

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE LAY HALF OF SAN FRANCISCO IN ASHES AND RUINS; HUNDREDS DEAD, AND THOUSANDS INJURED



SEVEN MILLION DOLLAR SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL BUILDING WHICH WAS DESTROYED



CLAUS SPRECKLES BUILDING DESTROYED IN SAN FRANCISCO; ALSO THE "CALL" NEWSPAPER OFFICE

San Francisco, April 18.—At 10 o'clock tonight the fire was unabated and thousands of people are fleeing to the hills and clamoring for places on the ferry boats to cross the bay.

The damage is now believed to have reached \$200,000,000.

San Francisco, April 18.—Earthquake and fire today have put nearly half of San Francisco in ruins. At least 200 people have been killed, and thousands injured, and the property loss will exceed \$100,000,000. Thousands of people are homeless and destitute, and all day long streams of people have been fleeing from the stricken districts to places of safety.

It was 5:13 this morning when a terrific earthquake shook the whole city and the fire department has been powerless to do anything except to dynamite buildings threatened. All day long explosions have shaken the city and added to the terror of the inhabitants.

Disaster Widespread.

Following the first shock there was another within five minutes, but not so severe. Three hours later there was another slight quake. Reports from districts outside of San Francisco indicate widespread damage. San Jose, fifty miles north, lost many buildings, and from fifteen to twenty people were killed. Stanford University and Palo Alto suffered. At Stanford many of the handsome buildings were demolished and two people were killed. One was Julius Robert Hanna, of Bradford (Pa.), and the other Otto Gerts, a fireman.

Six students are lying in the Palo Alto hospital with bruises, cuts and internal injuries. They are—
Rosa S. Howard, of San Francisco;
Henry L. Dearing, of Santa Ann (Cal.);
M. Brodie, Halbert R. Thomas, of Los Angeles; Robert Westnick, of Santa Barbara; and W. R. Masters, of Portland (O.).
The court house at Redwood city and other buildings collapsed.

Business Section Wiped Out.

The greatest destruction occurred in that part of the city which was reclaimed from San Francisco Bay. Much of the devastated district was at one time low, marshy ground, covered by water at high tide. As

the city grew it became necessary to fill in many acres of this low ground in order to reach deep water. The Merchants' Exchange building, a fourteen-story steel structure, was situated on the edge of this reclaimed ground. It had just been completed, and the executive offices of the Southern Pacific Company occupied the greater part of the building.

The damage by the earthquake to the residence portion of the city, the finest part of which is on Nob hill and Pacific heights, seems to have been slight.

The magnificent Fairmont hotel, not yet completed, on the brink of Nob hill, overlooking the bay, was not seriously damaged. The construction of the hotel was started by Mrs. Hosman Orlin, of New York, as a monument to her father, United States Senator James Fair, but she recently sold it for \$3,000,000.

The Palace hotel was a seven-story building about 300 feet square. It was built thirty years ago by the late Senator Sharon. At the time it was even the Palace hotel was the best equipped hotel in the west.

The offices of three morning papers, the Chronicle, Call, and Examiner are situated within 100 feet of each other.

The Chronicle building at Market and Kearney streets, is a ten-story steel frame building, and is one of the first buildings of its character put up in San Francisco. The Spreckles building in which was the business office of the Call, is sixteen stories high. It stands at Third and Market streets. The editorial, composing and press rooms of the Call are in a small three-story building back of the Spreckles building.

Just across Third street, from the Spreckles building is the home of the Miner, seven stories high, with a frontage of 100 feet in Market street.

The post office is a fine gray stone structure and has been completed less than two years. It covers half a block on Mission street between Sixth and Seventh streets. The ground on which the building stands was of a swampy character and some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a solid foundation.

The City Hall, which was partly wrecked, is a mile and a half from the water front. It was an imposing structure with a dome 150 feet high. The building covers about three acres and cost more than \$7,000,000.

100,000 Homeless.

Washington, April 18.—The first message received from General Funston arrived here at 11:40 o'clock tonight. It was addressed to Secretary Taft. The message follows:
"Secretary of War,
Washington.

"We need thousands of tents and all the rations that can be sent. The business portion of the city destroyed and about 100,000 people homeless. Fire still raging. Troops all on duty assisting the police. Loss of life probably 1,000. Best part of residence district not yet burned."
—FUNSTON.

Orders will go forward from the War Department tomorrow to the adjacent posts to carry out General Funston's recommendations.

Frisco Business Section in Ruins

San Francisco, April 18.—Earthquake and fire today have caused the greatest calamity California has ever known. In San Francisco alone it is estimated that 1,000 persons have perished. While as many more are suffering from injuries. The entire business portion of the city is in ruins, and the flames which, owing to the lack of water, cannot be checked, except by the blowing up with dynamite of buildings in their path, are still sweeping the city.

It is utterly impossible at present to estimate the property loss, for the extent of the conflagration cannot be told until the fire has burned itself out. Thousands of people are homeless and many are huddled in the parks and public squares, besides the household district they were able to save.

The city is under martial law and all the downtown streets are patrolled by cavalry and infantry. Details of troops are also guarding the banks.

Most of the principal buildings have already been destroyed and others are in imminent danger.

Over all the scene of desolation hangs a dense pall of smoke.

Communication with outside towns is almost cut off, but the report comes from Palo Alto that all but one of the buildings of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, have been wrecked, and that the splendid memorial church, one of the most structures of its kind in the world, is a mass of ruins. One student is known to have lost his life. In Oakland five persons were killed. San Jose and Sacramento, Berkeley, Alameda, and other places heard from suffered severely, but report no loss of life.

Shock Found People in Bed

The dreadful earthquake shock came without warning at precisely 5:13 o'clock this morning, its motion apparently being from east to west. At first the upheaval of the earth was gradual, but in a few seconds it increased in intensity. Chimneys began to fall, and the buildings to crack, tottering on their foundations. The people became panic stricken and rushed into the streets, most of them in their night attire. They were met by showers of falling buildings, bricks, cornices and walls. Many were instantly crushed to death, while others were dreadfully mangled. Those who remained indoors generally escaped with their lives, though scores were hit by detached plaster, pictures and articles thrown to the floor by the shock.

It is believed that more or less loss was sustained by nearly every family in the city. The tall steel frame structures stood the strain better than the brick buildings, few of them being badly damaged. The big eleven-story Monarch office building, in course of construction, adjoining the Palace Hotel, was an exception, however, its rear wall collapsing and many cracks being made across its front. Some of the docks and freight sheds along the waterfront slid into the bay. Deep fissures opened in the filled-in ground near the shore, and the Union Ferry depot was injured. The high tower still stands, but will have to be torn down.

A portion of the new city hall, which cost more than \$7,000,000, collapsed, the roof sliding into the courtyard, and smaller towers tumbling down. The great dome was moved, but did not fall.

The new post office, one of the finest in the United States, was badly shattered. The Valencia hotel, a four-story wooden building, sank into the basement, a pile of splintered timbers, and living occupants were pinned many dead and dying occupants at the house. The basement was full of water, and some of the helpless victims were drowned.

Fires Followed Quickly.

Scarcely had the earth ceased to shake when fires broke out simultaneously in many places. The fire department promptly responded to the first calls for aid, but it was found that the water mains had been rendered useless by the underground movement. Fanned by a light breeze, the flames quickly spread, and soon many blocks were seen to be doomed. Then dy-

namite was resorted to and the sound of frequent explosions added to the terror of the people.

All efforts to stay the progress of the fire, however, proved futile. The south side of Market street, from Ninth street to the bay was soon ablaze, the fire covering a belt two blocks wide. On this, the main thoroughfare of the city, are located many of the finest edifices of the city, including the Grand Parrot, Flood, Call, Examiner and Monarch buildings, the Palace and Grand Hotels, and numerous wholesale houses.

At the same time the commercial establishments and banks north of Market street, were burning. The burning district in this section of the city extended from Sansome street to the water front, and from Market street to Broadway, and the entire city seemed to be in flames.

The sheds over the Southern Pacific Long wharf on San Francisco Bay have completely collapsed, carrying with them thousands of tons of coal. Long wharf was also for a long distance as to get interrupted considerably.

Soldiers Guarding Millions.

The flames, fanned by the rising breeze, swept down the main streets until within a few hundred feet of the ferry depot, the high tower of which stood at a dangerous angle. The whole wholesale grocery establishment of Wheelman, Peck & Co., on First street, from cellar to roof, and the heat was so oppressive that passengers from the ferries were obliged to get close to the water's edge in order to get past the burning structure.

It was impossible to reach the centre of the city from the bay without skirting the edge for a long distance as to get entirely around the burning district.

At about 8 o'clock the Southern Pacific officials refused to allow any more passengers from train-bay points to land and sent back those already on the boats. The ferry and train service of the Key route was entirely abandoned owing to damage.

(Continued on Page 7.)

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP WOMEN IN THE HOME AND CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

Every day in the week and every week in the year, men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Width Counts Much.

We have secured an immense lot of dark prints which were made for manufacturing purposes. They are much wider than those usually sold over the counters, being fully one yard wide and the price would be ordinarily 17c. a yard. They were made especially for the manufacture of shirt waists and wrappers. The manufacturer from whom we bought these had too many on hand, —we made him an offer for the lot and got them. Here they are at 10c. a yard for a full 36 inch print that is worth 17c. The quality of the material is good, and the colors are fast. They are mostly in electric and navy blues, but there is a sprinkling of black and white and cardinal. Seven yards of this width is enough for a wrapper, or two and a half yards will make a waist.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.,

59 Charlotte Street.

MY FIRST CASE

I had been engaged in the practice of law for a period longer than I care to state before I made as much as a policeman earns. My clients had been few and my fees still fewer.

As a matter of fact, I had barely made enough to pay my office rent and to purchase the law books that I told myself I really needed, and I had been driven to seek out an existence by reporting for the law journals, and even by means less dignified than that.

This had been my first day of office, and there had not been a single case for trial. It looked as if my experience as a private practitioner was to be repeated in my official capacity. Even the law-breakers and litigious citizens were scarce.

I was aroused from my meditations by the sound of footsteps. Somebody was coming up the stairs.

In a few moments a man's figure appeared in the open doorway. He glanced at me, and then turned and looked over the banisters, listening.

The man was unmistakably from the country. He wore ill-fitting clothes of coarse material; heavy boots and stubby beard of ginger hair.

A clumsy, ungainly man, apparently about forty-five years of age, he advanced toward my desk with a restless, nervous step.

"The fellow had a hunted look. 'Say, mister,' he said, in a whisper, 'what will you charge to get me off?'

"Off what?" I asked.

"Well, I don't want to tell, but I suppose I shall have to; it's all over town. Please, don't let them take me to jail."

"What's the trouble? What have you done?" I asked the fellow. "But, I may as well warn you, before you go any further," I added, remembering my new appointment, "that I am a judge, as well as a lawyer."

"You are a judge?" the yokel exclaimed, in a tone of horror. "Oh, gosh, I've run right into the arms of the law, when I was trying my best to escape. Please, sir, don't send me to jail," the fellow whined.

"If you are in need of professional advice, I think you had better go to another law office, and not tell me anything about your troubles," I said.

"No, I think I would rather tell you, and get it over with. Will you be a little kinder, if I made a clean breast of it, judge? You have a nice face, mister, and I'd rather tell you, if you'll only promise not to send me to jail."

"I can't promise anything," I answered impatiently. "If you deserve to go to jail, you'll not doubt get there, in time."

"Oh, do, do, do, mister, for God's sake, don't say that! I am an orphan, sir—you wouldn't send an orphan to jail?"

"Well, my good man, I have already advised you to go to some other lawyer, and take advice. I can't send you to jail unless you are brought before me in the ordinary course of justice."

"But, I don't want to go to jail at all, judge. I didn't think they would hold it against me all these years. I haven't been in the city in thirty years, and it you'll only let me go this time, I'll promise never to come here again."

"You can go home, for all I care," I said, indifferently, for the fellow impressed me more as a fool than as a criminal.

"Yes, but won't you give me a line in writing, to say that I can go free? Now, how much would it cost me to fix it up nicely between you and me?"

"I am afraid you don't understand, my good man," I said quietly, for the fellow was so simple and stupid that it was impossible to get angry with him. "If there is anything to be fixed up, it will have to be done in the regular course of justice—in open court."

"But, I don't want to be exposed, mister," he whined, "I don't want to be exposed. And I am sure I have been a peaceful, law-abiding man for the last thirty years. I think they might have let it drop instead of bringing it up, after all these years. Lots of boys have done worse things than that, and never heard anything of it."

"Now, see here, my man," I said sharply, for the fellow was becoming tedious. "If you have anything to say to me, I will listen to it, and treat it confidentially, so far as I can. But I advise you to go to some other lawyer, and ask his advice, if you are in trouble. But, your master tells you your story as briefly as you can, or get out of here."

"Oh, but I don't want to go to no other lawyers. They're such robbers, too. You look honest, mister. Perhaps you're an orphan, too. Are you an orphan, mister?"

"That's neither here nor there," I answered shortly. "Either tell me your troubles, or go and tell them to some other lawyer."

"No," said the man, desperately. "I'll make a clean breast of it to you, judge. You see, mister, when I was a boy—thirty years ago—I came to the city one day, in my father's sleigh; and while the old man was around town doing his business, I played about the stable where he put up his horse. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and some of the city boys began calling me a haysed, and pelting me with snowballs. I didn't like it—not so much the snowballing as their calling me a haysed. So I made some snowballs myself and shied back at them. Well, just as I was throwing a good hard ball at one of the boys, a policeman came round the corner, and it knocked off his hat. I started and ran as hard as I could. I never stopped till I got to my father's farm, away out in the country, ten miles from here. I laid awake all that night, expecting that they would be coming for me, and I've been expecting them ever since. But, as I had not heard of it in all these years, I plucked up courage and came in today, thinking it had all blown over. But I see that I was mistaken. They're after me."

"What makes you think they are after you?" I asked the fellow.

"There's notices all over the city," the man whined.

"What kind of notices?" I asked. "I haven't seen anything of the kind."

"Why, one says, 'Bill Posters beware!' and another, 'Bill Posters will be prosecuted!'

"What's your name?" I asked, as a light seemed to break in on me in all this nonsensical tragedy.

"Posters," the man replied. "William Posters. But they generally call me Bill—Bill Posters."

"Ah, I see," I said, with a sigh of relief. "And you want to settle this quietly—without any exposure?"

"Yes, mister, if you will be so kind. How much will it cost me?"

"Well, this is a case, I am afraid, that can't be settled with a fine," I said, rising and confronting the villain, who shrank from me and cowered near the door.

"You won't send me to jail, judge?" he pleaded.

"No, we'll settle it without that," I said. "Just turn round."

As Mr. Posters turned his back on me, I gave him a good hearty kick, that sent him clear through the doorway.

"Is that all?" he asked, with a bucolic smile.

"Yes, that's all—for the present," I replied. "But, if you ever come near this office again, I'll give you a good deal more than that. Now—skedaddle, Bill Posters, and get back on the farm, where you belong!"

ICE MADE TWO MOVES AT FREDERICTON

Now Jammed Against the Bridge Piers and Likely to Go Any Hour.

Fredericton, N. B., April 18.—(Special)—Letters patent have been issued incorporating George H. Second, J. H. Manchester, Herbert S. Jones, S. Freeze McCready, Fred. Morrison, Arthur B. Gameter, George R. Jones, W. A. Jones, Walter Manchester, all of Apohaqui, as the Apohaqui Fishing Club, Limited, with capital stock of \$1,000.

Mary McLeod, of Harcourt, Kent county, merchant, has assigned to Sheriff Le-gere, and Daniel M. Rose, of Brighton, Carleton county, line assigned to Sheriff Hayward.

The water in the river here is still rising rapidly, and is now almost up to the height. The ice made a start on this morning and about thirty feet, and this afternoon it made another shove of fifty feet. It is now jammed against the bridge piers, and is likely to go out at any time. There is open water for some distance below the railway bridge, and the ice between Springhill and Woodstock is reported to be badly broken up.

The boom company have everything in readiness to start work as soon as the river opens. The shear booms at Crook's Point will be swung first, and it is hoped to catch most of the logs now stranded below Grand Falls.

Men are now at work putting down the sidewalk frame and railway of the highway bridge, and they hope to have the job completed next week.

Argument in the case of Shaw vs. Stairs was concluded this afternoon, and judgment reserved.

The King vs. Nadeau, justice of the peace for Madawaska, ex parte Hudson (three cases) is now being argued. Stevens, K. C., who is showing cause, was stopped by the court before he had finished his argument, and Lafort was called. The cases are still before the court.

The Congregational Church formed an open party at York Theatre last evening and then enjoyed their annual dinner at White's. Money Strang was in the chair and delivered a well-wounded speech. There were also addresses by Walter Myles and Allen McConnell. Miss Lizzie Dunlop sang a solo in pleasing manner, and Miss Valentine and Miss L. M. played piano solos. The club then adjourned until next season.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., have a painless constitutional remedy for Cancer & tumors that has cured many very critical cases. Send 6 cts. (stamps) for booklet if you are troubled with

CANCER.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, instead of spending two days in St. John will be here for less than half a day, arriving at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of May 2 and leaving at 11 that evening. News of this change was received by Lieut. Col. Geo. West Jones, A. D. C. to Lieutenant Governor Snowball, in a message from his honor yesterday.

Rev. A. J. Prosser arrived in the city yesterday from Montreal, where he had been to the Royal Victoria Hospital for treatment. He is now very much better.

PRINCE ARTHUR SHOT THE RAPIDS

Ottawa, April 18.—(Special)—A most novel and thrilling part of the entertainment of Prince Arthur was enjoyed this morning when the rapids and slides were run in 36 foot lumber boats. There were two boats there in the first being Prince Arthur, Earl Grey, Lady Grey, Lady Beaulieu and C. Berkeley Powell, and in the second, Lady Sybil Grey, Miss Gladys Hainbury-Williams, Capt. Trotter, Capt. W. F. G. Wyndham and Capt. Leveson Gower.

Mrs. A. P. Crockett went to Fredericton last evening.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF "SPRING FEVER" you should take ABBEY'S SALT.

It is the only spring tonic used in thousands of homes to purify and enrich the blood—relieve that feeling of languor—and revitalize brain and body. Highly recommended by the medical profession. 25c and 60c.

A morning glass puts the whole system in trim for the day.

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