

# Frank Richards' Schooldays!

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## The BOYS' FRIEND Id.

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No. 850, Vol. XVII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending September 22nd, 1917.



### RAISING THE WIND!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale,  
dealing with the Adventures of  
Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

#### The 1st Chapter.

##### Tubby Muffin is Too Hungry!

"It's awful!"  
Reginald Muffin, of the Classical Fourth—generally known as Tubby Muffin on account of his circumference—made that remark.

He made it in lugubrious, almost tearful tones.

"Awful!" he repeated.

Higgs and Jones minor, his study-mates, grunted, and went on with their prep. They weren't interested in Tubby Muffin's woes.

"Horrid!" said Tubby.

Jones minor looked up at last. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Got the toothache?"

"Nummo."

"Bootles licked you?"

"N-no."

"Mornington pulled your ear?"

"No."

"Then what are you grouching about?" said Jones minor. "If there's nothing the matter, shut up, and let a fellow get on with his prep!"

"But there is something the matter," said Tubby Muffin indignantly. "It's the grub rules!"

"Oh, bother the grub rules!"

"They bother us," said Tubby. "That's the worst of it. And 'tain't only the grub rules. Now that tuck costs so much a fellow's people have got bitten by the war economy, and they don't send a fellow so much tin. A fellow gets hit at both ends—dearer grub, less money to buy it with. See?"

"Br-r-r!"

"I could manage the grub rules all right," said Tubby. "I can do with frugal meals and things so long as I can have plenty of snacks between meals. That's all I want. And that isn't much to ask, is it?"

"Br-r-r!"

"And if a fellow borrows any grub from another fellow's study there's a row," said Tubby in a deeply aggrieved tone. "Even a good-natured chap like Jimmy Silver cuts up rusty. He actually slung me out of the end study this afternoon because he thought I was after his sardines!"

"And weren't you?"

"Well, yes, I was," admitted Tubby. "You see, I was hungry. I don't get enough in this study. When I used to be in Conroy's study he didn't mind if a chap finished up the toast. You do."

"Br-r-r!"

"Get out if you don't like it!" said Higgs. "You were with Lattrey before you came here. Go back to Lattrey's study if you like!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I never get enough, you know," said Tubby pathetically. "I think it's awful for me to have to make all the sacrifices for beating the Huns.

Of course, I want to beat the Huns. But I want enough to eat, you know."

"Cheer up!" said Jones minor. "We're going to have supper after prep, and we've got cheese and biscuits no end. Suppose you were a prisoner in Germany, for instance. How would you like that?"

Tubby shuddered. "I jolly well wish he was!" growled Higgs. "I'm tired of hearing him talk about grub. And he will take the lion's share of the cheese and bickers if we don't watch him."

"Ahem!" said Tubby uneasily. "May as well have supper now," said Higgs, pushing his books away. "I've done all the prep I'm going to do."

"Wait for me," said Jones minor. "Rats!" replied Higgs politely. He threw open the door of the study cupboard.

Tubby Muffin watched him with a sort of frozen look. A terrific expression came over the rugged face of Alfred Higgs.

"Where's the cheese?"

"The—the cheese?" stammered Tubby.

"Where's the biscuits?"

"The—the biscuits?"

Higgs gave a roar of wrath. "You guzzling Hun, you've cleared out the cupboard!"

"I—I had to have a snack, you know," stammered Tubby. "I—I really didn't mean to finish the lot. I—I just took a snack, and—and somehow or other the lot went. Somehow—Yooooooop!"

Higgs' powerful grasp was laid on Tubby Muffin.

Jones minor, equally wrathful, jumped up and rushed for a cricket-stump in the corner.

"Lather him!" roared Higgs.

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"Whack, whack!"

"Hallo!" The study door was opened, and Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, looked in. "Are you killing the school prize pig, you fellows?"

"He's scooped our supper!" yelled Jones minor.

"Scooped the lot!" shrieked Higgs.

"Whack, whack!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Help me, Jimmy, you beast! Draggemoff!"

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Tubby, old chap, you've got to learn to keep your fat paws from picking and stealing," he said.

"Mustn't scoff another chap's grub in war time. We don't want any Prussians here."

"Whack, whack!"

"Yooooop!"

"Whack!"

"Oh, crumbs! Yaroooh! Wow-ow-woooooop!"

Tubby Muffin tore himself away and made a sudden bolt for the door.

"Stop him!" roared Higgs.

Jimmy Silver stopped Tubby, quite unintentionally. The fat Classical bolted into him before he could stir.

(Continued on the next page.)

### THE QUEST FOR TUBBY MUFFIN!

(See the Magnificent School Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co.)



Tubby Muffin's eyes glistened as he watched it.

When the pile was complete, he stretched out a fat hand to take possession. Jimmy Silver cheerfully pushed his hand back.

"I—I say—" began Tubby.

"Rats!"

Jimmy carefully counted the money.

"Seventeen-and-six!" he announced.

"Oh, good," said Tubby Muffin, beaming.

"Good egg!" said Lovell. "We can make up a whacking parcel for that, that would please any prisoner chap."

"Yes, rather!"

"I'll take the tin now," said Tubby. "I'd better go and do the shopping at once."

"We'll come with you," remarked Lovell.

"You needn't trouble—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Dry up!"

The meeting in the end study broke up, and the Fistical Four proceeded to the tuckshop with Tubby Muffin, to expend the seventeen-and-six to the greatest possible advantage for the benefit of Tubby's brother in Hunland.

collected from the various contributors.

Evidently this was a trick of Tubby's, and Jimmy could not help fearing that the fat junior would forget all about his brother in Germany, and scoff the liberal supplies stacked in Study No. 2.

But he could only wait and see!

The chums of the Fourth were very anxious to get away from lessons that afternoon, and they were glad when the Form was dismissed.

Tubby Muffin met them in the passage.

There was a somewhat shiny look on his fat face, and he was looking unusually contented.

"All serene, you fellows!" he announced, in a great hurry.

"We're ready to help with the parcel now," said Jimmy Silver sharply.

"I've done it."

"You've done up the parcel?"

"Yes; everything."

"But the cake—"

"And the sugar—" said Raby.

"I—I thought we'd better put them in a second parcel," explained Tubby. "I—I was anxious to get the first lot off, you know. My brother Dick is awfully anxious to get something to eat, you know!"

"Well, that's not a bad idea, as—"

crawled to Coombe by this time, let alone crawled back."

"What have you done with it?" roared Lovell.

"That—that's all right," gasped Tubby. "I—I gave it to the carrier to post, you know. He was just passing the gates, going to Coombe."

The juniors regarded Tubby suspiciously.

It was not uncommon for parcels to be handed to the carrier to be taken to the village post-office, but Tubby seemed to have thought of that explanation rather late.

"Bet you it's in the study all the time, and the fat bouncer has been scoffing all he could hold!" growled Lovell. "Even Tubby couldn't scoff the lot at one sitting."

"Let's see."

There was a rush to Study No. 2. But no trace was found there of the provisions. Whether Tubby had posted them or not, they had vanished.

Tubby followed the juniors, with a very injured expression.

"Look here, if you fellows can't trust a chap to post a parcel of grub to his own brother—" he said indignantly.

"Blessed if I know what to think," said Jimmy Silver. "Still, I sup—"

Grub can only be sent to prisoners of war through the Prisoners of War Committee. You can't take a parcel into the post-office and post it as you used."

"Oh!" ejaculated Tubby.

"I thought I'd tell you," said Rawson. "No good taking the trouble to pack up stuff and cart it down to the post-office when they won't take it in."

Tubby Muffin's face was a study.

"So it can't have been posted after all!" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Tubby.

"I'll get out my bike and bike down to the post-office," said Jimmy. "I'll soon see whether the carrier's left a parcel there, or whether he's been there at all with a parcel. If he hasn't, look out for squalls, you fat bouncer!"

"Oh, dear!"

And in a few minutes Jimmy Silver was pedalling away to Coombe. And Tubby Muffin watched him go, with utter dismay in his fat face.

Tom Rawson had meant to be obliging in giving Tubby that useful information concerning parcels to Germany. But Tubby was not feeling very much obliged. He was looking forward with great misgiving to Jimmy Silver's return from the post-office.

Muffin never gave him a parcel to post."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I—I say—" gasped Tubby.

"The awful rotter!" said Lovell, in disgust. "He's scoffed grub that belongs to a prisoner of war! He ought to be boiled in oil!"

"I—I haven't!" gasped Tubby.

"Where is it, then?"

"The—the fact is—"

"Well, what is the fact?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "Get it out, and don't make up any more whoppers, you toad!"

"I—I—"

"Well?"

"I—I really meant to say, I—I was going to give it to the carrier to post," gasped Tubby Muffin. "That's what I was going to say, you know!"

"Great Scott!"

The juniors stared at Tubby. They knew his powers as a dealer in fibs, but he was quite taking their breath away now.

"You—you meant to say that, did you?" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, that's it," said Tubby, regaining his confidence. "You see, it's all right!"

"All right!" gasped Lovell.

"Oh, yes! You fellows needn't bother about the matter any further. You can leave it entirely to me."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Let go my arm, Flynn! I'm in rather a hurry just now!"

"Sure, it's not letting go ye're arrum I'm after!" grinned Flynn.

"Ye've got to produce the grub!"

"Where's the tuck, you fat villain?" shouted Conroy.

"The—the tuck!" stammered Tubby.

"Yes, you spoofer! Where have you hidden it?"

"I—I've posted it!"

"What?"

"I—I mean, I haven't posted it!"

"Where is it?"

"I—I—I've put it in a safe place!" stammered Tubby. "You fellows needn't trouble about it. I thought I—I'd better put it away, you see, as—as some fellows might have scoffed it. Some fellows are so mean, you know!"

"Well, if Tubby doesn't take the cake!" said Jimmy Silver, with a deep breath. "Tubby, take us to that grub at once!"

"I—I'd rather not at present!"

Bump!

"Yarooooop!"

"Would you rather, now?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh dear! Oh, yes! Certainly! Oh, crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin led the way, with two arms linked in his. With a lugubrious visage, he led the juniors into the schoolhouse and up to the box-room. With a deep sigh he threw up the lid of a trunk.

There was the tuck—what remained of it!

About a third part had vanished.

"So you were keeping it here to scoff whenever you got hungry?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Nunno! Only to keep it safe, you know!"

"Where's the rest?"

"The—the what?"

"The rest of the grub."

"Is—is—isn't it all there?"

"You know it isn't, you toad!" roared Jimmy. "Where's the rest of it—sharp?"

"The—the rats must have got at it!" stammered Tubby.

"What?"

"Or—or the cat! Mrs. Maloney's cat may have got at it!"

"Mrs. Maloney's cat may have scoffed tinned pineapple and tinned beef!" yelled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, cats are awfully intelligent, you know!" said Tubby. "Mrs. Maloney's cat is very intelligent. It—it may have been able to—to open the tins somehow— Yarooooop!"

Tubby Muffin smote the floor with his plump person before he could get any further.

"Now, where's the rest of the grub?" asked Lovell.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Give him another!"

"Hold on! I—I ate it!" gasped Tubby. "I forgot! I—I meant to mention it to you chaps, of course! I—I happened to eat it, you know—absent-mindedly—"

Bump, bump, bump!

Tubby Muffin roared with anguish. The Classical chums had no mercy upon a person who had eaten tuck intended for a prisoner of war, whether absent-mindedly or not.

Having been well bumped, Tubby Muffin was rolled out of the box-room, and half a dozen boots helped him down the stairs.

"Now, this blessed tuck's no good for the chap in Hunland; we can't send it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"You can send money to the

The 5th Chapter. Quick Work.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had completed their self-imposed task when the bell rang for afternoon classes.

The tuck they had purchased was conveyed to Study No. 2 in quite an imposing array of packets and parcels.

Old Sergeant Kettle at the tuckshop, had "stretched a point" in parting with the comestibles, on hearing that they were intended for a prisoner in Germany.

The rule was very strict about purchases at the school shop, on account of the Food Controller's regulations. But grub for a prisoner in Hunland was quite a different matter, and the juniors obtained the best that the sergeant could provide for the sum of seventeen shillings and sixpence.

Materials for the manufacture of a handsome cake were taken to the housekeeper, and Mrs. Maloney cheerfully undertook to interview the cook on the subject, and promised that the cake should appear in due course.

Sugar for the parcel had to be saved out of the juniors' allowance, as the sergeant was quite out of that rare commodity. But quite a number of the Fourth, both Classical and Modern, promised to hand out a lump or two; and many a mickle would make a muckle.

In a satisfied frame of mind, Jimmy Silver & Co. went to the Form-room. In order to keep Tubby Muffin out of the way of temptation, they were careful to take Tubby with them.

The fat Classical cast a lingering glance at the pile of good things as they were left on the study table. But Jimmy Silver's arm was linked in his, and Tubby could not linger.

Tubby Muffin wore a thoughtful look in the class that afternoon. He was not looking so sad, but much more thoughtful.

When the last lesson was about to commence, Tubby stood up in his place. Mr. Bootles glanced at him.

"Well, Muffin?" he said.

"If you please, sir, may I miss last lesson? I want to catch the post with a parcel for my brother. He's a prisoner in Germany, sir."

"You may go, Muffin."

"Thank you, sir."

Jimmy Silver half rose, but sat down again.

He watched the podgy form of Tubby Muffin roll out of the Form-room, with a gleam in his eyes.

"My hat!" murmured Lovell.

"If that fat bouncer scoffs the tuck—" muttered Raby.

"After all, even Tubby wouldn't when it's for a prisoner," said Jimmy Silver.

But he did not feel quite sure.

With Tubby Muffin, the spirit might be willing, but the flesh was certain to be weak.

There was no need for him to leave the Form-room merely to prepare the parcel for the post, for the cake was not made yet, neither was the sugar



"Muffin, how dare you sprawl on the floor!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, almost falling over the fat junior "How dare you! Are you out of your senses?"

sented Jimmy Silver. "If you've done up the parcel, we may as well get it down to the post-office at once."

"Oh, I've done that!"

"You've taken it to the post!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Certainly. No good losing time, you know, when a chap's waiting in Germany for something to eat!"

"Where did you post it?" gasped Jimmy.

"The post-office, of course."

"You've wrapped up a parcel, taken it to Coombe, and got back here in a little over half an hour!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin's jaw dropped.

It was nearly a mile to the post-office in Coombe. Certainly the fat Classical had made quick work of it—if he was telling the truth! Evidently he wasn't!

Jimmy Silver's grasp closed on Tubby's fat shoulder, and Tubby gave a yelp.

"Where's the grub, you fat bouncer?" asked Jimmy quietly. "Have you scoffed it?"

"Oh, I—I say—"

"He can't have posted it!" said Conroy. "The fat snail couldn't have

pose even Tubby wouldn't rob a prisoner in Germany."

"Of course I wouldn't," said Tubby warmly. "I'm surprised at you, Silver. I call this insulting a chap."

"We shall have to give him the benefit of the doubt," said Van Ryn, laughing. "I dare say it's all right."

"But we'll post the rest of the stuff ourselves," said Jimmy. "Tubby can address it when we make up the parcel, and we'll bike down with it. Hallo, Rawson!"

Tom Rawson, the scholarship junior, joined them in the Fourth-Form passage.

"I was looking for Tubby," he said. "About your brother in Germany, Muffin!"

"Yes, Rawson."

"You don't seem to know the new regulations, from what you said to Mr. Bootles in the Form-room," said Rawson. "You can't send parcels to Germany on your own, as we used to!"

"What!" shouted all the juniors together.

"The rules were altered a long time back," said Rawson.

"But—but you send parcels over there!" stammered Tubby.

"I used to," said Rawson. "I've had to stop it now; it's not allowed.

The 6th Chapter. Tubby in Trouble.

"Where's that fat spoofer?"

Thus Jimmy Silver, as he jumped off his machine at the gates of Rockwood an hour later.

A dozen Fourth-Formers were waiting for him there.

"What's the news?" asked Lovell.

"We've been spoofered! Where's that fat snail?"

"Here he is!" grinned Flynn of the Fourth. "Bedad, he's been trying to get away all the time, and by the same token I've been holdin' on to him!"

"Oh, I say!" mumbled Tubby.

Flynn jerked the fat Classical forward. The juniors surrounded him with grim looks.

"I've been to the post-office," said Jimmy Silver. "The carrier hasn't been there with a parcel from Rockwood."

"Perhaps he's taken it home with him," suggested Tubby Muffin. "He—he may intend to post it to-morrow, you know!"

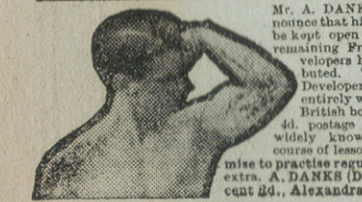
"That's possible," said Erroll.

"Not quite!" said Jimmy. "I've called on the carrier."

"Oh!"

"I went there from the post-office. He hasn't seen Muffin to-day, and

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You can send money to the





# LOYAL TO HIS ENEMY!

A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the Schooldays of Frank Richards, the Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## The 1st Chapter. Not Popular.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Frank Richards sat up in the grass on the bank of the creek, and looked round as he heard the sudden shout of laughter.  
His cousin, Bob Lawless, was stretched on his back in the grass, with his hands behind his head, staring lazily at the distant peaks of the Rockies, dim against the deep blue of the sky.  
"Something's on, Bob," said Frank, as he sat up.  
Bob did not trouble to move.  
"Only that guy!" he said tersely.  
"Who?" asked Frank.  
"Beaulerc. The chaps are making fun of him, as usual," yawned Bob Lawless. "Let him rip!"  
But Frank Richards rose to his feet, and looked quickly in the direction of the log School House of Cedar Creek.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Frank did not join in the laughter of the Cedar Creek fellows, but he could not help grinning.  
It was close on time for afternoon lessons, and many of the fellows were making their way towards the School House.

Vere Beaulerc, the new boy at Cedar Creek, was conspicuous among them.  
The slim, handsome lad, with his quiet reserved manner and half-aloof expression, would have been picked out at a glance among the cheery, sturdy sons of the Canadian settlers.  
A fellow could hardly be looked more out of place than Vere Beaulerc looked at Cedar Creek School.  
Pride of birth and aristocratic loftiness were ludicrously out of place at the lumber school in the great Western land, where such prejudices were held in humorous scorn.  
And Beaulerc, with all his pride of race, was only the son of a remittance man, an idle waster, known as a hanger-on at all the saloons in the district.  
Frank Richards was probably the only fellow at Cedar Creek who felt anything but contemptuous dislike for the remittance man's son.  
But Frank could not help feeling a certain amount of interest in the lad who, like himself, had been born in the Old Country, but, unlike himself, had been unable to assimilate himself to the customs of a new and freer land.  
Vere Beaulerc came and went, day by day, without exchanging a word with his schoolfellows.  
Frank's one attempt at friendship had been rudely repulsed, and since then Frank had let him alone.  
Frank grinned, and then frowned, as he looked at Beaulerc now. Some humorous fellow had attached a label to his back, evidently unknown to Beaulerc. It was the lid of an old cardboard box, and upon it was daubed in large letters:

**"THE ONE AND ONLY!  
GAZE AND ADMIRE!"**

Quite unconscious of that label, Beaulerc walked towards the School House, looking neither to the right nor the left.  
But the other fellows, as they sighted it, yelled with laughter.  
"Gaze and admire!" yelled Eben Hacke. "Ha, ha, ha!"  
"The one and only!" chortled Chunky Todgers. "He, he, he!"  
It did not seem to occur to Vere Beaulerc for some minutes that the outburst of merriment was connected with himself.  
As that fact dawned upon him his cheeks flushed, and he looked round, with a flashing glance.  
The black anger in his look only redoubled the merriment of the merry young Canadians.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"It's too bad!" muttered Frank, though he could hardly help joining in the laugh.  
Bob Lawless sat up.  
"What's the joke?" he yawned.  
"Oh, crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"  
Beaulerc gave the chums a fierce look.  
"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Eben Hacke. "Look at the only one—the one and only! Just escaped from the House of Lords! Haw, haw, haw!"  
Beaulerc, with his brows knitted, strode up to Hacke. The big Westerner towered head and shoulders over him, though Beaulerc was tall for his age.  
"What does this mean?" said Beaulerc.  
"Haw, haw, haw!"  
Beaulerc clenched his hands.  
Frank Richards ran up hastily. He did not want to see Beaulerc's handsome face hampered by Hacke's huge fists.  
"Mind your own business, Franky," growled Bob Lawless.  
But Frank did not heed.  
Even Bob's boundless good-nature seemed to fail him when he came in contact with Beaulerc.  
Frank hastily interposed.  
"It's only a joke, Beaulerc," he said. "There's something on your back."

Beaulerc strode towards him.  
The little, fat fellow was no match for him, but he stood his ground, and put up his fat fists coolly.  
"Come on, my lord!" he grinned.  
Beaulerc, if he had been cooler, would not have thought of touching the fat schoolboy. A fight with Chunky Todgers was rather absurd, for one thing. But he was too angry to reflect now.  
In another moment the humorist of Cedar Creek would have been knocked spinning, but in that moment Bob Lawless stepped between.  
Beaulerc's arm was knocked up at once.  
"No, you don't!" said Bob grimly.  
"If you're spoiling for a fight, I'm your antelope!"  
"Good man!" said Chunky cheerfully. "Give him a licking for me, Bobby. Why can't the silly chump take a joke?"  
"Will you stand aside, Lawless?" said Beaulerc between his teeth.  
"I guess not," said the Canadian schoolboy contemptuously. "I'm nearer your size than Chunky is."  
"Beaulerc," muttered Frank, "don't be an ass! It was only a joke."  
"I don't care for such jokes," said Beaulerc, "and I don't intend to allow them, either."

Beaulerc, after a second's hesitation, followed him. The fight was "off," at least for the present.  
When the fellows gathered in class, Beaulerc sat with a cold, grim face. But the rest of the class were grinning. Vere Beaulerc, poor and proud, wrapped himself in a cold reserve as in an armour of proof; but at the Cedar Creek School the pride of the remittance man's son was a standing joke.

## The 2nd Chapter. Stopped on the Trail.

Frank Richards joined his cousin immediately school was dismissed that afternoon.  
He was anxious that the threatened affray should go no further.  
Frank, with his experience of public school life in the Old Country, could make allowances for Beaulerc that the other fellows never thought of making.  
To the cheery young Canadians Beaulerc seemed nothing but a proud and snobbish duffer, but Frank knew that there was more in him than that.  
Frank had not forgotten how the remittance man's son had risked his life to pull him out of the river after he had been swept over the rapids.

"Yes, Miss Meadows!" said Bob, touching his hat to the schoolmistress.  
"You seem to have quarrelled with Beaulerc, the new boy."  
"Ye-es, ma'am!"  
"Please do not let me see you carry the quarrel any further," said Miss Meadows severely. "I shall be very angry with you, Lawless."  
"Oh!" said Bob.  
"You may go home now," added Miss Meadows.  
"Ye-es, ma'am."  
Frank Richards grinned as he marched his cousin away to the gates. Bob looked crestfallen.  
The two chums caught their ponies, and walked them down the path to the trail. Beaulerc was going the same way, and he paused as Bob and Frank came along.  
"I waited for you, Lawless," he said, his well-cut lip curling.  
Bob crimsoned.  
"I can't hammer you here," he said. "Miss Meadows has put her foot down. She seems to think it would be a pity to spoil your beauty. I think it would do you good myself."  
Beaulerc shrugged his shoulders.  
"If that is all you have to say, I may as well go home," he said.  
"Go home, and be blessed!" said Bob. "Miss Meadows is a good sort, and I'm not going to make her mad. But I'll pull your cheeky nose another time. To-morrow's a holiday, and if you care to come along where I can meet you, I guess I'll knock some of the insolence out of you fast enough!"  
"Anywhere you like," said Beaulerc instantly.  
"Bob!" murmured Frank.  
"Oh, cheese it, Frank! You let Beaulerc punch you; I guess I'll make him squirm for that while I'm about it."  
"He saved my life," said Frank.  
"Oh, bother it! Any fellow would have pulled you out of the creek, I suppose." Bob turned to Beaulerc again. "Come along to the Indian ford to-morrow afternoon. You know the place. I guess you'll find me there."  
"I shall be there!" said Beaulerc.  
He turned away, and plunged into the wood, taking the shortest cut to the miserable shack on the creek that was his home.  
Frank and Bob mounted their horses, and rode away on the home-ward trail. Bob's usually sunny face was clouded, and Frank did not look cheerful.  
"Coming up with me to-morrow, Frank?" asked Lawless, after a long silence.  
"Yes, I shall come," said Frank Richards. "I wish you weren't going to fight Beaulerc, all the same."  
"You seem to feel very friendly towards the cad," said Frank.  
"Not exactly that," said Frank; "only I think I can understand him a bit. He's a bit of a snob, I'm afraid, but he doesn't mean to be. He can't get used to being down in the world. He's so jolly touchy because he's so poor."  
"Lots of the fellows are poor without being touchy."  
"They've got more sense," said Frank. "Beaulerc was brought up among rich people in England—titled people who fancy they are the salt of the earth. He's got all sorts of false ideas into his head, and he hasn't got them out again yet."  
"I'll punch some of them out," Frank laughed.  
"I don't think punching will do him much good."  
"Well, you were brought up at a big school in England, Frank. One of your pals there was a titled chap; you've told me about him. But you haven't brought a swelled head to Canada like that fellow."  
"Perhaps I've got more sense,"



"Keep quiet, my merry Greaser!" said Bob Lawless, flourishing the bludgeon over the savage, upturned face. "We've got you nobbled, my jippin! Do you want your silly head caved in?"

"Oh!"  
"Let him alone!" growled Hacke.  
"What do you want to spoil a good joke for, you jay?"  
Beaulerc's flush deepened, and he groped behind him, and jerked off the card. His eyes glittered as he looked at it. There was a fresh burst of laughter from the schoolboys. Beaulerc's anger was nothing to them.  
"Who fastened this on my back?" exclaimed Beaulerc furiously.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Find out!"  
Beaulerc's lips curled.  
"If the fellow's afraid to own up—" he said scornfully.  
"Oh, come off!" said Chunky Todgers at once. "I put it there!"

"He don't intend!" chuckled Hacke. "Hark to his lordship! This is the way we talk to our serfs in the old baronial hall."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Will you clear off, Lawless?"  
"Oh, no!"  
Beaulerc said no more, but he advanced upon Bob, with his hands up and his eyes blazing.  
"Boys!"  
It was Miss Meadows' voice.  
The schoolmistress came out of the porch, her brows knitted.  
"Cease this at once!" she said sharply. "Go into the school-room, both of you!"  
"Certainly, ma'am," said Bob Lawless.  
He walked into the log house; and

"Where are you going, Bob?" asked Frank, catching his cousin's arm.  
"I guess I'm going to speak to the Cherub," said Bob. "Let me go, Franky. I've simply got to punch his nose!"  
"Leave his nose alone, and come home," said Frank.  
"Oh, bosh! He'll think I'm afraid of him."  
"Bother him! Let's get off."  
Bob Lawless shook his arm free.  
"I'm going to punch his nose!" he said. "I tell you I can't stand the fellow, Frank, with his superior airs. What he wants is a jolly good hiding, and he wants it badly. He's simply yelling out for it, in fact."  
"Lawless!"

"I don't think punching will do him much good."  
"Well, you were brought up at a big school in England, Frank. One of your pals there was a titled chap; you've told me about him. But you haven't brought a swelled head to Canada like that fellow."  
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