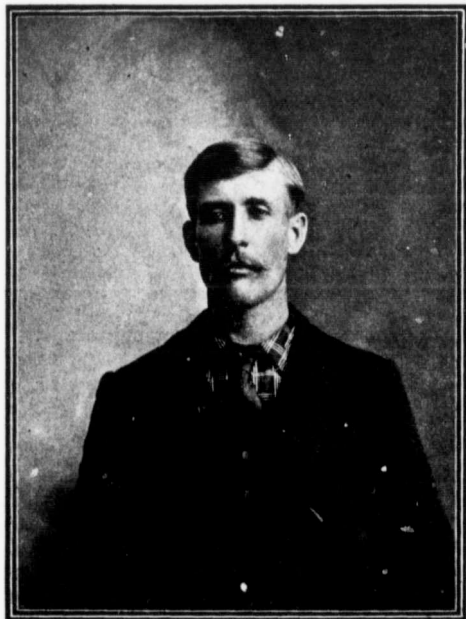


slides detained the train, and at Blairmore the anguished mother was told she would have to wait—the gumbo piles could not be cleared away in many hours, and till they were, traffic was at a standstill.



Trueman Weatherby, a miner who distinguished himself on the day of the accident.

But could a mother idly wait while her heart was breaking? Hedrig Bakas could not. And so two days later—lame and worn and weary—she walked

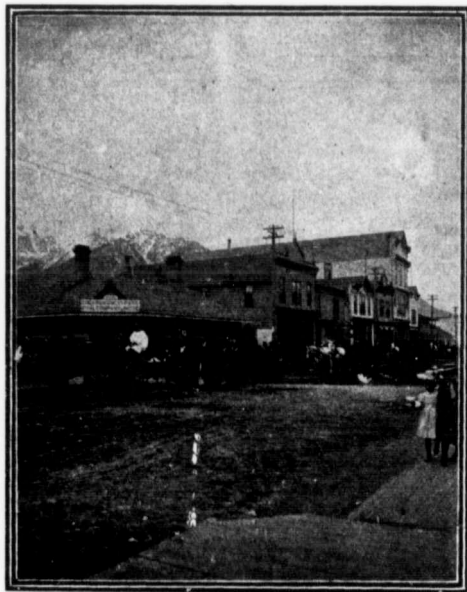


Funeral train making journeys every four hours to carry bodies of victims to Fernie.

into Fernie, to be met accidentally by Dr. Corsan and taken to his hospital. Thence two hours afterwards she was escorted to the mine, in time to receive

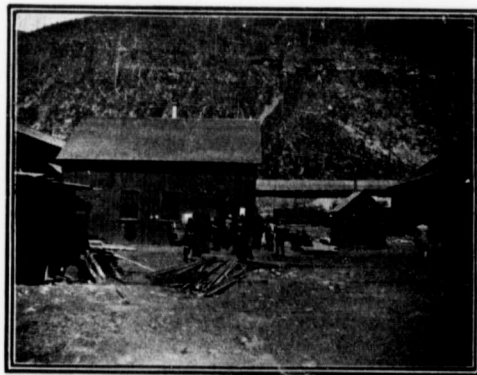
the battered body of her son, and with tender hands prepare it for its last cradling.

There was another hero among the Slavs—seemingly the only one of the Fernie miners of his race.



A funeral at which 28 victims of the disaster were buried at the same time.

He was hastening from the mine, his head and shoulder hurt by a fall of coal when the explosion came. He sank exhausted on the tunnel floor, and



Lamphouse No. 2. Miners endeavouring to ascertain by checking the list of lamps issued who were in the mines.

Duke Dano, a white miner, passing him, breathed a hurried word of pity for one for whom hope had fled. A moment later Dano, his right leg broken