

## Seventeen Bodies of Toronto Victims Will Arrive This Afternoon Government Inquiry Into the Wreck Will Start Today NAMES OF IDENTIFIED DEAD ON PAGE 12

### LONG ROWS OF BODIES DAUNTED MORBID SPECTATORS AT QUEBEC RELATIVES OF DEAD OVERCOME COFFIN SHIP WITH 188 BODIES ARRIVES AT QUEBEC; HUNDREDS OF RELATIVES IDENTIFY DEAD

**Struggle For Life Imprinted on Faces of Many Victims, and Many Bodies Were So Mutilated as to Be Almost Unrecognizable—Searchers For Missing Wept as They Moved Among Coffins in Improvised Morgue—Bodies of Nine Children One of Most Touching Spectacles—None But Those in Quest of Dead Dare Venture in House of Death.**

By Clark E. Locke.  
QUEBEC, May 31.—Word pictures can hardly be painted to convey to the world an adequate conception of the scenes of sublime pathos and immensity of dramatic emotion which occurred moment by moment through the long hours of Sunday afternoon in the improvised morgue for the victims of the Empress of Ireland disaster. When the government steamer, laden to the gunwales with coffins, stoles up the gray river in the misty morning, like a ghost ship, she anchored at a long, squat, rusted iron structure, duplicated in appearance everywhere in the markets of commerce. When, her errand fulfilled, she drifted out and moved down stream she left behind a house, peopled with dead. There in long ghastly rows with bloodless faces upturned, lay the mortal remains of one hundred and eighty-eight persons who, sixty hours before, with hearts litting to martial music, had strained their vision for the old land. Old men and youths and maidens, mothers, daughters and little children, clad in holiday garb, they had gone forth. Here they had returned in grave clothes.

With covers thrown back, the coffins stood open, so that visitors might recognize and claim their dead. Little of the art of the undertaker had been exerted to ease the horrifying shock of seeing the countenance; even so no art or practice known on earth could wipe out or efface the marks of the last great agony. Nothing could unclasp the vice-like clench of the hands nor straighten the limbs, nor smooth the distorted features. All too plainly was shown the struggle of the last 14 minutes. Faces were battered almost beyond recognition.

Grim jaws of men set in pain showed cords still standing on their foreheads. When the large black nose of the collier rammed into the side of the liner the breaking stanchions and splintered bulwarks left behind in maimed and bleeding forms a trail of hideous suffering greater than the bursting of a canister shell in a sand-bag bastion. The rush of water brought welcome death to scores.

#### ARMY OFFICER CRITICALLY ILL



Staff Captain David McAmmond, one of the survivors, and his wife, who met him on his arrival in Toronto. Capt. McAmmond is in a critical condition at his home as the result of being immersed in the icy water half an hour before being rescued.

For More Than an Hour, a Procession of Sailors Carrying Coffins Was Watched by Thousands, While Relatives and Friends Walked Among the Tiers of Rough Boxes, Examining Names and Numbers—Nine Bodies of Children Deposited Apart—Heartrending Scenes As Bodies Were Brought Ashore.

By Clark E. Locke.  
QUEBEC, Que., May 31.—The bluff-browed citadel of old Quebec has, in its day, looked down upon many an impressive spectacle. Nations have fought and bled beneath its cliffs. Kings have been welcomed with all the blaze and splendor of old and new world pageantries combined; war, with all its bloody train has swept the surrounding country. Yet, notwithstanding all this, for infinite pathos and grim tragedy of expression, nothing has surpassed the coming into port today of the funeral ship Lady Grey, bearing in her hold the bodies of sailors and passengers from the foundered Empress of Ireland.

There was something so ghastly about the whole program of arrival and unloading that the city lay under a spell of horror the whole day long.

The knowledge that a cargo of coffins, with their human freight, was steaming slowly into port, even as the happy steeple bells were pealing out their Sabbath chimes, filled the atmosphere of every household with a sense of profound solemnity, and subdued every voice for the day.

Little children on the streets flocking to divine service whispered, where a week ago they chattered and laughed. Inhabitants strolling to the cathedrals, conversed in monotone and kept their eyes upon the harbor flags, flying at half mast. Notwithstanding the glory of the spring sunshine and the balminess of the air a pall of gloom seemed to roll above the city and oppress the soul. The spirit of the tragedy lurked in all the winding narrow roadways of the city and stalked rampant along the miles and miles of dockage and waterfront.

The tears and prayers of Quebec people today mingled with those of the continent and the empire. Churches and tabernacles bowed in mourning with a thousand others for the victims and stout-hearted broad-souled Christian brothers labored all day in the greater service of bringing grief-stricken relatives to their lost ones and blessing them with all the comfort they could extend.

Lady Grey Arrives With Bodies.  
Every stage in the day's proceedings produced a deep and abiding appeal of pathos. The coffin ship brought those who had gone out to their doom unprepared. It was not here a case of man battling with men, or man with elements. It was a plunge in the dark, and no man's hand to avail himself or his neighbor. In the gray light of early morning the call came, and at the same hour the return of the funeral ship was made. While the city was yet asleep and the sun's rays began to slash warmly upon the chateau roofs, the first word of the arrival of the Lady Grey was passed about.

To watchers on the river piers, the scene was one of wonderful and effective beauty. A light smudge of smoke showed above the distant banks and then around the corner steamed the little low-lying government craft laden to the rails with her fated cargo. Slipping along silently, a league behind, like a gray ghost stealing in pursuit, followed the British armored cruiser Essex, thru the rising haze. She had picked up the call far out in the gulf and steamed in as naval escort.

## Storstad Arrested on Writ By C.P.R. for Damages Totaling Two Millions

**Marshal of Admiralty Division of Exchequer Court Boarded Steamer on Arrival at Montreal, and Posted Notice of Seizure on Captain's Cabin Door—Writ Returnable in One Week—Captain Andersen Resisted Attempts of Officers and Newspapermen to Board Her for Almost an Hour After She Docked.**

(By Hubert R. Evans.)  
MONTREAL, May 31.—The collier Storstad crept laboriously up stream this afternoon, and at 1.47 docked at the wharves of the Dominion Coal Company in Hochelaga, just below St. Helen's Island. Fifty minutes later Marshal Marston of the Exchequer Court of the Province of Quebec, admiralty division, succeeded in boarding and placing her under arrest on a writ issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company of Canada. He and his assistant posted this writ on the captain's cabin door. It was issued against "The Steamship Storstad," and parts of it read as follows:

#### THE STORSTAD'S CAPTAIN



Captain Andersen is a typical Norse skipper, a big, broad-shouldered man with a strong, open face. He has been master of the Storstad for four years, and his record is excellent, the agents say.

## Evidence at Inquest And Agent's Statement Are Entirely Different

Captain Kendall, at Inquest, Blames the Storstad for the Accident, Swears Ship Was Stationary and That the Collier Backed Away After the Collision.

Attorney for Ship's Agents Says Storstad Had Right of Way, Did Not Back Out After Collision and Ask Public to Suspend Judgment Until Investigation.

By Frederick W. Ryder.  
(United States Consul at Rimouski.)  
RIMOUSKI, Que., May 31.—Before a coroner's jury Saturday Capt. Henry George Kendall laid the blame for the sinking of his ship, Empress of Ireland, and the death of over 900 persons on the master of the Norwegian collier Storstad, which rammed the Canadian Pacific liner, owing a fog in the St. Lawrence River early Friday morning.

By Hubert R. Evans.  
MONTREAL, May 31.—After a conference with the Storstad's officers, J. W. Griffin, New York attorney for the ship's agents there, issued the following statement of the accident tonight at 10 o'clock. It was based entirely upon accounts given by those aboard the Storstad. It is nothing but the truth, they say.

"I am 35 years of age, and my residence is Liverpool. I was in charge of the Empress at the time of the collision, May 29, 1914. We left Quebec at 4.30 p.m. on the 28th. At 1.35 a.m. on the following day, after dropping the pilot at Father Point, I was on the bridge. The weather was clear and we were proceeding at full speed. After passing Cook Point Gas Buoy I sighted the steamer Storstad.

The silk hat the King wears should be the proper wedding tile for any man of London. England makes these hats for His Majesty—of course. The finest quality, \$25.00; other makers from \$5.00 to \$7.00. For travel agents have Suit Cases, Club Bags, Hat Cases, Duff Coats, Traveling Caps, and all kinds of outing hats and caps. Dineen's address is 140 Yonge street, corner Temperance street.

and judgment be given in your absence."

version of the disaster were futile. He gave his orders from the bridge in Norwegian, and when his ship was moored allowed the agent, Norwegian Counsel, and insurance surveyor, to come on board. When one of these left the ballist saw his chance and served the writ. Up the ladder after him clambered a half dozen newspapermen. They were immediately ordered ashore. The captain hurried up the deck and told them to leave. He

"He answered me again with one prolonged blast. The sound was then about four points on my starboard bow. It was still foggy. I then looked out in the

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