

but this one—Would you mind telling me her name, sir?"

"If what you say is true, her name is Mrs. Clavering."

"Clavering? Yes, that was his name."

"And a very lovely lady," said Mr. Gryce. "Morris, haven't you found anything yet?"

"Yes, sir," replied Q, bringing forward glasses and a bottle.

But Mr. Coon was in no mood for liquor. I think he was struck by remorse, for, looking from the picture to Q, and from Q to the picture, he said:

"If I have done this lady wrong by my talk, I'll never forgive myself. You told me I would be helping her to get her rights; if you have deceived me—"

"Oh, I haven't deceived you," broke in Q in his short, sharp way. "Ask that gentleman there, if we are not all interested in Mrs. Clavering getting her due."

He had designated me, but I was in no mood to reply. I longed to have the man dismissed, that I might inquire the reason of the great complacency which I now saw overspreading Mr. Gryce's face.

"Mr. Cook needn't be concerned," remarked Mr. Gryce. "If he will take a glass of warm drink, to fortify him for his walk, I think he may go to the lodgings Mr. Morris has provided for him, without fear."

Left alone with Mr. Gryce, I must have allowed some of the confused emotions which filled my breast to become apparent on my countenance, for after a few minutes of ominous silence, he exclaimed:

"This discovery rather upsets you, doesn't it? Well, it don't me. I expected it."

"You must have formed very different conclusions from what I have done," I returned, "or you would see that this discovery alters the complexion of the whole affair."

"It does not alter the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"Then," said he, "to my notion the complexion of things has altered, but very much for the better. As long as Eleanore was believed to be the wife, her action in this matter was accounted for, but the tragedy itself was not. Why should Eleanore or Eleanore's husband wish the death of a man whose bounty was believed by them to cease with his life? But with Mary, the heiress, proved the wife—I tell you, Mr. Raymond, it all hangs together now. You must never, in reckoning up an affair of murder like this, forget who it is that most profits by the deceased man's death."

"But Eleanore's silence, how will you account for that? I can imagine a woman devoting herself to the shielding of a husband from the consequences of crime, but a cousin's husband, never."

"Then you still think Mr. Clavering the assassin of Mr. Leavenworth?"

"Why, what else is there to think? You don't—you can't suspect Eleanore of having deliberately undertaken to help her cousin out of a difficulty by taking the life of their mutual benefactor?"

"No," said Mr. Gryce—"no, I do not think Eleanore Leavenworth had any hand in the business."

"Then who—" I began and stopped, lost in the dreadful vista that was opening before me.

"Who? Why, who but the one whose past deceit and present necessity demanded his death as a relief? who, but the beautiful, gorgeous, money-loving, man-deceiving goddess—"

I leaped to my feet. "Do not mention the name," cried I; "you are wrong, but do not speak the name."

"Excuse me," said he, "but it will have to be spoken many times, and we may as well begin—Mary Leavenworth, or, if you like it better, Mrs. Henry Clavering."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Gryce Explains Himself.

"I see that I have pulled down an avalanche of doubts about your ears," exclaimed my companion from the height of his calm superiority. "You never thought of this possibility, then, yourself?"

"Do not ask me what I have thought. I only know one thing, and that is, that I will never believe your suspicions true. That, however much Mary may have been benefited by her uncle's death, she never had a hand in it."

(To be continued.)

Unselfish Mother: Selfish Child.

Some of us mothers are all the time improving our own characters at the expense of those of our children; is this fair to them? We are so aggressively unselfish that we almost compel them to grow up exacting. The old proverb about unselfish mothers making selfish children has more truth than a little in it. I think it is more important to teach children to be unselfish and cheerfully helpful than any book-lesson or handicraft going. It may be well to wait on one's husband sometimes when he is very tired, but why find the children's hats and school-books for them every morning? Why give up the scarce dainty you need yourself when ailing to a greedy child? You wrong him more than yourself by so doing, and yet we all of us do similar things every day. I have small admiration for the woman who makes a door-mat of herself, either for her husband or her children; and she will find that they have far less respect for her than if she taught them to consider her comfort, at least equally with their own.

It is, of course, much more trouble, in the beginning, to teach a child to do anything than do it oneself. She who is painstaking enough to do the former will not only reap her own reward later, but do her child incalculable good. My mother used to say that she did not care how often we all had to turn out of our own bed-rooms, bag and baggage, at half an hour's notice, to make room for some unexpected guests; she said it was such good training for us.

When her boys went off to boarding-school, though they were under twelve, she made them feel responsible for packing their own trunks. Unknown to them she would, of course, always repack them afterwards; but the habit of method and orderliness thus early acquired has remained with them through life. Surely her daughters-in-law will arise and call her blessed.

The English Language.

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes,

But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;

Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese;

Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese;

You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not hics;

If the plural of man is always called men,

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,

But a cow if repeated is never called kine, And the plural of vow is vows, not vine,

And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,

And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth, the whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,

Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?

Then one may be that and three would be those,

Yet hat in a plural would never be hose, And the plural of cat is cats, not cose,

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,

But though we may say mother we never say methren;

Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him,

But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim,

So the English, I think, you all will agree,

Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

William Dean Howells has adopted the rule that all applicants for his autograph must first furnish satisfactory proof that they have read his books. A Chicago girl recently wrote to the great novelist for his autograph. By return mail came a single typewritten line: "Have you bought my last book?" To which the young woman replied, "I sincerely hope so." The autograph came promptly.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Toronto Street, Toronto.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS and pays INTEREST at **3 1/2 %** PER ANNUM, COMPOUNDED TWICE EACH YEAR.

Absolute safety is assured by
Paid-up Capital\$8,000,000.00
Reserve Fund.....2,000,000.00
Invested Funds.....24,000,000.00



Far, Near, and Everywhere Progressive Dairymen are Using

UNITED STATES SEPARATORS

for they have proven the U. S. the surest and simplest money maker for the farm. Its simple bowl, operated by strong gearing entirely enclosed in a substantial frame, is easy to turn and gets all the cream—holds world's record for clean skimming. Notice the low supply can.

There are other advantages in using a U. S. aside from its wonderfully clean skimming, that are told in our handsome booklet, "The Dairy." Send for it immediately; it's free.

Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.

Distributing Warehouses at Chicago, Minneapolis, Omaha, La Crosse, Wis., Sioux City, Ia., Kansas City, Mo., Salt Lake City, Utah, San Francisco, Cal., Portland, Ore., Buffalo, N. Y., Portland, Me., Montreal and Sherbrooke, Que., Hamilton, Ont.

397 ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

OUR METAL CEILINGS

are just what you want to cover up old broken plaster ceilings and have a new room which will always look well and never get out of repair. Nail half-inch boards right over the old plaster, and then nail our Metal Ceiling to the boards, and you will have a perfect job. Send accurate length and width of room, and

we will tell you how cheaply it can be done. Housecleaning time is the time to put on Metal Ceilings. Try one of our Metal Ceilings and you will wish that you had known more about them long ago. Ask for our free catalogue, and look up our advertisements in former numbers.

The Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Ltd.
PRESTON, ONTARIO.

\$350.00 will buy four (4) registered yearling

SHORTHORN BULLS

Bred from Valley Farm Herd. Well-grown, and well worth the money. Quick sale for one or four.

WM. HENDRIE, Jr., Valley Farm, HAMILTON, ONT.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.