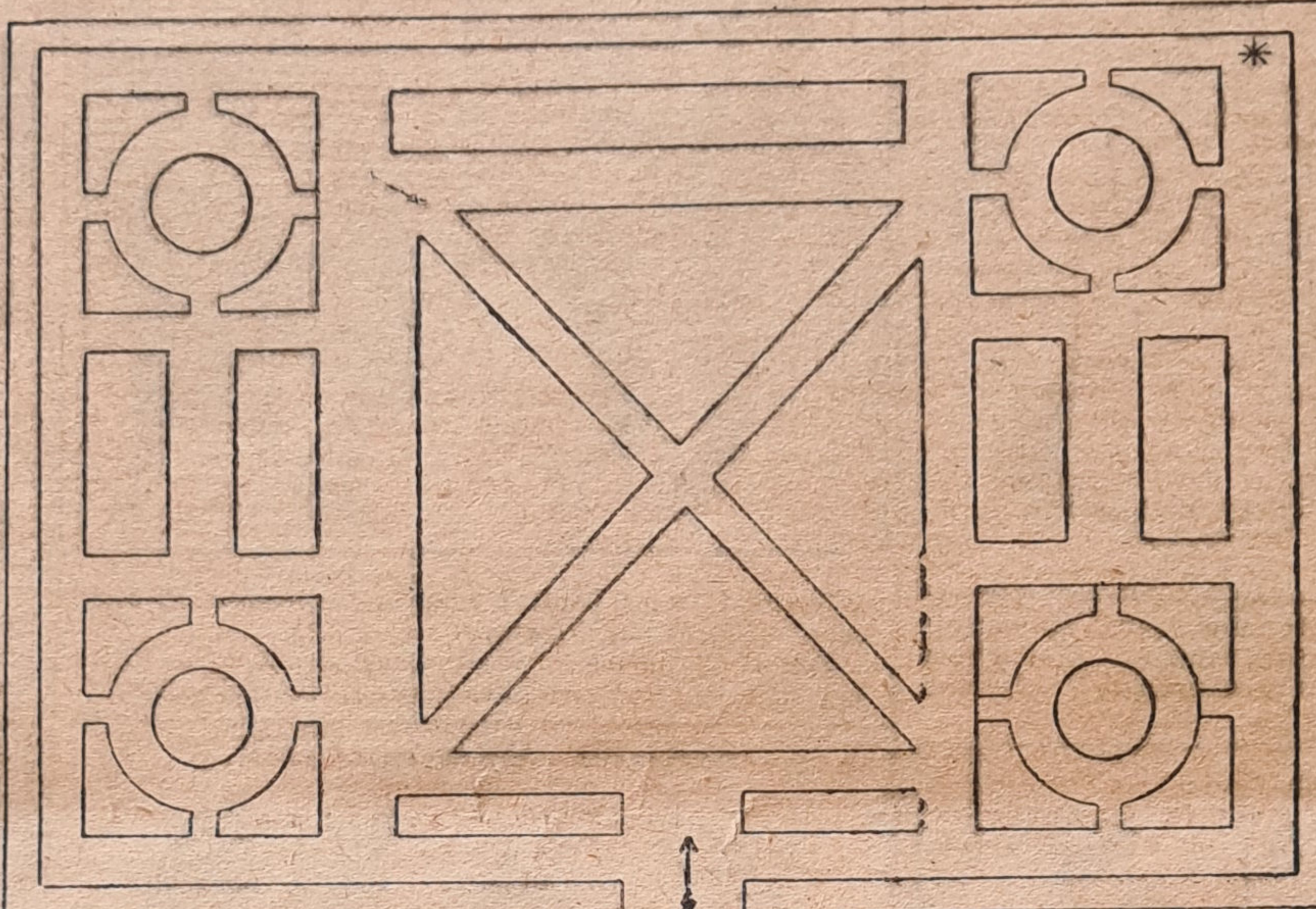
to the reader who sends in the first plan marked with the actual journey he made: and Two Shillings and Sixpence each to the senders of the next five correct solutions received.

And a handsome Library Volume to the senders of the next twenty correct solutions received.

The way the thief travelled must be marked in ink or pencil in one **unbroken line**.

In marking the route you think he travelled you must remember that there are blind streets on the plan and the thief may, of course, have gone down one of these and have to turn back.

You can have as many tries as you like, each plan sent in standing the same chance to obtain a prize.



Send your Plans, when filled in, to the Editor of "Smiles," Fleet Lane, London, E.C.

Name _____

Address _____

Out of the tottering door reeled the detective, his burden still in his arms!

Already there was a crowd on the spot. A ringing cheer greeted the detective as he appeared. Willing arms received the insensible poacher: willing hands supported the exhausted detective. And he needed it: for now that the strain was past, even Harley Staines' iron frame gave way, and he fell in a dead faint.

"Baffled!" NEXT WEEK.

His First Hunt.

PAT was having his first taste of life in the African forest. Borrowing a gun, he set off one day in search of game.

Some time after, his companion spied him in the distance running at full speed home, with a huge lion behind him gaining at every step.

Nearly spent, Pat reached the door just in time to cry:

"Quick, Mike, open the door! I'm bringing him home alive!"

Why She was Calm.

A BACHELOR was recently travelling in a tramcar with a newly-married couple of his acquaintance. It was a rainy morning.

The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who passed up and down the car, but an awkward boy, on his way to the door, managed to fall over and break it.

"Oh, I am sorry!" stammered the unfortunate, with a scarlet face.

"Never mind. I'm sure it wasn't your fault." The lady smiled up at him without a trace of anger, or even irritation, on her face.

"Well, I must say your wife is an angel!" exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "Most women would have withered that clumsy fellow with a look, if they had not scorched him with words."

"She is an angel," said the married man, as he picked up the pieces of the umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife; "but—she's wanted a new umbrella for a month, and now she knows I'll have to get it for her!"

Pretty Enough To Make It.

"Do you think it will take, doctor?" asked the charming young girl, who had just been vaccinated.

"Well," replied the gallant doctor, "if it doesn't take on an arm as pretty as that, I'll have no respect for vaccination hereafter."

Winners in the Harley Staines' Second Puzzle Competition.

- 1ST PRIZE.—V. Saunders, Lily Hoo Boltring, Pad-dock Wood, Kent.
- 2ND PRIZE.—Mason, 569, King's Road, Fulham.
- 3RD PRIZE.—R. D. Williams, 68, Rosebery Street, Gorton, Manchester.
- 4TH PRIZE.—E. C. Lempriere, 10, Highbury Mansions, N.
- 5TH PRIZE.—J. Baird, 5, Sutton Street, Durham.
- 6TH PRIZE.—Miss K. Turner, 49, Inwood Road, Hounslow.

BOOK PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO THE FOLLOWING:—

- William Hurst, 5, Rose Yard, Mount Street, New Bas-toed.
- J. Myott, 3, Every Place, Mount Street, Nottingham.
- Thomas J. Woods, 94, Cundy Road, Custom House, Victoria Docks, Essex.
- R. Popor, 7, Brittain Street, Sheffield.
- Allen Sutton, High Street, Seal, Sevenoaks.
- P. Ruter, No. 3, Founder Ward, Middlesex Hospital.
- Sydney Hodges, Astwood Bank, Redditch.
- Thomas Robson, 110, Bothal Terrace, Peggwood Colliery, Morpeth.
- Richard Wilson, 4, Windsor Terrace, Newbiggin-By-Sea.
- F. Roper, 7, Brittain Street, Sheffield.
- John W. Giles, 16, Station Street, Barry Docks, Glam.
- John Gregory, 51, Brick Street, Middlesbrough.
- U. Attridge, Goree Villas, Ordnance Road, Hounslow.
- F. D. Nicklas, 12, Christ Church Road, South Ash-ford, Kent.
- William J. Lee, Burrow Road, Howth, co. Dublin.
- Joseph Bridgford, 8, Frederick Street, Queen's Road, Manchester.
- Miss A. Shilletts, 17, Brunswick Street, Top Moor Side, Holbeck, Leeds.
- A. Thurgood, 1, Austin Road, Battersea.
- Mrs. Plack, 61, Natal Road, Ilford.
- Chas. H. Archer, 45, Queen Street, Louth, Lincoln-shire.

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 2. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the Coupon is signed.
 3. That notice of the accident be given to the Company guaranteeing this insurance within seven days of its occurrence.
 4. That death result within one month from the date of the accident.
 5. That no person can claim in respect of more than one of these Coupons.
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Down Below.
 Hicks: "Well, it's all over with old Skinner now."
 Wicks: "Very charitable of you to say that."
 Hicks: "Charitable? The man's dead!"
 Wicks: "Yes, and some people firmly believe that it's all under with him now."

Couldn't Wait.
 A COMEDIAN was rehearsing his part in a new play, the author of which was present. The actor departed once or twice from the "book," and "gagged," or inserted jokes of his own.
 The author was horrified at the idea of such tampering with his work, and he told the comedian he must desist.
 "My dear boy," he said, "be good enough not to 'gag,' please. Speak my lines and wait for the laugh."
 "All right," said the comedian, sorrowfully, "only my last train goes at midnight!"

Clever Matilda.
 "YOUR father is just a little bit—well—opinionated, you know, dear, and I'm rather afraid as to what he will say when I ask him," said he.
 "That's all right, George. I know how to manage papa," she replied.
 So the next morning she went to papa in a state of great indignation, and exclaimed:—
 "What do you think has happened? That absurd young man, Mr. Jenkins, has had the impertinence to propose to me!"
 "Absurd young man!" exclaimed her father.
 "Who are you calling absurd? Let me tell you that I consider Mr. Jenkins a hard-working, steady, respectable young fellow, just the very sort of a husband for you. You'll die an old maid, Matilda, if you're so confoundedly particular. Just you tell Mr. Jenkins to see me, and I'll make it all right!"
 And it was "all right."

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