

BOSTON FIRE.

Fifteen Hundred South End People Homeless.

Scarlet Flags of Flame Mow Down Two Hundred Houses.

The Burned District Embraces Some Twenty Acres of Ground.

Chief Webber and Many of His Brave Men More or Less Injured.

The Blaze Started Under the Bleachers During the Boston-Baltimore Ball Game.

Names of Many Business People Burned Out Together with a List of the Injured.

Boston, May 15.—Once again Boston has been chastened by fire, and not since 1872 has the city witnessed such scenes of woe, destruction and discomfort as those which accompanied today's disaster. Over five hundred families are homeless and two hundred buildings razed by the flames or wrought into shapeless and smoke blackened ruins; three hundred and thirty crack engines twisted and garbled beyond further usefulness by falling debris; a dozen of the best fire ladders crippled by the flames; a score of more soundly maintained and cherished to lay writhing in agony in hospital beds; such is the gruesome total of today's calamity.

The property loss is estimated at over a million dollars, of which about half is covered by insurance. The territory swept by the flames is the thickly populated tenement district familiar to the public as the south end grounds.

The fire broke out at 4 o'clock during the progress of the Baltimore-Boston base ball game, and just as the Baltimore boys were going to the bat for the fourth inning. It started under the "bleachers."

At the northeast corner of the grounds. It had the usual trivial origin in some hap hazard negligence or chance. A discarded cigarette, cigar butt of flame, or a match dropped carelessly from the hands of a smoker ignited some wind-torn scrap of paper and loose lumber, and a stiff north-westerly breeze that blew across the open did the rest.

The smoke from the smoldering benches formed for a moment a spectacle of laughing amusement for the 5,000 spectators of the game, but in a few minutes the multitude appreciated the gravity of the occasion. The flames licked up the sun-dried "bleachers" like so much tinder, and then, leaping high in the air, attacked the tumble-down tenements, from whose roofs the Boston small boy had been wont to view the national game without fear, reproach or prior.

Almost instantly the entire row of rockeries was flaked with fire. Scarlet flags of flame flamed from the upper windows, and the ear-piercing shrieks of women, who saw their homes and their lives imperiled, mingled with the shouting of the multitude of people on the ground. The police force on the grounds was inadequate to cope with the crowd, and it was some time before the burning thousands could be driven beyond the fire lines.

The fire department at the first alarm responded quickly; a second alarm was almost instantly sounded and more apparatus hurried to the scene. Then ensued

A HARD FOUGHT STRUGGLE. In which the various fire forces were taxed to their utmost strength and skill, while the flames were still busy with the grand stand bleachers and fences, every bit of which was burned to a fine ash. The fire made fatal headway in the direction of Tremont street.

Inside of twenty minutes as many dwelling houses were crumbling, and in Boston scenes of the most horrible description were witnessed. Mothers of families, their little ones clinging to them in terror, fled to the street. Tenants with blanched faces were visible at the windows of their burning dwellings, hurling their scanty, but only household belongings into the street simply to see swift coming flames make away with them. Wild yells and cries ran hither and thither through the crowded streets, shrieking and apparently bereft of their reason.

In a few seconds the neighboring avenues were blocked with wagons and drays, employed in moving people and goods from the threatening tenements. A babel of confusion reigned throughout the vicinity. Women with disheveled hair knelt in the street and prayed, the awe-stricken crowds trampled to and fro, children became separated from their parents and strayed aimlessly about, weeping piteously.

In less than an hour five hundred families were homeless. Ambulance wagons were early on the scene. In an ecstasy of fright many tenants jumped from the upper windows only to fall bleeding and senseless on the sidewalk or in the street. They were picked up by tender hands. As the fire worked

TOWARDS TREMONT STREET these scenes were repeated again and again. Down Walpole and Coventry streets rushed the flames, urged on by the wind which seemed to increase every minute.

The entire square bounded by Burke, Ruggles, Warwick and Berlin streets was now ablaze, and the firemen had less control than at the start.

The fire was now working its way into the junction of Tremont and Burke streets. The most strenuous efforts were at this time being made by the firemen on Tremont street, near Walpole.

By six o'clock the conflagration had extended from Tremont to Cabot streets, and was yet beyond the control of the firemen. Shortly after six o'clock several steamers arrived from Lynn, Beverly, Brookline and Lawrence, and every effort was made to stop the fire at Cabot street. But in spite of the heroic department and outside assistance.

THE FIRE PUSHED ON, and not until it had burned from Cabot street half way through to Warwick, and from Burke street to Milford court, where these combined efforts were effectual in restraining it.

Half an hour after the first alarm a general alarm called out every available piece of apparatus, and every fireman in the city that could be spared. At 5 o'clock the entire block along the west side of Tremont street, from Walpole to Burke, was a brilliant mass of flames which swept across the opposite jump and soon engulfed the buildings along the east side for four blocks. So rapidly did the fire eat its way, however, that those in the blocks adjoining Tremont street in the burning districts did not have time to save their household effects, and hardly escaped with their lives. On the other side the boundaries were at Ruggles Chapel and Sudbury streets.

At Ruggles street on the west and Cabot

street on the southeast the fire was practically stopped, and at 7.30 o'clock it was under control. The fire was one of the hardest to fight in the history of the Boston fire department.

Three steamers, Nos. 24, 32, and 36, had to be abandoned because of the heat. About 6.30

CHIEF WEBBER WAS FORCED TO RETIRE, almost exhausted, with his face blistered, but he bravely returned shortly after.

After the fire had been halted, the grounds of the Boston base ball team were packed with thousands of sight-seers. The familiar grand stand was no longer there. Nothing remained but the iron work, a mass of smoking ruins, and a single brick pillar as a lonely monument.

Looking towards Tremont and Cabot streets, there was one vast waste of fallen walls and smoldering ruins. Many had come from their work at 6 o'clock from the city proper, and found that they had no homes to go to.

The West End street railway employees were burned out and many lost all their effects. On the streets just without the burned district, goods were carelessly mixed and strewn in every direction. The new houses of Ladder 12 and Hose 7 on Tremont street were destroyed.

Alderman Bryant's residence on Walpole street, 2020 Tremont street, was totally destroyed. Among the other business places leveled were: J. J. McNamara, wines and liquors, Cabot street; Daniel Bernbach & Co., 1,079 Tremont street; Sterling Provision Store, Sterling street; Gray's photographic saloon, Tremont street; Martin Regan, undertaker, Tremont street; Millman's block of offices, etc., Tremont street; S. M. Estrick, provisions, Tremont street.

Councilman Connors of Ward 19 lost his house on Tremont street and much of his effects. THE LIST OF INJURED IS LARGE, although no case has as yet been reported fatal. A large number of the firemen were temporarily blinded from smoke and cinders. Most of them were attended by the physicians of the Emergency hospital.

Fourteen cases of bruises and other injuries received by persons from falling bricks, glass, etc., were treated in a drug store near the scene of the fire.

Leut. Sawyer of Chemical Engine 10 was severely burned. He also had two ribs fractured by a falling fragment. James D. Fitzgerald, stunned by water from a hose; John M. Fitzgerald of engine 37, chilled by exposure; William H. Kearse, Cambridge, crushed ankle; John T. Kane, South Boston, contusion of eye; Timothy E. Near, Roxbury, wound over the eye; Walter J. Burke, South Boston, head injured.

Ten persons sick in the buildings burned, were also taken to the city hospital. Two cases were serious, but these are apparently none the worse for being moved. The following persons were injured and taken to the city hospital: James D. Fitzgerald, stunned by water from a hose; John M. Fitzgerald of engine 37, chilled by exposure; William H. Kearse, Cambridge, crushed ankle; John T. Kane, South Boston, contusion of eye; Timothy E. Near, Roxbury, wound over the eye; Walter J. Burke, South Boston, head injured.

Another Fire. Boston, May 17, 3 a. m.—A fire started in the five story building on State street, at the corner of India street, at 2.45 o'clock this morning. It was first discovered in the United States appraisers offices, and rapidly spread to the bonded warehouse connected therewith.

Boston, May 17, 3.55 a. m.—The fire is now under control and is confined to the bonded warehouses. The building is gutted, and the loss on the same will probably exceed \$200,000. The loss to the government is \$150,000. The origin is not known.

A simple remedy for a rough skin is to first wash the face thoroughly at night, then rub in with about a teaspoonful of cream and let it dry in. The skin will look shiny and feel stiff at first, but in the morning you will be surprised to find how soft it will be.

"Now, Tommie, stop your crying. What on earth do you want, anyway?" cried mamma. "Want to see the world go round," said Tommie.—[Harper's Bazar.]

Carson—Seeing is believing. Volkes—Nonsense, I see Wetherell every day and I wouldn't believe him on his oath.—[N. Y. Herald.]

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Sugar, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO. Dorchester, Mass.

Coughing leads to Consumption. Stop the Cough, heal the Lungs and strengthen the System with

Scott's Emulsion the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It is palatable and easy on the stomach. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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THE MONCTON DOCKS. The Arguments in Favor of Their Construction.

It is Claimed They Would Be of Great Value and Easily Practicable.

The citizens of Moncton are very much in earnest in their determination to secure harbor improvements for the town.

John L. Harris, who has been a zealous advocate of such improvements for many years, and is one of the most active and enthusiastic citizens that ever a town possessed, has been in St. John for a day or two with plans of the proposed harbor improvements, outlining the interest of leading business men here.

In connection with this matter two things need to be demonstrated—first, the necessity of such a work as is proposed; and, second, its feasibility.

With regard to the need of such a work, and the valuable results to flow from it, its advocates are able to point out that Moncton has already made fine progress as a manufacturing town; is the natural outlet of varied and extensive natural products seeking foreign markets; is well located to become an important manufacturing center; and has a good record already as a shipping port.

The most striking illustration of the necessity of a good harbor at Moncton is the business in raw sugar represents from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000 a year. This raw sugar is landed at either St. John or Halifax, chiefly at the latter port. If it could be landed at the side of the refinery in Moncton there would be much advantage accrued, and the ships could at once take cargo of goods there.

As a matter of fact, the first cargo of raw sugar ever used in the refinery was taken direct to Moncton by water. It is pointed out that a ship could take sugar from Batavia to Moncton, deal from Moncton to England, coal or other cargo from England to Batavia, thence back to Moncton, and so steadily continue the round voyage. Capt. Wright, owner of the big ship Annie E. Wright, says he would put her in that trade at once if there were a good harbor for large vessels at Moncton, and would undertake to sail her up the river without the aid of a tug. Then, also, large schooners could take lumber and produce cargoes to the West Indies and get return freights. It is also claimed

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that a direct trade between India and Moncton is assured as soon as there is a good harbor. With a good harbor and improved facilities for handling goods and raw materials, it is pointed out, there would also be a development of manufacturing industries, affording increased trade for the port. The cotton mill is also to be remembered in this connection, as well as the sugar refinery and other present industries. A considerable tonnage of schooners is already every year engaged in trade out of the port of Moncton. It is impossible to listen for half an hour to the facts and figures presented by Mr. Harris without becoming convinced that there is hard common sense at the root of his enthusiasm for the trade possibilities of Moncton.

Coming now to the possibility of providing the town with a good harbor, the harbor improvement company present an elaborate series of plans showing how, by an expenditure that would be very moderate compared with the cost of similar works at other ports, the place can be provided with a wet dock covering 14 acres, with also a dry dock for making light and another for more extensive repairs to vessels.

As everybody knows, the Petitcodiac river flows beside the town. Just beside the sugar refinery, cotton mill, B. & M. railway terminus and the pumping station flows Hall's creek, a winding tidal stream tributary to the Petitcodiac. It winds through a marsh. The proposition is to convert this Hall's creek into a wet dock, with, as already stated, 14 acres of available water for ships. Wharves will be built along the banks of this dock to accommodate vessels as the business develops. The entrance would be through a lock with double gates and out of which the water could be withdrawn, leaving a dry dock, where a vessel could make light repairs. If necessary, more extensive repairs, involving considerable time, were needed, another dry dock at the extremity of the wet dock can be provided. As the land is ordinary high marsh, there would be no difficulty in excavating wherever that would be necessary, and the construction material of almost the entire work could be of wood, and practically indestructible, because experience has proved that timber in the Petitcodiac river is practically free from decay and worms. Hence the cost, it is claimed, would be relatively small considering the amount to be done and the value of the works when completed. The largest ships could ascend the Petitcodiac to Moncton, where many vessels of the largest tonnage were formerly constructed on the shores of this very Hall's creek. The wet

dock would be steadily supplied with fresh water from the creek above, or by pipes direct from a reservoir of sufficient capacity and elevation within two miles of the town. There would be no advantage from the shipowner's standpoint in always having a considerable supply of fresh water in the dock, and this could be done and thus avoid the settlement of mud from the turbid waters of the river and affording a still, fresh water basin. It would be difficult in an article of this kind to give a technical description of the proposed works. When completed the harbor would be beside the sugar refinery and cotton factory, with connection with the I. C. R. and B. & M. railways, and special facilities would be afforded for the establishment of new industries along the wharves, one of the inducements being a nominal or low rate water supply, and another easy access by water to the coal mines of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, and by rail with the magnificent quarries of Westmorland, Albert and Kent, to say nothing of the lumber and farm products of the rich surrounding country. It is stated as a strong point in favor of the scheme that old shipping men like Capts. Calhoun, Wright, Connan and others not only recommend it but will back it with their material support.

In view of all this the harbor improvement company seek financial aid. The idea of the docks is not a new one. Under the dominion act in aid of docks the Moncton Harbor improvement company, some years ago, got an order in council granting aid to the extent of 2 per cent. per annum for 50 years on a certain expenditure. But this would not be nearly enough. They argue that, as there would need to be considerable expenditure on the railway to accommodate the shipping of lumber in connection with the new works, and as Moncton is the headquarters of the I. C. R. the dominion government might very properly increase its grant on that account.

The company and the people of Moncton also feel that inasmuch as the provincial government has already granted aid for harbor improvements in Charlotte and other counties, it might very properly give a grant to Moncton. The people of Moncton themselves are prepared to aid the project in a substantial way, and the company are willing to thrust their hands deep into their own pockets, believing the investment a good one.

The growth of Moncton, they point out, would be for the advantage of the traffic on the I. C. R., and of the trade of St. John and for the good of the whole country. Therefore they maintain that the whole country should favor the projected improvements.

The return of W. S. Harkins is always greeted by a crowded house, but never before in his St. John history did he play to a more appreciative assemblage than that which on the 18th applauded his Jack Manley to the echo. The Still Alarm is a decidedly sensational male drama, with a somewhat stereotyped plot, but its scenic equipment and mechanical effects are genuine novelties. While Mr. Harkins as Jack Manley, the dancing fireman, is the central figure, several of the other characters are so strongly drawn as to require a company of more than average dramatic ability to acceptably and intelligently sustain them. The cast was as follows:

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John Bird, alias Gorman..... E. L. Snader
Willie Manley..... Thomas A. Wise
Doc. Wilbur..... Neil O'Brien
Franklin Fordham..... John Bunney
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Nurse..... Ralph Bechtel
Tooy..... William Nestor
Eleanor Fordham..... Miss Annie Mayor
Daisy..... Miss Annie Mayor
Miss Manley..... Miss Emma Madden
Mrs. Manley..... Miss Emma Madden
Bunny and Miss Madden, all established favorites here, received a hearty greeting, and the new comers found favor as the action of the play progressed. Mr. Snader was the villain of the piece, who, of course, triumphed for a time, but was finally foiled, and he made a villain of the most approved, boisterous style. As Doc Wilbur, his tool, Mr. Wise was admirable in make-up and action, while Mr. Bunney created all the fun possible out of the character of Jo. Jones, a relic of the red-shirted volunteer service.

Miss Mayor, on whom devolved the role of Eleanor Fordham, the heroine in love with Jack Manley, is an actress of ability who will, doubtless, improve on acquaintance. Her best work was in the last act, when she developed an unexpected dramatic power that evoked the most hearty applause. Miss Fulton in the sourette character of

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Tooy..... William Nestor
Eleanor Fordham..... Miss Annie Mayor
Daisy..... Miss Annie Mayor
Miss Manley..... Miss Emma Madden
Mrs. Manley..... Miss Emma Madden
Bunny and Miss Madden, all established favorites here, received a hearty greeting, and the new comers found favor as the action of the play progressed. Mr. Snader was the villain of the piece, who, of course, triumphed for a time, but was finally foiled, and he made a villain of the most approved, boisterous style. As Doc Wilbur, his tool, Mr. Wise was admirable in make-up and action, while Mr. Bunney created all the fun possible out of the character of Jo. Jones, a relic of the red-shirted volunteer service.

Miss Mayor, on whom devolved the role of Eleanor Fordham, the heroine in love with Jack Manley, is an actress of ability who will, doubtless, improve on acquaintance. Her best work was in the last act, when she developed an unexpected dramatic power that evoked the most hearty applause. Miss Fulton in the sourette character of

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