

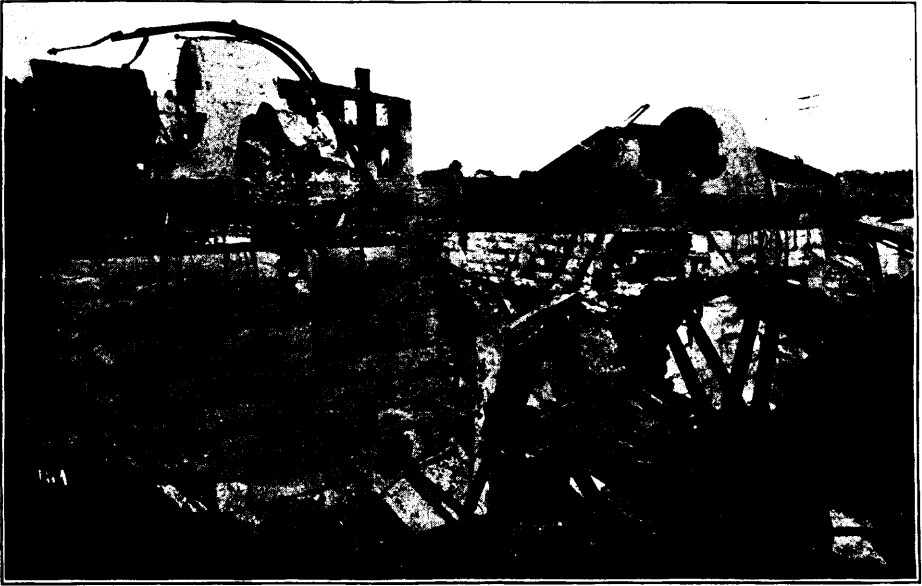


PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

OTTAWA—THE ELECTRIC CO.'S POWER HOUSE.

way. Several piles of deals in the upper yard are charred at the ends, three Canadian Pacific freight cars, not twenty feet to the east, are perforated with the flames, the trams of the Wright cement works are burnt to the trucks, and the metals of the tramway ripple and writhe like the Ottawa in spate. The heat has been fierce enough to twist these iron rails like willow wands. All these things serve to show how valiantly the fire brigade of the sulphite works fought to ward off such a tremendous foe. There is no use following streets in an expedition like this. Streets may be faintly indicated by a litter of old stoves or charred bedding, but practically, Hull, from the ferry landing westward, is as bare as God made it, save and except for the ruins which mark where houses and proud public buildings once stood. There will be a deal

of surveying to do before the town lots can be relocated. The chain and theodolite have their work cut out for them.

Plunging at once into the waste, the first thing to observe is that this hard Laurentian rock has been burned to the chalky hue and brittle consistency of the lime they made in the kilns of the Wright cement works. Take your cane and tap the mother rock. It splinters under the ferrule. Here we



A SEA OF FIRE.