

The Bee.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

We wish it distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

Sidewalk between Atwood and Newry.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Having noticed in a recent issue of THE BEE the recommendation of building a sidewalk between Atwood and Newry, I, for one, most heartily endorse the movement for a great many reasons, my strongest reason is that by building a sidewalk between the two places it would, in a great measure, tend to perpetuate the friendly spirit now existing between the two villages, and with the hearty co-operation of both the work could be easily accomplished. The writer knows of one party who offers to give \$5 toward building the proposed walk. I would therefore suggest that a few of the leading men of both places meet soon and push the work forward.

Yours, &c.,

CITIZEN.

Newry, April 5, 1890.

Newry "Scoopograph."

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Since the "Scoopograph" made the startling revelations in your issue of March 28th, many were the comments, queries and suggestions as to what the article was referring to. We wanted to draw it mild and not startle you good people by breaking the good tidings to you all at once, but pave the way for what was to follow. In the first place, Mr. Editor, the people of Newry and neighborhood have reasons to be thankful that we have in our midst such an able journal as THE BEE, where such scandals may be made public and the perpetrators names branded before the public. The perplexing problem will be, Mr. Editor, how came the "Scoopograph" in possession of the astounding facts about to be made public? And let me here state that the "Scoopograph" is of Newry parentage, and not of Atwood. Was it applied to the key-hole? Was it set in operation in some mysterious corner of the room? Or is it a thing whose ingress and egress is not barred by padlocked doors? It is the latter. Maybe the "Scoopograph" was a little previous in making the facts public so soon and likely ere this the "stuff" would be in the columns of some journal. When the thing dawned upon us we exclaimed like the statesman of old: "I smell a rat! I smell a rat! I see him brewing in the air, but I shall nip him in the bud!" And nip him we did. We think good people it is not to your interest to know all that was contained in this piece of poetry? We are sorry that the "Scoopograph" failed to turn it out *certatim et literatim* but it gave us enough to satisfy the minds of the public that our last article was true and perfectly justifiable. Such nonsensical trash no journal would dole its columns by publishing it. It is now about four weeks since the "Scoopograph" got on the secret. Now good people prepare your breasts for the dagger and "if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now." This "poetry" was entitled "Our Teachers," and the following are the individuals on whom the "poetry" was composed: Mr. Craig, T. Fullerton, Geo. Thompson, G. A. Harvey and W. G. Morrison. One name may have escaped our notice—that of Mr. Poole. Good people now are you satisfied. We will give some extracts and make a few comments on what we got from the scattered scraps: Mr. Craig—You might be seen pacing the floor and studying your sermon instead of attending to your school. Not your calling. Mr. Fullerton—You kept no strap but the surrounding trees had to suffer. "You are a stiff-backed Presbyterian as may be plainly seen by the way you walk to church Sundays, &c." Geordie you are small but mighty and hampered the boys like forty, then took to wife your M-a-i-r-i-e. Geo. A. you are an angel all you lack is the wings and you will soar away to a more genial clime. You left to pursue a course in a higher sphere. "Next comes our great W. G. He's a good teacher as may be plainly seen;" but "there's meanness in his character, and he is partial to the girls." Now good people how do you like it? We think there were eight verses, eight lines in a verse, each teacher occupied a verse with an introductory and winding up one. Now good people we ask your forgiveness and forbearance for the extracts and comments presented to you. We thought first of "hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they may," but modesty forbade us. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space in your valuable journal, and may you long be spared to elevate the morals of the public.

INCOGNITO.

Newry, April 1, 1890.

[We will not publish any further communications on this subject as they are of no interest whatever to the public.—Ed.]

Science is not Providence.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—The following definition I learned at school many years ago, and to this day know no better. "Science is a collection of the general principles or leading truths of any branch of knowledge systematically arranged." It has

been brought afresh to my mind by reading two recent issues of a periodical called *Secular Thought*, published in Toronto, on March 15th and 22nd. In a verbatim report of a four nights' debate on "Christianity or Secularism—Which is true?" between Rev. Dr. McCann and G. W. Foote, London, Eng., which latter gentleman has recently been elected to the leadership of the English Free Thought Party as successor to Mr. Bradlaugh; he endeavors to prove amongst other propositions that "Secularism recognises no providence but science." This reminds me that over thirty years ago I saw bills placarded over the walls of my native town announcing a lecture to be delivered by an eminent Secularist, Mr. Holyoake, on the subject: "Science the true Providence." Now let us substitute the definition above given for the definition and see how it reads in connection with the foregoing proposition: "A collection of the general principles or leading truths," yes, and we may add of all following truths "of any" of every branch of knowledge systematically arranged is the true Providence." Secularism recognises no Providence but a collection of general principles or the truths of all branches of knowledge systematically arranged." I suppose Secularism, which is a mere abstraction, does not recognise Providence or anything else, let us therefore substitute Secularism for Secularism, and say "Secularists recognize no Providence but a collection of the general principles, etc." The word "but" would lead us to suppose that Secularists see or recognize what they see no where else—a Providence in a collection of truths arranged in a system. Providence, in its ordinary sense, is to see before, and as a result of foreseeing is to provide or prepare for the time coming but not yet arrived. A collection of truths whether arranged in a system and called science or jumbled together as the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope, cannot see at all, either what exists now in the present, or will exist in the future. It is the mind which has the knowledge of truth which sees, or knows, hence we would require to change the proposition "Science is the true Providence," and say "Scientists are the true Providence." I am ready to admit that Scientists see before hand, to a limited extent, some things which are to take place in the universe which ordinary mortals, like me, don't see. For instance, they can tell when an eclipse is to happen long years before it takes place, or in what direction the wind will probably blow on the morrow and whether it will rain or snow. I can do neither. But I don't claim to have any future period of this mundane sphere of existence, any very extensive acquaintance with "the circle of the sciences." However, if a new *divinity* is to be set up for me to worship, I prefer as such the *Scientist to Science*. It is an axiomatic truth; that the creator or maker of a thing is greater than the thing created, or made; and surely the person who discovers, collects, classifies and arranges truths, is greater than his workmanship—the product of his mind and hand to which he and others give the name *Science*. This creature of man's is an inert, lifeless, abstraction, which can neither see, nor hear, nor speak, nor feel. To call it *Providence* is simply to deify an idol. Of the God which I have been taught to worship it is said he counts the number of the stars, "He names them every one." Astronomy, one of the noblest of the sciences, never counted one star, still less every one, and the Astronomer, however clever and learned if candid and truthful, will not claim to be able to do what this old-fashioned deity is said to do. He is represented as addressing certain favorites of the human family "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and with this strange arising out of this promised never ending divine companionship they are led to say "So we may boldly say the Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man can do unto me." About his knowledge it is written: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father." "Be not anxious about what you shall eat or drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed, for your Father knoweth ye have need of these things," and if he is my Father with knowledge of my needs he will supply them without fail.

"The beasts with food his hands supply And the young ravens when they cry." Science never fed a sparrow, a mouse, a lion, or a man. It is a very poor Provider. Now if this ancient Deity be a myth existing only in the minds of superstitious people he surely is not one whit more mythical than the modern divinity called Science. The knowledge powers, influences and works attributed to the former as far transcend the latter as the heavens do the earth. My Secularist brother, I would not trade deities with you, if you were to give me all the property you own to boot. It would be a wretchedly bad bargain for me.

T. S.

Atwood, March 31, 1890.

Planting Trees.

The tree-planting season will soon be on hand and in Ontario, at least in the rural sections, ornamental planting is as yet in its infancy, and a good deal of censure has been passed on farmers for neglecting it, in as much as, notwithstanding the cry of hard times, farmers are in a condition to procure some of the comforts and luxuries of life as well

as the necessities of life. The log shanty has given way to the tasteful frame and the old ox-cart has been laid aside for the stylish top buggy, and to correspond with and beautify their fields, planting should be resorted to. As a this nothing more suitable can be had than a judicious planting of evergreens. They can be made both ornamental and useful if properly laid out so as to protect the buildings, orchards and crops from the cold winds. Among our native deciduous trees of course the maples stand pre-eminent and for planting along the roadsides no better selection can be made. It would, however, greatly relieve the appearance of sameness if a few other kinds such as our basswood, elm, ash, etc., were interspersed among them, which, when properly trained possess a beauty and elegance of which they are destitute when found growing in the woods, with long bare trunks and scraggy branches at the top. There are also other varieties that may be grown for ornament, and profit such as sweet hickory, walnut, chestnut and other nut bearing trees, and it is surprising at the present prices of this 'fruit' in our markets that greater attention is not paid to this class of trees by our farmers. Then the wood of all these kinds will soon be scarce in Ontario for manufacturing purposes, and thus a double profit will be made. Every farmer this spring should lay out to plant some one or other of the trees above mentioned for ornament, use and profit.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1890.

Henry Cabot Lodge's bill to throw a halo of personification about the head of the American postmaster will hardly become a law. While there may be some valid objections to the present manner of selecting this class of officials, Mr. Lodge has made a failure in his attempt to devise a practical substitute. Should Mr. Lodge's bill become a law the country would be divided into postal districts, and a postmaster inspector in each district would inspect the patriots who should offer themselves and pass on their qualifications. It would then be the duty of the inspector to prepare a list of the applicants, placing their names in the order in which he regarded their respective merits, and this list would be filed with the Postmaster General. Then the latter official would be called on to send to the President the name which heads the list, or else furnish in writing sufficient reasons for such refusal. But what Mr. Lodge and other reformers prefer to designate the "spoils" system of choosing postmasters has many advantages over the romantic and visionary fad which is now being considered by the House post office committee. Under the present system, the member of Congress practically names the postmasters in his district, and he is in turn responsible to the voters of such district. If he fails to elect good officers, and the service suffers, the people have the remedy in their own hands. They can turn the Congressman out and elect a representative who would give them competent postmasters. While under Mr. Lodge's proposed system the district postoffice inspector protected by inconsistent and complicated rules, could appoint whom he pleased and laugh in the faces of the people when they saw fit to object. There may be some room for improvement over the present mode of selecting postmasters, but Mr. Lodge and his reform colleagues have failed to present it in a practical form.

To most people in Washington the Capital by day is as familiar as their own homes. But when night comes and the street-seers and place-hunters are driven out, when the noisy house and stolid Senate have both adjourned for the day and the last committee clerk has gone home, then the capital is altogether a different place. The Senate usually ends its day's proceedings in secret session, when the galleries are cleared, and so the change from animation to its suspension is less pronounced and sudden. But in the House wing the transition from bustling activity to silence and desertion is remarkably quick and complete, especially when the session has lasted till well into evening. When the speaker's gavel is finally laid down the members hurry out in groups of two or three, the galleries empty their usually scanty crowds into the corridors, and the whole lot swarm out at the various doors to go to dinner or worse. The big white building is in the hands of the Capital police force, and they are summoned for the night. No one is admitted save members of Congress, clerks of committees and messengers, or people who have business in some part of the building. By midnight the last of the late staying members and committee clerks has gone home, and the capital is left to the watchers and mice. The tessellated floors of the long corridors reach to no footstep to the vaulted ceilings, save when once an hour a solitary watchman passes on his rounds. In the Senate end of the capitol there is one room that is watched with especial solicitude. This room contains the executive files of the Senate the records of the what the Senate does when it hides its chamber and communes alone, out, more or less, of the high light of the public press. One of the watchmen is especially charged with regarding these secrets at night, and he is never far

away from the room in which they are. It is well into the morning before the Capital wakes and becomes again the most interesting place in Washington. Its frequenters are late risers for the most part. But the Capitol is the first building in all Washington the sun shines on. His earliest beams kiss the bronze lips of the helmeted Goddess of Liberty that stands on the dome of the Capitol several minutes before he gets down to any other. But the Goddess is well warmed in the sun's rays before the Capitol displays any signs of animation.

Inspiring strains of music by the marine band, nodding branches from tall graceful palms, arranged in a suit of magnificent apartments on the main floor of the Arlington, were among the attractions which greeted the guests Saturday evening at the reception tented to the representatives of the United States to their associates in the Pan-American Conference. Out of the 700 invitations sent out by the Secretary of State it is safe to say that few regrets were sent, judging from the crowds in attendance until midnight. There was an absence of any formality whatever, but the spirit of fraternity prevailed in the most cordial and enthusiastic degree, and citizens of the sister republics of the American Continent were indeed harmonious and united in having a good time.

VICTORIA.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PACIFIC PROVINCE METROPOLIS.

The Victoria Times has published a large anniversary number to celebrate the centenary of the finding by the Spaniards of Royal Bay in 1790, the first Europeans to visit the spot. Much information is given in regard to the history and development of the flourishing city which the Times loves to call its home. From the Times summary the following is extracted:—

Victoria ranks as fifth port in the Dominion. The exports for the year 1889 were as follows:—

EXPORTS—PORT OF VICTORIA.	
Mines (gold).....	\$ 490,825
Fisheries.....	2,206,950
Forest.....	150
Animals (furs).....	384,924
Agriculture.....	772
Manufactures.....	34,439

Total.....\$3,088,015
The imports for the same period were \$2,913,198.

Victoria carries on trade with the United States, Great Britain, Australia, China, Peru, Chili, Sandwich Island, Japan and Mexico, in coal, fish, hides, treasure, lumber and furs. Among the leading resources of the town, apart from its position as a government, social and educational centre, and a manufacturing and commercial city, be named the sealing interests, the fishing and Indian trade of the northwest coast, and the fur trade of the Hudson Bay Company.

Last year 22 British and 8 foreign sealing schooners brought to this port a catch of 35,310 skins, valued at \$247,170.

The shipments of gold dust from the banks amounted to nearly a half a million dollars.

The salmon pack for 1889, of which our merchants handled the greater part, realized the enormous value of \$2,228,617. There have also been several shipments of salted and frozen fish, including the produce of all skill fishery, a new industry.

The coal output of Vancouver Island amounting to 548,503 tons, against 489,300 tons for 1888, including the first shipment from the great Union mines near Comox.

It is estimated that, apart from all the business set forth above, upwards of 70,000 tourists visited the city last summer.

The principal commercial needs of the community are the establishment of a tourist interest on our northwest coast, the extension of the Island railway to Fort Rupert, the construction of the Canada Western Central, connection by ferry with the American system of railways, and the establishment of manufactures.

The population in 1863 numbered 6,000, in 1886 14,000, and is now stated by the City Council to be 20,000, besides some 2,500 Chinese and a few Indians. The increase last year is estimated at 5,241.

History of Toronto's Debt.

ITS GROWTH SINCE 1834.

The history of the debt is interesting though hard to get at. Prior to the year 1855 the minutes and by-laws of the City Council were in manuscript only and were never printed, nor have they yet. The manuscripts can be seen at the City Hall—a mass of dusty, discolored papers, reams of them—and to go through them all would involve weeks of labor. In 1859 the minutes of the Council and the by-laws were printed for the first time, and since that date, it is not a difficult, if a tedious matter to dissect them.

The following brief history of the city debt, how it first commenced, how it has grown and what it has been contracted for, will be interesting.—

Toronto was first incorporated in July 1834. The first Mayor was Wm. Lyon Mackenzie. At the time of its incorporation the town had a population of

9,254 souls and no debt. On August 1st 1835, thirteen months after incorporation, R. B. Sullivan, Mayor, under the authority of an Act of the Common Council of the City of Toronto passed on the 17th of July, 1835 issued debentures bearing six per cent. interest to the amount of \$5,000, or \$20,000 currency, payable in one year, for the construction of common sewers in the city. These debentures were signed by A. T. McCord, City Chamberlain, and Mr. Sullivan, Mayor, and were bought by Messrs. Fawcett, Green & Co. This loan was the basis of the present Toronto debt, being the first money borrowed by the city. The history of the transaction can be seen in an old musty, odoriferous manuscript book at the City Hall, the ink very faint in places and the spelling slightly different to that taught in the Public Schools to-day. The whole of that first debt, principal and interest, was paid off by August 1st, 1836.

Before that loan was paid off, however, another loan was placed on the market by vote of the then City Council. The debentures were dated January 29, 1836, and the loan was \$300 or \$1,400 in currency, payable at the end of one year at the Bank of Upper Canada, with interest at 6 per cent. The purchaser was a F. T. Billings, and the money was borrowed to help to pay off the previous loan of \$500. The security offered was four acres of land, now the site of St. Lawrence Market and Hall. The city has never been out of debt from that time to the present. Between 1836 and 1840 several small loans, all at 6 per cent., were borrowed, the creditors being Toronto people, and the debentures were payable at the Bank of Upper Canada, F. T. Billings being one of the principal of the city creditors. The amounts borrowed appear ridiculously small in these days of great things; there were loans for \$150, \$200, \$250, the pound sterling in those days being worth \$4 in Upper Canada currency.

To go through all those musty old manuscripts would entail days of labor, and when completed would always be a suspicion that something had been overlooked, and the result might be inaccurate. A brief perusal of them, however, shows one thing, viz; that the City Fathers in those days were very rarely absent from the meeting of the Council, and the reason was, that over their heads hung a by-law imposing a sharp fine for non-attendance.

The debt of Toronto has gradually grown from the time when Mr. Sullivan was Mayor to the present, and it is today:—

For general purposes.....\$11,080,532.95
For local improvements..... 2,130,523.73

Total.....\$13,211,356.68

The amount of interest paid yearly on this debt and the amount required for sinking fund to eventually wipe out the debentures as they fall due is \$860,000, which has to come out of the year's taxes. Last year, 1889, the taxes amounted to \$2,195,000, this year they will amount to a great deal more, nearly \$20,000,000 having been added to the city's assessment last year. The borrowing powers of the city are limited by Act of Parliament to 12½ per cent. on the first one hundred million dollars of assessment, and to 8 per cent. on any excess over \$100,000,000. The city has, yet very large borrowing powers.

Britton.

Robert Stevenson, who is at present teaching in Wellington Co., spent the Easter holidays with his parents.

Miss Clara Boyd owing to sickness, was not able to resume her duties on the re-opening of school, however, we are glad to hear she is recovering speedily and will be able to be around in a few days. Her brother, Samuel, who came down from Goderich, where he has been attending the High School, for his holidays, is taking charge of her school.

Newry.

Lots and some to give away—mud. Ed. Harvey has obtained a situation as teacher in Manitoba.

George Harvey is home from Toronto Medical School and looks well.

S. H. Harding was presiding examiner in our school at the promotion examination last week.

James Coulter is suffering from a severe cold and a slight attack of inflammation on the lungs.

Will Gray has been visiting at Honey Grove this last week. There must be something sweet about the place as it is the apple of his eye.

Samuel Gray and Dan Lineham, the former of Stratford Collegiate Institute, and the latter of Goderich Collegiate Institute, are housed under the parental roof.

The salary in connection with the post office here has been increased by \$18, owing to increase of business. Mr. Gee is a shrewd business man and says that it pays to advertise in THE BEE.

The road work this spring is to be spent in making a sidewalk through the village and extending it as far north as the floor will reach. All the villagers have promised to give extra days of money and the thing has assumed a practical shape, and time will see us in possession of a good walk to Atwood. Let the Atwoodites join hands with the Newryites in this good work and the benefit derived therefrom will be unspeakable. (Give us your paw.—Ed.)