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The Publishers of Webster's International Dictionary allege that it is, in fact, the popular Unabridged thoroughly re-edited in every detail, and vastly enriched in every part, with the purpose of adapting it to meet the larger and severer requirements of another generation.

We are of the opinion that this allegation most clearly and accurately describes the work that has been accomplished and the result that has been reached. The Dictionary, as it now stands, has been thoroughly re-edited in every detail, has been corrected in every part, and is admirably adapted to meet the larger and severer requirements of a generation which demands more of popular philological knowledge than any generation that the world has ever contained.

It is perhaps needless to add that we refer to the dictionary in our judicial work as of the highest authority in accuracy of definition; and that in the future as in the past it will be the source of constant reference.

CHARLES C. NOTT, Chief Justice,
LAWRENCE WELDON,
JOHN DAVIS,
EDMUND J. PEARCE,
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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 13th, 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 arrear 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. 22, and amendments.
Dated at Sarnia this 12th day of July, A. D. 1907.
HENRY INGRAM,
Treasurer of County of Lambton.

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"Prohibition" will be at home except Saturday afternoons, when he will be at Hancock's Hotel, Strathroy, till further notice.

2-1f ED. DE GEX.

OLD CLOTHES AND NEW.

By Frank H. Sweet.
Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKoon.

They were all up in Aunt Clara's room, packing the box, when Jessie Boyd came in at 4 o'clock to ask Carrie what she was going to wear that evening to the musicale. Jessie went upstairs without ceremony. She was Carrie's most intimate friend.

"Oh, there you are!" said Carrie, who was sitting on the foot of the bed with a pile of clothing on her lap. "I've been wondering all afternoon what had become of you. We're packing the box to go to mother's cousin in West Holden. Aunt Clara wants—"

"Where's the bottle of benzine?" asked Agnes, interrupting. "You had it last, Carrie."

"Look on the shelf in my closet," said Carrie. "What are you going to do with the benzine?"

"Clean the spots off that tan cloth cape of mine. I'm ashamed to send it as it is now."

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed to send anything," said Aunt Clara, who was on her knees before the box, spreading some newspapers over the bottom. "They are so poor they'll be glad of everything, no matter how old. You haven't time to clean off spots."

"They can do it for themselves," said Carrie. "Here, auntie, hadn't you better put these old white skirts in first?"

"Seems to me, Carrie, you could wear that white skirt with the ruffles yourself," remarked Mrs. Brandon, who was pulling over the contents of a trunk she had dragged in from the hall. "It doesn't look at all worn."

"No, but it doesn't hang right," rejoined Carrie, "and it's too short. Besides, I despise a ruffled petticoat."

"Very well," said her mother in a resigned tone. "Put it in. You and Agnes are dreadfully extravagant. I don't wonder your father complains about expenses."

"Here are some old nightdresses," said Mrs. Brandon. "I intended to tear them up for window cloths, but Rachel might patch them up."

"Of course she will," said Aunt Clara, seizing upon the nightdresses eagerly.

She thoroughly enjoyed the packing of this box. She always declared that, no matter what her faults were, no one could accuse her of not being generous.

The trunk yielded, in addition to the nightdresses, an old black alpaca skirt which had been spoiled by paint when the front porch had been given a fresh coat the previous fall, a much worn pair of shoes, a black straw bonnet which had been lying in the tray "for ages," several pairs of hose in sad need of darning, a gray wrapper damaged by moths and a black silk petticoat the ruffles of which were whipped out.

"You could use that silk for lining a grenadine, Frances," said Aunt Clara.

"But I don't expect to have a grenadine this summer," rejoined her sister, "and it seems a pity not to put in something decent."

"Well, if you had been to Cousin Rachel's and seen how poor they are," said Clara, "you'd know that anything would be acceptable. Rachel has a real gift for turning and patching too."

"For my part, I'm glad to get rid of my old clothes," said Carrie, "and I vote we send Cousin Rachel a box every year. It's a good deal better than making bundles for the Associated Charities to distribute. We know just where the things are going." She tossed her aunt a green surah waist, the seams of which were frayed. "I can wear the skirt around mornings with a percale shirt waist," she added.

All this time Jessie Boyd had stood quietly at the foot of the bed, looking on.

"Has your cousin any girls about my age?" she asked, regarding attentively the two faded waists which Aunt Clara was folding together.

"Dear me, yes," answered the lady. "Alice is just your age and Stella a year or so younger. Then there are two little girls of ten and twelve, Amy and Ruth. I stopped over in West Holden for a day in March on my way home from Florida and saw them all. They're pretty girls, too, particularly Alice. I felt so sorry for them. I don't suppose Alice ever had a pretty gown or a bunch of ribbons in her life."

"Then would you mind if—could I send something?" stammered Jessie.

"I wouldn't want them to know, of course, but I have several little things, and—"

"Oh, my dear child, yes," Aunt Clara interrupted. "Bring anything you choose; I'll pack it. No matter how old it is, they can make use of it."

Jessie went home at once. In about twenty minutes she returned with a good sized pasteboard box, with a narrow pink ribbon tied around it. On the cover was written, "For Alice."

"You're just in time; I'm ready to have Peter nail up," said Aunt Clara.

"Oh, I'm not to see what you're sending. Now, my dear child, you needn't be ashamed of it, whatever it is, for they have so little that anything—I only hope Rachel will appreciate the trouble I've taken," and she followed Jessie into Carrie's room.

There, on the bed, lay the gown her younger niece was to wear to the musicale. It was a cream china silk, trimmed with lace and white ribbon, and beside it was a pair of high heeled slippers of French kid.

"You'll wear your new china silk waist, of course, Jessie," said Carrie as her friend glanced toward the bed.

Jessie shook her head. "No, I've decided on my blue organdie," she answered quietly and then began to talk of something else.

They were opening the box in the sitting room at West Holden when Alice Brent came in, breathless. She was a slender girl, with soft eyes.

"Has it come?" she cried. "How glad I am I got here in time."

"Yes, but we weren't going to unpack it until you came," said Stella. "We just wanted to have it all ready. It's a family treat, to be enjoyed together."

Jessie's pasteboard box came out first, as it was on top.

"Something especially for me?" cried Alice. "How lovely! But I won't open it until the last. Take out the other things, mother, dear."

The other things were taken out. One by one Mrs. Brent unfolded them and laid them in a pile on the floor. Not one of the girls ventured to make a remark of any sort, and Alice did not dare glance at Stella.

"That is all, I think, my dears," said the mother as she placed on the pile the white petticoats Carrie had contributed. "I will put all the things in my closet and examine them at my leisure."

"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," remarked Stella.

"Stella!" Mrs. Brent's voice was one of rebuke. Little Ruth began to weep. "Here, let's look at my box, Ruthie," said Alice. "We mustn't forget that."

"Probably filled with soiled ribbons and discarded artificial flowers," muttered Stella, in whose black eyes angry tears burned hotly.

With fingers that trembled a little, Alice untied the pink ribbon and removed the cover of the box.

"Oh, oh!" she said. "Mother, look here! Just see!" And then her voice broke and tears filled her eyes.

In the box, neatly folded, lay a pretty white china silk waist trimmed with lace, a pair of perfectly new tan gloves, three dainty handkerchiefs and twelve yards of fine white lawn.

"There's some mistake," said Stella; "this doesn't agree with the rest at all. Probably they will write to have it returned."

"Stella, dear, we couldn't expect them to send things they could use themselves."

"No, I suppose not, and I'm an unthankful wretch. Beggars shouldn't be choosers, but"—and her voice quivered a little—"it isn't in me, somehow, to be a grateful beggar."

Mrs. Brent wrote a well worded letter of thanks to her cousin.

"I must not neglect to tell you," she said in conclusion, "of Alice's pleasure in the contents of the pasteboard box. The pretty gloves and dainty silk waist fitted her perfectly, and she is busy today making up the lawn, which will be her best gown all summer."

Aunt Clara bit her lip as she laid the letter down.

"How ridiculous of Jessie to send new things!" she muttered. "And I was so particular to tell her that anything would do."

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You are disappointed in not seeing splendid mansions in Cuba. The headquarters of the hacendados consist of groups of low and unlovely buildings, surrounded by ugly walls, but in this respect as in many others, appearances are deceitful. The frequency of insurrections and the enterprising banditti have made it necessary for planters to protect themselves and their homes as securely as possible, and every hacienda is a fortress capable of being defended by the retainers of the owner who live with him within the walls. Some of the larger plantations are still maintained on the feudal system, but many of them have passed from private ownership into the hands of corporations, and the former proprietors are living in Madrid, Seville, Paris or perhaps New York, while salaried administrators reign in their stead. The patriarchal relationship between the owners and the tillers of the soil is rapidly passing away.—Washington Star.

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A Canadian Club has been organized in Moose Jaw with W. B. Willoughby as president.

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