

(Continued from Page One.)

## CORPORAL FERGUSON BREMNER.

Corporal Ferguson Bremner, a native of Admaston, and brought up in that township, was of course not so generally known in town as Cameron Mackay; but still a member of two of Admaston's most prominent families, had a wide acquaintance. He was second son of Mr. J. L. Bremner. Of late years he had been bridge-building on the N. T. R. He had come down to his old home town just about the time the war broke out; and felt that he was one of those who should take upon himself what is at once the burden and the privilege of enlistment. He was 34 years of age, a widower, (his wife, Lillian Proctor, having died in 1906) and leaves one son, Harvey Ferguson Bremner, ten years old, living with the grandfather, Mr. J. L. Bremner, on Argyle street, and attending public school. In one of Corp. Bremner's recent letters, written from "Somewhere in France," dated February 21, he noted that was the birthday anniversary of his son. The Corporal belonged to no fraternal society and carried no insurance; and had had no previous military experience. His last letter was received on Wednesday of this week, and was as follows:

France, March 1st, 1915.

Dear Father.—Just a few lines to let you know I am well; hoping you are the same. I have written twice since we came here—that is, since we came to France. We were moved to a different part of the line, arrived here last night, and we relieve a British regiment in the trenches tonight. We are going in by ourselves from this on. We had some British officers and men with us at first. They seem to think that we are all to the good. The weather is raw and cold. I received your letter of the 9th February, also papers. You were wanting to know all about the country. I can't name any places, but it's a fine country. I think it is the best farming country I ever saw. It is all like that flat along the Bonnechere in Admaston. We only had one man wounded in our company yet, and that was Jack Davis from Renfrew and it don't amount to much. It's in the foot. He'll be back in a couple of weeks. Well, we just got orders to pack up and prepare to move off. Will write again when we come out of the trenches, so will close, wishing you all well. I remain, your son, Ferg.

March 2nd.—In the trenches.

We relieved the British at 8 o'clock last night in a blinding snow storm and had a fairly quiet night and a quiet day so far. There is always shots and shells flying but nothing to hit unless by chance, and the Germans aren't taking many. We take a lot more than them, but we know the cost of it now. As the saying is, the lower you keep the longer you live.

March 3rd.

Another quiet day—just sniping and shell fire. It's pretty exciting to hear the shells screeching through the air and bursting away behind the trenches. It's very wet and cold in the trenches. When you get off duty you crawl into a hole and sleep and rest the best you can.

March 4th.—The same as usual.

March 5th.—Still in the same old trench. Will be going out tonight to our billets.

March 6th.—Got into billets at 1 o'clock this morning and everybody played out. I never was as badly done up in my life. There were men falling out all along the road, but we have had a good rest and a bath so we feel O.K. again. Will be going back into trenches on Tuesday night, so will close wishing you and H. F. and all the rest good luck. I remain, your son, Ferg.

# Two Fatalities in Admaston.

## Mr Richard Proctor Killed on the G. T. R. Track and Mr Piernuck, Sr., Killed by his Horse.

The Grand Trunk Railway evening express going west on Friday last struck and killed Mr Richard Proctor, one of Admaston's best known residents. Just how the accident occurred no one knows. It was at the crossing near Mr Proctor's home, between Renfrew Junction and Admaston stations. The road is bare there and travel has been a little off the line, the fence thereby obscuring the view of the approaching train; or it may be that the horse grew frightened at the on-coming engine and ran in front of it. The shock of the impact was felt, and the train brought to a stand. It was some little time before the victim was found—on top of the tender. Evidently he had been thrown in the air and had alighted on the tender. He was able to speak, and knew that he was seriously injured, though he could not tell what had happened. He was taken on to Admaston station. There he was recognized, and driven home; dying on the way. The train hands left word at Douglas for a doctor to be sent back, and Dr. Cascadden drove down; but Mr Proctor was beyond human aid long before the doctor reached him. There was no visible sign of injury except for a bruise

above one temple. Deceased was 73 years of age, and had been a resident of Admaston, removing from Ramsay some 35 years or more. He leaves a widow, Annie Lewis, daughter of the late Wm. Lewis, of Horton, and five sons and six daughters.—Ben, at Regina; Albert E., of Renfrew; Thos., Fred and Collins at home, and Mrs. Harry Hilliard, Mrs. Robert Hilliard, of Carleton Place; Mrs. McCharles, of Renfrew; Mrs. W. J. Cardiff and Mrs. Ferguson Bremner, of Admaston; and Miss Nellie at home. Three sons predeceased him.

Mr Proctor was a genial neighbor and his funeral on Tuesday was the largest ever seen in the district.

## OBITUARY.

### Death of Mr Chas. Mayhew.

Surprise mingled with sorrow was caused when the news went round town on Wednesday evening that Mr Charles Mayhew had died at his home on Argyle street that afternoon, about three o'clock, as his illness was not generally known. On Friday the 4th inst., Mr Mayhew left the Ferguson store in Admaston to catch the Grand Trunk express due here at 2:48. He was a little late and seeing the train approach the Admaston station he ran to catch it. He was apparently seized with faintness and falling his forehead struck the hard road. He was stunned, but soon recovered and when he looked again he saw the train had passed the station. He reached the station which was not far distant; but the fire was out, the place was very cold and Mr Mayhew became ill. He lay down on a seat, not feeling able to return to the store and was forced to remain there till the arrival of the next train, due here at 6:08. Messrs James and P. J. Campbell who had come to the station to take the evening train for Renfrew, found him and brought him to his home. Dr. McCormack was summoned who diagnosed his case as an attack of la grippe, due to the chilling experience he had just passed through. His case

was not thought serious during the first week or so, but he took a turn for the worse and Drs. Mann and Wade were called in consultation. Tubercular meningitis had supervened which, despite the efforts of the physicians proved fatal as it almost always does.

The subject of this obituary was the eldest son of the late Joseph Mayhew of Admaston, and a nephew of Mr James Ferguson of town, and of the late John Ferguson. Some twenty years ago he began business life as a clerk for Messrs McAndrew & Lindsay in their store here, later he kept store in Admaston, but for some years he has been agent for the sale of farm machinery in town. About fifteen years ago he married Miss Cardiff, daughter of Mr Geo. B. Cardiff, formerly of Admaston but now a resident of Renfrew. His bereaved widow and two children are left to mourn his somewhat sudden and early call. Three sisters and a brother predeceased him, but there still survives his brother James of town, his widowed mother, who also lives in town; and his brother John on the old homestead in Admaston.

The funeral will take place to the Admaston cemetery on Friday, the 18th inst., at two o'clock in the afternoon. Service at the house at 1:30. The deceased was 43 years of age.