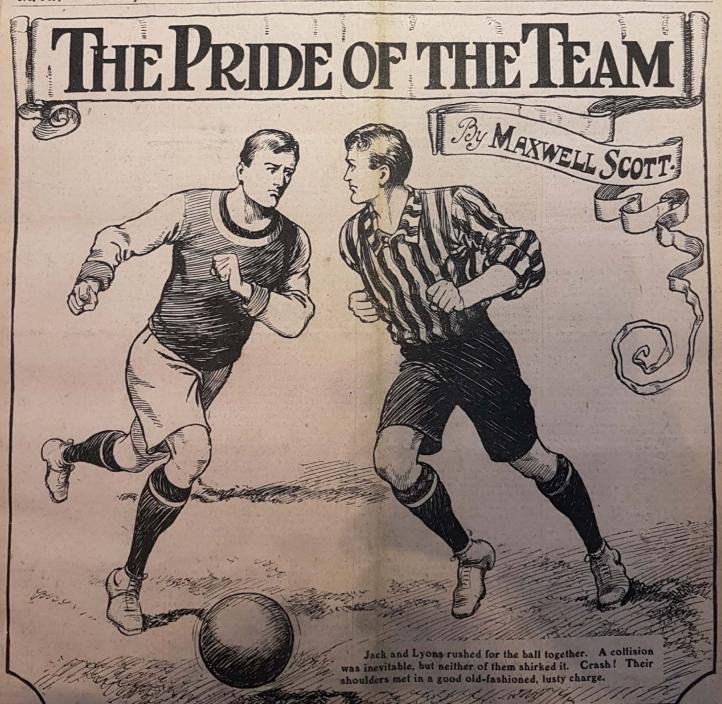
COMPLETE FOOTBALL TALE BY CHARLES HAMILTON. SEE WITHIN.



No. 347. Vol. VII.]

EVERY SATURDAY ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1909.



"And now—"
"Now we've just had our eleventh consecutive licking."
"It's rotten!"
"That ain't the word for it. Did you notice how the Updale fellows were chuckling after the game?"
"Five goals fo nil! 'Nuff to make them chuckle!"
"Yang by Indiana."

"Five goals to nn: Nun to make the chuckle!"

"Yaas, by Jove!" said Vernon. "I never felt such a silly ass in my life, you know. It seems that we can't win."

"We'd better chuck up footer, and take to playing marbles, I think!" said Thurlow deepondently.

And the committee of the Sixth Form at St. Ronan's, gathered together in Dick Thurlow's study, looked at one another with doleful glances. St. Ronan's, Thurlow's study doleful glances.

doleful glances.

Matters were indeed in a particularly "rotten" state at St. Ronan's just then. Eleven consecutive defeats on the football-field, received by a college that had prided itself on its play, were enough to make the St. Ronanies. They had attributed it to a run of bad luck at the start; but when the bad luck had lasted through three-quarters of the season, they felt that they had to look further for the cause of it.

Although they did not like to admit it, they

Although they did not like to admit it, they had a hazy feeling that the fault was in themselves. They liked footer. They played the game because they liked it, but they didn't like work.

ike work.

There was one fellow in the Sixth Form at St. Ronan's who played the game as it should be played. He was the finest forward the school had ever seen, and his name was Bob Yorke, and Bob Yorke had solemnly with drawn from the first eleven, and kicked the dast of the pavilion from his feet, so to speak, early in the season.

Asked for his reasons, he had stated, in the plainest of plain English, that he didn't intend of play any longer with a team made up of lazy elackers, who went out looking for lickings.

ings.

Yorke was a North-country fellow, with huge
limbs and a frank and honest nature, and he
had a painful way of telling the plain, unyarnished truth at all times and on all occa-

The truth from Yorke's lips had jarred on the nerves of the first eleven. They liked to play footer, but, then, they wanted to play in at easy-going, gentlemanly sort of way, without making any great efforts, or spoiling their non-increase.

out making any great efforts, or spoiling their nice jerseys.

Yorke, having expressed his opinion, and washed his hands of St. Ronan's football, was cheerfully left out of the eleven; but after that the team had worse luck than ever.

Thurlow was captain, and he was the best-natured fellow at St. Ronan's; but it was beginning to dawn on the St. Ronanies, and upon Thurlow himself, that a football captain required other qualities besides good-nature—and more important qualities, too.

As a matter of fact. Thurlow was quite right in saying that a "rot" had set in at St. Ronan's Fellows were slacking, and slacking more than ever. They had had a record bad wason at cricket during the summer; but it was reserved for the football-field to witness the utter downfall of St. Ronan's.

Things could hardly reach a lower ebb than they had reached now. St. Ronan's had

St. Ronan's A Football Tale By Charles Hamilton.

played eleven matches, and counted up eleven defeats. No wonder that even the easy-going Thurlow was disposed to be snappy.

The first eleven had just come home from a match—the eleventh licking. Five goals to nil was rather a severe defeat, even for St. Ronan's, and the fellows were worried a little about it.

about it.

Their opponents had openly grinned at them, and had as openly ceased to make efforts in the second half of the game. Without making efforts, they had succeeded in walking over the St. Ronanites in an easy sort of way.

It was not only the defeat that rankled; but the first eleven felt their pride touched. They were all fellows of the Fifth and Sixth—the top Forms—and they had to keep up their dignity in the eyes of the youngsters.

Fourth-Formers and Shell chaps had greeted them on their return with impertinent questions.

dignity in the eyes of the youngsters. Fourth-Formers and Shell chaps had greeted them on their return with impertinent questions. The juniors did not ask, "How did it go?" They knew beforehand how it was certain to go. They asked, "How many goals were you licked by?" which was a painful way of putting it.

And it was no use cuffing them. As Montague pathetically complained, the more you from inaccessible corners—shrieks about lickings and slackers and muffs, which were exasperating to the high and mighty seniors of the Fifth and Sixth.

Thurlow had called a meeting of the football committee in his study. They came in with downcast faces. They found a notice pinned on Thurlow's door in the scrawling hand of a fag. It ran:

the school.

member of the com-mittee. He had resigned

hadn't come back, and he showed no intention of doing so.

The committee met with glum faces. They all agreed that it was rotten, that it was beauty, that it was intolerable, and that something must be done; and there they stuck.

Something certainly had to be done; but what it should be remained a mystery. Thurshow had an idea in his head, which he hesitated to communicate to the rest. He waited till they had all spoken; but nobody had anything to suggest.

till they had all spoken; but nobody had anything to suggest.

"Well," said Thurlow at last, "are we going to disband the Sixth Form Football Club, and drop the game—"

"And be laughed out of existence," said Montague. "This is better than that, though things are bad enough now, goodness knows!"

"There's only one alternativo."

"You don't mean to say you have an idea?"

"A sort of one," said Thurlow slowly.

"Then get it off your chest, old chap!"

"Look here, the fact is, we haven't played hard enough. It was true what Yorke told us to our faces—"

This little joke of the fags did not increase the good - humour of the seniors. Vernon crumpled the paper and threw it into the fire. But a crowd of juniors were yelling with laughter outside the study window, and he could not throw them into the fire too. It was pretty clear that something would have to be done, if the senior Forms were not to be laughed out of the school.

Bob Yorke was not a number of the com-

member of the committee. He had resigned his place there, and had not been asked back. Since leaving the first cleven, Yorke had been hard up for football, but he put in a good deal of practice by himself, helped the junior Forms a great deal, and sometimes found a chance of playing in a team in the neighbourhood.

The committee had expected him to come back and ask for his place again; but he hadn't come back, and he showed no intention of cloing so.

"Look here, the fact is, we also to hard enough. It was true what Yorke told us to our faces—" "He had a doocid unpleasant way of puttin" it!" said Vernon.
"Perhaps he had; but it was true. We've been slacking. We don't take the game

"Notice to the Lower Forms. — The First Eleven are open to exchange footballs for marbles and pegtops!— By order."

seriously. We muff everything. What we want is to be bucked up, and made to work. I've been too easy-going; I can see that now, It's a case of general slacking, and I tell you pleinly that I don't feel up to dealing with it. I'n coing to resign." Oh, I say, Thurlow, old chap!" I mean what I say. But I can suggest a new captain—one who will pull the team through, and give us a chance—if we still have one—of breaking the record by winning a footer match."

There was a general chorus of inquiry. "Who?"
"Bob Yorke."

And a silence of amazement fell upon the football committee.

THE 2nd CHAPTER,

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

Yorko Consonts.

OU'RE joking, I suppose?", said

Montague at last.

Thurlow shook his head.

"I'm not joking, I mean what

"Tim not joking. I mean what
"We're on bad terms with Yorke."
"We can get on good terms, I suppose.
Yorke's not a bad sort."
"We'll, he has such a doocid unpleasant way
of puttin 'things." said Vernon.
"If you can put up with the fags' sneering at
us, you can put up with Yorke's deuced unpleasant way, Verny, old man."
"But what can he do?" said Montague. "I
don't see how Yorke can pull us out of this.
You're a jolly good captain, Thurlow."

"I'm too jolly good, and that's what's the latter. I've thought it out. You fellows have been slacking "Oh, come, old chap; don't begin to talk like Yorke!"

"It's the plain truth. The job's too big for me, and I chuck it up. If you like to ask Yorke to be captain, there's a chance for the club yet. If not, we may as well dissolve it."

club yet. II not, we may as well dissolve it.

"I don't like the idea of asking him," said
Norton; "he will be able to crow over us."

"Yorke's not the sort to crow over anybody,"

"Well, I'll do him that justice," agreed
Vernon. "The only fault I have to find with him is that he has such a doocid unpleasant way
of..."

"Only, mind, if we ask him, and he consents, we've got to play the game," said Thurlow. "There can be no backing out afterwarda. Yorke will be a real live captain, and his orders will have to be obeyed."

"Yes; but—"
"Yes; but—"

"You know my opinion. Take it or leave it. I tell you plainly, I've had enough of this rot-

I tell you plainly, I've had enough of this rotting."

Thurlow's tone was final. He could be firm sometimes, on rare occasions—and it was one of those rare occasions now. Thurlow was a good footballer, and a good fellow, but Nature had not made him for a leader. He would back somebody clse up through thick and thin, so long as he had his orders; but as a leader he was lost. He realised it himself, too.

The football committee looked at one another. The task of asking Yorke to be their captain was not a pleasant one. But they didn't like to oppose Thurlow; and, besides, they felt that it was the only thing to be done. The suggestion had come as a surprise; but after the first surprise had worn off, most of them saw it to be a good idea, and the only possible way of saving St. Ronan's.

For, slackers as they undoubtedly were, they

be a good idea, and the only possible way of saving St. Ronan's.

For, slackers as they undoubtedly were, they were good fellows all, and they had the honour of their school very much at heart. Things had got in a way of drifting, that was all, and had gone from bad to worse, for want of a tight hand on the rein.

"Well, is it agreed?" said Thurlow.

"Ye-e-a-as; I supposs so."
Thurlow rose briskly enough to his feet.

"Then let's get along and ask Yorke."

"All of us?"

"Yes, certainly. It will look like a deputation, and Yorke will see that we are all going to back him up, if he accepts."

"Oh, very well!"
And the Sixth-Formers made their way to Bob Yorke's study. Yorke was sixting by his window, repairing a very badly-used football belonging to a hero of the Lower Fourth. He looked up as the fellows came in, and nodded rather grimly.

"Hallo!"

"Wel'y term I am."

"We've come to see you, Yorke—"
"Well, here I am."
"We've just played the Updale fellowe——"
"Win?" asked Yorke sarcastically.
The deputation of the Sixth Form blushed

visibly. "No," said Thurlow; "we lost—five to nought. We've come to ask you to rejoin the first cloven..."

first cloven—"
"Can't be did."
"But——"
"I told you what I thought about you when I left. Do you want me to repeat it?"
"N-no; but——"
"Don't be so doccid unpleasant, Yorke, old clinp."

"I don't want to be unpleasant. But I'd crather play in a fage' eleven than in a team of slackers."
"We want you to rejoin as skipper," said

Thurlow. Yorke gave a start.

norke gave a start.
"You want to resign the captaincy to me"
"Yes; and I'll back you up."
Yorko was silent for a few moments, avideally ory much taken by surprise. The deputation atched him anxiously.



The members of the First Eloven at St. Ronan's found a notice pinned en The members door, written in the scrawling hand of a fag. The gist of the notice brought a flush of anger and mortification to their faces.

A to briggs

"I suppose you've thought and talked this rev" said Yorke, at last.
"Yes, rather! We want you to captain us."
"I'd do it wilning!, Thurlow, only—""
"My hat! You're not going to refuse!"
"No; I'm going to accept, if I can accept on yown terms. If I captain the eleven, the seen has got to win, the next match, or I'll sow the reason why."
"We want to win, of course," said ontague."

"We want to win, of course," said Montague.

"But do you want to do the work that's necessary to win!" said Yorke practically.

"Think it over before you make me captain. If I become your captain, I shall make you play the game. I shall keep you at it. I shall make you work. There won't be any more slacking—any more missing practice because it's cold, and lounging behind the clims, smoking cityarctics."

At least one of the Sixth-Formers blushed at

At least one of the Sixth-Formers blushed at the imputation.

The deputation looked at one another.

The deputation looked at one another.

Yorke undoubtedly had, as Vernon often remarked, a "dooed unpleasant way" of putting it. But they felt that he was in the right.

"I shall keep you up to the mark," said Yorke. "Regular practice, and real practice; not fooling about in pretty pink jerseys. Hard play—real play; not lickings with five goals to mil. In a word, I'm your captain; I'm going to captain you. That's how it stands. You can take it or leave it."

"We take it." said Thurlow quietly.

"All say the same!"

"Yes," said all.

"Good! Then the new regime commences Monday," said Yorke; "and, by gum, you beggers. I'll make you skip!"

THE 3rd CHAPTER

Something Like a Reform.

ORKE had said that he would make the first eleven "skip," and he kept his word. Montague, who had a taste for punning, suggested that it was the proper duty of a skipper to make his men skip; but the first eleven frowned the punster into silence. They were not happy.

Thurlow kept his word, and stuck to his guns like a Briton. He heaked Yorke up through thick and thin, without a question, even when he did not agree with him in opinion. He set his face against any nurmur of mutiny, and, in fact, proved himself a ten times better follower than he had ever been a captain. Yorke was "going the whole hog." He made the slackers skip, and skip again, till they hardly knew whether they were on their heads or their heels. Football practice before breakfast on bitter winter mornings did not suit the palate of the dandy players of St. Ronan's. Sprinting round the dusky Close every evening did not appeal to them. But Yorke said the word, and they did it. The fiat had gone forth. There was to be a reform at St. Ronan's. Yorke confided to a friend that he would reform 'em or kill 'em, and it seemed to poor Vernon and some others that the latter alternative would prove to be the result.

Vernon, for instance, had a way of staying in

that the latter alternative would be result.

Vernon, for instance, had a way of staying in bed till the very last possible moment. Yorke had often snifled at him, in his "dood" unpleasant way, but had never interfered with him. Now he was football captain, however, it was his duty to interfere, and Yorke was the fellow to do his duty, though the skies fell. He adopted drastic measures with Vernon.

"Get up!" he said crisply, on Monday morning.

ing. "Aw-yaw!" said Vernon. "I'm sleepy."

"Who the dooce are you ordering about?" demanded Vernon, starting into broad wakeful-bess in his amazement.

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Price 3^{D.} "I'm ordering you about. I'm your football

"I'm ordering you about. I'm your football captain,"
"We're not playin' football now."
"You'll be playing it inside of ten minutes."
"You'll be playing it inside of ten minutes."
"Rats! Polaying it inside of ten minutes."
"Rats! I'm not going to get up."
"Orke did not reply. He took a jug of cold water, and inverted it over Vernon's head, and the slacer jumped up with a fendish yell:
"Ow! Owow! O-o-o-oh!"
He jumped out of bed, dashing the streaming water from his eyes. He was inclined to go for Yorke on the spot; but he refrained, for two roasons. One was that he would have been knocked to pieces in a fistical encounter with the big North-country fellow, and the other was that he had accepted Yorke for his captain, and was a fellow of his word. He towelled his dripping head, and submitted.

Vernon did not stay in bed after rising-bell after that. He had had his lesson. But there were difficulties with others. When Yorke came upon Norton one afternoon, smoking a cigarette behind the pavilion, his brow grew black as night.
"What's that!" roared Yorke.

cigarette behind the pavilion, his brow grew black as night. "What's that?" roared Yorke. Norton felt a slight inward tremor, but there were fellows looking on, and he wasn't going to show the white feather. "Take it out of your mouth." Norton hesitated. "Take it out, old chap," muttered Montague. "Take it out, old chap," muttered Montague. "Take it out, old chap," mot going to be milied." "I'm captain of the first eleven." said

ing red with anger. "I'm not going to be builled."

"I'm captain of the first eleven," said Yorke. "I warned you beforehand that I was going to be a real captain, and not an imitation one."

"We're not on the football-field now."

"But you will be, and you've got to have some wind when you're there. You ought to be ashamed of these filthy tricks, anyway; and as long as you're a member of my team, I'm going to cure you of them. I warned you that you weren't to smoke."

"I shall smoke if I like!"

"Take that cigarette out of your mouth!" thundered Yorke.

Norton set his teeth.

"Sha'n't." he said.

Yorke strode towards him. Norton receded a little, and took the cigarette out of his mouth; heing afraid, as a matter of fact, of having it knocked down his throat. Yorke threw his cap and jacket on the ground.

"Put up your hands!" he said.

"Put up your hands!"

"What?"
"Put up your hands!"
"But—but—what do you mean?"
"I am going to thrash you."
"Oh, I say, hold on!" said Montague. "A fight between two of the Sixth—it won't do, Yorke."

"It will have to do. Norton has set himself up against his captain. If he doesn't put up his hands, I'll sling him over my knee and spank him."

"You won't do that," said Norton, between

"You won't do that," said Norton, between his teeth.

And he put up his hands. Fellows gathered from far and near to see the fight. Norton had no chance from the first. In a few minutes he was puffing and blowing, and he would have given worlds to have that cigarette unsmoked at that moment. He wanted every ounce of wind Nature had blessed him with, and he hadn't any to speak of. He was a sturdy fellow, and he had pluck enough. But that only made his punishment more severe. He stood up to Yorke till he could stand no longer. The football captain slogged him right and left, and the mutineer received such a terrible thrashing that he bore the marks of it for weeks. When, at last, he lay on the ground, and couldn't even get on his feet without help. Yorke desisted. Norton admitted that he had had enough. enough.

had enough.
"I'm sorry," said Yorke; "remember, I'm captain next time, won't you, old chap?"
He really looked sorry, and Norton grinned faintly through a mask of bruises.
"I'll remember," he gasped.
He did remember. He had smoked his last

cigarette.

cigarette.

Yorke's drastic measures could not be called popular. But he knew very well that he would be popular enough if victory once more favoured the St. Ronan's colours. Besides, he didn't care whether he was popular or not. He knew his duty, and he meant to do it; and he would have fought the whole first eleven in a body rather than have given way an inch on a single point.

And it could not be denied that the new training was making a different parts.

single point.

And it could not be denied that the new training was making a difference to the eleven. Fellows who had been unable to sprint round the Close without puffing and blowing, found that they could run miles without getting exhausted. Fellows who could not kick a ball straight learned to do so when they were kicking at every available hour during the day. Yorke kept them at it, at the risk of overdoing it. They gradually settled down to work, and found their reward in deeper breathing, keener eyesight, braced muscles, and strong nerves.

A week after Yorke had taken compand.

"H's enough to make us jolly wet."
"You can change your clothes, I suppose."
"Look here, I can't come."
Yorke looked him up and down. Some of
the onlookers expected him to treat Vavasour
as he had treated Norton, and Vavasour felt
a tremor. But Yorke did not touch him.
Very well," he said; "I have been noticing
roung Rebinson of the Fifth lately, Thurlow;
he's a ripping winger, and I had been turning
it over in my mind to let new blood into the
first eleven. He can have Vavasour's place."
Vavasour started.
"For to-day, do you mean?"
"I mean for the rest of the eeason."
Vavasour changed colour.
"You—you're going to turn me out of the
eleven!" he exclaimed, hardly able to believe
his cars.
"You" turned out already", said Vorke

his ears. "You're turned out already," said Yorke,

"You're turned out already, said Town, turning away.
"Look here; I'll come—"
"It's too late."
And Yorke strode away. Varasour and his friends could scarcely believe that he was in friends could scarcely believe that he was. Robinson, of the Fifth, was given his cap for the first team, to his huge delight.

Several of the eleven remonstrated. Yorke

Several of the eleven remonstrated. Yorke was asked in committee to reconsider the matter of Vavasour. His reply was direct.

"You can turn me out if you like," he said. "You have the choice of keeping me for your captain, or kicking me out. I'm ready to go." "We don't want you to go," said Montague.

"Of course we don't; don't be so doccid unpleasant."

"Well, so long as I remain captain, Vavasour won't play for the first eleven. The subject's closed."

And that settled it. Strange to say, chafing as they were under his iron rule, the eleven began to feel a strong admiration for Yorke. They were feeling the benefits of the new regime. They began to feel that their next match would not be so hopeless an affair as their last.

their last.

The forthcoming match was with Turberville, a neighbouring school. They had met Turberville once already, and had been hopelessly licked. They knew that the Turberville fellows were looking forward to the return match as to a comic play. They had asked their friends to come and see the fun. That St. Ronan's could possibly get anywhere near winning never entered into the calculations of the Turbervillians at all. The result of the match was a foregone conclusion; it was to be the twelfth consecutive licking of St. Ronan's that season.

And so Thurlow had thought a fortnight be-fore! But now a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream.

And so Thurlow had thought a fortnight before! But now a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream.

When, after school on the Friday before the match, the cleven turned out for a final practice, those who came to watch were amazed. The running powers of the forwards seemed to have doubled, and their dribbling was a picture compared with what it had been a few weeks ago. The backs seemed to be able to stop the ball—a thing backs are generally supposed to be able to do, but which the St. Ronan's back had never quite managed. The goalkceper kept the goal clear against really ripping shots, and was only beaten when the shooting was next door to irresistible.

And the juniors of St. Ronan's no longer shricked and chipped the first eleven. They yelled "Hurray!" at the top of their voices. The first eleven was playing a scratch team, and knocked them into a cocked hat. And the first eleven came off the field feeling a little more satisfied with themselves.

Thurlow thumped Yorke on the back as they left the field.

"Good for you, old fellow," he said; "I hardly thought it would work out like this, but it has!"

Bob Yorke laughed.

"Yes, and I fancied at first that the rot had gone too far; but we've pulled up," he said. "All's well that ends well."

"If we win to-morrow, you will be able to do what you like with the team."

"We shall win to-morrow, or there will be a deuce of a row," said Yorke.

THE 4th CHAPTER.

THE 4th CHAPTER.
The Result.

RIGHT and early the next afternoon the St. Ronan's first was on the Turberville ground. The kick-off was at three, and in time for the kick-off arrived a goodly crowd of spectators. Not only the Turbervillians were there, as was natural, but crowds of fellows of all Forms had walked or ridden over from St. Ronan's.

They wanted to see how the reformed eleven would play, and they wildly hoped for a victory to change the long run of bad luck that had lung like a blight over the St. Ronan's footballers.

kept them at it, at the risk of overdoing it.

They gradually settled down to work, and found their reward in deeper breathing, keener eyesight, bruced muscles, and strong nerves.

A week after Yorke had taken command, there was a change in the first eleven that was plain to the most casual glance. There was discontent, too, and in the second week of the reformation Vavasour went on strike. Yavasour had had enough of eternal sprinting, and kicking, and heading, and when ordered to turn out for an early morning practice, he declined.

"It's raining," he said.

"Yorke glanced out of the window.

"It's not enough to make the ground impossible," he said.

"Ore said.

"It's not enough to make the ground impossible," he said.

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"It's not enough to make the ground impossible," he said.

"It's not enough to make the ground impossible," he said.

"It's not enough to make the ground impossible into the mean to be rude, but

But somehow it didn't work out like the game had not been started five hites to be fore they realised that there was a final in their opponents.

It was the same team, or almost the but a change had come over it that was the same team, or almost the same team, or almost the same team, or almost the same team and the same team to be sufficient to the same team. The forwards apparently knew how and how to stop their opponents from the same and how to stop their opponents from the same and how to stop their opponents from the same and how to stop their opponents from the same that it was their duty to feed the fore the same that it was their duty to feed the fore the same and they fed them. The backers of started the same that it was their duty to feed the fore the same that it was the same and they defended. The goalkeeper had be to keep the ball out of the nest his bit to keep the ball out of the nest his ball of the nest his bit to keep the ball out of the nest his ball of the his ball out of the nest his bit to keep the ball out of the nest his ball out of th

eyes.
But it was no dream.
St. Ronan's were playing up grandly; the first goal of the match was taken by by Yorke, and the second goal by Thurlow, has a pass by the skipper.
Two goals to nil in the first half!
Turberville gasped with astonishment.
And the St. Ronanites round the field the tossed their caps into the air, without and shouted, and cheered and clapped, the whether they ever saw them again.
For St. Ronan's was winning—at least But Turberville was not beaten yet. All formed the subject of their fond imaging, for the eight or nine goals to nil that he formed the subject of their fond imaging, in the hardest struggle of the season. But he hardest struggle of the season. But the game in the second half.
And then they succeeded in breaking the formed the visitors' goal, the ball went in and the home crowd cheered with relief.

But it was the solitary flicker of the cash before the visitors' goal, the ball went in and the force warning.

"Goal!
But it was the solitary flicker of the card.

But it was the solitary flicker of the code before expiring.
Two more goals followed, but they was taken by St. Ronan's men; and the home keep that their only hope was to pack the goal and defend, and cut down the margar defeat as much as possible.

And they did it—but even a strength of the could not save them from Bot Fand his merry men. Right through them be St. Ronanites crashed, once, twice, ere is welcome whistle went, and added two goalst the score.

welcome whistle went, and added two goals the score.

Six to one!

The players went off the field breathing water a gruelling game, the Turbervillian win amazement, the St. Ronanites chudigwith glee.

In the dressing-room the victors gather round Bob Yorke. The St. Ronan's caping a not conceal his satisfaction; his honest feave wreathed in smiles. Thurlow thumped bire the shoulder.

not conceal his satisfaction; his honest face we wreathed in smiles. Thurlow thumped his the shoulder.

"You've done it, Bob!"

"Yes, I rather think so," agreed Yek "I've brought you up to time, you refer we have the there took Turberville by surprise, at shouldn't have licked them so awfully hole but there's no doubt we were the better the shouldn't have licked them so awfully hole but there's no doubt we were the better the shouldn't have licked them so awfully hole but there's no doubt we were the better the sand, and we're going to win every other match season, or I'll make you skip!"

"You'll jolly well find us backing you we along the line," said Montague. "My he what will they say at St. Ronan's I'm they had much to say at St. Ronan's I'm said it at the tops of their voices, in he is of cheering, as the victorious team cast. There were cheers for all the players, had not have the season who came in for the provation. Even 'Vavasour' was cheering wildly, and Norton was thumping him as back. The captain, who had ruled with iron hand, had successfully saved the from the "rot," and from that hour him was law among the footballers of St. Ronan's And in that state of mind, they were in some to win—and the history of the latter poor that season was very different for the true was the season was very different for the true true.

SANDOW'S BOOK FRE

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