

RENEWAL OF EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS ADD TO TERROR OF PEOPLE IN STRICKEN TOWNS

(Continued from page 1)

The Duke of the Abruzzi is continuing the distributing of relief in the earthquake zone. He rose from place to place without escort, refusing even to allow his friends to know where he is. In many places he organized the rescue work, and left without the survivors having any idea who he was. The government has appropriated \$1,000,000 to relieve sufferers.

Severe winter weather has added to the misery of the survivors, many of whom are without shelter of any kind. Urgent appeals for food are coming from many places.

Some of the rescues are regarded as almost miraculous. At Avezzano an entire family, composed of father and mother, three daughters and a son, were extricated alive from the ruins of their home.

Tenement houses in the Testaccio quarter of this city, cracked by the earthquake, have been vacated by their tenants, who feared the buildings would collapse. These people have established a camp in a neighboring square.

Avezzano, Italy, Jan. 17, (via Rome).—Twelve thousand bodies, it is semi-officially estimated, are buried under the fallen walls of this earthquake-stricken city. Rescuers believe there still are many living beneath the tons of debris and desperate efforts are being made to rescue them.

Most of the irregular masses of stone have not yet been touched with pick or shovel. This is the fault of no one, because it would take a thousand workmen several days to turn over and excavate what has been heavily quarried and built up during centuries. Captain Pisan Vettori, who has charge of the relief work here, estimates that there are 15,000 dead in Avezzano, Capelle, Magliano and the villages in this immediate district. Up to midnight Saturday only 500 bodies had been taken from the ruins. These were laid out irregularly in open spaces all over the city.

Like Solosons After Ten Days Bombardment

Supplies are now pouring into Avezzano. On Saturday there were received 25,000 cans of preserved meat, 180 quintals (a quintal is about 220 pounds) of rice, eight quintals of coffee, fourteen quintals of sugar and ten quintals of salt. Whole trainloads of timber also arrived as well as tents for 12,000 people and materials for illumination.

In the midst of this desolation, which reminded correspondents who had been at the battlefield of Solosons after 100 days' bombardment by German and French artillery, are campfires around which parties of survivors are cooking army rations which have been distributed to them. They sit shivering in the sharp winter air on this high tableland of the Apennines. An eight-day clock hanging on the only fragment of a wall which remains standing is still striking the hour.

A dozen bodies ready for burial are lying in the square of Torlonia. "In this square," said Captain Vettori, "I saw a father place the bodies of his wife, three sons and three daughters. I think that was the saddest incident I have seen. One little

boy stood beside the father as he arranged the bodies. The child seemed not to realize what had happened. This man, so terribly affected, stared vacantly at those who speak to him. He has not eaten for two days."

Scores of survivors were half starving yesterday before food arrived from outside, although under the walls of Prince Torlonia's granary there were 100,000 bushels of wheat.

The correspondent of the Associated Press, going about last night with two soldiers bearing torches, came across the bodies of a family of seven, father, mother and five children. There was a ghastly row of more than 100 lying near the splendid villa of Prince Torlonia, in which were found the bodies of thirty-two domestics and employees on his estate. Neither the Prince nor any member of his family was in the great country house, which was destroyed.

The Work of Years Undone in Half a Minute

There were thirty-two school masters in Avezzano before the earthquake, and only four survived, while only one of the sixteen school mistresses is living. All the professors are dead.

Churches with massive walls, the ancient Castle of Orsini, new structural steel and brick business blocks, all were leveled by the earthquake, which lasted only thirty-one seconds. The Castle of Orsini was used as a local administrative building. Twelve gentlemen happened to be in the guard room when the earth rocked. Eleven were killed, and the twelfth was seriously injured.

A railway carriage has been transformed into a residence and office for the authorities, who wish to leave all available tents for the survivors. Another car is used as a telegraph office.

Valuables already removed from the ruins are estimated to be worth \$4,000,000, and it is expected that much more will be found as the excavation continues, for several important banks have branches here.

Deputy Federico Di Palma, whose wife was Miss Rosalie Agnes Williams of Boston, and his colleague, Deputy Francesco Ciccarone, are directing the work of looking after the injured.

Dr. Sabatino, more than seventy years of age, for three days and three nights ceaselessly nursed and treated the wounded at Cencio, and then collapsed. His son, also a physician, hastened from Rome to take his place. No other doctor has yet reached Renchic.

More Shocks Felt at Sora; Houses Unsafe For Habitation

Sora, Italy, Jan. 17 (via Rome).—Slight earth tremors have not ceased here, and the local authorities declare not a single house in town is safe for occupancy. Captain Fusi, who is directing the work of rescue, is convinced that more than 1,000 victims are buried in the debris.

Rescue work is progressing slowly, and there now is very little hope of finding persons alive, because in most cases bodies are buried beneath immense piles of masonry. The authorities are devoting most of their attention to caring for the few persons who have escaped death. The Red Cross has opened an emergency hospital, where the less dangerously injured are being cared for. Those more dangerously

hurt are being taken to Caserta.

The sufferings of the homeless population have been intensified by a cold, drizzling rain, which began early yesterday afternoon and continued steadily. The people have been warned not to re-occupy the houses which remain standing, until the buildings have been carefully inspected.

The nights have been spent in the open air, where the only heat has been provided by wood fires. Huts are being erected along the roadside and in the fields to shelter the women and children. Food is being distributed by communal officials.

The church of Santa Restituta, protectress of the town, was full of worshippers when the first shock occurred. The members of the congregation rushed out, thereby saving their lives; for a moment later, a second shock levelled the edifice, destroying everything except a statue of the Saint, which was not injured. The statue gleams white, with arms upraised above a scene of utter desolation. The peasants believe they were saved by a miracle, and that Santa Restituta herself protected her worshippers. It will be several weeks before the site of the church can be cleared. Meanwhile two or three soldiers stand guard in the square in front of the church. Nobody else is permitted to approach.

Houses which apparently are undamaged, and which show no cracks in the outer walls, are completely demolished on the interior. One house in the middle of a block has fallen in, leaving only a mass of debris, while the adjoining houses on either side are standing.

The official business of Sora is being transacted in the summer house in the garden of a fine villa which suffered little from the earthquake. Here the Prefect, members of the Communal Council and military officers carry on their relief work and direct the search for bodies. Train service is not entirely suspended, but it is exceedingly irregular. Business of all kinds has ceased entirely.

King Victor Emmanuel Promises Orphans Will Be Cared For

The surviving residents of the town wander aimlessly through the streets, apparently taking little interest in what is going on around them. They cannot realize yet the extent of the calamity which has befallen them.

When King Victor Emmanuel visited Sora he personally promised the children who had been made orphans by the earthquake that they would be cared for. The sovereign was constantly surrounded by throngs of citizens, but when a detachment of soldiers attempted to disperse the crowd His Majesty ordered the officer in command to employ his men elsewhere, saying the king needed the protection of his bodyguard.

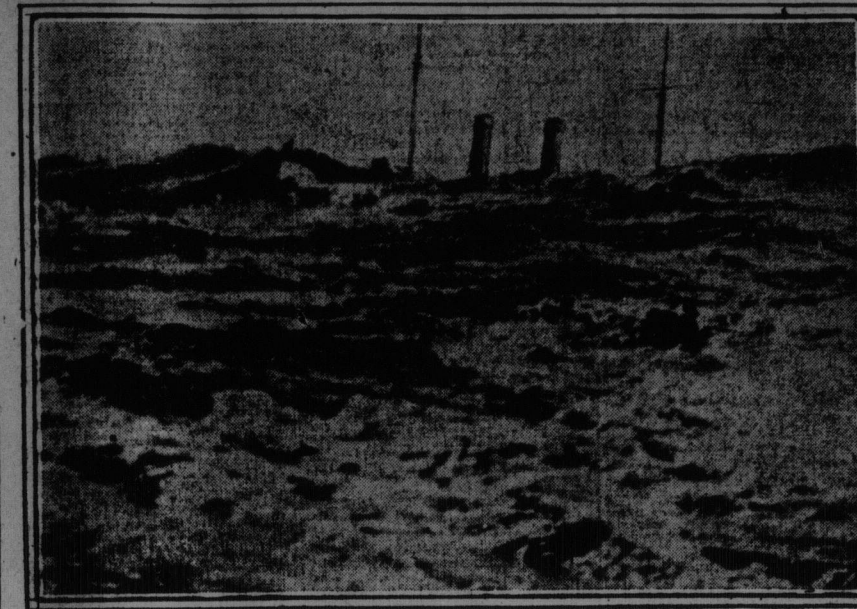
Although rain was falling, King Victor Emmanuel insisted upon continuing his inspection of the afflicted towns and villages, motoring from one place to another.

Weather Interferes With Rescue Work

London, Jan. 17.—The Rome correspondent of Reuters' Telegram Company sends the following despatch regarding the earthquake:

"The King returned to the Capital

THE BRITISH FLEET IN HEAVY WEATHER.



These pictures give a good idea of the rough seas encountered by the British fleet in the North Sea. In the upper picture is shown the bow of the British battle ship Revenge ploughing through a heavy sea. In the other picture is a cruiser in heavy weather, photographed over a big swell from a nearby ship.

Saturday evening from the scene of the earthquake disaster, where troops indefinitely are pursuing the work of rescue and constructing huts to accommodate the survivors. The weather is very bad, adding to the difficulties of the rescue work, and the distress of the survivors is increased by the pelting rain. The King, who visited Sora, Delhi and Balorano, everywhere was enthusiastically received by the inhabitants.

Do not forget to attend the Great Fur Sale at H. Mont Jones.

THE SENSATION OF BEING HELD UP BY HIGHWAY ROBBER

An Account of the Gentle Bandit Who Made His Fortune Last July—How It Feels to Look Down a Rifle Barrel—What the Helpless Victims Said and Did.

(From the New York Sun)

Photographs of the bandit who held up and robbed 165 tourists in Yellowstone National Park on July 29 were taken by a young woman who herself was one of his victims. The young woman, Miss Anna L. Squire of Chicago, secured remarkably good results considering the circumstances under which she worked. Her pictures show clearly the amazing coolness of the robber.

Knowing that none of the tourists was armed, because of the government restrictions against carrying weapons in the park, the bandit apparently felt perfectly safe. While he searched the purses his rifle was thrown on the ground, but within easy reach. On orders of the robber the tourists kept on the opposite side of a little gulch from himself so that he would have had ample time in which to recover his rifle had there been any disposition on the part of the men in the party to interrupt the robbery.

Miss Squire was in the fifth coach that was robbed. They arrived on the scene about ten o'clock, and were astounded to find themselves covered by the bandit's gun. Following his instructions they descended from the coach and surrendered their purses. After giving up their belongings they joined the other tourists across the gulch on a bank overlooking the scene of the robbery.

When the first shock of the encounter had passed Miss Squire decided to take some pictures. Other tourists pleaded with her not to attempt to secure pictures, but she decided not to overlook the opportunity. Concealed behind bushes she pushed her camera through the foliage and snapped the hold-up man until her roll of film was exhausted.

Miss Squire gave a vivid account of her experience. Having a seat up alongside the driver of the coach she chatted with him about the possibility of being held up. Whether from

force of habit or not, the driver assured her that there was really a hold-up in the park every six years, and the last one was in 1908. The driver went on, while the people in the coach laughed and suggested that they were due for such an experience, since the six years had passed.

"Suddenly there was a commotion in front," said Miss Squire. "The survey ahead of our coach came to a sudden stop, and he white faced driver, turning in his seat, shouted that we were held up. In a moment a man came along by the survey and coach with a repeating rifle under his arm, aimed in our direction.

"Simultaneously something inside of me took firm hold of my heart, and I came alone by the survey and coach with a repeating rifle under his arm, aimed in our direction.

"The driver here, I thought, was a man of me took firm hold of my heart, and I came alone by the survey and coach with a repeating rifle under his arm, aimed in our direction.

"It was as though nature had set the scene for this mountain thriller. Back of us the road wound its way upward, flanked on one side by the sheer rises of rock and close by on the right by ravines shudderingly deep. The driver here, I thought, was a man of me took firm hold of my heart, and I came alone by the survey and coach with a repeating rifle under his arm, aimed in our direction.

"But here, where we had turned to the left at the bandit's order, a mountain crevice, or gully, coming to its outlet has widened the road into almost a semicircle, a stage where the back drops were the mountains, where the audience must sit close or fall off.

"And in about the middle of this outer curve of the semicircle, with the rise of the mountain at his back, stood a man, probably five feet eight inches tall, erect as an Indian, wearing huge lumberjack shoes and socks, with a black mark over three-fourths of his face.

"The robber politely but firmly ordered us to 'pile out,' which we lost time in doing. He then commanded the driver of the coach to drive on down the road and wait. Wait! There was nothing else to do—it was nine miles to the nearest station.

"Lying on the ground in front of the bandit was a sack. He ordered the tourists to pass in front of him and toss their purses on the ground as they passed, then to join those who had previously been robbed and were seated on the other side of the gulch.

"The bandit was cool and courteous in disposing of their belongings. He explained very politely that he did not want jewelry—only money.

"When all the passengers of the coach had passed him and paid their tribute he ordered them to sit down across the gulch and remain quiet. As this order was accompanied with a sweeping motion of the rifle barrel in our direction we lost no time in complying with the request. Then he began to take the small purses from the bags and examine their contents. The large bags were left on the ground for the owners to recover later.

"The robber had difficulty in opening one bag and said: 'This appears to be a handkerchief bag and full of money, but I am unable to open it. I dislike spoiling it by slitting it with my knife, so if the lady who owns it will be so kind as to open it for me I shall be very much obliged.' One of the ladies then stepped forward and opened the

bag and after taking out the money he restored it to her, thanking her graciously.

"And so it went on. Coach after coach, twenty-two in all, rounded the curve into the little arena, and faced the deadly rifle, the passengers piled out and the coaches went on down the road, where they could neither turn around nor drive rapidly. The heap of money grew and the group of picked tourists also grew.

"After we got our throats cleared of various choking sensations and really knew the situation elements of humor appeared and were appreciated. We remembered the joyous start from Old Faithful in the early morning hours, the singing, the sight-seeing. At one point our driver had pointed out the scene of the famous holdup of 1908, where sixteen coaches were robbed by one man; and had told us how things were tame now compared with the old days.

"Yet let any one of us now make a move and the unwavering line of steel with that unwinked circle of black stared you full in the eyes.

"There was one intensely human moment. An aged woman tremblingly stood in the line and laid down her small tithe. As she straightened up she looked full into that slit of cruel eyes and said: 'Boy, I hope your mother can't see you now.'

"There was no answer, and for the moment it seemed as though that highwayman's disordered mind surely must be going back to the mountain home some place where a mother had taught him different paths than this.

"In one of the first coaches held up was a young girl who edged around the base of the road at the outside of our amphitheatre and gained the turn. She ran all the way down the mountain, warning each coach. The coaches she warned were forced to go on because of the road, but the passengers had time and opportunity to hide all their money but what they returned to avoid arousing the bandit's suspicions. About six coaches stopped below the turn and not come on. The bandit waited the usual interval, then calmly walked to the turn and that hypnotic rifle motioned them to the shearing.

One lucky man had dropped most of his money in a sand hole and had passed by the gunman. But as we sat there and watched coach after coach he had grown more nervous about his money. Like the murderer going back to his victim, the man edged nearer his cache. And it was safe—gloriously, happily safe! Then: 'Come over here, you!' said the ever watchful owner of the rifle. He had noted the proceedings, and the money came to him.

"One girl asked for the return of her powder rag and the bandit, with a grin visible below the black mask, tossed it to her. One opportunist pretended deafness, thereby hoping to be passed by without turning his pockets inside out, and today, interfering greatly with the work of rescue.

More Shocks Yesterday

Paris, Jan. 17.—A Havas despatch from Sora says that another earthquake occurred there early this morning, but the population remained quiet. Rain fell throughout the entire night and today, interfering greatly with the work of rescue.

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Mrs. Thomas Bridges, Gorrie, Ont., writes: "I was so bad with a cold I gave up work, and I was in bed four weeks being unable to do anything. I thought the cold was turning to bronchitis, so I changed my medicine to Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I used three bottles, and they completely cured me, and I am as strong as ever. I highly recommend it to all sufferers."

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Avezzano, Jan. 17.—The earth shook again today for about ten seconds. The shock occurred at 2:10 a.m. and consisted of a gentle rocking movement. The people left their shelters, and gathered in the streets, where they remained fearing return.

THE KING OF ENGLAND UPON THE BATTLEFIELD.



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THE KING EXAMINING THE LAST MEMORIALS OF THE FALLEN.

This picture, drawn by F. Matania, special artist for this newspaper, the New York Herald and the London Sphere, shows an incident during the King's visit to the British army in France. The visit of the King has been immensely appreciated by the men at the front. One account describes him as "tramping about in the mud as though he were partridge shooting, while the Prince wandered about as he listed." He went among the men and chatted with them as a soldier among soldiers. During six busy days the King visited almost every part of the British lines. In his descriptive account of the visit "Eye Witness," who is with headquarters, says that during his tour of the lines the King came across many mounds surmounted by wooden crosses. In each case he stopped to read the inscription.

CIALS

EMENT ED DEFEAT SOSSONS

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with rifle, bayonet and knife,
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by surprise. Within three
the Germans captured the
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On the 15th inst., at 40
the government in August
representatives of neither the
of the coal trades. It demands
commodities be represented
omitted.

BORN.

—On January 17, to the wife
A. Sinclair, a son.

DIED.

—this city on the 17th inst.,
youngest daughter of
and the late Sarah Baird,
On the 15th inst., at 40
avenue, Kimball C. Tapley,
his sister and two brothers
their loss.

—funeral hereafter.

—this city, on 15
blonde (Ada) wife of John
Ulin.

—Mrs. Fitzpatrick's Undertak-
ing today Matinee, 2:30
Friends invited to attend.
—At Milford, on 17th inst.,
widow of John Wallace,
years, leaving one daughter,
Mrs. (Montreal and Mon-
reals please copy.)

Tuesday afternoon at 2:30
from the residence of her
Mrs. Robert Carrill Milford,
this city on the 18th inst.,
ee, leaving six daughters
—her late residence, 26
1st street Wednesday after-
2:30 o'clock.

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