

# The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES!

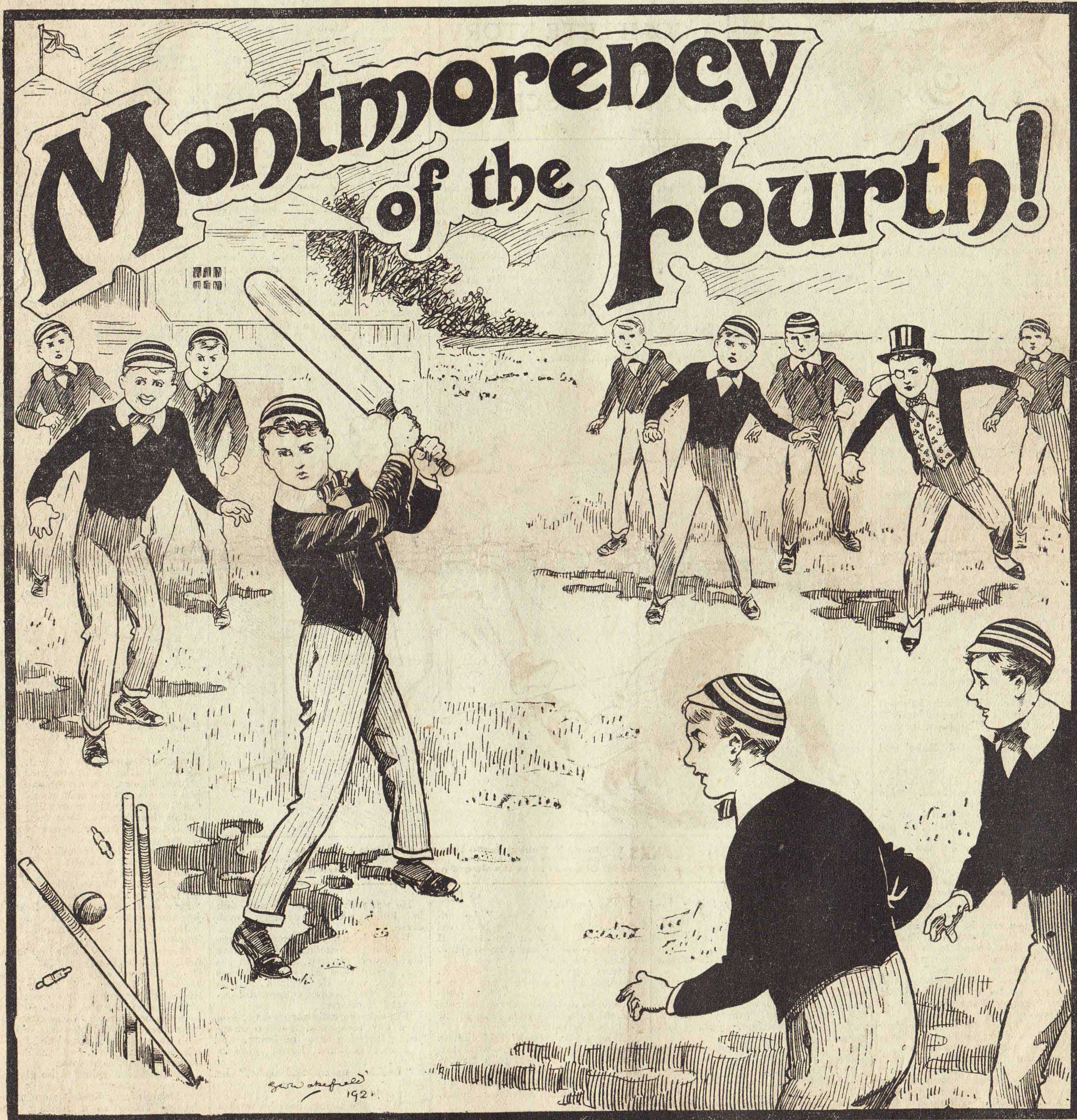
TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending June 4th, 1921.



## THE NEW BOY'S SURPRISE!

at it—but the ball broke unexpectedly, and there was a yell of surprise

as Arthur Edward's off-stump was whipped out of the ground!

Lovell stood ready and watchful. Although he felt a complete contempt for the new junior, he was not taking any chances. But his watchfulness did not avail him. Montmorency sent down an apparently easy ball, and Lovell drove

A GRAND COMPLETE YARN OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. By OWEN CONQUEST.

# Montmorency of the Fourth!



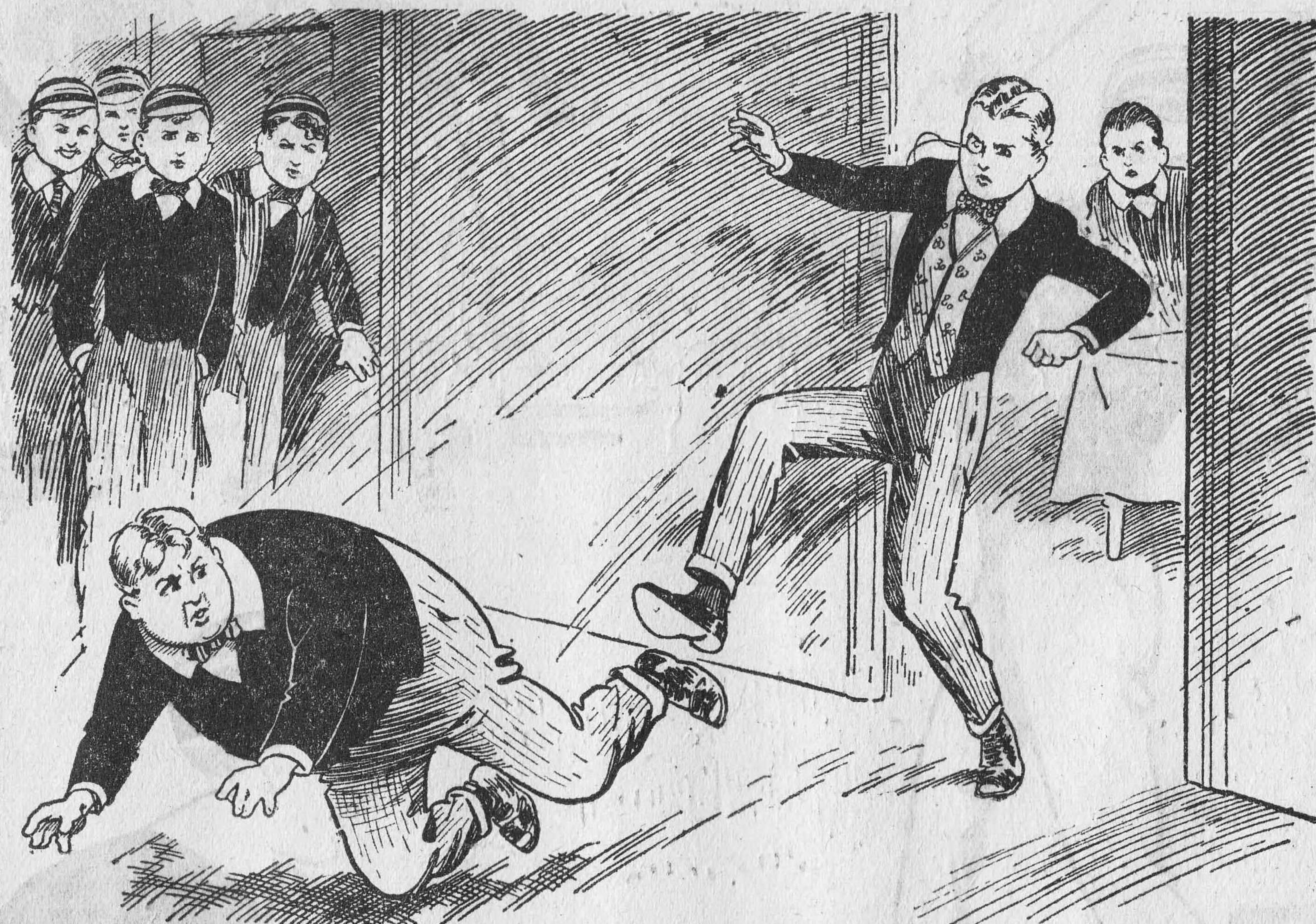
A COMPLETE STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

**The 1st Chapter. In Style!**

"Mongmorangcy!"  
 "Eh?"  
 "What?"  
 "Mongmorangcy!" repeated Tubby Muffin loftily.  
 "Is that a name?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell doubtfully.  
 "It's the new fellow's name."  
 "Where on earth did he pick it up, then?" said Lovell. "Jever hear a name like that before, Jimmy?"  
 Jimmy Silver grinned.  
 "I dare say Tubby means Montmorency," he answered. "Tubby's giving it the real French pronunciation, in Muffin-French."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "His name's Mongmorangcy!" insisted Tubby Muffin. "Cecil Cuthbert Mongmorangcy. Sounds nobby, don't it?"  
 "Gorgeous!" yawned Jimmy Silver.  
 "He's no end rich," continued Tubby Muffin impressively. "Belongs to a terrific big family, I believe! I wonder what study he will be put into? There's room for him in mine, if Jones or Higgs or Putty Grace would clear out. I think they might, in the circumstances."  
 There was a chuckle from Jimmy Silver & Co.  
 Evidently Tubby Muffin was prepared to greet the new junior with the magnificent name in the most cordial and hospitable manner. Tubby was not distinguished for generous hospitality, as a rule. Possibly the fact that Cecil Cuthbert was "no end rich" had something to do with it. A fellow who was no end rich was an acquisition in any study—especially Tubby's.  
 "I don't care what study he's put in, so long as it's not the end study!" remarked Lovell. "No room for new pups in our quarters!"  
 "No fear!" assented Raby and Newcome, in a breath.  
 "Oh, he wouldn't want to come into the end study!" said Tubby Muffin, with a shake of the head. "He wouldn't care for it!"  
 "How the thump do you know he wouldn't?" demanded Raby, rather warmly.  
 The Fistical Four did not want newcomers in the end study, certainly. But it would have been an honour to anybody to be admitted to that famous apartment. There was only one opinion on that point—in the end study!  
 "Well, you see, he's an awfully aristocratic chap," explained Tubby Muffin. "He's bound to be a bit particular whom he associates with. Don't you fellows think so?"  
 Four separate and distinct glares were fixed on Reginald Muffin. But Tubby, heedless of the glares, rattled on happily:  
 "He won't want to come into your study. I should think he'd look over the Fourth, and pick out the dearest fellow to dig with. Only there's such a crowd in my study already—"  
 "You fat chump!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, in measured tones.  
 "It's very likely," continued Tubby Muffin, still unheeding, "that he's a relation of mine. The Muffins intermarried with the Montmorencys at one time—"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "I don't see anything to cackle at, you fellows! I tell you the Muffins are closely connected with the—"

"Crumpets?" asked Jimmy Silver.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "No, you ass—with the Montmorencies!" yelled Tubby. "I think very likely the chap's my relative—a sort of second cousin twice removed, or something like that. There's Montmorency blood in me, I can tell you—"  
 "More Muffin fat than Montmorency blood!" said Lovell.  
 "Yah!" was Tubby's retort.  
 And the fat Classical rolled away, to seek more sympathetic hearers than the Fistical Four.  
 Jimmy Silver & Co., as a matter

rolled away. And in one minute they had forgotten both Tubby Muffin and Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency. The match with St. Jim's, which was coming along shortly, was of more importance than all the Montmorencies in the universe. Valentine Mornington strolled up.  
 "You fellows heard?" he asked.  
 "Anything about the St. Jim's team?" asked Jimmy Silver.  
 "No; about the new fellow—"  
 "Oh, bless the new fellow!" said Jimmy. "We've had him from Tubby. Are you keen on Montmorencies, Morny?"



**DECLINED WITH THANKS!** Bump! Tubby Muffin flew headlong into the passage from a hefty drive from the new boy's boot. Evidently Montmorency did not entirely agree with the fat Classical as to the alleged nearness of their relationship!

of fact, were only very faintly interested in the new boy, who was to arrive at Rookwood that day.  
 New boys were not of much importance in the eyes of such very important youths as the chiefs of the Classical Fourth.  
 All they cared about was that the new kid should not be "shoved" into their study, where there were four already—or practically five, counting Lovell's feet, as Raby had once remarked.  
 And the Co. were not even remotely impressed by the fact that the new fellow was named Montmorency, and that he was no end rich.  
 Being a little more particular in money matters than Tubby Muffin, they had no designs upon the rich youth's cash, and so the fact that he was wealthy made no difference to them at all.  
 They had been talking cricket when Tubby Muffin joined them to give them the latest news, and they continued to talk cricket after Muffin had

Morny laughed.  
 "Not in Tubby's way," he answered. "But I'm rather interested in the new fellow, all the same. If he lives up to his name he ought to be pretty decent."  
 Jimmy Silver smiled slightly.  
 Mornington was not rich, but he was connected with a third of the peerage, and he attached more importance to such distinctions than most of the Rookwood fellows.  
 "What's in a name?" said Jimmy. "Doesn't Shakespeare say—what does he say, now? We had it in English Classics the other day—"  
 "That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet!" said Newcome.  
 "That's it!" said Jimmy.  
 "Bother Shakespeare!" answered Mornington. "He was a pretty good poet, but he was a fellow of no family, after all."  
 "Oh, my hat!"  
 "Well," said Lovell sarcastically, "you can take giddy Montmorency

He was rather tall for his age, slim in build, and exceedingly well-dressed.  
 With a leisurely movement, he extracted a gold-rimmed monocle from his waistcoat-pocket, fixed it in his eye, and turned it, with a careless scrutiny, upon the fellows in the quad. His handsome face still remained impassive.  
 The elderly gentleman spoke to him in a low voice, and the two disappeared together into the house.  
 Arthur Edward Lovell gave a grunt.  
 "Looking us up and down," he said.  
 "Let him!"  
 "What the thump does he want a glass eye for, like that howling ass Smythe of the Shell?"  
 Jimmy smiled.  
 "You can get an eyeglass for five bob," he said. "If he cares to spend his five bobs that way, why shouldn't he?"  
 "B-r-r-r-r!" said Lovell.

to your waistcoat and kiss him on his baby brow, if you like, Morny, but we are not going to enthuse over him! I shall punch his nose if he turns it up, I know that!"  
 "Easy does it!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "He hasn't turned it up yet, Lovell."  
 "Well, if he does—" said Lovell.  
 "Ass! You don't want to be down on a fellow before you've seen him!" remonstrated Jimmy Silver.  
 "But if—" persisted Lovell.  
 "Hallo, there's a whackin' car!" exclaimed Mornington. "I shouldn't wonder if that's the Montmorency bird!"  
 "Then he's coming in style!" said Jimmy Silver.  
 The juniors looked at the big, handsome Rolls-Royce with some interest. It swept up the drive to the Head's house, steered by a chauffeur in livery. In the car sat two persons—a fat, middle-aged gentleman, who looked like a solicitor, and a boy of about fifteen. It was upon the latter that the juniors fixed their eyes. His well-cut, rather handsome face was quite impassive in expression; he looked neither to the right nor to the left as the car swung on to the house.  
 "So that's the merchant!" said Raby.  
 Tubby Muffin came puffing by.  
 "He's come!" he gasped.  
 And Tubby rushed on towards the house, to get a closer view of the new junior when he alighted.  
 "Looks decent!" commented Mornington.  
 "Looks a bit of a snob, I think," said Lovell.  
 Arthur Edward seemed to have taken a little prejudice against the new junior already.  
 "Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "I dare say he's all right. Anyway, he won't worry us."  
 The car stopped and the occupants alighted. A dozen fellows in the quad had their eyes on the new junior.

Evidently Lovell of the Fourth had not taken a liking to Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.  
**The 2nd Chapter. Check! j**  
 Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency was presented to the Fourth Form that afternoon. The Head brought him into the Form-room, and introduced him to Mr. Dalton, the Form-master. It seemed to the suspicious eyes of some of the juniors that the Head—even the august Head—was a little more condescending and affable to the new boy than he was accustomed to being to new boys. Apparently the Montmorency blood, or the Montmorency wealth, had made some impression on even the Head of Rookwood.  
 If that was so, Mr. Dalton did not share the Head's impression. His manner to the new junior was kind, as it was to all, but there was nothing more. Mr. Dalton treated Montmorency exactly as if he had been named Huggins or Higgs. When the Head had gone, and Montmorency took his seat with the Fourth, most of the juniors turned their heads to scan him. He excited more interest than new boys usually did.  
 The general attention would have discomposed most new boys. New "kids" were generally shy, and sometimes sheepish, much given to blushing when spoken to.  
 But there was nothing of that kind about Cecil Cuthbert.  
 He met the curious glances of the juniors with perfect indifference, evidently not in the least discomposed thereby.  
 Some of the juniors grinned when he placed the gold-rimmed monocle in his eye, to glance round the Form-room.  
 Smythe of the Shell, who was given to dandyism, sported a monocle, but only out of the Form-room. He would not have ventured to "stick it in" in class, under the observation of Mr. Mooney.  
 Master Montmorency evidently not recognise such limitations.  
 Mr. Dalton's eye dwelt on him at once.  
 "Montmorency!"  
 "Yes, sir?"  
 "Is your sight defective?"  
 "No, sir."  
 "Then kindly remove that glass from your eye."  
 Montmorency stared at him.  
 "I'm accustomed to usin' a monocle, sir," he answered.  
 "A foolish custom, Montmorency, if your sight does not need assistance," said Mr. Dalton. "You will not be allowed to use it in the Form-room. Put it away at once!"  
 "Really, sir—"   
 "I am not accustomed to repeating my orders, Montmorency!" said Mr. Dalton, his brow darkening.  
 "Oh, very well, sir!"  
 Montmorency gave a slight shrug of his graceful shoulders, and removed the eyeglass. That shrug would not have passed unnoticed but for the fact that Montmorency was new to Rookwood. But Mr. Dalton forbore to take note of it; he did not wish to be severe with a new boy.  
 A little to the surprise of the Fourth, Cecil Cuthbert showed himself to be well up in the Form work. In that respect at least he was no fool, though most of the Fourth had decided that he was in other respects.  
 After lessons, Jimmy Silver & Co. had business on the cricket-field, and Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency passed out of their horizon. But they were reminded of his existence during cricket practice.  
 "There's that swankin' ass!" grunted Lovell suddenly.  
 Jimmy, who was watching Mornington bowl to Rawson, did not heed.  
 "Look at him!" growled Lovell. "He's made some friends already—just the sort he would make, too!"  
 Jimmy Silver glanced round rather impatiently.  
 Montmorency had walked on to the field, with Townsend and Topham of the Fourth on either side of him. Evidently Towny and Toppy, the dandies of the Fourth, had recognised a kindred spirit, and made friends with the new junior. Behind the elegant three Tubby Muffin was rolling, with an eager and dissatisfied look—left out, apparently, but anxious to be gathered in, as it were.  
 Jimmy Silver smiled as he glanced at them.  
 "Montmorency doesn't seem to recognise Tubby as a relation," he remarked.  
 "Ha, ha! No."  
 "Well done, Rawson!"  
 Rawson had knocked away the ball, and all Jimmy's attention was given to the cricket again. Mornington, however, was bestowing some attention on the new junior, seemingly





A LONG COMPLETE TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST!

# THE GOLD THIEF!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



## The 1st Chapter. A Startling Accusation!

"Dinner's ready!" Frank Richards called out that announcement in cheery tones. It was past midday, on the Cascade Mountains of British Columbia. The sun blazed down into the narrow, rocky gulch, and upon the glimmering creek where Frank and his "pardner," Bronze Bill, had been working at the placer claim through the hot May days. For two or three weeks now Frank had been camped with the big miner in the locked gulch, and every day he had turned out cheerfully to work on the placer.

The deposit of golden grains in the creek bottom was almost worked out by this time, and the little sack of gold in the shack had grown to quite respectable dimensions.

It was drawing near the time for the gold-seekers to "pull up stakes," and find their way out of the locked gulch.

The store of provisions in the camp, too, was growing very slender, though it was eked out by the game occasionally found in the thickets on the rocky slopes of the gulch. Frank had been cooking the dinner at the camp-fire. Bronze Bill was resting in the shack after a morning out with his rifle. The big miner had now almost recovered from the wound he had received in the encounter with Le Couteau and his gang, though so far Frank had done most of the hard work on the placer.

"Dinner, Bill!" There was no answer from the shack.

Frank Richards looked round. As a rule, Bronze Bill was prompt to the call of meal-times. Frank Richards called again.

"Coming!" came a deep voice. The bronzed miner emerged from the shack.

Frank started as he looked at him. Since the fight with the half-breeds the two had been on the best of terms, and Frank had very willingly accepted Bronze Bill's offer to make him his "pardner" in working the claim.

He had found the big miner rough-and-ready in his ways, but kind and good-humoured enough. But there was no good-humour in Bronze Bill's face now. His expression was hard and grim as he came towards the camp-fire.

"Anything up, Bill?" asked Frank. "I guess so."

"Dinner—" "Never mind dinner, for a shake," said Bronze Bill. "I guess you and me has got to have a talk first, Richards."

"I'm jolly hungry!" "I guess you can wait a bit, sonny!" said the big miner grimly. "This hyer bizness won't wait."

He sat on a log, and to Frank's surprise drew the big Navy revolver from his belt.

"What the dickens—" began Frank. Bronze Bill lifted the revolver so that the muzzle bore upon his school-boy "pard."

Frank stared at him blankly, wondering whether it was sunstroke.

"You needn't put up your hands, sonny," said Bronze Bill quietly. "But don't try any gum-games, or I reckon this hyer shooting-iron will go off some. You get me?"

"I don't understand you in the

least," said Frank Richards indignantly. "If you're trying to pull my leg—"

"I guess I mean cold business from the word go!" said Bronze Bill. "Look hyer, ain't I treated you fair and square since we became pards?"

"Yes," said Frank; "I've nothing to grumble at."

"When you came moseying up Dead Man's Canyon and lighted on me," continued Bronze Bill, "I reckoned you was a spy sent by Le Couteau and his gang to nose out my claim. I roped you in. Then you stood up for me like a little man when the breeds tried to jump my claim, and I calculate you saved my life. I ain't forgotten that. I reckon that's the reason why I don't drop you in your tracks this pesky minute. But you ain't played fair, Richards. You oughtn't to hev gone back on the galoot what made you his pardner fair and square."

"What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Frank angrily. "How have I gone back on you?"

"I reckon you know." "Haven't I done my share of the work on the claim?" demanded Frank. "More than my share, if you come to that, as you've been laid up with your wound."

"Correct; and you've nursed me through, too," said Bronze Bill. "I ain't denying it. Up till now you've played up like a little man; and arter what you've done, I'm going to forgive you, and let you have your share in the dust; but I ain't going to let you rob me."

Frank jumped. "Rob you?" he exclaimed. "That's about the size of it."

"Are you mad?" "Oh, come off!" said Bronze Bill. "I'm going to treat you fair, young Richards, though you don't deserve it arter robbing your pard. Where's the gold-sack?"

"The gold-sack?" repeated Frank. "Yep." "In the shack, in its usual place, under the bearskin, I suppose," answered Frank Richards.

"Come off, I tell you!" exclaimed Bronze Bill impatiently. "Do you figure it out that I can't believe my own eyes?"

"Do you mean to say that it isn't there?" demanded Frank, in astonishment.

"I reckon so." "My only hat!" "There ain't nobody in this hyer gulch excepting you an' me," said Bronze Bill. "The tunnel from the canyon is blocked up with about a hundred ton of rock, and nary a gopher could find a hole to creep through, let alone a man. No living galoot can get into this hyer gulch, and I reckon it's going to be a hefty job for us to find a way out arter we're done here now that the tunnel's blocked. Only you an' me, Richards, and one of us has lifted the gold-sack—and it wasn't me. So it was you. Savvy?"

Bronze Bill nodded slowly. "There ain't any way out of the gulch, anyhow, till we find one by hunting for it," he said. "I reckon you're my game, Frank Richards, if you don't hand over the dust. But you can root into the shack if you like, though it's wasting time."

Without answering, Frank Richards turned and strode away towards the shack, Bronze Bill following him, revolver in hand.

## The 2nd Chapter. Bitter Blood!

Frank Richards was breathing hard, and his handsome face was crimson with anger.

But he was puzzled. Bronze Bill, though rough in his ways, was honest as the day, so far as Frank Richards could judge. Frank would never have suspected him of "bagging" the proceeds of the work on the placer. But if the gold-sack was gone, there was nothing else to think.

Bronze Bill—driven to the same conclusion by the same circumstances—suspected him.

There was no third party to be suspected. The gulch in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains was "locked"—that is, it was shut in by inaccessible walls of rock.

Under the big bearskin on the floor was an excavation, in which the canvas gold-sack had been kept, concealed from sight.

Every evening there had been a little more to add to the store of gold in the sack. The previous evening it had been opened, as usual, and the gains of the day added. Then it had been left under the bearskin, and Frank Richards had not seen it since. There was no reason to visit the store of gold until the evening came again. As for keeping watch on it, that had not occurred to him, knowing that he and his partner were shut up alone in the locked gulch.

He tossed the bearskin aside, and revealed the excavation in which the canvas sack had been kept.

It was empty! Evidently the gold-sack had been removed.

Frank Richards was well aware that he had not removed it; but he looked round the shack, searching every corner.

Bronze Bill stood in the doorway, watching him with a sarcastic smile on his tanned face, the revolver still in his hand.

His look was that of a man patiently watching another going through a meaningless comedy.

Frank turned to him at last. "You ain't found it," said Bronze Bill sardonically.

"No." "I reckon you'd better mosey along to the place where you've hidden it," said Bronze Bill. "I ain't waiting much longer."

Frank stepped out of the shack into the sunlight. His face was set.

"You rotter!" he said, between his teeth. "I guess—"

"The gold-sack's gone," said Frank, his eyes blazing. "Do you think you can bluff me? It's gone, and only one of us can have taken it. I did not take it. You've robbed me!"

"What?" roared Bronze Bill. "You needn't have done it," said Frank. "The claim was yours, and it was your own offer to me to become your partner in working it. I'd have

given you a fair show. Richards, and now you've got to hand over the dust!"

"Keep it up!" said Frank disdainfully. "Do you think you'll make me believe that you haven't taken the gold-sack? Who could have taken it if you haven't? There's nobody else here."

"You've taken it!" roared Bronze Bill. "Liar!"

"By gosh!" For a moment it seemed that Bronze Bill would pull trigger. But he restrained his fury.

"I guess I won't drop you," he said, his tanned face red with wrath. "I want to know where the gold-sack is, and you've got to tell me, Richards; and I reckon you couldn't if I blew you out as you deserve, you scallywag! If you don't point it out instanter, I'll rope you till you do!"

"Try it!" said Frank fiercely. Bronze Bill thrust the revolver into his belt, and started for the shack. He picked up a rope, and came back towards the schoolboy of Cedar Creek, his grim, savage look leaving no doubt of his intentions. Frank made a spring for the pick he had been using in the creek. He grasped it, and stood on his defence.

"Put down that pick!" shouted the miner savagely.

"Hands off, then."

"I'm going to rope you till you hand over the gold-sack!" roared Bronze Bill.

Frank, keeping the pick in his hands for defence, looked at him with growing wonder.

Unless Bronze Bill was mad, there was no accounting for his actions, unless the seemingly impossible had happened, and a third party had penetrated the gulch and lifted the sack.

Impossible as that seemed, Frank began to believe that it must be the case, for it was pretty clear now that Bronze Bill believed in his accusation, and Frank was conscious of his own innocence.

"Hold on a minute, Bill," said Frank Richards. "Is it possible that somebody else has lifted the sack during the night?"



## BITTER BLOOD!

Bronze Bill advanced upon Frank with a piece of rope, his grim, savage face leaving no doubt as to his intentions. Frank grabbed up a mining pick, and stood on his defence.

There had been a cavern-tunnel from the canyon beyond, leading into the gulch through the rocky hillside; but the tunnel had been blocked by a dynamite explosion, to keep off the attack of Le Couteau and his gang of "breeds."

Since then the two gold-seekers had been shut off from all communication with the outside world.

When the time came to travel, they had to find a way out over the apparently inaccessible rocks that shut in the gulch, and success was by no means certain. That task was left till the claim was worked out, and they were ready to go.

The disappearance of the gold sack, therefore, could only be imputed to one of the partners.

Frank entered the little shack.

looked after you while you were laid up with your wound, without that. But I've put in two or three weeks of hard work on the claim, and I'm entitled to something for that. Give me ordinary miner's wages for what I've done, and keep the rest. We'll part at once."

Bronze Bill stared at him blankly. "I guess I don't make head or tail of you," he said. "I'm asking you to hand over the gold-sack you've stole, you young scallywag!"

"And I'm telling you that you've taken it, and hidden it, because you want it for yourself, and you're trying to bluff me!" exclaimed Frank savagely. "And I tell you you can keep it, and be hanged to you!"

"Nuff said!" exclaimed Bronze Bill. He raised the revolver. "I've

"Pesky rubbish!"

"We slept outside the shack, as the night was hot," said Frank, "and if some other party could have been in the gulch—"

The miner laughed scornfully. "I guess I'm not swallowing a yarn like that," he said. "You'll hand over the sack, or I'll rope you till you do. That's final. Now—"

"Keep off!" shouted Frank. "I reckon not."

The miner rushed at him, gripping the coiled rope. Threatened as he was, Frank could not find it in his heart to strike with the pick. But he drove the head of the pick against the miner's broad chest as he came on, and Bronze Bill, with a grunt of pain, slipped and fell. The next instant

(Continued overleaf.)

