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**Guarantee**

We hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of barrel if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto.  
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**The Mother of Marie**

A STORY.

The writer of this story is Marguerite Audoux, the French seamstress who wrote one morning a year or two ago to find herself famous as author of "Marie Claire." This story, under the title "Mother and Daughter," appears in a volume of her short stories, "Valserine and Other Stories," published by George Doran Company. This is a complete little domestic drama told in barely fifteen hundred words. Maupassant himself could hardly have compressed it into smaller compass.

Mme. Pelissand came into the sitting-room. She walked restlessly about it once, twice, holding in her arms a basket of stockings to darn, of odds and ends to mend. She stopped at length before the armchair, as if she contemplated sinking into its comfortable depths, then seated herself on a chair nearer the piano. Marie stopped playing at once. She knew that her mother disliked music. Mme. Pelissand held the mending-basket between her knees, a hand on either edge, and said softly: "You may go on playing, Marie." For the first time Marie turned and looked at her mother. Her eyes expressed the surprise she felt. She was still silent, but her glance betokened her thought. "What does mamma mean now?" For several days Mme. Pelissand had not seemed like herself. Formerly she would never cross the sill

more searching. Receiving no answer, she took her place in the usual position of the musician, but her fingers did not strike true, the favorite Beethoven sonata left her unmoved. Stealthily she regarded her mother. Mme. Pelissand had her eyes riveted on the carpet, and her fingers actually seemed to clutch the handles of the basket.

"Mamma, something is the matter. What is it?" The eyes of the mother avoided her own. Mme. Pelissand thrust her hands in front of her as if trying to push something unseen away. She rose, then resented herself quickly. Suddenly at bay, she looked her daughter squarely in the face.

"What is the matter? I wish to marry again." Marie commenced to laugh and play at the same moment. She stopped simultaneously. She comprehended that her mother was speaking the truth. She was mentally paralyzed. She looked furtively at her mother. She noticed the white hair puffed youthfully about the temples, the wrinkled face, the narrow, tooping shoulders, the emaciated hands. She blurted out: "Why, mamma, you are 58 years old."

"Yes," responded her mother, "but what of that?" "What of that? What a strange answer! Marie had nothing to say. Tears came to her eyes, but she would not be silenced.

"What will become of me?" "You, my dear, are certainly old enough to be left alone." Holding a stocking up to find the holes, she said dryly: "You reproach me for my 58 years, but you seem to forget that you are 37, nearly thirty-eight."

"I do not forget," interrupted Marie. "Only—"

"Only what?" asked her mother. "I was thinking," answered Marie, "that you have always prevented my getting married, because you did not want to be left alone and now you are doing what you have begged me not to do so many times."

There was a silence. Bitter thoughts surged in the daughter's breast, which she did not care to voice. After a long silence Mme. Pelissand said: "I am going to marry M. Tardif. I have told you about him. When he was 20 years old he asked me to marry him, and my parents refused because he was too young."

Marie made a gesture signifying that she recalled the name.

Her mother continued. "He married, too, but it seems he never ceased to love me. He has been a widower now three months and last week he asked me to be his wife." She added, after a short pause, "He has a fine house in the South of France. We are going to live there."

Marie's head had dropped. She raised it now. She said gravely, "You do not have to marry him simply because he asked you."

Mme. Pelissand's answer was a vague gesture.

Marie continued, "Every time a man has asked me to become his wife you have forbidden me to think of it."

Her mother looked ashamed. "I loved Julian. I wanted to marry him. I did not care before that. Still you stepped between, saying my duty was to you. You complained bitterly when father's death left us poor and I went to work. I refused a happiness that must be taken at the expense of yours, and Julian, finally

tired out, married another. To-day you calmly announce that you are going to marry a man you never cared for and whom you have not even seen for years."

Mme. Pelissand's head was now bent so low that only the nape of her neck could be seen; but visible there were rigid cords like snakes.

Marie, with a shaking voice, continued: "Mamma, I did my duty, by you, won't you do the same by me? Do not leave me alone in the world."

Mme. Pelissand straightened herself abruptly. "I am going to marry because I can no longer live with you, Marie."

Marie's face was spectral. She stared forward until it almost touched the agitated one of her mother.

"Why? What do you mean? Of what do you complain?" "Of everything."

"For example?" "You are more intelligent and more cultivated than I. You sit for hours dreaming of things of which you never speak, and when our friends come to see us you sit and talk learnedly to the clever men, and I am ignorant of the very subjects you converse about. You choose the books I must read and I am bored by them, frightfully bored. You decide the colors of my gowns, the shapes of my hats. You earn the money by which we live and if I give an order to the servant she does not obey until you second it."

"Yes, everything is changed. It is you who are the parent and I am the child. I am afraid of being criticized whenever I open my mouth; and even when you try to be most sweet and charming you have a patronizing manner that is most irritating."

A long silence intervened. Marie was lost in her dreams. Her fingers lightly touched the keys.

Finally her mother began to weep. She asked timidly, "Won't you let me marry him, Marie?"

Marie rose from the piano-stool. She came and bent lovingly over her mother. She tried the wrinkled cheeks, then kissed her forehead.

"Of course you may marry him, dear. Since only one of us can be happy, I wish you to be that one."

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