

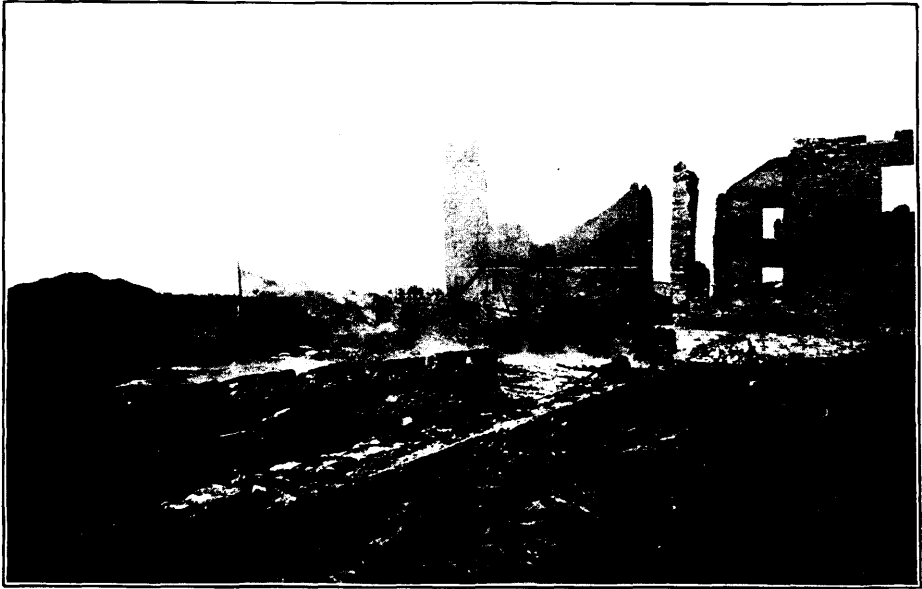


PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

OTTAWA—THE MACKAY FLOUR MILL.

miracle and will be so regarded by the truly pious. Eddy's sulphite works, the most combustible area in Hull, is untouched, although the fire crackles and sputters just across the roadway. The fire brigade of the mill have toiled like demons. When the church people begin to canonize the miracle-workers they should not forget the men at the sulphite mill. The various colours of the fire are curiously contrasted. To the east it is a light yellow. The ground burnt over flickers a dull but angry red. The deals burn with a bright orange glow. The village of Hintonburg, away to the southwest, flames like some Gargantuan rose garden; a point farther south the fire takes on a pale white hue. It must be the atmospheric conditions that make the difference. I go as far along Rideau street as I can. This brings me to the edge of the natural bastion I have mentioned before. Below are the flats. It is a scene for Doré to paint and for Dante to write about. The reek of the pit in your nostrils, sidewalks torn up, telegraph poles and trees afire, sparks flying, flames hissing, a hopeless huddle of broken wires, hosereels clanging along, gaunt walls

of gutted houses showing dimly through the smoke—everywhere confusion and terror.

It was the next afternoon that I made a survey of the ruins. The fire, be it remembered, has swept an area of five miles. Generally speaking, it follows the form of a crescent, beginning in a line with the ferry landing at Hull, bending westward along the curve of Main Street, swerving sharply into Bridge Street and the Eddy colony of factories, thence over the Chaudiere bridges to Chaudiere Island, onward to the mainland and across the westward flats of Ottawa clear to the gates of the Experimental Farm. It was this crescent I determined to negotiate, but it turned out a terrific task, and I gave it up readily enough when I reached the Ottawa shore. The trip, however, took me through the most picturesque part of the desolation. Landing on the quay at Hull I stepped over some very precarious planks to the shore. This brought me to the Eddy sulphite works and the Roman Catholic cathedral—the eastern limit of the fire, if we except a blaze which started in Gilmour's mill, a mile and a half down the river. The sulphite works