

TWO COMPLETE TALES! NEW SCHOOL SERIAL!

The Boys' Realm

of Sport and Adventure.



No. 331, Vol. VII.]

EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1908.

WELL CLEARED!

The Story of a Great Canadian Football Tour
By MAXWELL SCOTT



THE BEAVERS v. WALES.

The moment Jack appeared on the field he was greeted by a perfect storm of hisses from the hostile Welsh spectators.
(See the enthralling instalment within.)

E. BOSQUE

impression on Sir John. How could Baxter remove that good impression before it became permanent? In the only way which could poison his uncle's mind against this new and dangerous rival to Baxter's hopes of succeeding to the whole of Sir John's vast fortune?

"Well, I suppose I ought to congratulate you on having found a grandson," he said.

"I am not a grandchild," he said. "I am better not say anything against him. You would only think I was jealous of him."

"You may regard me as a man of affectionate reproach. Old as he was—and he was over seventy—his intellect was as keen as ever."

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out if Jack had said anything about the letter he had written to Sir John two years before.

"The Beavers were on the point of leaving for Wales when I arrived at the hotel; and, of course, Hartley had to leave with them. But Richard is dead."

"Which reminds me," he added, "that Hartley seemed surprised that I didn't know of Richard's death. He says he told me about it at the time, and told me all about it. It's strange I never received the letter, isn't it?"

"Very strange!" said Baxter. "What did he say when you told him you never received his letter?"

"He hadn't time to say anything," replied Sir John. "He had just told me that he had written to me, and I had just told him that the letter had never arrived, when one of his comrades came into the room to say that they were leaving."

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He left the works, and twenty minutes later arrived at Smart's office in Change Alley.

"Your uncle has met Hartley, in spite of all our precautions!" he exclaimed, making a shrewd shot at the truth.

"He has!" said Baxter; and he told Smart all that had happened.

"So you want me to prevent Hartley coming to the Hall on Monday night?" said Smart.

"Yes," said Baxter. "So as my uncle only knows that Hartley wrote to him a couple of years ago. He doesn't know that Hartley received a postcard in reply."

"I will do the best I can," said Smart. "I will, however, tell my uncle all about the card, and you can guess what will happen after that."

"Your forgery will be discovered, and your uncle will kick you out!" he said, with a cool laugh. "And that won't suit either you or me!"

"But, look here," he went on; "it won't be the slightest use my preventing Hartley coming to the Hall on Monday, for, if he doesn't turn up, your uncle will only invite some other night. Why not let me make good the matter, once for all, as I suggest before?"

Baxter resolutely shook his head. "I tell you frankly I won't have anything to do with it. I'm not particularly squeamish, but I draw the line at this."

Smart shrugged his shoulders. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken," he said, "it will have to come to that in the end. However, as you're not willing to go to those lengths at present, you may be satisfied if Hartley arrives at the Hall on Monday in such a condition that your uncle would never suspect anything."

"In such a condition—what do you mean?" demanded Baxter.

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The ground was packed when the two teams took the field, and it instantly became apparent that the spectators were not only present in great numbers but had been influenced by Herrick's writings.

For the moment Jack appeared, he was greeted by a perfect storm of applause, and one wretched Welshman came away by his feelings, lung a rotten orange at Jack, which struck the latter in the eye and temporarily blinded him.

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TOPICS OF INTEREST TO JUNIOR FOOTBALLERS
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THE BOYS' REALM, Oct. 20th, 1906.

BLACK BALLET!

A Fine, Complete Cross-Country Story.
By A. S. HARDY.

THE 1st CHAPTER.
The Committee Meeting—Harold Standish Protests—The Resignation of Stephen Moore.

BLACKBALLED! Harold Standish looked into the little drawer of the ballot-box and could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes. Yet there was the incontrovertible evidence. Five white balls were in the corner of the drawer, and the sixth was a black one, a ball as black as ink. Harold Standish had been elected captain of the Heathfield Harriers at the last annual general meeting, vice Stephen Moore, resigned, and he had striven with might and main to further the interests of one of the oldest athletic organizations in the United Kingdom. He had given of his very best, and expected to receive the confidence of the club's members in return. Therefore, it was with something like a shock that he realized that the candidate for membership, whom he had proposed, and who had been seconded by Hallam, a member of the committee, had been blackballed!

He rose from his chair, and leaned across the table, with a grave expression on his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "a black ball has gone into the box by mistake. The election will take place again!"

"There was a murmur of astonishment, and the five committees, gathered in the room, looked at one another, as if seeking out the one who had been guilty of this affront to the captain and the chairman.

"The balls were handed out again, and Hallam took the box round, placing it in his own hall prior to handing the box to the captain. Harold Standish, with a grim expression, placed his own ball in the box, and then drew out the drawer. As he did so, his eyes flashed.

"Once more a black ball rested among the white. The ball had been placed there by deliberate intent."

Harold Standish put the ballot-box down. "Gentlemen," he said, "the black ball has been used again. There is evidently one member of the committee who is my friend, James Willis, being elected a member of the club. It is all very well objecting, but there must be a good reason, and I, who have worked in the same establishment with Willis for five years, and know him as well as I know my own brother, know that such a reason cannot exist. Therefore, I think I am quite within my rights when I demand of the meeting, whoever one of them has seen fit to blackball my friend, the reason for his doing so."

"There was an uncomfortable pause, and the committee looked at one another in uneasy surprise. Four of them had voted for Willis being elected, as the secretary, Scrimshaw, had also done. The five who were either not present, or had been elected, and four innocent members of the committee wondered which of the others had done the deed.

Harold Standish stood at the table with his face flushed and his eyes flashing. No one had done more than he had done for the welfare of the club. When he was made a member of the Heathfield Harriers, five years ago, the old club had been steadily on the verge of ruin. It had only been rescued by one exalted position of Midland and National Cross-Country Champions to one of mediocrity. It had nearly been driven to the verge of ruin once to one-half. There was only a paltry balance in hand, and its running talent was of the poorest.

Harold Standish, by winning the A.A.A. Steeplechase Championship, the Midland Cross-Country Championship, and running prominently in several other races, managed to revive some of the past glory of the Heathfield name, and Stephen Moore, who was an athlete of more than average ability, had done his share, too.

Stephen Moore was a good runner, and an excellent club man. He wished to be top-dog in everything. Once he had been elected captain, he wished to always hold the reins, and it had been something of a shock to him to be elected captain only once, and twice by Harold Standish, when he attempted to interfere unduly with Standish's working of the club.

Harold had, instinctively, looked upon this as an enemy, and now, as he looked round the

group of committee-men, as he sought to find the culprit, his eyes finally rested on Moore.

"Moore," he said, "do you know anything about this?"

"I hardly think it is necessary to answer," said Stephen Moore, taking a cigarette out of his pocket, and puffing it between his lips.

"Well, look here," said Hallam. "I didn't blackball Willis. I'd be only too glad to have him a member of the Heathfield. He'd be a sterling member, which is more than we can say for the majority of ours, and goodness knows we want members badly enough."

"I don't," said the black ball," interjected Committee-man Jones eagerly.

"Nor I!" said Brewer, a stalwart, plodding runner, whose name had figured in many a stern chase across plough and meadow-land.

"Nor I!" said Sutton.

"Nor I!" cried a tall, thin youth, named Houseman.

The murder was out. Four of the committee-men denied having used the black ball. Secretary Scrimshaw certainly would not. One other was left. Stephen Moore! And, finding it useless to deny his action now, he lit his cigarette, and smiled.

"Well," he said, "since you chaps are determined to know, it was I who blackballed Willis. And if you want the reason, I'll give it you. I don't like the fellow. He may or may not be a friend of Standish's. I don't think that has anything to do with the question. We want members of the club who are beyond reproach, and that is more than one can say of James Willis."

"I don't wish to quarrel with you, Moore," he said, "but Willis is a friend of mine. What! Ask what you want the reason, I'll give it you." This said Moore, rising to his feet, and hanging his fist down upon the table in open defiance. "Willis is the son of a professional runner, and I don't think that such a man ought to be a member of a club which prides itself on the unimpeachability of its amateur status."

"You are calling my action in proposing him into question," said Harold Standish indignantly. "You seem to forget that Moore!"

"I forget nothing," was the angry retort. "The fellow is a low blackguard, and the son of a blackguard, and he shan't join any club to which I belong!"

In a moment the committee-men were on their feet.

"Withdraw! Withdraw!" they cried, with one accord.

"Moore shan't withdraw!" shouted Stephen Moore. "You're trying to force me to leave, but you can't do it."

"It was a question with Willis whether he joined the club and Harold or us," cried Standish, controlling his temper with difficulty. "I influenced his choice. Now Moore would drive him away from us either out his action down to jealousy and dislike of me, or a wish to injure the advancement of the club."

"You can put it down to what you please," cried Moore angrily. "Like father like son. I look upon Willis as a professional, and you can't stampede me either."

"I think of this club as well as Standish. I think I know how I ought to act."

"And I'll resign from membership, too!" cried Hallam.

"Oh," cried Standish, bowing his dark eyes on Stephen Moore. Moore can resign if he likes. He is the only member of the committee who seems to object to Willis coming in. He's a sort of dead weight, and I don't care more trouble than any other committee-man or official since the club was first started. If he finds the club and his liking, he may be better suited elsewhere."

Stephen Moore glared at Standish. He hated him. He hated him for his coolness in every thing. Once he had been elected captain, he wished to always hold the reins, and it had been something of a shock to him to be elected captain only once, and twice by Harold Standish, when he attempted to interfere unduly with Standish's working of the club.

Harold had, instinctively, looked upon this as an enemy, and now, as he looked round the

"Come on!" he cried. "There is a long-standing breach between Moore and me! Let's have it out, and see who's the better man!"

With a defiant laugh, Moore threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. This was what he had been itching for. For months he had been longing to cross lists with Standish. He was a powerful fellow, and had much the better of the weights. He could box, too, and beyond his own's well-known grit, and pluck, he didn't think Standish had anything else to recommend him.

Hallam and Jones tried to interfere, but the heat of the two was so hot and the next moment, the table having been set back, the two were hot at work, the sound of the gloves being flung through the room to the passage outside. But Brewer had locked the door, that nothing might interfere with the fight.

Moore and Jones tried, with flushed faces and bright eyes, with jaws set, breathing hard, and each looking for an opening.

With an uppercut, Moore hit Standish to the floor, but as he sprang at his antagonist, intending to hit him when he was down, Hallam intervened. Standish got upon his feet, looking more dejected than ever, and then, with three terrific hits, delivered with a force and judgment that none had given him credit for, Standish had his man weak and groggy.

Moore struggled on, with the blood flowing from his nose. Then, with one last mighty half-arm jab, Standish hit his man out, and Moore lay upon the floor, the loser of a short but stirring battle.

Hallam and Brewer fetched water and towels for him. He had lost his aversing air, and when he had slipped on his coat again, he turned to the crowd.

"Give me pen and paper!" he cried. "I'm going to resign this rotten club. It's been in my mind for some time past. It's not much of an honour to belong to such a set as you. There's more than one club in Heathfield which is stronger than the Heathfield Harriers at the present moment, and Standish is the sort of captain that would ruin any club."

"Do you mean it, Moore?" cried Brewer, glared.

"Certainly!" said Stephen Moore, glaring at Standish, who, beyond a puffed-up cheek, showed no signs of the fray. "This club isn't big enough to hold me and Standish. I'm sick and tired of the way the club's worked. The admission of a professional to membership is the last straw. I've had my liming. I can do a jolly shift better elsewhere."

"And yet," cried Hallam angrily, "feeling as you do, you had the cheek to blackball Willis!"

"He is the son of a professional," said Moore; "that was sufficient ground for objection in my eyes."

"Well," said Secretary Scrimshaw, pushing about of metopaper across the table towards Moore. "I don't think we need argue the question any further. None of us will break our hearts if you resign. There's some paper, Moore; suppose you write out your resignation now."

Moore sat down and seized a pen.

"With pleasure," he cried, dipping the pen in the inkpot, and for a minute or two nothing was heard save the scratch of the pen as it moved over the surface of the paper.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.
James Standish, Professional Pedestrian—A Life Story—Always Play the Game.

It was eight o'clock, and in the brilliantly lighted street a lad walked up and down in front of the committee room. Up and down, up and down he walked, with his hands thrust into the deep pockets of his overcoat to protect them from the cold.

James Willis was waiting for the result of the committee meeting of the Heathfield Harriers. He was waiting for the result of the election of his friend, Harold Standish, had told him that his name was up for election at that meeting, and he wished to know whether he had been elected or not. He had little doubt as to the result. A man whose name is proposed by the captain of a club, and seconded by a member of the committee, does not meet with a rebuff as a rule.

Up and down, up and down, the well-built lad walked, looking every now and then towards the brightly-lit room on the first floor, which served for various club's meetings. They were a long time getting ready for the business, to be sure, he thought.

At last, the swing doors of the private entrance to the hotel were flung open, and a man came out. It was Stephen Moore.

Moore's face was flushed as if in anger; and, swinging round on his heel just before he reached the street, he looked back and shook his fist towards the illuminated window of the club-room.

"What does the lot of you?" he cried. "May the club go to rack and ruin, as it deserves. You all think you are mighty clever, but I'll have the laugh of you yet. There'll be no Heathfield Harriers within a year from now."

He swung round, almost bumping into Willis, whom he recognised, then hurried on without a word.

Willis looked after the disappearing member of the Heathfield Harriers' Committee, and wondered. What had happened? Had there been a quarrel amongst the club's officials that night? It almost looked like it.

James Willis waited more impatiently than ever now, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he at last saw the doors open, and Standish, Brewer, Hallam, Jones, Sutton, Scrimshaw, and Houseman, stride into the street.

Standish recognised Willis, and came towards him with a smile, and with his hand outstretched.

"Well," asked Willis eagerly. "It's all right," said Standish. "I've had some trouble with Moore about your election, Willis. He objected to you. But he's resigned, and so I think you can safely rely upon being elected a member of the Heathfield."

Willis drew in a long breath, then whistled.

"What?" he cried. "Moore objected to me?"

Standish nodded.

Willis looked astonished.

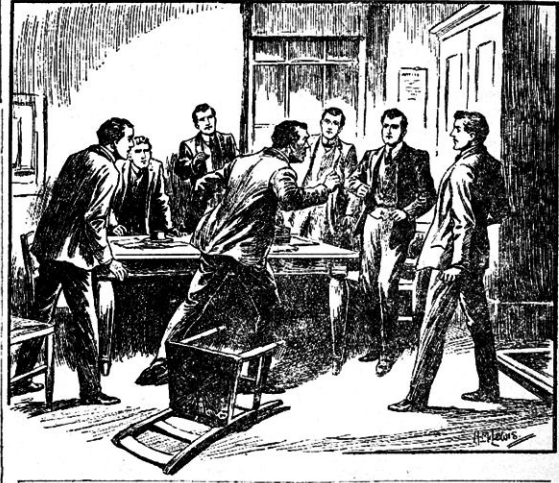
"Why," he said, "it was only the other day I had a long chat with him about it. We talked about the Heathfield and their prospects for the coming season, local rivalry, and all the rest of it; and he seemed jolly glad to think that I had at last decided to do some cross-country, and I can't make it out. Oh, why I can't, though!"

He spoke the last sentence as if an inspiration had come to him.

"You say Moore objected to me?" he said.

"I don't think it matters if we tell him the truth now, do you, Standish?" said Hallam.

(Continued on the next page.)



Suddenly losing control of himself, Moore rushed forward with his fist raised in the air, and, had not the captain dodged the blow, he must have been struck down.

In less than ten seconds Copeland and Grimshaw... When two or three minutes later, the inspector arrived in a boat from the other side, it was to find the birds...

head swell for another reason if you're not careful... "Jehoshaphat!" struck in Leadbury. "Ain't he talking big?"

"Decent tea, ain't it?" said Stapleton, repeating Brown's previous words and manner... "Should think it is," Jim agreed, and with a wink, took a hearty gulp from his cup.

riding in such a race was indeed an honour to a beginner like himself... "You know Rowen's way. He's going to run the two horses on his merits."

Nothing Succeeds Like Success in Arousing the Enmity of Others Who May

FROM the moment of his winning the Robin Hood Handicap at Hurst Park, Jim Derridge found himself the centre of a general enmity among the stable lads at Brackon Hill.

There were only two who allowed their friendship to go unshaken by envy, hatred, and malice. These two were Dicky Flitch and Stapleton.

They became enemies, some open and avowed, others of a more dangerous, because more secret, kind. They were jealous of Jim's success... "After being in an apparently hopeless position you won in very good style indeed."

Brown went white with rage... "You're more likely to get hurt off in hopeless pursuit of the two fugitives."

"I think we will run them both," was Mr. Rowen's comment, on witnessing the trial... "Do you think that's necessary, sir?" said Burgate.

"Well, if he did, that wouldn't matter. No harm would be done... "Burgate," interrupted Mr. Rowen angrily, "how many more times will you say such things to me?"

"It's all right," whispered Brown, "keep an eye on him, you chaps, when he drinks his tea. I've put some of that vinegary jam in his cup." Brown himself, as he sat down with the others, kept his eyes fixed upon Jim.

However, with the aid of Dicky Flitch and Stapleton, Jim frequently managed to turn the tables. Still, do what he might, he could not quell the hatred of the gang, whose minds against him, that hatred increased rather than otherwise, after another incident.

The horses had returned from exercise one day, when Jim was sent for by Mr. Rowen. There had been a trial that morning, a trial in which some half a dozen horses had taken part.

"I don't know, sir. It would expose Durwood's form without getting—"

"Very well, sir," said the trainer, swallowing hard. "But who is to ride them?" "Oh, that's easily got over! Cleeve will ride Sir Paget, and young Derridge shall have another chance on Durwood."

"I'll spoil everything, Cleeve," the trainer said. "You know Rowen's way. He's going to run the two horses on his merits. He'll let the sporting papers know that; and he'll also let them know that there's next to nothing to bring Durwood to as short a price as Sir Paget."

"Yes," drawled the Yankee. "And what's more, Durwood's likely to beat Sir Paget. You ain't forgot that you put up seven pounds extra for Durwood's bit in front of Sir Paget. I guess I had to ride all I knew to beat him this morning."

"Well, what's to be done? It wouldn't be any use your asking it have the mount on Durwood, would it?" "I don't know, sir. It would expose Durwood's form without getting—"

But the locker didn't lock, and when it came to the door, Jim found that the parchment paper covering the ampoules had been perforated in half a dozen places... "Who's done this? Who put vinegar in this jam?"

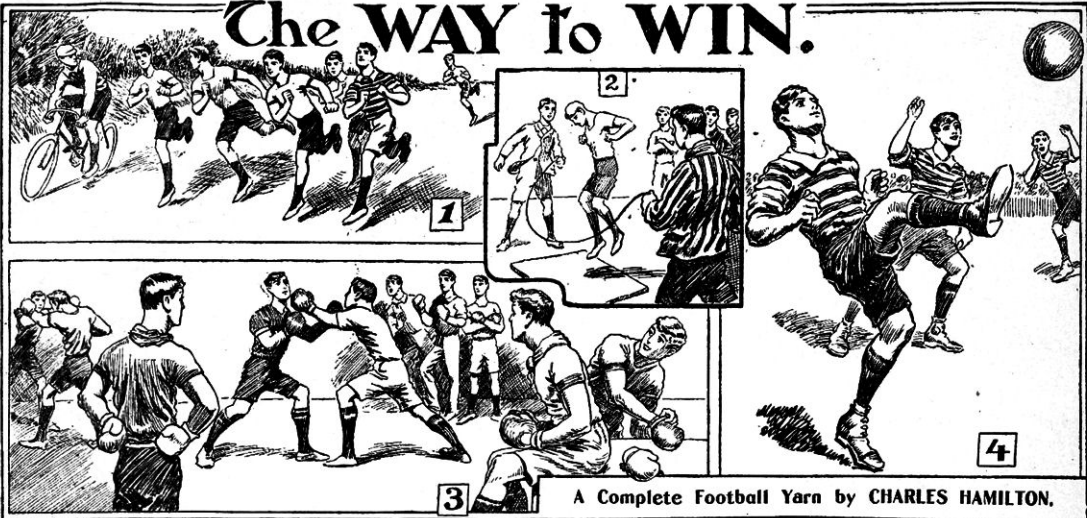


"Don't you think it. I don't mind telling you, between man and man, that you ain't got low race and lay against horses, and then another lad in your stable who's not the gutter-snipe. Derridge is a kind of favourite with him, and it's all along of that little braggart that he rides in front of me in the races." The trainer listened attentively, and then shook his head.

Captain Sycamore, Dan Copeland, and Grimshaw Loates stopped dead. All turned, equally thunderstruck, to see a mounted police-inspector and a constable close by them.

(Another enthralling yarn instalment of this fine racing long neck week.)

The Way to Win.



A Complete Football Yarn by CHARLES HAMILTON.

By hard training at every conceivable opportunity, the lads of Halford F.C., under the able leadership of Arthur Lawrence, succeed in vanquishing their most powerful rivals, and go far in their local competition. All junior clubs should follow their example!

THE 1st CHAPTER.

WE have got to buck up!" It was Arthur Lawrence, the captain of Halford Football Club, who spoke, and his words were met by a general silence. The young footballer looked round at the faces of the committee members of the club. "Unless we do something, Halford will be hopelessly licked in the competition, and that's not going to happen, if I remain captain of the club."

"You haven't been captain very long," suggested Rupert Craye, with a rather unpleasant look in his eyes. "The captain's eyes flashed. "No! If I had, the club wouldn't have fallen into each a state of unfitness," he exclaimed hotly. "I don't want to criticize what is past, but I do say that unless we buck up we have no chance in the competition we have entered for. The club is slack through and through. Why did we lose our last match?"

"Perhaps we weren't well led."

"Shut up, Craye!" exclaimed Price, the secretary of the I.F.C. "It's no good chipping one another now. What Lawrence says is quite true. We have not into a slack state, and we have been licked by a club not up to our weight. We lost the match with Burford Athletic because we lacked."

"That's what I want to make out," said Arthur Lawrence, taking no notice of Craye. "I didn't thrust myself into the position of captain, but as captain I cannot see the club licked without thinking something about it. What I say is, we've got to buck up all round, myself as much as anybody else, and make a general improvement. We are going to win the county junior cup if we can."

"Right!"

Rupert Craye was silent. As a matter of fact, he had had an ambition to shine as the captain of Halford, and he had been passed over in favor of Arthur Lawrence. Craye was a great deal of a snicker, and though his play was brilliant at times, he had proved himself to be unreliable. And Halford, though it had as a whole fallen into a slack state, had the sense not to take a snicker for its captain. Arthur Lawrence, ardent, keen, and enthusiastic, was just the fellow to pull the club upon its legs again.

"We've got to pull up," said Lawrence. "So far we've scraped along on the skin of our teeth, so to speak, simply because the rivals we have had to meet in the competition have been below our weight. Our lickings have been in outside matches. But wait till we meet the Wincgate team; they're our toughest rivals. Why, if we play as we have played, hitherto, they'll simply roll us off the ground!"

"I don't see it," said Craye.

"There are none so blind as those who won't see," retorted Lawrence. "I'll never so expect to mean that you are going to set yourself against me in this matter, Craye?"

Rupert was silent.

"I am in a bad earnest over it," said Lawrence. "I am going to work myself, and make others work. If the club don't like my methods they've got their recourse. I'll never so expect to mean that you are going to set yourself against me in this matter, Craye?"

"And a jolly good one, too!" exclaimed Price.

"I'm not against you," said Craye, at length. "I don't believe in a policy of hustle, that's all. I don't think it's necessary. But I suppose you'll have your way, and that ends it."

"Quite so," agreed the captain of Halford quietly. "As you say, that ends it. There will be a new regime, and I don't think the club will be sorry for it in the long run."

And, after a little more discussion, the committee meeting broke up. Arthur Lawrence and Price discussed the new programme as they walked homeward; but there was a sulky look on Rupert Craye's face as he went his way. It was pretty certain that from this member of the club, at all events, the captain would receive little support.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

ARTHUR LAWRENCE was as good as the boss of his world. He woke up the club with a vengeance. Halford had been an energetic junior club in its time, but in other times, other manners. It had fallen into a state of slackness, and, though it had entered for the junior cup, few believed for a moment that it had any chance of carrying off the prized trophy. It had entered, as it were, on the strength of its past reputation, having won the cup on a previous occasion. That it had any chance of winning it again nobody who knew the real state of the club believed.

Some of the members were quite content to go on as they were, and finish last on the list, if it so chanced; while others felt that something ought to be done, but did not quite know what, and anyway, did not feel equal to doing it.

Rupert Craye had never ever done for itself to make Arthur Lawrence its captain. His new measures startled the club out of its slackness.

There were two or three resignations upon the spot, and Arthur Lawrence accepted them with alacrity, for the members thus scared off by the prospect of hard work were the slackest of the lot, and were a good ridance to any club that was supposed to play football.

As Arthur Lawrence put it, they wanted to come out first in the list, and he showed them the way to win, and it rested with themselves whether they followed it or not.

And, upon reflection, the Halford fellows decided to follow it.

Rupert Craye represented the opposition; but Lawrence had shown so plainly that he would stand no nonsense, that Craye did not venture to make his opposition open. He contented himself with sort of passive resistance, and with raising his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders at the new regime.

Price remarked to the young secretary one evening, about a week later. "He is feeling very sore about the new regime. I'll never so expect to mean that you are going to set yourself against me in this matter, Craye?"

"He will feel sorer if he bothers me," said Lawrence.

The secretary grinned.

"I understand. But go slow, old fellow. His father subscribes liberally to the club, and we're not strong enough yet to stand upon our own feet."

Lawrence's eyes flashed.

"You mean that we must keep in with Craye for financial reasons, Price?"

"Well, something like that."

"No! While I'm captain of Halford," said Lawrence instantly. "If the club wants money, we can have a whip round, if necessary; and, as a matter of fact, I'd prefer that method, if I had only myself to consult. But we're not going to endanger the efficiency of the club for the sake of a subscription. Believe me, old man, that's the worst way to manage a club in the long run."

Price made a grimace. As a secretary to a struggling club he knew the difficulties of the club, and he was not at all sure that he was not right. "But I don't think Craye's mean enough to think of that sort of thing," the captain went on, after a pause. "He doesn't want to leave the club; he wants to lead it. And I have an idea that if he were at the head he would go in for something like my methods, for I know he's keen to beat Wincgate—as keen as I am. But he's rather a sullen brute, and that's the truth of it."

The two comrades were returning from a long tramp in the country when this conversation took place. Long walks and runs were a feature in the training of the Halford footballers. Lawrence says to it with a careful eye. Almost every fine evening some of the fellows were out on a steady sprint, paced by a comrade on a bicycle. The observations from outside, which Lawrence did not wholly like, at least enabled the Halford Club to keep up quarters of a better sort than they would have possessed had they depended entirely upon their own resources, for most of the members were young fellows in employment, with salaries none too large for their needs. And the large room, fitted up as a gymnasium on a small scale, which belonged to the club, was the scene now of more energetic exercise than of old.

After changing from the run, Lawrence and Price turned up in the gym, and found most of the fellows there, among them Rupert Craye. Craye did not see Lawrence enter. He was speaking in a rather loud voice to Hilton, a member who sympathized with his views to a certain extent. A couple of fellows were skipping for exercise, and Craye looked on with a grin.

"I don't think anybody here's drawn a quiet breath since Lawrence became captain of the club," he remarked. "He ought to be in a Chicago beef factory; by Jove! that's a more suitable place for him. He's a hustler, and no mistake! And the queer thing about it is that he's got to lead it!"

Hilton laughed.

"Then it's no good a minority of two objecting," he said. "Besides, there's a lot in what Lawrence says, old fellow. It's the way to win."

"We've lost before without all this," yawned Craye. "I dare say we could win again."

"And lost, too," broke in Arthur Lawrence quietly. "And I dare say we could lose again."

Craye wheeled round quickly at the captain's voice.

"Oh, you're here! Then you've had in benefit of hearing my opinion."

"Yes, and I'm much obliged to you for it," said Lawrence quietly. "Come on, Price, and let's get the gloves on for a bit."

"I'm ready," said Craye.

Rupert Craye bit his lip.

For some time it had been in his heart to quarrel openly with the club captain, but he

had always been somehow restrained from doing so.

"I'll have the gloves on with you if you like," he exclaimed abruptly.

Lawrence glanced at him.

"Certainly!" he said. "I'd be glad to have a round or two with you, Craye."

Rupert Craye's eyes glittered.

He was a good boxer, and he was in good condition. Lawrence's form with the gloves he knew to be good, but his own he thought better. And it came into his mind that the surest way of undermining Lawrence's undoubted influence with the club would be to defeat him in a personal encounter. It was very likely that Lawrence owed a great deal of the respect he received to his reputation as a fighting man.

"Come on, then!" said Craye.

A group of fellows gathered round them as they put the gloves on. There had been some boxing going on, but most of the fellows present realized that this was a more serious encounter.

Although nothing was said to such an effect, it was felt that this was an encounter between the two opposing forces in the club, and that the result would mean a great deal to the fortunes of Halford.

If there had been any doubt about it, Rupert Craye's words as he put on the gloves would have banished that doubt.

"I suppose a hustler like you won't be afraid of a knock or two?" he remarked.

"No," said Lawrence quietly.

"Then we'll make a mill of it. Nothing like hardening oneself, you know," said Craye, with a grin. "As you say yourself, it's the way to win."

Lawrence nodded.

"Good! I shall not be the first to cry off."

And the rivals of Halford Football Club faced one another, with a circle of eager faces round them.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

RUPERT CRAYE began the contest with the belief that he had only to put forth the strength and skill he

knew he possessed in order to defeat Lawrence. He was a good boxer, but ere many minutes had passed he found out his mistake.

Good boxer as he was, he found that he had met his match in Arthur Lawrence. And in personal strength and activity the captain of Halford was, if anything, his superior.

Then Arthur Lawrence turned the tables, and Craye was driven round the ring before a vigorous attack which he found it harder and harder to guard.

Craye wheeled round quickly at the captain's voice.

"I'm ready, then."

He knew that the challenge to box was in reality a challenge to Arthur Lawrence's supremacy in the club, and it was turning out in an unexpected way for the challenger.

Craye's right came home on Craye's nose, and he dropped to the floor as if he had been shot.

"Bravo!" yelled Price.

ARMY FOOTBALL.

A New Series of Articles Telling How Tommy Atkins Plays the Great Winter Game. By "MARMADUKE."

Junior Football at Aldershot. NOW to deal in some measure with the actual playing of the great game by the boys of the Army...

These lads come generally from schools and institutions where football is a second-hand game, and their life has inured them to a great extent to the hard knocks and the rough-and-tumble of the playing-field.

Their daily drills and exercises, the very life of the lads, all tend to keep him in good condition, and he is able to compete in one of his regimental competitions, or possibly be amongst the winners of a Boy's League.

For years the necessity of fostering the love of football in the youngsters was overlooked, and there was nothing for them to do but to wait for the school team until they could enter a company or Junior League match.

lack of competitions for boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen that was not giving players in both civil and military football.

At the end of the term and drums frequently supply players—ex-boys for the regimental team, and such leagues will only tend to keep their members together.

A well-known medical officer, whilst watching his boys last season, said "I never the Army Cup, it is only possible by keeping these boys together."

was only that a Boys' Military League was formed at Aldershot. A meeting was called at the Headquarters Gymnasium.

the necessary rules. Amongst many rules passed was one that prohibited boys from wearing A.R.C. uniforms at the age of eighteen years.

Senior and Junior Leagues. has its Company Shield to play off, to say nothing of the cup-ties, it will be seen that it is a difficulty when these clubs do not experience.

This applies more, however, to the boys in the Southern Division the large tract of ground known as the Queen's Parade is allotted to the regiments, and here, not only the boys, but the officers in progress at once.

In this, I think, was due to the interest which officers and men of the corps took in the doings of their boys and the fact of the senior team, which won the Senior Military League.

(To be continued.)

MY FOOTBALL LIFE.

Mr. ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN, the Famous Carthusian, Continues to Tell Realties About His Career as a Player.

The Ambition of Charterhouse Boys. UNFORTUNATELY, however, the other idea known man refuse their international caps to play in the Varsity match, but I am sure it is a mistaken principle.

I believe that Charterhouse is one of the few schools in England where it is the height of a boy's ambition to gain a place in the football eleven at most public schools it would appear that the cricket eleven comes easily first, but it is decidedly not so at Charterhouse.

So, I think, you will agree with me that a Charterhouse boy is a boy who is well educated and excel in the great national game of the country.

and, at the end of the football year, I was promoted to the second eleven; and 'twixt this and the representative team there is a wide distance.

However, at the beginning of the next season I thought that I had a pretty good chance of obtaining what I desired, and the first few matches flattered my hope.

Indeed, if it had not been for a fortunate accident I should never have got into the first eleven, and I applied for the position, and actually appeared against my own school.

Nowadays Charterhouse plays against Repton and Winchester, but in my time they used only to have Westminster among the schools.

Those of you who live in London might do worse than go away after tea, and see one of the Westminster School matches. The "Pinks" play good football, and are polished by the crowd which throngs the railings of the tower.

We won the match in my year, though we were not expected to, as Westminster had a strong side, and were playing at home.

We were not expected to, as Westminster had a strong side, and were playing at home. The verdict was two love in our favour, and, naturally, we went back to Godalming that evening very pleased with ourselves, and drove up the hill to the school.

SPECIAL NOTE.—In the "Gam" Library now on sale, price one penny, appears an announcement of great interest to footballers. A novel picture-puzzle competition is just commencing in that paper.

GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY. Goalkeeper. Height 6ft. 11in. Weight 16st. One of the most famous quondians in the land. Played formerly for Royal Artillery, Tower-bridge, and Trowbridge Town.

(To be continued.)

NOTABLE PLAYERS.

Brief Biographies of Famous League Footballers. By a Professional.

F. Threlfall (Pulham). Forward. Age 27. Height 5ft. 5in. Weight 11st. Previous club Manchester City.

J. Prevost (West Ham). Half. Age 23. Height 5ft. 9in. Weight 12st. 6lb. Previous club Northampton.

Wm. Wood (New Brompton). Age 25. Height 5ft. 7in. Weight 14st. 9lb. Inside-right. Late Leyton and Norwich City.

F. Mavin (New Brompton). Age 24. Height 5ft. 10in. Weight 12st. 2lb. Centre-half. Third season with New Brompton.

T. Thorpe (Southampton). Half. Age 27. Height 5ft. Weight 11st. 10lb. Previous clubs Newton Heath, Stalybridge Rovers, and Hurry.

Dugald Macfarlane (Tottenham Hotspur). Forward. Born Barrow-in-Furness. Age 27. Height 5ft. 9in. Weight 11st. Played brilliantly for Barrow and Burnley.

A. Gilligan (Bristol City). Forward. Age 25. Height 5ft. 9in. Weight 12st. Previous club Belmont Athletic, Dundee, and Celtic. This is his fifth season with Bristol City.

R. Howlston (Tottenham Hotspur). Born Northumberland. Age 27. Height 5ft. 10in. Weight 12st. 6lb. Plays in goal. Played with great success at Burnley, Crystal Palace, and Oldham Athletic.

STILL ON SALE

The Boys' Realm FOOTBALL CLUB 1908-9. Contributions by W. L. BASSETT, G. L. B. COVERDALE, WALTER HAIG, ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN, &c., &c.

GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

W. George (Aston Villa). Goalkeeper. Height 6ft. 11in. Weight 16st. One of the most famous quondians in the land. Played formerly for Royal Artillery, Tower-bridge, and Trowbridge Town.

H. Collyer (Crystal Palace). Full-back. Height 5ft. 6in. Weight 12st. 4lb. Born at Bromley, Kent. Played for Dentford Granville, Catford South End, and Crystal Palace as an amateur.

G. Woodger (Crystal Palace). Inside-left. Height 5ft. 7in. Weight 12st. 13lb. Born at Croydon. Was a star in local football for some years, joining Crystal Palace in 1905.

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"TRÁNSFERS."

Mr. G. L. B. COVERDALE, Hon. Sec. East Riding Football Association, Tells of the Transfer and Reinstatement of the Professional.

Numerous Transfers. THE transfer of professional players is much more common than the general public have any idea of. The football community is often stirred during the season by some well-known player being "sold" by one big League team to another, perhaps to help his new club to evade relegation to the English Second Division.

These transfers are the only ones that the general public hear about. In addition to these, however, we have numerous players being transferred from one "little" professional club to another, and the number of transfers of this description is surprisingly large.

The application of a professional player from one club to another is made out a form issued by the Football Association, and is known as Form H, and is signed by the Football Association, Ltd.

The Secretary of the Football Association, Ltd., is at present a Professional of the Club, and desires the Special Permission of the Council of the Football Association, Ltd., to be transferred to the Club.

I desire the transfer of... from... to... Club. Address... being transferred from... Club to... Club. Secretary, Football Association, Ltd.

When the form has been completed and approved by the Football Association, and he has signed a new professional registration form, all is in order for him to play for his new club.

The Football Association are very chary about the reinstatement of professionals, and it is only after a searching inquiry that their consent is gained. When a professional player has been reinstated he must first obtain a copy of Form K from the Football Association, Ltd.

Form K. Reinstatement Form (Rule 52).

1. A Professional player who desires to be reinstated as an Amateur shall send an application to the Secretary of the Football Association, Ltd. in the following form.

2. A Professional joining the Army may be reinstated immediately on application, but shall not be again registered as a Professional until the expiration of two years from the date of his rejoining the Army.

3. A Professional who has been reinstated as a Professional within twelve months after reinstatement as an Amateur, and after reinstatement he again becomes a Professional he must obtain a new Professional registration form, and may publish the same in such a manner as shall be thought fit.

4. Applications will only be received in the month of May.

5. A player who has been reinstated as an Amateur may be reinstated to play in the Amateur Challenge Cup Competition.

Application for Reinstatement as an Amateur. Name... Address... Age last birthday... Date when applicant became a Professional... Clubs with which applicant has played as a Professional and time played with each Club... State wages received... Reasons for desiring to cease playing as a Professional... To the Council of the Football Association, Ltd. Name... Date... The Secretary of the Football Association on receipt of an application forwards it to the county association in which the applicant now resides, and the county association interview the applicant and make careful investigation into the case.

CHALLENGES FROM READERS' OWN CLUBS.

BLAUNT F.C. (average age 14) want matches...

ST. PETERS F.C. (average age 14) require a few...

ATCLIFF JUNIORS F.C. (average age 14) has following dates open...

CYRIL ARGYLE (average age 16, weak) require home and away matches...

GROSVENOR CARLYLE F.C. (average age 15) require matches for coming season...

LLOYD'S MESSINGERS (average age 14), weak require matches away...

1st HURBURY BOYS' BRIGADE A.F.C. (average age 14-15) have all dates open...

BARNSBURY A.F.C. 2nd XI. (average age 15-16) have all dates open...

SINCLAIR RESERVES (average age 13) require matches for coming season...

ROXBOLD ST. GEORGE'S F.C. (St. Andrew's) (average age 14, medium) require matches...

ABERNAULT EXCELS (average age 15-17) require fixtures for season 1930-1...

STANLEY VICS. F.C. (average age 14, light) have open dates for season 1930-1...

CHRIST CHURCH F.C. (average age 14) require matches for a few away dates...

MONTHLY 5% ON CREDIT 2 YEARS GUARANTEE

WICKER SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES FREE

WATER-PROOF PERFECT FINISHED SILVER WATCHES...

30-'VERACITY' LEVER Watch, Gent's or Lad's size...

£100 IF NOT TRUE GOLD WATCH FREE

THESE ARE INSERTED FREE OF CHARGE.

BRIDDY'S HARD JUNIOR F.C. (average age 16) require matches in Portomann...

VICTORIA CRUSADERS F.C. (average age 17, weak) desire away and home matches...

ALL SAINTS F.C. require matches in or about Liverpool...

GRISMAN UNITED F.C. (average age 16, weak) all matches at teams within a five mile radius...

HEARINGTON VILLA F.C. (average age 15, weak) require a match for Christmas Day...

MAGDALENE'S F.C. (average age 15, medium) require fixtures for the present season...

WANTED home and away matches (average age 15)...

BRIDGE UNITED A.F.C. (average age 15) require or hire away matches...

BLOOMSBURY RANGERS (average age 16) have open dates open...

HARRY WEDNESDAY JUNIORS (average age 14) require fixtures within a radius of fifteen miles...

STAMFORD JUNIORS F.C. (average age 17, weak) have the following dates open...

SHERBORNE UNITED F.C. want matches. Home and away...

A REAL GEM GOLD WATCH FREE

GENUINE LABRADOR GOLD WATCH FREE FOR SKILL

HAIR DESTROYED Permanently, Painlessly, Root and Branch by my exclusive...

GENUINE LABRADOR GOLD WATCH FREE FOR SKILL

LADIES' OR GENTS' REAL DESMA GOLD WATCH FREE

ADDISON GARDENS OLD BOYS F.C. (average age 16, weak) want matches home and away...

TORRINGHAM F.C. (average age 16, weak) require matches home and away...

WOODBERRY DOWN F.C. (average age 15) weak have the following dates open...

BRANSHY ROAD F.C. (average age 16) require matches home and away...

WINDSOR AND DISTRICT FOOTBALL LEAGUE have vacancies in their 2nd Division...

CROOK F.C. (average age 14-15) require dates (Wednesdays) in Durham...

TWO LADS (age 16) wish to join a football club as soon as possible...

LAD (age 17) wishes to join a respectable football club in North London...

YOUTH (age 17) wishes to join a respectable football club in the district of Hackney...

CYRIL F.C. require a few good players (age 14-17), especially centre-forward...

A LAD (age 17) wishes to join a team in North London...

PLAYER wishes to join a club with private ground in N.W. or N. district...

WANTED, three or four young football players (age 14-16) for an amateur team...

YOUTH (age 15) wishes to join a respectable club in Birmingham...

BOY (age 16) would like to join a football club in or about Marblebone...

7/6 DOWN INSIDE OR OUTSIDE RIGHT (age 17), weight 10st. 11lb...

ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH GEORGE'S PATENT

EASY TO WIN CASH £1,000

XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS FREE! £10,000 XMAS GIFTS. FREE! SEND NO MONEY.

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE.

Just published, a new book, showing how Sandow won Health and Fame...

Special Offer. To every reader who writes at once...

WILL a few clubworkers' assistants (age 16-18) write to H. Russell...

TWO LADS wish to join a good team. Reliable, and are anxious to form a new club...

TWO LADS (age 18) wish to join football team in Bethnal Green or Hackney...

THREE RESPECTABLE LADS (age 17) would like to join a football club...

LAD (age 16) wishes to join a respectable football club in S.E. district...

WANTED, seventeen or eighteen players (average age 17-18) to form a football club...

SIXTY LADS (age about 14-16) wanted to form a general club...

GENERAL CLUB for lads of 14-16 years of age. Club-room has all kinds of games...

THE BUFFALO KING AN. Shows double double bullet with terrific force...

A WATCH FOR SKILL In the County Skilly Test Match we have played the figure 5...

THE COUNTRY SKILLY STORES (Dept. 14), 48, High Street, Dreehrthe S.O.

HIDDEN BLOCK CONTEST CASH £1,000

EASY TO WIN CASH £1,000

XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS FREE! £10,000 XMAS GIFTS. FREE! SEND NO MONEY.

ACTS & CO. (Dept. C.O.), 88, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



by Mark Derran

A WONDERFUL NEW STORY OF LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS ARE:

SIR HENRY CAIRNS, a miserly old baronet, whose soul and name are warped by the love of riches...

JACK CAIRNS, Henry's nephew. A sturdy young Britisher, heir to his uncle's hoarded-up wealth and title...

THE GNAT, the DUDE, and the BUSTER. Jack earns their united admiration and friendship by breaking in a dangerous horse...

AMOS LEIGH, the owner of a settlement some miles from Southport's shores...

Brownlow, a neighbouring rancher, and an unscrupulous desperado, wields his attacks on Jack and Rose Leigh...

For a time everything runs smoothly, and then a devastating how falls. Leigh's bank fails...

Jack, after making arrangements for Leigh and Rose to remain in the town of Perth...

Jack falls into the bush, and is captured and made a prisoner by a tribe of aborigines...

Jack sets out to find his old woman, and is in danger of his life. He is rescued by four strange men...

Jack sets out on the track of four robbers, whom they capture. Jack sees that they are the same men who betrayed him in the bush...

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Jack sets out to find his old woman, and is in danger of his life. He is rescued by four strange men...

for all his care the earth flew away rapidly from the base of the wall.

He was digging his way through into the temporary prison.

The voices of the robbers rose in husky chorus, broken now and again by defiant laughter, and under the protection of the sound Jack worked like two men.

The slightest scruple concerning his course of action. He knew the men he was trying to escape to be robbers, but his Britisher's ideas of justice were all against punishment by death.

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"It cairn's be true!" the saloon-keeper growled. "I tell you they've gone!" a big-headed man cried savagely.

"Holo dug through from outside!" another saloon-keeper's voice came from the other way an' set 'em free. They've pinched horses an' bolted. There ain't no chance o' catchin' 'em again, fer they've lit right out of the state if they've left."

"Who would have helped them?" the saloon-keeper protested. "Oh, the school!" a miner answered angrily. "You ain't reckonin' an' one o' 'em was carryin' a spade an' knife about under his shirt."

The door of the saloon was darkened, and the Dude, the Gnat, and Buster stepped in. The faces of the men were grim, and they looked round as if searching for someone.

The Dude stepped forward and touched Jack on the arm. "A word with you," he said, in a low, even voice. Jack bowed quietly, and nodded towards the room he had just left.

"Rather bare, but pleasantly quiet," he said coolly. The three men followed him in, and the Gnat closed the door behind him with his back against it.

Jack Cairne knew that in some way he had discovered that it was he who had let the robbers escape. The Dude stumbled in his pocket and produced a clasp-knife.

"Do you recognise that?" he drawled, and held it before the men's eyes. "It looks like mine," he said. "It was a gift of my father's."

"It was a gift of my father's," he said. "It was a gift of my father's." "Do you guess where we found it?" he demanded, his voice rising out of its usually level tone.

"I do not keep a diary now," he answered, "but I fancy my memory is good enough for that." "Where?" the Gnat snapped.

"Why, just across the road, in the shanty where the robbers were imprisoned," Jack answered coolly. "And what were you doing there?" the Dude asked, his voice like steel.

"I was freeing the robbers," Jack answered calmly. "For a moment the silence of sheer amazement reigned, then a hoarse snarl broke from the Dude, and he held the gun to Jack's hip.

"You cur!" he shouted—"you white-livered cur!" At the end of a Gun—Rose Leigh Arrives—Just Fun.

THE BUSTER stood within six feet of Jack Cairns, his heavy Navy Colt steady in his powerful grip. His eyes were blazing furiously, and under its tan hair he was grimacing.

"Listen to him, boys!" he cried, for a moment glancing at the Dude and the Gnat. "Just listen to the skunk!"

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"You ain't got no speeches ter make, I suppose!" he growled.

"Why no," Jack answered calmly. "I can only tell you that I would do the same again." "Won't get the chance," the Gnat snapped.

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AFTER MEALS

Have you a dull, heavy, oppressive feeling—a feeling that you have eaten too much? For comfort's sake you will probably eat more sparingly in future.

Then your strength will suffer, and your stomach, like every other organ of your body, be further weakened. That makes you can only end in ruined health.

The real cure is to strengthen your stomach with Mother Seigel's Syrup. Read this—

"No kind of food would agree with me. Instead of being nourished by the little I ate, I got nothing but pain, not only in my chest, but in my back also."

But thanks to Milder Seigel's Syrup, I am now entirely free from indigestion.—From Mr. W. A. Nicholls, 22, Walpole Road, Clifton, N. B. S., London, S. E., Jan. 11, 1908.

Take MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. IT CURES ALL

INDIGESTION. Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared in TABLET FORM and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2/6—One size only.

THE BOYS' FRIEND, OCT 3RD, 1908.

But still Rose Leigh could not understand, for she had heard nothing of the affair, and...

"That is all," he concluded quietly. "You understand now, Rose, the peculiar sense of justice that these men have."

"But Jack Cairns stood rather sheep and face it out," he said between his teeth.

Rose Leigh laid a hand softly on his arm, and spoke up pleadingly into his ear.

"The Duke looked at the Bachelor as he latter glanced at the Gnat. It was dawning upon the three men that they really had been injured so very much, after all."

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able to get food enough to carry them over the long journey. "She'll fool the Buster growled, dragging his stool nearer to the stove, and chewing at the stem of an empty pipe."

"Kind of brain-softenin', mate," the Gnat suggested grimly. "I'm the one who was experimenting with chips of woods instead of tobacco, did it seem so to be particularly discontented."

"In a corner sat Jack Cairns, his torn and soiled clothes fastened to his back. He had worked since he had been in Forked Tree Camp, and on his lips was a little, bitter smile."

"Not that he was sorry that he had come to Australia, for he had met Rose Leigh, and he loved her better than he loved any other woman."

"Show us the dollars," the latter answered shortly. "I don't run this here shabben for amusement, but for the ain't handlin' on tick with a mud-scoop."

"The old man has fainted," he said, between his teeth. "That ain't no business o' mine, 's the saloon-keeper's."

"Without further hesitation, Jack swung round towards the bar, picked a bottle from it, and drew the cork with a hand shattering and angry."

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Rose Leigh was lying there now, her injured ankle holding her helpless to escape. If the dam went, the cottage in which she lay would be the first to be swept away."

"Just for a moment Jack Cairns stood helpless, like a man who has received a stunning blow. He was thinking of his home back in England, of the great estates that a little, bitter smile he lay, and comparing them with this shabby inn in a mining-camp, and the gloomy hill that loomed beyond it."

"And you've the men who called me a man-hunt," he said slowly. "I wish with a oath, one of the miners snatched out a revolver, and levelled it at the young Britisher; but the latter only laughed scornfully."

"You haven't got the pluck to use it," he sneered; and fearlessly turned his back on the man who held the revolver.

"The door of the saloon opened, and the Dudo and his two friends, streaming with wet, came in. 'What's up?' the Buster growled, staring down at old Leigh."

"It's the dam, Jack Cairns answered, 'I'm going out, if something isn't done to save. An outlet for the water must be cut, or this camp will be swept away, and—for a moment the young Britisher strove to speak, but he was interrupted by a hand shattering and angry."

"The man spoke as if the affair were the most ordinary one in the world, instead of one that would be fatal to his life and death."

"Since the affair of the robbers' release Jack Cairns had never spoken to them now, all that he had said had been forgotten, and they moved together towards the door."

"The Buster lunged at the door, and tried to light a match that was sodden with water. 'There ain't no need for lights, boys,' the Gnat cried, and he held up the corner vander, and the dynamite cartridges is in the box by the chimney. 'I'll get 'em.'"

"There was a humming and a darkness, the fire was had filled the picks. Through the flimsy wall of the shanty could be heard the roar of the river as it rushed past fifty yards away."

breaking and leaping over boulders, sending a heavy spray up into the air. From above came the roaring of the water-fall. Along a narrow crack Jack Cairns led the path to Leigh's shanty, as a most a day had passed since the arrival of Rose that he had done nothing to save her life."

"The climbing of the hill was no easy matter, for in every direction little streams from the main torrent trickled down, so that the men were slipping after time; but in the end they gained Leigh's cottage."

"Jack Cairns knocked at the door, and Rose Leigh's voice bade him enter. He pulled the door open, and stepped in against the wind, and fled in with his companions."

"By the fire at Rose Leigh, her beautiful face pale and drawn with pain. 'Dad!' she said eagerly. 'Is he safe?'"

"Yes, dear, and has brought the warning in time," Jack answered. "Can you stand being moved?'"

"I'm sick, but I will be swept away if the dam breaks," Jack explained hoarsely. "I must carry you above it, then you will be safe, while I stay here and look after the dam."

"Tenderly as possible, yet hurrying as fast as they could, Jack and the Buster carried the girl from the hut and up the rugged, trackless clamber steeply up the hillside. It was hard work, but neither of the men thought of rest."

"Over the dam the water was pouring, and as they saw and heard it seemed remarkable to them that the dam, only a roughly-constructed affair, had not given out long since."

"The waterfall thundered and splashed close to them, and the path grew steeper, but the men were not aware of it until they reached comparatively level ground again. Then their pace quickened, and with their hands on their knees they ran down the spot beyond the dam. Here some overhanging rocks partly sheltered the girl."

"I'm sick, but I will be swept away if the dam breaks," Jack explained hoarsely. "I must carry you above it, then you will be safe, while I stay here and look after the dam."