

The residential and business portions were then comprised in the district where now are situated blocks of stores and wholesale warehouses.



Clearing the dense forest was going on west of Cambie street, and fires of brush filled the air with smoke. On Sunday, the fateful June 13th, a strong westerly gale drove showers of sparks and burning pieces of timber among the houses. The smoke had been dense for several days, which allayed the sense of danger, and the crackling of flames in one's own house was the first intimation many had of the terrible danger. It was one of the swiftest and most comprehensive conflagrations which ever visited any city. Within an hour after the alarm had been given, nothing was left of Vancouver between the Regina hotel, on the corner of Cambie and Cordova streets, which marked the western limit, and the Hastings mill, half a mile distant, but a blackened greyish waste, from which sprung little spurts of flame. The fire had done awful work.



Vancouver in Early Days.