



The scene along the Esplanade.

Incidents at the Fire.

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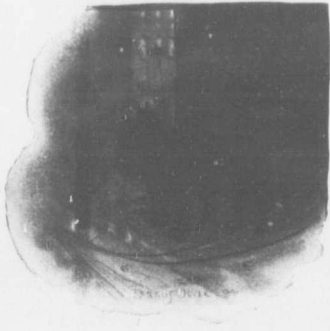
Half way down Bay street, below Wellington, when the fire was raging through the block behind them, sending showers of sparks and ashes down into the street, stood a couple of old cronies that had been through many a like experience—the team of horses belonging to the old "Boustead" fire engine. It was an off moment for them, and until their driver would come running to get them to move the engine from under some dangerous wall, or to hustle it around into a more advantageous position in front of the fire, they stood there alone in the smoky half-light, without the slightest nervousness. Nothing of the fiery steed about them, barring their occupation; just two heavy, sensible old customers with only an occasional intelligent turn of the head, the distinguishing look of the fire horse, to tell that they understood or cared any thing at all about it. Had there been an animal study man among the two or three individuals who picked their way past there among

the puddles and dangling wires, he would have heard the off horse mutter, after a scrutiny of the surroundings over his mate's shoulder, "Billy, me boy, this is going to be an all-night job. What do you say if we take a nap while we have the chance?"

There were other equines engaged in tiresome work that night; old general-purpose day labourers that could ill afford the loss of a night's rest. Some of the bank clerks, who at one stage of the fire were looking for a waggon to move some valuables, tell of a couple of boys, the son of an expressman and a "pardner" who had "swiped out" the

horse unbeknownst to the "old man," and at three-thirty in the morning had gathered together the sum of thirty-six dollars, most of it at the expense of the four-footed breadwinner, whom they urged to the limit of his public-spirited endurance.

His Majesty's Royal Mails are put to such curious uses at times, and the loyal servants of



OLD CRONIES