

Numerous victims lost the sight of one or both eyes, caused through broken glass. A pathetic picture to see was a poor woman who had lost her sight and by her side she was fondling her little son who was also totally blind. For days after, on going through the streets, almost every second person you met, was bearing the scars of one kind and another, showing the number of injured persons ran into thousands.

The snow which fell after the accident, although hampering the searchers in their work, mercifully covered the blackened and charred timbers with a mantle of white.

Every day victims were being discovered in all kinds of poses beneath piles of wreckage. A woman with a little boy frozen on her lap were dug out; evidently she was sitting by the stove in the act of dressing the child when the explosion occurred.

To stand amidst the devastated area and see the complete destruction caused by the ammunition ship, it seems hardly creditable that any human being escaped alive.

It was impossible to tell the different streets, etc., for burned telegraph poles, trees, tram cars, railway tracks, factory chimneys, furniture from the houses all mingled in awful chaos.

Sentries were posted to prevent curious spectators from visiting the ruins, unless by pass.

Series of workmen are employed cleaning up the rubbish.

Halifax is endeavouring to rise to the occasion and out of the ruins, emerging to a brighter and more prosperous city.