

# Throng Bare Heads As the Survivors Arrive at Quebec.

## ESCAPES BY PORTHOLE

Dr. Grant Pulled Out to Liner's  
Horizontal Side, Upon Which  
100 Persons Stand.

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS SAVED

One Goes Overboard with  
Father, Who Is Lost, While  
She Swims to Safety.

## REUNITED WITH HIS BRIDE

Salvation Army Man Finds  
Wife, After Sinking, Has  
Awakened Afloat on Chair.

## PATHETIC SCENE ON TRAIN

Ill Clad Passengers, Who Lost  
Clothes, Harrowed by Grief and  
Suffering from Injuries.

*Special to The New York Times.*

QUEBEC, May 29.—A special train tonight brought here 396 survivors of the wrecked steamship Empress of Ireland, and 37 were still at Rimouski. These 433 probably were all the saved, leaving a total death list of 934.

Almost all the survivors told the same story of the disaster. The Empress was running slowly when struck by the Storstad, between 1 and 2 A. M. The collier rammed her amidships with terrific force, smashing bulkheads and tearing out a good part of the interior.

Then the collier backed off and the Empress immediately began to roll over and sink. There was no lowering of boats at all. They simply broke away and floated off. Most of the passengers were drowned in their cabins. Those who escaped leaped, for the most part, from the starboard side of the ship when the deck was almost perpendicular.

Those that slid off the deck on the low side as it was becoming submerged, either were crushed to death by the fall of deck structures or boat tackle, or were carried down by the suction as the ship careened and sank.

During all this time the screeching of women and children was described as fearful. Many of the saved owed their lives to the fact that they could swim, though some were kept afloat by life belts. Not many outside of men of the crew had time to adjust these. Some fifteen or twenty who were picked up alive died.

Capt. Kendall fell from the bridge to the deck and fractured his shoulder. He suffered other injuries also. An unconfirmed rumor said he had died.

Out of thirteen stewardesses on board only two were saved. Mrs. Paton of Sherbrooke, P. Q., a sister of the Messrs. Grundy, who are respectively the London and Paris correspondents of The New York Sun, was one of the women saved.

The scene on the train was most pathetic. Many of the survivors were bruised and ill, others were bowed in grief over the loss of a relative, while all showed the strain which they had suffered. There was no distinction of class or station among those who had fought so hard and helped one another when the liner sank. Most of them were clothed in attire which was furnished at the Rimouski stores.

Stories of a panic in the dark as the ship listed and her lights went out, of the futile effort of the crew to lower the boats, which was made impossible by the list of the ship, and of desperate struggles in the water after the ship went down, were told by the survivors.

Special praise was given to the heroic work of Dr. James F. Grant of Victoria, B. C., who was ship's surgeon on the Empress of Ireland. It was thought that by his coolness and his authority over the survivors he managed to save many who after their rescue would have perished had they not received prompt medical assistance.

There was also repeated mention of the open-hearted hospitality shown by the French-Canadian people at Rimouski, who deprived themselves of



the comforts of their homes that they might help the shipwrecked passengers.

Dr. J. V. Grant's Bravery.

Every such disaster as that which befell the Empress of Ireland seems to bring out one or more men of supreme coolness, resource, and courage.

The survivors united in praising Dr. James F. Grant, the ship's physician. They praised the manner in which he calmed the terror-stricken, kept hope alive in the breasts of those whose loved ones were in peril, and gave medical aid to the injured. The doctor was pulled from a port hole by those who stood on the side of the ship after she had started over. He slid into the water as the great hull dropped from under him, and swam toward the Storstad.

Dr. Grant was picked up by one of the boats of the collier, and on his return to the scene of the wreck he aided in the rescue work. Then he boarded the Storstad, and out of the confusion that made the grimy collier a place of horror, brought a semblance of order. Women died as they reached the deck and he took charge of the bodies, directing where they should be laid. Down in the engine room men were shrieking in terror, and women were trying to warm their chilled bodies and dry their clothing. The physician took charge of these sufferers and gave them every possible aid.

Dr. Grant told the following story of the collision: "We left Quebec on May 27 at 4:30 P. M. and had an uneventful trip during the evening. During the early morning a fog dropped around us and we proceeded slowly. At 1:30 A. M. we put the pilot off at Father Point. At 1:52 the collier Storstad rammed the Empress of Ireland. The vessel's lights had been sighted by the watch, who reported to Capt. Kendall, who was on the bridge.

Capt. Kendall's Signal.

"The captain signaled with three blasts of the whistle. I am continuing my course," the collier answered but what the reply was I have not learned. Capt. Kendall sounded the whistle twice, saying, 'I am stopping.'

"The light of the collier could be seen approaching. The captain of the Empress signaled to reverse and steam full astern. But the big liner could not avoid the small ship. She was rammed amidships in the engine room on the starboard side. The plates were ripped open to an enormous length. Then the collier backed off about a mile.

"In a few moments the Empress began to list to one side. She made an attempt to right herself, and then canted still further to starboard. As the water forced its way in through the gaping break in her side she lurched further and was doomed. "An attempt was made to lower the boats on the starboard side. The first one was thrown clear and the sailors in it were thrown out. That boat was overturned. Then some of the port boats were flung across the deck by her list and several persons were killed.

"They were crushed to death against the rail. I believe that the chief officer, Mr. Steele, lost his life when these boats catapulted their way through the crowd.

"There was no disorder among the crew. The captain and other officers remained on the bridge until the vessel sank. It was just seventeen minutes from the time she was rammed until she sank below the surface. Comparatively only a few were able to obtain life belts, and practically all were forced out in their night clothes into the water.

Hundreds Clung to Ship.

"Several hundred clung to the ship until she sank, holding to the rail until the vessel canted over so far that it was necessary to climb the rail and stand on the plates of the side. Then as she keeled over further they slid down and into the water as though they were walking down a sandy beach into the water to bath. "There were several hundred souls swimming around in the water, screaming for help, shrieking as they felt themselves being carried under, and uttered strange, weird moans of terror undisguised.

"The lifeboats of the Storstad were launched, and came rapidly to the rescue. Not one went back that was not well loaded. About five of the Empress boats also got away. The entire catastrophe was so sudden that scores never left their bunks.

"The passengers had been on the ship only a day, and were not yet familiar with their surroundings. In the confusion and the semi-panic, many could not find their way to the decks, and only a few were able to reach the boat deck. This was largely responsible for the terrible toll of death.

"The survivors were taken on board the Storstad and the Lady Evelyn which was summoned by wireless. There everything possible was done for them. In at least five cases, however, the shock and exposure were too severe.

"Four women perished after they reached the Storstad. In each case I was called, and the unfortunate died before anything could be done. The last spark of energy had been exhausted. One other woman died just as she was being taken ashore."

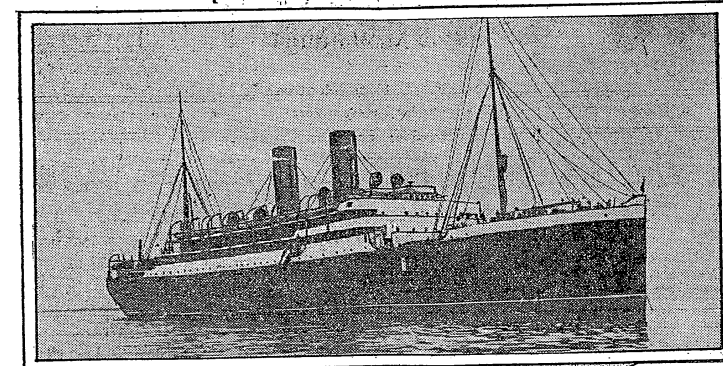
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Escape of Dr. Grant.

"I knew nothing of what was occurring," he said, "until I was rolled out of my berth by the listing of the boat. At once I knew that there was something wrong, and I tried to turn on the lights. But the power was off. The dynamo had been stopped by the inrush of water a few moments after the collision. I could not find the door. I heard screams of terror and the sound of rushing water. I did not know what was wrong, nor was there anything to guide me as to the danger.

"I managed to get out of my stateroom. But I was unable to walk up the alleyway because of the list of the

## Where the Empress of Ireland Sank with 900 Lives.



The Steamer Empress of Ireland.

boat. I tried to crawl, but could not. "So I scrambled along the wall and grasped a porthole. I got my head out, and what was my astonishment to find the side crowded with people, standing there as though it was the deck. I called, and some one reached down. I was trying to get my shoulders through the opening. This man pulled me out, and I, too, stood there with them for a moment. There were fully 100 people around me. There was no time to question. I had no time to think. The ship sank from under, and we were all struggling in the water.

"The fog had been all around us. Just as soon as the boat sank this mist, as though it had accomplished its purpose, rolled up like a curtain, and low in the water I could see, about a mile away, the lights of the collier that I afterward learned had struck us. I swam to it and was picked up by a lifeboat which had just been launched. In it I returned to the spot where the ship had gone down and helped to pick up those who were struggling in the water."

Two little girls, one 8, the other 10, went over the side of the Empress of Ireland and reached safety. The younger fell off the boat, the other dived into the black waters in her father's arms. The father perished there. The younger girl, now an orphan, is not aware that her father and mother did not have the luck to find a piece of wood to which to cling.

"They'll be on the next boat. You wait and see," said she, gaily. She was Grace Hannagan, 8 years old, daughter of Bandmaster Hannagan of the Salvation Army at Toronto.

The other child was Helen O'Hara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. O'Hara, also of Toronto. Mr. O'Hara was a prominent stock broker of the city. She, too, was discovered in the special train, in the private car of Mr. G. G. Grundy, which had been turned into a hospital. Here the sick were being cared for. Near her mother, trying in her childish way to comfort her, was Helen. In an artless manner she told how she had been rescued.

Child Swam to Safety.

"When I woke, the boat was leaning over and every one was hurrying," said she. "I only had time to get my combinations on, and a coat when papa picked me up in his arms and we went up on deck. I don't know what became of mamma then. Papa waited until the boat nearly fell over and then he jumped. I fell out of his arms and into the water. It was awful cold.

"Then I saw a piece of wood and I swam over and clung to it. I lost it after a while and then I had to swim to where there was a lot more. After a while I saw a boat, so I swam over to it and held on to a man who had hold of the boat, and then they took us in. I was very glad that I have taken swimming lessons at Haverhill, where I go to school.

"Everything was all mixed up and when they took us on the ship I asked if we were on a boat. And I did not find Mamma until I got to shore."

Few of those who came alive from the maelstrom of death off Rimouski had so stirring experiences as befell Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Greenaway of the Salvation Army band. It was their honeymoon trip. They had been married in Toronto but a week ago. In the disaster each gave the other up for lost. They floated a short distance apart. He tried to die because he felt that life without his bride would be too sad. In the brightness of the sunshine that flooded the little town of Rimouski they found each other again.

"We were notified to go on deck after the crash," said Mrs. Greenaway, "and, without feeling very nervous, we threw on a wrap or so and left our cabin. In the confusion I lost my husband. I do not know how it happened.

"But I found some friends, and one of them put a lifebelt on me. All this time I was looking for Mr. Greenaway, but he was nowhere to be seen. The boat tilted further, and we were exhausted. One other woman died just as she was being taken ashore."

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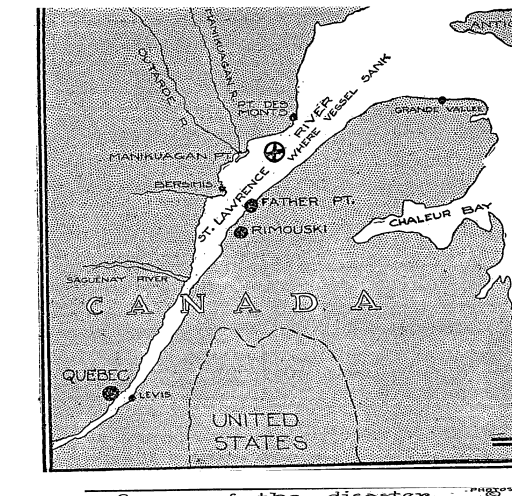
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Scene of the disaster.

two men on it floated near me. A huge, big man and another were on it. "The big man held out a paddle to me and asked, 'Are you alive?' I guess I moaned, because the cut in my ankle and my burns were hurting me. I caught hold of the stick, and he pulled me up on the raft. Then he said, 'Don't be afraid, little girl. My wife's gone.' I answered, 'I've lost my husband.'

"After a while I said that I was cold. He opened his coat and vest and drew me over close and buttoned them around me. That kept me warm and I think it saved my life. I don't remember anything more until I found myself on board the collier.

Mr. Greenaway told of the separation and his subsequent adventures. He went back to get some wraps for his wife, and also to close the window to prevent the water from washing in and spoiling their clothes. None of the passengers, it seemed, realized the danger. They all evidently thought until the last that everything would be all right.

"When I reached the deck," said he, "I could not find my wife. Several members of the party had seen her, but where she was they did not know. As the boat went over I climbed over the rail to the side with the others. I looked around for her, but she was not in sight. I decided that she must be gone."

All this time Mrs. Greenaway stood but a few feet away in the darkness. "Then I decided to go down with the ship," her husband continued. "I grasped the rail firmly, and down we went. Then came the explosion that loosened my grip, and I came to the surface.

"The first thing I saw was the leg of a table. I am not a swimmer, but I managed to reach it, and there I clung until the pilot boat picked me up. I was taken ashore, and received splendid treatment in a hospital.

And then this morning I went out to see if my wife could have been saved. I found her at the hotel. We went together for pure joy."

The nine survivors of the Salvation Army band were, indeed, a sorrowful lot. Ernest Green, one of the band, lost his father, Adjt. Harry Green; also his mother and his sister, Jessie. He was the only remaining member of the band.

The crew of the Empress said a majority of those saved had to swim. All that was possible was done to lower boats, but the list of the ship made it impossible to lower more than five boats, they said.

Women Hurled Against Cabin.

M. J. Ferguson Duncan, an advocate of London, England, who has been in Canada on business, told how the first boat lowered upset and those who had crowded into it were plunged headlong into the water.

"My berth was on the starboard side," said Mr. Duncan. "I heard the explosion and fought my way to the reversing of the engines. Then came the crash. I went out on deck, which was empty, and looking over the side I saw the collier moving away. A boat

was lowered from the bridge, but one of the davits worked more quickly than the other, and the living cargo was shot clean into the water. I hurried back to my cabin, and then as the boat took another list I did not wait longer, but went out again.

"Frightened passengers were asking what the trouble was and began donning lifebelts. As the ship tilted I could not stand upon the deck any longer, and had to climb up on to the railing. It was awful to see those poor women who had not strength to keep their hold on the railing, as they were hurled back against the cabin. What became of them I do not know.

"As the ship settled for the final plunge I slid down the plates of her side into the sea. As I reached the water the steam came bursting out of the side of the ship, causing a great commotion. When the last plunge came I was sucked under, and, coming to the surface, I saw no boat around, so I struck out for the other ship. One of the liner's lifeboats came by, so I clung to the ropes and eventually got into the small vessel, exhausted and nearly frozen.

We were taken on board the Storstad and placed in the engine room.

"Some of the survivors were raving mad from the shock and hardships. Dr. Grant, the ship's surgeon, was very calm, and by the attention he gave the survivors he surely saved many lives. There were no officers there, and he simply stood out and controlled the situation.

"The passengers lost nearly everything. The women were extremely brave and they showed much courage. Helen O'Hara of Toronto, a child of 10, whose father was drowned while trying to save her, told a pathetic story.

"My papa awakened mamma and brought me up on deck. When the ship began to sink he took me under one arm and jumped into the water with me. He then began to swim with me and placed me on a piece of wood. I did not see my papa after that. I swam with the piece of wood and soon I came to a boat and was taken in."

"Where did you learn to swim?" asked one of the group, listening to the child's story.

"I took lessons at Haverhill College," she said.

Few women were saved from the river. The lists so far show twenty-two rescued. Assistant Purser Hayes said Capt. Kendall had him groggy on the bridge, as the water was lapping their feet.

The captain had a life preserver, but handed it over to a passenger. Hayes and the captain jumped together, and Hayes was picked up by a lifeboat. Thirty minutes later the ship had foundered and Capt. Kendall was discovered clinging to a piece of wreckage. He was taken into No. 3 boat and immediately took active command and saved seventy-three lives in that boat alone.

By The Associated Press.

Amidships in Headlines.

QUEBEC, May 28.—A full equipment of ambulances supplied by the City of Quebec, the town of Levis, on the opposite side of the river, and the Army Medical Corps, was awaiting at Levis when the survivors' special train arrived, and the passengers were immediately disembarked and removed to the ferryboat Polaris, which had been waiting at a wharf especially chosen to facilitate the transfer to Quebec.

It was a pitiful sight when the Polaris docked on the Quebec side at 8:30 o'clock and the 896 men and women trooped, faltering, down the gangway. The faces of all plainly registered the frightful experience they had gone through. Very few of the survivors possessed a complete outfit of clothes.

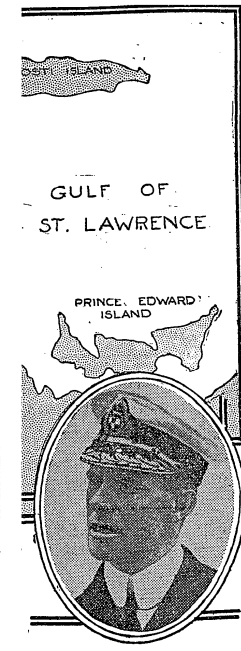
The majority were only shirts, trousers, and boots.

Crowd with Heads Bared.

Heads were bared as the injured were brought ashore, supported by friends and by officials of the company. The second and third class passengers and the crew were immediately made comfortable on the Allan liner Alsatian, which was lying in an adjoining berth at the breakwater. The injured first-class passengers were transferred in automobiles and other vehicles to the Chateau Frontenac. A staff of physicians and nurses took charge of the injured.

Among the survivors of the first cabin there were eight women and one child, and, strangely, among the twenty-nine rescued from the second cabin there were also eight women and one child. Of the 101 persons saved from the steerage four were women.

Among the passengers left in Ri-



Capt. Kendall.

mouski were a number who were so ill or so badly injured that they had to be taken to a hospital.

Survivors gave special praise to the heroic work of Dr. James F. Grant of Victoria, B. C., ship's surgeon on the Empress of Ireland. To his coolness was credited the saving of many persons taken out of the water who probably would have perished had they not received prompt medical attention.

A story to the effect that there was a tremendous explosion on board the Empress of Ireland after she was hit by the Storstad was told by Philip Lawler, a steerage passenger from Brantford, Ont. Lawler was on his way to England with his wife and his son, Herbert, 15 years old.

When the collision occurred the Empress of Ireland listed under the severe shock and water rushed into the steerage quarters. A few seconds later an explosion shook the vessel. Lawler said this probably was when the water reached the boilers.

Shot Into Water by Blast.

"People were simply shot out of the ship into the river by the explosion," Lawler continued. "I was pushed overboard with my wife and boy. The boy could swim, and so I tried to take care of my wife, but somehow she slipped from my grasp and sank."

Dr. Johnston, chief medical officer on the Empress of Ireland, said that had not the Storstad backed out so soon a larger number of persons would have been saved. He asserted that when the collier pulled herself free the sea surged into the hole she had torn in the side of the Empress of Ireland, and the liner quickly sank.

Hayes, chief Marconi operator of the Empress of Ireland, told of the sinking of the vessel.

"As soon as I felt the shock of the collision," he said, "I was ordered to sound the danger signal, and the flash of my S O S was immediately picked up by the operator at Father Point and was answered back. But I could not talk with him, for five minutes after the impact my dynamo failed, and seventeen minutes after the collision our boat went down."

Woman's Plucky Struggle.

To leap pluckily from the deck of the sinking liner and swim around for nearly an hour in the river and then to drop dead from exhaustion on the deck of the pilot boat Eureka was the fate of an unidentified woman. She had on little clothing.

The noise of the water rushing into his cabin awakened W. E. Davis of Toronto and his wife. They fled upon deck but in the rush of passengers were separated. Mr. Davis was saved, but it was feared his wife was drowned.

Only two children were known to have been saved from the wreck. A wonderful rescue was one of these—little Grace Hannagan, 8-year-old daughter of the leader of the Salvation Army band. Her father and mother both were drowned. Grace was not told of their loss, and believed tonight they would come to Quebec on the next boat.

When asked how she was saved, Grace said: "Oh, I saved myself."

The child, her hair hanging in braids down her back, was entirely unconcerned, apparently not realising what she had been through. No lifeboat was near when she was thrown from the Empress of Ireland, and she sank at once, but rose to the surface in a moment, saw a piece of floating wood near her and seized it. Later she was pulled into a lifeboat.

She was numbed by the chilly air and cold water, but was revived and soon was entirely restored.

Sank with Wife Thrice.

Major Atwell of Toronto and his wife were among the saved.

"I got a lifebelt for my wife," said Major Atwell, "and we both jumped into the water together when we saw that the vessel was doomed to go down. We both sank three times, being carried under by the suction of the foundering vessel. When we came up the third time I saw a lifeboat near and I swam to it, pulling my wife after me. Then those in the boat pulled us in and we were saved.

"The impact was just sufficient to waken us. It sounded as if our boat had struck a rock. It was very slight, and I was surprised when I afterward came to realize the awful consequences of the crash. When we got on the deck there were very few persons to be seen. In fact, the people on the deck were so few that they were hardly noticeable.

"The reason for this is that when the boat had listed to one side the stairs from the sleeping apartments up to the boat decks were very difficult, almost impossible to mount. I did not see the hole in the side of the ship as I rushed for the stairs, but I did see the water pouring in in such volume that it threatened to drown us before we could mount them."

Avakened by Crash.

K. A. McIntyre was in the second cabin with most of the other Salvation Army passengers. He told a vivid story of his own experiences and of what he saw as he swam to safety.

"Virtually every leading officer of the Salvation Army in Canada," he said, "is gone. Commissioner Rees and his wife and children went down, and only three of this family survive. And out of our Salvation party of 150 on board probably fewer than twenty were rescued.

"I was on the upper deck and therefore had a better chance to get to safety than those in the lower ones. The water came in through the port holes of the lower decks before the passengers there realized their danger, or that there was danger at all.

"I was aroused from my sleep by the impact and awakened the others in my cabin. I could plainly hear the rush of water, and I felt sure that something serious had happened. I also heard the machinery of the boat running. It did not stop immediately after the crash but continued until the explosion occurred.

Gave Life Belt to Woman.

"I grabbed a life preserver and went out on the deck. On deck there were no life belts, and people were standing about apparently unable to determine what to do. I gave my belt to Mrs. Ford, one of our party. I tied the belt on her myself.

"My three comrades went to the bottom. I swam in the direction of the vessel that ran us down, and was pulled into a lifeboat of the collier. I saw the collier not far from where the Empress foundered. She was all lighted up.

"When I was taken on board I saw many men rescued practically naked. I was almost naked myself, and the rest of those on board were shivering and in a bad state from the icy water of the river and the chilly morning air. Soon we were attended to by those on board the collier and made warm and comfortable.

As I swam through the icy waters I heard the dull explosion caused by the water reaching the engines. It was followed by a burst of steam that spread to all parts of the vessel. There came a quick listing of the liner, and she turned over. It looked to me as if she turned turtle.

"I do not think there were many first-class passengers saved. I saw only one of the first-class boats lowered.

Behavior of Crew Commended.

"The weather was virtually calm and there was plenty of light on the water when I went on deck. I saw no fog. I thought at first we had hit a rock. Some officers of the vessel said that the ship would not go any further, for bottom had been struck.

"The behavior of the crew was, on the whole, good, though it must be said that the men hardly had time to collect themselves or to effect rescues in any systematic way. The boat was really sunk before the crew or anybody else realized it or could do anything.

"Those of the crew who got to the deck tried to launch a boat, but the upturned side of the vessel, but this was impossible, because the list was such that the boat could not be put into the water and it landed on the side of the vessel.

"The decks were almost perpendicular so that it was difficult for the men to slide down from the higher side to the lower or water side."

THE EMPRESS A FINE SHIP.

One of the Most Palatial Vessels in North Atlantic Service.

The Empress of Ireland was one of the finest steamers engaged in the North Atlantic trade, as the Canadian service is termed. She was 670 feet long, 65 feet 6 inches beam, 14,300 tons, and had a 10,000-horse-power engine. She had accommodations for 350 first, 350 second, and 1,000 third class passengers. She was valued at \$2,000,000.

The vessel was equipped with the latest appliances for safety at sea, including lifeboats, life rafts, and water-tight steel bulkheads, submarine signaling and wireless apparatus. Her cabins were well furnished and spacious.

The steamer Storstad, Capt. Andersen, is a vessel of 3,561 tons register, built in 1904. She is a twin-screw steamer of carrying 7,000 tons dead weight. She has been engaged for some time carrying mail and passengers between Quebec and Montreal. She had a crew of about 100 men.

Father Point, near which the wreck of the Empress of Ireland occurred, is a small village on the south bank of the St. Lawrence River about 200 miles from the river from the Quebec side. The river is thirty miles wide.

Father Point is a station on the International Railroad, and is the terminus of a cutter running from the town to the Pacific coast. The pilots are all French-Canadians, who form a very close corporation and in the winter when the St. Lawrence is frozen, they spend their time on their boats in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the winter. They are sometimes held up by the ice for 24 to 48 hours, and the passage from Quebec is a zigzag one and very dangerous to navigation.