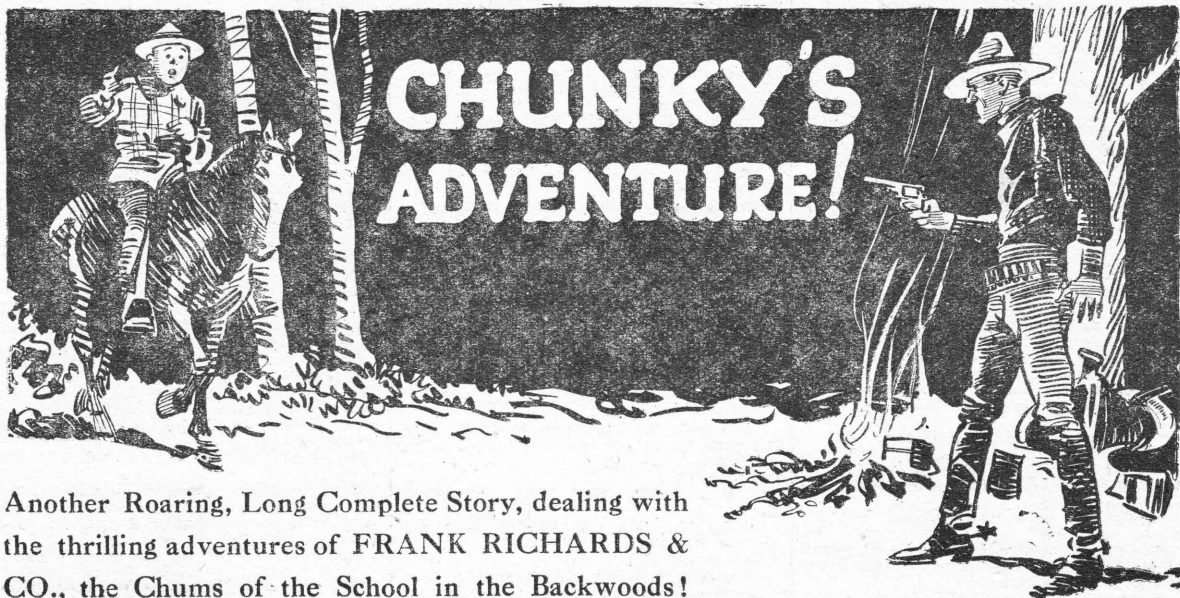


CHUNKY SETS OUT ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE!

Full of the idea that he is a missing marquis, Chunky Todgers sets forth for distant Kamloops to claim his rights—the rights of the missing Arlington! But a strange adventure on the way brings his golden castles of the air tumbling down with a crash. You will enjoy this story—it is full of humorous and thrilling situations!



Another Roaring, Long Complete Story, dealing with the thrilling adventures of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.**Going to the Jews!**

CHUNKY TODGERS, of Cedar Creek School, trotted up the trail to Thompson on his fat little pony.

It was early afternoon; and the Cedar Creek fellows were at lessons in the lumber school; and Chunky Todgers certainly ought to have been at lessons also.

But more important matters than lessons were uppermost in Chunky's fat mind that afternoon.

Frank Richards & Co. missed him from his usual place in class; and Miss Meadows inquired after him severely, without eliciting any information. Chunky Todgers was playing truant; and not for that afternoon merely. Chunky had shaken the dust of Cedar Creek from his feet for good—as he believed, at all events.

There was a very determined expression upon Chunky's fat face as he rode into Main Street, in Thompson.

He was not going home; along with Cedar Creek School, Chunky had shaken the dust of the Todgers' homestead from his feet also. After that day the Thompson Valley was to see him no more.

He halted at the door of a little frame-built office in Main Street.

There was no name over the office; but the occupant was well known. It was Mr. Solomon Isaacs, a gentleman who did most of the financial business of the frontier town.

Mr. Isaacs sat in his dusky little office like a spider in his web; and his threshold was worn by the heavy boots of miners and cattlemen who were in hard luck. Mr. Isaacs held mortgages on many a farm and homestead up and down the valley; he had a half-interest in a score of claims in the foothills; and a score of goldseekers in the Sierra were financed on "grub-stakes" by the enterprising Mr. Isaacs. Mr. Isaacs did less work than any other citizen of Thompson, but he had more dollars than any dozen of the other citizens.

All sorts and conditions of visitors dropped in at Mr. Isaacs' office to "raise the wind"; but certainly Mr. Isaacs had

never received so unexpected a visitor as he received that afternoon.

So far, he had not numbered a Cedar Creek schoolboy among his many and varied clients. Chunky Todgers was going to give him the chance to do so.

Chunky tethered his pony to the post outside, threw open the outer door, and rolled in. Mr. Isaacs' clerk, an exceedingly sharp young gentleman who hailed from Chicago, stared at him, while he picked his teeth with a pen.

"Waal?" said Mr. Isaacs' clerk, not at all impressed by the visitor. The fat schoolboy did not look like "business."

"Mr. Isaacs at home?" asked Chunky.

"Sure!"

"I guess I want to see him."

"Message for him?" asked the sharp young man. "I guess you can give it to me!"

Chunky shook his head.

"I want to see Mr. Isaacs on business," he explained.

The sharp young man smiled derisively.

"I guess you can want!" he answered. "You vamoose the ranch, and don't play any of your jokes hyer!"

Chunky threw up his chin, and transfixed the sharp young man with a haughty glance.

"None of your cheek!" he said.

"Hey?"

"Perhaps you don't know whom you're talking to!" said Chunky.

"Fat Jack, of the Bonehouse?" inquired the sharp young man.

Chunky flushed with wrath.

"You cheeky jay!" he exclaimed indignantly. "You stow your chin-wag! I'm going in."

And Chunky rolled across to the door of the inner office, tapped, and went in, leaving the sharp young man staring.

Mr. Isaacs looked up from a mass of papers at his roll-top desk. His black eyes glittered at Chunky over his glasses.

"Vat is it?" he inquired. "I am very busy! You should not come in like zis!"

Chunky closed the door after him.

"Business, Mr. Isaacs," he explained.

"I have no piziness with schoolboys," said Mr. Isaacs.

"Just you look at that!" answered Chunky.

He laid a folded newspaper on the desk before the astonished Mr. Isaacs, indicating a marked paragraph with his fat forefinger.

Mr. Isaacs blinked at it. The paragraph was an advertisement, and it ran:

"IF MARMADUKE FITZROY ARLINGTON will communicate with Messrs. Have & Hookit, Montreal, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Mr. Isaacs read the advertisement and blinked at Chunky Todgers.

"Vell?" he said.

"That's me!" announced Chunky.

"Vat?"

"Me!"

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Isaacs. "I have seen you before, and I tink your name is Todgers."

Chunky smiled.

"The mystery of my birth is now revealed," he explained.

Mr. Isaacs gave a jump.

He whirled round on his chair, and drew a ruler a little nearer, as if he thought that a weapon might be necessary.

Chunky had expected to impress Mr. Isaacs with his dramatic announcement, but, as a matter of fact, he only gave Mr. Isaacs the impression that he was wandering in his mind.

"My cootness!" said Mr. Isaacs.

"I'll explain," said Chunky Todgers cheerily. "Frank Richards showed me that ad the other day. He guessed it was for me. Bob Lawless thought so, too. So did Beauclere. You see, it's pretty clear. Hitherto I have been known by the name of Todgers."

"My cootness!"

Mr. Isaacs blinked.

He had seen Chunky about Thompson before, and knew his name; but he did not know that Chunky was a romantic youth who lived in the land of dreams. Chunky was the most regular customer of the circulating library at Gunten's

store, and his favourite literary fodder was the romantic novel. Chunky had read about so many missing heirs that they had, so to speak, got into his head, with the result that the humorists of Cedar Creek had easily pulled his leg to the extent of making him believe that he was a missing heir himself.

True, Frank Richards & Co. had repented of their little joke when they found that Chunky was taking it seriously. But then it was too late. The idea was firmly fixed in Chunky's mind, and it was not to be eradicated.

But if it appeared probable to Chunky Todgers, it did not appear in the least probable to anybody else, least of all to Mr. Isaacs, who was a shrewd man of business and had no use for romance.

Chunky rattled on cheerily, heedless of the business man's amazed stare.

"You see, it's come out now! My name is really Arlington, and I'm going home to claim the estates."

"My cootness!" said Mr. Isaacs again.

"But I require money!" added Chunky.

"Oh!"

"All the chaps in the books I've read go to the Jews when they're hard up," continued Chunky. "That's why I've come to you, Mr. Isaacs."

"My cootness!"

"Name your own figure," said Chunky generously. "I don't expect to be left off lightly. Ten per cent, hey?"

"Bless me!"

"Fifteen per cent, if you like," said Chunky Todgers recklessly. "I shall shortly be in possession of the estates and—"

"Vat estates?"

"The Arlington estates, you know. I'm off to Montreal to see my lawyers and—"

"My gootness!"

"I want a loan of about ten thousand dollars!"

Another jump from Mr. Isaacs.

"I could do with one thousand!" added Chunky hastily.

"And vat security do you offer for fat loan?" inquired Mr. Isaacs, with deep sarcasm.

"Oh, I'll sign anything you like!"

"My cootness!"

"Well, what do you say?" asked Chunky.

"I advise you to go back to school, and not to be a silly young donkey!" said Mr. Isaacs.

"What?"

"Jake!" called out Mr. Isaacs.

The sharp young man looked in.

"Show dis boy out!"

"But—but—but, I say—" stammered Chunky, in angry astonishment.

"Goot-afternoon!"

The grinning Jake dropped a bony hand upon Chunky's shoulder, and led him out. He deposited Chunky in the street, and closed the door on him.

Chunky Todgers stood and blinked at the office door.

"Going to the Jews," was always the resource of the reckless heroes of his novels. Somehow, it did not seem to "pan out" in Chunky's own case. It was possible that Mr. Isaacs did not believe that he was in reality the heir of Arlington.

"Well, my word!" ejaculated Chunky, in disgust.

He had to get to Montreal to see his lawyers, and he had a quarter of a dollar in his pocket! Evidently a quarter of a dollar would not see him from British Columbia to Montreal. On the very verge of fortune, Chunky was baffled by the shortness of cash—a shortage he had often experienced before, though not so seriously. What was to be done now?

Chunky rolled into Gunten's store to

expend the quarter on maple sugar, and to reflect upon the situation as he devoured it.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Frank Richards & Co. Chip In!

"CHUNKY!"

"Here he is!"

"Chunky, you ass!"

Frank Richards & Co. rode into Main Street as Chunky Todgers emerged from Gunten's store.

The chums of Cedar Creek jumped down at once and surrounded him.

"Hallo, you fellows!" said Chunky.

"I guess I'm glad to see you. I've been trying to raise the wind for my journey—"

"You silly jay!" roared Bob Lawless.

"Miss Meadows was waxy about your missing school!" said Vere Beauclerc.

Chunky Todgers sniffed. School seemed to him a very small matter just then.

"Blow school!" he answered.

"You'll get into a row!" said Frank Richards.

"Rot! I'm off to Montreal!" answered Chunky calmly. "I sha'n't ever see Cedar Creek again!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Frank.

"I guess I should be half-way to Kamloops by this time if I could have raised the wind," said Chunky Todgers. "Old Isaacs refused to lend me any money on my expectations!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've tried to make a raise out of old Gunten, but he didn't see it."

"On your expectations?" gasped Bob.

"Yep!"

"Oh, great gophers!"

"Now, you galoots ought to stand by a chap!" said Chunky Todgers persuasively. "I'll remember you when I'm home. I'll have you all at the castle next holiday!"

"What castle?" shrieked Frank Richards.

"The Arlington mansion, I mean."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I dare say I could do it on fifty dollars," said Chunky. "You ought to be jolly glad of the chance of helping a long-lost nobleman to come into his title and estates!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you're only going to cackle, you can go and chop chips!" exclaimed Chunky indignantly. "I suppose it's jealousy. I must say I'm surprised at it in you. I thought better of you!"

"Chunky, old man," said Frank Richards, trying to be serious, "don't play the goat! We showed you that advertisement for a lark—"

"Rats!"

"You know jolly well that you're Joe Todgers!" roared Bob Lawless.

Chunky shook his head.

"Nothing of the kind. You said at first that the advertisement was for me."

"We were only pulling your leg, you jay!"

"Rot! You've changed your tune since, but that's only jealousy!" said Chunky calmly. "I'm going to Montreal to see my lawyers. Will you lend me some money?"

"No jolly fear!"

"Then I'm going, anyway!"

Chunky climbed on his fat pony, and the chums of Cedar Creek stared at him and at one another.

That Chunky Todgers was nearly every kind of ass, they knew already; but it was a surprise to them that he was an ass to this extent.

But the fact was that his present delusion was a realisation of Chunky's day-

dreams, and nothing would have induced him to part with it.

"Where are you going now?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"Kamloops," answered Chunky. "I can ride there. I guess I can sell my horse for enough to pay my fare on the cars to Montreal."

"Oh dear!"

Bob Lawless gave a snort.

"You're jolly well not!" he exclaimed.

"You're going home, Chunky!"

"I guess I can do as I like!"

"Then your guesser is off the mark. You're going home, and we're going to see that you do."

And Bob Lawless caught hold of Chunky's rein.

Chunky Todgers crimsoned with wrath. The noble blood of imaginary Arlingtons boiled in his veins.

"Unhand me!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Instead of unhanding him, Bob Lawless kept hold of the rein, and mounted his own horse.

"Come on, you chaps!" he said.

"We've got to see Chunky safe home!"

"Yes, rather!"

Frank Richards and Beauclerc mounted.

In spite of Chunky's wrath and his fierce demands to be unhanding, he was led away in the midst of the chums of Cedar Creek.

In the peculiar state of affairs, Frank Richards & Co. considered it their duty to place the romantic youth safely in charge of his father before he could land himself in mischief.

"This is a plot!" howled Chunky, as he was led out of Main Street to the open trail.

"A which?" ejaculated Frank Richards.

"A base plot! You have been bribed to stop me!" said Chunky fiercely.

"Bub-bub-bribed!"

"Yes, you varlet!"

"Varlet!" said Bob Lawless dazedly.

"What the thunder is a varlet?"

"We're only going to prevent you from making a fool of yourself, old chap!" said Frank Richards.

"Villain!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Chunky was fairly on the high horse now, and quite in the vein of lost Sir Charles and Cholmondeley de Vere.

He looked upon the chums of Cedar Creek as the myrmidons of the dastard who was keeping him out of his title and estates—probably a wicked uncle. Wicked uncles flourished in Chunky's novels.

"Will you unhand me?" he roared.

"I guess not!" grinned Bob Lawless.

Whack!

Chunky raised his riding-whip, and brought it down across the wrist of the rancher's son.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bob.

He let go Chunky's rein.

In a moment the heir of the Arlingtons whirled round his pony, and dashed off at top speed.

The clattering hoof-beats rang on the trail, and Chunky Todgers vanished in the dusk.

"After him!" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"Yow-wow-wow!" said Bob Lawless, as he sucked his wrist. "Blow him! Yow-ow! I'm hurt! Ow!"

"But—"

"Bother him!" howled Bob. "I'm fed-up with the born idiot! Ow!"

"After all, he'll go home when he gets hungry," remarked Frank Richards.

Chunky had vanished in the dusk, and the chums of Cedar Creek did not feel disposed to undertake a long chase after nightfall. And it seemed very probable

that Chunky would turn homeward at supper-time. So Frank Richards & Co. rode home, hoping for the best.

But for once Chunky Todgers was indifferent even to supper. When the Todgers family gathered round the festive board, Chunky's accustomed place was empty.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Meeting on the Prairie!

"O H dear!"
Thus Chunky Todgers a few hours later.

Darkness lay over the Thompson Valley, and the wind was sighing in the leafless trees by the trail. There was a light fall of snow, and it was very cold.

On the trail southward by the Thompson River, Chunky Todgers, of Cedar Creek, was riding on his fat pony.

The fat pony did not seem to care for the unaccustomed exercise, and every now and then he stopped, and Chunky had to drive him on again. The pony was quite unconscious of the fact that he was bearing the rightful heir of the Arlingtons to his baronial hall.

It was not every fellow who would have started at night on the lonely trail to the distant railway town. But Chunky Todgers felt that there was no time to be lost.

Frank Richards & Co.'s attempt to stop him was a warning of what he had to expect if he lingered in the Thompson Valley.

There was little doubt that the attempt was due to the machinations of some scheming plotter—no doubt a wicked uncle. And if Mr. Todgers was warned of his intention, doubtless he would chip in also, and perhaps more effectively. Chunky repudiated the bare idea that that stout and quite commonplace gentleman was really his father. At first he had been disposed to believe that Mr. Todgers was a faithful old retainer who had brought the heir of Arlington to the Canadian West to save his life from wicked machinations. But now he was convinced that Mr. Todgers was a tool, or myrmidon, of his supposed wicked uncle; it was, in fact, as clear as daylight—to Chunky.

So he made the best speed he could on the southward trail, to place himself beyond the reach of pursuit.

But Chunky was very sleepy, and he was very hungry. He thought almost as much of the supper-table at the 'Todgers' homestead as of the marble halls of the Arlingtons.

Indeed, he was rapidly getting into the state when he would have exchanged any number of marble halls for a solid corn-cake and a slice of cold beef.

To add to his difficulties, he found that he was not sure of the way, once he was beyond the precincts of Thompson.

He knew that he had to pass through Silver Creek to get on to the Kamloops trail; but it was being borne in upon his dismayed mind that he had missed the trail to Silver Creek.

He looked for the ruts of the post-wagon in the prairie; but he did not find them, which showed plainly enough that he was off the trail.

The discovery that he had missed the way was a crushing blow.

He stared round him in the deep gloom, in the hope of seeing the light of some lonely farmhouse; but there was no light to be seen.

He was alone on the plain, with only a few leafless trees nodding through the gloom to keep him company.

"Oh dear!" said Chunky.

He spent an hour or two in riding to

and fro, seeking the trail, but without finding it. At the end of that time he had to acknowledge that he was lost.

He had long ago munched the last chunk of maple-sugar from his pocket, and he was ferociously hungry, and he was almost nodding in his saddle.

Suddenly he uttered a joyful exclamation.

A flickering light winked up in the darkness in the distance.

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated Chunky.

He turned his pony joyfully in the direction of the light. He hoped that it came from some building where he could obtain shelter for the night; but as he drew nearer he saw that it was a fire on the open plain. Some late traveller was camping there.

Chunky's pace slackened as he drew nearer to the fire.

It glowed and blazed close beside a big tree that stood lonely in the plain, on the bank of a little creek. He could see a moving figure in the light, apparently engaged in cooking a meal.

Thoughts of robbers flashed through Chunky's uneasy mind. It would be a deplorable ending to his adventure if he happened upon a horse-thief, and was left dismounted on the wide plains.

But the desire to see a human being in that wide solitude, and, above all, the desire to share a supper, urged Chunky on.

He drew nearer to the fire.

The sound of his pony's hoofs on the plain drew the attention of the camper, who turned suddenly from the fire. To Chunky's horror, he caught the glimmer of a pistol-barrel in the firelight.

"Who's there?" called out a sharp voice.

"It's all right!" gasped Chunky. "D-d-don't shoot! It's all right—only me."

"Come and show yourself."

"I'm c-c-oming!"

The sight of the pistol would have driven Chunky to flight, in spite of his desire to share the traveller's supper, but it was too late now. He ambled on to the camp.

As he halted by the fire he blinked uneasily at the camper.

He saw a young man, rather tall and well-formed, with a face that had once been handsome, but which showed only too plainly the traces of hard and reckless living.

It was not a friendly face. Two sharp, suspicious eyes scanned the scared and hapless Chunky.

Then the young man grinned slightly, and returned the revolver to his hip-pocket.

"All serene!" he said. "I guess you're harmless!"

"Quite!" gasped Chunky.

"Lost your way?"

"Yep."

"Young idiot!" said the camper, turning back to the fire.

There was a savoury scent of frying bacon, and it tickled Chunky's nostrils in an almost agonising manner.

"I—I say—" he began.

"Well?"

"Can I camp here?"

The young man glanced at him again.

"You can if you like, I guess," he said.

"I—I—I'm hungry."

"Plenty for two," said the camper.

"I say, you're the real white article."

said Chunky Todgers gratefully, and all his doubts of the stranger vanished.

The stranger laughed, a laugh that Chunky did not quite like. However, he was too hungry to think much about his companion. When the bacon was finished he sat down to supper with his entertainer.

The fire burned low, and Chunky made a movement to put some more brush-wood on it. His companion stopped him.

"Let it alone!" he said curtly.

"It's cold," hinted Chunky.

"Let it alone, I tell you!"

"Oh, all right!"

It occurred to Chunky that the man was not anxious for the fire to reveal his camp; and, indeed, there was a certain stealthiness about the stranger that revived Chunky's uneasiness now that his appetite was relieved and he had leisure to observe.

The fire died low.

"I—I guess I'll be getting on," murmured Chunky. "Thank you very much for the supper!"

"Didn't you want to camp here?" asked the stranger, with a quick, suspicious look.

"I—I guess—"

"Stay where you are!"

"Oh! I—I guess I'd rather be getting on—"

"You heard what I said."

"Oh! All—all right!" gasped Chunky.

And he stayed.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Marmaduke!

CHUNKY TODGERS was not feeling happy.

His meeting with the lonely camper on the prairie had been a boon and a blessing. He had had a good supper, but he began to realise that he might have to pay dearly for that supper.

He wondered whether the stranger was a horse-thief or a road-agent. Or what he was, it was pretty clear that there was something about him that would not bear the light.

But there was no help for Chunky now. He had landed himself in the spider's web, and he had to stay. He hardly dared make a movement under the suspicious eyes that watched him through the tobacco smoke.

"Where do you come from?" the stranger asked, breaking a long silence that had oppressed Chunky Todgers since supper. Sleepy as he was, Chunky was not inclined to sleep under those watchful eyes.

"Thompson!" answered Chunky, with a start.

"You're a good many miles from Thompson now."

"I—I'm going to Kamloops."

"Oh gad!"

That ejaculation surprised Chunky a little. Folk in the Thompson Valley did not say "Oh gad!" It smacked of the Old Country.

"You're English?" asked Chunky.

"Yes." The man knitted his brows.

"Don't ask questions. So you're going to Kamloops? You'd better turn back to Thompson. You can walk it in the morning. You can't get to Kamloops on foot."

"I—I've got my pony—"

"You won't have a pony to-morrow," answered the stranger briefly.

"Oh dear!"

There was another silence.

"I—I say—" began Chunky Todgers again. "I—I want to get to Kamloops to-morrow. It's important. I—I'm going east to claim a fortune. I guess I can make it worth your while to show me the way to Kamloops!"

The man stared at him.

"What the thunder do you mean?" he snapped.

Chunky felt in his pocket for the Kamloops paper.

"What's that?"

"Look!" said Chunky.

He stirred the dying fire and pointed out the marked paragraph.

The horse-thief glanced at it carelessly. Then he gave a sudden start.

To Chunky's amazement, he snatched the paper from his hand and fairly devoured the paragraph, reading it over and over again to himself and muttering indistinctly.

"By gad!" The astonished Chunky caught the words. "By gad! Of all the queer chances—by gad!"

"You understand it?" asked Chunky. "You see what that means?"

The man stared at him.

"Ay, I guess so!" he answered. "How the thunder did you know that this would interest me?"

"I—I didn't; but, you see, I'm the chap."

"What!"

"I'm the chap mentioned there!" exclaimed Chunky, with some elation. It was evident that he had made some impression upon the horse-thief. "I'm going to Montreal to see the lawyers."

"Oh gad!"

"When I come into my estates I'll reward you if you help me as far as Kamloops," said Chunky Todgers.

The man stared at him blankly.

"Are you mad?" he demanded.

"Nunno."

"Then what the thunder do you mean by saying that you're the chap advertised for in this paper?" demanded the man.

"I—I am, you know," stammered Chunky. "I—I'll explain. You see, from my very earliest days, I've had a firm belief that I was not what I seemed—"

"What!"

"I knew there was a mystery attached to my birth," said Chunky. "I knew I wasn't a Todgers. Anybody could tell it by my appearance. Don't you think so?"

Still the man stared blankly.

"Do you read novels, young 'un?" he asked suddenly.

"Yep."

"About missing heirs and so forth?" inquired the stranger. And, to Chunky's surprise, he saw that the horse-thief was grinning.

"Yep. I read every blessed book they get in Gunter's circulating library," said Chunky. "I'm keen on it, you know. I guess I've learned a lot of life from it."

"The sooner you unlearn it the better for you, I guess," grinned the stranger. "So you've started off from home in the belief that you're the Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington advertised for in this paper?"

"Correct!"

"You young idiot!"

"Oh, I say!" murmured Chunky.

"You'd better take the trail straight back home," said the man. "I'll see you start in the morning. And you can go on your pony."

"But I—I—"

"I guess I sha'n't want to rope in that critter now!" said the horse-thief. "Not since I've seen this paper. I guess I wish I'd seen it before, and I'm much obliged to you, you silly young idiot!"

Chunky stared at him.

He could not make head or tail of the horse-thief's cryptic remarks. What difference seeing the paper could have made to him, Chunky could not even guess.

"I—I say, I don't savvy!" gasped Chunky. "I tell you I'm the chap advertised for there—honest Injun—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the horse-thief. "The man advertised for here is thirty years old."

Chunky jumped. "You—you know him?" he stuttered.

"As well as I know myself!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Chunky Todgers. "I—I supposed—I—I thought—are you sure—"

Chunky's air-castles were toppling over. If Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington was thirty years old, certainly Chunky Todgers could not possibly be Marmaduke. The horse-thief chuckled as he watched Chunky's fat, dismayed face.

"But—but look here, p'raps you're mistaken!" stammered Chunky. "What do you know about Arlington, anyhow?"

The horse-thief grinned.

"I know he left England ten years ago, after getting into trouble," he answered, "and this advertisement can only mean that his people are willing to give him another chance. And I guess he's going to take it. I guess he's fed-up with horse-stealing in the West, and I reckon he'll be glad to get fairly out of reach of the sheriffs by taking the cars East. Savvy now?"

Chunky leapt to his feet.

"You—" he gasped.

The horse-thief nodded.

"That's it!" he answered coolly. "I guess I've never looked at the papers, or I might have seen this before. You've done me a good turn, and I'm glad you happened along, you young ass—and I guess I'll let you keep your pony. I've enough dust to see me through to Montreal—which is lucky for you. Savvy now?"

Chunky Todgers could not reply.

He could only stand and stare at Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington; while his air-castles tumbled in ruins round him.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Chunky's Return!**

THE next day a fat and weary youth rode into Thompson town on a fat and weary pony.

Chunky Todgers had returned. Southward in the valley, a jubilant horse-thief was riding for Kamloops on a stolen horse; on his way to take the cars for Montreal, and call upon Messrs. Have

& Hookit to hear something to his advantage.

Chunky's adventure had not been without result—so far as the genuine Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington was concerned. That reckless wastrel had certainly heard of something to his advantage—through Chunky. But the hapless romancer of Cedar Creek rode wearily homeward in a sadly deflated state.

It was high noon when he arrived at the 'Todgers' homestead; where there was a very painful explanation with Mr. Todgers.

Chunky did not go into details—he did not dare to acquaint Mr. Todgers with the fact that he had suspected him of being a myrmidon. For it was only too clear now, even to Chunky, that he had been dreaming dreams; that he really was the son of the Western farmer, and not of a missing marquis; and that his name really was Joseph Todgers—merely that and nothing more.

The loss of his romance was more painful to poor Chunky than the family cowhide—though he found that painful enough.

That afternoon he reappeared at Cedar Creek, where there was another painful explanation with Miss Meadows.

Frank Richards & Co. were glad enough to see him back; but it was some time before Chunky confided to them how his remarkable adventure had ended. And instead of receiving sympathy, he found that his explanation was received only with hilarious chuckles.

The Co. advised him to give up Gunter's circulating library, and to give missing heirs and rightful marquises a wide berth, which really was good advice. But Chunky did not take it. His dream had been shattered; but he found comfort in the adventures of lost Sir Charles and Lady Gwendolina.

THE END.

(Look out next week for another fine, long, complete story of the Chums of the School in the Backwoods, entitled: "Chunky Tries It On!" For humorous and thrilling moments you will not beat it. Tell all your chums about this gripping Wild West series.)



CHUNKY ESCAPES!—Chunky raised his riding-whip and brought it down across the wrist of Bob Lawless. "Varooop!" roared Bob. In a moment the heir of the Arlingtons whirled round his pony and dashed off at top-speed. (See Chapter 2.)