

The Upper Picture Shows the James S. Carruthers, the Largest Grain Carrier Ever Built in Canada, Making Her First Trip Out of Collingwood. The Lower Middle Picture Shows the Collingwood Dry Dock Where the Carruthers and Midland Prince Were Built; the Latter is in the Dock for Repairs. Note the Large Number of Hatches on the Midland Prince; these are Said to be the Cause of the Sinking of the Carruthers and Other Similar Boats in the Recent Storm. On the Left is an Old Type of Windjammer, the "Sephie," Which Passed Through the Storm Successfully. On the Right is the "L. C. Waldo," a Fine Ore and Grain Carrier, Which Succumbed.

Fury of the

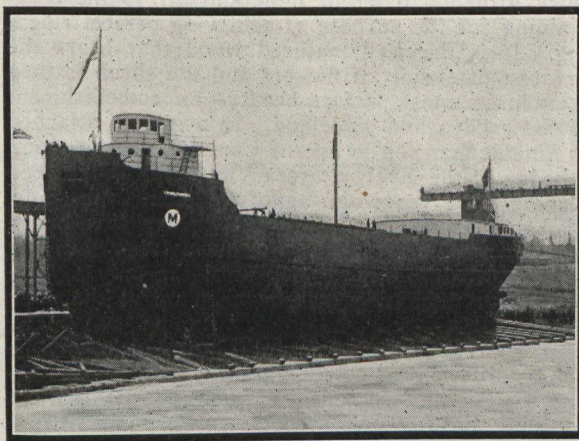
By NORMAN

*Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.*

WILLIAM WHITING wrote this hymn for a Christian maritime people—whose fathers and sons go down to the sea in great ships. The people of England know only "the mighty ocean deep"; the fury of the fresh-water lake is a danger which is unknown to the people of that tight little isle. Canadians know both, for Canadian vessels by the score plough the waters of the big oceans and the little oceans. The latter are termed the "Great Lakes" and for "angry tumult" are quite the equal of the great ocean which they feed. And Canadians have reason to know and fear the snow-flecked storms which toss its November waters.

The Great Lakes are Superior, Huron and Erie, and the greatest of these, the unkindest of them all, is Superior. In 1905, a great storm swept the upper reaches of that lake and twenty-six vessels either went down or were beached in twenty-four hours. Fortunately the loss of life was small, because there was no snow in the wind, and the mariners beached their vessels with some knowledge of what they were doing. Only thirty-eight lives were lost.

But the sad story of Sunday and Monday, November 9th and 10th, 1913, will live long in the history of Canadian maritime endeavour. Of the one hundred Canadian vessels which carry wheat and freight upon the Great Lakes, more than one in ten fought its last fight and went down with colours flying. Of the two hundred and fifty United States and Canadian vessels which ply upon these great lakes, fourteen were lost and about fifteen others went ashore in the greatest storm ever known in this district. With a gale blowing seventy miles an hour; with snow blotting out lights, shore-



The First Steel Grain Carrier Ever Built at Port Arthur—Ready for Launching.

lines and other sailing marks; and with waves rolling mountain high and casing every vessel in a sheath of ice, nearly three hundred seamen battled in vain against the relentless elements.

The director of the Canadian meteorological office reports scientifically as follows:

"Atmospheric disturbances from the northwest moved across the Great Lakes on Friday, followed by disturbances centred near St. Paul, Minn., with a cold wave passing over the Canadian West and North-western States. By night the disturbances reached Lake Michigan, and during the night the storm began on Lake Superior. Sunday morning atmospheric disturbances began moving rapidly north from the Gulf of Mexico. These two combined at the Great Lakes, making the storm. A search of the records for forty years would not show a worse one."

To the unfortunate sailor and to his anxious wife, mother or sweetheart, the storm will be "the worst in forty years." And the worst was worst at midnight on Sunday. In the town of Collingwood, on Georgian Bay, a captain's wife jumped up out of her sleep at two o'clock on Monday morning and cried that her husband was gone. At the same hour his mother, in another dwelling nearby, rose and paced the floor because she could not sleep. Over the wireless way, from soul to soul,

Great Lakes

PATTERSON

spirit to spirit, came the flying message as the brave captain breathed aloft his last prayer for those who had been nearest and dearest to him. And the Icy Sea gathered him in her arms and stilled his mortal hopes and fears.

Monday, the messages began to thicken—several ships in trouble; perhaps two score lives lost. Tuesday, worse news. That evening the writer was in Owen Sound. About eight o'clock the news came that the Wexford was gone—and the little groups of men on the street talked only of the sorrow in Collingwood and Midland. In the face of such a catastrophe, there was no rivalry among the neighbouring port towns. Wednesday came, and the list mounted up; "fifty dead and the loss two million." Thursday it was higher still; "one hundred and fifty dead and a dozen vessels gone." Friday, the details were overwhelming as the first bodies, supported by life-belts, floated in to the shore.

Such are the annals of the Canadian inland seas. Even the "James Carruthers," the biggest steel ship ever built in Canada, supposed to be able to buffet any storm that ever rocked the north Atlantic, had gone down with her crew of twenty-five—and not a message to tell what had happened. Here and there, an upturned or battered hull; here and there a life-raft or a cabin window; here and there a grim reminder from which strong men reeled—and the annals are finished for the time being. The toll was heavy, among the 2,300 Canadian sailors on the Great Lakes.

Such is maritime history. Ice-berg and wave and rock have made strange dents in the history of the British marine, but still the sound of the rivetting machine is heard in the land, and Britannia's sons still go down to the sea in great ships. Yet with memories like these, the British Isles and British Dominions unite in the same prayerful plea,

*"O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."*