



PHOTO, BY JARVIS.

A STREET IN HULL AFTER THE FIRE.

ground when there was so much alarm in the air. At three o'clock in the afternoon one telegraph company went out of business, its offices and wires having been burnt. The other company doled out five-hundred-word despatches to the correspondents who were beset with demands from all over the world for "fire copy" and plenty of it.

The bare facts of the matter are that the fire blazed a crescent-shaped path five miles long and a mile wide, destroying in its journey the public buildings and the residential part of Hull, the industrial area of the Chaudiere, and the suburbs of the Ottawa labouring classes at Mechanicsburg, Rochesterville and Hintonburg. Fully fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless, and fifteen million dollars worth of property was annihilated. The relief fund for the homeless—most of whom have already left the public shelters—now approximates a million dollars. Insurance to the amount of \$4,000,000 has been paid. Hull will be rebuilt on fire-proof lines, but in Ottawa the capitalistic interests were too strong, and lumber will be piled, as usual, where it pleases the mill-

owner. The "yellow wall" of sawn deals is being reared once more. In spite of the disaster, in spite of well-meant advice, Ottawa shrugs its shoulder and continues in the same old ways. The lesson has not been burnt in. It is easy to conceive that the city council meets in the upper town of Ottawa, which is stone and brick built, and which, moreover, is safeguarded, because it lies on a natural bastion of rock, terminating at the western end of Sparks Street. At very few points can this rampart be escalated, and the heart of the city may always be saved if fire companies are stationed at strategic places.

The most vivid picture of the fire, that lingers with me, is one seen at half-past seven in the evening from Parliament Hill. The shades of night are falling, and a glorious sunset flames behind the purple Laurentians. But Nature's splendour is eclipsed by the red hell that flares and flickers in the valley of the Ottawa. The erstwhile flourishing city of Hull seems to be utterly doomed. The fierce gale has swept the fire westward to the limits of the town. Now the fire of its own force and volition shoulders back