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COUNTY OF LAMBTON
Treasurers' Notice as to Lands Liable for Sale for Taxes A. D. 1907.

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County, has been prepared by me, and that copies thereof may be had in the office of the Treasurer of the County of Lambton, the town of Sarnia.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands liable for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette, in the issues thereof bearing date the 15th, 20th and 27th, days of July, A. D. 1907, and the 3rd day of August, A. D. 1907.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list together with the costs chargeable thereon, as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette, before the day fixed for the sale of such lands being the 10th day of October, A. D. 1907, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that this publication is made pursuant to the "Assessment Act," 4 Edward VII, Chap. 23, and amendments.

Dated at Sarnia this 12th day of July, A. D., 1907.

HENRY INGRAM,
Treasurer of County of Lambton.

CHANTRY FARM
REBWOOD
Shorthorn Cattle and Lincoln Sheep

A nine months old bull calf, also a few good heifers, for sale. I am again offering a number of registered and grade Lincoln ram lambs. Come early and get your choice.

Ed. DE GEX.

A Smoke Eater's Love.
By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.
Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Burke used to see her pass by the engine house every morning on her way to the paper box factory around the corner on Thompson street. She had never missed a day all summer long, and every morning a little before 7 o'clock from Burke would stroll out of the engine house carelessly, tip a chair back against the red brick wall and read the morning paper attentively until the paper box factory girls came by.

"Ain't he the unsociable thing, though?" Sue McManus would say, with a swift, laughing side glance at the young fireman, when she went by with a crowd of girls. "Such an interesting paper it is, to be sure! But it won't be so interesting when Margery comes by."

Burke would color at the laughter which always followed, color darkly to the roots of his close curled brown hair, but never an answering glance would he send after the girls. All his glances were saved for Margery.

He could see her the first minute she turned the corner of Sixth avenue and came down along Fifth street. She always took the shady side of the street, and the engine house was on that side. The other girls wore cheap picture hats with flowing veils and fancy waists trimmed with cheap lace, but Margery was always in black and white, short walking skirt and trim white waist, freshly laundered, he knew, by her precious hands. There was no picture hat on her bonny brown hair, but a little black sailor with a swallow's wing on one side and a bunch of violets in a knot of ribbon.

It was the style of her that took his heart and eye the first time he ever saw her as she came along the street. Even the street car conductors would look after her and pass corners absent, and every child on the street would look up for a smile and a touch of her hand. It was just the way she had, Burke told himself, and she couldn't help it any more than an angel could help scattering blessings as it slipped by.

He had never spoken to her. He didn't even know if she were aware of his existence. After she had passed he would drop the paper and stare at the red and black Chinese sign across the street and wonder how he could ever get acquainted with her. She wouldn't flirt like other girls. He could tell that by the way she held her head up and went straight ahead, and she never seemed to have any chums among the girls. Sue McManus had told him her name one day. Sue was right in society and went to the firemen's ball and the firemen's picnic and all the benefits just because she had a second cousin on a horse cart uptown in Harlem.

"Sure, I know who she is," Sue had laughed at him over the question. "She's forelady on the fifth floor over the lacers. Those are the girls who put in the lace trimming on the fancy boxes. She's all right, but she's stuck up because she has a brother that's a policeman over on Mercer street—a big, tall young fellow. Maybe you know him—Jack O'Ferrall?"

"I know him," said Burke. "He's all right. She has reason to hold up her head over him."

Then he wondered how he could approach O'Ferrall. Every day he used to see him strolling down from Washington square, his white gloves spotted less no matter what the weather was, his coat without a wrinkle and a smile that won him the respect of everybody, for they knew behind the smile were a handy fist and a quick brain. No, Burke decided he couldn't tell O'Ferrall that he was in love with his sister just on the strength of seeing her walk by the engine house. He would wait and let fate and the little blind god join hands over his love.

It was a hot August day when the alarm sounded, and Burke jumped for his place as the engine pulled out. It had been dull all day, and he felt glad there was to be some relief at last. The true, natural born smoke eater loves the first whiff of smoke as an actor loves the last strains of the overture, the first low ripple of applause from out in front. It is the bugle call to action, and Burke felt his heart beat faster as the old engine began to get up speed and Nell and Captain swung into a good, long stride down the street under the elevated.

"Where is it?" he asked his mate, Rawley. "Broadway?"

"No. Thompson street—Waller's paper box factory," answered Rawley.

Burke's square jaw set in hard lines. The fingers that were buttoning his coat fumbled awkwardly. Waller's paper box factory, and Margery was up on the fifth floor! As the engine turned sharply into Thompson street he could see the factory halfway down

to Canal. Thick puffs of smoke jettied from the windows, with licking flames between, pale yellow in the bright sunlight.

"It's got a hold already," said Rawley. "There come some of the girls down the escapes."

Burke never answered. The engine pulled up short below Bleecker. Over from Fifth avenue the hook and ladder company was clanging, and he looked up at the fifth floor of the factory, his blue eyes dark with dread.

The girls were trying the escapes, but even so soon the iron was blistering hot, and their cries of pain made the crowd below shiver. There was a voice at his elbow, and Burke turned as he was on his way into the building.

It was O'Ferrall, the policeman, and under his helmet, his face was white and drawn.

"Burke, my sister's up there on the fifth floor. All the other girls are out, but the top floor crowd is cut off. The stairway's burning now. There's twenty girls penned in up there, and the smoke will get them sure before the flames."

Burke nodded grimly. The hook and ladder had drawn up outside.

"I'll go up and get them to the windows," he said. "Hurry up the ladders."

A great stillness fell on the waiting crowd that packed the street beyond the stretched ropes. As the big ladders were put in position it leaked out that one fireman had gone to fight his way up through the burning stairs to save the fifth floor lacers. Then all at once a cheer went up, and O'Ferrall looked up. The ladders were up, two of them, and steadily working their way down each one were two fire ladders, each with a limp girl's figure over one arm. O'Ferrall knew what it meant. Burke had reached the floor and was getting the girls to the windows, and the big, smooth faced policeman shut his lips tighter and thanked God for the pluck that lies in the smoke eater's heart.

Burke counted the girls as he made his way back and forth through the smoke, steadily, grimly, gasping now and then at the window, then going back for more. Some had fainted, but most were anxious to help and kept their nerve. As he handed Sue McManus out of the window he asked where Margery was. Sue was the last of the regular girls.

"She fell over by the stairs trying to shut the safety doors," Sue told him sobbingly. "You'll never get her, Tom."

Burke looked back. A hook and ladder boy was yelling to him to get out, that the floor was weakening.

"Wait! One more!" he answered and went at the thick black smoke that hid where the stairway had been.

He never knew afterward how he got found her. It seemed a frightful nightmare of fighting blindly at leaping fiends of flame that tugged and throttled him and choked out his life by inches. And then somewhere in the fiery hell he had found her, felt the slender, limp figure and lifted it in his arms, close to his heart.

There was just one thing about that rescue that Margery never was sure of until long after her wedding day. Then one autumn night when Officer O'Ferrall had dropped in on the new home to say a brotherly blessing Burke told:

"If I hadn't thought it was all up with us I never would have done it," he explained penitently, "but when I measured the distance to the window and heard the loft crash back of me I just thought it was quick heaven for mine and then death, and I kissed her, kissed her and never had an introduction to her even. But it didn't matter. Dead or alive, I knew I had the right. She was the only girl in the world for me."

And Mrs. Burke blushed softly and ran her hand over the thick brown curls of her smoke eater.

"Ain't he the bold boy, though?" she said tenderly. "I knew it all the time and thought it was a dream, but I knew it just the same."

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are a common trouble. Impurities which should be thrown off from the body have a tendency to remain in the system, thus clogging the pores and giving rise to all sorts of disagreeable skin troubles. Zam-Buk applied to the skin has a most wholesome effect. It stimulates and helps the skin to throw off any impurity and restores the skin to a healthy state.

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He further states that anyone suffering from afflictions of this nature will find it to be very beneficial, and suggests that it be given a trial.