

INQUEST ON ONE VERDICT FOR ALL.

Inquiry to Fix Responsibility of
Awful Wreck at Wanstead.

KILLED NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT

Causes of Horror When Crash Came in
Blinding Snowstorm at 10.10 Friday
Night—List of the Dead and In-
jured—Station Agent Carson of
Watford Blamed for the Ap-
palling Catastrophe.

London, Dec. 29.—The inquest at
Wanstead today promises to be
a striking feature of the
tragedy. Dr. A. E. Harvey, the coroner,
has retained at the scene of the
wreck the body of Fireman Rick-
ards, which will be viewed by the
jury at noon Monday. The verdict
in one case will be accepted as the
verdict in all. To this point Oper-
ator Carson and Despatcher Kerr were
the first witnesses subpoenaed. All
the officials who can cast light on
the case will be present and several
passengers who were aboard the car.
The responsibility for the affair will
be definitely fixed and arrests are ex-
pected to follow the jury's report.
None will be made, however, before
that time.

The investigation is expected to
take a wide scope in view of the
magnitude of the tragedy.
Agent Carson's explanation is that
he thought the passing order had
been cancelled, and there are circum-
stances in favor of this assumption,
though it was incorrect.

The Cause of the Accident.

It will require the coroner's in-
vestigation to definitely fix the respon-
sibility for the disaster. Meanwhile
it is said that Station Agent A.
Carson of Watford failed to deliver
the Conductor John McAuliff of the
express, west bound, an order from
Train Despatcher J. G. Kerr of Lon-
don for the express to pass an extra
light, east bound, at Wanstead.
Carson received this order at 9.48,
and as a result of his error the head-
on collision occurred at Wanstead at
10.10, just 22 minutes later.

During those intervening minutes
Despatcher Kerr, Chief Despatcher
Maynard of London, Agent Carson
of Watford, the operator at Kings-
court Junction, and the operator at
Wanstead were making vain efforts to
rectify the mistake by catching either
the passenger or the freight on
signals. When the passenger rushed
past Kingscourt Junction the last
chance was gone to avoid a collision,
unless the engineers should see the
headlights in time, and this they
failed to do. In four different in-
stances it was the fraction of a sec-
ond by which the express got away,
and even when the two trains came
together, one minute's more time
would have seen the passing of the
two in safety.

THE DEAD ARE 28.

Alexander Stewart, Petrolia.
Mrs. Alexander Stewart, Petrolia.
A. Ricketts, Sarnia (fireman on
train No. 5).
J. Giffels, Sarnia (engineer on the
freight).
Miss Ellen Trotter, Petrolia.
H. Lawrence, Watford.
Thomas Kelly, Stouffville.
Miss Helen Jellison, London.
Miss Roddy, Port Huron, Mich.
Guy de Penner, La Crosse, Wash.
Dr. Penwarden, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mrs. Penwarden, Grand Rapids, Mich.
J. H. Brock, Chicago.
J. B. Burwell, Port Huron, Mich.
William Morton, Chicago.
Alex. Cameron, Strathroy.
Miss Nellie Goddard, Sarnia.
Ed. Debeaux, Prescott, Ont.
Mrs. J. Badley, Port Huron, Mich.
Miss Lottie Lynch, Port Huron, Mich.
George Burkholder, Sarnia.
A. Douglas, Alvinston.
William J. Lucas, Strathroy.
Robert Stephenson, Wyoming.
Miss Violet Brock, Chicago.
Mrs. J. Barnes, Woodstock.
George D. Southern, Lockport, New York.
Lilini Tsannan, Toronto.

Official List of Injured.

Mrs. J. J. Cuthbertson, Port Huron, Mich., face and hands lacerated, possible internal injury.
James A. Ramelin, 61 Amelia street, Toronto, bruises and shaken up.
J. J. Cuthbertson, Port Huron, Mich., fractured jaw, leg broken, serious.
Mrs. Samuel Cummings, Port Huron, Mich., light cuts, not serious.
Mrs. Hattie C. Young's Point, Ont., internal injuries.
James Northey, Young's Point, badly lacerated shoulder, serious.
Mrs. T. Coote, Chicago, Ill., internal injury, probably serious.
Frank E. Baer, London, Ont., lacerated shoulder, not considered serious.
W. M. Morse, wife and three children, Sarnia, Ont., fractured arm, chest injured, serious; his wife shaken up and only one of the three children injured.
Thomas Coote, in business in Chicago, formerly resided in London, broken hip.
George Stacey, Wanstead, Ont., very slight, gone home.
Dr. Basil Harvey, Chicago, Ill., lacerated head, not serious.
Mrs. J. N. Stewart and two children, (Shkosh, Wis., fractured jaw, not serious; two children, Earl and Robert, one broken arm and broken collar bone, other fractured hip, ages 6 and 10 years.
Russell Quinn, Chicago, Ill., burns on hands and scalp wounds, rather serious, related to Capt. Quinn of Skakville.
James Barnes, Woodstock, Ont., injured leg and hip, not serious.
Beatrice Goddes, Sarnia, Ont., very slight, gone home.
John Bird, Chicago, Ill., Canal

street, fractured arm and injured back, scalp wounds and laceration.
J. A. Lamont, Wyoming, Ont., fractured leg and laceration.
Mrs. W. Gott and Margaret Gott, London, Ont., both very slight.
J. F. Shawlock, Strathroy, Ont., very slight, gone home.
W. H. Cole, and wife, Flint, Mich., very slight, gone home.
R. K. McDonald, Strathroy, Ont., very slight, gone home.
Mr. I. N. Byrnes, Sarnia, Ont., very slight, gone home.
Annie Sinclair, Komoka, Ont., very slight, gone home.
Miss Flossie Cuthbertson, Port Huron, Mich., very slight, doing well, gone home.
Mrs. Pugsley, London, Ont., slightly, gone home.
Robert Jackson, Petrolia, Ont., very slight, gone home.
Miss Mary Moore, leg broken.
Alex. Cameron, oil man, Petrolia.
W. M. Moore, Sarnia, badly cut on face.

STORY OF THE WRECK.

Twenty-Eight Killed Instantly and a
Score and a Half People More or
Less Seriously Injured.

London, Dec. 29.—Twenty-eight
killed instantly and a score and a
half of others seriously injured is the
net result to date of the most ter-
rible railway accident in Ontario
known to railway officials in the
past decade. It took place at the
little hamlet of Wanstead on the
Sarnia branch of the G.T.R., at 10-
10 Friday night. The trains in the
crash were the Pacific express and a
freight.

The express was running nearly
two hours late and was making fast
time. The freight was endeavoring
to make a siding to get clear of the
express. It failed by a minute or
two.

There was an awful crash, the lo-
comotives reared up and fell in the
ditch, the baggage car of the ex-
press telescoped the smoker, and the
shrieks and cries of the wounded and
dying filled the air.

The loss of life is twenty-eight. The
injured number considerably more.
These latter include many who may
die from their injuries. They sus-
tained all manner of hurts, and when
they reached the hospital at London
were so covered with blood that they
could not be recognized. Their ap-
pearance simply beggars adequate
description.

Many of the dead had suffered
frightful hurts, heads were cut off,
legs were wrenched from the bodies,
blood flowed like water, and the
scene of the carnage became more
like the floor of a slaughter house
than a mere stretch of snow-covered
level highway in the midst of a
sleeping farmland.

The express should have left Lon-
don at 7.57, but she was over an
hour late.

There was not a house to be seen
anywhere through the storm, and it
proved when daylight came that
there were none within a distance
too far to carry the maimed. Most
fortunately the two Pullman cars on
the train did not sustain any dam-
age. They were warm and comfort-
able, and what were a few moments
before palatial sleeping compart-
ments for scores of weary travelers,
became a temporary hospital. They
were placed in the berths, and what
was possible to assuage the bleeding
wounds, which were sustained by
nearly every one, was done.

This was, however, very little.
There was scarcely any water to be
had. Snow was brought in in the
endeavor to quench the terrible thirst
of the suffering.

The fear of fire breaking out led
to a determined watch being early
instituted, but in spite of this vigil-
ance the wreck was scarcely saved
from a fire that would have added
untold horror.

One of the passengers, who was no
more a hero than his fellows only
that he had presence of mind and
knew the better how to work, organ-
ized a snow brigade. To their un-
tiring struggles is due the fact that
the fire was kept in check and did no
damage.

The fire broke out in the very
midst of the wreckage on one occa-
sion and as there was nothing with
which to quench it but the snow the
extent of the battle in which those
heroes engaged could be imagined
than described. They scraped the
snow from the side of the tracks and
they brought it in handfuls from be-
tween adjoining tracks and the side
of the railway. With the snow they
fell upon the flames, literally smother-
ing them with their hands and their
coats, which they had flung from
their shoulders.

The tiny fire broke out again and
again, fanned by the winds. Again
and again the brigade returned to the
struggle and they finally suc-
ceeded, but the fire kept noble men
from assisting in other work in the
relieving of the imprisoned people.

The following is a list of the dead:

Wireless Sent 1,000 Miles at Sea.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 29.—The fol-
lowing message was received by a
Sydney woman from the cruiser "Car-
lo" Alberto, which is 1,000 miles
south on the way to Venezuela:
"Best wishes for a merry Christ-
mas. Your friends join in this greet-
ing."
"Deschesi."

The Italian cruiser has been in
constant communication with Syd-
ney since leaving there last Sun-
day.

Drowned in Saving Chum.

Detroit, Dec. 24.—A Tribune spe-
cial from Grand Rapids, Mich., says:
Albert Hultgreen, aged sixteen, and
Henry Faulkerson were drowned in
Half Moon Lake yesterday. Hult-
green broke through the ice while
skating and Faulkerson got in while
attempting to aid his companion.

Eight Violent Deaths.

New York, Dec. 20.—Eight persons
met violent deaths in Greater New
York yesterday. Three were clear
cases of suicide, and the others re-
sulted from a variety of causes.

CLIMAX OF ORIENTALISM

Lord Curzon Makes His State
Entry into Delhi.

The Grand Durbar, Held to Celebrate the
Accession of King Edward VII. as
Emperor of India, Opened With a
Spectacle Which Has Never Probably
Been Paralleled in Its Magnificence—
Details of the Scene.

Delhi, India, Dec. 30.—The Viceroy,
Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, made his
State entry yesterday morning into
the capital of the Moguls. This con-
stituted the official opening of the
durbar held to celebrate the acces-
sion of King Edward as Emperor of
India. It was a splendid pageant,
probably unparalleled in its magnifi-
cence. At the head of the elephant
procession rode Lord and Lady Cur-
zon on the State "Grand Tusker,"
twelve feet high, the largest elephant
in India. Their howdah was decked
with gold and silver and the ele-
phant itself was adorned with
surrounding them were footmen in
scarlet and gold liveries and bearing
massive silver staves. The Duke of
Connaught, who represented King
Edward, and the Duchess of Con-
naught, followed. The elephant
was equally gorgeously caparisoned.
Then, in order of precedence, came
the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Mahar-
ajah of Travancore, and other ruling
chiefs, seventy in all, their huge
elephants forming a tide a quarter of
a mile in length.

Most Magnificent of All.

The glittering procession started
from the railroad station preceded by
dragoon guards and artillery, the
Viceroy's escort, and by heralds and
trumpeters. The route was entirely
lined by British and native troops.
From the saluting battery posted at
the fort, commanding the Lahore
gate, guns thundered out a royal sa-
lute as the Viceroy passed with the
heralds, and trumpeters sounding at
intervals spirited fanfares. The cor-
tège passed in front of a magnificent
line of 150 elephants, which bore the
brilliantly-dressed retainers of the
ruling chiefs. The beasts all saluted
by trumpeting and throwing their
trunks in the air, presenting a truly
imposing sight, and afterward fell in
line behind the official procession as
the cavalcade traversed the broad
road leading to the Jumma Masjid
Mosque, with its white domes and
gilded minarets gleaming in the
sunlight. Huge crowds of onlookers
witnessed the spectacle, which, it is
claimed, never has been surpassed in
this country of oriental splendor.

The heralds, pursuivants and
trumpeters who followed the escort
and immediately preceded the vic-
regal procession were conspicuous by
the splendor of their attire. They
were followed by the newly consti-
tuted Imperial Cadet Corps, com-
prising thirty Maharajahs, headed by
Sir Porab Singh, looking sub-
lime in their white coats, blue tur-
bans and decorations.

Oriental Gorgeousness Outdone.

Excitement was at fever heat as
the first elephants, with gold and
silver howdahs, of the staff officers
came in view, and commenced to
circle around the mosque. The finest
elephants in Asia passed in front of
the great Jumma Masjid, the steps
of which were thronged with dis-
tinguished personages, including the
Viceroy's American and British
guests and the delegates from the
colonies and from other parts of the
Empire. The enormous animals
shuffled slowly by, many of the mas-
sive howdahs of quaint and rich de-
sign being surmounted by magnificent
canopies of gold-embroidered and be-
jeweled tapestry. The bodies of the
animals were almost hidden by their
trappings of crimson, purple and
gold. Bands of gold encircled their
tusks, golden bracelets were on their
ankles, gold and silver bells were
hanging from their neck chains, and
their heads were painted and deco-
rated in every conceivable color.

The mahouts (elephant drivers) were clad
in the brightest attire, as were the
attendant, spearmen, who marched
by the elephants' sides. In the rear
of the procession rode General Lord
Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief
in India, surrounded by a brilliant
staff, and followed by the heads of
the Provinces, with escorts of Indian
cavalry, and tribal leaders from be-
yond the border line.

A Flattering Welcome.

Down the main street moved the
cortege, through lines of saluting
soldiers and excited, surging, sal-
launting throngs of natives; through
the ancient city, with the balconies
and house-tops teeming with life, and
through the Moree gate, into the
open park beyond. There, after a
four-mile march, the elephants of the
Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught
halted side by side, and the pageant
was concluded with the great Princes
flung by their elephants trumpeting
a salute. The Viceroy was in State
uniform, Lady Curzon was dressed in
grey, the Duke of Connaught had on
a Field Marshal's uniform, and the
Duchess of Connaught was attired in
blue. They received a flattering wel-
come at all points. The Viceroy and
the Duke of Connaught subsequently
drove to the main camp. The roads,
after the passage of the procession,
presented a scene of chaos, as the
camel carriages, mule carts, landaus,
bicycles and bullock carts pressed
onward in strange confusion. There
were many breakdowns, and many
hours elapsed before the people were
able to return to their camps.

St. Thomas, Dec. 30.—The ballot
stuffing cases came before Judge Bell
at the Court House here yesterday
morning. H. A. Branton was the only
one of the three accused to put in
an appearance. D. J. Donahue as his
counsel, and J. A. Robinson for the
defendants, were the counsel. After
argument the hearing was adjourned
until Jan. 19, 1903.

CRUSHING A BORE.

The Authority on Natural History
That Sydney Smith Quoted.

Sydney Smith jokes have a delicate
flavor of age, but an anecdote in "Mem-
ories of Half a Century" has not been
told so often as some of the classic
tales. Sydney was a guest at the din-
ner of an archdeacon, and a fellow
guest, whose hobby was natural his-
tory, was a bore if once started on his
subject. Smith promised to try to keep
him in check. The naturalist got his
opening.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said he, "have
you seen the pamphlet written by my
friend, Professor Dickens, on the re-
markable size of the eye in a common
house fly?"

The archdeacon courteously said he
had not. The bore pursued his advan-
tage:

"I can assure you it is a most inter-
esting pamphlet, setting forth particu-
lars hitherto unobserved as to the un-
usual size of that eye."

"I deny the fact," said a voice from
the other end of the table. All smiled
at the bore.

"You deny the fact, sir?" said he.
"May I ask on what authority you con-
demn the investigations of my most
learned friend?"

"I deny the fact," replied Smith,
"and I base my denial on evidence
wedded to immortal verse well known
to every scholar at least at this table!"

The emphasis laid on scholar nettled
the naturalist by its implication. "Well,
sir," he said, "will you have the kin-
dness to quote your authority?"

"I will, sir. The evidence is those
well known, I may say immortal, lines:
"Who saw him die?"
"I," said the fly.
"With my little eye!"

The guests roared, and during the
rest of the dinner nothing further was
heard on the subject of natural his-
tory.

THE COOKBOOK.

Peeled, chopped tomato sprinkled
over lettuce, the whole covered with
French dressing, makes a Russian
salad.

To steam potatoes peel them and
when very clean put them in a colan-
der over boiling water. Cover tightly
with a lid and leave them until done.

Tarragon leaves are most useful in
salad and should be scalded, squeezed
in a towel and chopped fine. This herb
gives a zest to the salad that is always
appreciated.

When making beef tea, never add
the salt till the meat has been cooking
for several hours. Salt acts upon the
fiber and prevents it giving out all its
nourishing properties.

A steak one inch thick requires to be
broiled seven minutes; one inch and a
half, twelve minutes; two inches,
twenty minutes, near the fire at first
and then four inches away.

A substitute for caper sauce is made
by boiling some sprigs of parsley slowly
to let it become a bad color. Do not
chop it fine. Set it in melted butter,
season with salt and a deservetopful
of vinegar, boil up and serve.

A New Profession.

Young Mr. Inswim was hurrying
blindly along the street toward a chem-
ist's with a bottle in his hand when
young De Troop hailed him.

De Troop—Hello, Inswim! I've
scarcely seen you for a year. Where
have you been keeping yourself since
you were married?

Inswim—Oh, busy—busy all the time.
De Troop—I say, what are you doing
mostly?

Inswim—I've got a new profession.
De Troop—What is it?

Inswim—Humorist.
De Troop—You don't say. I didn't
think you were much in that line.

Inswim—I'm not a very glittering
success.
De Troop—What—er—what sort of
work do you do mostly?

And then young Mr. Inswim leaned
over and whispered softly in young
De Troop's ear:

"I'm spending most of my time try-
ing to humor a baby that's engaged in
tooth culture."

Then he plunged madly on again to-
ward the apothecary shop.—Lon-
don Answers.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Pac-Cliff Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BRUISES,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Dr. McQuay's Kidney and Cough
Powder

For coughing of the lungs, the result of hard
driving, kidney trouble, etc., it does what
no other medicine can. It is a powerful
diuretic, and it is a powerful expectorant.
It will cure your cough, soothe your
throat, and it will cure your kidney
trouble. It is a powerful diuretic, and it
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A Crisis Not Half W.

There were strict orders in the Phil-
ippines regarding looting, and one day
a lieutenant's wife was seen peering
eagerly under the piazza of a house on
the outskirts of Manila, writes Dixie
Volcott in Harper's Magazine.

"What are you doing there?" he de-
manded in his gruffest tones.

"Why, sir," said the soldier, smiling.
"I'm only trying to catch a chicken
which I've just bought."

"There are two chickens under
there," he explained excitedly. "I
bought the other one. Catch 'em both."

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there, he explained excitedly. "I
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