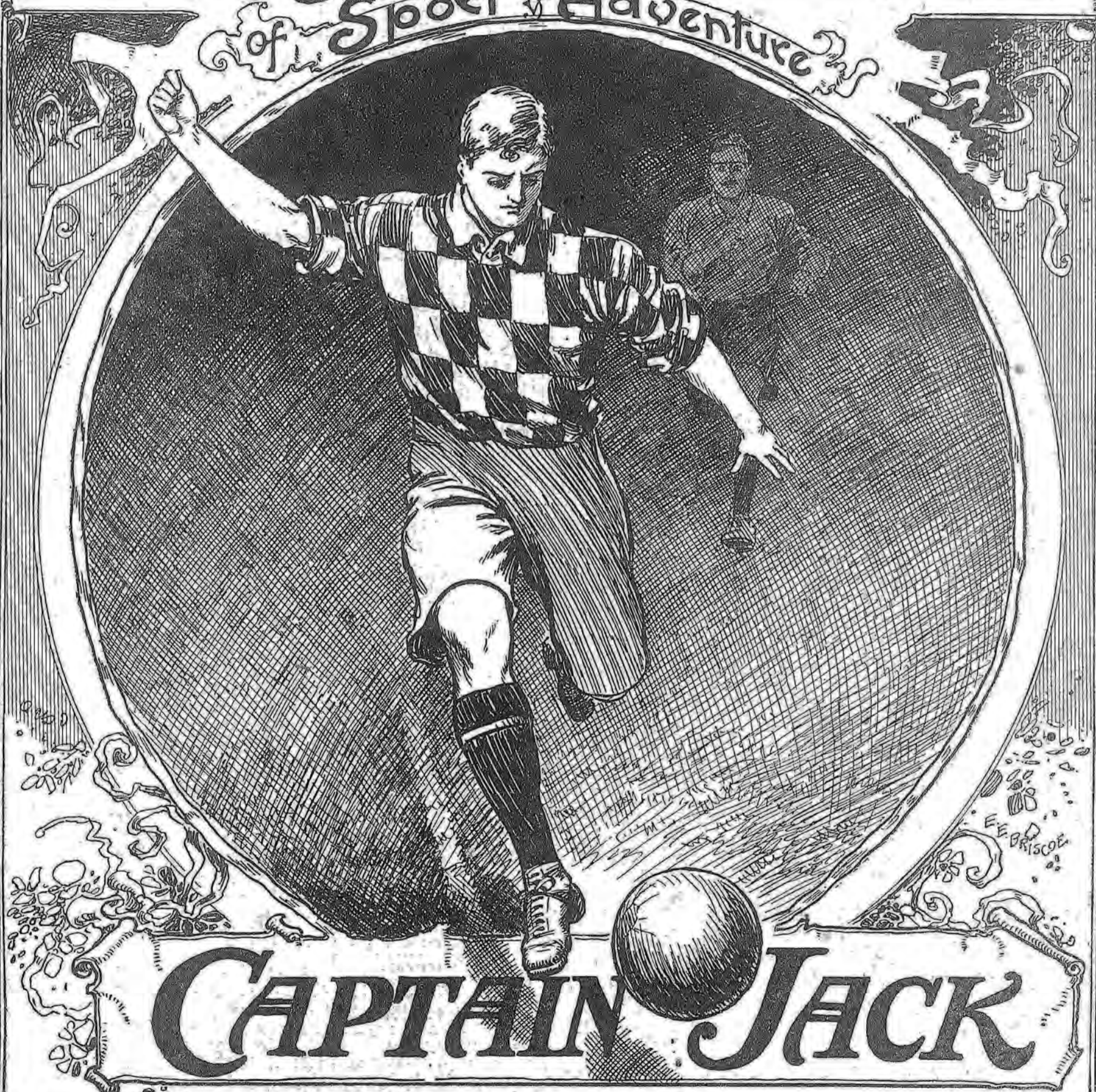


Two Grand New Serials This Week!

# The Boys' Realm 1d

of Sport & Adventure



## CAPTAIN JACK

A Stirring Tale of League Football, by Popular A. S. HARDY.



# REDFERN MINOR.

A Rattling Long Instalment of Charles Hamilton's Fascinating 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 of 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.

A few weeks later St. Dorothy's is playing a cricket match away with a rival school named Lexham. This is a very important match, and all St. Dolly's intend being present.

Arthur Redfern is playing for St. Dolly's, and as both he and Ransome are greatly in debt to a book-maker named Cunliffe, Ransome tries to persuade Arthur to sell the game, so that by betting on Lexham they can win enough money to pay Cunliffe.

This Arthur Redfern refuses to do, and in the St. Dolly's innings he plays a splendid game, and puts his side in a practically winning position.

Ransome waylays Arthur by the pavilion, and informs him that unless he can bring about a defeat for St. Dolly's, Cunliffe, who is on the ground, intends showing him up.

Taffy Morgan overhears this conversation, and later, noticing how weakly Arthur is bowling against Lexham, he comes to the conclusion that he has consented to sell the game. Taffy rushes off and informs Redfern minor of this. Redfern flares up at what he thinks is a base libel against his brother, and deals Taffy a blow which sends the Modernite flying head over heels.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

## The Shadow of Shame.

**R**EDFERN MINOR stood over the fallen Modern junior, his fists clenched, his chest heaving, his eyes blazing.

"Get up!" he said, between his teeth.

"Get up, if you want some more!"

Taffy rolled on the grass, and then sat up, blinking dazedly and confusedly at the angry junior.

"Wh-wh-what!" he stammered.

"You've come to me with lies about my brother," said Redfern, in a voice trembling with rage. "Now get up, and back up your words with your fists. I'm ready for you, you cad!"

Taffy flushed hotly. He slowly rose to his feet.

In his excitement, in his anxiety to prevent somehow the loss of the match, he had certainly acted rather hastily, and he had not taken into consideration the probable effect of the news upon Arthur Redfern's younger brother.

Redfern minor had jumped to the conclusion that it was a gibe from the Modern junior, and in any case he was not likely to believe it easily.

"Put up your hands!" said Redfern savagely.

Taffy kept his hands at his sides.

"I didn't come here to fight," he said. "I came—"

Redfern laughed scornfully.

"No; you came here to tell a lie about Arthur—about my brother, and you don't want to fight. But you've got to, whether you want it or not! Put up your hands, or I'll give you the coward's blow!"

Taffy's face was crimson.

"I tell you—"

Redfern advanced upon him, and Taffy backed away. He was not afraid. He had

to exercise the greatest self-control to keep from taking Redfern minor at his word. But there was no time for fighting then. That could come afterwards.

"Redfern, don't be a fool! I tell you—"

"Hold on, Reddy!"

It was Skelton who spoke. He had slipped down from the fence, startled by the sudden outbreak, and he caught Redfern by the shoulder.

Sidney shook off his hand impatiently.

"Let me alone!" he said. "The cad says—"

"Shut up!" said Taffy, in a hurried whisper. "There's no need to spread it all over the school."

"Do you think I believe it, then?"

"I'll prove it to you!"

"You cad!"

"You're calling me some pretty names,"

said Taffy, compressing his lips. "You've knocked me down, and I haven't returned your blow. I'll settle all that with you later. At present there's something more important. I tell you—"

"Hold on, Reddy—"

"Leave me alone! Do you know what he says?" said Redfern hoarsely. "He says my brother is selling the match to Lexham—that he's losing for the school on purpose!"

"My word!"

"I didn't want the thing gassed about," said Taffy quietly. "You've told Skelton yourself. No need for it to go further, if you can stop your major from doing what he's trying to do. Stand back, you fool!"

Skelton dragged Redfern back.

"Don't be an ass, Reddy! There's something in this—"

Redfern turned on him fiercely.

"What! Do you say the same?"

"No, I don't. But there's something in it. Taffy isn't the chap to make up a yarn like that. I suppose it's a mistake," said Skelton pacifically; for Redfern, in his present mood, was as ready to turn upon friend as foe. "But I think you might hear what Taffy says, instead of slogging him on the jaw."

"It's a lie!"

"It's not a lie!" said Taffy. "I suppose I was a fool to come to you, instead of going to Lunsford. It's the truth. Do you think it's a pleasure to me to find a St. Dolly's fellow playing a game like that?"

"Now, shut up, Reddy, and listen to him."

Taffy's a Modern worm, of course, but he's honest injun all through, I'll say that for him. And you ought to know it by this time."

Redfern was silent.

He did know that the Welsh junior was the soul of honour, upright and frank as the daylight; but the accusation against his brother had robbed him of his usual calm reasoning.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Taffy. "I understand how he feels about it, and I might have broken it a bit more gently; only there's no time to waste. It's not all Redfern major's fault, either; he's been driven into it by that cad Ransome."

"That sounds likely enough."

"Well, go on," said Redfern sullenly.

"Mind, I don't believe a word against my brother. I'm willing to believe that you've made a mistake."

"Listen, then, and see for yourself!"

And Taffy related, almost word for word, what he had heard from the top of the pavilion. His manner was so earnest, and the tale so circumstantial, that his words carried conviction, in spite of the hearer's prejudice.

Redfern's face became pale as death.

He had known much too much about his brother's connection with Ransome, and through Ransome with Mr. Cunliffe, of the Green Man in Wyndale.

That Redfern major was mixed up with a set of betting men, that he broke bounds from the school, and was guilty of many reckless actions, Sidney knew, or suspected. But this—this was the culmination!

He could not find a word to say; in spite of himself, he could not help believing. Skelton's face showed that he hadn't a doubt. Brown, who had joined them, looked as Skelton looked—immediately convinced.

"I jolly well know how you feel about it," said Taffy quietly. "I'm sorry to have to tell you. Nobody knows but ourselves, and we'll all keep it dark, except Vernon and Rake, and they'll be as mum as we are. Only something will have to be done. Look here, Redfern major doesn't want to do it. He began bowling jolly well. Only that cad Ransome spoke to him on the field, and then he went off his form."

Redfern nodded silently.

He had noticed that incident himself, and that it was after Ransome had spoken to him that Redfern major had played so badly.

The bitterness in the boy's heart was worse than the bitterness of death.

His brother's shame, known and discussed among half a dozen juniors! Good heavens, what would Arthur say if he knew?

And he must know. As Taffy said, something would have to be done; the match could not be thrown away to please the prefect's rascally friends.

"Well, what do you think?" said Taffy.

"I thought you could speak to him in the tea interval; there's your chance. It's too rotten to have the last big match of the season thrown away."

"Yes, rather!" said Skelton.

"I—I don't know what to do," said Redfern.

"You believe me now?"

"I—I don't know. I suppose you're telling the truth, unless you've dreamed it all. I'll speak to my brother, anyway."

"That's right. You ought to be able to reason with him, if anybody can, and it won't come so rough from his minor," said Taffy.

"Don't say a word about other fellows knowing, if you can help it. It would make him feel awfully cheap, you know. After all, it's all that cad Ransome's fault."

Redfern nodded, and turned away. He made his way with slow, heavy steps towards the pavilion. And Taffy could more than forgive him for that hasty blow that had been given, as he watched the drooping of the lad's head, which had always been so erect.

## Arthur's Reply.

**T**HE cricketers had knocked off for the tea interval, and the Lexham fellows were discussing that cheery meal with light hearts. The score had run higher, and they were now 100 for five wickets. With six wickets in hand, and only 71 runs wanted to win, and plenty of clear summer daylight before them, their hopes were high. The unexpected score of St. Dolly's would not worry them, after all. They were certain now to pass it, and probably have several wickets left at the finish. And they rejoiced accordingly.

Arthur Redfern looked quiet, and almost sullen. Lunsford had not said a word to him. What could he say? Reproaches were useless, and would have been out of place. Redfern major had failed, unexpectedly but completely. The great hopes of the school were to be dashed to the ground.

Lexham would win, as they usually did, and the long record of defeats would be unbroken. Lunsford had to take the prospect with the best grace he could. He could not understand Redfern major; but he was far from suspecting anything like the real cause of the falling-off.

Some of the other fellows, however, were not so quiet about it. They asked Redfern major what was the matter with him. His replies were so short and irritable that they soon gave it up. Arthur was not in a mood for talk. The feelings in his breast were not enviable.

He frowned darkly as his young brother came up to him, as he sat outside the pavilion with a cup of tea on his knee. The sight of Sidney irritated him then, he hardly knew why. Perhaps it was because he felt, for the first time, that he could not look the boy in the face.

"Arthur—"

"What do you want?" broke in the senior irritably. "What do you come here for? You know I've told you I don't want a fag bothering me in public!"

Redfern bit his lip.

At any other time an answer like that would have sent him away with a wounded heart, without a word in reply. But not so now. He did not budge.

"I want to speak to you, Arthur."

"You can't. Get out!"

"I must!"

Arthur started. This was quite a new tone for his minor to take with him—this lad, who had borne all his whims and his indifference with unflinching patience.

"What do you mean, Sidney?"

"It's important!"

"Stuff! We recommence in five minutes! Get away!"

"I must speak to you!"

Arthur frowned darkly.

"Do you want a licking, Sidney?"

"No. I must speak to you." Redfern lowered his voice. "It's important! Don't get into a wax, Arthur! You must listen! It's about the match and Ransome and Cunliffe!"

"What!" breathed Arthur, staring at the junior with wide-open eyes.

"I've heard—"

"You've heard! What have you heard, you young hound?"

(Continued on the next page.)



"Ooooooh!" From the dusky garden came a stream of water, jetting forth from a powerful hose. It descended into the very centre of the brake, splashing the startled and dismayed Classics, and drenching them from head to foot at the first burst. (A laughable incident from next week's long instalment.)

Redfern winced, but he went on quietly: "I've heard about it—why you're losing the match, that's all!"

Arthur seemed turned to stone. He sat still, his eyes wide open, staring at the junior. The tea from his cup was running over his white trousers, but he never noticed it.

He was silent. He seemed incapable of speech.

"It's all right," whispered Redfern hurriedly. "The chap who found it out told me, and he's keeping it dark. Of course, it's safe."

His brother did not speak. "But you must stop it, Arthur. St. Dolly's must win. You can't play this dirty game. You can't give the show away!"

"No, I'm not. I think you must be, to let that cad Ransome influence you to do a thing like this!" said Redfern minor bitterly.

"You whelp! You accuse me—"

"Isn't it true?"

For a moment Arthur Redfern hesitated. Low as he had fallen, a direct lie came with great difficulty to his lips.

"No," he said, after an instant's pause—"no, of course not!"

Redfern compressed his lips. He had marked the hesitation. He marked the wavering in the voice, the shiftness of the eyes. He knew that his brother was lying to him, and his heart was as heavy as lead.

This was Arthur—this was his boyhood's hero—this fellow who was selling his side, and lying about it to him!

It seemed to Redfern more like some horrible nightmare than reality.

"Now, get out!" muttered Arthur fiercely. "I'll lick you for this when we get back to St. Dolly's! I promise you that!"

"You can lick me if you like, Arthur. I don't care, so long as you don't lose the match for the school. Will you play up?"

"You cheeky brat—"

"Oh, that's enough of that!" said Redfern, his eyes flashing. "It's no good talking like that! The chap who told me this was going to Lunsford about it."

"To Lunsford!" murmured Arthur, every vestige of colour leaving his face.

"Yes. But he left it to me to speak to you."

"So that's how you discuss me with the other cads in the Lower School, is it?" said Arthur savagely. "You listen to that sort of tale against me, and have the cheek to come and call me over the coals about it! What did they want to send you to St. Dolly's for? You've been a thorn in my side ever since you came. I hate the sight of you! Get out!"

"I'll go; but—"

"Another word, and I'll knock you flying!"

"I want to know—"

"Then take that!"

With his open hand Arthur struck the junior across the mouth. Redfern reeled back from the blow, his face scarlet. A dozen pair of eyes were upon them—the action had been seen on all sides. The junior looked at his brother for a moment, and then turned and walked away without a word.

Arthur rose, and crossed over to Lunsford, who was staring at him blankly. Sidney was still within hearing as the prefect spoke.

"Lunsford, old man, I'm feeling absolutely rotten. I advise you not to put me on to bowl against Lexham."

Lunsford nodded.

"All right!" he said shortly.

That was Arthur's answer to his minor. Sidney Redfern walked away, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his face blackly overcast.

Skelton tapped him on the arm.

"Well, kid!"

Redfern shook himself impatiently.

"Don't talk to me!"

Skelton stepped back in amazement, and Redfern minor strode on. Straight from the cricket-field he went, and his chum did not venture to follow him. Redfern minor wanted to be alone just then.

**The End of the Match—The Moderns on the Warpath.**

**S**T. DOLLY'S did not look hopeful when they went out to field again. Lexham resumed the innings in high spirits.

Lunsford had taken Arthur at his word, and he did not put him on to bowl again. Arthur's explanation that he felt "absolutely rotten" was enough. Certainly there was no doubting the fact that his bowling had been "absolutely rotten."

His fielding did not seem much better. He seemed to have feet of lead, and twice during the remainder of the Lexham innings he muffed easy catches.

Lunsford's face was very grim. He did his best, and he was loyally backed up by his comrades. The team worked hard to prevent a victory for Lexham. But one brilliant player will make a tremendous difference to an average side. St. Dolly's had, in effect, lost their best man, and were practically playing ten men. The result, against a team that out-classed them on the average, was a foregone conclusion.

The Lexham score crept up and up. Ransome's face was brighter now. He knew he had won. And the fat, red face of Mr. Cunliffe was beaming. He strolled up to the St. Dolly's senior, and gave him a friendly dig in the ribs with a chuckle of satisfaction.

Ransome turned round.

"It's all right!" chuckled Mr. Cunliffe—"it's all right! What?"

"Yes!" said Ransome shortly.

"I thought he'd come round—eh?"

"Yes. Don't talk to me here!" growled

Ransome. "Can't you see they're looking at us?"

The publican winked.

"All right, my buck. I'll see you later, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course! I shall want a settlement!"

"I'll deal with you fair and square," said Mr. Cunliffe, with his fat chuckle. "This is putting a lot into my pockets, and I ain't a 'og, I ain't. You come round, and bring your friend, and we'll 'ave a settlement."

And he rolled away.

Ransome watched the game with smiling interest. Little did he care for the keen disappointment of the St. Dolly's fellows, or for the shadow that was darkening the face of Lunsford, in spite of his efforts to be "game."

The defeat came so cruelly after the high hopes of the St. Dolly's team. And the defeat was now certain.

Six down for 130.

"Why, it's all over, bar shouting!" said Skelton to Brown, as they sat on top of the fence. "Lexham are coming up like clock-work!"

"The bowling can't touch 'em."

Skelton shook his head mournfully.

"That's it. Redfern major's not bowling now."

"And a jolly good thing, too!" said Brown savagely. "He ought to be scragged, and kicked out of the cricket team!"

"Soft, my son! Don't let Reddy hear you say that!"

"Blow Reddy!"

"Here, shut up!" said Skelton warmly. None of that, young Brown, or you'll quarrel with me. We're standing by Reddy. It's awfully hard on him, without his own chums beginning to rag him!"

"Well, that's right enough, I suppose. I won't say a word to Reddy. But where has he got to?" said Brown, looking round. "I haven't seen him since he went to the pavilion."

"He's gone off the ground."

"Doesn't want to see St. Dolly's lose, I suppose!"

"It was his speaking to his major that made

Redfern stop bowling, I suppose," remarked Skelton thoughtfully. "Well, that's all that could be done. If we'd spoken to Lunsford, and he'd believed us—which isn't likely—he could only have taken off Redfern major from the bowling."

"That's all."

"And that's done now. But it's hard cheese on St. Dolly's. There goes another 4 for Lexham!"

The Classical juniors looked on with gloomy faces while the Lexham batsmen ran. They were doing a great deal of running now, and the St. Dolly's fieldsmen were doing a great deal of leather-hunting.

That the batting was too strong for the bowling was evident to a casual glance. The fielding was good, but the Lexham men gave away few chances.

160 for eight wickets!

And then a 4, and a 3, and another 3!

"Score's level!" said Skelton glumly.

"Level, and three wickets in hand."

"There goes the win!"

The ball was on its travels again, and the single run was taken. The Lexham crowd burst into uproarious cheering as the figures went up on the board.

Lexham had won!

They had won the match for eight wickets!

No wonder the crowd, who had passed through such an anxious time during the St. Dolly's innings, cheered tremendously.

St. Dolly's had to take it as best they could. But they looked glum as they came off the field and prepared for the homeward journey. Arthur Redfern's face was dark and sullen. He despised himself more than his comrades could have despised him if they had known.

Skelton slipped down from the fence.

"Hang it!" he grunted. "Let's go and have a row with the Moderns! I feel as if I must have a go at somebody!"

"Right-ho!" said Brown.

Taffy & Co. were feeling in somewhat the same mood. Taffy, Vernon, and Rake clambered down off the pavilion with glum faces. The match had been lost, and they had not

been able to prevent it; what Taffy could do had been done, and it had been of no avail.

"It's rotten!" said Taffy. "Beastly rotten! I've a jolly good mind to give Redfern major away before the whole school!"

"No good, chappy," said Vernon; "it's too late! You wouldn't be believed. And you'd get the licking of your life for saying such things about a prefect."

"Well, I don't intend to do it, anyway!" said Taffy. "Things of that sort are better kept dark. But the brute ought to be punished somehow. Look here, how are we going to get home?" he went on, changing the subject. "We had to walk here, because those Classical worms collared our brake!"

"We're jolly well not going to walk back!"

"Just what I was going to say!" remarked Rake.

"We can't make a row on another fellow's ground," said Taffy, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "We can't go for the brake here. Those Classical sweeps know that jolly well!"

"It's a long way from here to St. Dolly's, chappy! What price an ambush?"

"They'll be prepared for that, if we start first," said Taffy, with a shake of the head; "and what chance should we have attacking a brake full of chaps on their guard? We shouldn't get a look in!"

"Just what I was—"

"My hat! You ought to have been born a parrot, Rake! Shut up a minute, and let me think!" said Taffy, rubbing his forehead, as if to assist the process of thought. "If you don't jaw I shall work it out!"

"Really, chappy—"

"Ring off!"

"Yes, but—"

"Shut up!"

"I was going to—"

"I'm thinking."

"Well, I—"

Taffy seized his chum by the throat and pinned him against the pavilion. Vernon wriggled and gasped.

"Now, you shut up!" said Taffy. "I'm thinking this out, and I'm not going to be interrupted. Look you—"

"But I was g-g-g-g—"

"You can g-g-g-g presently!"

"I was g-g-g-g—"

"Shut up, I tell you!" said Taffy, knocking Vernon's head against the wall. "Now, then, I'll give you a bang next time!"

"I was g-g-g-g-going to suggest—"

"Br-r-r! Shut up!"

"Lemme speak!" gasped Vernon, giving Taffy a drive on the chest that sent him staggering. "I've got a wheeze! I—"

"You ass—"

"Look here—"

"I'll jolly well—"

"It's a wheeze! I tell you I can fix 'em!" yelled Vernon, his aristocratic drawl quite lost in his excitement. "It's a ripping wheeze—a regular spanker!"

"Well, let's hear it!" said Taffy. "If it's a good one—"

"It's a ripper!"

"Go ahead, then, and not so much jaw! You're too long-winded!"

"Why, I haven't had a chance to—"

"Oh, get to the point!"

"How can I get to the point when you keep on interrupting me? I—"

"Nuff said! Shut up! I—"

"Look here, this is the wheeze. The brake has to pass over the old level-crossing going home. It isn't used now, since the railway built the bridge at Wyndale."

"What about that?"

"You know the signalman used to come out of his box there and close the gates by hand? Anybody can close 'em. It will be dark by the time we get there, and we can wait till the brake is coming, and then shut the gates across the road. The idea is to stop the brake and get it hung up this side of the level-crossing. We can easily fasten the gate."

"Good! But then—"

"You know the old chap there is a gardener—he was using his hose when we came by to-day!"

"I know he was; he jolly well splashed my feet through his rotten old fence!" said Taffy.

"But I don't see—"

"Oh, you're an ass!"

"Look here—"

"Can't you see? We get the brake hung up this side of the gate, and some of us borrow old Carter's garden-hose. We couldn't shift the Classical cads out of the brake ourselves but the hose—"

"My hat!"

"Playing the garden-hose on them will jolly soon shift them. What?"

Taffy rushed at his chum and hugged him in delight.

"Hip-hip!" he roared. "My only summer hat! And I never thought of it! Verry, you're worth your weight in new neckties! My Aunt Jemima, it's ripping!"

"Only we shall have to be on the ground first—"

"That's all right! Gather all the fellows you can find, and never mind the rest; they can hoof it home; nothing matters so long as we do the Classics and collar the brake!"

And the Modern juniors rushed off in high excitement. The hated Classics weren't going to have it all their own way, after all.

[Another rattling long instalment on Saturday next.]

## OUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

Tables and Prize-winners for Week ending August 7th.

### BRISTOL "BOYS' REALM" JUNIOR CRICKET LEAGUE.

Table to end of July.	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Fairfield S.S.	15	11	4	0	22
Victoria Wes. II.	13	10	3	0	20
St. George S.S.	15	9	5	1	19
Ravenswood	14	9	5	0	18
Southville U.M.	13	8	5	0	16
Bristol Youths A.S.L.	13	5	7	1	11
Summerhill	12	4	8	0	8
St. Mark's Juniors	12	2	10	0	4
St. Jude's	13	1	12	0	2

### MANCHESTER UNION LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Moss Side	12	11	1	0	22
Oldfield	10	8	2	0	16
Rainsough Church	10	7	3	0	14
Ashfield	12	4	8	0	8
Shakespeare	10	3	7	0	6
Wardle	12	3	9	0	6
Marsland Mission	12	3	9	0	6

DIVISION II.	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Oxford Mission	12	12	0	0	24
Claremont	11	7	4	0	14
Red Bank	11	6	5	0	12
St. Augustine's	12	5	7	0	10
Slade	12	5	7	0	10
St. Mark's	12	4	8	0	8
St. Alphonsus	12	2	10	0	4

DIVISION III.	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Seymour Road	12	9	3	0	18
Clayton U.M.	12	8	4	1	17
St. Augustine's	14	8	6	0	16
Cleveland	12	7	5	0	14
Somerville	13	6	7	0	12
Oldham Road Ind.	13	6	7	0	12
Concord	9	5	3	1	11
St. Matthew's	11	5	6	0	10
St. Silas's S.S.	11	4	7	0	8
St. Margaret's	13	1	12	0	2

### "THE BOYS' REALM" CRICKET LEAGUE.

Tables up to week ending August 7th.

JUNIOR SECTION.	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
Cheshunt Juniors	14	14	0	0	1730	735	28
Dewsbury Road Juniors	14	14	0	0	1186	545	28

SENIOR SECTION.	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
St. John's	14	13	1	0	1087	750	26
Parkside	13	12	1	0	1395	960	24
Oxhill	12	12	0	0	2391	640	24
Kirkstall B. of H.	11	11	0	0	985	326	22
Roseville	11	11	0	0	1096	447	22
Royd Clarence	10	10	0	0	1190	447	20
Bruce Athletic	12	9	1	1	459	297	19
Ings House	9	9	0	0	644	320	18
Glendale	8	8	0	0	690	224	16
St. Vincent's	9	8	1	0	1428	745	16
Staincliffe Y.E.	9	8	1	0	644	320	16
Brookley Ivy	10	7	3	0	740	482	14
Heckmondwike	9	7	2	0	505	304	14

### SENIOR SECTION.

Sankey	14	14	0	0	2143	325	28
Bowling St. A's	14	14	0	0	1108	342	28
Crescent United	13	13	0	0	817	308	26
Melrose	14	13	1	0	838	453	26
Other Rovers	13	12	1	0	929	391	24
Humber Juniors	15	12	3	0	700	402	24
St. Mary's	13	12	1	0	1138	491	24
Glendale	11	11	0	0	1208	336	22
Saron	13	10	2	1	681	386	21
Dulwich St. Andrew's	11	10	1	0	962	695	21
Orford	12	10	0	1	145	187	20
Dartmouth	12	9	2	1	981	690	19
Leytonstone	15	8	5	2	743	843	18
St. Paul's	10	9	1	0	698	445	18
Clarence O.B.'s	11	9	2	0	728	465	18
Buxton	10	9	1	0	844	364	18