

## FIFTEEN LIVES PROBABLY LOST

SURVIVORS OF OHIO  
ARRIVE AT VANCOUVER

Those Saved From Liner Spent  
Night on Beach Near Scene  
of Wreck.

Ketchikan, Alaska, Aug. 28.—Latest reports obtainable here by wireless indicate that the total number of dead in the wreck of the steamer Ohio off Shire Island reef, Alaska, now is seven. Several others are still unaccounted for, but it is not believed the casualties will exceed that number.

The body of George C. Eccles, the heroic wireless operator, who stuck to his key until the ship went down and lost his life trying to aid the approach of ships coming to the rescue, is on board the steamer Rupert City, which will arrive at Vancouver to-day. The Rupert City has 108 passengers on board. The Humboldt is nearing this port with 22 survivors.

The known dead now are: George C. Eccles, Winnipeg, wireless operator. Purser Fred Stephen. Quartermaster Albert Anderson. Two other members of the crew and two stowaway passengers are reported to have been drowned, making the total seven.

Survivors at Vancouver. Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 28.—Bringing with her the survivors of the steamer Ohio, 196 in number, the steamer Rupert City reached port at noon to-day from the north. Aboard the steamer also arrived the heroic United Wireless operator, who gave up his life to send messages summoning aid to the fast sinking Ohio.

Briefly, as told by a member of the crew of the Ohio to-day, the facts of the vessel's wreck are these: The Ohio was north-bound from Seattle to Vancouver, leaving the former port August 24th. At 1 o'clock Thursday morning last, in the midst of heavy rain and pitch darkness and a strong gale blowing, she struck on the submerged reef in Ketchikan Narrows, known generally now as Spire reef, and sank within 30 minutes afterward. In the deck of the ship at the time were Purser Stephen, W. Mahoney, Pilot Snow on the bridge and Third Mate Johanson. It was Capt. A. Johnson's watch below.

Immediately after the vessel struck there were two or three heavy bumps as she ploughed over the reef and the passengers, all in their berths, were awakened by these and the officers. Time was not given for the crew to save a thing, but all rushed to the deck as best they had time. From below deck swarmed the stowaway passengers, largely foreigners, panic-stricken and fighting their way to the lifeboats, which were being quickly made ready. Remarkable it is to note that almost perfect quiet reigned among the women and children, who to the work of the officers, who promptly quelled all attempts of the foreigners to reach the boats.

The women and children were all safely lowered into the boats and the men of the crew and passengers were taken off. The last men to leave the doomed vessel were the night watchman, Captain Johnson and his mate, T. Cochran. Scarcely had the last boat left the vessel when there was an explosion of steam and water which tore the after deck apart and sent the ship to the bottom at once.

The saved passengers and crew bivouacked on the beach near the rock where the vessel struck until 9 o'clock on Thursday morning, when the steamer Ketchikan, from Seattle, came up and took them to Swanson Bay. There they remained until Friday morning at 1 o'clock, when the steamer Humboldt called and took 22 of the passengers north to Juneau. At 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning the steamer Rupert City called at Swanson Bay and brought the remaining passengers and crew to the city.

Fifteen Probably Drowned. As near as can be estimated from statements of passengers and crew it is probable that fifteen lives were lost with the wreck. At least seven are known dead, as follows: Purser Fred Stephen, Wireless Operator George C. Eccles, Quartermaster Albert Anderson, a soldier, three stowaway passengers. Of these Mr. Eccles lost his life in his wireless room, where he sat with a life preserver about his waist sending the "S. O. S." signal for aid and answering the messages of the Humboldt and Rupert City as to his location. It is stated that Eccles would not have been killed but for the explosion, which shook the vessel's after deck apart, as it was found that his head was badly cut and crushed, showing that the shock of the explosion had rendered him at least unconscious and prevented his escape.

The quartermaster lost his life in a gallant effort to save the life of the soldier, who had been awakened by a friend, but failed to get up, thinking, evidently, that the danger was exaggerated. Anderson went down into the cabin and was never seen again. The body of Eccles, the operator, was recovered in the morning after it floated ashore at a short distance from where the Ohio went down.

The tale of the disaster as related to-day by members of the crew and passengers carries with it many notes of pathos and the fullness of heart of big men and women. There were but ten lifeboats and five life rafts on the Ohio and these were successfully launched by the crew, with Chief Officer Cochran standing by calmly and bravely in the face of danger. It was hard, they say, to get him to leave the sinking steamer until the very last moment, when with the captain and night watchman he was compelled to leap into the water over the vessel's side. The three men were picked up by a lifeboat but many of the crew who also leaped into the

water was compelled to swim two hundred yards in the blackness of the night to the beach. Not a soul was lost during the embarkation of the passengers into lifeboats, nor a single boat upset in the water.

Returned for Papers. Purser Stephen had every chance to save his life. While standing on the deck he was urged to put on a life preserver but refused, and finally went down into the saloon, saying that he guessed he would get his papers. He was never seen again.

None of the passengers, except Mrs. Moore, wife of Captain Moore of the steamer Dora, now on the Alaska coast run, so far as reported, saved any of their effects from the wreck. Mrs. Moore was lucky to get two trunks afloat and these reached the shore safely. The need for dry clothes, food and shelter was not long unsatisfied.

The crew and passengers of the Ohio to-day are unanimous in their high praise of the Kingsfisher and the work of its men. Coming along on Thursday morning, the Kingsfisher took the entire party to Swanson Bay, and while en route the vessel's cook supplied everyone with a good meal and emptied every locker to provide dry clothes for the men.

At Swanson Bay the residents of that place turned out en masse and gave up their houses and blankets. Blankets were produced and through the great generosity of M. J. Heney, the wealthy railroad contractor, Ohio passengers on the Ohio, everything in the way of clothes and food supplies that could be obtained was purchased for the passengers and crew. Members of the crew were furnished with tobacco and pipes and through his kindness and the kindness of every one who was in a position to do anything it was not long before the wrecked people thought they were having their lives. The horror of the preceding hours was lightened.

The Kingsfisher, it is reported, took 21 passengers and 80 members of the Ohio's crew to Swanson Bay. These were gathered up by the Rupert City, with the exception of the number that went north to Juneau on the Humboldt.

In addition, the Rupert City had nearly 300 other passengers this morning, among whom were many Orientals from the northern canneries, so that when she approached the Johnson wharf her decks were black with people.

Survivor's Story. P. H. Stewart, president of the Alaska Trust Company, was also a passenger on the ill-fated ship Ohio. He described the accident as follows: "I was sleeping in my cabin with my wife when the ship struck. The lights had not then gone out. The captain had headed the ship for Carter's Bay. When we got there he beached her, and we at once got the women ashore in the boats. After they had all been taken off the men followed. The ship went down about half an hour after striking the first time. It was a terrible sight to see the presence of mind of Capt. Johnson. The crew behaved admirably.

I saw Eccles just before the lights went out. Just as the boat went under he was thrown against a bulkhead, and struck just hard enough to stun him. I am sure there was not force enough in the blow to kill him, but being insensible he was unable to help himself and was drowned. Just before he was thrown against the bulkhead the freight clerk, Mr. Roche, gave him a life-preserver and told him to get it and get out, but he said, 'Get out, no, I guess I've got to stay till the end here.' These were the last words anyone heard him utter. No one knows whether Stephen was caught between the passage ways or not. He had been routing everybody out of their cabins before he disappeared. Quartermaster Albert Anderson was trying to get the soldier out of his cabin when the ship went down, and he went down with it.

"The Kingsfisher, of the New England Fish Company, took the people from Swanson Bay to Swanson Bay. The people there did everything for them. The officers of the Canadian Pulp Company took the women and children into their homes, and such men as they had made the kindness of the passengers of the Rupert City was very great. The Grand Trunk party did everything in their power for us. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson and Mr. Hayes gave the men all their clothes that they could possibly spare. And the ladies of the party gave the women all the clothes which they had in them. Miss Hayes in particular did everything she could for the women and children of the ill-fated ship.

"You can understand how much we all appreciated this when I tell you that the Kingsfisher's food was everything they possessed. All our baggage is gone, and it was a lucky thing that there was so little excitement or we would not have gotten off with what clothes we did.

"It is said that six people lost their lives in the wreck but I know of two men that were drowned besides the ship. When our boat, which was the last off, was pushing away from the wreck I saw a man trying to swim towards it. I grabbed up a pike pole and reached for him. He saw it all right and made a grab for it, but as he did so I saw that his mouth was full of water. He put out his arm and then gave a gulp and went out of sight. I never saw anything, or any sign of him after that. He was drowned.

"I saw a very lucky escape with our lives as we did. It is only a miracle that there were so few drowned. "Coming down on the Rupert City the officers and men did all in their power to help us and make us comfortable."

Presses Captain. M. J. Heney, the well known railroad contractor, who at the time of the wreck was on his way north with a large force of men and horses to work on his contract for building the Copper River Railway, was a great individual loser by the disaster, outside of the owners of the ill-fated steamer. "There are two things I will never forget about this wreck," said Mr. Heney to a reporter. "Just after the steamer landed, 'One is the comeliness and skill shown by Capt. Johnson, of the Ohio, in navigating her over ten miles into shoal water with his ship in a sinking condition for practically the entire distance. The other is the heroic—yes, heroic is not a bit too strong—role which was enacted by Wireless

Operator Eccles. Not only did Eccles do all he could in the way of summoning help after the ship had struck and discharged his duties nobly in that respect, but he did more than could naturally be expected of a man in his position.

"After the current was no longer available to communicate with other vessels, Eccles went about urging the passengers to remain cool, helping them into lifeboats and going down into the cabins with the water up to his waist and still rising, making sure that personal friends of his on board, whose cabins he knew the location of, had been summoned on deck. Jack Blinn did nobly on the steamer Republic, but what Eccles did entirely outclass the affair in the Atlantic. After the ship had settled so low that her bow was practically under water, and it looked as if she would drive into the depths any minute, Eccles was still on board, seeing that the few who remained on board were supplied with life-preservers and doing all he could under the circumstances.

"The last I saw of him alive after the boat I was in put off from the sinking vessel was when the big steamer commenced to shiver. Some on board urged us to get into one of the boats, but he said he was going to stick by the ship until the last. He was thrown a life-preserver by someone on board, and he put it on. A lurch of the steamer when she struck the surge of the water below caused the compressed air to blow up the deck at much have caused the blow that stunned him, and made the gash in his head. It was not a fatal blow, but it evidently stunned him, so that he could not swim and was drowned. He certainly died a hero's death."

Heney believes that the Ohio will not be hard to raise from where she lies at present. He anticipates there will be little difficulty in salvaging a large portion of the supplies for his railway contract, which are on board.

George Eccles. Winnipeg, Aug. 28.—George E. Eccles, the wireless operator who was lost in Alaskan waters, was well known in Winnipeg, where his wife, a daughter of W. H. Barry, prominent hotel man, still resides. He was a native of Almonte, Ont., and came to Winnipeg originally as an operator in the Canadian Pacific railway department, but later transferred to the service. Afterward he entered the employ of the Canadian Northern railway, in which he remained for some time as chief dispatcher. Later he accepted a position as dispatcher on the Canadian Pacific system at Cranbrook, B. C. From there he must have gone to the coast and entered the service in which he met his death. It is between three and four years since he left home, and his movements, beyond what is said, cannot be definitely stated.

Seattle, Aug. 28.—George Eccles, the dead wireless operator on the Ohio, came to the coast several years ago from Winnipeg. He was a handsome man, large in stature, and of an exceptionally friendly nature, and was popular everywhere he went. He was a member of several fraternal orders. As a telegraph operator he had few equals, and was regarded as being exceptionally proficient in all lines of the business. After coming to the coast he went north on the Copper river and Northwestern railroad construction, where he handled the business on the construction line. His departure from Winnipeg was sudden, and few of his friends there knew of his whereabouts. In Winnipeg for years he was the chief dispatcher of the Canadian Northern railroad. One night, after he had been working steadily on extra hours for several days during a temporary shortage of telegraph operators, he "forgot" and there was a head-on collision about a hundred and twenty miles east of Winnipeg. No one was killed, but the wreck was a costly one to the company, many cars being smashed and the track being badly damaged. Eccles felt his mistake so seriously that he left the city and few knew where he had gone.

## CONVEYER READY FOR GRAND TRUNK

Steamer Will Leave for North  
Within Few Days.

The stern wheeler Conveyer is nearly ready to leave for the north, and the last of the river boats will be ready in about a fortnight. Capt. Johnson, who has charge of the Grand Trunk boats, is not in town to-day, so that definite information of the date of sailing of the Conveyer could not be ascertained, but it is known that she will leave about the last of the month. When the present season opened the Distributor was the only Grand Trunk river boat on the Skeena, and Foley, Welch & Stewart also had a steamer. The Omineca, which was built here, arrived at Prince Rupert a short time ago for Foley & Stewart, and the two which are now being finished are for the Grand Trunk Company. These vessels will all be used in the construction work on the new railway, and the fact that they have been built shows that the company intend to rush the work through.

CONSERVATION CONGRESS. Permanent Organization Formed—Water Power Problem.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 30.—An ovation to Secretary of the Interior R. A. Ballinger, the victory of the supporters of the policy favoring the time limitation of the adoption of the resolution embodying that policy; the formation of a permanent organization for the Yukon; the declaration of Francis J. Heney that the water right problem was the most vital one of conservation; the prophecy of Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot that a war is being waged over this same problem, that will come to a head in congress next winter, at which time all the means at the disposal of such monopolies will be utilized to defeat the aims of the people; were among the development Saturday at the last session of the First National Conservation congress.

## CAPTAIN TELLS OF OHIO WRECK

ACCIDENT COULD NOT  
HAVE BEEN AVOIDED

Praises Chief Engineer and  
Assistants for Remaining  
at Posts.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 30.—The first authentic accounts of the wreck of the steamer Ohio, of the Alaska Steamship Company, which sank early Thursday morning shortly after crashing into a rock off Steep Point, were obtained to-day by Capt. Johnson, who was Chief Engineer E. W. Raymond, who arrived in Seattle to-day from the scene of the wreck. Many conflicting reports regarding the actual details of the disaster have been received, but Capt. Johnson was asked to give his story of the occurrence.

"The accident could not have been avoided," said the captain. "An uncharted pinnacle rock caused the wreck. While we were closer than usual to port shore, we were on our course. The fact that not more than four lives were lost was due to Chief Engineer Raymond and his assistants remaining at their posts."

"At midnight I was relieved in the pilot house by Pilot Snow, but on account of the rainstorm that was raging, I returned at about 12:45 o'clock. In the pilot house with me were Third Officer Johnson, Capt. Snow and Albert Anderson, who was at the wheel. The night was extremely dark.

"Capt. Snow looked out and then turned to me, asking 'do you think our course is right?' I replied that I thought we were a little closer to the port shore than usual. A moment after that I gave the command to throw the helm to port, but it was the only place around there that we could land. 'In the meantime the crew were lowering lifeboats so as to have them in position to receive passengers in the event that the boat went down before I could beach her. The order maintained by the passengers was remarkable. Many of them were miles off the decks, but the crew had no trouble in inducing them to return. The ship was beached about 600 yards from shore. At Carter's Bay and by 1:40 o'clock we were on the beach. The survivors had reached shore, where they remained exposed to the rain until daylight. As soon as it began to get light we started to get the boat across the bay. The women were taken to the shore and the men started a fire for them.

"The ship sank rapidly after it was beached. The water level was about 10 feet above water is about ten feet of the forward peak. There is no way of telling how badly she is damaged. The crew had the engine room flooded when the water began to rush in on them. I think all aboard would have perished. I have been closer to port to the wreck than I have been before. I did not touch that pinnacle rock. As they drew about 15 feet of water I presume that I passed right over that rock, but the Ohio drew 25 feet and she struck it.

"I imagine that the rock tore a long slit in the bottom of the Ohio. Fortunately it did not admit water enough to sink us before we reached the beach. To the best of my knowledge only four persons lost their lives. Wireless Operator Eccles, Purser Frederick Stephen, Quartermaster Albert Anderson and a soldier named Bud Hayes. Every other person aboard so far as I know has been accounted for. It is all luck that no more were drowned.

"But don't call me a hero," added the captain, closing. "It is all off with a captain when he gets in the limelight that way."

When asked where he lived, Johnson looked down at his soft hat, which he was twisting between his fingers, and replied slowly: "I have no home now. The only one I had went down with the Ohio."

Chief Engineer E. W. Raymond said: "Although the water rushed down on the boilers and began to boil the engine room immediately after we scraped over the rock, we remained down there and kept the boiler going until we reached the beach. The distance of two and a half miles. My men knew that unless they remained at their posts all would be lost."

## STEAMER VICTORIA SAILS FOR ALASKA

Carries Last Freight to Be  
Shipped to Up River Points  
This Year.

(Times Leased Wire.) Seattle, Aug. 28.—The steamer Victoria sailed for Nome and St. Michael at 8:30 o'clock last night, carrying the last freight to be shipped to up river points this year. The last river steamer is scheduled to leave St. Michael by the 5th of September.

The Victoria carries a heavy cargo of perishables such as fresh meats, vegetables, delicacies of the season and miscellaneous supplies were piled high in the hold. This stuff is destined for various towns and camps along the Yukon, and will provide the last shipments of such dainties the residents of the interior of Alaska will receive for many months.

The Victoria carried a good list of passengers, including several parties of Nome operators who are going in for the winter. Until about October 10th the schools are closed and the people, think of with sudden longing to be back again. Kildonan, not far from Winnipeg, is a western shrine

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## LOVE OF FLOWERS CHARACTERIZES WEST

Marjory MacMurchy's Latest  
Letter From Prairie  
Section.

Marjory MacMurchy, of the Toronto News, whose recent trip to the Pacific coast has inspired a series of letters to her paper on the west from a woman's standpoint, contributes the following in her latest letter:

All the way west the traveller on the look-out for the little things men care about remembers each city by its garden flowers. Winnipeg, which has discovered Aladdin's lamp, and called the slave of the lamp to build for it day and night, grows sweet peas in hedges. They were late this year, said the owner, but the flowers, but otherwise could be taken as a fair sample of Winnipeg's genius for producing every sign and substance of a cosmopolitan city. The country about Winnipeg is not the prairie, for the city is built where once was a lake, and the land lies level. From the top of its highest buildings the city can be seen hastening out on every side, with an abundance of trees in the older part and a promise that the new city will show the same green foliage in half a dozen years. Every new house and garden in Winnipeg, and there are miles of them, belongs to a citizen who will do anything to show how truly he loves his city.

At Edmonton, nasturtiums ran in a riot of color up to the doors of fine houses. They grow as profusely round the shacks with two rooms on the outskirts of the city. Nor could one forget to praise Edmonton's scarlet poppies. Calgary's marigolds were of extraordinary size and color. Regina could boast the same sweet peas as Winnipeg, and was added asters in bloom a month earlier than Ontario. Experience has taught the householder in Regina that if he wants a garden he must grow potatoes for the first two years. They say that the soil is rich and fertile, and that the ephemeral things like pansies, mignonne and verbenas, till it has yielded a season of increase. Thus an inspection of Regina shows crops of potato tops alongside attractive residences.

But last year or this, Round Edmonton you settle in the spring and have nasturtiums, poppies and pansies in sight. Everywhere they are the same. Denver turned prospector, is reported to have said that the whole country round Edmonton is "potin' mould," 18 inches deep before you find the strong clayey soil. Everywhere they are the same. Garden flowers as in the east, intensified and quickened by newer soil and longer sunlight. But the nasturtiums grow St. John, to those who remember, flash as vividly before the waters of Greyndy, and no poppies can flutter more passionately red than those blossoming in the gardens of Quebec.

To know anything about the look of Calgary, the visitor needs friends who will drive him all about the hills which look down on the city and the joining of the Bow and Elbow rivers. Then he can imagine how the town looked when a few hundred people lived there, and he will carry away with him for always a picture of the city of thirty thousand, as it looks to-day, with its cheery, pretty wooden houses on streets which are already climbing up the hills, with the wonderful blue of the mountain rivers, cold from snow or ice, with its imposing public buildings of handsome Calgary stone, which is soft to carve and hardens afterwards. There is a soft link up and down the hills and on the rolling prairie. Beside the motor by which the motor goes for a hurried run to show the traveller what the true prairie is like scores of covets tempt death all the last moment, and then disappear under the wheels of the motor into the hole which leads to the covet's home. Fair are the prairies, pink dashed with white, that bloom outside Calgary.

To describe western growth is difficult. But they will show you at Edmonton a school, which compares well with any Toronto school, that was opened this year. Every seat was taken the first day. In the same school lot there is a pretty four-roomed wooden house, which looks as large enough for a caretaker's lodge in comparison with the big, handsome brick and stone building beside it. The four-roomed building was the first school in the district. It was built four years ago. A second building, which has since been taken down, was built later on the same lot. Thus Edmonton to keep pace with her children has had to build three new schools in one small district, each greatly larger than the last, in four years. In every western city the schools are among the largest, most substantial and attractive buildings of the place. To make sure that their children will have the best schools is not to western only, it is Canadian.

Every country has its own special tokens of what it is, its shrines where it remembers familiar scenes which its people, when they are far away, think of with sudden longing to be back again. Kildonan, not far from Winnipeg, is a western shrine that belongs to every part of Canada. Here are the graves of the great Canadian, Dr. Robertson, and his wife, two who gave greatly to their country. Kildonan, architecturally, is built with the reverence of Scottish Presbyterianism, and is quiet and reverent as only a country church can be. Further on is Lower Fort Garry, still a Hudson's Bay post, with a store where Galicians, among other citizens, buy necessary food and clothing, and where scarlet and grey Hudson's Bay blankets, the same as of old, are piled high on the counter. Children have made a play house in one of the round towers at the corner of the fort. But the old fence of pointed stakes meant to discourage hostile Indians from climbing over, still can be seen at Lower Fort Garry, and the broad Red river sweeps by. But instead of Indians or voyageurs in canoes, a Galician and his wife with their provisions get into a heavy moving boat and shove off up the river in the direction of their own place. There is a noticeable element from northern Europe in and about Winnipeg, fair-haired, serious-looking people, who have an air of success and dependability.

But the Indians are still the most picturesque among Canadian races. After seeing western Indians one can understand better why they gave the first white men the name pale faces. Such glowing copper red complexions would naturally awaken disdain of anything as colorless in complexion. Indians love show. No western season for exhibitions and circuses—they come from their reserves in wealthy garments, and purposes following at a respectful distance. But there is one key which will always turn the lock on an Indian's heart. They love their children passionately, a fact which has always been given drive into some white man, who look after the education of the Indian. It is said with some show of good judgment that a boarding school near a reserve so that the children may go home from Friday to Monday, which gives a training that will put the Indian lad on his own farm near his own people, is the best Indian education that can be devised.

But the brave in his Indian fine raiment of soft white buckskin, with bead work, feathers and ermine skins is still a picturesque figure. To see him standing enraptured before the delights of an exhibition is worth going a good many miles to see. Sometimes a woman and child hold on to one of the brave's fingers, and he as well as his father stands lost to the world, with his beady eyes motionless and admiring.

But the west has many landscape marks, signs, and shibboleths of its own. There are the prairie sloughs, round pools of water where water-fowl swim, the outlines of the irrigation country, and the sagas of the "Alberta red," the wheat which has made as proud a name in the last nine years as "Manitoba number one hard." Here and there an old timer will tell you things to remember of the high and far away days, as for instance that he has seen farmers eating steamed wheat three times a day. But it is told only as a story which one finds it hard to believe. And sooner or later into the picture comes a rider or two of the Mounted Police, their men in smart uniforms, with white breeches, which have never fallen in love if he had ever seen them.

The easterner is both wise and lucky who takes his holiday in the west. The more westerners get to know the people and the country the better everyone will be pleased. The western world as far as the country is concerned is hard to believe. And sooner or later into the picture comes a rider or two of the Mounted Police, their men in smart uniforms, with white breeches, which have never fallen in love if he had ever seen them.

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