IMMY SILVER RESIGNS! WULL ISLAND! BY DUNGAN

VAL MORNINGTON'S VICTORY! THE SPORTS OF ST. CLIVE'S! BY ARTHUR S. HARDY.

TWELVE PAGES!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 19th, 1919.

By Owen Conquest



The Day of Reckoning for Smythe & Co.! The Fistical Four tramped into the study, and after them came the Colonial Co. the three Tommies of the Modern side, and a dozen other juniors. The nuts were on their leet now, with alarm in their faces. The looks of their unwelcome visitors were very grim indeed. "I suppose you know you're going through it!" said Jimmy Silver.

The 1st Chapter. Done to the Wide I nk goodness!"

has a day!"

as almost a chorus of groans,

the hal dimmy Silver & Co. felt

at the day of the gates of Rockwood

at the second of the gates of Rockwood

at the second of the gates of Rockwood

at the

sidering what had happened to them 1

sidering what had happened to them that day.

Old Mack, the porter, blinked at them as they trailed in, and grinned a little. Several fellows in the quad-atared at them, and grinned a good deal. Tubby Muffin, of the Classical Fourth, came rolling up to greet them.

sad J. chorus of groans, of mmy sliver & Co. fell of the Markets of Rockwood and bale gates of Rockwood and the gates of Rockwood and Rockwood a

Jinmy!"

This question was intended to convey deep stream.

"We haven't played the match, you, silly ass!" was Jinmy Silver's reply.

Tubby stars on been to Greyfriars!"

"No!"

"Well, my word!" ejaculated the fat Classical. "You started for Greyfriars in Sunythe's motor-car, Did you lose the way?"

"Oh, rats!"

"He, le, he!" ejackled Tubby. "He, he, he!" ejackled Tubby Mafin. "He were tout with a tour of the played they was a started for the started for the played the started for Greyfriars in Sunythe's motor-car, Did you lose the way?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Oh they take cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricket bags—"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

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"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricketing things!"

"In oniced that some of them had cricket bags."

Well, that takes the cake! You look a happy lot, too! He, he, he!"
"Oh, squash him!" growled Mornington.

correctly, after spoofing you, Jimmy Silver."

Silver.

Jimmy knitted his brows.

"Wo were all spoofed!" he said angrily. "How was I to susject that Smythe had tipped the chauffeur to take us wandering across country, and keep us away from Greyfriars!"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "I warned you that Smythe was opto some trick," he answered.

"You said he was!" snapped-jumy. "But you're alray suspection. You couldn't give manylow." I guessed he had something up his I guessed he had something up his silf guessed he had your couldn't guess what its

"I guessed by "sieeve?"

"A pity you couldn't guess what its was then."

"Look here—"."

"Oh, rats! We're all as wise av.

Continued from the previous

Published Every Monday

JIMMY SILVER'S RESIGNATION

you are, after it's happened!" said Jimmy Silver irritably.

"I told you—"
"Oh, rats!"
"Order!" murmured Tommy Dodd.
"No good ragging!" said Kit Erroll, interposing. Jimmy Silver and Mornington were looking at one unother very grimly.
"We've all the sex of a chauffeur, and landed a hundred miles away. It never crossed my mind, I admit."

"Nor mine," said Raby.
"I knew there was something on when Smythe offered us the car, and I said so!" answered Valentine Misser of the said sold and the said sold answered Valentine Silver not to accept the effer, and he can't deny that,"
"I don't deny it!" growled Jimmy, "And if you weren't, a suspicious ass, always distrusting people for nothing. I might have paid some attention. But you are."
"Something in that!" remarked Newcome.
"Oh, and excuse is better than "Oh, and sold Mornington angrily, "The first Mornington angrily, "The first Mornington angrily, "The first Mornington angrily, "The star of the people of the proof of the

"We're not sure of that yet," said Erroll.
"I'm sure of it!" growled Mornington. "Smythe wouldn't have played such a trick on us for nothing!"
"We'll soon see," said Jimmy Silver. "As the rotters haven't come in yet, I—I suppose they're gone to Greyfriars. But I'll ring up Greyfriars and ask Wharton."
"That's a good idea," said Lovell. The tired and troubled cricketers tamped on into the schoolhouse. They were all feeling sore and sorry.

trainped on into the sencomouse. They were all feeling sore and sorry.

They were all feeling sore and sorry my Silver was exapperated by the trick played on him by Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell; but he could not see that he was to blame in the matter. But it was natural, perhaps, that Mornington should plume him self a little on the fact that he had suspected the dandy of the Shell of trickery.

Jimmy was up to him to see that his steam reached Greyfriars to play the appointed match. Instead of which, they had epen half the day whizzing westward in a motor-car, and the other half in wear; railway journeying to get home.

They trailed into the house, and They trailed into the house, and they with questionned them or all sides with questionned them or all sides with questionned them or all sides with questionned them. The answers of the cricketers.

seliows surrounded them on all sides with questions as to how the match had gone.

The selection of the cricketers as a stounded the questioners. Such a trick as Adolphus Smythe had played on Jimmy Silver & Co. was simply unheard of.

But it was clear that most of the Rookwood fellows looked on the affair with a humorous eve. It was cheeky of Adolphus Smythe to play such a trick; but it was decidedly soft of the Rookwood cricketers to fall the such as the selection of the Rookwood cricketers to fall the summer should be such as the selection of the Rookwood cricketers to fall the summer should be such as the selection of the Rookwood cricketers to fall the summer should be suffered to the selection of the selec

the transmitter.

"Yes; Mr. Quelch is speaking."

Jimmy knew that Mr. Quelch was master of the Remove at Greyfriars.

"Jimmy Silver speaking, from Rookwood School," he said. "I hope you will excuse me, sir. I want to speak to Harry Wharton very par-ticulads." Rookwood School," he said. "I nope you will excuse me, sir. I want to speak to Harry Wharton very particularly."
"Hum!"
"Hum!"
"Hum!"
"Hum! to come to the come to the clephone."
"H'm! Oh! Very well! I will send for Wharton, to come to the Jimmy Silver waited. A minute later there was a voice he knew well on the wires.

"Hank you, str.
Jimmy Silver waited. A minute later there was a voice he knew well "Hallo! That Jimmy Silver!"

"Hallo! That Jimmy Silver!"

"Yes, Wharton. I suppose you can guess why I've rung you up! We started for Greyfriars to-day, and were tricked and kept away. Has anybody turned up from Rookwood!"

"Oh, my hat! Yes, rather!"

"Smythe?" saked Jimmy.
"A ves; Smythe and Howard: regly."

"We were starter surprised to see a wholly new team from Rookwood. We were expecting you, of course. But they explained—"

"Have you played the match!"
"Naturally!"
Jimmy set his teeth.
"I needn't ask how it went," he said bitterly.
"Well, weat the margin!"

"Alam! We won, you know."
"Well, west the margin!"

"Alam! We won, you know."
"Well, we the margin!"

"Alam! We hand by an innings and some runs—shem!—a good many runs."

"I could guess that. All serene. It can't be helped. You understand that we were prevented from coming over by a trick, and Smythe & Co. had no right whatever to play in the name of Rookwood."
"I understand now you've told me. Silver: Batt, of course, we may be the property of the kind at the time."

"Have they gone!"

"Have they gone!"

"I understand new you've tok
me, Silver. But, of course, we
never guessed anything of the kind
at the time,"

"Have they gone?"

"Oh, yes! They've been gone a
good time now. Must be nearly
home to Rookwood by this time, I
should think."
"Thanks!"
"Thanks!"
"Silver. You seem to
have cen badly dished."

"No mistake about that," said
Jimmy. "Well, it can't be helped."
"No mistake about that," said
Jimmy. "Silver put up the receiver
and left Mr. Bootles' study. The
worst that be had feared had happened. And the only satisfaction'
that remained was the prospect of
making Adolphus Snythe & Co.
The junior cricketers and payed.
gotten, either, how Smythe had
nearly succeeded in keeping Jimmy
Silver away from the recent match
at St. Jim's.

Morny's Chance I

Jimmy Silver came up to the end study in the Fourth with a knitted brow.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome ere busy there, getting a very late

tea.

The Fistical Four were hungry,
"Well?" asked the Co, with one
voice, as Jimmy came into the study.
"I've spoken to Wharton," said
Jimmy, "I's as Morny suspected.
Smythe & Co, have been over there,
in the name of Rockwood Juniors,
to play the match,
"And they've played it?"
"Xes."
"And last it.

"Xes."

"And lost it, of course?"

"By an innings and goodness knows how many man?"

"By an innings and goodness knows how many and Jimmy. "I dare say that conciled didot, Smythe, expected to vin. The silly chump thinks he can play cricket; and his idea is that he's being kept out of the game. Now he's made us look a lot of assex, I don't suppose it will make any difference to him. He will still think he ought to be played in the next match."

match."
Lovell clenched his hands.
"He's going through it when he comes in!" he said. "He can't play

a trick like this without smarting for

a trick like this without smarting for it. This is the second time. He tried to stop you from playing in the St. Jim's match."

"Yes; but that won't alter the fact that this match has been chucked away. Of come, and of the circy, it could could ask Wharton to fix another could ask Wharton to fix another date to play the real match. But—but—"

"But we look fools enough-already, without adding to it!" growled Raby.

"East said soonest mended," re—"Least said soonest mended," re—arked Newcome. "The match is thrown away, and it can't be helped, and he sooner its forgotten at Grey-Jimmy Silver nodded.

"But Smythe is going to smart for it!" exclaimed Lovell. "He's got to be warned off playing a trick like that again."

"I don't think he could trick us again like that; but he's got to have a warning, that's certain," said Jimmy. "The silly assess haven't east we'll deal with them after ward." I foul think he fistical Four sat down to tea.

And the Fistical Four sat down to tea.

And the Fistical Four sat down to tea.

Manwhile, Erroll and Mornington had gone to their study for tea. Bothful of them were looking very thought of them were looking very thought of the same and the first of the same and the first of the same and the first of the same and the same and sincere; but they were very unlike in character, and Erroll did not always undorstand his clum. He could see now that Morny was in one of his wicked moods, and it troubled him a little.

like in character, and Errou usualways understand his chum. He could see now that Morny was in one of his wicked moods, and it troubled his the could see now that Morny was in one of his wicked moods, and it troubled his the could be cou

"The fact is, Jimmy Silver has let us down," said Mornington. "There's a cricket-match thrown away, and it counts in the record. They'll be laught how the facts. Rookwood doesn't want to be laughed at. Now, I like Jimmy Silver personally. I used to be up against him at one time, but that was more misunderstanding than anything else. I really like him, Kit."
"But personal friendship is one matter and cricket is another. I think I should make a good junior skipper."

matter and cricket is anomer, think I should make a good junior skipper."
"I'm sure you would, Morny."
"Good!"
"But Jimmy's skipper, so it's not a very important question just now, remarked Fist chum:
"Junior skipper isn't appointed on the system of the Medes and Persians," said Mornington. "He can be changed, you know."
"Morny!"
"Look here, Erroll, I'm not up against Silver personally, but I don't see why I shouldn't stand up for the captaincy, when I think I should make a better skipper!" exclaimed thought so for a long time, and what's happened to-day is the last straw. The captaincy isn't a personal possession of Jimmy Silver's, is it?"
"No. But—"
"But you don't think I ought to oppose Silver!" exclaimed Morning-

"No. But—"
"But you don't think I ought to oppose Silver?" exclaimed Mornington irritably.
"I'd rather you didn't."

"Why?"

"Why?"

Erroll paused.
"Well, I think Jimmy Silver's all right as captain," he said. "What's happened to-day is rotten enough; but it's nothing against Jimmy. Some of the follows are dissatisfied, certainly. But—"
"I'm dissatisfied, for one," said Mornington. "I think new blood is required. "And I think I've got a good chance. Dash it all, why shouldn't there be a new election, and let the best man win?"
"That is all right, I suppose," said Erroll reluctantly.
"You'd back me up;"
"Ye-es."

"Ye-es."

"And a lot of the Shell would vote for me," said Mornington, his eyes glistening. "Smythe & Co., frin-stance. They'll be feeling pretty sore with Jimmy Silver, after they've been ragged for their trickery. They'd vote for anybody against him." stance. They'll be feeling pretty sore with Jimmy Silver, after they've been ragged for their trickery. They'd vote for anybody against him? "They'll be feeling sore with us, "They'll be feeling sore with us, hand in punishing them." Morrington laughed. "Kit, old man, you don't know much about electioneering, if you're thinking of ragging the voters," he said.

thinking of ragging the voices, assaid.

Erroll compressed his lips.

"So you're going to leave that to Jimmy Silver!" he asked.

"Isn't he captain!" a responsibility. When Ern sciptain he when Ern sciptain he when Ern sciptain he from it."

"I don't like this, Morny. I don't like to sey, but this looks to me like taking a mean advantage of Jimmy Silver."

"Preaching again, old chap!"

"Look here, Morny."

"Preaching assint, old chap!"

"Look here, Morny."

"Erroll was interrupted by a thump on the door. It flew open, and Arthur

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GIVEN FREE!



Edward Lovell put a name of face into the study. The common on you down the common of the common of

them."
"Look here—
"You can tal

"Look here—" " ao bean."

Look here—" " ao dean take a han'd I shail " shail Mean take a shail I shail " shail me shail " shail me shail " shail shail

The 3rd Chapter Rough Justice!

The 3rd Chapter, Rough Justical Rough Justical Rough Justical Williams and the Shell, uttered that electrons as weary tone, as he said as luxurious armchair. Adolphus was tired. Ho was also uneasy. Ho was also uneasy. In his sublime concell See, the Shell firmly believed himselven a better cricketer than Jiman's a certain of the control of

the voices of a dozen other falso. So Adolphus had tricked in prevent and the clear consesse, at had pictured himself returns, torious to Rookwood, to point at the school generally that helphus Smythe—was the felter could win matches.

the school generally that behins Smythe—was the felor ucould win matches.

If he had returned victoria could have pleaded his seems as course for the trick he had had been could have pleaded his seems as a cricketer existed only in medical management of the had had been could be a seem of the had had been could be a seem of the had had been could be a seem of the had had been could be a seem of the had had been could be a seem of the had had been as a cricketer existed only in me ceited imagination of the in existence of the had had been could be not extend the had had been could be not expended in his musty be a marge up the most crushing defeat a seem of the had been could be not expended in his mutty breast.

Howard and Treey, his mates, shared his gloom.

Victory on the crickfully have seen them through his crushing and ridicules as the had had been could be not exactly graining the had been could be not exactly critical them have to the storm, using the had been could be seen that the could be not exactly critical had been could be not exactly critical them have to the storm, using the had been could be supported as the seen that the could be supported by the could be supported by the seen of the seen that the could be supported by the seen of the seen

team, too."
"We had bad lock" spill
"We did, and no mind
Theys and the spill
"They are speed for fifty, at the
that black bounder-layer in
him-knocked my users of
"I was feelin' in fift the
Adolphus sale worm it was a
"I was feelin' in fift the
Adolphus sale of
the spill the spill
see us through years of
you know the was it see
the spill the spill
the was it was a
to all right."
"We should all hare bee
if we hadn't been all
marked Howard, with a
sarcasm. "The first jut of
sarcasm. "The first jut of

Howard.

in and it counts as a next and the follows a hatters about it?" " sits, bagyin' the

that now.

o it shis mornin.

You reto thick. You reto time it was too e azythin' of the

and Adolption of things, and though that we like I don't that we will know things

"Los kot a quer, s ekt in

really ready. If I'd got sport hour rhombin, two ay Hearty so hos meequ's see two tens days, and

Howard out that? gasped Howard were really against it, you now," stammered Gilbey, "Coller them of the Co. passing quite unbooked. What followed was painful. Jimmy Silver & Co. were in deadly earnest. They intended to give the muts of Rook wood a lesson they would be certain to remember if they were ever tempted to play tricks with the school matches again. And the lesson Adolphus and his fellow-muts received was one they were likely to remember for a very long time to come.

many to remember for a very long time to come. Never had so thorough a ragging been administered within the walls of Rockwood School. It did not last long; but the in-censed cricketers put plenty of work into the time. After ten minutes Jimmy Silver &

wooding to never to note in it as a poke.

"Collar them!" exclaimed Lovell impatiently.

"Hold on!" yelled Tracy. "We hadn't anything to do with it! We we simply backed up surpthe—"Nothin" but that!" gasped

Co. streamed out of the study, feeling that they had done enough. They left four unhappy wrecks be-

ost of the follows seemed to think

most of the follows seemed to think the same, only more as.

It was me, only more as a mean to the as the and his offer, and had remarked, in his sarvastic way, "Timeo Danaos," etc. Morny would not have been taken in as Jimmy Silver had been.

Why couldn't Jimmy have taken Morry's tip, as Morny seemed to have a seemed was a queetion asked by a consecutive as a queetion asked by a consecutive was desired as the seement with his opinion—among the Moderns. The Classicals second at it. Moderns. The Classicals weren't satisfied of the consecutive was a consecutive with a Fourth Form capital as a consecutive with a Fourth Form capital as a consecutive was desired as a consecutive with a Fourth Form capital as a consecutive was desirated in a fourth of the way.

They didn't count much, except in an election, where every vote counted. But even in the Classical Fourth there was disastifaction, and when it leaked out that Mornington suntilisation of "putting in" for the way to be a consecutive with Morny were dead and buried, and it had not occurred to him that the rivalry would be revived. His first intimation of the new state of

it. There ought to be an end to everything, even to Morny's swank."
"I don't know that I've been swankin' on the subject," said Mornington. "But certainly if I'd been skipper."
"Well, you weren't!"
"Well, you weren't!"
"I've if I had been the would be eathing of lark." remarked Jimmy Silver sarcastically. "Bother your ifs."
"If I'd been skipper." persisted Morny.

Three Hallpense

Morny,
"Give us a rest!"
"Well, I've come here to speak out
in plain English," axid Mornington
rather tartly. "You mucked up the
Greyfriars match, Jimmy Silver—you
and Smythe between you."
"Rot!"

"Rot!"
"Most of the fellows say so."
"Bosh!"
"And I think so myself,"

"Rate !"

"Rate!"

Jimmy's replies could not be called
polite; but he was "fed up," as he
had said several times.
"To come to the point—" wenton Morny, unmoved.
"Oh, you are coming to the point?"
asked Jimmy,
"Certainly!"

"Certainly

"Certainly!"
"Come to it, then, and get off the subject!"
"The point is this," said Mornington curtly: "I think I should make a better junior captain than you, Jimmy Silver, considering the way the Grey-

"Of course you'd stand again!" ex-claimed Raby.
"Wo'd jolly well make you!" said

"We'd Joby win work of Newcone. Mornington looked very keenly at the captain of the Fourth.
"You think it would be fair play for me to put up against you, Silver?" he asked.
"Of course it would—If you want in the captain of the course it would—If you want in the captain of th

Silver," he asseu.
"Of course it would—if you want
to "And you wouldn't owe me a
grudge for it?"
"Cretainly not!"
"I should try to keep smiling!"
said Jimmy sarcastically, "It wouldn't
exactly break my hear!, Morny."
"I'd like to try it on; but on
friendly and sportin' terms," said
Mornington, "I'm not up against you
n any way; what I'm thinkin' of is a
You can't object to that."
"I don't!"
"Then you don't mind if I go
ahead!"
"Not at all!"

ahead?" Some mind if I go
"Not at all!" if the property of the second of

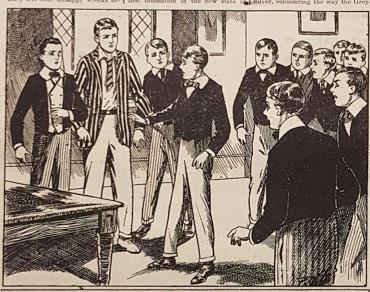
number of fellows ask you, you'll resign and let, a fresh election take place."
"Yes!" snapped Jimmy.
"Hew many?"
"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Jimmy. "If it looks like the barest chance of the majority not wanting the state of the majority not wanting in or not."
"Done, then! Mind, I'm not butting in or not."
"Done, then! Mind, I'm not butting in or not matter."
"Go ahead!"
"Morny strolled out of the study, and the Fistical Four exchanged glances brow was knited.
"It's mean," said Arthur Edward warmly. "It's mean," said Jimmy carelessly.
"It's mean," said Arthur Edward warmly. "I can see now that Morny has been up to his tricks. I wondered why he didn't turn up at raging the said of the votes," "I'l's nesh," and was thinking of the votes," "I'l's houldn't think that of him, Lovel."
"I'l shouldn't think that of him, Lovel."
"I believe, it's so. And it's mean!"

"I—I shouldn't think that of him, Lovell."
"I believe it's so. And it's mean!"
"Give him the benefit of the doubt," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm pretty well fed up with the grousing I've heard to-day, and I don't care much if Morny bags the job. If he can do better than I can I wish him lack. Pass the jam, Raby!"
And Jimmy Silver finished his tea, dismissing Mornington and his ambitions from his mind.

The 5th Chapter.

The Sth Onapter.
The Rivals.

"Oh, good!"
Thus the great Adolphus.
It was the day ofter Morny's visit to the end study, and all the Lower School at Rookwood knew how matters stood now.
Jimmy Silver's supremacy was chailenged; there was another Richmond in the field, as Oswald put it in Shakespearian language.
Jimmy Silver took the new state of Jimmy Silver took the new state of the unstable foundation upon which his leadership had rested.
He had plenty of friends to back him up certainly. But there was no doubt that Valentine Mornington had a good following.
And splendid at games; and since he had given up slacking he had become a tower of strength to the junior eleven. He had often received recommendation from Bulkeley of the Sixth, who was captain of the school and head of the games. There was no doubt that Mornington would and head of the games. There was no doubt that Mornington would and head of the games. There was no doubt that Mornington would have any going as Jimmy Silver, but perhaps none the worse for that.
And the affair of the Greyfriars match helped. It was quite certain that Morny would never have been spoofed by the affair of the Greyfriars match helped. It was quite certain that Classical Fourth; possibly, to change, and because some of the fellows considered that the end study had had it all their own way too long. Of the best fellows who was against Jimmy Silver, from whatever reason, was certain to rally whatever reason, was certain to rally whatever reason, was certain to rally



JIMMY SILVER'S DECISION! Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. "Count me out!" he said quietty. "Jimmy!" roared Lovel! "I'm not standing for election!. Two Classical candidates are one too many! I'm standing out," said you out," said you standing out," said the said that the said grant of the said grant

crumbs! Ow!"
"Wow wow www!"
"Groogh!"
It was quite a chorus in Smythe's study. There was no doubt that the nuts of Rookwood would remember that lesson—no doubt whatever.

that lesson—no doubt whatever.
While they gasped and groaned, Jimmy Silver & Co. were in quest of other victims. All the members of the nutry else in the state of the nutry else in the state of the st

The 4th Chapter. Putting it Plain!

Jimmy Silver did not look so runny-tempered as usual the next day. The affair of the Greyfriars match-uterly "mucked up" as it had been-naturally worried him, and as cricket captain he felt that most of the re-sponsibility was on his shoulders. Worse than that, was the fact that

hind them, who thought that they had done a great deal too much.

Adolphus Smythe dregged his head wearily was more than the most support of the more than the more than

The Fistical Four were finishing tea when Morny came in, with a smile on his face. Jimmy gave him a rather curt ribd.

his face. Jimmy gave him a rather curt ribd.

Jimmy had heard too much lately about Morny's eleverness in having epotted Smythe's little game, and he was tired of the subject, and of Morny, too. He did not admire that sharpness of Morny's, though he was sorry he had not taken his advice on the occasion.

Mornington blandly, as he lounged into the end study.

"We can eat sardines while you was your chin," answered Jimmy Silver. "Don't mind us. But, for goodness' sale, Morny, don't sing it all over again about your dashed brightness in spotting Smythe's game! It's possible to have too much of a good thing."

"Morny was right, you know," re-marked Lovell, apparently in the role of candid friend. Jimmy grunted. "I know he was, and I've admitted

friars match has been chucked away!"

Jimmy's lip curied.

"If you can get the other fellows to think so, the job's open to you," he answered, "It's not my personal personal money in the series of you come to that."

"You don't object, then, to my buttin' in?" asked Mornington.

"I've no right to object, have I? Any fellow who likes can put up."

Mornly nodded.

"That's so. But I shouldn't like you to think that I'm cuttin' the ground from under your feet, you know. I don't want to do anythin' mean. I think I should make a pretty good junior captain, and I'd like to bag the job."

"Jimmy's job!" growled Lovell.

bag the job."
"Jimmy's job!" growled Lovell,
Lovell was rather given to playing
the part of "candid friend," but at
the idea of anybody else rounding on
Jimmy Silver, Arthur Edward was up
in arms at once. He fixed a look rof
deep disfavour upon Valentine Mornington.

ington.

"Jimmy says it isn't his job," said Morny. "It's open to anybody in the Lower School," a present," growled Jimmy. "But if a good many of the fellows put it to me, I would resign, and stand in a fresh electra and sand in a fresh electra. I would resign, and leave the field open, I'm not sure about standing again."

n) goin' to be a row!" said man, "They know we're I have they'll come along or re lock the door!"
or re lock the door!"
of road that would be!"
and "Are you suggestin"
this study for the rest of us a sound of many foothe passage.

or was thrown open, and
the Shell ran in.
comin' I" he panted.

we will be a compared a dolphus. If we have it in "Forwled a dolphus in "growled a dolphus in the following and the following and the following and the following a dolphus in the following for of the Fourth into the study, and after set following the following a dolphus in the following a d e door!" howled Adolphus

re got back!" said Jimmy n, deah boy," said Smythe

se lagred our match!" roared ow did you get on at Grey-emanded Erroll. I to the wide, of course!"

Corroy.

It is drew a deep breath.

It is that the facts must come
be was only thinking just
outpoing the evil hour, and
immediate punishment.

the fact is, we beat them!"

d.

"I" howled Jimmy Silver.

If and Tracy stared at their
They had not thought of this
master stroke.

best there's should Convey.

test them?" shouted Conroy. best 'em hollow, by an ed fifty runs!" said Adol-

spoofing ass!" shouted sirer. "They beat you by a and more runs than they to count!"

here, Saiver—"
the phoned to Greyfriars, and
has told me?"
for gasped Adolphus.
day thought of that. His
toks had missed fire, after
ank into his armchair again

vat jokin', you know!" he joking when you fooled us by your car, and joking when dit up with the chauffeur to a bundred miles from every-Jinmy Silver exclaimed

Only a-a-a joke, you "i seem much of a joke to we're finished with you!"

7-you know played a rotten trick on us, hatch for Rookwood," said war for Rookwood," said war for Rookwood, said war for Rookwood, said war for Rookwood, said war for Rookwood, said war for the Rookwood, said w

Jell, right enough, I dare



JIMMY SILVER'S RESIGNATION!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Erroll shook his head; but he did not argue with his chum. He was loyal to Mornington; though he had his deubts about the wisdom of Erroll, naturally, backed up his own chum; and the grave, quiet juinor had a good deal of influence. On the Modern side there was jubilation.

"This is good—real good!" Toumy Dodd said. "When regues fall own, but when Classicals fall out, it's a chance for the Moderns. They outnumber us too much for a Modern to get in unless they're divided. Now they're divided were!" said Tommy Sure they they pill their vote between Jimmy Silver and Mornington, bedad you may get in on the Modern vote, Tommy!"

"It's a jolly good chance," said Tommy Cook, rubbing his hands. "And what Rookwood really wants is a Modern too, rubbing his hands. "And what Rookwood really wants is a Modern juinor skipper!"

"That's it!" said Dodd.

So the three Tommies rejoiced.
And there was not likely to be any
split in the Modern vote Tommy
Dodd had a chance in a three Centers for the Legaliney. And
Tommy set to the Legaliney and
Tommy set to the Legaliney and
the Legaliney and the Legaliney and found the three Tommies engaged in comparing notes and lists of
names. Alexandry

and found the three Tonnies enjaged in comparing notes and lists of names.

"Gettin' ready for an election?" asked Morny, with a smile.

"Gettin' ho!" answered Tommy Down the North of answered Tommy Down the North of the North

Jimmy Silver was to resign, and Hall matter was to be settled by a new election. Morny had high hopes that there would be a sufficient show of hands.

The meeting was a crowded oue.

The meeting was a crowded oue.

Nearly all the Fourth and Shell were there, and a goodly contingent of the Third and Second.

The Fistical Four came in together; three of them frowing, and only Jimmy Silver wearing a smiling and placid expression. Jimmy's chums were a good deal more annoyed at the turn affairs were taking than Jimmy himself. The captain of the Fourth did not seem much troubled. It was soon seen that the meeting was generally in favour of a new election—Smythe & Co. were vociferously in favour of it.

Jimmy Silver took it smilingly.

Jimmy Silver took it smilingly.

Jimmy Suver took it simingly.

He did not remain many minutes at the meeting; but when he left the Common-room with his chums he was no longer junior captain of Rookwood, but only a candidate for the election, which was to take place on Monday.

His chums had insisted on that, and

Monday.

His chums had insisted on that, and Jimmy had yielded to them; though he was more inclined personally to stand out altogether.

The notice of the election duly appeared on the board, with the names of three candidates—Jimmy Silver, Valentine Mornington, and Thomas Dodd.

Checky Modern as "earlier Edward Lower Low

And Lovell called on M. Study No. 4, and stated ha with great emphasis, but an slightest effect.

'I'm goin' ahead!" was Me

"Im gon reply,
"And suppose a Moden re-sourted Levell,
"I hope he work,"
"One of the Chaird as ought to stand down to preser you know that, Morry as Arthur Edward holy," as Arthur Edward no see M.



WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A "PRO." By A FAMOUS PROFESSIONAL.

(For obvious reasons, the author of this article cannot allow his name to be published.)

Grochvious reasons, the author of this article cannot allow his name to be published.)

As a youth my sole ambition was to become a first-class professional cricketer. I loved the game; I paid my visits to county matches; I looked my visits to county and the only large of my visits to the part of the county and the part of the county and the part of the village deven; but, whilst perhaps they are at their best, he is merely starting, has much to learn, and with care may develop into a great player, and he has roceived a letter from the secretary, asking him to present himself at the county ground on a certain day to take part in net practice. Such a trial may not but the most conceived youngeter, and he has roceived a letter from the secretary, asking him to present himself at the county ground on a certain day to take part in net practice. Such a trial may not but the most conceived youngeter, and he has roceived a letter from the secretary, asking him to present himself at the county ground on a certain day to take part in net practice. Such a trial may not but the most conceived youngeter, and he has roceived a letter from the severatory, asking him to present himself at the county ground on a certain day to take part in net practice. Such a trial may not but the possibilities of the youngster, and he has roceived a letter from the severatory, asking him to present himself at the county ground on a certain day to take part in net practice. Such a trial may not but the part of the part of the such as a pround and hought he large the may college the part of the such as a pround be a proposed to the part of the such as a pround bowler for the read of the part of the such as a pround bowler for the read of the part of the part of the such as a pround

hundreds. Jones is the idol of the

hundreds. Jones is the idol of the public.

The third phase is short. The days of regular centuries are over, and somehow, instead of starting the batting, Jones' name figures sixth or seventh on the card. It seems to be a different side altogether, for the older members of the team of years ago have dropped out, and younger men have taken their places. Still years are the season of the side of the

pionship cricket. It is the beginning of the end, and he wonders whether, his savings are sufficient to keep him? The omit of the end, and he wonders whether, his savings are sufficient to keep him? The omit of the control of the c



WHEN Vernon-Smith to Grevfriars came He led a life luxurious : Played many a dark and shady game, And made his schoolmates furious. The same remarks apply, in truth, To wild and reckless "Morny," Who sowed wild oats in early youth, And found his path was thorny!

A dandy of the first degree, Yet very far from silly, He garbs himself most stylishly, Like swells in Piccadilly. Top-hat and monocle complete His slim and slender figure; Though on occasions he can treat His chums to feats of vigour!

No longer with the shady set He occupies his leisure; No longer does he smoke or bet Or stoop to doubtful pleasure. The merry revels of the past
Are faded and forgotten;
And Mornington may now be classed
With those who shun things "rotten"

The heroes of the Classic Side Could scarcely do without him; And Modern juniors, when they've tried To fluster or to flout him, Have found that Morny is a chap Whose blows are scientific; And when he figures in a scrap His prowess is terrific!

Three cheers for Morny! May he stand For ever 'mid the foremost! And lend the Classic chums a hand When they desire to score most. All honour to him, he has thrust His shady past behind him; In every future yarn, we trust,
A sportsman keen we'll find him!

-THE ROOKWOOD RHYMESTER

19/7/19

Warned

A Splendid Long, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter.

bod

3.8

12.79

Bub!"

Richards & Co. looked
Richards was addressed
that remark was addressed
in a voice with a strong

one of Cedar Creek were a the top rail of Old Man They had walked norning lessons at the hool to see Mr. Todgers'

Todgers was showing it to Chunky's fat voice was ith indignation as he told

stem-plough was not in

as hing in a corner of the farmstead, exposed to wind in, as it had been lying for three years past, agon a time that steam-plough to a very promising machine promising than performing,

see a very promising machine as pomising than performing, sulter of fact. What Todgers had purchased it its bandred dollars from an enseq American machine-man, had extended his operations as the Thompson of the Markett of the State of the

famous plough went into

it was rusting—what was left ad Old Man Todgers was still on the mortgage.

mortgage!" said Frank
ds, as Chunky referred to it.

as chanky referred to 10.

at does that mean?"

Lunky Todgers. "Bob knows
bout it, don't you, Bob?"

b Lawless nodded.

b lawless nodded.

for see, Franky, Mr. Todgers
fre hundred dollars for that
spice," he explained. "Naturbe ladn't the cash in hand; so
a mortgage on his farm."
if hat!" Frank Richards
ded, "Is that a usual way to
\$100gh!"

plough?"

tite," said Vere Beauclerc.

te still got some things to

about Western Canada,

seems so," said Frank, with a

see, the American machinesee, the American machine-aregular feature in this Bob Lawless explained. Sees along selling the very stibulization devices—good devir way, but not much new the selling the work of the selling the selling the selling of the selling the selling the selling sa a mortizage on the farm the drummer—"

The drummer—"

"what?"

The drummer—

The drummer book the state of the state of

the result?"
result is that the contraption
after it gets out of order,
as around and rusts," said
Beas four little hearf, all the

way from Montreal to New Westminster you can find farms with some peaky machine of this sort rusting on the waste land. And nearly every one of them means a mortgage on a C. "But wist does the farmer buy them for then?" asked Frank Richards, puzzled.

Bob shrugged his shoulders. "Why does anybody buy a thing he deem't want?" he asked. "People are always doing it. Advertisements and a drummer with an olly tongue do the trick. The and cattle, but he doem't know much about City trickery, and the drummer takes him in every time. Some of the machines are good, some of them are rubbish. Most of them go the same way. They rust in a corner, while the farmer is paying off thos mortgage, or being sold up because he can't bay?" and does that happen often?" he asked. "And does that happen often?" he asked that was the same of the same as the can't bay?" he asked. "They do not contain the same way. They rust in a corner, while the farmer is paying off the mortgage, or being sold up because he can't bay?" he asked. "And does that happen often?" he asked that the same are subbish as the same and the same and

"Every day. It's a regular scandal."

Petry day. It's a regular candal."
"It ought to be stopped."
"Well, the law can't stop a simple and unsuspicious chap from being remarked. Vere Beaucher. "The machine-man delivers the goods—that is his part of the burgain. If the farmer finds out that he's bought a white elephant, that's his look-out; only it comes hard on him, as in the case of Chunky's father."
"Poppa was going to make no

in surprise.

in surprise.

"Franky, old man, you're still learning," said Bob Lawless. "Bub is a polite form of address to youth in this pilgrim's native land."

The stranger grinned.
"Tenderloot, I calculate," he remarked. "Perhaps you can give me

the office, Bub.

thresher, and we're giving them away. Yep!"
"Well, that's jolly generous of-you, anyhow."
"Practically giving them away. I mean. We charge only six hundred dollars."

dollars."
"Oh!"
Frank understood that this was a machine-man now—the first specimen he, had, seen of that enterprising race. He was a drummer, from Chicago, looking for business in the Thompson Valley.
The sharp eyes of Snooker & Snigss' representative rested on the four schoolboys sharply.
"I guess your folks are farmers?"

"I guess your folks are farmers?" he remarked.
"Something of the sort."

"Something of the sort."
"I'll be chaided with you," said the sharp gentleman, in a burst of confidence, "I'm dearn, in a burst of confidence, "I'm dearn but outside the interest of the state of the s

The sharp gentleman opened a card-case, and to the astonishment of the Canadian schoolboys, jammed busi-ness-card into their hands—one each. The cards bore the inscription:

HIRAM K. HIKES. Snooker and Sniggs, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Hikes beamed on the chums of Cedab Creek. Evidently he considered that he had done a good stroke of business; introducing his business cards into four farming homes. The possible sale of four Snooker-Snigge threshers loomed ahead.

Shooker-Shiggs intresiers roomed ahead.

"You hand those cards to your poppas, and tell them I'm always to be heard of at the Occidental Hotel in Thompson," he said impressively." I guess I'll mosey out to anywhere, to call on any borngly cell on about our thresher, and they tumble over one another to buy it. Because it's the goods, you see."

"Oh!" gasped Frank Richards.

"I guess I'm calling on Mr. Hopkins today—if I can ind the darm place!" said Mr. Hikes. "You let

"Turn there, and keep on till you get to the corduroy road," said Bob.
"Follow the corduroy as far as the creek, and then strike up the creek and keep on. Savry?"
"Yep! Solong, Bu!?"
And the share glancing after him with the share glancing after him with the share glancing after him with both and Bob's claums staring at Bob's amiling face in wonder.
Bob's directions had been very clear, and the Chicago gentleman could not possible mistake them; but they had the drawback that the route pointed out was exactly opposite to the direction he should have taken for the Hopkins farmstead.
The sharp gentleman did not know that. It was a discovery he was to make later.
"What are you pulling his leg for," "What are you properly and the sharp with the sharp gentleman in the sharp gentleman with the sharp gentleman did not know that let was a discovery he was to make later.
"What are you pulling his leg for,"

What are you pulling his leg for,

The 2nd Chapter.
Mr. Hikes in Luck!
"Hopkins, old chap!"
"'Allo!" said Harold Hopkins

Cheerily.

It was a couple of days later, and Gedar Creek were coming out after lessons. Frank Richards & Co. were starting for the corral, to get out their horses, when Frank paused to speak to the cockney shoother.

Cover the state of the cockey when the cockey shoolboy. Frank was rather curious to know whether Hiram K. Hikes had ever arrived at the Hopkins farmstead. The chums of Cedar Creek had seen nothing of the sharp gentleman during the past two days.

"Have you had any drummers before the control of the company of the compan

burse."
Harold Hopkins had been some me at Cedar Creek, but he still made o Canadian schoolboys smile with

"Harold Hopkins had been some time at Cedar Creek, but he still made the Canadian schoolboys smile with his appirate.

"Harit Kopkins is buying that thresher, is he?" asked Bob.

"Tain't confluded yet," explained Hopkins. "You see, the price is six hundred dollars; and that a s bit too steep for us 'Opkinses. We didn't bring the Bank of Hengland core with us, you know. But Mr. Hiller for the Bank of Hengland core with us, you know. But Mr. Hiller for makes it easy for you to buy. They take a mortgage on your land agin the payment."

"Oh! Do they?" murmured Frank Richards.

"Father was jolly pleased when Mr.—Heast old 'im that," said Hopkins. "Father was jolly pleased when Mr.—Heast old 'im that," said Hopkins. "Father was jolly pleased when Mr.—Heast old 'im that," said Hopkins, according to the same of the course, and they are to do business in "No doubt!" grunted Bob.

"With that thresher, it works out at saving the labour of six 'ands, at least," said Hopkins; "and out 'res, you know, the 'ands emply can't be got in the buy season, Mr. 'Kes ays that every up to date farmer out as yet the reare and they." "That's trae, "said Bob. "I guess it will be all machines some day; but there are places where you can start too soon. Hay Mr. Hikes promised to come along and meet the machins "Fit To," No! It doesn't go out of order—it was like as and the "Mr. 'Ikes as as so!"



"Hands up!" The thin, bony hands of Hiram K. Hikes went up as if they had been moved by an electric shock. He blinked nervously at the masked ruffians, one of whom was covering him with a revolver. HANDS UP!

end of that steam-plough," said Chunky Todgers disconsolately, "but it got out of order. And how was it got out of order. And how was lie to get it put in order, right up hardn't thought of that in advance; and the agent had told him the thing never got out of order, and that it was simplicity itself to put it right off the mortgage, and there's the pesky plough!" Seling was implicitly itself to put it right if it did. And poppa is still paying off the mortgage, and there's the pesky plough!" Seling the plough again.

This time "Bub" was addressed by Lavles and the sample of the self-standian schoolbey nodded. "You're looking for Old Man Hopkins, the son of the sample of the self-standian schoolbey nodded. "You're looking for Old Man Hopkins have and the sample of the self-standian schoolbey nodded. "You're looking for Old Man Hopkins have an attractive was simplicity itself to put it right be post provided by the sample of the post of the buffer of the buffer through the post of the buffer through the post

Published Every Monday



WARNED OFF!

(Continued from the previous page.)

more. Can't be helped; experience has to be bought, and can't be taught."

And the matter dropped.

But the chums of Cedar Creek were still thinking about it, and Bob Lawless confided to his cousin that something was going

cousin that something was going to be done.

The machine-man had sold one of the Snooker-Sniggs' contrivances to Old Man Grimm; and one was enough, in Bob's opinion. His activities in the Thompson Valley ought to be put an end to, and Bob considered that something should be done. But what was going to be done Bob was not yet able to explain.

The 3rd Chapter.

Something Like a Stunt!
"My hat! There's the mer

"Oh!"

"There's the testimonials, too," said Hopkins cheerily. "Letters from farmers, you know, asyin' ow they've made piles over that thresher. Ow it's saved them from closing darm in Texas and the save a management of t chant!"

On Saturday Frank Richards & Co. were riding over to Thompson for shopping, and just outside the town, as they trotted up, they came upon their acquaintance of a few days before.

as they trotted up; any and their acquaintance of a few days before.

Mr. Hikes was coming out of the town, with a very cheerful expression upon his sharp, skinny face.

Judging by his looks, the machineman was quite satisfied with the prospects of business in the Thompson Valley.

Her. Buh!" called out Bob Law.

son Valley.

"Say, Bub!" called out Bob Lawless, in playful imitation of Mr. Hikes'
own form of greeling.
Mr. Hikes looked up sharply, and
frowned at the sight of the three
cheery schoolboys. He halted in the
trail, and they drew rein.

"You young scallywag!" he said,
shaking a bony finger at the rancher's
son.

shaking a bony finger at the ranches, son.

"Me?" said Bob imnocently,
"You!" snorted Mr. Hikes, "You gave me a pesky long tramp to ther day. I guess I found mysel lose in the hills, and never get back to town till three in the morning!"

"Missed you?" exclaimed Bob,
"I reckon you was feolin' me!" growled Mr. Hikes. "I was moseying on with my back to the Hopkins' shebang, as I found out arterwards."

kins' shebang, wards."
"But you got there?"
"I got there next day. And if I had a stick with me," said Mr, Hikes, "I'd lay it round you for your leetle lakes."

place, after all!" Frank remarked.
"Not that day, I guess," grinned Bob.
"Ha, ha! No. But he got there the next day, and he's selling Old Man Hopkins his precious thresher. I hope the old chap will make a success.

"How can he make a success of it?" he grunted. "As soon as something goes wrong, 'Old Man Hopkins will try to mend it, and make matters werse. Then he will come scotting down to Thompson for a man who knows—and he won't find one. He won't find a man nearer than Kamlows, and what do you thus that distance to see to his peaky machine?"
"Goodness knows. He won't be able to pay it if it's little!" growled Bob. "It may run him into a hundred dollars to bless himself with. Why, he can't even pay for the thing he's buying. It may be a good thing, but it's no use on a backwoods farm for a poor farmer. The Hakkwood is may be a good thing, but it's no use on a backwood in the interest of the smooth-tongued through, so far. How are they going the wiles of the smooth-tongued machine man, and the rusting lumber that dotted the waste lands round the farms.
"The likesed contraption will be." "Lucky you haven't got a stick
"Lucky you haven't got a stick
"Lucky you hen!" grinned Bob. "I
should wipe up the trail with you,
Hiram"

Hiram."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hiram K. Hikes scowled. Bob's little joke had wasted a day for him, during which he might have brought off a successful swindle. It was no wonder that Mr. Hikes was annoved.

"I're a good mind," he said, "to have you off that hore, and make also be a dealer of the said of the said. The said of the said. The said of t

machine-man, and the risting lumber that dotted the wasto lands round-the farms.

"The hiesed contraption will be about as much use to Old Man Hopkins as a gold watch to a Digger Indian," he said. "If there was a machine-shop in Thompson it might be some use. But there in't a machine-shop within a hundred miles. That pesky thresher will be lying around like Old Man Todgees' steamplough. And Hopkins will be paying off the mortrage, and working night and day to do it and keep his holding. He's made a good farm out of nothing, and all for the benefit of Snooker and Sniggs in Chicago."

"That seems rather rotten," said Frank.

"Selling a machine there?" asked Frank.
"No business of yourn!" answered Mr. Hikes sourly. "But I don't mind letting on that the Snooker-Sniggs' thresher is goin' like hot cakes. And you can go and chop chips for a set of checky young scally-

"Hold on!" called out Bob Law-less, as Hiram K. Hikes started again, "Are you going by the timber trail?"

"Yep."
"Look out for the road-agents!"
"What?"
What?"
"Road-agents—here!"
he ejacu-

"That seems rather rotten," saw Frank.
"I guess I'l go and ask the poppa to go over and see him," said Bob.
"He may take advice from a man who knows the country."
"That's a good idea."
And when the coustns arrived at the Lawless ranch that evening Bob explained the matter to Mr. Lawless.
I'll ride over to-morrow," he said. "I'll ride over to-morrow," he said.

The following evening, when the chums returned from school, they were anxious for news. They were concerned for Old Man Hopkins, who had had a hard struggle in a new country to make good.

But Mr. Lawless shook his head with the said. "They proceed to Mr. Hopkins," he said. "They proceed to Mr. Hopkins," be said. "That's all I could do. He's going shead."

"Buying the thing?" asked Bob.
"Yee; and it's a pity," said Mr. Lawless, knitting his brows. "He's just made good, so far; but this rub-bish will land him. That smoothed-tongued reaed has talked him over, and he's expecting great things. I hear that the man is doing business ap and down the velley too. He's sold a machine to old forium, and so's in negotiation with half a dezen

Mr. Hikes stopped very suddenly, "Road-agents—here?" he ejaculated.
"Haven't you heard of the Flour-Bag gang?" asked Bob.
"Oh, Jerusalem! Blessed if that dosn't sound as if I was home in the States!" said Mr. Hikes. "I never heard of road-agents in Canada."
"Well, keep your eyes peeled." said Bob. "It would be a pity if they collared you, and made you disacrge the dollars you've heen roping in from people who don't knew you." And the schoolboys rode on, leaving Mr. Hikes standing in the trail, with a doubtful and alarmed expression on his face.
"What the thump are you driving a. Bob!" asked. Frank Richards. "There are no road-agents in the Flour-Bag gang once—the Flour-Bag gang once—the Flour-Bag gang once—the Side of the standard over the line, but they made things lively till they were rounded up."

"I know that; but they were the aly lot, and they were roped in, here's none now. Were you trying only lot, and they were you trying to seare that fellow; I guess Ive. succeeded. Look at him in the clums glanced back. Hiram K. Hikam dat turned back, and was following them into Thompand was following them into Thompa

son town.

Evidently he did not wish to run
the risk of meeting highwaymen on
the lonely trail through the timber.

"He's turned back!" exclaimed

Beauclerc.

"I guess swindling is more in his line than scrapping, answered Bob Lawless." There would be road-agents or in States, and Hiram knows more about the States than he does about Canada. I guess he'll wait for the post-waggon to take him over to Cedar Camp. He's nerty, my pippins; and that's what I wanted to know."

to know."

"Why?"

"Because I've thought of a stunt."

"You're going for his scalp?"

"You're going for his scalp?"

"I guess I'm going to try and clear him out of the Thompson Valleg!" answered Bob Lawless determinedly. "He's doing no good here, and he's doing a lot of harm. Suppose he found that the Flour-Bag gamp had made a mark of him."

"The Flour-Bag gamp stiffied.

"Yep; but he doesn't know all to the stalp of the stalp of

wits—"
"But—"

"But—"
"But—"
"But —"
"But it's very likely that he would make tracks for his native States, and give Thompson Valley a rest. He's here to make money, not to give it away.
"But there a Frank —
"But there a Frank — "But there a Frank — "But there a Frank — "But there a Frank — "The Flour-Bag gang are coming to life again—for this occasion only!"
grinned Bob Lawless, "Think again, Franky! Any galoot with a flour-sack over his head would pass. What's the matter with us?"
"Us!" gasped Frank.
"Three ferocious rafilans, you know—masked—"
"Oh, you ass!"
"You awful duffer!" exclaimed Beaucler. — "think it's a good

"You awill duffer: exclaimed Beauclerc, "Don't you'think it's a good stunt?" demanded Bob. "But we can't rob him, even a spoofing swindler like that!" yelled

spoofing swindler like that!" yelled Frank.

"Ha, ha, ha! Nope; we stop short of that. We can frighten him out of his sharp wits, and make him glad to mosey on to more settled sections."

"Oh, my hat!"
"I tell, you it's the stunt of the season!" said Bob Lawless. "The Flour-Bag gang are coming to life again—just for once. And they're going to make Hiram Lilles,"
And it was quite useless for Bob's chums to argue with him. The rancher's son was determined, and he had his way. But Frank Richards and Vero Beauclerc were exceedingly doubtful as to how that remarkable stunt would pan out.

The 4th Chapter.

The 4th Chapter.

Enough for Hiram!

"Hands up!"
"Oh, Jorusalem!"
"The tin, bony hands of Hiram K.
Hikes went up us if they had been
Hiram K. was a sharp gentleman—much too sharp to think of arguing
with a levelled revolver at close
quarters, with a masked face behind
the revolver.

Sharp as he was, he naturally
couldn't guess that the revolver was
an old weapon that did not work,
and was only used, in stage-plays by
the Cedar Creek Thespians.
That much was not to be expected
on an from Chicago, Illiman as the
man from Chicago, Illiman as the
He had never heard of the
Thespian Club of Cedar Creek
School, and he was far too practical
a gentleman ever to have taken any
interest in stage-plays. Neither was
he aware that the chums of Cedar
Creek were on the warpath.
He was aware that a six-shooter
was levelled at his sharp nose, with a
linger of the trigger, and that was
Ils hands were up above his head,
and they trembled as they were held
there. Hiram K. Hikes was a levy
sharp man, but the fate that had
endowed him with so much sharpness had omitted to put in very much
courage.

His bony knees knocked together as he blinked at the revolver.

Night was falling on the Cedar Camp trail. Hiram K. Hike, tramping home to his hotel in Thompson, was "held up" on the trail. Three dim figures, in deerskin coats, with flour-bags drawn over their heads by way of masks, had suddenly leaped on him, and one-evidently the leader-had covered him with the six-shooter.

"Drill him!" rapped out one of the masked meu.

masked men.
"Gents—" gasped Hiram K.
"Put daylight through him!"
growled the masked man. "Easier
to handle the galoot dead than alive 'I guess so !" said the ruffian with

alive."
"I guess so!" said the ruffian with
the revolver.
"Gentlemen," yelled Hiram K.
Hikes, "I nyour mutton! Let up!
Not Let up!"
The road-agent with the revolver's
seemed to heettate, though the gleamline with Hiram K. Hikes' sharp,
pointed nose.
"Spare my life!" bawled the man
from Chicago breathlessly.
"Take
my wad and let me go!"
"I guess you know who you've got
leader, in a deep bass voice.
Mr. Hikes groaned.
Mr. Hikes groaned.

"Oi! You've the Flour"Oi! You'k pour ye're the Flour"Oi!" You know us, do you?"

"I guess so."
"Oh! You know us, do you?"
"Oh! You know us, do you?"
"I've heered of you," groaned Mr.
Hikes. "A peaky young cheeky
"What?"
"What?"
"A young rascal, sir, warned to

weallywag waried me about you—"
"What!"
"A young rascal, sir, warned me, and I asked them questions in Thompson, and those galoots told me that the Flour-Bag gang had been rounded up and sent to penitentiary. They did so, sir. I reckoned that young scallyway was trying to take a rise out of me.
"Oh, Jerusalem! I do!"
"Keep your paws up!" rapped out the masked man.
"I calculate I'm keeping them up!" gasped Mr. Hikes. "Turn that shooter some other way, pard. It—it—it might go off!"
"If it goes off, siree, you're as good as dead notat."

as dead tocat."
"Yow-ow!"
"Drill him, Buckskin Bill."
growled the road-agent who had first tendered that advice. "Dead men tell no tales."
"I guess if he hands over the loot peaceable, Jake—"
"What's the good of fooling around with him?" demanded Jake. "He'll give information in Thompson if we let him go."
"I will not, gents!" yelled Mr. Hikkes. "I will not say a word! Nary a syllable, by hokey!"
"I'm for shooting him dead!" grunted Jake. "Do we want the sheriff of Thompson arter us!"
"I'guess not!" growled the third ruffian. "You're playing the fool, Buckskin Eil!! Shoot him and have done!"

Buckskin Bill! Shoot him and have done?"

"Look here, Poker Jack——"

"Pull trigger, you silly clam! We can get the goods off him after he's cold meat."

Hiram K. Hikes trembled in every beny limb.

Two at least of the three ruffians were in favour of shooting him out of land, and in the lonely trail through the timber there was no helo.

Ho was at the mercy of the Flour-Bag gang, and only one of them seemed inclined to show him mercy. Fortunately, that one was the outlaw who held the revolver.

"Gentlemen, go easy with a pilgrim," said Air. Hikes, through his chattering teeth. "I ain't trod has charmed the show him and tred a harmless on the harmonic tred in the dusky trail.

"Get into the timber!" he rapped out.

Mr. Hikes hesitated a moment.

out.
Mr. Hikes hesitated a moment.
Mr. Hesil was solitary enough. Mr. Hikes hesitated a moment. The trail was solitary enough, but to leave it for the shadowy depths of the timber was to abandon the last faint hope of help.

There was a click as the trigger moved.

"Step lively, or—"
"I'm going, sir!" gasped Mr. Hikes.

"I'm going, sir!" gasped Mr.
Hikes.
And he backed under the trees.
And he backed under the trees.
And he backed under the trees.
The tree is a consideration of the tree is a consideration of the tree is a considerably bigger man than any of his assislants; but they were three to one, and the revolver settled it.

"Go ahead, Fr.—Jake!" said

Buckskin Bill bassly, on, Mister Bursslone.

On, Mister Bursslone.

It them paws to be a first a built in the but see a built in the but see a built in the built

hands still clevated above
Behind him came the
Behind him came the
Behind him came the
Bour-bag ruffians. Bad
keeping the revolver raise
Hiram K. Hikes was ro
of the Philistines, and at
help for him He could
help for him had believed to as ordered, and hope
on as ordered, and hope
on as ordered.

on as ordered, and here for an as ordered, and here for the had no knowledge was of the substitution of the had no knowledge was of the trickery thereo. Bedon it a hundred yards firem to make the trickery thereo. Bedon it a hundred yards firem to make the trickery thereo. The transfer of the had lost all sense of directions. They marched Mr. Hins wood half-mile, winding them trees and thickets, till day not the work had to be the substitution of the substitution

"Halt!"
Hiram K. Hikes halted.
"Stand there while we set is by you!" growled Buckstin, near a tree with his received.
He stood under the tree with acting arms raised, his hard the his drzzy head.
He was allow! but

He was silent, but inwardy as anathematising the fate that hall his enterprising footsteps by Canadian backwoods.

Canadian backwoods.

Once he was safe out of this was
Mr. Hikes vowed to himself the
would keep closer to the beater
in the future—if only he call
clear alive of the ferocious Fase
gang. There were profit
a made nearer to civilisation; as made nearer to civilisation; at much trusting simplicity, rein but on the other hand fewer research and road agents.

If only he got clear of its fee Bag gang!

He watched them with there

ac

He watched them with them heart.

Even the fact that he had a hundred dollars about him, aids in danger of losing it, did not teal him so much as the danger as precious skin. The dollars minimally replaced, hun the skin never!

The three masked man was sulting in low tones.

The murmum of their voice year Mr. Hikes, as he stood under them though he could not distinguish words.

But he realised that his unimal that the stood of the

words.

But he realised that he unlife depended on the discount as he listened in fear and treather. Buckskin Bill's rock reached him at last.

"I guess I give in, and at we anyway. Arter all, he's on thundering drummer, and he will missed."

"I suppose of the missed."

"I suppose the missed of the missed."

"I suppose the missed of the missed."

"I suppose the missed of the missed."

Hiram K. Hikes almost colors.
The man with the revolve towards him, his cyes for through the cye-holes in the sack.

sack.
"I guess you're a gone cost, less gone cost, less give you five minutes; over the range."
"Mercy!" mumbled Mr. fla faintly.

"Five minutes!" And Buckskin Bill turned lad

his associates. Hiram K. Hikes reeled spirit

tree.

The Flour-llag gang took of ther notice of him. They we tering together again, as a cere glance at him.

He backed a little round its watching the ruffina with a taching the ruffina with a factor of seeing. Buckskin Bill but with m with raised revolves at him with raised revolves. But the Flour-llag gang and

at him with raised recover seem to observe his mancarry. Mr. Hike's heart thursely backed farther and farther his only chance, and he was his only chance, and he was end of the fifth minute. He caught his foot is a proper

He caught his foot in a proof and stumbled.

There was a sharp expension one of the road sgeets.
"Thunder! He's vanious (Contlined on page 251)

Sorher would have liked me more about this Captain Handyman Bashee. dyman would tell

and Handyman would tell
end of to Mr. MacStagers,
forely attired in cool,
include a pair of cope,
as the standard of cope,
as the standard enginestandard eng

ggers was more com-

venty-five years ago, Mr. venty-five years ago, Mr. venty-five years ago, Mr. venty-five search of the year of year fittle years year year fittle years year year fittle years year year fittle years years year year fittle years years year year fittle years year

hipelago.

a as permission of the lemanded Mr. Wilkinson.

rast he good of askin' per
rany sultan?" replied Mr.

"We didn't want to

lacons. We were fishing lagoons. We were fishing lagoons ea, amongst the reefs, mile from the tidal shore, hin's were no business of

shat happened?" demanded inson, greatly interested. replied Mr. MacStaggers, emprised us with his member of Mr. MacStaggers, as surprised us with his night. We were all sleep.—The old Li-Ha was at the her riding-lights all The look-out man was ship's dog was asleep, and the ard of them was when a dipins and conjunts are the conjunts of the c were caught in our against twelve of us white

there was a fight?"

when the was a fight!"

If there was a fight!"

Mr. MacStaggers drily, as better drily, as better drily, as better drily, as better drily, as the drily as fight if any man tries is arross him. But twelve ght asleep, stand no chance the hundred and seventy tans an' yellow men, all to the teeth. Jim. was drill, and I was wounded, an stand the pin out o' the air, an' tried to twe the list into their lagoon, to be to th' Dutch Govern-a pearl-poacher caught

in into their lagoon, to see to the Dutch Governapearl-poacher caught in the lagoon of the control of the con

taggers clenched his fist

this constared singer it a dirty Stotchman 1: In he had I ll have ye to under the stotchman it is he had I ll have ye to under the stotchman it is he had a ll have ye to under the stotchman it is he had been as a dirty in the heat blood of the stotchman in the had been a law staggers doffs his his last to MacDonald nor to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in the stotchman in the stotchman is desired to the stotchman in th custard-faced

THE BOYS' FRIEND Scotchman by a cross-bred Chink Malay, wi' th' breed of a yellow

dog 15 dog 15 Mr. MacStaggers was overcome by

Malay, wi' th' breed of a yellow dog 19

Mr. MacStaggers was overcome by the recollection.

"But Jim Handyman an' me have waited for him," said he. "He kicked us out of Bashee on to a German steamer. That was when the German steamer. That was when the German to peragific. And the German the peragific. And the German captain used Held to the said of the

And very soon the stamping engines told of five extra revolutions per minute as the Bombay Castle raced across the Pacific on the

It was said that the Bombay Castle

It was said that the Bombay Castle was going into Bashee, and was going into Bashee, and was going to bombard the pirate in his lair.

Kids of the Lower School had visions of themselves covered with powder and glory, flighting, stripped by the said and with cutlasses at their said was and with cutlasses at their said was and with cutlasses at their said was a said with the good old days of Jack Harkawa, They said not think when the was

They did not think where the guns were to come from. There were no come from. There were no guns visible on the decks of the Bombay Castle, although various nuts, who had peeped into that holy of holies—the chart-room—had seen a rack of two dozen rilles.

But all the kids on board had an overwhelming faith in Captain Handyman. They adored him distantly. They imitated his seaman's walk down the decks, and if they had been able to grow this kers, they would all have grown that short, close-clipped, grey beard that the captain wore.

The only result of their excitement was that the kids got awfully quarrel-some amongst themselves.

Dirty Dauby, a small kid in the lowest Form, had six fights on for one afternoon, and scrapping was continuous in the after well-deck, where all the fights were brought off under the superintendence of the stewards and engineers' department. Scorcher Wilkinson kept the blind eye on these fights. But things got a bit too hot, even for Scorcher, when he counted over fifty per cent. of black eyes in the Lower School.

The boys who had not got black eyes were ordered to produce their handkerchiefs.

y Castle eyes were or

trouthers from Snooks minor, cometh cheaper than buyin' empay him two mbth a day, an' he o me two hundred and thirty mill the they're practically my trouthe "You're hot stuff, you are. Its said Mr. MacStagrers, regarding with admiration," They wouldn't much change out o' you cren up Aberdeen!" It

Ikey grinned at the implied compliment.
"Look 'ere, Misther Mac-

lkey grinned at the implied compliment.

"Look 'ere, Misther MacThaggers!" said he. "Would you like to do a little bit of thinness with the to do a little bit of thinness with the to do a little bit of thinness with the land of the little bit of li

the Sam of peace where we get there."

He at once hatched out a plan that He at once hatched out a plan that He at once hatched out a plan that Sultan of Bance, and should hold him to ransom was to be two pints of the best pearls, a sack of gold pieces, and four hundred tons of mother-of-pearl, value £80 per ton. Also, four hundredweight of nests of the sea swallow, which are valued by the Chinese as the basis of birds'-nest

Warned Off!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

With a frantic bound disappeared into the and fled for his life.
"Arter him!"
"Shoot! Shoot!"
"Run him down!"

Run him down! Proceedings of busines and branches behind Hirambules and branches behind Hirambules and branches behind Hirambules and for his life, breaking through thorny buthes, establing hands and face without heeding the scratches, stumbling and falling, and picking himself up again and running desperately.

The crashing died away behind him at last. The road-agents had apparently lost his track in the shadowy the last of the last of the shadowy the last of the last

But Mr. Hikes did not stop.

But Mr. Hikes did not stop.

He ran on, and on, and on, till
many a mile had vanished under his
feet, and at last he sank down exhausted. And when Mr. Have the sank
and at last he sank down exhausted. And when Mr. Hite hap on,
he limped away, and by morning
discovered the trail to Cedar Camp,
where his first proceeding was to hire
a buggy without even bargaining
about the price, and drive as fast as
the horse could go to the nearest
railway town. Hiram K. Hikes had
had enough of the Thompson Valley,
and the prospect of selling a hundred
Snooker-Sniggs' threshers would not
have tempted him back.

There was a room empty at the Occidental Hotel in Thompson that night. It was not until a couple of days later that instructions arrived for Mr. Hikes' belongings to be sent on to Kamboops by the post-waggon. That same night Bob Lawless and Frank Richards were late home to the Lawless Kanch, as was Vere Beauclere at the Beauclere shack on the creek. Mr. Lawless eyed his son and nephew when they came in.

"You're late!" he said.

"You're late!" he said.

"We've been round by Thompson and Cedar Camp, poppa." said Bob. "Only having a lark!"

And the rancher smiled and said no more.

And the rancher smiled and said no more.

Frank Richards and Bob smiled over their supper. And when the Co. rode to school on the following day they were in a hilarious mood.

A day or two later they learned from Harold Hopkins that Mr. Hikes gain for the Snooker-Snige' threcher and that he seemed to have left Thompson. Hopkins wondered why, and the Co. did not enlighten him. The exploits of Buckskin Bill, Jake, and Poker Jack were to remain a dead secret now that those ferocious ruffians had changed back into Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beauclerc.

Hiram K. Hikes was not seen in

Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beauclerc.

Hiran K. Hikes was not seen in the Thompson Valley again. Old man Hopkins did not purchase the famous thresher, and he did not put a mortgage on his farm. Ho was disappointed, but he found comfort when he have the hope of the

THE END. OUT ON WEDNESDAY. "ON THE KING'S

HIGHWAY 1" A Grand Complete Tale of St. Jim's,

By MARTIN CLIFFORD, in THE "GEM" LIBRARY.



With a sharp movement of the hand Captain Bones waved the Obi stick in bully Goadger's face, and as the latter left its magnetic influence creeping over him his face took on a look of terror. THE 'FLUENCE!

20th parallel of latitude to interview the Sultan of Bashee,

The Brothers of the Scarlet Dagger.

The Brothers of the Scarlet Dagger.
Anticipation rose to fever heat as
the Bombay Castle, steaming across
the Pacific, with her nose down to the
20th N. parallel of latitude like a
hypnotised chicken on a chalk line,
drew near the Bashee Archipelago,
where resided the snuff-and-butter
potentate who called himself the

where resided the sunff-and-butter potential who called himself the sunff-and-butter potential of Bashee. It was known throughout the ship that the Sultan of Bashee was no friend to Captain Handyman and to Mr. MacStaggers, the chief engineer. A quarter of a century ago, when the world and the sultan and the captain and Mr. MacStaggers were all younger, the sultan had practically played the pirate on a small Chinese-owned steamer, the Li-Ha, in which Captain Handyman and Mr. MacStaggers were then employed, and had a share.

Captain Handyman and an activation of the control o

And a nice lot of grabby dish-rags

these were, too.

Every one of these handkerchiefs was stained—not with the heart's blood, but with the nose blood of their

Then Scorcher Wilkinson put his

Then Scorcee visions put his foot down.

"This fighting has got to stop, you kids!" said he. "Any boy caught fighting in the next week will be swished! If he is caught fighting again he will be swished twice! If he be caught fighting three times he will be swished thrice, and so on. Have you got me, Lower School Stephens!"

The Lower School grinned as one man.

They understood.

Fighting was suspended, but chal-lenges were booked in advance against a more fitting opportunity when they could land on some coral island and have it out.

could land on some coral island and have it out.

Ikey Cohen, the Jew hope of the Lower School, arranged twenty-seven fights after school that day, and backed himself a winner for twenty-

seven shillings.

Then they all went off to the engine-room to seek Mr. MacSlangers.

Mae would vivey allow them to come down into the engine-room, for he he will be an and their talk, and was regulating the woulderful engines under his control.

under his control.

And, over and over again, from Mac
they got the story of his do with the
Sultan of Bashee.

"Hath he got any money!" demanded Ikey Cohen eagerly.

"Any amount of it, Master
Cohen!" replied Mac, "And don't
sit down there; you'll spoil your
trousers!"

"They aren't my trouthers," lisped Ikey, sitting down. "I hire my

soup, and which fetch £800 per hundredweight, or twice their weight in silver, in the Chinese markets.

In the meantime, Ikey arranged to sell, his notion for 25 per cent, of the sell, his notion for 25 per cent, of the sell, his notion for 25 per cent, of the sell, his notion for 25 per cent, of the sell, his notion for 25 per cent, of the sell, his notion for 25 per cent, of the sell, his notion for 25 per cent, of the sell, his notion of the sell, his not "The Dagger."

The Brothers of the Scarlet Dagger."

Terrible oaths of secrecy were sworn by all in this company, and they all paid likey a penny subscription. There were fifty kids in the secret circle. So lkey took four-and twopence on the first pocket-money day. This he awarded to himself as salary to the "Brothers of the Scarlet Dagger."

And no one in the ship knew of this plot that was seething amongs the kids. Lower School kids can be very secret when they like.

The elders on the ship were thrilling as well, as the Bombay Castle passed parallel after parallel of ongitude, steadily making her westing towards Bashes.—

At last, one fine morning, the look.

At last, one fine morning, the look-out man in the crow's-nest beat his gong as a signal that land was in

It was in sight for him, for he was well up the mast, and, furthermore, he was a Malay, with the best eyes in the ship. But for the rest of the ship's company, it was nearly a half-hour of waiting before a tumbled range of low, tree-crowned ship's showed above the level blue line of the horizon.

(A splendid instalment of this grand adventure serial again next Monday in the Bors' FRIEND.)