

Fire Chief Clark Crushed to Death in Burning Hardware Store Fireman Henry Wein and Sergt. Cockburn, R.C.R., Die With Him

AWFUL RESULT OF FIRE AT A. WESTMAN'S THREE MEN DIE, CAUGHT IN DEATH TRAP

Floors Fall in When the Chief, Two of His Men and the Drum Major of Seventh Regiment Took a Line Into the Store.

FIREMAN WILLIAM COLE ESCAPED DEATH, BUT IS BADLY INJURED

Bodies of the Dead Were Not Removed for Some Hours—Awful Scenes of Death and Destruction—Best Fire Chief in Canada Goes Across the Great Divide.

THE DEAD
Fire Chief Lawrence Clark.
Sergeant Cockburn, Wolseley Barracks.
Fireman Henry Wein, Central Station.

THE INJURED
Fireman William Cole, Central Station.

Loss—About \$101,200.
Insurance—About \$119,700.
Cause—Supposed Electric Wire.
Duration of Fire—Two Hours and a Half.



Photo by Geo. Henry, Dundas St.
THE LATE SERGT. COCKBURN.

Sergt. Cockburn rushed in with their line to assist the Chief.

The Collapse.

Suddenly a cloud of smoke belched from the building, driving those in front into the streets and almost smothering several.

Then there was a terrific crash as the ceilings settled down.

The whole interior was lighted up, as the fire was given leeway, and the fire fighters rushed in to play on the flames.

Market Clerk Maker was the first into the building with a line of hose. He remembered seeing Sergt. Cockburn and Fireman Cole go in before the crash, and he asked the men behind him where they were.

No one knew, and the truth dawned upon the firemen.

Missed the Chief.

But where was Chief Clark? Perhaps he had gone through to the rear of the building. Mr. William Abbott, who had done valiant service up to this time started to hunt for Chief Clark. Around to the rear of the building he rushed and asked for the chief. He had been there a minute before, the answer came, but he had gone around to the front of the building. Then Mr. Abbott told Assistant Chief Atkins that the men were cut off.

A Battle for Life.

The firemen instinctively guessed the meaning, and then the battle for the lives of the bravest of the brave commenced.

With the courage born of desperation and of a great love and admiration for their chief, the firemen hurled themselves into the fire.

Into the building they went, throwing stream after stream on the flames. Still the crowd knew nothing of the grim tragedy being enacted within the walls of the burning building.

They laughed as some luckless fireman in taking desperate chances was struck full force and knocked down by the streams.

At ten minutes of seven o'clock, Assistant Chief Atkins determined to pump the cellar out, as he feared the men were in the cellar, which was practically full of water.

This was done, and for half an hour the pumps were kept going at full force.

Worked Like Heroes.

The fire was stubborn, and still the men fought on. They were gaining the upper hand, but it was slow, eternally slow, to the men who were fighting for the life of their chief.

Some with tears streaming down their faces worked and fought, when nature could scarce stand the strain. But on they worked. Into the building they forced themselves. At 7:15 another section of the ceilings caved in, and Fireman Riddell, Market Clerk Maker, and several others scurried for their lives.

For fifteen minutes more they worked, and the engine pumped. At last Fireman Robert Haylock and Fireman George Milligan asked leave to search the cellar. With life lines about their waists they crawled into the cellar, but returned, as they could not see their comrades.

The light of hope that had flickered in the countenances of some went out, and it was then seen that the men were dead.

Hope Abandoned.

The crowd by this time had become aware that something was wrong. They had not heard the chief's voice for

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THE FINANCIAL LOSS.

With the exception of Westman's hardware, all loss entailed by the conflagration is fully covered by insurance.

Mr. Eldon Westman today stated that as near as he could judge the stock was worth between \$40,000 and \$45,000.

Several years ago the insurance carried by the Westman Company amounted to \$28,000, but several thousand dollars of that amount has since been dropped.

Last March Mr. Westman celebrated his 40th anniversary as a London businessman, having for 34 years been in business at 111 Dundas street, a few doors west of the present place of business.

"Yes, we will try and get on our feet again and begin business in some way shortly," said Mr. Westman. "After having been in business for so long, we feel that we can manage to get going in some manner."

The loss to buildings adjoining that occupied by the Westman people resulted chiefly from water and smoke, but some of the other losses, particularly that of Darch & Hunter, are very heavy.

LOSS AND INSURANCE

The estimated losses, with the amount of insurance carried are as follows:

	Loss.	Insurance.
Westman Hardware Company	\$45,000	\$25,000
Darch & Hunter	20,000	17,000
Cowan Hardware Company	3,000	10,000
Morrison Shoe Company	12,000	18,000
John Friend, confectioner	500	1,700
V. Cronyn, owner of destroyed building	20,000	20,000
Canada Packing Company	200	10,000
Bott & Brown	500	18,000
Estimated total	\$101,200	\$119,700



Photo by Geo. Henry.

THE LATE CHIEF CLARK.

BREAKING THE AWFUL NEWS TO THE WIFE OF THE FIRE CHIEF

Mrs. Clark Proved Herself a Brave Woman and One Worthy To Be the Wife of a Fire Hero—Pathetic Incidents of the Awful Conflagration.

There were many pathetic incidents of the fire.

When the chief did not come home at his usual hour, Mrs. Clark and her daughter came down town to see the fire.

They met a lady friend, and chatted and watched the blaze, little knowing what it meant to them.

About 8 o'clock Mrs. Clark said: "Well, I guess the fire is about out now, so I think I will go home. Lawrence will be hungry and wet, and I must get him a lunch and a change of clothing."

She went home, and waited and waited for the homecoming of her chief. Then it dawned upon her that something must be wrong. She telephoned several of her friends, and asked to be told the worst.

"I am brave," she said. "Tell me all."

BERLIN SENDS MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Berlin, Aug. 19.—The citizens of this town learn with deep regret your loss of Fire Chief Clark and Fireman Wein. Especially do we mourn the loss of the drum-major of the Seventh Regiment Band, Sergt.

City Clerk Baker, ex-Ald. Matthews and others were in the house, but they hadn't the heart to tell her the chief was dead.

Broke the News.

Finally Mrs. Clark was told that the worst had happened.

She proved herself a woman worthy to be the wife of a fire-fighter.

She was dazed for a moment, her eyes welled up with tears, and then she said to Mrs. W. G. Abbott, whose father, Chief Roe, was killed:

"You know what it is to go through this. It has come at last."

The chief's "baby girl," as he was wont to call Miss Anna, broke down for a moment, but like her mother, she soon regained her composure.

Boy in the West.

His only boy, Gordon, left yesterday.

Cockburn, Jack will ever be remembered as a good fellow.

(Signed) J. T. TUTTLE.

New York is now the clothing shop of the United States. Lower Fifth avenue is the centre of the cloak and clothes manufacturing industry.

THE WEATHER.

TOMORROW—COOLER.

ALL PAY TRIBUTE TO DEAD CHIEF AN IDEAL FIREMAN AND A HERO

Life Story of a Man Who Began at the Bottom and Worked Up—A Friend of Good Men and an Enemy of None—Mayor Stevelly Expresses Sorrow.

The late Chief Clark was born in England 40 years ago.

He came to this country when 14 years of age, and settled in Hamilton.

There he was employed in Tuckett's office for years, and also acted as shipper.

He went from Hamilton to Brantford, where he met his wife. They were married in 1887, and he later joined the Hamilton fire brigade.

His advancement was rapid, and he held the position of foreman for some years of the John street station.

In 1904 he was appointed by the London council to succeed Chief Roe, who was killed in the Sterling fire.

Since that time he had been in the city, and had made a name for himself as an honest, capable, hard-working, conscientious official. In fact, he was known as the best fire chief in Canada.

In his earlier days he was a well-known lacrosse player.

He belonged to Tuscan Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and also to the Knights of Pythias.

A Fire-Fighting Hero.

He is survived by a widow, one son, Gordon, and a daughter, Anna.

Fire Chief Clark died a hero's death, as every one of his intimate friends knew he would.

Fear was never known to him, and he never spared himself.

This was perhaps never better illustrated than in his death. He never asked his men to go any place where he himself would not go. He met his death in the front rank with his men.

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PINIONED BY TONS OF DEBRIS COLE'S ESCAPE MARVELLOUS

Carried Into Cellar When Ceilings Crashed Wreckage Forms an Arch Above Him and Leaves Him Free to Fight Off the Approaching Flames.

The escape of Fireman Billy Cole will stand as a marvel to all who assisted in getting him out.

Pinioned down by tons of stoves and glassware and debris, with a raging fire all round him, he lay in the wreck for two hours and yet came out alive.

He was fortunate in falling in the position he did. He was at the nozzle when suddenly tons of ceiling

and refuse came crashing down upon him.

Hurled Into Cellar.

The floor gave way, and he was hurled into the cellar. Stove pipes and elbows and like materials fell around him. A piece of steel formed an arch over his head, and in a small space he was able to move his head and arms.

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SERG. JACK COCKBURN DEAD KILLED FIGHTING THE FIRE

All London Amazed and Saddened by Tragical End of the Popular and Gallant Drum Major of the Wolseley Barracks Staff.

"Sergt. Cockburn dead," gasped the crowd in amazement last evening, when the news spread that the gallant drum-major of the Seventh Regiment had met a cruel fate with Chief Clark.

It seemed impossible that Jack Cockburn, known to everybody in the city, should be dead.

Hundreds of the soldier boys of the Seventh Regiment and former members thronged about the scene of the fire, and asked for news of him. When the sad truth was learned, they went away, many of them in tears.

For twenty years he has been a popular figure in London. No Seventh Regiment parade would be complete without him.

Yesterday afternoon he came to the scene of the fire, and stood in front of the building for a time. Approaching the writer, he said:

Anxious To Help.

"It looks pretty bad, chum. I wonder if I could help the chief. If I thought I could, I would."

He was told that there were scarcely enough men to man the hose.

"All right, chum," he said. "I will help the chief."

He then walked up to the chief, who greeted him with a smile, and in a moment Jack Cockburn was in the midst of the fire, working like a hero.

Once he was seen to leave the line of hose he was handling and come to the chief.

They talked the situation over for a minute, and then back to work he went.

The chief followed him in, and in a few minutes the three men went in, never to come out alive.

Sergt. Cockburn's Career.

Sergt. Cockburn was born in Toronto 40 years ago, on the farm on which the Woodbine track now stands. He enlisted nearly 22 years ago, and has been connected with Wolseley Barracks nearly all that time.

He was married some years ago to a Miss Leathorn, of this city. They have no family.

In the rush for the Klondike, he was sent to that country with a contingent, remaining there for over a year. Since his return he has been at the Barracks.

He is survived by his parents in Toronto, three brothers, Frank, George and Robert, and two sisters, Mrs. Cope and Miss Ruth Cockburn, all living in Toronto.

He was a member of Corinthian Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

Jack Cockburn, the handsome, good-hearted, good-natured soldier, will be missed. He died as befits a soldier.



Photo by Geo. Henry, Dundas street.
THE LATE FIREMAN WEIN.



FIREMAN WM. COLES.

Used the Steamer.
At 6:20 the engine began to play on the flames, and the firemen directed a heavy stream into the third story windows. It seemed for a few mo-

ments that the fire was practically extinguished on the lower floors. Chief Clark went into the building on the first floor. He came back and asked for a line of hose, as he had discovered the heart of the fire. Firemen Billy Cole and Wein, and