

railway track. The bridge has dropped into the water and the severed rails are twisted into the weirdest convolutions. Just here is a Frenchman raking in the ashes of his home. He is anxious to talk and I have nothing better to do than to listen. "I have lost," he said, "nine hundred dollar. It was my all. I save not even the stove pipe, though I put him in water. Also I lose twenty-four bottle of the good white wine." He pointed sadly to a heap of shattered glass. "Well," he went on, "I spend all night at the bottom of the cliff. The fire come over me. It was hot—ver' hot. I see the bridge fall. By God, I was afraid."

Further on is another ratepayer of Hull looking over his prospects. "I have left," he remarked musingly, "the two town lot, the t'ousand dollar insurance and the mortgage. I wish to God they burn the mortgage. But the vault was too strong. Why should that be, tell me, when the prothonotary's, the sheriff's, the city clerk's vaults all crumbled up like so much paper? But here is the vault with my mortgage as snug as a cupboard."

At last we come to Bridge street and the Eddy ruins. The scene is lamentable—frayed wires, broken wheels, huge iron hulks—once costly machinery, wrecked steam tubes, detached dynamos, twisted trestles, and right in the midst of it the Eddy fire engine, stove in by a fallen telegraph pole. The "devil's pot," as they call a certain conjuncture of discharging flumes, is boiling fiercely. The Chaudiere doesn't shut up shop, but there are no wheels to turn and no factories to utilize its tremendous powers.

Over the Chaudiere bridge we go—it is unscathed—and now we are on Chaudiere Island amidst the ruins of the McKay flour mills, the electric light works, and the Booth saw mills and lumber yard. The fire has made a clean sweep of the Booth lumber, the Booth houses, built for his employes, and even the palatial home of the great captain of industry himself, but the saw mills are safe and streams of water from Mr. Booth's own pumping house

are playing on a great heap of burning coal by the roadside.

Between us and the mainland is a shapeless raffle of steel girders and stringers, once a bridge. Over these we fare, our hearts in our mouths, and we are back in Ottawa once more. Here the ruthless march of the fire around the city is open to our eye. There are many people gathering nails from the ruins. Why? we ask. Oh, they are very good nails—they have been through the fire—what you call tempered. We shall use them to build new houses. Such is the indomitable Canadian spirit.

The fire has a grim humour of its own. We notice everything consumed right up to the wall of a saloon on Duke street. It has never a blister. To-day it is coining money, for fire needs much liquid to drench it. Across the road is another groggery. At least it was there once. Now nothing is left but the license. This seems unfair. But what would you? Here is a solid stone shop burnt to the pavement, and a miserable little wooden smithy, cheek by jowl with it, bears not a scar. Here is a flimsy little shack unmarred—it has gone through four fires—and not a hundred feet away two splendid stone residences are so many heaps of rubble.

Many uproarious stories are afloat of burned whiskers and singed hair. Also there is one of a lady who weighed nearly three hundred pounds. Her husband could find nothing better than a cart in which to move her from danger. He started off jauntily up a steep hill, but the tail board came loose and the lady rolled out and down. "Stop her! stop her!" shouted the anxious husband. "Oh, no, let her slide!" came a voice from the crowd, "there are plenty more. You can get a lighter one next time."

The church of St. Jean Baptiste sits proudly on a hill. Behind this the fire did not prevail, though it strove hard to escalate. Let us thank Heaven for the hills and the everlasting girdle of rock, for it was these saved Ottawa.