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VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 16, 1891.

NO. 38.

Huron County Notes.
 Fenton Hartley, formerly of Clinton, is now teaching school near Emerson, Man.
 When some men pay the preacher they feel as though they were paying a gas bill.
 George Jackson, Morris, did a good day's work recently, pitching 20 loads of oats, 28 shocks to the load.
 T. Fletcher, Brussels, has been elected district deputy in connection with the Independent Order of Foresters.
 Rev. Jas. Ferguson, of Lonsdale, returned from his trip to the old country the other day and has resumed his work.
 The stage line between Brussels and Seaford has changed hands, Mr. Edgar, of Walton, having bought out Thomas Thompson.
 William Horton has sold his farm, lot 20, con. 14, Hibbert, to his neighbor, John McDougall, for \$6,000. It contains 100 acres.
 The Brucefield, Varna and Bayfield stage now runs to Seaford, as of yore, and it looks like old times to see the stage come in daily from the south.
 While chopping with his father the other day, W. J. Mooney, of Morris township, received a severe cut on the arm, from the glancing of the former's axe.
 David Milne, Ethel's well known stock man, won the silver medal offered at Brussels fair, by the Ontario Agricultural & Arts Association for the best herd of cattle.
 Huron County Council will convene in Goderich on Tuesday, 20th inst., at 3 o'clock. The appointment of a successor to the late Co. Clerk Adamson will be taken up and other matters of importance.
 Last week a splendid specimen of the Flemish Beauty pear in Postmaster Spence's garden, Ethel, was sent to the editor of the Brussels Post. It weighed one pound two ounces and measured over 13 inches.
 Mr. Shillinglaw has been re-engaged for next year as teacher of the school in S. S. No. 9, Tuckersmith, at an increase of \$25 in his salary. He will receive \$500, and he is worth it, as he is one of the most efficient teachers in the county.
 John G. Sprout, of the 2nd con. of Tuckersmith, has sold his driving mare to Geo. Chesney, of the Huron road, for \$300. Her dam was old Lady Dufferin, and her sire old Clear Grit. Mr. Sprout has purchased another very nice mare from McMurchie & Co., Clinton.
 R. H. Barr, of Seaford, was the winner of the \$20 prize offered by the Ontario Hedge and Wire Fence Company to the agent selling the greatest amount of hedge during the month of September, and he desires to thank those farmers who, by their liberal patronage, enabled him to win the prize.
 Grey Township will receive \$852.36 from the Land Improvement Fund Crown Land Department. Brussels will share in the grant to a small amount, their proportion being based on the assessment of 1887, the year of Confederation, and will amount to \$50 or \$60.
 Thomas Champion, an old man of 70, was found the other day hanging by the neck on a child's swing at Whitechurch, near Wingham. When found life was extinct, though the body was warm. He was under the influence of drink when last seen. Champion was some years ago a resident of Clinton, a plasterer by trade, but moved up north to go into hotel business somewhere about Donnybrook. He kept hotel at Holmesville at one time, and also at Granton.
 The regular monthly meeting of the Thowick Mutual Insurance Company was held in Gorrie Town Hall, Saturday, Oct. 3, all the members present. 84 new applications were received and passed. The owner of a barn in Minto township destroyed by fire was paid \$12,000 in full of his claim. The rate for the current year was struck, viz: 5 per cent. on face of premium notes. This is the highest rate for several years, the usual figure being about 2 or 2½ per cent.
 On Sunday afternoon the residents of a certain street were witnesses of an amusing exhibition of spooniness. A young man who is paying his attentions to a young lady, was leaving the house in question, and she had accompanied him to the front door. With his arm around her waist, she turned her face up—apparently to see if it was going to rain—and he boldly planted a kiss on her rosy lips. This was repeated several times, and it was only when the laughter of the onlookers disturbed their bliss that the young man tore himself away.—Clinton News Era.
 Rev. Mr. McDonagh, formerly of Clinton, has one of the finest libraries in Ontario, and said to be by far the largest in the London Conference. It weighs over 4 tons and cost over \$3,000. It embraces all the works of theology in various languages. If we mistake not Rev. G. F. Salton, of Brussels, also has a very extensive library, said to be one of the best in this section. Revs. A. Stewart and J. W. Shilton are also said to have large libraries. In fact ministers, in towns particularly, now find it absolutely necessary to keep an extensive stock of the best standard theological and literary works, and it does not take long to pick out the minister who reads and the one who does not.

Monkton.
 Rev. W. J. Brandon is improving in health though not yet recovered from his illness.
 Rev. Mills, of Mitchell, occupied the Methodist pulpit on Sunday. He preached a thrilling missionary sermon.
 Messrs. Jas. Watt, Tom Dobbs, and Harry Head have returned from the Soo full of glowing praise of that region's mineral resources and picturesque scenery.
 Wm. Tier, the genial teacher who has wielded the gad in the village school for nearly three years, has gone to Toronto University to complete his education. On the eve of his departure a deputation of the ratepayers waited on him and presented him with the following address together with a handsome gold chain and ring and a purse of money. Will's college course will be watched with interest by a host of Monkton friends. During his stay here his whole-hearted activity and his keen sense of honor endeared him to all classes. His many noble virtues merited universal popularity rather than rancorous abuse. Following is the address:—
 DEAR TEACHER AND FRIEND:—As you are about to leave us we, your pupils and friends of this section, desire to take advantage of the occasion to give you some tangible expression of our love and esteem for you. Those of us who have been your pupils will always lovingly remember you as a kind and faithful teacher. You were ready to sympathize with us in our troubles, to forgive our waywardness and was always solicitous of our welfare. Under your teaching we rapidly attained useful knowledge, for your kindly skill made learning a pleasure rather than a toil. Those of us who have met you in the social circle respect you for your many noble qualities of head and heart. One and all we sorrow over your departure and beg you to accept of this present as a slight token of the esteem in which we hold you. Value them, not for their intrinsic value, but for the pleasant memories that cluster around them. May your career as a student in Toronto University be as satisfactory as your teaching has been successful. Wherever you may go, in whatever sphere of action your lot may be cast, you will always be followed by the best wishes of your pupils and friends.

NEWS OF THE DAY.
 Turkeys will soon realize the meaning of full crops.
 Rev. Dr. Briggs will stand his trial on the charge of heresy.
 Chas. Munro, hotel-keeper, Embro, was fined \$50 for keeping a disorderly house.
 The by-law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors has passed the London City Council.
 Guthrie church, Harriston, has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. G. Munro, M. A., of Embro.
 The population of St. Thomas, according to the assessor, is 10,556, and the assessed valuation of property is \$3,823,502.
 Some mean persons entered the office of the Erin Advocate the other evening and "pied and mixed up considerable type."
 Bolton Bros., of Motherwell, bought the Decker thresher shown at the Western Fair by the Macdonald Manufacturing Co.
 J. H. Metcalfe, M. P. P., is in the field for the Conservative nomination in the approaching Dominion election in Kingston.
 The Presidential elections will be held in Chili this month. Admiral Montt will probably be elected as Balmaceda's successor.
 It is again reported from Central Europe that Russia is massing an enormous force of soldiery on her southwestern frontiers.
 When a young man and his best girl get into a swing by themselves it is remarkable how they will mix up oscillation with oscillation.
 The corner stone of the new Presbyterian church at Warton was laid on Thursday of last week by Rev. E. W. Watts, of Owen Sound.
 About 1,000 baskets of tomatoes have been taken off a garden in St. Catharines, and the garden is good for another 1,000 if the frost holds off.
 W. W. Walper, a teamster for Hoppel & Johnston, Zurich, succeeded in drawing the champion load of flax to the mill a few days ago. The load weighed 10,040 pounds.
 The directors of the South Wellington Ploughing Match Association have made arrangements for the Provincial ploughing match to be held on the Experimental Farm, on Thursday, Oct. 22.
 Berlin News: Wm. Moran, Puslinch, had one of the biggest colts at the show here we ever saw for its age. It was only 5 months old and weighed 820 lbs. The mother weighed 1,900 lbs. Both took prizes. They were thoroughbred Clydes, of course.
 A writer in one of the city dailies says that whenever a horse driven by himself has balked he has got out of the carriage and gone to its fore foot, lifted it from the ground and struck the shoe a few blows with a stone. He claims he has never failed to start a horse in this simple way.

Trip to North Bay.
 320 Miles over the Grand Trunk Railway.
 A COUNTRY OF ROCKS, RIVERS AND LAKES—THE PARADISE OF THE ARTIST AND HUNTER.
 Through the favor of Wm. Edgar, General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, I availed myself of the opportunity of visiting the wilds of Ontario over this road at the low rate of one cent per mile. My ticket called for North Bay, the northern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, in Nipissing District, a distance of 320 miles. The day, Thursday Oct. 8, was in perfect keeping with the month, and my exultant spirits rose higher and higher as I contemplated the pleasure of drinking in the beauties of the beautiful in nature. I always was an ardent lover of Dame Nature, and I felt that I was soon to be privileged to look upon some of the most charming scenery in all Canada.
 Our train soon pulled out of the station, and the familiar town of Listowel passed, arriving in Palmerston about 2 o'clock. You know Palmerston is a dead town; you would scarcely ever hear of it were it not an important railway point. The usual crowds of people were to be seen bustling about here and there with grips in hand, enquiring for such and such a train; and in this manner the railway officers are bored 365 days in the year. I took the train for Guelph here, and felt relieved from having to stand so long in and around the station. There is nothing more fatiguing than having to wait for a train, is there? Well, we pulled into Guelph and waited another hour for the train for Toronto. The solid, smoky, stone walls of the Royal City, gave it a venerable and stately appearance. The scenery in the vicinity of Guelph is rich and pleasing. Hills rising on all sides, clad in their October garment of yellow, green and ermine, the sun softly stealing over the hill tops, peering through the foliage and illuminating the church spires, mansard roofs and grey stone walls, of the city in the valley below; the river Speed meanwhile wending its way through the crowded buildings, here and there catching a glimpse of the sunlight between the deep shadows of the promontories, until it reaches the outskirts of the place and on through the sun-kissed fields beyond.
 On we rolled through Elora—the City of Rocks—Ergus, Georgetown, Acton and Brampton. Here we were reinforced by a large delegation of elderly women, each wearing a badge to denote the organization to which they belonged. I watched their movements closely. Every woman was evidently chock full of business, talking to beat six of a kind; in vain I tried to catch the name of their organization, but finally came to the conclusion that they were returning to Toronto after holding a Woman's Suffrage convention in Brampton. It was amusing to observe among the men occupants of the car in the presence of those women. Their grave, but thrilling voices, dark eyes shining, and their stately, dignified, gracious bearing, struck us all with a sense of awe and profound respect. They parted, leaving as a last injunction, "Now don't forget."
 We pulled into the great metropolis, Toronto, at six o'clock. At 11:15 my train for North Bay left the Union depot. I peered out of my car window over the great mass of brick and mortar and the teeming thousands of people, shrouded in darkness, save the electric jets here and there twinkling like stars in the firmament. As far as the eye could penetrate, the dim, shadowy outlines of the great city could be discerned, the electric jets growing smaller and fainter the greater the distance. Here and there the stately and majestic church spire, proudly reared itself above the shadowy mass of habitations beneath, as if striving to drink in the purer atmosphere of heaven. Over there is a tall chimney, the smoke sluggishly rising from its gaping mouth and losing itself in the mist overhanging. On we go, and still we are rolling past factories, houses, streets, etc., etc., until we finally pass Parkdale, when Toronto is lost in the hazy distance. We reached Barrie, on Lake Simcoe, about 3 a. m., and later passed Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, Burks Falls, etc. At sunrise we passed one of the beautiful lakes for which Muskoka is justly noted. How beautiful! Nestling at the foot of great mountains and steep, craggy cliffs, clad with cedars, pines and hemlocks, with autumn-tinted shrubbery growing in between and by the water's edge, the golden October sun smiling on the mountain slopes and kissing the crystal waters. The sun kissing each other every morning, thus perpetuating their friendship and making animate nature glad and rejoice.
 Muskoka, as far as the eye could penetrate, is one bed of rock, scantily covered in some places with sufficient earth to grow the woods above mentioned; I rarely saw any other kind of forest tree growing to anything like perfection, indeed it was a surprise to one to understand how anything could grow in Muskoka. The country is made picturesque by the beautiful lakes, majestic

mountains, pretty rivers and quiet streamlets. Here game abounds. It is verily the hunter's glory, the artist's paradise, and the miner's treasure store. There is not a superabundance of fine timber in either Muskoka or Nipissing, the great bulk of it being scrubby and fit for wood only. Of course there are numerous saw mills everywhere, but their usefulness is already beginning to wane.
 On we speed through rocks, over miles of trestle work, over streams, and along mountain slopes, until we reached the busy little town of North Bay, situated on the most charming lake I ever saw—Lake Nipissing. Here is where you will see Nature in confusion, resembling in many respects the descriptions I have heard of the White Mountains in Vermont, excepting that those in Nipissing are perhaps higher than in my life I beheld the pride of Canada, the great Canadian Pacific Railway, stretching over the continent, east and west, through seemingly impassable beds of rock, over gullies, around lakes, and through mountains, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slopes—the greatest engineering feat on this continent. As I endeavored to comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking I could not help admiring the greatness of the architect, the late Sir John A. Macdonald. He is dead, but his country is the monument of his life's work.
 North Bay is an important town, as the Canadian Pacific car shops, employing over 200 men, are situated here. Indeed, the town is wholly dependent upon the railway. The place has about 2,000 inhabitants, has a large separate school, a grand public school in course of erection, court house, jail, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and a live weekly newspaper, the North Bay Times, edited by Messrs. Phelps & Osborne, men of ability and enterprise. Lake Nipissing having no outlet and the shores scantily populated, the boat service is very poor, only two steamers plying its waters of some 60 miles in extent. There are numerous well-conducted hotels in the town, the Grand Union, where I put up, being particularly sought by tourists. Mr. McKenzie, the genial host, did more than could be expected from a landlord in showing me the places of interest in the neighborhood. Saturday I drove to Trout Lake, five miles from the town. It was a beautiful drive, and the game along the road seemed plentiful. Partridge were as plentiful and as tame as sparrows on the Atwood streets. A party passing along this road was met by a moose, and the animal was so tame as to simply step aside while the pedestrian passed by. On Sunday evening I sat among the rocks on the shore of Lake Nipissing and watched an Indian in his birch canoe haul in his net of fish. And such fish! The sight made me envious of him. He was a true native of the forest, with swarthy skin, short pipe, and a mere excuse for clothing. As the sun sank in the west, the grandeur of the country stretching out far and wide on all sides, and the strange solitude possessing all, I thought to myself, truly this is a picture of Canada in the days of Champlain when the Indian was lord of the forest and Nature was not disturbed in her silent reveries by the advent of the cruel white man.
 A short distance from North Bay there appears to be every indication of gold being found, and hopeful experiments are being made with that end in view. Should this precious metal be found in paying quantities, this town and country will experience a boom. Farming is entirely out of the question in both Muskoka and Nipissing districts. There are little farming plots, but nothing worthy of mention. Nipissing has no representative in Parliament. I reluctantly boarded the train for Atwood Sunday evening, more than pleased with the thrifty appearance of the town and its enchanting surroundings. The road between North Bay and Bracebridge is so rough that I could not help seriously reflecting upon what I had eaten for tea, but I reached home feeling none the worse of my trip to northern Ontario.

PICA SLUG.
Ethel.
 Potatoes are a fine crop.
 Mrs. T. Simpson has been ill with pleurisy but is improving.
 The Mechanics Institute library has been placed in the hall over H. F. McAllister's store and is now in running order.
 It is reported that Robt. Wilson will remove shortly to Wingham where he will run the engine at Bell's furniture factory.
 Wellington McTaggart of Chiselhurst, was here the other day. There appears to be some attraction here for the McTaggart Bros.
 Voters' List Court will be held at Burton's hall in this place on Saturday, Oct. 24, for the purpose of hearing appeals in connection with the voters' list for 1891.
 We do not vouch for the authenticity of the following, but it is reported on pretty good authority that two of the Brussels Foresters on their way home from the demonstration here on the night of the 24th ult., chased a wild cat up a tree, and after throwing several stone piles until the patience of their forest rangers was almost exhausted they were compelled to leave her ladyship mistress of the situation.

Charles Stewart Parnell Dead.
 Charles Stewart Parnell, the noted Irish leader, died suddenly at his home in Brighton, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6th. Sir John Pope Hennessy, member for North Kilkenny, is also dead, as well as Hon. Mr. Smith, leader of the Salisbury Government. Don (Sheppard) in Toronto Saturday Night, speaks of Parnell as follows:—
 Poor Parnell is gone where the priests and nonconformists, McCarthyites and newspapers can bother him no more. Strange, wasn't it, that he and his rival in Kilkenny, Sir John Pope Hennessy, should die on the same day? And the writer of the despatch announcing his death takes pains to tell us that Kitty, for whom Parnell cared more than he did popularity, is already mad with grief. When a man sacrifices all that he hath for a woman, particularly when his attachment and the results of it must separate him from the triumphs which genius otherwise made possible, the woman should love him well, for he has given more than his life for his love. She, too, no doubt, made sacrifices, but men of genius, the natural kings of the world, have a crown which they can no longer wear when they become the vassal of a woman. Boulanger, who has just taken his departure and followed Madame Bonnemain to the next world, surrounded his death with great dramatic display. Madame Parnell is not likely to resort to similar methods, but surely there can be little left on this side of the river for her. Of course the Liberal party will rejoice, for it will mean that their allies, the Irish party, will be united. The clerical party, too, will be glad, and the small men who have been anxious to wear Parnell's shoes will not be sorry that the time is come for them to cast lots for his garments. Ireland has lost no such friend since the great O'Connell died, and those who have been scorning the great Irish tribune for his human weaknesses will now honor the dead man, and forget that in the cold, self-contained nature the one little tendril of affection which marked perhaps the most beautiful spot in his character, entwined itself about a woman who loved him in return. That this misplaced affection, this illicit love, this anything we may call it, was the cause of his overthrow is doubtless a credit to the morality and high ideals of the British people, but it was a trifle in him which was unforgotten, compared with the sins of smaller and weaker and much worse men who have lived and ruled the nation after a hundred times as immoral and a hundredfold more wicked. Of course his sin was in itself, though it was not at all unnatural, and because he had many enemies he became the sacrifice offered up for morality's sake by men whose hands were too unclean to be raised in protest against Parnell. However, Parnell is dead and his overthrow was another case which moralists and historians will use to prove that vice wrecked triumph. I am not trying to excuse the great mistake he made nor to argue away the justice of its result, but it does seem to me singular that a man who came up through so many tribulations, who handled so much money that he might have seized upon, was so thoroughly honest, such a cold, clear-cut patriot from the standpoint occupied by his countrymen; a man whose generalship was remarkable and whose brilliance cannot be denied, had to be made a sacrifice because in all that lonely, self-contained life he loved once and happened to love the wrong one. Of course we are all such good people and so prone to forget the circumstance, that like the mob that gathered around the woman taken in sin, we are anxious to throw stones in order that our own virtue may be established, no one is fit to offer rebuke save him who cried out "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." I have no doubt that in their heart of hearts those Irishmen who really love Ireland and those men all over the world who admire genius and love a brave and brilliant fighter, will with one accord whisper "Farewell, and God forgive and be with thee," as they hear that the great Parnell has passed away. Furthermore, the men and women who have been really good and thoroughly entrenched in their condemnation of him, may ask themselves as they think of his fate how many of them have within themselves the intensity, the devotion to love anybody or anything well enough to make such a sacrifice as he made for the woman who seemed to him the only one of her sex that he could care for. We who make so few sacrifices for anybody, we who have never yet pushed aside a crown such as Parnell threw away for the love either of a principle or person, may be coldly just in our condemnation. But if we sit beside the coffin of one of the greatest men of the century and watch the woman who is now his wife bewailing almost in madness the loss of her husband and racked with the idea that she contributed to his ruin and his death, can we not with beneficent goodness and our propriety the person and the cause that we love does not demand something better from us than the cold words of approval, which from the emptiness of a life seems to be all that we have to give anything or anybody. A beggar's alms, cold charity, fierce unforgiveness for sins that have not entangled us, are after all not the outcome of the best and purest natures.