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THE CLOTHIERS



VIVID TALE OF DISASTER

Major Peuchen, the One
Male Survivor from
Canada

CHARGES CARELESSNESS

Captain and Crew, He Says, Were
Open to Censure—Hundreds of
Men Died Like Heroes

THE DEAD	
First-class passengers	120
Second-class	195
Third-class	556
Officers and crew	730

Total victims 1,601

THE SURVIVORS	
First-class passengers	210
Second-class	125
Third-class	194
Officers and crew	210

Total saved 739

The mystery which has shrouded the last hours of the famous Canadians who went down to their doom with the ill-fated liner Titanic, was penetrated when Major Arthur Peuchen, of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto, and president of the Standard Chemical company, related the story of his own miraculous escape from the sea. Major Peuchen alone of the ten Canadian men on the Titanic has returned to tell of the last hours of his friends who perished with the ship. It was only his training as a sailor and a soldier, and his own physical agility which singled him out as the commander of the sixth lifeboat to leave the ship, and thus saved his life.

Before parting from the fast sinking Titanic, Major Peuchen spoke briefly with the late Mr. C. M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. "GOODBYE, PEUCHEN, I FEEL THAT THIS SHIP WILL LAST ANOTHER EIGHT HOURS, AND BY THAT TIME WE SHALL HAVE ASSISTANCE," were the last known words of the great railway magnate. One of the most cherished objects which Major Peuchen bore with him from the wreck, is a small piece of coarse paper, on which is scrawled the Major's sea commission. This paper stood between death and its victim, and to it Major Peuchen owes his life. It reads:

"Major Arthur Peuchen was ordered into the boat by me owing to the fact that I required a seaman, which he proved to be, as well as a brave man.

(Signed)

D. C. H. LYNTOILLIE.

"Second Officer late SS. Titanic."

This is Major Peuchen's instruction for taking over the sixth lifeboat instead of remaining on board to go to his fate with the other Canadians who were his associates.

Major Peuchen gained his seafaring knowledge as the skipper of the yacht Vreda, which he sailed in Toronto for six years. With him also sailed the late Mr. Hugo Ross, of Winnipeg, one of the Titanic's Canadian victims.

The Major told his story on his arrival at the Waldorf Hotel, surrounded by his two children and wife, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Thompson, of Orillia, Ontario.

"It was Sunday evening, a starry night, and calm," he said. "There was an exceptional bill-of-fare on for evening dinner. We were all in evening dress, and, probably the ladies with many a jewel. Music went on as usual. I dined with Mr. Markland Molson, Mr. and Mrs. Allison, and their little girl. Everything was exceptionally bright. Then I went to the smoking room and met Mr. Beattie, a partner of Mr. Hugo Ross of Winnipeg, formerly of Toronto. I also met Mr. McCarthy, of the Union Bank, of Vancouver, and a financial man from Toronto. Talk was unusually bright. This was about at eleven o'clock. Then I said, 'Good-night, I am going to turn in.' I had just reached my berth when I heard a dull thud. It was not like a collision, and I didn't think it serious. That's extraordinary I thought, and went up to see. I ran upstairs, and, on the way, met a friend who laughingly said that we had struck an iceberg and we went upon deck.

"There we found that we had struck aft of the bow, about seventy-five feet from the point, and had scraped along the starboard side. It must either have shifted the keel or ripped open the side for we began to take in water along the whole length of the boat. The bulkheads were, therefore, no use. I went on deck

and saw the ice falling on us. The berg was about 70 ft. high. Our boat itself was seven decks high, and the berg was even with the upper deck. As the berg passed the portholes it alarmed the women in the berths. The passengers came on deck, one by one, some in pyjamas, some in evening gowns. They were not yet much alarmed. I went inside and spoke with my friend Molson. Mr. Hugo Ross was sick in bed. Then I got in touch with Mr. Chas. M. Hays and Mr. Thornton Davidson, son-in-law of Mr. Hays. Then, four of us, Mr. Hays, Mr. Molson, and Mr. Davidson, went up to see the ice.

Saw She Was Listing

"I, then, for the first time, saw she was listing. This was about fifteen minutes after the strike. 'My, she is listing,' I said. Then I noticed that all the people were putting on lifebelts, and, for the first time, it looked serious. I wouldn't believe it, however, knowing that the Titanic was such a safe boat. Finally, I realized the seriousness of the thing, to have to put on life preservers at midnight, far out in midocean. I went inside, threw off my dress suit, put on my warmest clothes, and my steward, a very nice fellow helped me put on my life preserver. I never saw him again.

"I took three oranges and a pearl pin. There was \$200,000 worth of stocks and bonds, all my jewelry, and presents for my daughter Jessie and family in the berth, but I didn't touch them.



JOSEPH BRUCE ISMAY
Managing Director of the White Star
Line who was saved.

"It was rather sad to turn and leave the cheery room I had occupied cosy, large and comfortable as it was. When I got outside, all the people lined up with life preservers in the companionway made matters look very serious.

"Prior to this I went to warn Mr. Ross who was ill in bed. I met Mr. Beattie, and he went in and warned Mr. Ross. On the top deck, as I mounted, all the boats were swung out ready for action. Just at that moment a mob of stokers swarmed up to the decks. The first officer, a big burly fellow, drove them back. Then I found they were short-handed and I assisted. I helped cut off all the cords on the first lifeboat, and to take out the sail. Then I assisted in putting the ladies in the boats and the officers stood nearby, we filled the first boat and lowered it. The women kissed their husbands good-bye, the husbands assisted their wives to the boats, and then stood back like any other men.

"We then lowered the second boat. When the wife refused to go without the husband, the wife had to stand by, the same rule prevailed with a mother and a daughter. The officer on the starboard side was lenient, and there it was that many men got in. The officer on the port side was very severe, and would allow none but women and children to enter the boats. "The boats were not filled to capacity. One boat had only 23 in it, but its capacity was 60. The officer replied to my query over this condition that the boat chains would not hold the heavy load of a full boat. The capacity of it could only be had when the lifeboat was on the water.

"Every woman who cared to go was taken off. There was no necessity for any woman being left behind. Finally we came to the sixth boat. The quartermaster let the boat down part-way. Then he said: "We have only one seaman in the boat, we want three or four more seamen."

"I then went forward and said: 'I am a yachtsman and can handle a boat with any man.'

"He told me to go below and get into the lifeboat from the lower deck. "But I said I will jump for it. Taking hold of a halyard I swung out into space. Luckily I caught my feet against the block and lowered myself to the boat a distance of four and a

half decks, probably 60 feet, down a rope into the darkness. I tell you it required nerve."

"Did you land on anyone?" asked Major Peuchen's daughter, Jessie.

Saw Lights Going Out

"No, I didn't," he replied. "I ran forward into the boat and ordered the seaman to put the plug into the boat. They had neglected to do this. He came back and said: "This boat is going to founder," referring to the Titanic.

"We rowed away like good fellows. At last I saw there was no hope. The decks were disappearing tier by tier into the sea as the lights on each deck went out. The Titanic was doomed. Just before I left the deck Hays was the last man I saw. He came up and said, 'Peuchen, good-bye. This boat is good for eight hours yet. By that time we shall have help and the boats will be able to unload and come back for more passengers. I have it from one of the best seamen on this ship that she can't sink. I am with Mr. Crosby, of Milwaukee, a boat-builder, who says she can't sink.' Then as we left we let off the first rockets. Elsewhere everything was quiet. The steege was nowhere in evidence.

"I knew the boat was doomed. When I got down on the level I saw her serious position. She was sinking bow first. Then we began to row, without compass, without light, but with a little food and water. Our sailor in charge had also got at some brandy and was incapable. So we had no provisions. Number 13 was said to have no food or water on board. After we had rowed three-quarters of an hour towards a certain light, which this fool of ours thought was a vessel, he wanted to know if we thought it was a buoy. Then he called it a fishing smack but it proved to be the Northern Lights. He was the most stupid man I ever saw. He kept calling out this and that, and making incoherent remarks.

"I said, 'Why don't you help us to row?' but he became indignant, and

Continued on page four.

Freight Train Ran Off Track

And Delayed Passengers—Snow Storm on Miramichi.

CHATHAM, N. B., April 19.—The express from Fredericton, which is due here at 11.30 o'clock, did not arrive until 5.16 o'clock this morning. The delay was caused by the running off the track of a freight train near Cross Creek. The track was torn up so badly that traffic was delayed for hours. There was no one hurt in the run-off.

A heavy snowstorm set in last night, and is still falling steadily. Already over eight inches of snow have fallen on the level, and while the snow is soft and wet, the thermometer is hardly high enough to expect the storm to change into a rainfall before night. This snowfall creates a record for the Miramichi that has not been surpassed for some time.

Women's Patent Button Oxfords for \$2.00 at Gibson and Ross.

Stephen Peabody

The friends of Stephen Peabody were shocked to learn of his death which occurred at his home on Thursday about noon. Mr. Peabody had been in town during the morning in his usual health; but shortly after returning home was seized with an attack of heart failure and expired almost immediately. Mr. Peabody was born in Woodstock 79 years ago, the son of Charles Peabody who was a descendant of Captain Francis Peabody, who had a Trading Station at the mouth of the St. John River some years before the Loyalists came to St. John. He is survived by his wife who was a daughter of the late Benjamin Smith also two sons Charles A. and Donald of Woodstock and one daughter, Mrs. Wm. Loane, of Ashland, Me., and one sister, Mrs. Celia Rankin, of Portland, Me., Mr. Peabody was president of the Carleton Co., Agricultural Society for a number of years and a life long liberal. The funeral took place on Saturday at 2.30 o'clock, services being conducted by the Rev. A. S. Hazel. After a brief service at the house, the body was taken to Christ Church Lower Woodstock, of which, deceased was a life long attendant. The choir sang the hymns "Rock of Ages" and "On the Resurrection Morning." The pall bearers were Byron Bull, Henry Smith, C. L. S. Raymond and Charles Carman. Interment took place in the family lot.

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Masked Robbers Made A Big Haul

Grand Junction, Col., April 20—Two masked robbers took \$14,000 in currency from the Globe Express Co. here early today and gained two hours start on officers and posse of men armed with rifles and shot guns.

The money was consigned from the Salt Lake City office of the Globe Express Company, to the Somerset Mining Company at Somerset, the sum being the amount of the mining company's monthly payroll.

Alleged Frauds In Mercantile House

Reports are current of the serious frauds in a big mercantile established in a town not a hundred miles from St. John. A number of the clerks in the establishment are said to have been operating either independently or in concert, and the establishment lost

heavily. A St. John man who was called to a position in the employ of the company, discovered what was going on and informed the officials of the company. The affair has created quite a sensation in the town, and all kinds of rumors are in circulation as to what the outcome will be.

Lost on Titanic

Mr. Ernest St. Jostedt of Sault Ste Marie, Ont., who is reported to have gone to his death on the ill-fated steamer Titanic is married to the daughter of the late John C. Winslow sometime postmaster of Woodstock and a sister of Mr. J. N. W. Winslow, present postmaster of that town. Mrs. St. Jostedt is a cousin of Mr. J. J. F. Winslow of this city. Her husband had been visiting several European countries in the interest of the Lake Superior Steel Corporation obtaining information with regard to electric smelting.

Mail

The Supply of York and Kent Timothy Seed, and 111 Long Late Clover, is less than half of last year's supply
If you wish to get good Seed buy these brands early before supplies are exhausted.