



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

HULL—THE EDDY CO.'S PAPER MILLS.

The weary mothers with babes at the breast and a queue of little children following. Little girls with their Sunday hats carefully preserved in band-boxes. Little boys with pet guinea pigs or rabbits, and one little fellow, not more than three years old, with a pair of red-topped boots with copper shields strung over his arm. All these homeless people stream through the streets of Ottawa and even the most worldly sighs at the thought of it. The unutterable misery of these poor people, stripped of all their chattels and their means of livelihood taken away touches our hearts most keenly. I met one poor Frenchman on Parliament Hill among the crowd of spectators. His house in Hull had been one of the first to go. He was gazing with strained eyes at the destruction of the city. He had lost all. But mostly he deplored that he had not saved a little souvenir of his dead child. "Ah," he moaned, "the locket of Marie with her picture in it! I shall not see it again." And so there is deep and tender sentiment in a rough mill-hand after all. He is much more than a mere clod.

At eleven o'clock at night I make

another fire patrol, first through the Government Park. All the spectators have been turned out because it is after hours. The only men I meet are the brass-buttoned policemen keeping their vigil. Only the main entrance of the House of Commons is open. A cordon of police guards the national buildings and all strangers must show their business. The air ducts which open on the cliff of Parliament are rigidly sentinelled by militia. There are rumours—false, it is true, but nervous—that a Fenian plot is afoot, for the fire comes close on the heels of the Welland Canal outrage. Long lines of hose stretch out in all directions from the Parliament buildings. From the top landing of the Lovers' Walk the scene is superb. It is like looking on the Phlegrean fields or into the crater of an active volcano. Although it is a chilly night and top coats are grateful, the heat from the burning deals across the river is fierce enough to scorch my face. The situation has not much changed, save that the Hull cathedral which seemed doomed to destruction earlier in the evening, still stands intact and the flames are walking away from it. This looks like a