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MANCHESTER'S
Advt. on Page 8

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The Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1907

LATEST WEATHER REPORT

FAIR

ONE CENT

The June Bride

draws closer day by day. Suddenly you will remember you are expected to perform your part. Better come and make your selection now. It's well not to put off important matters. Nothing nicer than a handsome piece of

Sterling Silver or Cut Glass.

We also have a most extensive range of

Fine Cutlery and Electro Plate.

A visit would, we think, be a pleasure to you.

W. H. THORNE & Co. Ltd.,
Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Enjoy the Good Old Summer Time.



Hammocks, 70c. to \$6.50
All made by "Palmer."
Strong, comfortable shapes,
and dyed in bright fast colors.
Hammock Chairs,
\$1.20 and \$1.50
Lawn Swings, \$5.50
Camp Chairs, canvas
bottoms, 50c
Croquet Sets, 90c.
\$1.20 and \$1.60

EMERSON & FISHER Ltd., 25 Germain St.
"The Stove People."
Store Telephone 888.

DON'T GO FURTHER

If you want to purchase anything in the Dry Goods line or ready-to-wear clothing for ladies or gents; inspect our goods and prices first. Today's special ladies' undersuits 7c. up.

J. ASHKINS, 655 Main St. Phone 1988.
Ring 51.

Outing Hats for Victoria Day!

In Linen, Low Priced Felts, and Knockabouts.

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25

F. S. THOMAS, Dufferin Block,
539 Main St., N. E.

Splendid Range of

Fine Worsteds Suits at

\$10, \$12, \$13.50 and \$15

Nothing we could say of the tailoring and style of these Worsteds Suits would be more convincing than a view of the suits themselves.

The matter of securing a perfect fit in the exact pattern and style you desire is reduced to a certainty.

American Clothing House,
11-15 Charlotte St.

STORE OPEN TILL 9.
LADIES, IF YOU WISH TO GET A
\$9.00 COAT FOR \$3.98,
Call at the **PARISIAN STORE,** 47 Brussels St.
A. TANZMAN, Proprietor. Phone Main 1145-31.

Store open till 11 tonight

St. John, N. B., May 25, 1907

Remember HARVEY'S Sale of
New 1907 Clothing, Hats,
and Furnishings
CLOSES AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK TO-NIGHT.

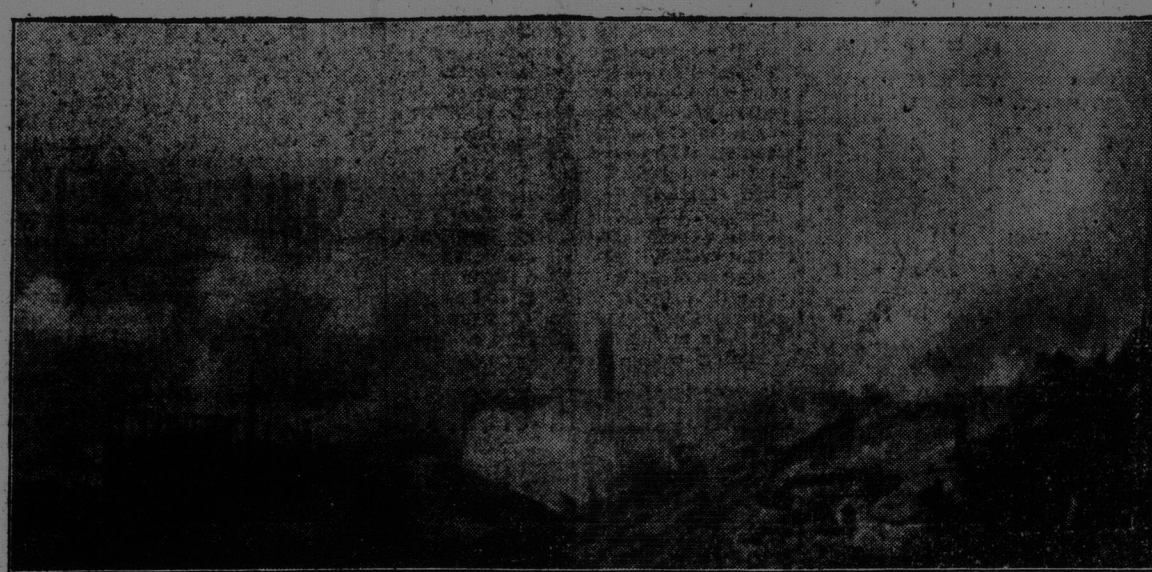
J. N. HARVEY, Tailoring and Clothing
Opera House Block

EIGHT YEARS AGO TODAY INDIANTOWN WAS BURNED.

The Story of the Conflagration.
The Ringing of the Alarm.
How the Flames Spread.
Old Landmarks Wiped Out.
One Life Was Lost.
Interesting Incidents.

A Review of the Great Fire Which Wiped Out a Large Section of the North End, Destroying Hundreds of Buildings---Together With Brief Sketch of the Extensive Changes Which Have Taken Place Since That Time---No Signs of the Fire Today.

The List of Property Losses.
The Insurance.
People Not Disheartened.
Rebuilding Their Homes.
Old Streets Straightened.
Indiantown as it is Today.



WHERE THE CONFLAGRATION STARTED.

This picture was taken on the steep rocks of Lower Bridge street, among the tugboat wharves. It shows the locality in which the fire started, and conveys somewhat of an idea how the wind was blowing—a sharp southwester, which carried the clouds of flame and cinders diagonally through Indiantown. A woodboat, which caught fire, is seen in the left distance. It is said she contained much of C. B. Pidgeon's stock.

Eight years today at 1:10 o'clock in the afternoon the fire which laid a large tract of thickly-populated Indiantown in ruins, and wrought much distress among the residents, commenced its merciless rampage in the warehouse of P. Nason & Son, Bridge street. But to walk through this same territory today one would find it difficult to locate a scar indicative of this terrible scourge, a fact which certainly speaks loudly for the indomitable spirit and industry of the citizens of that important part of our city. Instead of but a few rebuilt homes and places of business—as is often the case after a disheartening catastrophe—with uppy reminders of misfortune in the shape of gaping ruins and fenced-in debris on every hand, the streets of the northern extremity of town are now modernized and are substantially and completely renewed, making a greater, more lasting and vastly more influential section. Hand some brick structures have sprung from the ashes of antiquated wooden ones; apartment dwellings and private residences of latest design, and equipment supersede those destroyed, and the opportunity afforded to revise the layout of that particular locality has been taken advantage of most wisely. Altogether, the eight years between today and that exciting and mournful Thursday have been filled with enterprise and light-hearted effort in regaining what was so quickly lost, and not only St. John city as a body of people, but Canadians generally, who are acquainted with the facts, cannot but feel proud of the quick recovery from an almost hopeless situation and of the people to be credited with bringing about the reconstruction. Though the scenes of that eventful afternoon and evening are still fitting before the eyes of nearly every adult in North End, and each and every Indiantown home can furnish some pulse-quickenng reminiscence of the day, the Star consumes some space herewith for the idle moments of its friends, thousands of whom have their homes in the old Portland end of town, and to whom a re-telling of the story will not be uninteresting. Indeed this paper is correct in claiming that the pictures shown today are the first on the subject to be published by a newspaper, and are therefore of some value to scrap-book enthusiasts, and those who keep records of important local events. The view at the start of the big blaze is a chance snapshot merely, and quite a valuable relic of the occurrence. Local history is at all times an engrossing review, and an anniversary like the present one teaches a lesson invariably. Today's lesson is obvious.

electrified every neighbor into up-and-doing. Fire station after fire station poured its apparatus into the confines of lower Indiantown. Not a hydrant but was forced to capacity on water output, and all the available apparatus and men were pressed into service. The story is a well known one, how with the increasing velocity of the south-west wind, the flames attacked John McCann's house on bridge street corner, and emerging into the main thoroughfare made short work of the big Horncastle homestead, and then the houses next to it, including Henry Akers's Lorne Hotel. The roar of the leaping fire, the clouds of smoke and cinders and unbearable heat, cast terror into people living in the track of conflagration and for blocks away hasty preparations were made for saving property.

Everybody Worked Including Father

Men, boys and even women mounted ladders and straddled peaked roofs, playing pails of water on the scorching shingles and soaked mats and carpets were hung in vulnerable spots on many houses. Every available vehicle was pressed into service to remove furniture etc. to places of safety. The open spaces such as Marble Cove, Robertson Mill pond site, out Adelaide Road, and even across the river were quickly populated with women and children huddled about promiscuous masses of jumbled-up chattels. Cinders reached even these goods and serious damage was done to much of the supposedly safe property.

Up Main street hill on both sides the merciless flames sped on, devouring with relentless avidity every structure in the way. Rocky heights were no barrier, street-widths were bridged by great sheets of flames, and the few brick houses that stood near by crumbled and fell in the maelstrom of elements. Plate glass fronts blurred and then melted before even the fire reached them, and so great were the hot blasts that firemen and volunteer workers sought shelter almost continually. A dozen well directed streams sized and went up in puny steam-jets when turned on the big body of the fire, and proved of service only in wetting down property yet unscathed.

While the Fire Raged

By two-thirty and three o'clock all St. John and adjoining localities were in a tense state of painful anticipation. It was feared the whole of Indiantown would go, though weatherwise old men assured the worried ones that the wind, though unpropitious, would die out before much more damage had been done, and at its worst could carry the flames only as far as the open fields back of Victoria street. This proved ultimately to be a pretty good forecast, for the last house to come under the baneful influence of the conflagration was that owned by John McAllister, situated at the corner of Albert and Victoria streets, on the verge of the big open area already mentioned. Before reaching the extreme point, however, awful havoc had been wrought. Not fifty or a hundred, but over two hundred families had been rendered homeless; venerated homesteads were laid in ashes and promi-

ent places of business reduced to charred heaps. Upper Bridge street, as far as the Spar Cove road bridge; Kennedy street and its by-ways; Holly street, Main street, Charles street, Victoria Square, Lower Victoria street, Lower Metcalf street, and numerous other smaller residential sections were wiped off the city map altogether, as far as the buildings were concerned. It was indeed a sadly clean sweep of the Five Floods, a blow at the industry of North End that looked almost fatal.

But no time was lost in vain hand-wringing and useless wailing; everybody worked with indomitable courage and alacrity, and not the least conspicuous in this connection were the heroic mothers and daughters. One maiden, now the wife of a prominent Queens county lumberman and politician, not only assisted the firemen in their fruitless efforts to save her own home, but with willingness and almost manly vigor went from place to place with the fire-fighting crew holding tenaciously the nozzle of a branch pipe, and thinking nothing of the danger and uniqueness of her position. Such unusual scenes were witnessed throughout the whole course of the blaze, and women vied with men in saving and heroism.

One Life Was Lost

The main street and outskirts of the burning section provided a spectacle of excitement well nigh indescribable. Teams of every description jostled the congestion of onlookers in their hurry, ing and scurrying back and forth with belongings. Coatless and hatless men and their households warned their way through the crowds to places of safety with chattels of every kind. The time-honored waxed flowers and irreplaceable crayon portraits were familiar sights on every hand and the open rears where such treasures were stored reminded one of a bazaar in some tropical clime—and to tell the truth it was pretty tropical, too, just about that time.

All this doubtless brings back to the minds of Indiantown folks a vivid review of that eventful afternoon, and it is safe to assume a joggng of the memory like this anniversary article will keep fresh the not pleasant memories of the 25th of May, eight years ago. Before it had spent itself the fire claimed one victim, Miss Ann Cunard, an aged person of Holly street; and the demise of Mrs. George Mowray of Lower Victoria street was undoubtedly hastened by the excitement of the hour, for shortly after the fire consumed her home. A Mrs. Holmes, who was being removed from a home in the fire zone, was thrown from a rickety vehicle in the turmoil, and died next day.

The sad contemplations of the first homeless night of the two hundred and forty and more families, the open-hearted response of all St. John to the immediate need, the action of the Women's Council in providing clothing for those who lost all, and the gradual recovery from the effects of the fire in general, is too long a story to re-tell here and now, but the fact is well-

known nevertheless that though the stroke of Fate was a stunning one, it failed to bring about that undesirable condition which the man on the street characterizes as "down and out" to hustling Indiantown and its people, as the lively appearance and brand new surrounding today indicate.

Night Time and Next Day.

As night came on the scene was a sad but exceedingly picturesque one. From the ruins of almost every building flames were continually flickering and burning, casting an intermittent light upon the fire swept region. The magnitude of the district destroyed by the conflagration was hardly realized by any of the spectators until the complete circuit was made. From the heights on Main and Kennedy streets a splendid view of the ruins could be obtained, aided by the light coming from the burning coal and half-consumed timbers.

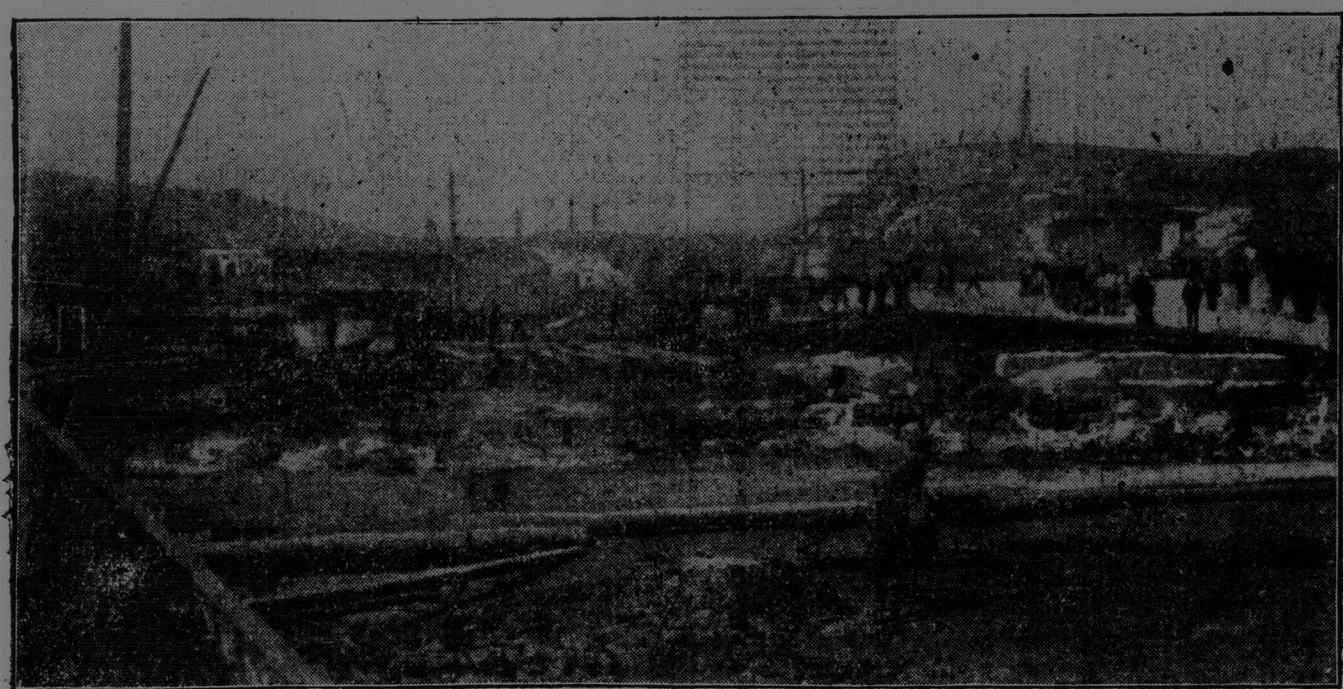
At no place however, was there any danger of another outbreak; the fires were slowly but surely burning themselves out. No. 5 company kept constant streams of water upon all that was left of the buildings, and in the evening, when the firemen gave up their work, they were almost completely worn out by the labor and anxiety of the past few days. Relic and other hunters haunted the ruins all day. The relic seekers were not so particular about the intrinsic value of their moments as were the hunters of the other kind. Especially were the old sites of grocery and provision stores frequented, and many went away happy after having secured, surreptitiously and otherwise, provisions sufficient to last for them for many a long day. Several arrests were made during the day of some who had endeavored to make themselves masters of valuable keepsakes against the wishes of the lawful owners.

All day owners and residents sought, wherever the heat of the ruins would allow, to gather together whatever of value had been allowed to remain during the fire. Goods that had been stored away in temporary places of safety were removed to more permanent abodes. Insurance adjusters were on hand and in most cases total loss was entered on their books. In this connection the tangled heap of wire and cast metal—formerly a piano—had to be fished out of the wreckage before allowances were made for it.

Fire Losses and Insurance

A careful count of the burned district shows that more than 240 buildings were completely destroyed. This includes dwellings, stores, warehouses, barns and other outbuildings. Well on to 200 of the buildings were occupied as dwellings, and many of them held two and some three and four families, so that at least three hundred families were rendered homeless. A careful estimate of the insurance, made up by the local agents, placed

THE RUINS OF COURT'S BLOCK AND VICINITY.



Here we have a picture of some of the ruins as viewed from the wheelhouse of the now defunct steamer "Star." It is the Court's Block section of Indiantown, showing on the right the remains of C. B. Pidgeon's brick building, the chimney of the Tapley home on the high hill, the expansive cellars of Court's Block, the Robertson's Wharf wreckage, the rocky background of Bridge street, and also indicates in a measure the plucky manner in which property owners commenced to clear the debris, not yet cooled off. The man with the wheelbarrow is Harry Pitt, the barber.