

final ordeal on that awful evening of June 27 is simply, yet graphically, related in the story of Sergt. A. Knight, the non-commissioned officer of the C.A.M.C., who took charge of life-boat No. 5, into which the fourteen nurses were placed.

"Our boat," said Sergt. Knight, "was quickly loaded and lowered to the surface of the water. Then the crew of eight men and myself faced the difficulty of getting free from the ropes holding us to the ship's side. I broke two axes trying to cut ourselves away, but was unsuccessful.

"With the forward motion and choppy sea the boat all the time was pounding against the ship's side. To save the boat we tried to keep ourselves away by using the oars, and soon every one of the latter were broken.

"Finally the ropes became loose at the top and we commenced to drift away. We were carried towards the stern of the ship, when suddenly the poop-deck seemed to break away and sink. The suction drew us quickly into the vacuum, the boat tipped over sideways, and every occupant went under.

NOT A SINGLE COMPLAINT MADE.

"I estimate we were together in the boat about eight minutes. In that whole time I did not hear a complaint or a murmur from one of the sisters. They were supremely calm and collected. Every one was perfectly conscious. There was not a cry for help or any outward evidence of fear. In the entire time I overheard only one remark, when the matron, Nursing Sister M. M. Fraser, turned to me as we drifted helplessly towards the stern of the ship and asked:—

"Sergeant, do you think there is any hope for us?"

"I replied, 'No,' seeing myself our helplessness without oars and the sinking condition of the stern of the ship.

"A few seconds later we were drawn into the whirlpool of the submerged afterdeck, and the last I saw of the nursing sisters was as they were thrown over the side of the boat. All were wearing life-belts, and of the fourteen two were in their nightdress, the others in uniform.

"It was," concluded Sergt. Knight, "doubtful if any of them came to the surface again, although I myself sank and came up three times, finally clinging to a piece of wreckage and being eventually picked up by the captain's boat."

To hundreds of officers and men of the Canadian Overseas Forces the name of Nursing Sister Miss Margaret Marjorie ("Pearl") Fraser will recall a record of unselfish effort, a fitting tribute to this nation's womanhood.

Volunteering for active service in the C.A.M.C. on September 29, 1914, Miss Fraser went to France with the First Canadian Division, and for almost three years had been on duty in casualty clearing stations.

In that time not a few of her patients had been German wounded. Many times had she been the first to give a drink of water to these parched enemy casualties. Many a time had she written down the dying statements of enemy officers and men, transmitting them to their relatives through the Red Cross organization.

Her faithfulness was only typical, however, of that service for humanity exhibited by every one of these precious fourteen lives sacrificed in this latest act of Hunnish barbarity.

Major Lyon, Sergt. Knight, and the other four survivors of the hospital ship, Pte. T. W. Cooper, Pte. G. R. Hickman, Pte. S. A. Taylor, and Pte. W. Pilot are agreed that the *Llandoverly Castle* was torpedoed without warning, was displaying the regulation hospital ship lights, went down within ten minutes after being struck, and that for upwards of two hours the German submarine repeatedly attempted to blot out all trace of the crime by rushing to and fro among the wreckage and firing twenty shells or more from its large gun into the area where the life-boats were supposed to be afloat.