

COMPLETE SEXTON BLAKE STORY THIS WEEK.



A Laughable Incident from This Week's Instalment of Charles Hamilton's Fine School Yarn.



REDFERN MINOR.

A Rattling Instalment of Charles Hamilton's
Fascinating New School Tale.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

SIDNEY REDFERN, a bright, fun-loving lad who is a new pupil at St. Dorothy's School. Sidney has an elder brother at St. Dorothy's.

ARTHUR REDFERN, who is a prefect in the Sixth Form. Arthur Redfern is inclined to be easily led, and is under the by-no-means-good influence of

RANSOME, another Sixth-Former, a slacker and a good-for-nothing.

SKELTON and **BROWN**, two Fourth-Formers, and leaders of the Classical side at St. Dorothy's.

TAFFY MORGAN, **VERNON**, and **RAKE**, the leaders of the Modern side at St. Dorothy's, deadly rivals of Skelton and Brown.

At St. Dorothy's there is a deadly and everlasting feud existing between the Classical and Modern sides. At the time of the arrival of Sidney Redfern, the captain of the Fourth Form, who has always been elected from the Classical side, has just left, and affairs are in a complicated state. There are exactly as many Classics in the Fourth as there are Moderns, and the result of the election for a new captain is bound to be a tie. Now Sidney Redfern has arrived, however, his vote will turn the scale one way or the other.

After much persuasion from both sides, Sidney votes for the Classics, to the rage and humiliation of the Moderns.

Ransome chooses Sidney as his fag, and sends the lad with a message down to a public-house in the village.

On his return Sidney has to climb over the school walls in order to obtain admittance, and is caught in the act of so doing by Lunsford, the captain of St. Dorothy's.

Lunsford trots Sidney off to his study, and then turns to the junior with a grim face.

"Well, what have you to say?" he asks sternly.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

Facing the Music.

LUNSFORD'S face was as hard as iron; the genial good-nature, which was seldom absent from it, was quite gone now. And Sidney Redfern, in spite of his pluck, felt an inward tremor. He realised that he had transgressed one of the strictest rules of the school, and but for the prefect's pass in his pocket, he would have been in a very serious scrape indeed. But there was the pass.

"Well, Redfern?"

"It's all right," said Redfern, feeling in his pocket for the folded paper. Ransome had given him, "I've been out."

"I know you've been out," said the captain of St. Dorothy's grimly. "You've broken bounds after dark on your first evening at school. I don't think your career at St. Dorothy's will be very much prolonged. But I'm willing to hear if you've any defence to make."

"I had a pass."

"Indeed! Then why did you get in over the wall, instead of showing up at the gates?"

Redfern was silent. He could not explain that without mentioning Ransome's name, and dragging his brother into it. And he remembered only too well the secrecy that had been imposed upon him. And since his visit to the Green Men, he was beginning to understand the necessity of that secrecy, and to realise that Redfern major would get into trouble if Lunsford learned the whole affair.

"Have you anything to say?" said Lunsford impatiently.

"Yes. I have a pass. I suppose there was no harm in my getting in over the wall," said Redfern. "It makes no difference, that I can see."

Lunsford looked at him searchingly.

"Show me the pass," he said shortly.

Redfern handed over the paper.

It was still folded as when Ransome had given it to him, and in the dark, of course, Redfern had had no opportunity of looking at it; nor had it crossed his mind to do so. He had no reason to suspect that it was not all right. But as he watched the captain's face he realised that there was something wrong.

Lunsford unfolded the paper and looked at it. Then he looked up again, a thundercloud gathering on his brow.

He raised his eyes from the paper to Redfern's startled face.

"You cheeky young sweep!"

"What!" ejaculated Redfern. "What's the matter?"

"I'll show you what's the matter!" roared Lunsford, and, starting forward, he seized the junior by the collar and shook him fiercely. "Are you mad? Did somebody put you up to playing this silly trick?"

"Trick!" gasped Redfern.

He wriggled in Lunsford's grasp. The St. Dorothy's captain released him, and he staggered against the table. The amazement in his face was so genuine that Lunsford looked amazed himself.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know anything about this?" he exclaimed, holding up the paper.

"Yes; it's all right, isn't it?"

"Was this given you as a pass out of bounds?"

"Yes," said Redfern, putting his collar straight. "I was told that a prefect's pass allowed a fellow out till bedtime if he liked, and I'm blessed if I see why you jump on me like a wild cat!"

He was recovering his coolness now, as that remark showed.

"Have you looked at it?"

"No; why should I?"

"You look as if you were telling the truth," said Lunsford, in wonder. "Look at that paper, you young sweep!"

He held it out to view, and Redfern almost staggered as he looked at it. For the paper was blank! The junior had been tricked. And the thundercloud dissipated from the captain's brow at the thought.

"You thought this was a pass out of bounds?" he said, more gently.

"Ye-es! I—I can't make it out!" stammered Redfern. "It—it was given me as a pass. I never thought of looking at it—and I couldn't have seen it in the dark!"

"In the dark?" said Lunsford, catching the words quickly. "Where were you when this was given you, then?"

"In the quadrangle."

"I think I understand. Who gave you this pass, as you supposed it to be?" asked Lunsford, his lips tightening.

Redfern was silent.

"You hear me, Redfern?"

"Ye-es!"

"Then answer! Who gave you this pass?"

"I—I can't tell you!" blurted out the boy, his cheeks growing crimson. "I—I promised not to!"

"What prefect was supposed to have signed it?"

Still Redfern did not speak.

His brother should have signed the pass, and if he had not done so, it was because he was afraid for his name to be mentioned in connection with the matter. And it was not for Sydney to mention it.

"I'm waiting for your answer," said Lunsford ominously.

"I can't tell you," said Redfern desperately.

"You—you can lick me if you like. But I was told to keep it all dark, and—"

For a moment Lunsford looked as if he would lick him; and then his expression softened again.

"Look here, Redfern," he said; "you're a new boy, and not up to the ropes here. This is a serious matter—more serious than you can know. There have been doings in some of the Forms here lately which have come to the doctor's ears, and there is trouble ahead for somebody. Some of the fellows have been breaking bounds, and it's pretty certain that there has been pub-haunting—I dare say you know what that is. I've got to look into it. It's pretty clear to me that you've been sent out for some business that won't bear the light. Where have you been?"

Redfern did not speak.

"So you can't tell me! You can't tell me where you've been, who gave you this paper, and who was supposed to have signed it. It's pretty clear that you have been taken up by the set I'm trying to get hold of. They've taken advantage of your being a new boy, to make use of you in this cowardly way. You are under no obligation whatever to them, and it's your duty to tell me all you can, to help me do my duty here. Now, I've explained this to you instead of licking you, as most prefects would have done. You understand?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me the names."

"I can't!"

Lunsford's brow grew black.

"What! Look here, Redfern minor, I shall have to impress upon you that the captain of St. Dorothy's isn't the kind of person to be cheeked by a fag!"

"I can't help it! I don't mean to be cheeky!"

But I can't tell you. I—I don't mind if you lick me!"

"You may mind if I march you into the Head's study, and you are kicked out of St. Dorothy's before you have fairly entered," said Lunsford grimly. "The Head would probably take this story of a pass that turned out to be blank paper for a barefaced invention. Are you ready to face the Head, and to go back to your people by the first train in the morning?"

The junior turned white.

"Well, what do you say, Redfern?"

"I can't tell you anything."

Lunsford stood for a full minute in silence.

"I won't take you to the Head," he said, at last. "I won't lick you. Either you've got an exaggerated and quixotic sense of honour, or else you're the coolest and nerviest young villain that's ever come to this school. I'll look into this matter without your help—but I'll keep an eye on you, Redfern minor. If you have been playing a trick on me, you'll wish you'd never come to St. Dorothy's. Now, get out!"

And Redfern got out.

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The Feed that Didn't Come Off.

REDFERN, his heart beating hard and his brain in a whirl, went down the passage without seeing where he was going. That he had had a narrow escape of being turned out of the school on his first day there he knew, and the danger was enough to throw him off his balance a little. If Lunsford had carried out his threat, and taken him to the Head, what would Arthur have done? Would he have owned up? With a sinking heart, Redfern admitted to himself that there was a strong doubt upon that point.

Arthur Redfern, the big, handsome fellow who was the idol of his home during the holidays, was very different from the same Arthur Redfern at St. Dorothy's, under the influence of Ransome. Sidney could not help seeing that his brother was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. And yet, though he owed that narrow escape to Redfern major, curiously enough the junior did not feel his affection for Arthur weakened in the least. If anything, it was strengthened by the anxiety he felt for the elder brother.

"Here's the bounder!"

Redfern, deep in painful thought, had turned the corner, and run right into Skelton and Brown, who were waiting for him. They seized him by either arm, and marched him on towards their study. Redfern hardly knew whether their intentions were friendly or hostile, and he struggled in their grasp.

"It's all right," grinned Skelton. "Don't be alarmed, my infant. Where have you been all this time? We've been looking for you."

"Hunting all over the place," said Brown.

"Saw you come in with Lunsford, though. The feed will be spoiled."

"The feed?"

"Yes, rather. We're having a bit of a feed in our study to celebrate my getting in as captain of the Fourth," explained Skelton.

"It's a big triumph for the Classical side. Is that what Lunsford was talking to you about?"

Redfern grinned.

"Oh, no!"

"The seniors pretend to take no notice of our elections in the Fourth," Skelton said confidentially. "Lunsford knows jolly well that it's us juniors who keep up the honour of the Classical side, and keep the rotten Mods in their place. If it wasn't for us the Moderns would have it all their own way. Taffy & Co. are wild at my getting in as Form captain. I can tell you—I'm sorry you're fagging for Ransome, young Redfern."

"Why?"

"He's a rotter. We're not proud of him, though he's a Classical senior. I never could make out what your major saw in him. If you're going to fag for him I shall have to put you up to some points. Never mind that now, though. Here we are! The herrings will be warm, as I left 'em on the hob—Why—what—how—Hullo!"

Skelton opened the door of his study, and stood transfixed.

The room was not empty.

And the herrings were not on the hob.

Four juniors were seated round the table, and they had just finished the herrings, and were starting on the strawberry-jam.

Taffy Morgan, Rake, Vernon, and another Modern junior looked up with agreeable smiles at the astounded and enraged Classics.

"What's this?" roared Brown.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Taffy. "This is where we grin! Grin, you bounders!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was very nice, chappies!" said Vernon softly. "The herrings were done to a turn. The only fault is that there were no more!"

"Exactly!" said Rake.

"Still, there's the strawberry-jam," said Taffy. "I am rather fond of the strawberry-jam. Look you! Shall I help myself, Skelton?"

"No. I'll help you!" roared Skelton, rushing upon the rival leader of the Fourth. "Wade in, Classics!"

The Moderns jumped up from the table, and Taffy went rolling on the hear rug in the grasp of Skelton, who rubbed a handful of strawberry-jam well into his face. Taffy gasped and roared, and struggled furiously. The other juniors were equally hotly engaged.

Phipps and Spratt, of the Classical side, looked into the study. They were looking for an invitation to the feed, but they found a fight going on instead. They promptly joined in, and with the odds against them Taffy & Co. were rolled ignominiously out of the study.

"Outside, you Modern rotters!" gasped Skelton. "Do you want any more strawberry-jam, Taffy?"

"Yes!" roared Taffy, charging back into the study doorway like a bull.

Skelton seized him, and they rolled on the carpet, and then Brown lent a hand, and the Modern junior was pinned. Redfern picked up the milkjug from the table.

"Now, Taffy, are you going quietly?"

"No!" roared Taffy.

"Very good! Say when!" said Redfern cheerfully. And he commenced to pour the milk upon Taffy's upturned, crimson face.

"Ow, ow, ow! Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you going quietly?"

"N-n-no, no, no!" roared Taffy. "Ow! Grooh! Gerrooh! Yow! Yes! I think I'll go! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I thought you would!"

The Moderns in the passage had made a desperate rush to aid their leader, but Phipps and Spratt had slammed the door, and jammed their feet against it, and the raging rescuers could not get it open.

"Lemme gerrup!" gasped Taffy. "Oh, you beasts! I'll make you wriggle for this!"

Redfern chuckled.

"You're doing the wriggling at present," he remarked. "Are you sorry you came and scoffed our feed?"

"No!" roared Taffy. "I'm glad! I'm jolly glad!"

"Then you shall have the tea!"

Redfern took the teapot from the table, and filled it with cold water. Skelton and Brown were laughing so hysterically that they could hardly hold the struggling Taffy. The Modern leader squirmed as the teapot approached.

"Are you sorry you scoffed the feed?" asked Redfern sweetly.

"No, no, no!"

"Good! Say when!"

And Redfern began to pour.

The stream of pale-brown liquid from the spout of the teapot splashed in a little cascade on Taffy's face, and thence ran to various parts of him. He was getting a bath of weak tea, but his courage held out.

"Are you sorry?"

"No!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here, hold on!" choked Taffy, as a stream went into his mouth. "I—I—I—"

"Are you sorry?"

"No! Yes, yes!"

"Are you fearfully sorry?"

"N— Yes, yes!"

"Are you awfully, fearfully sorry?"

"Yes!" roared Taffy. "Chuck it!"

Redfern replaced the teapot on the table.

"The prisoner is discharged," he said.

"Yow! Wow! You wait till I get hold of you, young Redfern! Yow!"

The prisoner is discharged on condition that he makes it pax for the rest of the evening."

JUST OUT!

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"Rats!"
 "Have some more tea?"
 "Ow! No! Chuck it!"
 "Will you make it pax?"
 "No! Yes; I'll make it pax till bedtime!"
 Redfern chuckled.
 "You'll make it pax till to-morrow morning, my son. I know your little game. No dormitory tricks for me. Will you make it pax till to-morrow morning?"
 "No!"
 "Well, there's some more tea!"
 "Ow! Stop! Yes, yes, it's pax till to-morrow!"

"The prisoner is discharged!"
 Taffy staggered to his feet. He was drenched and dripping, dishevelled and furious. But for his parole he would have charged at Redfern on the spot. But "pax" was sacred. It was peace till the morning.

"Ow!" grunted Taffy. "Beast! You're taking a jolly lot on yourself for a new kid. I'll look after you to-morrow! Br-r-r-r!"
 And he went out of the study, and made a bee-line to the nearest bath-room. Skelton chuckled, and gave Redfern a sounding slap on the shoulder.

"Ain't he getting into the way of it, Browney?" he grinned.

"He is—he are!" said Brown, chuckling. "I never saw Taffy so done up in my natural. I expect he will lick Redfern to-morrow. But what about the feed?"

"They've made a good clearance," said Skelton. "Taffy's taken away most of what they haven't eaten on his face."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Never mind, there's bread and cheese, and some of the jam. It's rotten! They were ripping herrings, and done to a turn. I suppose those Modern rotters caught a whiff of them cooking, and knew there was a feed on. Think you can put up with bread and cheese, Redfern, and leave the feed till to-morrow?"

"Yes, rather!" said Redfern cheerfully. "I'm as hungry as a hunter. Hand over the bread and cheese, my son, and never mind the giddy herrings."

"You're staying to grub?" asked Skelton, with a grin, as Phipps and Spratt turned towards the door.

Phipps sniffed, and Spratt grunted.

"Not much," said Phipps. "I nipped the herrings—I mean, I just looked in. I'm not hungry for bread and cheese."

"We can get that in our own study," remarked Spratt.

And the two juniors withdrew, leaving Redfern and his two new chums to their supper, which they enjoyed keenly enough, with the healthy appetites of healthy youth. Skelton bemoaned the herrings once or twice, but Redfern was quite satisfied.

When the Fourth Form went up to bed, Taffy & Co. eyed Redfern very curiously. The Fourth Form occupied two dormitories, on opposite sides of a long passage, and it was easy to see that that passage was frequently the scene of alarms and excursions. But for the "pax" established between the rivals of the Fourth, the new junior would undoubtedly have received some kind attentions from Taffy & Co. after lights out. Redfern grinned cheerfully at the chief of the Modern juniors, and Taffy could not help grinning back.

Lunsford saw lights out in the Fourth Form. He did not glance at Redfern. Two minutes after the lights were extinguished Sidney Redfern was fast asleep, and he did not open his eyes again till the rising-bell was clanging in the morning.

With the Gloves On.

REDFERN was the first down of the Fourth Form. He wanted to get an opportunity of speaking to his brother before morning school, if he could, and he hung about the passages for some time, waiting for Redfern major. He did not care to go to Arthur's room—Arthur had given him to understand, plainly enough, that he did not want him there too often. Redfern was standing in the hall, idly reading over the notices on the board, when his brother came downstairs with Ransome.

Redfern eagerly started towards him, and Ransome came to meet him, while Arthur walked on to the dining-room, and entered it. He gave Redfern a nod in passing, that was all. The junior, deeply mortified, stopped, and Ransome tapped him on the shoulder.

"Come here, kid!" he said, taking Redfern into a window recess. "Now, what did you say to Lunsford last night? I hear he had you up in his study."

"I said nothing."

"I suppose he asked you all sorts of questions, and looked at the pass?"

"Yes."

Ransome coughed a little.
 "I'm sorry I made a little mistake about that pass. I found it in my pocket this morning. I must have given you some other paper instead."

Redfern did not reply. He was not suspicious, but he could not believe that Ransome had made a mistake. The shifty expression in the senior's eyes alone was enough to convict him of telling an untruth.

"Did Lunsford lick you?" asked Ransome rather hurriedly.

"No."

"Good! I'm glad you had sense enough not to jaw. A still tongue shows a wise head, you know. You're just the fellow I want for my fag," said Ransome genially. "I'll look after you while you're at St. Dolly's. I didn't get a chance of speaking to you last night. Lunsford had his eyes open—I mean, I was

—er—busy. Did Mr. Cunliffe give you a note?"

"No; a message. He said it would be all right, and that he would not be hard upon his friends."

"Good—jolly good!"

"Is my brother one of his friends?" asked Redfern, looking the senior full in the eyes.

Ransome smiled.

"Suppose he is?"

"The man is a rotten blackguard," said Redfern, in a low voice. "He was gambling when I saw him at the Green Man. There was money on the table, and cards, and the men there were drinking. The place is a low hole. You know jolly well that my brother ought not to know him."

"Did you come to the Fourth Form here to keep an eye on your elder brother?" asked Ransome, with urbanity. "Are you his mentor, his guide, philosopher, and friend? It will be delightful to a Sixth-Form prefect to hear that he is being kindly watched over by a fag in the Lower School. I must mention it to him."

And Ransome walked away, chuckling. Redfern stood dismayed. If Ransome put it like that to Arthur, he could guess what the result would be.

Redfern's face was clouded with anxiety. Skelton and Brown came downstairs, and marched him out into the quadrangle for a sprint before breakfast. When they came in to breakfast, Redfern glanced round the big dining-hall in search of his brother. The Forms had their meals at separate tables, and the Sixth were at some distance from Redfern's table. But Sidney made out his brother at last, sitting next to Ransome among the

Redfern stared after him, with a lump in his throat. He was awakened from a decidedly gloomy reverie by a sounding slap on the shoulder from Skelton, and he started almost angrily.

"What the dickens—"

"Come on, kid! Can't you hear the bell?"

Morning chapel!"

"Oh, thanks!"

Redfern went to chapel with Skelton and Brown and the rest. Then came morning lessons, and Skelton—who seemed to have completely forgotten the fisticuffs of their first meeting—showed Redfern to his place, and did everything he could for him. Redfern acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his Form-master, though his attention was frequently taken from the subjects in hand by the whispers of Skelton and Brown III. when the master's back was turned.

"There's something on among those Modern kids," whispered Skelton presently. "See how Taffy and the others are putting their heads together?"

"Shouldn't wonder if it's a feed," said Spratt, who was the stoutest youth in the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's, with the possible exception of Phipps, and whose thoughts usually ran on feeds. "I say, Skelton, if it's a feed, we ought to manage to raid it, you know, after the trick they played last night."

Skelton grinned.

"It isn't a feed, Oyster. I fancy there's something in store for our youthful friend Redfern. They keep on looking at him."

Skelton was right. After morning lessons, when the Fourth Form poured out into the passage, Taffy & Co. came over to Redfern. The junior, who was thinking of Arthur's

"Then what do you want to fight for?"
 "Oh, that's different! I think I ought to lick you. I owe it to my position in the Form. You have too much nerve for a new kid. It will really be a kindness to take it out of you before it gets you into trouble," explained Taffy.

"Well, if you mean to be kind, of course, I don't want to baulk you!" grinned Redfern. "Somebody will be hurt, that's all!"

"Ye-es, I fancy so!"

"This way," said Skelton, linking his arm in Redfern's. "If you don't lick him, I will." He lowered his voice. "I suppose you can fight, kid? I know you can hit hard enough; but do you know anything about the rules?"

"Oh, yes—pretty fair!"

"Taffy's a demon at it," said Skelton. "Not to put too fine a point on it, I couldn't lick him, you know. As a matter of fact—I'm telling you this for your information—he has licked me. You wouldn't think it from his manner—nothing of the crowing sort about Taffy. But he has; and he could do it again. Now, I'm a pretty good man with my hands, you know. You'll have all your work cut out to hold up against Taffy when he gets going."

"Well, a chap can only do his best!"

"Ye-es, I s'pose so! Stick it out as long as you can, for the honour of the Classical side. It's rotten for us, you know, that we haven't a chap on the Classical side who can handle Taffy. If he were a bullying sort, it would be rotten still—as it is, it's rotten. Stick it out!"

"I'll do my best, anyway!"

Quite a crowd followed the juniors behind the chapel. There, on a level stretch of green under the shade of ancient elms, was a secluded spot, far from the ken of masters and prefects, where youthful disputes were frequently fought out. The juniors were not backward in making remarks, and if Redfern had been open to discouragement, he would certainly have been discouraged by the remarks he heard on all sides. Even the Classics did not believe for a moment that he would win. They recounted former triumphs of Taffy, spoke with awe and admiration of a famous left-hander he possessed, and debated whether the new boy would be able to stand up to him for a whole round. But Redfern did not seem to be discouraged. His manner was as cool and self-possessed as ever when the crowd halted under a big elm. Taffy gave his jacket to Vernon, and his cap to Rake.

"Are you ready, kid?" he asked negligently.

"Yes; but one moment! Why not have the gloves on?"

"The gloves!"

"Certainly! I don't want to hurt you—"

"What!" roared Taffy.

"And you don't want to hurt me! There's no malice on either side, I hope," said Redfern. "I'd rather put on the gloves!"

"Good wheeze!" said Skelton.

"Yah! He's afraid!" yelled a voice from the back of the crowd.

Redfern looked towards the speaker.

"If the chap who spoke will step out here for a minute, I'll show him whether I'm afraid, or not," he remarked.

The invitation was not accepted.

"We'll have on the gloves, by all means," said Taffy. "Cut off and get them, Verny!"

"Certainly, chappy!"

In a couple of minutes the boxing-gloves were forthcoming. The two juniors, in their shirt-sleeves, faced one another, with a circle of eager faces round them. Vernon had appointed himself time-keeper, and he stood with a big gold watch in his hand—the only gold watch in the Fourth Form—his eye on the dial.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, rather!" said Redfern.

"Oh, yes!" said Taffy carelessly.

It was evident that the Modern leader did not take the fight very seriously.

"Time!"

The adversaries shook hands, and the fight commenced. Taffy lounged into it, as if it were an affair quite below any serious effort on his part—as, indeed, the whole crowd considered it. Skelton was the only one who thought Redfern had any chance against the redoubtable fighting-man of the Fourth, and he was very doubtful.

But there was a surprise in store for the Fourth Form.

Redfern sparred cautiously, giving ground at first, and Taffy followed him half round the ring. There was a buzz as Taffy was seen to hit out at last, and every eye watched for Redfern's fall.

But he did not fall. Where Taffy's blow went, Taffy hardly knew; but it did not touch the cool, smiling face before him. And before he could recover himself Redfern was upon him, hitting out right and left. One drive Taffy partly guarded, the second caught him on the cheek and made him reel, and the third got home fairly under his chin, lifting him almost off his feet. Right over went the Modern junior, and he thudded down in the grass like a sack of wheat.

There was a shout of surprise.

"Taffy's down!"

"My hat!"

"Bravo!"

And Taffy sat up in the grass and blinked at Redfern, with an expression of utter amazement that made the whole crowd burst into a roar of laughter.

(Another rattling long instalment of this splendid yarn next week.)

I cordially recommend
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LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

My dear Boys,—

Doubtless you will sometimes have to go through a trying time when you are unable to find work, and you will be harried from pillar to post in the search for new employment. Under such circumstances many boys are inclined to lose heart, and often enough it is not made easier for them at home, where they are told that they are not doing their best to get a job. In applying for work, remember that you will be taken very much at the value which you place upon yourself; so never appear down on your luck, and always keep a smiling face, though the clouds may not as yet have altogether rolled by. Don't despair because you fail at the first two or three attempts. Remember the world is a big place, and there are plenty of employers on the look-out for a sharp and willing servant.

Excuse one other piece of advice, which is to have an extra wash and brush-up before seeking a place, for one can tell in about two minutes the stuff a lad is made of, not so much by the clothes he wears as by the way he wears them. Were I a foreman I should pick out the cleanest pair of boots, knowing that the owner of them would always go about his business with a jaunty step and plenty of good cheer.

On the other hand, let me warn you against taking the first thing that comes to hand, unless you are driven to it; and, however great the temptation, be careful not to land yourself in a position of which you will afterwards repent, and for which you are not a bit suited. You must look ahead, as well as at the immediate present, and I am a strong advocate of boys learning a trade which will always stand them in good stead.

Your affectionate friend,

CHAPLAIN OF THE SAVOY.

Sixth, and he could see that Ransome was talking and laughing to him, and that Arthur was sitting silent, with a clouded brow.

When the boys came out, Redfern went into the quad, with his friends, and Skelton was imparting some information as to cricket prospects at St. Dolly's, when Arthur came up. He tapped Redfern on the shoulder.

"I want to speak to you, kid," he said.

"Be off, you young sweeps!"

Skelton looked a little rebellious.

"Certainly, my lord!" he said. "Have you bought up the quadrangle lately? Come on, Browney, we mustn't breathe too near his lordship!"

Arthur made an angry motion towards him, and Skelton promptly dodged out of reach.

Redfern major fixed his eyes on his younger brother.

"What's this rot you have been talking to Ransome?" he said roughly.

"I haven't been talking any rot that I know of," said the junior quietly. "I gave him my opinion of that fellow at the Green Man. Arthur, look here, that fellow—that man Cunliffe isn't a friend of yours, is he?"

Arthur Redfern laughed angrily.

"Does he look the kind of fellow to be a friend of mine, you young fool?" he demanded.

Redfern felt relieved.

"Well, you sent him a note, and he spoke of you as a friend, and Ransome said—"

"Never mind Ransome! Look here! Don't you begin to take an interest in matters that don't concern you, Sidney. A fellow can know a man without making that man his friend, I suppose? It was against my wish that Ransome sent you on that errand last night. It can't be helped now. Keep your tongue between your teeth; don't jaw, and don't ask questions. And, mind this. Don't put on airs of keeping an eye on your elder brother. I don't want you to start your career here with a licking; but that's what you'll get if there's any more of your rot!"

"I say, Arthur—"

"Oh, hang it, that's enough!"

And Arthur Redfern strode away.

black looks that morning, had almost forgotten his little difficulties with the Modern youths.

Taffy gave him a tap on the shoulder.

"Hallo," said Redfern, "what do you want?"

"Only a little talk," said Taffy sweetly.

"Will you come behind the chapel?"

"Behind the chapel? What for?"

"To talk, of course," said Taffy, with polite and elaborate sarcasm. "We're thinking of giving a small conversatione there, and we want you as a distinguished guest."

Rake and Vernon chuckled. Taffy's manner caused a goodly crowd of Fourth-Formers to gather round in anticipation of trouble—and a good many of the Third, for that matter.

"Will you come, chappy?" asked Vernon.

"Of course he'll come!" said Skelton indignantly.

"You'll be jolly sorry he's come, too, Taffy, my son! Of course, he's quite ready!"

"Ahem! He doesn't seem to be so ready for himself as you are for him!" grinned Taffy.

"What do you say, Redfern?"

"Oh, I'll come!" said Redfern cheerily. "I suppose what you want is a fight?"

"Not exactly! I'm going to lick you, you see."

"Well, you'll get the fight first, and a jolly stiff one, I can assure you!" said Redfern.

"But what are we going to fight about?"

"You've got a bad memory, my son. I'm going to lick you for laying violent hands upon the chief of the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's!"

"Rats!" howled Skelton. "Who's chief? I'm Form captain, I—"

"Peace, my son! You are Form captain, in a manner of speaking—"

"I tell you I—"

"Really, chappy—"

"Shut up, Vernon! I'm Form captain, and blow your manner of speaking!" said Skelton hotly. "I'm willing to lick anybody who says anything different!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Look here, there's nothing for us to fight about," said Redfern. "You must be an ass to bear malice for a jape—"

"Eh? I don't bear malice!" said Taffy indignantly. "What are you getting at?"