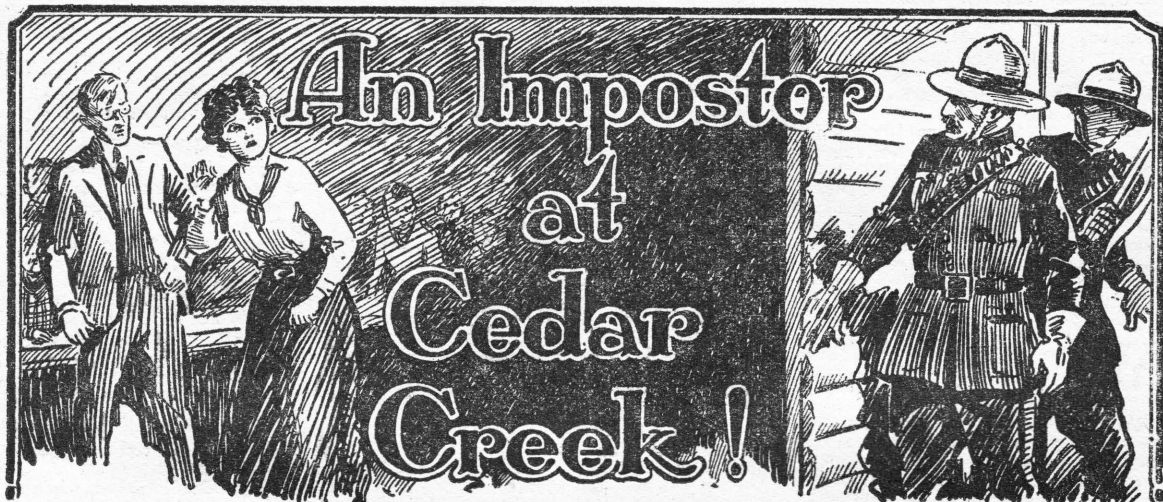


AN OUTCAST AND A FUGITIVE HIDING FROM THE POLICE, MR. SLIMMEY'S TWIN-BROTHER
TURNS UP AT CEDAR CREEK, AND BRINGS TROUBLE TO THE YOUNG MASTER!



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of

FRANK RICHARDS

(The Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Startling Discovery!

"YOU must go!"
Frank Richards started and looked up from his book.

Frank was seated under a tree on the bank of the creek, some distance from Cedar Creek schoolhouse.

He had "De Bello Gallico" open on his knees improving the shining hour by giving Cæsar a look-up.

Latin was not in the curriculum at the backwoods school, but Frank, who was of a studious turn of mind, sometimes had a "go" at it in his leisure hours. He had brought his old school-books with him when he came to the Canadian West.

His chums, Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc, were canoeing on the creek, and Frank had retired to that secluded spot with the Gallic War, which had been very familiar to him in the old days.

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master at Cedar Creek, was a good Latin scholar, and he sometimes gave Frank a little help in that line. Mr. Slimmey was a somewhat irresolute young man in glasses, and the Cedar Creek fellows not infrequently made fun of him, and of his respectful adoration of Miss Meadows, the schoolmistress. But he was kind and good-natured, and Frank had a good deal of regard and respect for him.

It was Mr. Slimmey's irresolute voice that came to the schoolboy's ears suddenly from the timber behind him.

"You must go, Rufus! Do you hear?"

Mr. Slimmey's voice was agitated, and he was evidently under the stress of emotion.

A laugh followed—a low, evil laugh, that made Frank Richards start as he heard it.

"Rufus! I tell you——"
"I cannot go!" It was a hard, cold voice that replied. "I've come to you for help, Paul!"

"How can I help you—you, a fugitive from justice? How can I help you? And I ought not, if I could!"

"You can—and must! Are you thinking of handing over your own brother to the Mounted Police?"

Frank Richards rose to his feet. His cheeks were burning.

Chance had placed him in the position of an eavesdropper, but he had not the slightest desire to hear Mr. Slimmey's business.

But he paused as he stood under the big tree.

The tree was between him and the speakers in the timber, and if he went along the bank he would come out into full view of them.

He hesitated.
That Paul Slimmey, the quiet and irresolute assistant-master, had a brother who was a fugitive from justice, was a startling discovery. Frank realised how humiliated the young man would be if he found that his secret had been discovered, however unintentionally.

Frank was in an awkward position. As he stood hesitating, wondering what he ought to do, the voices went on. The speakers were within a few yards of him.

"You've got to help me, Paul. I've got to get clear, somehow. Hang it all, your own twin-brother——"

"What kind of a brother have you been to me?" said Mr. Slimmey bitterly.

"You have always disgraced me. I had to give up a good position in England on your account. And then, even in this country, you turned up again. Was not the world wide enough for you to go a different way?"

"I swear that was by chance. I was surprised when I first saw you in Thompson. I never intended to trouble you——"

"And yet you have come here?"

"I had no choice. I got into trouble at Vancouver, and I had to clear out in two days."

"The same old tale, I suppose. Drink, cards, and the rest!"

"Never mind that. I was never built your way, Paul—mentally and morally, I mean, though physically it's not easy to tell us apart. We went our different ways from boyhood. Look here, you've

got to help me get clear! They are on my track!"

"The police?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens!"

"There are two of them in Thompson now, making inquiries. I can't run for it—where could I go? I thought of you as a last resource. You can hide me somewhere, Paul, till the scent grows cold."

"Hide you—a thief!"

"You've got some quarters here, I suppose! Where do you live?"

"I have a cabin near the school-house."

"You are alone there?"

"I live there alone. Miss Meadows' servants look after the place, and I take most of my meals in the schoolhouse. It would not be possible to hide you in my cabin. It would be impossible. But if it were possible I would not do it. I will not shelter a thief. How do I know that even at this moment you have not your plunder about you?"

"That is neither here nor there. I must have a shelter for a few days, at least, till the Mounted Police have given up looking in this district. After that, I may get away to the hills."

"Impossible!"

"Paul!"

"I cannot help you. You have no right to ask. If I did I should be a criminal myself."

"Don't drive me too far, Paul!" The voice had a deep, menacing tone in it. "You know I am desperate."

"I am not afraid of you. I will not give you away. I will not utter a word to harm you, but I cannot give you help. That is final."

There was a rustling in the under-wood as the master moved away.

There was no reply. Paul Slimmey was gone.

Frank Richards heard a muttered oath in the timber, and then there was another rustling as Rufus Slimmey crept away.

Frank stood rooted to the ground. He would have given words not to

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have heard that muttered talk. But, at least, not a word of it should pass his lips, and Mr. Slimmey should never know that he knew.

The boy did not move till long after the receding footsteps had died in the distance.

Then, with a troubled face, he moved away along the creek.

There was nothing he could do to help Paul Slimmey in his trouble, nothing but hold his tongue, and act as if he knew nothing of the young master's affairs. But he would have been very glad to hear that the North-West Mounted Police had succeeded in running down the fugitive from Vancouver.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

In the Lead of Night!

"WHAT—what shall I do?"

The hour was late.

While Frank Richards was sleeping soundly that night in his room at the far-off ranch, the assistant-master of Cedar Creek School was pacing his cabin, sleepless, restless.

Cedar Creek School was sunk into silence and slumber. Not a light glimmered from any window.

But a light was still burning in the young master's cabin.

Midnight had passed, but Paul Slimmey was not thinking of bed. He could not have slept.

He was thinking of his brother.

The man who had disgraced him in the Old Country, the man who had been a black shadow on his life from boyhood, was at hand again.

Somewhere out in the darkness the fugitive was lurking.

Paul Slimmey had refused to help him. He knew it was only too probable that the wastrel had about him at that very moment the proceeds of the robbery for which he was being tracked down by the North-West Mounted Police.

To give him shelter and aid was impossible—indeed, the young master could not have done so if he would. Where was he to hide him?

But, rascal as his twin-brother was, he could not help feeling some concern in his fate.

And his fate was sure.

If the Mounted Police had tracked him as far as Thompson, the end was certain. In Thompson they could not fail to learn that a Mr. Slimmey was a master at the lumber school.

Rufus Slimmey's reason for coming to that district would be apparent to them at once when they knew that fact.

They would know that he had come there seeking his brother's help, and they would follow.

He would be questioned. They would want to know if he had seen the fugitive. What was he to say?

"What shall I do?" muttered the young man again and again as he paced the cabin restlessly.

He stopped suddenly as there was a sound at the door. Was it the police already? His heart almost ceased to beat as he faced the doorway, waiting.

The door opened.

Framed in the doorway, with the blackness behind him stood the figure of the outcast.

"Rufus! You—you have come here!" panted Paul Slimmey.

The man stepped in and closed the door behind him. Without a word he dropped the wooden bar into its place.

Then he turned to his brother.

There was a moment of tense silence as they looked at one another in the light of the kerosene lamp.

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Strangely alike they looked as they stood thus.

Dissimilar as they were in character, Nature had cast the twins in the same physical mould.

In height, in build, in features, they were almost counterparts.

The difference was marked in their clothes, and by Rufus Slimmey's thick moustache, and the fact that he did not wear glasses.

Other differences there were none.

Mr. Slimmey stood rooted to the floor, his breath coming and going in gasps. His eyes were fixed upon his brother, as they might have been fixed upon a serpent.

A mocking grin crossed Rufus Slimmey's face.

"You are surprised to see me here, I guess!" he remarked.

"You must be mad to come here!" said Mr. Slimmey huskily.

"You were mad to see me at all. The police will be here to-morrow at the latest."

"I know it."

"They will want to know if I have seen you."

"And you will tell them?"

"What can I tell them? Do you think I am going to utter falsehoods on your account?" exclaimed the young man passionately. "You are a scoundrel to come here at all! You knew I could not help a thief to escape with his plunder."

"It was a chance, at least."

"Go!" said Mr. Slimmey. "Go while there is time! Go at once, and I will refuse to answer any questions. That is the utmost I can do."

The wastrel smiled, and sat down on a stool at the table.

"Have you any food here?" he asked.

"Yes, if you are hungry."

"I am hungry."

"I will give you a meal before you go—such as I can. But—"

"The food—the food!" interrupted the outcast. "Your eloquence can come later, my dear brother. You were always too much given to preaching."

In silence the young man set the food before him—corn-cakes and ham. The outcast devoured them ravenously.

"Anything to smoke?" he asked, when he had finished.

"I do not smoke."

"Then you've nothing here?"

"Nothing!"

"You were always a fool!"

Mr. Slimmey drew a deep breath.

"I have done all I can for you—more than my conscience justifies," he said.

"Now go!"

"I am not going yet," said the outcast coolly. "My dear brother, it is years since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your company. Let me enjoy it a little longer. Do you remember that old story—what happened in England, when you had to resign your position in a school—"

"I remember only too well!" said Mr. Slimmey bitterly. "Taking advantage of your resemblance to me, you penetrated to the place and committed a robbery. I had great difficulty in proving my innocence; and I had to resign and leave."

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It was like you—base and treacherous from your birth!"

Rufus Slimmey laughed.

"That old story came into my mind while I was dodging the Mounted Police," he remarked. "A game that was played once can be played again—if you choose to help. Look at me! In your clothes, and with a clean shave, I—"

"What do you mean?"

"Cannot you guess? You are free to come and go as you like. Disappear for a week, and leave me in your place."

"What!"

"I have more than brains enough to take your place here," said the outcast, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"And as Paul Slimmey, assistant-master to a backwoods school, I am safe—I can defy the police. They will see the resemblance—they will note that in any case. But I should play my part well. Your Miss Meadows would answer for it that I am Paul Slimmey, teacher—"

"You scoundrel!"

"It would work—if you will go and leave me a clear field!"

"To rob Miss Meadows, too, when you were safe."

"I will promise."

"That is enough. Will you go?"

"I guess not!"

Mr. Slimmey clenched his hands.

"Listen to me!" he said. "I have had more than enough of your rascality and insolence. If you are not gone within five minutes, I shall call in the stableman to help me secure you, and hand you over to the police when they arrive here. I mean that!"

The outcast watched his face, with a mocking smile.

"I believe you do!" he said.

"You will find that I do."

Rufus Slimmey rose to his feet.

"Then there is nothing for me to do but go!" he said.

"Nothing."

"Or else—"

"Or else what?"

"This!"

And as he spoke the outcast was upon the young master with the spring of a tiger.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Borrowed Identity.

CRASH! Mr. Slimmey went to the floor, taken wholly by surprise by the sudden attack. The knee of the outcast was planted on his chest, and two savage, burning eyes looked down at him.

The young master struggled.

But, similar as they were in build, the young outcast was twice a match for the young master in strength. He held him as helpless as an infant.

"You never were a match for me, Paul," he smiled. "You should not have played with me, my boy! Ah! Silence!"

Mr. Slimmey had opened his mouth to shout for help.

But a heavy hand was laid upon it, choking back his cry.

He was still struggling, but in vain. The knee on his chest pinned him down.

"Silence, you fool!" hissed the outcast.

There was a panting gasp from Mr. Slimmey. Feeble as he was in the grasp of the unscrupulous ruffian, his courage was undaunted, and he still resisted.

Rufus Slimmey had grasped his right wrist. Now, he shifted his knee to Mr. Slimmey's left arm, pinning it down; and all the time he kept his iron grip on his mouth.

In spite of Paul Slimmey's resistance,

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his right arm was forced under the outcast's left knee.

Then the ruffian had his other hand free.

He extracted Mr. Slimmey's handkerchief, and jammed it savagely into his mouth.

"That silences you, you fool!" he muttered.

He drew a length of cord from his pocket, and bound the young master's wrists together.

Then he rose, panting, to his feet.

Mr. Slimmey lay on the floor, helpless. But the ruffian had not finished yet. He bound another cord about the young man's ankles, reducing him to complete helplessness.

"That finishes you, Paul!"

Mr. Slimmey's eyes burned at him.

"I will give you another chance," muttered Rufus Slimmey. "I know you'd keep your word. Will you go and leave the coast clear for me here?"

The bound man shook his head.

"Then you will take the consequences!"

The ruffian knelt beside his victim, and proceeded to fasten the gag more securely, and to knot again the cords that confined his limbs. He did the work with the most thorough care.

Then he opened the door of the bedroom, and lifted the bound man through the doorway, and laid him on the bed.

Carefully he covered the little window with the blind.

The bound man watched him, with fierce anger in his eyes, and amazement, too. He could not understand yet the scheme that was working in the rascal's cunning brain.

Rufus Slimmey carried in the lamp from the other room. He searched about the bedroom, and found shaving materials.

Quietly and carefully he shaved off his moustache before the little glass.

The moustache gone, his resemblance to the bound man on the bed was more striking. He stood looking down at his brother, with a sneering grin.

"You savvy?" he asked.

Mr. Slimmey shook his head.

"The Mounted Police will be here to-morrow, to seek me. They will find me—but in your name. You will be locked in this room—silent. I shall face the inquiries of the Mounted Police, and put them off the scent. You understand?"

Mr. Slimmey's eyes glittered, but he could not speak.

"If you had chosen to help me, it would have been easier," grinned the outcast. "But I have nerve enough for such a game. I never wanted nerve. And now I must trouble you for your clothes."

The bound man's face brightened for a moment. If he was unbound there was a chance.

But hope died in his breast, almost as soon as it rose. The outcast was leaving nothing to chance.

He unfastened one limb at a time to remove the outer garments from his victim, and replaced the cords.

In a quarter of an hour Mr. Slimmey was stripped of his outer clothes, and he still lay bound on the bed.

Rufus Slimmey discarded the muddy, travel-worn garments from his own limbs, and slipped on the clean, neat homespun the master had been wearing.

His own garments he packed out of sight in a box.

"Now, if they come, they can find me!" he said, with a grin. "Do you think I shall meet the test, Paul?"

There was despair in the face of the young master.

The ruffian searched in the cabin, and came back with several pieces of cord. The helpless man, already bound, was secured to the bed he was lying upon.

The outcast threw a buffalo-robe over him.

"Sleep, if you can!" he said. "I'm sorry for this, Paul, but it's the only way. You will have to remain tied up unless you give me your promise not to betray me."

There was no sign from the master, and Rufus Slimmey shrugged his shoulders.

"Be it so!" he said.

He carried the lamp back into the outer room, and closed the bed-room door and locked it, and placed the key in his pocket.

Then he replenished the stove, extinguished the lamp, and drew a buffalo-robe round him, and laid down to sleep, his feet to the stove.

In three minutes the rascal was sleeping soundly.

There was no sleep for the unfortunate man in the next room. He counted the weary minutes till the light of dawn glimmered through the closely-drawn blind.

But after dawn was creeping in at the cabin window the outcast was still sleeping.

He awakened as a knock came at the door.

In a moment the buffalo-robe was thrown aside, and the outcast was upon his feet. He stepped to the door, and removed the bars and opened it.

A smiling Chinese stood without. "Goodee-mornee, Mistel Slimmey!"

"Good-morning!"

"Mistel Slimmey goes blekfast!" said the Chinese.

"I guess so."

The Chinese servant glanced at him rather quickly as he spoke, and the keen-witted impostor divined at once that Mr. Slimmey was not in the habit of "guessing."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" he said.

There was no suspicion, however, in



THE NE'ER-DO-WELL'S RETURN!—"If you will not help me to escape from the police, then I shall have to make you!" said Rufus Slimmey. And as he spoke the outcast was upon the young master with the spring of a tiger. Mr. Slimmey went to the floor, taken wholly by surprise by the sudden attack of his brother. (See Chapter 3.)

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the Chinaman's face. It was evident that he believed that the man before him was the assistant-master of Cedar Creek School.

The outcast stepped back into the cabin, and the Chinaman followed him in.

He was moving towards the bed-room door, when the outcast interposed.

"What do you want?"
The Chinaman looked mildly surprised. "Me doce loom!" he said. "Makee beddee, allee samee."

For a moment the impostor's heart throbbed. He had expected something of this kind, and it had to be warded off.

"I could not sleep last night," he said.

"I did not go to bed."

"Not goey beddee, Mistel Slimmey?"

"No. There's nothing to do in my room. You needn't trouble."

"Me dustee—"

"Oh, don't bother!"

Rufus Slimmey spoke sharply, and the Chinaman nodded, and glided out. The sharp tone was enough for him, and he was not sorry, probably, to be relieved of part of his usual morning's work.

Rufus Slimmey watched him go, and leathred rather hard.

"There's risk," he muttered—"confounded risk! But it's the only way!"

Ten minutes later Rufus Slimmey entered the log schoolhouse. Miss Meadows was already at the breakfast-table, and he could see her through the open doorway from the hall.

The schoolmistress gave him a pleasant smile and greeting. The impostor's heart almost stood still as the Canadian girl's clear, honest eyes rested for a moment on his face.

But there was no suspicion in her glance.

To her, as to the Chinese servant, the man was Paul Slimmey, the assistant-master of Cedar Creek.

With cool confidence Rufus Slimmey sat down to breakfast, and if he was listening intently for sounds from without, Miss Meadows did not observe it.

That morning he was well aware the Mounted Police would come—that day at the latest. He had to face the ordeal when they came, and, in spite of his iron nerve, there was apprehension in his breast. But not by the quiver of a muscle did he betray it.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Mounted Police at Cedar Creek.

"HERE'S the Cherub!" said Bob Lawless cheerily.

Frank Richards and his cousin jumped from their ponies at the fork in the trail. Vere Beauclerc, coming from the direction of Cedar Camp, was already there.

The three chums walked on together towards the school.

Frank Richards was very silent.

He was thinking about what was likely to happen at the lumber school that day if Rufus Slimmey was still in the neighbourhood, and he had little doubt on that point.

His thoughtfulness drew the attention of both his chums. Bob Lawless had already remarked on it more than once.

"Look here, Frank!" Bob exclaimed suddenly. "Get it off your chest!"

Frank started and coloured.

"What?" he asked.

"Whatever it is that you're fogging your poor old brain about," said Bob. "You've been like a woden image ever since yesterday. What on earth is it you've got on your mind?"

"Out with it, Frank!" said Beauclerc, THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

with a smile. "I've noticed that there's something up."

Frank paused for a minute.

"Look here!" he said at last. "I've been thinking of telling you fellows. It's a dead secret."

"My word!" said Bob. "That sounds mysterious. Have you discovered a new gold-mine, by any chance?"

"No, ass. It's about poor old Slimmey!"

"What's the matter with Slimmey?"

"It's his secret, really, and I've no right to know it," said Frank, flushing.

"But I do know it by chance, and I don't know what I ought to do. I'll tell you fellows; but, of course, not a word at school about it!"

"Go ahead!"

Frank Richards explained what he had overheard on the bank of Cedar Creek the previous day.

His chums did not interrupt him, save by a whistle of astonishment from Bob Lawless.

"By gad!" said Beauclerc, when Frank had finished. "How rotten for poor old Slimmey!"

"Poor old chap!" said Bob. "What a precious brother to have! I'd dot him in the eye if he were mine, I know that. Slimmey ought to have knocked him down and kicked him out."

"What I'm afraid of is that he may do Mr. Slimmey some harm," said Frank.

"He spoke like an utterly reckless rotter, and—and if he's going to be taken near the school it will be a rotten disgrace for poor old Slimmey!"

"Well, there's nothing to be done, I suppose?" said Bob Lawless.

The chums looked at Mr. Slimmey when they entered the school-room. School had not yet begun, but the young man was in the school-room.

"Good-morning, Mr. Slimmey!" said Frank.

"Good-morning, my boys!"

Frank looked at him. Mr. Slimmey's voice seemed deeper and stronger, he thought, than it had ever seemed before. There was a harder tone in it.

"Which evening shall I come for my Latin lesson, sir?" asked Frank.

"What?"

"Which evening would suit you, sir?"

The young man breathed hard for a moment.

"To what are you referring?" he asked.

"The Latin lesson, sir."

"Oh! The—the Latin lesson!"

"Yes, sir!" said Frank, in wonder, wondering why that startled look had leaped into Mr. Slimmey's eyes.

At first glance Mr. Slimmey had seemed quite recovered from his trouble; but evidently he had forgotten the extra lesson he gave Frank once a week.

Beauclerc and Lawless were also eyeing Mr. Slimmey curiously.

It was at least extraordinary that the master should have forgotten the matter so completely.

"I—I will speak to you about it later," said Mr. Slimmey, in a halting voice.

"At present I am busy."

"Very well, sir!"

The fellows were coming in now, and Frank and his chums went to their places. During first lesson there was a sound of giggling from the junior class.

The younger pupils of the lumber school were finding Mr. Slimmey that morning even more absent-minded than usual. He had even forgotten the names of pupils whom he knew perfectly well, and seemed in some confusion about the school work.

Miss Meadows glanced at him once or

twice, with a puzzled expression in her clear grey eyes.

In the middle of the morning there was a sudden interruption of lessons.

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

Frank Richards and his chums exchanged quick glances. Horses were galloping up the trail to the log-school.

They knew who the newcomers must be.

There was a jingling of bridles without. Miss Meadows, in surprise, looked towards the big, open doorway.

A tall, athletic man, in a scarlet coat, appeared there. It was a sergeant in the North-West Mounted Police. Behind him a trooper appeared, with a rifle under his arm.

"Sergeant Lasalle!" whispered Bob.

The big sergeant strode in, and saluted Miss Meadows courteously.

"Pray excuse me, ma'am!" he said.

"I am sorry to interrupt."

"Not at all, if you have business here!" said Miss Meadows, in surprise.

"You have a master here of the name of Slimmey, I am told?"

"Yes; he is here."

"Can I speak to him?"

"Certainly!" Miss Meadows looked round. "Mr. Slimmey, will you kindly come here? Sergeant Lasalle wishes to speak to you."

Mr. Slimmey came over from the class.

There was a hush of silence in the school-room. Frank Richards and his chums almost held their breath.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Face to Face.

SERGEANT LASALLE looked keenly and grimly at the young man, noting the clean-shaven face, the gold-rimmed glasses perched on the nose, over which the young man's eyes looked over at him steadily enough.

The sergeant's hand rested carelessly on his belt, within reach of a revolver. The striking resemblance between the man who stood before him and the fugitive from Vancouver could not escape the sergeant's keen eyes.

"What is wanted?" asked Mr. Slimmey quietly. "I am quite at your service."

"You are wanted, I think!" said Sergeant Lasalle grimly.

"Indeed! I do not quite understand."

"Your name is Slimmey?"

"Paul Slimmey."

"That will be for you to prove. I am looking for Rufus Slimmey, of Vancouver. If you are not Rufus Slimmey, you are his double. I have your photograph here—or his!"

Miss Meadows intervened.

"You are making a mistake, sergeant. This gentleman is Mr. Paul Slimmey, and I can answer for it. He has been a master in this school for over a year."

The sergeant pursed his lips.

"Madam, I should accept your assurance without hesitation, but—well, look at this photograph."

Miss Meadows looked startled.

"It is certainly very like Mr. Slimmey, excepting that this man"—she indicated the photograph—"wears a moustache. But I repeat, sergeant, that Mr. Slimmey has lived here for a year or more, and I can answer for it that he has not been in Vancouver all that time."

"The man I am looking for left Vancouver a week ago."

"I can explain," said the young master quietly. "Miss Meadows, I am ashamed to have to make this admission in your presence, and in the presence of the school. Rufus Slimmey is my twin-brother."

(Continued on page 16.)

THE KOMPLEAT MUSICIAN!

By *Baggy Trimble.*
(Subb-Editor.)

My tallents as a fine musician
Are recilly quite above suspicion.
No one to me can hold a candle,
I am a sort of second Handel!

With joy and rapcher you would grin
To hear me play the violin.
You'd never criticise or carp
To hear me practtiss on the harp.

You'll never see a fellow scoot
While Baggy Trimble plays the ffoot.
Nor will you hear a groan of woe
When I produce a piccolo!

I'm quite an eggspert, you can bet,
At skweeking on the clarinet.
As for those things they call the cymbals
Whose hands can manage them like
Trimble's?

For miles and miles the people come
To hear me beat the kettle-drum.
And every recilly honest fellow
Says I'm a champion with the 'cello!

At concerts I shall always shine,
For see, what priceless gifts are mine!
Why, I can play, and I can sing
The very cream of everything!

I'm organising, understand,
A recilly fine St. Jim's brass band.
Grundy, and Gunn, and Fatty Wynn
(And Gussy, too) are coming in.

We'll play each evening in the quad.
No doubt the Head will think it odd.
And at his window he'll appear,
And gasp, "Dear me! What have we
here?"

Then I shall say, in tones of pride,
"My band is famus far and wide,
And wider still its fame shall spread!"
Then we'll play ragtime to the Head!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



LESLIE OWEN.

THE POPULAR.—No. 172.

AN IMPOSTOR AT CEDAR CREEK!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Oh!" said the sergeant, nonplussed.
"I heard that a Mr. Slimmey was here,
and fancied it might be a relation."

"The relationship is very close," said
the master. "Rufus is my twin-brother.
We are not friends. He has been a
ne'er-do-well all his life. I knew
that he was in Vancouver. That is all.
I am not surprised to hear that he is
in trouble. He was in trouble in England
once, and disgraced me there, as now he
is doing here."

The sergeant's gaze was hard and keen,
but the young man met it unflinchingly.

"If the man is your twin-brother, sir,
that explains the resemblance, of course,"
said Sergeant Lasalle. "For a moment
I certainly thought that you were the
man. But if you have been a master in
this school for a year—"

"I can answer for that!" said Miss
Meadows.

"The whole school could answer for it,
I think," said Slimmey, with a smile.
"You may ask the class, sergeant."

"That is not necessary. Miss
Meadows' assurance is sufficient," said
the sergeant. "I am sorry for the mis-
take. You are absolutely certain,
madam, that Mr. Slimmey is your
assistant-master?"

"I could scarcely make a mistake on
such a point, Sergeant Lasalle."

"I guess not. I am sorry," said the
sergeant frankly. "It only remains for
me to ask Mr. Slimmey whether he has
seen or heard anything of his brother
in the last few days."

Frank Richards scarcely breathed as he
heard that question. But the young
master faced it calmly.

"Nothing," he replied. "I do not
correspond with my brother. After the
shame he brought upon me in the Old
Country I cast him off for ever. If he
communicated with me I should not
answer him."

"He has been traced to this locality,
sir!"

"Good heavens! Are you sure?"

"I guess I should not be here other-
wise. He was seen near Thompson, and
seen again making in this direction. I
guess, sir, that there is no doubt he was
heading for this quarter to see you."

"Impossible! He knows that I should
denounce him at once!" exclaimed the
master.

"You have not seen him?"

"No."

"Not heard from him?"

"No."

"Then I need trouble you no longer."
And, with a military salute, the ser-
geant wheeled, and tramped out of the
school-room.

Mr. Slimmey went quietly back to his
place.

Frank Richards looked at his chums,
his face pale and troubled now. Mr.
Slimmey had lied, but it was not for
Frank to betray him; and, with a heavy
heart, Frank Richards decided to hold
his peace.

THE END.

(You must not miss the splendid, long,
complete tale of Frank Richard's school-
days in the backwoods of Canada,
entitled "Frank Richard's Capture!"
by Martin Clifford, in next week's issue
of the POPULAR.)

PETER THE PAINTER!

(Continued from page 6.)

fully. "Loder was so waxy, I simply
dared not go to see him without some
protection, sir."

"Ah! You were going to punish
Todd, Loder?" said the Head, begin-
ning to understand.

"Yes, sir. He has smothered my
study—my furniture and books—with
green paint! The study is utterly unin-
habitable!" howled Loder.

"Bless my soul! Todd, you deserve
a most severe punishment for such a
thing!"

"I was trying to please Loder, sir."

"What!"

"He wanted to have his study made
spick and span for his uncle to see it, and
I thought a new coat of paint would
freshen things up a bit, sir. I warned
Loder that he might be sorry if he
fagged me, but he wouldn't listen!"

"It is understood, Loder, that the
Lower Fourth Form are not to be
fagged," said the Head. "I have made
that quite clear myself!"

Loder gnawed his lip. Now that the
matter was before the Head, Todd was
certain of punishment, but it could not
be concealed that the prefect was to
blame in the first place. He had broken
a rule that had been laid down by the
Head himself.

"My own fag had gone out, sir—"
he began.

"That is no reason why you should
fag a member of a Form exempt from
fagging duties!" said the Head severely.
"Todd has certainly done wrong, and I
shall cane him! I do not think, how-
ever, that the punishment should be
severe, as you fagged him, in the first
place, when you had no right to do so!"

Loder bit his lip hard. He dared not
speak. If he had uttered the words that
leaped to his tongue, he would have
been expelled from the school on the
spot. He could not trust himself to
speak.

"Todd, you will take those things off,
and I shall cane you for taking them
from the school museum! When you
have taken them off, come to my study!
Loder, you may leave this matter in my
hands! You understand me?"

"Ye-es, sir!" gasped the prefect.

The Head rustled away. Loder went
back into the prefects' room, grinding
his teeth. The matter was out of his
hands now—unless he could find some sly
opportunity later of avenging his
injuries. If he did not find it, certainly
it would not be for want of looking.

Peter Todd clanked away in triumph.
The juniors followed him, laughing and
cheering.

Loder had entered into a tussle with
the scamp of the Remove, and Loder
had had the worst of it. There was no
doubt about that, and the Remove re-
joiced exceedingly.

Ten minutes later Peter Todd pre-
sented himself in the Head's study,
where he was duly caned, as the young
rascal undoubtedly deserved. But Peter
Todd was tough, and he grinned as he
rubbed his hands when he left the Head's
study. His little joke on Loder was
worth a licking, in his opinion; and the
other fellows, especially as they had not
had the licking, fully agreed with him.

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's splendid tale
of Greyfriars School, entitled "Five
Pounds Reward!" by Frank Richards.)
Supplement IV.]