

seeing the state I was in gave me a little stimulant. I was still very strange in my manner. Some time after Mr. Horne came from the ship and I heard him remark that the Niobe had broken away from her moorings and it was impossible to go on board. He then made a bed for me on the couch, and covered me over where I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and remained so until 4.30 a. m. I woke up refreshed and the scene all came back. I got up and sat by the hall stove, and once more resorted to the pipe. About 8.30 a. m., Mr. Horne and I left for the ship, arriving on board. I remained until the afternoon, when I was shown a paper which had the names of survivors at the various hospitals. A name was in the paper which resembled mine. I thought perhaps it might be my other little girl who had been at school at the time of accident. So I went to Camp Hill Hospital and made enquiries. I met a kind nursing sister there, and I told her I was looking for a little girl "Ena," and by my descriptions, she thought that she knew the child on taking me to the cot we found the child had been claimed by others, so I was greatly disappointed. We still carried on looking through the wards, and another nursing sister asked who we were looking for. We told her we were seeking a child called "Ena" May Gammon. She said a woman called Gammon was under her care, who had just come from the operating table, and just then I saw a hand beckon me from a bed, and on going over discovered my wife unrecognizable. Imagine my feelings! I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears. I spoke to her and she answered, then relapsed into unconsciousness again. She remained semi-conscious for several days but started to improve later.

She had been severely injured in the head and side of face and completely puzzled the doctors to see her alive. Her vitality and pluck pulled her through by degrees. After remaining with her for several hours, I went back to the ship with a lighter heart and found that the news had gone around that my wife was found. I was congratulated by numerous friends who had deeply sympathized with me. I advertised to try and find who had rescued my wife, and wished to thank the person or persons personally but could not obtain the information. After discovering my wife and one girl I felt a bit more hopeful.

I visited my wife every day and noticed that she was improving. On the Tuesday evening December 11th, I received a message by telephone that another little girl of mine was located at Mount St. Vincent Convent, thinking that I should be disappointed again, but to my great joy found it was my little girl. She had run from the school on the day of