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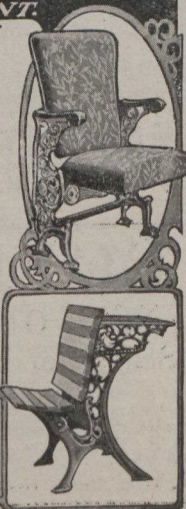
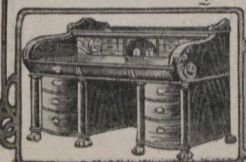


TO HIS MAJESTY  
KING GEORGE V.

**CHAMPAGNE**

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High Grade Bank  
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School, Library &  
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niture, Opera &  
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Finish Generally.



"On a diplomatic mission," he added  
with relish.

He stepped into the car, closing the  
door behind him.

An errand-boy, basket on arm, stood  
fascinated in the centre of the side-  
walk, listening with open mouth.

"I expect to be back," he went on, re-  
flecting with bent head, "in August or  
September, 1943—you will remember  
that?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl, visibly im-  
pressed, and Amber, with a smile and a  
nod, turned to the driver.

"Home," he said.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Borough High Street," corrected Am-  
ber, and the car jerked forward.

He drove eastward, crossed the river  
at London Bridge, and dismissed the  
taxi at St. George's Church. With the  
little leather trunk containing his spare  
wardrobe, in his hand, he walked briskly  
up a broad street until he came to a  
narrow thoroughfare, which was bisected  
by a narrower and a meaner. He  
turned sharply to the left and walking  
as one who knew his way, he came to  
the dingiest of the dingy houses in that  
unhappy street.

19, Redcow Court, was not especially  
inviting. There was a panel missing  
from the door, the passage was narrow  
and dirty, and a tortuous broken flight  
of stairs ran crookedly to the floors  
above.

The house was filled with the ever-  
lasting noise of shrill voices, the voices  
of scolding women and fretful babies.  
At night there came a deeper note in  
the babel; many growling harsh-spoken  
men talked. Sometimes they would  
shout angrily, and there were sounds of  
blows and women's screams and a frowsy  
little crowd, eager for sanguinary de-  
tails, gathered at the door of No. 19.

Amber went up the stairs two at a  
time, whistling cheerfully. He had to  
stop half-way up the second flight be-  
cause two babies were playing perilously  
on the uncarpeted stairway.

He placed them on a safer landing,  
stopped for a moment or two to talk to  
them, then continued his climb.

On the topmost floor he came to the  
door of a room and knocked.

There was no reply and he knocked  
again.

"Come in," said a stern voice, and  
Amber entered.

The room was much better furnished  
than a stranger would expect. It was  
a sitting-room, communicating by an un-  
expected door with a smaller room.

The floor was scrubbed white, the cen-  
tre was covered by a bright, clean patch  
of carpet, and a small gate-legged table  
exposed a polished surface. There were  
two or three pictures on the walls,  
ancient and unfashionable prints, repre-  
senting mythological happenings. Ulys-  
ses Returned was one, Perseus and the  
Gorgon was another. Prometheus Bound  
was an inevitable third.

The song of a dozen birds came to  
Amber as he closed the door softly be-  
hind him. Their cages ran up the wall  
on either side of the opened window,  
the sill of which was a smother of scar-  
let geranium.

Sitting in a windsor chair by the table  
was a man of middle age. He was bald-  
headed, his moustache and side whiskers  
were fiery red, and, though his eyebrows  
were shaggy and his eyes stern, his gen-  
eral appearance was one of extreme  
benevolence. His occupation was a re-  
markable one, for he was sewing, with  
small stitches, a pillow-case.

He dropped his work on to his knees  
as Amber entered.

"Hullo!" he said, and shook his head  
reprovingly. "Bad penny, bad penny—  
eh! Come in; I'll make you a cup of  
tea."

He folded his work with a care that  
was almost feminine, placed it in a lit-  
tle work-basket, and went bustling about  
the room. He wore carpet slippers that  
were a little too large for him, and he  
talked all the time.

"How long have you been out?—More  
trouble ahead? keep thy hands from  
picking and stealing, and thy mouth free  
from evil speaking—tut, tut!"

"My Socrates," said Amber reproach-  
fully.

"No, no, no!" the little man was  
lighting a fire of sticks, "nobody ever  
accused you of bad talk, as Wild Cloud  
says—never read that yarn, have you?  
You've missed a treat. Denver Dad's  
bid for Fortune, or the King of the  
Sioux—pronounced Soo. It's worth

"No darning  
for me *this*  
trip, Dad.

Notice their  
*style*, too. If we  
stay *six months*  
we're fixed for  
*hose*."



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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

So soft and stylish, and can  
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We pay an average of 74  
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a year for inspection, to see  
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perfect.

The above figures refer to  
Holeproof as made in the  
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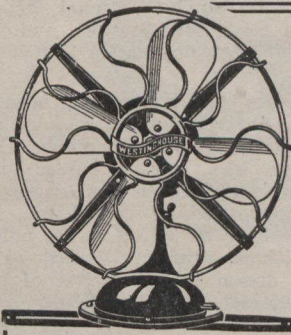
The *genuine* Holeproof bear  
this signature: *Carl Fuschl*.

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women's and children's, \$2 to  
\$3 a box of six pairs; also  
three pairs for children, guar-  
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Silk Holeproof for men, \$2 a  
box of three pairs. Women's  
silk stockings, \$3 a box of  
three pairs. Three pairs of  
*silk* guaranteed *three months*.  
Medium cashmere socks, six  
pairs, \$2; fine cashmere, six  
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mere stockings, six pairs, \$3.  
Six pairs of cashmere are  
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Genuine Holeproof are sold  
in your town. Ask for dealers'  
names. We ship direct where  
there's no dealer  
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