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DAILY HERALD.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1905.

COMMENDABLE ACTION.

The Herald is glad to learn that a suggestion made in these columns, with respect to the necessity of taking means to press on the Transcontinental railway commissioners the advantages of the Valley route, is to be acted upon, and that Senator Thompson and Mr. W. T. Whitehead, M. P., two of the board of trade delegates who represented that body in the conference on the same subject at Ottawa, leave tomorrow morning for Edmundston, to meet the commissioners and accompany them in their inspection of the line. It is proposed if possible to induce the commissioners to make the trip from Woodstock to this city along the western side of the river, in automobiles which have been placed at the delegates' disposal by the owners, and in this way the commissioners will have opportunity to fully inspect the advantages of the Valley route.

At Woodstock tomorrow Senator Thompson and Mr. Whitehead will be joined by Mr. F. B. Carvell, M. P., who will accompany them to their mission with the commissioners.

THEIR PRAYERS ANSWERED.

Mining camps are not generally noted for their piety and Butte, Montana, one of the greatest of them, is no exception to the rule, but the people there on Sunday last grew suddenly prayerful, developing inclinations and powers in that direction that surprised themselves and excited wonder and admiration elsewhere.

The city was face to face with a great, threatening calamity, a fire that promised to wipe out the place, and it was in the face of this that men who ordinarily give little thought to an overruling Providence dropped, on their knees and prayed for rain to stave off the catastrophe that awaited the city, and which really caused very serious destruction, the damage being estimated at over a million dollars.

Fanned by a high wind sweeping through the Rockies the fire which started in the furnace room of the Symons store, spread rapidly and swept away the greater portion of the business district. There was little water, the buildings were dry as matchwood and for half the day it looked as if the greatest innuendo camp in the world would be blotted out from the maps. Help finally came from the clouds. Heavy rains, for which worshippers in half the churches had been praying, fell in torrents, and the fire was soon brought under control.

While the conflagration was at its height nearly every available man in the city joined the ranks of the fire fighters, while the women, the children, the aged and the decrepit sought refuge far up on the slopes of the hills. From the mining settlements above the town thousands of miners in their Sunday best came down the trails and swarmed into the city to give aid, while other toilers streamed up from the shafts and cuttings that honeycomb Butte and joined in the struggle against the fire. Nearby settlements were notified by telephoned of the fate that threatened the city, and scores of volunteer fire organizations took the trails with hand engines, dragging their equipment miles over the hills, only to abandon them because the water ran short.

The same wind that carried the flames further into the heart of the town rolled down with thick clouds of sulphurous smoke from the smelters. It hung over the fire like a yellow blanket, half suffocating the men who were fighting for life and property, and doubling the fearsomeness of the scene.

Two hours after the general alarm had been given the fire was being brought under control, when the fire engines sucked dry. The news that the water had given out had hardly reached the outermost bounds of the throngs that crowded the district, when a white bearded man high up on the slopes gave a shriek and pointed a gaunt finger at the sky.

"The cloud, the cloud. It's going to rain. Pray that a deluge may come," he shouted.

The cry was taken up by the thousands of spectators on the hills. Preachers fell on their knees on the street and prayed aloud, while ministers threw open their churches and

led their congregations in supplications for rain. Men whose lives and habits take them far from church ideals joined in and, abandoning the struggle with the fire, raised their voices in an appeal for rain.

In a few minutes the thunder cloud in the southwest had piled up until it obscured half the horizon. The clouds rushed together, and, with a suddenness that fairly took the breath of the people away, the storm burst over their heads. It drove down in sheets, half drowning the people on the hills and killing the fire. Butte was saved.

ABOUT CAMPAIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Sun is worrying about Hon. A. R. McClellan's alleged contributions to Liberal campaign funds, but if it were to ask its own chief proprietor, Mr. Harry Thorne, it would discover that that gentleman could probably give valuable pointers on what it costs to run the Tory machine in St. John. Mr. Thorne is a rich man and a generous one too, when it comes to putting up stuff for an election campaign. Possibly he may expect to receive a senatorship some day, or at least a renewal of the splendid hardware business he did with the Intercolonial for eighteen consecutive years, 1878 to 1896.

We presume it is Mr. McClellan's own business if he has aided the Liberal party financially. If he has done so he spent his own money honestly obtained, and his benefactions have not been restricted to politics. He has given generously to educational and charitable objects, and is a gentleman far beyond the reach of the petty attacks launched at him in the Tory press.

At the recent convention of Labor unions in Toronto, a resolution was passed demanding the abolition of the senate, an action that induced the funny man of the Toronto News to break out in verse, and this is his production:

Labor men
United sing,
Senate is a ...
Useless thing.

Just a graveyard,
Nothing more,
With red carpet
On the floor.

Put the corpses
Out of that,
Disinfect the
Whole darn flat.

All classes of citizens will unite with the Herald in cordially welcoming Prof. and Mrs. Perrott, who have arrived here to take up their residence. Prof. Perrott is the new engineering chief at the University, and takes charge of one of the most important and promising departments of that institution. That he may be successful and happy in his new duties and that he and his wife may find life in Fredericton agreeable, will be the wish of all.

A correspondent who takes a great deal of interest in beautifying Fredericton and who has done much himself in that line, enters a strong protest against the disfigurement of shade trees in the city and county by the telephone and electric light people, whose employees cut and slash them without any thought of the value of the property they are destroying. It is hoped that our correspondent's letter will awaken the authorities to their duty in the matter.

BATHING IN THE SEA.

It Originated in England in the Eighteenth Century.

Sea bathing had its origin in England before 1750, when Dr. Richard Russell published his treatise on the virtues of sea water. The healing virtues of the sea bath were not understood, nor was the practice of sea bathing generally resorted to. There seems to have existed a horror of the sea; indeed, in mediaeval times a compulsory dip in its waters was a sentence often passed on the public offender. In the earlier decades of the eighteenth century western Europe suffered heavily under "king's evil," the popular name for that tuberculous affection which scourged all classes from peer to peasant.

Dr. Russell, a Sussex practitioner, had observed that dwellers on the coast used to drink of the sea water, bathe in it, even wash their sores in it and bind them up with sea weed. Having satisfied himself as to the efficacy of the practice he began to prescribe for his patients with most satisfactory results. His treatise resulted in the coasts becoming largely patronized by the ailing, and the demand for seaside lodgings was soon a growing quantity. This gradually spread to the continent. Then people commenced to see that fresh water was a good thing, and the vital importance of the skin as an excretor of waste was greatly emphasized somewhat later (in 1834), when the morning "tub" was instituted and has since acquired a worldwide reputation.

BITS OF NEWS.

Items of Interest Culled from Our Exchanges and Other Sources.

L. C. R. trainmen report having seen no less than eleven moose on the trip from Moncton to Campbellton one day this week.

Rev. Dr. Calvin Goodspeed has gone to Waco, Texas, where he has accepted the chair of systematic theologies and polemics in Baylor College.

Grace Beecham, who was arrested on the charge of setting fire to a barn owned by "Priest" Wilbur near Moncton, has been committed for trial. She offered no defence and was taken to jail at Dorchester.

Justice Davies of the supreme court chamber, Ottawa, Thursday refused application of Mr. Teed, K. C., for leave to appeal from the decision of the supreme court of New Brunswick in the Cushing Sulphite Fibre Co. case.

Mr. Jones, the sheep and goose dealer of P. E. Island, shipped 1700 geese to Boston a few days ago. They made a lively time when gathered together. Geese, alive, have been selling for \$1.75 each on the Island. Several dealers in geese are running the price of geese away up.

Gunner James, King of the Royal Garrison Artillery, Halifax, was found dead on the ramparts of the Citadel hill at an early hour Friday morning. He was lying on his back with a big gash in his throat, and by his side was found a razor. King was 35 years of age and unmarried, and had 15 years' service to his credit. No cause is assigned for his self destruction.

Novel Sport in England.

A feature of village life in the district of Tunbridge Wells, says an English newspaper, is the promotion of clubs for sparrow and rat shooting during the winter months. The members hold monthly meetings when "bags" are counted and points awarded for prizes. Remarkable success has attended the clubs this winter. The Hartfield Club's record for the past month was 635 sparrows and 348 rats, while the Penhurst Club brought in 896 heads and tails, making a total of 4,722 for the season.

Deep Diamond Mines.

Prof. Henry Miers, in lecturing to a London audience recently, said that there was no knowledge of the depth to which the South African diamond mines could be worked. The deeper they go the richer they become. Work can be carried on now to a depth of 2,500 feet. It is thought that it might be continued to a depth of 5,000 or even 10,000 feet, if the engineering difficulties could be overcome.

State Owned Hotels.

Western Australia is probably the only part of the British Empire that has carried Socialism to the length of building and managing state hotels. From the annual report and balance sheet recently presented to the local Parliament it appears that state drinks are 25 cents a glass. There was a loss of \$4,250 on the house account, which apparently means the boarding branch of the business, but on the operations as a whole there was a profit of \$2,600.

How Mexicans Test Eggs.

It is a common sight in the plaza to behold a stall woman, who is selling two reals' worth of eggs, pick them up one by one, put one end and then the other to her lips and hand them over to the customer, who repeats the same identical operation. To the inexperienced onlooker it seems as if they were tasting the extremities of the egg. As a matter of fact, they never touch the egg with the tongue. The idea of the performance is that when an egg is fresh one end is distinctly colder than the other. The end which has the air chamber is the warmer of the two. The human lips are exceedingly sensitive to heat and cold, and even the novice at this form of egg testing promptly becomes a capable judge. If both ends of the egg reveal the same temperature, that egg may be counted as bad, as it is a fairly good sign that the air chamber is broken and the contents spread equally within the shell.

PRESERVING PLUMS.

Green gage, blue and red preserving plums, preserving peaches, just in, at G. T. Whelpley's.

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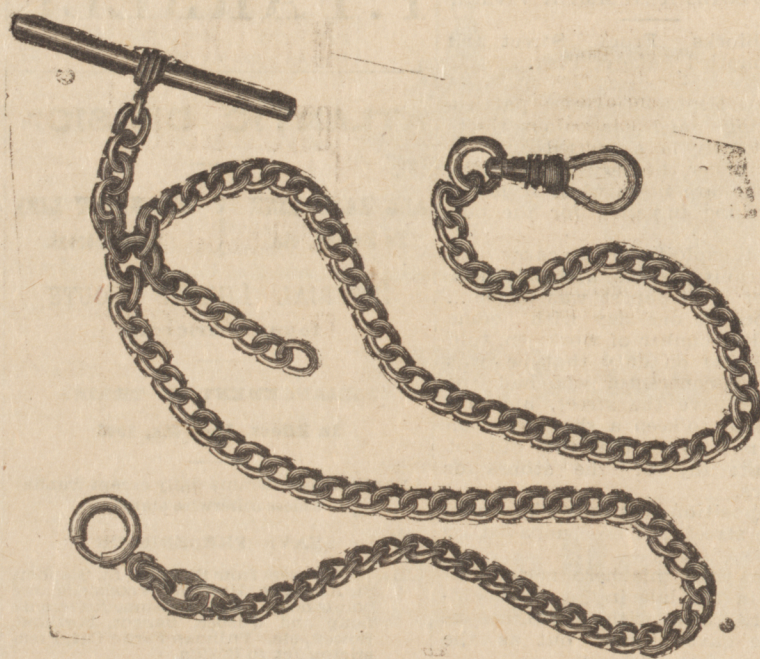
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