



THE SCENE ALONG THE ESPLANADE

## INCIDENTS AT A GREAT FIRE

WITH DRAWINGS AND SNAP-SHOTS BY THE AUTHOR

By *FERGUS KYLE*



**C**ERTAINLY in the minds of the staring thousands who drifted about from one view-point to another, and feasted their eyes upon the sights of that wild night in Toronto, no impression, from amongst all that vivid spectacle, will remain deeper than that ever-recurring glimpse of an atom of a man walking about there in the midst of unquenchable fury. Watching the fire from the side was like standing beside a river in flood, so straight and swift swept the current of flame. There were wonderful pictures on every side, inspiring sights unnumbered; but always, as the onlooker crowded in to a new loophole of vision, his gaze found the same focus.

From a distance, where the mass of humanity was held in check across the roadway, one looked away through an aven-

ue of brick and stone fronts, one side brilliantly lighted, the other obscure in a dull gray; past the poles and sign boards standing out in black silhouette or glinting from their golden lettering; across the bare wet pavement where the hose ran in serpentine curves from the sputtering hydrant near by; and there, a block away, under the furious flash that swept from a hundred yards back straight over his head, was the man in the rubber clothing whom the people along the rope pay to look after these things for

them, doing his regular work in the midst of a huge furnace. Not to stand on the outside with a long poker and rake the coals over so as to dissipate their strength; his business was to don a broad helmet and clumsy clothing, and to walk with heavy foot-gear right in among the embers; to choose from



OLD CRONIES