

**A WOMAN'S WAY**

(Continued from page 19)

who yawned daintily when the election was discussed, and insisted on playing hymns from the "Presbyterian Book of Praise," and forcing Mr. Wilder, who had no ear for music, and who bellowed savagely to make unwilling melody of "Now the Day is Over."

The prosperous and genial bachelor made his way home with his thoughts in sad confusion. "I wish I'd never set eyes on the girl," he muttered as he turned the corner, "winning an election is easy guessing, compared to knowing what a woman's going to do next. Perhaps she thinks I'm set up on account of the election, and doesn't want to give in too suddenly. Well, it's a comfort to see a shy girl in these days. Oh! Hello, Howard!"

The young lawyer turned and shook hands warmly with his former opponent, as he had done on the night of the election, for in spite of twelve years disparity of age, they were strong personal friends.

Wilder was a man who paid little attention to town talk about the girls of the neighbourhood and their lovers. Consequently, he had forgotten that rumour had been rife concerning Mr. Howard's attentions to the "pretty teacher," and he suddenly felt the need of a confidant.

"I say, Howard, you knew Miss Marshall pretty well at the University, didn't you?"

"I didn't see much of her, I have known her better since she came to Parkersville," said Howard, trying to assume an indifferent air.

"Well—the fact is—oh, hang it all! I can't make out women at all. You see, I thought we were very good friends, but the last few times we've met, she's acted as if I were a stranger, and a mighty undesirable one, too. Do you suppose I've done anything to offend her, or is it just because—"

"I fancy it's just because," said Howard, laughing unpleasantly. "Miss Marshall is a nice girl, but even a University course doesn't take the infinite variety out of a woman's moods. Don't worry about it, Wilder. She may smile on you the next time."

"And her smiles are worth while," said the elder man, adding rather sheepishly, "well, good-night, Howard. Glad the row's over, and we don't have to abuse each other's policies any longer."

But as he left Howard, the younger man walked away in a blaze of indignation. "She's nothing but an ordinary flirt," he mused angrily, "first playing fast and loose with me, and then with Wilder, who's old enough to know better than to bother about a woman."

But George Howard, defeated candidate and disgusted lover, fell asleep that night with his opponent's words ringing in his ears—"and her smiles are worth while."

On the following Thursday, as Howard was passing the High School shortly after four o'clock, he met the Head Master, who seemed to be spluttering about something.

"Have you seen the 'Grant Tribune'? It's a shame," vigorously asserted Mr. Charles Fielding, the "Dominie."

"What's the matter? Anything about politics?"

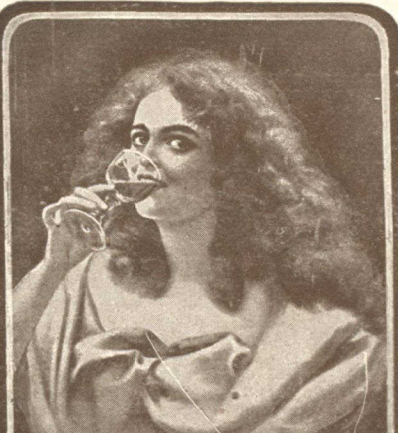
"It's just a piece of vulgar, personal abuse. I thought Canadian papers were above that sort of thing. I know that Wilder and every decent man in his party will be annoyed about it. I've left a copy of the paper on my desk in the school-room—was too disgusted to take it home with me."

"I think I'll go in and read it."

"Do. I'd go back with you, but I'm going to see about that last football match."

Howard entered the old building, and opened the door of the Head Master's room which he had only too good reasons to remember. But he suddenly paused, for Miss Louise Marshall, instructor in Modern Languages, was seated in the old chair holding a copy of the "Grant Tribune," and weeping unreservedly over the editorial paragraphs. She jumped on hearing Howard's footsteps and tried to pass him.

"No," he said grimly, catching her wrist with his left hand, and holding the offending newspaper with his right, while he read



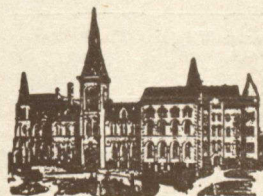
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