

guards, who handled them as easily as if they had been children.

As the boys rounded a low ridge at the foot of which was a black, stagnant pool, they beheld a strange sight. A huge man with his back to them, and whom they recognised as Poddy by his immense crop of hair and the dingy and ragged condition of his wardrobe generally, stood on the marshy edge of it holding a struggling man face downwards in front of him. The boys hailed him. Poddy, however, paid no attention to them, and addressed his victim.

"Said I was a dirty bloke, you did!" he exclaimed; "and tried to plug me when I give you a chance to put up your dirty hands! Told me oncet to go and wash my face, did you, and tipped me into the creek! Waal now, here's for old times!"

And struggling, Poddy flung the wretched man, who was Morris, *alias* Mons, headlong into the black, slimy pool.

But Mr. Poddy was interrupted, for at that moment two Mounted Policemen appearing upon the scene promptly covered him with their rifles, and one of them produced a pair of handcuffs.

"Bill Poddy, my friend," said the one with the corporal's stripes, "I warned you a year ago of