IN MEMORIAM.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29TH, 1877.

Honour to the brave, Who gave their lives to save Our loved ones and our homes from fire! In the murky depths of night, In the awful solitude of sleep.
They keep
Sharp watches, and they brood.
With broaded ear and sight,
Over the least alarm With bended ear and sight.

Over the least alarm
Of harm.—
And they never, never the?
When the lurid flames shoot high
Velling the starry sky,
And cloders fly like rain
Blown in a hurricane;
When the infant's cry rings shrill.
And the mother, kneeling wild
Upon the window sill,
With long hair disarrayed.
Calls out for innuly aid
To save her burning child;
When strong men in their fright.
Circled by walls of fire,
Forget their mind and might.
And sink upon the floor.
As victims on a pyre.
To rise to mure;
Who come like lightning sped,
With strong arm and bright eye.
With stout heart and cool head.
The flery benst to tame,
And rescue from the flame
The souls that else would die?
OUR FIREMEN!
Honour and guerdon then
To heroes such as these; Honour and guerdon then To heroes such as these; To heroes such as these; Grudge not a paitry wage To cheer their hours of ease. Or to assuage Their filmess and old age. And when their lives they yield On duty's glorious field. Shed the tribute of a tear Upon their hallowed hier Upon their hallowed bier, As I do here. JOHN LESPERANCE.

GREAT FIRE IN MONTREAL

MES RUBIED AND RUBNED ALIVE.

The Civic Funeral.

One of the most disastrous fires that ever took place in Montreal, occurred on Sunday morning, April 29th, in a building situated on St. Urbain street, and occupied by the Oil Cabinet Novelty Works Company. At five minutes past five o'clock the fire was discovered, and the alarm that was given quickly brought the whole of the department to the scene of the conflagration. The flames were at first confined to the upper story of the building. They were most dense, but now and again lacked in heading, but quickly, as if fed with oil, they gushed forth again from the windows. The firemen were working with untiring zeal in every portion of the building, as well as outside, when the flames seemed to descend to the lower story with extraordinary rapidity. Desperate in their efforts to subdue the flames, the men raised the Skinner ladder and three of them ascended with the hose. The water they poured on the lower storeys seems for the moment to have obtained the mastery, but a sudden blast of wind caused the flames to envelope the whole front of the building. When the wind changed again the brave firemen who had ascended were found at the front of the and ascenned were found at the front of the ladder, with fire above and below them, as shown in our front page picture, and there was a terrible moment of suspense, as the brave fellows fought their way down. This they succeeded in doing, after being badly burned. The heat on St. Utheir street was so tarrible that heat on St. Urbain street was so terrible that the shingle roofs, doors, and window frames ignited, but were prevented from blazing up by the firemen. The latter laid themselves out to protect a large lumber yard which has its ence on Craig street. and it may be said miraculously escaped, as well as extensive saw-mills which adjoined the blazing pile. At six o'clock the wind assisted the flames more terribly than before, raising clouds of red hot splinters from the wreck, and depositing them on the roofs of the adjoining buildings. On Vitre street the occupants of the wretchedly built temments became alarmed, and shifted their goods in remarkably short time. The heat from the blazing works set fire to the roof of a saloon kept by Ridley and the buildings adjacent, but a continuous flow of water soon put that out. The fire in the upper flat did not appear to abate in ferocity, even when the very basement had become ablaze, and the roof, which fell in by small sections without lessening the glare, increased the fuel that fed the flames below.

After the whole of the roof had fallen in, the upper portion of the two gable walls bulged laterally outwards, and as the volume of flame within their confines increased, as the several floors fell in, it was apparent to all the onlookers that the walls were sure to fall, and that nothing could save the adjacent buildings

-common wood shanties-or the firemen who were in that locality. Chief Patton, who had sent his men into an adjoining alley connected with an undertaker's shop, was awake to this fact, and rushed into the alley to call his men out. Reddy, Nolan and Holtby, of No. 1, were on the roof of Beauchamp's store, playing on the houses in Vitre street. The chief had hardly the words out of his mouth, calling them away, when the rear portion of the wall fell and buried the chief himself, who received dreadful injuries. The cry went up that the men were buried. Beckingham, of No. 9, rushed into the alley with two others to endeavour to preserve the buried men. Holtby by this time had worked his way out of the ruin, but the other two, buried almost up to their necks, were powerless, though cen-scious, and were literally cremated alive.

Those who were not present can easily imgine the agonizing excitement that followed. Who was amongst the ruin none could tell, and a general roll call took place. The firemen rushed frantically about looking for comrades. It was found that the falling wall had razed to the ground the rear portion of the undertaker's store, and there amid the rains lay the bodies. Within a foot of the surface was found a heap of bodies, some lifeless, others in the throes of death, and some few just conscious. maimed were as tenderly carried as, under the excitement of the occasion, could be expected, to an ambulance and taken to the hospital. The dead were placed in the collins which were close at hand from the undertaker's store. The south gable wall also fell and demolished half of Shade's furniture store, the part saved being that in which he lived. All the surrounding property was protected, but the pile continued to burn with terrific fury within what was left between the gable walls. The fear of the fire extending abuted somewhat about seven o'clock. The worl s were stocked with all kinds of domestic utensils, including refrigerators and children's toys. Nothing whatever was saved.

The list of those who perished is as follows:

T. Higgins, driver of the Skinner, from No. station. Richard Choules, No. 2, who leaves a wife

and three children.

Michael Barry, No. 3, widower, who leaves a

little child. Win. Perry, No. 9, single, who leaves an aged mother of whom he was the sole support. George Lynch, for many years foreman of the Water Works Department, who leaves a wife and

four children. Mr. Beauchamp, jeweller, St. Lawrence Main street, married, two children.

Antoine Sanders, stone-cutter, married.

John Hamel, labourer.

Joseph Parker, machinist, and Pierre Camelle, labourer.

In addition the following were injured more or less severely:—Chief Patton, severe scalp wounds and a large gash on the right temple, a severe abrasion of the right knee, and another

on the left arm. He is also very much bruised and burned.

J. Nolan, guardian No. 1 station, legs badly fractured, one broken, and bruised about the

John Livingstone, foreman of the Skinner, one leg badly sinashed, and afterward ampu-tated. He died on Tuesday, May 1st. Ben Harrison, Skinner ladder, back injured,

Chas. Reddy, Skinner, head bruised. W. Ferguson, leg broken and head bruised. He died on May 3rd.

Chas. Buise, Skinner, hadly hurt. Alfred Holtby, No. 1 Station, burned badly about the hands and face.

Israel Bishop, No. 5, leg broken and badly burned about the head.

Besides the above, many civilians were badly injured, and carried to their homes by their

On Tuesday, May 1st, the funeral of the unfortunate victims took place at the expense of the city, and was one of the most impressive demonstrations which we ever witnessed in Montreal. The funeral of Michael Barry occupied the morning; in the afternoon, the interment of Messrs. Perry, Lynch, Higgins, Choules, and Parker was proceeded with. was a public one, and was participated in by all classes of citizens. It may be said with safety, that the teeming city poured out her thousands to do honor to the dead. From an early hour the crowds began to gather in front of the Central Station, on Craig street, which was the point of departure of the procession. The crowd gathered rapidly, and before long extended as far as the eye could reach on Craig street and up St. George street. By half-past two, there were probably 15,000 people between Bleury street and St. Lambert's Hill, and it was a crowd that increased every moment, every street pouring along its contingents. Black was the universal wear, and there was a pervading reverential solemnity which made itself

In addition to our other illustrations we give in one group the portraits of the seven heroic firemen who lost their lives at the post of honor.

RICHARD CHOULES was a native of England, but emigrated to this country at an early age. He had attained his 38th year at the time he met his death at the post of duty. Joining the old Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, as a volunteer, in 1860, he remained with the force until he was appointed to the permanent brigade in 1867. He was an Oddfellow, and connected with Mount Royal Lodge, No. 1. He had formerly been a private in No. 6 Company, Prince of Wales' Rifles, but retired, and subsequently joined the Garrison Artillery. Mr Choules was married, and leaves a widow with four children to mourn the loss of a good husband and father. He was attached to No. 2

THOMAS HIGGINS was a native of Montreal. and 35 years of age when he was so suddenly He belonged to the old volunteer brigade, being a member of the same company as Mr. Choules. Having a taste for the profes-sion, he was appointed to the permanent force in 1873, and had continued an active member since that time. He had been in the Prince of Wales' Rifles and saw some service in 1866 at Hemmingford and Durham. In 1870 was at Eccles' Hill and St. Johns. A better or more conrageous fireman was not in Montreal, and, as driver of the Skinner ladder, he performed signal service to the city on more than one oceasion. Mr. Higgins was married and leaves a wife with two children. He was connected with No. 1 Station.

MICHAEL BARRY was a native of this city and was only 26 years of age at the time of his premature death. He had not been long connected with the Fire Department, having only joined it in 1873. Mr. Barry was a widower, his wife having died only five months ago. He leaves an only child, a son, about one year old. He was connected with No. 3 Station.

WILLIAM PERRY was a native of the town of trabane, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, but emigrated with his parents, at a very early age, to this city. He had only attained the age of 26 years, when he was cut off performing his duty nobly. Physically, he was a splendid fellow, and, as an atblete, he had scarcely an equal, the proof of this having been exemplified by his performance at our public sports and the trophies which he won. He was attached to No. 9 Station, where he was greatly respected for his manly qualities and good character. He was unmarried, but the sole support of his widowed mother.

GEORGE LYNCH was foreman of the Corporation Water Works, and met his death at the same time as the brave firemen. He was a native of Toronto, but came here with his parents when he was a mere youth. He was only 38 years of age at the moment of his un-timely end. He had been 18 years in the Water Department, and always bore a high character. Mr. Lynch was a member of the Masonic Order, an officer of Kilwinning Lodge, and was also a volunteer in the Prince of Wales' Regiment. He was married, and leaves a widow with six children.

JOHN LIVINGSTONE was born in this city and was only 28 years of age. He leaves a wife with three or four young children to regret his untimely death. He occupied the position of foreman of the Skinner ladder, to which he had been promoted about three years since.

WILLIAM FERGUSON had been in the force for about thirty-six years, his particular duty being to make and mend hose, but he was a handy man at anything connected with the Department. He was widely known, and liked by all who knew him, being familiarly and affectionately known as "Auld Willie." He, at one time, belonged to the Prince of Wales' Rifles and to the Prince of Wales' Rifles, and to the last he continued to take a great deal of interest in that regiment. He was a native of Scotland, and leaves a wife, two ons and two daughters to mourn his loss.

For three of the photographs from which our portraits are taken we are indebted to James Martin, whose studio is at 427 Dorchester street, opposite Dufferin Square, and the remaining four were kindly furnished by Geo. A. Snider, whose art rooms are 159 St. Lawrence Main street, and who has displayed much enterprise in furnishing photographs of the fire-

The three brave men who came nigh perishing on the Skinner ladder were Bishop, of No. 5 Station; Sparlon, of No. 5, and C. Buise, of

At the last meeting of the Kuklos Club of this city, a resolution of condolence with the Fire Brigade of Montreal, and with the families of citizens who perished at the terrible fire of pril 29th, was unanimously passed. As the Club is representative of the sentiments of the journalists of this city without distinction of party, this tribute of regard will doubtless be much appreciated by our firemen who have almost daily relations with the members of the city press. The Club has also appointed a committee to represent it at the approaching Caxton celebration.

In a late number of the Star of this city, we were pleased to observe what may be styled a new departure in the way of popularizing art for journalistic purposes. It was the reproduction of Gus Williams' tuneful song and chorus entitled "See that my grave's kept green," in clear cut notes and words, very legible and tasteful. Thus for 1 cent the Star gave its readers a piece of popular music which would otherwise cost them at least 25 cents. As a specimen of the new photo-engraving process of the Burland-Desbarats Company, which is so rapidly making its way for cheapness, neatness and simplicity, this reproduction deserves the consideration of publishers.

HUMOROUS.

Our experience with rich relatives has furnished us with abundant proof that few die, and most assuredly none resign.

EXPERIENCE is a wise teacher, but the man who feels a June bug creeping inside of his tronser's leg bas no resource save in his natural ability.

THE King of Holland has offered to send 40,000 talips to the Paris Exposition of 1878. He will also send some of his giu to keep the two lips moist.

WE have frequently observed that the man who always states what he would have done if he had been there, is the kind of person who never gets there.

DR. MARY WALKER don't like to stand up and hold on to a street car strap, and the prevailing impression is that she hasn't got any new sleeve buttons.

If the editor of a country newspaper could get verbal promises discounted at bank rates, he would be on intimate terms with the whole Rothschild family in-side of two days.

In the report of the Southern, and in fact of all other hotel fires, it is invariably noticeable that the bland and gentlemanly clerk heroically rescues his diamond pin, and then makes his escape.

A MAN who can sit with his feet in a pail of hot water, with a strip of red flannel about his throat, and not feel the tender induence of spring, is dead to the subtle instincts which link humanity to nature.

A MAN once asked a servant, "Is your master at home l'-No; he's out, '-' Your mistress l'"No, sir; she's out, tco," -' Well, I'll just step in and
take a warm at the fire till they come in." -' Faith,
and that's out, too,"

THE kind and gentle breeze that fans our cheek, and moves the timid violet to our notice, is the same power that lifts the coat tail of the youth of the land, and betrays a light colored patch set in the seat of a black pair of pants—a monument to remind us of a mother's love and the hard times.

THERE is no man so independent and happy as the farmer who can lean against his well-filled granaries, and smile at hard times, and there is no man so miserable as the farmer when the ploughing handles kick him in the stomach and double him up like a broken-hearted lily.

WHEN you watch a dozen men, in the employ of a city or borough, at work on a sand bank, you are deeply impressed with the idea that the man who made the picks understood his business. If a pick was very light it wouldn't come down for fifteen or twenty minutes when uplified by a day laborer employed by a corporation. corporation.

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