

## Wrecks on Great Lakes Have Claimed Many Thousand Souls

One to Two Hundred Persons Lose Their Lives Annually on the Inland Chain Through the Destruction of Hundreds of Vessels—Some Wrecks Mysterious.

It is generally admitted and statistics substantiate it, that in a storm, navigation is more dangerous on the Great Lakes than on the ocean. There is not space enough for safety, and the short waves and narrow channels require more skill than the broad swells of the ocean. There is always a lee shore near, and vessels cannot run away from it as they can at sea.

Wrecks, explosions, beachings, collisions and foundering without number have marked the short but eventful history of navigation on the Great Lakes. It is an awful death list, 100 to 200 in a single season, that the beautiful Great Lakes have claimed as their prey. Is it any wonder that they have gained for themselves the reputation of being the most perilous body of water in the world?

While the majority of the wrecks have been "ordinary" marine disasters which have strewn the shores with the wreckage of a thousand vessels resulting in millions of dollars of losses to their owners, there have been some wrecks which will never be forgotten, either because they are still mysteries, tales of boats that have simply dropped out of existence, bearing with them to oblivion their entire cargoes of humanity.

**Hundreds of Wrecks Annually.**

From two to four hundred vessels of all kinds are wrecked each year. Of that number perhaps one-fourth are total wrecks. The financial loss is always upward to a million dollars, and many years it approximates two millions for the vessels alone.

Every spring and every fall the treacherous waters of Lake Erie wreck several vessels. Few of the huge modern carriers are ever wrecked by the fury of the storms alone, but scores of the old wooden freighters go down, many of them with all hands. The number of wrecks and the property loss has been steadily decreasing during the past few years and there has not been a single disaster where more than a score of lives have been lost for more than a decade.

**Loss of the Lady Elgin.**

One of the greatest marine disasters on the Great Lakes or anywhere else in the world, was the loss of the Lady Elgin in Lake Michigan, Sept. 8, 1880. She was struck by the schooner Augusta, and sank in twenty minutes. She had on board 300 excursionists, fifty ordinary passengers and a crew of thirty-five officers and men, a total of 355. Of these only ninety-eight were saved.

The steamer Lady Elgin had left Milwaukee early Friday morning Sept. 7, with 300 excursionists. She left Chicago in the morning, and between 10 and 11 o'clock on her regular trip to Lake Superior for Mackinaw and fifty passengers for Mackinaw and other northern points. In addition to the Milwaukee excursionists, the steamer had all her lights set; the Augusta had none.

It was about 2 1/2 o'clock when the collision occurred. The schooner struck the steamer at the midships, the way on the starboard side. The two separated instantly, the Augusta drifting by in the darkness. The vessel began to fill rapidly, and in a few minutes she had sunk. Two boats had been lowered, and in these eighteen persons reached shore. Fourteen were saved on a large raft, and many others on different parts of the wreckage. Less than one-fourth of the total number of passengers reached shore alive.

Finally the raft broke up and large parties floated off on detached pieces. Nearly all of the unfortunate were lost. A few, more fortunate than their companions, reached the shore and were rescued. The captain was among the lost.

The season of 1880, as regards the loss of life and property, was one of the most disastrous on record. The loss of property on the Great Lakes by disasters was \$1,200,000 and 518 lives were sacrificed. During the terrible gale in November of that year, the propeller Dacotah sank on Lake Erie off Sturgeon Point with all on board. Nothing but fragments were ever seen afterward, so complete was her destruction.

**Sinking of the Pewabic.**  
Aug. 9 was the forty-first anniversary of the loss of the propeller Pewabic, which was the most serious disaster of the season of 1865 and one of the most famous wrecks on the lakes. The Pewabic was run down by the propeller Meteor in Lake Huron, about six miles off Thunder Bay light. It was about 8:30 o'clock in the evening and twilight still lingered over the lake. The approaching vessels saw each other when miles apart. They kept their course until near each other, when the Pewabic put her helm a-lee and had just commenced to swing when she was struck in the vicinity of the pilot house by the Meteor, cutting her down to the water's edge. A number of men were killed in the terrific crash, both vessels going at full speed. The Pewabic had on board about 175 passengers. The boats were at once lowered, but within five minutes the Pewabic went down. Capt. McKay was one of the last to leave the wreck. Many had thrown their selves overboard and others were still below. The Meteor had a heavy vessel disappeared from sight. The boats of the Meteor were lowered and many men, women and children who were struggling in the water were saved. The Meteor remained in the vicinity all night and in the morning signaled the passing propeller Mohawk, which came alongside and took the rescued passengers to Detroit. At the time it was reported that the loss of life was about seventy, but Capt. McKay asserts that not more than thirty were drowned.

**Lost With All Hands.**

In 1857, the freighter Merchant foundered in Lake Superior with all on board. Not even a piece of her wreckage was ever found. Twenty-five years later, in 1872, the schooner Whitney foundered in midlake. Official records of the disaster state simply that she foundered "mysteriously." Nothing is known of her except that she left port ship shape and was never heard from again.

A year later the schooner Mollison met with a like fate. She was lost with all hands on Lake Superior. In 1879 the Waruna, a Canadian vessel, foundered in Georgian Bay. Thirty-three souls went down with her. None survived to tell the tale of the disaster.

Two years before that, however, was a disappearance, a maritime enigma, that is still more mysterious. In 1877 two boats, both in tow of a third, were lost by reason of the tow parting. They both vanished simultaneously. In 1880 the crack passenger steamer Alpena disappeared in Lake Michigan. She was last seen about thirty miles off Chicago. Days afterward, a few bits of wreckage were saved along the shore of the lake. It was the last of the Alpena. Everyone on board had perished. There were fifty-seven in all.

**Another Mystery.**

The passenger steamer Asia, one of the finest on the lakes, perished in the same mysterious way in 1882. This was one of the most terrible tragedies ever enacted on the great lakes. Over 100 souls were lost, two of them saved after hours of terrible suffering in the icy water. These say the boat "foundered."

In 1883 the Manitowish foundered in midlake on Superior. She is "supposed" to have been struck by a southwest gale.

Some little wreckage—that is all that was found—told the story.

By the burning of the steamer G. P. Griffin, twenty miles east of Cleveland, July 17, 1850, 226 lives were lost. The steamer was about three miles from shore when she took fire and when the first alarm was given the passengers were cool and collected. It was thought that the boat could reach land, but the steamer struck upon a sand bar half a mile off shore. The passengers became wild with despair and a great number plunged into the water.

In 1850 a frightful collision occurred between the steamer Atlantic and the propeller Ogdensburg, on Lake Erie, resulting in an estimated loss of life of from 150 to 250, making it one of the most terrible disasters of lake history.

One of the saddest of these mysteries is that of the passenger propeller Vernon, which disappeared on Lake Michigan in 1887, only nineteen years after she was lost Oct. 29, and with her annihilation thirty-three lives were blotted out. It is, perhaps, the most harrowing part of this calamity that some time after her tragic end the Superior sighted several life rafts to which clinging members of the sunken steamer's victims.

These poor souls made frantic efforts to reach the Superior, and the Superior exhausted every possible means of reaching them, but the sea was running so high and the gale blew so furiously that all efforts at rescue failed. The Superior was forced to leave the victims to their fate. And that is all that is known of the end of the Vernon.

**The Hume Evaporates.**

One of the most singular cases of vessel disappearance is that of the Hume, which an unknown fate overtook on May 21, 1891. Her disappearance is, perhaps, the strangest on record. She was a staunch, well built and perfectly equipped schooner, in charge of one of the best and most skillful navigators on the lakes, and was in first-class condition when she cleared from Chicago for Muskegon. The last seen of her was when she left the port of Chicago. Never a word or sign was ever received to explain her loss. She was totally obliterated, as completely blotted out as though she had never been. Not a man, not a spar, not enough wreckage to make a toothpick was ever seen of her afterwards.

In this case the Great Lakes historian does not even suggest that she "foundered." Yet she is only one of scores of mighty ships that have vanished without leaving a record of their catastrophe.

Many of the wrecks are mysteries absolute, but it is known by tangible evidence that they were lost. Still others are enigmas. Nothing is known of them.

Thus the schooner Atlanta went down in Lake Superior in 1891. Her entire crew went with her. A year later the Nashua foundered in Lake Huron with fourteen souls on board.

In the former case nothing was found to indicate the ship's fate. In the case of the Nashua the disappearance was the same, only a few pieces of wreckage floated on the surface of the waters. One of the nearest of the next boat to pass the spot that a terrible tragedy had been enacted there. In 1893 the Eddy met a similar fate. The manner of the loss of the Doty about this time is still a mystery. She had been on the line for some time when a gale. The ship sank—easy to explain—the Great Lakes are generous with such explanations.

**No Trace of the Chicora.**

Only a few years ago the magnificent passenger steamer Chicora left St. Joseph, Mich., for Chicago, on a thirty night run. She was one of the finest, staunchest and best equipped passenger boats on the lakes. She sailed out into Lake Michigan, and from there into oblivion. Not a word was ever heard, not a single token found which threw light on her total disappearance.

The names of the Hudson, the Gilcher and the Western Reserve are memorable in lake annals. They are the names of the three disasters that were to herald a new era in Great Lakes navigation. They have been the last of the great wrecks, a fitting finale to the Great Lakes mysteries. The vessels were the first of the present modern type of lake boats. They were vast and deep, leviathans in every sense of the word. All three were lost. In each loss there is deepest mystery.

There have been many other casualties, but one of the most calamitous pages in the history of the Great Lakes was the disappearance of the steel steamer W. H. Gilcher, on Lake Michigan in 1892. Captain L. H. Weeks, who was in command of the Gilcher, was a master of undoubted seamanship and had a capable crew of sixteen all told, none of whom escaped to verify any of the theories that were formed to account for her disappearance.

The most acceptable view regarding the loss of the Gilcher is that she was in collision with the schooner Ostreich. The Ostreich was wrecked at the same time, and as the wreckage from both boats was found on the beach in a radius of 100 feet, the theory is generally accepted. The crew of the Ostreich was also lost—Karl K. Kitchen, in the Cleveland Plaindealer.

**CAN'T BE SCHOOLMA'AM BUT IS A BLACKSMITH**

**NEBRASKA WOMAN NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED.**

Unable to secure an appointment as teacher in the rural school district of Kansas where she resided, Mrs. Philo Wilcox, turned to blacksmithing, which was her husband's trade. In the last fifteen years while thus employed she has reared a family of four children, and as her husband failed in health she has worked more and more into the business, until now in the suburbs of Chicago, View she does all the work offered, with the aid of three of her children.

Horseshoeing is the only part of the business at which Mrs. Wilcox balks. She is able to prepare a horse for his shoes, but owing to the handicap of skirts cannot affix the shoe to the animal's hoof in the style long approved of blacksmiths.

Mrs. Wilcox is 40. She has a clear complexion and her hardened muscles are evidence of the long hours she has put in at the forge.

During her girlhood days she received a good education, and was a teacher when Wilcox married her at Rosette, Kan. In Kansas married women are not wanted as schoolma'ams, and barred out of teaching she turned to the forge.

"I like the work," she says. "At first the tendency of people to stare and stare was discouraging, but now I don't mind it. I know of no other woman blacksmith in the country."

"Most of my work is in using the sledge making horseshoes, repairing wagons and farm implements, sharpening tools and the like. I am kept busy all the time. One of the girls takes care of the house, and the others three help in the shop."

"Two of my girls, aged 17 and 15 respectively, are expert bicycle repairers. One makes from \$5 to \$8 per week at this work. The eldest is a natural born mechanic. She can take the most complicated bits of machinery to pieces and what is wrong, repair it and put it together again."

"My husband is now in Mexico for his health. The work is hard upon him, but the rest of us like it and thrive upon it."

"My eldest girl went out last summer with a threatening mail outfit and was with it all winter. She cut bands, fired the engine, fed the separator and did part of the cooking for the men. It is hardly girl's work; but it does not harm her. She is as lithe and strong as a young lion, and in bicycle races has proved more than a match at long distances for the young men in the neighborhood."

"I still have a license to teach, and shall turn to that this winter, when the blacksmithing trade is dull. I like this work better than the schoolroom."

# RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD TEA"

So good, that the increased demand necessitated the construction of the largest tea warehouse in Canada. One package is sufficient to prove its quality and value.

The Blue Label is especially recommended.

Prices, 25c., 50c., 75c., 1.00c., 1.50c., 2.00c., and 60c., in lead packets.

Black, Green, and Mixed.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N.B.; Winnipeg; Toronto, 3 Wellington St. E.



## WHY TROUT LIE LOW BEFORE A STORM

REASONS FOR THE BEAUTIES REFUSING TO RISE FOR FLIES.

The other day, in casual conversation, an eminent naturalist touched upon the well-known fact that trout never rise freely during the time of languorous atmosphere which precedes a thunderstorm. I myself had thought that the cause of the fish lying low was the lack of oxygen in the water.

The naturalist replied: "I would," he said, "admit your theory to be conceivably correct if it were not that I have one of my own. Yours seems to fall in with the facts all right, but so does mine. Mine simply is that the reason why trout don't rise freely for an hour or two hours before thunder, or even for a longer time, is that there are then no flies on the water, or very few. Usually there is great heat before a thunderstorm. The heat accelerates the hatching of the insects' eggs, the flies flutter up from the bed of the stream and the reeds by the side prematurely. Thus before thunder there is a lapse in the orderly rises of flies. Nature for a short time is in advance of herself. She has exhausted her stores."

That was a striking theory. It seemed so reasonable that at first I was disposed to acquiesce, but a few moments' thought showed that it involved some questionable assertions. "I understand," said I, "that sometimes when the temperature is abnormally low, the eggs of aquatic insects do really hatch out in due course, but that the young flies, being enfeebled by the cold, die before they reach the surface."

"That is so," said my friend. "It is astonishingly low, even on what are known as dry fly streams. Feeding on the torpid insects that are being carried down stream below the surface the trout sink artificial flies also."

"Well, then, as it is certain that a temperature abnormally low prevents the hatching of insects' eggs in the complete sense, is it not conceivable that a temperature abnormally high may have the same effect?"

"Dear me! I never thought of that," the naturalist answered. "Why, yes, it is conceivable. In fact, it is probable. That when the salmon is not affected by the pre-thunder influence. May this be held to indicate that the pre-thunder influence is not so potent among the creatures in the water as it is among the creatures above?"

"It might," said the naturalist; "but the salmon, I think, is in a different class. He finds the greater part of his sustenance not in the river, but in the sea. When he leaves the sea he is so highly nourished, so fat, that he can live in the river, even if he finds no food there for many months. Some say that when he rises at an artificial fly or takes a minnow, he is only amusing himself or giving way to irritation. Well, then, it may be that, being exuberant in vitality from his feasting in the sea he is not so readily affected by the enervating atmosphere as the trout is."

"Ah! 'Enervating atmosphere!' Is not that a concession? If the pre-thunder atmosphere is enervating to the trout, other phenomena, such as the absence of flies and the possible absence of themselves, aer apart from the problem. That the trout are enervated would sufficiently explain why they don't rise at our flies or seize the worm."

"You may be right," said the naturalist, laughing. "Indeed, I am inclined to believe you are."

**GEISHA GIRLS AS JOCKEYS.**

A remarkable event took place at Shinobu, Japan, on May 21, which, if emulated, will revolutionize horse racing throughout the world. Mile. Satsuko, a geisha girl, mounted upon a 3-year-old mare, caused the mare to run a mile in 1:50. Other geisha girls also rode as jockeys, but their mounts did not make such good time.

For several months past the riding master of the Shinobu school has been training some Tokyo geisha girls, including his daughter, Mile. Satsuko, to ride as jockeys in the open races which occurred on May 21. The experiment, as shown by the results, was most successful. The geisha girl jockeys, who averaged between seventy and eighty pounds in weight, made most admirable horsewomen, clinging to their mounts in the most approved style, and urging them with whip and caresses to do their utmost. The girls were found to be alert and active and took keen enjoyment in riding. Other things being equal—as seems to be proved—their light weight will make them the most successful jockeys in the world.—New York Times.

## THE MALIGNED MULE STRONGLY DEFENDED

VINDICATION OF ANIMAL MUCH MISREPRESENTED.

It is a shame that such a friend and servant to mankind as the mule should be given the reputation it has in literature; or, rather, in newspapers and cartoons. The mule doubtless does not know of its vindication, and if it did, would not care; but the friends of the mule do care, and the friends of the mule are all who know them. In nothing has the good, hard sense of the Missourian been better shown than in raising and using mules, for the mule pays for every bit of care and appreciation the Missourian or anybody else bestows.

Superficially the mule has the reputation of being vicious, stubborn and a kicker. He deserves none of these characterizations, and the average Missourian knows it might well. The mule is not naturally vicious, and it takes the biggest kind of a fool of a man to spoil the temper of an animal. The fictional stubbornness of the mule arises from the fact that when it appears stubborn it usually has a good, sensible reason to be, and the real mulishness is in the man. The mule knows better than he does why this or that should not be, and is resolute. Whatever kicking propensity the mule has is derived from the horse side of his pedigree, and that is minimized by the patience, complacency and docility he gets from the other side of his pedigree. The mule is not so easily started as the horse, never acts the plump, crazy fool and hurts himself like a scared horse, but as his heels are his natural defense, he will use them in the pinch of necessity or apprehension.

It is not a wise thing to come upon any animal of the horse kind, full knee, full foot, and kick him without first letting it be known you are around, no matter how gentle the animal may be. The horse and the mule are both startled by sudden contact for which they cannot for the moment account, and their nature is to kick. Really the "kickingest" animal on the farm is that post-admired critter, the meek and lowly cow. She can kick higher, in more different directions, with less cause for doing so, than any mule or horse. A man knows the location of a horse or mule will kick. It is not so with the cow. He knows, too, the forbidding signs. But that man has never yet been born who can figure on the "whenness" or the "whereness" of a cow's kick. There is no less dignity in the admission of a kick from a horse or a mule than there is in a horse or mule being kicked by a cow and hurt. Hence the cow kicks do not get into statistics or the newspapers and the others do.

As to the kicking propensities of the mule, it is noticeable in Missouri, where they know how to raise them, that every mule has a shaved tail. Whenever the mule's tail needs shaving, which is about every sixty days, a Missourian, letting the mule know he is there, stands right behind his mulishness, takes that tail in one hand and does the barbering—usually with a pair of sheep shears—with the other. No man was ever kicked shaving a mule's tail. The mule knows he is there and what he is doing. He works harder than a horse, stands by better and eats less. As an all around animal for farm work he is in a class by himself.

As collateral the mule means more in ready cash than anything on the farm. He can always be turned into money. You do not have to take him to buyers and argue. They come to get the mule and argue to keep you in a disposing mind. Pages could be filled with deserved praise of the mule, the animal that never overacts and never goes crazy.—Kansas City Star.

**THUS SPAKE RICHARD STRAUSS.**

Some of Richard Strauss' remarks at a rehearsal of his sensational opera "Salome," at Prague have been put on record by a member of the orchestra and printed in the Leipziger Nachrichten. At one place he stopped the orchestra and said to the players: "Gentlemen, that must sound very sweet—must smack, as it were. Imagine yourself eating a luscious pear which actually melts on the tongue."

Such moments, however, were rare. On the whole he showed that he regarded the orchestra as the prime factor.

"No consideration for the singers! In this opera there is no consideration," he explained at one place. The passage was repeated more vigorously. Then came a place where the trombones and trumpets added to the din. Again Strauss interrupted them: "Children," he said, "that is too gentle. We want wild beasts here. This is the best way to cook a good steak is to broil it, and the best way to broil it is on a Pandora range."

**McClary's Pandora Range**

Warehouses and Factories:

London, Toronto, Montreal,

Winnipeg, Vancouver,

St. John, N.B., Hamilton

J. A. BROWNLEE, 585 Talbot Street.

J. C. PARKS, 663 Dundas Street E.

WM. STEVELY & SON, 362 Richmond Street.

**BABBITT**

THE CANADA METAL CO'Y

TORONTO.

All Grades

Main 1729

Is no civilized music; it is music which to the wild beasts there. That's the must crash. Go to the zoo and listen, way it must sound.—Musical America.

## Purity, Brilliance and Uniformity Found in CARLINGS ALE, PORTER & LAGER

CRAMPS CURED.

I was troubled with Cramps for a long time, and had several doctors attend me, but their medicine did not seem to do me any good. I got three bottles of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and it cured me. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers from bowel complaint. Mrs. JNO. M. STEWART, Little Current, Ont.

WEAK BOWELS CURED.

After a severe attack of Typhoid Fever my bowels were left in a very weak condition, and I could get nothing to do me any good until I commenced taking Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers from bowel complaint. Mrs. JNO. M. STEWART, Little Current, Ont.

DIARRHOEA AND CRAMPS.

I take pleasure in telling you what Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has done for me. I was taken with Diarrhoea and severe Cramps in the Stomach. I secured a bottle of your medicine and had only taken a few doses when my trouble disappeared. In the future I will always keep it in the house ready for use. Mrs. M. JACKSON, Normandale, Ont.

BABIES TEETHING.

Ever since my mother first knew of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it has always been kept in the house. She says that it always acts like magic, and especially when given to teething babies. ESTELLA IRWIN, Delta, Ont.

**The Pandora Broiler**

The biggest steak is not too big for the Pandora Broiler door. Successful broiling must be done quickly over a hot fire. You can get the hottest fire you want in five minutes by the drafts of the Pandora range, and without waste of coal.

The best way to cook a good steak is to broil it, and the best way to broil it is on a Pandora range.

**McClary's Pandora Range**

Warehouses and Factories:

London, Toronto, Montreal,

Winnipeg, Vancouver,

St. John, N.B., Hamilton

J. A. BROWNLEE, 585 Talbot Street.

J. C. PARKS, 663 Dundas Street E.

WM. STEVELY & SON, 362 Richmond Street.

**BABBITT**

THE CANADA METAL CO'Y

TORONTO.

All Grades

Main 1729

Is no civilized music; it is music which to the wild beasts there. That's the must crash. Go to the zoo and listen, way it must sound.—Musical America.

**WHY CAN'T I EAT LIKE OTHER MEN DO?**

**WHY?—BECAUSE YOU'RE A SLAVE TO DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION—OR OTHER STOMACH DERANGEMENTS THAT ONLY CAN BE REACHED AND CURED BY SUCH A TRIED AND TRUE REMEDY AS**

**Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets**

**RELIEF IN ONE DAY**

Ask half the men or women who have stomach troubles, why it is so, and they will tell you that they have to live in such a constant hurry that they have no time to keep well,—if the great army of stomach troubled people would take Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets as a traveling companion, from a health stand point, life would be all sunshine,—they are a veritable vest pocket doctor,—they act directly on the digestive organs,—a 35 cents a box at all Druggists and Medicine Dealers.

**DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE GIVES RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES**

**DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER gives relief in 10 minutes**

**SOLD BY C. McALLUM AND CAL LARD & McLACHLAN.**