



DRIVEN FROM HOME.

(From an amateur photo. by E. A. McNeill.)

are amidst the relics of a thousand homes, the small pitiable chattels of the humble poor. Awhile ago there were trees and verdure surrounding these thrifty cottages. Now everything has disappeared, and Mother Earth shows only her hard, stony skeleton, unfleshed and indurate. A few steps the other way through red ashes and smouldering rubble, and we come upon the remains of the Wright cement works. The red brick-kilns, round shaped like Martello towers, stand straight and strong, but the stone buildings which clustered about them have vanished as if they never were. It is noticeable, indeed, all through Hull that the factory chimneys of brick withstood the ordeal, while the factory buildings of stone succumbed. This must mean either that brick is better than stone to endure fire or that being more stoutly built and more firmly laid they do not disintegrate so easily.

From where I stand I can see the ruins of the post office, four gaunt stone walls and a gaping loophole where once was the city clock. The town hall is gutted and tottering. The Palais de Justice is dismantled as far as the justice end of the establishment is concerned, but the jail and the prison walls are almost unsinged. The prison wall is a splendid piece of masonry, and the coping stone is as white as if

it had not been in the very midst of a seething furnace. Perhaps it was one of the whims of the fire to pass the jail by and to destroy the place that keeps the jail full.

Here is the mutilated bulk of the little Anglican church, the façade of the belfry still sharply outlined against the sky. Over there is the eviscerated shell of the Wright mansion. The garden wall is unharmed. Down there is a

ragged huddle of buildings, the Eddy factories, the match works, paper and pulp mills, pail and tub department, all gone up in smoke, nothing to show for millions of dollars except a few tottering walls and a jumble of helpless machinery! Coming a little nearer, I find dynamos and turbines, pistons, cylinders, all tumbled together, all their strength which depended on steam and electricity gone from them, and two little water wheels which take their impulse from a tail race of the Chaudiere, clacking away as busily as a couple of old gossips over the back-yard gate! In such ways does honest, unassuming Nature take vengeance on the elaborate engines of human art!

It is the "big North slide" which I follow to the Eddy factories through the reek and smoke of the smouldering ashes. The big North slide has a strange, unfamiliar look, stripped of its flumes, weirs, dams and other artificial checks and channels. We have a chance to see the naked gorge and the laminated Laurentian cliffs on each side. There is little water in the channel; it has been dammed somewhere above, but its absence only serves to make the scene more rugged and terrible. From the cliff crest to the scanty stream that dribbles into the turbulent Ottawa it is eighty feet. There was a wooden bridge here over which ran a