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Helps the Harassed Housewife

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FIFTH AVENUE SUITS ALWAYS KEEP THEIR SHAPE.

Sole Agents—

## FRY and POTTER

The Strand, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

leave here to tell him to be sure to show up in the morning."

And Alice, watching his face, knew just when the last shadow of suspicion vanished.

Joe was prompt in the morning, a little quieter, a little more forlorn-looking, and the sparkle had quite gone from his impish eyes.

"Did you hear anything, sir?" he asked. "No, not yet, but I expect we will before the day is over," answered Clayton, smiling his rare smile at the freckled, eager face.

Morning vanished; noon came. Joe left for his lunch, sighing at the remembrance of how proudly he had departed the day before. Clayton went out and found a messenger with a letter waiting for him upon his return. He opened the dainty missive. "Dear," the letter read, "I believe you the next time you pay I'm a witch! You know how sure, sure, doubly sure, I was that the package would be found? I've just received such a queer letter—quite illiterate. I'll copy it down for you when I finish. And the ring, the ring! I've pried it out of its setting, and am taking it to the jeweller as soon as I finish this. It is a beautiful diamond; tell your father how pleased I am—and do, do, do let Joe Masters and his mother know at once."

"Now, how the deuce did she know he had a mother?" he reflected.

The lines at the bottom of the page read: "Dear Sir or Madam—I ben thinkin' sence I picked up that packej, 'Taint mine, but, says I, the world aint never too ezy on a pore man, an' I'll jest keep it. Then I seen the ad, an' says I, no don't ye never allow any blame to rest on a boy that don't belong there. Ye've been there yourself an' you know 'taint right to let the sins of the father be vizited on the children to the forth generashun. Yours respectful, One Who Knows."

Clayton read it over again and once again, utterly oblivious of the opening lines of the letter, which he usually learnt by heart. His keen eye detected many flaws in its composition. "World," "allow," "flame," "belong," "yourself"—all correctly spelled. And the reference to the "sins of the father," who would have known that? Who could have known but Joe Masters? Masters, frightened into giving up his ill-gotten gains and thinking to retain his position and confidence—but he shouldn't do it—not much!

"Any news, sir?" asked the boy upon his return.

"Some make-believe news."

A moment later Joe came, with none of his superabundant exuberance, but stepping quietly, slowly, like an old man—a guilty one, his employer thought.

"The telephone again, sir?"

And into John Clayton's listening ear came the words: "Hallo! That you, Mr. Clayton? I'm glad to catch you. This is the Cecil—the restaurant, you know. Well, that boy of yours dropped a package here yesterday—wrapped in newspaper. One of the waiters picked it up, and supposing it belonged to the boy, attached no importance to it—intended to give it to him when he saw him again. I saw the ad. last night, so I took off the newspaper wrapping and there was the packet safe and sound. Send up, will you?"

"Thanks, I'll send right away," he answered vaguely. Then, in a moment he understood.

"The little fraud! God bless her!" he said, softly.

He walked back into the office and took a freckled, sad little face between his hands.

"Joe, go to the Cecil and get the diamond ring—"

"It's found, sir?"

"Yes. Then take it to Miss Payne and tell her I say her correspondent was a fraud—can you remember that?"

"Yes, sir. I won't forget nothin' soon again."

"And tell her I'll be sure to call on that correspondent of hers to-night."

"Yes, sir. I'll remember every word."

"Then go home; tell your mother you're going to have a rise, and that I shall not want you again to-day."

It is during its simple preparation that the unique advantages of Benger's Food become apparent.

By allowing it to stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage, you can adjust this food for growing children, for persons suffering from dyspepsia, and for all conditions of illness, when ordinary foods are unsuitable. This range of utility is unique among foods.

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From Mrs. Thompson, Flat Haston Road, Gibraltar. To Messrs. Woodward.

My baby boy is nine months old and has had no other medicine but Woodward's Gripe Water. He was a tiny baby when born, but after the use of your Gripe Water for a few weeks you could see him putting on flesh. Really I cannot speak too highly of your Remedy and its value. I have never been without it in the house. My baby now weighs two stone nine pounds; and he is the picture of health—all owing to the help which

## Woodward's Gripe Water

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The Knives are Johnson's good quality, and the Spoons and Forks are Kendatle Silver and we guarantee to wear white throughout.

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### FURIOUS

Customer (missing his favourite waiter): Where's Charlie today? Waiter: I'm sorry, sir; but he's gone. Customer: Gone! Do you mean he's defunct? Waiter: Yes, sir; an' with everything's could lay 'is hands on.

