

Wilson said in the Victoria had been ed, ch (Sidney), the only present, said that it ated in consideration grant that the meet- d in Victoria. ked that members be actual work the as- ng. salary was left to be during the session. ore taking the chair, good deal of improve- business. He hoped of the members and rship roll would be before the next an-

pressing regret at the growers generally by Fletcher, was car- selves with quotations from several box man- box and label quo- received. to R. M. Palmer for hair during the elec- and retiring officers, ng Session.

session Thomas Cun- fruit pest in inspe- convention. He con- association on the work year and anticipated all year for 1909. dress on fruit-spraying exhaustively with and giving detailed results, which were re- lar applause. The rited in the reports meeting and his cir- members in the usual

assistent provincial in- pates, added a second ame subject dealing ur and salt spray, I sop as a winter ate of lead for a sum- was given to the ture and a short ref- of the nicotine spray, lead' was made. manager of the Cen- New Westminster, in aper read by the sec- the business side of ing more particularly he product and its

It advocated a fruit. The duties er were \$1 per hun- eaches, 40c barrel on ated a duty of \$1 per apples. The Ontario are asking for it and ovinces are becoming ound for American pplies for Canadian ighly advocated. There sh Columbia markets een British Columbia the fruit industry is The paper also laid the proper parking in- iled freight cars. Ho- of growers into Mar-

Thomas Wilson on leaf- as read by the sec- apple tree caterpillar- hop flea beetle, eye- sh, and others. Illus- trations for early detection ests and their obliter-

and Palmer spoke nks to the writers of rs, which was unani- n then took up the merican apples being rish Columbia mar- ny-five carloads were year making a heavy local supply. He es- ads would be dumped fancouver. 1 1,750 tons more fruit d by British Colum- year than the year of the American

aid a sure market was sh Columbia could d a strong central or- pe formed for the dis- Columbia products, es were extended to ed papers, which will minutes. from the islands, damage done in his crows, declaring sixty crop had been de- this pest. His object matter up was to get the government. It t incentive to the erad- rs. Crows, however, Mr. Shaw had found duty in getting close hem. Poisoned wheat had likewise proved a member for the dis- prevailed upon to see ment could do in the

mentioned the blue me category as Mr. hill, Hornby Island, ow was a good scav- harm than good. At ere were thousands

passed a resolution ent be asked to im- crows in certain dis- ade was extended, r the use of the board n and T. A. Brydon gates of the associa- e Dominion confer- ers to be held at Ot- and Messrs. Stirling re elected as alterna- of the first named nable to attend. sending a represen- merican Pomological to be held at St. Cath- in September next. the next quarterly

announced that the would be \$150. uly meeting will be k.

NEXT MATCH. an, 23.—Reports from say that Battling y McFarland will be onst on March 17th. rn east will be post- days pending the lat-

## THRILLING WORD PICTURE OF EARTHQUAKE DISASTER

### Londoner Tells a Marvellous Story—Heroic British Sailors—Daring Adventures and Success in Rescue Work

There arrived in London recently the first Englishman who had been in Messina at the time when the great earthquake occurred.

This gentleman was Constantine Doreza, a well-known shipbroker and insurance agent. Mr. Doreza was in Sicily on business when the catastrophe occurred, and he witnessed all the terrible scenes attending the destruction of Messina. He was an eye-witness of the splendid bravery shown by the sailors of the British Navy and the British mercantile marine. He gives an especially thrilling description of the work done by the captain and part of the crew of the Afonwen, a Cardiff coal steamer.

He gave an account of his experiences to a representative of Lloyd's News. His story is such a remarkable vivid and graphic one that it is reproduced in the Times. It was the first connected account of the catastrophe given by an eye-witness that has appeared in London.

Constantine Doreza looked tired and careworn as he sat in the editorial office of Lloyd's News and told his story. He had had an almost miraculous escape from death, and he had witnessed sights that made the heart sick and the brain reel.

For hours he had been face to face with the terrible results of the greatest catastrophe of recent times and now he had got home safely through it all.

Where should he start to tell the story of the dreadful disaster, and how could he sufficiently express his thankfulness for his deliverance? And what about the magnificent British fellows who did such noble deeds of heroism amid the panic-stricken Italians? How grand they were!

Mr. Doreza was full of praise of them, and could scarcely be persuaded to stop in his appreciation to tell of his own amazing experiences in the order in which they happened.

When he did it proved to be as moving a story of dire disaster and splendid pluck as has been given to the world for many years, and told in as modest and simple a manner as could be imagined.

"I am a member of the firm of Messrs. Manago, Doreza & Co., St. Mary-axe," he said, "and went to Messina some three weeks ago to look after repairs of the Russian steamer Prodigol, which was wrecked at Bianco Nuovo in December last. We had got her into dry dock, and I was superintending the repairs on behalf of the owners.

"I was staying at the Trinacria hotel, with another Englishman, a friend of mine, Emory Calger, a marine sur-

geon. Day was just breaking. All round us buildings were falling with terrific crashes, and the air was full of dust. But the most terrible experience of all was to hear the frightful screams and cries of the wounded who were pinned under the debris.

"Men and women were rushing about with scarcely any clothing on them. They seemed to have entirely lost their heads. They did nothing to help any of those who were in need of rescue.

"I saw we could do nothing without appliances, so I suggested to Calger that we should get down to the quay and see what could be done there. We went down the Via Garibaldi, the street in which the Hotel Trinacria is situated, and got on to the quay, where we saw a ship which we took to be the Drake.

"It was not the Drake, however, but a Norwegian steamer, and we could get no answer. So we got into a boat which was moored near, and rowed out to where the Prodigol should have been in dry dock. But when we got there we found that she had disappeared.

"The tremendous tidal wave which followed the earthquake had washed her clean out of dry dock, lifting her off the props, and she was lying right across the entrance of the dock in a sinking condition. The engine-room and chimney stack of the dry dock had both fallen down.

"Near the Prodigol and moored at the quay was the Cardiff steamer Afonwen, which had been discharging a cargo of coal consigned to the Italian government. I asked the captain to let us come aboard, as I knew the owners, Messrs. W. and C. T. Jones. He gave his consent.

"As soon as I saw him I pointed out the dreadful state of things in the town, and we consulted as to what we could do to render any assistance. I shouted out to the captain of the Prodigol to get out a boat, with as many ladders and hawsers as he could.

Children's Piteous Plight.

"When we had got these together we started back to the town. Captain Owens, of the Afonwen, and three of his men, and some of the Russian sailors from the Prodigol. And here let me say that I was never prouder or being a Briton than I was on that occasion, for we were able to render services, which entailed the utmost danger, to the people who were awaiting rescue.

"When we got ashore we walked to the Trinacria—or, rather, to where it had been. There the second mate of the Afonwen—Read—climbed up the sheets which were still hanging from the balcony, and brought out our bags and clothing, and things we had left behind us.

"Just then the Prodigol's boat came ashore with the ladders and ropes. About forty yards further down the street from where the Hotel Trinacria had once stood there were the remains of a high building standing. All the intervening houses had fallen. On the top balcony of this building, about twenty feet from the ground, on the fifth floor, we saw two little children standing. Their piteous cries for help were dreadful to hear.

"The building itself seemed ready to collapse at any moment. What was to be done? Capt. Owens did not hesitate. We knew a little Italian, and we shouted to the children to lower a string tied to a stone. They understood, and presently we saw a piece of stone coming down towards us.

"We were standing in the public

"In the meantime Captain Owens,

held my breath. I have read of many brave deeds, but I never heard of one braver than that performed by Smith. But that was not all. When he reached the top balcony he leaned over and shouted, 'Why, there's a tin of 'em up here. I can't manage to get them all down by myself!'

Two Gallant Souls.

"Captain Owens turned to his second mate, Reid, who was standing by. 'Now, Read,' he said, 'It was enough. In a second Read was shinning up the rope hand-over-hand. He hesitated not a moment. We watched him with our mouths open, and there was something like a sigh of relief when we saw him standing by the side of Smith on the top balcony of the building, which seemed to us to be tottering to fall every second.

"The men aloft soon got to work. One of Capt. Owens' apprentices, named Possart, rendered their great assistance, while I stood at the foot of the ladder to keep it from slipping. The moments were flying, for we did not know how soon the whole shell would collapse. An Italian workman stood near with his hands in his pockets staring at us. I begged him to lend a hand, but his face only assumed a more vacuous expression—it that were possible—and we were left to do the work ourselves.

"Read and Smith made their hawsers fast, and then, one by one, they lowered the cowering creatures who had been awaiting death from that crazy height. One, two, three, and up to ten times the rope was lowered, each time with a cheer. The last was a slip noose which the deft sailors had formed. Then came an old woman. She was very stout, and we had a great deal of trouble to get her down. But we managed it at last.

"At last the brave rescuers came down the rope themselves. These brave men had saved twelve people from certain death. Never shall I forget the coolness they showed. All the time they were in imminent danger of death, yet they worked as calmly as if they had been on the ground. They had been in imminent danger of their lives, yet when they came down they quite resembled our congratulations. But in spite of this, we could not help giving them a British cheer.

Sawn Out of Blazing Ruin.

"But there was other work for us. Near by where we were standing we heard piercing cries from a woman, who was buried up to her waist in the ruins of a shop. The buildings all round here were blazing, and slowly but surely the cruel flames were creeping nearer to her.

"It was an awful scene. Could she be saved? Captain Owens gave a sharp word of command, and soon Read was rushing away to the Drake, a ship which was moored at the quay. In a few minutes he was back with a saw.

"He dashed through the raging flames, and began with frantic energy to saw through the plank which held the woman fast. We waited in ter-

## MEDITERRANEAN EARTHQUAKE DISASTER.



—Reproduced from the Graphic.

The King of Italy rescuing victims at Reggio.

rible suspense. Then to our relief we saw the end of the plank fall away, and Read came through the flames bearing the rescued woman in his arms.

"Just at this moment an Italian officer came up. He had witnessed this scene, and he asked me the name of the ship to whom the men belonged. 'I shall send an account of their splendid bravery to my government,' he said, 'and I hope they will recognize it in some way. In the meantime I can only thank them for their heroic efforts.'

"At this moment we heard cries from the back of that part of the Trinacria hotel which had been left standing. We saw Signor Cogli, a gentleman staying in the hotel, standing on a narrow ledge. Him we managed to rescue.

"But there was another life for us

thirst. We loaded a boat and made for the shore again, where we distributed the food to those who were in need of it.

"Captain Owens left me in charge of the boat whilst he carried out the work of distribution. While I was guarding it five Italian soldiers came up and tried to seize it in order to escape to the mainland of Calabria. I knew it was our only hope of escape, so I drew my revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who touched it. They made off.

"When we returned to the Afonwen we could see nine different fires burning, and every few minutes there was the crash of a building which had toppled over in final collapse.

"Every moment was one of terror. There were twenty or thirty shocks during the day. And one of these, which came about 6 o'clock at night,

## MEDITERRANEAN EARTHQUAKE DISASTER.



—Reproduced from the Graphic.

The wreckage in Via Canour, one of the main streets of Messina.

to save. A woman was clinging to a narrow ledge, and this we managed to reach with a rope. In coming down she tore all the skin off her hands, and had to let go when she was about ten feet from the ground. She fell and broke her leg.

"By this time we had done all we could in the way of saving life, and we went back to the ship. We had no food, nor could we get any.

"When we got to the quay we found the Prodigol was sinking, so we took the crew on board the Afonwen. We cleared her of all the food and stores we could find, for we had seen that there would be great need.

Threatened by Soldiers.

"The whole town was absolutely destroyed, and the survivors were in danger of death from starvation and

rocked our big ship as though it had been a light cradle. How we got through the night I don't know. None of us got much sleep, and we would see the searchlights of the Italian gunboats playing on the shore. When the morning broke we saw that Messina was nothing more than a heap of smouldering ruins—one might almost say cinders.

"Prowling among the ruins were groups of panic-stricken fugitives with nothing either to eat or drink. The prisoners had escaped from the fallen prison, and were engaged in looting indiscriminately.

The White Ensign.

"We were cut off from the world. All the wires were down and the cables destroyed. Across the straits we could not see the lights of Reggio, which told of

## MEDITERRANEAN EARTHQUAKE DISASTER.



—Reproduced from the Graphic.

The ruins of a house in Reggio, where several families lie buried.

destruction in that town. All things seemed to be returning to savagery and chaos.

"Then early in the morning of Tuesday we saw some silent grey monsters tearing up the straits. In a moment our glasses were out, and we could soon distinguish the white ensign. The British fleet had come.

"It brought the first help to us from the outside world. I am not ashamed to say that I felt a lump in my throat as I saw the Union Jack in the pale light of the morning.

"Soon the ships came to anchor. Then hoarse words of command rang out on the still morning air. The boats' whistles blew, and soon launches and boats were tearing towards the shore bearing parties of bluejackets and marines.

"With them were surgeons, medical appliances, and supplies of food and clothing. As soon as they landed they began to restore order. It was soon found that stern measures were necessary, and rifles were fetched. The robbers and looters were treated with scant ceremony. Martial law had been proclaimed, and these were shot at sight. Indeed, our navy rendered incalculable service at the moment it was most needed.

"It appears that the squadron was at Syracuse on Monday waiting orders from Malta. In the afternoon a wireless message was received from Malta sending news of the earthquake, and orders to stand by ready to sail at a moment's notice. Those orders came in the evening, and the Sutlej, the Euryalus and their companions came on the scene.

"The presence of these bodies of disciplined men had an immediate and remarkable effect. Surgeons were at work tending the wounded. Bluejackets and marines were rescuing those who were still left alive in the ruins. Food was given to the starving. I confess when I watched the disciplined effort, and the ordered coolness of our gallant sailors, I felt still more proud of a country which could boast of such a navy and such a mercantile marine.

Tender Russians.

"But I must not forget to say a word about the Russians. Some Russian warships came up in the afternoon of Tuesday, and they immediately got to work. It was curious to notice the difference between them and our men. They had not the machine-like discipline and the peculiar 'hammers' which enable our sailors to do everything that comes along. But they showed a wonderful kindness and sympathy.

"I watched big Russian sailors gently handling little children, and soothing their fears with simple words, which, although in a foreign tongue, seemed to calm the little ones. And they were just as gentle with the wounded, handling them with almost womanly tenderness.

"As Tuesday wore on things began to assume an altered aspect. The wounded were, wherever possible, taken to the ships and sent over to Naples and Palermo. The Malakoff, one of the Russian ships, took one of these sad cargoes, and the Therapia, a German ship, took another.

"The dead were brought out and buried—at least, as many as could be got out of the ruins—in the gardens in the Via Cayour. For many of them were buried so deeply that it will be days before they are reached. My local agent, for instance, who had my money on him, is buried 30 feet deep under the ruins of his office.

"On Tuesday afternoon we left in the Afonwen for Naples, where she will discharge the rest of her cargo. From Naples I travelled through Rome and Genoa to London.

Ten Saved Out of Eighty.

"It was stated in some of the papers that all the persons in the Hotel Trinacria had perished. This news, of course, was a great shock to my wife, and it was not until Wednesday morning that I was able to communicate with her.

"But my escape was nothing less than miraculous. My bed was on the very edge of a yawning chasm, and how it was that only these three rooms were left standing when all the rest of the vast building had crumbled to ruin is a mystery.

"As a matter of fact, the following is a list of the only people who were saved out of the eighty people in the Hotel Trinacria:

E. J. Craigler, Swedish lady and gentleman and child.

One chamber-maid, One waiter, Signor Cogli, The proprietor, and Myself.

"Mile Karalech was the prima donna at the opera house. The proprietor was buried in the debris for some hours, and was nearly dead when he was got out.

"It has been an awful experience. Short as the actual time of the earthquake was, it seemed to me to be a lifetime. I felt as though I were falling down, down through space, with the whole universe falling on me. My first thought was for my wife, and what I thought were my last words on earth was a whispered farewell to one who was so dear to me.

"And when I found, after the shock was over, and after I had struggled out from the heap of debris which covered me, that I was not seriously injured, I am not ashamed to confess, that I fell on my knees and poured out a heartfelt thanksgiving to Almighty God for His great mercy in so miraculously saving my life.

"As to the number of people who lost their lives, I was talking with the German consul, and out of a population of 140,000 in Messina, according to our estimate, not more than 40,000 are left alive.

A Scene of Desolation.

"Not is that all. I did not see Reggio, but I know it was destroyed. And as we sailed up the Straits we could see the villages all the way along lying in ruins.

"The Straits around our ship were full of floating dead bodies, and on a raft of driftwood I saw an old dog with a litter of puppies."

The Heart of a Piano is the Action. Insist on the "OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action