For The Advance.]

AN ABOMINABLE FLIRT.

By E. B. VanDusen, Owen Sound.

Once more we see them in Professor Strander's elegant rooms, where every picture every adornment, and all arrangement bespoke good taste. Flowers filled the windows...Their freshness, and the delicious coolness of the room, struck Kathie pleasantly as she came up from the noisy street. The Professor was in the midst of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathetique*, but rose at once as she came in, saying good-morning in his bright way, and inquiring if she had quite recovered the effects of her indisposition.

"Perfectly, thank you. I was sorry to lose an evening's pleasure." . . . A thought here crossed her mind . . . He did not know that she was aware of his presence at Mrs. James' ball. . . . It would be best to feign ignorance—more natural to make a query if he were there.

"You were present?" she interrogated, and not waiting for a reply, continued "I returned home early."

"Yes, I was detained, unfortunately," he said, laying peculiar stress upon the last word, "and so made a late arrival. Shortly after, I understood, you left. It was too bad." These words, though simple enough, were made to convey much importance by his tone, which was low, but distinct . . . And by his glance which seemed to penetrate Kathie's half-veiled lids, entering into her very soul.

She began to attribute this earnestness to his sympathetic nature; made some trifling rejoinder, and took her place at the instrument.

This time there was no startling blunders. her manners were natural and calm. Whatever came and went, he must never guess that each tone of his voice, fell like the music. down deep into her memory.

When she had finished and received the usual praise for good execution, Kathie ran her fingers softly over the keys; very softly, and faintly—for she was saying in an indifferent way, that she would be gone for some time. . . . and consequently the lessons would be discontinued.

"And once in St. Louis, farewell to all those hours of practice, requisite to perfect performance," said he, lightly.

"Oh no, I promise—indeed you know that I love music too well to neglect it," Kathie said, now speaking in really relieved tones.

"Yes, I can trust you always," he said. He had been standing behind her while played, but at the beginning of this conversation, moved io her side. At this point,—he now rested one arm upon her shoulder, and ere she dreamt of his intention, kissed her deliberately once, twice, thrice. She sprang up, turning angrily upon him.

"You dare *this*, sir? You abominable, deceitful flirt! This is the—"

"Wait, please," "broke in the gentleman's voice. "Since the word flirt implies all that is abominable and deceitful, you might at least have spared me those horrible sounding adjectives." There was a suspicion of humor in his tone.

"Pray consider this no joke, Professor Strander. I think little of one who acknowledges having stooped so low."

"But I acknowledge nothing of the sort," he said, leaning carelessly against the instrument, while his eyes danced with an amused light.

"Your actions speak, then!" cried Kathie, with burning cheeks. "I will never come here again! You are obliged to beg my pardon instantly," she exclaimed with righteous indignation, remembering the "beauty at whose shrine he worshipped," and longing to hurl at him the conversation he had carried on with Mason.

"I am obliged to do nothing of the sort," he said positively, "and," lowering his voice perceptibly, "you *will* come here again!"

"Really Professor Strander, you indeed forget yourself. Such ignorance and presumption are unpardonable! Allow me to bid you good morning and good-bye." This was uttered in an indignant and pained manner. With the air of a queen she brushed past him, but he also moved toward the door, placing his hand firmly upon the knob, while Kathie inwardly wondering, exclaimed haughtily, "Pray allow me to leave the room!"

"Kathie," he then said gravely, and as though he loved to say that word, "you know I never sought to detain you in this way before. Let us come to an understanding. . . . It is you who owe to me an apology for your unjust words. You have called me by a name I despise . . . and without reason."

"No, no! not without reason," she interrupted. "You must know I never would have so spoken without grounds!"

"Without grounds? *Grounds?* . . . What grounds? I swear you can positively have *no* grounds for speaking as you did." His face now wore a wholly puzzled look. Presently a light overspread his features. "Stay," he said, but rather doubtingly, "was it because you chanced to see one morning a photo of a young girl, which you knew to be in my possession?" A moment after and he was sorry at having thus questioned.

"Pray, "she answered, unutterable scorn gleaming in her eyes, "do not imagine that such a knowledge would force me to speak as I have done! Yet it is that knowledge combined with—"

Here the long restrained tears sprang to her eyes.

"You have doubtless something to say," said he. gently, placing a chair for her and seating himself at a respectful distance. "But let me speak first. . . . I might go on and swear by all sacred things, to what I now say, but I won't. You must believe my simple word. . . . These arms were never placed about any woman save you; my kisses never bestowed on any other, save you—and my sainted mother. Towards you my intentions are honorable, for," he rose then and stood beside her, "*I love you.*"

Kathie pressed her burning face against the wall, and away from the man she loved. There was some mystery here. . . . She felt forced to tell him of the overheard conversation, wondering what explanation he could grant. But while she thought of words to use, her trembling lips uttered no sound. She was really dumb-founded at this man's confession, and the joy it gave was mingled with pain at the bare possibility of any deception on his part. No! What he had said she felt, must be true.

"I believe, too, that you love *me*—in spite of those lofty airs and tragic acting. You have been endeavoring to hide this fact, Kathie, but it seems as though I have been gifted to see beyond mere facial expression. . . . Eyes, at some times, will reveal the feelings of our souls! But you have called me an abominable flirt, Kathie, and I wait to hear you substitute that statement." He now took one little hand. . . . It was not withdrawn.

"Forgive me," she said, with downcast lids, "for now I cannot doubt you, or distrust your word. Then she told him of the over-heard conversation.

"If you recollect it, you cannot blame me so very much for believing you in love with another woman. You remember you said to Mr. Mason that you would show him a likeness of the beauty at whose shrine you worshipped. . . . That was not my picture, Professor Strander, pray what did you mean? Kathie now looked up. She had expected to find him serious, but to her amazement found that he was laughing at her.

"Excuse me, Kathie, but—really I cannot help it. This is such a comical affair!"

"Will you please explain?" she asked quietly, and so earnestly that he answered at once:

"I will. Last winter I went to Des Moines—as you know."

"Yes," assented Kathie, only wondering.

"And I carried with me, in my heart, your own dear self. Well, as I went along the street in Des Moines one afternoon I caught sight of a face in a photographer's window. At first glance, I could have sworn it to be yours, but a closer observation assured me that it was not. But so striking was the resemblance, and I so longed to have even your picture," —touching his breast, "that I purchased it, then and there. Kathie, I have been waiting to prove the reality of my love; and to-day you are ten times dearer to me than when I first began to treasure your proud face in my memory. I admit, Kathie, I might have acted a little more discreetly to-day towards you; but I knew not when I might see you again, and was inspired by the perfect unconsciousness of your own charms. You had the right to speak as you did, not knowing what my conversation with Mason meant. I told him I would show hum a likeness of the beauty I worshipped, and I am certain that he cannot deny but that it is a good one. Now Kathie, let me hear what your answer to all this is. What are you going to say to such an abominable, deceitful, ignorant flirt?"

"Oh, don't!" she cried, pressing his hand. "Only forgive my distrust of you. I do not know what to say."

That you love me, and are going to give Maso nthat chance of dancing at our wedding." . . .

But I am not going to write down here all that Kathie said, nor Professor Strander's replies, for prudes to object to and spinsters to grind their teeth in envy over. Nor will I dwell on a description of that happy Christmas wedding; nor enter into the particulars of the chagrin of Miss Ruyter, whose precise crimps stood erect from the effect of the "green-eyed monster. Who could doubt the sincerity of such a love as that which Geoffrey Strander offered Kathie? . . . The love of a heart untainted by the wiles of treachery.

* * * * *

On the first anniversary of their wedding-day, Geoff goes to his young wife where she stands looking out upon the falling snow.

"What are you thinking of, Kathie?" he asks, placing his arm around her.

"Thinking what a good, kind husband heaven gave me, one year ago to-day."

"Yes, Kathie," he said, with a bright smile, and kissing her in his old passionate manner, "but what an *abominable flirt!*"

THE END.

Osprey Council.

The seventh meeting of this Council was held at Singhampton on 20th August.

Members all present. Minutes of last meeting confirmed.

COMMUNICATIONS

From Co.-Treas., Co. Rates and Tax sale list; Provincial Board of Health, Act to amend the Act respecting Public Health; Co. Clerk, Supplement to minutes of June session; J. Rutherford, acc. $25 for stationery; C. W. Rutledge, acc. $36 printing Voter's List; A. R. Fawcett, acc. $2.50 advertising Voters' List; W. Long, acc. $2 for plan of bridge and $6 stamps; Hunter Brothers, recommending Iron Bridges; James Bateman and 10 others, Petition asking aid for P. McQueen and Widow McLean; W. Service, notice of firing fallow.

MOTIONS.

Taylor, McIntyre.—That the Reeve, J. Hudson and J. Speers be a committee to inquire into the validity of the Treasurer's Securities and report at next meeting of Council.

Mr. Hudson, Chairman of Committee on 40th Sideroad presented report as follows: Your committee having examined 40th Sideroad, South of 3 Con. find it cut out a good length by statute and gratis labour but find that the road allowance South does not correspond with the road North and that it would be wise for this Council to make a proper survey of said sideroad before expending any more money on it. The Report adopted.

By-Laws were passed to levy and collect rates and to appoint Collectors.

The total rate is ½ mill lower than last year, being 7½ mills.

N. A. McLean and James Elliott were reappointed collectors.

ORDERS ISSUED.

Widow McLean, indigent, $4.00; Joseph Taylor, examining 40th Sideroad, $2.00; John Hudson, examining 40th Sideroad, $2.00; John Speers, letting bridge 10th Sideroad, $2.00; W. Long, plan of bridge 10th Sideroad, $2.00; W. Long, postage stamps for Clerk, $6.00; A. R. Fawcett, advertising Voters' List, $2.50; C. W. Rutledge, printing Voters' List, $36.00; J. Rutherford, municipal stationery, $25.00; N. A. McLean, posters, 75c.

Council adjourned to meet at the call of the Reeve. WM. MILNE, Clerk.

The Last Thing He Heard.

A grotesque story of an interrutped wedding ceremony comes from New Zealand. The church in which it took place was wooden and aged and rickety, and when the lovely bride, accompanied by her mother, entered the building it shook beneath them. Things went on smoothly enough, however, until the clergyman inquired: "Do you take this man—?" and then before he could finish the sentence the floor opened and the whole happy squad went down together into the cellar. The bride led the way head foremost, with the baptismal font, the altar, and a spectator's baby close behind, and after them came the bridegroom with the bulk of the wedding party on top of him, his collar burst, his hat flying loose and a black eye. The parson, however. remained above, clinging to the pulpit rail and the last thing he heard was the voice of the bride calling out, "I will," as she was half way down. She was under the impression that the bridegroom was beneath her, and as he was a wealthy man, she had resolved with great presence of mind to get through the service and get a claim on his assets before she fell on him and squashed him flat.

New Bakery.

The undersigned begs to inform the people of Flesherton and neighborhood generally, that he has leased the Flesherton Bakery for a term of years and respectfully solicits their patronage. *Bread, Buns, Cakes* and any other kind of Baking that may be required by any of my patrons will receive prompt and careful attention. Liberal estimates for large supplies. I intend shortly to add *Home made Confectionery* warranted pure and manufactured on the premises.

JACOB STEPHEN.

Flesherton, Aug. 17th 1887.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to" boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed tocure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

A Wrinkle for the Blind.

A blind man sits in the corner of a door-way, and when he hears the light footsteps of a lady he takes off his hat and bows his head, covered with the snows of seventy winters, saying: "Oh! madam, take pity on a poor blind man who is deprived of the pleasure of seeing you!"

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An Important Point.

"Old Lawyer—"I don't like that case and am sorry that you took hold of it."

Young Lawyer—"Oh, it's all right, We'll win.

"Have you arranged for the witnesses?"

"No, but I have arranged for the jury."

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

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Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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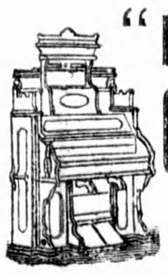

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