

Classy Tweed Hats and Caps

LAKE ONTARIO'S RECORD

OF MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES OF VESSELS

The Last to Founder Was the Homer Warren of Toronto—Sinking of the Queen of the Lakes and Other Boats.

Toronto Telegram. Did the "Homer Warren" wallowing in the water of sulky slumbering seas as she pushed her way homeward just a week ago to-night, hear the throb of the "Ontario's" long lost drum?

King George III had a sloop of war on this lake while the Thirteen Colonies were fighting the War of Independence. She was the flagship of the fleet, and mounted 22 guns. Commodore Andrews commanded her. In the year 1789 she took on board a detachment of the 8th King's Regiment under Col. Burton, at Niagara, and sailed for Oswego—at that time a British port. A tremendous storm arose at night, and the "Ontario" and the hundred and seventy-two seamen and soldiers who embarked in her, were never seen again. The only trace of her was the drum of the 8th King's Regiment, tossing among the breakers under the hill that overlooks Oswego harbor.

The King's schooner "Speedy" sailed from here on the 7th of October, 1894, with the most notable company on board that had yet voyaged out of the undeveloped harbor of York. It included Mr. Justice Cochrane, Chief Justice of the province of Upper Canada; Mr. Robert J. D. Gray, Solicitor-General; Mr. Angus McDonell, Advocate, and member of the House of Assembly; Mr. John Fisk, high constable of York and Mr. George Cowan, Indian agent. There was also on board an Indian named Ogetonicut, held for the murder of John Sharpe, of the Queen's Rangers. The Indian was being tak-

en to Presqu'isle for trial. The voyage was to effect the inauguration of Presqu'isle as the capital of the new district of Newcastle.

Had the trial proceeded Presqu'isle—now a summer cottage resort, near the Bay of Quinte—would possibly have become the provincial capital. But a northeast gale arose, the beacon fire blazed on Presqu'isle Point in vain, and the "Speedy" and all her company—twenty souls—disappeared in the darkness, till the sea gives up its dead.

Still on stormy nights old sailors listen for the throb of the "Ontario's" drum, and the booming of the "Speedy's" minute-gun; but many a good ship has gone down since then in the same lake, leaving even less trace.

A Lake of Riddles.

The stranger, even the landsman dwelling on its placid shores cannot realize the irresistible fury of Lake Ontario.

It is just a little lake, smallest of the five sisters—Ontario, Erie, Huron, Superior, Michigan. Two hundred miles long from end to end. Fifty miles wide at its widest. Girdled by towns and cities within an hour's run of each other, all the way round, by train or trolley. It has been crossed by a tiny sailboat with bows rising only six inches above the water level. Only three months ago canoeists paddled across without mishap. And yet the "Homer Warren" is only one of hundreds of ships that have been engulfed in Ontario's raging waters mysteriously since they closed on the "Ontario" and the "Speedy" over a century ago.

Sheltered city dwellers, for whom the "Homer Warren" was bringing winter coal, would be incredulous over the length of voyages cargo vessels have to make on Lake Ontario—the length, that is, in time, rather than distance.

The schooner "S. H. Dunn" left Toronto one November for hard coal.

Oswego is only 150 miles from Toronto, diagonally across the lake, in a south-easterly direction, and the "Dunn" had to get her coal at Fairhaven, which is 15 miles from Oswego.

She left Toronto on the 7th of November. Within three hours' sail of Fairhaven she had to put into Charlotte for shelter. She lay there for a week with a mixture of rain, snow and wind for weather. At last she reached Fairhaven, loaded her coal and started homeward.

She got as far as Charlotte again, and again had to put into the Genesee river mouth. There we lay, day after day, week after week, praying for a favoring "slant." Sometimes it was blowing a gale, sometimes it was just sulking. Usually the wind was dead ahead, but even when it would come "fair" for home it would threaten to chop round ere Toronto light could be picked up.

Voyage of 171 Days.

Finally the schooner was frozen in. The crew stripped her for the winter and came to put into Toronto on Christmas Day. They went back for the "Dunn" and sailed her up the following April, completing a round voyage of 276 miles in 171 days!

And were the owners angry? They should not have been. At the end of the 171 days they had their schooner and their coal. The owners of the schooner "Queen of the Lakes," which loaded coal in Charlotte while the "Dunn" lay there had neither.

The "Queen" waited three weeks for favorable weather. She was bound for Kingston, and the westerly winds, which held the "Dunn," were home winds for her. One morning in December, with a bright sky and soaring clouds, she made a start. She slipped out of the river under half sail. Before they got the mizen hoisted on her the wind freshened to a gale. She fled before it, reducing her already small canvas as

she ran. Thirty miles from Charlotte, and eight miles off shore, she went to the bottom.

No one has ever found out what happened the Toronto schooner "Emerald." She left Charlotte home ward bound, with a fair wind. The steam barge "Van Allen" passed in the dusk. She was well on her way, and the two saluted, for the lake is a lonely place in the fall of the year and "last-trippers" are more kindly to one another than when the summer brings out crowds of traffickers. The "Van Allen" arrived in Toronto next morning without any thing happening. The "Emerald" should have come in that night, or the next day at the latest, but she never came. And no one knows why.

Did she, too, hear the throbbing of the drum of the long drowned "Ontario?"

PEMBROKE LOSES CITIZEN

Walter Beatty Passed Away After Paralytic Stroke.

Pembroke, Nov. 7.—Pembroke was greatly shocked on Wednesday night on learning of the passing away of Walter Beatty, a very prominent and respected resident, at the age of seventy-eight years. Mr. Beatty worked at his planing factory until 4.30 o'clock, when he was seized with a paralytic stroke and being removed to his home became unconscious and passed away at 7.45 p.m.

The late Mr. Beatty was an elder of the Calvin church. He leaves to mourn his sudden demise two sons, Herbert J. and Weidon, and the Misses Nellie, Alma and Lila, of Pembroke, and Mrs. Ernest McKay of Smith's Falls. The funeral will take place from his late residence, Commercial street, Friday afternoon.

Miss C. P. Disney, claimed to be the fastest female swimmer in Great Britain, is now in this country, where she expects to compete in swimming contests.

ISAAC ZACKS FOR WINTER OVERCOATS

NOW MEN! If you want an up-to-date OVERCOAT we have some exceptionally fine lines of Winter Coats, correct styles, best qualities, best workmanship—no better in the city at these prices—good value—
\$32.50, \$35.00, \$38.00 and \$40.00.

Men's Tweed, Worsted and Serge Suits
All different styles and shades. These Suits will give you satisfaction and you will never regret that you bought them from us.
Prices \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 and \$40.00

ISAAC ZACKS 271 Princess Street

Ether Devlin and Alice Troski, two Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) girls, have accepted jobs as hodcarriers. Mrs. Margaret A. Walston of Jacksonville, Fla., is the only woman in the world who makes pain types.

By GEORGE McMANUS

BRINGING UP FATHER



"THE CLUB" 112 Princess St.

WE ARE MAKING A HOLLER ABOUT OUR PATENT **Bob Sleigh Coupling** because we know it is the best thing that ever happened to Sleighs. If you are subject to Bob-sleigh trouble you can not afford to do without one. **McNAMEE & SLACK** AT THE OLD KELLY SHOP 84 QUEEN ST. Phone 12176.

WHO AM I?

READ ON AND SEE

I am the advertising man for the LION Clothing House. I am out on this page to-day looking right at you, to tell you about LION OVERCOATS. In treating the subject I shall treat it with bare fists, using no Silk Gloves to cover an iron hand or make things seem what they "ain't." The kind of truth I shall tell will never need A PROP TO LEAN ON, nor will it be so lame that it needs a crutch. Things will be called by their right names. Wool with me is Wool, Cotton is Cotton and I don't intend to get the terms all mixed up, to coax you into this store or get you into LION CLOTHES. Bad English isn't CRIMINAL, but words that mislead you are, so trust me to be mighty careful what I tell you. That said, I'll now come to my subject. You'll see models thought out, and wrought out by the best talent this store can buy. You will see every good color born with the present season. You will see every fabric that's fit for an Overcoat and every style if there is any style to it. Now that's what a trip to this store means and that's what the LION OVERCOAT stock amounts to. So come in when you're out for yours. I have now had my say for to-day and later on I'll say more—all for the

Special Sale of Overcoats

AN EXTRA HEAVY, FORM-FITTING, DOUBLE BREASTED OVERCOAT TO GO AT \$25.00. (Only a Limited Quantity).

The Lion Clothing House

THE BARGAIN SPOT OF KINGSTON

Look for the Lion in the Window. 347 King Street, Near Princess Street



Arthur, the Man on the Job