# SICIONE CLARK.

BY FRARK H. SPEARMAN. "There goes a fellow that walks like Siclone Clark," exclaimed Duck Middleton. Duck was sitting in the train-master's office with a group of engineers. He was one of the black-listed strikers, and runs an engine now down on the Sante Fe. But at long inter-

vals Duck gets back to revisit the scenes of his early triumphs. The men who surrounded him were at deadmen who surrounded him were at deadly odds with Duck and his chuns, though now the ancient enmities seem forgotten, and Duck—the once ferocious Duck—sits occasionally among the new men and gossips about early days on the West End.

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on the West End.
"Do you remember Siclone, Reed?"
asked Duck, calling to me in the private

office. "Remember him?" Iechoed. "Did anybody who ever knew Siclone forget

him?"
"I fired passenger for Siclone twenty
years ago," resumed Duck. "He
walked just like that fellow; only he
was quicker. I reckon you fellows was quicker. I rectain you have here don't know what a snap you have here new," he continued, addressing the new, around him. "Track fenced; men around him. Track lended; ninety-pound rails; steel bridges; stone culverts; slag ballast; sky-scrapers. No wonder you get chances to haul such nobs as Lilioukalani and Schley and Dewey, and cut out ninety

schley and Dewey, and cut out ninety miles ar hour on tangents.

"When I was firing for Siclone the road-bed was just off the scrapers; the dumps were soft; pile bridges; paper culverts; fifty-six-pound rails; not a fence west of Buffalo gap, and the plains black with Texas steers. We prove closed our cylinder, coales; the never closed our cylinder cocks; the hiss of the steam frightened the cattle worse than the whistle, and we never knew when we were going to find a bunch of critters on the track.

The first winter I came out was great for snow, and I was a tenderfoot. The cuts made good wind-breaks, and whenever there was a norther they were chuck full of cattle. Every time a train ploughed through the snow it made a path on the track. Whenever the steers wanted to move they would take the middle of the track single file, and string out mile after mile. Talk about fast schedules and ninety miles an hour! You had to poke along with your eylinders spitting, and just whistle and yell—sort of blow them off into the

ow-drifts. "One day Siclone and I were going west on 59, and we were late; for that matter we were always late. Simpson coming against us on 60 had caught a bunch of cattle in the rock-cut, just west of the Sappie, and killed a couple. When we got there there must have when we got there there must have been a thousand head of steers mousing around the dead ones. Siclone—he used to be a cowboy, you know—Siclone said they were holding a wake. At any rate, they were still coming from every direction and as far as you could

see. "' Hold on, Siclone, and I'll chase

them out,' I said.
"'That's the stuff, Duck,' says he.

"That's the stuff, Duck,' says he. Get after them and see what you can do.' He looked kind of gueer, but I never thought anything. I picked up a jack-bar and started up the track.

"The first fellow I tackled looked lazy, but he started full quick when I hit him. Then he turned around to inspect me, and I noticed his horns were the broad-gauge variety. While I the broad-gauge variety. While I whacked another the first one put his head down and began to snort and paw the ties; then they all began to bellow at once; it looked smoky. I dropped the jack-bar and started for the engine,

and about fifty of them started for m and about fifty of them started for me.

"I never had an idea steers could run so: you could have played checkers on my heels all the way back. If Siclone hadn't come out and jollied them, I'd never have got back in the world. I just jumped the pilot and went clear over against the boilerhead. Siclone claimed I tried to climb the smoke-stack; but he was excited. Any smoke-stack; but he was excited. Anyway, he stood out there with a shovel and kept the whole bunch off me. I thought they would kill him; but I ever tried to chase range

foot again.
"In the spring we got the rains; not but cloud-bursts. like you get now, but cloud-bursts. The section men were good fellows, only sometimes we would get into a storm miles from a section gang and strike

place where we couldn't see a thing. "Then Siclone would stop the train, take a bar, and get down ahead and sound the road-bed. Many and many a wash-out he struck that way which would have wrecked our train and ound up our ball of yarn in a minute Often and often Siclone would go into his division without a dry thread on

him.

"Those were different days," mused
the grizzled striker. "The old boys
are scattered now all over this broad
land. The strike did it; and you fellows have the snap. But what I won-der, often and often, is whether Sicione is really alive or not."

I.

Siclone Clark was one of the two cowboys who helped Harvey Reynolds and Ed Banks save 59 at Griffin the night coal-train ran down from Ogalalla. They were both taken into the service; Siclone, after a while, went to wiping.
When Bucks asked his name, Siclone

What's your full name?" asked " S. Clark.

Bucks. "S. Clark." ' But what does S. stand for ?" per-

sisted Bucks.
"Stands for Cyclone, I reckon;
don'tit?" retorted the cowboy, with

some annoyance.

It was not usual in those days on the plains to press a man too closely about his name. There might be reasons why it would not be esteemed court-

"I reckon it do," replied Bucks, dropping into Siclone's grammer; and without a quiver he registered the new man as Siclone Clark; and his checks The name always read that way. The name seemed to fit; he adopted it without any objection; and, after everybody came to know him, it fitted so well that

Bucks was believed to have second sight when he named the hair-brained fireman. He could get up a storm juicker than any man on the division, and, if he felt so disposed, stop one

In spite of his eccentricities, which were many, and his headstrong way of doing some things, Siclone Clark was a good engineer, and deserved a better fate than the one that befell him. Though—who can tell?—it may have become that it his living.

The strike was the worst thing that ever happened to Siclone. He was one of those big-hearted, violent fellows who went into it loaded with enthuswho went into it loaded with enthus-iasm. He had nothing to gain by it; at least, nothing to speak of. But the idea that somebody on the East End needed their help led men like Siclone in: and they thought it a cinch that company would have to take them

all back. The consequence was that, when we staggered along without them, men like Siclone, easily aroused, naturally of violent passions, and with no self-restraint. stopped at nothing to cripple the service. And they looked on the men who took their places as entitled neither to liberty nor life.

When our new men began coming when our new men began country from the Reading to replace the strik-ers, every one wondered who would get Siclone Clark's engine, the 313. Si-clone had gently sworn to kill the first man who took out the 313—and bar no-

Whatever others thought of Siclone's vaporings, the y counted for a good deal on the West End; nobody wanted

Even Neighbor, who feared no man, sort of let the 313 lay in her stall as long as possible, after the trouble be-Nothing was said about it. Threats cannot be taken cognizance of officially; we were bombarded with threats all

the time; they had long since ceased to move us. Yet Siclone's engine stayed in the round-house. in the round-house.

Then, after Foley and McTerza and Sinclair, came Fitzpatrick from the East. McTerza was put on the mails, and, coming down one day on the White Flyer, he blew a cylinder-head out of

out when she came stumping in on one pair of drivers—for we were using engines worse than horseflesh then. But of course the 416 was put out. The only gig left in the house was the

I imagine Neighbor felt the finger of fate in it. The mail had to go. The time had come for the 313; he ordered

"itzpatrick.
"I suppose it does."
"Whose engine is it?"
"Siclone Clark's."
Fitzpatrick shifted to the other leg.

Fitzpatrick shifted to the other leg.

"Did he say what I would be doing while this was going on?"

Something in Fitzpatrick's manner made Neighbor laugh. Other things crowded in and no more was said.

No more was thought in fact. The 313 rolled as kindly for Fitzpatrick as for Siclone, and the new engineer, a quiet fellow like Foley, only a good bit heavier, went on and off her with never a word for anybody.

heavier, went on and off her with never a word for anybody.

One day Fitzpatrick dropped into a barber shop to get shaved. In the next chair lay Siclone Clark. Siclone got through first, and, stepping over to the table to get his hat, picked up Fitz-patrick's, by mistake, and walked out with it. He disayvered his change just with it. He discovered his change just as Fitz got out of his chair. Siclone came back, replaced the hat on the table—it had Fitzpatrick's name pasted in the crown—took up his own hat, and, as Fitz reached for his, looked at him. Everyone in the shop caught their

breaths. "Is your name Fitzpatrick?"

"Yes, sir. "Mine is Clark."

Fitzpatrick put on his hat.
"You're running the 313, I believe? continued Siclone.

"That's my engine." "I thought it belonged to the com-

kill the man that takes her out before this trouble is settled," said Siclone,

Fitzpatrick met him steadily. "If you'll let me know when it takes place, I'll try and be there."

"I don't jump on any man without fair warning; any of the boys will tell you that," continued Siclone. "Maybe you didn't know my word was out?

Fitzpatrick hesitated. "I'm no " I'm not

looking for trouble with any man," he looking for trouble with any man," he replied, guardedly. "But since you're disposed to be fair about notice, it's only fair to you to say that I did know your word was out."

"Still you took her?"

"It was my orders?"

"It was my orders?"
"My word is out; the boys know it is good. I don't jump any man without fair warning. I know you now, Fitz-patrick, and the next time I see you, " and without more ado Silook out," and without more ado clone walked out of the shop greatly the relief of the barber, if not of Fitz.

Fitzpatrick may have wiped a little sweat from his face; but he said nothing—only walked down to the roundhouse and took out the 313 as usual for

A week passed before the two men his run. met again. One night Siclone with a crowd of the strikers ran into half a dozen of the new men, Fitzpatrick among them, and there was a riot. was Siclone's time to carry out his intention, for Fitzpatrick would have scorned to try to get away. No tree ever breasted a tornado more sturdily than the Irish engineer Siclone; but when Ed Banks got there with his wrecking crew and straight-ened things out, Fitzpatrick was picked up for dead. That night Siclone dis-

appeared.
Warrants were gotten out and search-

ally understood that the sudden disappearance was one of Siclone's freaks. If the ex-cowboy had so determined he would not have hidden to keep out of anybody's way. I have sometimes ponlered whether shame hadn't something to do with it. His tremendous physical trength was fit for so much better things than beating other men that maybe he, himself, sort of realized it after the storm had passed.

Down east of the depot grounds at McCloud stanls, or stood, a great barn-like hotel, built in boom days, and long a favorite resting-place for invalids and travellers en route to California by easy stages. It was nicknamed the

and away from the strikers.
Fitzpatrick, without a whine or a complaint, was put to bed in the barracks, and Holmes Kay, one of our staff racks, and Holmes Kay, one of our scars surgeons, was given charge of the case; a trained nurse was provided besides. Nobody thought the injured man would live. But after every care was given him, we turned our attention to the

troublesome task of operating the road.

The 313, whether it happens so, or whether Neighbor thought it well to drop the disputed machine temporarily, was not taken out again for three weeks. She was looked on as a hoodoo, and nobody wanted her. Foley refused point blank one day to take her, claiming that he had troubles of his own.

Is he alive Then, one day, something happened to McTerza's engine; we were stranded for a locomotive, and the 313 was brought out for McTerza; he didn't like it a bit.

Meantime nothing had been seen or heard of Sielone. That, in fact, was the reason Neighbor urged for using his en-gine; but it seemed as if every time the 313 went out it brought out Siclone,

the 313 went out it brought out Siclone, not to speak of worse things.

That morning about three o'clock the unlucky engine was coupled on to the White Flyer. The night boy at the barracks always got up a hot lunch for the incoming and outgoing crews on the mail run, and that morning when he may through he forgot to turn off the was through he forgot to turn off the lamp under his coffee-tank. It over-heated the counter, and in a few mitutes the 416. Fitzpatrick was waiting to take her nt when she came stumping in on one on the counter he could have put the fire out ; but instead he ran out to give

arouse the guests.

There were at least flity people asleep in the house, traveiling and railway men. Being a wooden building it was a quick prey, and in an incredibly short time the flames were leaping through the second-story windows.

When I got down men were jumping in every direction from the burning hotel. Railpoaders swarmed around.

time had come for the strength of the burning her fired.

"The man that ranthis engine swore he would kill the man that took her out," said Neighbor, sort of incidentally, as Fitz stood by waiting for her to ally, as Fitz stood by waiting for her to steam.

"When I got down the burning in every direction from the bur opportunity was there pretty rescues, until the flames, shooting up, cut off the stairs, and left the helpers nothing for it but to stand and watch the destruction of the long, rambling building. Half a dozen of us looked from the dispatchers' offices in the second story of the depot. We had agreed that the people were all ont, when Foley below gave a cry and pointed to the south gable. Away up

under the eaves at the third-story win-dow we saw a face—it was Fitzpatrick. Everybody had forgotten Fitzpatrick Everybody had forgotten Fitzpatrick and his nurse, Behind, as the flames lighted the opening, we could see the nurse struggling to get him to the window. It was plain that the engineer was in no condition to help himself; the two men were in deadly peril; a great cry went in great cry went up.

The crowd swarmed like ants around

to the south end; a dozen men called to the south end; a dozen men called for ladders; but there were no ladders. They called for volunteers to go in after the two men; but the stairs were long since a furnace. There were men in plenty to take any kind of chance, how-

plenty to take any kind of chance, however slight, but no chance offered.

The nurse ran to and from the window, seeking a loop-hole for escape. Fitzpatrick dragged himself higher on the casement to get out of the smoke which rolled over him in choking hunts and looked down on the crowd. bursts, and looked down on the crowd.
They begged him to jump—held out
their arms frantically. The two men
again side by side waved a hand; it
looked like a farewell. There was no calling from them, no appeal. The pany." Maybe it does; but I've agreed to nurse would not desert his charge, and

we saw it all.
Suddenly there was a cry below, keener than the confused shouting of the crowd, and one running forward parted the men at the front and, clearing the the men at the the yard under the fence, jumped into the yard under the

burning gable.

Before people recognized him a lariat Before people recognized him a lariat was swinging over his head—it was siclone Clark. The rope left his arm like a slung-shot and flew straight at Fitzpatrick. Not seeing, or confused, he missed it, and the rope, with a groan from the crowd, settled back. The agile cowboy caught it again into a loop and shot it unward, that time fairloop and shot it upward, that time fair-

loop and shot it upwart, that your Fitzpatrick's head.

"Make fast!" roared Siclone. Fitzpatrick shouted back, and the two men above drew taut. Hand over hand Siclone Clark crept up, like a monkey. Sicione Clark crept up, like a monkey, bracing his feet against the smoking clapboards, edging away from the vomiting windows, swinging on the single strand of horse-hair, and followed

by a hundred prayers unsaid.

Men who didn't know what tears were tried to cry out to keep the chok-ing from their throats. It seemed an age before he covered the last five feet, and the men above caught frantically at

Drawing himself over the casement. his hands. he was lost with them a moment; then, from behind a burst of smoke, they saw from behind a burst of smoke, they saw him rigging a maverick saddle on Fitz-patrick; saw Fitzpatrick lifted by Clark and the nurse over the sill, lowered like a wooden tie, whirling and swinging, down into twenty arms be-low. Before the trainmen had got the engineer loose, the nurse, following, slid like a cat down the incline; but not an instant too soon. A tongue of flame lit the gable from below and licked the horse-hair up into a curling, frizzling thread; and Siclone stood alone in the

It seemed for the moment he stood there the crowd would go mad. shock and the shouting seemed to con-fuse him; it may have been the hot air took his breath. They yelled to him to jump; but he swayed uncertainly. Once, an instant after that, he was seen

to look down; then he drew back from the casement. I never saw him again. The flames wrapped the building in a yellow fury; by daylight the big bar-racks were a smouldering pile of ruins. Solittle water was thrown that it was nearly nightfall before we could get in to the wreck. The tragedy had blotted out the feud between the strikers and easy stages. It was nicknamed the barracks. Many railroad men boarded there, and the new engineers liked it because it was close to the round-house and away from the strikers. were in the ruins.

Fitzpatrick, while we were searching, called continually for Siclone Clark. We didn't tell him the truth; Clark. We didn't tell him the truth; indeed, we didn't know it; nor do we yet know it. Every brace, every beam, every brick was taken from the charred pile. Every foot of cinders, every handful of ashes sifted; but of a human being the searchers found never a trace. Not a bone, not a key, not a knife, not a button which could be identified as his. Like the smoke which swallowed him up, he had disappeared completely

Is he alive ? I cannot tell.

But this I know. Years afterwards Sidney Blair, head

and, moreover, frightfully scarred.

He was silent and inclined to be moat first, but after he learned Blair rose at first, but after he learned Blair was from McCloud he unbent a bit, and after a time began asking questions which indicated a surprising familiarity with the northen country and with our road. In particular, this man asked what had become of Bucks, and, when told what a big railroad man he had told what a big railroad man he had asserted, with a sudden bittergrown, asserted, with a studied based ness and without in any way leading up to it, that with Bucks on the West End there never would have been a strike.

Sitting at their camp-fire while their crews mingled, Blair noticed in the icker of the blaze how seamed the throat and breast of the cattleman were; even his sinewy forearms were drawn out of shape. He asked, too, whether Blair recollected the night the barracks burned; but Blair at that time was east ourned; but Blair at that time was east of the river, and so explained, though he related to the cowboy incidents of the fire which he had heard, among others the story of Fitzpatrick and Signary Clark

"And Fitzpatrick is alive and Siclone is dead," said Blair, in conclusion. But the cowboy disputed him. "You mean Clark is alive and Fitz-

patrick is dead," said he.
"No," contended Sidney, "Fitzpat-"No," contended Sidney, rick is running an engine up there now.

I saw him within three months. But the cowbby was loath to conviction. Next morning their trails forked. The foreman seemed disinclined to part from the surveyors, and while the bunch from the surveyors, and while the bunch was starting he rode a long way with Blair, talking in a random way. Then, suddenly wheeling, he waved a good-bye with his heavy Stetson and galloping hard, was soon lost to the north in the ruts of the Yellow Grass.

When Blair came in he told Neighbor and me about it. Blair had never seen Siclone Clark, and so was no judge as

sind me about it. Biair had never seen Siclone Clark, and so was no judge as to his identity; but Neighbor believes yet that Blair camped that night way down in the Panhandle with no other than the cowboy engineer.

Once again, that only two years ago,

something came back to us. Holmes Kay, one of our staff of surgeons, the man, in fact, who took care of Fitzpatrick, enlisted in Illinois and went with the First to Cuba. They got in front of Santiago just after the hard fighting of July 1st, and Holmes was detailed for hospital work among Roosevelt's men, severely the day before.

One of the wounded, a sargeant, had sustained a gunshot wound in the jaw, and in the confusion had received scant attention. Kay took hold of him, He was a cowboy, like most of the rough-riders, and after his jaw was dressed Kay made some remark about the hot fire they had been through before the

"I've been through a hotter before I ever saw Cuba," answered the rough-rider, as well as he could through his bandages. The remark directed Kay's attention to the condition of his breast and neck, which were a mass of scars.
"Where are you from?" ask

Holmes. " Everywhere." "Where did you get burned that

way?

Out on the plains."

"How?"
But the poor fellow went off into a delirium, and to the surgeon's amaze-ment began repeating train orders. Kay was paralyzed at the way he talked our lingo—and a cow-boy. When he left the wounded man for the night he left the wounded man for the high the resolved to question him more closely the next day; but the next day orders came to rejoin his regiment at the trenches. The surrender shifted things about, and Kay, though he made re-peated inquiry, never saw the man again.

Neighbor, when he heard the story, was only confirmed in his belief that the rough-rider was Siclone Clark. I give you the tales as they came to me, and

for what you may make of them.

I myself believe that if Siclone Clark is still alive he will one day come back to where he was best known and, in spite of his faults, best liked. talk of him out there as they do of old

man Sankey.

I say I believe if he lives he will one day come back. The day he does will



be a great day in McCloud. On that day Fitzpatrick will have to take down the little tablet which he placed in the brick facade of the hotel which now stands on the site of the old barracks. For, as that tablet now stands, it is sacred to the memory of Siclone Clark.

#### AT ST. IGNATIUS' TOMB.

The Calendar of St. Ignatius' Church, New York City, has the following ar-

ticle:
Since 1699 the body of St. Ignatius ticle:

for our engineering department, was running a line, looking then, as we are looking yet, for a coast outlet.

He took only a travelling camp with him, travelling in the lightest kind of order, camping often with the cattless the results of the coarse of the results of the coarse of the c order, camping often when the parameter he ran across.

One night, away down in the Panhandle, they fell in with an outfit driving a bunch of steers up the Yellow ing a bunch of steers up the Yellow Grass trail. Blair noted that the foreman was a character. A man of few words, but of great muscular strength; words, but of great sign, for exquisite finish of workman-ship and richness of materials it can hardly be surpassed. One has to visit it over and over again before a just idea can be formed of its unrivaled splendor. The steps leading up to it are porphyry. The predella where the priest stands is of rich inlaid work (agates, lapis, lazuli porphyry, etc.,) the gift of Philip II. of Spain. The four fluted columns that support the entablature are of gilded bronze lined with lapis lazuli; the pases and capitals are also of bronze The pilasters are of black and white marble, the pedestals and entablature of verde antico, adorned with reliefe and foliated ornaments of bronze. The summit is crowned by the figures of the three Divine Persons in white marble three Divine Persons in white harber, encircled by rays of glory. Between the figures representing the Eternal Father and the Divine Son is a large globe of lapsis lazuli. Above the altar is a righly decorated niche lined with lapsis lazuli and alabastro antico, where stands the figure of St. Ignatius de-signed by Le Gros, surrounded by sil-

signed by Le Gros, surrounded by silver statues of angels.

The statue of the saint was formerly of silver, but melted down to pay the enormous tribute exacted by the French after the treaty of Tolentino. The present statue, which is a copy of the original one, is of stucco, the chasuble being of silver. On the plinths or pedestals of the column are six basrelies in bronze, representing scenes from liefs in bronze, representing scenes from the life of the saint. In the panel of the reredos is a large bronze relief of the reredos is a large bronze rener of rare beauty. On the right and left sides of the altar are two noble marble groups representing faith enlightening the world and religion triumphing over

After gazing for a while at all this splendor, the eye again rests on the bronze shrine beneath the altar where lie the great saint, whose watchword was "The Greater Glory of God," and who is justly reckoned as ene of the greatest, noblest and most valuant sons of the Church. Through his marvelous ability and burning zeal the Church has been powerfully protected against the assaults of heresy; the hordes of Lutheranism and Calvinism, which threatened southern Europe, were besten heales their progress in control central Europe was arrested; the losses suffered by the Church at the Reformation were compensation by vast regions won over to the faith; the Christian education eived a wonderful impetus, schools of theology, philosophy, hum science being everywhere humanities and by the saint and his sons of the society. \_\_\_\_

Bad passions are to the soul what the vapors exhaled from the marshes are to the atmosphere which they fill are to the atmosphere which they fill with storms. They darken the intellect, they east the soul into a sort of stupefaction, which precipitates it towards its destruction.—Clement of Alexandria.

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