CHAPTER IX.

Desmond Carr-Lyon stalked on, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, and his thoughts divided between Kate Meddon and Jessie Playford. He had seen them both for the last time, he thought; the lovely girl who had stolen his heart away, and the poor woman, Jessie, in pursuit of the scoundrel who had ruined the life he

remembered so bright and happy. Poor Jess! But the thoughts of Kate soon drove her from his mind, sincerely as he pitied her; and all the way along the cliff he recalled the lovely face, with its gentle eyes and sweet, tender smile. Yes, he had seen the last of her; it had been indeed a farewell they had wished each other; for Desand intended walking along the coast to the next seaport, and from there working his passage to America, never

It was a lovely morning, and the day seemed to grow brighter as it ad-chorus: vanced. The sea was like an emerald as blue as he had seen it in San Francisco, and that is saying much.

Desmond was very hungry, but he his head erect, his eyes bright, his step firm-would have thought that he had spent the night in a hayloft, and break-

The path, after he had gone a couple of miles from Sandford, grew narrower and more rugged, until, at last, ft dwindled away into a mere sheep-walk; at the same time the scenery became more wild and sternly beautiful. Cliff rose upon cliff to a dazzling height, as if bidding defiance to the sea that raged at their feet, and the gulls on the rocks seemed to Desmond, looking over, but as little white specks,

It was too beautiful and grand to be passed by without a pause, and he threw himself upon the short grass, and smoked and gazed—and thought

"That's all very well as a way or passing it off—free and easy, so to speak." said her father, with that dogged insistence peculiar to his class.

"But we as know what's what, know the restriction of the restrictio of Kate Meddon!

a loud report, a dull, smothered roar, upon it.' as of distant thunder. But it was not thunder, and Desmond had spent too many years in a miner's camp not to know what it meant.

With a touch of interest he rose to his feet, and walked in the direction of coge of a stone quarry. But for the rough paling round it anyone might easily have walked over and reached the bottom with a broken neck.

Desmond leant upon the wooden fence and looked over. It was a picturesque sight. Far down, so far down that they looked like boys, were the quarrymen; some picking at the rugged surface of the rock, others pushing the trucks along the metal lines that led to a small harbor or port, where lay

was a small cottage, or rather hut, but of water-" it looked disused, and the lvy that climbed over its walls had a neglected in the same low voice.

"Of course! That's the place; more and untended appearance.

But it just put the finishing touch to comfortable there," tracted by the sight of something that he said: "Come to the cottage and rest recalled his mining days, looked for a awhile, sir; and we'll see what damage path leading downwards, and, finding slowly and not too carefully de-

As he drew near the bottom he could see the men quite plainly. The noise he had heard was the sound of blasting, and the men were hard at work clearing out the broken rock from the main part of the quarry.

Desmond watched them with keen and pleasant interest for some few iniputes, then, remembering that this was scarcely the way to reach the seaport, he was about to climb up to the top again, when suddenly two figures from under the rock where he was sitting and so into his view. They were an old man, or a man of late middle age, and a young girl. The man had a wild, uncouth figure and a rugged face: but it was not an unkind one. nor was the voice, though that was ike turquoises one moment, then grew as dark as violets the next. It was a pretty face, and the eyes were remark-Desmond stood or half-knelt-for the path was steep-and watched hen pinchis own mind he decided that the man was the master of the quarry

After a moment or two he was about to resume his climb, when there came another report and a puff of smoke from the side of the quarry.

The old man had drawn the girl unshelter of a projecting rock, but the instant after, she emerged with a little laugh, as if she were too accustomed to the blasting to feel any danger. It was a musical laugh, and it fell pleasantly upon the wanderer's ears. "Like a young bear," he murmured;

"all her troubles to come. Perhaps she How is it now, sir; not a bad 'un, I may have none! Let's hope so." Eyen as he expressed this charitable wish, as a kind of farewell to the girl who had not yet even seen him, his quick, hawklike eyes saw something moving just above her head.

He looked at her, at the old man, all round—a swift look of scrutiny. Then his heart seemed to stand still; for that which he had seen no one else had seen. It was an immense slab of rock which, unnoticed, had become loosened by the blasting in the other part of the quarry; and it would, in nother moment come rolling down upon that bright-faced, blue-eyed girl!

It was certain, a horrible death! Most men would have yelled and shouted; but Desmond knew better. His experienced eyes showed him that it would be impossible for the startled girl to recover from the shock of the sudden shout and spring away from the awful mass that was gliding down upon her like an engine of death,

For a moment, while one could count five, he stood, his heart seeming to cease beating, then, without a word. he sprang sheer from the narrow ledge, and alighting before the girl, caught her in his arms, and hurled himself and her from the spot.

The next instant-almost in the next half-second, so closely as to seem sim-

Desmond Carr-Lyon's leap had been so sudden, the terrible fall of the immense piece of rock on the very spot from which he had carried the girl I reckon there's enough here for us, so appalling, that for a moment or two no man could move. Desmond, when he recovered consciousness—for a fragment of the mass had struck him on the head—found himself lying on his back, with his eyes fixed upon the blue had way to the door of the hut, and, leaning against it, looked out to sea.

concentration of the quarry's He contemplated this in the absurdly satisfied manner peculiar to individuals just returning from dreamland; then a

oice—a very soft and pleasant voice—mote on his ear.
"Father!" it said, in a tone of great relief and joy, "He is coming to—see, he is coming to!" and Desmond, turn-ing his eyes from the spot of blue made by the opening of the quarry, saw a girlish face, full of sweet concern, bending over him.
"That's right! So he is! How are yo

now, sir? Stand back, lads, and give him some air; don't crowd 'un so!"

Desmond felt something soft and warm under his neck, and his head raised, and found that the pleasant lever was the girl's arm.

Then he remembered what had hap-

pened, and with the smile which haunt-ed Kate Meddon so persistently, he

"You are not hurt? That's all right!"
The girl blushed crimson at the sound
of his voice and his words, but did not relinquish her supporting attitude.
"Yes, sir; all right, thanks to you, sir," said her father. "If it hadn't been for you, Nellie would ha' been—" He stopped short, and the dozen or two of men exclaimed in a kind of

"That's gospel truth, that is!" and looked at the heap of rocks lying on the spot from which he had literally hurled himself and her.

Desmond pulled himself together and struggled to his feet the girl Nellie managed to enjoy the scenery; and no struggled to his feet, the girl, Nellie, one, meeting him as he strode along—drawing back almost behind her father

"That's all very well as a way

as you saved my girl's life at the risk Suddenly the silence was broken by of your own, sir; and-there's my hand And he swore a round but quite

harmless oath. "Oh! you make too much of it," said the sound, and suddenly—so suddenly lucky enough to happen to be the man that he was startled—he came upon the on the spot. But, by the way—you won't mind my mentioning it?—you scarcely go the right way to work in your blasting. At least, it's rather old-fashioned and out of date, and a great deal more dangerous than the new system." said the man, with interest 'old-fashioned! What, is the new way? The girl touched his elbow as Desmond was about to reply, and whis

"Father, his head is bleeding!" "So it is!" he said. "Look at that, now. It seems almost as if he'd no sense nor feeling. Here, sir, you're Under the edge of the quarry, oppo-site him, and sheltered from the wind, ing! Hi, one of you chaps! Bring a pail "The cottage, father," said the gi

nly at- drawing Desmond is done. We owe you that, at least. "I'm sure it's nothing," said Des-mond, smiling, "or I should have cried

out; I'm good at squalling directly I'm "I don't know so much about that," said the old man, with a grunt.
They walked to the little hut, and the girl, unlocking the door, ushered them into the front one of the two rooms It was plainly furnished; a rough table, a couple of chairs, a kind of sideboard, cooking utensils of the rough and ready order, and one or two colambda the rough the library and the library

18—and slightly built, with a childish cut the fragment of the rock had made, rest, but it was not before other mostly all good fellows, and as seemed to run through her. Then he laughed.

"Not even a scratch!" he said. "There is a cut," she said, gently: pathetic touch; he began to think that he was drawing rather large dividends out of his small investment in the

The old man watched the operation with keen interest, seated on the opposite chair, with his hands spread out upon his knees, almost as if they did not belong to him. "Bravo, Nellie! Blest if you wouldn't make a regular good sawbones, my gal

trouble. "Best let 'un be," said the old man, philosophically. "It's easing her mind by way of thanking you; and now-meanwhile," he looked round the hut, "we might, just to pass my time away, seeing as she's amused, take a drink. Nell, where did 'ee put the basket?"

"Outside the door, father," she said in a very low voice.
"Right!" he said, cheerfully, and hoisting himself from his chair, as if hoisting himself from his chair, as if august visitor. I learned afterwards a whole lot more tell you, for I am by the aid of heavy and complicated that the visit of royalty to London just getting into the "swing" of it, but

jar of immense size. was "very extremely so much hungry,"

as the negro said. "I don't know whether you care for a snack," said the father, taking out a piece of bread with a steak upon it, the two together forming sufficient ma. Thus did one of London's very patricular of the control of the contro

The girl nodded. "If I'm not robbing you," said Desultaneous—the mass fell with a crash upon the spot where she stood. She was saved!

The hot lobbing you, said Desmond, after watching the production of a similar mass of solid food and four hard-boiled eggs, "I'll take a small piece, for I'm—yes, I am rather hun-

"That's right. A man ain't going to die in a hurry, even with a broken head, when his crushing gear's in good order. Take it, and eat what you can;

ing against it, looked out to see

[To be Continued.]

patch of sky which, in the shape of a hair Vigor. Gives to gray hair all that soft, dark, rich color so natural to early life. Checks falling hair; keeps the hair soft and smooth, and prevents splitting at the sade.

## JOHN BULL AND PAT FOUGHT; THEN BECAME FAST FRIENDS

Had Good Ending.

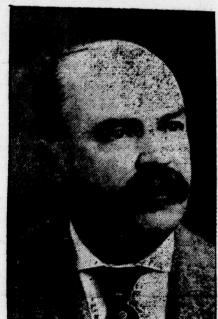
Cousins, Cincinnati, Ohio.] drawing back almost bening her and as he did so.

"That was nothing," he said, lightly; "but I was very lucky to be within sight of the starting rock and near enough to the young lady to—well. I think I ought to apologize for my seeming rudeness. I'm not usually in the habit of rushing at young ladies like a bull in a china shop," and he tried dressing people whose only interest is a bull in a china shop," and he tried to pass off the intensity of the situation with a light laugh.

The girl didn't smile even—which was The girl didn't smile of the first of the structure of the third of the third of the starting rock and near and finally convinced Brady that Bullock meant it all, he told Wilson the best thing he could do would be to go and inform his English bull dog friend to keep out of his (Brady's) way, as his to keep out of his (Brady's) way, as his the "Darwinian Theory," "Lawson's Attack on the "System," "The Autonomy Question," "Apostolic Succession," opinion to himself. Finally the two met in front of George Grey's tavern and just at that moment Billy Wilson Thomas Alexander Duff—big, jollyungrateful—but raised her deep blue or whether the London Baseball Club has been "laying down" to the other has been "laying down" to the other has been "laying down" to the other let them drop team, totally ignoring so significant a invited them to take a dring with him, again.

the time, on a Saturday afternoon, when my brother and I wandered away from our home on Wellington street near York street, and finally got "lost" far away out King street. somewhere in the neighborhood of the old "Black Bullock's legs, whereat the English-Bear" towers, then almost on the con-"Oh! you make too much of it," said Desmond; as he took the huge hand and shook it; "anyone would have done side of the street and were crying over which exist."

Bear" tavern, then almost on the conman "sat down" so hard he left a big side of the street and were crying over which exist. The crowd side of the street and were crying over which quickly gathered separated the the same, and I'm very glad that I was our plight when along came old Ann combatants and not long after a Onion, a very "strong" character in friendship sprang up between these two men that became permanent. "Billy"



JOHN COUSINS. ored illustrations from the Illustrated stantly consuming. The odor that border, there came numbers of gentleLondon News, as ornaments for the hung around her and pervaded the air men of means from the United States

the Dominion of the Orang Report Fund. Last year and the benefit fund. in her vicinity for yards before and behind made limburger cheese tenfold preferable. We saw each other about the same moment, and, as she for them the control of the cont "Sit down, sir," said the old man, "and let's look. Here, Nell, your eyes are better, and your hands smaller and tenderer than mine, do 'ee see what's amiss."

In her vicinity for yards before and linto Canada, as there seemed to be a deeply-rooted idea in their minds at least that Canada was more healthy for them about the same moment, and, as she made for us, we "put" for dear life, peculiar word was introduced into our language for use in designating these plump into the arms of old Canstable men at that time. They were said the benief than nad the behind made limburger cheese tendeeply-rooted idea in their minds at least that Canada was more healthy for them about that time of day. A peculiar word was introduced into our language for use in designating these plump into the arms of old Canstable men at that time. They were said the penent fund nad the deeply-rooted idea in their minds at least that Canada was more healthy for them about that time of day. A peculiar word was introduced into our language for use in designating these plump into the arms of old Canstable men at that time. They were said the penent fund nad the deeply-rooted idea in their minds at least that Canada was more healthy for them about that time of day. A peculiar word was introduced into our language for use in designating these plump into the arms of old Canstable men at that time. rough also, a harsh or unpleasant one. ed violently, then with downcast eyes Hobbins, as we turned a corner. Poor "Skedaddlers." But no matter what policemen arrived that she could be they had plenty of "coin" with them, lugged off to the station. When we and ready willingness to spend the got home, which we were enabled to same, the city suffered no whit for their got home, which we were enabled to some of those who flocked to the spot, we dissoldier and civilian and could nightly those who flocked to the spot, we dissoldier and civilian and could nightly those who flocked to the spot, we dissoldier and civilian and could nightly those who flocked to the spot, we dissoldier and civilian and could nightly those who flocked to the spot had not been the spot and civilian and could nightly those who flocked to the spot, we dissoldier and civilian and could nightly those who flocked to the spot, we dissold the spot and the "There is a cut," she said, gently: and she got some water in a bowl, and bathed the place with her hankerchief.

Her hands were doubtless more tender than her father's huge paws, and the place paws, and th there was something inexpressibly the search for us, by my father, who "Yankee skedaddler" made business a at that time was first (or was it second) nice thing to be engaged in at London at that time was first (or was it second, nice thing to be engaged in at London lieutenant of the old "Hooks," No. 1, in 1862, or thereabouts, Indeed I have and therefore had a "pull." I have a heard it said that if a man wanted \$5 and therefore had a "pull." kind of hazy recollection that some-thing more happened to us that event-ful day, even after we got into bed. heard it said that if a man wanted \$5 badly in those days of plenty and couldn't find it in the middle of the But I deem it well to let this little road nor in the alleys back of the old episode go just as it is, without fur- have defective eyesight. Oh! the balls Some people know no better than to they used to have in the Tecumseh.

The year before the occurrence just related the royal personage who now guides the destinies of the nation, then the Prince of Wales, visited London. All I can recollect about his visit, however, is the fact that the streets and buildings were gorgeously and beautifully decorated. My lack of further knowledge is owing to the circumstance which caused the banish-ment of my brother and I to the country. My mother may have thought we advance and recede, set and posett, might get "run over" if allowed to stop in town at such a time. Perhaps Major de la Brown-Smythe, and as fair she was right. Perhaps she thought a partner. Byron, you died all too soon, we were too young to be noticed by the alas, and alack, and woe's me. I could machinery, he went out and returned with a small basket, neatly covered with a snow-white cloth, and a stone jar of immense size.

The visit of royalty to London Just getting into the swing of it, but the visit of royalty to London Just getting into the swing of it, but the visit of royalty to London Just getting into the swing of it, but the swing of it. For the life of him, Desmond could mansion of the city, on Bathurst greetings to you, sir, and to all the not help eyeing the basket intently; he street, having given up his beautiful home guard, and to the visitors, whethhome to the entertainment of the royal er strangers or "Old Boys." Last of all party was enabled to recoup his shat- hearty greetings to both young and old tered fortune with the sum he made girls, from yours truly, terial for an erdinary meal for two otic citizens boost himself with the persons; "but if you do, why, it's lucky you are here, for Nell and me break-fasted rather early. Eh, Nell?"

The right results of the formula sumcient materials and one of London's very patricular terials did one of London's very patricular terials for an erdinary meal for two otic citizens boost himself with the very patricular terials for an erdinary meal for two otic citizens boost himself with the very patricular terials for an erdinary meal for two otic citizens boost himself with the very patricular terials for an erdinary meal for two otic citizens boost himself with the very patricular terials for an erdinary meal for two otic citizens boost himself with the very forefront of popularity and established the control of the citizens boost himself with the very forefront of popularity and established terials and the citizens boost himself with the very forefront of popularity and established terials and the citizens boost himself with the very forefront of popularity and established terials and the citizens terials and the citizens the citizens to the citizens the citizens to the citizens the citize Government, but was also able make such patriotism pay. Verily we

> The late Judge John Wilson (you all knew the judge, of course) had a son remarkable for practical joking proclivities. "Billy" Wilson was sitting one day in the office of the old hay scales-unique in its way as the greatest news-distributing center (outgreatest news-distributing center (out-side of a certain shoe store on Dun-das street) on earth—presided over by one of the greatest favorites London ever had. Happy, genial "Tom" Wil-nett, As I say, "Billy" was sitting in the office chatting with the wiseacres there over the forthcoming municipal nominations, and about who was to get this and who was to get that, when he happened to look out of the window butcher shop on Richmond street. (In build and proportion he was a very slightly-diminished replica of Sir John Falstaff. The sight of John, wadding along, closely followed by Pat Brady, of Chatham, who used to visit London often at that time to buy horses which he afterwards sold to the American

flow Mischievous "Billy" Wil-and who was noted for his belligerent spirit (a strange trait for an Irishman stirred up Billy's scent for fun. He immediately left the office and as soon as Bullock got at a distance from Brady, he told Bullock that he had [Written for The Advertiser by John was an Englishman who wasn't a "bluff"; that it always was England's The year 1854 was remarkable for at least three (if not more) significant was genuine fighting to be done, in the happenings: The Crimean war, the front rank of battle, while the English passage of the first railroad train makeup were relegated to the rear through London, and the birth of the Of course this made Bullock's blood individual pointing these remarks. The fairly boil, and he asked "Bill" Wilsignificance of the first is in the fact that the great Russian Bear was not that the great Russian bear thought "such a much," as he had been thought more weight with others than with the to be, when confronted by an enemy speaker (Bullock). Wilson then hunted unwilling to be subdued by bluff and up Brady who, like Bullock himself, bravado. What the second signified was a good tempered, jolly, pleasant the London Old Boys of that day now the London Old Boys of that day now the London Old Boys of that day now the london of t the London Old Boys of that day, now him he knew how to hold his own when living, have realized by the growth to he once got into a scrimmage. To him its present proportions of the (then) little old Forest City. As the records of history have seemingly disdained to ORGANIZER FOR emphasize, or even to recognize, the significance of the third of these hap-

team, totally ignoring so significant a thing as the third of the aforementiqued happenings, why then I say "go to," and find out all about such grandeur for yourselves. Of reminiscences of boyhood days, I remember the time, on a Saturday afternoon, when my brother and I wandered and would be a bright and wanted Brady to make a guess. Brady said he didn't care a cuss what his weight was, as he was "no good" any way. Then Bullock aimed a blow at Brady which, had it landed, would be a brady which, had it landed, would be a brady which, had it landed, would be a brady which had it landed, would be a brady which had it landed.

Wilson unconsciously did them both

a good turn, though I doubt the good-ness of his intention toward either of "Just about this period of London's history her streets always presented a picturesque effect, produced by the sight of little groups of two or three red-coated soldiers of her majesty's imperial army. No matter where one might go-on the market square, along river bank, at the city hall, in the courthouse, even in church, these unifermed heroes might be seen. Whatever prowess they displayed on the battlefield they certainly carried devastation through the city's streets. I don't mean that they ever got into fights or brawls with the civilians (as paid warriors would condescend to such paltriness), but they always succeeded in capturing the hearts and turning the heads of the lassice—winsome or otherwise—and this, just naturally, riled up said lassies' civilian sweethearts. The soldiers and the civilians didn't seem to egree any too well. This was a very prosperous time for London, for not only did it have from 1,000 to 1,500 imperial troops constantly in barracks (some in the old Crystal Palace, some in the old Royal Exchange, on Talbot street and many more quartered elsewhere), but as the great war of the Union was then raging across the North America and general agent to the Dominion of the Orange Mutual

Eyron, the poet, could describe them better than I can. Wasn't it he wrote

the verse in which is found the line: "And bright the lamps shone o'er fair

women and brave men. Byron could have "worked up" some brave stuff if he could only have lived long enough to have seen Francis Cornish, Esq., mayor of the city, he of the curled locks), with a fair partner, "vis a vis" (whatever that is), with

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have had some great folks in the old gone from London, few have succeeded age of the Old Boys resident in the better than Mr. William E. Mullins, of Windy City, and its suburbs.



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ocking Tom Duff-of Toronto, is one of the many Old Boys who have made their way in the world. He was born May 1, 1869, on old Duke street (now Dufferin avenue), the son of Mr. Thos. Ouff, who for nearly 40 years has been the McCormick Manufacturing empany of this city. He studied law here with the present Mr. Justice Merelith and in 1887 removed to Toronto, where, for many years, he was with the firm of Messrs. Blake, Lash & Cassels. Mr. Duff has probably been as successful as any of London's Old Boys. He has for the past five years and a half been grand organizer of



THOMAS ALEXANDER DUFF.

native city.

At present he is spending the summer months at his cottage in the north. It is called "Bide-a-Wee" and is by far houses among the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay.

In 1889 he was married to Laura Frances Thornhill, youngest daughter of Mr. T. C. Thornhill, then of London, but now in Toronto. Four children were born to them, but only one is living, Master Percy J. A. Duff, who is 14, and bids fair to rival his father in :

## ed \$5 and OLD BALL PLAYER IS TOM WESTON

Was a Member of the Morning Stars, Who Made Reputation in Early Days.

unions, none possibly is known to a at places far apart, appealed so strong greater number of ondoners, or to a ly to him, that he at once entergreater number of the Old Boys who heartily into the subject, and helpe have been making regular pilgrimages organize the Chicago Association to the city than Tom Weston, the dent. The members have continu president of the Chicago Association. Year after year to re-elect him as t When the Londoners in Chicago head of their organization. On the formation of the International Ass caught the idea originated by the Old ciation of "London Old Boys" Boys in Toronto, and decided to form several years ago he was one of the themselves into an association, Tom active and enthusiastic members pre Weston was one of the foremost in president. The following year he was the movement. Billy Small, another elected as president of the International most enthusiastic Londoner who never tional Association forgot the old town with all its pleasWeston's genial presence and heart ant associations, was side by side with hand clasp and greeting, would cer MAN, W. E. MULLINS about the undertaking in a businesshim, and with some others they went tainly not seem at all natural. like way, and soon succeeded not only DR. PATRICK, PRESIDENT in having an association formed, but Of the many railway men who have enrolling as members a large percent-Albans, Vt. Tom Weston has not once failed to After being edu-cated in the sep-arate and high schools here, he he will not only meet those who have entered the offices rarticipated in past homecomings, of the Grand but many new faces as well. Mr.
Trunk Railway at Weston is the eldest son of the late

Many who don't realize what lies beyond, treat an attack of the "nerves" with indifference. Others consider it Toronto, and later will soon pass away. But in every case was transferred to nervousness is a calamity. Only one the Central Ver- remedy will cure—Ferrozone—a nerve and saw old John Bullock passing by.

John was an Englishman, and had a butcher shop on Richmond street. (In build and proportion he was a very slightly-diminished replica of Sir John Feleta The sight of John was all the position of superintendent of transportation. Mr. Mullins has the Energy and strength is instilled into the same with same wi nourishment for the inner nerve cells.

Energy and strength is instilled into the sword," but Mr. Checkley, the

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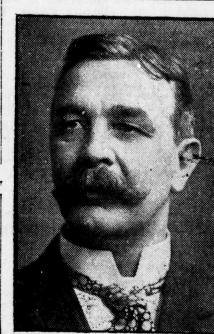
Because it is absolutely pure and good.

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was born in London. He attended the culty expelled "McGuinty" from the ward and Union schools, and is one of college. Dr. Patrick first hung up his the many thousands who graduated shingle at Ada, Ohio, where he soon under the tuition of the revered erjoyed a large practice. He married Nicholas Wilson and the late Inspector Miss Lulu Adams, daughter of John Boyle. As a youth Tom Weston was H. Adams, London, and in an ardent lover of athletics, and to moved to Port Huron, where this day he retains that love, actively sides at present. He started the Port supporting all good clean sport. He Huron private hospital, which was a was one of the organizers of the old great success, but latterly he retired to Morning Star Baseball Club, which private practice. He has a controlling was not afraid to tackle big game and interest in the Huron Bridge and Iron made itself famous by winning all of Company, a firm that is considered as its matches save three, during the five one of Port Huron's most progressive years of its existence. Many of the ir stitutions, and he has also much valuable timers will remember the Morning uable property within the Tunnel City. Stars, who eventually were merged As president of the London Old Boys' Mr. Weston has been a resident of hustling association spring up from nto the Tecumseh Baseball Club.

Chicago for the last 20 years, and very little. He often visits the old while a citizen of the United States, he home, the Orange Association of British has remained a great lover of Canada North America and general agent for and Canadians, more particularly the



THOMAS WESTON. President of the Chicago Old Boys

Of the hundreds of Old Boys who birth or former residence, and the reof the hundreds of Old Boys will newing of old friendships partially have been participating in the reforgotten from absence, and location which time he was elected as its pre-

PORT HURON OLD BOYS



Patrick, the president of the London Old Boys' Associ ron, is a Squire Patrick Ilderton, and wa born on the 12th Concession, don Township. He commenced his education in the township schools and later attended Strathroy J School and

Dr. Omer H

London Collegiate reputation of being the same with every part of the system. You get well every body, and this has made him many friends. He is one of the best-liked and most popular railway men in the country today.

Liked and most popular railway men in the country today. The period is instilled into the sword," but Mr. Checkley, the every part of the system. You get well principal, preferred applying the rod. He attended and graduated from the western Medical College in 1892. It was the country today. Iduring Dr. Patrick's final year that

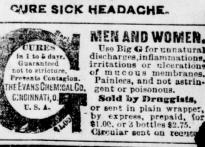
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