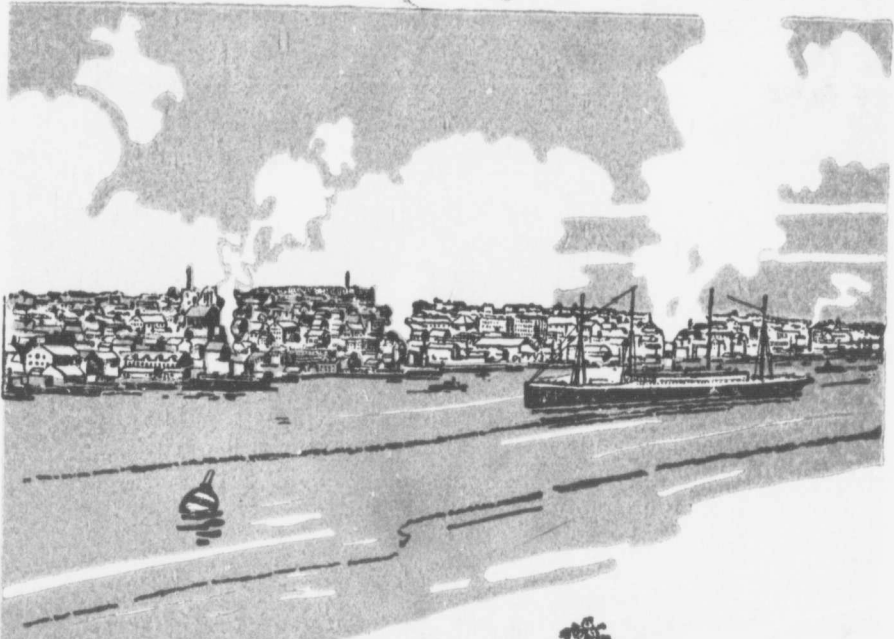


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A Romance of

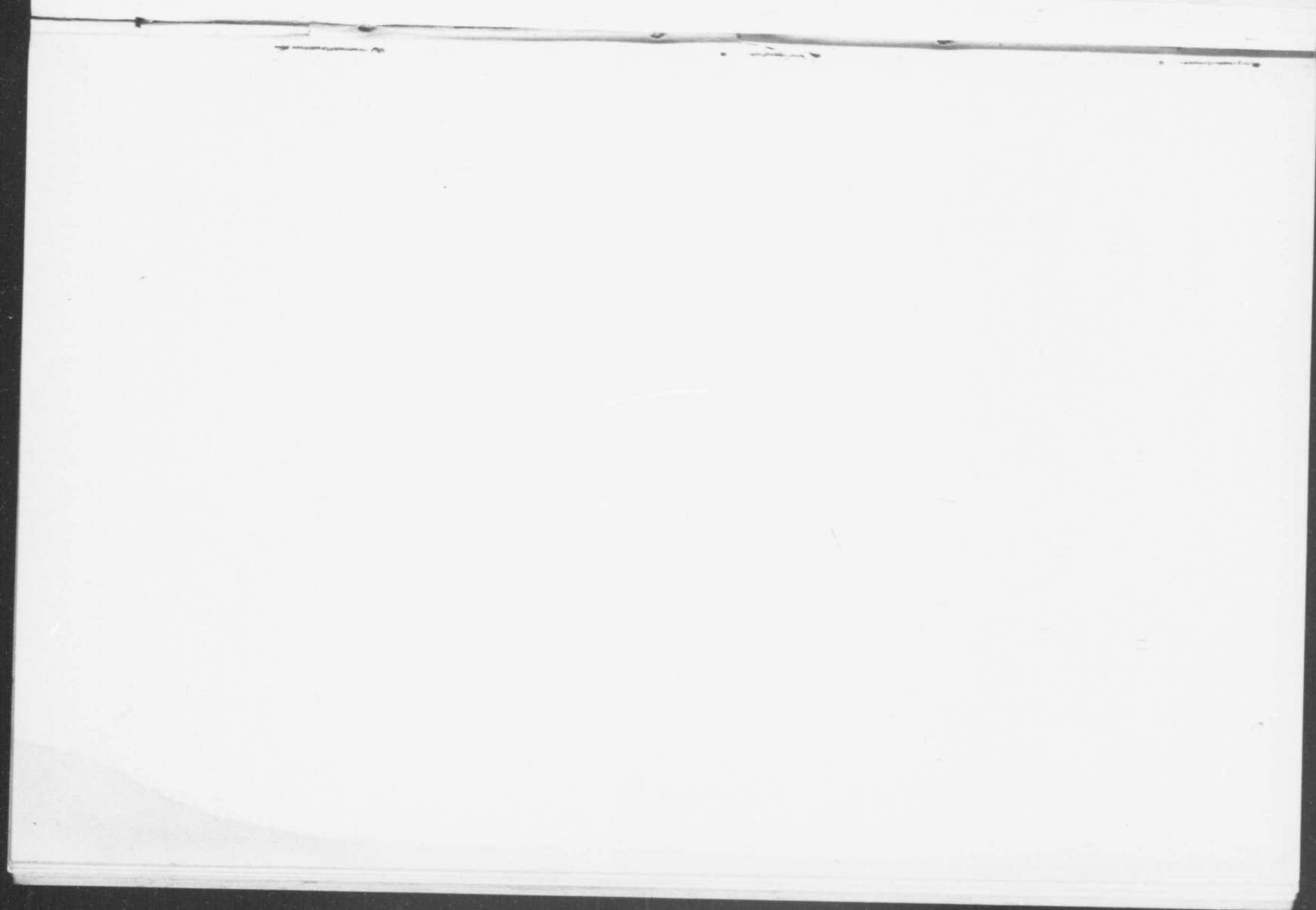


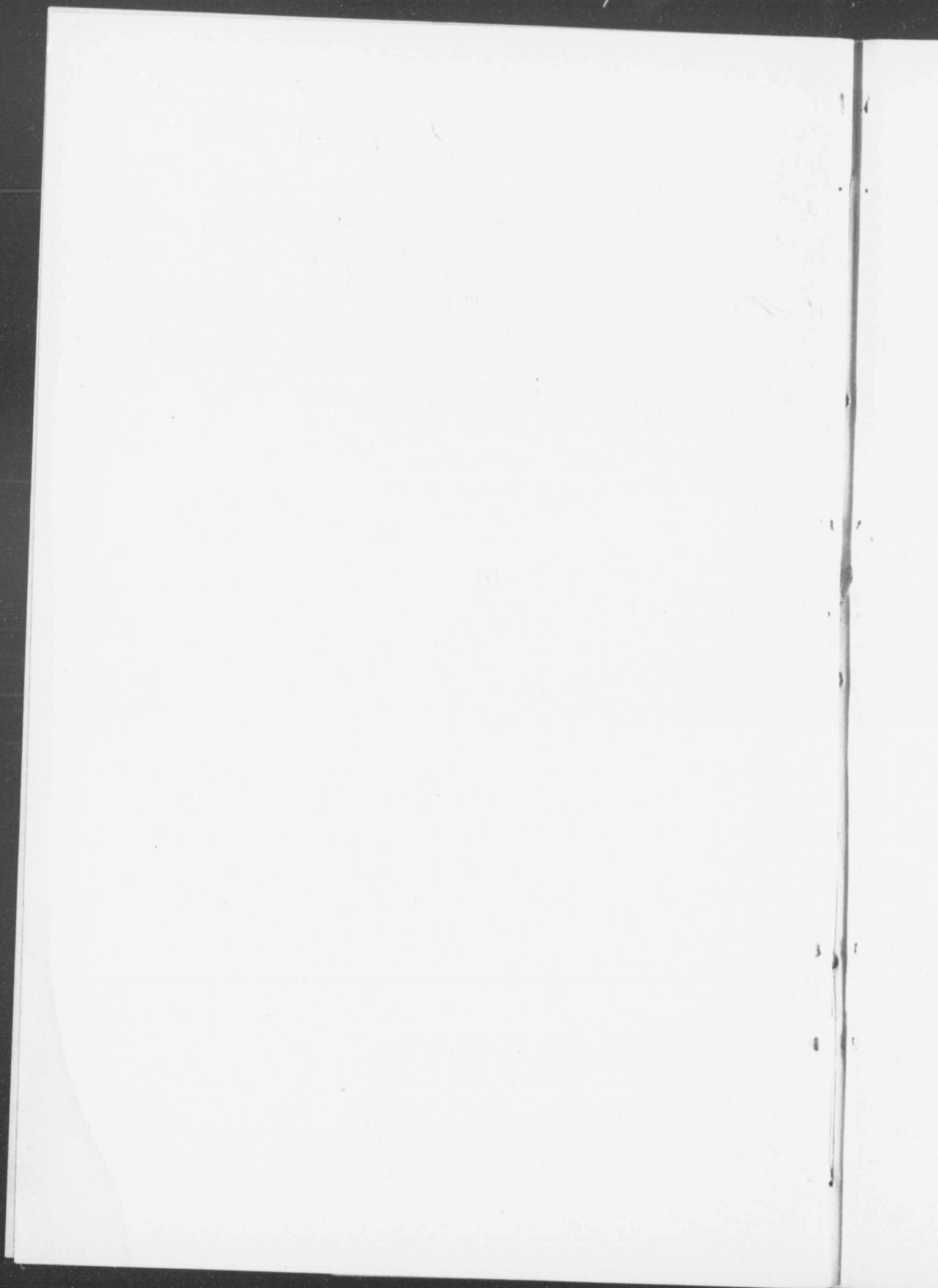
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The
**Halifax
Disaster**

By
Lt. Col. F. McKelvey Bell

450





PREFACE

In the pages of this little romance many instances of kind and generous acts have of necessity been omitted—they have not been forgotten and will remain forever engraved upon the hearts of all Haligonians.

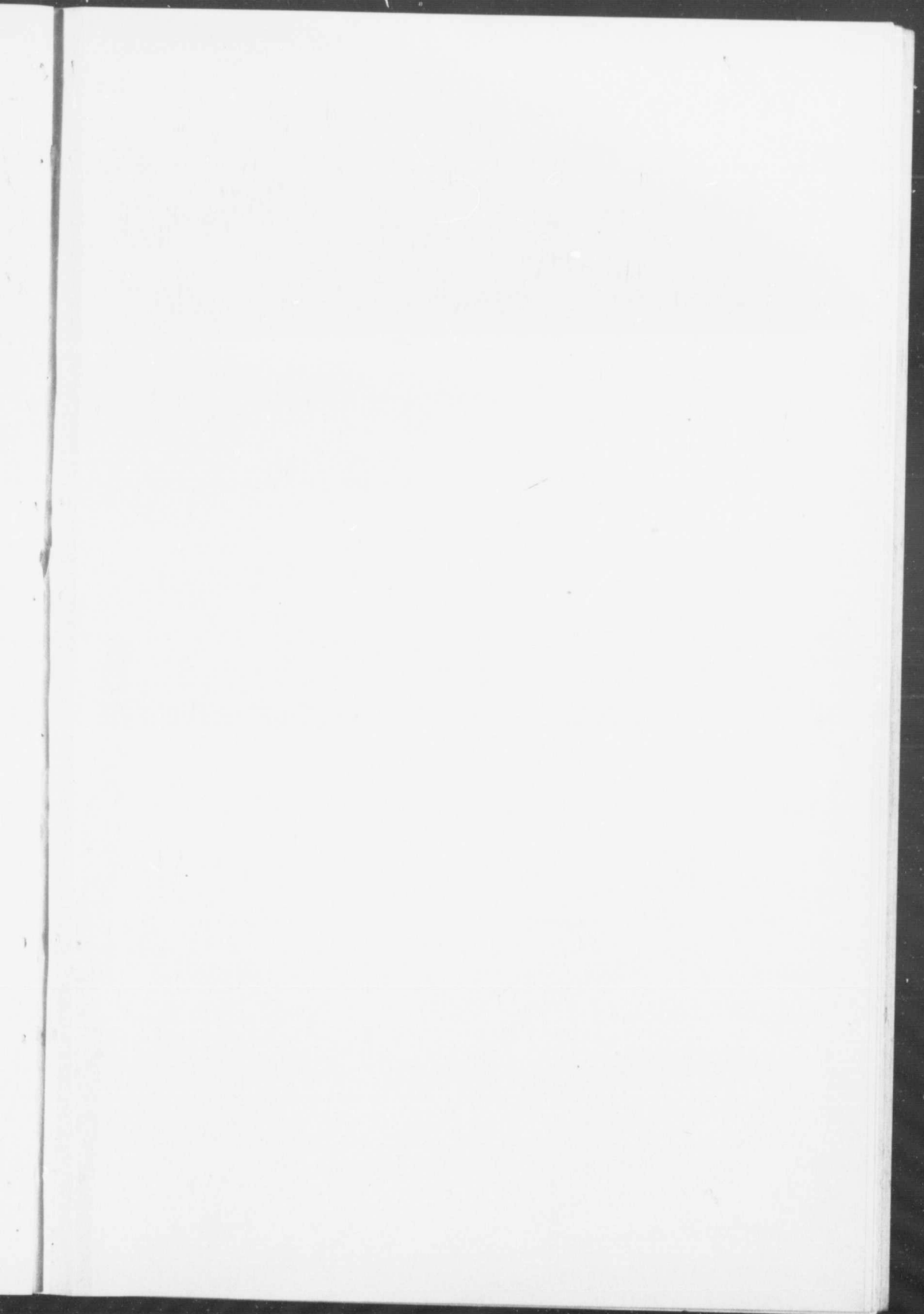
But, dear Reader, when you realize that these lines are written under stress of pressing military duties and in the 'wee sma' hours when you are tucked in bed, the writer feels that for any sins of omission you will be indulgent and forgive.

The spirit is willing, but the pen is weak—and very very weary.

F. McK. B.

DEDICATION

To the self sacrificing band of men and women of Halifax, from other parts of Canada and from the United States who so nobly assisted the victims of the disaster, these pages are dedicated.

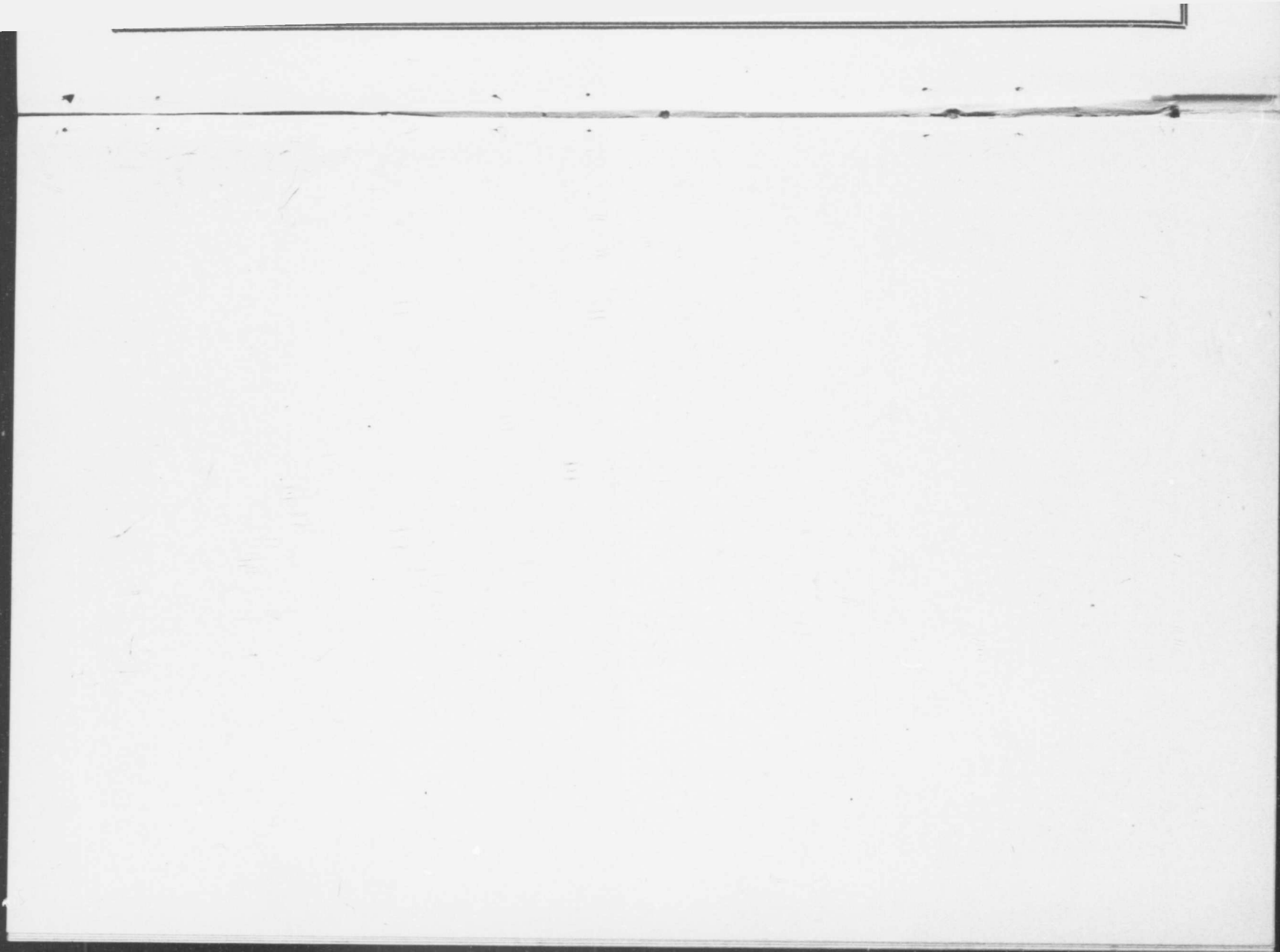




Lt. Col.
F. McKELVEY BELL,
A. D. M. S.



Top—In the Richmond section. Centre—Looking South from Hillis' Foundry. Bottom—Like a field in war-torn Flanders.



A Romance of the Halifax Disaster

— BY —

LT.-COL. F. McKELVEY BELL, A. D. M. S.

Author of "The First Canadians in France"



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*A Romance of the
Halifax Disaster*

PROLOGUE



THE pale rays of the midsummer moon danced shimmeringly over the rippling waters of the St. Lawrence. A canoe drifted idly down the stream, its two occupants so deeply engrossed in one another that they were scarcely conscious of the lonely beauty of the scene.

It was only four weeks since Germany had thrown Europe into the Panic of War, and had kindled a blaze which later set the world aflame.

Already thousands of Canadians, heeding the Empire's call, were hastening from every point to the Plains of Valcartier.

Already thousands of workmen were throwing up buildings there with feverish haste. The thunder of Mars could be heard from afar and the angry rumble of a great European storm rolled ominously across the Atlantic.

Tom Welsford was perturbed—he was balanced between his duty to himself and his duty to his country.

To leave College at the age of twenty-two, with two years hard study behind, and no one knew how many years of uncertainty before, was a matter for serious reflection.

The conflicting emotions in his mind must be dissociated or reconciled to one another.

As he leaned both hands upon the paddle lying across the thwart of the canoe, his grey eyes were clouded and his dark handsome face wore a perplexed frown. There was another problem too, in close proximity—a more pleasing one—if the solution lay within his power.

Vera Warrington leaned back upon the pile of cushions, her hands behind her head, and looked up at him with a quizzical smile. Her golden-brown hair, lit up by the moonbeams, framed her fair face in an ethereal halo. The lovely vision added another drop to his cup of indecision—already filled to overflowing.

"You look worried, Tom," she ventured. Her voice recalled him to the immediate present.

"When do you return to Nova Scotia?" he asked with apparent irrelevance.

"Are you greatly interested?" she queried teasingly.

An older man would have been emphatically affirmative, but twenty-two is a reticent age—sensitive to the danger of a rebuff—an age which hesitates to make a confession of love without the almost certain prospect of reciprocity.

"It would make a difference—temporarily," he answered slowly. "It might help me to make a necessary decision."

She laughed enigmatically.

"My movements are of greater moment than I realized," she exclaimed. "At nineteen I am really becoming 'a woman of some importance'!"



Top and Centre—Ruins in the region of Fort Needham. Bottom—A brand new home built since the explosion.



In the North end of the city where the full force of the explosion was felt.

"You would be important to me at any age," Tom burst out impetuously, then almost blushed at his own temerity, but an encouraging smile emboldened him to continue—"Now for my answer."

"Well, then, if you must have it," Vera replied mischievously. "In two days time you may don your mourning, for the great and only Vera will have returned unto her people."

"So soon!" he murmured half to himself. His hand trembled slightly on the paddle, but with an attempt at nonchalance, he said aloud, "Then Halifax has the advantage of me and will soon be able to put on its gala clothes."

She merely smiled in answer. After a moment's silence, he leaned forward and commenced earnestly, but not without some apprehension, "Vera, you don't know how much your visit here has meant to me—I'm a dull dog at best, I know, but the weeks I have known you have been to me like a wonderful dream. I have loved you from the first day we met. I hope you won't think me foolish when I tell you that you are in my thoughts all day and in my books at night—your dear face is on every printed page."

"How dreadfully inconvenient," she returned chaffingly, but a faint flush of pleasure dyed her cheeks and in the moonlight her eyes looked unusually bright.

"Do be serious, little girl!" he cried. "You *must* be serious with me tonight, because I'm very much in earnest. I have a great favor to ask of you."

"Please, Tom, please?" she exclaimed, holding up a dainty hand in mild remonstrance. "Won't you let it wait until another time?"

"There's only one time for me, and it's tonight," he replied firmly. "I've made up my mind on two points, one is that I join up tomorrow, the other——"

"Tom!" she exclaimed in sudden consternation, moved on the instant out of her light mood. "You— you going to the war!"

"Why not," he returned, "thousands of others have already gone. I should have signed on before only that I couldn't decide. When you go, the day after tomorrow, I shall have no real excuse for staying behind."

"But you're not a soldier," she cried, all the motherly protective instinct aroused and shining in her anxious eyes, "Why should *you* go?"

"Because," he replied gravely, "before this war is over Britain will need every man in the Empire, soldier or civilian. Oh! it's no use concealing facts. We are in for a struggle that will stagger the world. For the past three years, ever since I went to Germany with father, I've been studying the situation, and it's serious. I'm convinced Germany wants Canada."

"Don't be absurd, Tom," she remonstrated. "What would they want with us—a country so far away and with so few of their own people in it? I don't believe they ever thought of us."

He smiled with boyish superiority, as he tried to explain, albeit somewhat dogmatically. "Unlike Britain, Germany is a young nation—it is only in recent years, too late, that she has realized the necessity for colonization. The fatherland, as they call it, was over populated. Where were they to get more land? Peaceful acquisition in America was forbidden according to the Monroe doctrine."

"But there was Asia, Africa, anywhere else," she expostulated.

"No," he continued argumentatively. "Everywhere they looked, the land they wanted belonged to Britain or to Britain's friends and the 'hands off' sign was everywhere. Something had to go. The greedy German eye roved across the Atlantic, saw our vast forests, our limitless farms, our wonderful fisheries, our untold mineral wealth and our unrivalled harbors—just the thing for defense or offense."

"Splendid!" she cried, clapping her hands, "just like a lecture."

He ignored the interruption and continued.

"Oh, you may be sure they had calculated on all these things—Canada for them would make the cradle for a mighty Empire."

He stopped, a little abashed at his own eloquence.

She looked up with smiling approval into his earnest face.

"What a visionary you are, Tom," she murmured thoughtfully, "and yet, if what you say is true, I cannot help but feel that in fighting for Britain we shall be fighting for ourselves. We really have a personal interest in the war, haven't we?"

"They hate England and everyone who speaks the language. I know it from personal experience. I bought some cigars one day in Berlin. The shopkeeper threw them on the counter—he disdained my patronage. The impertinent blighter! If the counter hadn't been between us——" He was talking rapidly and almost angrily, but checked himself and said more temperately, "I walked out of the shop and left them lying there."

"But that's only a small incident," she returned with a tantalizing smile, "just a nasty individual!"

"They're just as disagreeable 'en masse'" he exclaimed warmly. "I'm going to help wipe a few of the rotters off the map!" His hand gripped the paddle so firmly that it bent with the sudden force.

"What a Spartan you are Tom! I declare, when you talk that way I am quite afraid of you."

He laughed as he replied. "I hope the Germans will share your flattering timidity."

He took up the paddle and sent the canoe gently forward. After a few minutes of thoughtful silence, he rested it on the thwart again and asked:

"Will you promise me one thing before I go away—that you will not marry anyone until I come back, or" he paused an instant and then continued more softly, "until I *don't* come back?"

Youth demands a great deal, and thank God, promises as much.

Vera sat for a moment in pensive silence. Apparently her thoughts were not *all* happy ones for tears glistened in her eyes as she replied:

"Do you think it is fair to either of us, Tom, dear, to make such a promise? You have known me only a few weeks. Perhaps as the months go by, never seeing me, you will change your mind. I have read of such tragedies in life where men and women were chained by a promise which never was fulfilled."

"Then you do not love me!" he exclaimed with boyish impetuosity, his face flushing with humiliation.

"I don't know quite what to say, Tom" she answered slowly. "You are so dreadfully direct that it quite staggers one. I care for you more than for any other man in the whole wide world, but I honestly cannot say whether I really love you or not."

He was about to interrupt, but she checked him with her hand and continued:

"Won't you please let it stand until you come back and see if you are still of the same mind?"

He sat silent for a time, the moon had slipped behind a cloud and the change to darkness was in keeping with his own depressed mood. He was full three years older than she and yet how much younger he felt—how very much a child.

Tom hadn't yet learned that girls, with all their seeming frivolity and light-heartedness, are really years older in the wisdom of love than men of the same age. But he did realize with some bitterness, too, that her contention was fair—that she was right.

"When I return—if I return," he cried earnestly, "then, as now, there will be for me only one girl in all the world!"

It was getting late. With a sigh he took up the paddle and, dipping it in the limpid water, drove the canoe rapidly on its homeward journey.

The moon had peeped out and smiled upon them once again. And as he looked across the shining water, a sudden sadness fell upon him, for might not this be the last time he should ever see his beloved river—that river upon which he had spent so many happy summers. His thoughts carried him back to the day on which Vera and he had first met, when they stood side by side leaning over the rail of the big river liner as she steamed swiftly and majestically down the stream.



Humble cottages and palatial homes were there, some islands adorned solely by the hand of Nature, others garlanded with cultivated flowers. In the distance a velvet hill stood out against the deep blue of the sky, its crest surmounted by a castellated mansion. The great river wound tirelessly round these manifold charms, kissing each shore with motherly pride—now swift, now slow, now smooth and still as if hushed to sleep by an unseen hand, now dashing through the narrow places wakeful and riotous. Anon it spread its giant arms lovingly to East and West to lightly touch the distant shore, lingering to soothe the verdant banks or again rushed angrily past barren rocks which raised their shaggy crests high above the foaming eddy.

Ah dear St. Lawrence! Joy of his youth. How often had he rested on that friendly bosom, gliding softly in the birch canoe, with tiny sail spread in the summer breeze! How often too in twilight's hour the lapping waves had lulled his soul to sleep, bidding dull care adieu! And when the laggard moon rose beyond the banks and bathed the ripples in a silvery sheen, what glorious beauty could compare with hers! It was his river—his very own, and he loved it, even as he loved Vera, with all the affection of his warm, generous heart.

She interrupted his reverie by asking suddenly:

“Were you ever in Quebec?”

“Only once, when I was a little chap,” he replied, “and it still fills me with awe when I think of this



wonderful river, how it grows bigger and bigger as it flows far, far past Quebec and ever broadens to the sea."

"Ah, yes, the sea!" she sighed pensively, "and before many weeks to think that you will be upon it, so very far from here—and me!"

"But," he returned gently and earnestly, "with every mile, dear girl, the strings of my heart will be drawn tighter and tighter about you."

Vera smiled sadly and looked up at him with glistening eyes. "What a wonderful lover you are, Tom," she exclaimed wistfully. "I'm afraid if you stayed here much longer, I really should lose my heart."

"Then I *will* remain!" he cried dramatically, "until you learn to love me as much as I love you!"

For a moment her eyes brightened—then she shook her head gently as she replied:

"That is the one thing you must not do, Tom dear. You said you were going to fight for Canada—for the Empire and you must—*you must!* For," she continued with infinite tenderness, "no matter what sacrifice it may mean, there is only one kind of man I could ever learn to love—a brave man—and I want to feel that that man is *You!*"



CHAPTER I.



MORE than three years of the world's war had passed. It was a cool December day. A great ocean liner steamed slowly up the Halifax harbor. Its deck was thronged with thousands of boys in Khaki, all anxious to get a glimpse again of their native land, from which they had been exiled so long. The blue sea, proud of its stately burden, sparkled in the morning sunlight. Silently the palatial vessel glided toward its mooring, guided by skilful hands. Clouds of dense, black smoke rolled from its yawning funnels, hung over the ship for a moment then drifted lazily seaward, caught by the gentle breeze.

Tom Welsford leaned on the rail looking down wistfully upon the pier, where a few dozen officers and civilians stood gazing up at the towering side of that marvellous vessel which ever since the outbreak of war has been the pride of Britain and the despair of Germany.

The train for the returned soldiers stood patiently waiting, its powerful engine softly panting, while the wounded men limped slowly down the gangway.

"Are you bound for home, Captain Welsford?" enquired a young subaltern who stood at Tom's elbow.

"No such luck," Tom replied ruefully. "This beastly leg of mine is troubling me again and the Medical Officer says I'll have to stop off here in the hospital and have a piece of bone removed."

"Too bad, old chap," the other returned. "Hope to meet you in Montreal some day soon."

The Embarkation Officer approached. "Ambulance is waiting for you, Captain," he announced. "It's just to the left as you go down."

Tom descended slowly, climbed into the waiting car and fifteen minutes later was ushered into a room at the Hospital.

Several days afterward, the operation being successfully performed, Tom lay in bed reading, his leg in a plaster cast.

The pretty nurse brought in an appetizing breakfast. "Feeling better to-day?" she enquired with a kindly smile.

"Tip top, Sister," he answered with a laugh. "How could one feel ill with such an excellent nurse?"

"I suppose it is a little better than Vimy Ridge," she returned. "You poor chaps must be glad to be over here away from all the noise and fighting—here in Halifax where it is always so quiet and peaceful."

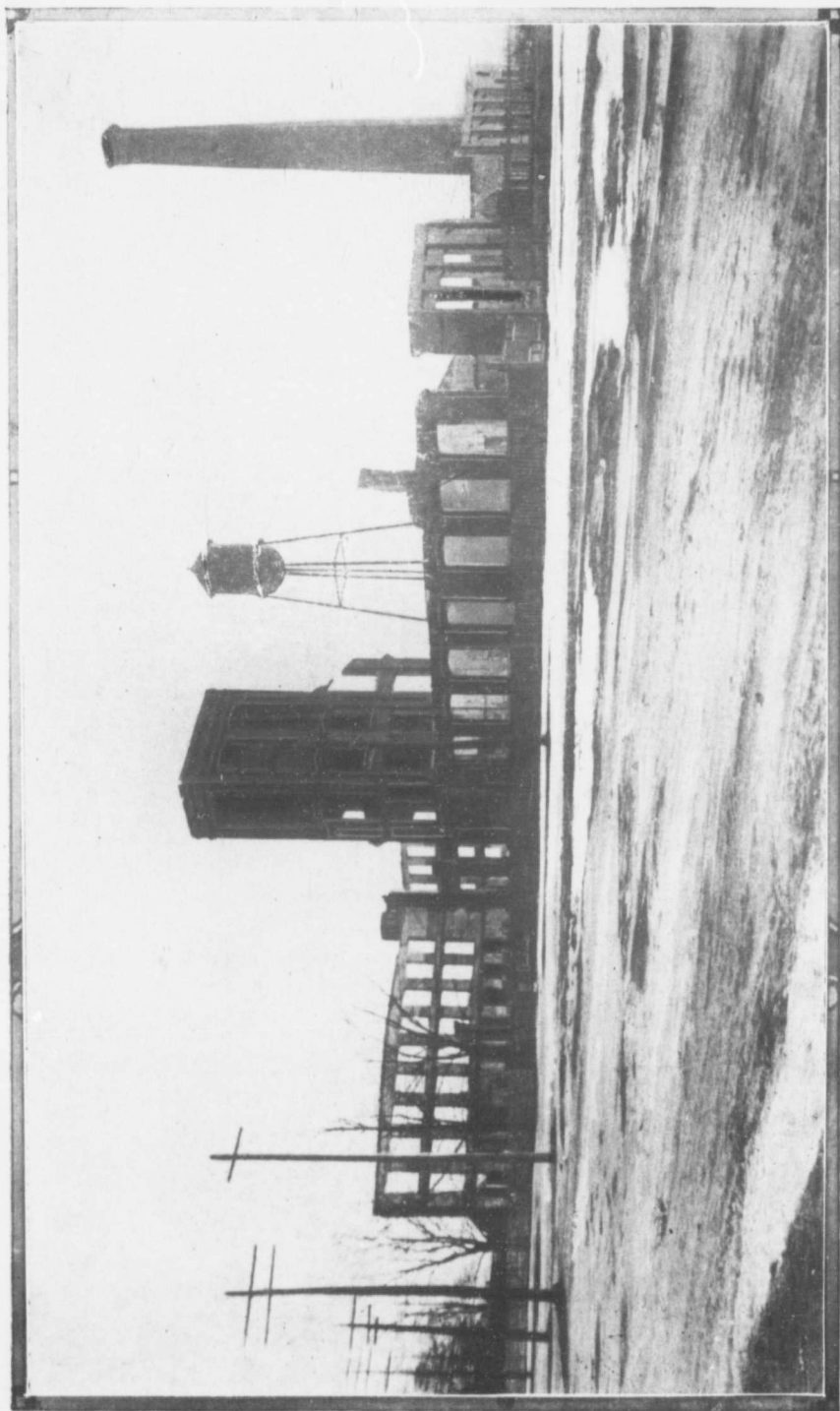
"You're right, sister," he exclaimed sympathetically. "Here, thousands of miles from the front, one can get a real rest—one is able to breathe God's good air, untainted by the vile stench of the battlefield; and to sleep without the dread of rats and vermin running over one."

"But it must be wonderful to be there and *do* things," she cried enthusiastically. "To feel that one is doing something for Canada—something for the Empire! Oh! I wish I were a man! It must be great to be a real man these days!"

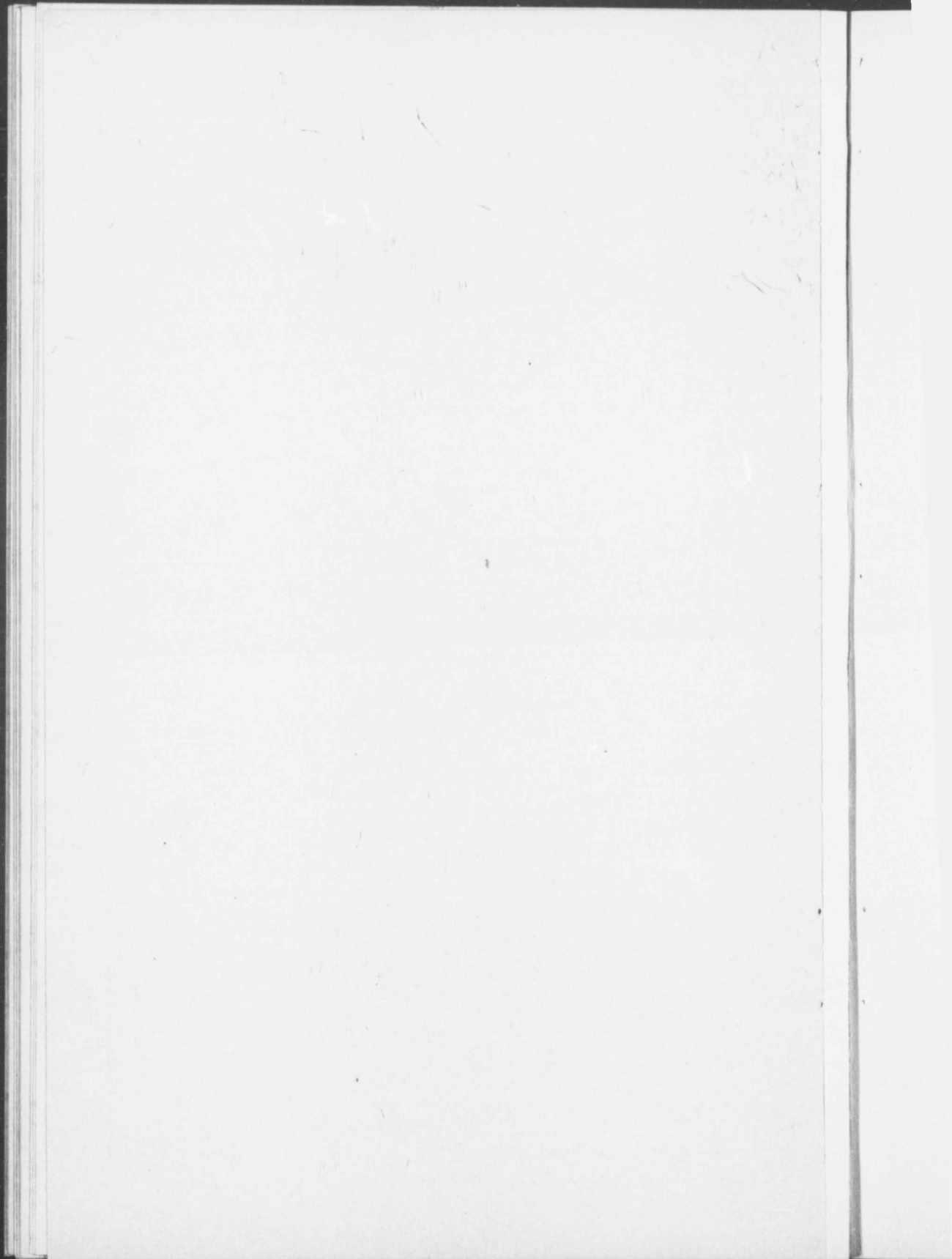
"I can't say that I have ever felt oppressed with the marvel of my sex," he returned, his eyes lighting up with a quick smile.

The nurse turned for a moment to the window and started slightly as she looked toward the harbor.

"What a strange cloud!" she exclaimed. "I have never seen anything like it before; look at it!"



The ruins of the factory of the Dominion Textile Co. on Robie Street.



Tom leaned upon his elbow the better to see out and remained gazing in silent wonder.

In the north a great billowy mass of white smoke rose slowly toward the sky. The morning sun cast a golden haze about it. It rolled higher and higher—gleaming darts of flame shot through the mass from time to time, but ever vaster and vaster it rose.

"There is something weird and unusual about that," he said slowly, "that is not an ordinary fire. It looks like the cloud of smoke after the bursting of a shell, but it's a thousand times bigger."

Suddenly the building shook as if with the ague; the windows rattled in their frames. A dull grinding rumble followed and then a roar as if the world had been torn asunder. The windows crashed in upon them, falling in countless fragments upon the bed and floor. The little nurse fell prone and lay there white and stunned. Blood oozed from a small cut in her forehead.

"Good God!" Tom muttered anxiously, as, forgetting his plaster cast, he tumbled hastily out of bed. "It's killed her!"

But even as he spoke she opened her eyes and after a dazed moment, with his help, scrambled to her feet.

"Are you alright?" he asked anxiously.

"I feel a little dizzy," she replied.

The color commenced returning to her cheeks. Then realizing that her patient was out of bed, the nursing instinct brought her to herself.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "You out of bed with your injured leg. Get back at once, sir. How dare you get up?"

He clambered back slowly. "You're not badly hurt, I hope," he asked. "You've got a cut on your forehead, you know."

"So I have," she said, as she felt the spot. "Oh, it's only a scratch—it was the terrible wind that knocked me down. What on earth was it?"

Tom smiled as he answered. "Probably the Germans have blown up the magazines at the fort," and then

continued more slowly, "Just now you were speaking of the quietude here and the difference at the front, and were wishing to be a man—why you've as much courage as three quarters of the soldiers over there."

She blushed prettily. "Flatterer!" she exclaimed deprecatingly. "I must run and see my other patients! Stay in bed now! Don't try to get out again and I'll come in later, and tell you all about it."

No one in the South end realized the frightful calamity which had befallen the City. Half an hour later crowds of frantic people came clamouring to the hospitals.

Maimed and senseless, with blood soaked bandages, with dangling limbs and powder blackened faces they were carried, or those who could still walk, staggered in. Motor cars, carriages, grocery waggons, coal carts and every other conceivable variety of vehicle hastened to the hospital doors with their shattered burdens.

The beds were soon filled to overflowing. Mattresses were dragged out of stores and placed upon the floors, in halls, in offices, in every available space. The wounded or dying lay in helpless misery upon bed or mattress, or sat in listless waiting upon the floor. Already dozens of surgeons and nurses were at work staunching the blood or stitching up the gaping wounds. Young women from the St. John Ambulance Brigade and other first-aid workers arrived every minute and threw themselves into the breach with consuming zeal and energy. They worked feverishly hour by hour, but still the never ceasing stream of patients came and still the tramp, tramp of their bearers filled the halls.

The operating rooms had been destroyed, but new ones were quickly improvised in the midst of the beds of wounded, for every room was filled. And still on, on they came. Would that ghastly procession never end? Some had eyes gouged out, some had ears or noses torn off, hundreds had their faces gashed or beaten out of all possible recognition. As fast as one

patient was off the table, another was laid upon it, and the sickening odor of chloroform, ether and fresh blood intermingled, filled every room.

Men, women and children lay, looking in fascinated horror at the unwonted sights or closed their eyes to shut out the ghastly scenes. The low moans of the wounded, the gasping breath of the dying and the whispered directions of the surgeons or nurses blended in a gruesome murmur.

A young girl of nineteen lay upon the wash-room floor in a pool of mingled blood and water. Her skirt was torn, exposing ghastly gashes, which laid bare the bones below her knees.

"How did you get this?" the surgeon queried, as he stooped to examine her.

"Jumped from fourth storey window to the pavement," she groaned.

They lifted her gently to the table. A little further on two surgeons worked over a senseless human wreck. Both eyes were gone and the face was split from ear to mouth. The double row of teeth exposed and the flesh drawn back from the cheek bone made one think of a skeleton alive.

"What is it?" a passing man muttered as he turned away from the frightful sight, "surely that was never a human being!"

"God grant she may never wake!" the surgeon murmured. Great beads of sweat stood upon his pallid brow—the strain was too terrible even for him.

On another table lay a little babe scarcely a year old—eyes gone, skull fractured—and still he lived.

"Mother and father dead, child blind," the nurse said to the surgeon. "Is there a God in heaven, I wonder!"

"Hush!" whispered the second nurse. "Don't blaspheme!"

"It's those cursed Germans," the surgeon muttered. "This never happened by accident. Only hell and Germany could stand for this!"

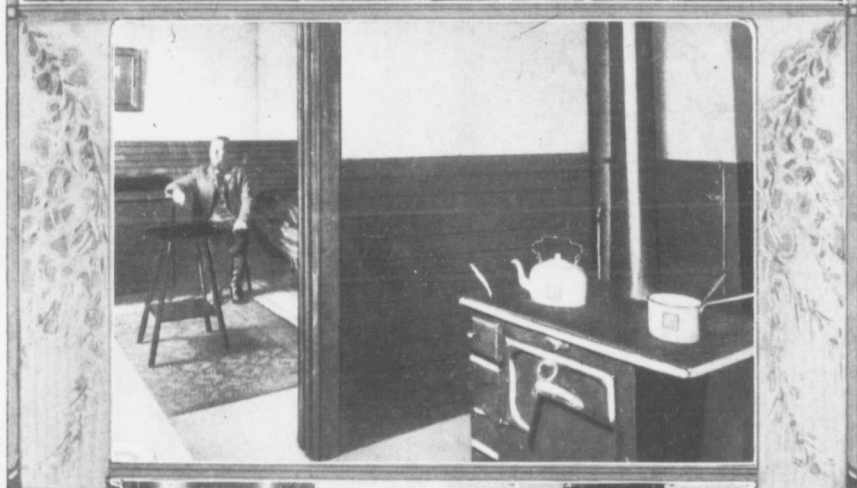
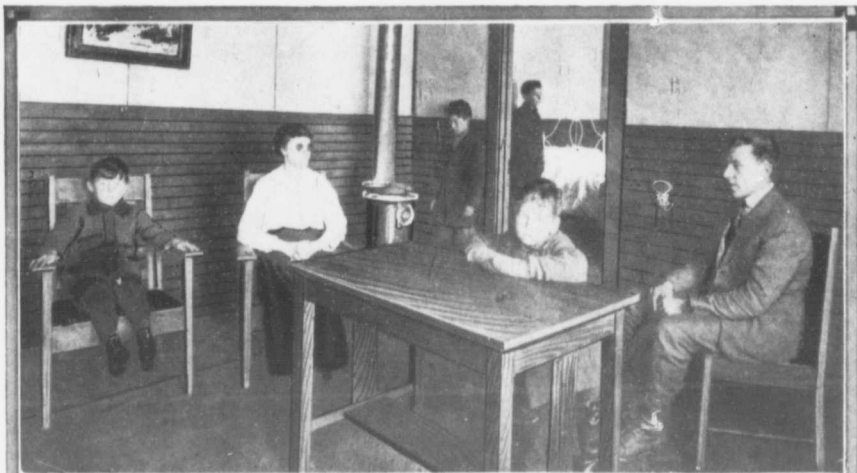
CHAPTER II.



VERA WARRINGTON sat alone in the drawing-room of her mother's home; her hands lying listlessly clasped in her lap. The big arm chair was drawn close to the fireplace where a bright, crackling blaze valiantly combated the chill of the bleak December day. It cast a warm glow over the girlish figure and face surmounted by its mass of golden-brown hair. A stray, rebellious curl had fallen over her cheek and rested there unheeded. The moist red lips, clear cut, full and sensuous were slightly parted, displaying to view teeth small and of pearly whiteness. Her gentle rounded bosom rose and fell quickly, as if vainly smothering some pent up emotion. A tiny foot in pink satin slipper peeped from beneath the folds of her skirt and from time to time restlessly tapped the hearth rug. Vera was thinking seriously and if one might judge by the expression of her pretty face, her thoughts were not of the most agreeable nature. Her book had been thrown carelessly aside and rested face-downward on the floor. For the moment all the coquetry had died out of her deep blue eyes and a slight frown clouded her brow.

She was the child of a comparatively poor but ambitious mother who was anxious to see her handsome daughter make a propitious alliance and thereby do something to remedy her fallen fortunes.

Mrs. Warrington was a tall, prematurely grey, but still beautiful, woman with large dark eyes and stately



Interior views of the new apartments being erected to temporarily house the homeless.



bearing. She came from an old and aristocratic family and had never lost her innate pride, nor had she quite forgiven herself for having, in the impetuosity of youth, run away with and married a poor though handsome man, her social inferior—a not uncommon form of indiscretion amongst sentimental maidens.

She had resolved, once for all, that no daughter of her's should make a like mistake. So, when William Lawson, the son of a wealthy lumber merchant, himself reasonably affluent, asked Vera's hand in marriage, the ambitious mother sought by every means in her power to bring her rebellious daughter to see the advantages of such a union. Wealth, position and the restoration of her own social status all flashed before her mind's eye, awaking hopes and aspirations long dormant in her breast.

Ah idle dreams! How often fate tumbles our airy castles about our ears and leaves us standing in the ruins!

As Mrs. Warrington entered the drawing room and noted the discontented expression on her daughter's face, she felt a twinge of conscience, but the thought of both their futures steeled her in her purpose. Vera looked up as her mother entered.

"Mother, I've been thinking it all over very, very seriously, and I really feel I can't go through with it," she exclaimed. "It fills me with terror—the thought of being tied for life to a man I cannot love."

Mrs. Warrington stared in blank dismay at her daughter. Had the house suddenly collapsed she could not have looked more horrified.

"Vera!" she exclaimed reprovingly. "Do you realize what you are saying; that your wedding is fixed for to-morrow, the sixth; that the invitations are out. Good gracious! What do you mean? I could never hold my head up again. We shall be disgraced!" She sank tremblingly into a chair. Her face was white with mingled anger and dismay.

"I can't help it, mother; I thought I could do it for your sake, but it's too awful—too unthinkable. Now that the time has come, I can't face it. Oh, I wish I were dead!" she sobbed in self pity. "Either dead or that the world should come to an end before to-morrow noon!"

"What a dreadful wish, Vera!" Mrs. Warrington exclaimed petulantly. "I declare I'm at my wit's end with you. Have you no thought for me or your fiance or anyone else on earth but yourself?"

"Yes, Mother, yes," Vera cried. "A thousand times, yes—for you, dear, and for Tom! Oh why did I ever consent to this wedding? It nearly broke Tom's heart when he got my letter about the engagement, and now I haven't heard from him in nearly a year. Perhaps he's gone, poor fellow! And he never knew how much I really loved him—dear brave lad—more than anyone else in all the world!"

Mrs. Warrington's face was a study in emotions—injured pride, surprise, and sympathetic remorse played back and forth across it like the flickering light from a grate fire.

"And you never told me, Vera!" she said reproachfully. "You never said how much you cared. Oh, what in the world is to be done? The disgrace will kill me, I'm sure. Will Lawson will be in the city tonight, too. What *can* I say to him." And Mrs. Warrington, all her dreams of the future crushed, all her pride laid in the dust, put her head in her hands and burst into passionate tears.

Vera sprang to her feet, and forgetting her own troubles for the moment, threw her arms about her mother's neck. For a few minutes the role of mother and daughter were reversed and all the self-sacrificing instincts of real womanhood rose in Vera's heart.

"There, there mother," she cried soothingly, "please don't! It breaks my heart to see you cry like that."

Perhaps Tom will never return anyway and if it will make you happy I'll reconsider it for your sake."

"All my married and all my widowed life I've lived in poverty, Vera," Mrs. Warrington sighed at last, drying her eyes, "and I can't bear to see you share the same wedded fate. Poverty is a cruel master."

"And wealth a tyrant," said Vera with a trace of bitterness in her tone. "Well, I've had my ideals; I've tried to live up to them, to seek the best in life, but fate seems to will it otherwise. So here's to wealth, mother," she cried with a half hysterical laugh as she lifted an imaginary wine glass to her lips. "Here's to gold! To Society! To Fame! Here's to wedded me—the apotheosis of fools!" She drained it mockingly, and throwing the visionary goblet into the grate, walked from the room.



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The wedding morn broke clear and cool, the light wind scarcely stirring the leafless branches of the trees. Vera awoke from a restless slumber, tired and unrefreshed. Tom's picture gazed intently at her from the mantel and she smiled wistfully as she thought of the boyish lines penned on the other side:

*A shadow, whose reflection is more stern
Than that accustomed to its owner's face,
When gazing into pretty eyes, may yearn
To break the bonds that hold it in its place,
And give expression to its master's will
By smiling, eyes in eyes; but c'er so still
It must remain and discontented be,
Because, alas, it can't smile back at thee.*

It may have been her imagination, but she felt there was a look of sad reproach in the eyes.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, holding out both arms to the lifeless shadow. "I loved you better than I knew. What does the future hold for us both—happiness or tears? God knows. Good bye, dear heart, Good bye."

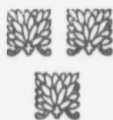


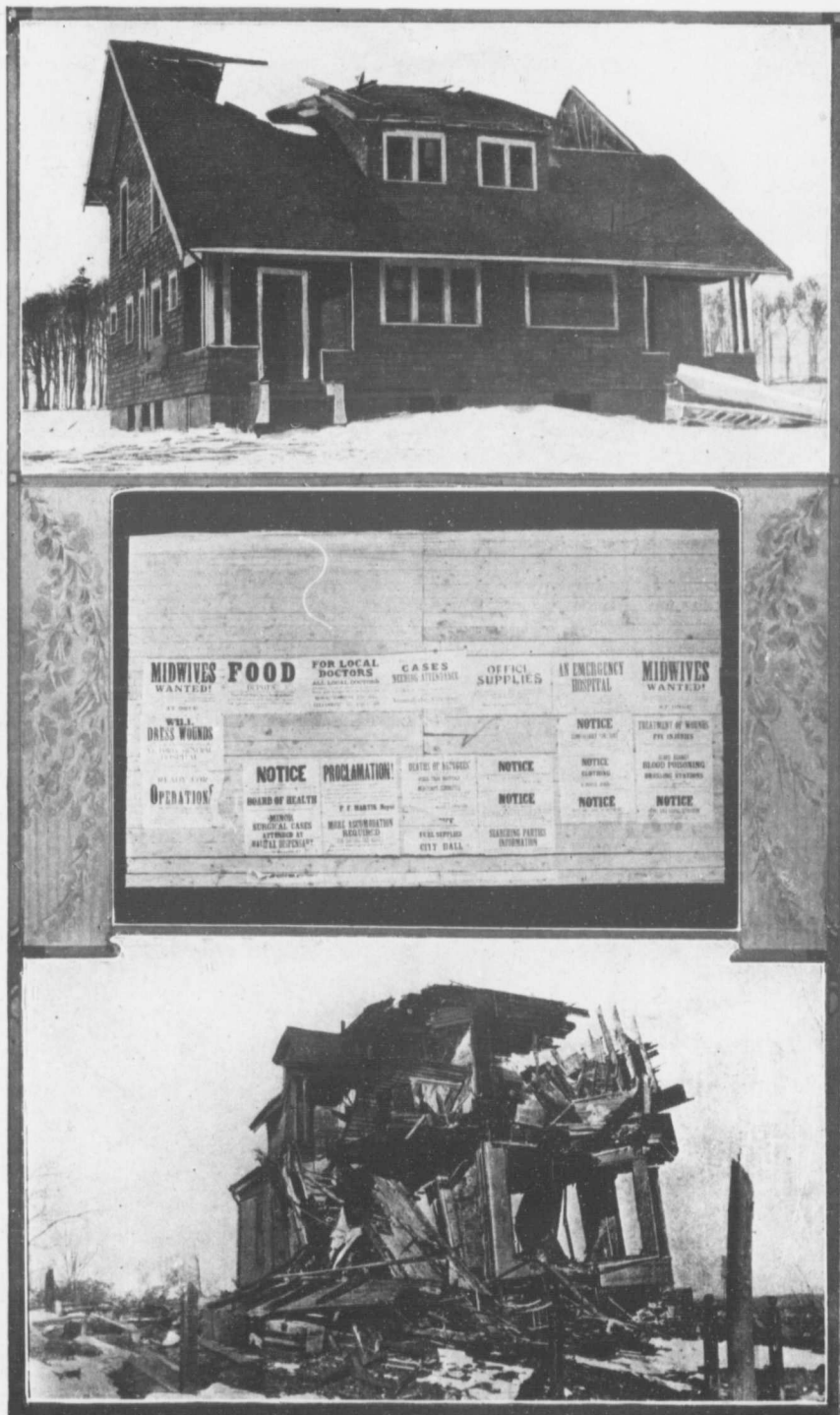
A deafening crash followed by a gust of wind like a tornado threw her against the wall; the house shook to its foundation and pictures and bric-a-brac came clattering onto the floor.

She rushed down stairs only to find the doors and windows shattered. Her mother stood pale and trembling at the foot of the stair.

"Thank God, you are safe, Mother!" Vera cried as she threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her.

The Belgian Relief ship "Imo" had rammed the French ammunition ship "Mont Blanc" in the harbor and four thousand tons of high explosive had blown the ammunition ship and the North end of Halifax to atoms.





Top—A roofless home in the devastated area. Centre—Signs on a Barrington St. store window. Bottom—The complete wreckage of a home in Richmond.



Top and Centre—The Lorne A. A. C. before and after the explosion. Bottom—Another scene in the Richmond district.

CHAPTER III.



IT was with a strange admixture of feelings that Vera Warrington viewed the partial wreck of their home and the ruins of the city.

It was true she and her mother had escaped unhurt, but there were thousands of others who needed help. Amid all the direful evidences of the catastrophe

there was to Vera one bright spot—her wedding would be indefinitely postponed.

In obedience to an urgent summons from the Commandant she hastily donned her V.A.D. uniform and before leaving embraced her mother with affectionate warmth. Their fortunate escape had drawn mother and daughter close together again in a bond of mutual sympathy.

"God bless you, dear," her mother cried, as Vera started for the door.

The old lady sank wearily into a chair. The shock of the disaster had upset her, but she hid her emotion from her daughter, preserving an appearance of calm she was far from feeling.

It was almost two hours since the explosion. As Vera hurried toward the hospital the sights which met her eyes, filled her with terror. In the North, once so thickly populated, block after block of houses had disappeared as if by magic. As far as she could see there was nothing but a desolate space where once the town had been. The branches were torn from the trees and only jagged stumps remained where stately maples

once had stood. Fiercely-burning fires had broken out in the wrecked buildings and from time to time darting sheets of flame pierced the dense smoke, which filled the air. Huge piles of torn planks, rafters and beams lay in twisted masses everywhere, and the bodies of men, women and children, battered out of all human shape, littered the road. Motor cars and wagons without number made their way with difficulty to and from the devastated area carrying their gruesome burdens to hospital or to morgue. Upon the pavement, here and there beside their broken wagons, lay the bodies of dead horses. From time to time she passed shattered houses with roofs or sides or fronts battered in or torn off, exposing to view sights at which the heart bled. Looking upon the interiors of the houses thus rudely thrown open to the gaze of passers-by filled Vera with a guilty sense of having broken in upon the privacy of the home.

A rag doll rested against the wheel of a broken baby carriage—pathetic evidence of the cruel force of the blow. The sight, inanimate as it was, brought tears to her eyes, and she hurried on, trying to forget.

Companies of soldiers were marching up the street and others, with hundreds of civilians, were searching rapidly amongst the ruins for those who yet remained alive. From time to time they uncovered a bleeding form which they lifted tenderly to the waiting cars, or, anon, unearthed a blackened remnant of a man or woman, crushed under the ruins of their home.

Companies of marines from the British and American men-of-war, with fixed bayonets marched up and down the desolate streets. Their calm, soldierly bearing gave a sense of security from further disaster and their orderly presence in such a time of chaos and confusion did wonders to steady the nerves of the populace.

The 'Old Colony', a United States ship, shortly to be turned over to the Imperial Government, lay at the dock—a marvellous floating hospital. Hundreds of maimed and bleeding were carried to its welcome shelter. The "Jackies" worked rapidly, braving the dangers of

the fires which raged on every side and the surgeons and nurses ministered rapidly to the urgent needs of those they carried aboard.

The Naval Hospital was in ruins and its surgeon seriously wounded.

A solitary man stood looking dazedly into the cellar of a house—the house itself had disappeared. Vera addressed him.

“Was this your place?” she asked gently.

He turned slowly and looked at her with glazed, unseeing eyes as he answered:

“Two hours ago I had a home, a wife and five children. This is what is left! My God! my God!” he moaned as he sank dejectedly on the stones.

Vera strove to comfort him, but there was little to be said. He seemed half stunned and returned no answer. She hurried on again, catching up with a little boy of nine or ten, who was sobbing convulsively as he walked.

“What is it, dear?” she asked compassionately, as she came up with him and took him by the hand.

“Oh, Miss,” he sobbed. “Somebody yelled ‘everybody South’ right after the explosion, and I ran—ran ‘till I couldn’t run any farther—an then I came back—Oh, Oh, it’s awful!” And he buried his face in his hands and cried as if his little heart would break.

Tears of sympathy came to Vera’s eyes as she knelt down and tried to comfort him.

“There, there dear, don’t cry any more,” she said, sobbing herself the while. “It’s all over now.”

“But I see them,” the little fellow sobbed again, “mother and Nellie—in the house—and the table fell on mother. She was lyin’ under it on the floor and Nellie’s face was all blood an’ she was pullin’ the table to get it off mother and the house on fire—an’ I ran away.”

"Well, well, dear," Vera said soothingly, "don't think about it any more and come along to the hospital with me. Perhaps they're all right and have been taken away."

"No, no," he cried, too remorseful to be comforted. "I might-a saved them, an I run away like a coward— an' the house's gone—an' they're dead, they're dead!" He stopped in a convulsive sob. Vera clung to his hand and led him away with her. But she had worse trials yet to go through that day and her heart ached with the sights she saw as she passed along.

The sun shone mockingly on it all, its rays dancing with elfish feet upon the ruins and the slain.

Wellington Barracks was shattered. The roof had been carried away; the married quarters were destroyed and the frame buildings were burning with a fierce roaring flame. From time to time the soldiers emerged from the broken buildings carrying the bodies of those who had been crushed within.

Three naval cadets, with cut and bleeding faces, carried a fourth between them. His right eye was gone. Vera stopped to speak a word of comfort to him, but he answered cheerily:

"Oh, I'm alright; don't worry about me!" He was one of the little heroes from whose ranks Canada's Army and Navy have sprung.

Every surgeon in the city worked with frenzied zeal; every nurse, every man or woman who could do anything toiled madly to aid the wounded who were carried in ever increasing numbers into every hospital or hall which still remained standing.

The Military Hospital was a wreck; every window and door was gone. The ceilings hung in tattered fragments, but it had been a hospital and, as such, the wounded rushed or were carried into it in hundreds. Never for an instant did it cease its work of relief; plaster and glass were trampled into the floor; broken frames of windows and laths littered the beds and wards, but the doctors and nurses continued their labors without



Little remains of Grove Presbyterian Church.



thought of the wreck about them. The sick soldiers vacated their beds, hastily dressing, and turned them over to more needy victims as they arrived in droves.

But every great band of self-sacrificing men or women has its exception. Even a great disaster would be incomplete without it.

The Commanding Officer of the hospital was hastening along the main hall and as he passed the entrance he was accosted by a physician, valise in hand, who had just arrived in town.

"There wasn't any motor car to meet me," he complained.

"No motor to meet you!" the O. C. returned with a puzzled look. "How dreadful!"

"I mean," blustered the new arrival, "I had to walk all the way from the train and carry this valise."

"Good heavens!" said the O. C. satirically, "we're getting careless about the conventions. You must forgive us! We're a little upset to-day!"

He started to go away, but the new comer stopped him.

"Well," he complained, "now that I *am* here, where am I to go."

The O. C. looked at him a moment in withering contempt.

"You may go to h--," he said coolly as he walked off, "and don't return until we send for you!"

But there were hundreds of other willing workers in the city who, braving blizzard or rain storm, toiled day and night to help the sufferers.

Surgeons and all others worked without sleep for days on end. Some collapsed with the untold strain. Nurses and V. A. D.'s slaved until they could stand no longer, and were replaced by others who gladly volunteered to fill the gap. Hundreds of surgeons, nurses and other helpers came on every train from all

of Eastern Canada and from all the North Eastern States and gave of their best generously and with no thought of self.

* * * * *

The first United States relief train arrived in a blizzard of snow. A seven passenger car struggled through the drifts to meet it. The captain of the party seated himself beside the silent driver and as they started up the wintry street remarked to him:

"You look pale and tired; have you worked all night!"

"Two days and nights," the driver replied quietly. "Two days ago I had a wife and eight children; to-day I am alone in the world."

And they drove silently on.

Trainloads of food, of clothes and other practical necessities arrived hourly. Never can Halifax forget the generosity, the superlative kindness of the outside world. Friends far and near sprang up in thousands and the hand of human sympathy and help reached out from every side to save the drowning from the sea of sorrow and distress.

Soon the Khaki of the United States surgeons appeared upon the streets and in the hospitals. American nurses by the hundred worked ceaselessly side by side with their Canadian cousins.

* * * * *

Vera wended her way quickly, with the little boy, toward the big hospital on the Common. Thousands of homeless and helpless stood or sat upon the open ground, with what little they had saved from their houses, too dazed to know which way to turn. The rumor that that there was to be another explosion filled them with dull fear, but they knew not where to turn. Like sheep they had flocked together, too bewildered for consecutive thought.

The terrors of the battlefield are many, the danger ever present, but it has the salutary feature of the pos-

sibilities of escape. Daily calamities occur, but always in the ebb and tide of expectation or of hope. But this awful, instantaneous catastrophe, falling on a peaceful town without warning, dealing death and disaster to unexpected thousands, left the survivors stunned and bereft of power of thought, and without the least hope of uncertainty as to the outcome. Their homes and friends had been and they were not—the calamity was too stupendous to grasp. And the immediate survivors of the slain remained in pitiable and dazed helplessness upon the bleak Common waiting for—they knew not what.

Oh, ye mothers and fathers of devastated Belgium, of war battered France, of trampled Serbia and deserted Roumania! In the days that followed that fateful moment the mourning citizens of Halifax, all too clearly, saw across the intervening miles and gazed with dread but sympathetic eyes into the abysmal sorrows of your desolate hearts. At last your woes were understood. At last the tears and prayers of Canada could intermingle with your own!

Vera entered the hospital with a heavy heart. The halls were already filled with the wounded and dying, and still unnumbered victims came.

After settling the little chap in the dining hall, already filled to overflowing, she hastened to the nearest ward. Hour by hour she worked, helping the sisters bind up the wounded, half dazed herself by the ghastly sights. But there was little time to think—the need for haste was too intense.

"Come and help me with this case," the head nurse asked her, as she came up hurriedly. "He's frightfully bad; I'm afraid he's dying."

They picked their way among the wounded on the floor and stopped at a bed on which lay a man whose white face and shallow breathing told all too surely that the end was near.

"The doctor says he's hurt internally," the nurse whispered. "Help me prop him up a little; he breathes better that way."

Vera stepped to the opposite side of the bed to assist, when, glancing at the closed eyes of the dying man, she gave a gasp of recognition and turned ghastly white.

"Good heavens! What's wrong," exclaimed the nurse compassionately, "you look like a ghost."

"I'm all right," Vera said tremulously, steadying herself with a great effort at self-control. "See—I can help you. There."

Together they lifted the limp form a little higher on the pillows.

"You'd better go and lie down for a while; these sights are a little too much for you," said the nurse considerably.

"No. No, thanks," Vera murmured hastily. "Please let me stay and watch him for you."

"Call me if anything happens!" the nurse said as she hastened away.

Vera sat beside the still form. A conflict of emotions choked her, and a wave of remorse swept over her as she remembered her terrible wish of the day before.

"It's a judgment on me," she thought with bitter self-accusation. "I'm a wicked, wicked girl!"

She moistened the patient's lips. He opened his eyes slowly and they lit up for an instant with a gleam of recognition.

"Vera," he whispered weakly, "thank God, you are with me!"

A dry sob broke from her lips, "Will, Will, I'm so sorry, so very sorry."

His eyes closed for a moment, but the lids flickered, as he replied with an effort: "I don't understand—what have you done?"

"Nothing, dear," she returned sadly, "except that I'm sorry for all the harsh things I have said or thought of you."



The gun from the French steamer "Mont Blanc" as it rests in Dartmouth Lake, several miles from the scene of the explosion.

A faint smile flitted across his lips, but without opening his eyes he murmured again, "It doesn't matter, dear; nothing matters here now and before long I'll be—where it matters even less."

"Will you forgive me, please?" she sobbed. "Forgive me for all the harsh thoughts I have had—only because you were kind enough and generous enough to want a wilful and unloveable girl for your wife."

He turned his head, and looking up at her wistfully replied:

"It's worth this—to have heard you—say that. If there were anything to forgive I would—but I only can remember that you came—when I needed you most—it's worth dying for that."

His voice was growing weaker and weaker as he spoke, his eyes closed again. After a silence his lips moved once more, but no sound came to her ears. She leaned over the bed and placed her ear close to him.

"Good-bye," he whispered. "Good——" Slowly the silence of death stole over him. His lips were still.

"Sister! Sister!" cried Vera in a paroxysm of terror, "come quickly—oh come quickly!"

The head nurse hastened over to the bed. "It's all over," she murmured gently. "His suffering is past."

She turned to look at Vera. "Good gracious, child, you look ill. Please go and lie down for a while and don't come back until tomorrow."

And Vera, with pallid cheeks and trembling steps, her heart strained with pent-up emotion, left the ward, dragging her weary steps homeward.

But these were not days when one had time to nurse a private sorrow and the following day Vera, pale and hollow eyed from loss of sleep, was back at her post. Day after day she came and worked with many others the long hours through, with no thought of rest or self. In every other hospital in the stricken city the same direful

sights were present, the same work, the same spirit of self sacrifice. The city surgeons in the Victoria, in the Infirmary and a dozen other temporary hospitals worked without thought of rest until exhausted by the terrible strain. True, hundreds of helpers arrived after the first few days to take up the burden of the work, but, fortunately, the ghastly scenes and the strenuous labor decreased with each succeeding day.

There was one place where the heart was bowed with a grief surpassing all other sorrows—the Chebucto Morgue, where misshapen, distorted and twisted bodies were carried hourly. A white sheet covered each bier and anxious wives or mothers or fathers, seeking for lost ones, peered timorously into the still faces one by one as they were uncovered to their gaze. Row upon row they lay at rest—these silent ones—and day by day and hour by hour their number was increased. And day by day reverently they were laid to rest.

* * * * *



Business men closed their doors; lawyers and judges vacated the bar or bench, throwing their whole energies into the work of relief.

"Busy days these!" one remarked, as he hastened into the relief offices.

"Chairman hasn't had his clothes off for a week," was the laconic answer.

In these words might be described the work of thousands—all striving to mitigate the sufferings of others. And the stoicism, the heroism of the victims filled the beholder with wonder and respect. Whether it was a limb gone or one or two eyes missing, it was always the same cheery answer: "It might have been worse!"

But the women of Halifax, ever noble and self-sacrificing, measured up to the most glorious traditions of their sex. Well may the boys at the front fight for them, for their sisters, their mothers, their sweethearts and their wives—the heroic women of a noble fighting race.



This great war has brought about many remarkable changes in the world, but its influence has not all been destructive; a few rays of sunshine stream through the thunder clouds of disaster.



The thoughtless, frivolous world for centuries had pushed the pendulum of life higher and higher until it reached the topmost angle. The rebound was inevitable, and with the mad backward swing from gaiety to sadness the pendulum smashed through fixed traditions revealing truths which had long lain hidden under the cobwebs of ignorance.

For tens of centuries man had pictured woman as a lovely, but inferior being whose glory was merely the reflection of his own superior light. She was the moon and he the sun. Man had been taught—had deluded himself into the belief that physically and mentally she was a fragile, loveable, but impractical creature.

And then came the war, and as she rose to her full height; slowly, relentlessly, brutally, the new thought was forced upon him that part of his belief was wrong. The egotistic and selfish God which he had worshipped tottered and fell crashing to pieces at his feet. Then his eyes were opened and he saw the Truth.

In the brighter light of a steadfast faith she towered above him, a new idol, a new ideal, the woman who could work as well as play, who could fight as well as love, who could be silent under sorrow and cheerful in the face of tragedy.

Heroic and fearless she stands before him now pointing the way to greater things and above her brave head shines the halo of self sacrifice. Standing shoulder to shoulder with him, he was forced to concede her her rights and as the scarred and battered world rolls onward a greater sympathy, a closer understanding and a deeper respect will bind man and woman together until the end of time.



CHAPTER IV.

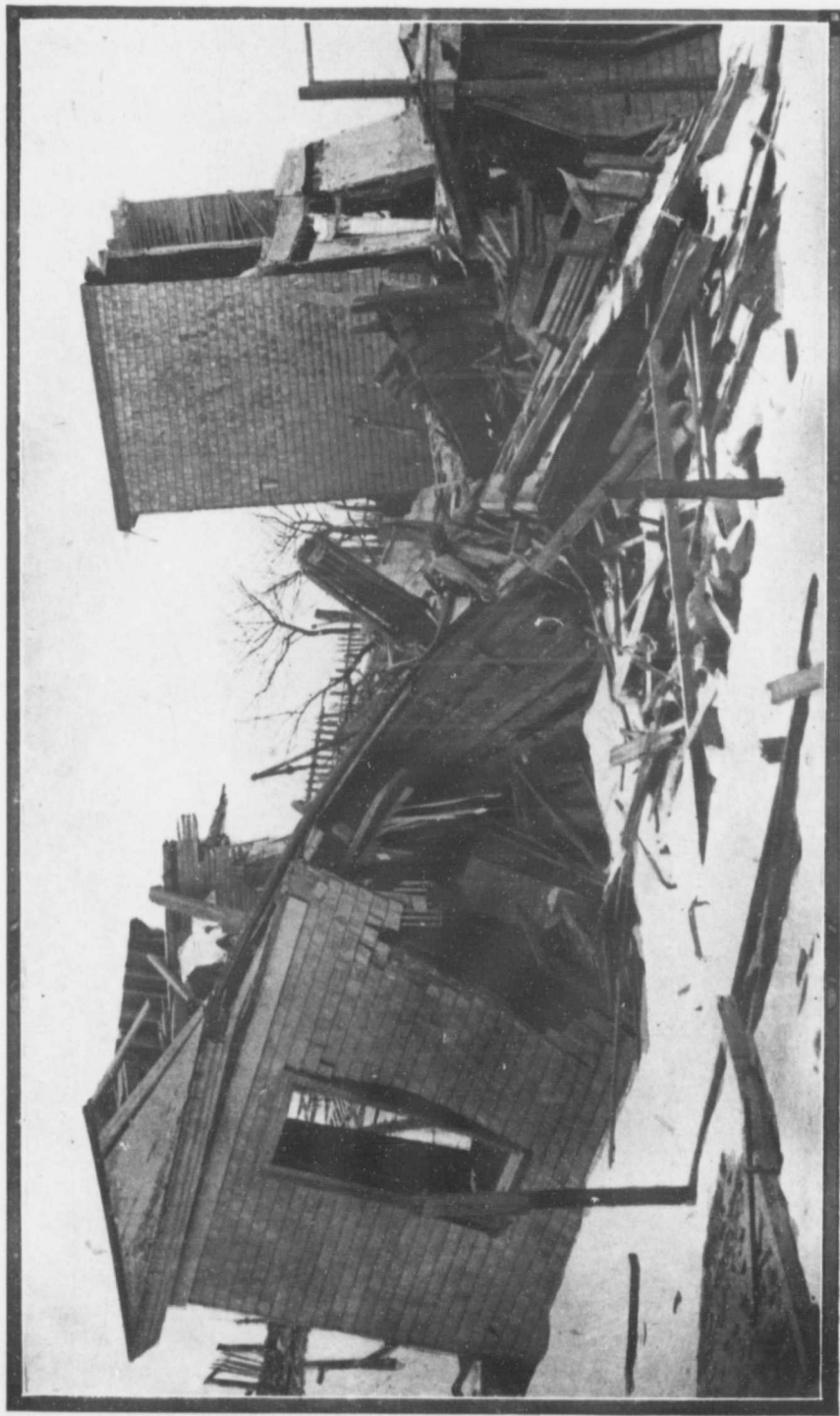


IT was the third week after the disaster and during all this time every day Vera had passed and repassed within a few yards of Tom's door at the hospital.

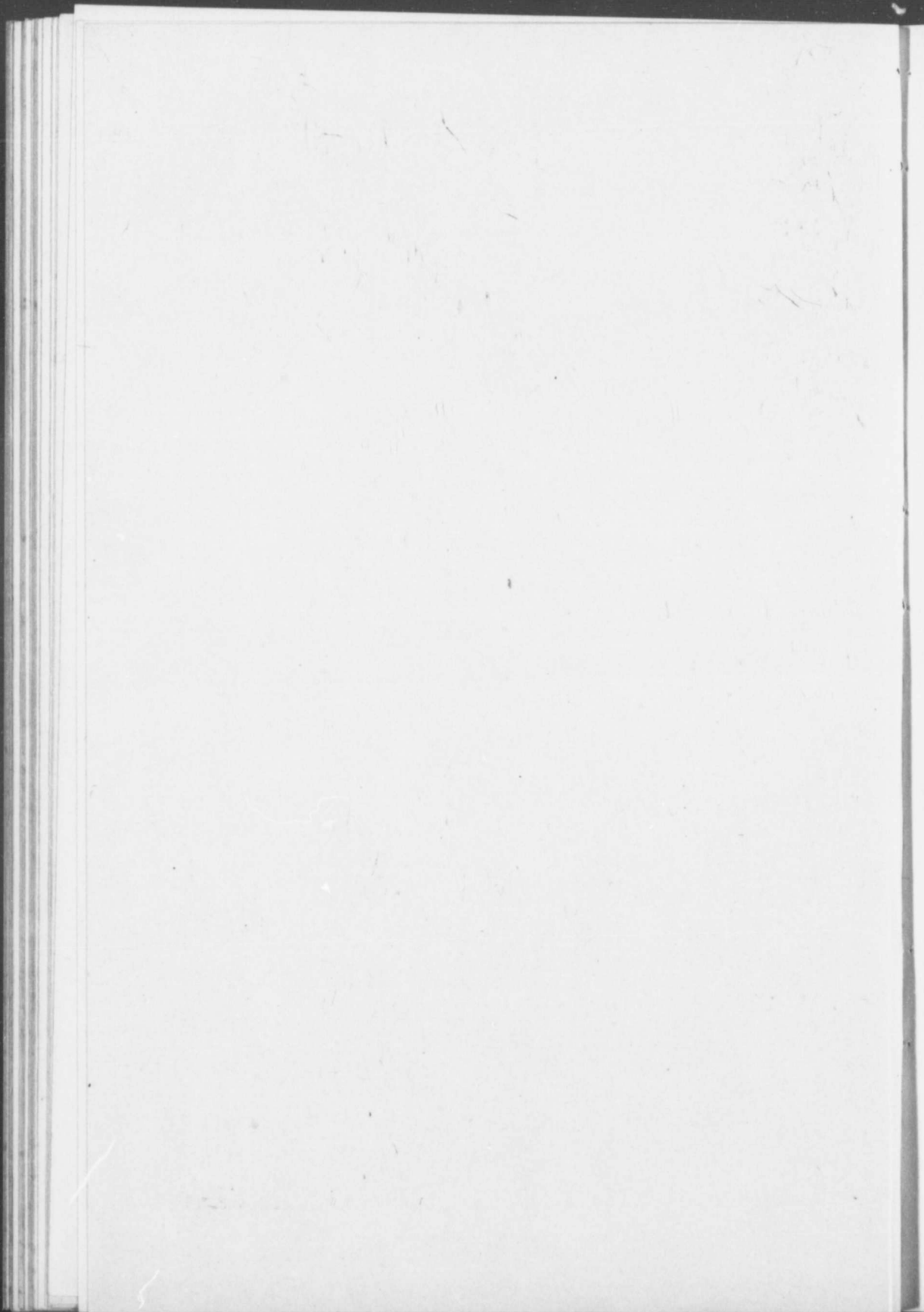
When she had time to think of him, her thoughts were thrown far across the Atlantic to the long lines of trenches in France and Belgium. Twice in the evening, when her day's labors were over, she had sat down to write to him and twice, after reading the letter, she had torn it up and cast it in the fire.

After a year of silence it was so difficult to know just what to say. She wondered if he were still alive—if he ever thought of *her* and at such times a wistful look crept into her eyes and the grate fire blurred before her sight. Or worse still: "Might he have forgotten her and married some one else?" The thought gave her a gripping pain about the heart. At last she wrote and this time the letter was not destroyed. She carried it in her pocket to the hospital, intending to post it later in the day.

On that morning Tom's nurse accosted her in the hall. She and Vera had been friends from early girlhood. They had often exchanged confidences together, but in the hurry of the past few weeks there had been little time for idle talk. Vera had kept the one love of her heart and its sorrow, wrapped in her own bosom.



Ruins of a home in the devastated section.



"Vera," the little nurse called as she was passing, "you ought to see the lovely patient I have in the private room. He's won the Military Cross and the D. S. O., and he's simply a dear, but I don't seem to make any impression on him."

"He must have a heart like an oyster," smiled Vera, as she squeezed her chum's plump arm, "if he hasn't fallen in love with you."

"I'm afraid he's had some old love affair—curse it!" the little nurse returned with a merry laugh, "and it's made such a dint in his heart it'll never come out again. He's awfully nice—come along and meet him, perhaps if he knew you he might learn to forget her."

"What a mischief you are, Margaret", laughed Vera, as they walked arm in arm down the hall. "Satan has had a dull time the past few weeks with you, but he'll soon find occupation again."

So, chatting together and chaffing one another as they walked, they reached Tom's door. The nurse tapped gently and without waiting for an answer pushed the half-open door wide.

"Captain Welsford," she cried, "I've brought you a real nice visitor, Miss—— Good gracious!" she exclaimed in confusion, as she looked from one face to the other, and noted the startled expression of recognition on each.

Tom had paled visibly and Vera stood for a moment equally pale and trembling like a leaf. She put her hand against the wall for an instant's support.

"Tom!" she gasped, as she recovered sufficiently to speak, and hastening to his side held out both hands in greeting. "You here! And I thought you thousands of miles away!"

The little nurse tiptoed out of the room with a knowing smile upon her mischievous face. Her exit was unnoticed by the pair.

“What a wonderful surprise, Vera,” he cried at last after pressing her hands in a grip out of all keeping with the conventions and forgetting to let either go. “What a *glorious* surprise!”

Vera made a faint but ineffectual effort to release her hands as the color mounted rapidly to her cheeks. Before she could prevent it he had half raised himself in bed and kissed her on the lips. He freed her hands and lying back upon the pillow sighed contentedly: “That was worth the whole disaster!”

Vera laughed with some embarrassment, as she sat down beside his bed. “It’s quite evident you haven’t seen much the past three weeks—you underestimate the damage,” she said with mock reproof.

“No,” he returned quickly with his old time boyish smile. “You underestimate yourself, that’s all.” For a moment after he lay thoughtfully silent, then queried abruptly and with some anxiety:

“You’re not married?”

She shook her head and smiled sadly.

“Thank God for that,” he returned earnestly. “Nothing else matters. Now tell me all about it.”

Vera told him the story slowly and not without shedding tears. Tom’s eyes glistened too and once or twice he turned his head away to hide his own emotion. When she had finished he said gently:

“Poor chap, poor chap! I’m sure he loved you too, and I have just now, unconsciously, been gloating over his loss—forgive me!”

They chatted on for almost an hour, forgetful of the time, and remembering only how glad they were to be with one another. At last the little nurse peeped ’round the half open door.

“Am I intruding,” she whispered, with an amused smile. “How wonderful to think you two old friends should meet again here! It’s quite a little romance—a Romance of the Disaster.”

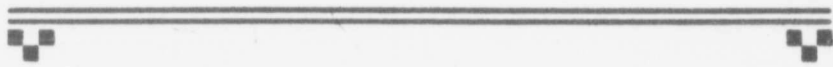
“And it only needs one thing to complete it,” cried Tom. “Vera has told me you and she have been chums for many years and she whispered to me that you ought to be her bridesmaid at our wedding.”

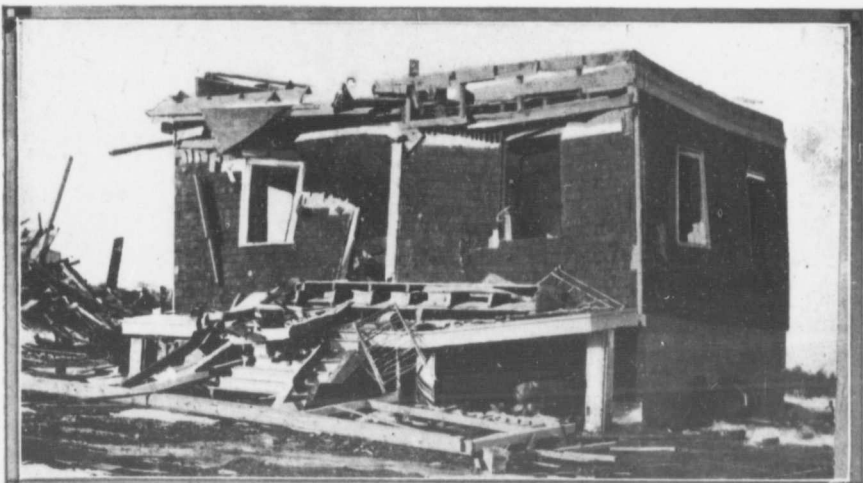
“What a fib!” Vera exclaimed, her cheeks flushed again and her eyes unwontedly bright. “He hasn’t even asked me to marry him yet.”

“But he does now,” said Tom as he drew her forehead down to his lips and kissed her, “for all time—for better—or for better still. What do you say?”

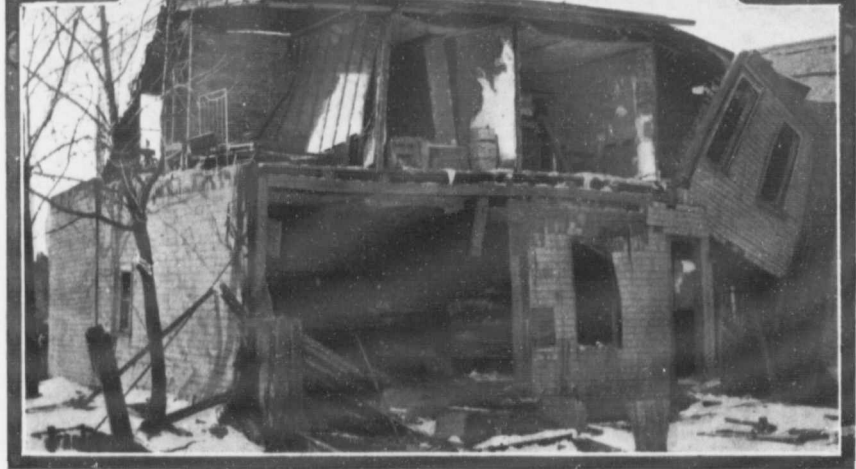
And Vera whispered “Yes.”







Top—Wreckage of an Acadia Street Home. Centre—All that remains of the Sugar Refinery. Bottom—St. Joseph's Hall, Gottingen St.





Scenes in the North end section.

The Facts of the Disaster





IT WAS, to use a proverbial phrase, like a veritable bolt from the blue that the great catastrophe befell Halifax on the still and beautiful morning of Thursday, December the Sixth, 1917,—a calamity, the appalling nature of which stirred the imagination of the world. It has been said that some

blunders are worse than crime, and whilst there may be some degree of exaggeration in that statement yet it is surely beyond denial that the results of a blunder, so far as wide-reaching effects are concerned, may quite easily transcend the net results of a single crime. Perhaps one may go further and declare that there are blunders the very commitment of which, through carelessness and incompetency, constitutes a crime. Be that as it may the overwhelming fact remains that by reason of a fatal blunder in the beautiful and spacious Harbor of Halifax there occurred the most terrible disaster which has ever visited any Canadian city, and the worst in the history of the American Continent with the single possible exception of the great San Francisco earthquake. The morning of that fateful Thursday dawned both fine and fair. The weather was typical of early winter in this latitude, the air was clear and crisp but the bright sunshine tempered the slight touch of frost which nipped the cheeks of the pedestrians. There



was nothing to indicate the awful imminence of a dreadful tragedy, and all oblivious of her swiftly coming fate, Halifax, with the birth of morning, began care-free to resume the normal order of her daily life—in a word the life and action of the busy city was set in motion for the day. Meanwhile, proceeding up the harbor, and making for Bedford Basin, was the French steamer "Mont Blanc," carrying a deck cargo of benzine and an under cargo of some three thousand tons of nitro-glycerine, and the world's most powerful explosive known as "T. N. T." Leaving the upper harbor and steaming at slow speed was the Norwegian steamer, "Imo," with a cargo of relief for the war sufferers of Belgium. The vessels should have passed in the Narrows but for some reason which has not yet been fully explained, the Norwegian steamed collided with the "Mont Blanc," and almost immediately her deck cargo of benzine caught fire and about twenty minutes later, at five minutes after nine to be exact, the three thousand tons of high explosive aboard exploded in a huge, dense cloud of yellow smoke and with a dull reverberating roar and a crash that defies all attempt at adequate description. In one moment the utmost confusion and chaos reigned throughout the city. The district known as Richmond, situated in the North end, and covering practically two square miles of territory, became one smoking ruin. A considerable section of the water front was completely shattered, and all over the city, public buildings and private dwelling were wrecked, and not a window remained anywhere intact.

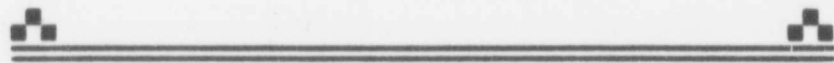
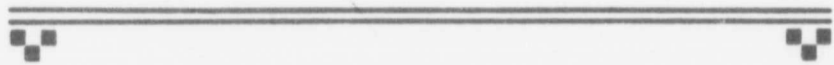
The facts, thus far ascertained relative to the deaths, and injured, and the material damage wrought by the explosion, are briefly enumerated as follows:—1,400 dead; 2,000 wounded, including many rendered either totally or partially blind; 6,000 were rendered homeless, whilst the damage to property is considered to be between sixty and seventy million dollars. Richmond Piers, Richmond Refinery, the Halifax Graving Dock, Hillis Foundry, Richmond School, Kaye Street Methodist Church, Trinity Church, St. Mark's Church, St.



Joseph's Chapel, the Cotton Factory, and other large buildings in the devastated section are today in ruins or beyond possible repair. Relief was rushed to the stricken city from various parts of Canada and the United States. The first relief special to arrive reached Halifax on Saturday afternoon from Boston, bringing a corps of Doctors, Surgeons, and Red Cross Nurses, under the direction of Hon. A. C. Ratschesky, the personal representative of Governor McCall, of Massachusetts. The military and naval forces stationed in the city rendered magnificent services through the terrible days following closely on the grim disaster. A local relief committee was speedily organized, and the eager hands of willing citizens were engaged, under the direction of sub-committees, in ministering to the maimed and injured; reverent burial of the untimely dead; catering for the hungry and providing for the thousands so tragically made both destitute and homeless.

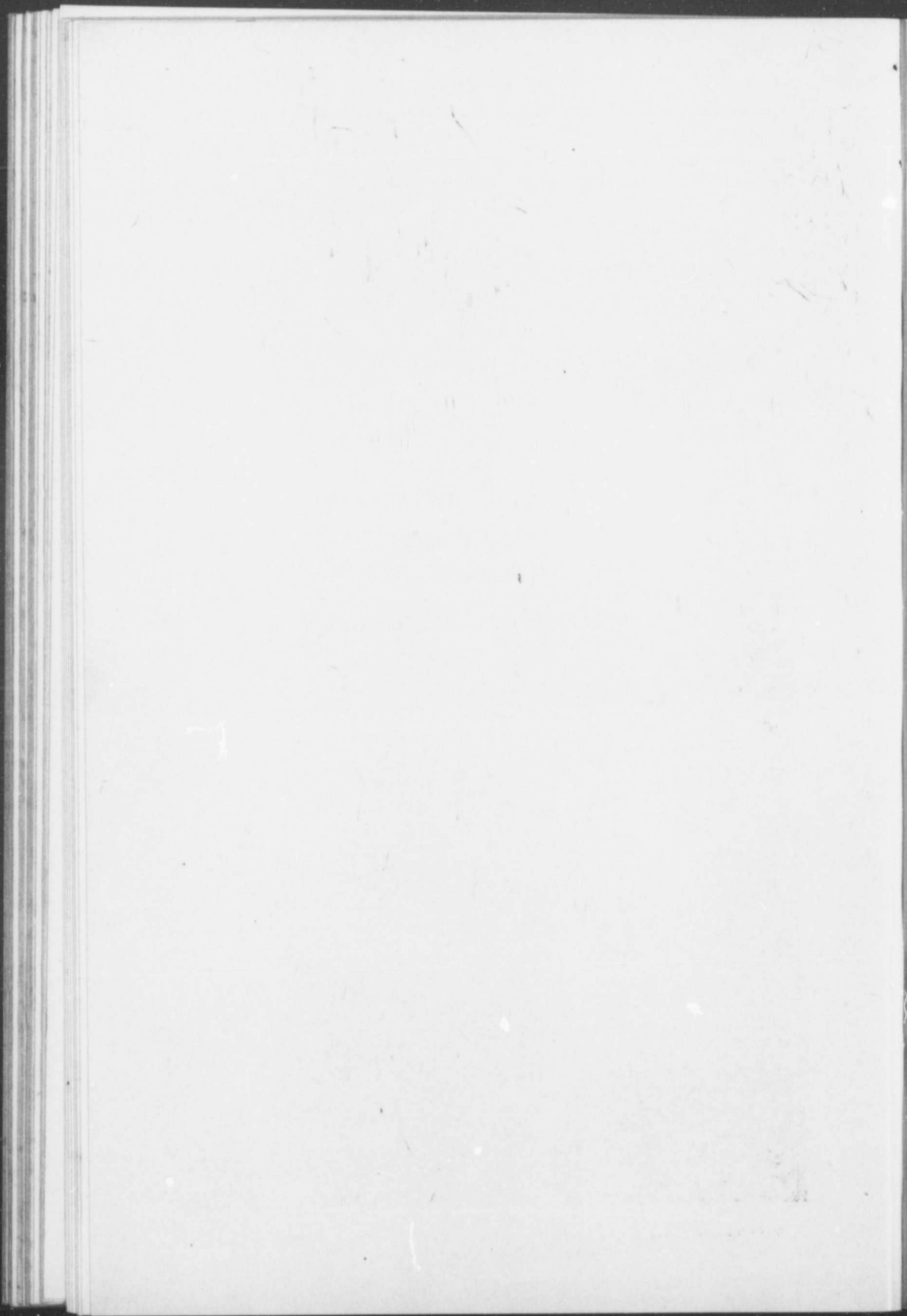
In the few months that have elapsed since that fateful December morning the work, or rather, the gigantic task of rehabilitation and reconstruction has made great strides of progress. Temporary structures, to be used as dwellings, involving an expenditure of two million dollars have been built on the Commons and the Exhibition Grounds, providing accomodation for many families. A permanent committee under the chairmanship of Mr. T. S. Rogers, K. C., has been appointed by the Government, and is at present handling the situation in a most creditable and satisfactory manner.

Visitors to Halifax remark upon the wonderfully optimistic spirit, the indomitable will and courage which is exhibited by the citizens generally. The future of Halifax is at once promising and bright. The larger vision now entertained is worthy of the city's already recognized position and prestige as an important, and in fact, an Imperial Port, and there is every reason to believe that the present cherished vision of a bigger, better and busier Halifax, will, by the loyal efforts and united enterprise of her citizens, be more than realised in the not too-distant future.





Top—Ruins in the neighborhood of Gottingen Street. Centre—The Provincial Exhibition Buildings.
Bottom—The Ruins of Emmetts Limited.



The Identified Dead

A list of the identified dead as compiled and corrected up to January 1st, 1918, alphabetically arranged, with former addresses. ☉ ☉

A

AARESTRUP, Foster, 31 Veith Street.
AARESTRUP, Mrs. Lottie, 31 Veith Street.
AITKENS, George, 48 North Albert Street.
AITKENS, Miss Jessie, 38 Veith Street.
ALLEN, Elsie, 24 Allen Street.
ALLEN, Mrs. E., 17 Kaye Street.
ALLEN, John Robert, 17 Kaye Street.
ALLISON, James, Campbell Road.
ANDERSON, James Mark, 74 Duffus Street.
ANDERSON, James, Musquodoboit Harbor.
ANDREWS, Emily Kate, 11 N. Creighton Street.
ANDREWS, Norman W., 424 Gottingen Street.
APPLETON, Mrs. Emma, 1347 Barrington Street.
APPLETON, Georgina, 1347 Barrington Street.
ARMITAGE, J. F., (wireless operator), S. S. "Calonne"
ARNOLD, Catherine Anna, 56 Veith Street.
ARNOLD, Harriet Frances, 56 Veith Street.
ARNOLD, Justan Joseph, 56 Veith Street.
ARNOLD, Mrs. William (Grace), 590 Gottingen Street.
AUBURN, Ray A. (H. M. T. "Curaca"), New York.
AUSTIN, Margaret M., 53 Union Street.

B

BAILEY, Fred, 268 Oxford Street.
BAKER, Mrs. Edith, West Jeddore.
BAKER, Foster, West Jeddore.
BALCOLM, Lieut. Harold C., Wellington Barracks.
BATES, Mrs. Nora, 8 Kane Street.
BAUGILD, Freeman, 116 Agricola Street.
BARDLSEY, Hugh, 56 Columbus Street.
BARKER, John, Dartmouth.
BAYERS, Emma, 37 Union Street.
BAUER, Jean, 7 Russell Street.

BAUER, Middleton Bell, 76 Veith Street.
BAUER, Ralph (Gunner), 7 Russell Street.
BELL, Geraldine, 30 Veith Street.
BELL, Mrs. Jessie and daughter.
BELL, John F., 30 Veith Street.
BELL, Mrs. Thomas, 1349 Barrington Street.
BENDELL, Alfred, 63 North Albert Street.
BENNETT, James, 74 Dresden Row.
BENTLEY, Etta, 9 Kaye Street.
BEISWANGER, Everett Allister, 47 Union Street.
BEISWANGER, E. Hugh, 47 Union Street.
BEISWANGER, Kenneth H., 47 Union Street.
BEUREE, Annie, 68 South Kline Street.
BEUREE, Hazel M., 20 Union Street.
BEUREE, Minnie Maud, 20 Union Street.
BUEREE, William Chas., 20 Union Street.
BEUREE, Mrs., 20 Union Street.
BLACKBURN, James, 1402 Barrington Street
BLACKBURN, James sr., 1402 Barrington Street.
BLAND, Lancelot J., 11 Birmingham Street.
BOND, Alex., 55 Kaye Street.
BOND, Alexander, 113 Water Street.
BOUDREAU, Walter, 152 North Street.
BOUTILIER, Alister, Beaver Bank.
BOUTILIER, Carrol, Richmond.
BOUTILIER, Mrs. Carrie, 8 Kaye Street.
BOUTILIER, Carrol, 1498 Barrington Street.
BOUTILIER, Mrs. Emma, 1496 Barrington Street.
BOUTILIER, Francis, 1420 Barrington Street.
BOUTILIER, Harris, 340 Oxford Street.
BOUTILIER, Harris G., 1402 Barrington Street.
BOUTILIER, Helen, 53 Russell Street.
BOUTILIER, Jacob, 53 Preston Street.
BOUTILIER, Mary, 1498 Barrington Street.
BOWEN, Alfred Dimond, corner Campbell Road and
Richmond Street.
BOWEN, Miss C., corner Richmond Street and Barrington
Street.
BOWEN, Mrs. George, 1378 Barrington Street.
BOWES, Blanche, 297½ Gottingen Street.
BOYLE, J., Belfast Ireland.
BREEN, Irving, H. M. C. S. Musquash.
BRIGLEY, Albert, Black Point.
BRIGLEY, John, Queensland, N. S.
BRENNAN, Captain H. H., S. S. "Stella Maris."
BREHAUT, Bessie E., 49 East Young Street.
BRODERICK, Wm. Thomas, 152 Queen Street.
BRODIE, Miss Elizabeth, 69 Union Street.

BRODIE, Hilda May, 65 Union Street.
BRODIE, Margaret L., 63 Union Street.
BROOKS, Frank, Dartmouth.
BROPHY, Hildegard, 16 Hanover.
BROWN, Mrs. Adelia A., 32½ Veith.
BROWN, Mrs. Allen, Dartmouth.
BROWN, Edith, Tuft's Cove.
BROWN, Laura M., 77 Duffus. Street
BROWN, Roy, 32½ Veith Street.
BROWNE, Rose Sarah, 58 Union Street.
BRUNT, William, 123 Creighton Street.
BUNGAY, Edward A., 88 North Albert Street.
BUNGAY, Edward Jr., 88 North Albert Street.
BUNGAY, Howard, 88 North Albert Street.
BUNGO, Ned, 80 North Albert Street.
BURFORD, Elsie, 1416 Barrington Street.
BURFORD, Frank 1416 Barrington Street.
BURFORD, Thomas, 1416 Barrington Street.
BURGESS, Adam, 74 Veith Street.
BURGESS, Theodore, 204 Argyle Street.
BURNETT, Rodney Orlando, Niobe.
BUTLER, Mrs. Roy, 1354 Barrington Street.
BYERS, Elsie, 37 Union Street.
BYERS, Mrs. Thomas, 37 Union Street.

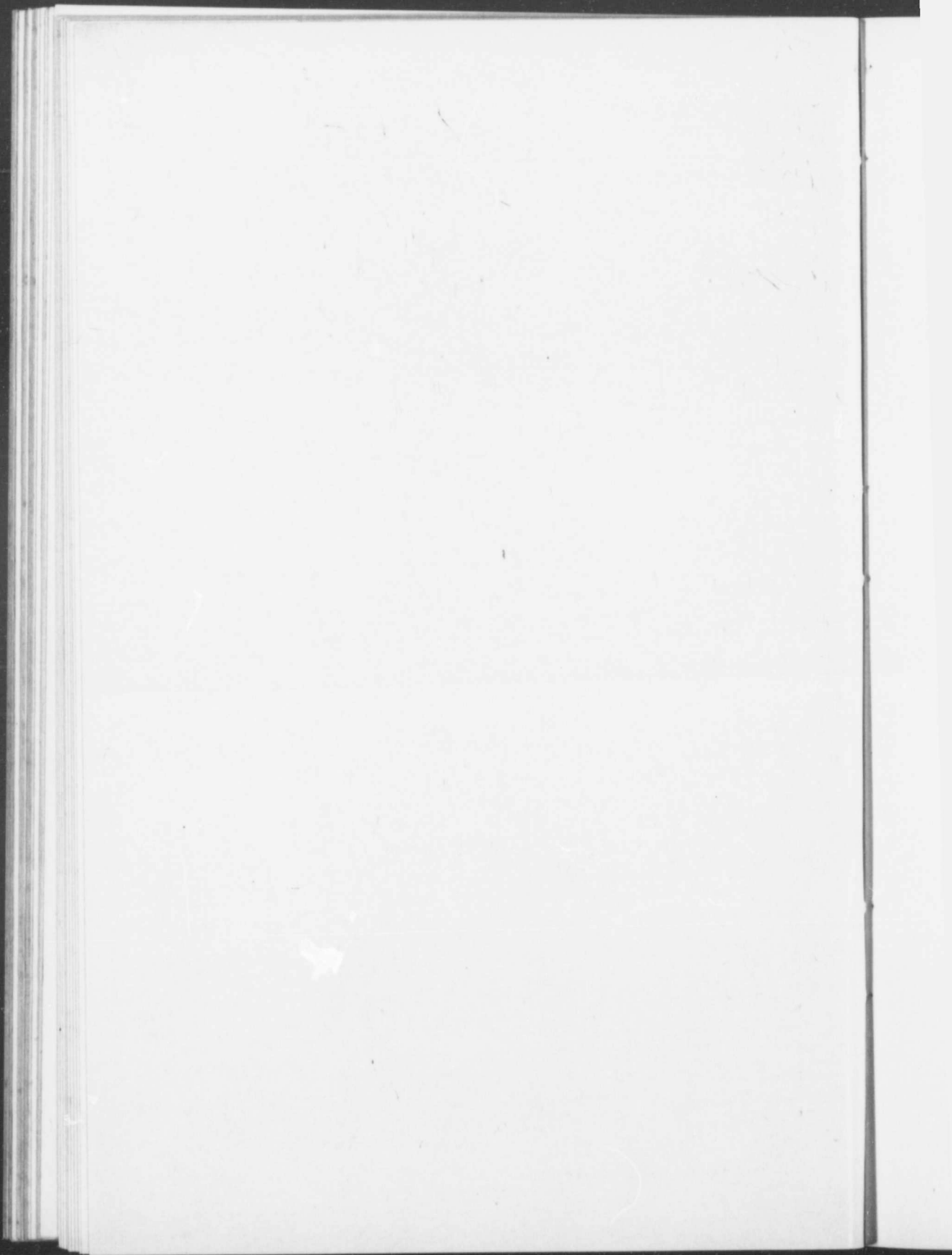
C

CALNEN, James Bernard, 43 Veith Street.
CAMERON, Dorothy Mabel, 17 Ross Street.
CAMERON, Private E., "D" Company, Composite
Battalion.
CAMERON, Ida May, 17 Ross Street.
CAMERON, Sergt. Wm., Stellarton.
CAMERON, Jean, 66½ Roome Street.
CAMERON, Ruth, 66½ Roome Street.
CAMERON, Mrs. Vera, 66½ Roome Street.
CAMPBELL, Annie P., 98 Kenny Street.
CAMPBELL, Mary C., 15 Needham Street.
CAMPBELL, Martin, 15 Needham Street.
CANN, Cyril R., 37 East Young Street.
CANN, Mrs. Mary, 37 East Young Street.
CANNING, Wiley B.
CAREW, Frank, 353 Brunswick Street.
CARR, Q. M. S., A. M. C.
CARROLL, Arthur S., Carrol's Corner.
CARROLL, Dorris, 45 North Albert Street.
CARROLL, Gerald, 45 North Albert Street.
CARROLL, Peter, 45 North Albert Street.
CARSON, John, 1410 Barrington (North) Street.

CARSON, Mrs. John, 1410 Barrington Street.
CARSON, Lillian, 1410 Barrington Street.
CARTER, Clara., d. Alfred J. Carter.
CARVER, William, 2½ E. Union Street.
CASEY, John J., 51 Kaye Street.
CASH, Mrs. Catherine, 33 Veith Street.
CASH, Catherine Frances, 33 Veith Street.
CASH, Edward, 33 Veith Street.
CASH, Frank, 33 Veith Street.
CASH, John, 33 Veith Street.
CASH, William, 33 Veith Street.
CAVE, Alfred, 34 Veith Street.
CAVE, Irene, 34 Veith Street.
CAVE, Norah, 34 Veith Street.
CHICK, Sydney, 1370 Barrington Street.
CHISHOLM, Catherine, 22 Russell Street.
CHRISTIAN, John Kenneth, 38 Livingstone Street.
CHRISTOPHER, William, 29 Longard Road.
CHURCHILL, Eugene, 21 North Street.
CICCONE, Malteo, 59 Duke Street.
CLANCEY, Wilfrid L., son of Charles Clancey.
CLATTENBURG, Angus, 84 Agricola Street.
CLEMENSEN, William G., Lawrence Street.
COCHRAN, Annie, 72 Longard Road.
COCHRANE, Dorothy, 3 Kane Street.
COCHRANE, Mrs. Mabel, 3 Kane Street.
COLBERT, Hattie, Dartmouth.
COLE, Alfred, 126 Allen Street.
COLEMAN, LeBaron, 278 Robie Street.
COLEMAN, V. J., Edward Street.
COLLINGS, Samuel C., George, Dartmouth.
CONDON, Edward Patrick (Fire Chief).
CONNORS, Josephine, 36 Kaye Street.
CONRAD, Robert, 15 North Creighton Street.
CONRAD, John A., 15 North Creighton Street.
CONROD, Ralph.
COOKSON, Basil, 1207 Barrington Street.
COOPER, Jennie, Dartmouth.
COPE, Louis F., Windsor Junction.
COSSMAN, Fred, 367 Agricola Street.
COX, Florence, 1516 Barrington Street.
CRANWELL, Miss Minnia, 59 Gerrish Street.
CREIGHTON, Annie, 1480 Barrington Street.
CREIGHTON, Annie Jane, 1480 Barrington Street.
CREIGHTON, Belle T., 1480 Barrington Street.
CREIGHTON, Isaac, 1480-1482 Barrington Street.
CREIGHTON, J. William, 1480 Barrington Street.
CRONAN, Eva, 1544 Barrington Street.



Views in temporary Hospital established in St. Mary's College by the American Red Cross.



CROWDIS, Jabez G., 64 Veith Street.
CROWDIS, Mrs. Laura, 64 Veith Street.
CROWDIS, baby, 64 Veith Street.
CROWLEY, Estelle Marie, 44 Union Street.
CRUICKSHANKS, Alton R., 51 Union Street.
CRUICKSHANKS, Mrs. D., 119 Morris Street.
CRUICKSHANKS, Ralph S., 51 Union Street.
CRUICKSHANKS, Mrs. Samuel, 51 Union Street.
CRUICKSHANKS, Stella, Camp Hill Hospital.
CRUICKSHANKS, Walter B., 51 Union Street.
CUNNINGHAM, Mrs. Helen, 51 North Albert Street.
CUTTEN, Albert L., 1376 Barrington Street.

D

DAKIN, Charles, 1412 Barrington Street.
DAKIN, Mrs. Charles, 1412 Barrington Street.
DAUPHINEE, Levi, Queensland, N. S.,
DAVID, Albert, Dartmouth.
DAVIS, Mrs. Frank, 1253 Barrington Street.
DEAKINS, Miss Irene, 1227 Barrington Street.
DEMONE, Isaac, 59 Columbus Street.
D'ENTREMONT, Albany, West Pubnico.
D'ENTREMONT, Samuel, S. S. Stella Maris.
DILMAN, Thomas, Cornwallis Street.
DOANE, Henry, S. S. "Robling".
DONAHUE, Wm. James, Dartmouth.
DONNOLLY, May, 6 Veith Street.
DONNOLLY, Mrs. R., 6 Veith Street.
DONNOLLY, Ethel, 6 Veith Street.
DOODY, Gerald M., 4 Bland Street.
DOULL, Henrietta, 16 Needham Street.
DOWELL, Mrs. G. Harris, Elmsdale.
DOYLE, John T., 16 Richmond Street.
DRAKE, William Leonard, 1557 Barrington Street.
DRYDEN, Beatrice G., 48 Veith Street.
DRYDEN, Percy, 48 Veith Street.
DRYDEN, Dorothy, 48 Veith Street.
DUGGAN, Annie, 10½ Veith Street.
DUGGAN, Gertrude, 10½ Veith Street.
DUGGAN, Miss Evelyn, 1329 Barrington Street.
DUGGAN, Eileen, 16 Veith Street.
DUGGAN, Percy, 16 Veith Street.
DUGGAN, Mrs. Susie, 1329 Barrington Street.
DUGGAN, Vincent, 1329 Barrington Street.
DUGGAN, Mrs. Mary Ann, 16 Veith Street.
DUMARESQ, David Weldon, Tufts' Cove.
DUNBAR, Alexander, 185 Agricola Street.
DUNCAN, Vincent, 1329 Barrington Street.

DUNBRACK, Hazel Pearl, 423 Brunswick Street.
DUNN, Charles, Scotland.
DUMARESQ, Frank, 1 Acadia Street.
DUNN, Mrs. E., 46 Union Street.
DWYER, Vincent, 1522 Barrington Street.
DYER, Ruth L., 142 West Young Street.

E

EAGAR, Miss Jessie, Old Ladies' Home.
EDMONDS, Arthur, 57 Duffus Street.
EDMONDS, Henry, 57 Duffus Street.
EDMONDS, Lillian, 68 Roome Street.
EDWARDS, Christina, 217 North Albert Street.
EISAX, Annie L., 27 East Young Street.
ELLIOTT, John, Barrington Street.
ELLIOTT, Madeline, 35 Veith Street.
ELLIS, Robert, corner North Albert and Hanover Sts.
EVANS, Mrs. Bella, 5 Roome Street.
EVANS, Ernest, 5 Roome Street.
EVANS, Capt. Joseph, Liverpool.
EVANS, Mary Ann (Mrs. George), 2 Union Street.
EVANS, Robert Jr., 5 Roome Street.
EVANS, Robert Sr., 7 Roome Street.
EVANS, Ralph, Gottingen Street.
EVANS, Ralph Appleton, 572 Gottingen Street.

F

FADER, Granville, Barrington Street.
FADER, Jessie, 23 Acadia Street.
FADER, Jessie, 10 Needham Street.
FAIRBROTHER, W., Liverpool, England.
FARIS, Joseph, 206 Market Street.
FARRETT, Johanna, 34 North Albert Street.
FARRELL, Johanna, 34 North Albert Street.
FARRON, Johanna, 16 Hanover Street.
FASSETT, Margaret, Dartmouth.
FAULKNER, Alice, 29 Richmond Street.
FAULKNER, Florence, 58 Russell Street.
FAULKNER, William G., Richmond.
FLEET, John, 107 Maynard Street.
FENERTY, George E., 214 Agricola Street.
FINCH, William, 144 Almon Street.
FINCK, Chas. Henry, 16 Macara Street.
FINLAY, Jeffrey, 48 Veith Street.
FISH, Aubrey, Protestant Home.
FISHER, Carl Frederick, 68 North Albert Street.
FISHER, Dora, 68 North Albert Street.
FLAVIN, Mrs. Mary A., 41 Kaye Street.

FLINN, Flory, 5 Union Street.
FLEMMING, Patrick, 1547 Barrington Street.
FLOYD, Harold James, 115 Cedar Street.
FLYNN, Mrs. Edward, corner Kenny Street and Campbell Road.
FLYNN, Thomas, corner Kenny Street and Campbell Road.
FOLEY, Margaret, St. Joseph's Church.
FORAN, Edward, 26 Cornwallis Street.
FORAN, Thomas, 6 Cornwallis Street.
FOREST, John, 21 Bloomfield Street.
FOUGERÉ, William, North Gottingen Street.
FRANCIS, Mrs. Charles, 18 Livingstone Street.
FRANCIS, Catherine Wood, 207 Coburg Road.
FRANK, Allister, 115 Beech Street.
FRAZER, Mrs. Elmer, 8 Kaye Street.
FRASER, Winnifred, 1406 Barrington Street.
FRASER, James, 1406 Barrington Street.
FRASER, Clem., Agricola Street.
FRASER, Margaret, 1406 Barrington Street.
FRASER, Colin, 1406 Barrington Street.
FRASER, Arthur, 105 Roome Street.
FRIZZELL, Mrs. Alfred, 64 Veith Street, (Glace Bay).
FRIZZELL, Alfred J., 64 Veith Street.
FRIZZELL, Gordon, 64 Veith Street (Glace Bay).
FULTZ, Leo Charles, 260 Gottingen Street.

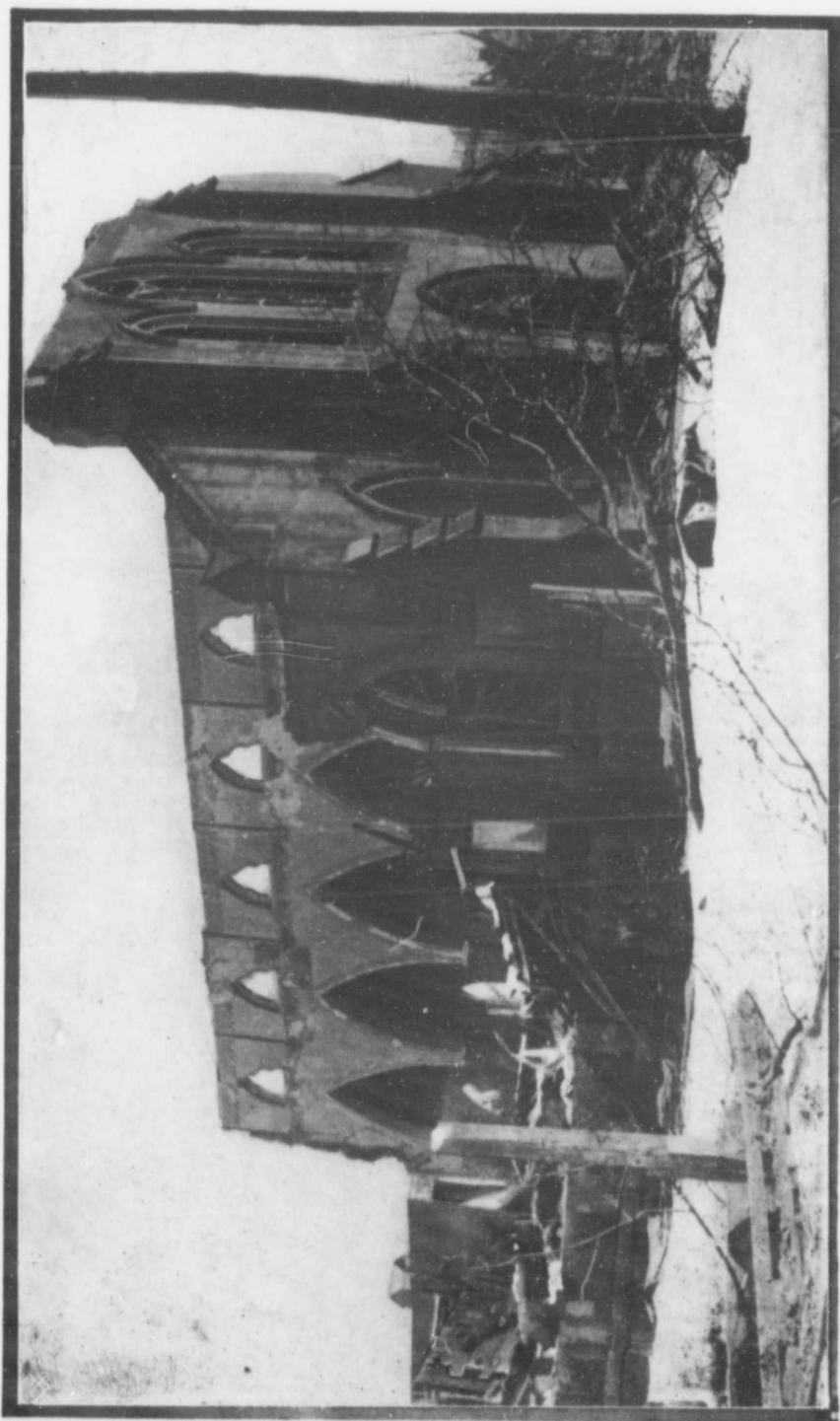
G

GALBRAITH, Harold.
GODDARD, Bert, 66 Longard Road.
GOMES, Victor E., 97 Creighton Street.
GOODALL, Albert, Fairview .
GOUGH, Gerald, 3 Roome Street.
GOUGH, Mrs. Elizabeth, 3 Roome Street.
GOUGH, Edward, 3 Roome Street.
GOUGH, Gordon, 3 Roome Street.
GOUGH, James, 3 Roome Street.
GOUGH, Ralph, 3 Roome Street.
GRAHAM, Mrs. Florence, 11 Ross Street.
GRANT, Mrs. Mary H, 72 Veith Street.
GRANT, Mrs. Annie, 59 North Albert Street.
GRANT, Miss Mary, 59 North Albert Street.
GRAVES, Noah, 16 Cherry Street.
GRENAN, Sarah, 26 Richomond Street.
GREENOUGH, Dorothy, 29 E. Young Street.
GREENOUGH, Rita M., 29 East Young Street.

GREENOUGH, Rita, Dartmouth.
GRISWOLD, Alfred, Union Street.
GRISWOLD, Fred, 122 Gottingen Street.
GRISWOLD, Mildred, 64 Union Street.
GUESS, Mary H. (Mrs. John), 1336 Barrington Street.
GUESS, Wm. H., 1336 Barrington Street.
GUEST, Katherine, Barrington Street.

H

HALE, Mrs. F. R., 68 Roome Steet.
HAMM, Harry, 116 West Young Street.
HAMM, Hilda, 70 Kenny Street.
HAMM, Robert, 3 Cabot Street.
HAMM, Thomas.
HAMM, William, Kenny Street.
HANN, Emily, 11 Inglis Street.
HARRIS, George F., 59 E. Young Street.
HARRIS, John R., 61 E. Young Street.
HARTLAND, Clarence, 13 Black Street.
HARTLEN, Mrs. Catherine, 33 E. Young Street.
HARTLEN, Charles F., 95 N. Albert Street.
HARTLEN, Blanche, 33 East Young Street.
HARTLEN, Mrs. Charles F., 95 North Albert Street.
HARTLIN, Minnie E., 50 North Albert Street.
HARVEY, Newton, Barrington Street.
HATFIELD, Mrs. E., 7 Union Street.
HAWKINS, Christopher, Dartmouth.
HATT, Thomas, 3 Market Street.
HAYES, William, 7 Hunter Street.
HECTOR, Mrs. Catherine, 78 North Abert Street.
HEFFLER, Annie Isabel, 11 Needham Steet.
HEFFLER, Carrie, 1334 Barrington Street.
HEFFLER, Miss Elsie, 1364 Barrington Street.
HEFFLER, Emma, 1344 Barrington Street.
HEFFLER, Frederick, 1344 Barrington Street.
HEFFLER, Lillian, 34 Veith Street.
HEFFLER, Mrs. Lita, 1344 Barrington Street.
HEFFLER, Madeline, 1334 Barrington Street.
HEFFLER, Sergt. R. N., Cabot Street.
HEMSWORTH, William, 19 Hurd Street.
HENDERSON, Hay, corner Ross and Barrington
Streets.
HENDERSON, Miss Jane, 78 Kenny Street.
HENDRY, Hugh, H. M. S. "Margaret".
HENN, Dorothy, 49 Duffus. Street
HENNEBERRY, Eva, 1406 Barrington Street.
HENNEBERRY, Earle, 1406 Barrington Street.
HENNEBERRY, Wm., 1406 Barrington Street.



The ruins of St. Joseph's Church.



In this section, opposite the scene of the explosion, the destruction was complete.

HENNEBERRY, Francis, 1406 Barrington Street.
HENNEBERRY, Roy, 1406 Barrington Street.
HENNEBERRY, Rob., 1406 Barrington Street.
HENNESSY, Walter, 16 Cunard Street.
HENRY, Arthur, 16 Willow Street.
HERBERT, F., Liverpool, England.
HERMANSON, Hans, S. S. "Hoveland".
HESSIAN, Frederick, 20 East Young Street.
HESSIAN, Mary, 20 East Young Street.
HICKEY, Arthur W., tug Hilford.
HILLIS, Frank D., Waterloo Street.
HILLIS, J. Burton, 4 Richmond Street.
HILLIS, Helen, 4 Richmond Street.
HILLIS, Laurie C., Coburg and Chestnut Streets.
HILLS, Jaquelan, daughter Wesley Hills.
HILLS, John D., 1366 Barrington Street.
HINCH, Annie, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Arthur, 1345 Barrington Street.
HINCH, Clara, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Fred, 1354 Barrington Street.
HINCH, Frederick, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Isabel, 24 Richmond Street.
HINCH, Jean, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, John, 18 Richmond Street.
HINCH, Joseph, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Lena, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Lewis, 18 Richmond Street.
HINCH, Mabel, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Margaret, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Ralph, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, Thomas, 66 Veith Street.
HINCH, William, East Young Street.
HISELER, Stanley, 11 Black Street.
HOCKLEY, Alfred R., 27 Kaye Street.
HOLLAND, James, Flynn Block.
HORAN, Grace, 1351 Barrington Street.
HORNE, Leslie W., 15 Lady Hammond Road.
HORNER, Edward, 94 Agricola Street.
HOUSMAN, Clifford, 22 East Young Street.
HOUSMAN, Winnifred, 22 East Young Street.
HOWARD, Jackie, Protestant Orphanage.
HOWE, Hanson David, 43 Veith Street.
HOWE, Mrs. Mildred, 43 Veith Street.
HOWE, Donald Scott, 11 Kaye Street.
HOWE, Margaret, 43 Veith Street.
HOWELL, Helen C., 611 Robie Street.
HOWLEY, Mrs. (Lieut.) Cow Bay.
HOWLEY, Lieut., Cow Bay.

HUBLEY, Ira, 117 Upper Water Street.
HUGGINS, Minnie, Rockingham.
HUGHES, Peter, Black Point.
HUNT, James, 295 Oxford Street.
HUNT, Charles, 297 Oxford Street.
HURLEY, Maurice, Liverpool, England.
HURSHMAN, Annie (Mrs. R.), 47 East Young Street.
HURSHMAN, James, 47 East Young Street.
HURSHMAN, Margaret, 11 Sullivan Street.
HYLAND, Miss Margaret, 1420 Barrington Street.

I

IRELAND, Alice M., 46 Union Street.
IRELAND, Mrs. A., 46 Union Street.
IRELAND, William, 46 Union Street.
IRVING, Lillian, 34 Union Street.
ISNOR, May, Protestant Orphanage.
IVERSON, R. A., Tonsberg, Norway.
IVERSON, Harold, S. S. "Imo".

J

JACKSON, L. P., 18 Duffus Street.
JAMES, John, 81 Roome Street.
JAY, Mrs. Mary, Veith Street.
JENNINGS, Douglas R., 394 Brunswick Street.
JENSEN, Andies, Denmark.
JOHNS, Charles, 116 Gerrish.
JOHNSON, Howard, 27 Longard Road.
JOHNSON, Christina, Rector Street.
JOHNSON, Edward, Bear Cove.
JOHANSON, John, Manila, Philippines.
JOHNSON, Reuben, 24 Russell Street.
JOHNSON, William, 1369 Barrington Street.
JOHNSON, Willie, 1369 Barrington Street.
JOYCE, John, 29 Mornington Street, Liverpool, England.

K

KEATING, Frank W., corner Hanover and Albert
Streets, or Tuft's Cove.
KEDDY, Miss Margaret, 16 Veith Street.
KEEBLE, Private, Special Service Co.
KELLY, Clifford, 16 Veith Street.
KELLY, Isabella, 49 Kaye Street.
KENNEDY, Florence, 122 Dresden Row.
KENNEDY, William David, 121 Dresden Row.
KENNEDY, Hilda, 16 Granville Street, P. E. I.
KERSENBOON, Johannes, C. S. S. Imo.

KILEEN, Frank, 161 Hollis Street.
KILCUP, Elsie, 5 Merkel Street.
KILCUP, Harley, 5 Merkel Street.
KING, Maggie, Roberts Street.
KIRBY, James, 17 King's Place.

L

LABRADOR, Benjamin, Dartmouth.
LAMLOR, Brady, 8 Maynard Street.
LANDRY, Annie, 38 Union Street.
LANDRY, Clarence, 38 Union Street.
LANDRY, Michael, 35 Stanley Street.
LANGWITH, Helen, 1345 Barrington Street.
LANGWITH, Mrs. Joseph, 1345 Barrington Street.
LANGWITH, Joseph, 1345 Barrington Street.
LATHAM, Fred, 9 Richmond Street.
LATHAM, J. H. (child of Joseph).
LATHAM, Nellie Buckley, 30½ Veith Street.
LATTER, Ralph, 11 Kane Street.
LAWRENCE, Mary E., 1001½ Barrington Street.
LEBLANC, Geo., Levis, Quebec.
LEE, John Frances, corner North Albert and Kenny
Streets.
LEE, Mary Murphy, corner North Albert and Kenny
Streets.
LEE, Russell, corner North Albert and Kenny Streets.
LEFORT, Mary, 53 Union Street.
LEFORT, John, 53 Union Street.
LEFORT, Annie, 53 Union Street.
LEFORT, Katie, 53 Union Street.
LEFOTT, Cecil (or Cicelia), 53 Union Street.
LEMIEUX, Pontelon (2nd Engineer), H. M. C. S.
"Musquash".
LEVEY, Andrew, Dartmouth.
LEVY, Reta Marion, Compton Avenue.
LEYMAN, Mrs. Mary, 1370 Barrington Street.
LIGGINS, Mrs. Annie, Flynn's Block, Richmond.
LIGGINS, Edwin, Richmond.
LILLY, Marrian, 3 Sullivan Street.
LITTLE, Clyde, 1536 Barrington Street.
LITTLE, Joseph, 1536 Barrington Street.
LITTLE, Mrs. Susan, 7 Needham Street.
LIVELY, William, North Starr.
LLOY, John D., 573 Gottingen Street.
LOHMOND, Gowan (Lomond), 66 West Street.
LONE CLOUD, Hannah, Dartmouth.
LONG, Fong.
LOUNG, Tam, H. M. T. "Cuaraca".

LOVETT, Miss Ada, Campbell Road.
LOVETT, Alfred, Tufts Cove, Dartmouth.
LOVETT, William A., Richmond Station.
LOVETT, W., 1291 Barrington Street.
LOVETT, William, 1291 Barrington Street.
LOWE, Florence Audrey, 37 Vernon Street.
LYDER, Elsie, Flinn's Block.
LYDER, Florence, Flinn's Block.
LYDER, Wilfred, Flinn's Block.

M

McCANN, T., 19 Duke Street, S. S. "Curaca".
MacDONALD, Allan, 1498 Barrington Street.
McDONALD, Annie, 1498 Barrington Street.
MacDONALD, Arthur, 1498 Barrington Street.
MacDONALD, Caral, 1498 Barrington Street.
MacDONALD, Charles, 1498 Barrington Street.
McDONALD, Ethel, 1498 Barrington Street.
McDONALD, Margaret, 1498 Barrington Street.
McDONALD, William, 14 Duffus Street.
McEACHERN, Muriel, 7 Richmond Street.
McEACHERN, Jesse, 7 Richmond Street.
McFATRIDGE, William, Robie Street.
McGADOCK, John, Geuruini.
McINTOSH, Joseph, Richmond.
McKINNON, D., England.
McKENZIE, Ronald, 997 Barrington Street.
McLACHLAN, D., Glasgow.
McLANDERS, Mrs. Bella, 7 Roome Street.
McLANDERS, Howard, 5 Roome Street.
McLEAN, Basil W., 5 Needham Street.
McLEAN, Harold W., 5 Needham Street.
McLEAN, Winnifred May, 5 Needham Street.
McLEESE, Agnes, 63 North Albert Street.
McLEESE, Mary, 63 North Albert Street.
McLELLAN, Albert, 2 Kenny Street.
McLELLAN, George (son of John).
McLELLAN, John Joseph, 2 Kenny Street.
McMILLAN, Ira Clark, Glasgow Street, New Glasgow,
N. S.
MacNAMARA, J., 29 Mornington Street, Liverpool,
England.
McPHEE, Burton, 142 Brunswick Street.
McPHEE, Mrs. Ewin, 17 Kaye Street.
McTIERNAN, Margaret (Mrs. P.), 1539 Barrington
Street.
McTIERNAN, Mrs. Com. (Mary Jane), 18 East Young
Street.

MAFFAT, Alexander, 140 Windsor Street.
MALDRIC, Mrs. Isabel, 1373 Richmond Street.
MALLOCK, Carrie, 61 Allen Street.
MALLOY, John A., 1336 Barrington Street.
MALONE, Sydney, S. S. "Stella Maris".
MALTUS, George M., 26 Hunter Street.
MARKS, Martin, Main Street.
MARSHALL, Mrs. Annie, Flinn's Block.
MARSHALL, William, 1406 Campbell Road.
MARSHALL, William, Flinn's Block.
MARVIN, (premature birth), Dartmouth.
MATHESON, Clifford, 646 Robie Street.
MATHESON, Catherine, child.
MATTEO, Ceonni (Mr.), 59 Duke Street.
MATTHEWS, Mrs. Clara, 71 Veith Street.
MATTHEWS, Doris, 71 Veith Street.
MATTHEWS, William, 71 Veith Street.
MATTHEWS, Willis, 71 Veith Street.
MECHAN, John R., 9 Maitland Street.
MELANSON, Matilda, 1414 Barrington Street.
MENNIE, Miss Florence, 5 Russell Street.
MERCER, Maitland, 34 Veith Street.
MEREGGE, Cesare, 85 Argyle Street.
MIDGET, Mrs. Catherine, 45 East Young Street.
MILLER, Mrs. Ethel, Union Street.
MILLER, James, 4 Union Street.
MILLER, Ethel, 4 Union Street.
MILLER, Margaret, 21½ Bilby Street.
MILLER, W., H. M. T. "Calonne".
MILLIGAN, Gilbert T., 557 Gottingen Street.
MILSOM, Ada, 73 Russell Street.
MINTIS, Stanley, 5 Gerrard Lane.
MITCHELL, Aletta S., 43 North Albert Street.
MITCHELL, Cecil Allan, Ship Harbor.
MITCHELL, Mary, 43 North Albert Street.
MITCHELL, Mary E., 43 North Albert Street.
MITCHELL, Reginald C. O., 43 North Albert Street.
MONAMY, James, Military Hospital.
MONAMY (infant), Military Hospital.
MOODY, Mrs. W. J., 47 Albert Street.
MOODY, child of A. W., 47 Albert Street.
MOONEY, James I., 15 Russell Street.
MOONEY, Susan M., 15 Russell Street.
MOONEY, Susan M., Sr., 15 Russell Street.
MOORE, Robert, 1496 Barrington Street.
MOORE, Charles, 1496 Barrington Street.
MORRIS, Martin, 15 Brunswick Court.
MORASH, John, 52 Veith Street.

MORASH, John W., Beverly, Mass.
MORGAN, J. R., Seaforth, England.
MORGAN, G. William, Naval Hospital.
MORLEY, Laura, 62 North Albert Street.
MORRIS, Martin, 15 Brunswick Street.
MOSHER, Wilfred, 286 Maynard Street.
MOWATT, Mrs. Eliza, 7 Roome Street.
MOXON, Fred G., 23 Roome Street.
MOXON, Albert C., 23 Roome Street.
MOXON, Cora E., 23 Roome Street.
MOXON, Ruby E., 23 Roome Street.
MOXON, Richard Benj., 17 Roome Street.
MOXON, Richard W., 23 Roome Street.
MULDOWNEY, Joseph, 18 Macara Street.
MULLINS, Annie, 31 North Albert Street.
MULLINS, Delilah, 31 North Albert Street.
MUNROE, Hugh, 39 Union Street.
MUNROE, Bruce, 3 Acadia Square.
MUNROE, Ellen, 3 Acadia Square.
MUNROE, Helena, 3 Ross Street.
MUNROE, John L., 3 Ross Street.
MUNROE, Mildred, 3 Acadia Square.
MUNRO, Thelma, Acadia.
MURPHY, Catharine, 33 Duffus Street.
MURPHY, Mary A., 33 Acadia Street.
MURPHY, Patrick, 11 Creighton Street.
MURPHY, Ronald, 38 Gerrish Street.
MURRAY, Jas. A., (Lt. Commander), Pier 9.
MURRAY, Robert J., 26 Gerrish Street.
MYERS, Simon, 338 Agricola Street.
MYRA, Mary, 56 Union Street.
MYRA, Mrs. Mary, 52 Union Street.
MYETT, Oliver, 103 Agricola Street.
McMILLAN, John, 55 Kenny Street.
McMILLAN, James, 55 Kenny Street.
McMILLAN, Mary E., 55 Kenny Street.
MURRAY, Robert, 46 Gerrish Street.
MURPHY, Joseph, H. M. S. Highflier.

N

NAUSS, Bennett, Hester Road, Dartmouth.
NEARY, Irene, 1326 Barrington Street.
NEARY, Mrs. Susan, 1326 Barrington Street.
NEARY, Guy, 1326 Barrington Street.
NEARY, Robert, Waverley.
NEVILLE, Miss Mary, King Edward Hotel.
NEWCOMBE, Mrs. Sarah, 70 North Albert Street.
NEWLAND, Mrs. Ella, 14 Hanover Street.

NEWLAND, Winnifred, 14 Hanover Street.
NOBLE, George, 11 Ross Street.
NOBLE, James, 11 Ross Street.
NORTON, Sarah L., 19 Roome Street.
NEVIN, Howard, Tuft's Cove.
NEVIN, Johanna, Tuft's Cove.

O

O'BRIEN, Albert, 250½ Maynard Street.
O'CONNELL, Herman W., 1372 Barrington Street.
O'CONNELL, Lulu, 1372 Barrington Street.
O'CONNELL, Mrs. Arthur Weiss, 1372 Barrington St.
O'DONNELL, James, 11 Cork Street.
O'CONNELL, J. J., 50 West Young Street.
O'GRADY, Mrs. James, 32 Hanover Street.
O'BRIEN, Mrs. Maggie, 26 Duffus Street.
OLAND, Conrad G., Dartmouth.
O'GRADY, Dorothy G., 32 Hanover Street.
OICKLE, Jonas, 21 Harris Street.
O'ROURKE, Thomas, 4 Merkel Street.
ORR, David, 566 Gottingen Street.
ORR, Samuel, corner North Albert and Kenny Streets.
O'TOOLE, William, 33 Cornwallis Street.

P

PATTERSON, Allen, 1269 Barrington Street.
PATTISON, Katherine Cunningham.
PAYNE, Walter F. C., 3 Waterloo Street.
PEACH, James, 18 Needham Street.
PEDLEY, Charles, 16 Fern Street.
PENDERGRAST, Mary Anne, 1516 Barrington Street.
PENNY, Minnie, 53 Russell Street.
PERRIN, Miss Ellen, 653 Robie Street.
PIRIE, Laura, 1482 Barrington Street.
PETERSON, Andrew, S. S. "Imo."
PARKS, Mrs. William, died Truro.
PAUL, Mary, Dartmouth.
PICKERING, R. L., Clarendon Terrace, Liverpool,
England.
PICKERN, Mrs. Daisy, North Albert Street.
PICKERN, Violet, North Albert Street.
PICKERN, Roy, 66 Union Street.
PIEROWAY, Edward, S. S. "Musquash".
PITCHER, R. C. L., S. S. "Picton".
PIRIE, Sadie, 50 North Albert Street.
PIRIE, Walter, 50 North Albert Street.
POLKINGHORNE, Wm. G., 248 Maynard Street.
POTTER, James, Kane Street.

POWER, William, 818 Barrington Street.
PRESTON, George, 12 Tower Road.
PRITCHARD, Arthur, 27 Sullivan Street.
PRITCHARD, John, 27 Sullivan Street.
PURCELL, Charles S., 16 South Clifton Street.

Q

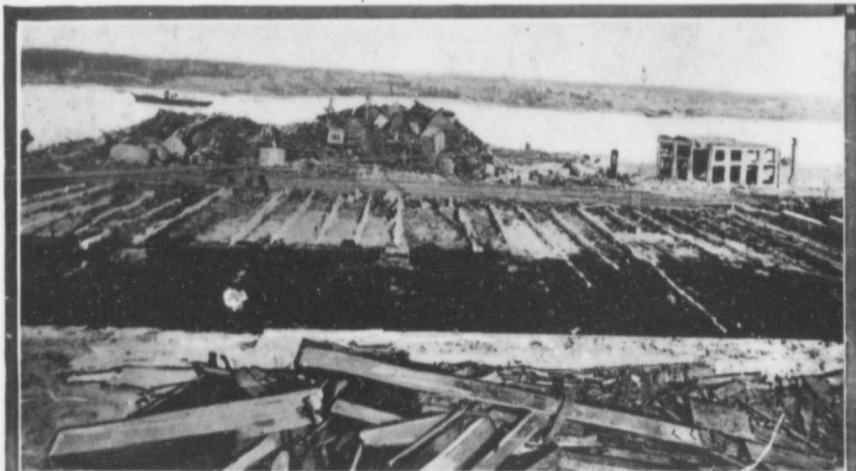
QUIRK, George, 45 Spring Garden Road.

R

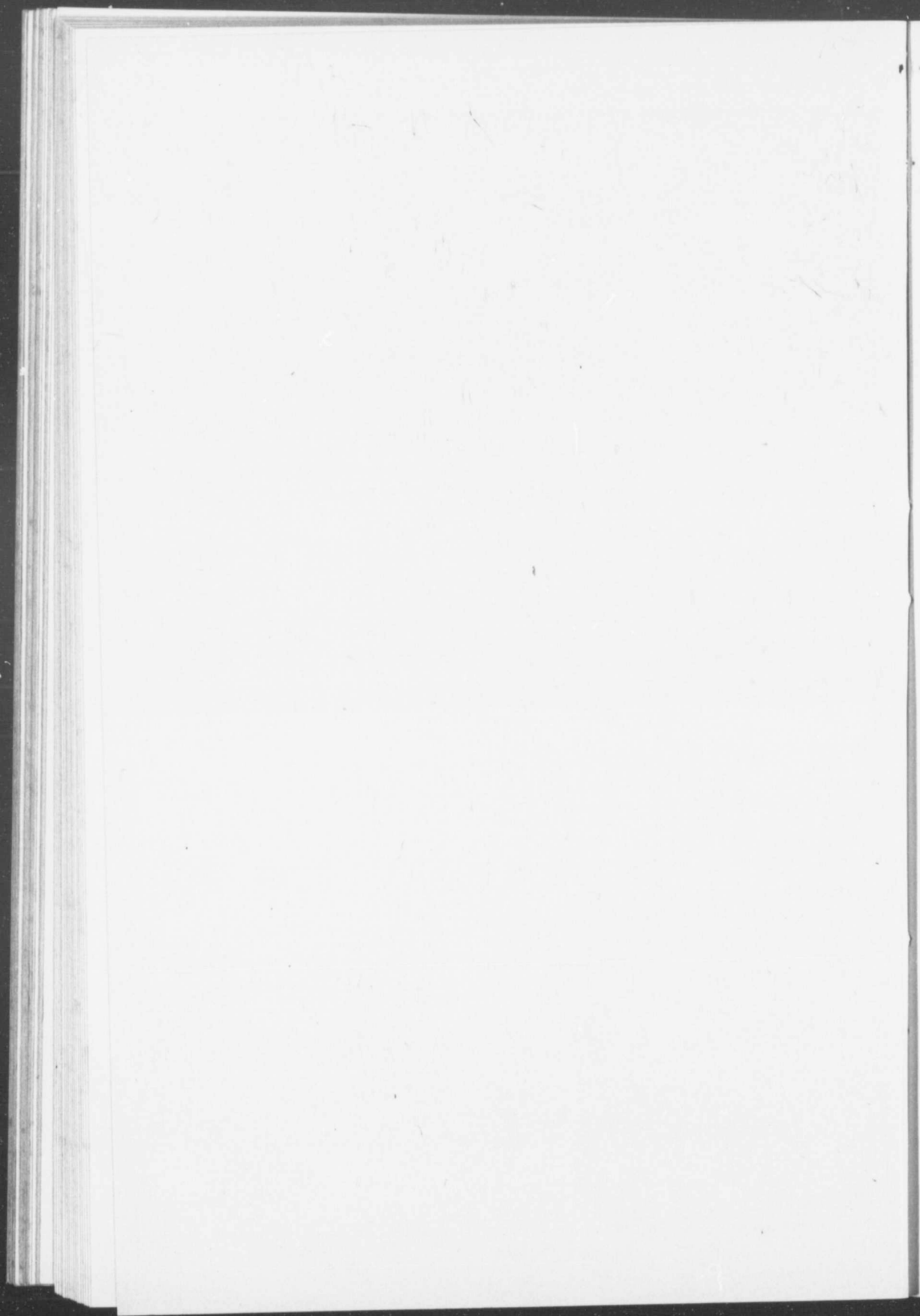
RANDERSON, Griffiths R., 51 Union Street.
RANKINE, Helen, 101 South Park Street.
RASLEY, Easter L., 61 Longard Road.
REAY, Mary, 67 Macara Street.
REDMOND, Annie, Preston Street and Jubilee Road.
REID, Mary Florence, Windsor Street.
RENNIE, Wm. Henry, 8 Rector Street.
RENNIE, Bertha Mary, 8 Rector Street.
RICK, W., Cardiff, England.
RICHARDS, Mrs. Mary, 1344 Barrington Street.
RICHARDSON, Neva, 9 Needham Street.
RICHARDSON, Geo. F., 1020 Barrington Street.
RICHELTS, Thomas, 8½ Russell Street.
RICE, Clara, Evelyn, Dartmouth.
ROAN, Mrs. Esther, Africville.
ROBINSON, James, 63 Hanover Street.
ROBINSON, Mrs. Percy.
ROBINSON, Raymond, 63 Hanover Street.
ROBINSON, Florence, 63 Hanover Street.
ROBINSON, Emily, 63 Hanover Street.
RODWAY, Archie, 31 North Albert Street.
RONAYNE, John, 34½ North Street.
ROOME, George W., Dartmouth.
RUSCOE, Gordon, child.
RUSCOE, A., Private, "D" Royal Engineers.
RUSCOE, Mrs. A., 14 Duffus Street.
RYAN, Mary E. (Mrs.), 61 Kaye and Barrington Streets.
RYAN, Elizabeth, 25 Albion Street.
RYAN, Mrs. Victoria, — Barrington Street.

S

SAUNDERS, Agnes, 14 Hanover Street.
SAUNDERS, Doris, 14 Hanover Street.
SAUNDERS, Frank, 14 Hanover Street.
SAUNDERS, Harry W., 302 Oxford Street.
SCALLION, Thomas, 48 Agricola Street.
SCHURMAN, H. Morton, 4 Kaye Street.
SCHURMAN, Mrs. Morton, 6 Kaye Street.



Top—A portion of the devastated area showing ruins of the Sugar Refinery. Centre—All that remains of a once happy home. Bottom—Looking over the ruined section; the Belgian Relief Ship "Imo" in the distance.



SCHNEIDER, Anthony, 190 Barrington Street.
SHAW, Harry, 1359 Barrington Street.
SHAW, Nellie May, 1359 Barrington Street.
SHAW, Mrs. P. H., 1359 Barrington Street.
SHAW, Mrs. Charles, 1361 or 1353 Barrington Street.
SHAW, Mrs. Lieut., East Young Street.
SHAW, Patrick, 1359 Barrington Street.
SHEA, Maruice, 1362 Barrington Street.
SHEA, Helena Guess (Mrs. Vincent), 1336 Barrington Street.
SHEA, Mary Kathleen, 1331 Barrington Street.
SHELL, Arthur, H. M. T. "Curaca".
SHEPHERD, Frank, 841 Barrington Street.
SHEPHERD, Jas. R., 841 Barrington Street.
SHERIDAN, James A., 4 South Clifton Street.
SHERIDAN, Mrs. Jas., 4 South Clifton Street.
SHORT, Charles, 50 King Street, Dartmouth.
SIMMONDS, Ambrose
SIMMONS, Mary, 32 Bishop Street.
SMEE, Martin, 413 Africville.
SMITH, Douglas, 43 Veith Street.
SMITH, Mrs. Bertha, 43 Veith Street.
SMITH, Grace, 43 Veith Street.
SMITH, Mary Allen, 14 Duffus Street.
SMITH, Kenneth, (infant child).
SMITH, Carrie M., 15 East Young Street.
SMITH, Henrietta (child of Thos S.).
SMEE, Martin, 413 Agricola Street.
SNOW, Catherine, 906 Barrington Street.
SCOFFORD, Birdie, 1524 Barrington Street.
SPRUCE, Thomas, 53 Russell Street.
SQUIRES, Richard, Rockingham.
STACEY, Frances, 1233 Barrington Street.
STACEY, Fred C., 1233 Barrington Street.
STACEY, Mary, 1233 Barrington Street.
STACEY Edward, 6 Kenny or 64 King Street.
SQUIRES, Charles, 20 Russell Street.
STAPLES, W. A., Dartmouth.
SQUIRES, Mary, 1498 Barrington Street.
STEWART, Mrs. M., 14 Kaye Street.
STAPLETON, Mrs. F., 44 Stairs Street.
STEVENS, Sarah, 3 Needham Street.
STEVENSON, Christina, 5 Duffus Street.
STEVENS, Isaac J., 67 Hanover Street.
STEWART, (Mrs. John), (James Drake, son-in-law).
STOCKALL, Miss Emma, 2 School Street.
STOCKALL, James, 2 School Street.
STODDARD, Clements, 46 Bauer Street.

STRATTON, William, 1351 Barrington Street.
SULLIVAN, Daniel, 1st C. G. A.
SULLIVAN, Ethel, Flynn's Block.
SULLIVAN, Mike, 1 Flynn's Block.
SULLIVAN, D., (Mrs.), Flynn's Block.
SULLIVAN, Dennis A., 112 Gerrish Street.
SUTHERLAND, Miss Margaret, Old Ladies' Home.
SUTTIE, James, 101 Coburg Road.
SUTTIE, baby, 96 North Albert Street.
SWEET, William, 49 Duffus Street.
SWETMAN, Elizabeth, 6 Young Street.
SWETMAN, Carman, 6 Young Street.
STOCKALL, Mrs. Charles.

T

TAPPER, Dorothy, 34 Union Street.
TAYLOR, Annie, 21 Merkel Street.
TAYLOR, Elizabeth, 21 Merkel Street.
TAYLOR, Catherine, 21 Merkel Street.
TAYLOR, William, 56 Columbus Street.
THEAKSTON, Major, 111 Agricola Street.
THOMAS, Bernedette, 93 North Albert Street.
THOMAS, Martha, 93 Albert Street.
THOMAS, Lilian, 93 Albert Street.
THOMAS, Pte. Clarence C., 93 Albert Street.
THOMAS, Mrs. George P., 93 Albert Street.
THOMAS, William, 96 Charles Street.
THOMPSON, James J., 54 North Albert Street.
THOMPSON, Mrs. Maud, 43 North Albert Street.
THOMPSON, Robert, 54 North Albert Street.
TOBIN, Patrick, 6 Maitland Street.
TOMLIN, Veronica, 21 King's Place.
TOTTEN, Sergt. Fred L., 112 Allen Street.
TOWNSHEND, Mrs. Florence A., 72 North Albert.
TOWNSEND, Flossie Mosher, 80 North Albert Street.
TRAVIS, Fred Thomas, 10 Hanover Street.
TRAVIS, Irene, 10 Hanover Street.
TRAVIS, Mrs. M., 10 Hanover Street.
TRAVIS, William, 10 Hanover Street.
TUFTS, Mrs. Richard (Ada Maud), 91 North Albert
Street.
TUFTS, Richard Albert, 91 North Albert Street.
TUFTS, Harold Hastings, 91 North Albert Street.
TUFTS, Clyde Robert, 91 North Albert Street.
TURNER, Henry, Lorne Club, Richmond.

U

UNDERWOOD, Benjamin, 1 Lowe Street.
UNDERWOOD, Mrs. B. (Emma), 1 Lowe Street.

UPHAM, Lewis, Richmond Street.
UPHAM, Vera, 1299 Barrington Street.
UPHAM, Everett, 1376 Barrington Street.
UPHAM, Hattie G., Union Street.
UPHAM, Constant, 1203 Barrington Street.

V

VALLEE, Peter, S. S. "Colonna".
VAUGHAN, Catherine, 62 Roome Street.
VAUGHAN, Charles, 103 North Albert Street.
VAUGHAN, Mrs. Mary, 101 North Albert Street.
VAUGHAN, Irene, 101 North Albert Street.
VAUGHAN, Wilbert M., 62 Roome Street.
VEALES, George, H. M. C. S. "Niobe".

W

WALKER, Mrs. Harriett, 94 Kenny Street.
WALLACE, Mrs. Osborne, 90 North Albert Street.
WALSH, Jack, Rector Street.
WALSH, John, 60 Russell Street.
WALSH, Mary, 1482 Barrington Street.
WALSH, Pius, 724 Robie Street.
WALSH, Thomas, 1355 Barrington Street.
WARD, Adelaide V., 79 Macara Street.
WASSON, Mrs. Bessie, 28 Isleville Street.
WATERS, Peter J., Sr., 20 Russell Street.
WATERS, Peter J., Jr., 20 Russell Street.
WATSON, Jack, 5 Sullivan Street.
WEISS, Herman, Jr., 1372 Barrington Street.
WEISS, Herman, Sr., 1372 Barrington Street.
WEISS, Kathleen, 1372 Barrington Street.
WEISS, Mrs. Sarah, 1372 Barrington Street.
WEISS, William, 1372 Barrington Street.
WEST, Levi, 212 Grafton Street.
WESTHAVER, Althea, 37 Granville Street.
WESTHAVER, Gwendolyn, 76 Veith Street.
WESTHAVER, John A., 71 North Street.
WESTHAVER, Lizzie, 14 Richmond Street.
WALSH, Edna, 1355 Barrington Street.
WARD, Eliazbeth, 31 Acadia Street.
WHALEN, John, 50 Veith Street.
WHISTON, D. H., 61 East Young Street.
WHITE, Francis, Halifax.
WHITE, Marcella, Halifax.
WHITE, Minnie, Halifax.
WHITE, Susie, Halifax.
WHITE, Walter, Halifax.
WHITEWAY, Thomas P., 53 Longard Road.

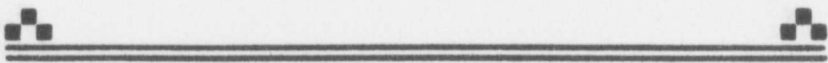
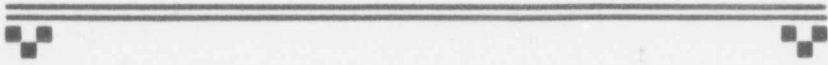
WIER, William Lewis, 108 Creighton Street.
WILLERTON, R., S. S. "Curaca".
WILLIAMS, Bessie A., 33 Acadia Street.
WILLIAMS, Gladys M., 33 Acadia Street.
WILLIAMS, Chas., S., 55 North Albert Street.
WILLIAMS, Gavin, 55 North Albert Street.
WILLIAMS, George A., 33 Acadia Street.
WILLIAMS, Gerald, 61 Union Street.
WILLIAMS, Gerturde, 55 North Albert Street.
WILLIAMS, Florence May.
WILLIAMS, James, 55 North Albert Street.
WILLIAMS, Jane, 55 North Albert Street.
WILLIAMS, Joseph, 55 North Albert Street.
WILLIAMS, Margaret, 61 Union Street.
WILLIAMS, Annie Maxine, Richmond.
WILSON, Francis, 9 Kane Street.
WILSON, Mrs. William (Mary), 5 Almon Street.
WILSON, Robert, 51 Duffus Street.
WIER, Joseph, 28 Atlantic Street.
WAMBACK, Roy, 1359 Barrington Street.
WOOLLARD, Gladys, 24 East Young Street.
WOURNELL, Victor, 77 North Albert Street.
WISWELL, Chas. P., 12 Union Street.
WISWELL, J. G., 11 Maynard Street.
WRIGHT, Edward R., 1311 Barrington Street.
WRIGHT, John Jr., 59 Union Street.
WRIGHT, Mabel Bell, 1311 Barrington Street.
WILLIAMSON, Marie, 51 Macara Street.

Y

YANG, Jen, "Curaca".
YOUNG, Elmer, 31½ Union Street.
YOUNG, Annie, 31½ Union Street.
YOUNG, Harry E., Douglas Street.
YOUNG, Rufus, 9 Almon Street.
YOUNG, Florence, 12 Almon Street.

Z

ZWICKER, Gordon, Naval Hospital.
ZWICKER, Mary, Naval Hospital.
ZWICKER, Stella, 1 Russell Street.



Details That May Assist in Identifying Hundreds of Unclaimed Bodies Which Have Been Interred

THE following particulars obtained from the unclaimed bodies compiled by A. S. Banstøad, chairman of the mortuary committee, may be of value in proving identifications of persons missing since the disaster. Those seeking friends or relatives may perhaps discover items described here that will assist them in their search. Much of the clothing described it has been necessary to destroy because of its condition, but all possible has been retained and will be shown to the parties wishing to follow the clue found here.

GIRLS

- No. 184—Female—10 to 12¹ years. Long brown hair. Light complexion. One tooth out in front, otherwise good. Thin body. Two pair black bloomers. Grey underwear. Black garters and stockings. One black buttoned boot.
- No. 191—Female—About 10 years. Long light brown hair. Light complexion. One upper front tooth out. Blue and brown plaid coat. Corsets. White calico apron. Light Stanfield's underwear. Tan stockings. Vaccination marks on left arm and mole below elbow.
- No. 256—Female—9 to 10 years. Long dark hair. Light complexion. Good complete set of teeth. Dark heliotrope dress. Light blue bloomers. Red, white and black striped apron. Light flannel petticoat. Two child's handkerchiefs, one with blue border and spots and one with yellow border and pictures of children. Note in office: "Mary Purcell, Barrington Street."
- No. 299—Female—About 5 years. Brown hair. No clothing. Note states: "From Hospital."
- No. 398—Female—About 2 years. Brown hair. Light complexion. Thin body. No clothing.
- No. 401—Female—About 7 years. Brown hair. Fresh complexion. Good teeth. Black bloomers. Light woollen ribbed underwear. Black woollen ribbed
-
-

stockings. Black strapped slippers with "Mary Jane" buttons. Belt suspender around chest and waist.

- No. 411—Female—9 to 10 years. Light brown hair. Grey and black checked bodice with blue trimmings around cuffs, also red buttons. Black and white checked skirt, black bloomers, ribbed underwear. Black stockings. Black buttoned boots. One gold necklace, very thin chain with heart pendant. Some who viewed the body thought it might be Lina Parslow of the Protestant Orphanage.
- No. 412—Female—About 12 years. Dark brown hair. Good teeth. Scotch plaid coat with fancy yellow bead buttons. White flannelet underskirt. Ribbed underwear. One gold ring, chased design, with imprint "K & S" on inside, on second finger of right hand, and small clasp pin on dress.
- No. 437A—Female—About 8 months (possibly more). Light brown hair. Fair complexion. Good teeth. Plump body. Flannel waist and skirt and pink flannel underskirt. Wrapped in patch work baby's blanket.
- No. 465—Female—About 5 years. Short light hair. Light complexion. Good teeth. Only small piece of black coat left. One light cotton undershirt and one white stocking. Note states: "Came from Flynn's Block."
- No. 644—Female—About 8 years. Light brown hair. Fair complexion. Good teeth. black and white coat with red lining. Black skirt, white petticoat and fleece lined underwear. London Life Premium receipt book with name "Hyland". Note states: "From corner Barrington and Duffus streets."
- No. 1106—Female—About 5 years. Long brown hair. Light complexion. Blue sweater. Blue velvet dress. Note states: "Found under Flynn Buildings."
- No. 1121—Female—About 14 years, from 1355 Barrington street. Long brown hair. Black and red check dress. Grey combination underwear. Black stockings. Black buttoned boots. Fancy set ring with green stone on third finger right hand.
- No. 1128—Female—About 10 years. From Flynn Block. Light hair. Light complexion. White undershirt. Black buttoned boots.
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BOYS

No. A2—Male—6 to 8 years. Dark hair. Two front teeth out. Thin body. Dark brown coat sweater with light blue linings. Dark short pants. Black stockings.

No. 54—Male—About 7 years (or more). Reddish hair. Light complexion. Black and white coat. Dark pants. Fleece lined underwear. Black stockings. In pockets, one "Canada" soldier's coat button and one "N. Z. Forces" brass button, a lead pencil and garter. Note states: "Probably Tom Walsh, 1300 Barrington street."

No. 61—Male—About 5 years. Brown hair. Light complexion. Good teeth. Body had been burnt but had remnants of black shoes, stockings and garters. Note states: "Covered by Scotch plaid quilt and woman's waist (white with red dots)".

Male—5 or 6 years. Light brown hair. Good teeth. Grey sweater with red border and red belt. Corduroy pants. Small signet ring with no name. Note states: "Found due east of Hillis' Foundry."

No. 166—Male—About 5 years. Light brown hair. Blue eyes. Fresh complexion. Good teeth. Khaki coat. White sport shirt and suit of man's two piece light woollen underwear wrapped around body.

No. 193A—Male—10 to 12 years. Brown hair. Thin body. Red sweater. Dark blue pants. Light underwear. Black stockings. Aluminum Roman Catholic emblem.

No. 279—Male—10 to 12 years. Shaggy brown hair. Fair complexion. Pug nose. Prominent upper teeth. No clothing.

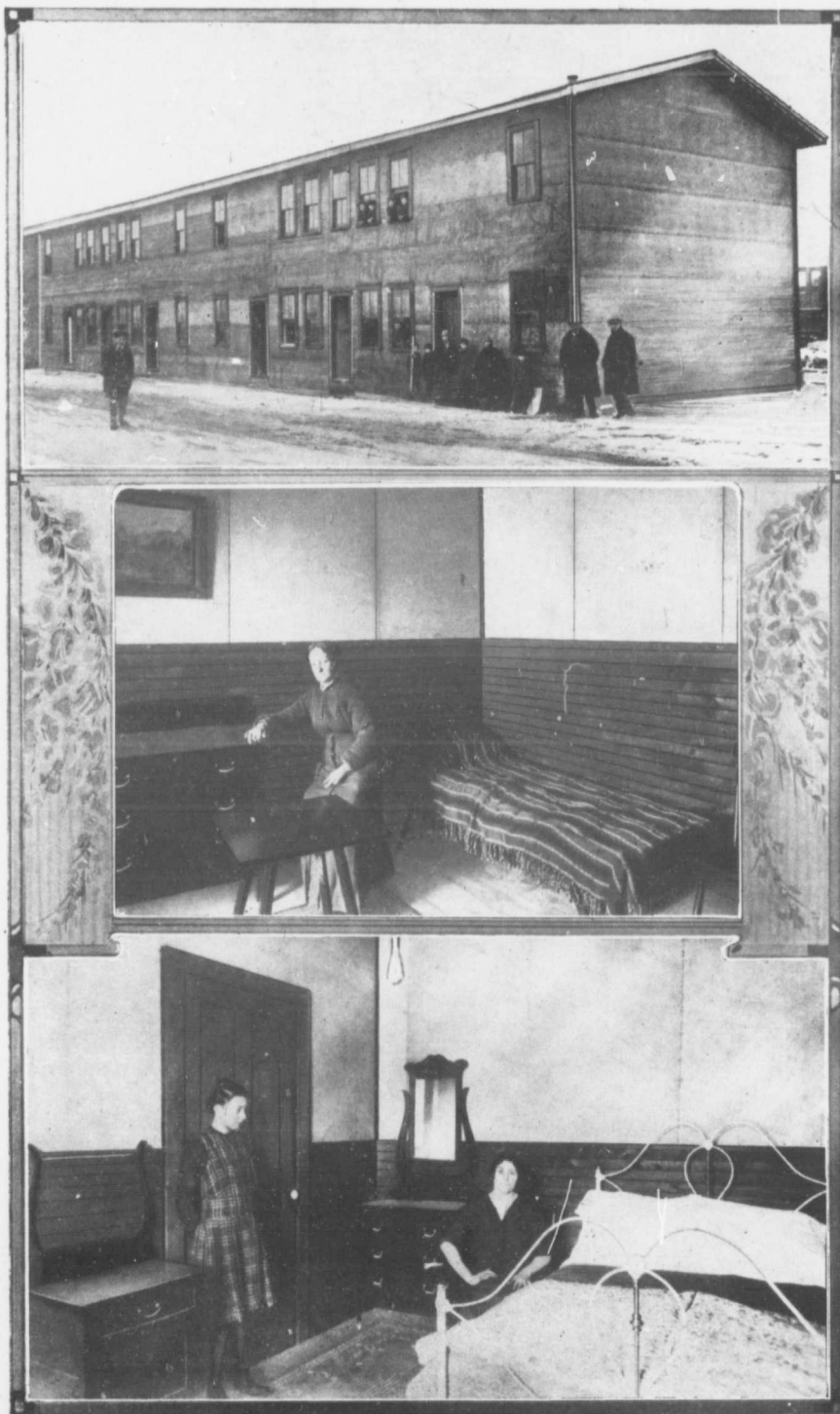
No. 282—Male—7 or 8 years. About four feet tall. Brown hair. Slight build. Blue sweater. Teeth undershot. Black jumper. Black shoes.

Male—About 13 years. Brown hair. Dark complexion. Dark sweater.

No. 288—Male—11 to 12 years. Brown hair. Thin body. Blue sweater, jersey style. White fleece lined underwear. Narrow black leather belt. Black stockings. Black laced boots. Cheap brass ring with oval piece containing Union Jack. In pockets were some papers on which were the name "Albert"



In one brief moment an entire district was destroyed.



Exterior and interior views of the new apartments being erected on Halifax Common.

Walsh" and two envelopes containing various strips of paper with the following names in rubber stamp type: "A. Walsh, D. Smith, W. Johnson, M. Elliot, Cecil Finlay, Dorothy Smith, P. Cash, N. Elliot, Wm. Hart" along with others reading "Buy a Victoria Bond."

- No. 295—Male—6 to 8 years. Brown hair. Fair complexion. Good teeth. A bath towel and check petticoat over this body but no clothing. A "J. Spencer" card on body states: "Found at Young and Gottingen Streets."
- No. 306—Male—About 1 year. Light hair. Pink and blue dress. Two red ribbed small flannel undershirts. Pink striped flannel petticoat. Note states: "Body from 184 Campbell Rd., brought along with No. 308B (which has since been identified as Miss T. L. Norton)."
- No. 316—Male—About 12 years. Brown hair. Good teeth. Thin body. Blue sweater coat. Light work shirt. Medium weight underwear. Long black stockings. One black laced boot.
- No. 337—Male—About 12 years. Light brown hair. Fair complexion. Thin body. Light wool underwear. Black stockings. Black laced boots.
- No. 362—Male—About 10 years. Light brown hair. Face disfigured, Black and white coat and vest. Blue jersey. Dark shirt and black garters.
- No. 365—Male—About 8 years. Dark hair and complexion. Slender. Light shirt. Dark knickerbockers. Grey ribbed underwear. Black laced boots.
- No. 396—Male—About 11 years. Fresh complexion. Fair hair. Teeth irregular but good. Brown Norfolk coat. Black woolen mitts. White linen handkerchief. Grey sweater with green border. Brown short pants. Long black stockings. Two-piece white cotton underwear. Light shirt. Black boots, Longshoreman's button. Two lead pencils, green and yellow.
- No. 426A—Male—About 5 years. Light brown hair. Fair complexion. Good teeth. Light grey short pants. Blue shirt. Black ribbed stockings. Black laced boots.
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-

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- No. 458—Male—About 10 years. Light brown hair. Light complexion. Crooked teeth. Slender body. No clothing.
- No. 463—Male—About 5 years. Light hair. Light complexion. Good teeth. Thin body. No clothing. Note states: "Arrived from Snow's 5 p. m., December 12, 1917."
- No. 466—Male—About 1 year. Light hair. Light complexion. Good teeth. A piece of child's dress with blue collar and cuffs. Body was covered with a soldier's tunic marked "R. C. E." containing letters which indicate it to have belonged to "Sapper Claud Gaudet, Ives Point."
- No. 781—Male—About 5 years. Brown hair. Fair complexion. Good teeth. Dark grey striped knickerbockers. Blue vest. Grey Union underwear. Long black stockings. Black lace boots. Note states: "Supposed to be Stanley Bell, 1353 Barrington Street."
- No. 1022A—Male—About 9 months. No hair, but was light. Light complexion. Blue eyes, No clothing. Died at St. Mary's College Hospital, December 19, 1917. Arrived 11.10 a. m., December 20th.
- No. 1023—Male—About 7 years. Blond hair. Fair complexion. Fair teeth. One long light brown coat. Light brown sweater. Blue pants. Light underwear. One pair braces. Black stockings, black garters. Black lace boots. Body brought from V. G. Hospital with clothing not removed December 20th. Possibly William Gilbert or Geldert, 5 Stairs Street.
- No. 1122—Male—About 18 months—from north of Flynn Block. White dress and grey underwear. Probably Maldrie child.
- No. 1129—Male—6 to 8 months. From Flynn Block. Light waist and two pieces light underwear.
- No. 1163—Male—About 13 years. Found north of Canadian Government Railways Cattle Shed at Richmond. Light brown hair, prominent front teeth. Dark blue pants. Blue and white striped flannelette drawers. Pair of cashmere stockings and one extra black ribbed sock on right foot, with bandage around right heel, indicating that he had a sore heel. One pair black laced boots. Owing to bruises; not easily identifiable by facial appearance.
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No. 125—Male—About 12 years. Medium brown hair. Prominent teeth. Light brown shirt. Dark pants. Grey medium weight underwear.

WOMEN

No. 6A—Female—About 40 to 45 years. Long black hair mixed with grey. Dark complexion. No teeth. Black waist and dress. Pink and blue corset cover. White flannelette underwaist. Light cotton undershirt. Grey medium weight underdrawers. Black cotton stockings. Black button boots with cloth tops. One plain gold band (wedding ring—10K—with letters "R.M.C." inside, [may be maker's mark]). Cadet A. J. O'Connell, R. F. C., viewing this body declared it to be that of Mrs. Shaw, Sr., aged about 60 years, 1361 Barrington Street.

Female—About 45 years. Black hair. Fresh complexion. Prominent front teeth. One piece flannel undershirt and one piece grey underwear. White stockings and one black buttoned slipper. One plain gold band (wedding) ring, without marks.

No. 81—Female—Head gone. One ring with two stones missing, and a number of small pearls. Had sum of money and two car tickets in pockets.

No. 86—Female—45 or 50 years. Brown hair. Fair complexion. Teeth decayed. Body spare. No clothing except piece of undershirt and blue stocking. Ring on third finger left hand, narrow slight gold or brass ring with red stone. Came in with head and right arm bandaged from Hospital.

No. 107—Female—About 30 years. Light brown hair (short). Light complexion. Body spare. Face disfigured. Body partly burnt. No clothing except grey combination underwear and black stockings. One wedding ring, 14K., no marks. One set gold ring, ruby in centre and two small chip diamonds in each side. Letters "a-a" scratched on inside. Both rings were on third finger left hand.

No. 114—Female—About 60 years. Short grey hair. Light complexion. Black and white striped coat and dress. Blue sweater and striped skirt. Grey short corsets. Grey combination underwear. Black stockings. Thin gold ring on the fourth finger left hand.

-
-
- No. 138—Female—About 30 years. Long dark hair. Medium light complexion. Good teeth. Plaid coat. White blouse. Light underwear. Black stockings. On third finger of right hand one 10K gold set ring with sides chased, six stones, of which three are missing; the remaining stones are red. Pince Nez eyeglass. One Patriotic brooch (British and French flags with maple leaf on shield in centre), and 7 morning car tickets.
- No. 159—Female—About 40 years. Short grey hair. False teeth. No clothing.
- No. 183—Female—65 to 70 years. Grey or white hair. Light complexion. Two top teeth quite prominent. Thin body. Blue print dress or wrapper with white spots. Ferris waist corsets. Grey and black petticoat with black frills. Black stockings. Blue garters and pink night dress.
- No. 190—Female—About 30 years. Long light brown hair. Light complexion. Grey underwear and corsets. No other clothing. One back hair comb, dark reddish bone, set with brilliants. One bone hair pin. One wire hair pin.
- No. 199—Female—About 28 years. Long dark brown hair. Fair complexion. Good teeth. Man's black coat over corsets. Grey underwear and brown stockings. Brown lace boots. Pair of man's brown gloves.
- No. 336—Female—About 35 years. Short black hair. Corsets. Grey underskirt. Chemise. Black stockings. Two plain gold band rings on third finger of left hand (like wedding rings). One 10K somewhat worn, the other 18K. newer and less worn.
- No. 353—Female—About 60 years. Medium long grey hair. Light complexion. No teeth. Stout. Brown print wrapper. Light corsets and light combination underwear. White muslin drawers. Black stockings. One gold band plain wedding ring.
- No. 380—Female—About 45 years. Long brown hair. Fair complexion. Bad teeth. Black and white striped waist. Light underwear. Black stockings. Black laced boots.
- No. 459—Female—About 34 years. Long dark hair, Light complexion. Thin. Corsets, light under-shirt and white petticoat. Gold signet ring on second finger of right hand with monogram "EMCH" or "NCH".
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No. 476A—Female—About 35 years. Long light hair. Fair complexion. Gold plate on front teeth. Navy blue coat with fur collar. Blue Norfolk jacket. Brown knitted sweater. Grey skirt with black braid. White flannel petticoat. Union suit underwear. Linen chemise. Black stockings. Black high heeled No. 4 boots. One ring on third finger left hand. Light colour gold plain band like wedding ring, Tiffany style. One silver link chain—looks like neck chain.

No. 483—Female—About 55 years. Grey hair. Fresh complexion. No clothing. Small plain signet ring with chased sides. Note states: "Identified as Mrs. Conrod."

No. 1025—Female—About 32 years. Long dark hair. Dark complexion. Even teeth. Stout body. One plain band gold (wedding) ring. Came from V. G. Hospital December 20, 1917. (Supposed to be Mrs. Drysdale).

No. 1074—Female—About 20 years. Dark brown hair. Fair complexion. White waist. Brown striped underwaist and chemise. Short corsets. One black petticoat and one blue petticoat. Light ribbed pink underwear. Long black stockings. Patent leather No. 4 lace boots. One narrow plain band gold ring (no marks). One Tiffany style gold wedding ring. One gilt brooch open bar pattern with heart at centre and blue stone in centre of heart. Note states: "Found at 14 Duffus Street."

No. 1105—Female—About 45 years. Dark hair mingled with grey. White waist. Blue serge skirt. Black underskirt. Black and white striped petticoat. Light combination underwear. Long black stockings. Black slippers with fancy button in front. One gold band (wedding) ring, on inside the words "Solid Gold". Note states: "Found under Flynn Buildings. Received December 22, 1917."

MEN

No. 3 Special—Male—Age 26-30 years. Light hair. Clean shaven. Ruddy complexion. Body fairly muscular and medium thin. Weight about 155 lbs. Dark pants. Black working shirt (flannel). Black knitted tie. White Stanfield Underwear. Grey woollen socks. Black buttoned boots.

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- No. 37—Male—Age about 38. Brown hair. Teeth, several out in front. Body muscular. Body practically nude. Gold signet ring with initials "W. J. J." Much worn. The last "J" is indistinct.
- No. 30—Male—45-50 years of age. Brown and grey hair and mustache. No upper teeth, while lower teeth decayed. Dark working shirt and black tie. Grey ribbed underwear and socks. Dark boots, soldier's style. Body received without any coat, vest or trousers. Note at office: "Supposed to be Mr. Herbert Greenwood."
- No. 43—Male—About 28 years. Fair complexion. Teeth irregular. White coat and pants. Black vest and sweater. Fleece lined cotton underwear. Black stockings. Black elastic-side shoes. One gold or brass ring—place for stone in centre, but no setting.
- No. 47—Male—Aged 45 or more. Grey hair. Sandy moustache. Body muscular and fairly stout. Small nose. Tattoo marks on left arm, one consisting of anchor surrounded by three flags folded and words "Windsor, N. S." The other mark an eagle with shield on its breast and a star underneath. Tattoo mark on right arm, ship. Black serge coat. Dark vest. Dark serge pants. Heavy blue sweater. Grey ribbed underwear. Grey socks. Black laced boots. Longshoreman's button, Local 269. (Card on body, Herbert Greenough, Car Inspector, C. G. R.)
- No. 48—Male—Age 27 (or less). Full set of teeth. Dark brown hair. Grey undershirt. No other clothing. Scapulars around neck. Two metal Roman Catholic emblems.
- No. 79—Male—Headless. Fleece lined vest. Dark shirt. Light grey, medium weight undershirt. Black socks. Black laced boots.
- No. 93—Male—About .. years. Dark hair. Light moustache. Dark suit. Blue striped shirt. Grey socks. Grey or drab flannel belt with name "B. F. Day". Round brass tag, No. 184. Eleven keys. One black handled penknife with two blades.
- No. 103—Male—Age about 40 years. Dark hair. Fair complexion. Face and body disfigured. No clothing except remains of one sock and one shoe.
- No. 108—Male—Age doubtful, estimated from 14 to 30 years. Medium light complexion. One tooth
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out in front. Flat nose. Corduroy pants. Heavy grey coat sweater. Light brown shirt. Grey ribbed underwear. Heavy long black stockings. Black lace boots. One light colored kerchief with red border.

No. 115—Male—About 40 years. Brown hair. Grey sweater. Grey ribbed underwear. Black socks and boots.

No. 126—Male—45 to 50 years. Light hair and mustache. Ruddy complexion. White heavy wool underwear. Heavy grey socks. Heavy tan soldiers boots. Some who viewed the body thought it was Joe Kerby who lived on Kings Place (off North Street) and employed at Dry Dock.

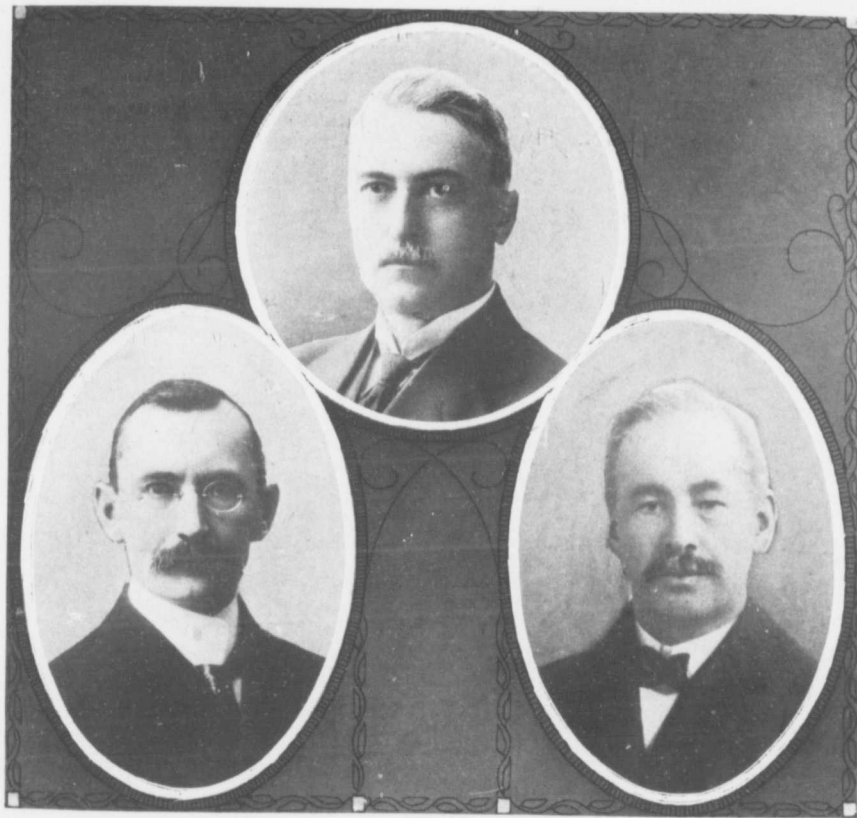
No. 132—Male—About 30 years. Dark hair. False teeth, two gold crowns in upper jaw, one tooth out. Black shirt. Dark coat. Dark vest. Dark coat sweater. Grey underwear. Black woolen socks. Black laced boots with rubber heels. Pocket comb with celluloid case and metal edge. Two cuff buttons 10k gold. Initials "J.R.D." or "I.R.D." One collar button.

No. 141—Male—36 to 39 years (possibly less). Light brown hair. Ruddy complexion. Uneven prominent teeth. Brown pants. Blue heavy sweater. Grey woolen underwear. Black socks. Tan laced boots. White handkerchief.

No. 142—Male—About 28 years of age. Light brown hair. Gold filling in front teeth and one gold crown. Tattoo marks on right arm with heart, Norwegian flag, horse shoe and female figure, also "Sailor's Grave" and "Good Luck". On left arm the figures of a sailor boy and girl and the word "Farewell". One enamel button with the letters "B.R.T." Dark coat and patts. Blue overalls and brown overalls. Khaki shirt with blue collar. Heavy underwear. No. 8141. Grey woolen socks. Black low cut shoes. Note on file states: "Probably a Norwegian sailor, a native of Bergen, who was on the Lake Steamer 'Emery L. Ford' last summer.")

No. 193—Male—About 38 years. Dark hair. Sandy mustache. Two teeth out in front. Tattoo marks of horseshoe, heart and bunch of flowers on left arm, and of heart, man on horseback and the word "Amen" on right arm. Blue striped working shirt. Dark pants. Gray ribbed underwear. Black heavy lace boots.

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- No. 196—Male—36-40 years of age. Black hair, slightly bald on top. Full set of natural teeth. Muscular body. Vaccination mark on left arm. Tattoo mark on back of clasped hands, underneath the letters "H.M." "A.A." and "Forget Maggie." Thin unlined black trousers. One print black striped working shirt, marked on neck "Adams, 844 Argyle St., Glasgow, Scotland.
- No. 204—Male—28 to 30 years. Dark hair and short mustache. Sallow complexion. Note states: "From Richmond." No clothing.
- No. 209—Male—About 48 years. Dark hair and reddish mustache. Medium dark complexion. Khaki working shirt. Dark vest and pants. Gray sweater. Grey ribbed underwear. Two pairs gray socks. One pair of brown lace boots and rubbers. Papers etc. found on body indicate John Hurley, No. 1,036,466, 242nd Battalion, discharged at Montreal, 4th April, 1917. Address then given as 75 Jarvis Street, Toronto.
- No. 212—Male—About 36 years. Black curly hair. Rosy complexion. Two upper teeth out. Sailor's heavy blue overcoat with "Peter Shaw" written on a corner. Light blue muffler. Dark vest and pants. Brown sweater. Flannel shirt. Fleece lined ribbed underwear. Black boots with tin toe caps. One long brass key on a steel ring. Note at office states: "Partial identification. Possibly Fran Rabshand, mason. Identified by Peter Fougere."
- No. 248—Male—About 46 years. Brown hair. Sandy mustache. Bad upper teeth. Blue serge suit. Grey fleece-lined underwear. Brown socks. Black lace boots. One long brass key. Six brass screws and two brackets for roller blinds. Passports and other papers indicate him as Simon Autio, age 43, native of Katka, Finland. Carpenter and a member of the crew of S. S. "Curaca".
- No. 255—Male—20 to 23 years. Dark brown hair. Ruddy complexion. Even teeth, but overlapping. No clothing. Body received with bandage on right wrist.
- No. 263—Male—38 to 40 years. Black hair. Dark eyebrows. Dark coat and vest. White shirt, colored tie. "President's suspenders. Dark trousers. Wollen underwear. Black wool socks. Black laced shoes, nearly new.
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HALIFAX
RECONSTRUCTION
COMMITTEE.

T. S. Rogers, Chairman,
W. B. Wallace,
F. L. Fowke.



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- No. 284—Male—About 35 years. Dark hair. Pointed nose. Some upper front teeth out. Body received from Hospital. One 18K gold signet ring with monogram "S.H.B." and one 9K gold, five stone set ring (four stones missing, remaining stone red) marked "J.S." on inside.
- No. 294—Male—45 to 50 years. Brown and gray hair. Clean shaven. Teeth uneven, full set. Clean light underwear. (No other clothing.) Note states: ((Body brought from Hospital.)
- No. 311—Male—About 35 years. Dark brown hair. Two front teeth with gold crowns. Muscular body. Blue work shirt. Heavy brown coat sweater. Dark pants. Gray ribbed underwear. Black woolen socks. Black laced boots. Red handkerchief with white border and white dots. One black jack-knife with brown wood handle.
- No. 312—Male—Age uncertain. Dark hair. Overalls. Blue coat sweater. Blue vest and pants. Black shirt. Grey ribbed underwear. Grey socks. Military boots. Eight morning car tickets. Two red handkerchiefs. One package cigarettes. A small enamelled brooch pin with white border on which are the words "Lincoln School" and red centre with the figures "1911". Note states: "Said to be from Dockyard."
- No. 322—Male—About 30 years. Heavy blue sweater. One pair thick grey socks. Black lace military boots. Fleece lined drawers. Light undershirt. One black stocking.
- No. 324—Male—About 30 years or less. Red-brown hair. Light complexion. Gold bridge work in teeth. Heavy blue coat. Black and white pyjama coat. Khaki shirt. Dark pants. Leather belt. Blue jersey. Black socks. Canvas and leather, brown, low cut shoes. (A brown blanket with red stripes also came with this body.)
- No. 329—Male—About 32 years. Dark brown hair. Dark coat and pants. Blue overalls. Black shirt. Fleece-lined underwear. Gray socks. Heavy black laced boots. One leather gauntlet. One large two-blade penknife with black handle with letters "H.M." or "W.H." cut thereon and longshoreman's card, I. L. A. Local No. 10, with name "Lloyd McKay". One purse. One celluloid button. Two car tickets. One carved briar pipe with amber mouthpiece (nearly new).
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- No. 330—Male—About 28 years. Black hair. Dark heavy eyebrows. Fair complexion. Good teeth. Blue cap. Dark check muffler. Black coat. Dark gray waistcoat. Dark cardigan jacket. Gray vest. Two pairs gray ribbed underwear. Dark socks. Black laced boots. One narrow leather belt. In pockets: large jack-knife with hooked blade, two lead pencils, leather glove, two boxes matches.
- No. 345—Male—About 38 years. Dark hair. Medium dark complexion. Good teeth. Blue overalls. Blue sailor's sweater. Dark gray sweater. Black and white shirt. Brass cuff links. Black pants. One black handled two-blade knife (both blades broken). Gold signet ring on third finger of right hand with monogram "S.S."
- No. 347—Male—About 35 years. Black hair. Small mustache. Presumably a West Indian or negro. Dark complexion. Good teeth. Muscular body. Light blue overalls and one piece of army underwear. Body wrapped in heavy brown blanket.
- No. 355—Male—About 35 years. Dark hair. Dark complexion. Bad teeth, several out in front. Tattoo mark on left arm with letter "T" and the representation of a flower. White duck overalls. Blue serge pants with white braces. White shirt. White woollen underwear. One pair of dark socks and one pair of light socks. Canvas shoes.
- No. 357—Male—About 36 years. Probably a Malay. Black hair. Black mustache. Dark complexion. Good teeth. Muscular body. Dark jumper. Black vest. Green shirt. Narrow black leather belt. Light gray underwear. Gray woollen socks. Black heavy boots. Bone handled penknife with two blades and corkscrew, marked "Champagne Irroy, Rheims". (A tin box beside the body.)
- No. 367—Male—About 40 years (possibly less). Brown hair. Fair complexion. Good teeth. Heavy blue socks. No other clothing.
- No. 383—Male—About 40 years. Brown hair. Head disfigured. Grey ribbed heavy underwear. Black socks. Brown laced boots.
- No. 397—Male—About 20 years. Brown hair. Fresh complexion. Some top teeth missing. Tattoo mark on left arm and the word "MOTHER" on a scroll surrounded by a Rose and Dagger. Dark gray
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heavy shirt. Light brown woollen undershirt with number 157721 written with indelible ink. One 18K gold signet ring with plain shield, marked "E and W" on the inside (probably maker's name).

- No. 407—Male—About 35 years. Gray hair. Sandy mustache. Small nose. Face otherwise disfigured. Dark coat, vest and pants. Blue and white muffler. Dark blue coat sweater. Pink and blue striped flannel shirt. White woollen underwear. Brown woollen socks. Black laced boots. One English florin. One American cent. Sixty cents Canadian silver.
- No. 408—Male—Much disfigured. Heavy tweed cap. Dark heavy overcoat. Blue coat. Dark vest. Gray ribbed drawers. Brown laced boots. Brown strap belt. One gold 10K signet ring on third finger of right hand with monogram "J.S." One key ring "The Great West Life Assce. Co.", with two Miller lock keys, two Eagle lock keys, one door key and one small key. Gold watch, "Andrew & Co., Winnipeg, Man., No. 1565808," hunting case, 14K Banner No. 29552, with floral design chased on both back and front. One two-blade penknife with brown wooden handle. Six packages Players Cigarettes.
- No. 455—Male—About 35 years. Light brown hair. Light complexion. Good teeth. Small mouth. Pointed nose. Corduroy pants. Gray union suit underwear. Gray heavy woollen socks. Heavy black laced boots.
- No. 456(a)—Male—About 50 years. Gray hair. Sandy mustache. Brown sweater. Gray woollen socks. New tan laced boots. One brown string tie.
- No. 461—Male—22 to 25 years. Brown hair. Light complexion. Some upper teeth missing. Muscular. Tattoo mark on left arm "Mary Kerr Wm. West" with the letters "PW" and two hearts. On right arm letters "M McC and IW". One black and white striped shirt. One gray woollen shirt. Khaki pants. Gray ribbed underwear. Gray socks. Black laced boots. Narrow strap belt.
- No. 473—Male—About 30 years. Red hair. Fair complexion. Bad teeth. Thin body. No clothing. Note at office: "Died Sunday 9th December. From Snows'. Supposed to be Johnston."
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No. 478—Male—About 32 years. Dark hair. Light complexion. Gold filled teeth. Muscular body. Tattoo mark on left arm representing a heart and the letter "E". One heavy gold or gold plated ring on second finger of right hand. Mark on inside 9ct. or 96.

No. 480—Male—Headless. Age uncertain. Brown or blue sweater. Heavy blue pants. Black and white work shirt. Heavy gray socks. Black working shoes. Four large keys on ring similar to those used on steamships. Three steel keys and two Yale keys on smaller ring. A piece torn from a calendar for November, 1917, with the date 19th crossed out with pencil. Small empty leather card case. Small coin case, empty. One black handled penknife, two blades, one broken. Crucifix and Roman Catholic emblem. One black and white handkerchief marked "P.L."

No. 481—Male—About 38 years. Body and clothing disfigured beyond further recognition, except one heavy ring marked "Gold filled" with one light red stone and a place in same for another stone which is missing. (Supposed to be Robert Percey, Brigis, Nfld.)

No. 484—Male—25 to 28 years. Negro. Black hair. Good teeth. Without clothing. Said by I. Turner, 106 Maitland Street, to be Charles Simmonds, Africville.

No. 494(a)—Male—About 32 years. Dark hair and fair complexion. No clothing. Body otherwise disfigured.

No. 498—Male—Age about 24. Black hair. Dark complexion. Body rather thin and tall. One small gold signet ring on little finger of left hand with initials "J.F.A." Note on file says: "One two-piece white underwear placed on by Snows. Found Admiralty property."

No. 499—Male—Age about 36. Black hair. Dark complexion. Body large and muscular. Large tattoo mark on right arm of Christ nailed to the Cross. Note on body: "Admiralty man from Snow's."

No. 548—Male—Charred remains of man with part of collar unburnt. "Tooke—17—Hunt Club". Laundry mark thought to be "R 106" or "S 166".

- No. 578—Male—(Formerly 331). Charred remains of man wearing brown vest and sweater coat. Wrapped in rubber cover. Card states "From Dockyard."
- No. 592—Male—(Formerly 334). Charred remains of man taken from Dockyard. Wrapped in rubber sheet with brown overcoat containing broken rule.
- No. 603—Male—Age about 22. Dark hair. Fair complexion. Body thin. No clothing. Scapulars with brass Crucifix attached. Body received from St. Mary's College Hospital with note: "Hans Hermanson, died at Hospital 8.45 a. m., December 15, '17."
- No. 799—Male—About 40 years. Brown hair. Blue serge sweater. Gray fleece-lined underwear. Black socks. Note states: "From 1371 Barrington Street."
- No. 785—Male—About 43 years. Dark hair. Thin body. Black overcoat. Bib overalls. Khaki shirt. Brown coat sweater. Gray fleece-lined underwear. Black socks. Black laced boots. One two-bladed knife with celluloid handle (mottled yellow and black). Note states: "Found near A. W. Moody's house (Orr's) 47 Albert Street." Another card states: "From vacant house, 1363 Barrington Street."
- No. 1024—Male—About 50 years. Gray hair, partly bald. Gray mustache. Light complexion. Slender body. No clothing. From V. G. Hospital, 11.10 a. m., 20th December. (Supposed to be Rafuse Young.)

CHARRED REMAINS FROM THE FOLLOWING ADDRESSES
REMAINED UNCLAIMED AND WERE BURIED AT
VARIOUS DATES.

- 24 Albert Street.
 43 Albert Street (2 lots).
 Opposite 74 Albert Street (2 lots).
 Albert Street (Bauer).
 80 Albert Street (Townsend).
 92 Albert Street.
 Demeric or Demone's house, Albert Street, near
 Roome Street.
 Barrington Street. House north of Cameron's.
 1371 Barrington Street.

1311 Barrington Street (3 lots).
1299 Barrington Street, in front of shop.
1337 Barrington Street (7 lots), Shea's house.
1355 Barrington Street.
1259 Barrington Street.
1344 Barrington Street (3 lots).
Lorne Club.
Richmond Printing Company premises (11 lots).
Office Hillis' Foundry (man).
Blacksmith's shop (English workman).
141 Campbell Road (7 lots).
Dry Dock (3 lots).
North Railway track, opposite Hillis' Foundry.
Near Cattle Shed at Richmond.
Protestant Orphanage.
Southeast corner Hanover and Barrington Streets.
House next to Refinery shed, Richmond.
Orr's house, 53 Kenny Street (2 lots).
8 Rector Street.
Hillis' House, Richmond Street.
1 Roome Street (2 lots).

