

# THIS IS THE tO "THE WORLD'S COMIC."

#### MAKING 24 PAGES.

# SMILES.

No. 48. Vol. 2.7

MAX 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 thowt 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 hus!"

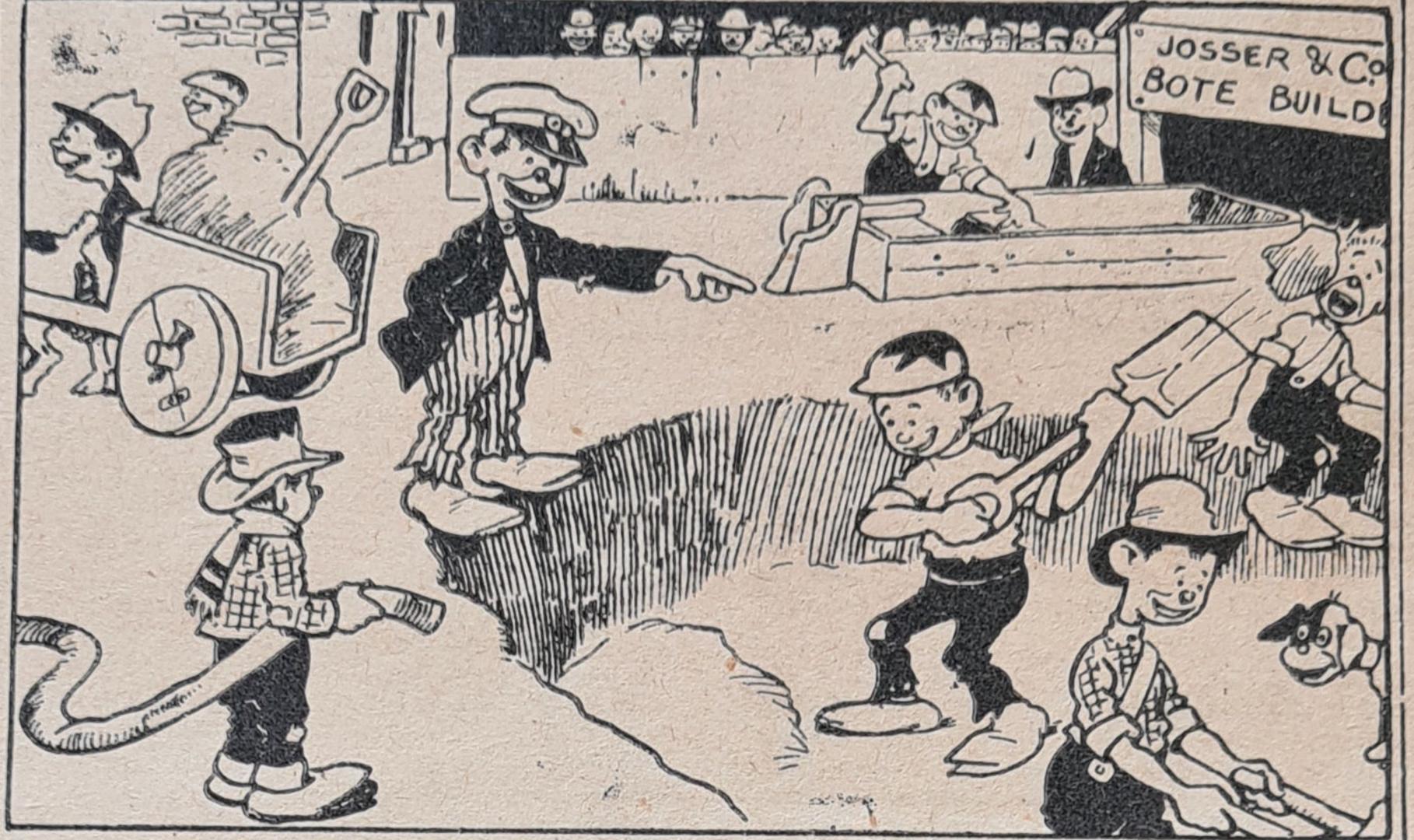


3.—"'Ere, Mr. Man," yelled Snodgers, "where's the best looking folks in the world?" "Why, you've just been looking at them!" grinned the artful proprietor.

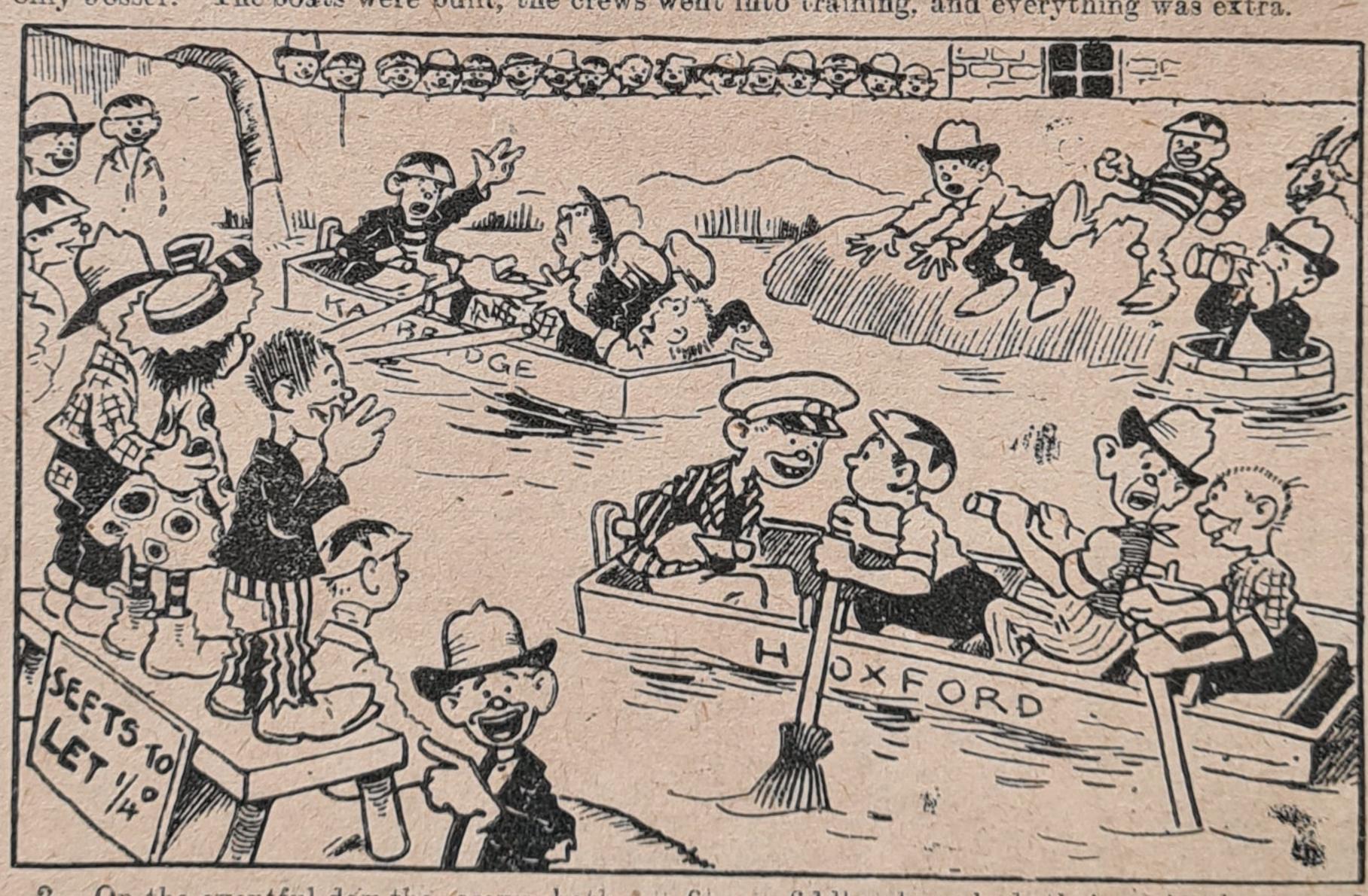


4.—"There y'ar, Maria," chuckled Snodgers, as they toddled out delighted. "I allus knew we'd be bad to beat when it comes ter good looks." "Sold again and got the money!" chuckled the showman.

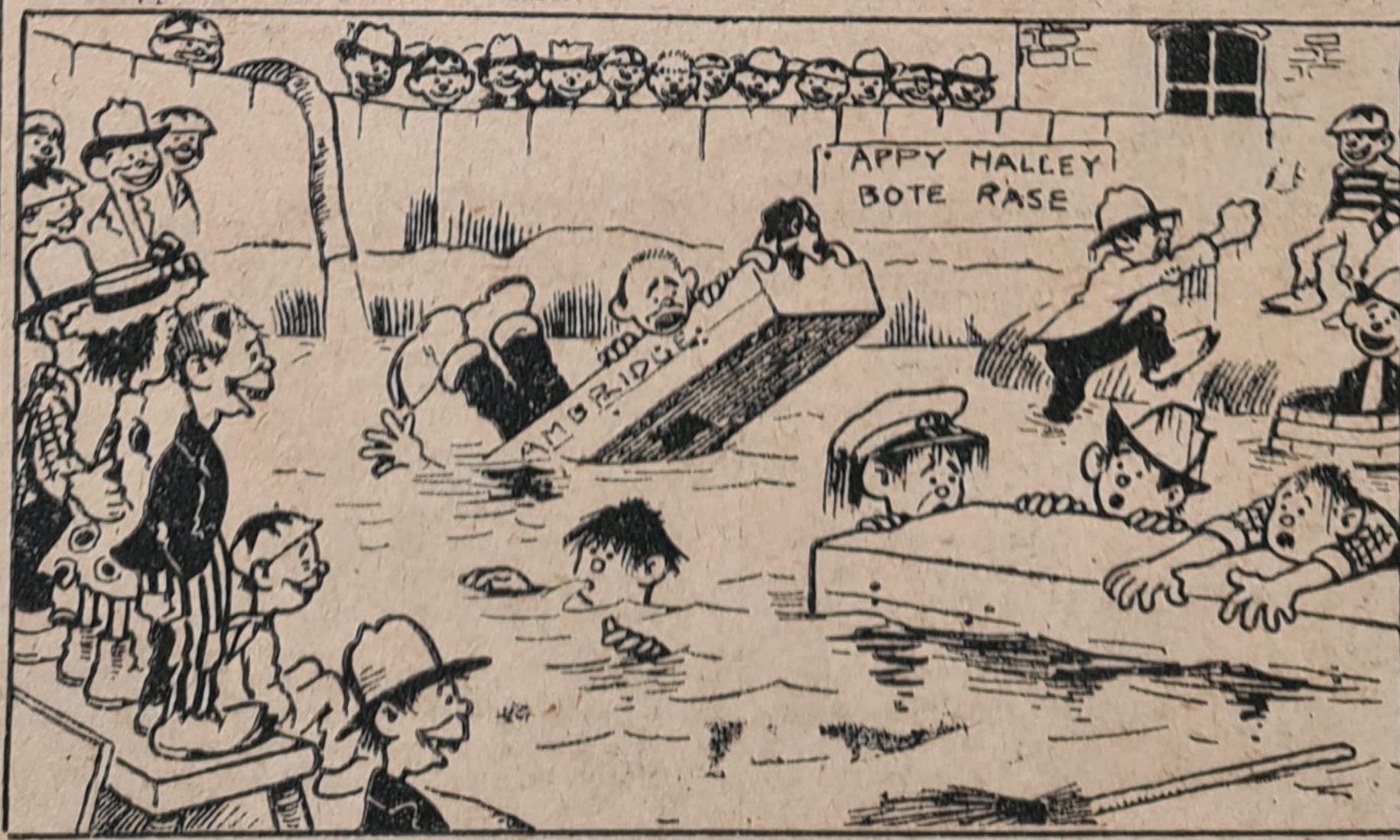
## HAPPY ALLEY BOAT RACE BREAKS THE RECORD.



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 Josser. 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 Josser, commanded the Oxford boat, which appeared to be a certain winner.

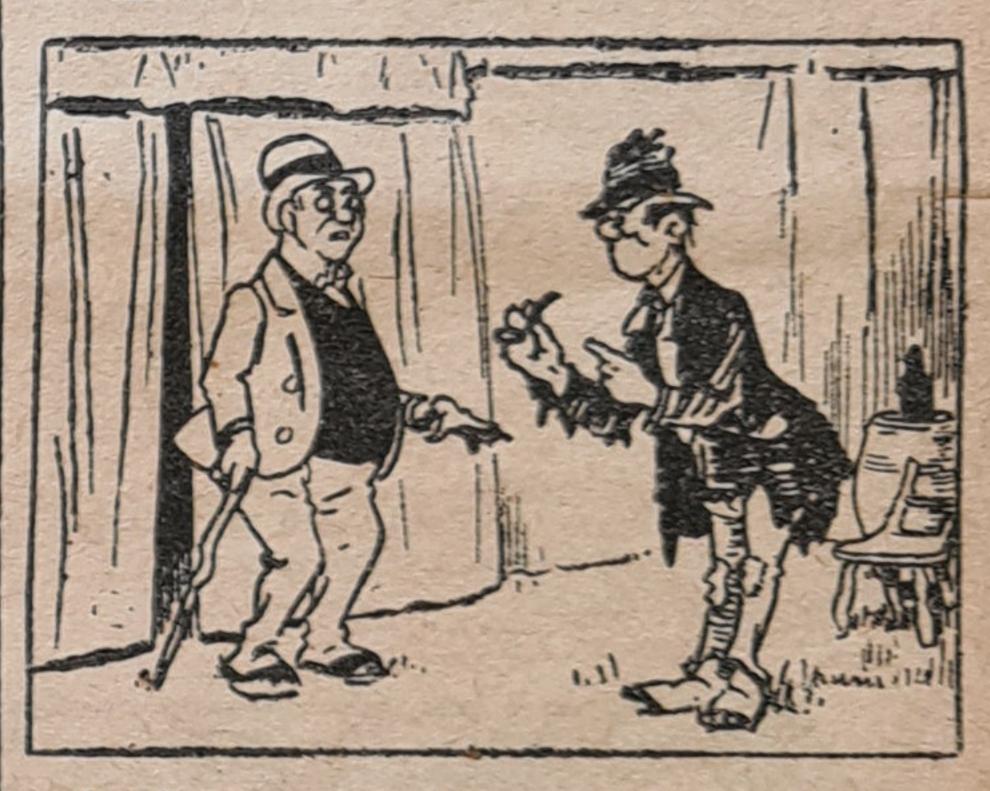


3.—When, unfortunately, in the excitement, both crews upset their boats, and were precipitated into the water, which in places was fully three feet deep. However, they were finally rescued, and the spectators appeared to enjoy this part of the race immensely. The crews had covered a distance of 34 feet,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



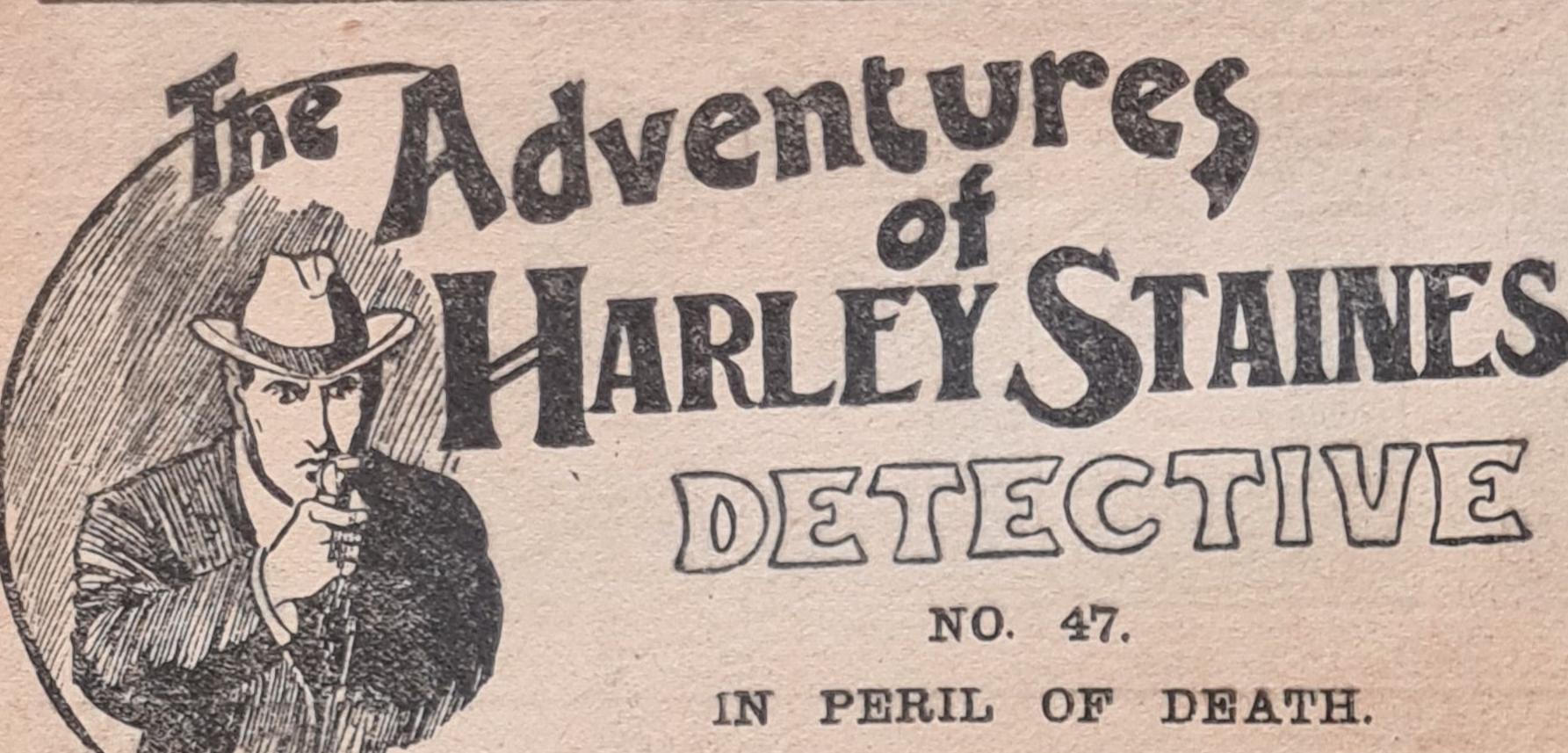
2.—So he parted with his tanner, and when he got inside, all he saw was a seedy-looking gent, who began to cadge tobacco and matches.



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." Put.
Tupman didn't!



Greene, the poacher, lay twisting and turning much. And this gan is loaded!" in pain. He was alone, save for the dog that was curled on the floor near the bed, watching fully, and arrange-" its ruffianly master with steadfast eyes.

A form appeared in the light of the smokey | land, as you deserve!" lamp, and the poscher 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 nothing." 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 tried to kill me in the wood."

Algernon Blake shook his head.

"It was not I."

"Liar!"

The gentleman ground his teeth.

It was hard to endure the lie direct from this brutal ruffian.

way to temper when his interests, even his life, were at stake.

He was calm and smiling again in a moment. I'll hang you!" "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."

10 get rid of you, and you think I would go to he would have no mercy. the risk of murder."

"I know you would!"

fine feller!"

orders."

make terms with you."

Upon a rough bed, in his rude hovel, Seth in your throat, your pistol wouldn't help you "I have come to talk matters over peace-

"I don't know that I will do it now. My There was a sound at the door. Seth Greene life ain't safe while you're alive; I'd be safer turned his eyes towards it as it swung open. if you were hanged for killing Colonel Cleve-

> "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

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?"

"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 But Algernon Blake was not likely to give 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,

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 | tion!" "Ah! you know it would be to my interest of another attempt. But if Blake refused,

> F Algernon Blake knew it, and so he nodded assent.

He had no intention of paying such than have the poacher tell all he knew.

At all events, he He didn't tell me who he was." must gain time-time was everything to him now.

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

The poscher 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 screw 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 fellyour pal ?"

Blake watched the poacher closely.

He had not the faintest idea that it was Harley Staines, the detective, who had inter- It was a stranger saved him from us." "And I repeat that I don't believe a word fered at that critical moment to save the life of it. Keep, your distance, you hound! My of the poacher.

dog is ready to spring, and if he got his teeth | He had taken it for granted that it was some | "Ah! is that what you guess?"

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.

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 weck."

"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 ques-

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

the wood?"

"I don't know."

an extravagant sum if as much as I am. If I am exrested you lose upon his life." he could possibly get your money, as I shall lose my life. It's to out of it, but he your interest, as much as mine, to give me would rather pay it information. Was it Harley Staines?"

"I tell you I don't know. It was black said Blake, between his teeth. "Come!" as pitch in the wood, and I couldn't see him.

"Curses! And could you not guess?"

"I guessed he was a detective." "He questioned you?"

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 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 'andy 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 stepped 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.

"Harley Staines!" cried Phipps, in a gasping

"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 an 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 It was still safe to silence the poacher if the | 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 ?

"Was it Harley Staines who helped you in | talk. Even if I pay the scoundrel the sum he demands, he will then be provided for for life, and there is nothing to keep him from then "Greene, don't be a fool. You're in this betraying me, out of revenge for the attempt

"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," "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 "Yes, he wanted me for a witness against Staines. He had shadowed the rascals from the manor.

He looked after them in the dimness of the What was their intention? They were

paced the hovel in deep agitation. "He knows! looking into the hovel through the small, patched Yet when I talked with him he gave no sign! 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 stertoriously. 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?"

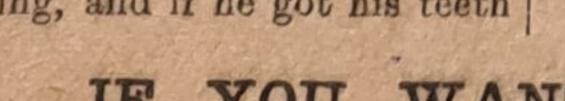
"There are more ways than one of killing a cat, or a blackmailer," said Blake, with a savage smile. "This hut is old and dry as tinder; it will burn as easily as matchwood."

"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.)

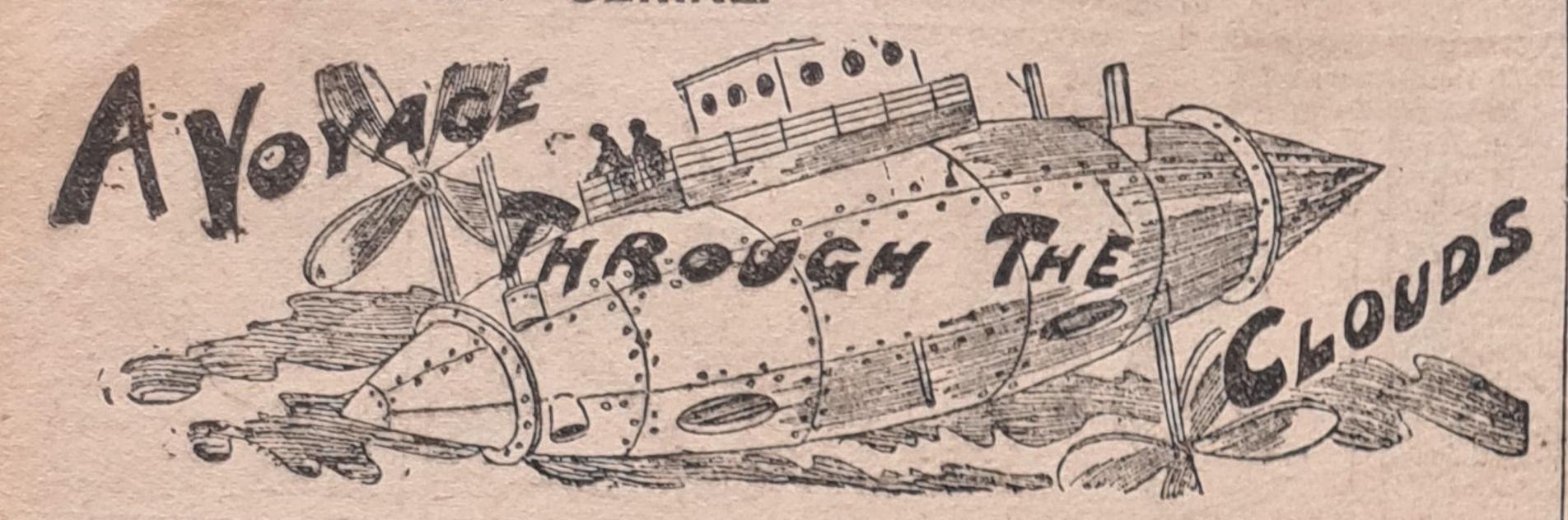


"You are mistaken. I am here now to

"I repeat that Phipps acted without my

"Yes, because you failed to kill me."

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



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS:

Dr. Clyne, a famous scientist, announces to Captain Cary, a weather-beaten, whiskered sailerman, Frank Clyne, the Doctor's nephew, and Denver, an engineer, his intention of sailing by air-ship, the Scud, a surprising Invention of his own, to Central Africa.

The Doctor takes them for a private trip by moonlight to demonstrate the working of the ship, which proves a success. The Doctor states the object of the proposed fourney is to verify the story as told to him by Lascelles Wynn, of a mountain Glen where gold is as common as earth. Wynn is robbed of the nuggets he obtained by one Blake Carton (Denver's cousin and double).

As Denver leaves the house he suddenly meets Carton himself, who insists on being taken to Central Africa. A refusal ends with Denver being overpowered.

Considerable surprise is caused by the unpunctual arrival of Denver for the start. Having reached the Nyam-Nyam-a cannibal-country-they descend in quest of fresh meat, and are altacked by a force of natives. They ascend, and are caught in a tropical storm. Denver recovers, and gets " on the track."

#### A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE!

Splash!

Amid the grim darkness, the howling of the storm, the two unfortunate voyagers plunged into the surging waters of the Albert Nyanza.

The splash was lost in the roar of the wind. The waters were tossing and whirling, hurled into great waves by the blast, and Frank, as he plunged into the lake, felt himself tossed to and fro like a cork.

He struck out bravely for his life.

His hand struck something solid, and immediately a grasp was laid upon his arm.

In falling, the young man had parted with the engineer, but they had plunged in very near together, and now the latter had seized the land, and been killed instantly. upon Frank, and was clinging to him for dear

Frank, in imminent danger of being dragged under by the weight, shoved the man roughly raging wind, had borne them to the shore, and off, at the same time getting a grip upon his the mud was beneath their feet. collar to aid him.

The engineer seemed utterly unable to help himself: he clung blindly to Frank, without making an effort to save his life.

Either he was dazed by terror, or he did not know how to swim, and in either case it was clear that Frank had all the work to do for two.

The young man set his teeth hard. Alone he might have had a chance of life, for he was a splendid swimmer, but burdened by the helpless engineer, the chance became almost infinitesimal.



Drew the engineer up the sloping bank.

But he never even thought of abandoning his comrade.

He prevented the engineer from gripping him in a way that would have meant death to with masses of foliage. both, and fastened his grasp upon the helpless man behind, so that his wild struggles could do drifting trees and floating vegetation. no harm.

Thus he kept himself and his companion alloat, while the raging waters tossed them to his eyes.

and fro.

The din of the wind and water was deafening, the darkness wrapped them as in a sable pall.

They could hear nothing, see nothing, and only struggle blindly in the blackness and fight off death as long as they could.

Frank put his lips close to the engineer's oar | are we going to do now?" and shouted to him.

"Make an effort, man. Why don't you buck scanned the sunny sky.

The engineer made no reply.

Perhaps even so close Frank's words were inaudible in the storm, perhaps the man was too dazed by fright.

Ho was still a helpless burden upon the young Englishman, and though he would never abandon him, Frank had begun to despair.

He felt himself choked and stifled by the din, the darkness, the endless uproar of the storm, and his strength was giving out.

Suddenly a thrill ran through him.

His feet had touched something under the water.

Were they near the shore?

Yes, there it was again, shifting mud that for a moment clung to his feet.

His heart beat hard.

He understood now. The air-ship had driven completely across the great lake in the swift rush of the storm, and the fallen voyagers had dropped into the water close to the opposite

Had the Scud driven on much further before the fall, they would have crashed down upon

It was by Heaven's mercy that they had fallen into the lake.

And now the waters, driven eastward by the

That knowledge was sufficient to revive Frank's hopes, and give him new strength.

His grip upon the engineer tightened, and he for the Arab slave-raiders from Zanzibar." struck out more powerfully with his free hand. Something loose and slimy trailed across his face: it was the branch of a fallen troe.

next moment he was plunged in slime on the shore, up to his thighs in clinging, washing ooze, Through it he scrambled desperately land-

him as if reductant to lose its prey, but with bals, who will cook us at our own fire. But we his last ounce of strength he dragged himself | have no other way of attracting the attention of from the clutch of it, and drew the engineer up | the Scud. The doctor's glasses cannot penetrate the sloping bank.

Once beyond the reach of the waters, he sank | the least idea in what spot the waves will have down utterly exhausted beside the engineer.

His senses fled, and he lay quiet, motionless, at all." seemingly lifeless, while the storm raged over him, the lake washed and foamed, and branches were crashing on all sides of him.

Deaf to every sound, he slept the sleep of exhaustion.

It was hours before his eyes opened. Then he gazed around him in amazement.

He had closed his eyes upon a scene of terror and desolation, the equal of which he had never

beheld before. He opened them in the dawn of a calm, tropical morning.

With true tropical abruptness the change had come while he slept, and now the wind was calm, a gentle zephyr, the sky was blue and sunny, the lake was rippling and glimmering in the sun-

Frank staggered to his feet.

strength, and he felt the blood flow freely in his | sky. veins as he stretched his limbs.

The sun had already dried his clothes, but he was calced with mud from head to foot, and felt indescribably dirty and ragged.

tropical morning, there were very plain traces savage encampment, but he is certain to come witnesses was asked by a magistrate: "And to be seen of the havoc of last night's storm. Huge trees, uprooted by the blast, had crashed

down in the forest, crushing smaller growths under their enormous weight. Broken branches lay thick upon the ground,

The smiling waters of the lake were dotted with

Frank glanced down at his companion. The engineer was just sitting up and rubbing

"What has happened?" he gasped. But before Frank could reply be remembered the terrible adventures of the night.

He shuddered as he rose to his feet. "Did you get me ashore, Clyne?" Frank nodded.

"I must have been stuaned by the fall in the water," said the engineer. "I remember nothing after the fall from the Scud." "No doubt."

"Did you fall too, or come in after me?" "I was holding you, and your weight pulled me over."

"You might have let go," said the engineer, and satisfaction. slowly. "You might have let me drop, Clyne."

Frank looked at him.

"Would you have done so, had the cases been reversed?" he asked.

The engineer coloured.

"I don't know."

"I hope not, at any rate," said Frank. "But never mind that. The question is, what

The engineer turned his gaze upward and

There was no sign of the air-ship to be seen. "They're bound to look for us," he remarked. "If we could fix up some signal to attract their attention, we should be all right."

"Yes, certainly; the doctor won't quit the Nyanza until he knows what has become of us," assented Frank. "They're pretty certain to think we are drowned, but they will have a search at least. How anxious they must be."

"I suppose so. What kind of a signal shall we try?" The engineer knitted his brows in thought. "A fire would be a good idea: the smoke would rise above the trees, and if they saw it they might guess."

Frank looked doubtful.

"But the smoke might attract others, less welcome," he remarked. "I suppose the shores of this lake are inhabited."

"Undoubtedly, and by savage tribes." "We are unarmed," said Frank. "At least, I

The engineer tapped his breast

I have a revolver here, and as I keep it in a waterproof case, I think it will be all right. Not that it would be of much use against a tribe of cannibals."

"You think the natives here are cannibals?" said Frank, with a shudder.

"I know they are."

"Then the less we see of them the better." "True, but the cannibals are not the only scoundrels along the shores of the lake," said the engineer. "This is a happy hunting-ground

"Do you think they would interfere with us?"

The engineer laughed. "I should say so. They do not love the He grasped at it, but it eluded him. The | English, who have nearly ruined the trade of catching and selling niggers in the interior."

Frank reflected. "Well, we shall have to risk it," he said. "If we light a fire, it may bring the slave-raiders The water was washing round him, surging down upon us, and it may bring here the canniinto this forest from above, and he cannot have

> "You are right. The sooner the better; it is useless to play with our fate. Let's get to work," said the engineer, briskly.

washed us ashore, even if he thinks we are ashore

There was ample dry wood to be found by the lake, and the castaways soon had a big pile of gret to inform you that when I go bath this it in the clearest spot they could find for a morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear

had escaped the wet, and he soon ignited the pile of fuel.

The wood underneath crackled and burnt brightly, but over it they piled green wood, so that a dense column of black smoke went up from the glade.

The work occupied but ten minutes, and then they sat down upon logs by the fire to keep it fed. There was hardly any wind, and the column of smoke rose almost directly through | was charged at the local police-court with con-The long sleep had completely restored his the trees, and poured upward to the sunny

must see that," said Frank, glancing upward. of his customers. There was an entrance fee of "It must be visible for miles, and the doctor sixpence, and the matter was decided with dice, will be searching the horizon with his most the highest thrower winning. In spite of the calmness and beauty of the powerful glass. He may take it as a sign of a and investigate on the chance."

> was keeping a keen look-out for any foes who about it.' might be attracted by the smoke from the

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. the trigger.

Frank, alarmed by his look, sprang up also. "What is it?"

" Danger 1"

Frank caught up a handy log to use as a club; he had no other weapon. He followed the direction of the engineer's glance. From an opening of the trees a man was staring at them. He was an arab, as could be seen by his aquiline features, his glittering black eyes, his brown skin, his dirty burnouse. He had a longbarrelled, silver-mounted rifle in his hand, and a scimitar and dagger in his sash.

But it was only for a moment that the engineer

grasped his revolver.

Then he lowered it with a cry of amazement

"Hamid Boy, by al that's holy!"

The Arab, evidently amazed at hearing his



The engineer stepped to meet him with outstretched hand.

name spoken, advanced into the glade, and the engineer stepped to meet him with outstretched hand.

(To be continued.)

#### Wrongly Named.

"No." remarked a man who had travelled and had returned to the place of his birth. "the village is not what it used to be; many of the old landmarks have vanished." "What landmarks?" asked a native resent-

"Why, the town pump, for instance." "Call that a landmark? I call it a water-

#### Off Duty.

A NATIVE postman on the Gold Coast, after bathing, sent the following letter to his postmaster:-

"Dear Master,-I have the pleasure to re-Master, how can I go on duty with only one The engineer had matches in a tin case which | trouser? If he get less where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser so I catch him and go duty.

> "Good day, sir, my Lord, how are you? "Your loving corporal, . J. ADDIE."

#### Still Doubtful.

Nor long ago, the landlord of a certain inn ducting a lottery on his licensed premises.

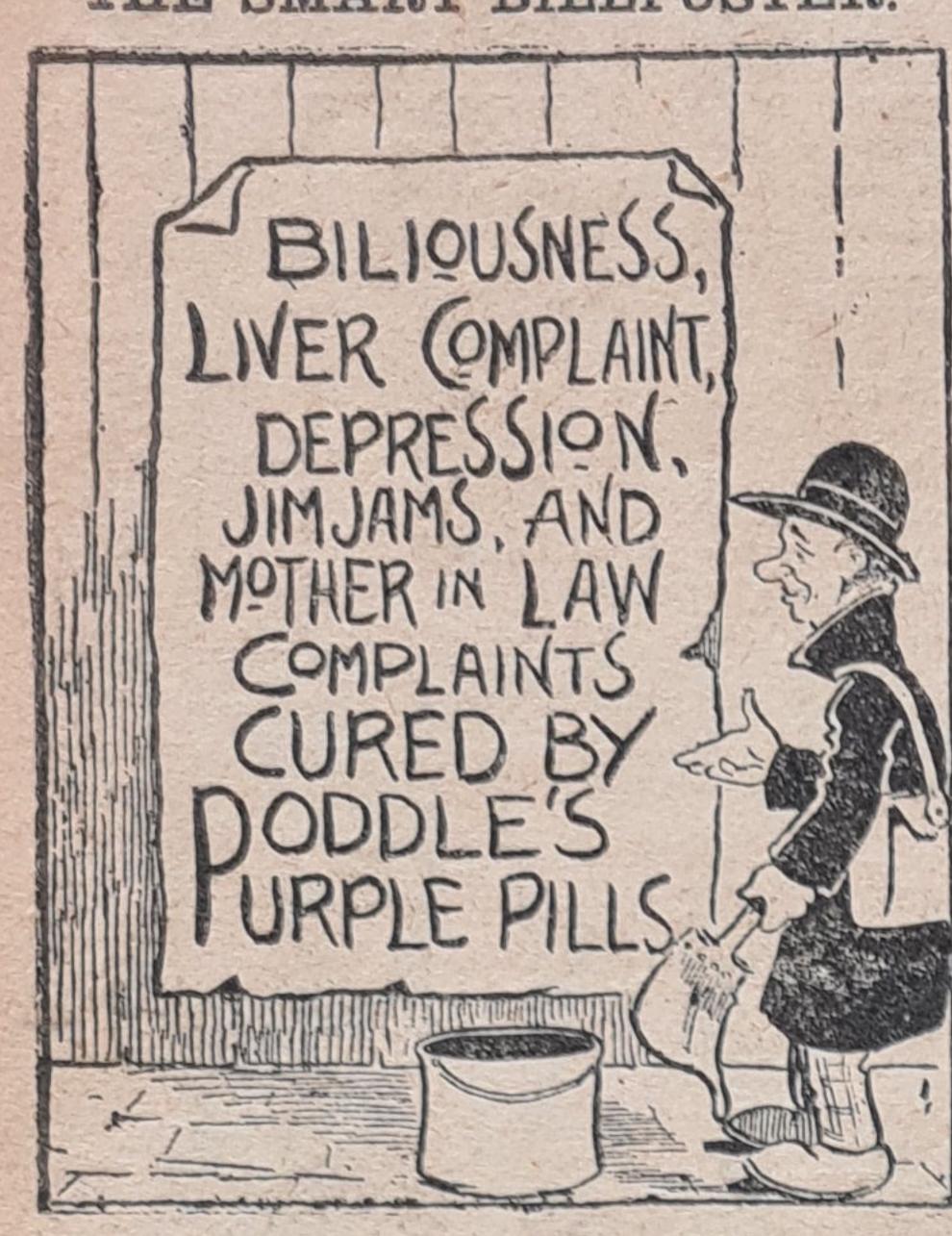
From the evidence of the police, the de-"If they are anywhere near at hand, they fendant had offered a duck to be won by one

> In the course of his evidence one of the did you win anything ?"

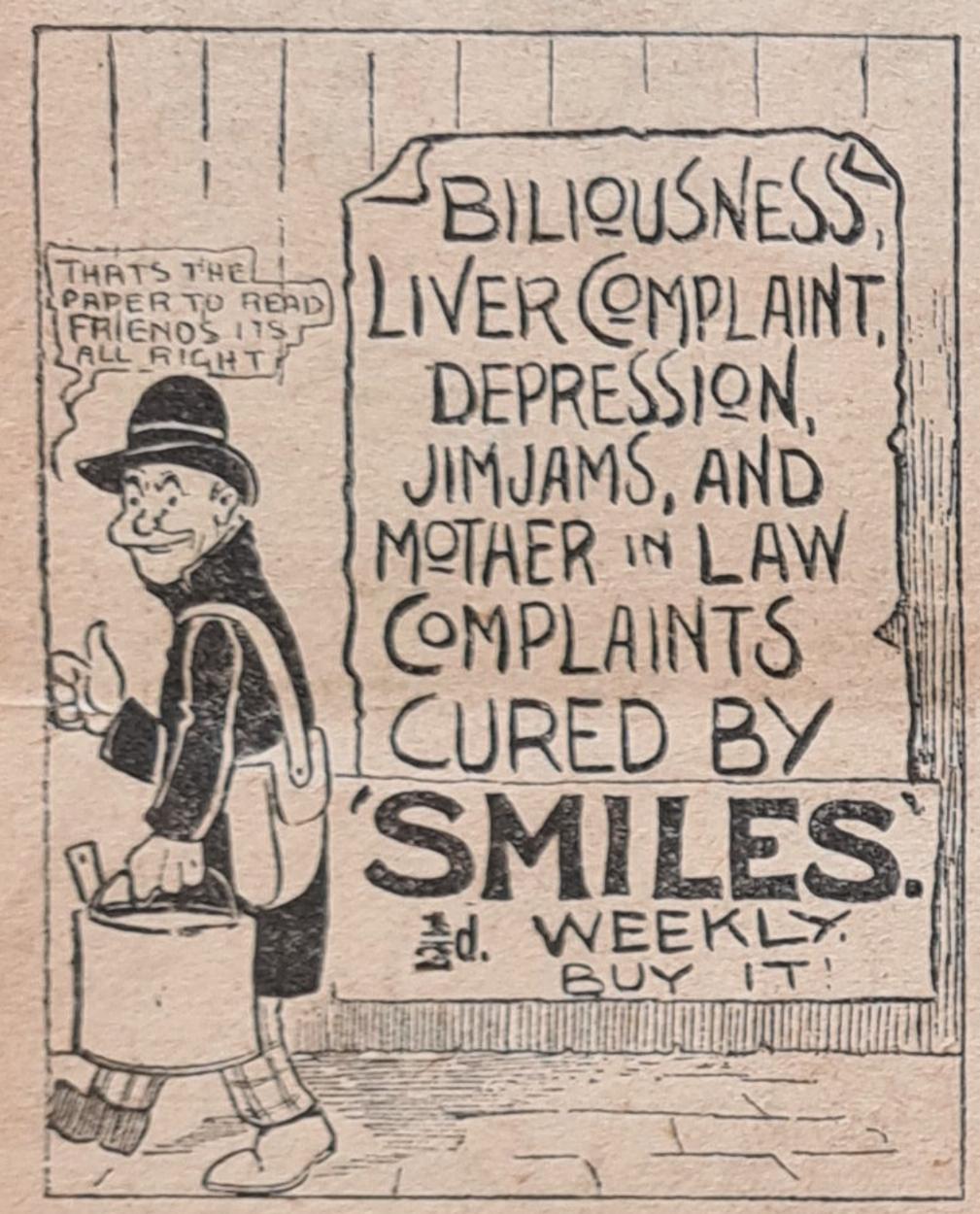
"Well, although I've got the duck, I should The engineer had taken out his revolver, and like to say." replied the witness, "I've a doubt

> "Nonsense," said the magistrate, "if you won the duck, you must remember it."

"Oh," was the calm reply, "I was awarded His eyes were glittering, and his finger was on the duck right enough; but as five of the unsuccessful competitors turned up to my house to dinner the following Sunday, I'm still doubtful if I won anything."



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.

#### 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.

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



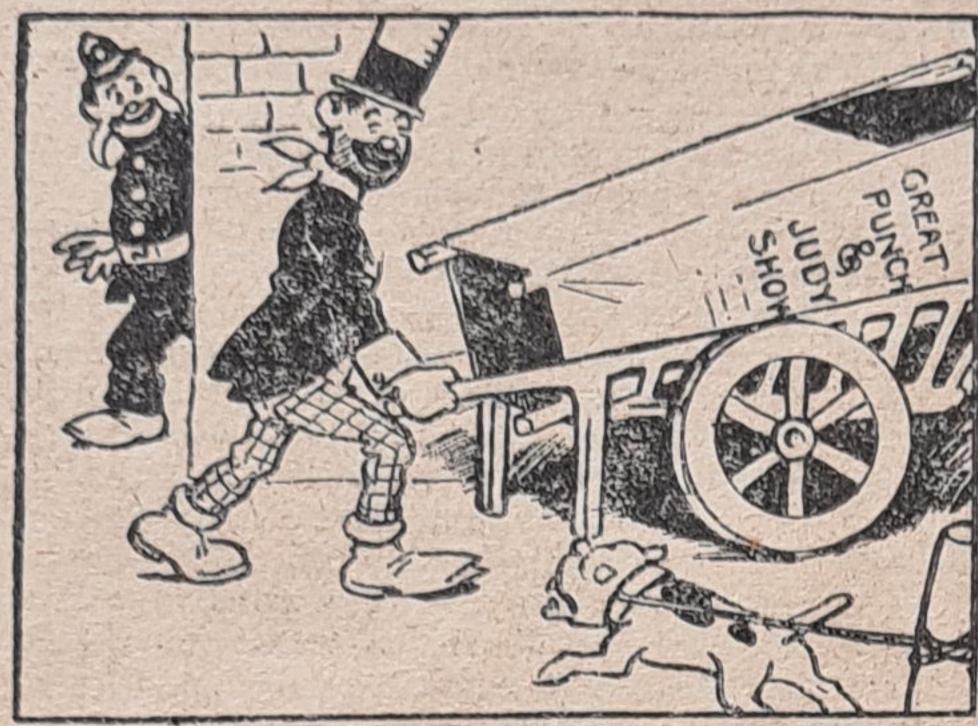
2.—" Ever ready to help beauty in distress, we dashed after the hat, and so did the boy next door, who happened to be passing.



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

AINT

AUNT



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

3.—The show was a great success, and every-

HE CAUGHT IT.

"Well, but how did you entch such a cold?"

"Why, I made an undershirt of a story paper

TRUST

DIED

dog came along ---

HOW



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



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



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



### SEASONABLE.



MADAME QUACH: "Why ! how hoarse you are! Are you ill ? "

"No! only a frog in my throat."





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

#### ANSWER.



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!"

last week, and there was a yarn in it what would give anybody cold chills." WEEK THAT



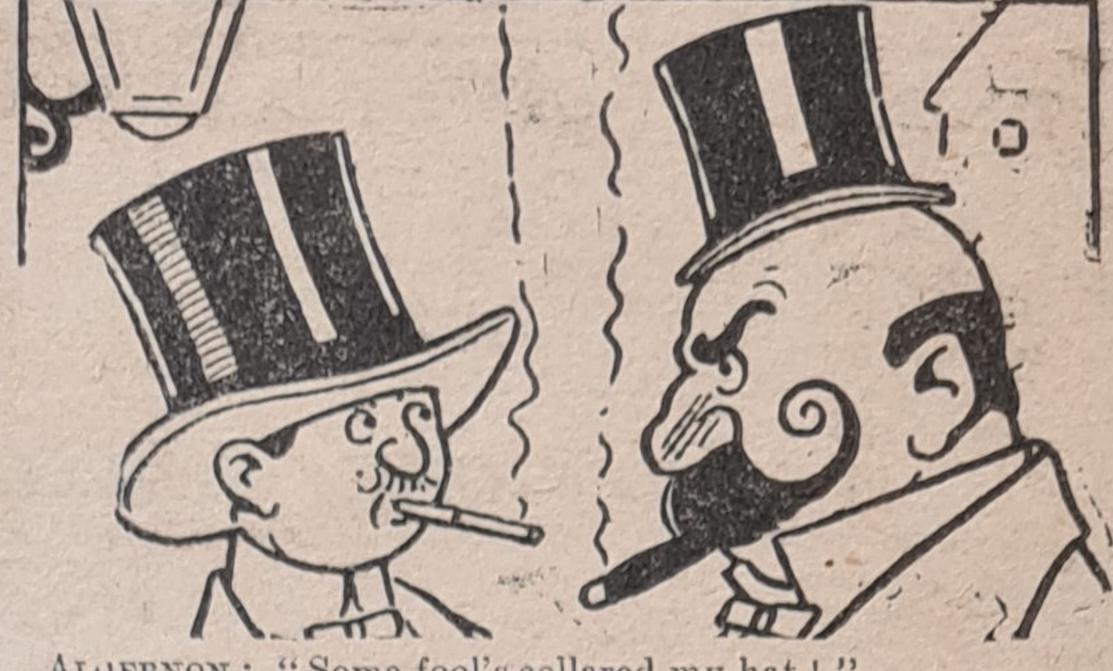
or got held of the hat at the same se I wosh't going to let him have arted.



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 .- Yoors trooly, BERTIE BANKS."

AFTER THE PARTY.

The same of the sa



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

NOT LIKELY.

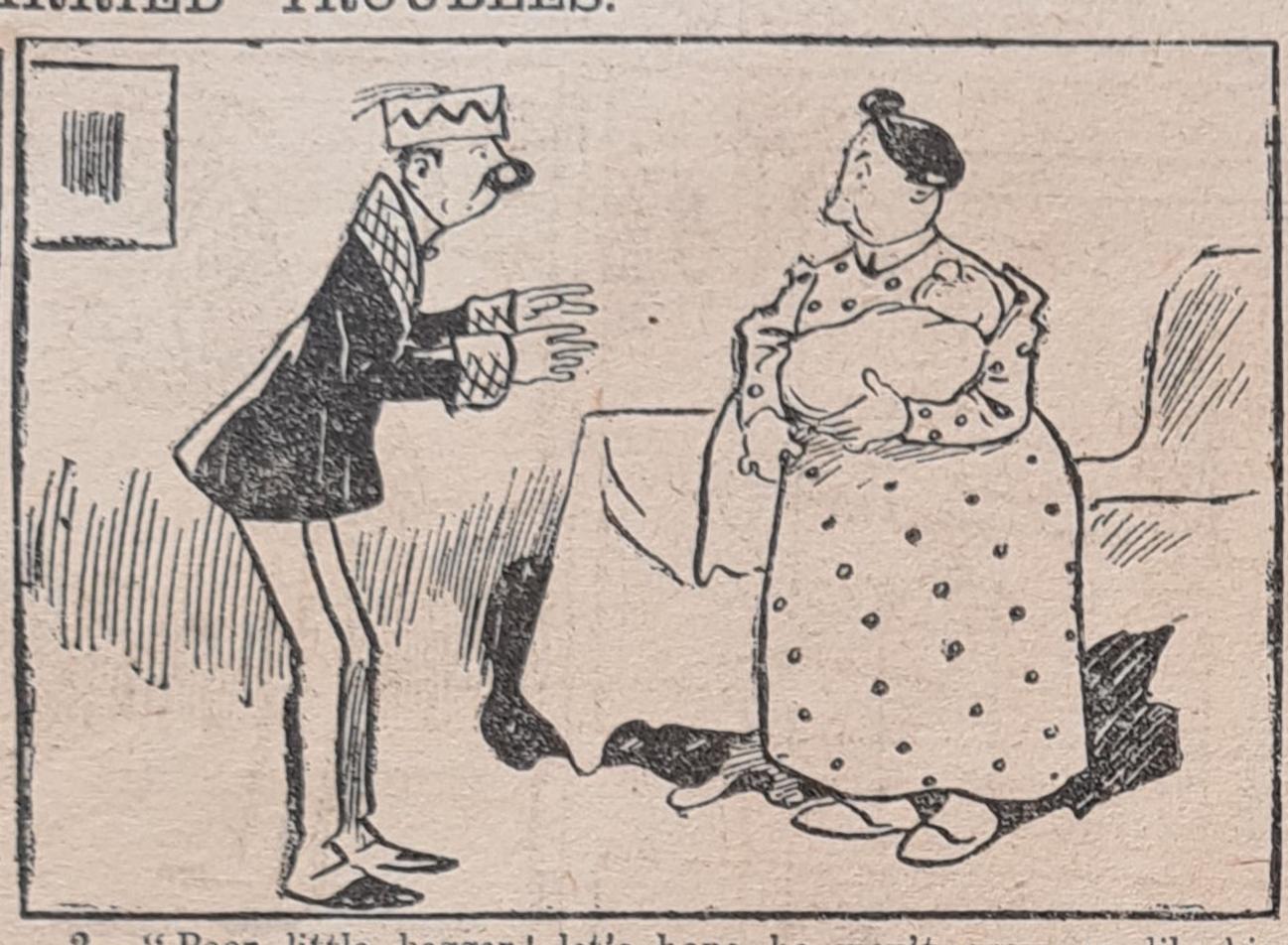
"IF I were to kiss you, Amelia, would you call

for assistance?" "D'yer think I need any assistance with one stingy kiss?"

T TOZER'S MARRIED TROUBLES.

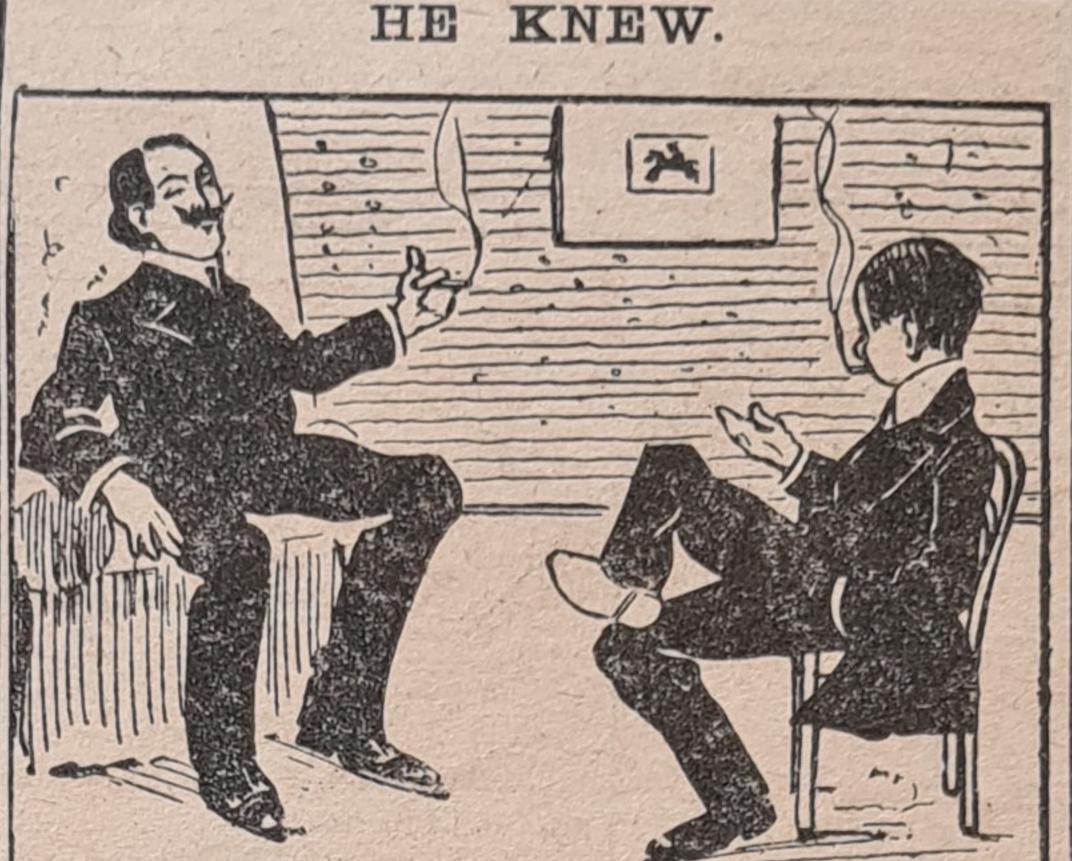


old, the nurse brought him



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.

RATS



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.

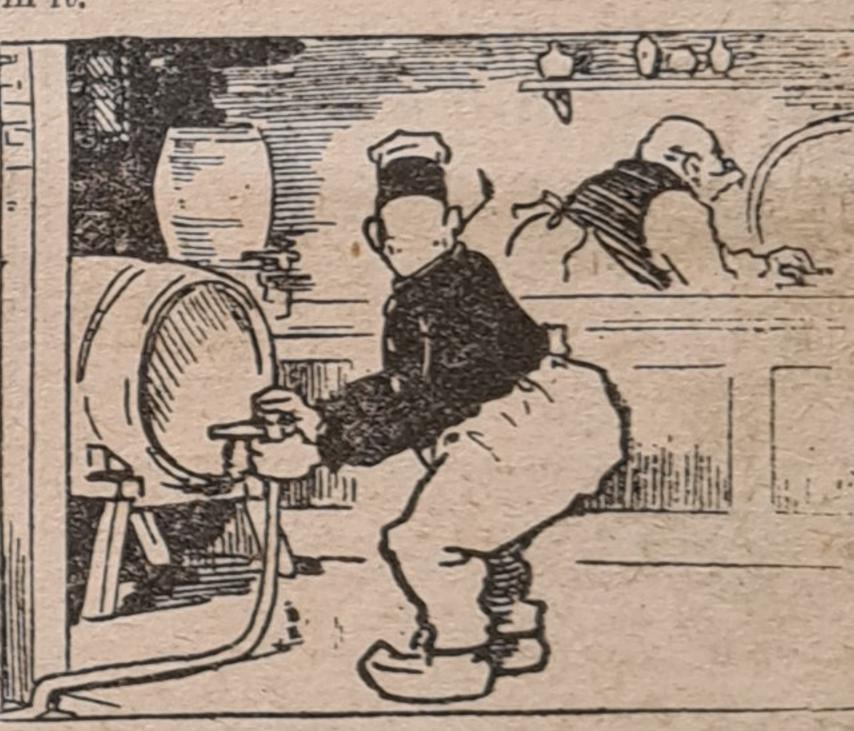
"YES, my 'usband used to go in for that sort of thing once, but, thank goodness, 'e's found work now."

HIS LUCK.

HANS GOT GOOD HOW MEASURE. NOWREB PLOSH



1.-WHEN Hans, the double Dutchman, went for his beer, he left a jolly sight bigger jug outside 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.



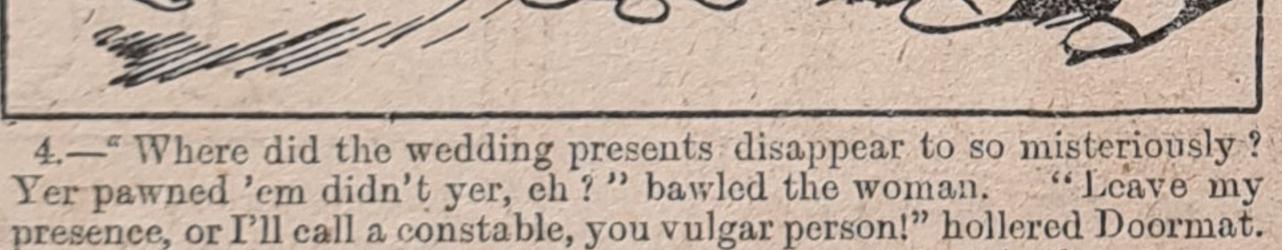


3.—And let it run all the time he waited. which was fully five minutes, 'cos old Vinkle-



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 measurel"

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



"Rats!" screeched she. Ain't nurses saucy, eh? ain't they?



BETTY: "Then how many hours do you een 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,

MOUTHFUL.



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, - Farmer Stubbles: "No, yer don't! Ye

GRANDMA: "You are very lucky, my boy, to be a Johnnie: "Well, it ain't so far. All it's brought me is my brothers' old clothes!"

seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune."

can have a pint, and no more!" you don't need to go to bed at all." INCREASE THE INTEREST POSSIBLE, UCGESTIONS THAT WILL, IF

#### 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

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

It fell close by the peacher'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 detootive, 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 stertoriously. Even the licking of the flame could not wake him.

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

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!"

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

The hovel was on fire!

He flung the door open. The dog came dead faint. 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!"

and calling voices. The nearest house in the one day in search of game. village was fifty yards away. If anything was | Some time after, his companion spied him to be done for the poacher, it was for Harley in the distance running at full speed home, Staines to do it. For the moment he forgot with a huge lion behind him gaining at every the scoundrels he had been shadowing: he step. forgot even the value of the poacher's life to himself. He remembered only that a fellowbeing 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! detective.

He rushed towards the bed. He was choked, throttled, burnt. He heeded nothing. His nate, with a scarlet face. hands felt the form of the peacher beneath

poacher, and raised him in his arms.

made for the door.

Blive ? The horrors of strangulation were at his "She is an angel," sail the married man, as

throat: he staggered under the poacher's he picked up the pieces of the umbrella and heavy weight. He staggered: but be fought smiled quizzically at his wife; "but - she's on bravely!

A cool breath of air!

# THE TRACK!

#### STAINES

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

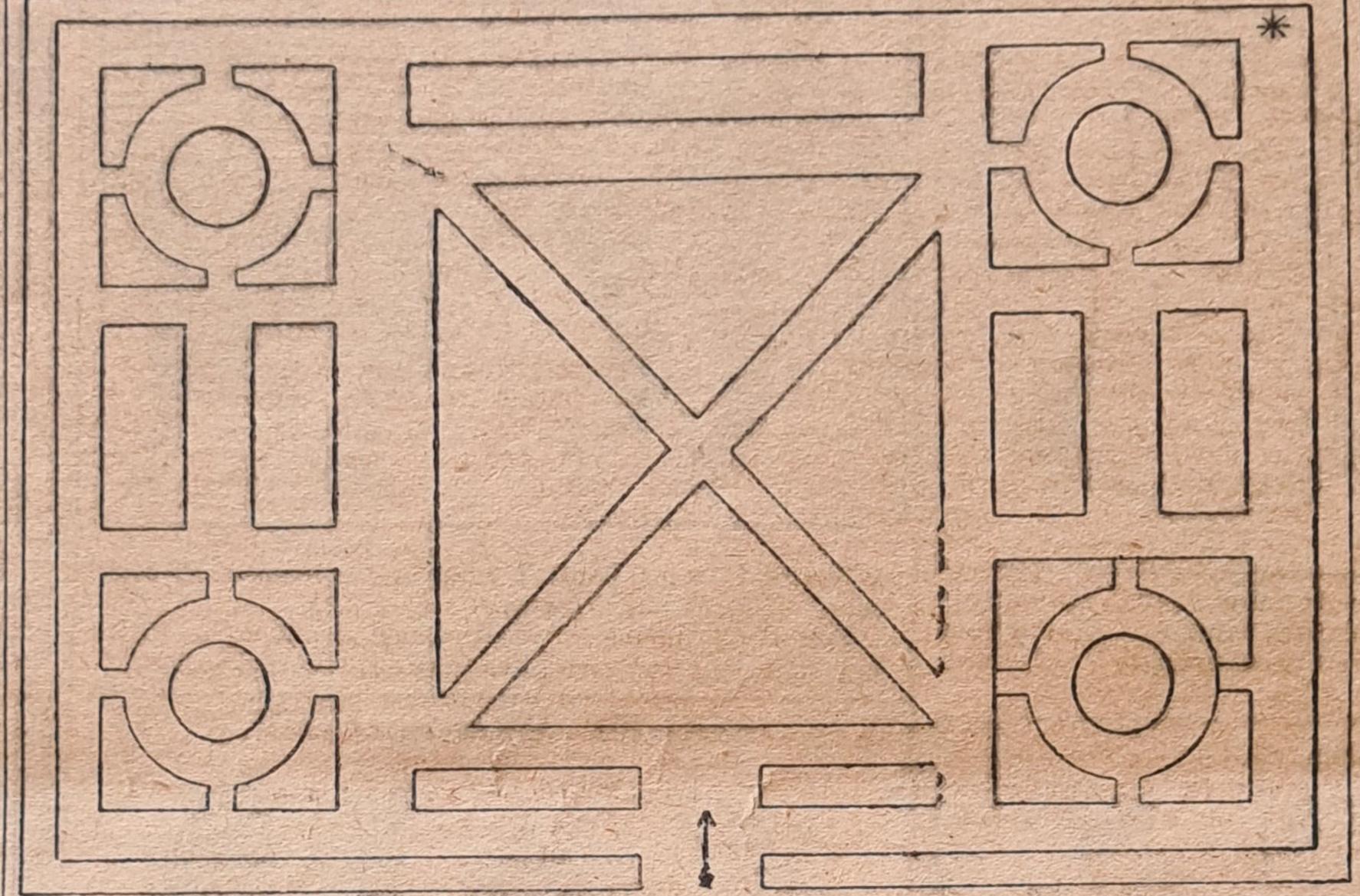
TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS

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

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



Like a flash the two rascals sped away into | Send your Plans, when filled in, to the Editor of "Smiles," Flest Lane, London, E.G.

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

"BAFFLED!" NEXT WEEK.

#### His First Hunt.

PAT was having his first taste of life in the There was a sound of opening windows African forest. Borrowing a gun, he set off

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 tramear with a newly-married couple of his acquaintance. It was a rainy morning.

The young wife had ber umbrella well out of the way of those who passed up and down the Faint and low, but a sufficient guide to 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 unfortu-

"Never mind. I'm suce it wasn't your fault." The lady smiled up at him without a clam. A moment more, and he had gripped the trace of anger, or even irritation, on her face. "Well, I must say your wife is an angel!"

With his senses reeling he swung round and exclaimed the bachelor, warmly. "Most women would have withered that clumsy fet ford. Kent Would be ever get out of that death-trap low with a look, if they had not scorched him with words."

> 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 Prizz.-V. Saunders, Lily Hoo Beltring, Paddock Wood, Kent. 2ND PRIZE. - .- Mason, 569, King's Road, Fulham.

SRD 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, &, Rose Yard, Mount Street, New Bas-J. Myott, S, Every Place, Mount Street, Nottingham. Thomas J. Woods, 94, Candy Road, Custom House,

Victoria Docks, Essex. R. Foper, 7, Brittain Street, Sheffeld. Allen Sutton. High Street, Seal, Sevenoaks. P. Router, No. 3, Founder Ward, Middlesex Hospital.

Sydney Hodges, Astwood Bank, Redditch.

Thomas Robson, 116, Bothal Terrace, Pegswood Colliery, Morpeth. Richard Wilson, 4, Windsor Terrace, Newbiggin-By-

F. Roper, 7, Brittain Street, Sheffield. John W. Glies, 16, Station Street, Barry Docks,

John Gregory, 51, Brick Street, Middlesbrough. U. Attridge, Goree Villas, Ordnance Road, Honns-F. D. Nicklin, 12, Christ Church Road, South Ash-

William J. Lee. Bucrow Road, Howth, co. Dublin. Joseph Bridgiord, S, Erederick Street, Queen's Road,

Miss A, Shillets, 17, Brunswick Street, Top Moor Side, Holbeck, Leeds, A Thurgood, 1, Austin Boad, Batterses.

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1. That at the time of the accident the passenger in question had upon his or her person this Insurance Coupon or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in the space provided at the foot, 2. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the Coupon is signed.

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## Down Below.

7, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S. W to whom all commun cations should be made.

HICKS: "Well, it's all over with old Skinner now."

Wicks: "Very charitable of you to say

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-wellopinionated, 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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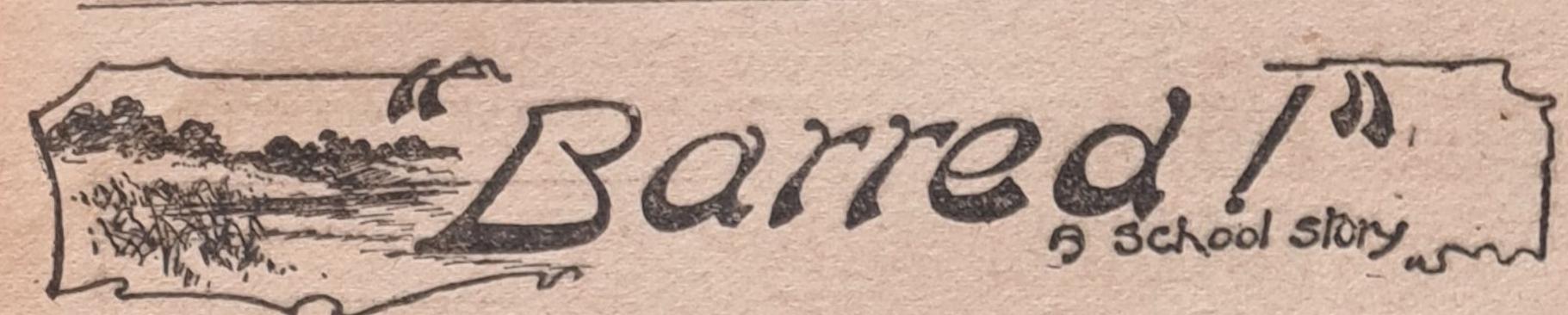
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DO IT NOW.



"I shall never speak to him, for one," said Cecil Fortescue.

"Nor I." "Nor L"

A dozen voices made the rejoinder.

Fortescue looked round.

"Are we all agreed?"

" Yes." "The fellow is to be barred?"

"Yes, barred by the whole school."

"It's settled then. No one must have enything to do with him, and then perhaps he'll have the decency to take himself off to some other school more fitted for him."

him to St. Kit's."

scholarship." "Rot, I call it."

"So do I: they ought to be abolished, those

silly scholarships." "I should think so. Fancy having a bounder like that at St. Kit's! What would our people say if they knew."

"They'd be as disgusted as we are."

"It oughtn't to be allowed."

"Why not send a round robin to the Head!" "I tell you it's no good," exclaimed Fortes- here. "He's come here on a scholarship, and the Head can't help it any more than we can. It's we who've got to act. We must bar the bounder. If he's treated the right way he'll be glad to go."

The group of boys belonging to St. Katherine's were standing near the college gates, heatedly discussing a topic of keen interest for them

That day a new boy was expected at the school.

Not a new boy of the class that usually came to St. Kit's, but a boy belonging to poor parents, who had won admission to the college by means of a scholarship in a country school.

His name was George Brown, and he was the son of a workman, and the young gentlem n of St. Kit's were highly indignant at lav- ful rot, I call it. Look here, we don't want ing him thrust upon them, as they considered you."

And Cecil Forestoue's lead had been eagerly quietly. followed when he proposed to make the newcomer's life a burden so that he would be glad snapped Bland. to quit the school.

rid of him.

himself.

The scholarship gave him an undeniable

"Will you let me pass, please?" said Brown.

powers that were for getting rid of him. He

"He won't be able to stick it, No fellow could."

"That's right, said Bland. "We could rag him too: give him a dormitory licking you know."

Fortescue nodded.

"Yes, if he proves obstinate we may try that."

"Hallo! I shouldn't wonder if that is the very merchant," exclaimed Bland.

At this exclamation every eye was turned at a figure coming down the road.

It was that of a boy of about fourteen.

He had a pleasant though not exactly hand-"The Head ought never to have admitted some face, a well-knit form, and a healthy complexion. He carried a parcel of books "Couldn't help it. You see, he came on a in his hand. His clothes were very neat and clean, but showed plain traces of a careful mother's mending.

> The group stared at him rudely as he came up. He stopped, colouring under their gaze. "Can you tell me if this is St. Katherine's

> College?" he asked, civilly. "Yes, it is," said Fortescue. "What do you want? Nothing here to be given away." The boy coloured.

"My name's Brown," he said. "I'm coming

"What for? That a parcel you're bringing?"

"I mean I am coming as a new boy." "So you are the bounder."

"So you're the scholarship Kid?"

"Nice looking addition to the school." "Where did you pick up your clothes?"

"Did you find those boots on a dust-heap?" "Don't you consider it pretty cool to shove yourself into a school along with gentlemen?

The new boy flushed scarlet. "Are there any gentlemen in this school?" he asked, bitterly.

Fortescue turned red.

"You cheeky rat! What you do mean by coming here at all?"

"I won the scholarship--."

"Yes, we know all about that. Disgrace-

'I am sorry for that," said the new boy, "But it makes no difference to you, hey?"

"Of course, it doesn't. I have a right to There was certainly no other way of getting come here, and if you are rude to me, and act like pigs, I cannot help it," said Brown, coolly. The boys of St. Kit's looked at one another.

'Well, here's a cool merchant,"

ejaculated Bland.

"Will you let me pass, please," said Brown: for the group of boys were blocking up the gate.

'No, we won't," said Fortescue.

"Get out." "I must come in."

"Rats! We'll move when we think we

will."

"I can't stand here in the road," said the new boy, impatiently. "Please let me pass in."

"Rats! You're barred. You understand that,"

"What do you mean by barred ?" "Sent to Coventry. Nobody here

will ever speak to you."

"Why not?" "Because—oh, because you're a cad, a rotten bounder. You ought never to come here at all," said Fortescue.

"Very well. You can please yourself about speaking to me, of course. But you must let me pass in. Please stand eside !

Brown's quiet manner annoyed Fortes-

He feit somehow small and mean under the new boy's quiet, clear eyes.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, angrily. You'd better go back where you come from, We--."

"Let me pass."

"Shan't, I\_\_\_\_." The new boy took him by the collar and whisked him out of the way. He sat down in the dusty road. George Brown walked in,

Fortescue was on his feet in an in-

right to come, and even the Head was powerless stant, red with rage. "Scrag him!"

in the matter so long as the new boy behaved And he was certain to give no excuse to the a dozen hands in a moment.

His books went flying far and wide and in was sure to be too sly and cunning, Fortescue spite of his fierce resistance he was held a help-

"But if the whole school sends him to Coventry, he'll go," was Fortescue's opinion. "Bring him out here!" said Fortescue. "Don't want any of the masters to spot the

game,"

The new boy was dragged out into the road. "Let me go!" he exclaimed. "Cowards! "Oh, biff him!" exclaimed Bland. "He's

too cheeky for anything."

"Let me go." "Wait a bit," grinned Fortescue. "You've got to have your lesson, and you may as well start now. We're going to rag you, my beauty!"

"Let me go, or fight me one at a time." "This isn't a fight, it's a ragging. What

shall we do with him, chaps?"

"Duck him in the river!" suggested Bland, pointing to a stream, which was only a score of yards from the gates of St. Kit's, and was crossed by a rustic bridge.

"Good wheeze. Drag him along !" The new boy struggled furiously.

But he was helpless in so many hands. He was hauled along, kicking and struggling,

to the waterside. Keep hold of him, you know," exclaimed Bland, "the water is jolly deep, and if he was

whisked under the bridge--." "All right. In with him!" Splash!

The water was indeed deep close to the bank. The new boy went in and disappeared below it. But Fortescue was keeping hold of one of his wrists, and he came up like a cork.

He was gasping and splutter-

'Help him out," said Bland. He must have two or three."

George Brown struggled to tear himself from Fortescue's grip. Fortescue was kneeling on the bank, and he suddenly lost his balance.

Splash!

There was a cry of alarm from the boys as Fortescue fell in.

It was well-known that he could not swim. The current was swift, and he was whisked away in a moment, He gave a despairing cry as he was carried under the bridge.

"My God!" gasped Bland.

On the other side of the bridge the stream in doing it." broadened into a deep pool, with under-currents dangerous to swimmers. Few ventures there: more than one swimmer, sucked under by the look was eager. treacherous currents, had lost his life in that

Brown scrambled ashore. The boys, in their anxiety for Fortescue, paid him no attention. Brown shook the water from his clothes.

"Good Heavens!" groaned Bland. "What's to be done! He'll be drowned! Help! help!' Brown looked up quickly.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "Can't he swim?"

"No, and if he could he wouldn't have much chance now," gasped Bland.

The boys were running down the bank. Fortescue had been swept under the bridge. He was now in the midst of the wide pool, struggling for his life. Twice he had been

Brown tore off his jacket and sprang to the water's edge.

Bland gripped him by the shoulder. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going in for him," said Brown, quietly. "You can't-it's death-don't go, don't go! Better one than two!"

Brown took no notice. He shook off Bland's detaining hand, and plunged fearlessly into the whirling waters of the pool.

Fortescue had gone under again.

With fierce strokes the new boy made his way to the drowning lad.

The watchers on the bank drew quivering breaths as he went under.

Was he gone to his death?

No, there he was again; and he had not come up along; Fortescue was in his grasp. The boys gave a shout at the sight of

Fortescue's face. " Bravo ! " " Buck up, Brown!"

All animosity, all snobbishness, was forgotten at the sight of the new boy's splendid pluck. But would be succeed-would be even save himself?

He struggled shoreward with his burden, but the hidden currents bore him away, and again he was swept to the heart of the pool.

Again he strove. He came within reach of George Brown was struggling in the grip of the rushes, and could have saved himself if he had let Fortescue go. But he did not let go.

And again he was swept out with his new unconscious burden.

Bland grouned. "God help them !"

Again Brown struggled to the shore. Hh face was white and drawn. It was the last attempt for life or death. Bland plunged to his thighs in the water, a bon behind him holding his belt. Brown made wild clutch and caught him, and Bland gripped hold of Fortescue.

With a powerful effort he dragged him ashore, Relieved of his burden, the new boy scrambled out, helped by willing hands up the steep bank. But he was utterly exhausted by the long and terrible fight with death. He sank down senseless in the midst of the boys of St. Kit's.

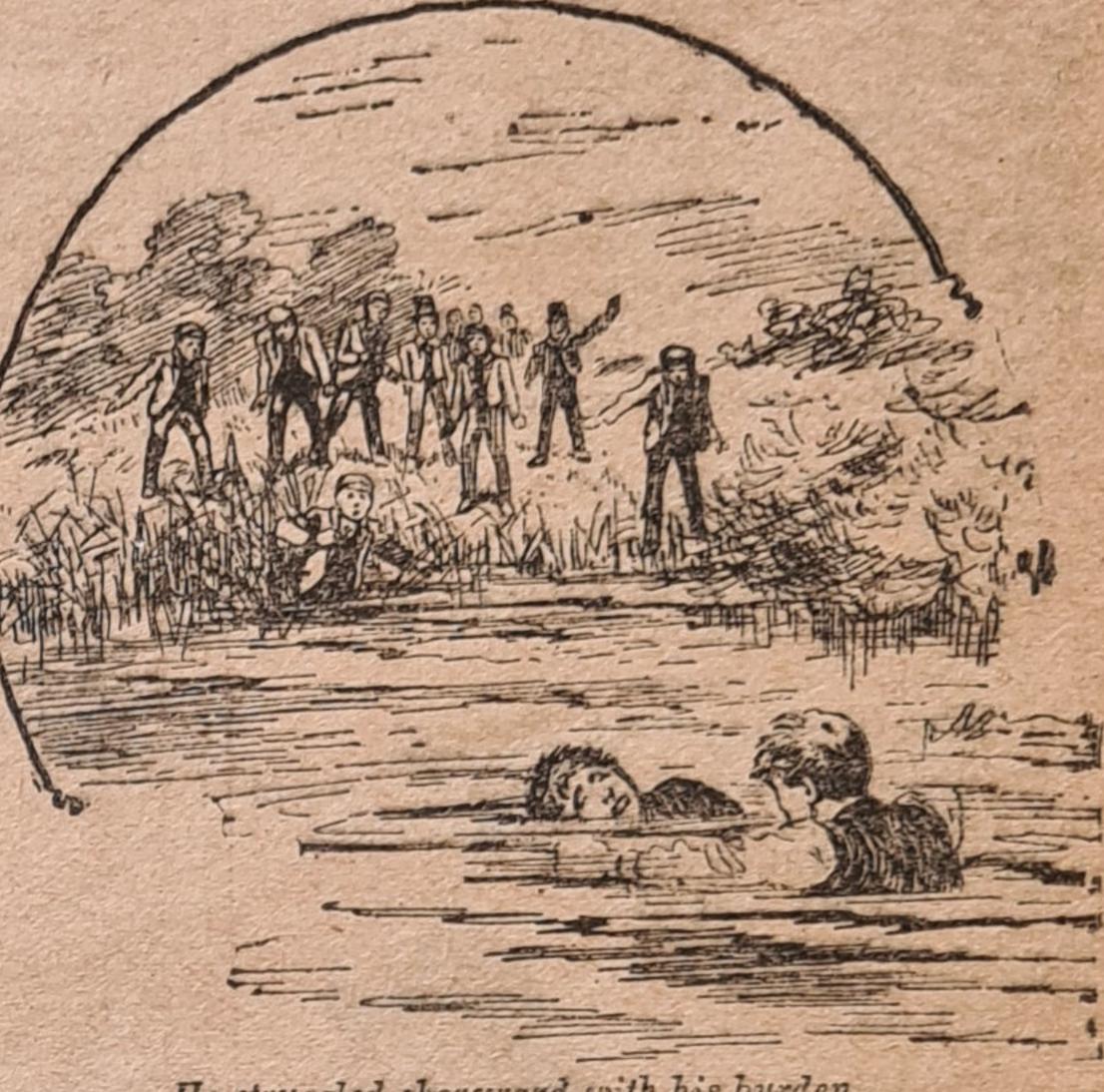
He came to himself in a white warm bed A boy was sitting up in the bed next to him,

watching him anxiously. "Thank goodness you're woke up, Brown!"

exclaimed Fortescue. "Where am I?" gasped Brown, dazedly.

"In the school hospital."

"I-I remember now. I'm glad you got ou



He struggled shoreward with his burden.

all right."

"You got me out. You were nearly killed

"That's all right."

Brown turned his face away. Forteseue's

"But I haven't finished, Brown. We acted like a lot of rotten cads, and you-you were Briton—a howling Briton. I'm jolly well ashamed of all I said to you, and--"

"You forget that I am barred," said the new

boy, quietly. "That's all rot. There isn't a fellow at St Kit's who wouldn't be proud to chum with you," said Fortescue, eagerly. "I've apologised. I acted like a cad, and I can see it now, It was just splendid of you to jump in after mer after the way we had treated you. I'm sorry, Brown, old chap. I can't say more than that."

George Brown's face brightened. "That's all right," he said. "Of course, I'm jolly glad to be on good terms with you all

Let's forget all about it."

And when George Brown started in the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, he found himself the most popular boy in the school. That heroicdeed had won him a place in the hearts of the boys of St. Kit's, and there was no more talk of the "scholarship boy" being "barred."

THE END.

#### What He Meant.

As soon as the ice would bear, Farmer Whoisted a notice on the wall surrounding his premises, informing the public that every penny paid for the privilege of skating on his pond would go towards building a new home for orphans.

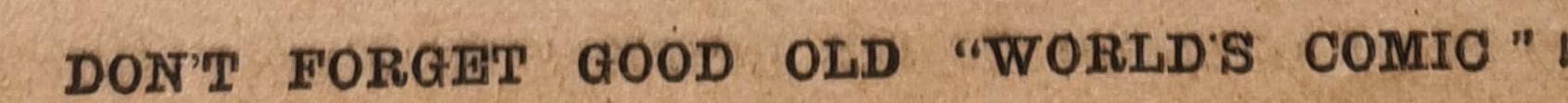
The response was immediate and gratifying. Hundreds of people visited the pond while the frost lasted, and when the inevitable thaw came, Farmer W --- s money-box was almost too heavy to lift.

"If I don't get another penny this winter, there's enough cash here to build the 'ome I've set my 'eart on," he remarked enthusiastically to a departing skater.

"Oh, come, you're joking," the skater replied. "Building a house is a costly job, you

"Who's talkin' about a 'ouse? It's a pigsty I'm goin' to build," declared the farmer. "A pig-sty? But you said it was to be

a home for orphans?" "And so it will be. Them poor pigs has been orphans since last Christmas, when their unfortunit mother was cut up and made into eausages!"



in cash for what we consider the best joke sent in and

each for the three next best. and for every other joke we use on this page a handsome

in, addressed to Editor of "Smiles," Fleet Lane, London,

"SMILES" COUPON.

Address

How Obliging.

An elderly lady went into a chemist's shop, and looked in surprise at the youth who came forward to serve her.

"Aren't you rather young to be left in charge of a chemist's shop?" she asked.

"Perhaps so, madam," was the reply. "What oan I do for you?"



"Do your employers know it's dangerous to leave a boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam. "Don't they know you

might poison someone?" "There is no danger of

that, madam; what is it you require?"

I think I had better go to the shop down the road."

"I can serve you just as well as they can, and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a cake of soap, but it doesn't seem right!"

First Prize Winner, E. Osborne, 5, Upper Dean Street, Birmingham.

#### Sheffielders at Brigg.

Two anglers from Sheffield became weary of their sport at Brigg, and began boasting of either." the magnitude of their strength.

"Well, tha ma' brag as tha likes," says one, "but I'll bet tha a shilling tha can't pitch me across the

"Done! it's a bet!"

Whereupon he took hold of his collar, and prepared to put his boasted strength into practice. He took hold of his friend

and exerted the whole of his power, but instead of being successful in his feat he managed to drop him in the middle of the canal.

The poor fellow crawled out, rubbing the mud off his face, and at the same time trying to make it clear that he had won the wager.

"Oh, no, that ain't yet," replied the other, "for I'll try all day afore I'll give in!" Needless to say, his friend preferred to for-

feit the shilling without further argument. Sent in by P. Sandoz, 62, Aylesford Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, who wins a Cash Prize of Two Shillings and Sixpence.

#### A Terrible Experience.

HE came to me with a frightened look, His cheek was pallid, his knees they shook; His eyes seemed bolting out of his head,

And these were the startling words he said: "There's something wrong with the planet Mars, He's running amok among the stars!"

"He's cannoned Venus out of her course, And Jupiter scarce withstood his force. Poor Mercury into space is hurled,

And now he's heading straight for our world. It's time old man to be saying our prayers, For this earth will soon be needing repairs!"

He couldn't refrain from having his joke, Though his lips were quivering as he spoke. I chided him gently, with brain on fire.

And thought of the past; while higher and

Rose a horrible noise! In my ear it screamed. "Breakfast is ready!" I had but dreamed;

Sent in by F. J. Robinson, 39, Florence Road, Wimbledon, who wins a Cash Prize of Two Shillings and Sixpence.

#### Pat's Reply.

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, were both



stoney broke and wanted a drink very badly. Suddenly a bright idea struck Pat, and he confided it to chum, Mike.

Entering a publichouse they called for two pints of ber, and being very thirsty they

Mike, "I'll pay," and Mike said he'd pay.

After they had been arguing for a few minutes who'd pay for it, Pat said to the barman: "I don't suppose you mind who pays?"

"No," said the barman.

"Then pay for it yourself!" said Pat, as they both walked away.

Sent in by Gunner E. Booth, 23rd Company Royal Garrison Artillery, Fort Grange, Gosport, who wins a Cash Prize of Two Shillings and Sixpence.

#### Somewhere at the Top.

An American bishop was recently staying at an hotel where the coloured waiter was more than usually attentive.

"Pleasant day, guvnor,"

he remarked, affably. "Yes, my friend, a nice day, but I am not a governor," replied the Bishop.

After a while the waiter remarked:

"Making a long stay, General?"

"Oh, no; only a few days. But then I am not a general," was the answer.

Soon the waiter ventured to say: "Splendid country this, Commodore; don't you think so ?"

"Oh, yes; but I am not a commodore "Bless me! then what are you, master?"

asked the waiter in an aggrieved tone. "I'm only a bishop, my friend. I'm Bishop of W-\_"

"Couldn't spot you 'zactly, sir," was the ready and smiling response; "but I knew you was top of the pile somewhere, sir!"

Sent in by Fred H. Harris, 3, Derby Terrace, Park Road, London, S.W., who wins the Biography of Lord Kitchener.

#### A Contradiction.

PATIENT (to doctor): "May I get up to-

Doctor: "No, my dear sir, the longer you stop in bed the sooner you will get up."

Aston, Birmingham, who wins the Biography of Lord Kolvin.

#### He Won.

GENERALLY speaking he was a veracious young man, and he was describing how, crossing a certain field by the footpath one night,



brute with a reputationand nearly scared to death.

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the cocksure man; there ain't no 'oss in one day. that field, and if there is, 'e ain't savage. I'll wager a new hat on that."

The offer was at once taken, and the whole party moved off to the field to settle the question.

The young fellow who doubted the horse's presence jumped over the gate and entered the

A moment later he returned in a hurry, and by way of the hedge, in which he evidently had considerable assistance.

"I've won, chaps," he said, faintly, as his friends picked him up from the road; "I've won, chaps. It's a bull!"

Sent in by Ernest Robinson, Providence Place, Higham, who wins the Biography of Miss Marie Corelli.

#### Hallelujah Golfing.

A GENTLEMAN golfer had been skying his balls, much to the caddie's disgust.

Carefully teeing the ball once more, the caddie handed the driver to the gentleman, with the remark:

"Noo, sir, let's see a guid shot, an' nae mair o' yer glory hallelujahs."

Sent in by Thomas Lang 14. Saxon Street, drank it in one gulp. Then Pat said to Liverpool, who wins the Biography of Lord Kelvin.

Obliging.

HE was a dilapidated specimen of a tramp, and as he knocked at the door of the farmhouse he looked hungry enough to eat half-adozen dinners.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the prim old lady who opened the

"Madam," he replied, pompously, "you see before you an exiled king of Hungary. I was hunting in yonder forest, and in some way became separated from my re-

tainers and also from my purse and gun. am footsore, weary, and so hungry that I fain wou d bide with you awhile to refresh my outward and inner man."

"We've nothing in the house fit for a king," replied the old lady, entering into the spirit of the thing; "but tarry awhile, I prithee, whilst I unchain my dog. He will escort your majesty

to the gate with due ceremony, and per-

chance--" But the king had fled.

Sent in by Frank Hart, 387, Mill Street, Bradford, who wins the Biography of Dr. W. G. Grace.

#### Doing His Duty.

THE widow of a little village grocer was industriously placing the large, rosy-cheeked apples on the top of the diminutive, shrivelled ones in the barrel, when with his well-known martial head, Farmer Giles entered the establishment.



"I want that tub of butter," he said, "and those hams, and that lot of sugar, an'--"

The shopkeeper rubbed her hands together with delight.

"Yes, sir," she beamed, "delighted to serve you, I'm sure. And what else may I serve you with ?"

"Well," went on Mr. Giles, "there's all them bottles of tomater sauce, and them boxes of biscuits, and—and all that other stuff!" he concluded, vaguely, sweeping his hand round the shop.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the widow, Sent in by Bert Edwards, 69 Villa Street, now rather alarmed, "whatever do you want

with all them goods?"

"I dunno, I'm sure," was the farmer's puzz'ed reply, "but I'm the executor of your late husband's will, an' the lawyer's just told me it's my duty to carry out the provisions. So come on, I've got three haycarts waiting outside!"

Sent in by Albert Bottomley, 28, Hill Top he had been chased by Road, Paddock, Huddersfield, who wins the Farmer Giles's horse—a Biography of Lord Roberts.

#### Wasn't Worth Much.

JONES was one of those men who was always pestering people with conundrums.

"Why am I like a pin?" he asked his wife

He expected her to answer because you are so sharp, and was nearly paralysed when she answered: "Because if you got lost, it would not be

worth the trouble looking for you." Sent in by Shadrach Morris. 11. Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, W., who wins the Bio-

graphy of Lord Kitchener.

#### The Schoolmaster's Mistake. THE master of a school sent a letter to the

father of one of his pupils, telling of the boy's behaviour. On the boy's arrival home the



father informed him of the letter, and of his intention to see the master next day. The boy answered:

"We do not use names at our school, father, but numbers. My number is 31."

The following day the father went to the school and told the master he was the father of 31.

The schoolmaster, interrupting, said: ' I am very sorry, my good man, that I can

do nothing for you. I am the father of twelve myself."

Sent in by Richard Jones. 4. Mill Street, of Lord Kelvin.

#### Not a Case of Identity.

"I am not expecting any package," said the lady of the house.

"This is the number," persisted the driver of the delivery waggon. Looking at his book again: "Name's Higgins, ain't it?"

" Yes." " No. 74 ?"

"That's our Number."

"Then it's for you."

"I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity."

"No, mum, its a case of beer."

Sent in by W. Hurst, 5, Rose Yard, Mount Street, New Basford, N.W., who wins the Biography of Dr. W. G. Grace.

#### Re-revenge.

"You'll be sorry for this some day," howled the son and heir, as his father released him from the position he had occupied across the paternal knee.

"I'll be sorry! When?" "When I get to be a man."

"You will take revenge by whipping your father when you are big and strong, and I am old and feeble, will you, Tommy?"

"No, sir," blubbered Tommy, rubbing himself, "but I'll spank your granchildren till they can't sit down."

Sent in by J. Myott, 3, Every Place, Mount Street, Nottingham, who wins the Biography of Lord Kelvin.

#### No Soap Trust for Them.

"Don't turn me away, madam," implored Wandering Tim, as he stood before a sourvisaged lady who had just finished scrubbing the floor; "I've seen better days-I really

"So have I," snapped the sour one, "before the price of soap went up! Why don't you set to work like a respectable body?"

"I cannot," sighed Wandering Tim; "my appearance goes against me."

'Good gracious! I should think it did." agreed the woman, shrinking back at a closer inspection of his dirty face.

'Wait one moment, perhaps I can help you," and she disappeared, only to return in a few minutes with a pail of water and a bar of carbolic

"There, my man, I trust after you've used that soap, you'll have no difficulty in getting "Law, mum!" exclaimed the tramp, recoiling in horror at the bare idea, "I've a decided objec-

tion to a soap trust in any form, and 'ave had for years. Good-morning!" Sent in by A. Prince, 133, Byron Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, who wins the Bio-

### The Postman's Explanation.

MEETING the village postman on his rounds the other morning a gentleman noticed that his countenance looked as though it had been through a very bad time indeed.

"I say, Postman," he said, "whatever is

the matter with your face ?" "Well," replied the postman, "I was walking down the street yesterday reading a post-cardwrong thing to do, of course, but I was punished for it. A workman coming the opposite way lurched up against me, hit me in the mouth with a pickaxe, and knocked a tooth out."

graphy of Lord Roberts.



"Oh! that was quite a dental operation, wasn't it ?" laughingly commented the gentleman who sought to have a little joke.

"Well, no!" replied the postman. "He said it was an axe-i-dental operation!" "Oh! that's too thin!" said the gentle-

"Not exactly," I sped the postman, drily, " it was tooth out!"

Sent in by A. Troops, 33, Queen Street, Bos-Tranmere, Birkenhead, who wins the Biography ton, Lines. who wins the Biography of Miss Marie Corelli.