

The march of time.

J.T. EATON CO. TORONTO, CANADA

Baby Carriages and Sleighs

440-G
 The most popular baby carriage, with an extra wide seat, adjustable back, and a very heavy-duty frame. It has a very large canopy and a very comfortable seat. Price, \$22.50.

412
 The baby carriage, with a strong steel frame, made especially with a very heavy-duty spring seat and rubber tires. Price, \$22.50.

378-G
 The baby carriage, with a very heavy-duty frame, made especially with a very heavy-duty spring seat and rubber tires. Price, \$22.50.

720-G
 The baby carriage, with a very heavy-duty frame, made especially with a very heavy-duty spring seat and rubber tires. Price, \$22.50.

CARRIERS
 The T.T. Carrier. This is a carrier, made in a very heavy-duty design, strong and durable. Price, \$12.50.

Steel Sleigh Runners for Co-Carts and Baby Carriages

CUTTERS
 The baby carriage, with a very heavy-duty frame, made especially with a very heavy-duty spring seat and rubber tires. Price, \$22.50.

COMPACT, LIGHT-WEIGHT FOLDING

4
 Price: 995 del'd

5
 Price: 1495 del'd

1960

wheel baby in style and comfort

GOOD CARRIAGES COST LESS ... AT EATON'S

Gatonia
"Auto-Magic" Convert-O-Crib

3995 or 4.00 Down
 Cash 5.00 Monthly*

1
 Price: 4995 Cash or 5.00 Monthly*

2
 Price: 4995 Cash or 5.00 Monthly*

Glide

1960

The march of time.

W. T. EATON CO. TORONTO, CANADA

Stoves and Ranges

The Royal Alexandra Gas Burner
 Burner in appearance and price like a clock.



The Oxford Oven, for wood only, is first class wood work, with a cast iron top, and a cast iron base. It is a four burner burner, \$12.00 with grate, \$13.00.

Two Story Oven



No. 112. 22 inch top, \$12.00.
 No. 113. 24 inch top, \$13.00.
 No. 114. 26 inch top, \$14.00.
 No. 115. 28 inch top, \$15.00.
 No. 116. 30 inch top, \$16.00.
 No. 117. With oven, 22 inch top, \$17.00.


Oxford Air Bins
 For Wood

No. 118. 22 inch top, \$12.00.
 No. 119. 24 inch top, \$13.00.
 No. 120. 26 inch top, \$14.00.
 No. 121. 28 inch top, \$15.00.
 No. 122. 30 inch top, \$16.00.

Oxford Oak
 For wood or coal.


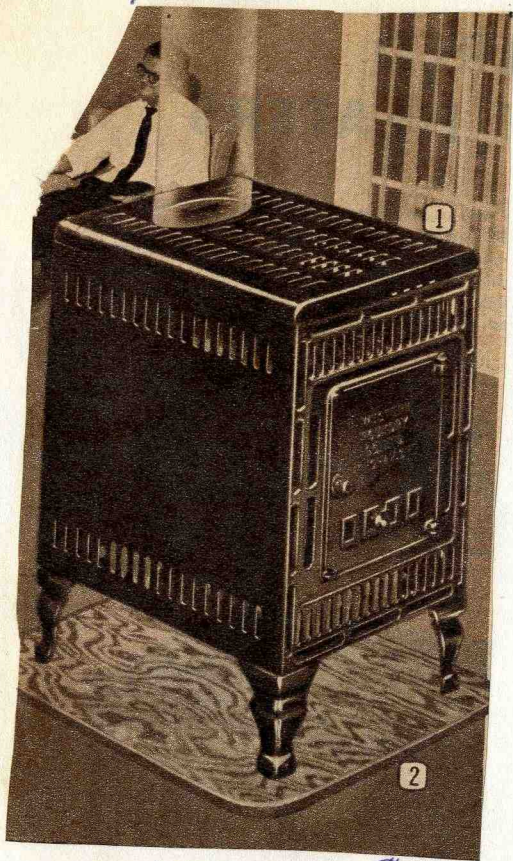
Patent chimney, No. 14, \$1.50. No. 15, \$2.00.

Refrigerator

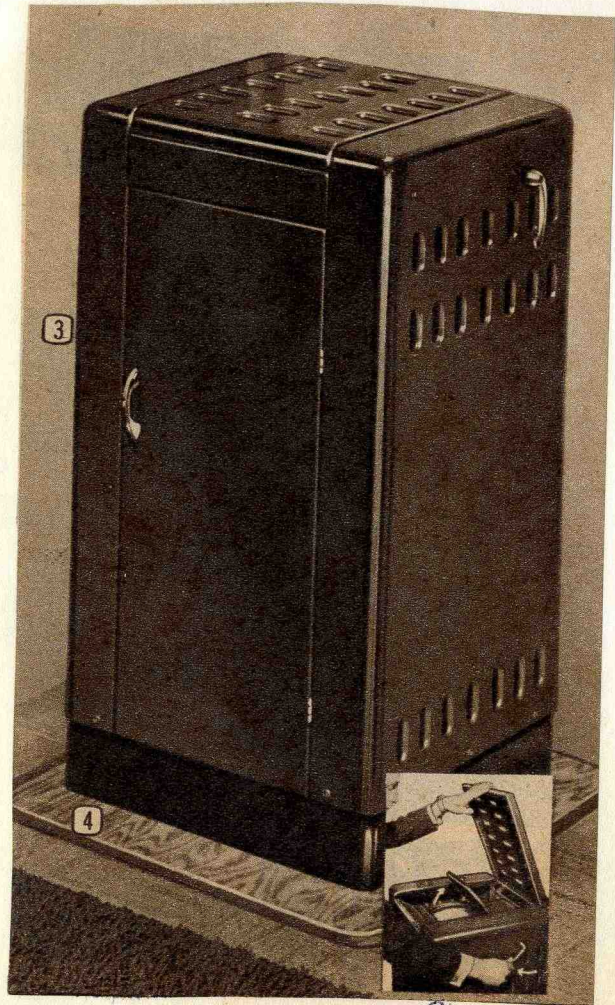


No. 1. Diameter of pot 19 inches, height 25 inches, \$12.00.
 No. 2. Diameter of pot 17 inches, height 23 inches, \$10.00.

The Wisp. Table
 A small table for holding a lamp, and is very practical.

Wood Heater 1960 \$52.75

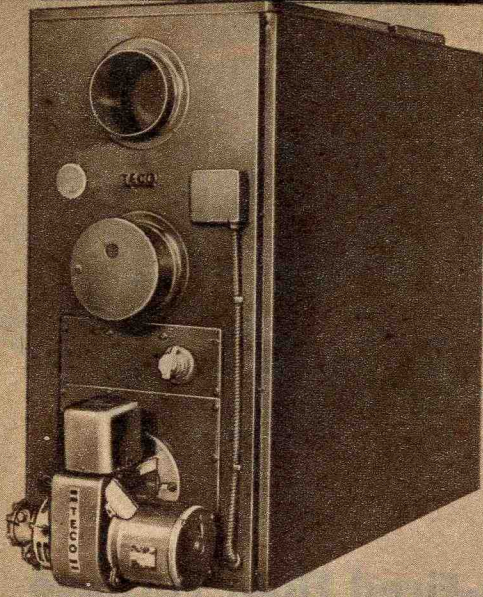


Coal Heater - 1960 \$69.95



Oil Heater - 1960 \$78.50

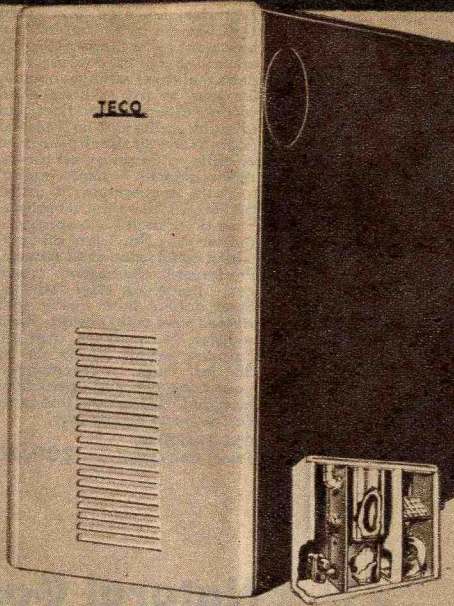
TECO Forced Air Oil and Gas F



**Automatic Oil-Fired Furnace
Complete with Burner**

CAPACITY 95,000 B.T.U.

CASH PRICE **31995** or 32.00 DOWN,
del'd 19.00 Monthly



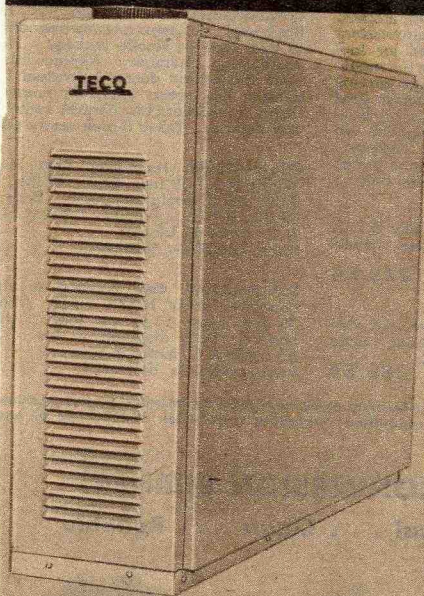
**De Luxe Automatic Oil Furnace
Complete with Burner**

CAPACITY 117,000 B.T.U.

CASH PRICE **34850** or 34.85 DOWN,
del'd 21.00 Monthly

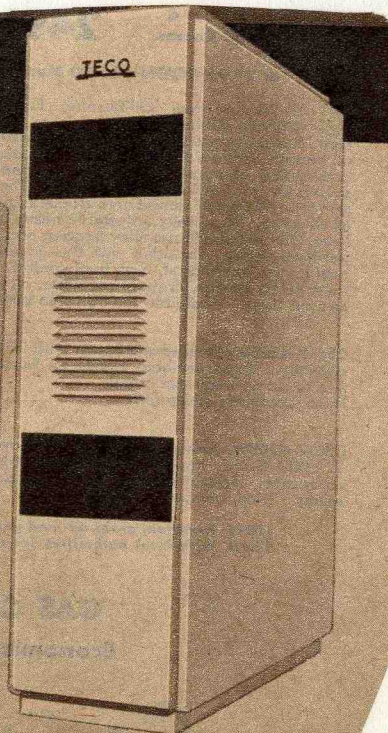
1960

Furnaces



**"Low-Boy" Style
80,000 B.T.U. Size**

24950 or 24.95 DOWN,
CASH 15.00 Monthly



**"High-Boy" Style
80,000 B.T.U. Size**

24550 or 24.55 DOWN,
CASH 15.00 Monthly

1960

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the
bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep:
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of
time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Funeral Services for

May Earnshaw

Born

Frome, October 15, 1884

Died

Lakeview, June 14, 1954

Services Held at

Jas. H. Barnum Funeral Home
King Street, Aylmer
June 17, 1954, 2.00 p.m.

Clergy

Rev. M. G. Clarke

Interment

Braynes Cemetery

DIED

In Langton, on Thursday, April 16th, 1908

Thomas C. Ball

Aged 36 years and 3 months.

THE FUNERAL

Will meet at his late residence, Langton, at 12.30
p. m., on

SATURDAY, APRIL 18TH

For service and thence proceed to Tillsonburg Cemetery for interment.

Friends will please accept this intimation.

PAGES FROM

DECEMBER ISSUE OF TORONTO GLOBE DEC.1893

and

WEEKLY WITNESS - DEC. 1893

DONATED BY

Mrs. Arthur Wright, May, 1978

Farewell No. 17 Bayham

By Louise Mitchell Dean

There are some of us left who will feel a slow trickle of tears, somewhere in the region of their hearts, now that the last bell has called the children into the school room of No. 17, Bayham. The church standing beside the school, is gone and soon the bricks of the old schoolhouse will be snapped up to build something more in keeping with the times. Indeed, tenders have been called for and it may have been sold even now.

It is the close of an era, for it is more than 100 years since the first little log schoolhouse was built at Maple Grove, a little school which was to become the nucleus of a wide awake, intellectual and decidedly literary neighborhood.

This little school was the original Owlcase. There are various legends concerning the term. One story is to the effect that one morning teacher and pupils found an owl at the teacher's desk, presumably with his spectacles on and a pen under his wing. A more likely story which was told to me by an old timer, is this:

When the men were laying up the logs for the new school, Lyman Thurston, a somewhat unique character, rode along and asked what they were building. When told that it was to be a schoolhouse he sniffed rather contemptuously and remarked:

"It looks more like an owlcase to me."

So, Owlcase it was for many years, until, in fact the red brick school was built in 1878.

There was a gap between the first little log school and the present school, when a frame building served for many years, not only for a school but for church services.

In the early seventies David Hatch was largely responsible for securing and moving a frame church from Stratfordville to a site next to the school grounds. Squire Andrew Moore gave the land on which the church was placed, with room at the back for a horse shed. Maple Grove was now well away with both church and school. The neighborhood was rechristened "Maple Grove" and the sobriquet of "Owlcase" was gradually dropped. From this time forward the neighborhood took a great pride in both the school and church.

Maple Grove has usually been happy in its selection of teachers and even some of those before the brick school was built have made history in the world outside Maple Grove.

One of the first teachers, one long remembered by both pupils and parents, was Henry Katzeback who wrote a most beautiful hand and taught his school children to write as no other seems to have done. I can attest to the beauty of this teacher's hand writing for I have seen it and it is very beautiful writing. Mr. Katzeback was a very colorful character, a cultured and highly intellectual man whose life story is of great human interest. That, of course is another story.

Mr. Hewet was another teacher at the old Owlcase school and still another, a young lady from the neighborhood, was Miss Martha Chamberlain, who later became Mrs. John Hatch and moved to California. Daniel Jones, Hannah Young and Margaret Young, and Helen Dreseke, were other teachers in the old school.

Teachers in the new brick school were, Nathaniel Cascadden, Darius Dean, David Smart, William Yeandle, Enoch Cheeseman, Edwin Bowes, Lena Taylor, Richard McCurdy, Elsie A. Smith, Ada Laird, George Chisholm, Minnie Pound, Bessie Yeandle, Ella Mitchell, Vera McCurdy and others in later years of whom I have lost track.

Two of these young teachers became foreign missionaries. Miss Margaret Young spent a lifetime as a missionary in Japan and after coming home to finish out her life span among her old friends, felt called upon to return to the field where she had labored so long. Not many months after this she died in Japan.

Miss Minne Pound was nearly forty years a missionary in Burma and is now living retired at her childhood's home just west of Richmond, on No. 3 Highway. Although retired, she has found time and energy to do much useful work among the young people of her immediate neighborhood.

Miss Elsie A. Smith, became Mrs. Elsie A. Smith and is now living at Millet, Alberta. Mrs. Smith organized the first Women's Missionary Society at Edmonton, Alberta, and recently was called to the capital and banquetted on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the said Women's Missionary Society. Mrs. Smith still teaches her Sunday School class and never misses a class session.

Four of the old time teachers married Maple Grove girls. Daniel Jones married Mary Hatch, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hatch; Darius Dean married, first, Betsey High, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew High and second Hannah High, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos High; William Yeandle married Mary High, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew High and sister to Dr. Marquis High; Richard McCurdy married Adelaide Bowes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bowes.

It would be highly interesting to follow out the ramifications of these marriages as well as those of other teachers who have honored Maple Grove by their sojourn there, but of course these are other stories, complete in themselves. However, I cannot forbear mentioning that Mr. Everet McCurdy, who is now the very able principle of the new school at Stratfordville, was a son of Richard and Adelaide Bowes McCurdy and that Mrs. Clayton Godby and Mrs. Duncan Stewart who have rendered such excellent service in the teaching profession were daughters of the same.

Two teachers in later years at Maple Grove were daughters of former teachers, Miss Bessie Yeandle and Miss Vera McCurdy. Miss McCurdy taught the school for seven years and is now Mrs. Duncan Stewart, of North Hall. Miss Yeandle married Dr. J. R. Brown of Rutland, Sask.

Miss Ella Mitchell, daughter of the late Walter A. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, sister of Grant McCall Mitchell, was another home girl who taught at Maple Grove. This young teacher married Edward Webster of St. Thomas and became the mother of Dr. Grant Webster.

David Smart was the most original of all the old time teachers. Some of his ideas were wise and right and some were questionable. One thing he believed in, was that the sessions of work were too long for young children. On a hot day when the children were almost gasping with the humidity, he would send them out by classes to the shady side of the schoolhouse. Here they were lined up in class form, Mr. Smart standing at the open window, from which vantage point, with one eye outside and the other over his left shoulder, he could watch furtively the goings on of the children inside, he would proceed to hear the lessons of the period.

Again at the noon hour the teacher would take the whole school across the road to the woods owned by Mr. David Hatch, the woods from which the neighborhood was named. Here he would let every child choose his own playground, while he, the teacher mounted a stump and recited: "Bingen on the Rhine", "Bernardo del Carpio" "The Arab and his Steed" and so forth. Most of the children found it was more fun to roam around, playing hide and seek or picking flowers, but some of us stuck close to the pine stump Mr. Smart's impromptu rostrum and listened, enthralled, by the teacher's fine voice in his impassioned rendering of these old favorites.

I have often thought that if ever there was a counterpart of Ichabod Crane, surely David Smart was the lad. Certainly he was unpredictable, thus, one day Maudie Mitchell, a little five year old, her first day at school, refused to go up to her class. The child had a very hazy idea as to what school meant, she had come to school with Big Sister, but felt herself in no way obligated to the dictates of either sister or teacher. When the teacher called the class of infants to which she belonged, she simply sat in her seat and no one could budge her short of physical force. "Go on" admonished Big Sister, "Come on" wheedled the teacher, but still Maudie sat. Time was passing and at last Mr. Smart, losing all the poise he ever had, yanked the little girl out of her seat and thrust her screaming and kicking into the dark woodshed at the back of the school. Pandemonium broke loose. The girls were all sobbing audibly, the boys were shaking their fists at the teacher's back. The screams of the frightened little prisoner were terrifying. This happened in the early part of the morning session and it was thought that surely Maudie would be let out at recess. The morning recess passed and still the child was a prisoner. The noon hour came and a couple of the bigger boys slipped out and started across the fields to where the little girl's father could be seen still working in the field. Mr. Smart had long legs and they probably saved him some unpleasantness that day. He took out after the two little boys like an avenging demon and caught them before they reached their destination. Be it said, however the boys did not receive punishment for leaving the school yard and the little girl was liberated at once.

Next morning Maudie was again in her seat and still she refused to go up to class. Here was a situation, what was to be done with such a stubborn child? After some

coaxing Mr. Smart said, very solemnly to the little girl:

"Maudie, if you don't come up to your class, I am going to fall down dead on this platform."

The child looked at him as much as to say: "Fall dead, see if I care." Then the teacher threw out his arms and one leg and spinning on one foot like a ballet dancer made as if he was going to fall. The whole school roared with laughter and Maudie laughed until her little fat sides shook. Without more adieu she calmly got up and took her place in her class. With harmonious relations restored, Mr. Smart proceeded to teach his classes with great dignity.

At that time it was a misdemeanor for the children to draw a picture of any description on their slates. Such a thing as a drawing book or a notebook was unknown. Our copybooks came out at stated seasons for a lesson in writing, but we could not make pictures on the paper. Our school kit, by the way was the above mentioned copybook, a reader, a spelling book, grammar, arithmetic, geography and a slate. I loved my reader and my grammar, I liked my geography, but my arithmetic I loved like a bowl of cold porridge when I had been expecting chicken dumplings.

Drawing was not in the curriculum, but one day when the teacher left the school at the noon hour, Lou Burns, a sickly, undersized little chap of perhaps thirteen, went to the blackboard and drew a sheep wallowing in a field of clover. It was the most beautiful sheep I had ever seen. We children gazed at the little artist in awe. Where he had learned to draw I do not know but draw he did and very well too. It was not long, however before someone shouted, "Here comes the teacher!" The boy hastened to obliterate his handiwork and when Mr. Smart came in the blackboard was clear and innocent of desecration.

William Yeandle was a strict disciplinarian and some of us looking at our blistered hands thought he was rather severe. Perhaps after Mr. Smart's somewhat erratic tenure, the strap or the hickory pointer was the only way to reduce the school to a workable medium, but the new teacher did not believe in sparing the rod and spolling the children, so we took our medicine and did not hold

spite. We finally settled down and got our teeth into the real meaning of school work.

It was Mr. Yeandle who first introduced drawing as part of our curriculum. There were no drawing books such as came in later, but the schoolmaster would first draw a square on the blackboard and take us through the intricacies of dividing the square into sections and with a few curves forming a design on our slates. This was heaven indeed to those of us who had always wanted to learn to draw. Mr. Yeandle also gave the hour between three and four one day a week to teaching us to sing. Mrs. Yeandle, who was then Miss Mary High, came to the school and taught us to read musical notes.

Edwin Bowes was another fine teacher, who had the faculty of making the lessons come alive; also by instilling into the youngsters the necessity of clean living and integrity of character. He was a sincere worker in our little church and thus carried the influence of his schoolwork into the neighborhood at large.

Miss Lena Taylor was one of the notable teachers of Maple Grove. She had a very likable personality and was adored by school and neighborhood. One of the finest things she did for Maple Grove was the organization of a reading circle among the young people beyond school age. Here two Chautauqua books of that day, "From Chaucer to Tennyson" and Merrivale's History of Rome were studied. We became so literary minded that the late Dr. A. B. Riddell, of Richmond, re-christened the neighborhood "Drumtochty."

Miss Taylor was the first of four of us to feel the call of the West and went to Edmonton to teach school. Later she married Dr. Goodwin, a prosperous dentist of Edmonton and later Vegreville.

In the course of a very few years Miss Elsie A. Smith and Miss Minnie Pound followed. I struggled along at the turn of the century. I was not a teacher, but I had my own little niche and got my first newspaper experience on the staff of the Strathcona Plaindealer.

The teachers I have listed were, most of them, old time teachers of a half century or more ago, but so far as I know the teachers of the last thirty years have followed the fine example set for them. Those who finished the first lap of their education at the little red brick school went on to their life work better men and women for having begun their training at No. 17 Bayham.

Maple Grove has given a good account of herself and has produced doctors, artists, educationists, writers and successful business men. Three of her sons gave their lives in the first world war. Ephraim Davis Mitchell, Robert Grant and John Hatch. Harold Ketchabaw was another soldier in that conflict, but was fortunate enough to return home.

So farewell No. 17, Bayham, may your influence for good go on in ever widening circles as the years go by, so that we old timers who pause by memory's trail can be proud that we once belonged to Maple Grove.