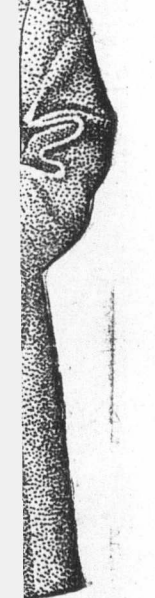


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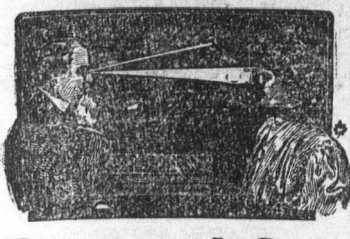
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**COUNTY OF LAMBTON**  
Treasurers' Notice as to Lands Liable for Sale for Taxes A. D. 1907.

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by 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 before the day bearing date the 13th, 20th and 27th, day 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 charge thereon, as set forth in the said list so being filed for the sale of such lands being the 16th day of October, A. D. 1907, the said lands will be sold for 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.

**CHANNY FARM**  
KERWOOD  
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.

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ED. DE GEX.

**AN UNPROTESTED CHECK.**

By Edith M. Doans.  
Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

When all the legal formalities were ended and the fortune that had been Robert Maxwell's was finally handed over to his "beloved daughter Elizabeth," that young lady regarded her new found responsibilities in dismay and promptly proceeded to shift them to other and broader shoulders James Gordon had been her father's secretary and his shoulders were presumably better fitted for the burden.

"But you cannot hand me over your fortune to carry, as if it were a book or a parcel," said Gordon distractedly, though inexpressibly cheered by this profession of confidence. "You do not understand!"

"Oh, yes, I do," returned Miss Maxwell serenely. "I understand perfectly. I shall appoint you!"

"Chairman of the finance-committee," suggested Gordon.

"Yes," said Miss Maxwell. "I will be the committee."

"Well, I shall do my best," said Gordon, laughing. "But the committee will please remember that it has certain active duties."

"I don't see why it should have any," she retorted. "Practically, you have already managed the estate for the past five years. You were invaluable to father."

"Perhaps I was," Gordon returned, "though I don't remember it, and he never mentioned it. However, I appreciate your confidence and will serve you faithfully; but (gravely) what if I should make mistakes? Is it wise to intrust the handling of so much money to one man?"

"I should think it might depend a good deal upon the man," said Miss Maxwell softly.

So Gordon fitted up an office in a downtown skyscraper, where he sat at a table strewn with papers and pink-taped, legal looking documents, figuring and writing late into the nights, and Miss Maxwell, having arranged her financial affairs to her liking, annexed a meek, elderly relative as chaperon and turned her attention to other difficulties.

Her first, chiefest and most immediate difficulty was her cousin Tom Cornish.

"It isn't that I do not like you," she painstakingly explained for the hundredth time. "You know I do. As a sister, now, I—"

"Oh, drop it!" retorted Tom inelegantly.

"And anyhow I shall never marry." "So it's all up?"

"I think I have been telling you that for the past five minutes," said Miss Maxwell impatiently.

"You know what I meant all along," he said sullenly. "Some one has been giving you a resume of my vices."

"Your vices are nothing to me nor your virtues either. If you"—The words died on her lips. For the first time in all their lives his arm closed around her. Convulsively he held her to him, bending his head till his lips met her soft brown hair.

"Betty, I—I've got to—tell you—I'm in no end of trouble. I need you—I need your help—I—"

By a single vehement effort Betty released herself.

"How dare you? How dare you?" she raged, then came to a dead stop. Her eyes grew wide with dismay and fixed upon the doorway at the end of the room.

"Mr. Gordon," she said in a constrained voice.

It was Gordon indeed. He was quite at the other end of the long room, but not so far that the late tableau could be unseen by him, and the distress of her face was intensified in his as he bowed hurriedly and the yellow portiere fell behind him.

Betty blushed furiously. A person looking on and not understanding might, of course—she turned suddenly to Tom, who stood staring at her un- easily.

"Now go!" she cried desperately. "Go!"

Meanwhile Gordon had found his hat and the sidewalk and walked blindly down the avenue, forgetting the papers he had gone for—forgetting everything except a girl's flushed, dismayed face. It was scandalous that she should be allowed to drift into complications with that fellow. It was all very well that Cornish was her cousin, but what of the fellow's character—a gambler, a fortune hunter? Yet what could he do? All day he had looked forward to seeing Betty. Well, he had seen her. And she must have been in earnest. She wasn't the kind of girl to let a man—and as memory gripped him he plunged gloomily on.

It was several days later that Miss Maxwell, blue gowned and demure, turned into the entrance of a bank on lower Broadway and walked calmly to the paying teller's window.

"I suppose you know that this over-

draws your account, Miss Maxwell," said that gentleman, handing out a packet of fresh bank notes.

The girl stared at him in astonishment. "No, I did not know. I had not thought," she said nervously.

"That last check was rather large—ten thousand!"

"Ten thousand!" repeated Betty weakly.

"Yes. We did not question it, of course, because Mr. Gordon so often draws large amounts." He looked at her keenly. "It was all right, I suppose?"

"Yes; oh, yes," said Betty unsteadily. "It was all right. I—I suppose Mr. Gordon cashed it?"

"He sent a messenger, as he usually does."

Betty nodded. The bank swam and for an instant her brain reeled as she turned away, perplexed and vaguely conscious of impending evil.

Ten thousand dollars!

Even to Betty's vague business reasoning \$10,000 seemed a good deal to lose track of. But there must be some good reason why Gordon had filled in the check for so much, for Miss Maxwell's methods of dealing with the management of her estate had not changed, and, though she still signed all her checks, she serenely washed her hands of further responsibility, and Gordon usually filled them in.

Once at home she hurried to her desk. She had a prejudice against keeping her check book in order, and an appalling number of hastily scribbled stubs confronted her. She worked busily, covering a pad with figures and counting up totals on her fingers. But it was slow work, and near the end one stub stared out from the rest provokingly.

It was blank.

She leaned her elbows on the desk and, resting her chin in her hands, stared hard into space. There was the check unaccounted for, and he had filled it out for \$10,000. No one knew how many others he had used. He was welcome to the money. She would not fight it if she could. But he had seemed so different, and she had trusted him. Slowly her head sank on the desk, and the helms of the Maxwell millions cried her eyes out like any ordinary lovesick girl.

It was ten hours later—ten dreary, interminable hours—that the clock on Betty's dressing table chimed.

Betty shivered. No sleep had come to her eyes. Getting out of bed, she slipped into a dressing gown. She would read. Anything would be better than lying in bed open eyed and sleepless moaning over James Gordon.

Her book was in the library. She opened her door and ran hurriedly down into the hall below. Pushing open the library door very gently, she entered the room, then uttered a faint scream.

The room was lighted by the faint rays of a bullseye lantern.

Standing at her desk with his back to her, opening her check book, was—Tom Cornish.

Starting convulsively at sound of her cry, he turned and confronted her, white to the lips. "Betty," he stammered.

Miss Maxwell stood very still.

"Tom," she said, "why did you do it?"

But Tom had fallen into a chair and hidden his shamed face in his hands.

"It's all up," he said hoarsely. "I'm dead broke, and I thought I stood a chance to stake myself once more. I've had the devil's own luck lately. I lost every cent of that other check."

Betty looked at him as if in a dream.

"The check—your check. I was dead broke—debts everywhere—and I got hold of your check book. I knew Gordon did about as he pleased—and it was your signature all right. I meant to give it back to you, Betty, as soon as my luck turned, I really did."

But to his mystification Betty was looking at him with shining eyes. "It was you who cashed the check for ten thousand," she repeated softly. "It was you—it was you."

It was weeks before she told Gordon, and he, being a wise young man in his generation, said no word of her bygone injustice, but his arms went round her, and he held her close, while she, crying quietly, hid her face against his coat.

"No other man would have understood," she whispered softly.

**ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT** removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stiles, sprains, sores and swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

The house of Mr. John McDougall, 6th line of Plympton, was struck by lightning and totally destroyed, during a recent thunder storm.

**STAGE LINES.**

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Watford Village every morning except Sun day, reaching Watford at 11:30 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—PAUL JACKSON, Prop'r.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES Arkona at 9 a. m. Wisbeach at 10:10 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—PAUL JACKSON, Prop'r.

**Suit Over a Farm.**

Lindsay, Sept. 26.—It was a complicated case that faced Judge Harding yesterday when the case, King versus Cartmill, came up in the court of the General sessions. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty after a short retirement.

Cartmill's son-in-law, J. Henry, the evidence brought out, owns a barren farm in Snowden. Through Cartmill, it is said, Henry showed Henry Moss, of Toronto, quartz giving evidence of valuable minerals, and this persuaded Moss to exchange property in Toronto Junction, worth \$1,700, for his farm, assuming also a mortgage for \$700 on the farm, and giving Henry a mortgage for \$1,000 on the property, making a total of \$3,400. Later Moss repented and charged fraud.

**The jury decided against him. Cartmill is seventy years of age.**

**Resign From the Worry Club.**

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