

Thousands Pay Tribute At Lying-in-State of Salvation Army's Dead

With Tender Glances of Pity Endless Line Files Thru Arena

Lying-in-State of Army Comrades Promoted to Glory Witnessed by Thousands—Only Occasionally Were There Uncontrollable Outbreaks of Grief—Despair Had Given Way to Resignation.

FLORAL TRIBUTES MOST GENEROUS IN MAGNITUDE EVER SEEN HERE

As Rachel of old mourned for her children and would not be comforted, so Toronto mourns for those who, a few brief days since, left them in all the strength and brightness of life, and now lie low, smitten by the grim reaper, death. Ships, passing in the night, sent home the blow, and in the Arena of Toronto, sixteen of the victims, delivered up by the waters, received the sympathetic ministrations of the thousands who circled around their biers.

The lying-in-state of the members of the Salvation Army, whom their comrades had the pain and pleasure of ministering to in their long sleep of death, was witnessed by thousands whom it would be folly to try to enumerate. The entire city seemed to be present in the ever circling lines that moved slowly into the vast amphitheatre and on again in one continuous and seemingly eternal living line.

When the doors opened at 10 a.m. the masses of men, women and children stood four deep down Mutual street, and along Wilton avenue, for nearly a block. Policemen at the doors and at intervals along the line, gave orders to the waiting crowds in low subdued tones, and the people, obedient and quietest, took their turn in the slow march for the most part in sympathetic silence.

Within the great amphitheatre showed its thousands of tiered seats in readiness for the ceremony of the afternoon. Immense, white cards with directions in bold, black type, directed where those who should take part in the funeral services would have place. As yet these seats were vacant, but in the centre of the great area, a mournful drama was being enacted, a great tragedy in which the dead and the living each bore a part.

Army Flags Covered Biers. In the raised enclosure, long rows of biers, covered with the country's flag, supported the caskets, sixteen in number, in which victims of the great disaster of the waters rested. Over every coffin the Army flag lay loosely furled. At one end of the building was the giant hollow cross which later would be filled with children. Its sides and arms were swathed in purple and red, and all about it was banked and supported by floral tribute of every imaginable design, composed of the rarest and costliest of native bloom and exotics from different parts of the Dominion.

At the opposite end of the enclosure a platform was erected for the speakers of the afternoon. This was covered like the cross in the symbolic colors of the army, red and blue, and centred by a golden star, bearing the motto "Blood and Fire." About this were arranged other floral tributes and the whole was guarded by slender standards, covered with purple and topped with white ribbon streamers. Officers in uniform stood guard at the head and foot of rows of caskets and others stood about the hall giving directions or adding final touches to arrangements.

Caskets Were Open. Contrary to the expectations of many, the caskets were open, disclosing to view the tenants lying cold in their last earthly sleep. Few could make that circuit without tears or without the faint surrender to the sentiment which forbade further scrutiny. A glance at the few who lay first in the line, and after that all was a dim blur, and one followed seeing little and thru the mists of tears and hearing

WAITING FOR OPENING OF THE SERVICE

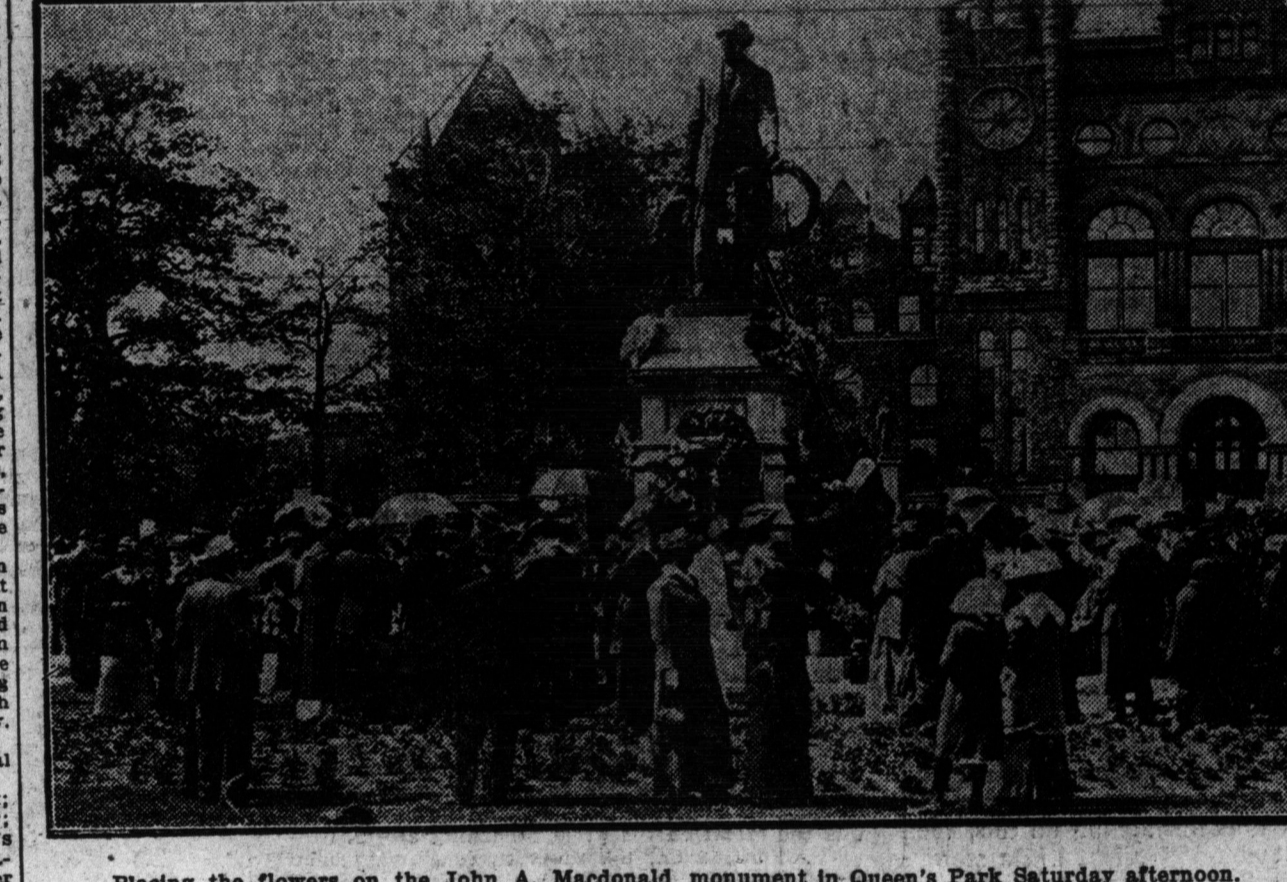


One section of the great throng outside the Arena, just before the memorial services began Saturday afternoon. The photo was taken on Dalhousie street.

Coombs, Mr. Sine, Mr. Bowley, Mr. and Mrs. Layton, Mashinter & Co. employees, Thos. Howell, Mr. S. Caddell, Mr. Braund, W. S. Sexton, Mr. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ogden, Christie Brown, Major F. Morris, Capt. Vandervan, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, People's Florist, St. Clair Lodge No. 14.

Staff-Captain Arthur Morris, Adjutant Harry Green, Ensign Oliver Mardell, Miss Martin, Mrs. Davis and her children, whose names are given above.

"Mother" Mary Jones, organizer for the United Mine Workers of America, left for Vancouver by steamer last night without hindrance, the Canadian immigration officers who prevented her from embarking on the previous day, having been overruled by their superior officers at Ottawa.



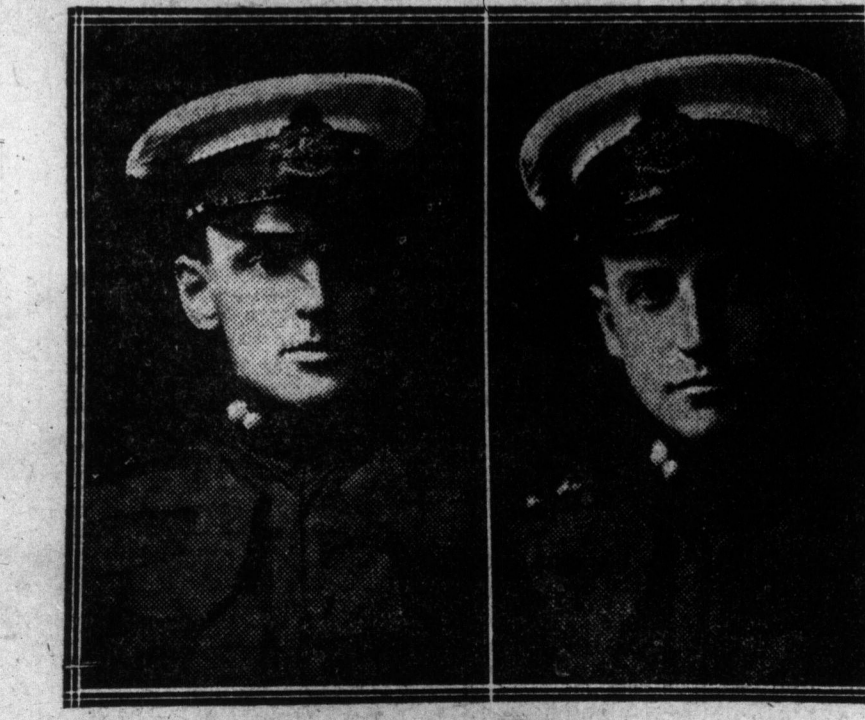
Placing the flowers on the John A. Macdonald monument in Queen's Park Saturday afternoon.

EL PASO JACK AND HIS BODYGUARD ARE ON THEIR WAY TO TORONTO



The announcement that the El Paso Ad Club will give away, thru The World, its famous Mexican war pony, "El Paso Jack," to the Toronto boy or girl who writes the best essay on the topic, "El Paso," Texas, its Resources and Future, has created tremendous interest among the school children. And no wonder, because El Paso Jack will be the pet of the whole town when he makes his first appearance on the streets Monday morning. All school children under 18 years of age are eligible for the competition, and The World will make arrangements to provide all possible information and material about El Paso to those who desire to prepare essays, and send them in. The subject is a big one, but it is not hard to write about, because there is no other city in the south that has such brilliant prospects ahead for development in every direction.

WILL SHOOT AT BISLEY



Lieut. L. S. Morrison and Lieut. J. B. Neale, Royal Grenadiers, who are going to Bisley with the Canadian team and will shoot independently thru the matches.

SINGING OF HYMNS OPEN THE CEREMONIES OF MACDONALD DAY

Decoration of Monument of Sir John A. Macdonald by Conservative Association Carried Out Saturday at Queen's Park

Imperialism and patriotism marked the Conservative rally in Queen's Park on Saturday afternoon, to honor yet again the old chief whose memory is kept alive by Macdonald Day. Clusters of flags and the motto: "A British Subject Will I Die," ever memorable words of Sir John that had place in the program, giving the tone of the meeting.

Mr. VanKoughnet thought the most appropriate thing would be to open the ceremonies by the singing of "Nearer My God to Thee," in memory of the dead in the Empire disaster. This was accordingly done, the gathering rising and singing the hymn to the accompaniment of the 48th Highlanders' Band.

Arthur VanKoughnet, president of the Centre and South Conservative Club, in his address summarized the work of the leader and referred to the great fiscal system, the national policy, which he said appeals to us more strongly this year than ever. We are also, he said, emphasizing the Borden naval aid policy of the Dominion Government, and in this way we best commemorate those high ideals of empire which our revered chief has always maintained and advanced.

Some of the Speakers. Other speakers were Mr. W. H. Price, Mr. Thomas Hook, Hon. A. E. Kemp, Hon. Thomas Crawford, Mr. George H. Gooderham, Hon. J. J. Foy, Mr. C. Doughty, Mr. E. W. J. Owens and others.

Under blue skies and guarded by the Canadian maple decked in tender June green, the Conservative Ladies of Canada decorated the monument of Canada's greatest son, Sir John A. Macdonald.

On its pedestal of stone the life-like statue of the old chief stood adorned and surrounded with the floral tributes that had come from many parts to join in the homage of the day. Victory, as typified by a large wreath of laurel, was placed at one end, and the bonnie purple heather of his native land hung from the right of the statue. The base and side

GRIPPED IN STORM OF EMOTION

(Continued From Page 1.)

hard climbing up the deck or over the rail. It was hard, but there were no shouings. A few spoke to me before that last plunge until the ship went down—no cross—just a sob, just a sigh.

"They have fought for us, they have died for us, they have died for us, and those who are not ready I beseech to so make themselves."

"They have passed thru the gates of death, just a few here of the remains of our dear, dear comrades, just a few of them, and I remain. Just why God should have permitted me to stay and they to go, I don't know."

"They know how to live, and thank God they know how to die. Just 14 or 15 minutes, and yet they were all ready. There were no cries among these that were about to be buried."

"I will never forget the commissioner, how when I told him what I thought had happened, he just nodded and said quietly 'yes.'"

"Oh, brothers and sisters, the time is too precious I feel to use in telling of the short moments I feel I should be telling you, 'Be ye also ready.'"

"For me now death has no sting. I am ready. May I beseech you all here, when the time to make your self right with God."

Commissioner Rees, Mrs. Rees and all these have gone, and we think now heaven is more precious than ever and the time is short and we should all be helping others' souls. Oh, how I want not one person to leave this building until their souls are right." Then he sat down and they sang "Abide with Me."

The wonderful calm and certainty of this thrilled. Yet the army people took it as a natural thing—something to be expected of a Christian soldier.

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