

OUR SPLENDID, COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY.



Peele Meets His Match!

A Long, Grand, Complete Story
of Jimmy Silver & Co., at
Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Lovell's Appeal.

"Jimmy—"
"N. G.!" said Jimmy Silver tersely.
"Look here—"
Jimmy Silver held up his hand, interrupting Arthur Edward Lovell.
"I've said N. G., old chap, and I mean N. G.!" he said. "I know what you're going to say. And it's no good."
"But, I say—"
"Drop the subject, old top," suggested Jimmy Silver. "It's growing a bore. Besides, you're neglecting your kipper."
There were kippers for tea in the end study, and Raby and Newcome were devoting most of their attention to that succulent fish. But Lovell was not thinking of his tea.
"Blow the kipper!" he said crossly.
"No need to blow it—it's nearly cold already," answered Jimmy Silver amicably.
"I was going to say—"
"I know—I know!" sighed Jimmy Silver. "You were going to say that you want me to put your new pal, Peele of the Fourth, into the Rookwood junior eleven to play Greyfriars. You've said it before, and you want to say it again. As the chin-wagging johnnies in the House of Commons say, the answer is in the giddy negative."
"But—"
"In this case, old top, there aren't any buts. It can't be done! I don't know that I would do it if I could; but I can't, anyhow. Why you want me to play Peele is a mystery to me."
"I—I want—"
"The fellow can play a fair game of footer when he likes," said Jimmy. "I admit he's been bucking up lately. But he's not up to eleven form. And he's a smoky cad and a rank outsider, anyhow. Unless you're off your dot, I don't know what you mean."
"He wants to keep goal—"
"Let him want!"
"I've promised him to put it before you as skipper—"
"You've kept your word," sighed Jimmy. "You've put it before me, goodness knows, often enough. From early morning till dewy eve, old chap! Isn't it time you gave it a rest?"
Lovell did not reply, but his look was very dark.
Jimmy Silver turned his attention to his kipper. He was hungry after football practice.
He was doing his best to keep his temper with Lovell; but he found his old chum was very exasperating just now. Lovell's new friendship with Cyril Peele puzzled and annoyed his chums, and his urging of Peele's claims to a "show" in the junior eleven, in season and out of season, added to their exasperation. Jimmy would not even put Newcome into the team; and if he left out his own chum for a better man, he was not likely to leave out a better man to make room for a fellow like Peele.
"Coffee, old top?" said Jimmy Silver, as Lovell remained gloomily silent.
"Hang the coffee!"
"Amen!"
Jimmy Silver went quietly on with his tea, leaving Lovell to come out of the sulks when it should please him to do so.
It was rather a silent meal in the end study.
Lovell broke the silence again at last. His face was deeply troubled, and a little pale.
"I've asked you several times about Peele, Jimmy," he said, in a low voice.
"And I've said 'No' every time," answered the captain of the Fourth. "I almost mean 'No'!"
"You might guess that I wouldn't ask you without a reason."

"I don't see the reason. Not that it would make any difference."
"I've got a reason."
"Well, I'll take your word for that, if you say so. I can't play Peele against Greyfriars, all the same. It's simply ridiculous to ask me. I suppose you know a football captain has same duties to do?" said Jimmy, a little irritably. "I can't give away places in the team with a pound of tea."
"I've got a good reason for asking."
"Rubbish, old chap!"
"Yes, awful rot!" said Raby. "I must say that, Lovell!"
"I—I'll explain the reason, if you like," said Lovell, the colour creeping into his cheeks.
"I don't see that it matters," said Jimmy. "It can't make any difference, as I've said."
"My young brother Teddy—"
"What on earth about Teddy?"
"It's all about him!" muttered Lovell. "That cad Peele—"
"Oh, your new pal's a cad, is he?" said Newcome, with a touch of sarcasm.
"He's not my pal, only I'm under his thumb!" groaned Lovell. "If you fellows had had any sense, you'd have seen that!"
"Phew!"
"Under his thumb!" repeated Jimmy Silver blankly. "How the thump can you be under Peele's thumb? You've done nothing—"
"Teddy has."
"Oh!"
"Now you know!" muttered Lovell, with a crimson face. "Poor old Teddy has been a bit reckless. He never meant any harm, I'm sure of that. He's a good kid, really. I'm sure that it was Peele himself who got him to go to the Bird-in-Hand."
"Teddy has been there!" ejaculated Newcome. "That awful pub!"
"I'm sure it was Peele who led him into it!"
"If'm!"
"Well, what about it?" asked Jimmy Silver. "I suppose Peele hasn't threatened to sneak about him to the Head, has he?"
"Worse than that! He photographed Teddy there, shaking hands at the gate with that boozey blighter, Joey Hook—"
"My hat!"
"He's got the negative and a photograph in an envelope, addressed to the Head," said Lovell. "I can't touch him. He's given the envelope to one of his pals, to post if I quarrel with him. That's why I've been friendly to the beast. I daren't quarrel with him, for Teddy's sake. You know, poor old Teddy has been rather near the line before. This would mean the sack for him. He—he would be kicked out of Rookwood. And—and my people—"
Lovell's voice trembled.
Jimmy Silver's face was very grave now.
Much as Lovell's curious friendship with Peele had astonished him, he had never dreamt of anything like this.
"Peele's set on playing in the Greyfriars match," went on Lovell, after a pause. "I don't know why. But he's keen on it. That's his price for giving me the negative. If he doesn't play in the match, he's going to post it to the Head the day after we play Greyfriars. He thinks you might play him for my sake, Jimmy."
Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.
"The blackmailing cad!" he muttered.
"I know what he is—but I'm under his thumb. I—I'd do anything to get hold of that photograph, and see Teddy clear. He won't play the fool like that again. I've talked to him, and he's fairly scared," said Lovell.
"But—but if Peele doesn't play Greyfriars, it's going to the Head, and that's the sack for Teddy, Jimmy."

old chap, if you could do it for me, I'd—"
"It can't be done, old fellow," said Jimmy Silver.
Lovell rose to his feet.
"If that's your last word, Jimmy Silver—" He turned towards the door, his face working.
"Hold on!"
Lovell turned back silently.
"I—I'll see what can be done," said Jimmy Silver at last. "The awful cad! There may be some way of beating him. I'll see what can be done, at any rate."
"It's to save Teddy!" muttered Lovell huskily. "And—and, after all, even if we lost the match—it's to save Teddy."
Jimmy Silver made no reply to that.
"What am I to say to Peele?" asked Lovell. "He's waiting to know."
"Tell him you've told me, and that I'm thinking it over. I don't know what to do, but I can't leave a pal in the lurch," said Jimmy Silver. "Tell Peele I'll let him know, anyhow."
"Right!"
Lovell's face was greatly relieved as he quitted the study.
If no other resource turned up, he felt that Jimmy Silver would come to the rescue, by yielding to Peele's demand; though how he was to reconcile that with his duty as football captain was rather a problem. But poor Lovell was too concerned for his minor, to bestow much thought upon that detail. His face was hopeful as he headed for Peele's study.

The 2nd Chapter. Peele is Satisfied.

A diminutive figure emerged from a shadowy corner in the passage, as Lovell came along by the Fourth Form studies, and a hand was laid on his arm.
Lovell stopped, and looked down grimly at the fag's face, as it was turned up to him. Teddy had been waiting for him in the passage.
"Oh! You!" muttered Lovell.
"I—I wanted to speak to you, Arthur. What's going to happen?" mumbled Teddy Lovell. "I—I've been thinking about it ever since you told me what Peele said. I can't get it out of my mind."
"I suppose not. I can't get it out of mine, I know that!" said Lovell gruffly. "A pretty scrape you've landed both of us in, with your silly rot!"
Teddy Lovell's sensitive lip quivered.
"I'm sorry, Arthur," he muttered.
"I—I never thought of anything like this. How could I? Peele—"
"Haden't I warned you often enough against that cad?" said Lovell bitterly. "Haven't I told you a dozen times he's a bad hat, and warned you to keep clear of him? You promised you would, too."
"I—I—I thought there wasn't any harm in going for a walk with him. We—we only just called in at the Bird-in-Hand for a ginger-beer," said Teddy. "I swear it was nothing more than that. He made me speak to Hook in the garden, and left me talking to him. How was I to guess he was snapping me with his camera? I couldn't."
"You ought to have kept clear of him."
"I—I know; but I couldn't know that he was such an awful rascal!" groaned Teddy. "I've been scared to death ever since you told me about the photograph. It means the sack for me if the Head sees it; he let me off once, but he won't again. I—I say, think of father—"
"Do you think I haven't thought of him?" growled Lovell, wincing. "I'm doing all I can for you. Haven't

I let that unspeakable cad chum with me, to shut him up?"
"But—but what he asks—it's not much! Why shouldn't he keep goal for Rookwood if he wants to? It's nothing. He can keep goal all right; I've seen him at practice. Besides, what's a football match compared with my getting expelled?"
"It's a good deal, you young idiot! Why should Jimmy Silver muck up his footer team on your account?"
"Well, he's your pal—"
"I'm doing all I can; I think Jimmy will come round," said Lovell. "I hope he will. That's all I can say. Now cut off, and don't go round moping with a face like an owl."
Teddy opened his lips, but closed them again, and moved away silently down the passage. He passed a junior who was lounging in the doorway of the first study. It was Cyril Peele, of the Classical Fourth, and he gave Teddy an ironical grin as he passed. The fag answered it with a look of hatred, and went slowly down the staircase.
Peele laughed softly. He did not care for Teddy Lovell's bitterness; Teddy was only a pawn in the game, to the astute young rascal. To him, Teddy was only a means of influencing Arthur Edward Lovell; who in turn was to secure him a place in the Rookwood Eleven for the Greyfriars match. Peele was not a great believer in friendship, on his own account; but he knew the deep loyalty that united the Fistical Four of Rookwood, and he counted with perfect confidence on Jimmy Silver coming to Lovell's rescue. If he did not, Lovell minor should suffer; the cad of the Fourth was determined upon that.
He was still smiling when Arthur Edward Lovell joined him at the study doorway; but he looked wary, too. It was always possible that Lovell's temper might fail under the strain that was being put upon it; and if Arthur Edward should hit out recklessly, it would be exceedingly painful for Peele of the Fourth.
"Well?" said Peele interrogatively, as Lovell stopped.
"I've spoken to Jimmy again," muttered Lovell. "I've told him the whole bizney—it was no good without. He wouldn't listen to me till he knew my reason for asking."
Peele shrugged his shoulders.
"I don't mind his knowing," he answered.
"You don't mind if a chap despises you more than a Hun," said Lovell bitterly.
"Hard words break no bones, old scout. I only want to know the result."
"Jimmy says he will think it over."
"Which means yes, I suppose?" smiled Peele.
"I—I hope so."
"You mean you think so?"
"Well, yes. Jimmy will put you in goal for the Greyfriars match. I believe, rather than leave me to face what would happen."
Cyril Peele nodded.
"I was sure of it," he remarked.
"I'll keep my side of the bargain; as soon as the match is over, if I've played in it, I'll hand you the photograph and the negative."
"Look here, Peele—"
"Well?"
"Couldn't you ask something else?" muttered Lovell. "You don't really care about footer. I suppose it's only swank, your wanting to figure in the Greyfriars match. I—I'd give you anything you asked. I—I'm not rich, but I'd buy that photograph of you jolly dear."
"I don't want your money."
"It's only football you're thinking about, then," said Lovell, puzzled.
"That's all!" answered Peele, with a peculiar glimmering in his eyes. "You know I'm keen on it."
"You never were till the last week."
"I've turned over a new leaf—following the noble lead of the end study, you know," said Peele lightly. "It's never too late to mend. Now, the Greyfriars match comes off next Wednesday, Lovell. When is Jimmy Silver going to give me his final answer?"
"I—I don't know."
"That will hardly do. I want his decision at once, so that I can make my arrangements."
"What arrangements?" asked Lovell suspiciously.
"I mean, I want to know, so that I can tell my friends I'm playing for Rookwood on Wednesday. I want them to see me play."
"Plenty of time for that."
"I want Jimmy Silver's answer this evening," replied Peele. "You can tell him that he's got till bed-time to think it out. I'll ask him in the dorm if I'm to play on Wednesday. If he says 'Yes,' well and good. If

he says 'No,' that letter to the Head drops into the letter-box to-morrow."
Lovell clenched his hands hard, and Peele backed away a pace. But the hapless junior unclenched his hands again. It was difficult to keep them off Peele; but the consequences of giving the young rascal the thrashing he deserved would have been too terrible—to Teddy.
"I—I'll speak to Jimmy!" muttered Lovell.
"Right-ho!"
Lovell walked away with a downcast face, and Peele lounged into his study smiling. He was sprawling in the armchair, smoking a cigarette, when his study-mates, Gower and Lattery, came in.
"Hallo! How is it going about the Greyfriars match?" asked Gower, with a laugh.
"All serene, I think—"
"Silver's going to play you?" exclaimed Lattery.
"I believe so."
"I'll believe it when I see it," grinned Gower.
"Why shouldn't he?" said Peele calmly. "I can keep goal. You've seen me at practice."
"Unless Jimmy Silver's a burbling ass, he'll guess that it's not footer you're after," said Gower contemptuously. "If you keep goal for Rookwood, it means that you've got bets against the side, and you mean to let the ball through."
"Don't say that outside this study, Gower," said Peele quietly, but with a glitter in his eyes.
"I don't mean to. But that's the fact, all the same; and if Silver plays you he's a bigger fool than I think him."
Peele made no reply to that, contenting himself with shrugging his slim shoulders. He finished his cigarette, and strolled away to Adolphus Smythe's study in the Shell for a game of nap with the Giddy Goats of Rookwood. Cyril Peele seemed in a very cheery mood that evening. All was going well—from his particular point of view.

The 3rd Chapter.

Jimmy Silver Thinks it Out.

Jimmy Silver did not share Peele's cheeriness that evening—far from it. Uncle James of Rookwood was worried.
Lovell's explanation had cleared up the irritating mystery of his sudden and unaccountable friendship with the cad of the Fourth. But it had given Jimmy plenty of food for thought and worry.
On Lovell minor's account he would probably not have worried much. The wilful little scamp of the Third had given trouble enough, and so far as Jimmy himself was concerned, he would not have mourned over the fag's departure from Rookwood. But on Lovell major's account he worried very much indeed. Lovell was his oldest and best chum at Rookwood, and there was little that Jimmy would not have done for his sake. And he knew only too well what a terrible blow it would be to Arthur Edward if his reckless minor was expelled from the school.
He knew, too, that Lovell's father cared more for his younger son than for the elder, and that he would visit bitter blame on Lovell's head if such a disaster happened to Teddy. Poor Lovell was supposed to be his brother's keeper, and his father did not realise how difficult and, indeed, impossible the task was for the Fourth-Former.
Had anything else been asked of him Jimmy would have assented at once for Lovell's sake. But a place in the junior eleven was not his to give, unless to a player who could do credit to the Rookwood colours. To put a "dud" in goal was impossible; he had his duty as football captain; his duty to his followers, to think of. True, Peele was not a dud, and he had kept hard at practice lately, and shown up fairly well, as if to inspire Jimmy with confidence. But he was not up to Rawson's form in goal, or anything like it. And Jimmy did not trust him.
Jimmy Silver was a good deal keener than his hapless chum. He did not quite believe in the slacker's sudden ambition to shine as a footballer.
Such an ambition was natural enough, and praiseworthy, so far as that went; and if it meant that Peele was reforming, his reform was welcome. But reform did not go hand-in-hand with Peele's present line of action. A fellow who would take a base advantage, as Peele was doing, was certainly not on the path of reformation.
What, then, was Peele's object? What treachery was in his mind? That was a searching question.

OUR GRAND COMPLETE STORY OF COLONIAL SCHOOL-LIFE.



: ALGY'S : FAREWELL!

A Grand, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., and Algy, the Chums of The School in the Backwoods.

BY . . . MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. Called Back.

"Oh gad!" Algernon Beauclerc uttered that exclamation in dismal tones. He was leaning against the corral fence at Cedar Creek School, with a letter in his hand and a glum expression upon his face.

Frank Richards & Co. came along from the lumber schoolhouse, and they stopped at the sight of Algy's dismal countenance.

"Anything up?" inquired Bob Lawless. "Yes!" grunted Algy. "Letter from home?"

"Nobody ill, I hope?" asked Vere Beauclerc. His cousin Algernon responded with a shake of the head. "No. Worse than that."

"Get it off your chest!" suggested Frank Richards. "We're all ready to sympathise."

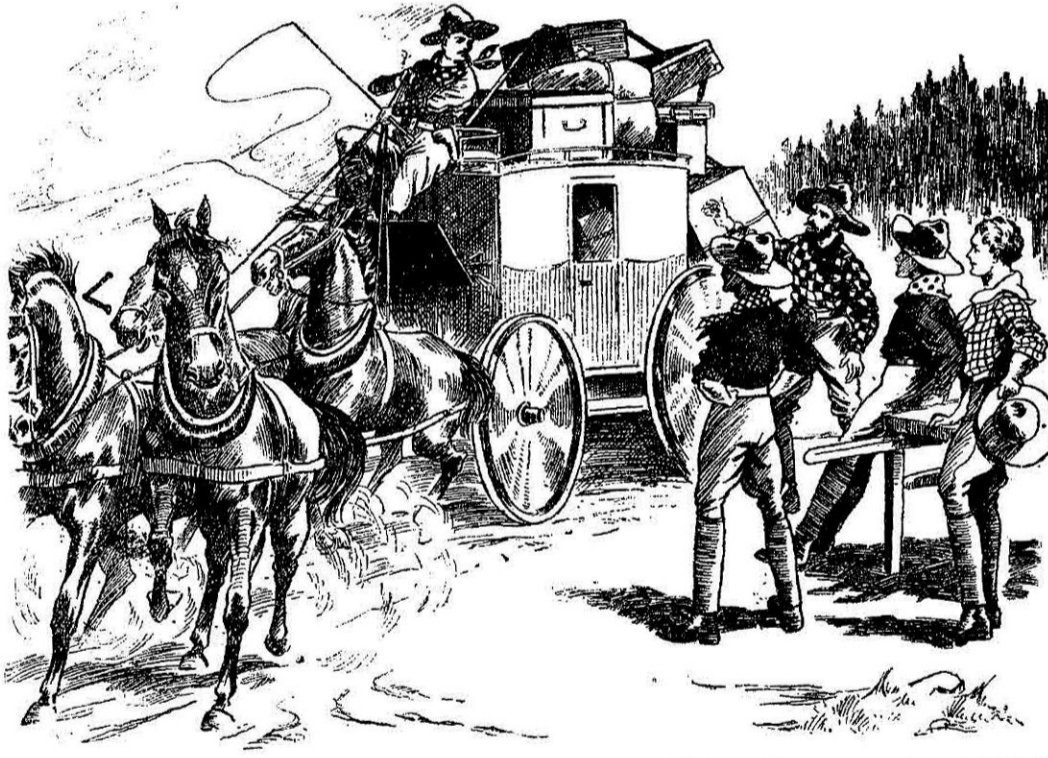
"It's rotten!" said Algernon. "Beastly, in fact! This is a letter from the pater. I'm to go home!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank Richards and Bob Lawless together. And they looked quite concerned.

The Honourable Algernon had been rather a queer customer when he first arrived at the school in the backwoods. His elegant attire, his beautiful collars and his silk hats, had been a standing joke at Cedar Creek.

enough, and I'm to go home. I've been thinking—" "You have!" ejaculated Bob Lawless. "Yes, you ass!" "Is that another thing you've learned since you came to Canada?"

know. What I may call a refin' influence." Frank Richards & Co. gazed at the Honourable Algernon. Algernon had altered a good deal, and much for the better, since he had learned to rough it in the backwoods.



LEFT BEHIND! The baggage was stacked on to the post-waggon. There was still no sign of Algernon, but Frank Richards & Co. had given up expecting to see him now.

"Clothes, you jay!" The dandy of Cedar Creek sorted out his eyeglass, fixed it in his eye, and surveyed the indignant Bob. "My dear chap," he said, "do you call those things clothes?"

Algernon nodded. "Exactly!" he assented. "There's no reason why I should go home for months yet, that I can see! And I want to stay. The question is, how is the pater to be bottled up?"

of Cedar Creek started for the schoolhouse. Algernon sauntered along, quite at his ease; but his comrades were feeling rather perplexed. They liked Algy, in spite of his many original ways, and they were sorry he was going.

The 2nd Chapter. Where is Algy?

"What about seeing Algy off?" Frank Richards asked that question on Saturday morning. Saturday was a free day for the schoolboys of Cedar Creek, so far as school was concerned, though most of them found plenty to do on the homesteads.

Frank Richards came out of the Lawless ranch-house after breakfast with his Canadian cousin as he asked the question. Bob nodded assent at once.

"I guess I was thinking of it," he said. "I thought Algy would come over yesterday to say good-bye to popper and mopper, but he didn't. Not quite in keeping with his beautiful manners, I guess."

Frank looked thoughtful. "Looks as if he doesn't mean to go," he remarked. "But he's got to go," said Bob.

"The Cherub says the post-waggon is stopping on the trail this morning to take Algy on board with his truck. Mr. Beauclerc is going as far as Quebec with him on the Canadian Pacific to see him on the steamer for England."

"Well, we'll see him off here, at any rate." "Correct!" The cousins mounted their horses for their ride to the Beauclercs' cabin on Cedar Creek.

trail, the chums of Cedar Creek rode on at a gallop. In a few minutes more they arrived in sight of the cabin on the creek.

Vere Beauclerc was outside the cabin, but there was nothing to be seen of the Honourable Algernon. He came towards his chums as they rode up.

"Seen Algy?" he called out. "Eh? No. Isn't he here?" exclaimed Frank Richards. Beauclerc shook his head.

"He went out on his horse just after breakfast. Father thinks he's gone over to the ranch to say good-bye to your people."

"He hasn't shown up at the ranch," said Bob. Beauclerc knitted his brows. "Then where the dickens can he be?"

"Saying good-bye somewhere else, I guess," said Bob. "Good-morning, Mr. Beauclerc!" Vere Beauclerc's father came out of the cabin dressed for travel, and nodded to the schoolboys.

"I say, the post-waggon's waiting on the trail, and the driver's in a hurry to get on to Silver Creek."

"My nephew appears to have taken himself off," said Mr. Beauclerc. "It is rather thoughtless of him. You have not seen him?"

"No, sir." The chums of Cedar Creek dismounted. Outside the cabin were three large trunks, several smaller ones, a couple of hat-boxes, a portmanteau, and a collection of strapped rugs, umbrellas, and sticks.

The Honourable Algernon's belongings were packed ready for departure, but there was no Algernon.

Mr. Beauclerc seemed very restive, and he watched the prairie anxiously for the reappearance of his nephew.

But Algernon did not reappear. "Will you go and speak to the driver, Vere?" said the remittance-man at last. "Ask him to wait as long as possible."

"Yes, father." Vere Beauclerc hurried down to the trail through the timber.

"It is really most disconcerting!" said Mr. Beauclerc. "If the waggon is missed we shall have to wait two days for the next. Where can my nephew possibly be?"

Frank and Bob exchanged a glance. The same thought was in both their minds—that Algernon's absence at the hour fixed for departure was not accidental.

Apparently, the independent Algernon was having his own way, and was taking the simplest means of avoiding departure.

Beauclerc came back from the waggon. "The driver says he will give us another five minutes, father."

Mr. Beauclerc frowned. "Where can Algy be?" "Godness knows!"

"Shall we get the truck aboard the waggon, sir?" asked Bob. "It's got to go on."

Mr. Beauclerc shook his head. "No. If Algernon misses the waggon it is no use his baggage going down to Kamloops," he said. "But surely he will return?"

But Algernon did not return. There was a crack like that of a pistol-shot beyond the trees. It was the whip of the post-driver.

"The waggon's starting!" said Beauclerc. "Really, this is very annoying!" said Mr. Beauclerc, and he went back into the cabin.

Algy's departure was postponed for that day at least.

The post-waggon rumbled away on the route to Silver Creek minus the Honourable Algernon and his belongings.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless remained chatting with their chum, rather curious to see Algernon when he returned.

But the dandy of Cedar Creek was in no hurry. It was close on noon when there was a clatter of hoofs on the trail and Algy rode up to the cabin, with a cheery, smiling face.

"Where have you been, you jay?" called out Bob Lawless. "Hallo, you chaps! Ripping mornin', isn't it?"

"Oh, topping!" said Frank Richards. "Do you know the post-waggon has been gone for hours?"

"By gad? Has it?" "Of course it has!" "Then I've lost it!" said Algernon placidly. "Hallo, uncle! It's too bad, my losing the waggon, isn't it?"

Mr. Beauclerc looked out of the cabin. "It is really too bad, Algernon!" he said.

"I'm awfully sorry, uncle!" "Well, it cannot be helped now,"

Just before sighting the cabin they came on the post-waggon, halted on the trail. The driver was sitting in his high seat, smoking, and he called to the two chums as they rode up. "Hallo, young Lawless!" "Hallo, Jake!" replied Bob. "I guess I was told to pick up a couple of passengers hyer," said the post-waggon man. "I reckon I've waited hyer five minutes, and I reckon I'll be late in at Silver Creek if I hang around much longer. You galoots goin' to Old Man Beauclerc's shebang?"

"Sure!" "Then you tell them to hump themselves, or there won't be any post-waggon to give them a lift," said the driver. "Right-ho!" "When I'm through this hyer pipe I start. You tell Old Man Beauclerc that."

