

# The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890.

NO. 7.

### Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1890.

When the Pan American Congress, convened for the purpose of establishing closer trade relations between the United States and the countries of Central and South America, began its sessions in this city, it was suggested that a subsidized fleet, sailing to South American ports, would not accomplish half so much to create or promote reciprocal trade between the Three Americas as the building of a continental railroad. Saturday the committee on railroads reported to the congress a plan, looking toward the construction of such a road.

The Congress has been regarded in several quarters as being to a great extent a sentimental conference, capable of no practical suggestion and likely to lead to no substantial result. But if it should be the means of successfully launching so great and comprehensive an enterprise as this Continuous Continental Railroad scheme seems to be, the estimate at which the Congress has been held in many minds will be greatly changed. If this meeting of the representatives of all the American republics should succeed in agreeing upon a silver coinage, receivable and interchangeable everywhere on the American continent; should reach a good understanding in regard to banking and direct exchange, and should take the first steps leading to the construction of a great connecting railroad by which the Three Americas would have fast mails, quick freights and speedy intercommunication, it would do much more than create sentiments of mutual appreciation, friendship and good will, it would supply practical methods for the increase of commerce and produce conditions most favorable to the growth of a trade which might prove of benefit to far-separated communities. Whether the injustice and wisdom of our tariff will frustrate all the wise conclusions and all the sagacious projects which the Congress may form cannot be fully known, but even if they should, it is right to give the great Conference credit for full information, clear views, practical suggestions and genuine zeal for the general good of all American nations.

Connecticut avenue is to the Capital what Fifth avenue is to New York city for promenade purposes, and especially Sunday afternoon, when a surging, restless tide of humanity ebbs and flows up and down this beautiful boulevard. About 4 o'clock is the best time to view the procession, which, starting at 11 street, is continued with scarcely a break to Massachusetts avenue and Stewart Castle on the North. Hardly have the last sweet strains of the chorister boys at St. John's Church died away ere there is a manifest desire on the part of the promenaders to take possession of Connecticut avenue and until the mantle of night falls there is no visible cessation of pedestrianism. Probably one of the best points of observation of the throng is in front of the British legation building, for at all times the crowd seems densest at this attractive spot, and there is a continual interchange of courtesies in which the graceful bows and doffed hats predominate. Although in main Connecticut avenue is peopled with a wealthy class of citizens, so far as residence is concerned, the promenaders comprise representatives from every walk of life, and patriotic and plebeian are brought in close contact and neither appears the worse for such a combination of affairs.

Congress and Capitol have become secondary considerations since the completion of the Washington Monument, at least so far as the average tourist is concerned. As soon as visitors reach a hotel and their assignment of rooms is made, the first question put to the clerk in the office is, "How can we get to the Washington Monument?" Merely to get to it is a scramble for the Capitol, but that is generally put off until the last moment. Undeterred by the ground around the monument which in badly torn up on account of resurfacing and sodding, men, women and children can be seen daily plodding across the field intent upon climbing to the apex of the big white shaft. After the monument the White House comes next, and then the weary tourist turns to the east and Capitol Hill.

Hon. Wm. F. Vilas, who was Postmaster General and Secretary of the Interior during the administration of President Cleveland, is in Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Vilas. Florida is his objective point, and after spending a week or so in the land of orange groves it is their intention to take a steamer and go across to Cuba. Mr. Vilas is still of the opinion that only one name will be presented to the Democratic nominating convention in 1892, and that Grover Cleveland will lead the palanquin to victory, as he did in 1884.

Judging from the confident smiles and winks at the three headquarters, last night, the World's Fair will go to Chicago and New York and Washington.

A requisition has been presented to St. Thomas City Council asking that a reduction be made next year in the number of hotel and shop licenses to be issued.

It is reported that the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, the largest in the world, will doubtless be sold to an English syndicate. The price of the plant is \$30,000,000.

### COMMUNICATION.

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

### That Monkton Correspondent.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR,—I have perused with pleasure your new little sheet since its introduction and think that its yet up reflects the greatest credit upon yourself, but I was much annoyed to perceive that you had been unfortunate enough to secure a correspondent at Monkton who, judging by the tenor of his contributions, has very little respect for the truth, and is not an educated man or a gentleman. These are strong charges, nevertheless, your correspondent being an unknown man, the only way of forming an opinion as to his accomplishments is by his correspondence, and taking this as a basis I could arrive at no other conclusion. In your issue of the 14th of Feb., he says: "Our town council will meet on Monday next." This direct misrepresentation and an unmitigated falsehood, there being no town council how could it meet on Monday. He also says: "Broughton has resigned as chief of police; Mark Robinson will fill the vacancy; and Mark Robinson has been appointed to wait on Mr. Van Horne in connection with the branch of C. P. R., etc." These items are all as correct as the first mentioned and uncalled for slings at the parties named. He throws out some unkind insinuations also, for instance: "The Monkton 'Schneider' has several monkeys work ahead, etc." Mr. Uner is doing a respectable business and the fact of his being a German is no reason why he should be vilified by an individual who knows no better. In your last issue I noticed some silly and contemptible items from his pen, such as: "The Sherwin is around again after a few weeks illness. We hope Tom will say his prayers after so close a call," and "We understand Henry Fery is going to be an officer in the Salvation Army. Henry is a good blacksmith and we think he could do more good with the hammer than he can with his tongue in the Army, &c." This no doubt is a mock at religion. He says also in that issue that "The Stratford Herald reporter of this village still continues to improve his good looks this week. He wears a pigeon tail coat. Next week he will wear a plug hat, and the week after he gets married, &c." Of what interest is it to the public to read such senseless trash? None whatever. No correspondent should use the public press to gratify his personal spleen or give vent to his visionary haberdasheries. The objects of a secular paper should be to educate, and instruct in each locality in which it is represented; to present to the public news—not gossip; facts—not fiction; put together in a correct, concise, readable shape, without slang and misrepresentation. These objects, however, it is impossible to achieve unless represented by sensible, truthful reporters. Then, sir, in conclusion, I hope you will endeavor to maintain a high moral standing for your spicy little journal, and consign all such matter as I have been reviewing, to that place where it is best adapted—the waste basket.

Yours &c.,  
CHRISTOPHER K.

Monkton, March 1, 1890.

### Toronto University.

The red flame flashes thro' the darkening air,  
And fiercely revels in the storm king's blast;  
Its food—the treasures of the storied past,  
The hoards of science—volumes old and rare,  
The night glides on, and where the embers fall,  
The grace and glory of the elder years  
Glow in the ruins, melts and disappears,  
Save where distant stands her stately wall.  
Thus girded round by loyal, loving hearts,  
And minds enriched, ennobled by her hand,  
Never in vain shall "Alma Mater" call,  
In rural homes or crowded city marts,  
In Canada's domain—or distant land  
She holds her sons with love compelling thrall.

—T. E. Moberly, in the Week.

### Listowel.

(TOO LATE FOR LAST ISSUE.)

The Presbyterian Church is holding an "At Home" in the lecture room, on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.  
Listowel merchants are busy getting in and opening up spring goods. They are looking ahead for an early spring.  
Last Wednesday was Court Day, and there being a lot of cases to dispose of it kept them at work till very late in the afternoon. It certainly was the means of bringing a lot of people to town.  
The Canadian Order of Foresters, Court Mapleton, No. 123, are doing great work and are getting lots of new members. They are certainly a jolly lot of Foresters. We wish them God speed in the good work they are doing.  
Jno. Watson and Fred Howe, leaders of the Listowel band, are away to Toronto buying new instruments for all the boys, so we may expect lots of good music next summer. The band is talking of having some sports on the 24th of May.

### ADDRESS ON BURNS.

It is with pleasure we publish the following address delivered by Dr. Campbell, chief of the Caledonian society, Seaforth, at the Scottish concert, held in Cardno's hall on the evening of January 24th, 1890.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I was requested by the Caledonian Society to give a short address upon the present occasion.

Robert Burns in bidding farewell to the Masonic Lodge at Farbolton, of which he was an enthusiastic member, said:—

"A last request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a',  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him, the bard, that's far awa."

This society instead of drinking the "round" in question, according to the times in which our poet lived, have decided to celebrate his natal day by an annual concert, at which the singing of some of his songs will always constitute an important part of the program. How strongly are all our best feelings and emotions evoked when listening to his songs, known to us from childhood and the more admired the longer they are known.

Robt. Burns is pre-eminently the poet of the Scottish people and the greatest song writer the world has yet produced.

His songs are with us in every mood, are associated with us in every memory, they take us back to "the days of auld lang syne," to our boyhood's opening blossom, to the rosy days of youth, to friends that have passed away, to hopes long since dead, to joys that return no more.

His songs have alleviated the toil of labor and poured balm on the tired spirit of the oppressed the world over, and for this reason, their author will live not only in the hearts of the Scottish people, but the people of all lands, as long as flowers bloom on earth and stars shine in heaven. The popularity of those inimitable songs have astonished the world. The reason however is not far to seek. There is more real genius in them than there is in volumes of our modern poetry.

His poetry came rushing up from the fountain of his human affections and he had nothing more to do than to pour it like irrigating a mead in many a cheerful rill over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of human life.

In speaking of the genius of Burns, I would say that we are not worshipping the man, on the contrary, our minds rise from the gift to the All-wise Giver, and I would say that Providence gave Scotland and the world a rich and rare gift in the person of Robt. Burns, of whom I may say, that take him all in all, the world will let soon see his like again.

His was truly the touch of nature which made the whole world kin. His genius should be looked on apart from the dark clouds through which, alas! that genius often shone and struggled into glorious light.

The splendor of his genius made the dark spots of his life all the more visible, like the dark spots on the sun's disc, or the flaws on the face of the diamond. But I would say this much for Robert Burns, he was a son of Adam, and let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.

To the carping critic I would reply in the language of Boingbrooke, when reminded of the faults of his great political antagonist, Marlborough, "Yes, I know he had faults, but he was so great a man that I have forgotten what they were." Let those small men who carp at Burns on account of his imperfections, atone like him, for their shortcomings, by conferring a lasting benefit on the human race.

Burns was a poetic nature, the gift that was in him was not the result of art, but the gift of nature as much as the song of the linnets or the lark.

He poured the rich melody of his genius over broad Scotland, because like the birds of his native land, he could not help but sing.

As time passes the impure sediment will sink, but the pure stream of genius itself flowing above that, and looked on apart from that, will ever be regarded with grateful admiration and will remain, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The diamond is still the diamond notwithstanding the laser materials in which it is embedded, and in which it shines.

Notwithstanding all the drawbacks by which Burns was surrounded his genius has wreathed around the brow of old Scotland, a garland of poetical beauty imperishable as her own heath-clad mountains, and as sweet as her own "Mountain Daisy," to which his genius has given a fearless fame.

There are some who judge Burns as an astronomer would the sun, if, when he was asked about it, would say that there were only spots of darkness in him, great areas out of which no light comes.

You do not judge Burns so. As the sun heats as well as illuminates, I ask you if Burns has not from our earliest childhood forward to nanhood, been alike a source of intellectual light as well as moral heat though we freely acknowledge that there were spots of darkness in him.

It is sad to reflect upon the fate of this extraordinary man.  
He asked his country for bread and she gave him a stone, and then not until he was dead.  
Let us be careful that we do not treat our living poets in this manner.

It is to few men only, and those in ages far distant from each other, that nature has given the passport to immortality, and when she has done it, it is not on the great or the affluent that she in general has bestowed the gift, but upon the most humble and suffering of the human race.

Where was she to find a worthy recipient for such a gift among the aged civilization and national jealousies and political passions of Europe at the close of the selfish eighteenth century?

She looked for him in the halls of princes, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the senates of nobles, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the forums of commerce, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the solitude of nature and she found him between the stiffs of his plow, with his eye on the "we modest crimson-tipped flower," which spread its humble beauties beneath his feet.

There are two great moral lessons that I extract from the life of Robert Burns:—1st. That immortal fame belongs to no rank or condition of life, but may be attained herding sheep on the mountain side, as well as commanding a fleet or leading a senate.

2nd. That no lasting fame is to be attained even by the brightest genius, save that which is devoted to purposes of virtue; for the few poems of Burns we now lament have long since passed into oblivion, and those on which his immortal fame is rested are pure as the driven snow. And as such, they will form an unseen bond which will forever unite Britons and their children in every part of the world, a bond which will survive the maturity of colonies, the severance of empires, and "auld lang syne" will hold together the widespread descendants of the British empire when grown into independent states and when the blue mountains of the grand old land have faded forever before the tired and misty eye, and when broad and angry seas have rolled between.

### Stratford.

The grave closed on all that was mortal of Robert Myers, one of Stratford's oldest and most valued citizens, on Monday afternoon, Feb. 24th. He died at five Friday morning and to his relatives his death was not unexpected. He had been ailing for many months and last year paid a visit to his native land, England, in the hope that a sea voyage and a "raible mid the scenes of his boyhood might prove beneficial; but he derived little or no benefit from the trip and since his return his health had been gradually failing. Mr. Myers came to Stratford in 1864. His family form and cheery greeting will be missed in Stratford, where he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He leaves a wife and large family comfortably provided for, thanks to the industry, frugality and wise judgment of one of the most exemplary of men.—Beacon.

### Grey.

Tie up your dog, Assessor Raymann is on his rounds.  
Several farmers are laying in a supply of ice this week. They evidently have the milk and butter season before them and are taking time by the forelock.

On the 11th of last month a ewe on the Dickson farm, 12th con, presented her owner with twin lambs. This is surely among the first of the season.

Last week Mrs. Robt. Work and children, Alex. McLean and wife and Donald McLaughlin's two sons left for the west—Dakota and Manitoba. They took a carload of stock, &c., with them and go fully equipped to push farming on the prairies.

President McFadden, of the East Huron Farmers' Institute, is to address the South Huron meeting at Varna on the 7th and 8th of March. His subjects are "The driving horse, how to breed, feed and train him," and "The work of Farmers' institutes." We lose our guess if he does not give them both facts and fun.

David Milne, the Shorthorn cattle breeder, and Reeve Milne have purchased 200 acres of land in Carrick township. There are about 100 acres cleared and the balance is heavily timbered with pine, cedar, hemlock and hardwood. They intend building a saw-mill on it next Spring. The Grand Trunk Railway Co. have agreed to build a siding on the road within a mile of the land.

Wm. Bishop has purchased a tidy little farm, containing 50 acres, adjoining the village of Beachville, Oxford County and he expects to remove there in the course of a month. Mr. Bishop will be quite at home on his new property as there is a large portion of it planted in orchard and small fruits and the new proprietor is right at home in that department of husbandry. We are sorry to see him remove from this locality as he is one of the old residents.

FIRE.—On Wednesday morning, 12th ult., about 8 o'clock, the dwelling of Hugh Porter, 10 con., was discovered to be on fire and although everything possible was done the building was soon in ruins. The fire originated at the chimney. Almost all the furniture and goods were gutted. The property was insured for \$300 in the Howick Mutual. He expects to rebuild in the Spring. In the mean time the family is living in Jno. Hollinger's brick house on the blind line. It was fortunate that the fire occurred in the day time.—Post.

### Downie.

The I. O. G. T. concert at Avonton, was a grand success.

R. P. Boyes is rushing the girls in great shape. We advise the boys to keep their eyes on him.

Geo. Moses got his thumb cut off his left hand last week in Murray & Aitchinson's saw mill, Avonton. His hand was also badly bruised.

Robt. Frame and Carmichael Ballantyne intend starting for Manitoba next Tuesday. Robt. Dalzell and Miss Annie Woods left last Tuesday.

A. J. Bell, who has had, for the past eight years, the management of T. Ballantyne's cheese factory, Black Creek, has bought Mr. Jillard's share of the firm of Ballantyne & Jillard, Tavistock. He intends moving shortly. Mr. Bell is a good fellow and an A. 1. cheesemaker. He has made a host of friends who will regret to hear of his leaving.

### Poole.

The Misses Chalmers are visiting at Avonton and Listowel.

Mr. Yost is lying dangerously ill of inflammation, an outcome of influenza. The singing-class has collapsed. The bone of contention was—well, a number of things.

Miss Mary Richmond and her brother, of Elma, spent last Sunday in Poole. They were the guests of Miss Kate Richmond, our popular teacher.

The pupils who ranked highest in their respective classes during the month of February, are as follows:—Senior 4th class—Addie Large, Wm. Kines, Richard Whitney. Junior 4th class—James C. Chalmers, Melville Large, Peter Dewar. Senior 3rd class—Eli Atkins. Junior 3rd class—Annie M. Large, Duncan Dewar, Jane Kines. Miss K. Richmond, Teacher.

### Trowbridge.

The I. O. G. T. purpose holding an open lodge on March 19th.

Rev. D. Rogers, of Atwood, will deliver one of his popular lectures in the Methodist church here on Monday evening March 10th. Subject of his lecture is "lights and shadows." Much is said of Mr. Rogers as a lecturer so if you want to get a treat, come, and get the worth of your money and the right change back. Admission fee only 10c.

On Wednesday evening of last week a number of friends and relatives were assembled at the residence of Geo. Allan to witness the scene of the marriage of James Allan, of Detroit, and Miss Minnie Murdoch, of this place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Caswell. James McCrae acted as groomsmen and Miss Jennie Murdoch, sister of the bride, as bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Allan left here for Detroit on Saturday. We wish them much happiness and prosperity for the future.

The residence of our old and respected citizen, Samuel Alexander, was the scene of unusual festivity and merriment last Friday evening, occasioned by the visit of several loads of young people, and old people too, from this locality and Atwood. They reported having spent a very enjoyable time "tripping the light fantastic," etc. There were about 25 couples on the floor and with the assistance of two or more good violinists, so say nothing of the harmonica music, the may dance was enjoyed to its fullest extent. It was not until the "wee sma' ours" that the dancing ceased, and then only momentarily, so as to permit the hungry guests time to partake of the rich repast spread before them by their generous hostess. It is needless to add that all did ample justice to the oysters which were served in every style of the dish. After tea the gay dance was again resumed until the break of day, when the large company took their leave after thanking the host and hostess for the cordial reception and the rich provision made for their entertainment. We understand that Mr. Alexander and family purpose removing shortly to Brantford where they have purchased a house and lot within the suburbs of the town. He has a host of friends in this locality which was evident from the large and highly respectable gathering on Friday evening. Your correspondent joins, with many others, in wishing Mr. A. and family every success in their new home.

### Atwood Public School.

The following is the standing of the pupils as shown by the written examinations last Friday:

FIFTH CLASS.—Mina Pelton, Kate Robinson.

SR. FOURTH CLASS.—Annie Priest, Bella Irwin, Geo. Longmire.

JR. FOURTH CLASS.—Frances Mader, Nellie Hoar, Kate Priest, Albert Robinson, Wm. Wilson, Florence Stacey.

SR. THIRD CLASS.—Geo. Irwin, Robt. Morrison, Minnie Corrie, Robt. Nesbitt, Edith Robertson, George Dunn, Ella Holmes, Richard Holmes.

JR. THIRD CLASS.—John Skalitzyk, Maggie Wilson, Wm. Longmire, Essie Coghlin, Mary Murray, Wm. Rogers, Minnie Blair, Bee Dunn, Jacob Klump, Eva Priest, Annie Siddins, Bella Pelton, Wesley Nichols, John Corrie, Wm. Hoar, Edith Hope.

S. H. HARDING,  
Principal.

The victim of the Princeton murder has been proved to be Fred C. Hewell, a young Englishman, who came to Canada from London, landing on the 18th February at New York, to buy a farm.