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## and POTTER

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  - 42 Pieces Packed in Baize-lined DESSERT KNIVES
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The Knives are Johnson's good quality, and the Spoons and Forks are Kendatic Silver and we guarantee to wear white throughout.

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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 suspiction 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.

"Dod 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.

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, "Ph believe you the read the read. dainty missive. 'Dear,' the letter read, "I'll believe you the next time you say I'n 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 futher how pleased I am—and do, do, do let Joe Masters and his mother know at once." 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: "Deer Sur or Maddem—I ben thinkread: "Deer Sur or Maddem—I ben thinkin' seuce I picked up that packej. Taint
mine, but, says I, the world aint never
too ezy on a pore man, an' I'il 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 generashum. Yours respectful, One Who
Knows."
Clayton read it over again and once

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 that? Who could have known that giving up his ill-gotten gains and thinkgiving 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

A moment later Jue 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 packet safe and sound. Send up, will

pucket 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 freekled, and little face between

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

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

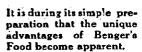
"And tell her I'll be sure to call on that correspondent of hers to-night."

"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."

#### FURIOUS. -

Customer (missing his favourite waiter): Where's Charlie todday? Waiter Parsorry, sir; but 'e's gono. Customer: Gonet Do you mean le's defunct? Waiter: Yes, sir; an' with everything 'e could lay 'is 'ands ou.



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