

mouse-and-match starts a merry little blaze just after the watchman has made his round. The fire will burn away, unsuspected, in a closed room, till the volume of smoke produced forces its way out into the corridor and drifts slowly through hall, stairway and elevator shaft to the nostril of the Dominion policeman on duty at the ground-floor entrance or makes itself known to some stray watchman. Then there will be a rush to the scene of the fire (and no elevators running). The policeman (who is also the government fireman) will find, in the smoky obscurity, the nearest stand-pipe valve and hose. He will couple the hose to the pipe (and it takes a cool and experienced hand to avoid "crossing the threads" even when the light is good.) Having coupled his hose to the stand-pipe he must stretch out the full fifty-foot section (for the reels are not automatic) and then run back to turn on the water. (In some places he will find a spanner at hand to assist his labors,—in others it is missing.) Having at last brought a stream to play upon the fire (and the pressure on those top floors is a joke), the policeman will, if the fire is in a room with open shelving, destroy as many files with the water as have already fallen prey to the flames. If the fire has reached proportions (as it has had ample time to do) which defy such amateur opposition, the policeman, or someone else, will telephone the city fire department (for there are no fire alarm boxes on the Hill). The motor truck from No. 8 station will respond and that crew, discovering the seriousness of the situation, will run back to Wellington street and pull a box there. Then, and not till then, will proper fire-fighting forces be summoned to save the most valuable buildings and contents in Canada.

It used to be supposed that the buildings on the Hill would not burn, but the West block fire showed that the best that can be said of

them is that they are slow-burning. Imagine what damage a fire would do if it got fifteen minutes free start under the mansard roof of the main building, — over the Commons or Senate chambers or in the Library! The Dominion police are not to blame, the city's fire chief is not to blame, civil servants are not to blame,—but why the government delays to instal an automatic alarm system in every part of every building and place city fire alarm boxes in convenient locations both inside and outside the buildings is one of the mysteries which must remain unsolved.



OUR SERIAL.

The story of the "Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew," which has been running in *The Civilian* since the issue of April 19th last, has now, with the current installment, entered upon the second half of its length. Chapter XIV was crowded out of our issue of June 28th by force of circumstances, but it is included in this issue, together with the regular instalment of three chapters which will be printed hereafter, the story ending with September, which popularly ends the canoeing season. From the expressions of opinion which have reached us in regard to our serial, we do not think that our readers will mind an extra large instalment of it in this issue. The interest taken by those who read the "Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew" since they began has not declined but rather steadily increased, and we think that our readers will find the four chapters in this issue particularly interesting and exciting as well as humorous and fascinating ones. 'Fascinating,' as well as 'breezy!' 'bright!' 'fine!' 'great!' and 'a rattling good yarn!' the story has been pronounced by many of *The Civilian's* readers, and we can assure them that the balance of the story will be no less so; indeed, it increases in