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The Bee.

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VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, DEC. 5, 1890.

NO. 45.

COMMUNICATION.

Mock Parliament.

The Atwood Mock Parliament, which prorogued last June, is again to assemble this week. It might be of interest to some to know that the lengthened period of adjournment was because of the late Parliament buildings (the old school house) being altered, in fact so metamorphosed that it cannot any longer be used for that purpose. We regret this, but after several efforts we have finally succeeded in renting the Town Hall, where the Parliament will hold its sessions in future. In answer to the question, "Why has the mock parliament of the past sunk into oblivion?" We reply it has not. The above circumstance stopped its work only for a time. It has not been shattered to its original atoms, but is just where we left it last June. We take therefore this opportunity of proclaiming that the Atwood Mock Parliament will resume its first sitting for this session in THE BEE Publishing House, on Saturday evening next, Dec. 6th. All desiring to become members will please attend. The Constitution may be seen at THE BEE office, so that all young men desiring to join can have an opportunity of learning what they are expected to do. We hope all of our young men will avail themselves of this privilege. We know of nothing so productive of intellectual activity as a mock parliament. All those who took part in last session's stirring debates will enthusiastically state the benefit thereby received.

Atwood, Dec. 2, 1890.

ESSAY ON THE BEE.

WRITTEN BY C. J. WYNN, OF NEWRY, ONTARIO.

In a country stored with invaluable treasures, what is more impressive on the minds of an intelligent people than to observe in every one of our Canadian industries the true faith of patriotism? The system and basis upon which many of these appear is not very promising or prepossessing to the mind, but the two small words upon which we are basing our thoughts carries us to an emblem of patriotism and industry. The complete nature of the insect after which our periodical takes its name has never been fathomed by the most skillful observer, but we have noted sufficient to readily say that it possesses the nature of being industrious, therefore we can unhesitatingly see why the study of the actions, habits, and customs of it has always been a source of delight to the celebrated observers and naturalists. The circumstances under which these words appear to us present a vivid and striking contrast to that which is inactive, and in many instances undermining.

With such a title as THE BEE it conveys to our minds that its aim and object is to be busily engaged, or in other words, that earnest motto "make hay while the sun shines," and to the utmost to pursue a course that shall not cease until its goal is obtained, which is to transmit to our minds and provide them with information, which will show a development of knowledge which will be serviceable to us and give us a tendency to acquire additional instruction and thought. What will gain for a man a mark of esteem more readily than an action of patriotism, and we as a nation can always hold in honor and remembrance whoever distinguishes himself by some heroic act or a patriotic feeling, which is claimed to be a grand and noble remuneration for the stand which he has taken. When the national life begins to grow cold, it is easily restored to a flame, and developed by instances of patriotism. It also exhibits a deep acquaintance with the human heart, its passions, its power, its weaknesses, and its aspirations. From patriotism may be gathered precepts adapted to every condition of life, and to every circumstance of human affairs, and it is impossible to describe the origin of any maxims, which are more willingly ceded to a people than those produced by such.

In the different causes which shatter and agitate our country, we see no patriotic feeling, but when those false systems are overthrown, and a bright period dawns upon us, we find by investigation that they have been ruined and set aside by feelings which found their source in a patriotic bosom. Influences are now at work in our midst which will give rise to a more extensive, and also more compact knowledge of every idea now being presented to each and every nation. We are living as it were in a school of enquiry, where we are all anxious to obtain for ourselves a knowledge which is befitting for a useful life, and can it be done more quickly and perfectly than by each and every citizen bestirring and promoting every interest which tends to bear upon the welfare of a people, and to leave a mark upon the living present, and to leave a solid foundation for the future.

Furthermore, between the two words at the top of our paper appears the design of the noble beaver, which undoubtedly is a mark of industry. Writers have shown to us (and many persons amongst us are aware of the fact) that this little animal not only works hard but with care and skill. Nature can inspire a people with knowledge derived from studying and observing the actions of animals, and in-

sects, which arouses a zealous desire for research and investigation. The extensive circulation of lessons learnt from the examples set by insects and which have decided the questions occupying great minds does not here need to be re-told. Although there are higher influences than the examples set by these, can we not for a moment consider the thrill of these, which is only obtained by the result of faithful work.

Many ancient writers moulded their works after the tastes of nature. We are told that the writers Chaucer, Milton, Carlyle, Spenser, and a great many more writers belonged to the School of Nature and can it not be seen in their writings that the surroundings of nature exercised a marked influence upon them.

At the great wars and civil strife we have been informed that the outward habits and customs of military men, officers and the attendants, have been scattered to the winds by coming in contact with one another, but when all this was gone, they still retained the spirit which they possessed of nationality and patriotism. In concluding the emblems at the top, the one that causes a deep feeling in the heart is a branch of the maple. Scotland may feel a charm in her thistle, England, Ireland and every other country have similar feelings, but we honor the maple leaf. We can mould opinions and create an educational power, we can think a good thought on one subject or another, and then communicate it to others, but it is not so with patriotism, if we have it enshrined in our hearts we cannot impart it to others, but by our doings and actions we can show that it is a gem to be retained. Moral laws were not written for men individually, but for every nation, therefore it is for all to show a desire to help one another, to raise all on one level, promote and establish a feeling that will be a benefit to a country and exhibit a patriotic feeling.

The patriotism of a people bears a close relation to history. All writers (poets especially) express a feeling of their people among whom they dwell, and that is only expressing thoughts and sentiments. When a country's rise and progress has been examined they have always been found to correspond with the intellectual era of its growth. When questions of a political, social, moral or religious importance have stirred great minds, their separate features have been shown by the press.

In many writings it is well exemplified the fact that a man, whatsoever his calling is, to be successful, must live with and for his generation. If his position is a public one, then he must suit himself to the tastes of the public, and adopt a style which accords with the emotions by which he is influenced.

In making a careful examination of many works we have the beautiful and grand objects of nature painted with grace and sublimity, and concluded with a careful finish, and minuteness. In Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" we find the forms ideas of a true character, which shows how knights and peasants displayed their love of country when he says that knights displayed it by dress, and the peasants and friars by songs, quite in harmony with the nation's several victories.

Opportunities may not come at once to show love of country and patriotism but there are always opportunities to show industry. We have no principles laid down to guide us in this matter it rests with each human mind to grasp thought for guidance. Finally, the essential spirit of patriotism is a high thought and heart of courtesy, which should be found flourishing in every family. At all events, succeeding generations have found advancement by studying the plans and schemes previously laid before them, so let us promote that which tends to show advancement in this generation.

Turnberry.

Revival services are being held in the Methodist church, Salan. Misses Jennie Campbell and Jessie Fraser were visiting friends in Bluevale last week.

The Bluevale Presbyterian Sunday School is to have a new fifty dollar library in the near future.

A great many ground here are on the sick list at present. Almost every one has or has had a very severe cold.

The Turnberry Ironsides had a friendly game of foot-ball with the Gorrie team Saturday last, resulting in favor of the Ironsides by 1 to 0.

Boraholm.

Mr. Hord, merchant, of Mitchell, paid a flying visit to friends on the 12th con. on Sunday last.

A number of young men from the 10th con. have gone north to Warton and other points, where they intend remaining for the winter.

Rev. Mr. Smith very acceptably filled the pulpit in Bethesda church last Sunday in the absence of Mr. Brandon. We hope for a speedy recovery of our much respected minister.

Game is very plentiful here and a crafty sportsman might secure much. Foxes are almost seen daily crossing the country, and a deer made so bold as to come quite close to the church the other Sunday while service was being conducted, also some have intimated that they have been within shot of a moose, but something was always wrong so that they had no chance of capturing him.

California to Texas.

A Glimpse of the Scenery of the Nevada Mountains, Southern California and Texas.

Written for THE BEE.

From Benton, California, direct west over the Sierra Nevada Mountains to San Francisco, the distance is about 500 miles, but to get over the mountain we have to travel north 200 miles to the Central Pacific R. R. at Reno. Leaving Reno on the evening of August 2nd, we took the overland train for San Francisco. We cross the Sierras through the night, and as it is dark there is not much to be seen. The road winds round the sides of the mountains, along and across deep and rocky canyons and through long lines of tunnels and snowsheds (that last winter were the scenes of the heavy snow blockade), sometimes on emerging from some of these tunnels, or snowsheds, great forest fires could be seen in the distant mountains, the dark lurid flames creeping sullenly among the underbrush and up the steep slopes, lighting up the dark gorges and canyons beneath; again we see the flames flaring up the tall pines along the crests of the ridges, the long lines of blazing trunks looking like serried ranks of lancers or riflemen. At the stations and numerous sidings we meet and pass long trains of east-bound overland freight billed for Chicago, New York, Montreal, etc., and marked sugar, sugar, sugar, tea, tea, tea, and fruit, fruit, fruit; not two or three cars of each or mixed trains, but train loads of every kind. They keep on coming till one gets tired keeping track of them and begins to realize in a faint way the magnitude and immensity of commercial traffic.

At daybreak we are over the mountains and passing round Cape Horn (where the track seems almost to be laid around the edge of a precipice) and get the first view of the Sacramento Valley. A thousand feet below we can see the dim line of the American River, while to the west the whole valley lies below us covered with a heavy mist and looking like a vast white sea as far as the eye can reach. We leave behind the evergreen pines and are descending the foothills, on down toward the valley. The morning air is balmy and pleasant, we may say exhilarating, and the press of California is quite within bounds when dilating on the delightful climate of the "golden state."

Here and there through the foothills are to be seen scattered groves of live oak and low growing timber, glimpses of green pastures, orchards, vineyards, thrifty gardens and cosy residences, with their beautiful lawns variegated with gorgeous beds of lovely flowers in all their delightful variety of beauty and bloom. The stations and platforms are piled high with stacks of boxed fruit ready to be shipped to the eastern markets, while busy hands are at work loading car after car. We are down into the valley and as far as the limits of our vision extend, the vast plain is one immense gathered and already the great wheat fleet of San Francisco is loading and sailing out of the Golden Gate "bound for ports beyond the sea" carrying the grain crop of California. The bulk of the sea-going freight is carried in British bottoms and as we pick up an Examiner and look over the shipping list, of vessels loading and chartered, and see the names Kilnarnock, Lochleven Castle, Ailsa Craig, Cathness, etc., we are reminded strongly that the ship builders of the Clyde take no back seat in the world's struggle for commercial supremacy.

It is pleasant to note how friendly and sociable passengers get to be with each other on a long journey, a feature much more noticeable on Pacific Coast trains than in the eastern states and Canada. And then the kind partings and greetings as we arrive and depart at the various stations. Now it will be a group of girls and young folks and midst shaking of hands and soft kisses we hear the oft repeated words good-bye! good-bye! good-bye! that awaken a thrill of emotion as we think of fond partings from loved ones. Again as we stop in the middle of a dark snowshed amid the wailing of the conductor's and watchman's lanterns, we hear clear above all on the night air good bye, Mike! good bye, John! Be sure and write! All right! Good night! and the train rolls on. Crossing the bay on the ferry steamer Solano (the largest vessel in the world) we arrive at San Francisco and stay over a day viewing the principle buildings and the Chinese quarter, out to the Cliff House and like Balboa gain our first grand view of the glorious expanse of the Pacific ocean; we go down to the beach and watch the big waves roll in, and dipping up a handful take our first taste of the salt water, and very salty it is too, but not unpleasant. We view the sea lions or seals lying out on the sea rocks, the great, awkward, ungainly creatures clambering over the rocks or sliding down with a plunge into the foaming waters, their coarse honk! honk! sounding weirdly and monotonously amidst the swish and roar of the breakers. Here at the Cliff House are to be found fine collections of Pacific coast shells, minerals and curiosities of all kinds, and tourists wishing to purchase souvenirs to carry home to decorate their parlors, can find collections varying in price from 75

cents up to hundreds of dollars. From here we go up on a well finished grade to Sutro Heights, the crown of a rocky cliff overlooking the ocean, which has been reclaimed from barrenness and artistically laid out in walks and drives with beautiful lawns and fountains, and lovely grottoes, and filled with flowers, plants, shrubs and trees of almost every variety and kind in the known world. All through the grounds are to be seen busts, statues, works of art, copies of all the famous works and sculptures of the museums of Europe. The grounds are the private property of Adolph Sutro, the promoter and builder of the Sutro tunnel, and are thrown open as a pleasure resort, of the people simply on condition to good behavior.

But we are bound for Texas and must away, so we purchase a ticket via the Southern and Texas Pacific for Fort Worth, and crossing the bay once more on the steamer Solano are soon on the way south along the San Joaquin river and valley, but don't see much of the country and very little chance to get any of the fruit that is talked so much about, only a few wizened pears and round and half ripe grapes trucked round by the newsboys of the cars at us mad yet to think of it, after building up expectations for a week or two of a feast of California fruit on the trip. We pass Caliente and are on the up grade. The train enters a tunnel and on emerging passes back around the top of the hill and crosses over the top of the tunnel we have lately passed through, forming what is called the "loop," one of the great triumphs of engineering skill, gaining an elevation sufficient to go through the Tehachapi Pass and over the Sierras once more. We are now descending their eastern slope into the Mohave Desert, and the country is bare, dry, barren and hot. A struggling growth of stunted sage brush and a few plants of the yucca palm maintain a parched existence. Looking over the desert we see what looks like little lakes of silver glistening in the sun. These are the dried up beds of salt, clean and pure, and all that is needed is to shovel it up and load it for market, but the market is too far away at present, and there it lies. We leave the desert and cross over another summit and along the course of a small river for many a mile, with little valleys here and there and Mexican cabins and lots of little Mexicans riding round on their capes. The Mexicans make a living washing the bed of the river and the ravines of the surrounding mountains for gold, but so far very few white men have found their way in.

Looking ahead the San Fernando mountains loom up like a great wall to bar our way and we wonder how we are to get over them, but all at once we enter a long tunnel and as we glance back and follow the bright lines of the steel ribbons to the dim light at the entrance fading from view, we gain again and read the quotation used by Croft in his railway guide where he says: "And thus the hopes of youth expire with age, but rather let us say: 'As long as life its term extends,'"

Hope's blest dominion never ends," for as we emerge from the tunnel we enter one of the most beautiful, fruitful and fertile valleys in California, the valley of San Fernando. Here in early days the Spanish missionaries of the Catholic church extending their work northward from Mexico, founded the mission of San Gabriel, civilized and christianized the Indians, taught them the art of agriculture and fruit raising. The old mission church is still standing and can be seen in the distance from the car windows. On we go down to Los Angeles, (the city of the angels) the centre of the great orange, lemon and olive country, but we have no opportunity of viewing the orange and lemon groves of this sunny land. We leave Los Angeles in the evening and when morning dawns we are out on the Colorado Desert. Toward noon and after the heat is intense, the thermometer rising to 120 degrees in the shade, out in the sun the air was like a furnace, but there is a cool draft through the cars and lots of cool ice water. All the doors and windows are open and nearly everyone throws off his coat and vest, each one grimmer and dirtier than another from the dust and soot of the locomotive. Bye and bye we cross the wide and muddy Colorado river and arrive at Yuma, Arizona, in the evening. In and around the station are to be seen many rare and luxuriant tropical plants, and outside troops of the Yuma Indians sitting around under the shade trees eating watermelons, of which they seem to have a plentiful supply. We leave Yuma in the evening and through the night are travelling over the arid, arid plains of Arizona. Nearing one of the stations a pretty residence appears in view, and a lady sitting on the porch standing and a prettily dressed little girl is standing near the track watching the cars go by. I motion to her and drop a sack of grapes I hold in my hand, she runs and picks it up, peeps in and starts for the house as hard as she can run. Suddenly she stops and wheeling round gracefully drops a courtesy as the train speeds round the curve and stops at Benson. Here a band of 20 or 30 cowboys on their way home from a current report, you will expect them to be a lot of rousers and desperadoes. Not a bit of it,—a lot of genial, hearty young fellows full of fun and frolic, they pass in courteously and take their seats. Soon one of them starts to hum a tune,

one of the passengers gives him a call, the song starts up and all join in the song follows another, comic, patriotic, sentimental and once in a while a rousing old camp-meeting song that would have made the hearts of Moody and Sankey rejoice.

On we go through New Mexico and at last enter the north-west corner of Texas at El Paso on the Rio Grande, the dividing line of Texas and old Mexico. On the south side of the river is the Mexican town of Paso del Norte, and as we stay here about four hours we take the street cars and cross over. Here we meet a complete change of civilization, customs and manners: quaint old buildings built around and facing to the inside of the plazas or squares, gaudily dressed Mexican officials; horsemen in their high crowned sombreros and silver spurs; little swarthy women on the streets each with a small black shawl over her shoulders. Leaving El Paso we find ourselves on the up grade through the Quitman mountains and on to Blanco Pass which carries us over the southern end of the Rocky Mountains and we are descending their eastern slope, on we go through the long night and with the dawn of light we find that we are out of the torrid region and into the rainy belt. Patches of grass begin to appear, pools of water in the ditches show signs of recent rains, the air is full of moisture, the morning breeze is exquisitely cool and refreshing and the fair broad plains and rolling prairies open before us. Herds of cattle begin to show themselves grazing among the deep grass or reclining beneath the shade of the scattered live oaks or low growing mesquite timber. Once in a while the train slows up and the sharp toot! toot! gives warning of cattle on the track and soon they are seen scampering off head and tail up into the timber; sometimes an old bull with lowered head and sullen roar looks as if he would faint charge the train, locomotive and all. Our route crosses the head waters and tributaries of the Colorado river and the Brazos, and as we cross the numberless iron bridges the courses of the streams through the prairie are easily traced by the long and winding lines of dark, green timber that fringe their banks. The country begins to show signs of civilization. Cultivated farms and fields begin to appear, thrifty towns and busy stations with long trains of cattle cars and acres of cattle pens give one an idea of the immense cattle trade of Texas. Beautiful farming lands with big fields of corn, cotton, sorghum, etc., and snug-looking farm houses dot the plain. Arriving at Fort Worth we take the Santa Fe R. R. and go 150 miles southwest to Brownwood. Beautiful Brownwood it is called, one of the finest towns of Central Texas, with its fine churches, several colleges, good schools and public and private buildings all built of fine building stone. On the way up we pass a splendid field of corn with several acres of watermelons in front next to the track, a lot of little darkies are busy hoeing but as the train comes in sight they all drop their hoes and form on a smooth piece of ground and dance a breakdown, some beating time and others jumping about yelling, their big red mouths spread from ear to ear, a perfect picture of irrepressible jollity and happiness.

Sitting on the porch of the Fitzgerald hotel, at Brownwood, talking to a number of gentlemen, we ask what they grow so much buckwheat in Texas for, as there appeared to be large fields of it along the road. "Buckwheat! why we don't grow any of it here, it must have been corn fields or sorghum you saw." "No, it was a low growing plant cultivated in drills, and the gentlemen all said it was buckwheat." "It couldn't be, but what was it like anyway?" "Well, some fields were in bloom and the blossoms were pink and white." The crowd roared and laughed, and one old gentleman clapping me on the back, replied, "Why, my boy, that's cotton! Old King Cotton! Old King Cotton that means work and wages for everybody that is willing to work, that circulates the coin of the realm throughout the length and breadth of the country, that warms the heart of the farmer as he marches in and lights up his bill." Old King Cotton that keeps the mills of New England and Old England humming and sends the trains and ships and caravans of commerce into every corner of the civilized world. That's cotton my boy, and don't you forget it!"

We make enquiries and find a man from McCulloch county, and asking how far it is to the Mitchell Ranch he replies, "Right smart unto forty mile, I reckon, if you are agoing there jump in and I'll drive you home." So off we go over the prairie, through the timber, cross over Hay Creek, Dukewater, Home Creek and Camp Creek, and reach the banks of the Colorado river in the evening. We cross the ford and are soon at home among kindred and friends once more, "happy to meet, sorry to part and happy to meet again." It wasn't exactly the return of the prodigal son, but we barbauced the wing of a Texas steer.

W. D. MITCHELL.

Atwood, Dec. 2, 1890.

Rev. Mr. Carson gives as his chief reason for leaving the Methodist church and accepting the Detroit call, his objection to the system of short pastoral terms and frequent changes.