

the office. After the explosion the Echo made enquiry and search for Mr. Ronayne, but to no avail. Late in the day his body was found at the Infirmary by one of his former deskmates, and in every newspaper office in the City there was genuine sorrow over the loss of this bright young member of the profession. Mr. Ronayne met his death in the willing attention to his duties that characterized his brief career. The Chronicle and Echo, along with innumerable friends, tender their sincere sympathy to his family in their sad loss. Mr. Ronayne was only in the first flush of young manhood, nevertheless his death is a distinct loss to the City as well as to the newspaper profession.

An act of supreme duty was that of the 72nd battalion of Ottawa in charge of the magazine here. When the explosion occurred the first thought of everybody was: "It will be the turn of the magazine next." Had it been detonated or fired it would have meant the end of Halifax and everybody in it. The area set on fire was on three sides of the magazine and the heat from the blazing buildings soon became intense. The thing to do was to flood the magazine, though this would take time.

Lieutenant Olmstead, the officer in charge, called for volunteers to pump in the water and stand by until the work was completed. Every man in the battery volunteered.

Not until all danger of the explosion of the magazine was over did they leave their posts to take part in the general rescue work.

At Richmond station Vincent J. Coleman, operator, was on duty and, although he seems to have realized from the first the awful danger, he remained at his post. He gave the first message of the disaster to the outside world. Just after 9 o'clock the C. G. R. operator at Truro caught the message from Coleman's key:

"Munitions ship on fire in the harbor—Good Bye." The rest was a blank. Coleman's body was found the next day with part of the face blown away. His wife was seriously injured and at last reports was still in hospital.

Heroic work was done by Arthur Beamis, a chauffeur, who, with a broken rib, drove his car with wounded all day until, collapsing, he had to be taken to the hospital and operated on. Another man, who declined to give his name to the hospital authorities, because he claimed that he had only done his "feeble best," was stunned, recovered and with half his face blown off, toiled amidst the ruins, rescuing survivors. The soldiers detailed off to handle the bodies in their terribly injured condition, in many cases fainted, but upon being revived kept at their tasks until they became more accustomed to their work.

David Hinch, Sr., boiler maker, when he reached home after the explosion, found his home entirely destroyed, it hav-