THE STEP-MOTHER

By Paul Ginisty

Translated by William L. McPherson

"Monsieur," said the servant, "there is a caller outside who insists that you will be glad to see him at once."

"At this hour?" exclaimed M. Merault, who, in his dressing gown, was taking early breakfast. "What is his name?"

"He woudn't tell me. He says it isn't necessary."

M. Merault was astonished. Then, as he thought the matter over, he became anxious. He looked at his wife, who was sitting opposite him. Mme. Merault knew what was in his mind. She also seemed worried.

"Mon Dieu!" she murmured. "If it should be your son!"

"Without warning us! That would be annoying!"

The door opened. A young man appeared, tall and robust. He rushed into M. Merault's arms and they embraced each other affectionately.

"I was so impatient to see you. Think of it! After three years in Africa!"

"Georges! My dear boy! What a surprise!"

"Was I wrong to surprise you? My return to France was very sudden unexpected. I'll tell you about that later. But kiss me again, dear old dad, as you used to do when I was a child. Do you find me changed very much? One might think that my home-coming has upset you."

"Can you imagine that I am not perfectly happy?" said M. Merault, trying to repress his uneasiness.

Georges seemed then for the first time to notice that his father wasn't alone. The young woman who was sitting at the breakfast table, not having had an opportunity to disappear, had tried to keep herself in the background as much as possible.

Georges bowed to her.

"Present me to madame, won't you?" he said to his father.

M. Merault, much perturbed, struggling between the natural manifestation of his parental feeling and a very serious preoccupation, muttered some almost unintelligible words, and made a gesture toward his companion. Then he changed the conversation suddenly, starting a rapid-fie of questions:

"Were you well all the time? You hadn't any fever? Did you succeed in your mission? Did you have many adventures? Did you get along nicely with your colleagues?"

"Oh!" said Georges, "travellers are wonderful story tellers. I shall have much to talk about. I saw many wonderful things on the banks of the ogogue, and I'll tell you about some negro kings who were friends of mine. But just now let me enjoy the sensation of being home again. I have been an explorer too long. I want to become a Parisian again. I still have my room here with you, haven't I?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll take my things up and get settled."

* * * *

He went away, leaving M. Merault—and Mme. Merault, too—in a state of agitation.

"It's a shame," said the former. "I alone am to blame. How can you pardon me, my dear, for putting you in so painful a position?"

"But I am as much to blame as you are. Didn't I contribute, by my fear of your son, to preventing you from writing him the truth?"

One might have judged from this conversation that they had been keeping a different kind of a secret. But they were perfectly respectable people, driven to dissimulation only by the delicacy of their scruples. They had no reason to blush for what they had done. In Georges' absence M. Merault, a widower for many years, had married again and hadn't dared to announce the marriage.

How many letters, containing minute explanations, had he written! Not being satisfied with them, he had never mailed them.

Was it because, at such a distance, he couldn't make Georges understand that what appeared to be a folly on his part, was, in fact, a rare piece of good fortune, a stroke of wisdom? His wife was hardly thirty years old, while he, although he didn't look it, was appraching sixty. Yet, as serious as she was charming, she was most sincerely attached to him.

Would Georges, naturally skeptical, have faith in this happy reality, this genuine union which had been possible in spite of the difference in their ages? Would he credit M. Merault's praises of his second wife? Wouldn't he suspect her of mercenary motives? Wouldn't he blame his father? Above all, wouldn't his sense of loyalty be affronted.?

The difficulty of convincing the young man had deterred M. Merrault. He put off telling him, moved by his affection for this grown-up boy, of whom he was so proud and whose adverse judgment he shrank from. Mme. Merault, modest, sensitive and a little timid, also feared Georges' opinion, imagining the self-interested role which he might be led to attribute to her.

"A conversation will be more satisfactory than a letter," M. Merault used to say. "When my son sees you, so simple, so good, so gracious, he will be sure to say I was right."

Now the time for the conversation had come and it still terrified M. Merault, chilling his joy at possessing Georges again after so long a seperation. If the explanation should cause any coldness between them he felt that he would be perfectly miserable. But how could he now brusquely blurt out the truth?

He procrastinated again, seeking each day a pretext for further delay. When Georges knew the young woman better, he argued, and had had a chance to realize her charm, he would be more certain to approve of the marriage.

Mme. Merault therefore was to pass provisionally as a sort of housekeeper, treated with the special consideration which she deserved. But she was so little at ease in Georges' company that she betrayed her fears, as if he were conscious of some hidden guilt. Nevertheless, Georges took pleasure in talking with her, showed her a thousand little attentions and a sympathy which became more and more pronounced.

"Alas!" thought M. Merault, "between my son's affection and my wife's I ought to be the happiest of men. But how uncertain is the happiness, which may be dashed by a single word!"

* * * *

He decided to conquer his irresolution and to provoke the indispensable disclosure. But he always drew back when he was on the point of speaking.

So he felt completely taken back when Georges, after a week or two, announced that he wished to have a serious interview.

"My dear father," said the son, "I am one of those who, believing in first inspirations, make my decisions quickly. I want to confess that I am much in love with your housekeeper, and I ask your permission to marry her."

"Marry her! You!" cried M. Merault. "What do you mean?"

He almost choked.

"My poor boy,' 'he began again, with an effort, "that is impossible. Mon Dieu! I never expected that! Because I must tell you"——

"That she is already Mme. Merault," said Georges, with a hearty laugh. "Ah! Sly papa, you had no confidence in me. But I knew, and to punish you I amused myself grilling you with my questions. You went away from Paris to get married. But a little country newspaper, which one of my friends in Africa received one day, told me about your change of status. And I promised myself, since you supposed that I wouldn't approve, to play this little comedy of ignorance. I determined to make you repent your silence. And I have paid you off, for you were getting nicely tangled up. This ought to teach you not to doubt me again. But I am neither jealous nor offended. I know well that I have always my place in your heart; and I find my little step-mother as charming as she is worthy of all my respect."

Surnames and Their Origin

SQUIRES

Variations—Squire, Squiers, Swires, Syiers.
Racial Origin—Norman-French.
Source—A title.

While these names themselves are quite clearly of Norman-French origin, it does not necessarily follow that those who bear them are of Norman-French ancestry, though the chances are that in the majority of cases such an assumption would happen to be correct.

All of these names come from the medieval title "esquire," a title which was brought into England with the Norman-French feudal system. In the period immediately following the Norman Conquest there was no middle class. The feudal system did not permit it. The population was clearly divided between the Norman-French nobility and the Anglo-Saxons, who, together with a smaller number of the Norman common soldiery, formed the vassal class. But there were, of course, gradations among the nobility and the vassals, and it was out of the lower ranks of the one and the higher ranks of the other that the great middle class of more modern England was evolved.

"Esquires" formed the lowest class of the nobility. They were youths who had not yet won their spurs, and it was their duty to carry the shields of the knights in whose service they were.

The family names derived from this word must be classified among the names of the later period, when feudalism began to disintegrate and the title of "esquire" lost its exact meaning, for in the earlier days it is inconceivable that mere esquires could have become the fathers of families and bequeathed the name, for esquires always either won their knighthood or were killed young in the continental fighting of the period.

COX

Variations—Coxon, Cook, Cooks, Cookson.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An Occupation.

It might appear, at first glance, that some of the family names in this group had their origin in some reference to the cock, or rooster. There is a bare possibility that in some instances the name Cox may have had such an origin.

In such cases it would come as a shortened form of "Cocker-son," that is, "the son of the cock-fighter," for cock fighting is a very ancient sport, and was well established in popular favor in medieval England. Or it might be derived from the form "Atte Cock," or as we would put it to-day, "at the Sign of the Cock," for in their lack of ability to read the English of olden times called upon the full range of the animal and vegetable kingdoms with which to illustrate the signs by which they identified their shops and their inns.

But in the vast majority of cases, the forms of the foregoing family names indicate that they come from "cook." There was no uniform method of spelling this word in the middle ages, and it was often necessary to judge whether the writer meant "cook" or "cock" by the sense of his writing. But such a form as "Roger le Koc" or "le Coc" or "le Cok" occurring in the ancient lists of names kept for taxation or other purposes, has only one reasonable translation, "Roger the Cook." And that form of name occurs with such frequency as to insure its perpetuation as a family name. At that period "Roger le Cok" could never have been used with the meaning "Roger Atte Cok."

Have you noticed

how many of your neighbors have changed from tea or coffee to

INSTANT POSTUM

The smooth, rich flavor of this cereal beverage appeals to the taste, and it is free from any element of harm. Better nights and brighter mornings usually result from Postum in place of tea or coffee.

"There's a Reason"

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Cholera infantum is one of the fatal ailments of childhood. It is a trouble that comes on suddenly, especially during the summer months, and unless prompt action is taken the little one may soon be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets are an ideal medicine in warding off this trouble. They regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus prevent all the dreaded summer complaints. Concerning them Mrs. Fred Rose, of South Bay, Ont., says: "I feel Baby's Own Tablets saved the life of our baby when she had cholera infantum and I would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wood Made Old in 24 Hours.

By a Danish process of hardening wood the aging effects of years are said to be accomplished in 24 hours.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Husbands Are Inexpensive in Belgium.

A Belgian woman who lost her husband in a railway accident received from the company $2,000 by way of compensation. Shortly afterwards, she read of a traveller's getting twice as much for the loss of a leg. She went to the company and protested that the difference was unfair.

"Madam," said the official, "the two awards are perfectly fair. Four thousand dollars won't provide the man with a new leg, but with $2,000 you can easily get a new husband."

Quite As Good.

A farmer recently paid a visit to a neighbor, and as he passed along by the side of the fields he made a mental note of the fact that no scarecrows were visible.

Meeting the neighbor almost immediately, he opened conversation as follows:

"Good morning, Mr. Oates. 'I see you have no scarecrows in your fields. How do you manage to do without them?"

"Oh, well enough," was the innocent reply. "You see, I don't need 'em, for I'm in the fields all day myself."

LISTLESS, PEEVISH GIRLS

When a girl in her teens becomes peevish, listless and dull, when nothing seems to interest her and dainties do not tempt her appetite, you may be certain that she needs more good blood than her system is provided with. Before long her pallid cheeks, frequent headaches, and breathlessness and heart palpitation will confirm that she is anaemic. Many mothers as the result of their own girlhood experience can promptly detect the early signs of anaemia, and the wise mother does not wait for the trouble to develop further, but at once gives her daughter a course with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which renew the blood supply and banish anaemia before it has obtained a hold upon the system.

Out of their experience thousands of mothers know that anaemia is the sure road to worse ills. They know the difference that good red blood makes in the development of womanly health. Every headache, every gasp for breath that follows the slightest exertion by the anaemic girl, every pain she suffers in her back and limbs are reproaches if you have not taken the best steps to give your weak girl new blood, and the only sure way to do so is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

New, rich red blood is infused into the system by every dose of these pills. From this new rich blood springs good health, an increased appetite, new energy, high spirits and perfect womanly development. Give your daughter Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and take them yourself and note how promptly their influence is felt in better health.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Saved by a Loaf.

During the recent disturbances in Upper Silesia a party of Poles, armed to the teeth, made an attempt to force an entrance into the town of Korel, which was garrisoned by Italian troops..

An Italian sentry opened fire as soon as the first insurgents tried to cross the bridge over the River Oder. The Poles replied, and their attack would have succeeded if it had not occurred to the sentry to seize his ration of bread and hurl it at his assailants.

So startled were they by this proceeding that they fled. Possibly they imagined that this projectile was some new sort of bomb! By the time they had recovered from their astonishment reinforcements put in an appearance and the situation was saved!

Defeat.

No one is beat till he quits;
No one is through till he stops,
No matter how hard Failure hits
No matter how often he drops,
A fellow's not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate can slam him and bang him around
And batter his frame till he's sore,
But she never can say that he's downed
While he bobs up serenely for more.
A fellow's not dead til he dies
Nor beat till no longer he tries!

Resolve.

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it I grow and gain and give!
Never to look behind me for an hour!
To wait in Weakness, and to walk in Power;
But always facing toward the right,
Robbed starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—
On, with what strength I have!
Back to the way

Not What She Epected.

It was fully an hour before her usual time when little Janet returned home from school, and to her mother, who was all ready to administer a reprimand, Janet breathlessly confided this information:

"Really, mother, I oughtn't to be scolded for not coming home sooner, because I have had such a disappointment. A horse fell down in Main Street and everybody said they were going to send for a horse doctor. So I waited and waited, and what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all—it was only a man."

MONEY ORDERS.

Dominion Express Money Orders are on sale in five thousand offices throughout Canada.

This makes us laugh: The word "candidate" comes about from the fact that the Roman candidate for office was accustomed to go about clad in a white toga to show the purity of his principles. The Latin word for white is "candidus"; hence a person who wore this color in accordance with the established custom, came to be called "candidatus." Can't you imagine some of our "candidates" in the symbol of purity?

Eighty moons would be required to make one earth. A player there could throw a ball six times as far as it can be thrown on Canadian diamonds. A man weighing 150 pounds there would weigh 900 on the earth. The earth receives as much light and heat from the sun in thirteen seconds as it gets from the moon in a whole year.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

BITS OF HUMOR FROM HERE & THERE

Nothing Like Advertising.

A large poster displayed in the window of a florist's shop read as follows:

"Don't lead the life of a slave! Try a packet of our famous weed-killer!"

Although the advertisement seemed to amuse all who read it, the florist declared to a fellow-tradesman that it had been a great help to his trade.

That evening the friend of the florist, who was an electrician, was seen plastering his shop window with a poster, which ran:

"To married men. Don't kill your wives with housework. Let one of our electric floor-scrubbers do the dirty work!"

Important Job.

Little Edward was a clever lad and most anxious to succeed. He got a job in a local bank and it seemed to his liking.

One day a wealthy uncle met him on the street and asked: "Well, Edward, how are you getting on in business? I suppose the first thing we know you will be president of the bank?"

"Uncle,' 'said Edward, "I am getting on fine. I am draft clerk already!"

"Draft clerk!" exclaimed the uncle, astonished.

"Yes," continued Edward, "I open and shut the windows according to order and close the doors when people leave them open."

Of Little Use.

Not long ago a number of masons left Scotland to settle in this country. One of them wrote to his wife shortly after his arrival and instructed her to sell their household property and to take passage out to him.

The good wife had a neighbor who came to help her with the packing. In the midst of it they fell upon Thomas' watch. The neighbor examined it closely and then said:

"It's a grand watch, Catherine. Ye'll be takin' it wi' ye?"

"Na, na!" was the reply. "It would be o' nae use oot there, for Thomas tells me in his letter that there is some 'oors difference between the time here and in Calgary, so I need na be takin' useless things."

Pass the Salt!

Mr. Green's radish-bed had been attacked by slugs.

Distracted, he sought the advice of a neighbor.

"If you want to exterminate the pest," said the neighbor, "place salt between the rows of plants."

Mr. Green went off full of hope.

A few days later they met again.

"Did you do as I told you?" asked the neighbor.

"I should think I did!" replied Mr. Green.

"Was it successful?"

"Well, I put salt down one evening, and bless me, when I got up the next morning the slugs were pulling the radishes up, dipping them in the salt and eating them, with such happy looks upon their faces!"

A house without a woman and firelight is like a body without soul or spirit.

BRINGS HAPPY EASE.

Don't Endure Pain. Apply

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The Remedy your Grandmother used to get Sure Relief. On Sale Everywhere.

A Good Thing. Rub it in.

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Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting Aspirin at all. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD, HE SAYS

BRAHAM POURS OUT HIS GRATITUDE TO TANLAC

Toronto Man Declares He Was Almost Physical Wreck When He Began Taking It.

"I wouldn't take all the gold you could pile up around me for the good Tanlac has done me," said George W. Braham, 31 Grove Ave., Toronto, Ont.

"When I returned from overseas I was pretty much of a wreck. I used to have fainting spells and my nerves were in such a bad state that I used to jump at the least sound. My stomach was always out of order, so that whatever I ate upset me.

"I never knew what it was to have a good night's sleep and I always got up in the morning feeling tired and weary. I was steadily losing weight and finally got very weak.

"One evening I said to my wife: 'I think I'll try a bottle of Tanlac.' I did, and the result was wonderful. It just seemed to meet my needs from the start and has relieved me of all my troubles.

"It gave me a good appetite so that I can now eat well and my food agrees with me. My nerves are now steady, I no longer have fainting spells, I sleep fine and feel stronger and better in every way.

"If there's one medicine that's worth its weight in gold, it's Tanlac, and I want to express my gratitude for what it has done for me."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Adv.

Life-Saving Buoy.

A useful invention is the line-carrying buoy. Its inventor sought to devise some means of getting a line from ship to shore, and the line-carrying buoy was the result.

When released from the ship, if the wind is in the right direction, it blows steadily towards the shore, the line unwinding behind it as it goes, until finally the buoy is dragged out of the surf with the line intact.

In addition to its use in this manner it is available for all the regular purposes of the ordinary buoy.

COARSE SALT
LAND SALT
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TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. GLIFF - TORONTO

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Very Itchy and Burned. Troubled Six Weeks.

"Our daughter's face came out in a rash that we were told was eczema. Her cheeks got sore and she rubbed causing loss of sleep. The breaking out was very itchy and burned so that I had to tie gloves on her hands to keep her from scratching.

"This trouble lasted about six weeks before I used Cuticura. I used one large box of Cuticura Ointment with two cakes of Cuticura Soap when she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. H. Stares, Blenheim Rd., Galt, Ont.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are ideal for daily toilet uses.

Soap 25c., Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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Finally Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Paris, Ont.—"For five years I suffered from pains caused by displacement of my organs and in my back. All of this time I was unfit for work and was taking different medicines that I thought were good. I saw the advertisement in the papers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and took it faithfully. I am now in perfect health and do all my own work. I recommend it to others, and give you permission to publish this letter in your little books and in the newspapers as a testimonial."—Mrs. D. CASSADY, Box 461, Paris, Ont.

Why women will continue to suffer so long is more than we can understand, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound!

For forty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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