
tor had been hinting as openly as he the church folks was too good to be dared to half a dozen of his cutomers who were sitting around the stove, that he would like to go home. But his ostentatious preparations—the slamming of covers on open barrels and the extinguishing of the lights down to a solitary lamp-made no visible impression on them. For the squat comin' Sunday. little stove still radiated a hospitable glow, and the air of the room was comfortably blue and fragrant with

the smoke of many pipes.

The conversation, which had languished while there had been an occasional customer to soothe the nervous proprietor, suddenly became From chickens, it naturally drifted to poultry diseases, and thence to the uncertainties of life. That suggested religion to Tom Hicks; and religion, revivals; and revivals, sinners, So, by an easy transition, the church choir came up for discussion. Then it was that old Uncle Ezra,

who had been silent through it all, unlimbered ponderously, as properly befitted a great gun of the village. "Reckon I never told you 'bout the time I was a bass singer?" he threw A respectful chorus of "Noes," and

"Tell us about it, Uncle Ez," answered him. Each member of the party settled back into his chair with a sigh of relief, and the unhappy Jenkins sat down on a cracker-box, for Uncle Ezra, as a man of wealth and position, was not to be interrupted nor hurried. "Just twenty-five years ago, when I

was in my prime," he began, after a preparatory cough, "the Methodist church was built, and John Tate undertook to organize the choir. They called him the 'percenter,' or some thing of that kind. 'Tany rate, they were stuck for a bass singer. Everyone they invited to try for the position failed. At last someone mentioned my name, and John came to me and asked me to jine 'em. At first I stood out right and said 'no,' not flatterin' myself that I could fill the bill 'tall. I knowed one tune from another, and I told him so: but my voice was weak and anything but deep; besides, at that time I had a little tech of asthma once in a while.

"None of you young fellers never knowed John Tate. He was killed by the Injuns after he went' west, but he was the most convincin' man I bout ever see, and he got me to come to church that night and try over some of the tunes. I remember I had a terrible cold that day; it was deep sot, and my voice was below zero, so to

"Well, seein' as I had promised, I went down to the meetin' house, as we called it in them days. Matilda Savory, now the Widow Plunkett, was there and George Delameter, who was to be the tenor, and Rachel Sliter, now deceased, and Susan Black, who I had galivanted round with considerable, and had a slinkin' sweetness for. There was a few others I don't just recollect this minute. We first attacked that hymn runnin'

"'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

"I put my whole soul into it, and all the wind I could muster. They was all surprised to find out I had such a good bass voice, and I laughed in my sleeve, because no one seemed to notice that I had a cold. We tried several pieces, and after finishin', some one was sure to say to me, 'Why, Ez, I had no idea that you had such a splendid bass voice,' and another would say to the one sittin' next, 'We couldn't get along without Ez: dont his voice chord in

"You can believe I was honored, and what made me feel the best was the kinder suppressed look of pride on Susan's face. For the time bein' I really thought I could sing like a-a blackbird. Yes, that was the comparison I made to myself. You see, I was thinkin' of Susan; her rear name was Black, as I mentioned before,

"This was on a Monday night. John Tate told us to meet again on Saturday evenin' to practice, so's we'd be able to make the church ring with devout song on the followin' day. On Tuesday my cold was disappearin', and my normal up-grade voice was comin'

"I had now a chance to consider that I had made a mistake in joinin' the choir, for when the time should come



A SEA OF FLAME. On the evening of November, 28th, 1878, fire broke out in the British ship Melanie, loaded with 500 barrels of petroleum. An awful mass of flames shot up from the main hatch and the vessel quivered from stem to stern with explosion of the barrels. Her seams opened and the blazing petroleum poured out into the river, spreading a belt of fire around her. The master and seamen jumped overboard. Captain Sharp, whose vessel was lying close by, propelled a small boat through the blazing river and after a severe scorching and imminent peril, saved

the seamen from a horrible death. All over civilization there are thousands of men in more imminent danger than were those seamen. They are threatened with consumption or are already in the clutch of that deadly disease. If they only knew it, help is at hand. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It also cures bronchitis, asthma, throat and masal troubles and all diseases of the air passages. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder, and nerve-tonic. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect and the liver active. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the product of that cminent specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, who, during the thirty years that he has been chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, has treated more cases than fifty ordinary physicians treat in a lifetime. Thousands given up doctors, have tes-tified to complete recovery under this mar-

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is specially cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

The shutters of Jenkins' grocery | for me to make a public exhibition of store had been up an hour or more, myself my voice would be pitched entirely too high. Still I felt that this and the little, red-whiskered proprieopportunity to become popular with lost. I was a young man, anxious to be a success in business and get some of the custom which went to Andrew Yates, who also kept a grocery. And so I made this resolve: that, if necessary, I would catch another cold on Saturday rather than resign or run the risk of singin' in no set voice on the

> "Saturday morning arrived, and I hadn't even blowed my nose since Wednesday, just afore I went to bed. So I throwed off my coat and vest and scrambled down cellar, which was just the plece to get what I wanted. I hired a little boy to tend store, and I sot for nearly an hour on a hogshead of molasses, sneezin' away, but determined not to give up until I'd caught a firstrate cold. When I came upstairs I called out to the boy just to see how my vocal organs was fixed, and they put me in mind of a big bass drum that I'd heard once in a travelin' cir-

"That night I was on hand punctual, and received many more compliments. and went home with Susan, chipper as a butterfly. For fear I wouldn't be hoarse the next morning, I sot in the open window of my chamber with my coat and vest off, gazin' at the stars and thinkin' of Susan, while I grew hoarser every moment.

"On Sunday mornin' my voice was in good trim, and it was one of the most triumphant moments of my life as I stood up and let it swell out, while all the people down below looked up and watched us with admiration and envy. My throat was rather sore and my chest felt tight, but I paid no attention

"The choir agin met on Monday night, and my voice held its own. During the rest of that week I laid in a stock of soothin' syrup and camphor and other medicines, which I used pretty lavishly, and with good results. But Saturday come, and I found myself hesitatin' whether to go down cellar again or sever my connections with the choir forever. I had observed that trade had picked up wonderfully within a few days, and the minister himself had dropped in and asked for credit on a pound of cheese, some clothes pins and one or two other articles-I don't just recollect this minute. The superintendent of the Sabbath school also came in for the first time and bought a ham and a gallon of sperm oil. If this thing continues, thinks I to myself. I can afford to catch cold for a few weeks, until they can get a natural bass singer, and down cellar I went, leavin' the same little boy to tend the store.
"Well, a year went by, and I was

holdin' forth in the Methodist choir. My business was now flourishin' and although Mr Vates was a Christian, the church people patronized me as much as they did him; for durin' this time they had a tremendous revival down at Jericho Center. and I had experienced religion. By being in the choir I had many chances to see Susan home, which would not have happened otherwise, and I valued this circumstance; for my regard for her had gradually deepened into sin-

cere and unmitigated affection. But then Susan up and married a young justice of the peace, who never attended church, and was a bigger sin ner than I ever dreamed of bein'. This took Susan out of the choir and left me desolate. I vowed eternal celibacy, and I didn't care who set the Methodist Church afire. That was the last of me as a bass singer. Why, reckon it up, and see how many times I've exposed myself to diphtheria, bronchitis and death, and not a livin' soul was in the secret. I got so scientific about it that I could tell how many sneezes would make me hoarse enough to strike the lowest note in Old Hundred without strainin' for it.

"But one thing's been sorter botherin' me all these years. Suppose Rachel Sliter should meet me in heaven. The very first thing she'd say would be Well, if here ain't Ez Hix! Come here, Ezra. I want you to sing some That would be just like Rachel." "Well, Uncle Ez," said Tom Hicks, who had been the old man's most respectful auditor. "You could have 'em open the windows and put ice on you when you was dyin', so that you could catch cold and take it along with you and sing for her."

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The bronzed soldier looked at the package addressed to him with moist-ened eyes. "Blessed angels," he said; "they do not forget us." Then he carefully took off the wrappings and found nail-brush, an ornamental hair-receiver, a pair of tidies, a bottle of mixed pickles, a tract, a hand-painted blotting-pad and a trousers-stretcher. 8. N.

Mrs. Fadde, Christian Scientist-How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?
Bridget—He still has the rheumatics mighty bad mum.
"You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism. "Yes. mum.

A few days later: "And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism? "No, mum; the poor man thinks now is dead. We buried um yis-

terday.' An English paper tells rather an amusing story of a small boy's interview with the commander-in-chief of the English army. The boy's father is a naval officer, and lives at South-sea. One day there was a big review on the common, and a lady remarked to the boy that she had seen the review and also Lord Wolseley in the distance.

that's nothing," said "Oh, oungster. "I was there and Lord Wolseley spoke to me."
"Spoke to you?" said the boy's moher. "What nonsense!"
"Oh, but he did, though," was the "I walked right in front of his horse, and he said, "Now, then, young fellow, get out of the way.'

2. E. Mark Twain was at an evening

if I write a novel. Do tell me about it. Did you ever have it?" "Once," was the smiling reply. "Oh, how awful! And what did you take for it?" "Beefsteak." "Beefsteak? Why, I thought that was only for diphtheria, bound on the throat raw—" "Madam," said he grimly, "for my form of authors' cramp it was taken inside the throat cooked. I can't answer for its being a panacea, but for my form its being a panacea, but for my form it was all right."

. . Living in Hawaii is not without its the war with Spain. disadvantages, if a story told in the himself in the Evanston Index: Family Herald may be believed. The This war is pretty sirius, and natives have little idea of respectful why it is; at vrst the Spanish used deference, and insist in calling their bad words about Mr. Kinerly; and the menservants, expostulated with her sister for allowing them to become so

Lizzie.

Six-year-old Paul Harper is the youngest historian yet heard from on This war is pretty sirius, and this is

employers by their Christian names. next sirius thing was the Main, and One lady, who upon her arrival was I wisht I culd a seen that explotion. at once addressed as Jennie by the And then the starveing Cubins are purty sirius to. And now we have beejun the war and many comrads familiar. She was assured that every will be dead. Prhaps there won't be effort had been made to induce them a man left in town, and many a muto say Mr. and Mrs., but this they ther will mourn for her husband. They will lay dead on the batifield, and steadily refused to do.
"No, no," they said, "too many smith, too much Jones--you John and their husbans. They will lay dead on the batifield, and there stand the muthers weeping for their husbans. They take the wounded to the hospitls and the dead to One Englishwoman was determined their graves, and meny spanish ships that her servants should never ad- will sink and few American ships will dress her in the familiar fashion that sink and we will fite on land and on other white people had allowed to become common. She therefore instruct-

Of Interest to Women.

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Curiosities of Our Calendar. There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every 20 years, October always beginning on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after Feb. 29.

Cervera's Yankee Love Affair. Admiral Cervera, whose name is now

so prominently before the public, was naval attache at the Spanish legation in the United States 25 years ago. The young officer owed his position

to the fact that he was the nephew of the famous Admirai Topete, the most distinguished naval officer Spain has had in the last half-century, says the Cervera was a handsome fellow then. He was rich, a bachelor, and his dinners were among the finest by diplomats during Gen. Grant's last term. Cervera was recalled, and entered the cabinet of Alfonso XII. in November, 1885.

While in the United States, Cervera had a love affair that was much talked of at the time. He became desperately enamored of a charming young lady, the only child of one of the proudest and haughtiest men who ever sat in the senate of the United States. She was not only a senator's daughter, but as cold and proud as was her stately, aristocratic sire. Whether she smiled or frowned upon the ardent suit of her picturesque, handsome Spanish lover cannot now be told.

In those days Cervera played the guitar with the grace of his race, and possessed an admirable light tenor At an evening reception given by Mrs. Fish, wife of the secretary of state. Cervera was asked to sing. He complied by fixing the attention of everyone near him upon his inamorita, as, gazing at her in the most fervid manner, he made her a deep bow and burst into the passionate measures of the most sensational of Spanish love songs. This was too much for the girl and she quietly left the house.

Where Fashion Is in the Wrong.

There is a disquieting rumor in the newspapers, that the autumn fashions for women's dresses include designs for walking skirts that drag in the dust. of those good hymns that we used to Fashions, being invented for all sorts sing in Slackville Methodist Church.' and conditions of women, must necessarily include styles which shall appeal to women who lack a reasonable discernment about what to wear. Women who have a fair equipment of common sense know, and will always recognize, that the skirts of street dresses should clear the ground; but, sad to say, there are a good many women in every community to whom to be garbed in the latest fashion is more than comfort or cleanliness, and who, if they were once convinced that it is the fashion to wear long skirts in the street, will undergo all the drawbacks and inconveniences of such a fashion while it lasts. There is reason to believe, though, that American women are stronger-minded about fashlons than they used to be, and that no whim of Parisian style-mongers which is obviously inconvenient or unprofitable or unbecoming can gain anything like a general acceptance. Two or three years ago, crinoline was offered and rejected. street That was encouraging. Long street dresses, if they are to be offered again should be rejected just as promptly, and doubtless will be by the great mafority of women, even though they should escape formal condemnation by boards of health .- Harper's Bazar.

Renovating Velvet and Plush

A simple method of cleaning velvet, velveteen and plush is described in the September Ladies' Home Journal, by Emma M. Hooper. The rule applies to all three kinds of goods, as all have a pile which if flattened must be assisted to rise again. With the assistance of a stiff whick broom, a pan of boiling water, and an obliging friend who will brush up the nap as you hold the goods taut over the steam the wrong side to the water, these materials will look like new. This process removes wrinkles, brightens the color, and makes the crushed nap stay up when brushed against the grain, and will answer for black or colored pile fabrics. If the velvet has a grease spot on it remove it with French chalk before steaming. A sticky spot may be lightly touched with cleaned cold water before the steaming process.

Golf Less Fashionable.

Now that it is whispered that golf is less fashionable, and will probably become still less so, the revival of lawn tennis and croquet is much heralded. party when a gushing young authoress was introduced to him. "Oh, Mr. Clemens," she exclaimed, "I am so afraid of that dreadful author's cramp. All my friends tell me I will have it dences that the latter game will again feels that a load is off its mind, draws

| take its deserved place among outdoor sports. In all the small places of England and Scotland it is and has been, without cessation, played persistently. A lady traveling this summer in Barrie's country, writes home of going to call with a rector and his wife on another rector where croquet was the entertainment of the afternoon, as a matter of course. The Scotch hosts were so impressed with the American's single-handed play, particularly as she won every game, that afterwards over tea and biscuit there was a serious discussion over the expediency of adopting this method of playing. It is an almost universal custom among Scotch and English croquet players to grasp the mallet with both hands.

Bachelor Women.

"Bachelor Women" is the title of an Contemporary Review by Stephen Gwynn. Mr. Gwynn devotes considerable space to discussing the latest theories of Signor Ferrero regarding the increase of spinsters in Anglo-Saxon society, which has concerned him deeply. Mr. Gwynn cites an illustra-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. His father was the richest wine merchant in Spain. For two hundred years the house of Cervera has existed as wine dealers in Jerez, handling all the sherry which comes from that district the Radical party. The eldest daught ities and had fought in the ranks of ter, unmarried and 30, was a journalist, lived by herself in an apartment; the second daughter was a professor of history at Girton; the third daughter founded a model farm, with the purpose of training women to earn their livelihood as gardeners; the fourth, an artist, was also independent. Not one of the four girls had the least idea of marrying, nor cared about charming men. All were rich and good looking. and might easily have obtained-husbands. They believed that marriage would diminish their liberty and pleasure in life. Mr. Gwynn argues against Signor Ferrero's pessimistic belief and argues that society is being modified by the rapidly increasing class of women to whom marriage is not the chief end and aim in life, but proceeds to show by actual instances that the advanced woman may still be induced to marry. He observes that the bachelor woman has either to grow old in Bohemia or marry and go into ordinary society, and if she marries and goes into society it is possible that she may modify its conventions to a considerable extent. Mr. Gwynn states that the "working gentlewoman wants to get married in order that she may ave less work and more comfort; the club woman, who is often a widow, remains unmarried for the very same reason." It is also his belief that the great number of independent women which are now to be found in all lands will be the means of doing away with marriages of convenience. The reproachful term "old maid" will disappear, and instead we shall have not only the bachelor girl but the old bachelor woman, who will insist that

> The Queen's Bonnet. Her Majesty Queen Victoria has in her possession the most expensive bonnet in the world. It is not a triumph of the milliner's art, and it is not likely to be the mode. In fact, the Queen has

"the comforts of a home are only for

the husband."

never worn it. The natives of the Navigator Islands were most anxious to make the Queen a present. There was formed a committee, which debated long and patiently what would be most appropriate. Jewels were out of the question. It would cost a fortune to give to one of the richest sovereigns in the world a jewel that she would appreciate. Even the most gorgeous clothes were not advisable. India had excelled them in weaving.

The gift should be suggestive of their part of the world, and made by their people. But what?-that was the ques-Their women were skilled at plaiting grass and making it into everything from furniture, matting and mural decorations, to gowns and hats, but this would not be valuable enough. Aside from the thoughtfulness of the gift, it must have some intrinsic worth.

The committee disagreed. One gentleman resigned in despair. The new member revived their lagging spirits. The new member said emphatically that even a queen had vanity enough to want to possess the most expensive bonnet in the world. One of their own tortoise shells should be made into a bonnet. It should be carved by their own people, and while it would not cost them very dearly, Victoria would find it quite expensive if she went shopping for it in Bond street. The tired members of the committee voted the new member a knowing one, and if they did not promise him a monument it is because that form of greatness is unknown in Samoa.

An elaborate bonnet was made of a whole shell. 'The workmanship was exquisite. Never was tortoise shell more artistically carved. The shape is like that of the Salvation Army lassies. In due time the Queen received the gift, and wrote the committee note of thanks. The Queen found the



EARTH'S MEDICINE



PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

MAKES SICK PEOPLE WELL.



Prescribed Physicians.



mental pictures of Queen Victoria driving down "The Lady's Mile" and nodding to her faithful subjects and wearing the gift that caused so many wrinkles in the gray matter of its brain. **0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0**

The Poets.

O li'l' lamb, out in de col' De Mastah call you to de fol', O li'l' lamb! He hveah vou bleatin' on de hili: Come hyeah, an' keep yo' mou'nin' still,

De Mastah sen' de Shepherd fo'f: He wandah souf, he wandah no'f, O li'l' lamb! He wandah eas', he wandah wes'; De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas', O li'l' lamb!

Oh, tell de Shepherd whaih you hide; He want you walkin' by his side, O li'l' lamb! He know you weak, he know you so'; But come, don' stay away no mo',

O li'l' lamb! An' af'ah while de lamb he hyeah De Shepherd's voice a-callin' cleah-Sweet li'l' lamb! He answah f'om the brambles thick, "O Shepherd, I'se a-comin' quick"-

O li'l' lamb!

-Paul Lawrence Dunbar. 12 R

The Song of the Bow. What of the bow? The bow was made in England; Of true wood, of yew wood, The wood of English bows: So men who are free

And the land where the yew tree grows. What of the cord? The cord was made in England; A rough cord, a tough cord, A cord that bowmen love : And so we will sing

Of the hempen string, And the land where the cord was wove. What of the snaft? The shaft was cut in England: A long shaft, a strong shaft, Barbed and trim and true; So we'll drink all together

To the gray goose feather,

And the land where the gray goose flew. What of the mark? Ah, seek it not in England; A bold mark, our old mark, Is waiting over-sea: When the strings harp in chorus, And the lion flag is o'er us.

It is there that our mark will be. What of the men? The men were bred in England; The bowmen-the yeomen, The lads of dale and fell: Here's to you-and to you!

To the hearts that are true, And the land where the true hearts dwell. -Conan Doyle, in "Songs of Action."

An expedition consisting entirely of women has been formed in Australia to explore the Solomon Islands, the ome of the fiercest cannibals known. Hitherto white men have been able to penetrate only a few miles inland.

Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach. Giddiness, Fulness after meals, Head-nehe, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Dis-turbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE. REECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to com-plete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the sys-tem and cure sick Headache. For a Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion

Disordered Liver IN MEN. WOMEN OR CHILDREN Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival LARCEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World.

TREASURER'S

.....IN THE.....

CITY OF LONDON

.....FOR.....

TAXES.

Province of Ontario.
City of London.
To wit:
Sisued under the hand of the Mayor of the said City of London, and sealed with the corporate seal thereof, which warrant bears date the Fifteenth Day of June, 1898, A.D., and is to me directed and addressed as treasurer of the said city, commanding me to levy in accordance with the provisions of "The Consolidated Assessment Act, 1892," and amendments thereto, in that behalf on the lands hereinafter mentioned and described, being in the said city, for taxes in arrears thereon, respectively and for taxes in arrears thereon, respectively and lawful costs,

I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs be sooner paid I shall and will proceed to sell by public auction, at the City Hall, in the City of London Ont., on wful costs,

Monday, the 12th Day of September, A.D., 1898.

at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the said lands, or so much thereof as may be suf-ficient to discharge the said taxes and costs, and observes in and about the said of the said

nd charges in and about the sale ands, authorized by the said Act.		
West of the state		
Description.	axes.	osts.
ADELAIDE ST., west side—	\$ 4 85	3 06
Part lot easterly 45 ft	11 41	3 23
Part lot, westerly 15 ft. BRISCOE ST., south side Part lot, westerly 30 ft.	8 94	3 03
Whole lot, 60 ft	17 89 8 17 7 73	3 16 3 49 3 15 3 14
Part lot, westerly 5-10	4 48 10 01 11 32	3 04 3 19 3 20
Whole lot, 45 ft CARLING ST., south side— Part lot, N Dundas st., 110 ft	8 10	
DURINIA SI PASI SIDE		
Whole lot, 45 feet ELM ST., south side Northerly 6-10 of south 5 FLORENCE ST., south side—	2 02	
FLORENCE ST., south side—	3 19	
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9 Part 10t, 1/4 1t	1 200	2 96
Part lot, easterly 5-10 of lot, 22½ ft FULLERTON ST., north side—	3 63	3 01
Westerly 39 ft. of lot A and B. part of 7 HAMILTON RD., north side	44 03	4 04
JOHN ST., porth side—	6 30	3 09
giPart lot easterly 35-100 of west /	39	2 95
acre LANGARTH ST., north side— Whole lot, 60 ft Whole lot 60 ft.	15 25 15 25 15 26 15 26	3 32 3 32
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REGENT ST., south side-	1 .	77 2 9
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28 Part lot, westerly 1-5 of lot. 3 Whole lot, 59 ft. 3 Part lot, easterly 4-5 of lot. REGENT ST., north side— 6 Part lot, 25-100 of west ½ of lot. SACKVILLE ST., west side 90 Part lot, westerly 42 ft. of lot. SOUTH ST., north side— 13 Part lot, 90 ft.		53 2 9
SACKVILLE ST., west side Part lot, westerly 42 ft. of lot	5	16 3 9
SOUTH ST., north side-	76	07 4

The first publication in The Advertiser June 18, 1898. JOHN POPE, Treasurer's Office, London, Ont.

13 Part lot, 90 ft TRAFALGAR ST., north side-

5 Whole lot, 70 ft. 8 Part lot, westerly ½ of lot.... VICTORIA ST., south side-

1 Whole lot, ½ acre. WATERLOO ST., cast side-

8 Whole lot, % acre. WEST AVE., north side-

49 Whole lot, 60 ft... 50 Whole lot, 60 ft...

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