

SURVIVORS REACH TORONTO AND TELL OF TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES

THRILLING STORIES OF RESCUE TOLD BY TORONTO SURVIVORS OF WRECK

coffins. Here and there lay an undertaker's casket, and an occasional emergency wicker carrier with its silent occupant. Below, the hold was taxed to the very cockpits. Lined up in rows behind stood a hundred Essex sailor boys in uniform ready to share in the last rites of the sea victims.

Gang planks were lowered and at a given signal the exodus began, an exodus lasting for an hour and a half, and involving the conveyance of 188 bodies to the wharf.

Locking arms under a huge box, eight sailors stepped forth and one after another like buckets on an endless chain the procession passed. It was with feelings of vertigo that spectators saw the huge roughly constructed blood-bespattered receptacles file past. Inside the building, in long tiers beneath bare ceilings and walls, the burdens were deposited. Pinned to the cover of each, or chalked upon the boarding, were names or numbers. The identification process was delayed until later in the day. An hour passed and still the gruesome task was not completed. Outside the crowd was waxing impatient. Pale faces pressed against the pane for glimpses of the interior. Grief-stricken persons in the crowd were growing frantic at the thought that their relatives might be lying within. Sobbing was heard, and men bit hard to restrain their emotion. Women sat hand in hand, dry eyed and awaiting the opening of the doors.

Nine Coffins Containing Children

Last of the load came the tiny white caskets bearing the bodies of the children who had perished in the waters. Nine sailor boys, clasping one apiece in their arms, swung along in jaunty nautical style with the coffin handles clicking in time like castanets. These were all deposited in one corner. They ranged in size from that containing a six months infant to a nine year old girl.

When the doors were first opened in the morning, a gray-haired old man rushed in without permission and refused to be ejected all day. He had spent the night about the docks and was determined to search for his wife and son, who had been given up for lost. His actions were pitiful to behold. From one casket to another he rushed, attempting to read the names and tearing his fingers in a vain effort to open the boxes and search the faces of the dead. Another tragic couple wandering about were a father and his son. The old man was feeble and nearly prostrated, and the boy was supporting him up and down the long aisle. Their quest was fruitless, however, and they will wait for days to see if the sea will relinquish its prey.

In All, 188 Coffins

There were in all 188 coffins brought to Quebec. All Saturday night, citizens at Rimouski had labored with chisel and saw, constructing temporary receptacles for the victims. At 1.45 the loading commenced, and steam was raised at 4 o'clock. The journey up the river was made at the rate of 14 knots per hour and after the discharge of cargo, the death ship, with flags at half mast and sailors leaning across the deck rails for a last glimpse of the sheds, stood out into the stream and proceeded on special business.

CRIPPLES BORNE ON STRETCHERS THRU SURGING CROWD AT LEVIS WHEN MIDNIGHT TRAIN ARRIVED

Touching Scenes Witnessed as Survivors, Broken of Limb, Were Conveyed to Hospitals—Others of Rescued Staggered Along With Aid of Friends.

By Clarke C. Locke. QUEBEC, May 31.—As the hands of the clock roll round the far-reaching effects of the steamship tragedy grow more apparent and incidents, pathetic almost beyond comprehension, follow each other in rapid succession. One of these occurred when the special international passenger train from Father Point and Rimouski steamed into Levis at midnight Saturday. On board were a score of injured persons, who, by a miracle in some cases, had been picked up from among the spars and wreckage in the hour following the sinking. It was an awe-inspiring sight to see the weary little band of pilgrims step from the coaches with bandaged heads and arms, or be shifted from the rear of the coaches on improvised stretchers. The night was starlit and, maddened on the Quebec side of the river, crowds of people watched the glowing headlight of the locomotive as it spun down the long winding bank of the river and whirled into the station.

Crush Tremendous. The crush about the train, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, was tremendous. Thronged surged forward and defied the policemen in an endeavor to snatch a glimpse of the saved ones. Leaning by the arm of a friend, a tall woman wearing huge bandages stepped first to the platform and her profound sigh of relief was heard by everyone in the hushed assemblage. Around her forehead was strapped a bandage. The chin bore a large zig-zag of court-plaster and a heavy black welt under the eye showed what painful injuries she had received. She was Mrs. Eddy from Birmingham, Eng. At the crash she had rushed to the deck in night attire, and this action resulted in her rescue.

Many Rescued Crippled. Then came the long row of stretchers with their inert occupants. Every man was alive, but in many cases that was all. It was marvelous to note the vitality of several. In spite of arms and legs broken in the grinding of wreckage, many of these cripples remained aloft long enough to be seen and gathered in.

Touching in its pathos was the contingent of third-class passengers. In little groups they huddled about the stateroom of the ferry, gazing at each other in dumb thankfulness, and rarely expressing a syllable. There were 18 foreigners in all, 9 Russians and 9 Poles, bound for their homeland. In the hour of peril they had leaped from the reeling decks, in many instances

grasping to the end the little carpet and bandana bundles which represented all their worldly effects. Among the injured. Every one of the invalids was rushed in a special ambulance to the Jeffrey Hale Hospital, while the slightly injured were allotted to quarters in the Chateau Frontenac. Some of the names in this list were J. Foss, James McEwan, Gregory Sinclair, of England; Mrs. Mulline, first-class; H. A. Wakeford, first-class; John Brown, second-class steward; A. Hurst, Reginald Simmons, Jonas Linquist.

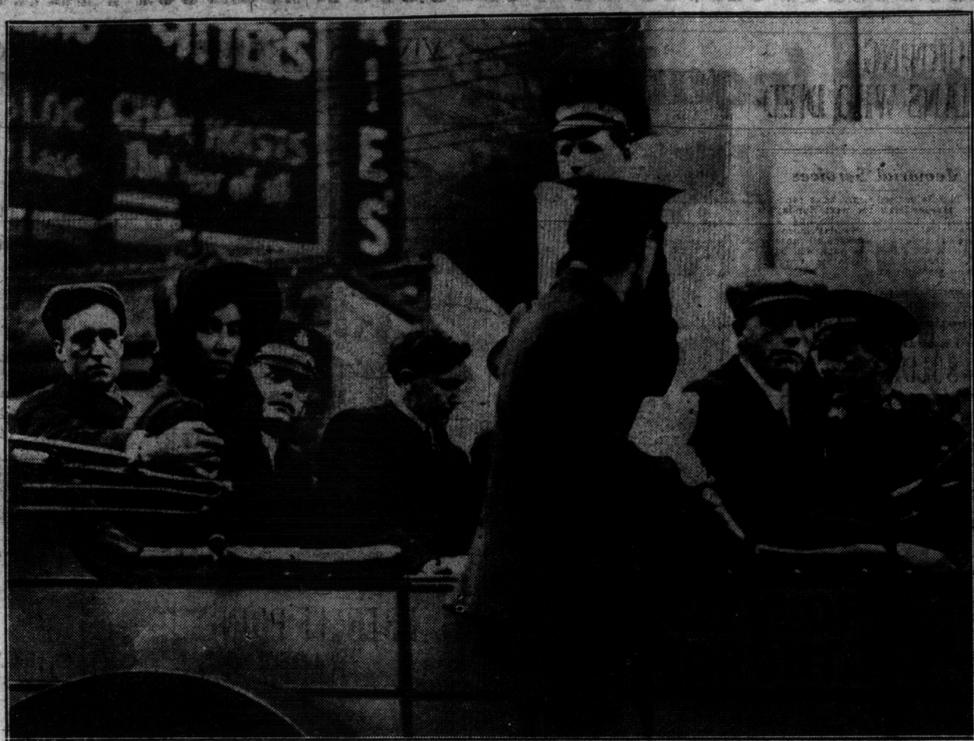
Dairy products are being raised to a higher standard than the efforts of the thirty-four inspectors appointed by the Department. Factory inspection is under the jurisdiction of the Department, and the inspectors last year made 7,348 inspections, covering 5,614 industries.

A SURVIVOR AND HIS SISTER



Ensign Ernest Pugmire and his sister, Myrtle, Ensign Pugmire had a terrible experience, and was very highly praised for his heroic action when the Empress of Ireland went down.

MEETING THE WRECK SURVIVORS



Captain R. Spooner (in rear seat wearing cap) and Herbert Greenaway (in centre, without hat), who survived the Empress of Ireland catastrophe, being taken away in a motor car by Lieut. Wright, Capt. Wolscott and Brigadier Hargrave.

SERIOUS CHARGES BY SURVIVOR STATES THAT DOOR WAS LOCKED

L. P. Godson Says There Were Only Three Life Belts on Port Side—Boats That Would Have Helped Could Not Be Released Others Went Away Only Half Full

Charges of a most serious character were made by L. P. Godson of Kingston, one of the survivors, who arrived in Toronto last night, when interviewed by The World at the Queen's Hotel. His charges are: That many second and third class passengers were barred from access to the deck because of the door leading to the exit being locked. Also efforts were made by the imprisoned passengers to break down the barrier they died like rats in a trap. Also he took two trips to his first cabin stateroom in search of life belts, none were to be found there, and the same was probably the case in most of the other staterooms. Even he was one of the first to arrive on the promenade deck, there were only three life preservers on the port side. That these life preservers were fastened with binder twine, and that it was only with the utmost difficulty were they loosened. That the crew were the only ones who knew the location of the life belts and that they secured them for themselves. Few Boats Launched. That the lifeboats, no matter in what position they struck, the water did not sink, but owing to no facilities for cutting the ropes being handy, few

were launched. Could they have been loosened they would have afforded something to which the drowning passengers could have clung. That lifeboats left the wreck before taking on a capacity load, leaving scores of struggling beings behind, he himself being picked up by one three-quarters of a mile from the scene less than half filled and hurrying away to the Storstad. His story follows: "About 2.45 a.m. I was awakened by the shock of the collision. Realizing that something serious had occurred, I rushed out of my stateroom, No. 21, clad only in my pajamas, and hurried on to the deck and I saw plainly a boat to the stern, which afterwards proved to be the Storstad. Although there was a slight fog, I could easily discern its outline about a hundred yards away. "The Empress started to list and I then presumed that a calamity had happened and hurried back to my stateroom and searched for a life belt. But search as I would, there was none to be found. Making my way to the deck again where passengers were frantically looking for life preservers I happened to come across one on the port side, which I placed around a woman and started to look for more. I saw a man cutting the binder twine which fastened a life preserver, but not having a knife myself found it very difficult to dislodge the second belt secured, which I fastened around myself. "About twenty others and myself attempted to lower two of the boats on the port side but without success. One poor chap was caught between a boat and the deck railing and killed. "The listing of the ship made it very difficult for one to make headway along the decks, and one woman could not climb the steep companionway, even with her daughter's assistance. Hearing their frantic cries I rushed to her help and managed to drag the aged woman to the deck, but never saw her again. "When the boat was seven-eighths sunk I anticipated that the boilers would explode and dived from the ship's side and struck out thru the icy water. The temperature of the water was about 26 degrees, or practically at the freezing point. "When I thought I was sufficiently far away from the boat I looked around and at that moment saw the liner break in two. She doubled up in the centre and seemed to split. Thrown into Water. "About five seconds later a terrific explosion occurred when the water had reached the boilers. A mass of strings, together with trunks, hand bags and debris of all kinds, was blown up. "There was a certain amount of suction, even the distance away that I had reached and there must have been a great number closer to the wreck ship, who were drawn under. I was about 10 yards away at this time. "I seized a plank, but realizing that it would be the means of my destruction when others clustered about me, I let go and swam in the direction of the Storstad, about a mile distant. After swimming three-quarters of a mile or so I halted a passing lifeboat

and was taken on board, where I found a few others. In fact, the boat was not half filled. In spite of this the lifeboat left the spot where many were struggling in the water and proceeded to the Storstad. "It was a heart-rending scene on board the Storstad. Many were lying on the deck with broken heads and limbs, and the lack of clothing and blankets on board the collar added to the suffering of the rescued. Men, women and children were forced to wait shivering for hours with practically nothing on their bodies except the water-soaked night clothes. "Mr. Godson, who was born in Wiltshire, England, is a graduate of Cambridge University, and is taking a course in mining at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. He stated that he had crossed the Atlantic five times, and had started around the world trip on the ill-fated Empress of Ireland.

SURVIVOR TELLS THRILLING STORY

Capt. George Wilson Was in Bed at Time of Collision.

WITH COMMISSIONER

"Do Not Fear," Said S. A. Leader, "We Are in God's Hands."

Showing to a marked degree the terrible hardships thru which he had passed, Capt. George Wilson, one of the few fortunate members of the Salvation Army delegation from Toronto to be saved from the Empress of Ireland, arrived home yesterday morning. His face was ashen white, while his lips twitched continually. He was met at the Union Station by his wife and several friends, and immediately went home to rest prior to a visit to headquarters later in the day. When seen by The World representative the captain told in but a few words the story of his sufferings and escape. "I was in bed at the time of the collision," he said, "and immediately ran on deck to see what was the matter. Seeing the perilous position in which we were placed, I returned to my cabin for a little clothing and again went on deck, where I saw Commissioner Rees standing with a number of our party. 'Do not fear,' the commissioner said, 'we are in God's hands.' That is the last I saw of our leader. In referring to Commissioner Rees, Captain Wilson was visibly affected. "In some way or another," he continued, "I was shot overhead and on reaching the water managed to clutch at a piece of wreckage. I was then picked up by one of the lifeboats, presumably one belonging to the Empress of Ireland, and afterwards taken on board the Storstad. After being safely landed, I saw the two rescue boats arrive, one containing 160 dead bodies and the other 50. I identified the remains of several of our party. It all happened so suddenly that I can hardly remember it. "In speaking to his wife, the captain said that he believed that there were but 22 of his party saved. Major Turpin, who arrived by the same train, also showed signs of his struggle for life. He left Toronto by a train soon after reaching the city.

TRAGIC FATE WAS IMPRINTED

(Continued From Page 1.)

side was a sunny-faced girl with flaxen hair cut in the Dutch fashion. A Distracted Father. Nine of these fragile forms lay stretched out together in their last grades. From one to another man was rushing violently. His grief was terrible to behold. He could not contain himself and cried out continually in an inarticulate voice. So fearful was he that some mistake might have been made that he pried open a casket stamped "recognized" to make sure. His quiet was vain. No trace of the tragedy was more pronounced than that on the faces of the women, and yet in one instance this was hardly the case.

She was a motherly-looking person of age between sixty and seventy. Her face was placid. The wrinkles of the years were wiped out. Two work-worn hands, one of which was marked by a worn gold wedding band, were folded across her bosom. Carefully she looked like one who had toiled long years in Canada and was going home to England to rest in her declining years. The serenity of her countenance seemed to indicate that eternal rest was following a well-spent life.

Army Officer Identified. "That's Steed, chief officer," said a voice among the seekers, "Poor old Steed, I knew him well." The officer was a heavily built man. He had died in his uniform.

One woman was a fearsome sight to behold. Her eyes were staring and his face showed a strained expression of terror. The fact that her hands were torn indicated, that inspired by a fierce desire to live, she had fought strenuously amid the wreckage. Another little woman with silver hair, had her wrist circled by a gold chain watch and a large wedding ring. These were arranged ostentatiously to assist in identification. Telegraph Blank in Hand. A most startling apparition lay in one coffin. With her arm crooked and extended and a telegram in her fingers, the woman gave every appearance of life. A telegram blank had been thrust into the clenched hand. Her head was inclined as if reading a last message from those on earth.

Among the bodies of men recovered were many of fine physiques, but in the majority of cases, forms and faces were battered from the light with the wreckage. One of these, a Russian, heavily bearded, was clad in a shabby dress suit, and had the appearance of a language professor at a university. By his side stretched scores of his fellows who had gone down in the last grim struggle. At the door sat a lad of 17, sobbing as if his heart would break. His mother had been lost on the liner and he and his father had rushed here to seek her body. At that moment his father had taken ill and was removed to the hospital. He had told the son to go on alone. "I can't do it," he sobbed. "I can't do it," and rocked back and forward in his grief.

Sunshine and Tragedy. Outside the sun shone brilliantly all afternoon and the bay was strewn with whitecaps. Inside the greatest anguish that humanity can know was being suffered on every side. Those who went down on the deck of the Empress are not alone in passing thru deep waters. Identification continued on into the evening, and coffin after coffin was closed as relatives came to claim their own.

Special to The Toronto World. WOODBROCK, May 31.—Rev. Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie, moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, who is here preparing for the annual meeting of the assembly, speaking tonight of the awful tragedy in the St. Lawrence, said that as a foreign missionary his deepest sympathy went out in an es-

FUNERAL ON SATURDAY OF ALL SALVATIONISTS

Officers Will Be Buried at Mount Pleasant, and Soldiers in Various Other Cemeteries.

The bodies of the dead members of the Salvation Army will be in state in the Arena for at least a day. The funeral services will be held on Saturday from the Arena. The officers will be buried in the Salvation Army plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. In the case of the soldiers, the wishes of their relatives will be considered and they will probably be buried in the different cemeteries in the city.

MODERATOR EXPRESSES HIS DEEPEST SYMPATHY

Rev. Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie Speaks at Woodstock.

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GALT MAN WHO ESCAPED



Thomas Burrows, with his wife and children. He survived.

He Sy A DA Salvatio State —Me day—Arran Aging confer wit be back in the advise public mo Express of ing the fr my to hav ing-in-sta day at the last night something memorial At today will be no amount of proposed to has instr mission to families ar Toronto w ber that in this will p ter of the raled. On the a of survivor provided t were conv homes. T availed the were Salva were met in private mayor stat do the sam it is loopy ture are b mayor Am and Refe "RECKL Byron H Ca "Some o to be the said Rev. Street Co night. W sympathy there was edy as in the God, but one; in re cause. "The resp ness must government march o kept pace Crime a property w greater cr hundreds of sengers, of of coal, wa trophies as over, Cana especially was that against hu FROM Col. Re (setting) an met surr moral serv