

MADE HEROIC ATTEMPT TO SAVE SALVATION ARMY COMMISSIONER

Major Morris, London, Ont., Swam With Him On His Back For Half An Hour.

Only Those On Deck Or Near It, And Able To Survive Hours In The Cold Water, Had Any Chance Of Being Saved From S.S. Empress Of Ireland

Montreal, May 30.—There came this morning the first word of heroic work at the sinking of the Empress of Ireland, and an officer of the Salvation Army, Major Morris, London, Ont., gets the credit. For one half hour he swam about in the icy waters of the gulf with Commissioner Rees upon his back, and refused to let go until death came to the Toronto army leader. Details are many but the act rivals any of many deeds that marked the sinking of the Titanic.

Commissioner Rees was an old man and not in health and Major Morris young and stalwart, risked his every chance of safety to save his superior officer. It is wonderful the story of obedience to duty and care for his superior officer and older man before any attempt at self-preservation was made. Major Morris is forty years of age. With great difficulty reporters were able to secure and file this report, the first actual interview with a survivor of the wreck. It is the testimony of Major Morris, of London, Ont., one of the handful of Salvation Army officers who escaped the vortex.

STATEMENT MADE BY MAJOR MORRIS

"I cannot tell you how it happened. I was lying awake in my berth at the time and heard the long whistle sounding. Suddenly there came a curious scraping, grating sound. It was not an impact, and I did not experience any shock, but even to my untrained ears there came an impression that something dreadful had taken place."

Continuing his narrative with obvious efforts he said: "I leaped from my berth at once and ran for the deck. As I did so I felt the deck tilt and the list grew more perceptible as I sprang up the stairs. As I reached the top I saw another steamer backing off and saw people pouring up from below. Running to my cabin I jerked on my trousers and a light pair of shoes and raced back again. Throngs on the stairs impeded my progress. As I was coming out I met Commissioner Rees, assisting his wife to the deck. 'What is wrong?' he asked 'Something very serious,' I replied."

On the deck there was a frightful scene. People were climbing to the uppermost side of the tilting vessel and as I scrambled up to the rail the liner lurched heavily on her side and sank below the water. I was carried down in the maelstrom, but shot up again in a column of air. On the way to the surface several bodies brushed against me and arms reached out to pull me down, but I came up. I was then in smoother water and swam for the collier, which lay some distance away. I am a strong swimmer and got along without any trouble. With two other men I reached a floating spar and held on to it like grim death. Shortly afterwards we were picked up by a boat from a government steamer. Major Morris absolutely refuses to take any credit in attempting to save the late Commissioner Rees, although

DAILY MEMORANDA

Don't forget to have social at McLaran's Wolf's Island. Monday evening. Boat leaves 8 p.m. O'Connor's orchestra.

Intensive Farming

When the manufacturer uses the newspapers for his advertising campaign he is applying the principle of the intensive farmer. When he advertises in the newspapers of any city, he is thereby picking out a particular spot and cultivating it for all there is in it. He is not wasting time nor money nor energy. He is not spreading his advertising over territory where he may have little or no distribution. His campaign is concentrated where it may be studied and where results can be definitely computed. Perhaps more important than all, he is gaining the support and the co-operation of the local dealers in the community where he advertises, and who appreciate that the missionary work done in their own town is bound to send customers to their stores.

eye-witnesses can swear to his gallant efforts. "Some died on the way to shore. Some had been cut by the prow of their vessel. They were terribly mangled and the women—he did not finish. Pain swept across this strong man's face at the memory of the sights of that rescue ship, struggling home with her dead and living. "One woman," he said "brokenly," died—talking to her husband. She thought he was there—she used all the little silly names

stinctively I turned around. There was a cluster of people; it was a lifeboat. The next few minutes art inditing to my memory. Someone was lifting me, dragging me over something hard. Now they were speaking to me, I didn't succumb to the drowsiness. They revived me, and I was got aboard the Starstadi. The ship that struck us? I can't tell you any more."

"It was just like walking down the beach into the sea. As the boats went over we climbed over the taffrail and slid down the stanchions on the plates and walked into the water." In this matter-of-fact manner, did J. L. Duncan, of London, England, describe how he left the cabin on the promenade deck in his pajama suit, and how he parted company with the ship. When asked what he had to say about the disaster he replied: "My cabin was not crushed in like an egg shell as were some of those immediately below me. Directly the collision occurred the Empress began to list, and I immediately went on deck. The lights went out almost immediately and there was a struggle to get on the decks, but there was no fighting that I saw. We were going down. There was no question about that from the first, and it was no use struggling. The poor women were hysterical, but there was no chance to do anything for them. When the steamer heeled over, we walked into the water, and I struck out for the rescuing steamer which was standing about half a mile off."

FEW HAD CHANCE TO GET OFF

Rimouski, Que., May 30.—Because only twelve women survived that awful marine catastrophe of yesterday morning, it had been inferred that the three hundred odd men who escaped with their lives were lacking that traditional instinct of self-sacrifice that gives the weaker ones first chance and puts women first in the order of safety. As a matter of fact, judgment from the stories drawn from the half-finished survivors here, the only people on board the ill-fated Empress, who had much chance for life were those who were on the open deck, or very near it, when the crash came, and could swim and survive the terrible shock of two or three hours in the cold waters.

The sinking of the liner came so rapidly after the collision that there was no opportunity to launch boats. The members of the crew and male passengers who tried to get off their feet by the waters that compressed them about as the deck tipped and they were engulfed by the river. Hundreds who left their wives and children in their cabins and came up to investigate the cause of the shock, drench in their cabins and came up to their loved ones, and many of them lost their own lives in the attempt to do so. The scenes were heart-rending and indescribable, and it is natural that it is scarcely possible to get a connected story of the grim horrors of the night.

There is a possibility that Capt. Kendall's official report of the disaster will be much delayed. He is in hospital here suffering from pneumonia, and his physicians say he may not recover. The story is told of a woman passenger who jumped from the upper deck of the sinking vessel, swam around till rescued, and was taken to Father Point, where she dropped dead of heart failure.

STORY TOLD BY SALVATIONIST

Montreal, May 30.—Tales of various heroic rescue and shuddering were told by the survivors who arrived at Yiger station this morning with a blanket thrown ar'nt their shoulders, her eyes lit with the wild excitement of the night of horror, Miss Alice Bates, one of the young women Salvationists who was saved, recounted how her desperate struggles finally brought succor and safety. Her cheeks were successively hectic and pallid as Miss Bates told the hideous story. She said: "I thought we struck an iceberg when I heard the fearful grinding of the shock of the boats. With a cry to the girls who were with me I stumbled out of the narrow berth room and groped up to the deck. Here was chaos. The ship was listing, listing. Every step I took to the uppermost part of the deck I seemed to be slipping back into maelstrom of water and falling bodies. Finally I gained the rail, and on it, and with a prayer in my heart, I jumped into the blackness. The water surged over my head. Down I went. I could not swim a stroke. I remembered that you should keep the air in your lungs, and as I sank I clenched my jaws determined to stay with the little as long as strength lasted. After long periods of struggle and fainting and renewed struggle I saw a man not far off swimming with a life belt. I forgot to tell you that I fastened the I reached my hand towards this hope of rescue, the man's belt eluded me, feebly I grasped it. Then I saw how the man made the swimming motions like a frog. I tried to do the same. I used every fibre and nerve to make the motions—I knew this was the chance for life. Then when my energy was ebbing, heard a faint cry far off to my back. In-

Montreal, May 30.—The Empress of Ireland had been on the Atlantic service of the C.P.R. for eight years, and was regarded as one of the finest ships on the Canadian route to Europe. Comfortable, fairly fast, and considered to be as safe as any ship afloat, she was a favorite with travellers.

BAND PLAYED 'NEARER MY GOD TO THEE'

Montreal, May 30.—With memories of the tune which was played as the Titanic went down, and their hearts heavy at the loss of their many comrades on the Empress of Ireland, the Salvation Army of Peterboro passed

through the streets of Montreal, yesterday afternoon, with their hand playing, "Nearer My God, to Thee." The detachment was on its way to the harbor, where it embarked on the Cunard liner Andania, sailing to Plymouth. The title band has been dispatched to replace its comrades at the international Salvation Army congress in London. The Peterboro detachment, numbering some hundred men, halted in Victoria square, where the band played the hymn in memory of the dead, and then proceeded up Beaver Hall Hill. The sickening lunge which carried the Empress to the bottom parted forever wives and husbands, parents and children. One couple rudely wrenched asunder were Mr. and Mrs. William

Montreal, May 30.—The Empress of Ireland had been on the Atlantic service of the C.P.R. for eight years, and was regarded as one of the finest ships on the Canadian route to Europe. Comfortable, fairly fast, and considered to be as safe as any ship afloat, she was a favorite with travellers. Six transverse bulkheads divided her into seven watertight compartments, and before the Titanic disaster demonstrated that all safety devices have their weaknesses, the Empress of Ireland was regarded as approaching to the ideal of the unsinkable ship.

LAWRENCE IRVING AMONG THE DEAD

Quebec, May 30.—The latest revised figures of the wreck lost are: Total passengers aboard, 954; saved, 159; total crew aboard, 413; saved, 237; total lost, 793. Lawrence Irving, the famous actor, son of Sir Henry Irving, perished in an attempt to save the life of his wife, according to survivors. He was last seen buckling a life-belt on her, and helping her up a gangway.

UNINKABLE GOES TO BOTTOM

Montreal, May 30.—The Empress of Ireland had been on the Atlantic service of the C.P.R. for eight years, and was regarded as one of the finest ships on the Canadian route to Europe. Comfortable, fairly fast, and considered to be as safe as any ship afloat, she was a favorite with travellers. Six transverse bulkheads divided her into seven watertight compartments, and before the Titanic disaster demonstrated that all safety devices have their weaknesses, the Empress of Ireland was regarded as approaching to the ideal of the unsinkable ship.

QUEEN'S STUDENT SAVED

A Montreal despatch Saturday morning reported that F. P. Godson, the Queen's university science student, who was a first-class passenger on the S. S. Empress of Ireland, was among the known survivors.

PARTIAL LIST OF SAVED

- Montreal, May 30.—The following list was issued by the C. P. R. this afternoon as that of the names of persons known to be saved: Miss Blyth, R. Bolle, Bantala, William Brown, C. L. Buri, John Byrne, Miss Backford, R. Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Ottawa; W. T. Burouso, Banford, Marconi operator, Canepa. Miss Court, George Cooping, A. Colba, C. Coobes, pantryman; (Continued on Page 3.)

SCREAMED FOR HELP

Then there were several hundred souls swimming 'aroung' in the water, screaming for help, shrieking as they themselves were being carried under and uttering strange weird moans of terror undisguised. "The life boats of the Starstadi were launched and came rapidly to the rescue. Not one went back that was not well loaded. About five of theEmpress' boats got away. "Then the catastrophe was so sudden that scores never left their bunks. They were caught like rats in a trap. Added to this was the fact that the passengers had been on the ship only a day and were not yet familiar with their surroundings. In the confusion and semi-panic many could not find their way to the decks, and only a few knew how to reach the boat's decks. This was largely responsible for the terrible toll of death. "Four women perished after they reached the Starstadi. 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. "All this time the doctor had said not a word regarding his own experiences. He had dropped no word that he had gleaned his information from one or another reliable source. He was then asked to relate his own personal story, and a strange story it was.



THE C. P. R. STEAMSHIP, EMPRESS OF IRELAND. Which was sunk in collision with the North German Lloyd steamer Starstadi in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the early morning of May 29th, with a loss of 1,000 lives. Her six transverse bulkheads, proved unable to float her after the collision, and she sank in a very few minutes.

of the Allan line, being of about 18,000 tons. Lloyd's insurance on the Empress of Ireland's hull was £280,000, and on the cargo £200,000; freightage, £100,000. The reinsurance rate went up to forty-five guineas, directly the news of the disaster was received, then receded to thirty guineas, jumping afterwards to forty guineas.

TWO NEWLYWEDS WERE IN S. A. PARTY

Toronto, May 30.—Two newly-married couples, belonging to the Salvation Army, were on the Empress of Ireland. They were Captain D. and Mrs. E. J. Dadd and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Greenaway, all of Toronto. Mrs. Dadd was formerly Miss Violet Howson, and she married Capt. Dadd on May 7th. Mrs. Greenaway's maiden name was Miss Margaret Daltzell.

WENT TO PLAY BEFORE THE KING

Toronto, May 30.—"Daddy has gone to play before the king," said the little children of William Horwood, baritone soloist of the Salvation Army staff band, as they played about the house, evidently unconscious of the fact that their father was drowned, that he had appeared before a greater king than of earth's monarchs.

ENGINEER ALMOST FROZEN TO DEATH

Quebec City, May 30.—F. Oslander, an engineer, is a survivor. "I don't want to talk about it," he said. "I've had enough. All I can say is that I felt water. I jumped from somewhere, somehow, and I swam. I was picked up in a lifeboat, nearly frozen to death. I caught just one glimpse of the collier—it must have been she—staggering away, and vague blurs that indicated other boats. I heard no cries."

LOST SHIP ON FIRST TRIP

Montreal, May 30.—Capt. H. G. Kendall lost the Empress of Ireland on her first trip as her commander. He was selected from 100 C. P. R. captains just a week ago, to command the wrecked liner.

WRONG SIGNALS SAID TO BE GIVEN

Quebec, May 30.—The collier Starstadi, which rammed and sank the Empress of Ireland, passed her under her own steam for Montreal. Capt. Anderson declined to make a statement, intimating that he would do so the proper authorities when the time came. It is understood that the collision was probably due to mistaking signals. Starstadi officers thought the liner was going ahead and that they would pass behind, but the liner stopped dead and reversed, and she was "sideswiped" in railway parlance with fearful results.

REES DIED A HERO.

Montreal, May 30.—That Commissioner David Rees, chief of the Salvation Army in Canada, died with conspicuous heroism, is indicated this morning by stories of survivors, who said that he refused to get into lifeboats, although he had the chance to do so, because, he said, there were women in cabins below, although there were none on deck to use the boats at the time. His wife and daughter who were with him, declined to leave him, and they were seen clasped in each others arms, as the boat listed they were thrown against the railing and separated. Later, Major Morris found the Commissioner struggling in the water, and attempted to save him, but he died of exposure.

For bread and pastry, White Rose Buns. It was on July 27th, 1912, that the C.P.R. Empress of Britain, the sister ship of the ill-fated Empress of Ireland, rammed and sank the collier Helvetia in the gulf while outward bound. "Robber set tooth brushes." Gibson's Red Cross Drug Store.

THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG IS ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING CITY STORES

- Blackie's News Depot... 238 King St. Clark, J. W. & Co.... 355 Princess Colgate Book Store... 160 Princess Coulters Groceries... 808 Princess Collier's Groceries, Cor. Princess & Alfred Frontenac Hotel... Ontario St. Gibson's Drug Store... Market Square McAuley's Book Store... 212 Princess McGill's Cigar Store... 412 King McLeod's Groceries... 51 Union St. W. Medley's Drug Store... 300 University Ave. Paul's Cigar Store... 70 Princess Prouse's Drug Store... 312 Princess Voller's Groceries... 308 Montserrat Lowe's Groceries... Portsmouth

MARRIED.

BROWER—McAULEY—On May 16th, 1914, at Niagara Falls, Edward H. Brower, of Saskatoon, to Mabel V. McAuley, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McAuley, Kingston.

CHAMBERS—WARNER—At Napanee, on May 27th, George Chambers to Gertrude Warner, all of Napanee.

PURTELL—CUNNINGHAM—On May 25th, 1914, in St. James' chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Halligan, Florence Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cunningham, to William Joseph PurteLL, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. PurteLL, both of Kingston. (Montreal papers please copy.)

ROBERT J. REID, the leading Undertaker. Phone 377. 230 Princess street.

JAMES REID The Old Firm of Undertakers. 254 and 256 PRINCESS STREET. Phone 147 for Ambulance.

Walnut and Mahogany Chairs, Sofas and Tables. Just a new lot, at TURK'S, Phone 793.

Tarbox Brand (Chemically Treated) Dustless Mops

No oil to buy. No oil to soil. No oil to smear.

JAMES REDDEN & CO. Phones 20 and 990