

among the huge chunks of fuel one small piece upon which it seemed his work would be not entirely wasted, and to stay there with his miniature axes and thread of hose until the glowing mass crumbled and settled down upon the spot.

The people on the ropes see him away off there, one moment shut in by heavy, suffocating smoke; the next clear cut in a sudden glare, as the keen wind sweeps round a corner, bearing with it pieces of burning wood, lengths of tin roofing from the cornices above, and spray that makes the helmet shine like polished metal. They hear the roar and crackle and the curious unexplainable sounds, and feel the heat even at that distance, and some of them wonder whether the fireman thinks of his babies at home as he does his day's work there—or if he tries not to think of them. There was widely expressed thankfulness that no lives had been wasted in that disheartening sweep of fire.

Half way down Bay street, below

