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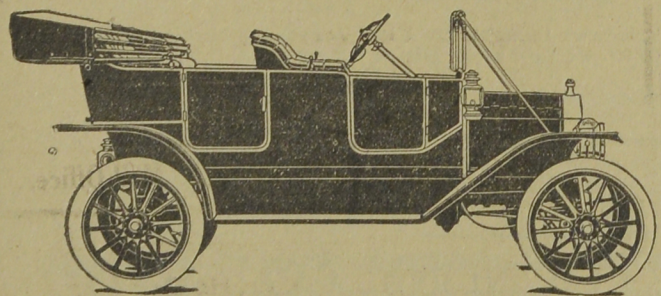
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STEAMER CARPATHIA ARRIVES

(Continued from page 1)

while the vessel was gradually sinking, the icy water reached her steaming boilers, causing an explosion which sent her to the bottom.

From the stories told by the survivors it would appear that the liner rushed upon a submerged iceberg on a clear night about 11.30 on Sunday night last. The shock was so slight that people playing cards in the smoking room, continued their game, without paying any heed to the jar, thinking a large wave had been passed. A few moments later, the bow began to settle, her bottom having ripped out, the information was brought to the Captain that water was rushing into the engine rooms. The Captain ordered the closing of the watertight compartments, which are said not to have acted, the electrical equipment which operates them having been disturbed by the collision. While an investigation was taking place, Captain Smith personally told his passengers that there was absolutely no need for fear, and advised those who had got up to return to bed. He also ordered the liner's hand to start playing and it continued to do this as the liner took her last plunge.

One survivor testified to the horror of ragtime and the shrieks of human beings combined as the leviathan went down. Once the women had been assured that there was no danger, the greatest difficulty was found in getting them into boats when it was finally discovered that the liner was doomed. Many had to be thrown overboard onto overloaded boats and rafts, loss of life ensuing, while in other cases boats were lowered half empty.

SENTATIONAL STORIES

Several sensational stories were told by survivors, one was that at the end, Captain Smith turned the revolver he had been brandishing, to keep order upon himself, and was dead before the waves closed over his ship.

Another was that Major Butt, the attaché to President Taft, shot both John Jacob Astor and Isador Strauss two millionaires, who were trying to get into the boats before all the women were saved. A quaint touch to a night of horror is lent by the performance of the infant child of two Montreal people who were drowned, which slept peacefully in its nurse's arms, throughout the entire night. Five of the steerage passengers who escaped, died from exposure before they were picked up by the Carpathia. The Carpathia carried 745 survivors, the total death roll amounting to 1,595.

CANADIANS LOST

The Canadians lost are: Chas. M. Hays, Montreal; Thornton Davidson, Montreal; Quigley Baxter, Montreal; J. Hudson Allison, Mrs. Allison and daughters, Montreal; H. Markland Molson, Montreal; Vivian Payne, Montreal; J. R. Levi, Montreal; Dr. Paon, Hamilton; Hugo Ross, Toronto and Winnipeg; Mark Fortune, Winnipeg.

The Canadians saved are Mrs. C.W. Hays, Montreal; Mrs. Thornton Davidson, Montreal; Master Allison, Montreal; Mrs. Dr. Douglas, Montreal; Mrs. Jas. Baxter, Montreal; Miss Alice Bowerman, Montreal; Mrs. J. G. Hogabin, Toronto; Major Arthur Leuchter, Toronto; Miss Alice Fortune, Winnipeg; Mrs. Mark Fortune, Winnipeg; Major Arthur Peuchen a wealthy resident of Toronto was the last man on the Titanic to say good-bye to Chas. M. Hays, vice-president of the

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. After assisting the members of the crew in filling up the first five boats, Major Peuchen who is an experienced yachtman, was assigned by the second mate to take charge of boat No. 6. Major Peuchen said he declined to accept such a post, not desiring to secure any preference over any of his fellow passengers.

Capt. Smith wishing an experienced boatman on boat No. 6, directed the Major a written order to take charge of it. Major Peuchen displayed this order to some of his friends last night, so as to make it plain that it was at the demand of the ship's officers that he undertook the assignment. Just as the Major was about to leave in the lifeboat, his old friend Chas. M. Hays of the Grand Trunk came up and said good-bye.

HAYS FELT SAFE

Mr. Hays had no idea according to Major Peuchen, that the ship would sink as soon as it did, but believed that help would be at hand to care for all before the vessel went down. Mr. Hays remarked to the Major that the boat could not possibly sink before eight hours and that long before then everybody would be taken off. Mr. Hays expressed no fear that he would be lost by remaining on board the ship.

It was a strange crowd which greeted the Carpathia last night as she slowly nosed her way through the fog to the docks. Patricians who arrived in luxurious limousines had to leave their prestige and cast outside and had to mingle on one level with the plebeians. One and all wore the same demeanor of fear and anxiety because the latest dispatches published announced that even though safe from the sea from the sea, hundreds of the rescued passengers from the Titanic had died, were ill, while some had gone insane.

CROWD WELL HANDLED

Here a prosperous looking man might be seen walking up and down tears glistening in his eyes. In a corner far removed from the other waiters, was a disconsolate woman, wearing deep mourning that indicates widowhood. In another group was a maid with two little children. They had lost a father in the wreck but their mother had been saved. Though the throng of curious and morbid was tremendous, it required little handling. Once or twice when the rumor was sent out that the boat was coming in there would be pushing and jostling. The policemen had fine remedies for this "What are you struggling for?" one officer asked of the men and women near him, "Do you want to see what a woman who saw her husband killed looks like?" This was enough and several people went shamefacedly out of the crowd. Another officer threw himself upon the sense of chivalry of the men and said "Here you fellows try and act the same as those chaps did at sea, they did not scrap or push." This appeal also had a salutary effect, and the men saw to it that no more unnecessary trouble was caused. At last the Carpathia edged her way to the dock side.

THRONED THE DECKS.

Her decks were lined with survivors, as eager to communicate that they were safe on shore, as they were to welcome. The lights of the deck lighted up the varied rows of faces, and cries of Christian names from the shore, rose by the dozen, some accompanied by hysterical laughs, others with sobs. They were answered by similar cries.

As the procession of the survivors began to trickle down the gangway, the waiters surged forward involuntarily and each of the Titanic's passengers were lost in the eager, scrutinizing crowd the moment he or she put foot on the deck. Friends who had seen them coming fought to get to them and one woman, who still had a sense of humor left, remarked with a wan smile, "Why, this is worse than the wreck" as her husband or lover placed his arms around her.

The Canadians present contributed a large quota to the sad scene. The meeting between Dr. Douglas and his wife was touching in the extreme, the doctor breaking down when he saw Mrs. Douglas emerge from the crowd with her fainting mother on her arms.

Mrs. Hays, who bore up wonderfully considering her recent bereavement was hurried out of the building by her escort and taken to the Grand Central Station, where the special train was in readiness to convey the party to Montreal.

THE SADDEST PICTURE.

The Allison group provided the saddest picture of all. Not until the last of the survivors had got off the boat did the bereaved brothers give up hope that in some way Mr. and Mrs. Allison had been saved, but the wireless had spoken the truth. They were not among the saved, though the nurse and her infant charge were. The little Allison child was the only baby saved and was the centre of a big circle of reporters when it became known that it slept through the entire tragedy.

Gradually the remnant of the appalling tragedy stumbled out, to be absorbed by the waiting concourse.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the bride of a few months, whose husband now lies in a grave that knows no better monument than a wave, walked down the plank with an attempt at dignity. It faded away when her mother clasped her to her arms, and she collapsed into a hysterical fit of weeping as she was led to a gorgeous automobile waiting outside.

Mrs. George Widener, renowned for her beauty, looked little like the portraits of her. Her eyes were sunken and her face haggard. Her step was faltering and she hardly bore up long enough to reach the friends who rushed towards her and encircled her with their arms.

So the reunion passed on towards its conclusion and the throng in the shed grew smaller and smaller. Still many waited and glared their feverish anguished eyes upon the thin gangway, with its dwindling line of survivors. Hope began to fade away from the hearts of many and a number of women broke out into a dismal wail that brought tears to the eyes of strong men. Others held on and questioned those who had not left the building.

LOOKING FOR HUSBAND

One said continually in a whisper half to herself, "Did you see my husband, his name was David Reeves. He was a second class passenger."

Several to whom she addressed this interrogation smiled sympathetically and said they did not. At last one woman remembered him, but she hesitated to reply. The poor wife looked at her with hungry, questioning eyes and her mouth trembled. For a second she was uncertain. Then she knew, "He's gone isn't he?" she whispered. "Yes dear, I'm afraid so," was the forced comment, "I knew he was on the liner when I left, because I saw him assisting a woman who held a baby." The spark of her kindled pride struggled through the widow's tears, the first touch of the solace that is to be hers through her life to come.

MANY WERE SICK.

The tail of the cortege consisted of the sick, of whom there was quite a number. Some suffered from shock, others from their long exposure. They were carried out with all gentleness and passed over to the attendants of the various ambulances ready in waiting to convey them to the hospitals. At last the end came and no more passengers remained to be taken off the Carpathia. Still the mothers, sisters, brothers and wives who had not yet found their own, waited. The debarkation of the crew of the Titanic afforded them food for a faint revival of hope, but it was only a painfully short lived flicker, and died out abruptly when an officer of the Carpathia announced in metallic accents:

"No more of the Titanic survivors."

It was the death knell of the brave resolution dozens had shown up till then.

It prostrated some and left them chattering wildly to their friends. Others were in a wild, insane hysteria. One woman left the shed with clenched hands, mumbling:

"All, all are gone; I am left alone."

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

The finest story of the wreck is told by Paul Chevre, the Parisian artist, who was coming out on the Titanic with a bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which was to be placed in the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa. Mr. Chevre had his message translated to the group of newspapermen who immediately gathered around him, when they found that he was willing and able to talk, by Mr. Simon Senecal, a Montrealer whose cabin on the Carpathia he shared.

(Continued on page four.)

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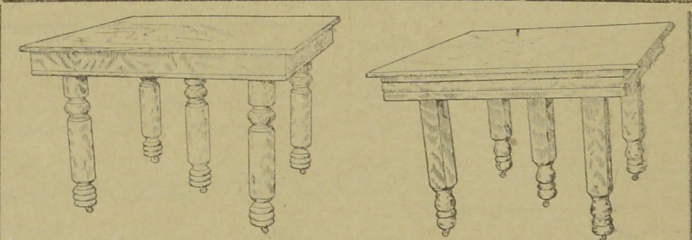
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