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# The Bee.

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VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1891.

NO. 33.

## Beauty or Wisdom--Which?

**A**BOUT three hundred miles north of the southern extremity of India, lying close to the side, and extending up between two of the mountains in the range now known as the Western Ghats, is situated a beautiful little valley. Many centuries ago the valley was much more beautiful than it is to-day, for the expanses of forest, with luxuriant vegetation clothing the surface between the bases of the mighty old forest kings, have all since disappeared. At that time Yeng-Yura, the capital of the kingdom of Nghdool which stretched far to the north and east and south, nestled at the foot of the largest mountain. Yeng-Yura was beautifully situated, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding kingdom. In that country of clear atmosphere, where one could see so far, often King Hua, gazing from the top of his palace over the smiling slopes with their sun-kissed fields of ripening grain, framed in greener belts of enclosing grass and shrubbery, would smile contentedly to himself and murmur: "Have I not, indeed, a right to be satisfied? Happy am I in the midst of a happy people!"

But one thing rendered the king unhappy. He had no son to succeed him. His only child was a daughter, the princess Ufuffa, and though with regard to her mental capacity, disposition, and dutifulness he had nothing to complain of, yet, as became a disappointed and war-like king, the sovereign of a country thirty miles square, or thereabouts, he had taken very little interest in her, leaving her training entirely in the hands of her aged mother and the old philosopher, Tchan. Thus it was that the princess, having no young playmates, and being always in the society of either one of these two or with some of the older servants, grew up with many ideas beyond her years,—with manners and modes of expression better suited to one twenty or thirty years her senior.

She had now reached the age of twenty. Though rather short, her figure was slight and well formed. Her features were plain but pleasant, being cast in a thoughtful, old-fashioned mould. One thought her the more beautiful, the longer and more intimately one knew her. Her mind was apt and quick; indeed, in point of intelligence she far surpassed any of the daughters of the chiefs of that or the surrounding countries. From Tchan, who was a very travelled old man, she had learned much of the outside world. He had taught her much of the philosophy of the times, and many of the secrets of nature. Being well versed in magic and necromancy, many and wonderful were his stories of the freaks and marvellous undertakings of the spirits of the air, the sea, and the forest.

During the heat of the summer, the king, with his family, usually retired to a palace which he had built in a cool little dell almost half way up the mountain-side. Here he could watch the setting sun roll its waves of living fire between the mountains and over the land; bathing hill and dale alike in radiant glory; and then, as night began to lower her sable veil, he could see the gleaming waves ebbing back to their mighty main, until the glow left the placid river, and the lengthening shadows stretched out to let fall the black drapery of darkness over the face of nature. For a time he would sit listening to the ascending hum from the valley, and at length retire to sleep, his soul's unrest stilled and hushed in the overwhelming calm of the night.

Darkness had long since closed in. The princess rested upon her couch, which she had drawn up beside the window. She lay watching the moonbeams pour in through the open casement. So quiet, so still, so soft and immaterial, so gently they fell upon the bed and the floor that they seemed to breathe of a beauty within their beauty, of a world within this world—yet beyond mortal sight, of a life within nature's life—one not confined by time or space, secrets of an existence of which her present life was but the shadow; and her spirit went out to commune with the silent moonrays, as it had often done with the sunbeams and the whispering leaves and the flitting humming birds; and while she listened to the stories the moonbeams told, her little life sunk into insignificance. She forgot her home, her friends, her country, and, roaming with the silent, gentle moonrays through the wondrous land of imagination, listened to the voices that speak to our spirits without words, and saw the pictures that come only in dreams.

To her eyes, brimming with the tears of a mighty desire, the broad band of moonlight seemed a silver path leading from her window straight up to the kindly queen of night. Tchan had often told her of the Genii who lived in the moon, especially of one, Mouannik, who always appeared as an old man, and who was noted for his kindness in granting to mortals the realization of their wishes. Sometimes, perhaps, it was the remembrance of these stories that made her exclaim: "O that some good genius would come and grant me my wish!" How she longed for freedom, for a wider sphere of life! It seemed as though she could leap from the window, and rush up that shining path to its summit,—to the wonderful land at its farther extremity.

Suddenly the moonbeams seemed to

through the room. Every nook and corner, even the farthest recesses, seemed lit up by a bright, roseate light, that seemed to emanate from no particular place, yet to bathe every object in the apartment in its mellowed radiance. Brighter and brighter grew the light, until, in comparison, the moonlight outside seemed semi-darkness.

All at once the princess, who had been looking around in a dazed sort of way, noticed in a burnished shield, long used by her as a mirror, which stood opposite her couch, leaning against the wall, the reflection of a single human eye. Of so large size, though dark and kindly expression, it appeared to belong to a gigantic genius rather than a human being. It was regarding her attentively, but with a look so kind and gentle, beaming with such love and tenderness, that she forgot to be frightened, and felt, instead, a restful sense of protection. But she could not help feeling puzzled to see the reflection of an eye without any visible personage from which it might come. However, she soon came to the conclusion that its possessor was behind the shield and looking through it. A moment later a filmy veil of mist had covered its burnished surface, as though someone had blown his breath upon it, and when that cleared away the eye had disappeared.

And now the room commenced to darken. Gradually the light faded until she could see but very indistinctly the objects around her. Dark shadows seemed to come from every corner and sport among and over the pieces of furniture. Of every size and shape, these wreathing shadows writhed and twisted in and out, apparently weaving themselves into a network of intricate confusion. But as they thus departed, she noticed them begin to converge to a spot in front of her bed. Slowly they approached, intermingling in a maze more than ever intricate, until a wreathing mass was before her. But order quickly evolved from confusion, and, as the light grew stronger, she saw standing by her bedside the figure of an old man dressed in long flowing robes, his gray hair falling upon his shoulders, his form slightly bent forward as though in the droop of age, his hands clasped upon his breast. A loving, fatherly smile irradiated his countenance, and, in the kindly expression of his eyes, she noticed a resemblance to that she had seen in the eye which had looked from the mirror. He spoke, and his voice recalled to her many a day when she had sat beneath the trees on the mountain side, trying to catch the stories the zephyrs were telling to the quivering leaves as they sighed through the forest.

"My child," he said, "know me as the good Genus Mouannik. My sprites, ever hovering near mortals, heard your spirit-cry, and, hastening to my beautiful castle, told me of your wish. Down that gleaming path I have come to gratify your heart's desire. My servants shall now attend. You shall have your choice of what they offer. Choose well, as befits one so young and aspiring."

While he was speaking a calming sense of complete trust in his love and power had taken possession of the heart of the princess Ufuffa, and she now awaited his pleasure in anxious expectation. When he had ceased he raised his hands above his head and snapped his fingers twice in quick succession. Scarcely had his arms fallen, when she noticed two dwarfs standing one on either side of him. She had just time to notice the great size of their heads in proportion to their bodies, and the strewed, cunning expression on their wrinkled faces, before the one who stood on the right side of the genius, raising his right arm, said:

"O Princess, I am the Giver of Beauty, and of all that will enhance it. If you choose my gift, I will bestow upon you beauty exceeding aught on earth. You shall also have the keenest and completest appreciation of music; your voice shall be perfect in tone and sweetness; and you will be able to execute your compositions upon any instrument, at sight. Moreover, you shall be given the power to reproduce in colors any scene or object you may ever see or imagine—you shall focus nature itself. The hearts of all men shall be laid at your feet; wealth shall flow in and fill your coffers; kingdoms shall be at your disposal. Choose my gift, and the power of unrivalled Beauty shall be yours."

He ceased, and the other dwarf, raising his left arm, said: "O Princess, I am the Giver of Wisdom, and of that which is necessary to wisdom—long life. Choose my gift, and you shall have an intellect keener and clearer than any other. The wisdom of all philosophers, and infinitely more, shall be yours. The truths of a universe, the wealth of ages, you shall inherit. To you nature shall reveal her every secret. The years shall be as days, and centuries will pass, to find you growing old. The wisest will yearn for the sound of your voice; nations shall hang upon your words; a world will sit at your feet. Choose my gift, and the power of unrivalled Wisdom shall be yours."

He, too, ceased, and the princess lay back and reflected. Never had her mind been so clear, her judgment so astute. The moments massed themselves into minutes, and the minutes made nearly built up an hour, before she made her choice. Which did she choose?

The above will be the subject for debate on Friday night, Sept. 25th. Particulars next week.

## Country Talk.

### Ethel.

Mrs. C. Stubbs is on the sick list this week. We hope she may soon be recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McAllister have returned from a two months' visit to Minneapolis, St. Paul, and other places.

### Milverton.

Thursday of last week was civic holiday here. After the sports the most interesting feature of the day came off, viz:—The voting contest for the most popular young lady, the prize being a handsome gold watch which was won by Miss Hanna, who received 1,663 votes. Miss Henderson and Miss Struthers each received 900 and 373 votes respectively, the total vote being 2,937. The amount realized from this contest was \$293.60, which will be devoted to furnishing the Milverton band with uniforms. The band, under the able leadership of F. W. Gunther, discoursed sweet strains of music during the afternoon.

### Trowbridge.

Thos. J. Later, teacher, spent Saturday and Sunday in the village.

Mrs. Clare, of Neepawa, is at present visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Lena Cosens has gone to Toronto to attend the Conservatory of Music.

C. T. Baylis left here Saturday for Belleville where he will attend Albert College.

J. H. McBain, of Atwood, will preach in the Methodist church here next Sunday evening.

The district meeting of the Methodist church was held here last Tuesday afternoon. In the evening a Sunday school convention was held. A good number were present and a very interesting and profitable time was spent.

### Wingham.

Wingham's new Town Hall is completed and is a credit to the place. It is admired by every visitor and is said to be the finest structure of the kind to be found in any town in Ontario of the size of Wingham.

The Garbutt extradition case is still the chief topic of interest here. It has assumed an almost mysterious shape. While Mr. House, a hotel-keeper in Vanaistine, Texas, had no trouble identifying the prisoner in Toronto and swears he is the man he introduced to the bank in Vanaistine on the 2nd day of March last and saw him endorse the forged cheque under the assumed name of Huntley, and the prosecution say they can produce a number of credible witnesses in Texas who can identify him as the man wanted for forgery in that state, there are a dozen or more respectable citizens of Wingham who are ready to testify that Mr. Garbutt was in Wingham on the 2nd day of March last, and they appear to be able to associate their knowledge of this fact with other events in such a way that appears to admit of no doubt as to his being in Wingham on the said day. So far it would appear to be a case of mistaken identity. Mr. Garbutt is still in the land of law, order and justice, and we trust he will not be forced to exchange his residence here for one in the much boasted "Land of the free and the home of the brave" where mob-law prevails and men are sometimes hanged without judge or jury, until, at least, a much stronger case than the present one is made out against him.

### Elma.

Harvest operations are about over for 1891.

J. W. Boyd, who has been poorly for a few days, is better.

A. Farrell, con. 8, has disposed of his 100-acre farm to A. Baker for the sum of \$4,700.

Rev. A. Henderson will supply the pulpit of Rev. D. Rogers at Jubilee next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

J. and G. Powell, of Osborne, were visiting their friend, C. J. Wynn, Newry, last week. They returned home Tuesday.

It is to be hoped the farmers of the township will be a unit in their efforts to make the Elma fall fair a success. All can help in some way.

Miss Williams, who has been assisting Rev. Mr. Rogers in special services at Donegal, has gone to labor a Fordwich, from there to Berlin.

E. E. Harvey occupied the Presbyterian pulpit in Monkton last Sunday, and the congregation had the pleasure of listening to a first-class sermon.

F. R. Curtis, of Donegal, has leased his 100-acre farm to the Candler boys for a term of years. He purposes going to the Northwest. It is a good rental, and well worth the \$200 per year.

Luke Lucas, 10th con., lost a valuable mare on Wednesday last week. The cause of the animal's death is unknown; it was found dead in the field. This is the second horse Mr. Lucas has lost since last March.

Edith Mabel Smith, daughter of Henry Smith, Donegal, died last Sunday from a fall she received some time ago, causing the bone of her hip to decay. She was aged 5 years and 4 months. The funeral took place on Tuesday last. The family have the sympathy of the community in their sore bereavement.

### Listowel.

The ladies of Knox church intend giving an entertainment entitled "The Queen of Fame," about the end of September.

Harvest thanksgiving services will be held in Christ church, on Sunday, Sept. 20, and on the following evening a harvest festival will take place, under the management of the ladies of the church.

J. A. Tanner, M. A., returned last week from the old land where he has been spending his midsummer vacation. He visited the British Isles, also France and Belgium, while abroad, and had a very pleasant trip.

Rev. Mr. Arendt, pastor of the Lutheran church, who will shortly remove to Sullivan, Grey county, was on Tuesday evening last presented with a handsome pocket communion set by the ladies' society of the church, as a token of their esteem.

Rev. R. Whiting, (ex-President of Montreal Conference) of Kingston, has been visiting during the past week at Dr. Phillips'. On Sabbath last he preached fine Scriptural discourses in the Presbyterian church of this town in the morning and in the Methodist church in the evening.

Rev. J. C. Watts, D. D., of London, England, the Methodist New Connexion delegate to the Ecumenical Council in Washington, D. C., will preach in the Methodist church, here, next Sabbath morning, Sept. 13th. The Rev. gentleman will be the guest of Rev. Mr. Caswell during his stay in Listowel.

The town schools opened with a large attendance. At the High school 105 pupils presented themselves on the opening day. This is much larger number than have been present at the commencement of any previous term. The school starts off with three teachers but the staff will doubtless be increased to meet the requirements of the increased attendance.

### Brussels.

Alf. Lowery and men are at work on the foundation of C. Zilliax's new brick block.

The three fine Ronald steam fire engines were shipped to the Toronto Exhibition last week.

The Inspector of the Gore Mutual was in town arranging for the settlement of W. R. Wilson's loss from the recent fire.

R. Adams, of Londesboro', has purchased the Parker terrace, on Millstreet it is said. The price is stated to have been \$1,000.

The Howick Mutual Insurance Directors met at Gorrie on Aug. 29. They passed 24 applications amounting to \$359,555. The Directors were all present, the President in the chair. All claims that came before the Board were settled.

The East Huron Fall Show will be held on the enlarged and greatly improved grounds on the old dates, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1 and 2. The Directors are arranging a tip-top program of special prizes and attractions that can not fail to attract and please the public. As the half mile track is in prime condition there will be some tests of speed for the drivers. The show this fall will be the best ever held in this section and everybody interested should get their exhibits ready.

DIED.—Saturday evening, Aug. 29, an old and well-known resident, in the person of Mrs. Wm. Ainley, passed over to the great majority at the advanced age of nearly eighty years. The deceased was born at Scarborough, England, her maiden name being Eleanor Watson. She came to Canada with her parents when 13 years of age and located at Port Hope. She was united in marriage to Wm. Ainley, who died many years ago, and they resided at Darlington for a time, then moved to Logan township, Perth county, and 39 years ago became residents of Brussels, then a howling wilderness. Thos. Halliday came about the same time taking up the 100 acres on Morris side and Mr. Ainley 300 on Grey side. Mr. Ainley was here two years before the family and built his log house, the first one here, near the flag mill. Mr. Halliday's house was nearly where the American Hotel now stands. Mrs. Ainley's home was the stopping place for the public for years and the meeting house for the pioneer preachers until the school house was erected on the lot where Watson Ainley now resides. The subject of this notice might well be called the mother of Methodism, for in the church, choir, Sunday school, etc., she was the moving spirit for years. She was the mother of 10 children, 8 of whom are living, as follows:—Henry, of Arbana, Ill.; John, of Nebraska; Mrs. Stacey, Denver, Col.; Thomas, William and Watson, Brussels; Mrs. Murphy, of Inlay, Mich.; and Joseph, of Listowel. Her illness was of brief duration as she was in her accustomed pew at the Methodist church the previous Sabbath evening. Tuesday evening following she was taken ill with bleeding at the stomach, followed by paralysis and died as stated above. Mrs. Ainley was preparing to visit her daughter at Inlay City and was about as well as usual. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, Revs. Saitou and Paul taking the service. The body was placed beside that of her husband in the Brussels cemetery.

### Logan.

On Monday morning last, a little girl of August Fisher's met its death, after a short illness. We extend our sympathy to the parents in their bereavement.

Quite a number of people from both the appointments here, attended the harvest home festival in Monkton on Tuesday evening, and assisted in the program.

### Henfryn.

Some fine fruit and big vegetables are being grown for exhibition at the Atwood fair.

J. H. Thompson's crop of oats is doubtless as good as any in Grey township. It is excellent.

J. H. Thompson is building a barn on his place in the village. The stonework is finished. The building will be 28x40 feet.

Miss Eliza Gimblett is renewing old acquaintances in this community. We are all pleased to see her, as she has a kind word and a smile for all.

### Grey.

The new bridge at Jamestown is completed. It looks to be a strong structure. Mr. Laing, of Ethel, had the contract.

Brown Bros. threshed one day last week for Chas. Rozell twelve acres of peas in three hours and forty minutes. There were 425 bushels. Beat that who can?

Mrs. Hugh Patrick, of the northern boundary, passed away in her reward Sunday Aug. 30, after a long illness of consumption. She leaves a husband and large family to mourn her demise. They have the sympathy of the community.

On Thursday of last week Thos. T. McLaughlin, and Richard Cardiff left for Manitoba having secured work near Brandon, Alex. Grant also went to High Bluff where he assists in managing an elevator. They are all good workers and will get along all right. Mrs. McLaughlin and family will remain here until he returns.

A very successful box social was held at John Strachan's on Wednesday evening, Aug. 26, upwards of 300 persons being present. The lawn was lit up by 25 Chinese lanterns and several bricks soaked in coal oil. Evergreens were placed around the lawn and seats were erected by the kind host. A good program was given.

On Monday of last week, Miss Lizzie, daughter of Duncan McLaughlin, left for Clinton Model school. She went to the Collegiate Institute in that town last January and succeeded in getting a 3rd class certificate at the recent examination. Miss McLaughlin has always been a successful student and will make a No. 1 teacher. We wish her success.

### Additional Local Items.

SEE advt. of sheep strayed in this issue.

DR. RICE has fully recovered from an attack of la grippe.

A wax figure of Birchall is on exhibition at Owen Sound.

Mrs. W. R. ERSKINE was renewing old acquaintances in Monkton this week.

S. FORREST has purchased a new dray horse from Wm. Blair. It is a good one.

NEW names are being added to THE BEE subscription list almost every day. People appreciate a good, live newspaper.

THE Toronto Industrial Fair is in full blast, and no doubt a large number from this district will visit it next week.

A HOTLY contested football match between two crack teams will be one of the attractive features at our fall fair this year.

A MINE at Illecillewaet, British Columbia, has been named the Agnes Knox, after Canada's fair reeler.—Vancouver (B. C.) World.

TURNKEY FORBES of Woodstock, heard lately from Mrs. Birchall. He says the story that she has married again is without foundation.

Do you purpose taking in the Industrial Fair, or going to the Northwest on the last excursion of the season? If so, call on J. A. Hacking, Listowel, for tickets and particulars. See what he says in his advt.

At the athletic sports at Milverton the other day, C. J. Wynn and James Struthers captured almost everything in the way of prizes. C. J. took 1st in the half mile race, 1st in the 200 yard race, 1st in the barrel race, and 2nd in the horse race. Jim took 2nd in the barrel race, and first money in the heavy weight contest.

QUERY?—If the population of St. Marys (3,416) increases one in ten years, how long will it be, at the same rate of increase, before the town could be incorporated a city?—Argus. How long? Why only 65,840 years, brother. And at the rate Goderich has increased during the past ten years, in 50 years hence the town will have ceased to exist. But a monument will be erected on the ruins to the memory of Daniel McGillivuddy, the editor, the philanthropist, the founder of all modern political reforms, and the patriot saint of defunct Goussela.