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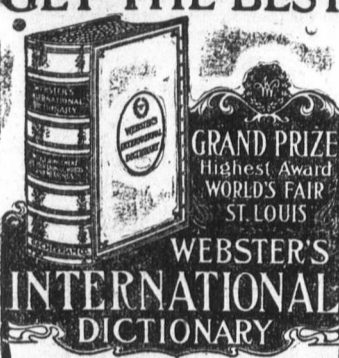
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COUNTY OF LAMBTON
Treasurers' Notice as to Lands
 Liable for Sale for Taxes
 A. D. 1907.

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by 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, da 2 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 16th 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,
 119-oct 16 Treasurer of County of Lambton.

CHANTRY FARM
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 Young Stock for Sale at all Times.
 "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.

IN
Ward Seven.
 By TEMPLE BAILEY.
 Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

"Nurse," piped the small boy in cot 2, "the doctor's dead stuck on you."
 "Hush," said the nurse and bent over him and tucked him up.
 Her cheeks were very red as she went out of the ward, and when she was alone in the diet kitchen she said under her breath, "The idea!"
 That afternoon she carried a wee bunch of violets to the small boy and pinned them on his little white night-shirt. "I picked them in the yard," she told him. "Spring is coming, and I saw a robin on the lawn."
 The small boy eyed her adoringly, and when the doctor came he whispered, "The nurse gave 'em to me—the pretty one with the blue eyes."
 "Nurse Isabelle?" asked the big, fair haired doctor.
 "Yep," said the small boy, "the one you're stuck on."
 The doctor stared at him through his thick eyeglasses. "The idea!" he said, then with the red coming into his face, "Don't talk, Jimmie; it's bad for you."
 But when he had tended the poor little throat and the boy lay weak and pale on his pillow the doctor whispered, "May I have a violet, Jimmie?" and the small boy nodded, and the doctor laid the little blue flower carefully in his pocketbook between the prescriptions and the unpaid bills.
 Unpaid bills were the reason that, in spite of his thirty-five years, the doctor had not indulged in romance. Notwithstanding his success in his profession, the expenses of city living and a mortgage on his mother's farm kept him in a state of chronic insolvency, with a consequent constant shabbiness.
 At the door Nurse Isabelle helped him on with his rusty overcoat.
 "There's a button off," she told him. "I'll sew it on if you will wait."
 And as she took deft stitches the doctor looked down at her white capped head. From beneath the cap little blond locks curled against her round throat.
 "Jimmie's right," he said aloud, and when Nurse Isabelle said "What?" in



ISABELLE BENT OVER HIM AND SAID SOFTLY.
 a startled way he stammered: "Oh, nothing. Let me know how the boy is," and went away.
 That night he took an account of ways and means and found that it wouldn't do. There was a big balance yet to be paid on the mortgage, and he must still travel the path of loneliness.
 "Oh, I say," Jimmie informed him a week later, "you ain't doin' it right."
 "Why not?" the doctor asked.
 "Aw, you ought to bring her a rose or some violets," Jimmie told him. "She likes 'em."
 "I haven't time for foolishness," the doctor stated briefly, and Nurse Isabelle, coming up, heard him.
 With her head held high she helped him examine Jimmie, and after the doctor had gone the small boy said shyly:
 "Well, anyhow, I'm dead stuck on you, nurse, dear." She kissed him with her cheeks blushing.
 That night she telephoned to the doctor, "Jimmie is worse."
 When he came, the small boy was fighting for breath. "Tell-me about—the robin," he begged feebly, and Nurse Isabelle bent over him and sang softly, "The robin is dressed in his feathers and down. With warm, red breast and his wings of brown."
 and then she stood back that the doctor might see him.
 She knew that things were very wrong. The doctor gave orders quickly, and she followed them, and for

hours they fought with death.
 At midnight they thought that the end had come. Jimmie lay very still with his little face gray in the shaded light.
 Isabelle, bending over him, began to cry, silently at first, then hysterically. "Oh, why can't you save him?" she gasped. "Why can't you save him?"
 "Hush!" the doctor warned. "Hush!"
 But she was worn out, and the sobs came faster and faster as with shaking hands she tried to hold Jimmie up.
 The doctor took the boy from her. "Go and get me hot water," he ordered—"plenty of it. I'm ashamed of you."
 When she came back, he had his coat off and his sleeves were rolled up. "It's the last chance," he said, and she helped him lift Jimmie into the bath.
 The tears ran down her cheeks and dripped into the tub. Once she looked at the doctor. "I am so ashamed of myself," she whispered. "But—I have not many people to love me." And she sobbed under her breath.
 The doctor's hair was wet, his face was red, and his shirt was open at the neck, showing the cords of his strong neck. He lifted the little steaming body in his arms and held the boy while Nurse Isabelle enveloped him in a heated blanket.
 Jimmie opened his eyes as they laid him on his little cot. "Tell me about the robin," he murmured dreamily and went to sleep, holding tight to Nurse Isabelle's finger.
 The doctor, warm and rumped, looked at the two.
 "You haven't any business nursing," he said to Isabelle.
 Her startled eyes met his. "I was afraid you would say that," she quavered. "I was such a—fool."
 "You are not a fool," the doctor blazed, "but some women aren't any more fitted to be nurses than I am to be the angel Gabriel."
 Nurse Isabelle was not so sure of his usefulness for the sacred office as he stood there in his strength and dignity, with his halo of fair hair.
 "If I had anything to offer you," he remarked abruptly, "I'd marry you."
 "Oh!" Nurse Isabelle tried to rise, but Jimmie's thin fingers held her. "Please, don't," she begged.
 "Don't disturb my patient," was the doctor's peremptory command. He ran his fingers through his hair. "If I wasn't so dead poor," he ruminated.
 "A woman who breaks down at such an important moment isn't fit to be in a hospital," he continued. "She ought to be in a home where the tenderness would not be wasted."
 He came around to Nurse Isabelle's side. It was very still in the big room. The screen around Jimmie's bed hid them from such wakeful patients as might be in ward 7.
 "In my home it would not be wasted," he said softly.
 Jimmie stirred slightly. Nurse Isabelle rose and bent over him. When she straightened up she was within the circle of the doctor's arm.
 "Oh!" she gasped, all pink and white and beautiful.
 "You're such a little thing to take care of yourself," the doctor whispered. "And I'll make ends meet."
 As she raised a radiant face Jimmie opened his eyes and took in the satisfying situation.
 "I told you he was dead stuck on you," he chuckled weakly.

How the Months Got Their Names.
 The months of the year obtained their names from widely varying sources. January was named from the Roman god Janus, the deity with two faces, one looking to the east and the other toward the west. February comes from the Latin word februo, to purify. It was the ancient Roman custom to hold festivals of purification during that month. March owes its name to an old god of war. Among the Saxons this month was known as lenst, meaning spring, which was the origin of our word Lent. It is claimed by some that April was named from the Latin word aperire, open, in signification of the opening buds. In Saxon days it was called eastre, in honor of Eostra, the goddess of spring, from which comes our word Easter. May was named after Maia, the Roman goddess of growth or increase, and June was from the Latin juvenis (young). Julius Caesar himself named July in his own honor, and August was likewise named by Augustus Caesar. September is from the Latin word septem, meaning seven, it being the seventh month of the year according to the old Roman calendar, and October, November and December likewise retain the names they were known by in the old Roman calendar.

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