There's Only One Reason
FOR
The Enormous Sale of
"SALADA"
CEYLON TEA
Quality Irreproachable.
Lead Packets Only. All Grocers.
Blacked or mixed.
ywt

A King's Gentleman.

CHAPTER II.

It was a garden deep in the heart of Provence, Provence the fair, Provence the intoxicating, Provence of the Provencals, neighbor of Languedoc and Dauphiny; that region redolent of the traditions of poet and troubadour, of the court of Love and Beauty, of Blondel and his lion-master, of the dear, prolix, impossible, inconsequent romances that drove Don Quixote mad, but whose flavor, like a drop of attar, has been found sufficient to perfume half the more modern works of fiction.

It was a garden innocent of the chilling and formal science just coming into vogue in France under the auspices of Le Notre, the impress of whose style is still to be seen, not only in the gardens of Versailles, but all over France, and even England; a garden left very much to nature, who, sweet prodigal, in this her beloved summer land, had pleased herself by heaping together in this little hidden nook a wealth of color and perfume, of riotous bloom, of glowing sunlight and alluring shadow, of food for every sensuous capacity of eye and ear, and that subtlest of senses, the sense of smell, enough in this one garden to gild all Switzerland with a charm her grandeur has never attained.

The place was old and irregular, and succeeding generations of Montarnauds had left the impress of their taste in now a dense mass of evergreen forming a background to a great clump of gorgeous bloom; now a fountain, again an arbor, a winding labyrinth leading to a hidden nook of shaded and perfumed rest; again a broad, glowing expanse of massed flowers, geranium, salvia, calceolaria, hydrangea, dahlias, everything that is positive and imperious of color and form, all weltering in the thick yellow sunshine that seemed to sink into every pore like wine into the lips of a thirsty man; around these lay borders of pansy and mignonette, and all that is fragrant and unobtrusive, and ready to lend perfume to the beauty of their soulless neighbors; and anon broad ribbons of tulip-beds, and trellises where passion-flower and jasmine and scarlet cypress climbed tumultuously over each other to the very topmost hold, and then waved their long slender arms hither and yon in the effort to grasp at something more. Lilies were there, queen lilies such as the Angel of the Anunciation bears, their milk-white chalices powdered with the gold dust of promise; lilies of the valley at their feet; lilies from Japan, that land still locked in mystery, yet ginging from her half-opened door this or that object of art and wonder to the French who stood knocking, louis d'or in hand; lilies of Palestine, Solomon lilies, flaunting beneath the Provencal sun robes whose marvel was selected as the type of gorgeous apparel by him who was born among their glory. And the roses! at the roses we pause; for he who has not seen Provence roses in Provence knows not the meaning of those five letters, knows not why the rose is queen of flowers, knows not why the rose is the type of love, knows not why the dear old mediaeval legend changed Bohemian Elizabeth's hidden charity to roses rather than to another flower. The color, oh, the impossible color! for the heart of the summer pulsated in its glow, the soul of the sun burned in its intensity, the deep rich light permeated every vein of the petals sumptuous in their substance, and marvelous in their size. No, no! we cannot describe the roses of Provence; but they are there, and you may see them; pass by Paris and go, if you are wise.

Besides the evergreens, the olive, the pepper trees, the ilex, the flowers and the labyrinth, there were the birds who made bridal journeys from all the rest of France to this garden; the butterflies who floated over the flower beds like blossoms detached and drawn upward by the sun god; and there was Valerie! Valerie, who all day long flitted through the garden, embodying flower, and bird, and butterfly, and Provencal summer, all in her own mignonne figure; Valerie, who loved them all, and was beloved by all, and had feasted all her life upon their beauty, and whose beauty was a feast and daily food to them. A slip of a girl, hardly 17; lissome as a passion-flower vine; her clear skin pale and dark with the passionate colorless glow of the South, her purple-black hair hanging in two shining braids from a head fit to be modeled for Hebe; her smooth, low forehead based by two straight black brows, beautiful and threatening as a just-defined thunder cloud; her great lustrous eyes full of slumberous passion, full of the joy of happy girlhood, full of pride and courage, and with a power of pathos nascent in their depths which the birds and the butterflies and the roses had never yet seen called out, had never demanded or dreamed of. But her mouth!—there was perhaps the keystone of Valerie's beauty. Yes, the petals of the roses were velvety and pulsating with fire, were of a color impossible to define or reproduce, were fragrant and delicious to the touch; but the rose leaves were not alive, they did not curve and pout and suddenly part in dazzling smiles above little pearls of teeth; they were not the lips of Valerie, nor could they by movement produce those little wells of mirth and caresses and possible tears, the fossettes, the dimples which came and went as Valerie smiled. It was, after all, the mouth, Francois said to himself as he stood gazing at her while she played with El Moro, her Spanish greyhound, forcing him to eat the purple and amber grapes she pulled from the vine above her head, while she sat throned upon a seat formed in the lowest branches of an oak near the borders of the garden. Flecks of sunlight pierced the foliage and lay like golden ornaments upon the whiteness of her dress, glowed in the ruby bracelet upon her arm, and lighted the dusky masses of her hair to purple sheen. Yes, it was her mouth, that mouth whose coy kisses had grown so rare within the last year, but had become so much more precious than the soulless caresses of childhood. Last night, when they quarreled and were reconciled, she kissed him twice, and——

"Well, Monsieur le Baron," broke in the ringing voice of Valerie, "are you envying El Moro his feast, or are you composing a Latin poem for your tutor, or have you gone to sleep? You stand there leaning against that tree, and looking at me as if you never had seen me before."

"Perhaps I wish I never had," replied Francois a little moodily, as he sauntered across the space of sunlight between the cork tree and the oak, and stood leaning against the latter, his arm resting on the footstool of the rustic seat.

"Perhaps you—there, run away, mon Moro; run and catch a cricket to take the flavor of the grapes out of your mouth—perhaps you wish you had never seen me, Francois? And why:"

She leaned one cheek upon her hand, as she stooped smiling toward him, and the other hand rested lightly and caressingly upon his head. He caught it in his own, and, raising his face, looked long and ardently up into hers. And it is a pity some great painter had not been hidden among the roses to catch that picture, and make himself immortal by it; for the Baron Francois was nearly as handsome as a manly man should be, and had inherited from his Norman mother all the high and haughty characteristics of her race—the cold, clear eyes, blue as steel, and betimes as trenchant and as cruel, the fair complexion, proud, thin-lipped mouth, and tawny golden hair. His figure, too, differed largely from the delicate elegance lapsing into sensuous roundness of his Provencal sires, and was tall, large-boned, powerful and soldierly, like those companions who followed William the Conqueror to the field of Hastings. But just now the steely eyes were dim with tender tears, and the severe mouth was tremulous with loving words; and the hand fit to wield a battle-axe was clasped in timid constraint over the tiny fingers of the Provencal girl, as he slowly answered:

"Because, if you do not love me, and love me always, you will be the misfortune of my life."

"What, I, little I? I who can never learn the fine things you and the abbe try to teach me? Litle, frivolous, childish I, who am fit for nothing but to play with El Moro, and pelt Mademoiselle Salerne with roses, and tease old Marie's life out, and sing chansons to my guitar, and——"

"And make the joy of my poor life, Valerie."

"I again? What! poor little I, the present joy and possible misfortune of life to so very grave and learned a youth as Francois, le Baron de——"

"Francois, the lover of Valerie!" interposed the young baron, catching in his own the other little hand and covering them both with kisses, beneath whose breath a dusky crimson crept slowly up into the girl's cheek, and lighted its pallor as fire shows through cream-white porcelain.

"Mamzelle! Mamzelle Valerie! Ma petite! where, then, do you hide? Answer, for the love of the Virgin! Mamzelle, I say!"

"Now what does Marie want, do you suppose?" exclaimed Marie's nursling, in a tone of comic vexation. "Has she found another egg in my canary bird's nest, or has the cat turned over in her sleep? or—oh, horrors! has she discovered the fearful rent I made in my new dress last night, by running against a rose bush in the dark? Now that was your fault, Francois, and——"

"Here she is! I was just going to propose escaping into the labyrinth; but it is too late. Well, Marie, here is Mademoiselle Valerie."

(To be Continued.)

The Fools Not All Dead Yet.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill-smelling, oily, and often useless preparations for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful and penetrating as Nerviline is can be purchased from any dealer in medicine? Nerviline cures instantly aches and pains. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for internal pains. Nerviline applied externally subdues the most intense pain almost at once.

Bear oil sells for $4 a gallon this year in Maine, and the bears are fat enough and there are enough of them to make bear hunting the most profitable business for the trappers this season.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

A 16-year-old Diana, Miss Lulu Daniels, of Big Elk, Or., shot and killed a big buck with five point antlers, at 200 yards range, while out hunting with a party a few days ago.

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Strawberries in marketable quantities were gathered in Greenville, Or., last week.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to men. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

A Masonic Relic.

Record of the First Lodge Held in London.

Mount Moriah, No. 20, Removed From Westminster in 1834

Where it Was Instituted in 1821—Light on Some Hitherto Unknown History—Lodge Moriah's Inception.

Mr. James Gillean has come into possession of a book of Masonic bylaws printed in 1820 and used in the pioneer lodge of Middlesex—Mount Moriah, or Maria, No. 20. The bylaws were accepted and confirmed on Jan. 23, 1821, when Charles Duncombe was W. M.; Wm. Putnam, S. W.; Gardner Myrick, J. W.; Henry Myrick, secretary; Joseph House, treasurer; Joshua Putnam, S. D., and Bartholomew Swart, J. D. The signatures of the individual members of the lodge follow. The leaves are yellow, the book smells musty, and in many cases the signatures are hardly decipherable through age. A considerable number of the lodge members may have had difficulty in writing their names, as a number of them are followed by a small cross. These, however, may have been placed opposite the names at some later date, and may have no references to the educational standard of the times. The names of those composing the lodge as far as could be made out are: Dudley Morills, Len Gibbs, Arch. McMillan, Wm. A. Sumner, Michael C. Diamond, Joseph B. Flannigan, Joseph Silcox, Charles McLaughlin, Barnabas Flanagan, John Carroll, Thomas H. Sumner, Rowell Mount, Levi Myrick, William Niles, David Doty, Abel Sumner, James Canfield, Joshua S. O'Dell, Minor Marlet, Samuel L. Sumner, Silas E. Curtis, Beanis Swart, Elijah Smith, A. McIntosh, Abram Kilbourn and John Siddall.

These names are subscribed on a back flyleaf, and many of them are names familiar to Londoners.

The book evidently served as a minute book, as on the following blank leaf is an evident account of Lodge Mount Moriah's inception. It reads: "Grand convention assembled in due form, Westminster, January twenty-three, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one. Present our brothers: Abner Everett, W.M. (pro tem.); Cyrus Allen, vice-president (pro tem.); Nathan Tomlinson, moderator (pro tem.); Thomas Fisher, secretary (pro tem.); Calvin Martin, treasurer (pro tem.); Ira Schofield, tyler (pro tem.).

"At two o'clock the installation of the following officers commenced in due form: Bro. Charles Duncomb, W.M.; Bro. Wm. Putnam, S.W.; Gardner Myrick, J.W.; Henry Merrick, Sec.; Joseph House, Treas.; Joshua Putnam, S.D., Bart. Swart, J.D.; Wm. A. Sumner, Tyler."

On the following page appears the names of Joshua Fish, Eb. Hartwell, Samuel Smith, Caleb Burdick, Aaron Kinney, and the words, "Moriah Lodge removed from Westminster the ninth day of December, 5,834, to London, as per constitution, page 49."

Then appears the officers of the lodge on Dec. 27, 1834: Wm. Putnam, W.M.; Gardner Myrick, S.W.; Wm. Niles, J.W.; E. B. Hartwell, Sec.; Silas E. Curtis, Treas.; Samuel L. Sumner, S.D.; Abel Sumner, J.D.; Dudley Merrys, Tyler; Joshua Putnam (2), Joseph B. Flannigan, Master of Ceremonies; Levi Myrick and Thomas Putnam, Stewards.

Other names appended not already mentioned are: John Cole, Allan Cameron, Benjamin Bartlett, Henry Hull, John Brown, Andrew McCormick, Jas. Farley, Rufus Colton, Willard Wheeler Philo Bennett, and Elijah E. Duncomb.

As well as being to some extent a minute book, this old and musty little paper-covered pamphlet was evidently used by the treasurer, as such words as "Fees paid, $2," appear opposite to some of the names, with such memoranda as "Discharged, July 26, 1828," with variations in the date. The book was printed by J. Carey, at York (afterwards Toronto). The type is pica size, and the paper printed on one side only, the blank side being reserved for frequent and copious alterations from the original text, and additions.

Article first sets the meeting for the last Tuesday preceding full moon, at 3 p.m., when "every brother shall appear in clean and decent apparel." The tyler was exempt from dues, and was allowed a fee of half a dollar. The initiation fee was $20, $2 of which had to be paid when the name was proposed. They had a way of securing the attendance of members in those days by fining absentees one "York shilling." Some lodges would add greatly to their wealth if the practice were still in vogue. They had also another way of keeping funds in the treasury in those days, when any member indebted to the lodge to the extent of $1 was not allowed to vote or be eligible to any office. The degrees were paid for in installments, not in a lump sum on initiation.

The little book which Mr. Gillean now possesses throws light upon the early history of the lodge that has hitherto escaped observation. Mount Moriah, or Maria (it is spelled both ways in the book of bylaws) was the first Masonic lodge of the district, and available records hitherto have only gone back to 1829, eight years after the institution of the lodge. The lodge was No. 773, English Register, or No. 20, Provincial Grand Lodge Register. The lodge must have been a kind of a regimental one, as it traveled from one place to another, meetings being held at places owned by the members and at inns. In 1846 the charter of the lodge was surrendered, and the majority of the members joined St. John's, 209a, now the oldest lodge in existence in London.

Rheumatism Runs Riot

When there is lactic acid in the blood. Liniments and lotions will be of no permanent benefit. A cure can be accomplished only by neutralizing this acid and for this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

There is a disquieting rumor in England, says the New York World, that the Prince of Wales is learning to ride a bicycle.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Have you seen Trafford's new arrivals in bird's eye maple, curly birch, and quartered oak rockers; also latest style bookcase and secretaires and box couches in corduroy, at 95 and 97 King street. Phone, 864.

THE ELBE LOCATED.

But She Is Too Far Down to Be Reached by Divers.

The North German Lloyd Company sent a professional diver to try and locate the wreck of the Elbe, and to report about the possibility of getting at bodies, which may still be held in the wreck, and also to attempt to extricate what valuables might be gotten at. He reports as follows:

"We set out on the wrecking steamer Elise and hovered for almost two weeks around the spot where the Elbe sank. She lies listed over to the port side at a depth of over 40 fathoms (240 feet); favorable results could therefore hardly be expected. In spite of this we tried our best to descend to the vessel, but among six professional divers, two Germans, two Frenchmen, and two Englishmen, not one could dive deeper than 170 feet. I attempted it daily for six consecutive days, but when I got to the depth mentioned, which was the greatest depth reached by any of those on board, the pressure of the water upon my body was so powerful that it seemed to me all the air was pressed out of my body. It was difficult to breathe; the ears began to pain, and bleed, and a numbness seemed to penetrate the head, which I concluded was the beginning of waning consciousness. Since, with a diver attired in a scaphander suit, loss of consciousness would be fatal, the attempt to reach the Elbe had to be abandoned. From the deepest point I reached I could see the hull of the Elbe as through a fog. She is listed to the port side, and the masts and smoke stacks could plainly be seen."

KILLED ON A CROSSING.

Forest, Ont., Nov. 13.—A woman, whose name at this writing is unknown, alighted from the eastern train at 6:30 this morning, and in crossing the track was run down by the west-bound train. Her injuries will be atal.

TOOK THE WRONG ROAD.

Thorold, Nov. 14.—Bert Upper, a farmer from Stamford township, while driving home from here Tuesday night in the darkness, took the wrong road, and drove over the edge of the Battle cement kiln, and fell a distance of about 30 feet. Both he and his horse were killed.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 14.—The K of L. convention opened here yesterday morning. In the afternoon General Master Workman Sovereign read his annual address. He began by bitterly deuouncing ex-General Master Workman Powderly and other former officials for attempting to disrupt the order. He declared that these efforts had failed, and that while the order had decreased in membership it was today united and harmonious.

FIVE DROWNED.

New York, Nov. 14.—Five lives were lost this morning by the capsiziug of the steam oyster boat James W. Boyle, near Rockaway Inlet. The men on the boat were the Captain Peter McDonald, jr., 28 years old, of Princess Bay; Engineer John Finn, 38 years old, of Rondout, N. Y.; deck hand John Newbury, 40 years old, of Tottenville, S. I.; John Carroll, deck hand and cook, 40 years old, of Hoboken, N. J., and Walter B. Wood, constable, of Oyster Bay, S. I.

Our Trespasses

There is a great deal in the papers nowadays about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Scarcely a daily paper, or any paper, in fact, but you may read the particulars of some one who has been at death's door and cured.

It seems that at last there is a medicine that has been designed and advertised for a single purpose, and it answers expectation.

Dodd's Kidney Pills is for the kidneys, and every day it becomes more and more certain that all diseases result from impure blood and kidney diseases.

The doctors know this to be true. They understand that the blood must be as pure as distilled water.

You can't make water pure with drugs. It is nonsense to say you can. You must filter it. And so must the blood be filtered, and that is what kidneys are for.

A grateful old farmer who had been cured at a hopeless stage of diabetes said:

"People ought to buy Dodd's Kidney Pills the same as groceries, and never be without them in the house."

The moment any of the symptoms are felt, such as chills, fevers, creeping sensations, backaches, headaches, etc., then you ought to take a few doses of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They are so much like the stitch in time.

It is wonderful how like a "shoulder to the wheel" they are for tired kidneys.

Except sitting in a draft, over-eating and over-drinking has more to do with poor kidney work than any other cause.

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills affect us like forgiving our trespasses.

What is the cause of sallow, sickly skin, nervousness, depression, lack of ambition, hysteria, sleeplessness, Bright's disease, diabetes, paralysis, female troubles?

The plain, unvarnished truth is, the kidneys are failing or have failed to do blood filtering work. They want the help, the cleansing that only one medicine in the world can give, that is, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

It is said that a dog in Mulliken, Mich., possesses and uses daily a full set of artificial teeth. The dog is very old, and is a family pet. When it lost its teeth recently, its owner, according to the story, had the local dentist make the animal a full set of teeth, and they are said to be a perfect working success.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Two deaths from the effects of poison ivy occurred in Connecticut within a few days of each other recently.

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

A sure cure for Headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale by W. T. Strong.

The last turnpike road in Connecticut, the old Derby road, is soon to be made free.

A Natural Beautifier.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. For sale by W. T. Strong.

CHILDREN LIKE USING ODORO MA, thus forming habits that will insure them good sound teeth the rest of their lives.

Fifty-dollar Parlor Suites reduced to $35. These are the best value ever offered in London. Come and see them. KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier

Says the names are legion. Was he speaking in reference to the large number of ladies who are so highly pleased with

The remark seems appropriate from the numerous testimonials.

Treasurer's Sale of Lands in the County of Middlesex

Province of Ontario, County of Middlesex, To Wit: } By virtue of a warrant issued under the hand of the Warden of the said county of Middlesex, and sealed with the corporate seal thereof, which warrant bears date the 19th day of October, 1895, and is to me directed and addressed as the treasurer of the said county, commanding me to levy in accordance with the provisions of "The Consolidated Assessment Act, 1892," in that behalf, on the lands hereinafter mentioned and described, being in the said county, 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 proceed to sell by public auction at the Court House, in the City of London, Ontario, on **Wednesday, the Twelfth of February, A.D. 1896, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon,** the said lands, or as much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge the said taxes and costs and charges, in and about the sale of said lands, authorized by the said act.

Township.	Sub-Lot.	Street or Block.	Name of Survey.	Original Lot.	Con.	Acres.	Years for Which Taxes Due.	Amount Due.	Com. and Costs
Caradoc			south corner of n ½	9	10	1	1891 to 94	10 70	2 70
do			east corner of	1	R 1 N	½	1890 to 95	17 25	3 05
			Village of Mount Brydges						
do	13		Emerson's	s ½ 18	2	½	1892 to 95	5 47	2 46
do	14		do	do 18	2	½	1892 to 95	5 47	2 46
do	15		do	do 18	2	½	1892 to 95	5 46	2 46
do	16		do	do 18	2	½	1892 to 95	5 46	2 46
Dorchester, N'th, n ½	5			15	NR 3	5	1892 to 95	8 86	2 63
do	1	west range	McClary's	11	SR 1	10	1892 to 95	9 37	2 65
do	n ½ 3	east range		15	SR 1	5	1891-95	6 02	2 49
Ekfrid			*e 3-7 of e 7-200 of s ½	2	3	1.43	1892 to 95	2 12	2 44
do			*w 4-7 of e 7-200 of s ½	2	3	1.91	1892 to 95	5 05	2 44
London	17		Pattenson's	16	3	1	1891 to 95	5 13	2 44
Metcalf	1	w. High Market St †		3	6	½	1891	2 14	2 44
do	2	w. High Market St		3	6	½	1891	2 15	2 44
do	3	w. High Market St		3	6	½	1891	2 15	2 44
McGillivray				11	eCR 8	100	1890 to 94	131 11	8 74
Westminster	5		Nichols'	30	1	½	1891-94	4 97	2 44
do	15	B'k K Kensal P'k	Kent's	5	W W	½	1891-94	1 46	2 44
do	16	do	do	5	do	½	1891-94	1 46	2 44
do	17	do	do	5	do	½	1891-94	1 46	2 44
do	18	do	do	5	do	½	1891-94	1 46	2 44
do	19	do	do	5	do	½	1891-94	1 46	2 44
do	20	do	do	5	do	½	1891-94	1 47	2 44
do	8	B'k M Kensal P'k	do	5	do	½	1891-94	1 47	2 44
Village of Glencoe	3		Dean's	s ½ 24	1	½	1890 to 94	13 67	2 87
do	4		do	s ½ 24	1	½	1891 to 94	23 32	3 35
Village of Lucan ept	69	Elm street				½	1891 to 94	23 32	3 33
Village London West	12	w. of Wharncliffe	W. Glass'			½	1890 to 94	30 71	3 78
do	53	n. of Charles St	do				1890 to 94	18 63	3 22
do	54	do	do				1889 to 94	19 31	3 16
do	55	do	do				1889 to 94	19 31	3 16
do	31	s. of Charles St	do				1889 to 94	19 31	3 16
do	33	do	do				1889 to 94	16 41	3 01
do	34	do	do				1891 to 94	10 12	2 69
do	35	do	do				1891 to 94	10 12	2 69
do	36	do	do				1891 to 94	10 12	2 69
do	37	do	do				1891 to 94	14 01	2 89
do	20	n. Blackfriars St	S. Peters'				1891 to 94	14 00	2 89
do	11	s. Blackfriars St	D. Campbell				1890 to 94	24 01	3 39
							1890 to 94	59 27	5 27

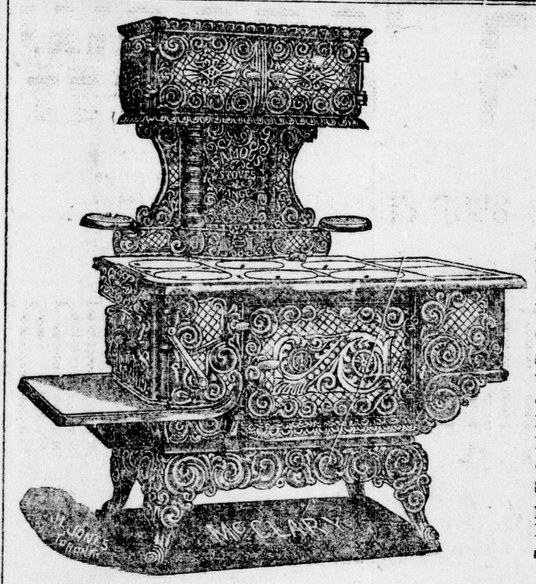
All the lands in this list mentioned are patented.

"NR" means north of River; "SR" means south of River; "eCR" means east of Central Road; "W W," west of Wharncliffe; *Napier; †Railroad excluded.

First published in the London "Advertiser" Nov. 7, 1895.

A. M. McEVOY, Treasurer of Middlesex.

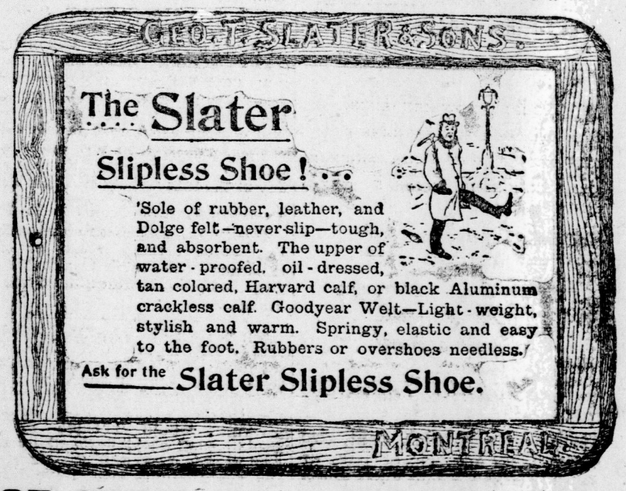
County Treasurer's Office, London, Oct. 29, 1895. 44bu w



STOVES STOVES!

Our stock is still large and fully assorted in all lines. The Famous Active Range is a perfect baker and the most economical in fuel. We guarantee every stove we sell so our customers run no risk. We have a nice line of Gas Radiators and Oil heaters at very low prices. Stove and Furnace repairing promptly done. Repairs furnished for all makes of Stoves.

STEVELY'S 362 RICHMOND STREET. 'PHONE 452.



FOR SALE BY POCOCK BROS.

FRESH ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

DIRECT IMPORTATIONS.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

169 DUNDAS STREET.

Hobbs Hardware Co.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

Smokeless Powder,
Quick Shot Powder,
Chilled Shot and Shells Of Every Description,
Loaded Cartridges, etc.