

WHO SAYS A HOLIDAY WITH HARRY WHARTON & CO.?

The MAGNET 2^D



ALL ABOARD FOR CHINA!

No. 1,178, Vol. XXXVIII.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Week Ending September 13th, 1930.



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Here your Editor is pleased to answer questions and discuss topics of general interest. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

BY way of a change, chums, we'll kick-off this week with a clever Greyfriars Limerick, which earns for Philip Robinson, of Faggs Farm, Buriton, Petersfield, Hants, one of our splendid leather pocket wallets. Here it is:

At Greyfriars School, I would mention
That Snoop has no use for convention.
While fellows resort
To some outdoor sport,
This "rorty young blade's" in deten-
tion.

"Grand stuff, these MAGNET yarns!" says the first letter I have opened this week, which comes from a reader who lives at Weybridge. Yes, and I can assure him that they're going to remain "grand stuff." If you could only see the yarns I've got in store for him—but there, you'll see them all in due course, and you'll thoroughly agree with this enthusiastic reader. I flatter myself that I get the very best of authors for our paper, and if there is anybody who can spin a better yarn than Frank Richards, or Geo. E. Rochester, I'd like to meet him!

This same reader wants to know if I've

EVER HEARD OF A JACKAROO?

No, it's no relative to a kangaroo. He came across the word in an Australian yarn the other day, and wants to know what it means. Any of my Australian readers—and their number is legion—could tell him. A "Jackaroo" means a young man of good position who joins a station to learn sheep and cattle farming.

The next query comes from a reader "up North," who, like most people in that part of the country, is interested in coal. He wants to know if it is true that the coal supply of this country will give out soon, and, if so, what will replace it as a source of energy?

It depends on what my reader calls "soon." The coal supply of this country is not likely to give out during his lifetime, but scientists have calculated that there is only sufficient coal in this country to last us about 120 or 130 years! After that, we shall have to find a new source of energy, several of which are now being experimented with.

Before long, we are likely to see

WATER, INSTEAD OF COAL

used for generating energy. It is estimated that we could produce about a million horse-power, which is not much when you consider that the United States produces about twenty-eight millions. But the most promising source of natural energy is the ebb and flow of the tides. When the tide comes in, it will be taken through turbines into huge reservoirs, and then, when it goes out again, the impounded

water could be made to do work again. So, even if "Old King Coal" does let us down, we shan't be entirely left in the lurch!

WHEN you come to consider what is being done nowadays, it is evident that we are living in

A MOST INTERESTING AGE,

and you fellows are going to see some amazing achievements even before you are as old as I am—and I'm nowhere near the sear and yellow yet! For instance, I've just been reading about the new railplane which is claimed to be able to travel at 150 miles per hour, thus superseding the ordinary common or garden railway. Contrast that with the first locomotive of Stephenson, which travelled at six miles per hour! And that was less than a hundred and thirty years ago!

Before answering any further queries, have a laugh at this joke which has earned a handsome pocket knife for: "MAGNET Reader," of 30, Alfred Street, Redcar, Yorks.



Office-boy (applying for job): "Yes, I'm smart, sir. I've won several prizes in crossword puzzles and other competitions lately."

Employer:—

"That's all right; but I want someone smart during office hours."

Boy: "That was during office hours, sir!"



I had begun to think that my girl readers were beginning to get shy, for it is a long time since I received a letter from one of them. However, this week I have heard from Violet Raynor, of Thirsk, who wants to know

HOW PERFUMES ARE MADE?

These are made from essential oils, which are extracted from flowers by subjecting them to distillation with water. But I cannot advise my reader to attempt to make her own perfumes, for it requires between five and six thousand pounds of petals to produce one pound of rose oil. The apparatus is very costly, and three or four distillations are necessary before the oil is perfect.

AS I have told my readers before, the circulation of the MAGNET is not confined to the British Empire. There are readers of ours in practically every country, and this week I was very pleased to receive a letter from

neck." Besides, the scales are heavily loaded against the bull, who is bound to be killed in any case.

Toreadors are finding that if they wish to retain their popularity, they must give up bull-fighting and become dirt-track riders, and one of them, who rejoices in the name of Poto II, has already become

A STAR OF THE SPEEDWAY.

My reader in Spain, tells me that he saw an English rider out there recently. This was Cliff Parkinson, whom I saw riding with the Wembley "Cubs" in this country. Good luck to him! He's a plucky young rider who hails from Middlesbrough, and who worked for a number of years as a window-dresser in a London store. Window dressing wasn't exciting enough for Cliff, so I'm glad to see he's got his chance of showing the Spaniards how we shift the cinders in this country!

Don't forget, you readers of mine who live abroad, I'm always glad to hear from you, and to pass on any interesting information you care to send along!

From one of my readers, R. W. (who gives no address) comes a query

OF INTEREST TO PHILATELISTS.

He wants to join the Junior Philatelic Society, and asks me how to set about it. He should write to the Secretary, Mitre House, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and all information will be sent to him. If this reader had given me his address I would have handed on his letter, and he would have received a reply.

WHAT'S your opinion of the present series of Greyfriars yarns? Tip-toppers, aren't they? And there's another top-notch coming next week, in:

"THE HAND OF THE MANDARIN!"

By Frank Richards.

The title alone should be sufficient to assure you that there is going to be plenty of excitement in the yarn. So don't miss it, chums, or you'll miss a dashed good thing.

The "Greyfriars Herald" will also be going strong, to say nothing of our ripping serial, which is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest our old paper has ever published. Our Special Rhymester will also be in evidence, while jokes and limericks, and my usual chat will round off the programme.

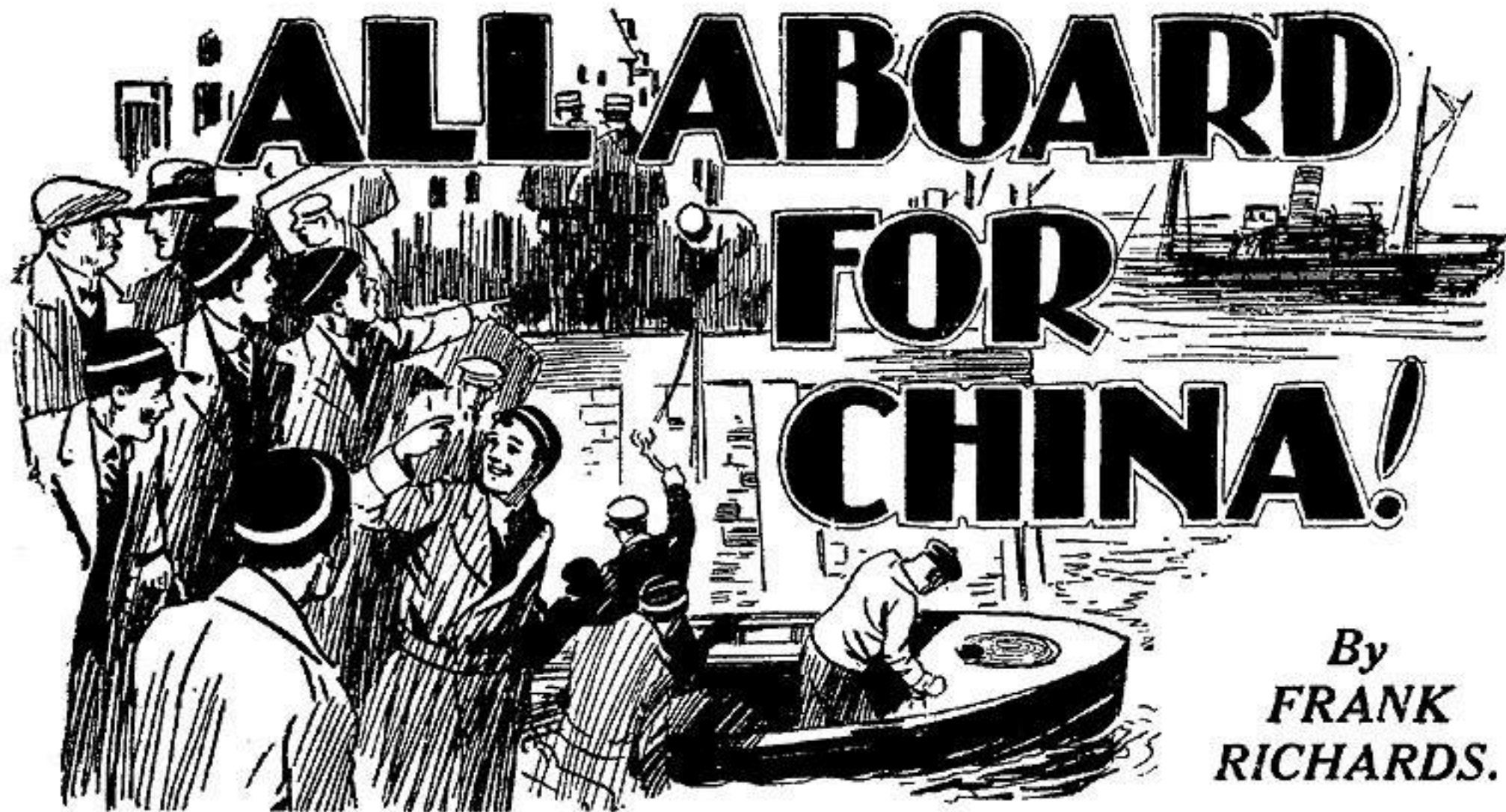
Cheerio until next week, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

Don't Delay,
Get Busy To-day!

Send along your Joke or your Greyfriars Limerick—or both—and win our useful prizes of leather pocket wallets and Sheffield steel penknives. All efforts to be sent to: c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

PERILS AND ADVENTURES AHEAD FOR THE GREYFRIARS VOYAGERS!



By
**FRANK
RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Off to China!

“WE'RE off!”
“Hurrah!”

It was a merry party in the big car.

Harry Wharton & Co. of the Greyfriars Remove were in the best of spirits.

A sunny September morning, a swift car that hummed merrily by dale and hill, and the prospect ahead of a voyage over half the world; the chums of the Remove did not want more than that to buck them up.

The Famous Five wore their cheeriest smiles. Little Wun Lung, the Chinese, grinned placidly.

“We're going to have a good time!” said Bob Cherry.

“We are!” agreed Johnny Bull. “We is!”

“The goodfulness of the time,” remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, “will be really terrific, my absurd chums.”

“Simply terrific!” agreed Bob. “Not to say preposterous!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

Ferrers Locke, at the wheel, glanced round for a moment at his cheery companions and smiled.

Undoubtedly it was a merry party.

There was, perhaps, one fly in the ointment—a fat fly! Billy Bunter was in the car!

But Bunter was only going as far as Folkestone. At least, that was what the other fellows thought. They were to drop him when they boarded the Channel boat. Again, that was what the other fellows thought.

Bunter, perhaps, was thinking differently. There was a sly glimmer in the little round eyes behind the big round spectacles.

Bunter, perhaps, was not the pal a fellow could rely on in an emergency. But when it came to a trip to China, with all expenses paid, then Bunter could be relied upon to stick to his friends—if he could. Bunter was to be dropped at Folkestone, but that, in Bunter's opinion, was a drop too much. He was not going to be dropped if he could help it.

“I say, you fellows—”

“Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, old fat bean?” boomed Bob Cherry.

“I say, did you put any grub in the car?”

“Oh, my hat! We shall be at Folkestone in a couple of hours, and you've only just packed away six brekkers one after another—”

“Oh, really, Cherry—”

Frank Nugent laughed, and produced a packet of toffee from his pocket. Bunter grabbed the toffee. Then he was silent. His silence was likely to last exactly as long as the toffee.

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh looked back at the white road stretching like a ribbon through the green countryside. There were many cars on the road, but none of them passed Locke's Daimler. Few of them kept pace with it, for Locke was putting on plenty of speed. But a dark green Mercedes had hung in the wake of the car ever since Wharton Lodge had been left behind.

Don't waste time packing bags and catching boats. For a right royal holiday join up with Harry Wharton & Co., en route for China and thrilling adventures. Billy Bunter's with 'em!

“My esteemed chums—” murmured Hurree Singh.

“What's up, Inky?”

“I thinkfully opine that we are being followed.”

“Shouldn't wonder,” said Harry Wharton. “Those blighters who are after Wun Lung will have had their eyes open, I expect. In fact, I believe Mr. Locke wanted them to know that the kid had left Wharton Lodge.”

All eyes turned on the car behind.

The peak of the driver's cap half hid his face, but what the juniors could see of it, it had an ivory-yellow complexion.

“That dliiver Chinee!” said Wun Lung.

“So they're after us already!” said Bob. “They're not letting the grass grow under their tootsies. We've only done about fifteen miles so far—and how many is it to China?”

“About ten thousand!” said Harry Wharton, laughing.

“There's a car following us, Mr. Locke,” said Bob.

The detective smiled.

“A Mercedes?” he asked.

Bob looked back again.

“I think so.”

“It has followed us from Wharton Lodge,” said Locke. “I noticed it when we started.”

“Oh!”

“They mean to follow us to Folkestone,” said Nugent. “If the chap's got his passport on him, I suppose we shall have his company on the boat.”

“I say, you fellows!” Bunter had finished the toffee. “I say, don't be frightened. I'm coming to see you off, you know!”

“Fathead!”

“We shall be at Folkestone long before the boat starts, at this rate,” said Johnny Bull. “Only—”

“Only what?”

“This doesn't seem to me the right road.”

“Mr. Locke knows the way, I fancy,” said Bob.

“We're going a long way round, anyhow; according to the last signpost, we shall hit Croydon this way!”

“Oh!”

The chums of the Remove sat up and took notice, as it were. They had taken it for granted that the run would be direct to the port where they were to take the boat for France—a straight run to Ashford in Kent, and then down to Folkestone. But Locke was striking north—on the London road. It was true that there was plenty of time to catch the midday boat, for the start had been made early in the morning. But there would certainly not be too much time if Locke was going round by way of the metropolis.

However, the Greyfriars party took it for granted that Ferrers Locke knew what he was about.

The car hummed on, faster and faster. It was a good car, and Locke knew how to get the best out of it.

But at the same distance behind, the Mercedes hummed after it, keeping pace. The Mercedes was a good car.

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too, and the Chinaman who drove it was a good man at the wheel.

Again and again the juniors looked back.

They were entering into the excitement of the race; for race it was, as they realised now. Locke was trying to drop the pursuer.

"I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter, as the trees by the roadside whizzed past, as if past an express train. "I—I say, this is—isn't safe. We're going too jolly fast!"

"Jump out!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! I say, Mr. Locke, slow down, please! I say——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter. "If you think I'm going to be killed just to please you, you're jolly well mistaken, see? Suppose we run into a lorry?"

"That's all right, you'll bounce off!" said Bob.

"Suppose—suppose a tyre bursts——"

"You're more likely to burst than the tyres, considering the number of breakers you put away!"

"Suppose—oh dear! I say, stop! I want to get out!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ferrers Locke may have heard Bunter, but if he heard, he did not heed. The Daimler whizzed on at a terrific speed. It not only ate up the miles, but devoured them greedily. But still, in the mist of dust behind, the Mercedes hung on. The juniors watched, with a thrill. The terrific speed of the car was exhilarating—to all except Bunter. Billy Bunter's feelings were expressed in a series of terrified yelps.

"Where's the Mercedes now?" asked Locke, without turning his head.

"Same distance!" answered Bob.

"Just the same?"

"Just!"

"The man's a sticker," said Locke, and he eased off. To Bunter's great relief, the wild race slackened. "We shall not beat him by speed. But perhaps there are other ways."

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter.

The car hummed on, at a reduced speed. The Mercedes behind eased off, keeping the same distance as before. Evidently it was the intention of the Chinaman to keep the car in sight, and unless he could be dodged in the traffic nearer London, the juniors did not see how he was to be shaken off. But they were more than content to leave it to Ferrers Locke.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Shaking Off the Shadows!

"I SAY, you fellows——"

"Dry up, Bunter!"

"But, look here, what are we heading for London for?" demanded Bunter peevishly. "I thought we were going to Folkestone!"

"How could you have thought that?" demanded Bob.

"Eh! Didn't you think so?"

"Yes, I did, but I don't see how you could."

"Why not, you ass?"

"Because you haven't anything to think with, old fat man."

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"It's all right, Bunter," said Harry. "We shall get to Folkestone sooner or later, and land you at your uncle's."

"He, he, he!"

"Well, what are you cackling at, you fat image?"

Bunter did not explain what he was cackling at. He had demanded a lift

to Folkestone, for the ostensible purpose of staying with his uncle there. But as he had no uncle at Folkestone, there would have been difficulties in the way.

"And if we're a little late, all the better," said Bob. "I suppose you want to please your uncle, don't you, Bunter?"

"Eh? Oh! Yes!"

"Well, you couldn't please anybody more than by arriving late—unless you didn't arrive at all, of course."

"Beast!"

The car swept round a bend in the road, and the Mercedes was lost to sight behind for the moment. Then, so suddenly that the car rocked, Locke shot into a side-road between rows of tall, leafy trees. It was a narrow lane, rough and rutty, and the car rocked along it in a way that shook the juniors like peas. Billy Bunter lurched off his seat, but fortunately for Bunter, caught Nugent round the neck with a suddenly flung arm. It was not fortunate for Nugent. He gave a howl as Bunter's weight dragged him down.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I say! Hold me! Oh, my hat! I say, you fellows! Oh crumbs!"

"You fat idiot——"

"Ow!"

Nugent shook himself free as the Owl of the Remove collapsed on the floor. Bunter sat and roared.

The Famous Five stared back eagerly. They had been out of sight of the Mercedes when the car turned so suddenly into the lane. They guessed Locke's object, and wondered whether the pursuer would tumble to it, or whether he would go rushing on along the main road.

Locke slackened speed; the Daimler glided gently on up the rutty lane. The thick trees hid the road behind, but the juniors heard the roar of the Mercedes as it passed the end of the lane. There was another curve on the high road a little ahead, and doubtless the Chinaman took it for granted that Locke had picked up speed and gone on round that curve. At all events, it was certain that he had not turned into the lane.

"I fancy we've chucked that Chinese!" said Bob Cherry, grinning.

"Ow!"

"Oh, do shut up, Bunter!"

"Ow! I'm bumped! I'm hurt! I think I've broken a rib!"

"There's a good hospital at Folkestone. We'll drop you there instead of at your uncle's."

"Beast!"

Bunter crawled back to his seat. It transpired that he had not, after all, broken a rib. But he was in a very bad temper. Fortunately, that did not matter.

At a moderate speed the car negotiated a tangle of lanes and country roads, with which Locke seemed to be well acquainted. When the car emerged into a main road at last, it was the road to Ashford, and Locke put on speed again as he drove through the smiling countryside of Kent.

"No sign of the giddy enemy!" chuckled Bob.

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"I fancy we shall not see the Mercedes again!" he said. "I have no doubt we gave the enemy the impression that we were going to London, and it is in London, I hope, that they will look for us."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob. "That was the big idea, was it?"

"That was the big idea," assented Ferrers Locke. "I was glad to let them

see that Wun Lung had left Wharton Lodge, in order to remove danger of further trouble in that quarter. But there is no need to apprise them that we are starting for the Continent. They know nothing of Wun Lung's intention to return home to China, and it is not for us to tell them."

"Good!" said Harry. "From the road you took, they must think we were going to London. As soon as they find out that we've dropped them, they'll try up and down the London road for us."

"Probably!"

"Then we're clear of them!" said Frank Nugent.

"I hope so," said Locke. "But we are dealing with men who are not easily beaten, my boy. We are done with the Mercedes now, but I shall be very glad if we get on the Channel boat without falling in with any more of the gang. The Mandarin Tang Wang is well served by his agents in this country, and if they discover that we are heading for China, I have no doubt that our stops will be dogged every foot of the way. We have dropped the rascal who watched us leave Wharton Lodge, and for the rest we must trust to fortune."

Eager eyes from the car watched the road as they swept on through Kent in the bright morning sunshine.

The Mercedes was not seen again, and there was no sign of any other car picking up the pursuit.

They passed through Ashford and hummed on towards the coast. It was a relief to the minds of the Greyfriars fellows to see no sign of an enemy on the road. One pursuer had been deluded and shaken off, and they entertained a strong hope that they would succeed in getting on the Channel boat without pursuit. Bob Cherry remarked that it would be a good joke on Tang Wang's emissaries, to be crossing the Continent, while they were hunting for Wun Lung in London.

But it was evident that Locke did not feel assured of it. For it was possible, indeed probable, that the enemy might guess what Wun Lung's destination really was; possible even that they had learned something of Mr. Wun Chung Lung's cable to his son bidding him return to China. It would not have surprised any of the party to find themselves watched by slanting eyes when they reached Folkestone.

Ashford had been left a long way behind when the juniors noticed a motor-bicycle on the road.

The rider of the motor-bike was goggled beyond recognition, and it would have been hard to tell whether he was white, yellow, or black.

There were so many motor-bikes on the road, that it was some time before the juniors observed that this special rider was behind them mile after mile.

Then they began to watch him. He was letting his machine out to keep pace with the car, and several times they saw him taking reckless chances with the traffic coming up from the coast towns.

Wharton determined to draw Ferrers Locke's attention to him at last. Locke nodded and smiled. He had been watching the motor-bike for some time reflected in the mirror that gave him a view of the road behind.

"A spy, probably," said Locke. "But we shall soon see. I have allowed plenty of time for making detours."

He turned from the main road soon afterwards, cutting across by a country lane towards Paddlesworth, one of the highest parts of the downs.

The juniors, looking back, saw the



As the car suddenly rocked, Billy Bunter lurched in his seat. He flung his arms round Nugent's neck and dragged on him. "Ow! Leggo!" roared Nugent.

motor-bike sweep round the corner a minute later.

The cyclist, apparently, was bound in the direction of Paddlesworth, if he was not shadowing the car. But the Greyfriars fellows were pretty certain now that he was shadowing them.

From Paddlesworth, the car ran down to the main Canterbury road, where it passes through Hawkinge, and Locke, turning his back on the sea, drove up towards Canterbury.

After the car hummed the motor-bike. Locke swerved to the right through the village street suddenly, and the motor-bike shot past on the main road, towards the distant cathedral city.

But five minutes later, as the car rocked by narrow bumpy lanes where the branches of trees scratched the windows on either side, the motor-bike was heard humming behind.

"There's that sportsman again!" said Bob. "He's after us—no doubt of it now!"

"None at all," agreed Wharton. "But how the dickens he picked us up—"

"He picked us up at Ashford," said Ferrers Locke. "We were watched passing through that town. I fancy the man in the Mercedes used the telephone after we gave him the slip, and there was a man in Ashford ready. They suspect that Wun Lung is leaving England, and they are keeping watch to make sure! But we may beat them yet."

"Where the thump are we now?" murmured Nugent, staring from the window, that nearly cracked as a branch dashed on it.

"Beautiful scenery, anyhow, though it's a tight fit!" said Bob.

It was undoubtedly a tight fit in the lane the car was following. The way was too narrow for two vehicles to pass, and overhanging branches swept the car, crackled on the windows, and brushed the baggage on the roof. Up steep ascents, down dizzy declivities the car dashed, with a continual crackle from brushing branches.

"Now if we meet a farmer's cart—" murmured Nugent.

"Yarooogh!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter, Bunter?"

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I don't like this! I say, if we run into a farm cart—"

"If we do, old fat bean, you'll never get to your uncle at Folkestone. Won't that be nice for him!"

The car swept round a curve and slacked a little as several cows strolled in a leisurely way ahead. There was a yelp from Bunter.

"I—I say, you fellows, suppose we run into a cow—"

"The cow won't half like it, if we do!" said Bob. "Let's hope, for the cow's sake, that we shan't."

"You silly ass! Blow the cow! I wasn't thinking of the beastly cow! They oughtn't to be allowed to let cows walk about the road!" gasped Bunter.

"My dear ass, there were cows in this part before there were roads. It isn't cows wandering on the roads—it's a road wandering into the cows' pasture. We can't abolish cows, you know," said Bob argumentatively. "It would be no use trying to milk a motor-car!"

"You silly chump! Oh dear! I

know we're all going to be killed!" wailed Bunter. "I wish I hadn't come."

"Passed unanimously," said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's a jolly old gate—open, luckily."

Almost hidden by foliage, an ancient church looked out of the trees on a chalky acclivity. The old church of Hawkinge, if the juniors had happened to know it. Near by was a gate used to close the road, which up to that spot was unfenced from the surrounding pasture land. The gate stood wide open, though there was a notice on it: "Please Shut This Gate." The car glided through the gateway and stopped.

Ferrers Locke jumped down, ran back to the gate, and closed it. He delayed there for a few moments, then hurried back to the car and drove on, down a steep hill that led down into the Alkham Road.

"My hat!" murmured Bob. The gate ought to have been closed to keep the cattle from straying down to the lower road, where cars were many, but Bob was rather surprised that Ferrers Locke had delayed to close it in the circumstances.

Down the hill, which was frightfully steep, the car went like a rocket. The juniors looked back breathlessly.

"There he is!" hooted Bob. The motor-bike came rushing up to the closed gate—and stopped. The rider scrambled off to open the gate.

The juniors saw him fumbling at it, and he was still fumbling when the car shot out of the hilly lane into the

Alkham Road and spun on towards Folkestone once more.

"It is good-bye, I think," said Ferrers Locke.

"That gate won't stop him long, will it?" asked Bob.

"I think so!"

"But how—"

Locke laughed.

"I locked it with a steel chain and a padlock when I closed it," he said. "I did not start unprepared for a chase. That gate will not open very easily."

"Oh crumbs!"

"If our friend gets that gate open in ten minutes he will be a quick worker," said Locke, "and in ten minutes now we shall be in Folkestone."

The juniors chuckled.

"Gates across the lanes in remote rural districts are sometimes a trouble to a motorist," remarked Locke. "But they have their uses! I think we have seen the last of our friend."

The Baker Street detective was right. Nothing more was seen of the man on the motor-bike, and the car ran into Folkestone unpursued.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

In the Chops of the Channel!

THE siren filled the air with raucous din. The gangway was cast off, and the steamer began to move. The Channel boat was crowded, and in the crowd were six cheery boyish faces—those of Harry Wharton & Co., and Wun Lung, the Chinese. Until the boat started the juniors had stayed below, to keep out of sight of any spying eyes that might have been watching from the crowd ashore. But as the boat throbbed out of the harbour, they came back to the deck, to watch the white cliffs of Old England, which they were not to see again for a long time.

The shore became a blur; blue waters rolled round the throbbing steamer.

"Off at last!" said Bob Cherry.

"The off-fullness is terrific!"

"Next stop, Boulogne!" said Bob. "Now we're safe, I may as well own up that I never really believed that Bunter would come unstuck."

"Well, he had to stop at Folkestone," said Harry. "He told us his uncle was expecting him there."

"Which looks as if his uncle wasn't," remarked Johnny Bull, "as Bunter's statements generally go by contraries."

"Blessed if I didn't expect him to try to wedge on the boat somehow," said Bob. "I hope Bunter will have a good time without us. I know we shall without him."

"What-ho!"

"I suppose they wouldn't let him on the boat without a ticket—and he couldn't travel without a passport, anyhow. Still, I'm rather surprised to be Bunterless."

The juniors chuckled. Perhaps Bob was not the only member of the party who had wondered whether Billy Bunter planned to stick.

But the fat junior had shown no sign of that. He had said good-bye to the chums of the Remove, only mentioning, that, as he had come away in such a hurry, he had forgotten to bring any money with him. Whether he had any to bring, if he had remembered, was another matter. But with the nappy prospect of not seeing Bunter again for weeks and weeks and weeks, the chums of Greyfriars had felt quite kindly towards the fat Owl, and they had shelled out generously. It was rather

a relief that he had made no further mention of going to China with them; they did not like saying no, even to Bunter, though they would have liked still less to say yes. Billy Bunter had been left with a fat fist full of silver and a fat grin on his fat face. And that was the last of Bunter!

The white cliffs sank lower and lower as the steamer ploughed through the chops of the Channel. It was a perfect day, and none of the party felt any of the inward uneasiness that so often accompanies the passage of "la Manche."

Ferrers Locke joined the group of juniors on deck. There was a cheery smile on the detective's face.

"Feeling fit?" he asked.

"Fit as a fiddle, sir!" said Bob. "Bunter would be sea-sick if he was here—but Bunter's come unstuck."

"The fitfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Singh. "The esteemed sea-breeze would give anyone esteemed fits."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You think we dodged those blighters, Mr. Locke?" asked Nugent. Ferrers Locke nodded.

"I think so," he answered. "We were not, I think, watched coming on the steamer. But it is very probable, of course, that they will guess why we came in this direction. We have a good start of them, however, and we shall lose no time crossing France to Marseilles. If anyone follows us by the next boat, we shall be well ahead."

"And at Marseilles—"

"There we shall be picked up by a yacht; after which they will not find it easy to keep track of us on the sea—if they follow us as far as Marseilles. But if you youngsters are feeling fit we may as well lunch on the boat; we go straight to the train on the French side."

"Right-ho!"

"I will join you presently," added Locke; and the juniors went down to the dining-room.

They guessed that Locke intended to take a look at the passengers on deck.

There were already a good many people lunching. But the juniors were shown an empty table by an obliging steward, and they started lunch with a good appetite.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

The whole party gave a convulsive start.

From a neighbouring table a fat and familiar voice squeaked:

"Waiter!"

The juniors gazed at one another. Then they gazed round in the direction of the fat squeak.

"Bunter!" gasped Bob Cherry.

There was Bunter!

With a napkin tucked under his fat chin Bunter was going strong. The debris on the table before him indicated that he had started early. But at such functions Bunter, though an early starter, always finished late. He was not done yet.

"Waiter! Where's that pudding?"

"Yessir! Coming, sir!"

Bunter did not seem to have observed the juniors. His attention was too busily occupied.

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton faintly.

"Bunter!"

"The Bunterfulness is terrific!"

"How the thump did he get on the boat?"

"He hasn't a ticket! Mr. Locke's got us on his passport; but he hasn't got Bunter. The fat idiot—"

Bob Cherry rose from the table and

walked over to Bunter. Bunter had received his pudding now, and was getting busy.

"You fat chump—"

Bunter blinked up at him and grinned.

"What are you doing on this boat?" demanded Bob.

"Eh! I'm having lunch."

"How did you get on, you fat dummy?"

"Walked."

"You—you crass ass! You have to show a passport before you're allowed to land in France!"

"That's all you know," answered Bunter calmly. "You don't need a passport for a day-trip ticket."

"A—a day-trip ticket!" ejaculated Bob.

"Yes, old chap! I've got a trip ticket for a day in Boulogne."

"Oh, my hat!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "Grooogh! Hooogh! Oooogh!"

There was too much pudding in transit for Bunter to chortle successfully. He choked and spluttered.

Bob Cherry returned to the juniors' table, and sat down. They proceeded with their lunch.

"The fat dummy's got a day ticket," said Bob. "Day trippers are allowed to land without passports. Blessed if I thought of that!"

"My hat! And we lent him the money!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Oh crumbs! We might have guessed he would be up to some trick. We've financed him, and he's here!" grinned Bob. "I was surprised that he came unstuck so easily! The fat villain had this in his mind all the time."

"Well, his day ticket to Boulogne won't see him all the way to Hong Kong, that's one comfort," said Johnny Bull.

Bunter was still lunching when the juniors went back to the deck. Bunter was in funds; owing to the parting loans the juniors had made, under the mistaken impression that they were seeing the last of Bunter.

Regardless of the Channel and its treacherous ways, Bunter was stacking away one lunch after another, with a happy, beatific smile on his fat face.

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled about the deck, and watched the white cliffs of France rising into view in the distance, as the steamer churned on towards Boulogne.

In the middle of the Channel the water was rougher, and the steamer rolled a little; and one or two passengers betrayed signs of uneasiness. Presently, as they passed a huddled heap in a deckchair, the juniors were startled by a hair-raising groan.

They looked round, quite alarmed.

It was only Bunter!

His face was white, his jaw was dropping; and on his podgy face was a look of suffering that might have melted a heart of stone.

"Sea-sick, old fat bean?" asked Bob kindly.

Groan!

"You packed away rather too much, you know."

Groan!

"Poor old Bunter!"

Groan!

Harry Wharton & Co. had been feeling powerfully inclined to kick the Owl of the Remove, on finding him aboard the Channel boat. But they were compassionate now. It was only too evident that William George Bunter was suffering for his sins. All the lunches he had disposed of were in disagreement with Bunter, and with one another.

"Like a glass of water, old fatty?" asked Bob.

Groan!

Bob fetched a glass of water. Bunter sipped it, with a lack-lustre eye. He blinked at the juniors mournfully through his big spectacles. The water seemed to afford him little relief; and he dropped the glass. It dropped on Bob's foot, and swamped his shoe.

"Oh, you fathead!" exclaimed Bob. "Fellows who did Bunter good turns often had reason to repent it."

"I—I say, you fellows," moaned Bunter, in a hollow voice. "I—I'm dying! I—I feel it! I—I'm expiring!"

"You might have expired before you dropped that glass of water on my foot, you silly ass!"

"Beast! I—I—groooogh—ooooogh!— I'm dying!" moaned Bunter. "I—I

"declare," and chalked the bags, hardly waiting for an answer. From the custom-house they walked on into the railway station, where the train for Paris was already waiting.

In the bustle of getting off the boat and getting on the train the juniors forgot Bunter. Whether he was still on the boat, or whether he had gone ashore with the rest of the trippers, they did not know; but they had no doubt that they had seen the last of the Owl of the Remove now.

Seats had been booked ahead in the train; and the party soon found them, and deposited their bags on the racks. The train was not starting immediately, and the juniors clustered at the door and windows and looked out at the busy, crowded platform.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

sticking—or trying to stick! He seemed to have recovered from his sea-sickness, and he was busily hunting the Greyfriars party along the train. They watched him from the window with some interest. A French porter bore down on Bunter, seeing a short-sighted foreigner in difficulties, and doubtless scenting a tip.

"Monsieur cherche quelqu'un?" he inquired.

Bunter blinked at him.

At Greyfriars, Bunter's French was the worst in the Remove. But the best French in the Remove was not particularly useful in France. With the obstinacy which is a well-known characteristic of foreigners, the French persisted in speaking a language quite different from that acquired so laboriously at Greyfriars. Bunter had been

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wish I hadn't had the third pudding now! Ow! But—but perhaps it was the cake! It might have been the plum-cake—or the seed-cake! Or perhaps it was the ham! Or the beef!"

"My only hat!" gasped Wharton.

The chums of the Remove turned away. History was repeating itself; and they left Bunter to it.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, Too!

A BABEL of voices, clanking of machinery, a host of blue-bloused porters descending on the ship like locusts. The Greyfriars voyagers had arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The juniors picked up their bags, and followed Ferrers Locke ashore into the "douane," where a polite official inquired whether they had anything to

"What—"

"His nibs again!" grinned Bob.

"Oh, my hat! Bunter!"

A fat form, with a fat face adorned by a large pair of spectacles, rolled along the platform. Bunter blinked to the right and blinked to the left. Evidently he was looking for somebody, and the juniors did not need telling for whom he was looking.

"The howling idiot!" gasped Wharton. "Does he think he can travel in France without a ticket and without a passport?"

"Does he think at all?" grunted Johnny Bull.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh shook his dusky head.

"The thoughtfulness of the esteemed Bunter is not terrific," he remarked. "But his absurd stickfulness is preposterous."

There was no doubt that Bunter was

in France before, and he had been far from satisfied with the pronunciation of the natives. It was undoubtedly very different from his own.

"What?" he asked.

"Monsieur cherche quelque chose?"

The porter was only asking Bunter if he was looking for somebody or something—as evidently he was. But he made the mistake of not speaking with a Greyfriars pronunciation.

"Kelker, what?" asked Bunter irritably. "Look here, have you seen a party of fellows—five fellows and an ugly little beast of a Chinee, and a long-legged blighter with a jaw like a vice?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob. Bunter's polite inquiry reached the ears of the juniors in the train, and they were rather glad that Ferrers Locke had gone along the corridor. They fancied that he might not have been gratified

at hearing himself described as a long-legged blighter with a jaw like a vice.

"Comment?" asked the porter, which only meant "what."

"Common! Yes, a rather common lot," said Bunter. "Regular Bank Holiday crowd, to tell you the truth. One's a nigger."

"Comment?"

"Yes, I've told you they're common—frightfully common, the lot of them?"

"Plait-il?"

"Eh? Who's talking about playing?" snapped Bunter. "Play till when? I'm not going to play! What do you mean?"

"Plait-il?"

"For goodness' sake, talk sense! Have you seen six fellows—one of them a Chinaman, and one a nigger?" bawled Bunter. Bunter suffered from the common delusion that by shouting, a foreigner could be made to understand.

"Je ne comprends pas, monsieur!" said the porter regretfully.

"Comprong be blowed, and I'm not talking about my pa—I don't call him pa, either, but pater! Have you seen six—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That roar of laughter caught Bunter's ears, and he blinked round and sighted the laughing faces at the train window.

"Oh, here you are!" said Bunter, rolling up to the door. "I say, you fellows, I nearly missed you."

"Why didn't you quite?" asked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry? Got room for a fellow in that carriage?"

"No fear!"

"Well, I'll take the next. I don't care about keeping with you too much. Even the porters have noticed that you're a common lot. That porter chap just said so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat idiot!" exclaimed Wharton. "You can't take the Paris train. You won't be back in time for the boat on your day ticket."

"He, he, he!"

"If you get on this train, you ass, you'll land in trouble. Trippers aren't allowed to over-stay their time. You may be run in by a gendarme."

"I'm going as far as Paris," said Bunter calmly. "I suppose I can do as I like? I was going to honour you fellows with my company! Well, now I won't! Go and eat coke!"

Bunter rolled along the train. Having satisfied himself that the Greyfriars party were on it, Bunter clambered on it, too. Leaning from the window, Bob Cherry watched him clamber into the train some distance down.

"The fat idiot's got in!" he said.

"The burbling ass!" said Harry. "He will get into trouble! But I suppose there's no stopping him!"

"We could walk along the train and chuck him off!" suggested Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton laughed. There was no doubt that Billy Bunter was an exasperating ass, but he was not inclined to use such drastic methods of dealing with him. The Owl of the Remove certainly had a right to board the Paris train if he liked. He was fairly certain to land into trouble, but that was his own business. He was putting his fat person on the train at owner's risk, as it were.

"They'll chuck him off when they find he hasn't a ticket," said Nugent.

"I dare say he has a ticket—as we were asses enough to fix him up with tin at Folkestone," grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, if he has, he's free to travel

on it! Bother him! We shall lose him at the Gare du Nord, anyhow!"

"Tain't so jolly easy to lose Bunter."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, we're starting!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Even French trains start, if you wait long enough! We're off!"

Ferrers Locke, in the train corridor, glanced in, doubtless to make sure that all his charges were safe on the train. Then he strolled along the corridor. Harry Wharton & Co. sat down, and the train glided away from Boulogne. They were off—and so was William George Bunter—though what Bunter was going to do when they arrived at Paris was rather a mystery.

It was clear, by this time, what Bunter's ultimate objective was. He was bound for China with the Greyfriars party—if he could manage it! But it was a long, long way to China!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Tries It On!

BILLY BUNTER grinned.

He was feeling good.

Sitting in a corner seat, while the landscape of Northern France whirled by the windows, Billy Bunter grinned the grin of satisfaction.

The beasts thought they were going to leave him behind. Bunter thought they weren't! It seemed that Bunter was right, so far!

Certainly the fat owl had shown considerable astuteness in getting over the first difficulties. He had succeeded in crossing the Channel and landing in France without a passport. That, Bunter considered, was rather a triumph of cleverness.

Any fellow but Bunter might have felt uneasy at finding himself in a foreign country without a passport, where those troublesome and superfluous documents are strictly necessary. Not, of course, that a passport serves any useful purpose beyond providing officials with something to keep up an appearance of earning their salaries. A traveller found travelling without a passport was likely to set a whole series of officials cackling like a flock of geese. He might be suspected of being a fugitive criminal or a spy, for the official mind, of course, is quite blind to the fact that criminals and spies always have their passports in perfect order. But Bunter was not worrying about that. What was the use of meeting troubles half way? Besides, at the back of his fat mind, Bunter had no doubt that Harry Wharton & Co. would see him through somehow, if he landed in trouble.

Bunter was in a first-class carriage. He liked the comfort of it. He had a third-class ticket, for he did not like wasting money on railway fares. If any beast kicked up a fuss about such a trifling matter, Bunter was going to find refuge in not understanding the language.

So he settled down comfortably and closed his eyes behind his big spectacles and dozed.

He was awakened after a time by a tap on the shoulder.

"Beast! Lemme alone!" murmured Bunter.

"Monsieur!"

"Oh dear, is that some beastly Frenchman?" grunted Bunter unwillingly opening his eyes.

A man in uniform had come into the carriage from the corridor. Bunter guessed that he was the conductor of the train, and wondered whether he wanted to look at the tickets. Bunter's experience of railway travelling

was, that there were altogether too many beasts wanting to look at a fellow's ticket. Bunter seldom liked showing up his ticket on a train. Sometimes he hadn't one, and when he had one it was generally of the wrong class.

"What do you want?" asked Bunter.

"Montrez votre billet, s'il vous plait, monsieur."

"Non comprong!" said Bunter, in his French, which made the conductor give a sort of convulsive start.

"Billet!" repeated the native.

"What on earth does he mean by 'bee-yay'?" murmured Bunter. "I say! Go away! I want to go to sleep."

A stream of French answered him.

Bunter closed his eyes.

He hoped that the man would leave him in peace then. But the man did not leave him in peace.

He shook Bunter roughly by the shoulder, and the Owl of the Remove re-opened his eyes irritably.

"Look here! Chuck it!" snapped Bunter. "Go and eat coke! See? Shut up!"

"Le billet!"

A French passenger, who spoke English in the way that Bunter spoke French, kindly interposed.

"You sall produce one tickey, isn't it?" said the passenger. "You sall not understand. It needs to produce one tickey."

Unwillingly Bunter produced his ticket.

The conductor immediately burst into gesticulations. He signed to Bunter to follow him from the carriage. Bunter sat tight.

"Venez, monsieur!" said the conductor. "Venez s'il vous plait! Suives moi, n'est-ce pas. Voyez, monsieur, troisieme classe! Faut chercher une autre carrosse! Comprenez?"

"Good-bye!" said Bunter.

"Une autre carrosse!" hooted the conductor. "Troisieme classe!"

Bunter was aware that troisieme classe was third-class; but he did not choose to understand. He shook his head.

Again the English-speaking passenger came to the rescue.

"Troisieme tickey!" he explained. "You make one meestake, sir! Zis one is one premier classe—worst-class—non, non, as you say, first-class! You go search one third-class."

"I'm all right here," said Bunter.

"Non! Non! Pas all right! All wrong, sair! Tickey no bon!"

"Monsieur, voulez vous avoir le bonte de me suivre?" demanded the conductor, who seemed to be getting excited.

"Non comprong!" said Bunter cheerfully.

"He say viz you, you have some goodness of him to follow!" explained the passenger.

"What does he want me to follow him for?"

"Chercher troisieme classe—search third-class, sair, parceque—because—tickey he third-class."

"Venez, monsieur!" hooted the conductor.

"Look here, I don't understand you," said Bunter. "You go and leave a fellow alone, see? Shut up!"

But the conductor declined either to shut up or to leave Bunter alone. He fixed a grasp on a fat shoulder and jerked Bunter to his feet.

"Venez!" he hooted.

"He say, 'Come!' said the passenger. "It needs zat you come along wiz him, monsieur! Yes!"

"Leggo!" hooted Bunter.

"Venez!"

Bunter had no choice about going. The conductor, having failed to make him understand words, proceeded to



"They travel first-class," said the Frenchman. "It is the tenth door——" "Very good!" returned the Chinaman. Billy Bunter's fat heart thumped as he realised the Chinese was a spy on the Greyfriars party.

actions that he simply had to understand. He twirled Bunter out of the compartment into the train corridor like a fat humming-top.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Allez!" hooted the conductor.

"Beast!"

With the conductor pushing him from behind, Bunter had to "allez." He rolled discontentedly along the corridor, past the doorway of another first-class carriage, where the Famous Five and Wun Lung sat. The sliding door was open, and Bunter jammed his fat person in the doorway.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"Allez!" roared the conductor.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that fat idiot in a row already?"

"I—I say, you fellows, this beast wants to shift me along the train!" gasped Bunter. "He makes out that I've got to shift because I've got a third-class ticket. Filthy foreigner!"

"Well, you can't expect to bilk the railway, old fat bean. You'd better alley!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, if you pay something on my ticket——"

"Why can't you pay on it yourself, you fat villain?"

"Well, I don't want to waste money," said Bunter. "I don't believe in chucking money away, especially among these beastly foreigners!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, you fellows—— Oh crumbs! Leggo, you foreign beast!" roared Bunter.

But the foreign beast did not let go. Perhaps he felt that he had expended enough time on Bunter. He grasped the Owl of the Remove by the collar and jerked him out of the doorway.

Bunter disappeared along the corridor, propelled from behind by the

conductor, and followed by a howl of laughter from the Greyfriars fellows.

"Ow! Beast! Leggo!" shouted Bunter. "I say—oh dear!—I say, Mr. Locke!" He was propelled into a tall gentleman in the corridor, and recognised Ferrers Locke, who stared at him in astonishment. "I say, Mr. Locke, tell this filthy foreigner to leggo!"

"What are you doing on this train, Bunter?"

"I—I'm going to Paris——"

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, really, sir! I suppose I can go to Paris if I like! Some of my titled relations are staying there! I say——"

Mr. Locke walked along the corridor. He was not disposed, apparently, to intervene. Bunter continued his journey along the train, stared at by the occupants of all the carriages he passed. He was landed at last in the corridor adjoining the third-class section of the train; and there the conductor, after a volley of French, left him.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

And he rolled into a third-class compartment, boiling with wrath and indignation.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Spy on the Train!

"AMIENS!"

The porters might have called out the name of the station in Creek for all that it conveyed to Billy Bunter. He was not sure whether they were saying "Am-yang" or "Um-yung" or "Om-yong." But none of the three was enlightening.

He blinked out of the window of his third-class carriage, at endless platforms and crowds and trains, and wondered whether he had arrived at Paris.

Bunter had not gone to sleep again. The hard wooden seat of a third-class carriage, especially a French third-class carriage, did not conduce to slumber.

Bunter blinked at the other two or three passengers in his compartment, who, of course, were all French, and inquired:

"Have we got to Paris?"

"Comment?" asked a polite native.

"Paris?" asked Bunter.

The Frenchman looked puzzled. He did not seem to recognise the name of his own capital city—as pronounced by Bunter.

"Plait 'il?" he asked.

"Oh dear! They don't even understand their own language in this country!" grunted Bunter. "Paris? Is this Paris? What?" Then he suddenly remembered that those absurd foreigners pronounced the word in a different way. "Paree? What? Paree?" asked Bunter.

The Frenchman smiled. He understood now.

"Pas encore, monsieur," he answered.

"Pas encore?" repeated Bunter. "Is that the name of the station or what? I say, I asked you if this was Paris—I mean, Paree?"

"Pas encore."

The Frenchman was saying "not yet," which was a natural answer to make, as the train was less than half way to Paris. Bunter wished that he had given a little more attention to Monsieur Charpentier's instructions, in the French class at Greyfriars.

"Pas encore?" he asked.

"Oui, monsieur, pas encore!" said the passenger.

"Well, if this is Pas encore it can't be Paris!" said Bunter, and he sat back again, satisfied that he had not yet reached his destination. "Thanks!" he

added. "I mean, mercy!" Bunter knew that in France they say "Merci!" when they mean "Thanks!" But as he gave the word a purely British pronunciation, the polite Frenchman was left to guess his meaning.

The door on the side of the platform opened and a new passenger came up the steep steps. Another man, who was with him, remained on the platform below. Bunter's fat legs were stretched across the doorway, and he grunted and gathered them in. The train was stopping for some minutes more at Amiens, and the man who had entered the carriage remained in the doorway, speaking to his companions on the platform below.

He jammed against Bunter's fat knees as he stood there, and the Owl of the Remove blinked at him surlily.

Then he blinked again, as he noted a yellow face with slanting eyes. The man who had just got in was a Chinaman.

Bunter breathed quickly.

The man was well dressed in European clothes, and certainly looked as if he could afford to travel first-class. If he was a spy watching the Greyfriars party, however, it was likely that he would select a part of the train at a distance from them and out of their observation.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bunter

The Chinaman had flashed a swift glance round the carriage with his keen slanting eyes. Bunter felt a momentary tremor. But the swift searching glance passed over him unheeding.

Bunter blinked through the window at the man standing below. This man was not a Chinaman; he looked French.

After all, there were plenty of Chinamen in France, and it was not surprising that one should get on the train. Certainly the sight of Bunter had had no effect on him. Still, Bunter gave the man his attention, especially as he found that he was speaking in English. Obviously the man below did not speak Chinese, and doubtless the Chinaman's knowledge of French was equally limited.

"You are sure they are on the train?"

The Chinaman was leaning down as he spoke, and his voice was low. But the owl of the Remove caught the words.

"Tout a fait sur, monsieur! Quite sure!" said the man on the platform.

"One tall gentleman and six boys—"

"One of them Chinese?"

"Mais oui! Yes!"

"And one of them dark?"

"A Hindu, monsieur."

"Then there is no mistake."

"Pas du tout! Monsieur can be assured that his friends are on the train," said the Frenchman. "They travel first-class—it is the dixieme—it is the tenth door—"

"Very good!"

A twenty-franc note passed from the Chinaman to the Frenchman, and the latter touched his hat and departed. The Chinaman sat down in the seat beside Bunter.

Billy Bunter's fat heart was thumping now.

The man sitting beside him was a spy on the Greyfriars party! There could be no doubt about that! The description of the party settled the point.

Evidently the Chinaman had received word, probably by telephone, from the spies who had been thrown off the track on the other side of the Channel, and was directed to watch the Paris train for them. That was why he had got on at Amiens.

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And with careful cunning, he had not looked for the party himself, but had employed one of the "touts" about the station to look them out for him.

Of Bunter, evidently, he knew nothing. It was the description of the party that had gone on the boat that had been conveyed to him, and Bunter had not been with them then. No doubt the motor-cyclist who had been left stranded on the hill at Hawkinge had pursued inquiries at the harbour, and learned of the party that had gone on the Channel steamer. Anyhow, it was certain that Wun Lung's enemies were on the track again, and that an emissary of the Mandarin Tang Wang was now sitting beside Bunter.

Bunter sat very still.

The Chinaman beside him was a spy—but as likely as not he was an assassin, too. For it was the life of the son of Wun Chung Lung that was sought, by order of the mandarin in far-off China.

Bunter's heart was thumping quite unpleasantly.

His only comfort was, that the Chinaman evidently did not know him; indeed, did not even know that he was English at all. He gave Bunter no attention whatever, as he sat beside him, and the train rolled out of Amiens. But if he guessed, if he suspected, Bunter wondered what would happen in that case. A shiver ran through his fat limbs.

For a long time Bunter sat without motion as the train rattled and jerked on its way to Paris. He kept his fat face turned to the window, fearing every moment that the slanting eyes might turn on him suspiciously.

But the Chinaman gave him no heed. He had unfolded a newspaper and was holding it up as if to read, but Bunter knew that he was shielding his face from the view of anyone who might pass in the corridor.

Uneasy as he was, a fat grin stole over Bunter's face. There was a spy on the train watching the Greyfriars party; he knew that now, and the fellows did not know it, even Ferrers Locke was not aware that a Chinaman had boarded the train half-way to Paris. If Bunter gave them the tip, even those beasts, ungrateful as they were, could scarcely turn him down afterwards. The unexpected advent of that Chinaman might turn out very lucky for Bunter.

But he did not venture to leave his seat, lest it should draw on him the special attention of the yellow man. He waited till the train ran into the Gare du Nord in Paris.

Before the train stopped, the Chinaman was on his feet. It had scarcely halted when he was dropping out, and he vanished from Bunter's sight.

And Bunter, jumping out a few moments later, scuttled along the train to find Harry Wharton & Co.—with news for them.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Gives the Tip!

"HERE we are!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "In Gay Paree!"

Harry Wharton & Co. picked up their bags and alighted from the train. The platform was crowded.

"Keep with me!" said Ferrers Locke.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh dear! Bunter!"

"I say—"

"Run away and play, Bunter!"

"But I tell you—"

Ferrers Locke frowned at the fat junior. Certainly he had no inclination to land the party with so very troublesome and cumbersome a passenger for

the journey to China. But he did not feel that he could leave the fat owl to his own devices in a foreign city.

"Bunter! You should not have taken that train," he said severely. "You are a very foolish and thoughtless boy!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"But I cannot very well leave you here, to get into further trouble," said Locke.

Bunter grinned.

"That's all right, sir! I don't mind coming on to China. The fact is, I'm prepared to make the journey, to look after these fellows—"

"You misunderstand me, Bunter. I cannot leave you here; I shall have to waste my time putting you on a train back to Boulogne—"

Bunter's jaw dropped.

"Oh, I say—" he ejaculated.

"I will find a porter who will take charge of you—"

"You jolly well won't!" said Bunter.

"You foolish boy—"

"I'm my own master, I suppose?" said Bunter defiantly. "I can travel in France if I like! Yah!"

"You cheeky young ass—" began Wharton.

"Oh, shut up!" said Bunter.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Shut up!"

"My esteemed fatheaded Bunter—" began Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Cheese it, Inky!"

"Bunter, you will go back at once!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke.

"Rats!"

"What?" gasped the detective.

"Rats!" repeated Bunter. "I'm staying here! I'm going to do as I jolly well like! Who are you?"

Mr. Locke glared at Bunter. The chums of the Remove gazed at him. Wun Lung grinned.

"Fattee ole Bunttee velly funnee!" he said.

Locke compressed his lips. He felt it incumbent upon him to see that the fat and fatuous owl came to no harm. At the same time he had no authority over Bunter, who was not a member of the party. Really, it was a little difficult to deal with Bunter.

"Well, let's get on and leave him to it," said Johnny Bull. "The fat chump will get home somehow, and if he doesn't it will be a blessing for his people."

"Yah! I fancy I can look after myself all right," said Bunter. "If you fellows could look after yourselves as well as I can, you wouldn't be running into trouble this very minute. Look here! I can overlook your rotten ingratitude and rotten manners. I'll come to China with you—"

"Fathead!"

"And take care of you," said Bunter. "You need taking care of—a lot of babes in the wood like you! There's a Chinaman watching you this very minute, and you wouldn't know if I hadn't give you the tip! And, look here, if you're not jolly civil, I jolly well shan't tell you, there!"

"You benighted ass!"

The juniors glanced round quickly at the endless crowds that were passing in the Gare du Nord. Ferrers Locke's keen glance swept over a hundred faces.

"What do you mean by that, Bunter?" asked Locke quietly.

"That's telling," said Bunter.

"You utterly absurd boy—"

"There may be a Chinaman watching you, or there may not," said Bunter mysteriously. "He may have got into my carriage, and he may not! I may have heard him talking about you to a man, and I may not! That's telling!"

"You piffing idiot!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Come with me," said Locke quickly; and he led the party into a waiting-room.

Bunter rolled after them. Bunter was not being shaken off if he could help it. So long as the party refused to allow him to join up Bunter was going to travel independently. But he was not going to lose sight of the Greyfriars party. The cash he had borrowed in Folkestone would not last for ever.

In the duskiest corner of the waiting-room Locke turned to the fat junior. There was an expression on his face that might have warned Bunter that it was no time for fooling.

"Now, Bunter! You say you saw a Chinaman on the train—"

"That's telling— Yarooogh!" roared Bunter, as a finger and thumb that felt like a vice closed on his fat ear.

"I am waiting, Bunter."

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! Yes!" hooted Bunter. "Look here, leggo my ear! I'm going to tell you; I came along to tell you, didn't I?"

He rubbed the fat ear when it was released.

"Now then, lose no time!" snapped Locke.

And Bunter, losing no time, lest his other fat ear should suffer, told his news. Ferrers Locke listened attentively.

"There is no doubt that we are watched," said Locke, when the fat junior had finished. "At what station did this man get on the train, Bunter?"

"Pas-encore," answered Bunter.

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Pas-encore."

"What do you mean, you young ass?" exclaimed Locke. "I asked you the name of the station where the man boarded the train."

"Well, I've told you the name of the station," said Bunter. "A French chap in the carriage told me it. The name's Pas-encore. I got it from a Frenchman, so it must be all right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter. "I suppose a Frenchman would know the names of the stations on a French line."

"You fat dummy—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Pas encore means 'not yet,' you piffing fathead!"

Bunter jumped.

"Oh, does it?" Then he shook his head. "I don't think you've got it right, Wharton! I fancy it was the name of the station."

"You burbling bandersnatch!"

"Did you not hear the porters calling out the station?" asked Locke.

"I heard somebody yelling something like um-yong, or am-bong, or something," said Bunter. "But the name of the station was—"

"Amiens, I suppose," said Ferrers Locke. "They must have got the man on the Continental telephone while we were crossing the Channel. And the man came on to Paris, Bunter?"

"Yes, he got out just before I did. He came all the way from Pas-encore—"

Ferrers Locke's brow was wrinkled in thought. The juniors waited in silence for him to speak.

It was clear now that an emissary of the Mandarin Tang Wang had tracked them to Paris. Undoubtedly they would be watched in the crowds that poured out of the Gare du Nord.

They had seen nothing of the Chinaman; he had been careful to keep out of sight. But they knew now that they

would be watched leaving the station, and followed to the hotel where they were to rest for the night.

"Come!" said Locke, after a few minutes reflection.

The juniors followed him, and, rather to their surprise, he led them to the salle-a-manger. Bunter, of course, rolled in and sat down with the rest.

Locke ordered the meal; but he did not sit down.

"Remain here," he said. "I will rejoin you shortly."

And he left the station dining-room.

Billy Bunter grinned at the juniors.

"I say, you fellows, you'd better persuade that ass Locke to ask me to come along with you! You won't be safe without me, you know."

"Oh, cheese it, Bunter!"

"I say, I suppose Locke's paying for this?" asked Bunter. "I'm jolly hungry, you fellows! I suppose Locke's paying?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Then I may as well have a jolly good feed!" remarked Bunter.

And he did!

Harry Wharton & Co. also made a good meal. They had expected to dine at the hotel in Paris where they were to stop the night; but, apparently, Locke had made some change in his plans, after hearing Bunter's news of

THIS WEEK'S WINNING GREYFRIARS LIMERICK

which wins for its author—F. Wills, 172, High Street, East, Wallsend-on-Tyne—a USEFUL LEATHER POCKET WALLET.

To Study 1, Bunter once rolled,
And his old hard-up story he told.

Nugent said: "Don't be glum,
Your remittance will come...
When the sands of the desert
grow cold."

I've got heaps more wallets, so
pile in with your efforts, chums.

the Chinaman on the train. Possibly he intended to continue the journey without a break; in which case it was just as well to snatch a meal while there was time. Anyhow, he had told them to feed, so they fed.

Locke rejoined them in about a quarter of an hour. He sat down, and finished the dinner with them.

"You've spotted the spy, sir?" Bob ventured to ask.

Locke shook his head.

"No; he is keeping out of sight," he answered. "I have, however, taken some measures which I think will leave him guessing. When you boys are finished—"

"Finished!" said Harry, at once.

"The finishfulness is terrific!"

"I say, you fellows, I haven't finished yet!" protested Billy Bunter. "I say, I shan't be finished for another half-hour. What's the hurry?"

"There is no hurry for you, Bunter, unless you desire me to put you on the train for Boulogne before we leave," said Ferrers Locke.

"No jolly fear!"

"Then you may stay and finish your meal at your leisure." Locke rose from the table.

"I say, you'd better settle with the waiter before you go," said Bunter.

"That is all right."

"Good! I'll give a few more orders

now, so you'll know what the bill will come to," said Bunter kindly.

Locke smiled faintly. Bunter's few orders to the waiter almost covered the table again, as if a whole party were to sit down to dinner. Locke asked for the "additional," and paid it, and left the salle-a-manger with the chums of the Remove.

Bunter grinned after them, with his mouth full.

"Silly asses!" murmured Bunter. "They think I don't know that they're putting up at the Hotel Soleil d'Or tonight! He, he, he! As if I didn't hear Locke say that he'd booked the rooms by telegraph. He, he, he! Silly fat-heads!"

And Bunter, assured in his fat mind that he could rejoin the Greyfriars party at the hotel where the rooms had been booked, at any time he liked, devoted his whole undivided attention to feeding.

The "garçon" who was attending Bunter gazed at him with interest and surprise, which gradually increased as the fat owl packed away the footstuffs. He acquainted his fellow-garçons with the phenomenon, and from all quarters the waiters turned their eyes on Bunter, in wonder, admiration, and awe.

Heedless of them, Bunter continued to feed, till the garçons really began to doubt whether he would not have to be taken away in an ambulance when he had finished—if he ever did finish.

But he finished at last. With a happy and satisfied feeling of fulness under his ample waistcoat, Bunter rolled out. Many eyes were on him as he went, and he heard his waiter whisper to another:

"Voyez ce gros cochon!"

Bunter had no doubt that the garçon was struck by his good looks and distinguished appearance, and was expressing his admiration. Had he been aware that the waiter was telling his confrere to "look at that fat pig," Bunter perhaps would not have felt so pleased. At peace with himself and with the world, Bunter rolled out of the salle-a-manger and made his way from the Gare du Nord.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Change in the Programme!

FERRERS LOCKE stopped at a large car that was drawn up to the pavement. The bags were piled on it by a couple of "facteurs," and the chauffeur opened the door and the juniors packed in. Locke followed them into the car, the door was closed, and the car started.

It glided swiftly away from the railway station, threading its way among the busy traffic. Locke glanced several times through the little pane at the back of the car.

A taxicab was following closely.

The juniors asked no questions. They looked out of the windows of the car with interest at the busy streets. Whether they were going to the Hotel Soleil d'Or, as previously arranged, or heading for the Gare du Lyons, to continue the journey south by train, they did not know. But when they crossed the bridge over the Seine they knew that they were not going to either.

Every fellow in the car glanced back in turn and saw the taxicab that was following.

There were innumerable taxicabs careering about the crowded streets, and they all looked much alike; but they knew the vehicle which had left

the Northern Station after them. It clung to them in the densest traffic; occasionally it was lost to view, but it always popped up again. And when the car reached the outer boulevards, where the traffic was less dense, the taxi remained continually in sight.

They could see that there was a passenger inside; but of him they had the merest glimpse.

"That johnny's following us all right," said Bob Cherry, "and he jolly well doesn't mean to lose us, Mr. Locke."

"Not if he can help it!" assented Ferrers Locke.

"I don't see how he's to be prevented from trailing us to the hotel, if we go there," said Bob doubtfully.

"Exactly!" Locke smiled. "So we are not going there."

"Then we're going on south?" asked Harry.

"That is the idea."

"But what's to stop that merchant from following us to the southern railway station?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Nothing; if we were going there."

"We've passed the Gare du Lyons, haven't we?" asked Nugent. "We've crossed the river now."

"Yes; and we shall be outside Paris in a few minutes more," said Ferrers Locke. He laughed. "You see, the spy naturally expects us either to go to an hotel or to the station for the south. That is why I have planned a third course. We are going on by car."

"Oh!" ejaculated the juniors.

"That is why I left you at the station—I had to get busy on the telephone," explained Locke. "This is a fast car, and good for the three hundred miles to Lyons at a good speed. I doubt whether a Paris taxicab will follow us far."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors chuckled. It was probable that the spy, following in the taxi, was puzzled already at seeing his quarry heading for the outer boulevards. The car was picking up speed now, and the taxi had to go all out to keep it in sight.

"Oh, my hat! What a sell for that sportsman!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "I fancy he will be wanting to kick himself, soon."

"Mistee Locke velly clever!" murmured Wun Lung.

"But they'll guess where we're heading for by this time," remarked Harry Wharton. "When we drop that rotter, Mr. Locke, he will very likely take the train south and try to pick us up again at the stations—Lyons, or Dijon, or Marseilles."

"Probably," assented Locke, "and for that reason we shall not go near any of the stations of the Paris-Mediterranean line. It will take longer to make the journey by car; but it is a case of 'safety first.' My business is to hand Wun Lung safely over to his father at Canton, and for that reason, I must avoid, so far as possible, any encounter with the friends of the Tang Wang on the journey."

Locke made a sign to the French chauffeur, and the car leaped into faster speed.

Looking back, the juniors could see the Paris taxicab, straining every nerve, as it were, to keep pace.

They grinned cheerfully.

While the spy had been watching for them to leave the station, Locke had telephoned for a powerful car to continue the journey—a counter-move which the spy certainly had not looked for.

He had followed them in the taxi, expecting to trace them to an hotel, or

to the Gare du Lyons—the station for the south.

Possibly it had not yet dawned on him that Ferrers Locke had abandoned the railway. Likely enough he supposed that Locke suspected pursuit, and was taking a roundabout way, either to an hotel or to the southern station.

At all events, he hung on the track of the car, though it was certain that if it came to a race the taxi had no chance. Indeed, before long it was fairly certain that the taxi-driver would have to halt somewhere for a renewed supply of "juice."

Faster and faster flew the big car.

"We're dropping him!" chuckled Bob Cherry, staring from the little window at the back.

"The dropfulness is terrific."

The taxicab was small in the distance now. Paris was behind, and the car was stretching at a high speed along a broad country road. The summer dusk was falling now.

Faster and faster they flew, and the pursuing taxicab dropped quite out of sight.

Unpursued now, the car ran swiftly on to the southward, with the lights on, gleaming through the falling dark.

As the evening grew older, the juniors fell into silence; and some of them dozed occasionally. It was about ten o'clock when they ran at a more moderate speed through wide streets of a city, and Bob Cherry opened his eyes and yawned.

"What's this, Mr. Locke?"

"Dijon!"

"We're not stopping?"

"No."

Locke glanced round at the sleepy juniors with a faint smile.

"You are tired, I am afraid," he remarked.

"Not a bit," said Bob sturdily. "We're good for the run all the way to Marseilles, if you like."

"Yes, rather!"

"The tirefulness is not preposterous," said Hurree Singh.

"Shall we keep on to Marseilles, Mr. Locke?" asked Wharton.

Locke shook his head.

"No; I must not wear you out," he said. "We shall stop for the night in a quiet place between Macon and Lyons. Our friend—the enemy may have someone on the watch at Lyons; but we shall not enter that city. Unless they are very clever indeed, or we have singularly bad luck, I think we have thrown them off our track now."

The Greyfriars fellows were more than half asleep in the car when it stopped at last, some miles past Macon, at a village inn. A bowing innkeeper welcomed the tired party in, and they were glad enough after a hasty supper to get to their beds.

"Oh, my hat!" Bob Cherry exclaimed suddenly, as they were going up to bed. "I'd forgotten Bunter. I wonder—"

"Bunter is all right," said Ferrers Locke. "I have no doubt he will have gone to the Hotel Soleil d'Or in Paris; he knew that we were booked to stop there."

"Only he won't find us there—"

"I phoned to the hotel from the Gare du Nord and mentioned Bunter. If he arrives there he will be taken care of, and sent home to-morrow."

"Oh, good!"

The juniors were too tired to think much about even so important a person as William George Bunter. They turned into bed and slept like tops.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Left Behind!

"TAXI, monsieur?"
"Wee, wee!" said Bunter, which was Bunter's way of saying "oui, oui."

Bunter was feeling very full and very comfortable as he rolled out of the Gare du Nord.

He rolled into the taxi and sat down with a grunt. He was, perhaps, feeling a little too full.

"Solly Door!" he said to the taxi-driver.

"Comment?"

"Solly Door!" repeated Bunter irritably. It was irritating to any traveller to find the French so ignorant of their own language.

The taxi-man looked perplexed.

"Hotel Solly Door!" said Bunter, raising his voice. "See? Allez—gettez vous on—gettez a move on, see? Shiftez-vous! Goez to the Hotel Solly Door!"

The taxi-man, with a sort of mental jump, grasped it.

"Ah, ca! Hotel Soleil d'Or! C'est ca! Je comprends parfaitement, monsieur! Mais, oui!"

And the taxi drove away with Bunter, threading busy streets, and finally stopping at a quiet hotel in the Luxembourg Quarter.

Bunter rolled in, after paying his driver. He had no baggage to be carried in. Experienced travellers always travel light; but in that line, Bunter beat the most experienced of travellers, he travelled with only what he stood up in. He was relying on his old pals for anything he needed. That was one of Bunter's little ways.

He was feeling quite merry and bright. He had given a fat ear—two fat ears, in fact—to the discussions at Wharton Lodge, of the arrangements made by Ferrers Locke for the Greyfriars party. Bunter was well aware of the route that had been mapped out, and he had not the slightest doubt of finding the party at the Hotel Soleil d'Or. If they were not aware of his knowledge, they would no doubt be surprised to see him turn up there—Bunter hoped that it would be a pleasant surprise for them. That there had been a change in the programme, and that Locke had cut out the night in Paris, Bunter was not yet aware. That was a happy discovery, he was soon to make.

He inquired for his friends at the bureau, in French.

"Je church may sammy, kee song easy," said Bunter, much to the bewilderment of a French clerk.

The perplexed young man did not even know that Bunter was saying "Je cherche mes amis qui sont ici." He did not even seem to know that Bunter was speaking French at all.

"El song easy," continued Bunter. "Mr.—that is, Monsieur Locke, and six kids—six enfants. Song easy."

"Locke!" The Frenchman caught that name with which he seemed acquainted. "Monsieur Locke!"

"That's it!" said Bunter. "Ferrers Locke! See? I mean, voyez? I suppose he's here. Je suppose he is ici."

The man in the bureau beckoned to a commissionaire, spoke to him in French that was too deep for Bunter, and signed to Bunter to follow the man. Bunter followed him cheerfully. He had no doubt that he was being led to the Greyfriars party.

He was shown into a room, where the commissionaire addressed a fat gentleman, whom Bunter supposed to be the manager of the hotel. To Bunter's relief, this gentleman addressed him in English. Bunter was sick of talking

to French people who did not understand their own language.

"Bonsoir, monsieur!" said the fat gentleman. "Good-evening, sair! You are, perhaps, Mister Bunter?"

"No perhaps about it," answered the Owl of the Remove. "I'm Bunter! Where's Mr. Locke?"

"Ah! He is not here."

"Blow him, then," said Bunter. "But it doesn't really matter about him. Where are the other fellows?"

"There is no one."

"Bunter jumped.

"I—I say, I—I suppose they came here!" he ejaculated.

"No, sir! Monsieur Locke has telephoned that they do not come," explained the manager. "There has been a change for some reason, and they do not come chez moi."

"Oh crikey!"

"But Mr. Locke he mention you, sair," said the manager reassuringly. "He give instruction that you stay night, and in morning you shall be placed safe in train to Boulogne to return to Angleterre."

Billy Bunter blinked at the fat man.

He could not speak for a moment or two, his feelings were too deep for speech.

"Oh crumbs!" he gasped at last. "The rotters! The awful beasts! I—I say, aren't they staying the night in Paris?"

"Here they are not staying," said the manager. "Elsewhere I know not. But for you sair, all is arranged—tout! I have the instructions of Mister Locke. You sleep, you catch a train. Yes! That is all right."

"Is it?" said Bunter hotly.

It might be all right from the point of view of the Greyfriars party. It was not all right from Bunter's point of view.

He had not the slightest intention of returning to England. He was bound for China.

Ferrers Locke had kindly arranged for him to be taken care of for the night and safely started for home in the morning. Bunter did not feel even a tincture of gratitude for that kindness.

"It is all understood, yes?" asked the manager.

"No jolly fear!" said Bunter. "I—I say, there's some mistake! I'm not going back to England!"

"Monsieur Locke say—"

"Locke's rather a fool!" explained Bunter. "He's got it wrong! I've got to join my friends immediately. It's a matter of life or death, in fact. Where are they?"

"Je ne sais pas!" The manager shrugged his plump shoulders. "I know nozing, monsieur."

"Have they gone on?"

"I know nozing."

"Just like the beasts to go on and leave me behind!" exclaimed Bunter wrathfully. "Ungrateful rotters, after

all I've done for them. Talk about the thankless tooth of a serpent! Well, they're jolly well not leaving me behind, see?"

The manager shrugged his shoulders again.

"I'm jolly well going after them," said Bunter indignantly. "I suppose I can get a train to-night for Marseilles."

"Certainly. But Monsieur Locke say on the telephone—"

"Blow Locke!"

Another shrug.

Billy Bunter reflected for a few moments, the fat gentleman watching him with a slightly amused smile.

He was not going back, that was certain. The party had gone on—he was sure of that. Well, Bunter was going on, too.

If he failed to find them en route, he knew what to do when he got to

in spending his own money if he could help it.

"Well, look here," he said. "It's all right, I'm going on. There's been a misunderstanding. Tell your man to call me a taxi, and I'll have some coffee while I'm waiting. And let the waiter get me a bundle of sandwiches for the train. I've no time to lose."

"Comme vous voulez, monsieur."

"You will put it down to Locke, of course," said Bunter. "You may as well put the taxi fare down to him, too. I suppose you know Locke?"

The manager smiled.

"But very well," he said. "Monsieur Locke, he often stay; he is one honoured guest. Oui, je connais Monsieur Locke!"

"That's all right, then," said Bunter. "I suppose he told you he was footing the bill here. That includes taxi-



From all quarters the waiters turned their eyes on Bunter, in wonder, admiration and awe, as the Owl packed away foodstuffs!

Marseilles. The steam yacht Silver Star was to meet the party there, as Bunter knew. All he had to do was to get to Marseilles and find the Silver Star. But he had to be swift, he realised that. It would not be much use to arrive at Marseilles and find that the yacht had sailed.

If those beasts got there first, they were quite capable of steaming out to sea—without even thinking of Bunter!

So there was no time to be lost. In the circumstances, Bunter was not likely to fall in with Mr. Locke's kind arrangements for his stay in Paris for the night.

"You stay the night, sair?" asked the manager, interrupting his reflections. "Monsieur Locke he say—"

"Locke's paying my bill here?" asked Bunter.

"Tout est arrange—all is arranged—yes, sair! That is all right."

Bunter regretted that he was not hungry. But after that tremendous feed at the station, even Bunter was not capable of stacking away another.

Still, as Mr. Locke had arranged to pay his bill at the hotel, it was a pity to waste it. Bunter had none too much cash in hand, besides, he did not believe

cabs, of course. Now I'll have some coffee."

Bunter had his coffee, and was provided with sandwiches, and a taxicab bore him to the Gare du Lyons—at Mr. Locke's expense. He found a little difficulty in getting a ticket for Marseilles, being confronted again with the difficulties caused by the French not understanding their own language—as spoken by Bunter. But he got it at last, and an obliging porter conducted him to the train, and waited with an expectant expression on his face after Bunter had clambered on board. Bunter, however, had no money to waste on tips, and the man was left looking expectant.

The train rolled away with Bunter.

He settled down in a corner seat comfortably. His resources would not run to a sleeping-berth, even had one been available at a moment's notice. But he was prepared to sleep in the carriage, as many others did. And his fellow-passengers, as the night grew older, were treated to musical effects well known in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars—the rumble of the train being almost drowned by the deep and resonant snore of William George Bunter.

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from page 13.)

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Wu Wants to Know!

BILLY BUNTER awoke. It was not the jolting and clanging of the train that awakened him. When Bunter was sleeping, he was proof against such trifles.

But something had awakened him; and he sat up, set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked round him.

There were three other passengers in the carriage. Two of them were Frenchmen, fast asleep, with their chins sagging on their chests. The third, sitting in the corner seat facing Bunter, was leaning towards him, and Bunter realised that it was a shake from this individual that had awakened him.

He blinked at the man indignantly. Then he jumped. The shake had only half awakened Bunter; but he was very wide awake as soon as he saw the face of the passenger opposite.

He knew that face, with its yellow-ivory complexion and slanting eyes. It was the face of the Chinaman who had got on the Paris train at Amiens.

Bunter blinked at him, his jaw dropping.

He had not seen the man since getting out at the Gare du Nord; and had, in fact, quite forgotten his existence.

But the Chinaman did not seem to have forgotten Bunter. He had taken no notice of him whatever in the Paris train, but he had, of course, seen him. At that time he had not shown the slightest interest in Bunter. Now it seemed that there was a change; he was keenly interested in the Owl of the Remove. Bunter knew that from the glint in the slanting eyes.

"I—I say," stammered Bunter. "Did you wake me up?"

The Chinaman nodded. "Like your cheek!" said Bunter, with an attempt at bluster. "What the thump do you mean? Who are you?"

"My name is Wu!" said the Chinaman.

"Well, I don't know you, and you don't know me," said Bunter. "Lemme alone! I want to go to sleep."

"You will please to remain awake, honourable sir!" said Mr. Wu. "Now that the others are asleep we may talk. Probably they would not understand English; but speak in a low voice, and do not awaken them."

"Look here——" The Chinaman made a gesture. "Look!" he said.

He showed, for a second, a revolver from his pocket. It disappeared again at once. But a glimpse of it was enough for Bunter.

He shook like a fat jelly. "I—I say, wharrer you up to?" he gasped. "I—I say, what do you want? You lemme alone."

"I have no intention of harming you, honourable sir!" said Wu softly. "But I desire speech with you."

Bunter did not desire speech with the Celestial. But it was not a matter of choice with Bunter.

He sat and blinked at him. He had warned the Greyfriars party at the Gare du Nord, and evidently they had dodged the spy and dropped him. No doubt he was going on south, in the hope of picking up their traces again. No doubt the enemy guessed that Wun Lung was on his homeward way to China; but of the route to be followed they could know nothing. Certainly they could know nothing of the yacht that was waiting at Marseilles.

The spy, baffled at Paris, was going on south—on chance! But it was a very faint chance of picking up the traces of a party crossing France by car, their destination unknown, except that it must be some Mediterranean port.

"You know me, I think?" went on Mr. Wu in his quiet voice. "You were in the train from Amiens to Paris."

"Oh! No! I—I mean——"

"You sat beside me," said Mr. Wu. It was not much use denying it.

"At that time," said Mr. Wu, "I was not aware that you had any connection with Mr. Locke."

"I—I haven't!" gasped Bunter. "I—I've never heard the name before."

Mr. Wu smiled.

"You were seen speaking to Mr. Locke at the Gare du Nord," he said. "Watching Mr. Locke, I saw you, my honourable friend."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He understood now. In the Paris train Wu had not suspected for a moment that his fat fellow-passenger had any connection with the Greyfriars party. But naturally he had tumbled to it at once when, watching them, he saw Bunter join them at the Gare du Nord.

"I think perhaps you gave them warning," pursued Wu, "for Mr. Locke escaped me at Paris."

"Oh!"

"Is it not so, my honourable friend?"

"I—I may have mentioned——" gasped Bunter.

"That is so!"

"But—but I say, I—I don't know where they are now!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I haven't the faintest idea, you know."

"I think perhaps you know more than you say," remarked Mr. Wu, "and what you know you will tell me. Mr. Locke travelled in a fast car, and gave me the slip; and when I returned to the Gare du Nord I could not find you there—I learned that you had gone. So I take this train, my honourable friend, and I find you on the same train. The God of Fortune has smiled on me."

Bunter wished from the bottom of his fat heart that that particular Chinese god had frowned.

"Perhaps you go on to join them?" asked Mr. Wu.

"Oh, no!"

"But you know their destination?"

"Oh, no!"

"They take ship somewhere," said Mr. Wu. "At Toulon, Marseilles, or perhaps at Brindisi. You will tell me which."

"Toolong!" gasped Bunter.

"You are quite sure it is Toulon?"

"Oh! Quite!"

"You are going on to rejoin them?"

"Oh! No! I—I'm going to—to Monte Carlo."

"It is unusual," said Mr. Wu, "for a boy of your age to be travelling in a foreign country alone. It is very unusual. I think it is very probable that you are going to rejoin friends."

"The—the fact is——"

"You have a ticket?" said Mr. Wu.

"Will you have the honourable goodness to show me your ticket?"

"I—I've lost it!"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Wu softly,

"for if you do not immediately find it I shall blow your brains out, my honourable friend." His hand slid into the pocket where the revolver was.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. "I—I don't mind showing you my ticket, you know. Now—now I come to think of it, I—I haven't lost it." And the hapless Owl of the Remove displayed his ticket.

"So you are going to Marseilles," said Mr. Wu, with a soft smile. "I think perhaps your friends are not taking ship at Toulon, my honourable one. Are they not taking ship at Marseilles?"

"Oh dear!"

Bunter blinked helplessly at the calm, smiling Chinaman. Mr. Wu leaned back in his seat. The sight of Bunter's ticket had satisfied him.

Billy Bunter did not feel disposed to sleep again. That the Chinaman would venture to use the revolver in a carriage where there were other passengers, and where the conductor passed occasionally in the corridor, was improbable, but it was not improbable enough to reassure Bunter. What had happened at Wharton Lodge was proof enough that the emissaries of the Mandarin Tang Wang were capable of desperate deeds. Bunter rose to his feet at last.

The slanting eyes opposite gleamed at him.

"Where do you go?" asked Mr. Wu softly.

"I—I'm going to have a stroll in the corridor," stammered Bunter.

"I think not," said Mr. Wu.

"Look here——"

"Sit down!"

"I—I say, I—I—I——"

"Sit down!" Mr. Wu's voice was soft; but there was a glint of menace in the slanting eyes, and Bunter flopped into his seat again.

Mr. Wu did not intend to allow Bunter to change his carriage. Apparently he preferred to keep his eye on the fat junior.

The express rushed on through the night, Bunter's eyes wide open behind his big spectacles. The two Frenchmen in the carriage slept peacefully; but there was no slumber for Bunter. He sat wide awake and wriggling under the watchful eyes of the Chinaman, like a very fat rabbit fascinated by a snake.

The express clattered to a halt. To Bunter's intense relief Mr. Wu rose to his feet.

He hoped that the Chinaman was leaving the carriage or the train. But it was not Mr. Wu who was leaving.

He threw open the door.

"Get up, my honourable friend," he said softly.

"Eh?"

"Get up!"

Bunter rose from his seat.

"You alight here, my young friend."

"I—I say, this ain't Marseilles," said Bunter. "I jolly well don't get out here." He blinked at a dimly-lit station. "This can't be Marseilles."

Mr. Wu smiled.

"No. It is Orange."

"Orange!" repeated Bunter. "Don't be an ass, you know." Bunter had had William of Orange in history class at Greyfriars; but it had never occurred to his fat brain that there was a place named Orange. The only orange with which Bunter was acquainted was edible.

"You get down here," said Mr. Wu gently.

"I jolly well don't!" said Bunter.

"Look here, what station is it? I know we passed Lyons a long time ago——"

"You step down just before the train starts again," said Mr. Wu.

"I—I say, I——"

"Or perhaps you would prefer me to drop you out!"

"Eh! No! No fear!" gasped Bunter. "But—but I say, if—if I stop here it may be hours and hours till the next train—"

"You are right!"
"Well, I—I shall miss my friends, you know—"

"But I shall not miss them," said Mr. Wu. "Now, are you ready? If you would prefer me to toss you to the platform—"

Bunter got out hastily. As the train ran on through the night Mr. Wu politely raised his hat to Bunter from the window; a salute that the fat junior did not return.

The train and Mr. Wu disappeared in the darkness; and William George Bunter was left stranded at Orange—a little town from which William III., King of England, derived his title of Prince of Orange, if that was any consolation.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Meeting!

"**H** ALLO, hallo, hallo!"
"Yaw-aw-aw!"
"Turn out, you slackers!"
"Yaw-aw-aw!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were not up early that morning. Ferrers Locke left them to rest, after the hard travel of the previous day. Bob Cherry was first out of bed, and he proceeded to call the other fellows. It was nine o'clock, and a warm sunny morning. The weather had been warm when the juniors left England; but they found it very perceptibly warmer now.

"Me velly sleepy!" murmured Wun Lung.

"I've got a jug of water here—"
"Me gettee out!" said the Chinese junior hastily.

"Now then, Inky—"
"The sleepfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bob."

"Not so terrific as this jug of water!" chuckled Bob. "It's nine o'clock! Roll out!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!"
The chums of the Remove yawned and rolled out. They were down to breakfast by half-past nine, and found Ferrers Locke already finished, and strolling before the inn. The Baker Street detective gave them a cheery nod and a smile.

Breakfast was disposed of, and the Greyfriars party packed themselves in the car and started.

"No sign of the giddy enemy, Mr. Locke?" asked Bob.

"None."
"We seem to be clear of them," said Harry Wharton. "They're not likely to pick us up again, Mr. Locke."

"I think not," said Locke. "All they know is that we are heading for a Mediterranean port—for they are aware by this time, of course, that Wun Lung is going back to China. But there are plenty of Mediterranean ports for them to choose from, and they can scarcely watch them all for us. I see no reason why they should guess that we are making for Marseilles."

"Then we're done with them?" said Nugent.

Ferrers Locke smiled.
"I should hardly like to say that! It is a long way to China. But if we get on the Silver Star unwatched we have at least a very good chance of keeping clear of the friends of Mr. Tang Wang."

The car rolled swiftly on in the sunny morning. Many cars appeared on the road, and the juniors looked at most of them; but there was no sign of anyone taking any special interest in the party. A good night's rest had refreshed the

juniors after a hard day's travel, and they were feeling quite merry and bright.

"Are we keeping right on to Marseilles now, Mr. Locke?" Bob asked presently.

"Except for a stop for lunch, and to stretch our legs a little," answered Ferrers Locke. "We shall reach Orange about one o'clock, and we may as well lunch there."

"Orange?" repeated Bob. "I've sort of heard of that."

"There was a Prince of Orange once," said Locke.

"But he was a giddy Dutchman," said Bob.

"Orange was a principality once upon a time, and it belonged to the princes of the House of Nassau. William of Orange was the head of that house. He derived his name from the town where we shall lunch."

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows," said Bob, "we're learning some history and geography. I shall tell Quelch this next term at Greyfriars."

"The town is French now, of course," said Locke. "It was annexed to France in 1713, if I remember correctly. As we can do so without losing time, it is worth while to look at a town associated with the history of our own country."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Bob. When the car approached Orange

Locke pointed out the famous Arch of Triumph, a relic of Roman times, the juniors taking his word for it that it was famous, though its fame had not reached them previously.

They stopped at a pleasant-looking hotel in the Avenue de l'Arc-de-Triomphe, where lunch was served in a shady veranda overlooking a garden bright with flowers, with a glimpse of the Rhone in the distance.

Beyond the shade of the veranda the sunshine was ablaze; a foretaste of the wrath to come, as Bob expressed it.

Along the back of the veranda were windows, some of them covered with green "violets" or shutters. Some of these rooms, the juniors concluded, were bed-rooms, for from one of them proceeded a distinct sound of snoring. The Greyfriars fellows ate their lunch to the accompaniment of that steady and persistent snore.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Does that fearful row remind you fellows of somebody?"

Harry Wharton chuckled.
"Yes, rather. "If Bunter wasn't hundreds of miles away—"

"Blessed if I ever thought that anybody but Bunter could make a row like that!" said Johnny Bull. "I say, waiter, have you got a grampus in that room?"

(Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS

No. 10.

Our merry Greyfriars rhymester says it's no joke burning the midnight oil to write a poem around such a lazy slacker as Lord Mauleverer. But as he's been ordered to, there's an end to it.



MY dear Cousins Clarice and Cora, Jemima and Jimmy and Joy; Felicity, Felix and Flora, And Rupert and Reggie and Roy, To send each a separate letter Would make me all bothered and hot; So frankly, I think I had better Let one letter do for the lot!

The bane of a chappie's existence Is having to scribble and scrawl To people who live at a distance— I wish you were all within call. Then I should be spared from the labour Of covering sheet after sheet; I'd like to be just a near neighbour, And say "Cheerio!" when we meet.

I get such a tired sort of feeling; On couches I love to recline, And count all the flies on the ceiling, Then sink into slumber divine! And dream of some country enchanted, Some glorious land far away, Where long hours of lazing are granted, And life is no work and no play!

The feeling grows stronger and stronger; I really can't write any more; My yawn's getting longer and longer, And soon I shall slip to the floor. And there they will find me reposing, My fountain-pen clasped in my fin; Already I'm dreamily dozing— Good-night, everybody! Chin-chin!

I've just been awakened, dear cousins, By a sudden invasion of bees; They swarmed in the study by dozens And crawled up my arms and my knees. And now that they've stung me to action I'll finish this letter right now, Provided no further distraction Brings furrows to my weary brow!

My dear Cousins Paula and Phyllis, And Jeremy, Jasper, and Jude; Amelia, Ann, Amaryllis, And all I forgot to include— I send you my cousinly greeting, Sincere, although smudgy and sprawly; And now to the couch I'm retreating To rest from my labours.—Yours, MAULY.

"Comment?" asked the waiter, puzzled.

Bob jerked his thumb towards the inlets of the room when came that gargantuan snore.

The garcon grinned.

"Monsieur dorme," he said.

"Monsieur sleeps, does he?" asked Bob. "He must be a jolly sleepy monsieur, to be kicking up that row at half-past one in the afternoon. Sort of over-sleeping himself, I should think."

"Monsieur he come verree late," said the garcon in English. "He get off ze wrong train, or somezing! He come late and knock us down—"

"Knocked you down?" ejaculated Bob.

"Oui, monsieur, he knock us down, as you say in English, in ze middle of ze night—"

"Oh! You mean he knocked you up?"

"Oui, monsieur, comme vous voulez," said the obliging garcon, who evidently was not aware of the tremendous difference between being knocked up and knocked down. "You say up, isn't it? Yes! Zat monsieur he knock us up, verree late. He eat—mon Dieu—how he eat!" The garcon spread out his hands. "Ceil! Nevair have I see one monsieur eat like zat monsieur he eat! Zen he go to bed viz himself, and he say not to call him. So he sleep!"

"Must be some French connection of the Bunter family, I think," said Bob. "Sounds quite Bunterish."

"Mais, pas Francois," said the garcon. "Zat monsieur he is Anglais, sair."

"Oh, my hat! English!"

"Mais oui, monsieur! He speak French—verree droll. But he is English—oh, yes."

"Well, my hat!" said Bob, as the garcon departed to bring the dessert. "If it wasn't impossible for Bunter to be here, I should really begin to think—"

"Luckily it's impossible."

The snoring from the shuttered room ceased. Possibly the voices outside had disturbed the sleeper, or possibly he considered it time to get up, as it was long past midday.

The juniors finished their lunch. They remained chatting on the shady veranda while Ferrers Locke went round to the garage to see that the car was in readiness to resume the journey. Leaning on the rail, they looked down into the bright garden and heard, without heeding, the shutters of one of the rooms on the veranda open behind them.

"We shall be at Marseilles before dark," remarked Bob Cherry, "and tomorrow, a life on the ocean wave, my beloved 'earers! I suppose Bunter's safe home by this time."

"Probably on the Channel now," said Harry. "If he stopped the night in Paris, and they shoved him in the morning train—"

"Poor old Bunter! I suppose he's hanging over a basin, wishing he hadn't scoffed so much brekker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I hope he will get home all right!" said Harry. "But he's such a howling ass—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

It was a fat voice behind the juniors. They jumped, as if electrified. As if moved by the same spring they spun round and stared at the speaker.

"I say, you fellows—"

And there was a startled gasp from six juniors at once.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,178.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Another Change in the Programme!

FERRERS LOCKE came up to the veranda.

"Ready!" he called out.

"Now—why—what—who—"

It was not often that the Baker Street detective displayed emotion, but he stared at William George Bunter in blank astonishment. "Is—is it possible that that is Bunter?"

"No," gasped Bob Cherry. "It isn't possible—but it's Bunter."

"The Bunterfulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke. "You utterly absurd and troublesome boy! How did you get here? What are you doing here?"

It really was difficult for the Greyfriars party to believe their eyes when they beheld Bunter.

Bunter had a way of turning up like a bad penny, and he was as sticky as glue. But this really was extraordinary, for Bunter could have known nothing of the party's intention to lunch at Orange; it was doubtful whether he had ever heard of Orange. Chance—a wild, weird chance—had landed Bunter on the Greyfriars fellows again.

Bunter did not look so surprised as the Co. That was accounted for by his having heard their voices from his room before he rolled out on the veranda. Certainly he had been surprised to hear them.

He grinned cheerfully at Ferrers Locke.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the detective sternly. "For what imaginable reason are you at Orange, Bunter?"

"I say, is this place really called Orange?" asked Bunter. "I thought that Chinaman must be gammoning."

"What Chinaman?"

"The one who pitched me out of the train."

"What train?"

"The Marseilles train, of course," said Bunter.

"And what were you doing in the train to Marseilles?"

"Oh, really, Mr. Locke!"

"Really—" began Ferrers Locke.

He paused. It was rather difficult to know what to say to William George Bunter. Words seemed to be wasted on that fat and fatuous youth.

"I say, you fellows, fancy meeting you here!" grinned Bunter. "You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard your voices. I wasn't up, you know. It was hours past midnight when I got in here. That beast made me get off the train, and there I was, stranded in the middle of the night, everything shut up—hours to wait for another train. But I got a porter to bring me to an hotel, and we knocked them up. They didn't want to give me any grub at first—made out that it was too late. They said the kwee—something was closed for the night—"

"The cuisine, fathead?"

"It might have been cuisine—some silly French word! Anyhow, they said it was closed, and I couldn't have any grub. But I'd eaten my sandwiches, and, of course, I wasn't standing—that! I exclaimed to them in French, and that seemed to put them into a good temper—they all began to smile like anything—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. The fact is, these foreigners are pleased when they find a chap speaking their language like one of themselves," said Bunter. "Well, they trotted out the grub—only cold stuff, but luckily

there was plenty of it—I had a good supper, after all—and then turned in. I thought of going on after supper, but I felt rather tired—"

"You would—after supper."

"So I turned in, and when I woke up I heard you fellows wagging your chins outside my window! Funny, wasn't it?"

"Well, my hat!" said Bob. "We made a mistake in stopping at Orange for lunch."

"Well, it's rather lucky, isn't it?" said Bunter. "The fact is, I'm tired of travelling alone, and I'd just as soon come on with you fellows. You'll need me to protect you, too, for I'm pretty certain that that villain, Wu, will be watching for your car at Marseilles."

"Who on earth is Wu?"

"The Chinaman," explained Bunter—"the one I tipped you at Paris. He was in the train with me; he had a revolver in his pocket. Of course, I wasn't afraid of his revolver. When he tried to get me to tell him about you fellows I defied him. I said 'Shoot if you like; but not a word!' Just like that."

"You fat fibber!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I gave him a cold, contemptuous look, and said—Don't you chuck that apple at me, you beast!"

"Is that what you said to the Chinaman?"

"No, ass; I'm saying that to you! What I said to the Chinaman was—Beast!"

Bunter dodged the apple.

"You young rascal!" said Ferrers Locke. "You told the man that we were going to Marseilles?"

"Certainly not! I've just told you I didn't! I wouldn't, you know! Gazing at him with scornful defiance, I said: 'Never! Shoot me dead if you like, but not a word!' He fairly cowered under my eye."

"Then why do you suppose that he will be watching for us in Marseilles?" asked Locke.

"Well, he knew I was going to join you, you know, and I dare say he guessed I was going to Marseilles—"

"How could he guess?"

"Well, it stands to reason he guessed where I was going when he saw my ticket!" argued Bunter. "He would, you know."

Ferrers Locke compressed his lips.

"And he made me get out here," went on Bunter. "Orange he called the place; but I thought he was gammoning! Fancy a place being named Orange! He made me get out of the train, you know, and left me behind. I told the beast he was making me miss you at Marseilles, and he didn't care! In fact, I believe he wanted to leave me behind, so that I couldn't warn you he was on the track!"

"You really guessed that?" asked Bob. "What a brain!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You utterly stupid boy!" said Ferrers Locke. "You have done a great deal of harm. Why did you not return home as I directed you?"

"Well, I've got a sense of duty, you know," said Bunter.

"Wha-at?"

"Sense of duty! These fellows have treated me badly, and they've been horrid ungrateful; as thankless as a serpent's child, as Shakespeare says. But I feel bound to stick to them and see them through. They can't get on without me, as they'll admit—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"My esteemed idiotia Bunter—"

"I don't expect thanks," said Bunter. "I never get any! But I'm not going to desert you, old chaps! I'm not the fellow to let you down!"

"Is there any law in France against slaughtering porpoises?" asked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Ferrers Locke's brows were contracted. He was evidently disturbed by the discovery that the enemy had learned the destination of the party.

"I think it's jolly lucky for you chaps you've met me here," said Bunter warmly. "That man Wu will be in Marseilles before this, on the express, and you can depend on it he'll be watching for you, and very likely have a trap all ready for you to run into. Now I've warned you! The fact is, you can look on me as your guardian angel."

"Oh crikey!"

"Perhaps the meeting is a fortunate one," said Locke. "It may, perhaps, undo the harm you have done by your folly, Bunter. Come, my boys!"

The juniors descended from the veranda. Billy Bunter rolled after them. Apparently the Owl of the Remove now regarded himself as a member of the party.

The juniors looked at him, looked at one another, and looked at Mr. Locke. They noted that the detective breathed hard through his nose, and wondered whether he was thinking of kicking Bunter.

Locke, however, made no objection to Bunter entering the car. It was rather a squeeze with the additional passenger; but Bunter, for the present, at least, made himself as small as possible. Ferrers Locke stood talking to the chauffeur in French for several minutes. Bunter blinked rather anxiously towards the hotel.

"I say, you fellows, tell Locke to cut it short!" he murmured.

"Fathead!"

"Well, we've got no time to lose!" urged Bunter. "What's the good of hanging about? That blessed waiter will be after me in a minute!"

"You frabjous ass, why should the waiter be after you?"

"Well, I haven't paid my bill, you know—"

"What?"

"It's all right if he doesn't see me going off with you—"

"You fat villain!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Look here, give Locke a tip to cut it short, and let's get started. I don't believe in wasting money!"

"Here's the garcon!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Oh dear! I say, you fellows, tell him I'm only going a little way with you, and coming back, see? That will keep him quiet. I say—yaroooh! Keep your beastly hoofs to yourself, you beast!"

"Monsieur part?" The garcon looked in at Bunter. "Voila l'addition, monsieur. Monsieur a oublie!"

"What is the silly ass saying, you fellows?"

"He says you've forgotten to pay your bill, my fat bilk."

"You pay him, old chap! I'll settle later. Ow! Leggo my ear, Bob Cherry, you beast! I'm going to pay him, ain't I? Leggo."

Bunter paid the bill. Locke entered the car, and it rolled away down the

Avenue de l'Arc de Triomphe, and a little later stopped in the town at the post office. There Ferrers Locke descended, and was busy for ten minutes.

He came back to the car, and they rolled on out of Orange.

Billy Bunter smiled a fat smile of satisfaction as the car whirled swiftly on its way. He had no doubt now that he was a fully constituted member of the party; and, feeling that that disputed point was settled for good, he proceeded to show what an agreeable member of a party he could be.

"I say, you fellows, give a fellow room!" he said. "Don't squeeze a chap like a sardine, you know. We really want a larger car."

"Shut up, ass!"

"Well, a fellow wants a little comfort," said Bunter peevishly. "You fellows never think of a fellow's comfort. I say, Franky, couldn't you sit

"Well, look here, Mr. Locke—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" breathed Bob,

"Rats! Look here, Mr. Locke, I don't want to give a lot of trouble, I'm not the fellow to give trouble, as all these chaps can tell you. But a fellow wants a little comfort. If I'm going on with this party, I think I have a right to expect a little comfort."

"But you are not going on with the party, Bunter."

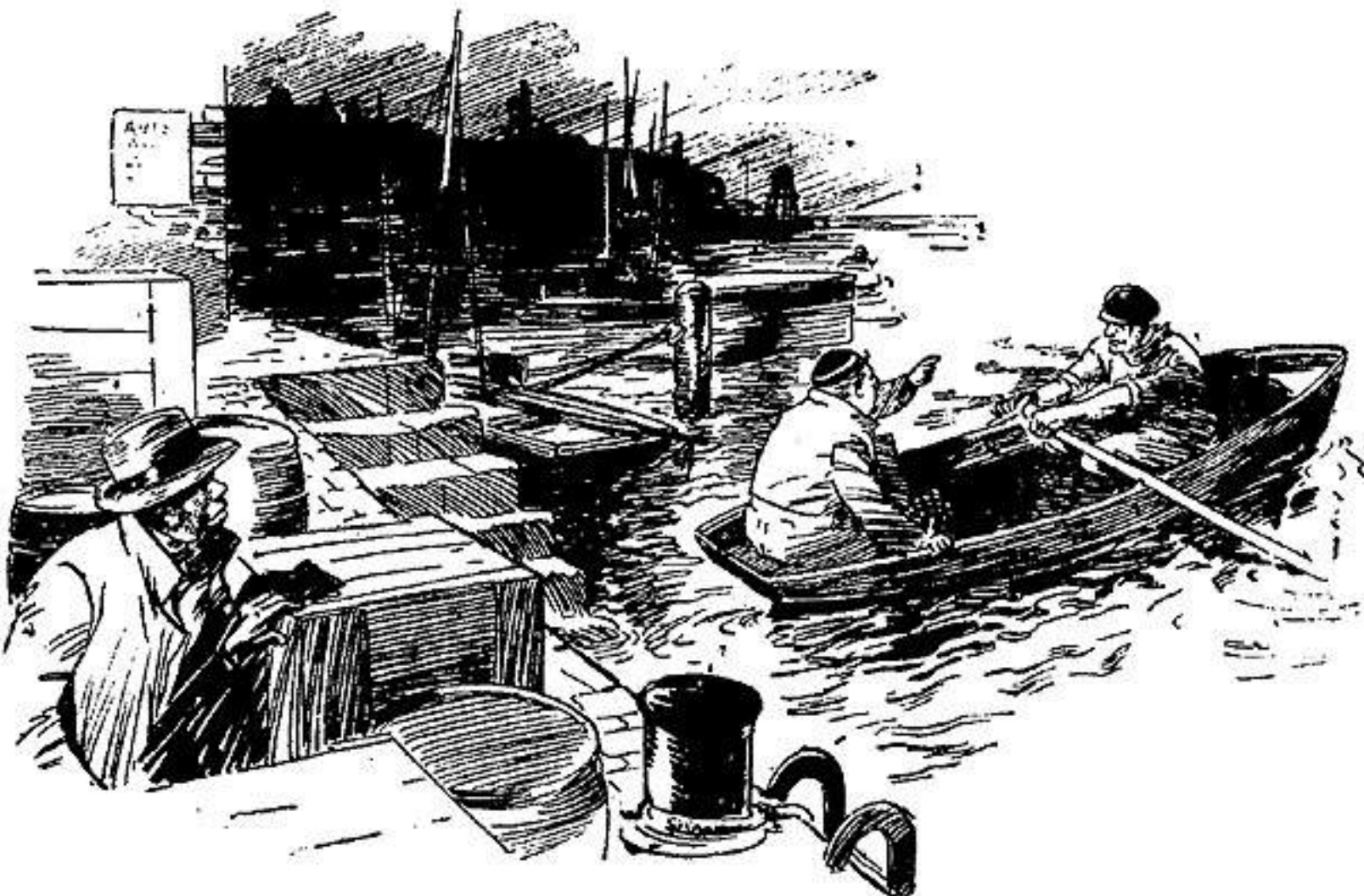
"Eh?"

"I am taking you as far as Toulon, because I think it my duty to keep you under my eye, to prevent you from falling into further mischief. At Toulon I shall request the British consul to take charge of you, and make arrangements for your safe return to England."

"Oh!"

"And now," added Mr. Locke, "I think you had better say no more."

"Look here—"



Bunter plumped into the boat and the man rowed away. In the shadow of a packing-case a slant-eyed man watched him intently!

on one of the fellows' knees, and make more room?"

There was no reply to that valuable suggestion. Bunter grunted, and blinked round discontentedly.

"Well, this won't do," he said. "If you fellows think I'm travelling all the way to Marseilles wedged in like this, you're jolly well mistaken. A fellow expects a little consideration."

Ferrers Locke glanced at him with a faint smile.

"We are not going to Marseilles, Bunter," he said. "We are on a rather longer journey than that."

"Oh crumbs!"

"A change in the programme, sir?" asked Wharton.

"Yes. I have telegraphed to the officer in charge of the yacht at Marseilles, and he will take the Silver Star round to Toulon. We are going to Toulon, by Aix. We shall go nowhere near Marseilles; and if Mr. Wu and his friends are watching for us there—as undoubtedly they are—they are welcome to watch."

"Good egg!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"I say, is Toolong much farther than Marseilles?" asked Bunter.

"As we are going round Aix, we shall probably cover an extra fifty miles, Bunter," answered Locke.

"Or I shall box your ears!" said Mr. Locke.

"Oh!"

Bunter said no more.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Strategy!

THE morning sun shone brilliantly on the city of Toulon. Harry Wharton & Co. would have been glad to take a walk abroad and look at the city; but Ferrers Locke had left them with strict injunctions not to leave the hotel.

Locke had left them immediately after breakfast, and the juniors obediently remained within doors.

Six faces were very cheery; the seventh wore a frown. Six fellows were to go aboard the Silver Star that day, the yacht lying ready for them in the Petite Rade; the seventh was to be handed over to some responsible person, who would see that he made the journey home safely, and made it at once. Which was not in the least what Billy Bunter desired—hence the frown on his fat brow.

He sat silent and gloomy, buried in thought, while the juniors chatted

cheerily. They smiled when they glanced at Bunter. Obviously, the fat Owl was thinking out some plan for going on instead of going back; but the die was cast; and Bunter had reached the end of his tether.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, at last.

"Well, fatty?"

"What's the French for boat?"

"Bateau, ass!"

"And what's French for yacht?"

"Same as in English."

"Sure?" asked Bunter dubiously.

"Yes, fathoad!"

"You can get ices here," said Bunter, changing the subject suddenly. "You fellows like some ices? My treat."

Bob Cherry ran his hand through his pocket, and there was a jingle of cash.

"Let's," he said. "We're in funds, so we can afford to let Bunter stand treat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Heave ahead, my hearty," said Bob. "We'll stand the ices, and you shall have as many as you can pack away, as we're leaving you to-day."

"Velly nice leave fat ole Bunter!" murmured Wun Lung.

Bunter sneered.

"You'll change your tune when those yellow blighters get after you again, and I'm not there to protect you, you little heathen beast!"

"Fattee old Bunter velly funnee."

"Well, I'll speak to the garcon about the ices," said Bunter, and he rolled out of the room.

Out of sight of the Famous Five, however, Bunter did not speak to the garcon. He was not bothering about ices, much as they appealed to him on a sultry morning. He rolled rapidly through the vestibule of the hotel and gained the street.

Mr. Locke had directed the juniors to remain within doors, including Bunter. And had Bunter displayed any intention of going out, he was aware that he would have been forcibly restrained. In Bunter's opinion, he had a right to do exactly as he liked; but the opinion of the Famous Five was that he had to do as Mr. Locke liked.

Hence his present strategy. How long the chums of the Remove would allow him out of their sight, without getting suspicious, Bunter did not know; but he knew that he had no time to waste. As soon as he was outside the hotel he started at a run.

Crash!

It was a case of more haste and less speed. Bunter bolted for the nearest corner and went round it like a steam-engine. As a man was coming round the corner at that moment, a collision was inevitable.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

He staggered back from the shock. The man he had run into sprawled on the pavement, with a howl.

Bunter did not wait for him to get up. He did not want an argument with any beastly foreigner. Leaving the man sprawling, Bunter ran on.

The fallen man scrambled up and stared after the fat junior. Had Bunter given him a single look—which he hadn't—he might have been startled. The man stood staring after Bunter with slanting eyes, recognition in his face. And as the fat Owl trotted on, the man with the slanting eyes turned and followed him.

At a safe distance from the hotel, Bunter slackened into a walk and grinned. He had dodged those beasts; and if they missed him now, he was out of their reach. Once or twice he blinked back, but there was no sign of the juniors in pursuit. And among the many foot-passengers Bunter did not observe the yellow skin and slanting eyes of the man he had run into. He had not the faintest idea that he had run into Mr. Wu, and that Mr. Wu was now following on his trail.

"He, he, he!" Bunter chuckled. "If that beast Locke thinks I'm going to be sent home, that beast Locke is jolly well mistaken! I hope he'll row those beasts for letting me get away. Serve 'em jolly well right! He, he, he!"

Bunter rolled on cheerily.

Behind him, at a distance, walked Mr. Wu, quiet, watchful.

Bunter was not thinking of Mr. Wu. Had he thought of him, he would have supposed that the spy was at Marseilles.

It would not have occurred to his fat mind that, having failed to pick up traces of the Greyfriars party at Marseilles, the spy had gone on to Toulon, with the hope of better luck there. But for the accidental meeting at Orange, Mr. Wu certainly would have found what he wanted at Marseilles. As it was, he was at a loss, till he sighted Bunter, recognising the fat junior instantly. Now he was shadowing Bunter, in the hope of being led to the Greyfriars party, having no idea that Bunter was going away from them.

Bunter stopped at last to inquire his way. His peculiar brand of French made this a little difficult. But by constantly repeating the words *Petite Rade*, he got the information he wanted; and he arrived at last, after a long walk, on the water-front.

"Bateau, monsieur?"

There were plenty of boats for hire. Bunter nodded to the first boatman who hailed him.

"Wee, wee!" he answered. "Je want a boat—I mean, a boatoo—that is, a battoo—a boat, you know."

"Bateau! C'est ca, monsieur! Voila!" said the batelier. "Monsieur veut aller a Tamaris, a St. Mandrier—"

"Cheese it!" said Bunter politely. "I want to aller a yacht named—nomme—Silver Star—see?"

"Comment?"

Bunter snorted. He was getting fed-up with "comment." Every Frenchman to whom Bunter spoke seemed to have nothing to say but "comment."

"Blow comung!" said Bunter. "I want a boat—je want un bateau—to go—aller—yacht—yacht Anglais—here—easy—I mean, ici—Petite Rade—yacht Anglais—Silver Star—catchez-vous-on?"

The words "yacht Anglais" were sufficient to enlighten the batelier; though such French as "catchez-vous-on" must have perplexed him considerably. He grinned and nodded, and waved a brown hand towards a yacht anchored out in the roadstead.

"Oui, monsieur. C'est ca! Je comprends."

"Well, if you comprong, let's get off," said Bunter. "Good! I mean, bong! How much? I mean, combien?"

"Dix francs, monsieur."

"Oh, all right! Gettez-vous a move on."

Bunter plumped into the boat, and the man pushed off, and sat down to the oars. A slant-eyed man, in the shadow of a stack of packing-cases, watched him intently. He had heard every word of Bunter's talk with the boatman.

It was a long pull out to the yacht. The boat bumped alongside, and a face looked down at Bunter.

"Here, sheer off!" called out the man looking down. "What do you want here!"

Bunter blinked up at him.

"Is this the Silver Star?" he asked.

"Yes. Sheer off!"

"I've come from Mr. Locke."

The man eyed him keenly.

"Wait a minute."

The face disappeared. Bunter handed a ten-franc note to the boatman.

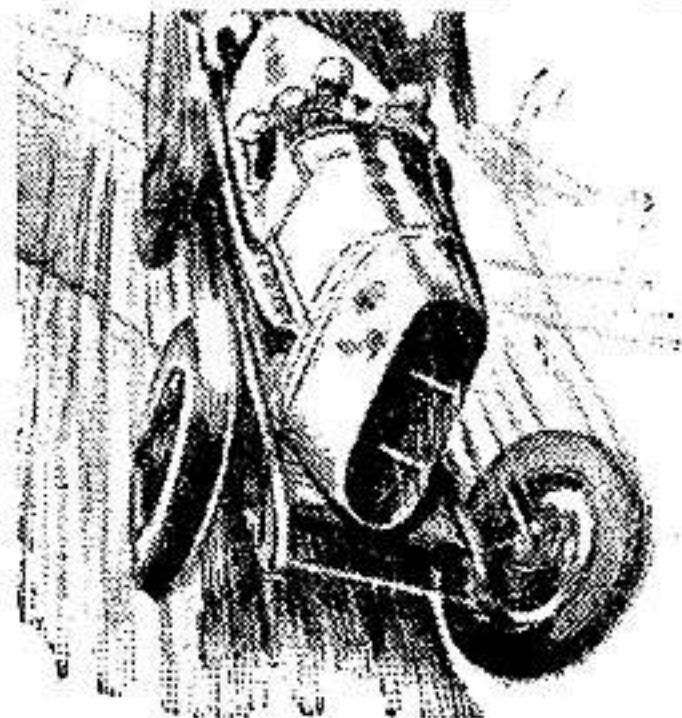
"Clear off as soon as I go on board," he said.

"Comment?"

"You silly ass, clearcz-vous off—bunkez-vous—shiftest-vous—allez! Allez back to Toolong—see?"

"Oui, monsieur!" grinned the boatman.

The ladder was let down for Bunter, and he clambered up. The boatman pushed off and rowed away. On deck, Bunter found himself confronted by the man who had called down to him, and



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whom he discovered to be the mate. He was eyeing Bunter very curiously.

"Well," he asked, "what have you sent your boat away for?"

"That's all right," said Bunter; "I'm staying. Mr. Locke told me to come on board first. I—I'm Wharton."

"Oh! You're Wharton?"

"Yes." Billy Bunter had never been trammelled by any undue regard for facts, and it was possible that Locke, who had already visited the yacht in Toulon harbour, might have mentioned the name of Bunter. At all events, the astute Owl was taking no risks. "I'm Wharton, you know. I dare say Mr. Locke has mentioned me."

"Yes, I have all the names."

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter, glad that he had not mentioned his own. "Well, the other fellows will be coming on board later, with Mr. Locke. Mr. Locke's seeing the British consul about some business or other. Where's my cabin?"

"Steward!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take Mr. Wharton to his cabin."

"Yes, sir. This way, sir."

Billy Bunter rolled after the steward. Bluff had done it! There was nothing to excite the suspicion of Mr. Green, the mate of the Silver Star. He was on his guard against spies, especially Chinese; but Bunter was obviously a fat schoolboy. By the widest stretch of imagination he could not be imagined to have any connection with the enemies of Wun Lung. Mr. Green was aware that five schoolboys were travelling with Mr. Locke and the Chinese, and there was nothing surprising in one coming on board before the others. He knew the names of the five, and Bunter had given one of the names.

"This is your state-room, sir," said the steward, opening a sliding door on the alley-way.

Bunter blinked round it.

"Not much room," he said disparagingly. "Still, I suppose a fellow has to rough it. All right."

The steward eyed him rather curiously.

"I'm going to have a rest," added Bunter. "I've been travelling a lot, you know. I'm going to sleep. Tell the crew not to make a row."

"Oh!"

"And mind I'm not disturbed."

"Oh! Very good, sir."

The steward closed the sliding door and departed. Billy Bunter winked at his reflection in the little hanging mirror.

He waited quietly in the state-room for about ten minutes, and then cautiously pushed open the sliding door and peered out.

There was no one in sight; the coast was clear. Bunter tiptoed out of Wharton's state-room. He was looking for a safer hiding-place. Bunter had told the Greyfriars fellows that he was sticking to them from a sense of duty; but he realised that they were ungrateful, and that he had better not be discovered on board, if he could help it, till the Silver Star was out at sea. He peered into room after room. In one state-room, larger than the rest, there was a table, screwed to the floor, with flaps, and the flaps were down. Bunter rolled into that state-room.

"He, he, he!" gurgled Bunter.

He raised a flap of the table, crawled underneath, and let the flap down. He squatted uncomfortably, but a better hiding-place he could not really have asked for. He squatted and grinned.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

"**C**ALL Bunter!"
"H'm!"

Ferrers Locke glanced rather sharply at the juniors.

"Where is Bunter?" he asked.

"Blessed if we know!" said Bob Cherry ruefully.

Locke frowned.

"Awfully sorry, Mr. Locke!" said Wharton. "The fat boulder went to order some ices—at least, he said so—and we never thought—"

"He left the hotel?"

"Yes. We've found out since that the porter saw him clear. As you'd told us to stay in, we couldn't go out and look for him."

"I'm glad you did not," said Locke.

"How long has Bunter been gone?"

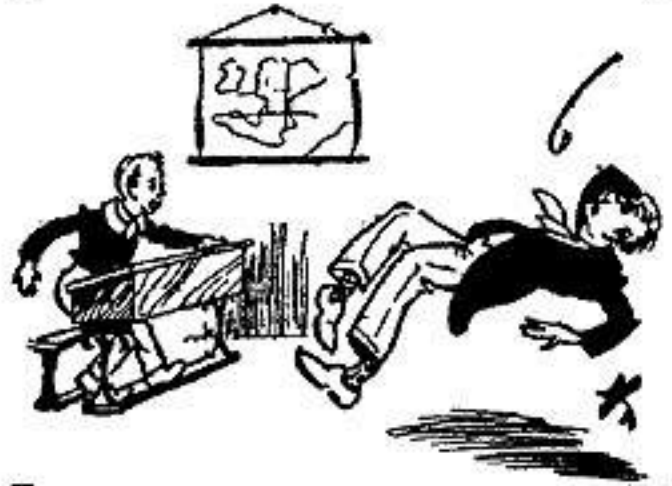
"Over an hour."

Locke compressed his lips.

"Well, it cannot be helped," he said.

"If he is gone, we cannot wait. I have

ANOTHER "MAGNETITE" WINS A SPLENDID POCKET KNIFE with the following rousing rib-tickler.



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Tommy: "A therm, sir, is a germ that creeps into a gas-meter and causes rapid consumption!"

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made all arrangements for his return to England; but as he has chosen to disappear, I cannot delay the sailing of the Silver Star on his account. You do not know what his intentions are?"

"No; but I've no doubt he will turn up before we get on board the yacht, and come along, if he can fix it," said Harry.

"In that case, all will be well. I will leave him in safe hands. If we do not see him, doubtless he will return to the hotel sooner or later, and I will leave instructions with the proprietor here. Now get ready to start. The car is waiting."

"We're ready."

Ten minutes later the juniors and their baggage were in the car, and rolling away through the streets of Toulon. The car was closed; the windows covered with blinds; and Locke warned the juniors against looking out. It was evident that he suspected that the party might be looked for. It was likely enough that the emissary of Tang Wang had set many spies at work.

The yacht's boat was waiting for the party at the landing-place on the Petite

Rade. They looked round there, wondering if Bunter was going to show up at the last moment.

But nothing was seen of Bunter.

The baggage was slung into the boat, and the juniors embarked. Their eyes turned on the Silver Star, in the distance, as the bluejackets pushed off and bent to the oars.

A black stream of smoke was pouring from the yacht's funnel. The anchor was to come up immediately the Greyfriars party were on board.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What is that sportsman up to?" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "Looks as if he wants to run us down."

"A large, heavy boat, stacked high with baskets of fruit, pulled across the course of the yacht's boat. Locke, who was at the lines, steered to clear her."

"Look out!" gasped Wharton.

The two boats were passing each other, with barely play for the oars, when the fruit boat swung in, and there was a heavy bump.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Look out!"

"Sheer off, you dummies!" roared Bob Cherry.

Four dark-skinned, rough-looking fellows, in jerseys, were pulling the fruit boat, and they grinned at the startled juniors. It was plain that the collision was no accident.

Ferrers Locke sprang to his feet. His hand went like a flash to his hip.

From among the baskets of fruit stacked on the other craft a head rose swiftly; a yellow skin glimmered in the bright sunlight, and a pair of keen, slanting eyes glittered at the yacht's boat. A yellow hand, with a revolver in it, was lifted.

Crack!

It was Ferrers Locke who fired.

There was a yell of pain and rage. The revolver dropped from the yellow hand and was lost among the fruit baskets. With his left hand, the Chinaman clasped his right wrist, broken by the bullet.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Nugent.

Wun Lung gave a yell.

"That fellee Chinee—plenty muchee Chinee!"

Ferrers Locke stood in the rocking boat, his face grim over his smoking revolver.

"Give way!" he snapped.

The seamen pulled for the yacht. On the fruit boat, Mr. Wu sank down among the baskets, groaning.

"My hat!" breathed Bob Cherry, his face white. "I—I say, he—he was going to fire on Wun Lung—"

"What you tinkee?" murmured Wun Lung.

"Then—then they're on our track, after all!" muttered Wharton. "Good heavens! If you hadn't been so quick, Mr. Locke—"

"Fortunately, I could see that the collision was intentional, and I was on the look-out," said Ferrers Locke quietly. "Evidently, they are on our track; and that scoundrel was hanging about in an innocent-looking fruit boat, waiting for us to go on board. How they have traced us I cannot say, but the fact is plain."

The juniors stared back at the fruit boat. It was not following them. The boat bumped on the yacht.

The incident had attracted no attention in the harbour; it had been over in a few seconds. The ladder was already down, and the Greyfriars party clambered on the Silver Star.

Mr. Green, the mate, turned a startled face on Ferrers Locke as the Baker Street detective stepped on

board. He had been watching from the yacht, and had seen what had occurred.

"That was a narrow shave, sir!"

Locke nodded.

"It looks as if they know."

"They certainly know," answered Locke. "I had hoped that we had dropped them by embarking at Toulon, instead of Marseilles. But—" He shrugged his shoulders. "We are dealing with clever men. You are ready for sea?"

"Only waiting for you, sir."

"Then lose no time."

"You're doing nothing about that swab?"

Mr. Green jerked his thumb towards the distant fruit boat.

"Nothing! He has something to remember me by," said the detective, with a faint smile. "We have no time for an affair with the police. Up anchor at once."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The juniors looked about them in the bright sunlight as the yacht steamed out of Toulon harbour. They found that Ferrers Locke was acting as his own skipper. When the pilot was dropped Locke remained on deck as the Silver Star plunged her bows into the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and Harry Wharton & Co. went below, and the steward showed them to their rooms.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Only Bunter!

"WHARTON?"

"Yes."

"Same name as the other young gentleman, sir."

"Eh?"

"Your brother, perhaps, sir."

"What-at?"

"This is the room."

The steward had shown the other fellows their rooms; Wharton, as it happened, came last. The steward seemed a little puzzled on hearing his name, though not so puzzled as Wharton was by the man's remarks.

The captain of the Greyfriars Remove stared at him.

"I don't quite understand—"

"Here you are, sir." The steward tapped on the sliding door. "The other young gentleman gave orders that he was not to be disturbed, sir; but—"

"What other young gentleman?"

"Name of Wharton, sir."

"Blessed if I understand. Is there a passenger on board of the same name as myself?"

"Yes, sir; he came on early, and I showed him to this state-room; not knowing that there were two passengers of the same name, sir—"

"Oh, my hat! But who—"

"Oh! He isn't here now, sir," said the steward, staring into the state-room. "He told me that he was going to sleep, as he was tired. But he seems to have left the state-room."

The steward seemed perplexed.

"I'd better speak to Mr. Locke about this," he said, "when he's not so busy. I was told that six young gentlemen would be sailing with Mr. Locke, and six state-rooms were got ready—"

"That's right," said Harry.

"But the other young gentleman makes seven, sir," said the steward. "As this room has two bunks, no doubt you will share it with the other Mr. Wharton."

"Certainly, if necessary," said Harry, in wonder. "But this is the first I've heard of the other Mr. Wharton! Still,

I suppose it's all right; Mr. Locke must know about it."

"Yes, sir. Your suitcase has been put in this room, sir! The other Mr. Wharton brought no baggage with him. I concluded that it would come with the rest of the party."

"I don't know anything about it, or about him," said Harry. "Mr. Locke hasn't mentioned him to me."

"Indeed, sir! I understood that he had travelled with Mr. Locke's party from England. I dare say you will find him in the saloon, sir, as he is not in the state-room."

And the steward bustled away.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton, in astonishment.

He proceeded to unpack his bag, wondering who on earth the "other Mr. Wharton" could be. It was possible, of course, that there were to be other passengers on the yacht as well as the Greyfriars party; though it was odd that Ferrers Locke had made no mention of the fact. It was still more odd that he had not mentioned it, if the other passenger had the same name as Harry Wharton.

Wharton was still feeling perplexed when he joined his friends in the saloon, where the table was being laid for lunch.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Wherefore that worried brow, old bean?" asked Bob.

"Did you men know there was to be another passenger on board?" asked Harry.

"Haven't heard of him. Who is he?"

"According to the steward his name's the same as mine. It's jolly odd that Mr. Locke hasn't mentioned him."

"The oddfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Where is he?" asked Nugent. "There's nobody on deck but the crew, and I don't see anybody about here."

"Blessed if I know! The steward says he went to sleep in my state-room, but he's not there now."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Steward!"

"Yessir."

"Where's your other giddy passenger?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said the steward. "But I expect he will turn up, sir, when the gong goes for lunch."

"Sure his name's Wharton?" asked Bob.

"Yessir; that was the name he gave Mr. Green when he came on board, sir. Mr. Locke had not mentioned that there would be two young gentlemen of the same name—"

"Blessed if I can make it out!" said Bob. "It seems sort of fishy to me. What was the chap like, steward? Not a Chinaman?"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Nugent; and all the Greyfriars party looked startled at the suggestion.

The steward grinned.

"Oh, no, sir! A young gentleman no older than yourself, sir—a rather stout young gentleman—"

"A—rather stout young gentleman?" ejaculated Wharton, a glimmering of the truth breaking on his mind. "Did—did—did he wear barnacles?"

"Spectacles? Yes, sir."

"Oh, great pip!"

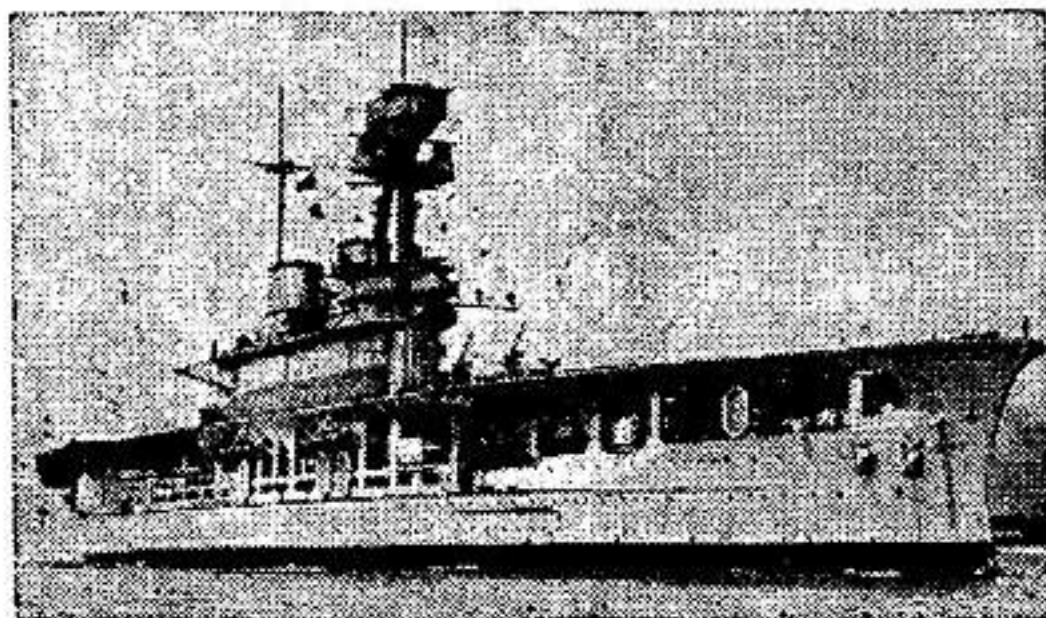
"Bunter!"

"That fat villain!"

"My only hat!" gasped Wharton. "That—that—that fat villain has had the cheek to come on board and use my name—"

"It wouldn't have been much use using his own!" grinned Bob. "Mr. Green must have had a list of the names."

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"Then he's on board now!" roared Johnny Bull.

"He must be——"

"And we're at sea already——"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Findee fattee Buntee, chuckee ovel-board!" suggested Wun Lung.

"We'd better find him," said Harry.

"If it's Bunter——"

"Well, let's find him, and see!"

The juniors went along the state-rooms. They looked into room after room, till they came to Ferrers Locke's cabin, and looked into that. It seemed vacant like the rest, at the first glance.

"N o b o d y here," said Nugent.

"Unless he's under the table——"

There was a startled squeak.

"Ow!"

"Oh, my hat! Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

roared Bob Cherry.

"Roll out, you fat villain!"

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I'm not here!" came a gasp from under the table.

"You benighted fathead!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Roll out, you potty porpoise!"

"I—I say, you fellows." A flap of the table was lifted, and a fat face and a pair of large spectacles appeared.

"I—I say, the beastly place seems to be shaking like anything. Are we out at sea?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Too late to turn back?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"Well, if Mr. Locke would put back for anything it would be to chuck you ashore," answered Bob. "But I don't think he will put back even for that."

"Oh, good!" Bunter crawled out from under the table. "I say, you fellows, I've got beastly cramped squatting there. Not the sort of thing a fellow would expect when he's given up his summer holidays for the sake of his friends. Of course, you fellows knew that I shouldn't let you go to China without me. Think of the risk!"

"You—you—you—you sneaked on board and used my name!" exclaimed Wharton.

Bunter grinned.

"Strategy, you know," he explained. "I don't suppose the mate would have let me stay on board if I hadn't. I don't mind using a commonplace name as a temporary expedient, you know."

"Why, you fat, cheeky villain——"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I say, what about lunch? I'm jolly hungry!"

"What on earth will Mr. Locke say when he sees that fat frabjous fozler?" exclaimed Bob.

"You don't think he'll be pleased?" asked Bunter.

"Pip-pip-pleased?" stuttered Bob.

"The pleasefulness will probably not be terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset



Crack! Ferrers Locke fired, and the revolver dropped from the Chinaman's hand as the bullet struck his right wrist.

Ram Singh. "I thinkfully opine that the esteemed Locke will be infuriated."

"Well, I say, you fellows, you—you tell him that you were all in it, you know——"

"What?"

"And—and that you arranged it all as a pleasant surprise for him," said Bunter.

"What about that?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Of course, I expect my friends to stand by me," said Bunter. "That's understood. There's such a thing as gratitude. When a fellow gives up his holidays, and refuses a lot of pressing invitations from distinguished people, for the sake of his friends——"

"Oh, bump him!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I—I say, you fellows—— Here, leggo! Leggo!" roared Bunter. "I say—— Oh—ow! Beasts! Yah! Retters! Yaroooooop!"

Bump!

"Yow-ow-ow! Whooooop!"

Bump!

"Yoooooooooooooooop!"

Harry Wharton & Co. left the cabin, leaving William George Bunter sitting on the floor, spluttering. They returned to the saloon. The gong had sounded for lunch, and Ferrers Locke had just come down.

He glanced rather curiously at Harry Wharton & Co. They were looking a little flushed after the exertion of bumping Bunter. Perhaps, too, he had heard the wild yell along the alleyway.

"Is anything amiss, Wharton?" he asked.

"The—the fact is——"

"Well, what is the fact, my boy?" asked Locke, with a smile, as the captain of the Remove hesitated.

"The fact is, Bunter——"

"What about Bunter?"

"Here's here."

"Here!" exclaimed Mr. Locke.

"Yes, and——"

Wharton was interrupted, as Billy Bunter rolled in. He did not, for the moment, observe that Ferrers Locke was present.

"I say, you fellows! Look here—— Ow! I'm out of breath! Look here, I can take a j-j-joke—— Ow! I know you fellows are glad to see me here! He, he, he! But about that beast Locke——"

"Sburrup!" hissed Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! Look here, you can square it with that beast Locke! I know he's an absolute blighter, but——"

"Bunter!"

"Oh crikey! I—I say, I didn't see you, Mr. Locke! I—I wasn't saying anything about you, you know!" gasped Bunter. "I—I hope you don't think I was calling you a beast."

"I certainly had that impression," said Locke.

"Oh! No! Not at all! Besides, I don't believe you're half such a beast as you look—— I—I mean——"

"That will do, Bunter! Now you are here, you must remain. I cannot put you ashore till we reach Malta. Say no more. Lunch is ready, my boys."

It was rather a relief to the Co. that Mr. Locke took this unexpected addition to the ship's company so quietly. It was a still greater relief to William George Bunter, who had had some misgivings as to whether he might not receive the thrashing he so richly deserved.

Now all was calm and bright; and Bunter sat down to lunch with a cheery fat face. Mr. Locke thought he was going ashore at Malta. Bunter thought that he wasn't! It remained to be seen which was right.

THE END.

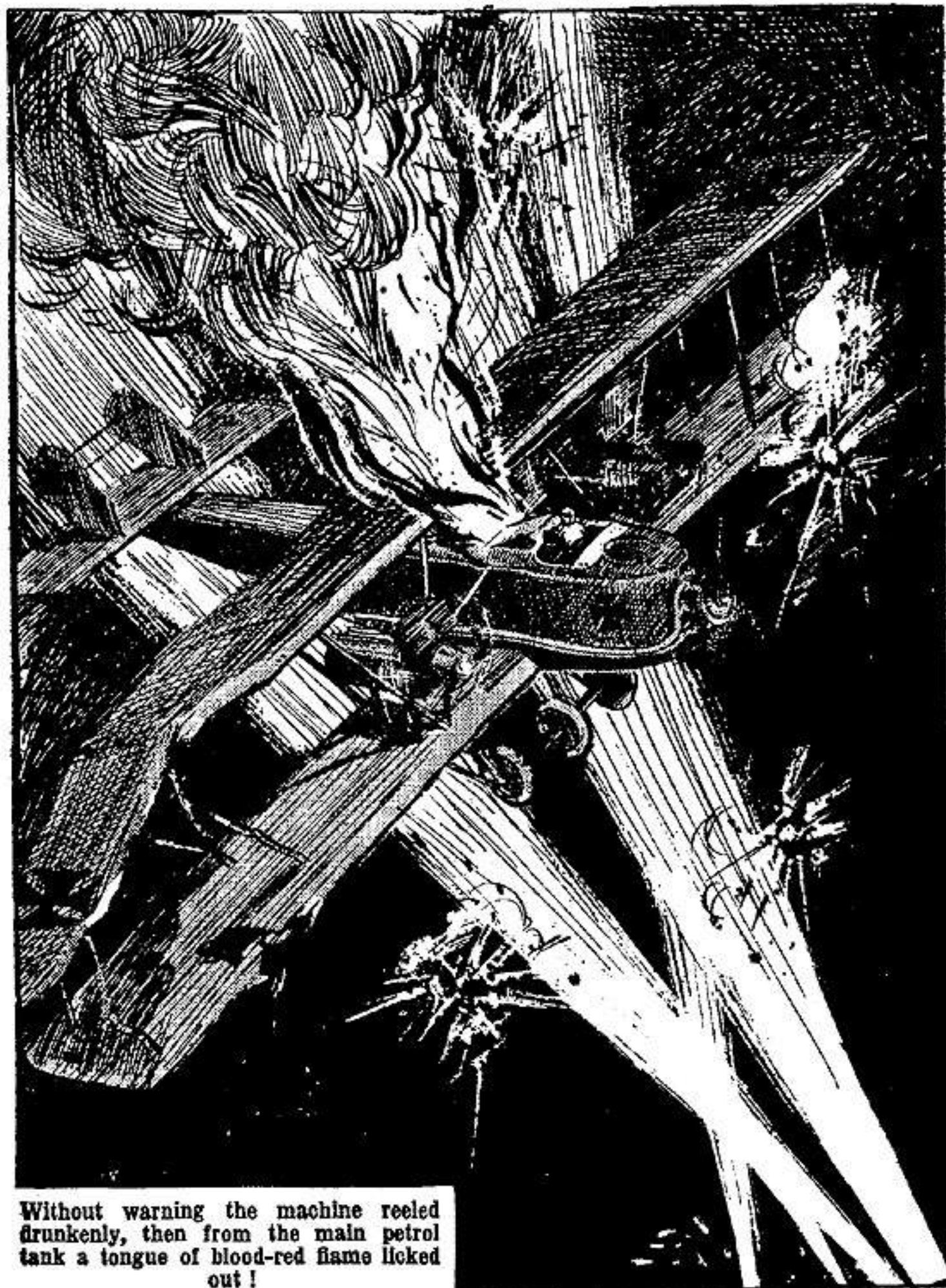
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ANOTHER VIVID INSTALMENT OF THE GREATEST WAR STORY EVER TOLD!

THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

(INTRODUCTION ON PAGE 25.)



Through the streets of Le Courban, like some grinning, stobbering half-wit, shuffles Pedlar Zor, Germany's most famous spy, bent on assassinating Major Guy Tempest, of the British Air Force.

the forward and rear cockpits:

"Has it fallen?"

"Yes, Herr Offizier," came the answer. "A good landing."

Back towards the lines thundered the machine. It had run the gauntlet of shrapnel once, and would have to run it again before it reached the safety which lay far behind the German guns.

But Lache was on his last flight, as were those who were flying with him. At seven thousand feet he encountered the first British anti-aircraft barrage before reaching the line. Gallantly he strove to win his way through, but those below were determined that that night-flyer who had won passage once would not win it again.

A wheeling searchlight picked up the bomber, and before Lache could pull clear another and another had settled on him. White-faced and silent, Falb sat there by his side. His life was in the hands of Lache. There was nothing he could do to aid the pilot.

Desperately, Lache threw the bomber into a steep sideslip, but, as he did so, stabbing, exploding shrapnel burst viciously with lurid flame about him. Without warning the machine reeled drunkenly. From the main petrol tank between the forward and rear cockpits a tongue of blood-red flame licked out, spread with frightful rapidity, and the machine went plunging earthwards enveloped in eddying flames.

Thus died Lache—but he died with his job well done. For twenty-seven kilometres behind where he was shot down lay the long black box which he had brought over the lines and dropped.

And on that box, amidst a clump of tufted grass, was seated the slight and wiry Pedlar Zor, who, in its thickly-padded and well-cushioned interior, had been brought over from Germany and dropped in France, as had other German spies before him.

* * *

Not until the stars were fading, and the first faint light of the coming dawn was streaking the eastern sky did Pedlar Zor stir.

Rising stiffly to his feet he kicked a hole in the bottom of the black box and dragged it to the edge of a near-by moorland pool. Pushing the box away from the bank, he stood watching whilst it sank silently from sight beneath the cold, grey surface of the water.

Then, with hands in the pockets of his dirty, ragged peasant trousers, Pedlar Zor turned away. Reaching a

Without warning the machine reeled drunkenly, then from the main petrol tank a tongue of blood-red flame licked out!

Along the Road!

AT eighty feet the altimeter ceased to register, but still the machine glided earthwards, the only sound that broke the stillness being the whine of the wind through flying wires and struts, and the muffled drone of the purring engines.

Falb, leaning far outboard and peering downwards into the darkness, suddenly straightened up and turned to the pilot.

"I will release him when I have counted ten," he said tensely.

Lache nodded that he understood, and, bending down, Falb gripped the handle of the bomb release.

"One—two—three—four—"

Slowly and distinctly he commenced to count, and Lache, his eyes on the

navigating officer's face, visible in the dim illumination of the dashboard, held the machine on her downward glide.

"—eight—nine—Ten!"

With that final word Falb jerked forward the handle of the bomb release, and, simultaneously, Lache opened up his engines with a roar. Back came the control-stick, and the bomber swooped up into the night.

But it no longer carried the long black box which had been slung beneath the bomb rack. Only the gunners in the rear cockpit had seen the successful functioning of the bomb release; had seen the black box drop to the ground which had been feet only beneath the great tired wheels of the undercarriage.

And as the bomber roared up into the night sky, swinging eastwards on the climb, the voice of Falb came over the short-length telephone which connected

rough, narrow road, he struck westwards towards Le Courban, walking with shoulders hunched and slouching gait.

In the pocket of his tattered blouse were his papers—expert forgeries. They described him as being a Frenchman, Jean Sansterre, exempt from military service because of mental weakness.

None could ape the grinning, slobbering half-wit so well as Pedlar Zor; none so well as he could guise the light of sanity in eyes which were watchful and alert. And none were to know that his loose and drooping lips could, when occasion demanded, tighten into a thin, cruel line.

Cunning as a rat and with the soul of a rat was Pedlar Zor, and Zolhoff had chosen well indeed when he had selected him for the killing of Guy Tempest.

And it was of this killing that Pedlar Zor was thinking as he slouched along the road which led towards Le Courban. During his long years of service on behalf of the Fatherland many perilous missions had come his way, and often he had walked with Death. But against his name, in the records of the German Intelligence Bureau, was not a single failure.

And he did not intend to fail now. He felt tolerably safe as far as the disguising of his real identity was concerned, for his papers bore what purported to be the official stamps of the French Military Tribunals of Auxerre, Valance, and Rambervilliers.

In the tarnished brass button which held the front of his tattered blouse together was a tiny, but wonderfully true compass, measuring less than three-eighths of an inch across. He carried no weapon except the razor-sharp sheath-knife in the belt below his blouse.

Dawn had come, and the sun was swinging up into a sky of cloudless blue when the road which Pedlar Zor was following led him to a low, tumble-down, white-fronted inn. At sight of the place realisation came to Pedlar Zor that he was hungry.

Turning off the road he seated himself on a rough bench in front of the building. The innkeeper—a stout, florid-faced man in shirt-sleeves, red waistcoat, and wide trousers tied at the ankles, appeared in the doorway and stared curiously at the newcomer.

The inn lay far behind the line, well out of the danger zone; but in these troublesome times strangers in civilian garb were few and far between.

"You are early abroad," growled the innkeeper suspiciously.

Pedlar Zor nodded foolishly, loose lips agrin.

"Food!" he mouthed.

The innkeeper approached.

"Where are you from?" he demanded.

With shaking hands Pedlar Zor produced his papers and thrust them towards the man. The latter took them, and as he glanced at them a look of pity came into his eyes.

A mental deficient—eh—a lunatic? Nom d'un nom, but this was sad. Poor fellow. And it was unlucky, so people said, to be unkind to one who was not possessed of all his faculties.

"Wait here," said the innkeeper, returning the papers, "and I will bring you a meal."

Turning, he waddled away. And the grin on the dirty, unshaven face of Pedlar Zor held something of genuine mirth. How easily gulled were these animals of Frenchmen.

As he sat there, waiting for the food to be brought, there came to the ears of Pedlar Zor, borne on the still air

of early morning, the muffled tramp—tramp—of marching feet. Along the road it came, growing in volume, and with it was mingled the creak and jolt of heavy wagons.

Round a bend in the road appeared a mounted French officer, followed by four battalions of blue-clad marching men accompanied by ammunition and general service wagons.

Bravely they passed, moving eastwards towards the line; and the voice of the innkeeper spoke by the side of Pedlar Zor, who was watching them from under lowered lids.

"Ah, there they go!" he said proudly. "Brave sons of France. By sunset they will have reached the line. Many pass this way, but few return. For why? Because always we advance. Le salle Boche, he falls back. What was it General Petain said? 'They shall not pass!' And they have not passed, those beasts of Boche! They fall back, I say, and the Tricolour advances triumphantly towards the Rhine—"

He broke off, glancing down at his customer. He had been soliloquising aloud, caring little whether or not the stranger understood him.

But now he started back in alarm. For never during the whole course of his life had he encountered such venomous hate as that in the dark, beady eyes glaring up at him.

Almost instantly Pedlar Zor had control of himself again. But the innkeeper had seen that glare, and it had filled his flabby heart with fear. Hurriedly setting down in front of Pedlar Zor a well-filled platter, he retreated hastily to the security offered by the interior of the inn.

"He is a dangerous one, that!" he said to his fat wife, peering fearfully through the parlour window at Pedlar Zor, who was eating ravenously, using his sheath-knife as a fork.

"You did wrong to encourage him," responded his wife tartly.

"Yes," admitted the innkeeper humbly, "I did. "But"—hopefully—"perhaps he will soon go."

Pedlar Zor did soon go. And he went without offering a centime in payment for the food which he had consumed. Masquerading as a half-wit had more advantages than one.

Hands in pockets, shoulders hunched, Pedlar Zor shambled away along the road, and pleased indeed was the innkeeper to see the back of him.

All day long this murderous emissary of Zolhoff followed the road which led towards Le Courban. More than once he was called upon to show his papers by military pickets; and always then there fell heavily upon him the role of slobbering half-wit.

But none stayed his course, none were

suspicious of him. And it was when the sun was setting red towards the west that Pedlar Zor reached the outskirts of the village of Le Courban.

He accosted an aged peasant woman. "The house," he mumbled questioningly, "of Jacques Lemarque?"

The woman stared at him curiously. "It is there," she said, pointing to a wretched little cottage which was scarce better than a hovel.

Without a word of thanks, the spy moved on, making towards the abode of Jacques Lemarque—a man who, on the records of the German Intelligence Bureau, was listed as Hans Offer, No. 37.

Two Rogues Together!

HANS OFFER was accepted in the village of Le Courban for what his papers—expert forgeries—made him out to be. Like Pedlar Zor, he was a German spy. Masquerading under the name of Jacques Lemarque, he had lived in Le Courban since the early days of 1915. According to his papers he was exempt from French military service owing to lung trouble.

It was Hans Offer who, by wireless code, had sent word to the German Intelligence Bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse that Guy Tempest had been offered, and had accepted, a commission in the British Royal Air Force at Le Courban.

A dirty, unshaven, blackguardly fellow was Hans Offer, and one who, before his country had plunged the world into war, had been associated with Pedlar Zor in more than one cunning and questionable enterprise.

At that sunset hour which saw the arrival of Pedlar Zor in Le Courban Hans Offer was digging industriously in the untidy patch of garden at the rear of his cottage. Not that he liked digging, but it was necessary for him, every minute of every day, to play the role of French peasant which he had adopted.

Suddenly he paused in his digging, staring with narrowed eyes at a ragged, slouching form which had rounded the cottage from the front. As the newcomer made no effort to approach, Hans Offer thrust his spade into the ground and walked towards him.

"What do you seek here?" he began, then broke off abruptly, staring with amazed eyes.

"You?" he whispered.

Pedlar Zor nodded.

"Let us go where we can talk," he said in a low voice, speaking from the corner of his mouth.

Without another word Hans Offer led the way indoors, his visitor following him into a small and filthy kitchen, stone-floored, and reeking with the smell of stale cooking.

In the middle of the floor was a plain deal table littered with dirty dishes and the remnants of the day's meals. A combined cupboard and dresser, together with a few stiff-backed wooden chairs completed the furnishing of this glorified pigsty.

Closing the door, Hans Offer turned to his visitor.

"What brings you here?" he demanded.

Pedlar Zor smiled, and it was a smile not nice to see.

"I come on a delicate mission, my friend," he said. "There is one who requires removing—"

He paused, the smile still lurking on his thin, cruel lips.

"You mean?" questioned the other.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1.178.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Brought down in British territory, Guido von Sturm, a brilliant flying ace, is told to his utter consternation and dismay that he is Guy Tempest—an Englishman—son of Colonel Tempest. Obtaining permission from the British authorities, the young airman visits Dr. Zolhoff, his guardian. The latter, who is chief of the German Secret Service, is forced to admit the truth—namely, that the boy is English and that he was kidnapped as an infant. Overpowering the doctor, Guy gets away with a paper containing information of the most vital importance to England. The lad is captured, but escapes and, securing a fast plane on a forged German Secret Service introductory letter, succeeds in reaching the British lines. Guy swears allegiance to England, and is given a commission in the British Royal Air Force. Meanwhile, Dr. Zolhoff orders Pedlar Zor, one of Germany's most famous spies, to get rid of Guy. Hidden in a black box the spy is about to be dropped from a plane behind the British lines.

(Now read on.)

"Major Guy Tempest," answered Pedlar Zor. "Is he still staying at Le Courban?"

"Yes," responded Hans Offer. "But you will have to work quickly, for tomorrow he leaves for the line. He has been granted a roving commission."

"And is to take the air against those whom once he called his comrades?" asked Pedlar Zor venomously. "Well, he will never live to do so. He leaves Le Courban to-morrow, you say? Then I will get him to-night!"

"It will be a perilous task," warned Hans Offer. "For British Wing Headquarters here are well guarded. Have you any plans?"

"Not yet," retorted his visitor. "I know nothing of Le Courban, and it has been impossible for me to form any plan without first talking with you."

"Yes," assented Hans Offer thoughtfully, "that must be so, of course. By whose orders are you here?"

"By Zolhoff's," replied Pedlar Zor. "And as these peasant dogs in the village are bound to wonder who I am, we had better first of all concoct some plausible reason for my being here."

And this they did over a meal of

thick vegetable soup, bread, and black coffee which Hans Offer prepared. It was decided that Pedlar Zor should be described to inquisitive villagers by Hans, as a cousin of his—a harmless half-wit from Rambervilliers, whose bed more often than not was some hedge-row bottom.

"But I do not like this role of yours," said Hans Offer, shaking his head dubiously. "To explain how you, a half-wit, have found your way here may be difficult for me—"

"For you?" blazed Pedlar Zor, in sudden fury. "Is that what you think about? Does a trifling thing such as explanation of my presence here make you concerned for your own safety? What about me, who will have to pass the British sentries on guard at Wing Headquarters as the first step in a mission which may well cost me my life? It is I who am taking all the risk—I!"

He broke off, glaring across the table at Hans Offer.

"This role of half-wit is the safest role which I could adopt," he went on angrily. "For if I am caught there is a chance that these British dogs will

not hold me responsible for my actions. My papers are in order, and there is nothing to prove that I am a German. What other masquerade than that of idiot would see me through should I be captured prowling around Wing Headquarters?"

"You are right," answered Hans Offer sullenly. "There is none!"

Pushing back his chair he rose to his feet.

"Come with me," he said.

He led the way up a ramshackle staircase to the only bed-room which the cottage possessed. It was a small room, low-ceilinged, and rotten of flooring. The furniture consisted of a broken-backed chair, an inverted box which did duty as a dressing-table, and a low truckle bed on which was piled a heap of dirty blankets.

Waiting until his companion had entered the room, Hans Offer closed and locked the door. Then, crossing to the fireplace, he removed a large stone from inside the chimney. Thrusting his hand into the cavity he produced a small metal box.

Retracing his steps to the bed he seated himself and unlocked the box with a key which he produced from the pocket of his tattered pantaloons.

"This," he said, taking a folded paper from the box, "is a plan of British Wing Headquarters, here at Le Courban."

Unfolding the plan, he spread it on the bed.

"See," he went on, indicating with dirty forefinger, "here are the hangars, and here the huts and sleeping quarters of the personnel. Here are the office buildings, and here the officers' quarters. This is the petrol dump—and this the ammunition dump. It is a good map, is it not? I have drawn it myself. Eight months it has taken me to complete it—"

"I am not interested in that," cut in Pedlar Zor roughly. "Show me the sentry-posts and patrols. And the quarters where Guy Tempest sleeps."

"It is here he will sleep," explained the other sullenly, indicating again the officers' quarters. "And here are placed sentries—and here—and here!"

Pedlar Zor nodded and possessed himself of the map.

"Give me ten minutes with this," he said, "and I will have it memorised."

Intently Pedlar Zor studied the plan, making an indelible mental note of the position of every hangar, hut, and sentry. Then, handing it back to Hans Offer, he rose to his feet.

"As you have said," he remarked, "it is a good plan, and a well-drawn one."

"You think so?" Hans Offer's gratification was very apparent. "But there—so it should be good. Eight months it took me to complete—"

"So you have said," cut in Pedlar Zor curtly. "Put the things away and let us go downstairs."



"Ah, there they go!" said the innkeeper. "Brave sons of France!" A look of venomous hate appeared in the dark, beady eyes of Pedlar Zor.

Hans Offer folded the plan and put it in the metal box, which he locked and stowed away in the hiding-place in the chimney. Then, replacing the loose stone which blocked the cavity, he led the way downstairs.

The dirty kitchen was dark with the gloom of late dusk. Closing the wooden shutter which did duty as a window curtain, Hans Offer lighted a smoky oil lamp, which he placed on the table.

"What time do you start?" he asked, turning to his companion.

"In another hour," replied Pedlar Zor. "It will be dark by then."

"And how"—Hans Offer asked the question slowly and hesitatingly—"do you intend to get this cursed traitor? With the gun or with the knife?"

"With the knife," replied Pedlar Zor. "It is silent. One swift, clean thrust—"

He completed the sentence with a shrug of his shoulders, his thin lips twisting into a malevolent grin—a grin which found reflection on the ugly mouth of Hans Offer.

"And shall you return to the cottage?" asked the latter.

Pedlar Zor nodded.

"Yes," he replied, "for two days. I have been seen coming here, and suspicion may be roused if I leave at once. After two days I shall make for the Swiss frontier and re-enter Germany via Basel and Mulhausen!"

Hans Offer was silent. And when next he spoke his voice was strangely quiet.

"What is it like in Germany now?" he asked.

Pedlar Zor stared at him.

"Do you want the truth?" he demanded.

"Yes, of course. What do you mean?"

"I mean that the truth may not be nice hearing," retorted Pedlar Zor. "Yet you are man enough to hear it with head erect. We are serving a lost cause. Already the tide of war is turning against us out there on the Western Front. But our people are wonderful—they do not speak of it. Always they talk of the victory which is to come. But in their hearts they know the truth—know that the German Eagle has been forced to turn at bay."

"And yet," said Hans Offer bitterly, "we were promised victory in the early months of the War. Three years ago the first shot was fired, and our Emperor promised us that when the leaves were falling in the autumn our armies would return home triumphant."

Pedlar Zor glanced round the kitchen. He was alone with this man in front of whom he knew he could express himself freely.

"Those words were spoken," he said angrily, "by a sabre-rattling fool, drunk with the lust for war. Our armies, which were to return home triumphant, have been wiped out to a man. Scarce one of the old units remain. The Uhlans, the Prussian Guards, the Death Head Hussars—all have gone. And what have we in their stead? An army recruited from factories, streets, and offices; from the gutters and the prisons. And still we want more men. I tell you, before the end comes every man and every boy will be in uniform."

Hans Offer turned away.

"It is terrible," he said in a low voice. "But we are not defeated yet. Maybe if we could launch one final great offensive we would break through—"

"Already plans for such an offensive are being made," cut in Pedlar Zor vibrantly. "During the next few months we will be content to hold the ground which we have won. But with



Suddenly the beam of an electric torch was flashed down on Guy's upturned face, and dimly the glint of a knife showed in the darkness!

the spring of the coming year a last, desperate effort is to be made to sweep forward to the Channel ports."

Thus he foretold that great German offensive which, on a misty morning of February, 1918, was launched by the 2nd, 17th and 18th Armies—an offensive which in its early stages swept the Allied Armies back and back until at length the mighty advancing tide of field-grey soldiers was stayed by the blood-stained bayonets of weary British troops, fighting desperately and heroically with their backs to the wall.

And Hans Offer listened eagerly whilst his companion spoke of it; and as he listened he took heart again.

"Come," he said suddenly, rising to his feet, "let us drink to the success of our armies, who do not know defeat. You say we are serving a lost cause. Maybe. Who knows the future will prove you wrong!"

"From the bottom of my heart," said Pedlar Zor earnestly, "I say 'Amen!' to that!"

Crossing to the cupboard Hans Offer produced a bottle of wine and a couple of dirty glasses. Filling each glass to the brim he handed one across to his companion.

And there, in that cottage kitchen, in the heart of an enemy country, those two German spies drank success to their comrades who, in the field-grey of the Fatherland, were fighting on the Western Front.

"One more toast I give you," said Hans Offer, replenishing the glasses—"good luck to you to-night, and a quick death to the traitor, Guy Tempest!"

Pedlar Zor nodded his acknowledgments and drained his glass.

"By dawn," he said gratingly, setting his empty glass down on the table, "the traitor will be dead!"

Then, as though struck by a sudden thought, he said sharply:

"That plan of the Wing Headquarters—bring it to me."

"But you have seen it once," began the other protestingly, "and I pointed out to you the quarters of Guy Tempest—"

"Bring me the plan!" cut in Pedlar Zor tersely, "and a large envelope. There is a way in which I can get this cursed traitor should I fail with the knife."

At Wing Headquarters.

At that same hour Major Guy Tempest was seated talking to his father, Colonel Tempest, in the latter's quarters.

The boy had been granted a roving commission, and was leaving for the line the following morning. The granting of a roving commission meant that Guy was attached to no particular squadron and could go hunting for Huns wherever he liked, above the whole length of the battle front.

During the little time which they had been able to spend in each other's company since Guy had returned to Le Courban, the boy and his father had found much to say to each other.

Colonel Tempest had learned all that had happened to Guy since the boy had left Le Courban that fateful night to learn the truth of his birth from the lips of Zolhoff himself.

"And Zolhoff will never forget me," said Guy grimly. "I know him well, and know that he will never rest until he has avenged himself on me."

Colonel Tempest nodded.

"You must exercise the greatest care and discretion," he said quietly. "Heaven send that hostilities will soon

be over, and I will be able to take you home with me to England."

He rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"You had better turn in now, my boy," he said. "I will see you before you leave in the morning."

Bidding his father an affectionate good-night, Guy quitted the room. Outside it was a clear, still night, and before going to his own quarters the boy walked towards the hangars where was housed the machine which he was to fly on his offensive patrols over the line.

Late as the hour was, a mechanic was working on the engine of the fast little super-powered scarlet Sopwythe scout which was standing in the entrance of the dimly-illuminated hangar.

With appreciative eyes Guy stood gazing at the beautifully streamlined little scout, the scarlet wings and fuselage of which were glistening in the light of the shaded bulbs.

After exchanging a word or two with the mechanic, Guy turned and made his way slowly towards his quarters. Somehow, he did not know why, he was feeling strangely restless and ill at ease that night. Perhaps it was because he had been talking about Zolhoff. He knew full well that Zolhoff would exert every atom of influence and power which he possessed to hound him down.

It was as certain as night followed day that Zolhoff would strike. But where? And how?

Impatiently Guy Tempest shrugged his shoulders.

"Hope I'm not developing nerves," he muttered.

Reaching his quarters, he undressed and flung himself down on his camp bed. But sleep did not come easily. The feeling of uneasiness persisted. Somewhere in the darkness of the room menace seemed to lurk.

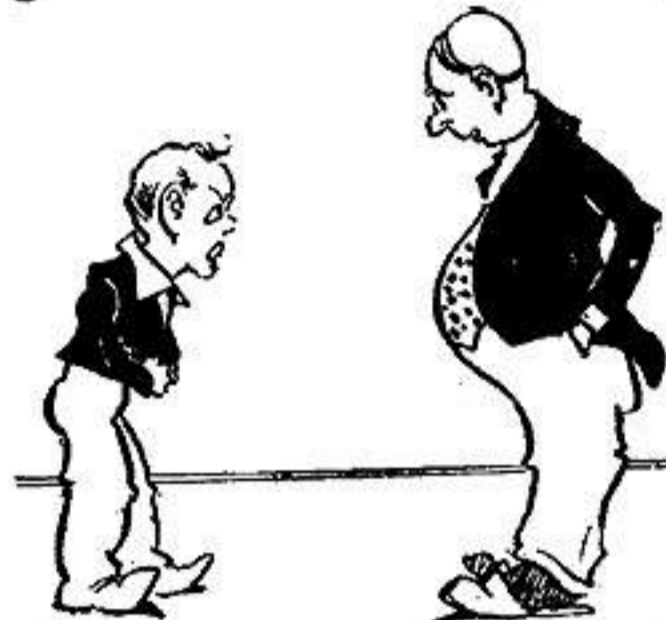
An hour dragged wearily past—an hour in which the boy tossed and turned

restlessly. There came then a brief period of troubled slumber from which he suddenly awoke with a start.

He was wide awake in an instant.

SPARE A MOMENT AND WIN A PENKNIFE!

J. Lee, of "Passmonds," Church Road, Thornton-le-Fylde, has scored a bullseye with the following amusing storyette.



Tommy: "I say, pa, when I had toothache, you took me to the dentist to get my tooth filled."

Pa: "Yes!"

Tommy: "Well, as I've got the tummy ache, hadn't we better go to the bunshop?"

Now, what about an effort from you, chum?

For a moment he did not stir. Instinct warned him that he was not alone—something or somebody was in the room. He could sense a presence near him in the darkness. Slowly,

stealthily, he commenced to raise himself on his elbow.

Then suddenly, without warning, the beam of an electric torch was flashed down on to his upturned face. Half-blinded, the boy hurled himself from the bed, his outstretched hands clutching at the shadowy form of the man holding the torch. Simultaneously, he felt something sink sickeningly into his shoulder, and warm blood gushed out soaking his pyjama jacket.

Desperately Guy retained his hold on his assailant and, locked together, man and boy reeled across the floor, cannoning against the table, which overturned with a crash.

Guy's strength was fast ebbing, for the knife thrust in his shoulder had bitten deep. But tenaciously he hung on to his assailant until a savage, smashing blow to the face caused him to release his grasp and sent him staggering wildly back.

The man did not pause to follow up his advantage. With the swiftness of a cornered rat which sees a way of escape, he wheeled towards the door—to pause suddenly with hissing intake of breath as the lights of the room blazed into being.

"Put your hands up!"

With head thrust forward, and panting, Pedlar Zor glared for a moment at the cool, khaki-clad figure of Captain Stuart, standing in the doorway, revolver in hand. Then slowly his hands crept waveringly upwards, and he turned his head towards Guy Tempest, a malevolent grin twisting his cruel, thin lips.

"It seems," he said, "that the game is up, comrade!"

(Guy Tempest's had a narrow escape from death—but Pedlar Zor's not at the end of his tether. His cunning brain has evolved a scheme which will place Guy in a disastrous position. Don't miss next Saturday's gripping instalment, whatever you do, chums!)

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Greyfriars Herald

No. 10.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

September 13th, 1930.

Edited by
HARRY WHARTON,
 F.G.H.

LATEST EXTRA GOOD EDITION

Of Special Interest!

WILL the person, or persons, who put gum in my slippers last night kindly come to my study at once, as I have in my possession an article dropped by one of them, and I should be happy to restore it to its proper owner?—George Wingate, Captain.

WAKE UP, JOTLAND YARD

ANOTHER DARING RAID BY MYSTERIOUS NEMO

BUNS AND TARTS!

NO CLUES—NO NOTHING

"Nemo," the Master-Criminal, whose grab-raiding activities have been puzzling Jotland Yard lately, has just organised another thrilling coup. Detective Penfold is going bald with worry.

It will be recalled that Lord Maulverer, whose study was burgled by the villain, described him as a very fat fellow with spectacles. When the tuckshop was raided last week, not one single clue was found on the premises. In fact, there was nothing there—not even tuck. The only object in evidence was a handkerchief belonging to Mr. W. G. Bunter, which he must have dropped accidentally.

Jotland Yard were still making frantic efforts to discover the identity of the burglar, when news came through that yet another raid had been carried out successfully.

This time it was on no less a person than Mr. H. Wharton, the well-known sportsman.

Mr. Wharton and Mr. Nugent were sitting down to tea when the voice of Mr. Quetch, the Remover Form master, came floating through the door.

"Wharton! Nugent! Wait upon me in my study immediately!" Somewhat surprised, the two friends hurried to Mr. Quetch's study, only to find that Mr. Quetch had not summoned them. The Form master, indeed, was too busy to trouble his head about them, and he gave them each a hundred lines for interrupting him.

Burning with rage, Wharton and Nugent rushed back to their study, and found every crumb of food missing. "The sounder must have imitated Quetchy's voice in the passage," Wharton said to Detective Penfold when he called.

"I expect so," nodded the detective. "But he must be a clever bloke, in that case." "I suppose the rotter is a ventriloquist or something," Detective Penfold shook his head gloomily. "It doesn't sound likely," he murmured. "However, all the fellows will be at the Remove concert in the Rag this evening. I'll be there and see if I can pick up some clues."

But at the concert Detective Penfold was far too interested in the programme to trouble about clues. The hit of the evening was Mr. W. G. Bunter's ventriloquist entertainment. Mr. Bunter is a very clever ventriloquist, and he imitated the various masters' voices to perfection. Mr. Quetch's voice was especially lifelike, and some of the fellows turned round in dismay, thinking that the master must be in the room.

"Good show, wasn't it?" said Penfold afterwards. "Yes. Did you pick up any clues?" asked Wharton. "Ahem! No! I haven't the faintest idea who can have done it. But don't worry. We'll lay our hands on the villain yet. All we've got to do now is to find a fat fellow who wears spectacles and is a clever ventriloquist. The clues are mounting up, you notice."



GREYFRIARS LIFE-BOAT

SUNK ON MAIDEN TRIP

A new venture was undertaken by Horace Coker, of the Fifth, who said that every day the Sark there would be a nasty accident sooner or later. Coker therefore rigged up an ancient double-scuttling skiff with an outboard motor-engine, and painted the words "SCHOOL LIFEBOAT" on the prow. Then he stood by and waited for his first call for help.

But we have very few accidents on the river. It is true that there are plenty of spills—not all of them accidental—but there is never the slightest danger, for rescue is swift, and, except by the mill-race, the Sark is broad and shallow. Still, Coker hoped for the best, as he stood proudly at the helm of the first Greyfriars Lifeboat.

No accidents came, so Coker cruised up the river in search of anybody whom he could assist. When Coker is on his motor-bike, everybody for miles round takes cover. We had never seen him on a motor-boat before. We hope we never shall again.

This is the official log of the first cruise of the GREYFRIARS LIFEBOAT.

4.3 p.m.—Started from boat-house.

4.4 p.m.—Collided with a light skiff manned by Wingate of the Sixth. Wingate pitched into water and skiff submerged. Could not stop engine, to save Wingate, so he had to swim ashore.

4.8 p.m.—Met punt containing a crowd of Third Form fags. Punt cut in two. Fags escaped with minor injuries, only three of them being detained in hospital.

4.10 p.m.—Hobson of the Shell swimming in deep water. He got off with a few unimportant bruises.

4.11 p.m.—Opposite the Green Man ran down a flat-bottomed boat containing three fishermen. Believe they were all rescued all right.

4.14 p.m.—P. A. S. in G. Monk's Friary. Came in contact with the Remover racing eight in a light (Continued at foot of next col.)

ARE SCHOOLBOYS POETS?

Mr. H. S. Quetch's Competition

A "GEM" FROM BUNTER

Last week I offered a prize of a presentation volume of Shakespear to the boy in my Form who submitted to me the best four-lined verse on any topic. I am happy to say that many of the entries reached a high level; and others were not quite so good, and I was obliged to say the least, curious.

I congratulate William George Bunter on his verse; but I consider that a doughnut does not constitute the best subject for an idyllic poem. After correcting the spelling, his verse ran:

"The doughnut is a ripping fruit, Especially in time of famine it is doubly welcome. I love the buns, T.ough I like it with a lot of jam in it."

Bunter will wait upon me in my study at seven o'clock this evening, and I will endeavour to correct him. Robert Cherry's verse, though well intentioned, contains rather too much repetition for my taste.

"I love to lie on summer days, On summer days I love to lie, Beneath the sky by leafy ways, By leafy ways beneath the sky."

Instead of lying by leafy ways beneath the sky on his next half-holiday, Robert Cherry will sit at his desk beneath the Form-room ceiling, writing me out two hundred lines of the *Aeneid*. I presume that Harold Skinner's attempt was meant as a joke. Skinner will find himself the unsuspecting owner of two hundred lines. His effort ran:

"I hunt the lions when I'm old, And ambush two or three; Unless the lions get there first, And 'lion' wait for me."

Aark Linley wins a special prize of a volume of Keats.

"The hours run madly from my birth, I dare not linger in the strife,

TOBOGGANING THRILLS AND SPILLS

FINE SPORT "OW-OW-OW!"

REMOVITES ENJOY THEMSELVES

The latest sport in the Remover is tobogganing. In other words sliding downstairs on a tea-tray. It is a very thrilling pastime. You obtain a tray—it is better to take one belonging to somebody else if possible—and sit yourself upon it at the head of the stairs. A friend gives you a push, and—bump, bump, bumpety-bump!—you are at the bottom.

The meeting of the Remover tobogganing club was well attended, and lasted until four minutes and six precepts arrived on the spot with their canes. There was a general mix-up, and some of the enemy found themselves tobogganing downstairs unintentionally. The meeting dispersed shortly afterwards, each fellow giving the P. A. S. "Ow-ow-ow! Yoooop!"

Scores:
 Mr. P. Todd—Broken collar-bone.
 Mr. H. Wharton—Cut on right ear and black eye.
 Mr. H. S. Quetch—Two shins grazed.
 Mr. George Wingate—Swollen nose.
 Mr. R. Cherry—Slight damage to features.
 Mr. P. Boslover—Funny-bone knocked sideways.
 Mr. T. Brown—Bruised thigh and twisted knee-cap.
 P. Hazeldene—Broken finger and a cauliflower ear.
 J. Vivian—Badly shaken.

8 p.m.—Mr. Henry Samuel Quetch desires to give a short lecture on the beauties of *Aeschylus*. Mr. Quetch will give every fellow who switches off one hundred lines.

8.50 p.m.—Broadcast of a thrilling game of draughts from the Rag.
 9 p.m.—Lights out ceremony. The voice of George Wingate will be heard saying: "Now then, you kids, jump to it!" After that he will ask why Lord Maulverer isn't in the dorm, and a special party will set out to rouse Lord Maulverer from his study sofa. Then will follow the pleasing ceremony of his lordship being told to bend over, and amid the shrieks of the noble earl the announcer will close down and bid everybody "Good-night!"

HISTORY LESSON BROADCAST

SPECIAL APPEAL FOR CASH

By W. G. BUNTER

12 noon.—Time signal by Mr. Quetch.

2 p.m.—4 p.m.—Special broadcast of a history lesson from the Remover Form room. A plan of the room is included, and you will be able to understand the announcer when he says (possibly): "Nugent has just approached." Mr. Quetch's desk (Square 4). Mr. Quetch is raising his cane. I will now be silent a moment so that you will all be able to hear Nugent's ferdish yells. Nugent is now doubled up on the floor, moaning piteously (Square 5), etc., etc."

6.30 p.m.—This Week's Special Appeal. Speech by Mr. W. G. Bunter on behalf of his League for the Filling of the Hungry with Good Things.

7 p.m.—Cornet solo by Johnny Bull. (Switch on to another station during this item.)

7.15 p.m.—Items by William Whaley.
 7.45 p.m.—Form regging in the Common-room. Boslover Major has been bullying Dicky Nugent, and the Remover have agreed to present him with a record regging to-night. This item should be very entertaining and amusing. Arrangements have been made to have Boslover driven by wet towels and knotted handkerchiefs right up to the microphone, so that you may hear his shrieks.

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It is a splendid ambition, Penfold. At first sight, perhaps, it may seem that the sentiment in Linley's verse, and that of Penfold's do not agree. But when you have truly brought off that first great conquest—the conquest of yourself—your life will be so harmonious and helpful that you will leave at least one corner of the world the brighter for your existence. That is the ambition in Linley's verse, and together the two verses set forth a very happy and profitable scheme of life.

JUSTICE FOR A JUSTICE!
 There is no report from the Court this week, owing to the fact that Mr. Justice Wharton is himself in prison for putting two white mice and an eel in Loder's bed. When he comes out of gaol, he will carry on with the Courts of Justice as usual.

ADVERTISEMENTS:
 If I catch the villain who has taken my new bell and a set of tools from my bike in the bicycle shed, I'll burst him.—Horace Coker, Vth Form.
FOR SALE.—One bicycle bell and set of tools. Awl brand new. Owner has no further use for them, and he must raise the wind somehow.—W. G. Bunter, Study No. 7.