

## Boys' Extra Trouser Suits!



DO you know of a Boy who does not wear out at least two or three pairs of Trousers to one coat? We don't!

An extra pair of Trousers to match the Coat is a—  
**Splendid Investment!**

It pays well in the end, to buy the extra Trousers for they make one Suit about equal to two Suits.

We have several of our best styles of Suits made with two pairs of Trousers. We will sell them to you either way.

Suits 8 to 15 years, with Extra Trousers.

Try the Extra Trouser proposition for the Boy and you'll be highly pleased with the result.

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*The up-to-date Clothiers.*

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## Re Club Rates THE DISPATCH

WITH	For New Subs.	For Renewals
“ Weekly Witness	\$1.25	\$
“ World Wide	1.50	1.85
“ Northern Messenger	.95	1.00
“ Canadian Pictorial	1.25	1.50

### MARRIED

HATFIELD—CAMPELL—On Wednesday, May 27th., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. C. H. Orser, the Rev. Archibald Hatfield, of Plaster Rock, and Miss Campbell, of Arthurette.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the United Baptist Churches of District No. 1, will be held June 19 21 at Perth. First Meeting, Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Delegates are requested to send their names to Rev. W. M. Field, Andover, pastor of Perth Church. Church Clerks are requested to report the conditions of their Churches, as soon as possible, to Rev. C. S. Young, Clerk of the District.—Plaster Rock, N. B., May 28th., C. S. Young, Clerk.

### When Baby Suffers From Constipation.

Mothers, if your baby suffers from constipation, if his little stomach o bowels are out of order, give him Baby's Own Tablets. They never fail to give relief and an occasional dose will banish constipation and keep the stomach and bowels in perfect order. Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. J. H. Gagnon, St. Simon, Que., writes: "I cannot recommend Baby's Own Tablets too highly as a cure for constipation as I have found them the very best medicine in the world for this trouble." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Terrible Tragedy in St. Lawrence at Early Hour this Morning.

Father Point, Que., May 29—A terrible disaster which equals in its awful suddenness that of the Titanic, occurred thirty miles east of this point in the dark hours of this morning. The Empress of Ireland, which left Quebec yesterday afternoon with 990 passengers, 90 cabin, 250 second cabin and 650 steerage, and a crew of 322 officers and men on board, bound for Liverpool, collided in a fog with a collier, believed to have been the Storstad. The impact was tremendous, and the Empress began to sink almost at once. The scene immediately after the collision baffles description. The shrieks of passengers, rudely awakened from their slumbers, the hoarse cries of the captain and officers, and the wailing of women, mingled with the rushing of the waters of the Gulf. There was hardly any time in which to launch boats.

Only meagre details are available at this hour. Four hundred and twenty passengers are believed to have been saved, but it is feared that all the remaining 1,002 persons on board have found a grave in the waters of the Gulf.

The collier Storstad passed inward at 6.40 a. m. with her bow badly driven in, but is proceeding slowly to Quebec under her own steam. She has a few survivors, and dead bodies from the Empress, which she is placing on the government steamers Eureka and Evelyn, to be landed at Rimouski wharf. The Empress sank in nineteen fathoms of water.

Quebec, May 30.—Conversation with some of the passengers of the ill-fated steamer reveals the terrible suddenness with which hundreds of human beings were launched into eternity. All tell practically the same story—a story of bewilderment at the unexpected shock, which many took to be the grinding of the kneel of the Empress on an iceberg or on a hidden rock. Then, in less time than it takes to tell the story of the terrible, tragic affair, the Empress began to list. For a few moments the listing seemed to cease, and many thought the vessel was righting itself. But it was not so. Soon the ship made its last fatal plunge to the bottom of the St. Lawrence, taking with it its load of precious lives. Most of the passengers were asleep at the time in their berths. They could not realize that there was any danger, and many turned over in their berths and commenced to go to sleep again. But soon they were aroused from their quiet by the sudden listing of the queen of the Canadian waters, only to find that they were too late to get out of their berths, much less reach a safe place in the lifeboats.

Of the Canadian Salvation Army band that went on board to the sound of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," sung by their comrades on the dock at Quebec—a band of thirty-nine—only nine remain to tell the unhappy story.

The nine survivors of the Salvation Army band are a sorrowful party. Ernest H. Green, one of the band, lost his father Adjutant Harry Green, his mother and sister Jessie, and is now the only remaining member of the family. William H. Measures, another member of the band, residing at 72 Withrow avenue, goes to his place of abode at Toronto alone, while both Major Findlay and his wife were drowned. Just about a week ago, Thomas Greenaway was married in Ontario. With his bride (Miss Margaret Dalzell, of North Head, Grand Mtnan) he was going to England to take part in the International Salvation Army Convention, to be held there shortly. Accompanying the bridal party was the groom's brother, Herbert Green away. Strange as it may seem, all three were saved. Five of the well-known band of the Army rescued were A. Keith, K. McIntyre, an American from New York; Frank Brooks, Captain Spooner and Captain Wilson. These are all that remain of the band.

Further, the wreck crippled the organization of the Army in Canada. Many of the leaders of the Army in Canada went to a watery grave. The financial secretary of the organization, Scott Potter, was drowned. The editorial staff of the War Cry was almost completely wiped out, only one member of the leaders of the paper remaining, and

for the reason that he stayed behind in Toronto.

Very few children were saved. On the train that brought the survivors to this city there were only three children to be seen. Many were drowned. One of the really wonderful rescues was that of the little eight-year-old Grace Hanagan, daughter of the bandmaster of the Salvation Army band. Her father and mother were both drowned, and the little girl coming up on the train thinks that both her father and mother will join her again, coming on the next boat. When asked how she was saved she replied: "Oh, I saved myself." The little child with her hair in braids down her back was entirely unconcerned apparently not realizing what she had been through. She had no lifebelt and when thrown from the doomed ship she had nothing to keep her afloat. She sank, and when she came up she saw a piece of floating wood and grasped it. Then the little girl was pulled into a lifeboat by the strong arms of a man. The cold water and the chilly air benumbed her to the point of exhaustion. Kind hands were soon at work, however, and the child was soon revived.

Major Attwell, of Toronto, and his wife were among the saved. They tell a fairly graphic story of how they managed to escape from the vessel. "I got a lifebelt for my wife, and we both jumped in the water together when we saw that the vessel was doomed to go down. We both went down three times, being carried under by the suction which was, however, not very great. When we came up the third time I saw a lifeboat near, and to it I swam, pulling my wife after me. Then those in the boat pulled us in and we were saved."

"The impact," continued the Major, "was just enough to wake us. It sounded as if our boat had struck a dock. It was very slight, and I was surprised when I afterwards 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 deck were so few that they were hardly noticeable. The reason for this is that when the boat listed to one side the stairs from the sleeping apartments up to the boat decks were very difficult, almost impossible, to mount. They seemed to be going every way, and excited women and men were entirely unable to mount them to possible safety.

"I did not see the hole in the side of the ship as I rushed for the stairs," continued the Major, "but I did see the water pouring in volumes that threatened to flood us before we could mount the stairs."

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

"Practically every leading officer of the Salvation Army in Canada," he said, "is gone, save four or five who are left. Commissioner Rees and his wife and three children went down, and only three of this family survive. And out of our Salvation Army party of nearly 150 on board, probably less than twenty were saved.

"I was on the upper deck, and therefore had a better chance to get to safety than those in the lower berths. The water came in through the portholes of the lower decks before those passengers realized their danger, or that there was any danger at all. I was aroused from my sleep by the impact, and looked at my watch. Then I awakened the others in the cabin with myself. I could then hear plainly the rush of water, and I felt sure that something serious had happened. I also heard the running of the machinery of the boat. It quite evidently did not stop immediately after the crash, but continued until the explosion. I at once grabbed a lifebelt and went out to the deck. There no lifebelts were to be found, and there was quite a number of people on the deck, apparently unable to determine what to do. They had no belts on, and I gave mine 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 I was pulled in a lifeboat. I saw the collier standing not far from where the Empress foundered. Then I saw her all lit up and light flashed from the darkness over the comparatively calm river, from all the portholes. There was also a red light visible on the coal steamer.

"When I was taken on board the ship I saw many men rescued and practically unclothed. I was almost in a state of nakedness myself, and the rest of those on board were shivering and in a bad state from the chilly water of the river and the morning air. We were soon, however, attended to by those on board and made warm and comfortable.

Continued on page 4

### Miss Henderson's Recital.

Mr George A. Schaefer  
presents  
Miss Maude V. Henderson  
in

Graduate Pianoforte Recital  
G. F. C. Auditorium

Eight-thirty o'clock  
Friday evening, May twenty-second  
one thousand nine hundred and  
fourteen

You are cordially invited to attend  
Greenville, S. C.

Miss Mildred Bush, Soprano and Miss Maud V. Henderson, Piano, will give a joint graduating recital at G. F. C. auditorium Friday evening at 8.30 o'clock. A brilliant program has been arranged and friends of the young ladies are looking forward to a musical treat.

Aria: Elsa's Dream, from Lohengrin  
Wagner

Miss Bush

Sonata Op. 57 Beethoven

Allegro Assai

Andante con Moto

Allegro ma non Troppo

Miss Henderson

A Night in Spring Bohm

Silent as night Bohm

Thine Only Bohm

Miss Bush

Woodland Sketches Op. 51—  
MacDowell

Autumn

Indian Lodge

Sunset

Impromptu Op. 66 Chopin

Etude Op. 10 No. 3 Chopin

Ballade Op. 23 Chopin

Miss Henderson

Sans Toi d'Hardelot

Slave Song del Rigo

The Swallows Cowen

Miss Bush

Concerto in E flat Liszt

Allegro Maestoso

Quasi Adagio

Allegretto Vivace

Miss Henderson

### FRIDAY EVENINGS RECITAL.

Never in its history has the walls of the old G. F. C. re-echoed with more harmonies and soul thrilling sounds of beautiful classical music than were heard there Friday evening when Prof. Schaefer, head of the music department presented Miss Maud Henderson, in her final recital and Prof. Poston the director of Voice presented Miss Mildred Bush.

Both young ladies displayed much talent and showed that painstaking application which reflected credit upon themselves and upon their teachers.

Miss Henderson is a genius as a pianist. Her work gave evidence of versatility and understanding—the deep feeling of the musicians and their lighter humorous moments were, alike, well interpreted.

The last number on the program 'concerto in E flat.' Liszt played by Miss Henderson at one piano and Prof. Schaefer at another was truly an inspiration. As the last notes were sounded the audience rose by a general impulse thrilled with the sweetness and power of the music and the ovation given Prof. Schaefer and Miss Henderson at the conclusion of this musical feat was beyond compare.

Miss Henderson is from Woodstock New Brunswick. Next year she hopes to continue her studies at the New England Conservatory of music in Boston.

Miss Nellie McKeown, of Northampton, was a caller at "The Dispatch" office.