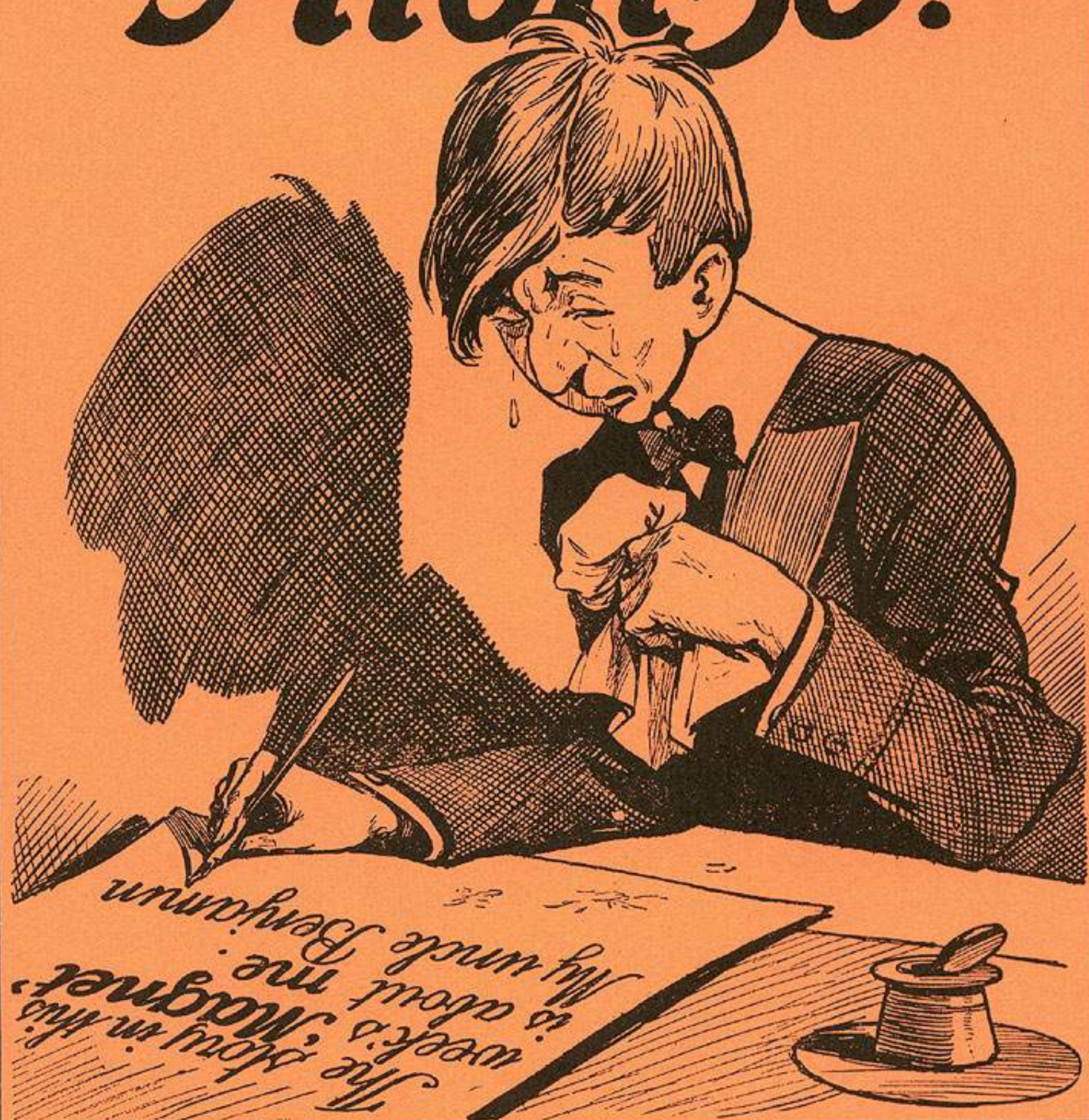


YOU MUST NOT MISS MEETING ALONZO TODD!



Alonzo!





Next Tuesday's Number—"HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."



The Editor will be obliged if you will hand this book, when finished with, to a friend.

# Billy Bunter, Limited!



A Splendid, Long, Complete  
School Tale of  
HARRY WHARTON & CO.  
at Greyfriars.

— BY —

FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Limited.

"ONE hundred shares——"

"Eh?"

"One hundred shares of one shilling each——"

"What?"

"That will be five pounds," said Billy Bunter.

The fat junior sat on the table in Study No. 1, in the

Remove passage at Greyfriars, with a paper on his knee and a pencil in his hand. He had been spending the last few minutes sucking the end of the pencil, with his fat face wrinkled up into a thoughtful frown.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurreo Singh were watching him. As a rule, they did not take very much interest in the proceedings of their plump study-mate. Bunter was a trouble to everybody who knew him, and the chums



put up with him as patiently as they could, and that was all.

But they were interested now.

Bunter seemed to be solving some mental problem. He occasionally left off sucking the pencil and jabbed at the paper with it, and the paper was getting covered with ragged figures. What they meant, and whether they meant anything, the chums of the Remove did not know.

To see Billy Bunter working, without being driven thereto by dread of punishment for undone lessons, was a novelty. He wasn't doing any imposition or any exercise; he was working away at something entirely of his own accord.

And so the chums watched him, just as they would have watched if he had taken a really thorough wash in the morning instead of his usual lick, or if he had shown some consideration in any way for any person besides William George Bunter. They would have been surprised, and they would have been interested. They were surprised and interested now.

"One hundred shares!"

Bunter had repeated those words several times. He did not seem to hear the ejaculations of Harry Wharton & Co. If he heard he did not heed. His fat face grew more wrinkled as he jabbed at the paper again with the pencil.

"One hundred shares at one shilling each——"

Frank Nugent tapped his forehead significantly.

"Fairly off!" he murmured, and the Nabob of Bhanipur delivered the opinion that the off-fulness was terrific.

"What are you up to, Billy?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I'm! One hundred——"

"Billy!"

"I'm! That will make five pounds——"

"Bunter!"

"With a capital of five pounds—— I'm!"

"Are you hungry, Bunter?" asked Harry softly. That was a question which never failed to excite an eager interest on the part of the fat junior.

But this time it failed to draw.

Billy Bunter did not even turn his head.

"Suppose we reckon on a capital of five pounds," he murmured, making another jab at the paper on his knee.

"Suppose——"

"Bunter!"

"That ought to be sufficient, and——"

"Bunter!" roared Wharton.

The fat junior started.

"Eh? Don't interrupt me, please!"

"What are you mumbling about?"

"Shut up! One hundred shares——"

"Ass! What the——"

"At a shilling each," murmured Bunter thoughtfully.

Frank Nugent looked at Wharton, and Wharton looked at him. Harry made one more attempt.

"Would you like some toffee, Bunter?"

Even that failed to draw.

Billy Bunter made another jab at the paper, and did not heed the question.

"Say three dozen of gingerbeer for a start," he murmured. "I shall be able to get a reduction on the number——"

"Eh!"

"And the pastry——"

"Bunter!"

"And then cake——"

"Mad!" said Harry, with a shrug of the shoulders. "They say when a chap goes dotty he begins to babble of green fields and things. Bunter's beginning to babble of gingerbeer and cake. Poor chap!"

"Quite hopeless!" said Nugent.

"The hopefulness is terrific!"

"There being a hundred shareholders," Bunter went on murmuring, "perhaps——" The rest was mumbled inaudibly.

Frank Nugent winked at his comrades, and picked up the big iron kettle from the grate. He brought it to the table behind Bunter without being seen by the fat junior, who had his back turned to him. Not that Bunter was likely to see much in any case, for he was the shortest-sighted junior in the school.

Wharton and Hurree Singh watched Nugent with great interest. Frank raised the big, heavy kettle over the table as high as he could, and suddenly let it drop with a terrific crash just behind the fat junior.

Crash-ash!

"Oh!" stuttered Bunter.

He jumped like a startled frog, and slipped off the corner of the table, and rolled sideways on the floor. His spectacles slid down his fat little nose, and he made a desperate grasp at them, and roared.

"Yah! Yaroo! Wh-what was that?"

Nugent whipped the kettle back into the grate in a second. Bunter scrambled to his feet, put his spectacles straight,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

and blinked at the chums of the Remove, who regarded him with superhuman gravity.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

"Anything the matter?" asked Nugent, with a look of innocent surprise.

"Yow! You—you dummy! What did you startle me like that for?"

"Startle you? How?"

"That fearful crash——"

"What crash?"

"You dropped something on the table behind me and made me jump," howled Bunter.

Nugent tapped his forehead.

"Poor chap!" he said. "Quite off!"

"The madfulness is as terrific as in the case of an esteemed hatter!"

"You rotters!" roared Bunter. "You know you did! Now you've upset all my calculations, and I shall have to begin again at the beginning."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked angrily.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" he exclaimed.

"This calculation is taking me a lot of time."

"What calculation?"

Bunter groped on the floor for the paper, and picked it up. He thrust it into his pocket with a grunt.

"You'll see in time," he said. "I've got a new wheeze——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you can cackle, but it's a jolly good wheeze, and I'm going to take Greyfriars by storm with it."

"Go ahead! What is it?"

"You'll know if you attend a meeting I'm going to call," said Billy Bunter loftily. "I'm not going to tell you the scheme now and have you bone it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm the only chap in this study who has any original ideas, though you chaps are jolly fond of taking the credit for them," growled Bunter. "If I had my due, I should be captain of the Remove."

The chums roared.

"And I'm jolly well not going to take a back seat in this matter!" said Bunter. "I've thought out the scheme, and made all the calculations, and I'm jolly well going to be the managing director!"

"The—the what?"

"Managing director."

"Director of what?"

"The company."

"What company?"

"Bunter, Limited."

The three chums stared at him blankly.

Billy Bunter blinked at them, and rolled out of the study, leaving the chums standing rooted to the carpet.

"Managing director!" murmured Nugent.

"Bunter, Limited!" gasped Harry.

"The honourable ass is clean off his esteemed rocker!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, tapping his dusky forehead.

And Wharton and Nugent were seriously inclined to agree.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Rotters!

"SEEN the notice?"

"What notice?"

"It's on the board."

"Cricket notice?"

"Oh, not at all."

"What is it, then?"

"A notice by Bunter."

"Bunter?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That dialogue, or one very like it, took place a dozen times after afternoon lessons that day at Greyfriars.

There was a notice on the board, in the sprawling handwriting of Billy Bunter, and it attracted general interest.

Fellows generally took a glance at the notice-board in passing, in case it should contain anything of interest to them. Solemn notices by the Head were hurriedly skimmed, Form notices honoured with a cursory look, but anything about the cricket eleven or the Amateur Dramatic Society was sure of plenty of attention.

So Bunter's notice was read and commented upon.

When Harry Wharton came by Bob Cherry of the Remove drew his attention to it.

"Seen Bunter's notice?" he asked.

Wharton grinned.

"No. Is it up?"





Billy Bunter ran as hard as he could with P.-c. Tozer thundering after him. "Oh, escape would yer," roared the arm of the law. "We'll see."

"Yes, rather! Take a squint."

Wharton walked up to the notice-board. There were half a dozen juniors round it, reading Bunter's notice, and grinning.

The notice, in the sprawling hand and faulty orthography of the fat junior, ran as follows:

"NOTICE!

"A most important meeting is to take place in the Remove-room at seven o'clock this evening, when a most important matter will be discust. All the Remove are invighted to attend. N.B.—The meeting is most important.

"(Sined) WILLIAM G. BUNTER."

Harry Wharton burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! So we're all 'invighted'!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

**NEXT TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."**

"And it's most important," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The 'importantfulness' must be terrific, since the esteemed ass repeats it three timesfully," remarked Hurree Singh.

"Well, we'll go to the 'meeting,'" said Nugent. "It ought to be interesting."

"Blessed cheek, that fat sweep calling a Form meeting!" growled Bulstrode.

"It ought to be funny," said Skinner.

"Yes, that's very likely. Some new dodge, I suppose—hypnotism or ventriloquism, or some more of his rot."

"Like his cheek," said Ogilvy.

"Yes, but it will be funny," said Nugent. "Let's all go and rot him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

**A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.**



"Agreed!"

"Good egg!"

And the juniors roared at the idea.

It caught on in the Remove.

Billy Bunter's coolness in venturing to call a Form meeting, and to put up a notice to that effect on the board, put a good many backs up, but all agreed that the fat junior could not be more effectually "sat upon" than by the whole Form turning up and "rotting" him in concert.

The Removites entered into the joke with great spirit.

Long before seven o'clock the Form-room was crowded. Bunter had not made his appearance yet, but nearly all the Remove were there before the clock struck seven.

Some of them had brought rattles, some of them cricket-stumps to bang on the floor, and some of them mouth-organs and tin whistles.

There was no doubt that William G. Bunter would have a very numerous attendance at his meeting, but whether he would be able to make his voice heard was another matter.

Promptly at seven o'clock Billy Bunter came in.

He blinked at the crowd of Removites, and looked surprised and pleased to see so many of them there.

"Ah, you've seen the notice, I suppose," he remarked, in an off-hand sort of way.

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"And we've all come."

"Here we are, Bunt."

"Go ahead!"

"On the ball!"

"Certainly," said Bunter. "It's a most important matter, and concerns a great scheme for making money, and I think the whole Form are entitled to know about it."

"Hear, hear!"

"I have from the first refused to allow the plan to be appropriated by a set of fellows who'd never think of giving credit where credit is due," said Bunter.

"Ha, ha!"

"One for you, Wharton."

"Is Nugent blushing?"

"You young ass!" growled Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton! You know you jolly well never do give me credit."

"No, and they won't give him credit at the tuckshop, either," said Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really—"

"Speech, speech!" roared the Removites.

"Yes, I—"

"Speech!"

"But—"

"Speech!"

"Look here!"

"Speech, speech, speech!"

Billy Bunter gasped for breath. The Removites were roaring for a speech, but they were not giving him any opportunity of uttering one.

The fat junior dragged a chair from a corner of the room, and mounted upon it, and waved a sheaf of notes he had in his hand.

Skinner stooped behind the chair, and tied the end of a string to one leg, and, taking the other end of the string in his hand, retreated among the juniors. Most of them saw his action, and chuckled, but Billy Bunter saw nothing.

He stood on the chair, and waved his fat hand.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen—"

"Hurrah!"

"I have called this meeting—"

The Removites cheered and roared, and clapped their hands, and blew tin whistles and mouth-organs, in horrid concert with stamping and kicking on floor and forms.

The din was terrific.

Billy Bunter went on speaking, but nobody could hear a word. He could not even hear his own voice.

He gesticulated and raved, shouting out nobody knew what, while the "rotters," delighted with the fun, went on stamping and shouting.

Bunter was as red as a beetroot with the efforts he was making.

After five minutes or so the Removites slackened their din, from sheer want of breath, and there was a lull.

Then Bunter tried again.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"I have called you together upon a most important occasion—"

"Hurrah! Hip, pip!"

"Important occasion, to lay before you a really ripping wheeze—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY." A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Hear, hear!"

"I now propose to lay before you—"

"Go it!"

"Oh!"

Skinner pulled the string.

The legs of the chair flew up, and William George Bunter flew down with a bump upon the floor of the Form-room.

Bump!

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Remove.

Billy Bunter had kept his word.

He lay before them—grunting and gasping.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### The Great Wheeze.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do that again, Bunter."

"Encore!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter lay on the floor, gasping and dazed, blinking at the juniors over his spectacles, which had slid down his little fat nose.

The Remove simply roared.

"Gentleman, I will now proceed to lay before you," said Skinner, mimicking Bunter's voice, and manner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He ought to have said lie!" grinned Bulstrode. "He will now proceed to lie before us."

"Ha, ha! Lying's more in his line, too."

"Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sat up.

He put his spectacles straight, and blinked wrathfully at the Removites.

"Beats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Somebody shoved that chair over."

"There was nobody near it," said Skinner. "You saw that for yourself. Todd was the nearest chap."

Alonso Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars, protested his innocence at once.

"I really did not touch the chair!" he exclaimed. "I trust, Bunter, that you will accept my assurance that I did not touch the chair. It was the string—"

"Shut up, Todd!"

"But it was the—"

"Order!"

"It was Skinner—"

"Cheese it!"

Bulstrode and Stott hustled the unfortunate Duffer of Greyfriars back. Bunter was too shortsighted to see the string attached to the leg of the chair, and they wanted him to mount his rostrum again.

The fun had only started.

Bunter rose to his feet, grunting.

"Blessed if I see how the chair could have slipped!" he growled. "I was careful to keep my balance in the middle of it."

"Well, there was no one near you."

"Oh, it's all right!"

Bunter planted the chair upon its legs again, and stepped upon it. The Remove gathered round, and Skinner took hold of the string again.

The juniors waited in grinning anticipation.

"Gentlemen," said Billy Bunter, waving his fat hand.

"Upon this important occasion—"

"Hear, hear!"

# SANDOW'S BOOK FREE!

Just published, a new book showing how Sandow won Health and Fame, beautifully illustrated, and explaining how every man and woman can obtain robust health and perfect development by exercise.

## SPECIAL OFFER.

To every reader who writes at once a copy of this book will be sent free.

Address: No. 18, SANDOW HALL, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.



"The scheme I have to unfold is one that will—will"—Bunter referred to a note in the palm of his hand—"will cause the general inconvenience suffered by us from the high prices now prevailing—"

The Remove were dumb.

Bunter's remarks were so curious that they forgot to interrupt, and cricket stumps and tin whistles were still and silent.

"Off his rocker," said Ogilvy, as Bunter paused.

Bob Cherry gave a roar.

"He's speaking from notes, and he's got 'em mixed," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ahem!" said Bunter. "I—I mean, the high prices prevailing now are the cause of the—the first time it occurred to me, and I made a note of it."

"My hat!"

"What is he driving at?"

"Ahem! I—I'm afraid I've got my notes mixed. H'm! What I mean to say is," said Bunter, abandoning the attempt to decipher his notes, "that I've got a really ripping scheme for saving the Form a lot of money, and getting a steady supply of good grub at cost price."

"My word!"

"Well, we might have known it was something about grub," remarked Russell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You have all noticed that the prices of gingerbeer and jam-tarts, and so on, at the school shop, are very high," said Bunter. "The same state of things prevails at Uncle Clegg's in the village."

"That's right enough," said Ogilvy, interested. "I suppose you haven't got a scheme for changing all that."

"That's just what I have got."

"Oh, we'll hear this," said Nugent. "Don't interrupt."

"Silence for Tubby!"

"Order!"

"Go ahead, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter's little round eyes glimmered with satisfaction behind his spectacles. He had succeeded in arousing the interest of the Remove at last.

"What's the wheeze, Bunter?"

Bunter coughed. Not because he wanted to cough, but he had heard the Head do it before making a speech in Hall, and it seemed the proper and oratorical thing to do.

"Ahem! This is the scheme. Suppose we form a company to be known as Bunter, Limited—"

"Phew!"

"With a hundred shares of one shilling each, we should raise a capital of five pounds—"

"Scott!"

"With this capital in hand, I, as managing director, could deal directly with the wholesale firm," said Bunter. "As a matter of fact, I have an uncle in the business, and he would grant me exceptionally favourable terms."

"My hat!"

"He would supply us with gingerpop, tarts, cake, and so on, at wholesale prices, with a special reduction for me, as a relation," said Bunter. "With five pounds in hand as capital, Bunter, Limited would soon be a flourishing firm. That is my idea. Each shareholder subscribes one shilling, and the firm guarantees him as much tuck as he could get for two shillings at Mrs. Mumble's. Any profit over that belongs to the managing director as his perquisite."

"Well, that's fair."

"Something in that, you fellows."

"Faith, and ye're right."

"Bravo, Bunter."

Billy Bunter's fat face glowed with pleasure.

"I'm glad to see you chaps taking up the idea in this way," he said. "I've thought it all out, and it will save you heaps of money. We get all the things down in one big consignment, carriage free, and it will be a ripping treat when we get them."

"Hear, hear!"

"Shareholders allowed to ask questions?" asked Cherry.

"Certainly," said Bunter.

"Good! The money is subscribed and placed in your hands, I suppose?"

"Exactly!"

"And you expend it on grub?"

"Just so!"

"And we get the grub?"

"Right again!"

"How do we know we get it?"

"Eh?"

"How do we know you'll hand it over?" asked Bob Cherry. "As a rule, whenever you get hold of any grub, you bolt it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"What guarantee does the company get that the managing director doesn't scoff up all the assets?" demanded Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, I should undertake to—"

"Scoff up the tommy?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

EVERY  
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Certainly not! To carry out the arrangements exactly as they were made," said Billy Bunter, with a great deal of dignity. "If you don't trust my personal honour, Cherry—"

"Your what?"

"My personal honour."

"I didn't know you had any," said Bob, with a shake of the head. "Where do you keep it? I haven't seen any signs of it since I've been at Greyfriars."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Well, it's only a bob each," said Harry Wharton, with a laugh.

"Yes, that's it exactly!" said Bunter eagerly. "Only a bob each, and you get cent. per cent. in the saving on the grub. Most shareholders would be jolly glad to get cent. per cent. on their money. Before I descend from this chair I want the matter settled. Hands up for the company!"

Skinner took a tighter grip on the string.

Every fellow in the room put up a hand—some of them two.

Bunter blinked at the apparently enthusiastic crowd.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Now I'll come and collect the boblets!"

He made a step off the chair. Skinner pulled the string, and it flew from under his feet. Bunter made a wild jump and a plunge, and landed fairly upon Skinner, clasping him round the neck and bearing him to the ground.

Bunter fell on top.

William George Bunter was no light weight. Skinner crashed down, and Bunter's heavy weight falling on top of him, squeezed all the breath out of his body.

"Groo!" gasped Skinner

"Yow! Yaroo!"

"Ow! Help!"

The Removites roared.

Shakespeare has remarked that it is sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard, and that was exactly the fate of the humorous Skinner. He had played his little joke once too often.

He lay and groaned under the fat junior.

Bunter sat up dazedly, on Skinner's chest.

"Yow!" he gasped. "T-t-that blessed chair has gone over again. The legs must be loose, or something! Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Drag him off!" moaned Skinner. "I—I—I'm suf-suffocating!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton dragged the fat junior off the practical joker of the Remove. Skinner still lay gasping, unable to rise. Bulstrode lent him a hand, and he staggered up.

"Oh, the fat dummy!" he groaned. "Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You pulled the string, and the figure moved, and I think it was a great success! Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter recovered his breath before Skinner. He adjusted his big spectacles, and took a notebook and pencil out of his pocket.

"You're all in favour of the company," he said.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah for Bunter, Limited!"

"Then I'll collect the shillings."

There was a rush for the door.

Bunter blinked at the juniors in surprise.

They had all expressed their willingness to join the company, or, at least, their approval of it, but as soon as the collection of money for the shares was about to commence, there was a surprising exodus.

Skinner staggered through the doorway after the rest.

In one minute, the astonished originator of the great idea was left alone in the Form-room.

"I say, you fellows," he shouted, "hold on! Come back! You haven't subscribed for your shares, you know!"

But they did not come back.

Slowly it dawned upon the mind of the managing-director of Bunter's Limited, that the Form had been elaborately "rotting" him, and he grunted wrathfully and rolled out of the Form-room.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### A Misunderstood Benefactor.

THE "rotting" of Billy Bunter furnished an inexhaustible subject for merriment in the Remove that evening. They laughed over it and laughed again. Billy Bunter was the only one who could not see anything funny in it. He tried again and again to reduce the juniors to seriousness on the subject, but in vain. They only roared afresh at every mention of Bunter, Limited, and the fat junior had to confess himself baffled. Even in his



own study he met with little encouragement. It was said of old that a prophet is not honoured in his own country, and, perhaps, that was what was the matter. William George Bunter, certainly, was not honoured in Study No. 1. He found the chums of the Remove at their prep. when he came in to renew the subject. They were not disposed to be interrupted, either.

"I say, you fellows," Bunter began, "about that company—"

"What company?" asked Nugent.

"Bunter, Limited."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, I wish you'd be serious——"

"Can't be did on that subject, old fellow! Bunter, Limited will be limited to one, and that one will be Bunter."

"The limitfulness will be terrific!"

"You might back a fellow up in your own study!" growled Bunter. "I think it's due to me."

"My dear chap," said Harry Wharton, "we don't want to take any of the glory. You started to run the business alone, and wouldn't let us into it. Keep on the same lines."

"But——"

"And don't interrupt the work!"

"Look here——"

"Try next door," grinned Nugent.

"You're a set of beasts!"

"Thanks!"

"And a lot of grinning rotters!" roared Bunter.

"More thanks!"

"I despise you!"

"Good!"

"The goodfulness is terrific!"

Billy Bunter went out of the study and slammed the door. A chuckle followed him, and the chums of the Lower Fourth went on with their work.

Bunter looked into the next study, where Bulstrode and Hazeldene, and Tom Brown of New Zealand, were doing their prep.

"I say, you fellows——" he began.

Bulstrode looked up.

"Get out!" he said tersely.

"I want to speak to you——"

"Outside!" said Tom Brown.

"Busy!" said Hazeldene, without even looking up.

"But I say, you fellows——"

"Shut the door!"

Bunter shut the door.

"Ass!" roared Bulstrode. "I meant shut it with yourself on the other side. 'We've heard enough of your blessed company! Get out!'"

"But——"

"Hand me that inkpot, Hazeldene."

"Here you are!"

Bulstrode swung up his hand with the inkpot in it. Billy Bunter was outside the study door in record time.

In the passage he grunted discontentedly.

"Rotters! But I'm jolly well not going to give up the idea, all the same. It's sheer jealousy on their part, that's all! Wharton wants to keep me in the shade, and the others are following his lead. Rotters!"

Bunter reflected. Then he made his way to another study, where he hoped to find more support. Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars, and Dutton, the deaf junior, were there. Bunter nodded to them in a most friendly way as he looked in.

"I say, Todd, old man," he said heartily, "I suppose you're going to be in the company with the rest, aren't you?"

"Are the other fellows subscribing?" asked Todd.

"Oh, in crowds!"

"Collected much money?"

"Well, I haven't actually collected much, so far, but it's coming," said Bunter. "Shall I put your name down for five shares?"

"Will you require any money?"

"Of course—a bob a share!"

"I have, unfortunately, no money left," said Todd. "You may remember I lent you my last remittance, to be repaid when your postal order arrived. Has it come yet?"

"N-no," said Bunter. "There's been some delay in the post. I expect it will be along to-morrow morning."

"Will that be in time for the company?"

Billy Bunter blinked.

"H'm—yes, I suppose so!"

"Then it's all right," said Alonzo, with a beaming smile. "You can put me down for five shares, to be paid up when your postal order comes."

"Oh—er—yes! B-b-but, if you had any cash now, it would be more—more regular and businesslike," said Bunter.

"You—you see——"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

"I haven't any till you pay me."

"Oh, all right. We—we'll leave it over. Dutton!"

The deaf junior went on with his work. Dutton supposed himself to be a little hard of hearing. As a matter of fact, he was a little harder than he supposed. Bunter shouted out his name, but he did not stir.

"Dutton!"

"Eh?"

"Dutton, I suppose you've heard about the company?"

"Well that's very kind of you!" said Dutton.

"Eh? What's kind?"

"It's kind of you to say you'd like my company, and I'm sorry I have to do my prep. now," said Dutton.

"You chump, I didn't say I wanted your company!"

"Yes, I should be glad to come out, only I am busy. Some of the fellows do not take the trouble to speak to me, because I am a little deaf. Eh?"

"Listen to me, you fathead!"

"Yes, merely a trifle. You see, I can always understand if people speak clearly. No need to shout, you know. Speak about the tone you're using now—just above the ordinary—and I can follow every word."

Bunter could not help grinning. He had been shouting in a voice that could be heard at the other end of the passage.

He put his head closer to Dutton and roared.

"Will you join Bunter, Limited?"

"What was imitated?"

"I'm forming a company, in bob shares, to be fully paid up before allotment," said Billy Bunter. "Understand?"

"Upright grand! I don't quite follow you. Are you talking about a piano?"

Bunter gasped. He gathered all his strength for another effort.

"Will you take up a share?" he roared.

"It doesn't need it."

"What?"

"I had it cut last week."

"Eh?"

"I say I had my hair cut last week!" exclaimed Dutton, angrily. "What do you mean by telling me to cut my hair?"

"I didn't! I said——"

"Eh?"

"Will you take a share?"

"Look like a bear, does it?" said Dutton, getting up. "There's the door, Bunter. I've had enough of your insulting remarks. You'd better get out."

"Oh, you ass! I said nothing of the sort."

"Eh?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind!" howled Bunter.

"Out of my mind, am I?" exclaimed Dutton. "Because I won't let you tell me my hair looks like a bear, eh? Out of my mind! You'd better get out of this study."

"Look here, old fellow——"

"Who's bellowing? Get out!"

"I—I——"

Dutton interrupted the fat junior by seizing his shoulders, and swinging him to the door. Bunter rolled there like a barrel on its end.

Then Dutton applied his foot, and the Owl of the Remove tottered out into the passage. Dutton slammed the door after him.

"Had enough of him," he remarked, to Alonzo Todd, with a very red face. "A lot of the fellows think they can say what they like to me, because I'm deaf, but I'll show them I'm not so deaf as they think."

Alonzo could only stare.

Bunter opened the study door, and blinked in.

"I say, you fellows——"

Dutton rushed at him, and he whipped out and vanished. The deaf junior came back with a very red face. Alonzo tried to explain.

"It's all right, Dutton——"

"Who's a fright?"

"Bunter didn't mean to offend you."

"Lend me what? I don't want you to lend me anything."

"Bunter was only asking you to take a share!" shrieked Alonzo. "He didn't mean to get your back up in this way."

"In the way, am I?" said Dutton. "Well, that's pretty cool, considering that I'm in my own study. Do you want the whole room?"

"I did not mean that at all. Pray do not be put out——"

"You'll put me out!" roared Dutton. "Well, I like that. I'll jolly soon show you whether you'll put me out. Get up!"

"What?"

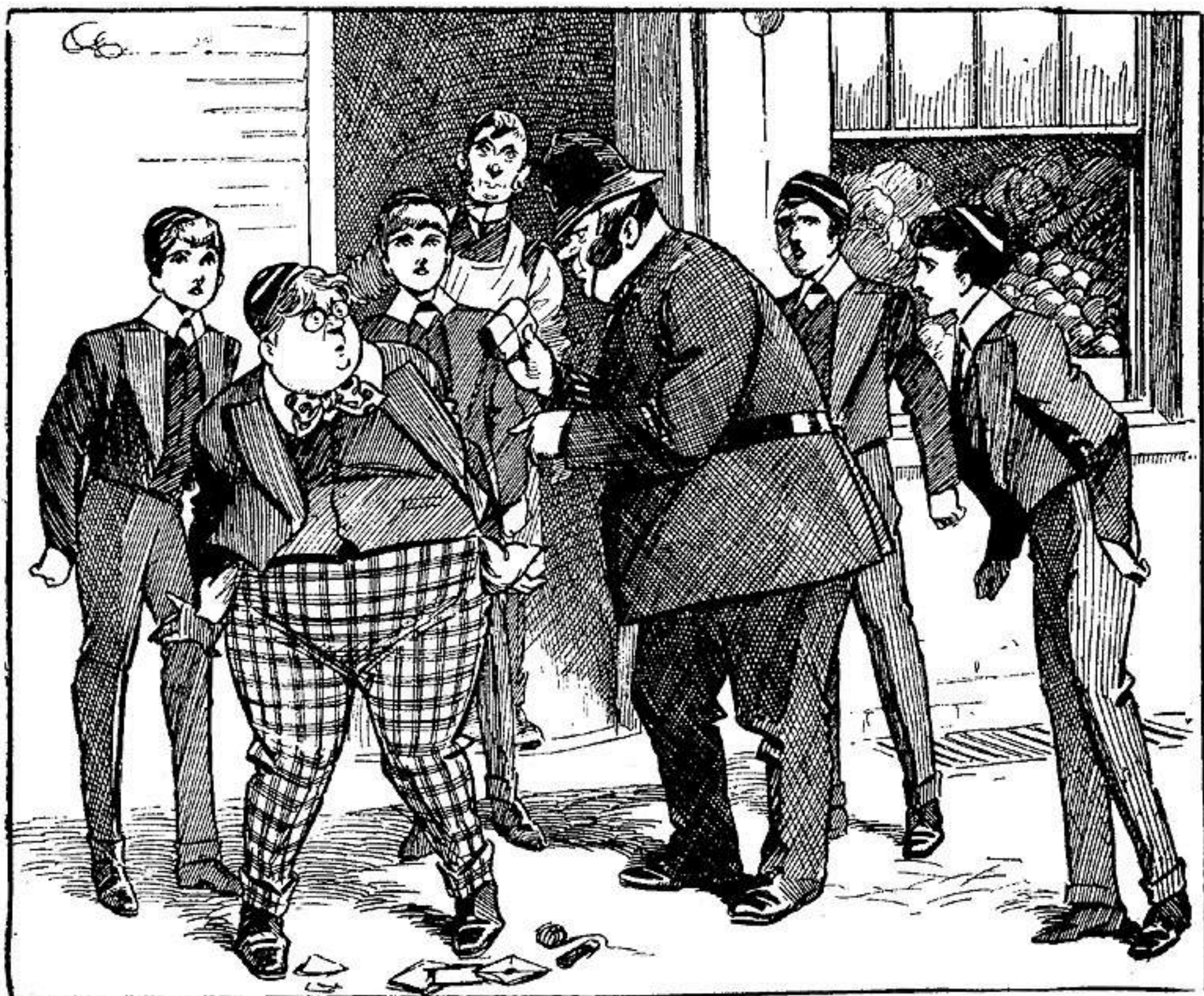
"I'll show you if it's rot, too. Get up, and get out!"

"But—but——"

"Put out, eh? We'll see who's to be put out!"

And Dutton whirled the astounded Alonzo to the door.





"'Ere, wot's this in your inside pocket, eh?" said P.-c. Tozer, drawing a packet from Billy Bunter's pocket. "Wot's this I says?" "O-o-oh!" gasped the fat junior of Greyfriars.

and whirled him into the passage, and shut the study door after him and locked it. The Duffer of Greyfriars tried the door, but it would not open, and he stood blinking at it in dismay."

"Oh, dear!" he gasped. "This is really very painful to me. How fortunate that I have my preparation finished! My Uncle Benjamin always said that a stitch in time saves nine, and that one should never put off what one can do at once, and, really, it is very fortunate that my work is done."

And Alonzo went down the passage, leaving Dutton alone in possession of the study, and feeling very satisfied with his vengeance for his imaginary wrongs.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Police-constable Tozer.

**H**ARRY WHARTON rose from the table in Study No. 1 with a long yawn of relief.

"That's done," he remarked.

"Same here," said Frank Nugent. "How long are your going to be, Inky, you slacker?"

"The one-minuteness is all," said the Nabob of Bhani-pur. "I shall be gladly pleased to get out and enjoy the sniffiness of the esteemed fresh air in the venerable Close."

And in a few minutes Harry Wharton & Co. tramped downstairs, and burst out into the Close, still bright in the setting sun. Dusky shadows were creeping over the grey old walls and red roofs of Greyfriars, and among the old elms,

and a blaze of red over the roof of the chapel showed where the sun was sinking to rest.

Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth were standing on the steps. They were discussing some matter in raised tones, with faces pink with indignation, and the chums of the Remove stopped to see what it was.

"Anything up?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Oh, rather," said Dabney.

"Yes," said Temple. "Look!"

He pointed to the sky.

"My only hat!" said Nugent feebly. "They worked that on me in my first year! It was worked on Adam when he was a very, very little boy. Temple, old man, don't be funny. It isn't your forte. Chuck it."

"Oh, rats!"

"We've had a row," said Fry.

Nugent looked shocked.

"Dear me! Little boys should agree," he said. "Little boys should be like little birds in their nests. If they don't agree, you know, they fall out."

"Don't be an ass," said Fry. "We've had a row with Tozer."

"Oh, I see!"

"Tozer!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "P.-c. Tozer of Friardale!"

"Yes. There's only one Tozer, I suppose."

"What has he done?" asked Wharton, with interest.

There were many skirmishes between P.-c. Tozer, the representative of law and order in Friardale, and the boys of Greyfriars.

P.-c. Tozer was credited with a belief that all boys required

NEXT  
TUESDAY:

"HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."

A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.



constant suppression, and the Greyfriars fellows were absolutely certain that P.-c. Tozer required to be suppressed.

Mr. Tozer was "down" on the Greyfriars juniors, especially the Remove, and the Removites repaid his kindly attentions with interest.

On one occasion Mr. Tozer had captured a diminutive fag with cigarettes in his pocket, and he had marched that fag up to the Head to be dealt with.

Dr. Locke had dealt with him, in a way that made him uncomfortable in a sitting posture for a very long time afterwards.

But Mr. Tozer's enthusiasm in the administration of the law was not appreciated by the Greyfriars juniors.

Most of the fellows were down on secret smoking, of course, and Harry Wharton & Co. would at any time have taken it upon themselves to rag any fellow found smuggling cigarettes into the school.

But they resented interference from outside.

And they suspected that Mr. Tozer had not marched young Baker in for punishment wholly from a sense of constabulistic duty, but with the object of scoring over the juniors, against whom he had long grudges.

Besides, Wharton and others strongly suspected that young Baker of the Third had been sent to fetch those cigarettes by a senior, probably Loder the prefect, and had been too loyal to give the senior away, therefore getting all the punishment himself.

Which was an additional reason why it would have been better for P.-c. Tozer to keep off the grass.

The looks of the Upper Fourth fellows showed, however, that P.-c. Tozer had been getting on the grass again, so to speak.

"What's he done now? He's always up to something, I know," said Nugent. "What is the latest?"

"We've just met him in the lane," said Temple. "We were coming in, and he had the cheek to ask us if we had any cigarettes about us. Us!"

"Us!" repeated Fry.

"Cheek!" said Wharton.

"Yes, rather! He said he was going to see for himself, too; so we slung some turfs at him, and he hooked it," said Temple.

"Phew!"

"My hat! You've assaulted the majesty of the law!"

"It won't do, you know."

"The won't-do-fulness is terrific."

"Well, he can't put his paws on me," said Temple. "I shouldn't wonder if he comes to the Head to complain. I think he's a beast."

"What-ho!"

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled down to the gates, leaving the Fourth-Formers still warmly discussing their grievance.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Nugent. "Here's the one and only himself."

P.-c. Tozer was coming along the lane. The constable was a fat man, and he well filled out an ample uniform. His face was very red, and he had a way of breathing in short, sharp gasps, as if every breath were going to be his last.

He glanced at the Greyfriars juniors as he came past the gate. The Removites all took off their caps, with an air of exaggerated respect.

"Good-evening, Mr. Tozer."

The village policeman grunted.

"Nice evening for the time of year," went on Nugent blandly. "It would be colder if we had snow, don't you think?"

Mr. Tozer's red face grew a little redder.

"Caught any more stray dogs, yet?" asked Wharton, with interest.

Mr. Tozer grunted wrathfully.

"Captured any more desperate fags?" went on Nugent.

"By the way, Tozer, if you don't mind my putting a personal question—where did you dig up that nose?"

"And the features," added Wharton.

"Young humps!" said Mr. Tozer.

"Oh, Tozer, Tozer!"

"Which I'm not the man to be cheeked in the hexecution of my dooty," said Mr. Tozer, with a glare of wrath, "and that you'll find."

"Cheeked!" exclaimed Nugent, in astonishment. "Oh, Tozer! Why, I'd sooner cheek my own great-grandfather!"

Mr. Tozer snorted, and bore down upon the juniors. They retreated, and the burly constable marched through the gateway.

"Coming in to tea?" asked Wharton affably.

"I'm coming in to see the 'Ead," said Mr. Tozer grimly. "P'r'aps he'll think well of the remarks you've made to me, and p'r'aps he won't."

And Mr. Tozer marched on grandly.

"Phew!" murmured Nugent; and the Nabob of Bhani-pur murmured that the phewfulness was terrific.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Humble Pie.

**M**R. TOZER marched on with stately steps, and a shout from the fellows in the Close announced that he was sighted, and they gathered round with great keenness. They greeted Mr. Tozer with all sorts of personal questions. Some of them wanted to know where he had dug up his face, which could not be considered a polite question. Others asked him what he used for his complexion, and whether it was beer. Still more wanted to know whether he intended to arrest himself for entering the Cross Keys and the Golden Pig after closing time.

Mr. Tozer made no reply, satisfying no one's curiosity upon these interesting points, but marched on, with a crimson and wrathful face, to the Head's house.

Nugent minor, of the Second Form, dropped into line behind him, imitating his stately stride, amid shrieks of laughter from the fellows. The noise in the Close attracted the attention of Dr. Locke, who glanced out of his window, and caught sight of the stout constable and the fag behind him. The Head could not help smiling.

He turned away from the window at once, and composed his face by the time Mr. Tozer was shown in to his study.

Mr. Tozer took his handkerchief and mopped his perspiring face.

"Very 'ot, sir!" he remarked.

"Yes, the weather is certainly warm," said the Head, wondering what Mr. Tozer had called upon him for. "Can I do anything for you, Tozer?"

"Yes, sir. I 'ave a report to make to you, sir, about them boys," said Mr. Tozer.

The Head sighed.

"Very well. What is it?"

"I think you'd rather I report to you, sir, than take haction on my own, sir?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"I 'ave been treated with imperence, sir," said Mr. Tozer, with an aggrieved look. "I 'ave 'ad clods slung at me in the lane, sir."

"Indeed!"

"And cheeked, sir, at the gates of this werry school," said Mr. Tozer. "Which Wharton and Nugent was the worst, sir, as they always are."

"Indeed! This must be seen to," said the Head, touching a bell. "I will send for these juniors, and see what they have to say for themselves. Trotter, send Masters Wharton and Nugent to me immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Harry Wharton and his chum made their appearance in the study in a few minutes. They were both looking very solemn and serious.

Mr. Tozer gave them a triumphant glance, as who should say that his time had come to score.

"These are the boys?" asked the Head.

"Yes, them are the boys, sir."

"Wharton! Nugent! I hear that you have been impertinent to Mr. Tozer."

"Oh, sir!" said the two juniors at once.

"Come, Nugent—"

"There must be some mistake, sir," said Nugent. "Mr. Tozer will remember that I told him that I would rather cheek my own great-grandfather."

The Head coughed.

"You must learn to treat an officer of the law with proper respect, my boys," he said. "Mr. Tozer may displease you sometimes in the execution of his duty; but remember that none of our lives and none of our property would be safe were it not for the duty done by the police force."

Mr. Tozer looked pleased. This was a very nice way of putting it.

"So you will both tell Mr. Tozer you are sorry," said Dr. Locke. "I am sure he will overlook the occurrence if you apologise properly."

The juniors looked at each other.

"Otherwise I shall be compelled to cane you," said the Head. "But I am sure you will respect my wishes."

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Harry.

"Then apologise to Mr. Tozer."

Tozer drew himself up, and inflated his chest.

He had intended to get the juniors cased, but this was better than that. To have them apologise to him was a greater triumph, and the fat constable swelled with importance at the mere idea of it.

# ANSWERS



He could see, too, what a bitter pill it was for the juniors, to swallow.

"Now, boys!" said the Head sharply.

"Ye-es, sir."

Mr. Tozer seemed to swell more than ever.

"We—we apologise!" muttered Wharton and Nugent together, with wry faces.

"Very well," said Mr. Tozer. "Then I overlooks it. But don't you let it occur again?"

"You may go," said Dr. Locke, and Wharton and Nugent, both furious, quitted the study.

They paused in the passage to glare at one another.

"What do you think of that?" muttered Harry.

"Rotten!"

"We'll make Tozer sit up for it yet."

"What-ho!"

And they walked away, almost stamping as they went with wrath. Mr. Tozer remained several more minutes in the Head's study, and his face when he emerged was ruddy and serene, so that the probabilities were that some coinage of the realm had changed hands.

Mr. Tozer went quietly down the wide, flagged passage.

From a passage at the side there was a sound of voices as he passed, and Mr. Tozer pricked up his ears. Perhaps it was from a detective's instinct; at all events, Mr. Tozer was not above listening if he had an opportunity, and what he heard just now was very interesting to him.

"Get them at Tucker's, and bring them to my study, Skinner."

"All right, Loder."

"And mind you're not spotted."

"Trust me."

"And buck up."

Mr. Tozer trod on softly and quickly.

Tucker's was the local tobacconist's, and Mr. Tozer saw a capture ahead of him. He quitted the house quietly, without either Skinner or Loder having the least idea that he had been passing and had heard the end of their talk.

Mr. Tozer quitted the school in a very satisfied mood. The Head, he knew, was inclined to think that he was fussy and bad-tempered, but he could not suspect him of over-fussiness when he produced a junior caught red-handed in the act of buying cigarettes.

Skinner came down the passage, whistling, a few minutes later. Loder had given him the money for the cigarettes, but the fate of young Baker of the Third was in Skinner's mind, and he did not intend to go to the tobacconist's himself. Loder, as a prefect, had given him a pass out of gates, but that pass would do equally well for someone else. Skinner had not ventured to refuse the commission; and, besides, he usually had a good tip from Loder for little services of this sort. But he did not mean to risk it himself. He went up to the Remove passage in search of Todd. The Duffer of Greyfriars could generally be inveigled into playing catpaw for anybody.

Skinner tried Todd's study door, and found it locked. He knocked.

"Who's there?" called out Dutton.

"I'm here! Where's Todd?"

"Eh?"

"Where's Todd?"

"Who's odd? If you're talking about me——"

"I want to speak to Todd. Where is he?"

"I've had my tea."

"Is Todd in there?"

"I don't care whether you swear or not. I'm not jolly well going to open that door unless I choose."

Skinner grunted, and retreated. Todd was not in the study, that was evident. He searched for the Duffer of Greyfriars, and found him at last looking out of the hall window. He tapped Alonzo on the shoulder.

"Will you do me a little favour?" he asked.

Alonzo beamed upon him.

"Certainly, Skinner. My Uncle Benjamin always impressed upon me to do anybody any little favours, and——"

"Will you go to the village for me?"

"I am afraid it is too late——"

"That's all right; I've a prefect's pass."

"Then I will go with pleasure."

"All serene! Go to Tucker's—you know Tucker's——"

"Oh, dear! That is the tobacconist's, isn't it?"

"Yes. Ask for——"

"But Tucker's is out of bounds."

"Rats!"

"You do not want me to get any smokes, Skinner?"

"Yes, ass! I'm not asking you to go there for pineapples or piano-stools!" growled Skinner.

Todd looked shocked.

"Oh, dear! That would be breaking the rules, Skinner. The Head would be very angry."

"You needn't tell the Head, chump! Keep it dark, and get the things in quietly, and I'll stand some gingerpop."

Todd shook his head.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT  
TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."

EVERY  
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"I'm so sorry, Skinner, but my Uncle Benjamin always told me never to do anything mean or blackguardly——"

"What!" roared Skinner.

"I'm so sorry, but I couldn't do it. My Uncle Benjamin——"

"Blow your Uncle Benjamin! Are you going?"

"I cannot. It would be a rotten thing to do, you know. You are really rather a cad to ask me, Skinner—you are, really, you know. Don't you think so?"

Skinner glared at him. He saw that it was useless to waste words, and he did not waste any. He let out his right straight from the shoulder, and the Duffer of Greyfriars dropped in a sitting posture on the floor.

"Oh!" gasped Todd.

Skinner walked away. He was determined not to go to the tobacconist's himself, but where was he to find a messenger, now that Todd had failed him?

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Promising Youth.

L ODER, the prefect, came down the lower passage, and almost ran into Skinner. He stopped, and dropped his hand on the junior's shoulder, with an extremely unpleasant look on his face.

"You haven't gone yet?" he remarked.

"N-no, not yet!" stammered Skinner.

"I think I told you I was in a hurry," said Loder, changing his grasp from Skinner's shoulder to Skinner's ear, and giving it a spiteful twist.

"Ow!"

"Think you'd better buck up?" asked Loder, with another twist.

"Yow! Leggo! Yes!"

"Then be off with you!"

Skinner twisted himself away, rubbing his ear. He lost no time in getting out of the view of the prefect, but he did not leave the School House. He dodged into the junior common-room, and there he found Billy Bunter. Bunter was sitting at the table with a paper and pencil, making all sorts of weird calculations, and was too deeply engrossed in his task to notice anything or anybody. Doubtless he was working out a system of business for Bunter, Limited.

Skinner tapped him on the shoulder.

"Gerroff!" murmured Bunter.

"I say, old chap——"

"Don't bother now—I'm busy!"

"Will you do me a little favour, Bunter?"

"No."

"But——"

"Buzz off!"

Skinner did not buzz off. He jerked the fat junior out of his chair, and pushed the scribbled paper away. Bunter simply snorted with wrath.

"Oh, really, Skinner!" he exclaimed. "Do get away, and don't play the giddy ox. I'm busy."

"What's it all about—the company?"

"Yes. I'm calculating——"

"Good! That's what I wanted to speak to you about," said Skinner unblushingly.

Bunter unbent his brows at once.

"Oh, I see! That's all right, then. Are you coming into the company?"

"Certainly!"

"How many shares?"

"Well, say a dozen."

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Here was a shareholder worth having. Success was looming ahead.

"A dozen shares at a bob each," he said. "That will be twelve shillings, please."

"Paid on allotment, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; paid in advance."

"H'm!" said Skinner. "I—I haven't the money about me. I shall get it to-night, you know. My—my uncle is sending me a tip. Upon the whole, I think I might as well have twenty shares. That will be a pound."

"Good! I'm really glad to see you back up the idea like this, you know," said Bunter. "You will have the tin to-night?"

"I will come and ask you for the shares by bedtime."

"Good! I'll have them ready."

"By the way, you might do me a favour, Bunter. Would you mind going down to the village?"

Bunter drew a long face. He hated anything like

A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.



exertion, and at the same time he did not like to refuse so substantial a shareholder in the company.

"It's only to Tucker's, to get some fags from him for Loder," explained Skinner. "You're such a keen chap, that you'd manage it better than I should. Loder will stand something, too, for getting them, and I'll let you have half."

"Oh, all right. Halves, mind!"

"You shall have as much as I have—honour bright!"

"I'll go, then."

"Here's the money. Mind, don't you get blowing it at the tuckshop," said Skinner, distrustfully. "Loder will squash you if you do."

"Trust me!"

"H'm!" said Skinner, very doubtfully.

But he had to trust Bunter, or go himself, and he decided that it was better to trust Bunter. But he had some very strong doubts in his mind as he watched the fat junior put on his cap and start.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as Bunter came out into the Close. "Where are you off to, Tubby?"

"Going to the village."

"So are we," said Harry Wharton. "Come with us, Bunter."

Bunter hesitated.

As a rule, he inflicted his company upon the chums of the Remove, whether they liked it or not; and they never could get rid of him when they wanted to. But upon this occasion the Owl of the Remove would have preferred to go alone. He knew how heavily Harry Wharton & Co. were down upon smuggling tobacco into the school, and the fact that a prefect had sent him would make no difference to them. They were more likely to bump him for accepting the commission, and then go to Loder's study and throw his two-shilling piece at his head—prefect as he was.

"What are you going to the village for, Wharton?" mumbled Bunter.

"To get the new cricket things," said Harry. "They were promised for to-day."

"You can't get out without a pass."

"I've got one from Wingate for the four of us. I suppose you've got a pass, too?" added Harry, quickly.

"Oh, yes!"

"Then come on!"

Billy Bunter went with the party. He had no choice in the matter. They turned out into the lane, already growing deep dusk, and tramped along under the shadowy trees in the direction of the village of Friardale. The juniors talked cricket most of the way, and Bunter was silent; but his silence—a very unusual thing in Bunter—attracted attention at last. Bob Cherry gave him a playful tap on the ear.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Bunter! Penny for your thoughts, old chap!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You haven't told us what you're going to Friardale for, Bunter."

"Oh, business of the company, of course," said Nugent, laughing. "Isn't that it, Bunter—important business of Bunter, Limited?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye-es, that's it," said Bunter.

"Raised much capital yet?"

"I've got a promise from Skinner. He's taking up twenty shares."

"Ha, ha! On tick, I suppose?"

"No, cash down."

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, it's a fact! He's paying down a sovereign for the shares this evening," said Bunter.

"All right! I'll believe it when I see the sovereign," grinned Bob Cherry.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, and they entered the village before Bunter could reply.

As it happened, the sports outfitter's was next door to the tobacconist's. Bunter began to feel worried. How he could dodge into Tucker's and execute his commission without being seen by Harry Wharton & Co. was a problem.

"I suppose you're going to the tuckshop, Bunter?" asked Harry.

"Oh, really—" mumbled Bunter.

"Where else could he go?" grinned Bob Cherry. "He never has any other destination. We shall be out first, so we'll see him there."

"Good!"

"Well, there's Uncle Clegg's, Bunter."

"Right you are," said Bunter.

He had to go into the tuckshop or explain—and he could not explain. He went into the tuckshop.

The chums of the Remove passed on to the outfitter's, thinking that Bunter was not likely to move until they called for him. Bunter watched them from the door.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### The Arm of the Law.

UNCLE CLEGG came out of his little room behind the shop and blinked at Bunter. He was not particularly pleased to see Bunter. Bunter was liberal enough in giving orders, but when the time came to pay, Bunter's bashfulness asserted itself, and he was very backward in coming forward.

"Well, Master Bunter?" grunted Uncle Clegg.

Billy looked round at him.

"Good-evening, Uncle Clegg!" he said.

"Good-evenin'!"

"Nice afternoon," stammered Bunter, taking another blink out of the doorway, to see if Harry Wharton & Co. had gone into the outfitter's yet.

"Yes."

"Warm weather, too. I—I say, Uncle Clegg, would you trust me for a bottle of gingerbeer?"

"No!" growled Uncle Clegg.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Cash, please!"

"You see, I've been disappointed about a postal order, and I'm rather stony—"

"Good-night!" said Uncle Clegg.

"Oh, really—"

The old man grunted. He had left his favourite arm-chair and his favourite pipe to come into the shop to serve Bunter.

As a matter of fact, Billy Bunter did not expect for a moment to get credit. He was only seeking for an excuse to remain in the tuckshop until Harry Wharton & Co. had gone into Thompson's, the outfitter's.

But that they seemed in no hurry to do.

They were looking in at the window, several doors down the street, and admiring some of the goods displayed there—very interesting to boyish eyes.

"Good-night, Master Bunter!" repeated Uncle Clegg emphatically.

"Er—good-night! By the way, Uncle Clegg, have you any of those nice little pork-pies?"

"Yes, if you can pay for 'em."

"Ahem! Twopence each, I think?"

"Yes."

"How much a dozen?"

The old man looked a little more placable.

"I can do you a dozen for one-and-tenpence," he said.

"Shall I wrap them up for you?"

"I suppose it's all right if I send the money to-morrow?"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"You see, I'm expecting a postal order, and—"

"Good-night!"

Bunter blinked out of the doorway again. Harry Wharton & Co. had gone into the outfitter's at last.

"Oh, very well, Uncle Clegg," said Bunter, with dignity.

"If you cannot trust me for a paltry one-and-tenpence this discussion had better cease. Good-night!"

And he rolled out of the shop. Uncle Clegg retired to his little den with a growl. Billy Bunter rolled along the pavement towards the tobacconist's, which was one door past the outfitter's.

Just as he reached it, Bob Cherry came out of Thompson's, followed by Mr. Thompson himself. Bob was intending to point out something in the window which he wanted to purchase. He almost ran into Billy Bunter, who stopped dead, and blinked at him, quite taken aback.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob in surprise. "Finished at the tuckshop already? Were you coming for us?"

"Ye-es," stammered Bunter.

"We shall be some time yet. Better come in the shop."

"All right; I'll wait here."

And Bunter leaned up against the tobacconist's.

Bob Cherry eyed him sharply.

"Oh, all right," he said. "I hope you're not playing a little game, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Don't go into Tucker's."

"I—I—"

"Old Tozer was along a couple of minutes ago. He's trotting up and down," said Bob Cherry. "He'd be glad of a chance to catch you."

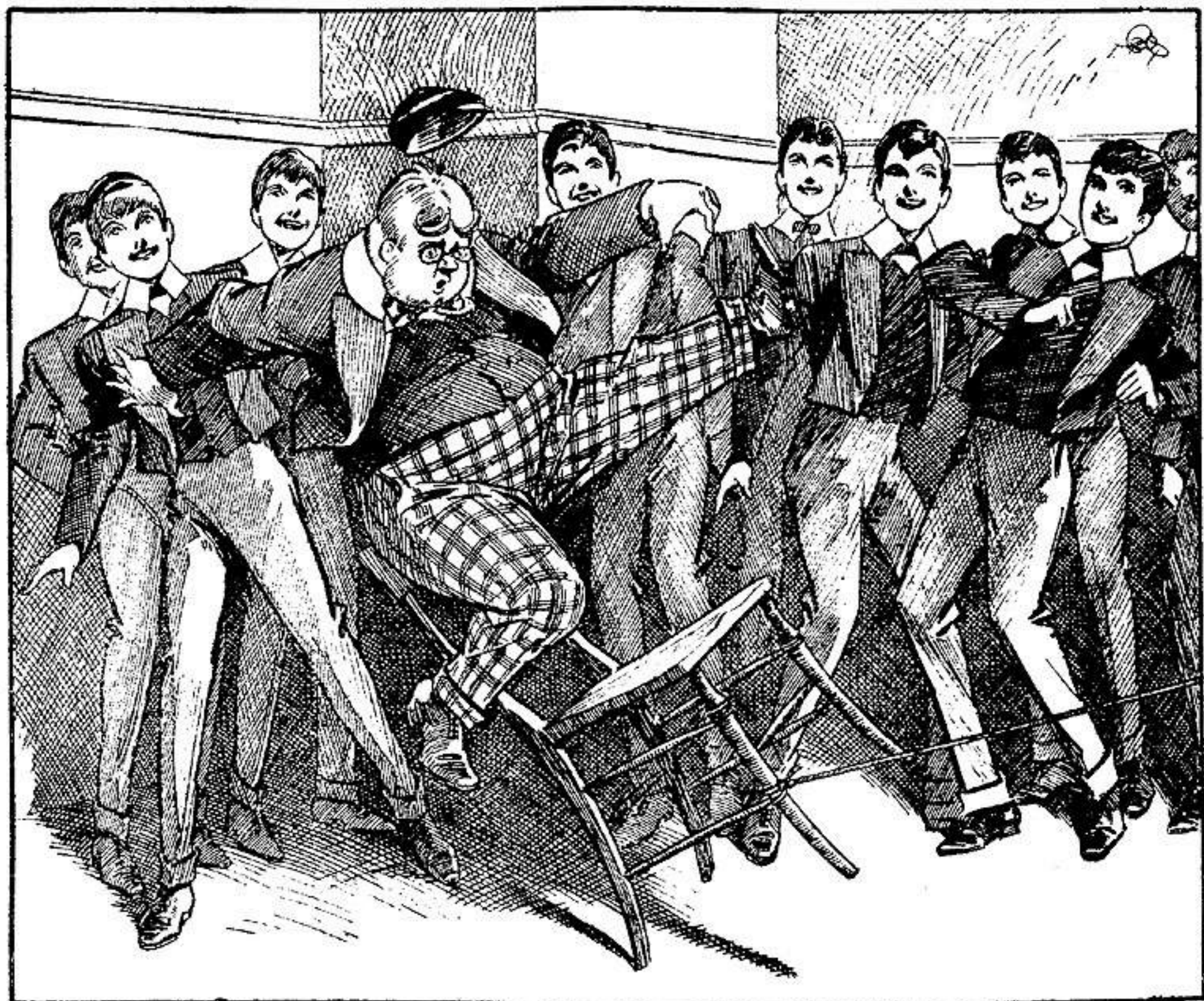
"Really, you know—"

Bob Cherry pointed out the article in the window to Mr. Thompson, and they re-entered the shop. Bunter blinked up and down the street, and did not see Mr. Tozer. He stepped quickly into the shop.

"The packet for Mr. Loder, please," he said, laying the two-shilling piece on the counter.

That was the usual formula. Mr. Tucker dealt in sweets





"I now propose to lay before you——" began Billy Bunter. The legs of the chair flew up as Skinner pulled the string, and William George Bunter fell with a bump upon the floor of the Form-room.

and newspapers as well as tobacco, and the fags, if they chose, could imagine that Loder was sending them for chocolates or toffee.

A shadow fell into the shop doorway for a moment—a shadow with a shadowy spike at the top end of it. Mr. Tucker grinned. That shadow could only belong to the helmeted head of Mr. Tozer.

It was gone in a moment.

But the tobacconist was on his guard. He did a thriving custom with various "fast" youths at Greyfriars, and he did not mean to let them run any risk from the over-zealousness of P.-c. Tozer.

Certainly!" he said. He wrapped up a little packet and handed it to Bunter. "There it is!" he exclaimed. "Please mention to Mr. Loder that it is not the same sort as before, as I thought it would not be possible to send him the other kind."

"All right," said Bunter.

And he left the shop.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

The chums of the Remove were in the street again. Billy Bunter turned crimson as he met them face to face, and blinked in confusion.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Harry Wharton's face grew very stern.

"You've been in the tobacconist's!" he said.

"You—you see——"

"I don't suppose Tucker would serve him," said Nugent.

"I'll jolly well ask him!" said Harry Wharton. "There's no believing a word that Bunter himself says!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

Harry put his head in at the tobacconist's door. Mr. Tucker looked at him across his counter, with its array of cigar-boxes.

"Good-evening!" he said genially.

"Have you sold Bunter any smokes?" asked Harry.

The stout tobacconist smiled.

"Certainly not!" he said.

Harry looked at him keenly.

"Honour bright, Mr. Tucker?"

"On my word!"

"Thank you!"

Harry stepped back into the street. He nodded to the others, and they went on their way towards the lane.

"It's all right," he said. "Tucker says he hasn't sold him any."

Bunter started.

"What a blessed fibber!" he murmured.

"Eh? What did you say, Bunter?"

"I said, I—I think you might take my word quite as much as Mr. Tucker's," said Bunter. "I really think you oughtn't to be so suspicious, Wharton. Suspicion is bad form."

"Rats!"

They strode on towards the lane. A stout form rolled out of the shadow of a shop-blind and followed them.

Bob Cherry glanced round.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Tozer!"

"Good old Tozer!"

"Let's give him a yell," suggested Nugent.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY,"** A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS



"No; we don't want him coming up to the school again. Let the boulder alone—we'll get our own back on him another time."

"Just as you like."

"He looks as if he's coming to speak to us, though," Bob Cherry remarked, as the village constable bore down upon them. "Tozer means business."

Billy Bunter looked alarmed.

"I—I say, you fellows, a blessed bobby is allowed to search a chap, you know," he stammered. "I think we'd better hurry."

"No need to hurry. You haven't got any cigarettes on you."

"I—I—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Tozer.

"Rats!" said Harry Wharton. "What are we to stop for? Don't let that apology get into your head, old son."

P.-c. Tozer turned almost purple. But he did not reply to Wharton. He turned his majestic eye upon Billy Bunter, and dropped his big hand on Bunter's shoulder.

"Produce them cigarettes!" he said.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Sold!

**P**OLICE-CONSTABLE TOZER spoke in a stern, deep voice. If he had been the heavy villain on the stage he could not have said "So much for Buckingham!" in more awe-inspiring accents. Billy Bunter almost collapsed.

Harry Wharton stared at the officer indignantly.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"I ain't talkin' to you, Master Wharton," said Mr. Tozer. "I'm talkin' to this 'ere young gent. Produce them cigarettes."

"Bunter hasn't any cigarettes."

"Oh, Bunter, eh?" said Mr. Tozer. "Skinner, more like."

"Skinner! This chap's name is Bunter."

"S-Skinner asked me to come for him," gasped Bunter. "B-b-b-but—"

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Mr. Tozer. "Well, Bunter, or Skinner, or whatever your name is, produce them cigarettes."

"I—I haven't any—"

"Maybe it's cigars, then, or terbacker."

"I—I—"

"Let him alone!" exclaimed Nugent angrily. "Bunter hasn't anything of the sort. Let him alone, hang you!"

"Look 'ere!" said P.-c. Tozer. "I'm doin' my dooty. I'm not to be molested in the hexecution of my dooty. You 'ear me?"

"He hasn't any cigarettes."

"Produce 'em, I tell you!"

"B-b-b-but—"

"Produce them cigarettes."

"I tell you—"

"I'm hempowered by the lor to search you for them cigarettes," said Mr. Tozer. "Which I shall perceed to do so if you don't 'and them hover."

"B-b-b-but—"

"Will you 'and hover them cigarettes, or shall I search you, Mister Skinner or Bunter?"

"I—I—"

"Look here, officer, you're off-side," said Bob Cherry. "Mr. Tucker himself said that he didn't sell Bunter any smokes."

P.-c. Tozer smiled the smile of superior wisdom.

"I ain't caring what Mr. Tucker said or didn't say!" he replied. "I know this young gent went there for smokes, and I know he's got 'em on him."

"Have you, Bunter?"

"N-n-n-no!"

"Produce 'em, I say!"

"Let him alone!"

"I'll jolly well report you at the police-station, Tozer, if you don't take your paw off Bunter!" exclaimed Harry.

Mr. Tozer grinned.

"Report away!" he said. "I want them cigarettes."

Bunter cast a wild glance up and down for a way of escape.

"Look here!" said Harry Wharton resolutely. "Bunter hasn't any cigarettes, and you're not going to bully him! Let him alone!"

"Produce them— Oh!"

Billy Bunter suddenly twisted himself from the grasp of the zealous officer of the law. He ran down the road as hard as he could.

P.-c. Tozer gave a snort of wrath.

"Escape, will yer?" he roared. "We'll see!"

And he thundered on after Bunter.

The chums of the Remove hurried after them, looking

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

angry and excited. They did not believe that Bunter had any contraband on him, after the declaration the tobacconist had made.

"Stop, Bunter!" shouted Wharton. "You needn't be afraid. Let him search you."

Bunter paid no heed.

The packet he had received from Mr. Tucker was in his breast-pocket, and it seemed to burn him. He ran as fast as his fat little legs could carry him. But that was not very fast, and before he had gone a dozen steps the grasp of the police-constable was on his shoulder again.

"Gotcher!" roared P.-c. Tozer.

"Yow!"

"Stop, you young rascal!"

"Rescue! Help!"

"Now, then, produce them cigarettes!"

"Yow! Help! Wharton—"

The Removites came panting up.

"Let him alone!" shouted Harry.

"So I will when he's perdooced them cigarettes."

"Bunter—"

"I—I—I—"

"And 'em hover, I say!"

"I—I—"

"Then I'll search you!" said P.-c. Tozer. "'Ere, wot's this in your inside pocket, eh? Wot's that, I says?"

He drew out the packet.

It was an oblong box, very carefully wrapped and tied, and the chums of the Greyfriars Remove started as they saw it.

It certainly looked very much like a box of cigarettes.

There was a gleam of triumph in the eyes of P.-c. Tozer. He cast a victorious look at Harry Wharton & Co. as he drew out the packet.

"Wot do you call that?" he demanded.

Wharton stared at it.

"What is it, Bunter?" he asked angrily.

"I—I—"

"Did you get that at the tobacconist's?"

"It—it was Skinner!" gasped Bunter. "He—he asked me to go, and—"

"And get that packet?"

"Ye-es."

"Thort so!" said Mr. Tozer. "I thort so!"

"How do you know it's smokes, though?" said Bob Cherry. "Skinner may have been sending for toffee, for all you know."

Mr. Tozer smiled sarcastically.

"That's why Mister Bunter bolted, I suppose?" he sneered.

Bunter stood in dismay. If ever there was guilt written in any human countenance it was written on William George Bunter's at that moment.

The chums looked at him in utter disgust.

They could only believe that the fat junior had deliberately deceived them, and that the tobacconist had told an untruth also.

"I—I certainly thought he hadn't any," said Wharton.

"I give it up. If Bunter's really been fetching smokes, he deserves what he gets."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

P.-c. Tozer unfastened the string of the packet.

There was a smell of tobacco about the paper as he unfolded it. A cardboard box was exposed to view.

Mr. Tozer lifted the lid.

"I—I wasn't to blame!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—"

He broke off as he caught the look on Mr. Tozer's fat face. Short-sighted as he was, even Bunter could not help observing the sudden dismay and disgust that dawned upon the policeman's face as he saw the contents of the box.

The cardboard box was full of chocolate creams.

There was not a single cigarette in it.

Bunter blinked at the box, as dumbfounded as the constable. He had fully expected cigarettes to be revealed. The chocolates astounded him. He was not quick-witted enough to guess what Mr. Tucker's message to Loder had meant. It really meant that the tobacconist had not deemed it safe to send the smokes as usual, and that he had given Bunter a packet of chocolates instead, with the intention of letting those harmless comestibles fall into the officious hands of P.-c. Tozer.

The zealous officer gazed at the chocolates speechlessly.

From the chums of the Remove burst a roar of delighted laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, blow it!" murmured Mr. Tozer. "Sweets!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Chocklits!" said Mr. Tozer, in great disgust. "Look 'ere! This ain't what you got at the tobacconist's."

"I—I—"



"I'm going to search you."  
 "You can search me if you like," said Bunter, quite confident now. "Search away! You've made a jolly big mistake, my man!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.  
 It was not enjoyable for P.-c. Tozer to search Billy Bunter with the juniors standing round laughing like hyenas. His ruddy face grew ruddier as he proceeded. But he went through with it doggedly, going into everyone of Bunter's pockets with grim determination. He turned out many and various things, but certainly nothing in the shape of smokes of any sort.

His face when he had finished was a picture.  
 The juniors roared. Bunter, quite self-confident by this time, blinked at the officer through his big spectacles, in a superior and patronising manner.

"Well, are you satisfied that you've made a mistake, officer?" he demanded.

"I'll catch you yet!" growled Mr. Tozer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Young himps—"

"You owe Bunter an apology," said Harry Wharton, hardly able to speak for laughing. "I hope, Tozer, that you're going to be decent enough to apologise."

But P.-c. Tozer did not apologise. He stamped away with a very red face, and the juniors sent a yell of laughter after him, which made him redder than ever.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I'll catch 'em yet!" muttered Mr. Tozer vengefully. "They've done me this time, but I'll catch 'em yet, or my name's not Horatio Tozer!"

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Something for Skinner.

**H**ARRY WHARTON & Co. walked back to Greyfriars, laughing all the way. The discomfiture of the zealous P.-c. was too comical, and the juniors regarded it as a fitting repayment for the scene in the Head's study. That Mr. Tozer would be more down on them than ever was a certainty; but little the Removites cared for that.

Billy Bunter only was in a puzzled frame of mind.

That Loder had not sent for chocolate-creams was a dead certainty; and Bunter was at a loss to know how chocolates instead of cigarettes came to be in the box which Mr. Tozer had opened.

He was uneasy, too, lest he should be called upon for an explanation by his companions; and what he dreaded happened before they reached the gates of Greyfriars.

"By the way," Wharton remarked. "How should Tozer come by the idea that Bunter had cigarettes on him?"

"What made him think so, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, I don't know!" said Bunter. "I suppose it was just an idea he had."

Harry looked at him keenly.

"Why did you bolt?" he asked.

"I—I—I was frightened."

"What was there to be frightened about, if you had only chocolates in the box?"

"Well, you see, I—I—"

"And what was that Tozer said about Skinner," said Nugent. "It seems that you came to Tucker's for Skinner, Bunter!"

"Ye-es!"

"To fetch the chocolates?"

"I—I suppose so!"

"That won't wash," said Harry. "As a matter of fact, you showed plainly enough that you believed there were smokes in the box, and that you were afraid of being shown up!"

"Oh, really—"

"Come, out with the truth!"

Bunter hesitated.

"Let's duck him in the ditch, and keep him there till he spouts," said Bob Cherry, jerking his thumb towards the deep ditch at the side of the lane.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Good whooze!" said Harry immediately. "We'll jolly well do it, if he doesn't own up. Now, then, Bunter!"

"Well, I—I fetched that packet for Skinner."

"Who told Skinner to get it?"

"Loder!"

"And he meant you to bring cigarettes?"

"Well, I—I suppose so; but you saw there were chocolates in the packet."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Yes; I suppose Tucker saw Tozer on the track, and did it for a lark on him."

"Oh, I see!" said Bunter.

"But you thought you were smuggling in smokes, you young rotter," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, no! Certainly not!"

"Why, you just said—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY." A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"I didn't say anything. I—I know there were chocolates in the box all along."

"Oh, don't tell whoppers!" said Harry scornfully. "You ought to be bumped till your bones ache, but we'll let you off, for the joke on Tozer."

"Yes, it was an awfully good joke, wasn't it?" said Bunter, taking all the credit to himself. "You see, I'm a deep chap, and—"

"Oh, cheese it! You're a silly ass, Bunter, and you'll never be anything else."

"Oh, really—"

"Scat—"

They entered the dusky Close, and went into the School House. In a few minutes the story of Tozer's discomfiture was being told to all the junior common-room, and the boys were roaring over it.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter delivered the packet to Skinner. He had wrapped it up again, and tied the string round it.

Skinner was talking to Bulstrode in the Remove passage when Bunter came up with the packet, and he nodded to the fat junior.

"Got it all right?" he asked.

"Here it is!"

"Take it to Loder, then."

"Hadh't you better take it, as Loder sent you for it?" asked Bunter nervously.

"Oh, that's all right; just you shove it into his study."

"I think you'd better do it, Skinner."

"Oh, get along, you lazy slacker!"

"Loder's going to give you something for fetching it," said Bunter. "You are going to go halves, you know that, Skinner."

Skinner grunted.

"Oh, all right; give me the packet!"

"And he took the box and walked away with it. Billy Bunter blinked after him, and waited for his return. Bunter had an idea that Loder might be in a bad temper when he found out what were the contents of the box, and Bunter did not want to be on in that scene. And in the late confusion and hurry the fat junior had quite forgotten Mr. Tucker's message, which would have enlightened Loder.

Skinner took the packet to Loder's study, where he found the prefect with two of his friends, Ionides the Greek, and Carne.

Loder looked angrily at Skinner as he came in.

"You've been a confounded long time!" he exclaimed.

"Sorry!" said Skinner.

"You didn't go, after all, when I told you—eh?" said Loder, getting up, with an extremely unpleasant look on his face.

"Yes, I did!" exclaimed Skinner hastily. "Only—only I had to be careful, you know. If Wingate had asked me where I was going—"

"Oh, never mind! Give me the packet."

"Here you are!"

Skinner handed over the packet. Then he waited. He hadn't undertaken the commission for nothing, and he often had tips from the prefect for his little services.

Loder cut the string and unwrapped the paper.

A puzzled look came over his face as he saw the box within.

"Hallo, this isn't the usual sort!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" said Skinner.

"Did Mr. Tucker say anything about them?"

Skinner wished he had asked Bunter whether there was any message. But he was in for it now, and had to keep up his pretence that he had gone for the cigarettes himself.

"No," he replied.

"No message?"

"No," said Skinner, and then he amplified the matter, as liars will do. "He just handed me the packet over the counter. He had two or three customers to serve, and he was in a hurry."

"Oh, all right!"

"I dare say the cigs. are all right," said Carne. "Let's see them, anyway."

Loder opened the box.

Then he gave a yell.

"My hat!"

"What's the matter?"

"Look here!"

Loder brandished the box of chocolates in the air. Some of the sweets fell out and were scattered on the floor.

Carne and Ionides sprang up in astonishment.

"Chocolates!"

"Sweets!"

Loder was red with rage. He turned upon the unfortunate Skinner, who was as astonished and dismayed as any there.

"So this is one of your Remove japes, is it?" roared Loder.



"Oh, I—I didn't know——"

"You've taken out the cigarettes and put in these rotten sweets! I suppose you think it's awfully funny! My hat, I'll——"

Loder made a rush for Skinner.

Skinner made a rush for the door.

But the prefect was the quicker, and his grasp descended upon Skinner's collar before the Removite could escape from the study.

"No, you don't!" he said grimly.

"Ow, ow! Leggo!" roared Skinner.

Loder did not let go. He swung Skinner back into the study, and Ionides put his back to the door. The three seniors were savagely angry. They had been looking forward to the arrival of that packet of smokes, and they were annoyed.

"I think I was going to give you something for fetching this for me," Loder remarked. "Give me that cane, Carne, will you?"

"Certainly!" grinned Carne.

"Now, hold that young scoundrel across the table."

"Let me go!" yelled Skinner. "I—I didn't put the chocolates there! Tucker must have done it for a lark! Yah!"

"Hold him!"

"I—I didn't go to the shop at all!" howled Skinner. "I sent Bunter! He must have done this. It was Bunter."

"Oh, stop your lies!" said Loder.

"I tell you——"

Thwack!

The cane rose and fell upon Skinner's back, and the prefect did not leave off till he had had a dozen hard cuts. Skinner was wriggling with pain, and howling for mercy before Loder had finished.

"That will teach you not to be humorous at my expense again!" said Loder, and he finished by kicking Skinner out into the passage.

And the junior crawled away with an ache in every limb, and feeling dismally that he could not have been worse treated if he had refused to fetch the smokes for Loder at all.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Halves!

**B**ILLY BUNTER was waiting for Skinner in the Remove passage. He had to settle with him the matter of the twenty shares in Bunter's, Limited, and also his part in the reward, whatever it was, that Skinner received from Loder.

Skinner came up the stairs at last, with a gasp or a groan at every step. Bulstrode, who was still at his study door, looked at him with a grin.

"What on earth's the matter, Skinner?" he demanded.

"Ow!"

"Been boxing with a lawn-mower, or anything?"

"Yow!"

"You look as if you had been in the wars, and no mistake."

"Yaroo!"

Billy Bunter blinked at Skinner.

"Did you give the packet to Loder?" he asked.

Skinner gave him a savage look. He was firmly convinced that Billy Bunter had played the joke for which he had been licked.

"Yes," he growled.

"Was it all right?"

"Oh, quite all right," said Skinner. "Of course it was all right. Why shouldn't it be all right, eh?"

"Exactly!" stammered Bunter. "Of course!"

"You had no idea that there weren't any smokes in the box, had you?"

"I—I——"

"You didn't know there were chocolate creams instead of cigarettes, did you, you fat fraud?" snarled Skinner.

"Well, you see——"

"Did Loder lick you?" grinned Bulstrode.

"Never mind," said Skinner. "I promised Bunter halves, and I'm going to give him halves. Come into my study, Bunter."

"Certainly, Skinner."

Bunter was not very keen. He followed Skinner into his study quite unsuspectingly.

Skinner shut the door and turned the key.

This proceeding alarmed Bunter.

"What are you locking the door for, Skinner?" he asked, blinking uneasily at the Removite.

"I'm going halves with you," said Skinner.

"Oh, all right. What did Loder give you?"

"A licking," said Skinner, taking a walking-cane out of the corner of the room.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

Billy Bunter retreated in alarm.

A suspicion of Skinner's intention dawned upon his mind at last. He cast a glance towards the door.

But Skinner was between him and the door, and the door was locked. There was no escape for the Owl of the Remove. As for resisting, he was no match for Skinner.

He blinked at the wrathful junior in great alarm and dismay.

"I—I say, Skinner, you know——"

"You fat fraud!" said Skinner. "I promised you as much as I got from Loder myself. I got a dozen cuts with a cane on my back."

"Oh, really——"

"We're going halves, you know."

"B-b-b-but——"

"My dear chap, I couldn't think of going back on my word," said Skinner satirically. "Halves we said, and halves it is."

"But——"

"Here goes!"

Billy Bunter backed round the table.

"I—I say, Skinner, old man, don't be an ass!" he gasped.

"I—I didn't really mean halves, you know. It was only a j-j-joke."

"It will be a serious j-j-joke for you," said Skinner.

"You see, I don't want anything, and——"

"You're going to get it all the same."

"L-l-look here——"

Skinner made a rush for the fat junior. Bunter bolted towards the door round the table.

Skinner ran him to earth in a second or two.

Bunter wriggled as he felt Skinner's grasp on the back of his collar.

"Leggo!" he yelled.

"No fear!"

"Help! Rescue!"

"Now, then!"

"Yow! Ow! Yaroo!"

Bunter collapsed on the carpet. Skinner rolled him over, and the cane rang and whistled in the air.

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

There was a great deal of solace for Skinner in passing on the licking to Billy Bunter.

But Bunter did not find it agreeable. He had not meant to go halves in this way.

He roared and wriggled and struggled.

His noise soon brought fellows knocking at the door to see what was the matter.

"What's that row about?" shouted Trevor through the keyhole.

"I'm going halves with Bunter," replied Skinner, lashing away.

"What!"

Thwack, thwack!

"Yow! Help!"

Skinner was done at last. He had given Bunter twice as much as he had received himself from Loder, so he had really more than kept his word.

"There!" he exclaimed, as the cane snapped in his hand.

"There! You've busted my cane, you fat bounder! Get out of my study!"

"Yow! Yaroo!"

"Outside!"

Skinner unlocked the door and threw it open.

Bunter staggered up.

In the passage outside nine or ten Removites were gathered, in a state of amazement. They stared at Bunter and Skinner.

"What on earth have you been doing?" demanded Harry Wharton, his brows contracting.

"Going halves with Bunter."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Loder promised me something for fetching a packet from Tucker's, and Bunter asked for halves if he went instead," said Skinner. "I got a licking, and I've let Bunter have his share."

There was a roar of laughter in the passage.

Billy Bunter groaned.

"Ow! I'm injured! I've got internal pains, and I think I shall be ill! Will you fellows carry me to my study?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Help!"

"Carry him home," said Bob Cherry, with a wink at Nugent. "Lend a hand, Franky, old man."

"Yes, rather!"

Bob seized Bunter by the shoulders, and Nugent took him by the ankles. He was whirled into the air with a suddenness that took his breath away.

"Gerrooh!" he gasped. "Leggo! Chuck it! Yah!"

"Bring him along!"

Billy Bunter was rushed along the passage at top speed. He gasped and roared in vain.





"Which I'm not the man to be cheeked in the execution of my dooty," said P.-c. Tozer, with a glare of wrath. "And that you'll find." "Cheeked!" exclaimed Nugent, in astonishment. "Oh, Tozer, Tozer!"

The juniors rushed him into Study No. 1, and plumped him down with a bump in the armchair, and Billy Bunter gasped there like a newly-landed fish.

"Ow! Yow! Groo! Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked furiously at the merry juniors. Even his own study-mates were only roaring with laughter, and did not seem at all inclined to avenge him upon Skinner.

Nugent pointed out cheerfully that he had nothing to grumble at. He had asked for halves, and he had received halves. What more did he want?

To which Billy Bunter replied only by pathetic groans, which soon drove the chums of the Remove out of the study.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### The First Subscriber.

**B**UNTER was sore in body the next day, and worried in mind. The bodily aches and pains were disappearing, though not quickly, for Skinner had laid the cane well on. But the worry on Bunter's mind did not go.

The great wheeze, which had been received with so much apparent enthusiasm at the Form meeting, was not prospering.

The juniors had "rotted" Bunter to their hearts' content, and then they had let the matter drop; and no one seemed inclined to take it up again.

Bunter was annoyed and disappointed.

As he had—or said he had—thought out the whole thing for the benefit of the Form, and wanted to make nothing

for himself out of it, it was really very generous of him to feel disappointed at all. For certainly it would have been a great deal of trouble to manage the firm of Bunter, Limited.

But perhaps the fat junior was not so disinterested as he pretended. Perhaps there would have been pickings for the managing director.

At all events, disappointed Bunter was, and very irritated. He urged fellows to take up shares in the company, but received only jokes and grins in return.

"My dear chap," Ogilvy took the trouble to explain to him, "do you think we believe we should ever see the colour of our money again if we handed it over to you?"

"I hope you don't doubt my personal honour, Ogilvy," said Bunter.

Ogilvy chuckled.

"That's just what we do," he said.

"Oh, really—"

Ogilvy walked away chuckling, leaving the fat junior in a brown study. Billy Bunter certainly had very easy notions in money matters. In fact, Bob Cherry had told him that his manners and customs in that line would land him in prison when he was grown up, if not before.

Bunter was seldom or never known to repay a loan, and if money was placed in his hands for any purpose, it generally found its way to the tuckshop, and Bunter would be profuse of explanations and excuses.

It was natural, under the circumstances, that the juniors should decline to place cash in the fat junior's hand, when they had only his word for it that the money would be expended as arranged. They knew how much—or, rather, how little—his word was worth.



Bunter thought it out.

If the fellows could have trusted him, the money would have been forthcoming, for many of them had admitted that the idea was a good one.

After thinking the matter out for some time, Bunter rolled away in search of Harry Wharton & Co. He found them going down to the cricket ground, to put in half an hour at the nets before afternoon school.

"I say, you fellows——" Bunter began.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "How is Bunter, Limited, getting on? Flourishing, I suppose?"

"Oh, really——"

"Been going halves with anybody lately?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows——"

"Good-bye!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully, going towards the pitch.

"I say, Nugent——"

"Good-bye," said Nugent.

"Inky, old man——"

"The good-bye-fulness is terrific," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur, following Bob Cherry and Nugent.

"Wharton——"

"Good——"

But Bunter fastened on Wharton's sleeve before he could escape.

"Hold on a minute!" he exclaimed. "I must speak to you. It's important."

"I'm wanted on the field."

"Wait a minute. It's awfully important, you know."

"Well, buck up!" said Harry. "What is it?"

"It's about the company."

"Seat!"

"You see, I've had a promise of twenty shares being taken up," said Bunter, without mentioning that the whole twenty were promised for by one person, who was not likely to keep his promise now, if ever. "But there has been no cash as yet."

"You can't expect it," said Wharton impatiently. "Do you think fellows are going to trust money in your hands?"

"But it's a good idea."

"Yes, the wheeze is good enough, but—well, to put it in plain English, Bunter, you're not honest," said Harry bluntly. "That's the long and the short of it."

"Oh, really——"

"Bob's calling me. Let go my sleeve."

"Hold on! Look here!"

"What on earth's that?"

Billy Bunter had drawn a wooden money-box from his pocket. It was one of the variety of money-boxes that have an opening in the lid, which is fastened and cannot be opened. The only way of getting the money out was by breaking the box. You put your savings into the box, and if on second thoughts you decided that the cash would be better expended in toffee, it was too late.

Wharton stared at the money-box.

"Have you taken to saving money?" he asked in astonishment.

Bunter grunted.

"I have precious little to save. My people keep me awfully short of pocket-money, and the little I have goes in grub, as we never get enough to eat here. But I've shoved in my bob for the first share in the company."

And Bunter shook the box. Something inside rattled to and fro.

Wharton looked suspicious.

"Is it a shilling?" he asked.

"Oh, really——"

"Well, it sounds just as much like a nail, or a key."

"Oh, you know, I really—— Don't go, Wharton, while I'm speaking to you. Don't be a pig, you know. Look here, this money-box is safe enough, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"If you put money into it, you can't get it out again."

"Looks like it."

"Well, then," said Bunter, "this is to be the company's safe. The money for the shares is to be shoved in this box, and it's to be broken open in the presence of the whole company when five pounds has been subscribed. See?"

"All right, Bob, I'm coming——"

"Hold on a minute! You see, the money will be perfectly safe. Then when the whole five quid is there, we'll break open the box, and ask Mr. Quelch to give us a crossed cheque for the whole amount. Then it will be all safe, eh?"

"I suppose so. Coming, Bob!"

"Well, then, there's no objection to the company now, I suppose——"

"Wharton!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Coming!"

"Just a tick, Wharton! Do shove a bob in for the start, and let me put your name down as a shareholder," said Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY." A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Oh, all right! There you are."

Wharton slipped a shilling into the slot, and it clinked into the box and rattled cheerfully on the old key Bunter had already contributed.

"Good!" said Bunter. "I——"

Wharton ran on to the cricket-field. But Billy Bunter did not mind. He had secured the first contribution to the funds of the company, and he was satisfied. He entered Wharton's name in his notebook as the first shareholder in the firm of Bunter, Limited.

"H. Wharton. One share. Fully paid-up. 1s."

Then, leaving the chums of the Remove to their cricket, the fat junior rolled off in search of fresh subscribers.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Goes to Sleep.

THE unopenable money-box, and Harry Wharton's name heading the list of subscribers to the company had a great effect. The idea of buying up a great quantity of tuck at wholesale prices, and saving the middleman's profit rather appealed to the Removites. Ogilvy, who, as a Scotch chap, was supposed to know all about business, said it was a good scheme if it was worked properly, and if the managing director didn't bolt with the funds. The money-box, and the idea of a crossed cheque to send to the manufacturer, seemed to secure the funds, even in the hands of William George Bunter. And so shares were freely taken up in the Remove.

Nugent and Inky and Bob Cherry paid up their shares that afternoon, and Mark Linley and little Wun Lung the Chinese took one each.

In the evening, Bunter canvassed for shareholders with great energy.

Micky Desmond and Ogilvy and Morgan came into the company, and Hazeldene and Tom Brown, and Stott and Elliott followed their example, and Bulstrode, who was generally ostentatious with his money, took five shares at a shilling each, and paid up.

The money-box grew quite heavy by bedtime, and Billy Bunter's list of shareholders was very imposing.

Bunter's manner assumed a new importance now, as managing director of a really flourishing concern.

The fat junior seemed to swell visibly.

He was simply bursting with importance when he went up to bed with the Remove, the money-box in his pocket emitting a musical clink as he walked.

"Any more fellows want shares?" he asked, blinking round the dormitory. "The list closes the day after to-morrow. You fellows had better not be left out, you know."

"Good old managing director!" murmured Bob Cherry. "What a cheery strut!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm open to take any subscription money——"

"Or any other money, any time!" grinned Nugent. "How much have you got already, Mr. Managing Director?"

"Twenty shares have been sold," said Bunter. "That makes a total of one pound. There are twenty shillings in the box." And he rattled it convincingly.

"Sounds nice," said Snoop. "Here's another boblet. Put my name down."

"Very good."

"And here's another," said Jones minor.

"Thanks. Any more?"

"Here you are," said Lacy and Russell together.

"Right-ho! Todd, do you want a share?"

"Certainly, Bunter. I still want the five shares I mentioned to you when your postal-order comes and you can repay my small loan."

"Oh! Er——"

"Hasn't your postal-order come yet?"

"There's been some slight delay——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Are you waiting for Bunter's postal-order to come, Toddy?"

Todd looked at him in surprise.

"Yes, Cherry. Bunter has promised it to me in repayment of a small loan."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, I do not see the joke."

"And you won't see the postal-order, either!" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"I suppose Bunter is really expecting a postal-order?" said Alonzo, looking from one to another of the grinning juniors.

"Of course I am," said Bunter. "There's been some delay in the post, that's all. I'm thinking of writing to the Postmaster-General about it. There's often a lot of delay in my postal-orders coming."

"That's true enough," agreed Bob. "As a rule, they don't arrive at all, do they? I might say, as an invariable rule."



"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"I—I say, Dutton, are you going to have a share?" asked Bunter hurriedly, feeling that it was time to change the subject.

"Eh!? Who's staring?" said Dutton.  
"Would you like a share in the Co., fathead?"  
"I know it's time to go to bed."  
Bunter gave Dutton up. He remembered his last attempt to explain, and he decided to leave Dutton out of the company. The juniors turned in, Billy Bunter putting the money-box under his pillow for safety.

Wingate saw lights out, and the juniors settled themselves to sleep—with the exception of Alonzo Todd. Alonzo was thinking, and he broke the silence after some time on the subject of his cogitations.

"Bunter! Are you asleep, Bunter?"  
"No," said Bunter. "If you want a share in the company, I'll take the bob now, if you've got one, Todd."  
"Unfortunately, I haven't one," said Todd. "I was going to speak about the postal-order."  
"Oh!" grunted Bunter.  
And he settled his head upon the pillow again.  
"Bunter, I trust that you have not deceived me in the matter of the postal-order?" said Todd. "I trust that you are really in expectation of the arrival of a remittance by post for the amount I lent you?"

"Good old dictionary!" chuckled Bob Cherry.  
Billy Bunter snored.  
"Did you hear me, Bunter?"  
No reply.  
"Then I will repeat my remarks," said Alonzo, in a louder tone. "I trust, Bunter, that you have not deceived me into believing that you were in expectation of the arrival of a postal remittance? Please tell me!"

Snore!  
"Bunter!"  
Snore!  
"Bunter! You were awake just now. I am sure you cannot have fallen asleep so soon. Bunter!"  
Snore!  
"Dear me! I fear that this is another attempt at deceit, Bunter. My uncle Benjamin said that one should never trust a person who has proved deceitful once. Bunter!"  
Snore!  
"Really, Bunter——"  
Sno-o-o-ore!  
Alonzo gave it up.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Todd Obliges.

**L**ODER the prefect stood at the door of his study, and called "Fag!" Loder's voice was not a gentle one, and it had a penetrating quality, too. It could be heard at a considerable distance when he raised it—and he was raising it now. But no fag came bolting along the passage in reply, as the fags were in duty bound to do. As a matter of fact, there was a considerable amount of bolting in the opposite direction. Loder was not an agreeable person to fag for.

"Fag!"  
A faint sound of retreating footsteps from the distance, and that was all. Loder's face grew pink with anger.

"Fag!" he bawled.  
But the passage was deserted.  
The prefect came out of his study, and stamped along the passage. He caught Skinner whipping round a corner, and called to him to stop. With the prefect's eye fairly upon him, the junior dared not disobey.

"Skinner—Skinner!"  
Skinner stopped, unwillingly enough.  
"D-d-did you call, Loder?" he stammered.  
"You heard me, you young sweep!"  
"Well, here I am."  
"I want you to go to Tucker's——"  
Skinner's face set obstinately.  
"I can't!" he muttered.

Loder scowled, and grasped him by the shoulder, shaking him angrily.

"Can't, eh?"  
"No, I can't."  
"And why not?" demanded Loder, shaking him again.  
"Be—because Wharton and the others have an eye on me now," said Skinner. "They know about—about my sending Bunter yesterday."

"If you had gone yourself, it would have been all right," said Loder.

"Yes, but, you see, I—I didn't, and——"

"Well, you're going now,"

"But Wharton——"

"More afraid of Wharton than you are of me, eh?" said Loder unpleasantly. "Come to my study, Skinner."

Skinner made a spring to escape, but the senior grasped him tightly.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT

TUESDAY:

"HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."

EVERY  
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

"Let me go!" panted Skinner, "I—I'll go and tell Wingate about your sending to the tobacconist's, if you don't."

Loder gave him a cuff that sent him reeling. The junior picked himself up and ran, and the prefect stood gritting his teeth.

"This is all Wharton's influence," he muttered. "I will make that young cad squirm for it all, one of these days. But what am I to do for some smokes?"

It was indeed an important question. Loder had asked Carne and Ionides and Porter and two or three more of the "smart set" in the Sixth, to a quiet smoke in his study, and the smokes were not likely to be forthcoming unless he fetched them himself. That he did not care to do.

He caught sight of Alonzo Todd near the door, and called to him. Todd came at once, in his obliging way. He did not mind fagging, and his Uncle Benjamin, as he often said, had impressed upon him the duty of being useful.

"Can I do anything for you, Loder?" he asked in his polite way.

Loder looked at him keenly. He knew the peculiar reputation of Alonzo, as the biggest duffer that had ever been known at Greyfriars.

Rumour had it that there was no limit to Todd's gullibility, and Loder determined to see for himself. That Todd would not consent to undertake any errand against the rules of the college he knew.

"Yes, I want you to go down to Friardale," said Loder. "You can cut down there and get back by tea-time."

"Certainly; with pleasure."

"Go to Tucker's——"

Todd started.

"The tobacconist's?"

"Yes, I believe he is a tobacconist," said Loder carelessly, "it's a sweetstuff shop, you know. Go there, and get some chocolates for me."

"Oh, certainly. I was afraid you were going to ask me to fetch some tobacco, or something of that sort."

Loder frowned.

"What do you mean?" he thundered. "Don't you know it's my duty as a prefect to put down smoking, or anything of that sort?"

"Yes, but I—I thought—I'm so sorry," said Todd. "I'm sure I beg your pardon for thinking anything of the sort. I am truly sorry I should have done you an injustice. I shall be very happy to go to the sweets shop for you."

"Very well. Just say to Mr. Tucker, a packet of the usual for Mr. Loder. He understands the kind of chocolates I want."

"Very well."

"Take this two-shilling piece. And keep it dark."

"The—the two-shilling piece?"

"No, idiot; the packet!"

Todd looked perplexed.

But why should I keep it dark, Loder, if it contains only chocolates?" he asked.

"Some of the juniors would raid them, of course," said Loder. "So might the seniors, for that matter. Walker, for instance, he's fond of chocolates."

"Oh, I see."

"Well, buzz off, and get back as quick as you can."

"With pleasure."

And Alonzo Todd took his cap and hurried out of the School House.

He passed Police-constable Tozer as he entered the village, and the worthy guardian of the law gave him a far from pleasant look. Greyfriars boys, good, bad or indifferent, did not find favour in P.-c. Tozer's eyes just now.

But Alonzo hardly glanced at Mr. Tozer.

Alonzo was doing a good-natured action, as his Uncle Benjamin had always taught him to do, and Alonzo feared no foe.

P.-c. Tozer's glance followed Alonzo into the tobacconist's and then P.-c. Tozer's eyes gleamed.

He felt that he had somehow been done in the matter of Billy Bunter and the packet of chocolates, but this time there might be a chance of retrieving his defeat.

Taking care not to show himself in the doorway, Mr. Tozer strolled quietly along the shop front of the tobacconist's, and listened there.

Alonzo's voice came from within.

"If you please, Mr. Tucker, will you give me the packet for Mr. Loder. He gave me this two-shilling piece to pay for it."

"Certainly," said Mr. Tucker. "I suppose Mr. Loder understood the message I sent him by Bunter?"

"I really do not know."

"Oh, very well."

Mr. Tucker handed over the packet—genuine this time—



and took the coin. Alonzo quitted the shop with the packet in his pocket.

P.-c. Tozer drew a deep breath.

Surely he was on the right track this time.

But Alonzo passed him with such a cheerful and unconcerned air that the worthy constable was assailed by doubts.

Surely a boy with cigarettes in his possession, who knew, too, that the law was up in arms on the subject in the village of Friardale, would not venture to almost brush past the officer with that careless manner.

P.-c. Tozer did not want to make an exhibition of himself a second time. He followed Todd as the latter took the road to Greyfriars.

They were more than half-way to the school when the constable finally made up his mind. He quickened his pace to overtake the boy as the grey tower came in sight.

After all, it was best to be sure, and he could only make sure by examining the packet in Alonzo's possession.

He overtook Todd, and tapped him on the shoulder.

The Duffer of Greyfriars started and turned round.

"Oh! Mr. Tozer! Good-evening!" he said.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Tozer grimly. "I'll trouble you for a squint at that packet."

"What packet?"

"The packet you got at the tobacconist's."

"Oh, the chocolates!"

"Chocolates, hey?"

"Yes, a packet of chocolates I am taking to Loder, of the Sixth," explained Todd, drawing the packet from his pocket. "I assure you that they have been paid for. What do you want to see the packet for?"

P.-c. Tozer looked at it dubiously.

"There ain't cigarettes in that packet, eh?" he said.

"Certainly not!"

"Sure of that?"

"Oh, quite sure. Loder is a prefect, and it is his duty to put down smoking in the school, you know, not to encourage it."

"I'd like to see the inside of that packet."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Tozer, but Loder wouldn't care to have his packet opened," said Todd. "I am sure you will understand that I cannot concede the point. Really, it is a little undignified in a man of your years to show such an extremely inquisitive spirit. Don't you think so?"

P.-c. Tozer breathed hard through his nose.

"Open that packet!" he commanded.

"But—"

"I horder you in the name of the lor!"

"Oh, of course, that is a different matter," said Todd. "I should not dream of resisting constituted authority. It would be quite against the spirit of all the injunctions I have received from my Uncle Benjamin. Here is the packet; you can open it if you like, taking all the responsibility upon your own shoulders. I trust I make myself clear."

P.-c. Tozer gasped. He had never encountered such a flow of language in a youth under fifteen before.

He took the packet and opened it.

The fragrance that came from it as the lid was raised showed that it certainly did not contain innocent chocolates.

P.-c. Tozer removed the lid, and the wrapping of silver foil, and a double row of fat, Turkish cigarettes was exposed to view.

Mr. Tozer's fat face lighted up. Triumph at last!

"Ho!" said Mr. Tozer. "Ho! Cigarettes, hey? Chocolates! You call them chocolates?"

Todd stared at the box in dismay.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "This is very extraordinary! Mr. Tucker has given me cigarettes in mistake for chocolates."

Mr. Tozer chuckled hoarsely.

"Ho, ho! Very clever! Come hon!"

"Please give me the packet, and I will return to Mr. Tucker and explain to him his mistake," said Todd.

"This would be very annoying to Loder."

"Don't he do it well?" said Mr. Tozer, addressing space, in tones of great admiration. "Ain't he a clever young liar, hey?"

"Really, my man—"

"My man, hey? You young rascal! You'll hend at the Old Bailey, you will!" said Mr. Tozer. "Come hon, I say!"

"I think I had better return to Mr. Tucker's—"

"Come hon!"

"Where do you wish me to go?" asked Todd in surprise.

"To the school!"

"But I must change this box for the chocolates Loder sent me for—"

"Oh, don't you come that again," said Mr. Tozer. "Come

hon! You're going before the 'Ead, you are, to explain them cigarettes."

"Really, my man, I beg of you not to make this absurd mistake. This packet of cigarettes was given me in error—"

"Ho, ho! Come hon!"

And in spite of Alonzo's earnest expostulations, P.-c. Tozer marched him straight on to Greyfriars, with an official hand upon his shoulder.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Brought before the Head.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Tozer again!"

"Toujours Tozer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Tozerfulness is terrific."

A crowd of Greyfriars fellows gathered round as Alonzo Todd was marched in at the gates, with P.-c. Tozer's big, red hand on his shoulder.

Alonzo was looking very disconcerted and dismayed. In the fat, red face of P.-c. Tozer was a scarcely concealed triumph.

P.-c. Tozer had yearned in vain for robberies and murders in the quiet village of Friardale. Such good fortune was not for him. But he had made a capture at last! It was not a red-handed criminal; it was only a fag with a box of cigarettes in his possession. But it was something—it was enough to break his duck, so to speak.

And P.-c. Tozer swelled as he marched across the Close.

"What are you doing with Todd?" exclaimed Wingate, of the Sixth, stepping into the policeman's way.

"Administering the lor," replied Mr. Tozer majestically.

"What has he done?"

Mr. Tozer held up the box of cigarettes.

"He was fetching these to the school, Master Wingate."

Wingate's brows contracted.

"The young rascal! Are you taking him to the Head?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!"

"It was all a mistake, Wingate," began Todd anxiously.

"You see, I went to the shop for some chocolates, and they gave me a box of cigarettes by mistake—"

"You young ass! You'd better try a better yarn than that with the Head," said Wingate.

"Oh, dear!" said Todd. "I say, Wharton, do you think Wingate doubts my word?"

Wharton laughed.

"Well, I don't suppose he quite swallows a yarn like that," he said. "You're not much good as a fibber, Todd. Better stick to the truth, old chap."

"But it is the truth."

"H'm!"

"You see, I—"

"Come hon!" said Mr. Tozer.

And he disappeared into the house with his prisoner.

The Removites gathered in a group outside, excited and angry. Mr. Tozer was only doing his duty in capturing the cigarettes, but he might have been a little easier with the Duffer of Greyfriars. Todd had done wrong, doubtless, but there was such a thing as tempering justice with mercy.

"Todd's booked for a licking," said Harry Wharton. "What could have made the young ass get the cigarettes, I wonder?"

"Oh, it's pretty plain," Nugent remarked. "Todd doesn't smoke. One of the seniors has sent him for them."

"I'm sorry for that senior, then," grinned Hazeldene. "Todd will give him away."

"Oh, Todd's not a sneak."

"No; but he's the biggest duffer unhung, and he'll blurt it all out as sure as a gun."

"All the better if he does," said Harry, frowning. "It's a caddish thing to send a fag for smokes. It means a licking for Todd, anyway."

Meanwhile, P.-c. Tozer had marched his capture into the Head's study.

Dr. Locke looked rather worried at the sight of them.

As a matter of fact, he had had enough of the zeal of P.-c. Tozer and the worthy officer was beginning to get on his nerves. But the doctor was always courteous.

"You have something to tell me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Tozer. "I've caught this young—ahem!—this boy, sir."

"What was he doing?"

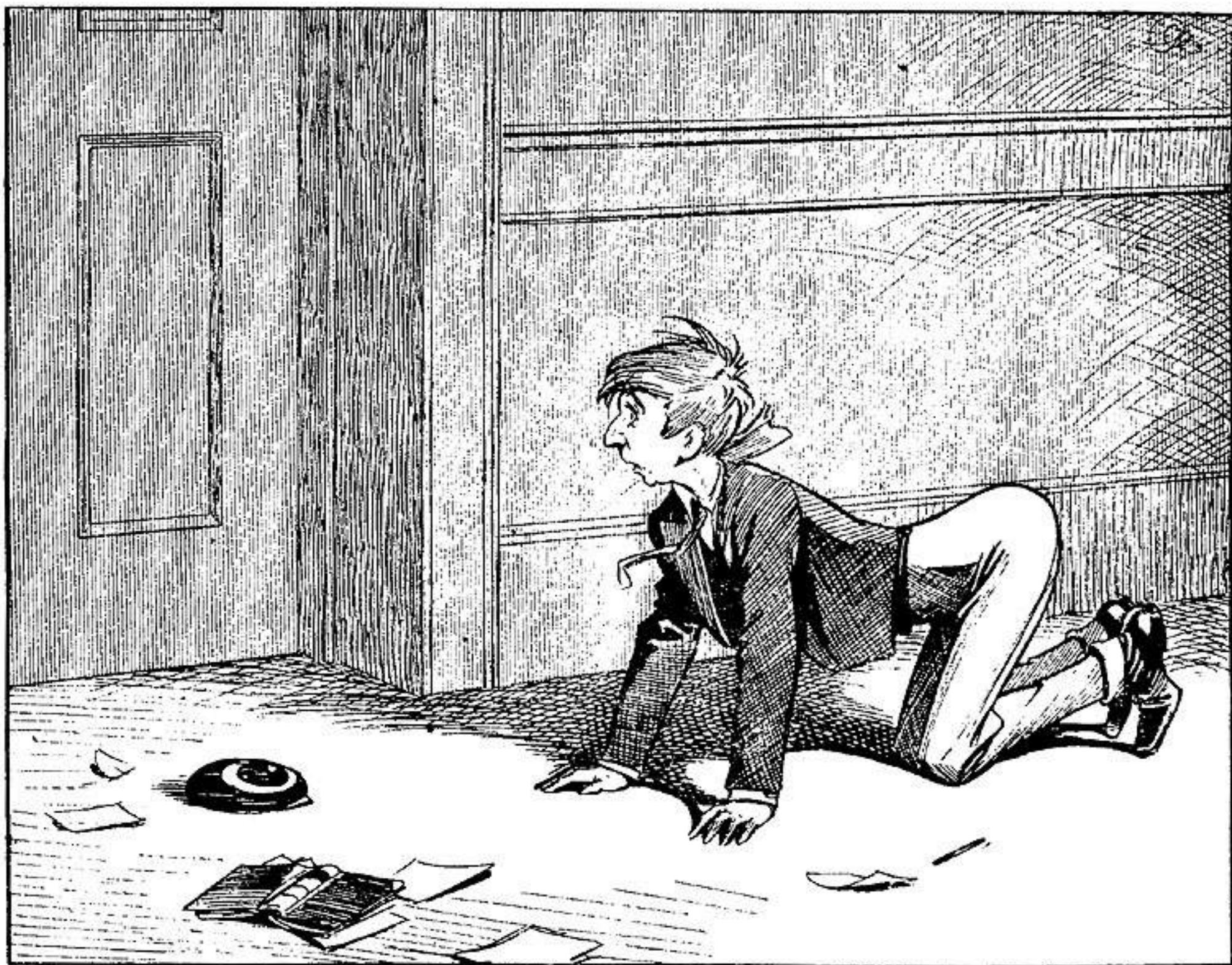
P.-c. Tozer laid the box of cigarettes on the Head's desk.

"That's what he was doing, sir. I thought I'd bring him straight to you."

The Head frowned.

"Todd, do these cigarettes belong to you?" he exclaimed.





"Oh, dear!" gasped Alonzo. "This is very painful to me. How very fortunate I've done my preparation. My Uncle Benjamin always said that a stitch in time saves nine."

"No, sir!" said Todd promptly.

"They was in his possession, sir."

"They were in your possession, Todd?"

"Temporarily, sir."

"Oh! And to whom do they belong?"

"Mr. Tucker, sir."

"Mr. Tucker? The Friardale tobacconist?"

"Precisely, sir!" said Todd.

"Then how did they come into your possession?" demanded the Head sternly.

"They were given to me in mistake for a packet of chocolates, sir."

"My heye!" murmured Mr. Tozer. "The cheek of it, to stick to a yarn like that! That young feller will hend at the Hold Bailey."

"That is a very peculiar statement to make, Todd," said Dr. Locke. "You have been to Mr. Tucker's shop, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you not aware that the tobacconist's shop is out of bounds?"

"I—I did not know it, sir."

"Very well. If you did not know it I will excuse you. But I must have proof of your extraordinary statement that these cigarettes were given you in mistake for sweets. How was it you did not open the packet and discover your mistake?"

"The packet wasn't mine, sir."

"You were fetching it for somebody else?"

"Exactly so, sir."

"His name?"

"Loder of the Sixth, sir."

"Ah!" said the Head. "In that case, Loder will bear out your statement."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

Todd answered at once, unhesitatingly:

"Yes, sir."

"Oh!" said Dr. Locke, a little taken aback. "In that case, I will send for Loder, and we will see what he says."

"Very well, sir. I am sure Loder will corroborate every statement I have made," said Alonzo cheerfully.

"I hope so, for your own sake, Todd," Dr. Locke touched a bell. "Trotter, ask Loder of the Sixth to step here."

"Yes, sir," said the page.

Dr. Locke turned to Mr. Tozer.

"I do not think I need waste your time any further, Mr. Tozer. I am very much obliged to you for bringing this matter to me to deal with, and I thank you."

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Tozer. "Always at your service, sir."

The Head slipped something into the constable's hand, and Mr. Tozer took his leave. He passed the group of Removites in the Close, and gave them a glance that made them long to give him a whole-hearted yell. But they restrained themselves. The Head had forbidden any incivility to Mr. Tozer, and the worthy constable strutted across the Close with impunity, leaving the Removite fellows with a clear impression that he had scored, and scored heavily, and knew it.

"Beast!" murmured Bob Cherry. "We shall have to take his lordship down a peg or two somehow, you chaps."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"We will," he said. "If poor old Toddy is licked we'll make him sit up. That's settled. Of course, Todd deserves to be licked, but then Tozer deserves to be made to sit up, too, and so justice will be done all round."

And the juniors chuckled, and the Nabob of Bhanipur remarked that the roundfulness of the justice would be terrific.



## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

## A Narrow Escape for Alonzo.

**L**ODER of the Sixth entered the Head's study with considerable misgivings in his breast. He had seen Alonzo Todd marched in by P.-c. Tozer, and it made him feel very uneasy. He had imposed upon the credulity of the Duffer of Greyfriars, but he had very strong doubts about being able to impose upon the Head. And the discovery of the truth meant serious results for Loder. It meant degradation from the ranks of the prefects, for one thing, and the loss of the power and consequence he now enjoyed, and it might mean more than that.

But he contrived to compose his face as he came in, though his heart was beating much faster than usual.

Dr. Locke looked at him.

"Todd has told me a very odd story, Loder," he began. "He says that you will bear him out in his statements."

"I don't quite understand, sir."

"Todd was found by Mr. Tozer bringing a packet of cigarettes from Tucker's in the village," explained the Head. "Todd says that you sent him—"

Loder coloured.

"It is not true, sir."

"Ah!"

"Oh, really!" exclaimed Todd. "Loder, you remember sending me—"

"I did nothing of the sort!" said Loder.

"Oh!"

"Please think carefully before you reply, Loder," said the Head anxiously. "I should be sorry to think that Todd had spoken falsely. I have regarded him as a very—ahem!—well, a foolish lad, but not as a deceitful one."

"I have never deceived anyone, sir!" said Todd warmly. "My Uncle Benjamin always told me—"

"Never mind that now, Todd."

"But my Uncle Benjamin said—"

"Tut, tut! Repeat your statement, Todd, and let Loder hear it."

"Certainly, sir. Loder sent me to the sweetshop to get him a packet of chocolates."

Loder almost gasped.

"Mr. Tucker gave me a packet of cigarettes in mistake for the chocolates," went on Todd. "The policeman found them on me, and jumped to a silly conclusion. He is a very suspicious man, or he would have believed my explanation. I wanted to go back to Tucker's and change them, as I knew Loder would be annoyed, but he would not let me go. If Loder tries to remember, he must recall sending me. It was not an hour ago."

"Well, Loder?"

Loder breathed quickly.

"I—I did not quite understand, sir," he said hurriedly.

"I—I thought that Todd had declared that I—I sent him for cigarettes."

Dr. Locke looked at him sharply.

"Nothing of the sort, Loder! You have heard Todd's statement. What have you to say to it—do you corroborate it?"

"Yes, sir, so far as that. I certainly sent Todd for a packet of—of chocolates," said Loder, much relieved that matters were no worse, and wishing that he could recall his first denials. "That is all, sir."

"Then Todd's statement that the cigarettes were given him in mistake is doubtless correct?"

"I have no doubt of it, sir."

"It is a very singular mistake for Mr. Tucker to make," said the Head. "However, as you bear out Todd's statement, I must credit it. The cigarettes must be returned to Mr. Tucker at once. But you should not have sent Todd there, Loder. You know very well that the shop has been placed out of bounds because tobacco is sold there as well as sweets."

"I did not send him there, sir," said Loder coolly. "I intended him to go to Uncle Clegg's. Todd made a mistake."

"Why, you said—" began Todd.

"You misunderstood me," said Loder.

"Very well, the matter can drop here," said Dr. Locke. "Leave the cigarettes with me, and I will send Trotter with them, with a note in explanation to Mr. Tucker. I am glad your character is cleared in this way, Todd; but kindly remember in future that the tobacconist's shop is out of bounds."

"Very well, sir."

Todd and Loder quitted the study together. Alonzo turned to the prefect with a smile of satisfaction.

"It has turned out very fortunate, hasn't it?" he remarked cheerfully. "I'm so sorry the chocolates will be delayed, but you will get them all right. I—"

Alonzo broke off in surprise and dismay as he saw that the prefect's face was convulsed with anger.

"You—you fool!" hissed Loder.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

"Eh?"

"You young dummy!"

"Why, what—"

"Why couldn't you keep out of the way of that fat, officious old duffer?" snarled the prefect. "You—you ass!"

"I—I don't understand!" gasped Todd. "I—I'm so sorry, but I don't understand! There won't be very much delay in getting the chocolates, you know."

Loder gave him one look, and then dealt him a box on the ear that sent him staggering across the passage.

"Ow!" gasped Todd.

Loder strode away, biting his lips with rage. Todd recovered his balance, and held on to the wall dazedly, blinking after the prefect.

"Oh, dear!" he murmured. "I—I am quite hurt, and quite in the dark, too. I really do not see why Loder should be angry. It is simply inexplicable, when the whole affair has ended so well. I do not think I shall try to be obliging to Loder again. He is very unreasonable and exceedingly bad-tempered."

And Alonzo, rubbing his reddened ear ruefully, made his way slowly, in a puzzled frame of mind, to the Cloae.

The Removites gathered round him as he emerged and showered questions upon him too fast for Alonzo to answer them.

"Licked?"

"What was it all about?"

"Who were the smokes for?"

"What's the matter with your ear?"

"Speak, ass!"

"Explain!"

"Really, you know—"

"Who sent you for the smokes?" demanded Harry Wharton, shaking the Duffer of Greyfriars by the shoulder. "And have you been licked?"

"Certainly not! I did not go for any smokes. Loder sent me for a packet of chocolates, and Mr. Tucker gave me smokes by mistake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, it was very absurd. Fortunately, I was able to convince the Head that it was a mistake. What I cannot understand about the matter is why Loder should be in a bad temper when it has all ended so well. He has just treated me in what I can only call a rough and brutal manner."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I should be very pleased to know what the joke is," said Alonzo mildly, gazing round in perplexity upon the yelling juniors. "I am as fond of a joke as anybody, but I do not see—"

"You ass!" said Bulstrode. "Can't you see that Loder sent you for smokes, and was taking you in?"

"Surely he would not be so deceitful as that?" exclaimed Alonzo, aghast.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, dear! Of course, I never suspected anything of that sort. Surely you must be mistaken, Bulstrode?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Of all the chumps—"

"Of all the frabjous duffers—"

"Of all the burbling asses—"

"Alonzo takes the cake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I really cannot see it," said Alonzo. "I think Loder has acted in a very deceitful way; but I don't see—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And my Uncle Benjamin always said—"

But what Uncle Benjamin always said was drowned in a fresh roar of laughter from the Removites, and they never had the good-fortune to know what it was that Uncle Benjamin had said that time.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

## Bunter Suggests a Loan from the Firm.

**C**LINK!

Clink!

Clink!

"What on earth is that?" said Frank Nugent. "Sounds like a giddy miser counting up his guilty gold."

Wharton looked puzzled.

The two chums were coming up to their study when the clinking of coin fell upon their ears, proceeding from their own room.

Clink! Clink! Clink!

"It can't be Bunter counting up the funds of the company," said Harry. "The money's all in the unopenable money-box, and he can't get at it."

"Besides, he's got the list of subscribers, so he knows exactly how much tin there is in the box," remarked Nugent.

"Still—"



Clink! Clink!

Wharton threw open the door of the study.

He made some noise in doing so; but the fat junior in the study was too busy to notice it.

Bunter was standing at the table, and his occupation seemed very mysterious at first. He had the wooden money-box in one hand, and a flat table-knife in the other. He was inserting the blade of the knife into the slit in the lid of the money-box, and then turning the box over.

Whenever he did so the coins inside rolled, clinking, to and fro.

The two chums were puzzled for a moment or two. Then the truth burst upon them.

When a coin fell upon the blade of the knife Billy Bunter tried to make it slide along the blade, out of the slit in the lid.

Bunter was trying to embezzle the funds of the company!

The unopenable money-box had reassured the Removites, and caused them to pay in their subscriptions. And now—

Wharton strode forward and grasped Bunter by the shoulder.

The fat junior gave a startled yell, and dropped the money-box with a sounding crash upon the table.

He turned a frightened face upon Wharton and Nugent.

"Oh!" he gasped. "You—you startled me!"

"You young rascal!" said Wharton angrily.

"Oh, really—"

"What were you doing with that box?"

"That b-b-box?"

"Trying to get the money out, you fat fraud!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent!"

"You embezzler!"

"I—I—I was trying an experiment!" stammered Bunter.

"I hope you chaps don't think that I would touch the funds of the company?"

"We jolly well do think so!" said Wharton wrathfully.

"Look here, Wharton, I—I was trying an experiment. Young Smith—you know, Smith minor—young Smith minor told me money could be got out of an unopenable box this way, and—and I told him it couldn't. So I—I was just trying to see if it could, as—as if the money-box isn't safe, I want to—to get another."

"Oh, don't tell lies!" said Harry. "You were trying to get the money out. I don't believe it can be done though; the slit's too narrow for a coin to pass through on the knife, as anybody but you would have seen, you owl! You have to have a wider slit to get money out that way."

"Yes, of—of course!" gasped Bunter. "I—I had just found that out, and—"

"And it's just as well; as I'd take the money-box away from you if I thought you could get anything out of it," said Harry. "This kind of thing will land you in prison some day."

"Oh, really, Wharton, I don't think you ought to go for me just because I was carefully ascertaining whether the money was safe. If the money could be got out of the box with a knife it wouldn't be safe. I leave the box in this study—"

"What?"

"I—I don't mean to say that you fellows would take any. Still, one can't be too careful, you know, in money matters, and—"

"You young sweep!"

Wharton made a grab at the fat junior. Billy Bunter dodged round the table, and ran into Nugent. Nugent gave him a shove that sent him to the floor. He bumped down with a mighty bump, and lay groaning.

"Ow! I'm hurt!"

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"Yow! I'm suffering from an internal injury!"

"You'll be suffering from an external one soon!" said Harry, applying his boot to the fat person of Billy Bunter. "There! And there! And there!"

"Yow! Yaroo!"

Bunter was on his feet with remarkable alacrity for a fellow suffering from internal injuries. He bolted out of the study.

Nugent burst into a laugh.

"The young rotter!" said Harry angrily. "He meant to what he calls borrow some of the money in the box. There would be a row when the fellows knew."

"Well luckily he can't get it out."

"I say, you fellows"—Bunter blinked nervously in at the door—"what are you going to have for tea? You know I'm stony. I've been disappointed about a postal-order—"

"And disappointed about a burglary?" grinned Nugent.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Oh, get out!" said Harry sharply. "Go and have tea in Hall; that's what we're going to do. Money's tight."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

EVERY  
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

Bunter came cautiously into the study.

"I say, you fellows, are you stony?"

"Very near it."

"I'm awfully hungry, you know."

"That's nothing new."

"We've heard that before," said Nugent, as grave as a judge. "Put on a new record, Bunter, old man—or ring off."

"Well, you see, we're all stony, and we want something for tea," said Bunter. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Wharton, I'm expecting a postal-order—"

"Oh, get off that!"

"Ahem! I—I mean, I suppose you'll be getting a remittance on Saturday?"

"Yes, the usual one."

"Very well! Suppose I lend you ten shillings off it, and—"

Wharton stared.

"You said you hadn't any tin just now!"

"More I haven't," said Bunter confidentially. "But I can borrow it of the company."

"The company?"

"Of course! I'm managing-director and treasurer of the firm of Bunter, Limited, you know, and I have the right to advance a loan out of the capital to a bona fide shareholder at my discretion."

Wharton and Nugent stared at him speechlessly. They hardly caught the fat junior's drift for a moment.

"You see, I can advance you ten bob out of the box, and we can have a feed," said Bunter. "Then it can be repaid on Saturday out of your remittance."

"You young scoundrel!"

Bunter jumped.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"So you're proposing to us to help you steal the money the fellows have subscribed?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Oh, really—" protested Bunter feebly. "Don't be an ass, you know. This is business. You fellows don't understand business. The company makes you a loan—"

"You fat fraud!"

"You don't understand business," grunted Bunter. It was evident that with Billy Bunter the word "business," like charity, covered a multitude of sins. "This is pure business. You repay the loan on Saturday—"

"Suppose something happened, and my remittance didn't come?"

"What's the good of supposing that? It always does come."

"Suppose the fellows found it out before Saturday. What would they think?" said Wharton, trying to be patient, to make Bunter understand the real nature of the rascality he was proposing.

"Oh, they won't find out, you know!"

"Do you understand that what you're suggesting is called embezzlement, and that people are sent to prison for it?" said Harry.

"Oh, really—"

"If you weren't the biggest fool in Greyfriars I'd give you the licking of your life for suggesting such a thing to me," said Harry. "As it is—get out of the study! I give you one second to get out of reach of my boot."

"But, you see, I'm hungry, and—"

Wharton ran towards him. Bunter turned to flee, and Wharton's boot helped him in his flight. He went along the passage at a wild run.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, catching hold of him at the head of the stairs. "What's the trouble—eh?"

"Yow! Leggo! That beast Wharton's after me!" gasped Bunter. "He's going for me because I won't advance him a loan out of the funds of the company!"

"What?" roared Bob Cherry.

"I—I—I mean—"

"You'd better be a little more careful," said Bob, shaking the fat junior violently. "Don't tell yarns like that, or you'll get shaken like this—and this!"

"Yaroo!"

"And this—and this—"

"Yow! Yowp! Help! Yah! D-d-don't you shake me like that, Bob Cherry, or you'll m-make my gi-gig-glasses fall off, and if they get broken you'll have to p-p-pay for them—"

Bump!

Billy Bunter was seated upon the linoleum with considerable violence, and Bob Cherry left him there. Bunter picked himself up, gasping. He was as hungry as ever, and in want of funds; but he did not return to No. 1 Study to renew his proposal of a loan from the funds of the company.



## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

## Rebellious Shareholders.

**T**HE company working yet, Mr. Managing Director?" Billy Bunter blinked at the group of juniors, who asked the question together. It was a day or two later, and some of the Removites were beginning to get restive. They had subscribed for their shares in the company, and they thought it was high time the company began to provide the promised tuck.

"Not yet, Ogilvy," said Bunter. "Not yet, you fellows. You see—"

"How much have you got subscribed so far?"

"I can tell by consulting my books."

"Consult 'em, then."

Bunter took out a notebook, and blinked into its pages.

"Seventy shares at one shilling each," he said. "That makes three pounds ten, all in shillings."

"All in the Remove—eh?" asked Russell.

"Yes. Some fellows have taken more than one share, you see. Bulstrode has six, and Wun Lung four, and Inky five, and—"

"Well, isn't it jolly well time the company started business?" said Lacy.

"Faith, and I think it is," said Micky Desmond. "Sure, I'll withdraw my capital if the company doesn't get to work soon."

"You see—"

"Go ahead, Mr. Managing Director! We want the tommy."

"The company starts with a capital of five pounds," said Bunter firmly. "I can't undertake to effect the saving of money on less."

"That means thirty more shares."

"Exactly."

"Who's to take them?"

"You fellows can canvass for shareholders," suggested Bunter. "Nearly very fellow in the Remove has one or more; but you might be able to induce the Upper Fourth to take up some of the stock."

"H'm!"

"P'r'aps!"

Bunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, that was the agreement in forming the company: a minimum capital of five pounds. The company starts on that and no less."

"What blessed airs!" exclaimed Morgan. "Look you, we can withdraw our capital if we like, Mr. Managing Director."

Bunter shook his head.

"Can't be did," he replied. "Capital once subscribed can't be withdrawn. It goes into the funds of the company, and the managing-director's decision is final."

"Look here—"

"Get thirty more shareholders, and it's all right," said Bunter, walking away.

The juniors glared at him, and then dashed after him. They surrounded him in a moment, and violent hands were laid on all sides upon the managing director of Bunter, Limited.

"You fat porpoise!" exclaimed Elliott wrathfully. "You'll start the company, or hand over the cash, or else get the new shareholders yourself."

"Ow!"

"It's your business, not ours."

"Yow!"

"Mind, you'll start the company in time to have the grub to-morrow, or we'll bump you!" exclaimed Morgan.

"Suppose we get the money-box, and divide up the capital?" suggested Ogilvy.

"Hear, hear!"

"We can expend it ourselves, quite as well as that fat boulder can. I expect it's some more of his rot about having a relation in the business."

"Of course; we know Bunter."

"Let's run the company ourselves."

"We can call it the Remove, Limited, and elect a board of directors among ourselves," said Morgan; "Bunter doesn't know anything about business."

"Oh, really—"

"Hand over the capital."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Where's the tin?"

"Hand over the dibs."

"Shell out, you fat boulder!"

Bunter gasped for breath.

"Leggo! I won't—"

"Where's the money-box? Bang his head on the wall if he won't answer."

"What ho!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

**NEXT TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."**

"Yaroooh! It's in my study," gasped Bunter.

"Come and give it to us, then."

"This way."

"Roll him along!"

"Ow—yow—I—I say—"

Bunter broke off gasping, as he was rolled and hustled away into the house and up the stairs. The juniors ran him along to No. 1 Study in the Remove passage, at a speed that made his head swim.

Ogilvy kicked open the door.

Bunter was rolled in, and the rebellious shareholders of Bunter, Limited, swarmed in after him. Wharton, Nugent, and Hurree Singh were in the study, and they jumped up in surprise.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Harry. "What's the matter?"

"The matterfulness is terrific."

Ogilvy pushed himself forward as spokesman.

"It's all right," he exclaimed.

"Is it?" said Wharton. "It's not quite all right to burst into a study like a blessed gang of hooligans. What do you want?"

"We're the company—"

"Eh?"

"We're all shareholders in the company," said Ogilvy, waving his hand to indicate the crowd of juniors behind him. "We've decided to take the business of the company into our own hands, and run it ourselves."

"My hat!"

"I say, you fellows, I protest!" gasped Billy Bunter, dodging behind Harry Wharton for protection. "I—I protest—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really—"

"Hand over the capital. I dare say you've boned some of it, anyway, if you could get it out of the box," said Ogilvy.

"Where's the box?"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton. "You can't do this without a general meeting of the shareholders, you know."

"We'll hold a meeting in the Form-room."

"Better hold it first—"

"Waste of time. Hand over the money-box."

Wharton shook his head.

"Quite out of order," he replied.

There was a roar at once.

"Hand it over!"

"What's it got to do with you?"

"You shut up!"

"Where's the tin?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, I'm a shareholder, too, and so are these chaps," he said. "We don't agree."

"You can go and eat coke," said several voices wrathfully.

"Hand over the tin."

"Do you think we're going to wait till Bunter has found some way of getting the tin out of the cashbox?" exclaimed Elliott.

"Oh, really—"

"Not much!"

"Well, give Bunter a time-limit, then," suggested Nugent. "No time was fixed for the company to get to business. Give him another day."

"Yes, that's fair," assented Wharton.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You shut up, Bunter!"

The rebellious shareholders looked at one another. If Harry Wharton & Co. backed up the managing-director that altered the complexion of the matter. The shareholders did not want to have a battle royal with Study No. 1.

"Well, that's fair," said Ogilvy, at last. "It's a half-holiday to-morrow. If Bunter gets the grub in time for that, we'll give him a chance."

"You hear that, Bunter?" said Harry. "You've got till to-morrow afternoon."

"It's not time enough—"

"Then you'd better hand back the capital."

"Oh, really—"

"I know jolly well he will find some dodge for pinching the capital if it's left in his hands," said Lacy.

"Yes, rather!"

"I—I'll try," stammered Bunter. "I—I mean, I'll try to manage it by to-morrow afternoon. With my business ability, I—"

"Then that's settled," said Harry. "You have the company in working order to-morrow afternoon, or you hand back the cash."

And with that assurance the rebellious shareholders retired from the study. Billy Bunter was left with a problem to solve; how to raise the remainder of the company's capital during the evening.

**A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.**



TEMPLE, of the Upper Fourth, was in his study, talking cricket with Dabney and Fry, when there was a tap at the door, and the fat face of Billy Bunter looked in. The chums of the Upper Fourth stared at Bunter. Temple shook his head.

"Not to-day," he said.

"Eh?" said Bunter. "What do you mean, Temple?"

"No rags, bones, or broken bottles to-day," said the captain of the Upper Fourth.

Dabney and Fry chuckled. It dawned upon Bunter that Temple was pretending to take him for a rag and bone merchant, and he grunted.

"Look here, Temple—"

"No broken victuals are there, Fry?" asked Temple.

"None; I'm sorry."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Then you can cut off, Bunter," said Temple. "If you call to-morrow, we may have a few bones, but—"

Bunter came into the study.

"Don't be funny," he growled. "I say, you fellows, I've come here to make you an offer—a really good offer."

"Go it!" said Temple. "The unexpected always happens. He's going to pay you the bob he owes you, Dab."

Bunter coloured.

"N-no, it isn't exactly that," he said. "I—I was going to settle that to-day, but I've been disappointed about a postal-order. I should prefer to leave that over till to-morrow, if you don't mind. It's about the company—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! You know I'm managing director of a company for the supply of tuck at cheap rates. I'm looking for thirty more shilling shareholders to make up the amount required. If you fellows care to take up the shares—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The original idea was to have only the Remove in it," said Bunter. "But—"

"But they can't raise the tin!" grinned Temple.

"They've raised three pounds ten," said Bunter. "I want another thirty bob. Now, if you fellows care to take up the shares, I'm prepared to make you a specially favourable offer. I'm prepared to hand you six shares for every five you take, in the way of a bonus. You don't get an offer like that every day."

Temple, Dabney, and Fry exchanged glances.

"That's a jolly good offer," said Temple gravely.

"Oh, rather!"

"Ripping!" said Fry.

"Well, do you accept it?"

"You want thirty bob?" Temple remarked reflectively.

"Just that."

"Will a cheque do?"

"A—a cheque?"

"Yes. You see, we don't keep large sums of ready money in the study," explained Temple. "I can give you a cheque if you like."

"A—a real cheque, I suppose?"

"My dear fellow!"

"Well, I suppose that would be all right," said Bunter, after a pause. "Mr. Quelch would cash it for me, I'm sure. I didn't know you had a cheque-book, Temple."

"There are more things in the Upper Fourth studies than are dreamt of in your philosophy," said Temple. "Will you take the cheque?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Give me my cheque-book, Dab, will you?" drawled Temple.

Dabney looked puzzled. He knew very well that Temple did not possess such a thing as a cheque-book.

Billy Bunter waited eagerly. He had tried the Upper Fourth as a last resource, and he had never expected such complete and immediate success as this.

"Well, hand it over, Dab!" exclaimed Temple.

"B-b-b-but—" stammered Dabney.

"Oh, you're an ass! Give it to me, Fry, will you?"

"Certainly!" said Fry, with a grin. "Did you leave it on the grand piano, or in the diamond-studded escritoire?"

"Ass! I suppose I've mislaid it!" said Temple getting up.

"Won't keep you waiting long, Bunter."

"I don't mind waiting, Temple," said Bunter.

"Good!"

Temple looked round the study. He turned over papers and books, and opened and shut drawers, with a grave and concerned face. Dabney and Fry, entering into the spirit of the thing, joined in the quest. Bunter stood blinking at them through his spectacles.

"Now, where did I put it?" said Temple seriously. "Did you notice where I put it, Fry?"

Fry shook his head.

"Didn't you, Dab?"

"Oh, rather—I mean no!"

"You might help us look for it, Bunter."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

"Oh, certainly!" said Bunter, blinking round the study. "Where shall I look?"

"It might be in that bag," said Temple, pointing to a large green-baize bag which the chums of the Upper Fourth sometimes used to carry cricket things in. "Just look!"

Bunter looked a little puzzled. But he drew open the neck of the bag, and looked into it.

"Hold it open for him," said Temple severely.

Fry and Dabney took the bag, and opened the neck of it to the fullest extent, and Bunter blinked into it. Temple made a quick sign, and Fry and Dabney whipped the bag over Bunter's head, pulling it as far as it would go, and then jerked the string tight.

The neck of the bag closed tightly round Bunter, his head and shoulders being in the bag, and his arms fastened down to his sides by the tightening of the cord.

"Knot it," said Temple cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh! I say, you fellows!" came a muffled voice from within the bag.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Upper Fourth fellows roared with laughter as they knotted the cord round Bunter. His arms were fastened, and his head was quite hidden in the bag, and he presented a most peculiar appearance as he lurched to and fro.

"I—I—I s-say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme out! I'm suffocating!"

"Oh, you won't suffocate!" said Temple cheerfully.

"There are holes in the bag; you know. Have you found the cheque-book yet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really—"

"Outside!" said Temple. "We'll lend you the bag for the present. If you have the cheek to come to an Upper Fourth study with your offers of shares in a rotten Remove dodge, you'll get it in the neck next time!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Yow! Lemme out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. pushed Billy Bunter out of the study.

"Keep to the wall, and feel your way home!" grinned Temple. "You'll be all right. Tell the Remove they can go and eat coke!"

"Yow! Lemme out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple slammed his study door. Bunter's hands were loose enough for him to feel his way along the wall, though he could not raise them to untie the bag. He rolled and blundered along the passage and turned into the Remove passage and blundered into somebody. There was a yell.

"Ciel! Vat is zat?"

"Yaroo!"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Yah! Help!"

Monsieur Charpentier stared at the amazing figure, too astonished to help. Bunter blundered on, leaving the French-master still staring. He stopped at the first study door he came to. There he stood kicking.

He had missed No. 1 Study, and arrived at Bulstrode's door, which was the second in the passage. He kicked and kicked for admittance.

There was a roar from within.

"Who's there? Get out!"

"Yaroo! Help! Rescue!"

"Get away!"

Kick, kick, kick!

The door rattled and rang under Bunter's assault. Bulstrode leaped up from his chair in a rage, and ran to the door and tore it open. He staggered back in astonishment at the sight of Billy Bunter.

"Great Scott!"

"What on earth's that?" gasped Tom Brown.

"Ow! Help!"

"It's Bunter!"

"Rescue!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bulstrode. "It's Bunter—in a bag!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Untie me, will you?"

"Ha, ha! Not much! I'm not going to spoil a joke."

"Yah! Beast! Untie me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove passage was filling now, juniors being attracted from all sides by the shouts of laughter. The sight of Bunter with his head in the bag made them yell.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Bagged, by George!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Help! I'm suf-suf-suffocating!"



"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton cut the string. Bunter dragged off the bag, and revealed a towzled head, and a face the colour of a well-boiled beetroot. A fresh roar of laughter greeted its appearance.

"Who on earth bagged you like that, Bunter?" gasped Wharton.

"Yow! Temple, the beast! I offered them shares at special terms in the company, and they—yow!—bagged me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't see anything to cackle at! I—"

"But we can!" grinned Bob Cherry.

And the Removites roared till the passage rang with it.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### Under Guard.

**I**T was some time before Billy Bunter recovered his equanimity. When he was himself again, he turned over the affairs of the company in his mind, grunting discontentedly the while. His latest attempt to raise capital for Bunter, Limited had been a ghastly failure. And the limit of time for getting to business expired on the following day. There was evidently only one thing to be done. He had either to start the company on the limited amount of capital already raised, or to let the management pass into other hands.

The latter alternative was not to be thought of.

After prep had been done that evening, Billy Bunter took the money-box from the table drawer. Wharton and Nugent looked at him at once.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Harry.

"Break it open!"

"Eh?"

"We shall have to start the company on three pounds ten," said Bunter sulkily. "It's the only thing to be done, as the fellows are so impatient about it."

"Good! After all, that's a good sum!" said Nugent.

"I sha'n't be able to get the reduction I expected, but I will do the best I can," said Bunter. "If I send the order off to my uncle to-night, the goods will be despatched first thing in the morning, and will get here in the afternoon. I want to get the cheque from Mr. Quelch for this money."

"Right you are! Use the poker."

Bunter put the money-box on the floor, and picked up the poker. He crashed it down upon the box, and it danced and the money jingled, but it did not break. The box was built to stand rough usage, and Bunter's blow hardly dented it.

"It's jolly strong," said Bunter. "I wonder if I could prise the lid open with a knife. Lend me your pocket-knife, Nugent."

"Here you are," said Frank Nugent, rather dubiously.

"Use the strongest blade. Be careful with it, you know."

"Oh, certainly!"

Bunter tried to insert the blade under the lid, but in vain. Then he pushed it into the slot, and tried to prise the lid up that way.

Snap!

"Look out!" roared Nugent.

But it was too late. The blade of the pocket-knife had broken off short. Nugent glared at the fat junior.

"I'm sincerely sorry," said Bunter. "How the dickens am I to get this blessed box open? All through the silly chumps not trusting me!"

"You've busted my knife!" howled Nugent.

"Yes. I wish I could bust the box, too!"

"I—I've a jolly good mind to bust you," roared Nugent, picking up the broken knife. "It will cost me two bob for a new blade to this!"

"Oh, if that's worrying you, I'll settle it up out of my postal-order to-morrow!" said Bunter, with a sniff.

He put the box on the floor again, and stamped on it. The stamp made no impression upon the box.

"Oh, dear! I can't get it open!" grunted Bunter. "Will you lend me your penknife to have another try, Wharton?"

Harry laughed.

"No fear."

"But I can't—"

"Let's all try jumping on it," suggested Nugent.

"Here you are, then."

The box was put in the middle of the floor, and the chums of the Remove jumped on it in turn. Nugent contrived to jump on Bunter's foot, and the fat junior gave a yell, and hopped round the study on one leg.

"Yow!" he roared. "You clumsy ass! Yah!"

"Sorry," said Nugent, with a grin. "It was awfully clumsy—almost as clumsy as breaking the blade of my pocket-knife. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT TUESDAY: **"HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."** A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS

"The blessed thing won't break," said Wharton. "Try it with the poker and tongs."

He took the poker, and Hurree Singh the tongs, and they smashed at the box alternately. The box was showing signs of wear and tear now, but it still held out gamely.

There was a crash as the door of the study was flung open, and Wingate of the Sixth glared in.

"What's all this row about?" he roared. "What do you mean by it?"

Wharton looked up with a flushed face.

"Sorry, Wingate. Did you hear us?"

"Hear you! You can be heard over the whole school. What are you doing?"

"Trying to open this box."

"You young asses!" said Wingate angrily. "Take it out of the study, then."

"Oh, all right."

Wingate growled and retired, and Wharton picked up the box. It was chipped and scratched, but by no means broken.

"What on earth are we to do with it?" said Wharton.

"Try the axe in the woodshed," said Ogilvy, who was looking in at the door. "We'll all come with you, in case Bunter gets at the money."

"Oh, really, Ogilvy—"

"Good," said Harry.

He carried the box downstairs. He was followed by his chums and half the Remove. They all wanted to see the box opened.

Nugent struck a match as they entered the woodshed, and lighted a candle. Wharton looked round for Gosling's wood-axe, and found it.

He dropped the box to the floor with a clink.

"Now, stand clear!" he exclaimed, as he swung the axe into the air.

"Stand back there!"

Crash!

The axe came down upon the money-box, and it split into two halves on the stone floor. The shillings rolled out in a stream.

"Done it, by George!"

"The donefulness is terrific."

"You've done for some of the shillings, too!" grinned Bulstrode.

Two of the coins had been chopped through into halves by that doughty blow. Bunter pounced upon the stream of silver, but Ogilvy dragged him back. Bunter blinked at him.

"Let go, Ogilvy! I—"

"No, you don't," said the Scottish junior coolly.

"Wharton can gather up the cash. You needn't touch it."

Wharton gathered up the coins. Two of them were useless, but Harry added a two-shilling piece from his pocket to make up the deficiency.

"Seventy," he said, having counted them.

"That's right," said Bunter.

"What about your own contribution?" demanded Ogilvy.

"There ought to be seventy-one."

Bunter looked indignant.

"Oh, really. I suppose I'm entitled to my share for the brain work I put into the company, and the trouble and responsibility of managing?" he exclaimed.

"Rats!"

"Hand over the tin, Wharton," said Bunter. "I'll go to Mr. Quelch at once and ask him to give me a cheque for this."

"We'll all come with you," said Ogilvy distrustfully.

"Look here, Ogilvy, I can manage it better alone. You needn't come with me. Besides, I'm going to call in and speak to Mrs. Mumble as I go—"

"You're jolly well not," said Ogilvy promptly. "Do you think we're going to trust you in the tuckshop with three pounds ten in your pockets?"

"If you can't trust your managing-director—"

"Well, we can't."

"We'll all see him safe to Mr. Quelch's study," said Bob Cherry. "Come on, Bunter."

"I object."

"That doesn't make any difference. Come on."

And in spite of Bunter's protestations, and his declaration that a company ought to trust its managing-director, the crowd of juniors accompanied him to the door of Mr. Quelch's study. Ogilvy tapped at the door.

"Come in!" called out the Remove-master.

"We'll all wait for you here, Bunter," whispered Bob Cherry. "Leave the door ajar, too."

"Oh, really—"

"Oh, get in!"

"But—oh!"

Bob Cherry and Nugent pushed the fat junior into the study, and he came up to Mr. Quelch's table at an ambling, breathless run, somewhat to the surprise of the Remove-master.



**M**R. QUELCH laid down his pen, and looked at Bunter, and then at the door ajar. He could hear a shuffling of feet and a buzz of whispering in the passage, and he knew that there must be a crowd of fellows outside. Bunter stopped his run just before he crashed into Mr. Quelch's table. He put his hands on the table to steady himself, and gasped.

Mr. Quelch half-rose.

"Bunter!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir," gasped Billy Bunter. "All right, sir."

"What do you want?"

"I—I want a cheque, if you please, sir," said Billy Bunter. The Form-master stared at him.

"A—a what, Bunter?"

"A cheque, sir."

"What in the name of goodness do you mean?"

"The ass!" murmured Bob Cherry, outside the door.

"I—I mean a cheque, sir," stammered Bunter, in confusion. "If you will be kind enough to give me a cheque for three pounds ten, sir—"

"Bunter! If this is a joke—"

"N-n-not at all, sir."

"Why should I give you a cheque for three pounds ten shillings?" demanded the Remove-master. "What is the matter with you, Bunter?"

"N-nothing, sir. You—you see, I want to order a quantity of tuck from—from a relation of mine in the business, and—and I want a cheque to send him by post for the stuff."

"But—"

"I shall get a big reduction by ordering a quantity," explained Bunter.

"But why should I give you a sum of money to expend in food," said Mr. Quelch. "I cannot understand you in the least, Bunter."

"I—I forgot to mention that I have the money here, sir. You see, we can't send seventy shillings by post, and I—I thought you'd give me a cheque for the money, sir."

And Bunter ladled out a heap of shillings on the Form-master's table.

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Oh, I see," he remarked. "That alters the case, of course. This money has been subscribed in the Form, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you wish me to give you a cheque in exchange for it?"

"Exactly, sir, to be forwarded to the manufacturer," said Bunter.

"There is no objection to that," said Mr. Quelch. "I even think that it is a very good idea, as you will certainly save money, unless you over-eat yourselves and become ill in consequence."

"Oh, sir, I shall keep an eye on the fellows, you know. I'm very much against over-eating or self-indulgence of any kind."

Mr. Quelch gave the fat junior a curious look, and then unlocked his desk, and took out a cheque-book. He dipped a pen in the ink.

"To whom payable?" he asked.

"Mr. Spratt-Bunter, sir."

"Very good."

Mr. Quelch made out the cheque, and handed it to the Owl of the Remove, and swept the heap of shillings into a drawer.

"Thank you very much, sir," said Bunter.

"Not at all. Good-night."

Billy Bunter left the study, and closed the door. The juniors gathered round in the passage to look at the cheque.

"It's all right," said Harry Wharton. "Mr. Quelch has crossed it, too. Bunter can't blow it at Mrs. Mumble's or Uncle Clegg's."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Never mind; let's see him send it off, all the same," said Lacy. "You can come into the common-room and write the letter, Bunter, and we'll all go with you to post it."

"Look here, if you chaps don't trust me—"

"Seat!"

Bunter granted, but he was walked off to the common-room by the juniors, and they stood round him while he wrote the letter to Mr. Spratt-Bunter, his relative in the provision and confectionery business. The cheque was folded up, and enclosed in the letter, and the letter was sealed. Then the shareholders in a body accompanied Billy Bunter to the letter-box, and the letter was slipped in.

They heard it drop into the box.

"Safe enough now," said Ogilvy.

Bunter snorted.

"I suppose you believe I sha'n't blue the money now?" he granted.

"I don't know," remarked Elliott. "I think we'd better keep an eye on Bunter till the postman has made the collection, in case he fishes it out with a string."

"Oh, really—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY." A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Grayfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The letter was duly collected, and went on its way. The Removites anticipated the morrow with some eagerness. Every fellow who had subscribed a shilling was to receive two shillings' worth of tuck in return. The larger shareholders would fare quite royally.

The more suspicious members of the company had a lingering suspicion of the managing-director.

"Bunter will manage to dish us yet," Bob Cherry remarked.

"How?" asked Mark Linley, laughing.

Bob shook his head.

"I don't know. But I know jolly well that he'll get the lion's share of the tuck, whatever happens."

"Me tinkee so too," murmured Wun Lung.

And there were others who thought so.

The next morning Bunter was in a state of evident eagerness. He was expecting to hear from Mr. Spratt-Bunter by telegram, but he did not confide that fact to the juniors. Perhaps he did not deem the shareholders worthy of the confidence of a director.

Shortly before morning lessons, Dutton came to him, with an aggrieved expression on his face. The deaf junior tapped Bunter on the shoulder.

"Look here, I hear you've got a concern going to get grub at half-price," said Dutton. "Why couldn't you let me in?"

"Oh, you've heard that, have you?" said Bunter. "About the first thing you've ever heard, I should say."

"Eh?"

"I tried to tell you about it twice, but you couldn't hear."

"What's nice at this time of year? I don't understand you."

"I tried to tell you, you chump!"

"You might have let me into the thing," said Dutton.

"I wanted to, but you couldn't understand."

"It will be grand, will it?" said Dutton, wrathfully. "I've a jolly good mind to knock your head against the wall!"

"Look here, old man, don't be an ass! I tell you you couldn't hear—"

"Can't appear, can't I? At the feed, I suppose you mean?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind."

"That's the second time you've told me I'm out of my mind!" said Dutton, seizing the fat junior by the shoulders.

"Ow! I didn't! Leggo!"

Dutton solemnly knocked Billy Bunter's head against the wall, and released him, and walked away snorting with indignation. Bunter rubbed his head.

"Ow!" he groaned. "The beast! What are you cackling at, Bob Cherry? Why couldn't you stop that beast?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "I wouldn't have stopped him for anything! It was funny!"

"Yah!"

"It's only one of the woes of a managing-director," said Bob Cherry comfortingly. "Cheer up! Think of the gorge this afternoon."

And he walked away laughing. Bunter snorted, but the thought of the feed that was coming that afternoon did make him brighten up.

Bunter was in class with the Remove that morning, when a telegram was brought into the Remove-room by Trotter. Mr. Quelch looked round sharply.

"Telegram for Master Bunter, sir!" said Trotter.

"Oh! You may give it to him."

Bunter opened the telegram.

"No answer, thank you," he said.

Bunter sat down. The juniors leaned eagerly towards him.

"What is it, Bunter?"

"Is it about the grub?"

"Let's see the telegram."

Mr. Quelch gave the class a stern look.

"It seems to me that there is talking going on!" he exclaimed.

And the juniors were still as mice. Bunter could not reply, now, if he wanted to. But, as a matter of fact, he didn't want to. His round eyes were glistening behind his glasses. The managing-director of Bunter, Limited had thoughts in his mind which would have raised trouble among the shareholders if they had known them.

Bunter looked at the clock, and rose ten minutes before time for the class to be dismissed. He put up his hand.

"Please, sir—"

"What is it, Bunter?" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Please, sir, may I go a few minutes early? The telegram I had—"

"Well?"

"It's important, sir."



"You may go."

Bunter left the class-room.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "He's after the grub—that's his little game!"

Ogilvy looked excited. He jumped up in his place.

"Please, sir, may I go early?"

"Certainly not!"

"I want to help Bunter."

"Sit down at once!"

Ogilvy sat down, very red and excited. The shareholders in Bunter, Limited were on tenterhooks for the final ten minutes of morning lessons. What was the managing-director doing? Their inattention was so great that a goodly number of lines were given out, but the juniors hardly heeded them. Where was the managing-director, and what was he doing?

The class was dismissed at last. The Removs swarmed out into the passage. Then, with one voice, they shouted for Bunter.

But the managing-director did not answer to his name.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

### Left Out.

**"BUNTER!"**

"Bunty!"

"Bunny! Bunny! Bunty! Bunter!"

But Billy Bunter did not listen to the voice of the charmer. He did not hear it. He did not appear, and search failed to reveal him.

High and low the angry and excited Removites hunted for their managing-director. But he had, evidently, absconded.

At all events, he was not to be found. Harry Wharton & Co. took the matter humorously. Not so the rest of the Removites. They were wild.

"Bunter isn't the first managing-director who's sloped," said Bob Cherry. "Some of them go to the Argentine; but you won't have to look for Bunter further off than the railway station at Friardale, I think."

"The railway station!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Of course! That telegram this morning was to tell him when the consignment would arrive, I expect."

"Oh!"

"It would have to come to Friardale Railway Station. Bunter must have cut off there to—Hallo, hallo, hallo! Where are you going?"

The question was hardly needed. The excited shareholders were streaming down to the gates, to make their way to the station.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "They won't find Bunter or the grub by this time, I think!"

"Rather not!" grinned Harry Wharton.

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

But the shareholders had hopes yet. They went down the dusty lane at a run, and streamed into the village of Friardale. Straight for the railway station they went, and most of them reached it in a body, dusty, warm, and perspiring. Stragglers were lagging behind at various distances, but a score of fellows arrived at the station with Ogilvy.

The Scottish junior seized the Friardale porter by the sleeve of his coat.

"Has Bunter been here?" he demanded.

"Hey?" said the old man, who was a trifle deaf. "Hey?"

"Bunter—you know Bunter—fat beast in spectacles! Has he been here?"

"Oh—Master Bunter!"

"Yes. Has he been here about anything that came by train?" yelled three or four of the juniors at once.

The old porter scratched his head.

"Yes, young gents," he said. "He come 'ere—it may be a quarter of an hour ago, or it may be 'arf an hour."

"Is he here now?"

"No, he's gone, sir."

"Did he take anything?"

"No, sir—only the box."

"The box?" roared the Removites. "What box?"

"The box that kem down from Lunnion, sir."

"Box of grub?" asked Ogilvy.

"Dunno, sir. It was marked 'With care!'"

"That was the grub!" said Ogilvy, in desperation. "You say Bunter's taken it away? How did he take it? He couldn't carry it?"

"He took it in the 'ack, sir."

"The hack? Has the hack come back?"

"No, sir."

The juniors streamed out of the station again. The ancient Friardale hack was missing from its usual place. There was no sign of it in the distance. Ogilvy inquired of

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

several idlers hanging round the station, and learned that the hack, with Bunter in it, had driven away in the direction of Courtfield a quarter of an hour before.

Some of the juniors rushed off to Courtfield, a village a mile distant. Most of them, however, had had enough of the chase by that time, and they returned towards the school. The chance of overtaking the hack was really remote.

"The young villain!" growled Ogilvy. "He's gone in the hack with the grub, and he'll be feeding all the way! We sha'n't see a tart of it!"

"The fat burglar!" said Morgan. "But we'll jolly well bump him for it, look you!"

They tramped back to Greyfriars.

As they entered the gates, they met Harry Wharton & Co., who were waiting there. The chums of the Removs greeted them with cheerful grins.

"Found Bunter?" asked Harry.

"No. Has he come back?"

"Not yet."

"We'll wait for him," said the shareholders grimly.

They waited.

It was a long wait in the sunshine at the gates of Greyfriars; but everything comes to him who waits, and among other things came the Friardale hack. Nugent sighted it first, rolling down the road from the direction opposite to that of the village. The juniors, who had been looking in the direction of Friardale, swung round to look at it. It was the village hack right enough.

"The young boulder's been half a dozen miles round—by Courtfield and Garth, to get here that way!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the game, I wonder?"

"He wanted to keep clear of us on the road!" exclaimed Ogilvy, warmly. "Of course, he's been feeding all the time!"

The hack rolled up to the gates. The door opened—it was dragged open by three or four pairs of hands—and Bunter stepped out.

The fat junior was looking fatter than ever, and his face had that peculiarly shiny appearance which follows a tremendous feed. Bunter had, evidently, "done himself well" during that drive in the village hack.

There was some nervousness in his manner, and a smear of jam on his face, and several spots of grease on his waistcoat.

"I—I say, you fellows," he remarked, "I'm here, you see! Here's the grub!"

"What?" roared the shareholders.

"Here's the grub!" said Bunter, indicating a large box. "I got it off early so as to get it here in good time, you know. Here it is."

"You've been over an hour and a quarter!" roared Ogilvy.

"Well, you see, I—I went round by way of Courtfield, and—"

"What for?"

"To—to—I thought a drive would do me good, you know, and—"

"Have you scoffed the grub?"

"Oh, really—"

"Look in the box!"

The box was dragged out into the road and opened. Bunter blinked at Harry Wharton.

"Are you going to pay the driver, Wharton?" he asked.

"Pay the driver?"

"Yes. He wants three shillings for going round the long way. I'll settle it up out of my postal-order—I'm expecting one this evening."

Wharton gazed at him silently for a few moments, and then paid the driver, who touched his hat, and grinned, and drove away.

Meanwhile, the Removites were growing more and more excited round the box.

"So that's three pounds ten's worth, is it?" roared Ogilvy. "That measly show! You've been scoffing the things wholesale!"

"Oh, really, Ogilvy—"

"You've scoffed half, or more!"

"Nothing of the sort! I had a snack! I suppose a managing-director is entitled to have a snack?" said Bunter indignantly.

"A snack?" yelled Micky Desmond. "Faith, and that's all ye've left for us! Hand us back our subscriptions, ye thafe of the worruld!"

"Oh, really, Desmond—"

"The fat boulder!" exclaimed Ogilvy. "Collar him!" Bunter tried to dodge in at the gates, but the juniors were all round him, and he could not escape. Hands grasped him on all sides.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Help! Rescue! Wharton, I—"



"You can rescue yourself, you fat rotter!" said Harry, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I felt all along that you'd swindle the company, somehow."

"Oh, really, I hope you don't think—"

"No, I don't think—I know. The fellows won't trust money into your hands again in a hurry."

"I—I had only a snack—"

"Duck him!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Hear, hear!"

The juniors were merciless. The box, which should have contained an almost inexhaustible supply of tuck, was greatly depleted, and it seemed impossible that, if the money's worth had been sent, Bunter could have eaten so much. Bunter was dragged, struggling, towards the ditch.

"Oh!" he roared. "Leggo! Stop it, and—and—and I'll tell you where the rest of the grub is."

"What?" yelled a dozen voices.

"I—I—I've left a bit of it in the hollow tree up the lane," groaned Bunter. "I—I meant to stand you chaps a feed with it, you know, another time. I—Yow!"

The juniors, disgusted and enraged, did not show Bunter the mercy he imagined his confession entitled him to. With a mighty heave they sent him flying into the ditch.

Splash! Bunter disappeared.

He reappeared in a moment or two covered with mud, which ran in thick streams down his hair, mingled with slime and green ooze.

A roar of laughter greeted him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So much for Bunter!" grinned Bulstrode. "Come and get the grub he's hidden in the hollow tree, and some of you get the box indoors."

It did not take the juniors long to recover the portion of the tuck Bunter had hidden in the hollow tree. Even then, a considerable portion, which had disappeared into Bunter's capacious interior, was past recovery.

Bunter crawled out of the ditch, and crawled into the

EVERY  
TUESDAY.

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

school. He was occupied for the next hour, in a bath-room, trying to get clean, and to get rid of the smell of the ditch. When he finally came down, the Remove were feasting right royally in the woodshed. The fat junior came in at the door, and was greeted with a yell.

"Get out!"

"Oh, really, you fellows, I'm hungry! I suppose a managing-director is not going to be turned out of his own feed?" exclaimed Bunter.

Harry Wharton rose and pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he said. "You're a fat, young scoundrel! If you had only taken a big snack, we could have overlooked it, but hiding the grub in the tree was stealing. I don't know how to tell you what I think of you; but get out!"

"Outside!" roared the Remove.

"Oh, really— Oh!"

A shower of bread-crusts, fragments of pie, gingerbeer corks, and various other missiles, drove Bunter from the doorway. Twice he returned to the charge, but each time he was met by a fusillade, and at last he gave it up.

He sat disconsolately on a bench outside, and listened to the merry voices of the juniors feasting within; and he had plenty of leisure to reflect upon the undoubted fact that honesty is the best policy. What good his reflections may have done him we cannot say; but, certainly, he had no chance of retrieving his character with the Remove, for after that day nothing more was heard at Greyfriars of Bunter, Limited.

THE END.

(Another splendid, long, Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars next Tuesday, entitled: "Harry Wharton's Century," by Frank Richards. Order your "Magnet" Library in advance. Price One Penny.)



# STANLEY DARE

## The Boy Detective

### INTRODUCTION.

Stanley Dare, the Boy Detective, has just returned to his London rooms after clearing up the case of the Cambridge undergraduate, when a new client calls. Giving his name as Martin Gilbert, the visitor, who, Dare notes, is blind in one eye, proceeds to relate how a seaman named Fleming, who was the bearer of a pocket-book containing important papers to him—Gilbert—has been robbed and murdered. "If we can trace the pocket-book, we shall be on the track of the murderer," concludes Gilbert.

(Now go on with the Story).

#### On the Trail.

"Very likely," admitted Dare. "From what you have said, I gather that the man who killed John Fleming also robbed him."

"That is the case," replied Martin Gilbert. "I have no idea of the motive of the crime. It is sufficient for me that Fleming was killed and the pocket-book stolen, among other things. The murderer can't be traced. Nobody seems to have any idea who he is, and the police have not found out anything."

"How was it that Fleming had kept the pocket-book in his possession instead of bringing it to you?" Dare inquired.

"It appears that he had only arrived in London that evening," was the reply, "and had taken up his quarters in a common sailors' lodging-house near the West India Docks. I suppose he meant to come on to me the next day. I found out all this for myself, for I was down in the neighbourhood this morning making inquiries."

He called attention to his rough seaman's suit.

"That is why," he added, "I put on these clothes. Less likely to attract attention, you know. I have come straight to your offices from Poplar."

"I read an account of the crime in this morning's paper," said Dare. "From that it appears that John Fleming's body was found in his bed. He had been stabbed during the night, and no one could even make a guess at who the assassin was. Can you add any information to that?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 130.

NEXT  
TUESDAY: "HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY."

"Only what I have told you already."

"Of course, the pocket-book was not referred to," pursued Dare. "No one in England, I presume, but you knew that it was in his possession."

"Others may have known; I couldn't say. My friend, of course, wrote to me to say that Fleming was bringing it home."

"Will you describe the papers to me—the valuable papers—which it contained?"

"At present," was the astonishing reply, "I prefer not to do so."

The young detective glanced curiously at his client.

"As you please," he said. "But the more fully you confide in me the better chance I have of bringing the case to a successful issue."

"I fully appreciate that point," replied Martin Gilbert. "But I am inclined to think that the papers will not be taken from the pocket-book unless they are taken out to be destroyed; so I will give you a description of the pocket-book. It is leather, rather old and worn, strongly made, with the initials 'R. S.' stamped upon it. Secure it for me and I will pay you a big fee. Whether the murderer is brought to justice or not is another matter which does not concern me directly. Are you willing to take up the case as it stands?"

Dare walked slowly across the room with his head bent, just as though he had not heard, or did not take any interest in the question. He walked back, stopped at the window,

A Splendid Tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.



and looked out into the street, Martin Gilbert tapped the door impatiently with his foot.

"Well, sir, what do you say?"

Dare swung round.

"I will investigate the case," he said. "But I reserve to myself the right to hand the murderer over to justice, should I discover him."

"That will be your affair," replied Martin Gilbert. "Of course, you understand that the recovery of the pocket-book is of the first importance so far as I am concerned?"

"I understand perfectly."

Martin Gilbert rose and took his leave.

"If you wish to communicate with me," he said, as he stood at the open door, "my present address is the Marlborough Hotel."

With a nod of the head, and a smile that was a mere twitch of the lips, he was gone.

"I wonder how much of what Mr. Martin Gilbert has been telling me is the truth?" thought Dare, as he turned back into his room. "The murder certainly, as I read an account of it in the papers. But the contents of the pocket-book"—he shrugged his shoulders in a manner expressive of doubt—"he seemed to be very mysterious about. There is a mystery about the whole affair which grips me, and not the least mysterious part of it is the personality of my client himself."

It was then five o'clock in the afternoon, and as soon as the young detective had written a letter to his old friend Professor MacAndrew, giving him an account of the fresh case and the strange client, he made preparations to start his investigations at once. His first step would be to visit the scene of the murder, and possibly even engage a bed-room in the lodging-house where the unfortunate John Fleming had ended his life so tragically.

A light disguise would be necessary, but mainly in the matter of clothing. When he quitted his rooms a quarter of an hour later, he wore a rough serge suit and a peak cap. His face was naturally healthily tanned, but he had darkened the sunburn tint a little, and made his skin look coarser.

He looked exactly what he wished to look like—a young merchant seaman—that is to say, he had the appearance of one who had finished a voyage with a moderately good payday to his credit. To such as he appeared to be, the sailors' boarding-houses always have open doors and a welcome, particularly those boarding-houses whose proprietors make it their business in life to fleece sailors.

He rode by omnibus as far as the junction of the East and West India Dock Roads. Here he alighted, and, walking a short distance in the direction of the West India Docks, turned into a street on the right-hand side of the main thoroughfare.

He paused in front of a coffee-shop, the window of which was decorated with some melancholy bloaters, a few eggs in a basin, and some doubtful pastry.

"Whether I sleep here or not," mused the young detective, "I certainly shall not eat anything here."

It was the house he wanted. He pushed open the door and entered. A fat German came forward—the proprietor.

"Weil, mein freundt," he said, "what can I haf the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I want a bed-room," replied Dare.

"Ah! Joost come ashore—ah?"

"Yes."

"Mit a good pay-day? Ha, ha!" he laughed greasily.

"Fairly good!"

"And, says you, I will go to goot old Eckermanns, where I shall be well treated, and not be robbed. Goot! I haf a nice bed-room, and I will send down to the ship for your chest."

"Not to-night," said Dare. He threw down half-a-sovereign on to the counter. "That will pay for all I want until to-morrow morning."

"I did not want money in advance," declared the proprietor. "I can trust you."

But he pocketed the coin, nevertheless.

After inspecting the

bed-room, and mentally resolving that he would sleep all night in a chair rather than in the bed, the young detective made his way to a room on the first floor which was reserved for the use of the boarders as a dining, smoking, or general sitting-room.

There were five men in it, each one of a different nationality. Four of them were having tea; the fifth was sitting by the fire, smoking and drinking tea. This man was a Chinese half-caste.

"Anyone else staying here, in addition to the present company?" said Dare, turning to the proprietor.

"No. Why?"

"Only that I thought I might find the man who recommended your place to me staying here?"

"What's his name?"

"John Fleming."

At the mention of the name there was a sudden silence in the room. Dare did not seem to notice it; nor did he appear to be looking at anyone in particular, yet he was scrutinising the face of each man in turn.

The proprietor wiped some perspiration from his forehead with a dirty red handkerchief. The men seated round the table looked either troubled or surprised. The Chinese half-caste leaned forward and tapped the ashes from his pipe into the grate. Only a portion of his face could be seen, so Dare looked at his hands. He noticed that the middle finger of the left hand was bound up with a piece of rag.

"Was Fleming a pal of yours?" asked the only British seaman in the room.

"No," replied Dare, with assumed indifference. "I expected to find him here, that was all."

The half-caste straightened himself up.

"It is fortunate," he said, "that Fleming was not your friend. He met with an accident the night before last—"

"Met with an accident!" growled the British sailor. "He was murdered—foully murdered—in his bed!"

"Coom, coom," said the proprietor. "Let us nod talk about it. It was very sad, but it was not pleasant to talk about."

"I hope you haven't given me the bed-room in which the crime occurred?" said Dare.

"No, no," the proprietor hastened to assure him. "The room was locked up, and the body has been taken away to the mortuary. Himmel! It was a terrible pizness!"

"His room was the one next to yours," one of the boarders informed Dare.

The young detective had gained the information he required without having to ask the direct question. He had come there for the special purpose of examining the room in which the murder was committed, but he did not mean that any other person in the house should know of his intention.

The proprietor, muttering an excuse that he was wanted down in the shop, quitted the room rather hurriedly. The police had already asked a lot of awkward questions, and he did not feel inclined to answer any more.

The Chinese half-caste was about to follow, when Dare stretched out his hand and touched his bound-up finger.

"Hurt it?" he asked. "I've got some splendid stuff that I can give you for bruises, or— Oh, I beg your pardon!"

The rag had worked loose, and, by a dexterous movement that looked to be quite accidental, he jerked it right off the finger. There was some congealed blood about a deep cut which extended from the top to the middle joint.


The half-caste glared at him savagely, and his thin lips framed a curse which, however, he did not utter aloud.

"Be more careful!" he snarled. "And mind your own business!"

"A nasty cut," said Dare, not heeding the other's manner; "and made with a sharp knife—a very sharp knife!"

The half-caste wrapped his handkerchief round the wound, and then, striding from the room, closed the door after him with a savage bang.

(Another long instalment of this thrilling detective story next Tuesday.)



**For Next Week**

**"HARRY WHARTON'S CENTURY"**

Is the title of next Tuesday's long, complete school tale of the Juniors of Greyfriars.

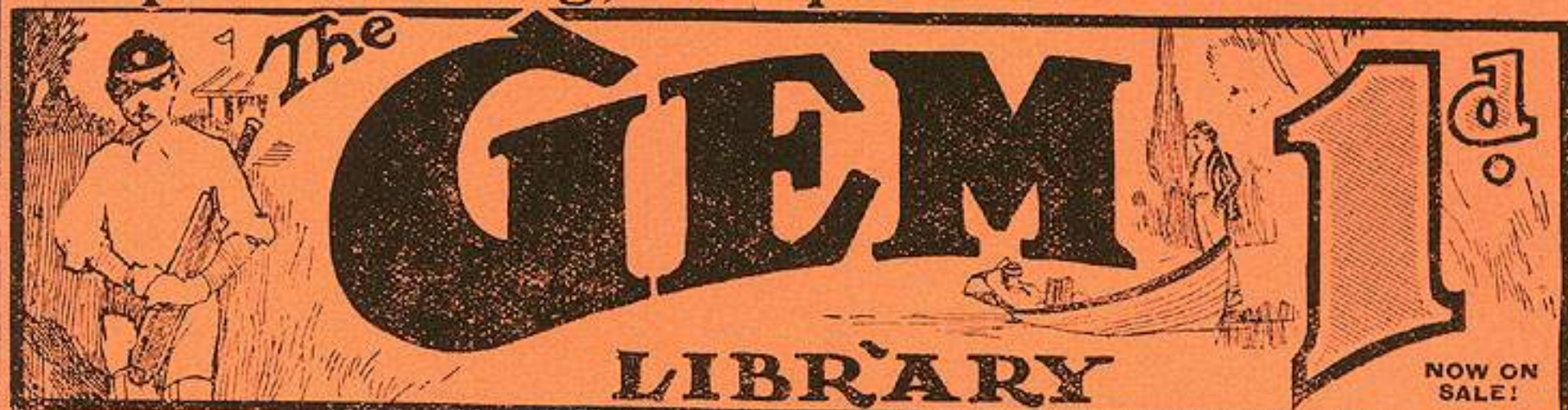
Needless to say, when the popular Remove captain hits up his 100 the excitement is intense.

Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance. Price 1d.

*The Editor*



"THE TERRIBLE THREE'S CRICKET MATCH."  
A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale in—



Grand Long  
Complete  
Tale

*A Tale of the Terrible Three.*

by  
MARTIN  
Clifford.



"Of course," said Lumley-Lumley, "I know I'm not quite like Tom Merry!"





**NEW  
LONG  
COMPLETE NOVELS**

**for the home and**

**FOR THE HOLIDAYS**

**THREE NEW NUMBERS OF "THE BOYS' FRIEND"  
3<sup>d</sup>. COMPLETE LIBRARY  
JUST OUT!**

**NO. 127: "PETE'S PUPILS,"**

**A NEW, Splendid Long, Complete Tale of Jack, Sam and Pete.  
By S. Clarke Hook.**

**NO. 128: "CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,"**

**A NEW Thrilling, Complete Story of the Ring.  
By J. R. Cannon.**

**NO. 129: "A LEGACY OF PERIL";**

**or, A Boy's Queer Quest—A New, Complete Tale.  
By Murray Graydon.**

**PRICE** **3<sup>d</sup>.** **EACH.**

**Ask always for** 

**"THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3<sup>d</sup>. LIBRARY.**