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The adhesion of cement to iron that gives strength to reinforced concrete, is found by an expert to be unlike the gluing effect of mortar on bricks. The cement does not stick to the iron firmly, if at all, but the adhesion is given by gripping a portion of enclosed iron as the concrete contracts in setting. Fair exchange religion is the kind that ought to grow in popularity.

## Pothooks And Hangers

By Harold Sinclair

Jimmy had come early. It was regular lesson night, but the Shark wouldn't appear for perhaps half an hour. Plenty of time for Jimmy to which to learn his fate and well, he hadn't decided just what he would do after that; that is, in case she wouldn't marry him.

So he sat in the little parlor of Louise's home and waited. Presently she would come in briskly, her brown eyes demure, her lips smiling, she always made you think of a sturdy little wildflower in the woods in springtime. And Jimmy, young lawyer though he was, knew that his heart would skip a beat, and his ruddy face take on a still deeper hue as he faced her. He tried to be patient, and as the minutes passed memories came—sweet and bitter—in their turn.

Around that library table in the centre of the room he had sat three nights a week with Louise and—yes—Terry Gerard, the Shark—who was the particular fly in Jimmy's ointment. Why did he need a commercial education, anyway—his business didn't require it. Jimmy's did; at least, so he had represented to Louise when he had begged her to teach him the art of shorthand.

So around this table the three had sat—Louise and her two misnamed pupils, for they hated each other as much as they loved their teacher. Both had invented their need of a knowledge of shorthand in order to be near the object of their affections. The only difference in their methods was that while Jimmy didn't try to learn, concealing his indifference to the best of his ability, Terry made the most of his lessons and consequently was able to read whole pages of curlicues without a break.

"Red headed shark," growled Jimmy, gritting his teeth. He smoothed his own glossy dark hair and scowled. That shark was to be reckoned with, he was bright and, yes, good looking, and Louise seemed to like him. Of late he had imagined that she preferred him. Only yesterday he had come upon them talking confidentially in low tones when no one was near. Well, the suspense would soon be over. He heard her coming down the stairs, and his heart skipped that beat according to prophecy, as Louise entered in anticipated fashion.

While he was holding her hand, which had been extended in welcome, he looked at it idiotically, as if he had never seen it before. "Why, Jimmy," said Louise, looking at him in surprise. Jimmy gulped. "You promised to write my answer today."

"And so I have."

"Didn't get it," grasped Jimmy. "Mail service punk. Was it yes or no?"

"Silly," she answered, diving into

her pocket. "I didn't say I'd mail it to you. Weren't you to come this evening to take your lesson? Well!" She handed him a notebook, open, pointing to a neat array of pothooks and hangers that adorned the page. "That is my answer," she told him sweetly.

He looked at it helplessly. "Jehoshaphat!" he exclaimed. For the first time he envied that shark. He couldn't have read those marks. Poor Jimmy couldn't, and he didn't know whether to sink with despair or take his teacher in his arms!

It was at "recess" the night before that it happened. The Shark had left early, Louise had told him good night in what seemed to Jimmy a most unnecessarily interested fashion, and Jimmy had forthwith laid his heart and fortune at his teacher's feet. In a sweetly businesslike manner she had promised to write him her answer.

And there it was in his hand and he couldn't read it!

"That is your answer," repeated Louise.

"Yes," Jimmy floundered miserably. She was looking out of the window now. Jimmy set his teeth.

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and began to study those awful marks with a vengeance.

A gasp escaped him. There was a familiar chink in that first line. It was the one phrase he had learned very early in the course, thinking some time to use it craftily. "I love you!" He recognized that when he saw it. It was there! He looked closer. Yes, it was there, but what was that silly little mark preceding the word love? It didn't belong! He tried with his finger to remove it—it might be an eyelash fallen there. But it stayed, and Jimmy's brow grew moist with the dawn of an awful thought. Suppose that little fool curved line should be the negative to that sweet phrase! Did she or didn't she? That was the question. It was time to use some of that craftiness.

Pushing back his damp hair and calling to his aid a sickly smile, he pointed to the disturbing curlicue.

"Teacher," he said in a wheedling tone which he sometimes used teasingly, "teacher, you made this character a little lame. I can't quite make it out." He held his breath.

"That," answered Louise, turning to him patiently and spelling the word phonetically, "is 'd-o-n't'—half length, you know, to add 't'."

Jimmy stiffened and the notebook fell to the floor. When Louise left it there and turned away again he exploded. Black despair reigned, but rage gained mastery of his tongue.

"I hope you're satisfied," he said thickly. "You've made all kinds of a fool of me—deliberately, too."

Louise raised her finger warningly and listened. "I think Terry's coming," she said. "He's early."

Jimmy swallowed and looked for his hat. He was certain now—the Shark had won, Louise's smile showed that. It was radiant and her face was shining with a glory that only love can bring.

"Can't stay for lesson," he mumbled, cramming the letter into his pocket and making for the door.

"It was a false alarm," said Louise after a moment of looking toward the door.

"That shark—" began Jimmy angrily. "Isn't he a wonder?" asked Louise, her sparkling eyes upon him. "He can read shorthand like print." Her face was glowing still and Jimmy could stand it no longer.

"Goodnight," he said thickly. "But," said Louise, innocently. "Have you read all the letter, Jimmy? There are some good phrases there and you should study—"

"I know one of them," thundered Jimmy, "and that's enough. 'I don't love you'—in the first line—that's enough. I can read that."

The doorbell rang jarringly. Jimmy gave a farewell backward look, saw her brandishing another paper before his eyes, felt her hand upon his arm. But he jerked away angrily from those fingers he had so loved to touch, "accidentally," of course, at their tasks.

"I'll read no more fool marks," he said.

"But this is a typed transcript of the fool marks, Jimmy," she explained. "I knew you were a fraud and prepared this for you," and suddenly her arm went about his stubborn neck, tightened, and brought his eyes down within range of the typewritten words:

"I don't love you half as much as I'm going to—"

"Jehoshaphat!" Jimmy waited to read no more, but blinking at the heavenly light that enveloped him, he kissed his teacher, and together they went to the door to let in the Shark.

## THE MAN ON WATCH

Is it so that a Kingston church board is talking about engaging a practical nurse to take care of noisy babies, whose mothers insist on bringing them to Sunday services?

Shall old Glenburnie burn, shall old Glenburnie burn? Well not so long as Kingston has some hose to on it turn.

Who is my neighbor, asked the lawyer of New Testament story. Kingston's mayor does not have to query his pastor on this matter when fires rage and threaten property miles outside the limits of the municipality of which he is chief magistrate.

They say the Irish will combine to fight no matter what settlement is made. It is suggested by the Lampman that special fighting days for various districts be regularly announced, but that the weapons be restricted to Ireland's favorite shillelah. The Kingston club of Irish Self-Determination might also arrange their little scrap, and permit interested clerical brethren to participate.

They say that corns result when women insist upon encasing their feet in shoes that are not constructed to fit them. It is just like trying to put a family of eight into a flat built for four—you have to do some squeezing.

With regard to a complaint about retired farmers taking jobs away from those who need them more urgently, the view of the Lampman is this: That most farmers who retire and come to the cities to reside have no idea of what it costs to live away

from the farm. They find that their income of \$1,200 is only half sufficient for their needs, and because they seek jobs to augment an income that twenty-five years ago would have kept them in ease.

Effeminate young men singing in choirs without coats and with their shirt sleeves rolled up above their elbows are a sight for the gods. The Lampman has viewed some of them (but thank heavens not in Kingston) and the sight was enough to cause a stomach upheaval. It is only willie-boys who will revert to sport costume in a house of divine worship. The girls know them as sissies.

The Lampman has most pleasant memories of the late Thomas Ronan, who departed this life a week ago. Mr. Ronan was one of nature's gentlemen, always refined and courteous to everyone. He was a remarkably active man for his years. Those who knew him in the old days will miss his happy countenance.

Some parents have strange ways of showing love for their children. In Kingston a distracted mother poisons her three girls, while out in North Frontenac two fathers shoot at their daughters. Human life is too valuable just now to dispose of it by these violent methods.

## THE TOWN WATCHMAN

### DEATH OF E. WARREN.

He was Greatly Respected by all Classes.

Lansdowne, July 20.—Mrs. Margaret Clendinning, Montreal, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Condie and niece, Brockville, were recent visitors at Thomas Stacey's, Miss Campbell, Los Angeles, Cal., who has been visiting

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her brother, Dr. J. D. E. L. Campbell, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Warren, Fort Frances, Ont., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Warren.

The movie show has ceased operations for the present, here owing to the extreme heat. George Shurtliffe, Hamilton, is visiting here. Mrs. Charles Lappan is a patient in Hotel Dieu, Kingston. Mr. Kidd, Ontario government judge of standing field crops, is working here now on enterprises for Lansdowne fair. Mr. and Mrs. Delbert McClary, Rochester, N.Y., are visitors here. Mrs. James Wallace has returned from Sydenham where she was the guest of Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Leech.

On Tuesday evening, July 19th, Erastus Warren passed away to his long rest after only a few days' illness with Bright's disease. Deceased was well known, being one of our most successful farmers and a lifelong resident of the community. He was in his sixty-ninth year and was working up to his illness. He is survived by his widow, formerly Charlotte Sitter, and one son, Urban J. W. Warren; five brothers, Omar, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Geo. George, Nebraska; Rev. William, Nebraska; Delbert, Fort Frances, Ont.; J. Hilliard, Lansdowne; and two sisters: Mrs. Ellis, Iroquois; and Mrs. Cooney, Toronto. The funeral will take place Thursday afternoon to the Methodist church, thence to the Union cemetery. The late Mr. Warren was a pronounced Orangeman, a Methodist and a Conservative.

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