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## THE HULL-OTTAWA FIRE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE FIRE  
AND AFTER.

*By Franklin Gadsby, Press Gallery, Ottawa.*

IT was about half-past ten of the morning of April 26th that a lamp upset in Antoine Kirouac's humble tinder-box dwelling over in Hull.

There was a big gale blowing from the northeast, and Antoine's house was in the midst of hundreds of others similarly inflammable. At eleven o'clock fifty dwellings had gone up in smoke, and the flames were striding forward with Gargantuan paces. The gentlemen who write about the Parliament at Ottawa sat in their cosy room in the House of Commons, and wondered nonchalantly whether they ought to send anything to their newspapers about it. Was it an ordinary Hull fire, or would it turn out a great conflagration? They contented themselves with telegraphing that a serious fire was in progress, and that if the wind did not abate the Eddy colony of factories would be destroyed.

At twelve o'clock the flames, following the yellow wall of timber and frame houses, had worked down to

the river bank. Presently they leaped the river to the Ottawa side. Bronson's lumber yards were ablaze. The whole industrial district of the Chaudiere was threatened. Over in Hull the fire retraced its steps and licked up the Eddy factories. The gale was still piping and screeching with inexorable fury. A national calamity was imminent. Not only Hull, but Ottawa, was threatened with obliteration. From that time on, the newspaper men threw off their indifference, and kept the wires hot with panicky messages. It was hard for them to keep their feet on the



GUARDING HER HOUSEHOLD GOODS.