#### JULY 5, 1902.

### THE MCWILLIAMS SPECIAL. Continued from Sixth Page.

Special showed better speed than the itself ever attempted-and he

kicked no more. After all the row, it seems incredible, but they never got ready to leave Chicago till 4 o'clock ; and when the Mewilliams Special lit into our train system, it was like dropping a mountain-lion into a bunch of steers. Freights and extras, local passenger-

trains even were used to being side-tracked ; but when it came to laying ut the Flyers and (I whisper this) the White Mail, and the Manila express the oil began to sizzle in the journal-boxes. The freight business, the pas-senger traffic—the mail schedules of a railway system were actually d by the McWilliams Special McWilliams Special knocked by the linto a cocked hat. knocked

into a cocked hat. From the minute it cleared Western Avenue it was the only thing talked of. Divisional headquarters and car tink shanties alike were bursting with ex-

citement. On the West End we had all night to On the West End we had all night to prepare, and at 5 o'clock next morn-ing every man in the operating depart-ment was on edge. At precisely 3.58 a.m. the McWilliams Special stuck its nose into our division, and Foley— pilled off No. 1 with the 466—was head-ing head dizzy for McCloud. Already ing her dizzy for McCloud. Already the McWilliams had made up thirtyone minutes on the one hour delay in Chicago, and Lincoln threw her into our hands with a sort of "There, now! You fellows-are you any good at all on the West End ?" And we thought

we were. Sitting in the dispatcher's office, we tagged her down the line like a swallow. Harvard, Oxford, Zanesville Ashton— and a thousand people at the McCloud station waited for 6 o'clock and for Foley's muddy cap to pop through the Blackwood bluffs, watched him stain the valley maples with a stream of white and black, scream at the junc-tion switches, tear and crash through the yards, and slide hissing and panting up under our nose, swing out of his cab, and look at nobody at all but his watch. We made it 5.59 a. m. Central Time.

The miles, 136; the minutes, 121. The schedule was beaten—and that with the 136 miles the fastest on the whole 1026. Everybody in town yelled except Foley; he asked for a chew of tobacco, and not getting one handily, bit into his own piece. While Foley melted his weed George

Sinclair stepped out of the superintend-ent's office-he was done in a black silk shirt, with a blue four-in-hand treaming over his front-stepped out to shake hands with Foley, as one hostler got the 466 out of the way, and another acked down with a new Sky-Scraper, the 506.

But nobody paid much attention to all this. The mob had swarmed around the ratty, old, blind-eyed baggage-car which, with an ordinary way-car, con-stituted the McWilliams Special. "Now what does a man with McWill-

iams's money want to travel special in an old photograph-gallery like that for?" asked Andy Cameron, who was the least bit huffed because he hadn't been marked up for the run himself. "You better take him in a cup of hot coffee, " You Sinkers," suggested Andy to the lunch "You might get a ten counter boy. "You might get a ten dollar bill if the old man isn't feeling too badly. What do you hear from Denver, Neighbor ?" he ashed, turning to the superintendent of motive power. "Is the boy holding out ?"

sneaked away.

"Get out !"

# "Make what ?"

Denver. 'Denver or the ditch, Neighbor," laughed Georgie, testing the air. "Are you right back there, Pat?" he called, as Conductor Francis strode forward to npare the Mountain Time.

Right and tight, and I call it five-thirty now. What have you, two-thirty now. Georgie :

Georgie ?" "Five-two-thirty-two," 'answored Sinclair, leaning from the cab window. "And we're ready." "Then go !" cried Pat Francis, rais-

ing two fingers. "Go !" echoed Sinclair, and waved a backward smile to the crowd, as the bistons took the push and the escapes wheezed.

A roar went up. The little engineer A your went up. I not not the infinite infinites shook his cap, and with a flirting, snaking-slide, the McWilliams Special drew slipping away between the shin-ing rails for the Rockies. Just how McWilliams felt we had no

means of knowing; but we knew our hearts would not beat freely until his infernal Special should slide safely over the last of the 266 miles which still lay between the distressed man and his unfortunate child.

From McCloud to Ogalalla there is a good bit of twisting and slewing; but looking east from Athens a marble dropped between the rails might roll clear into the Ogalalla yards. I sixty-mile grade, the ballast of It is a slag, and the sweetest, springiest bed under steel.

To cover those sixty miles in better than fifty minutes was like picking them off the ponies; and the Five-Nine breast-ed the Morgan divide, fretting for more hills to climb. The Five-Nine — for that matter any

of the Sky-Scrapers are built to balance ten or a dozen sleepers, and when you run them light they have a fashion of rooting their noses into the track. A modest upgrade just about counters this tendency; but on a slump and a stiff clip and no tail to speak of, you feel as if the drivers were going to buck up on the ponies every once in a while. How-ever, they never do, and Georgie whistled for Scarboro' junction, and 180 miles and two waters, in 198 minutes out of McCloud; and looking happy, cussed Mr. McWilliams a little, and

gave her another hatful of steam. It is getting down a hill, like the hills of the Mattaback Valley, at such a pace that pounds the track out of shape. The Five-Nine lurched at the curves like a and woman, shook free with every fury, and if the baggage - car had not been fairly loaded down with the grief of Mc-Williams, it must have jumped the rails

Williams, it must have jumped the rails adozen times in as many minutes. Indeed, the fireman — it was Jerry MacElroy — twisting and shifting be-tween the tender and the furnace, looked for the first time grave, and stole a questioning glance from the

steam-guage towards Georgie. But yet he didn't expect to see the boy, his face set ahead and down the track, straighten so suddenly up, sink in the lever, and close at the instant on the air. Jerry felt her stumble under his feet-caught up like a girl in a skipping-rope-and grabbing a brace looked, like a wise stroker, for his answer out of his window. There far ahead it rose in hot curling clouds of smoke down among the alfalfa meadows and over the sweep of willows along the Mattaback river. The Mattaback bridge was on fire, with the McWilliams Special on one side and Denver on the other. Jerry MacElroy yelled-the enginee

didn't even look around; only whistled in alarm back to Pat Francis, eased her down the grade a bit, like a man reflect-ing, and watched the smoke and flames

in this car for the Sierra Leone Nation-al Bank—that's all. Didn't you know that five big banks there closed their doors yesterday? Worst panie in the United States. That's what I'm here for, and five huskies with me eating and sleeping in this car," continued Ferguson, looking abead. "You're not going to tackle that bridge, are you?" "We are, and right off. If there's any of your huskies want to drop out, now's their ehance," said Pat Francis, as Sinelair slowed for his run. Ferguson called his men. The five with their rifles came cautiously for ward. in this car for the Sierra Leone Nation- missed the chance of a life-time to die

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

ward. "Boys," said Ferguson, briefly. "There's a bridge aftre ahead. These guys are going to try to run it. It's not in your contract, that kind of a chance. Do you want to get off? I stay with the specie, myself. You can do exactly as you please. Murray, what do you say?" he asked, address-ing the leader of the force, who ap-neared the way for the trucks to pull up across the sidewalk, so the por-ters could lug the kegs of gold into the depositors. In an hoar the run was broken. But whea the four railroad men left the bank, after all sorts of hugging by ex-cited directors, they carried not only the blessings of the officials, but each in his vest pocket a check, every one of

the second man, coolly, "do you want

to stay?" "Me?" echoed Peaters, looking ahead at the mass of flame leaping up-ward—"me stay? Well, not in a thousand years. You can have my gun, Mr. Ferguson, and send my check to 439 Milwaukee Avenue, if you please. Gentlemen, good-day." And off went Dectars

Peaters. And off went every last man of the valorous detectives except one lame fellow, who said he would just as lief be dead as alive anyway, and declared he would stay with Ferguson and die ich! Sinclair, thinking he might never get

another chance, was whistling sharply orders. Francis, breathless with

for orders. Francis, breathless with the news, ran forward. "Coin? How much? Twelve hun-dred thousand. Whew!" cried Sin-clair. "Swing up, Pat. We're off." The Five-nine gathered herself with a spring. Even the engineer's heart qualed as they got headway. He knew the breiness and he knew that if only

his business, and he knew that if only the rails hadn't buckled they were per-fectly safe, for the heavy truss would stand a lot of burning before giving way under a swiftly moving train. Only, as they flew nearer, the blaze rolling up in dense volume looked horribly threatening. After all it was foolhardy, and he felt it; but he was past stopping now, and he pulled the choker to the limit. It seemed as if she never covered steel so fast. Under the head she now had the crackling bridge was less than five hun-

two hundred feet, and there was no binder to think. With a stare, Sinclair shut off. He wanted no push or pull on the track. The McWilliams Special was just a tremendous around shooting through a truss of fire, and half a dozon speechless men on either side of the river waiting for the catascial was just a tremendous arrow, trophe. Jerry MacElroy crouched low under

the gauges. Sinclair jumped from his box and stood with a hand on the throttle and a hand on the air, the glass throttle and a hand on the air, the glass crashing around his head like hail. A blast of fiery air and flying cinders burned and choked him. The engine, alive with danger, flew like a great monkey along the writhing steel. So quick, so black, so hot the blast, and so tarrife the leap, she stuck her nore

and cleared the way for the trucks to pull up across the sidewalk, so the por-

what do you say?" he asked, address-ing the leader of the force, who ap-peared to weigh about two hundred and in his vest pocket a check, every one of which discounted the biggest voucher

"What do I say?" echoed Murray, which discounted the biggest voucher ever drawn on the West End for a month's pay; though I violate no con-fidence in stating that Georgie Sin-"I say I'll dropout right here. I don't mind train robbers, but I don't tackle a burning bridge—not if I know it," and he jumped off. "Well, Peaters," asked Ferguson, of creditable portrait of the kid engineer.

Besides paying tariff on the specie, the bank paid for a new coat of paint for the McWilliams Special from caboose to pilot. She was the last train across the Mattaback for two weeks.

The next story of this series will appear in our issue of July 19.

### An Excellent Project.

The Catholic Columbian says: "In California recently a tract of 1,000 acres was acquired by the 'Youth's Directory' for the purpose of establish-ing under Catholic auspices an agricul-tural acteol for here. The idea is tural school for boys. The idea is taken from France, where there are forty agricultural institutes under con where there are trol and direction of the Church. These schools have popularized farming as a means of livelihood, and have very uch improved the farming methods of the French people. Consequently, France has 10,000,000 of peasant pro-prietors, while England and Ireland to-gether have less than 900,000. The California project has the cordial approval of Archbishop Riordan."

## A REMARKABLE CASE.

Told by Mr. Orlin Post, of Grumidge, Manitoba.

SUFFERED GREATLY FOR FIVE YEARS FROM RHEUMATISM — DOCTORS AND MANY MEDICINES FAILED TO HELP HIM, BUT HE GOT THE RIGHT MEDI CINE AT LAST.

From the Echo, Dominion City, Man.

Recently while chatting with a re-porter of the Echo, Mr. Orlin Post, a well-known farmer of Grumidge, Man., gave the following story of five years of great suffering from that most painful of diseases — rheumatism. Mr. Post said :—" There are few people, unless they have been similarly afflicted, can understand how much I suffered during those five years from the pains of rheuatism. There were times when I was wholly unable to do any work, and to merely attempt to move my limbs caused the greatest agony. I tried caused the greatest agony. I tried several doctors but they seemed quite unable to cure me. Then I tried several advertised medicines, that were highly recommended for this trouble, but they also failed to bring the longed for release from pain. As these medi-cines failed me one after the other, 1 began to look upon the trouble as in-curable, and was almost in despair. At At this time some friends asked me why l did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to make at least one more effort to obtain a cure. I knew my case was not only a severe one, but from the failure of other medicines a stubborn one, and I determined that





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vice From aging. WEISMILLER, Inspector osses. Lowest ily settled. lichmond Street

e by a an House, anadian

The barricades bothered him, but he

door was gently opened by a sad-eyed man, who opened the ball by shoving a rifle as big as a pinch-bar under the

editorial nose, "My grief, Mr. McWilliams," pro-

tested the interviewer, in a trembling voice, "don't imagine I want to hold

you up. Our citizens are all peaceable

plains, boys," declared the editor. "Talk about your bereaved parents. If

door. He pounded hard, for he hoped and believed that there was something in it. But he might have pounded till his coffee froze for all the impression it made on the sleepy McWilliams.

cried Francis. "Not if we can get across before the bridge tumbles into the river," re-"Hasn't the man trouble enough with-out tackling your chiceory?" sang out Felix Kennedy, and the laugh so dis-couraged Sinkers that he gave over and succeed a sume

turned Sinclair. "You don't mean you'd try it?" "Would I? Wouldn't I? You know the orders. That bridge is good for an hour yet. Pat, if you're game, I'll run

At that moment the editor of the local paper came around the depet corner on the run. He was out for an interview, who would have run the river without any bridge at all if so ordered. They and, as usual, just a trifle late. How-ever, he insisted on boarding the bagtold us to deliver the goods, didn't age-car to tender his sympathy to Mc-

suggested Jerry MacElroy, who de-precated losing good time, "There'll be plenty of time to talk after we get mounted them all, and began an emer-gency pound on the fobidding blind door. Imagine his feelings when the

be plenty of time to talk after we get into Denver, or the Mattaback." "Think quick, Pat," urged Sinclair; his safety was popping murder. "Back her up, then, and let her go," eried Francis; "I'd just as lief have that baggage-car at the bottom of the river as on my hands any longer." There was some sharp tooting then the McWilliams Special backed; backed away across the meadow, halted, and screamed hard enough to wake the dead. Georgie was trying to warn the section men. At that instant the door of the baggage-car opened and a sharp-featured young man peered out. "Get out !" "Why, man, I'm not even asking for a subscription: I simply want to ten—" "Get out !" snapped the man with the gun; and in a foam the newsman climbed

down. A curious crowd gathered close to hear an editorial version of the ten commandments revised on the spur of

as Francis passed. "Bridge burning ahead there."

Bridge burning ahead there."
Bridge burning !" he cried, looking nervously forward. "Well, that's a deal. What you going to do about it?"
Run it. Are you McWilliams ?"
McWilliams ? I wish I was for just one minute. I'm one of his clerks."
Where is he?"
Uher him on La Salle Street vestor.

the boy does nt have a chill when that than reaches him, I miss my guess. He acts to me as if he was afraid his grief "I left him on La Salle Street yester-

Meantime Georgie Sinclair was tying

Not to-day," said Neighbor, grimly, "we haven't time." Just then Sinkers rushed at the bag-gage-car with a cup of hot coffee for §Mr. Williams. Every-body, hop'ng to get a peep at the capitalist, made way. Sinkers climbed to the platforms and pounded on the door. He pounded hard, for he hoped in it. But he

ed Sinclair.

"Holy smoke," mused Pat Francis,

they?" "We might as well be starting, Pat,"

sharp-featured young man peered out. "What's the row—what's all this screeching about, conductor?" he asked

the moment. Felix Kennedy said it was worth going miles to hear. "That's the coldest deal I ever struck on the

If

would get away before he got to Den-

cording to directions, and before they were gone there was a great improve-ment in my condition, but I was not fully cured. I then got another half dozen boxes, and by the time the third then looked at his watch. It was the jundred and ninetieth milepost just at her nose, and the dial read 8 o'clock and fifty five minutes to

a second. There was an hour to the good and seventy-six miles and a water good and seventy-six lines and a water to cover; but they were seventy-six of the prettiest miles under ballast anywhere, and the Five-Nine reeled them off like a cylinder-press. Seventynine minutes later Sinclair whistled for the Denver vards.

the Denver yards. There was a tremendous commotion among the waiting engines. If there was one there were fifty big locomotives was one there were firty of locomodives waiting to charivari the McWilliams Special. The wires had told the story in Denver long before, and as the Five-Nine sailed ponderously up the gridiron every mogul, every consolidated, every ten-wheeler, every hog, every switch-bumper, every air-hose screamed an up-roarious welcome to Georgie Sinclair

and the Sky-Scraper. They had broken every record from McCloud to Denver, and all knew it; but as the McWilliams Special drew swiftly past, every last man in the yards stared at her cracked, peeled, blistered, haggard looks. "What the deuce have you bit in-

to ?" cried the depot-master, as the Five-Nine swept splendidly up and stopped with her battered eye hard on

the depot clock. "Mattaback bridge is burned; had to crawl over on the stringers," answered Sinclair, coughing up a cinder. "Where's McWilliams?"

"Back there sitting on his grief, I

reckon." While the crew went up to register, two big four-horse trucks backed up to the baggage-car, and in a minute a dozen men were rolling specie-kegs out

'I left him on La Salle Street yesterday afternoon.''
What's your name?''
'Just plain Ferguson, it's none of my
business, but as long as we're going to
put you into Denver or into the river
put you into La minute. I'm curious to know a silk handkerchief around his neck, while Neighbor gave him parting injunc-tions. As he put up his foot to swing into the cab the boy looked for all the world like a jockey toe in stirrup. Neighbor glanced at his watch. "Can you make it by 11 o'clock?" he growled.

the pills should have a fair trial, so I bought a dozen boxes. I took them ac-

of them were emptied I had not an ach or a pain left, and was able to do a good hard day's work without feeling any of the torture that had for five years made my life miserable. You may say for me that I do not think there is any medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for rheu-

natism. It is several years since my ure was effected, and as I have never since had the least sign of the trouble, I USE THE GENUINE

think I can speak with authority." When such severe cases as this are entirely cured it is not surprising that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made such a great reputation throughout the world for the cure of other diseases due to poor or watery blood. Paralysis, St. Vitus' danee, anaemia, consumption, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, female ailments and nearalgia are among the other troubles have cured in thousands of cases

they have cured in thousands of cases. Only the genuine pill will cure—sub-stitutes never cured anything — and to avoid substitutes you must see that the full name "Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or will be sent post free at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by ad-dressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Co., Brockville, Ont.

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