

## THE RIVER.

Written for THE BEE.

I whisper all day to the rushes,  
Babble o'er pebbles in play,  
The water from many a streamlet  
I gather and carry away.

I hurry through valley and meadow,  
By a quaint but neat little town;  
I pass through swamps, and by moun-  
tains,

Whose tops seem upon me to frown.

The secrets I murmur are many,  
As sadly or blithely I flow;  
Yet what I reveal to companions  
No mortal may know.

Turnberry, June 20, 1890.

## A Visitor's Impression of Atwood.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Having recently returned from a visit to your village I thought it might interest some of your readers to know how it impresses a stranger. The first thing I noticed was its wonderful growth and improvement since my last visit—seven years ago. Then I was attracted by its streets bordered with shade trees which to me is the beauty of any village. I was surprised to see the superior class of the many buildings in course of erection. There are four churches, two of which are commodious brick buildings, notably the Presbyterian, capable of seating 500 people, with a membership of 365. There are two hotels, large, clean looking buildings of white brick which would compare favorably with many in our large towns. Politics were raging high during my stay and I was amused at the lively interest taken in them by the ladies of the village, some of whom I was told attended the political meetings. From what I gathered in conversation with them they (in common with the large majority of the ladies of our Dominion) were in favor of Prohibition, and were by Suffrage granted this vital question would soon be settled, which (as I heard a gentleman say) is the reason the franchise is withheld from women. As the mind makes the man so the people make the place, and to my mind Atwood's chief attraction is its warm-hearted, social, generous people, whose aim seems to be to welcome the stranger and make him feel at home. There is an absence of that caste principle which prevails in nearly every community. And now, by way of encouragement, I want to tell you of the many kind words of appreciation of your paper I heard on every side. So I close these reminiscences of a pleasant and profitable visit, hoping I may witness the same ratio of advancement should I be privileged to come again.

Mrs. G. PELTON.

Innerkip, June 16, 1890.

## What we as a Lodge can do to Further the Temperance Cause.

ESSAY READ BY MISS KATE RICHMOND BEFORE THE TEMPERANCE LODGE OF POOLE.

Written for THE BEE.

Before a physician can pretend to effect a cure it is necessary that he should understand the disease, habits, etc., of his patient, and when he is possessed of this knowledge he is then in a position to intelligently and successfully apply those remedies best suited to that peculiar phase of disease. As intemperance is just as deplorable a disease as the worst that can or does afflict the human race, and as we who from the position we take as temperance workers, stand, or ought to stand, in the relation of the physician to his patient, we should, therefore, study this question in all its bearings, so that when called upon, we may be able to rationally and intelligently give reasons for our principles and beliefs in regard to this question which is of such social and political importance also. If we did but fully understand the ruin worked in the homes of our land by this liquor traffic we would the more readily try to do all in our power to stamp it out. The resources of the country in the first place are being squandered for it. You politicians know that every year Canada spends millions of dollars for liquor, and, ladies and gentlemen, what do we get in return for this expenditure of money? We do not complain of an expenditure of either time or money where an adequate return is received for the same, but in return for this we have ruined homes, heart-broken mothers and fathers sorrowing for the moral wreck of fair and promising sons, who, but for this worse than accursed traffic, might have become an honor to their country and a solace to the declining years of their parents. We have fair and happy daughters who have given their happiness and honor into the keeping of men who esteem their own depraved appetites more highly and of more consequence than the happiness and good of the immortal soul that has joined its destiny with his. Young men, believe me you would mark a new era in the history of our land if you who raise your voices so much for reciprocity with your neighbors across the line, would take that maxim to heart that "Charity begins at home," and would insist on having reciprocity at home as far as the expenditure of your money is concerned. Where is the

usual good sense of the person in this case, who will insist, and rightly so, that he get dollar for dollar in all other transactions, and yet will, by his vote and influence, sanction the importation of a worse than useless article, thus receiving worse than nothing for his expended money, and if I were a politician I could prove to you that in the places where this evil has been abolished there are better homes, better cultivated lands, and more work for the laboring classes, thus lessening the cry about the "labor question" that exercises the mind of you politicians so much. And now when we in a measure understand the evil wrought by this traffic in drink, let us arise and work hand in hand against it. Let us be practical as well as theoretical. Our lodges are well and good, I know that, and if there were more of them in the country with just such enthusiastic members as we have here in the Poole lodge there would soon be a change in the general attitude of the people on this question, but putting that aside how many of us who are members here have a word to say out of the lodge about the question? Do we, in season, and out of season, show that the temperance cause is as dear to our hearts, in a measure, as is our religion—that it is, in fact, part and parcel of our religion. Are you young men brave enough to keep partisans in the background while you vote into opposition men, who will honorably endeavor to do away with this evil out of your land? Believe me, young men, you are the ones who have got to do battle against this evil, and show by your swords and actions that you will have nothing to do with it, and girls you must bring all the weight of your social influence to bear against it. "The hand that moves the cradle is the hand that moves the world" says the poet, and, as in the nature of things, it is the woman who must necessarily suffer most from this evil of intemperance, you owe it to yourselves to bring all your influence to bear against it, and in addition to your social influence, your political influence too. I don't know how you young ladies of Mornington have been educated in the matter of politics. Possibly to think it an unpardonable crime for a woman to take any stand on the question, but your friends and homes is at stake, the true womanly and honest, dishonorable, unwomanly in order to reclaim it. I don't want you to imagine what I have said that I am a woman with a mission, or that I am an advocate of woman's rights so called. I don't advocate those rights and claims put forward by women who clamor for the ballot, and the chief places in the secular affairs of the nation, but I do as a person who loves the temperance cause and hates the liquor traffic, claim for myself and sister women the privilege of, in all honorable ways, suppressing the traffic, let the privileges come to us in what form they may, so long as they are not inconsistent with womanly honor and dignity. [The columns of this journal are ever open to contributors of literary articles, either on Temperance or other subjects that have a tendency to interest and edify the public.—Ed. Bee.]

## Creamery Butter.

At the present time creamery butter sells in this market for twenty cents a pound, while the ordinary make only brings thirteen to fourteen cents a pound, or one-third more in price for the former. Such a margin is just the difference between a profitable investment and a losing industry, for it really does not pay to sell butter of ordinary make at the present prices. And yet it is not more to the consumer. There is no reason why all the butter made in this country should not command from 20 to 25 cents a pound the year round, the same as the creamery article. And it would were the quality as a rule up to the standard. As it is, our surplus only finds an outlet in other markets, to be used as grease for manufacturing purposes. Hence our export trade in butter is small, and never will be of importance until we raise the standard of quality, and this can be brought only by the creamery or factory system similar to that of cheese making. The majority of the farm houses have not the facilities during our hot summers for making good butter, and there is not generally the skill. The greater number of farm dairies are mere make-shifts without proper ventilation, pure water, and ice, unless these are at hand, it is impossible when the temperature is at 80 and 90 degrees Fah. to make butter that will keep. For three months now in Ontario this branch of dairying will run to a great disadvantage and loss to farmers, from the fact that the article made now is not saleable for export. Every year there is a great loss in the aggregate to this country alone, and Great Britain requires several millions of pounds every year, and Canada only supplies some four per cent., whilst the butter trade was properly handled, could supply half of her imports. Until our butter is elevated to the same relative plain as our cheese we shall command no such high place in foreign markets. And to take any place with our butter we must have an article of uniform quality, and this can only be had by having creameries the same as cheese factories; and then, instead of selling at 13 cents a pound, and dull markets at that, there will be a keen demand at 25 to 26 cents a pound. This will mean thousands of dollars more in the pockets of our farmers.—Free Press.

## GEO. A. HARVEY

Elma's most Popular Son finds a Watery Grave.

### Drowned while Bathing at the Mouth of the Maitland River, near Goderich.

THE SAD AND UNTIMELY FATE OF A PROMISING YOUNG MAN—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

A deep feeling of gloom and sadness overshadowed the village on Monday evening when the startling intelligence reached the ears of the people of this community that George A. Harvey, son of Moses Harvey, the esteemed Treasurer of Elma township, had found a watery grave while bathing at the mouth of the Maitland river, Goderich. The unfortunate young man's father seemed stunned and stupified on receiving the telegram, so great was the shock. The message came to R. Knox, local agent, at 6:20 p.m., which read as follows: "George Harvey drowned today. Tell his friends." The brief but startling words went like an electric shock through the community, leaving sadness and gloom on many hearts and faces as they were heralded from one to another. Mrs. Harvey and the family were uncontrollable in their feelings of anguish and grief on receipt of the news. A second telegram arrived a few minutes later containing fuller particulars of the drowning. A number of friends, particularly ladies, gathered at the station to meet Miss Mary Harvey, who was telegraphed to at Listowel. The poor girl was heart-broken when she got off the train and had to be supported to the carriage. Many sympathetic and kind words were whispered to her, but the fact of losing her brother, whom she had been so much attached to, was too much for her and the sympathies of her friends failed to solace her grief-stricken heart. Wm. Dunn and Mr. Harvey drove over to Mitchell early Tuesday morning in order to catch the morning train for Goderich.

### HIS DEATH.

When they arrived at the station they learned the following particulars of his death:—After four o'clock on Monday afternoon a number of students decided to go down to the mouth of the Maitland and take a bath, so secured a boat and crossed to the opposite bank. George Harvey and a young school-mate by the name of Nevin remained behind to study their books, but finding the heat in the school room oppressive suggested that they also go to the river for a bath. When they reached the river bank the boys who had gone a few minutes previously were on the opposite shore and called to them to get the boy, who was starting by, to row them over. George asked the lad how much he would take. The boy, in a joking way, wanted to know how much money they had, when Nevin and Harvey finally decided to walk further down the pier and find themselves of their clothing and waded in. Nevin struck out to the middle of the stream but George remained closer to the bank. All at once Nevin was startled by hearing cries of "Harvey! Harvey!" from the boys on the opposite shore, and looking around and seeing nothing of poor George became frightened and it was with extreme difficulty he reached the shore. The boys launched their boat and rowed speedily to where the unfortunate young man went down, but alas! no trace of him could be seen. He sank to rise no more—the cold waters of the Maitland had rocked him to sleep. Finding it impossible to render any assistance and having no grappling hooks they summoned Capt. Ball's Life Saving Crew who found the body about thirty feet from the shore. The Goderich students, teachers and people generally, deserved great credit for the manner in which they cared for the body of the aged and bereaved father to find his son nicely embalmed and enclosed within a good coffin. The students almost covered the coffin with wreaths and bouquets of their choicest flowers. All the teachers and pupils of the Goderich school and a vast number of citizens escorted the remains to the station. The body was brought to Mitchell at 3 p.m., where Mr. Forrest was in readiness with the hearse and conveyed the body to the family residence at Newry Tuesday evening. A number of young men—personal friends and school-mates of the deceased—acted as an escort from Mitchell to Newry. A number of others met them in Monkton and joined the mournful procession. The funeral service Wednesday was conducted by Rev. D. Rogers, the Methodist minister stationed in Atwood, assisted by his predecessor, Rev. Jas. Ferguson, and Rev. A. Henderson of the Presbyterian church, all of whom testified to the upright Christian life and worthy example set by the deceased brother. The service was such as inspires Christians with new hope and we trust it will influence very many to lead nobler and better lives. The pupils of his old school with Mr. Morrison their teacher at their head marched from his home and contributed another beautiful wreath to deck his coffin. Mr. Morrison, his successor in S. S. No. 5, Elma, Mr. Hall, his trusted Atwood friend, Mr. Wilson, a representative of his Model School

class, Mr. Lineham, his Goderich room-mate, Mr. Gray, an old school mate, and Mr. Elliott, his fellow medical student, acted as pall bearers. The largest funeral procession ever seen in Elma, over two hundred rigs, followed his remains to the Donegal cemetery.

### HIS LIFE.

Poor George's early life was one of trouble from the many accidents which befell him, and had it not been for the loving and self-sacrificing care of his mother and his own indomitable spirit he would never have gained the honorable position which he held in this community and the other places in which he lived. As a boy he was the favorite, not only at school, but amongst all classes who knew him. During the spring of 1885 he attended Stratford Collegiate Institute and at the intermediate examination in July succeeded in taking a very high standing amongst his class-mates, obtaining a Second A. certificate. The following fall he attended the Model School, in Stratford, and was again very successful. But of equal, if not greater importance to his success in the literary line, was his success socially. The teachers loved him as a friend who sympathized with them in their arduous tasks and who endeavored to make their work as pleasant as possible. His school-mates looked to him as a wise counsellor and loving brother, one with whom it was impossible to associate without profiting by the high moral tone of his conversation and a life in accordance with the same. The Model students of 1885 feel that they have lost the dearest friend of their class—the man who was ever ready to help them out of difficulties even to the neglecting of his own work. With the close of the Model term the students dispersed to fill honorable positions in all parts of the Province and George took charge of Britton school, one of the largest in the county.

### AS A TEACHER.

He was eminently a success. He governed by kindness and his own pushing spirit which inspired his pupils to labor through love for their work and for the reward following well directed effort. His life was an open volume, known and read by all his pupils, and eternity alone will reveal the benefits his pupils derived from it. He taught the Britton school till July, 1887, when he resigned to accept the unsolicited offer of his own school; the school where he had spent many of childhood's happy days now received him as their teacher, and many of his old school-mates were now his pupils. Few men under such circumstances are successful, but he experienced no difficulties, and when he resigned at the close of the year 1888 the young people of the section all regarded him as a loving brother, the pupils as a most kind and successful teacher, and all honored him for leaving the school in the proud position of best in the County of Perth. The school entertainments which have been such a pleasure and benefit to the people owe their success largely to his efforts. His popularity was such that his presence at one was a sufficient guarantee for its success. Unfortunately his body was not equal to the extraordinary strain which his kindness forced upon it and in January, 1889, found him an invalid. He, however, went to Goderich and began study but was soon forced to abandon it and return home. The winter and the greater part of the summer was spent in extreme suffering, borne with Christian fortitude, and receiving no benefit from his physicians he took a trip to his relatives in New Brunswick where he improved so rapidly as to begin his medical course in October. His many friends regarded it as a very unwise undertaking in his precarious state of health, but again his indomitable spirit triumphed over the flesh, and though his memory was almost destroyed by medicine and disease yet at the spring examination he passed with honors. He chose Toronto University as the best place to pursue his study of medicine and at the close of his "First year" was very enthusiastic over his choice. He was again a popular student, one in whom the boys placed confidence on first acquaintance. He was an active member in the Medical Young Men's Christian Association and Temperance Society and like the flowers in spring-time he exerted a benign influence over his college-mates. His ready wit and cheering words brightened many an otherwise dull hour, and his sad end cast a gloom over his class-mates. Young men accustomed to sights that are supposed to be hardening, and long unused to tears, are to night weeping for the loss of a brother. When we look back over his whole life we see every trait of character necessary for the greatest success in the noble profession he had selected, and the shock and disappointment to the family and friends would be unbearable were it not for the fact that he had long since laid his all on Christ and lived a noble Christian life.

### Corporal Punishment in Schools.

The following letter appeared in a recent number of the Educational Journal and will doubtless be of interest to the teaching fraternity if not to our readers generally:—

Sir,—In the last issue of the Journal I read with great interest your extract from Dr. Abbott's address, and also your editorial on the subject of corporal punishment in schools. With many of your statements I agree, but I cannot

agree with you, and I think very few Public school teachers will be able to do so, when you say the cane should never be wielded by the teacher. There are few teachers who have taught in country schools who have not met boys so lost to all sense of honesty, decency and truth that "their feelings," in words of some one, "can only be reached through their skins." This, I know, will shock the sensitive and merciful editor of the Educational Journal, but many of my fellow-teachers who have had experience in dealing with the boys whom you describe in another editorial as "prematurely old and precociously vicious, whose hours out of school are spent in atmosphere reeking with filth and profanity," will agree at least with the spirit of the sentiment.

I would like to give you a little of my experience in the school of which I am at present the teacher. I entered it three years ago fresh from the Model school. The school had been neglected for some time. It had been in the hands of a merciful crank who believed in letting the "dear children" do just as they pleased. It paid in the end he said, I found no order, no respect for the authority of the teacher, no love of work among the pupils, while the dishonor, the profanity, the obscene language and acts of those children were beyond description.

The fourth class consisted of five or six boys, three at least of whom seemed banded together to carry on all kinds mischief. They chewed tobacco in the school, swore like pirates, had no regard for truth, and defied my authority. Worse than all, they embraced every opportunity to pour into the ears of the younger pupils all the information of a lewd and licentious character they possessed.

A few days after taking charge of the school I found on the slate of a girl of nine years of age, the daughter of Christian parents, language that would put an inmate to the Kingston Penitentiary to the blush. One day at noon one of my pupils, a girl, although she knew I was present, commenced singing a most indecent song.

I found, upon enquiry, that the home surroundings of those boys were such as rendered an appeal to their parents useless. Now, what would you have done had you been in my place, Mr. Editor? You would have used "moral suasion." You would have spoken in tones of gentleness and love to a brute of a boy whom you had caught corrupting the pure mind of an innocent girl. You would have cast the pearls of your affection and mercy before vertible swine, who would trample them under their feet and at the next opportunity continue their diabolical wickedness. You would have those boys suspended, you say. They would have spent their term of suspension in idleness, associating with characters even worse than themselves, and then have returned to school worse than they left, to continue their work of pollution. You would have expelled them. In other words, you would have given up immortal beings, no matter how vile, without one effort to save them.

It would be wrong to cane those boys, you say. It was all right for their mothers to spank them for being naughty fifteen years ago, when they were infants, and it will be all right for the law to inflict forty or fifty stripes upon them in a few years for offences scarcely worse. But not they must not be camed now, they are too big for the loving chastisement of the mother and not old enough for the cruel rod of correction. The teacher cannot feel love for the child when he is wielding the cane and, therefore, it will not be "morally efficacious," you say. Did it ever occur to you that if this is so it will be more difficult for the teacher to feel the necessary amount of affection for a child to let "genuine love" work out a cure.

Right or wrong, I used the cane. I thought it would require weeks, perhaps months, before the benign influence of love could manage the work of reform, and I saw the characters of children with an endless destiny before them were being daily corrupted and debased.

I made stringent laws and enforced them at the point of "the cane." I forbade positively all intercourse between the boys and the girls, mixing, of course, with this seeming harshness all the moral suasion that would fit in, doing my best to make the school work interesting, and spending the noon hour and recesses among the pupils, taking part in their games, while at the same time closely watching them.

If I didn't succeed in less than a month, I have never heard a profane or improper word from one of my pupils since. During the past two years I have never had occasion to use corporal punishment on but one boy, and that at the request of his parents. And if the characters of the older boys were not improved they no longer continued to exercise an evil influence over the minds of their fellow-pupils. They were at first made to work, but they soon began to become interested, and they left me with good common education, one or two having passed the entrance examination. All but one are still in the section, and are doing as far as I can learn, well. They manifest no hatred for me, I am on terms of friendship with them all, and they at least outwardly, appear to have mended their lives.

A THIRD CLASS TEACHER, Ayr, May 26, 1890.