ANNIE B. WILLIAMS

53 Peacock Street Garson, Ontario. R. R. No. 1

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The 26th Day of July,

in the Chapel of Jackson & Barnard 2 o'clock. Funeral Home, Sudbury, Tuesday Afternoon, July 28th, at 2 o'clock

Clergyman

Reverend W. Ellam Garson, Ontario.

Cemetery Anglican

Interment

cognized for her contribution to this organization with a life membership and jewelled pin at the Federated WI's of Canada annual meeting in Ottawa recently, Mrs. Annie Williams 61, 53 Peacock St., Garson, died on Sunday at Memorial Hospital. She had been ill for some time with cancer, and had been confined to hospital at intervals during the past two years.

District Women's Institute, re-

The body is at Jackson and Barnard Funeral Home, 233 Larch St. Funeral service will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the chapel. Interment will take place in the Anglican Cemetery, Sudbury.

A native of Manchester, England, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Todd, she came to Toronto in 1923. She married Harry Williams there in bers each winter for the past 1924, and 13 years later the cou- 12 years. ple moved to Garson.

Mrs. Williams had been active in community affairs in Cross Society. Garson, but her greatest energies were devoted to the Women's Institute. She was president of the Garson and Skead Rd., women's institute branches for a number of terms, and served in the capacities on the event.

It was through efforts of Mrs. Manchester, Eng.

Prominent WI Worker Dies in City Hospital A past president of Sudbury



MRS. ANNIE WILLIAMS

She was also a tireless work-

in all capacities on the execu-tive of both groups. sister, Mrs. Sally Smallman, of

And may there be no moaning of the bar

When 9 put out to sea

Unset and evening star, _____ And one clear call for me

Crossing the Bar

Bertifice Age 60 Years Huneral

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Jurns again home.

And after that the dar

Jwilight and evening bell

But such a tide as moving seems asleep.

Too full for sound or foam,

And may there be no sadness of farewell

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