

(Concluded from page 1)

union of 1948. Out of an exchange of letters between Mr. Ed Mahon of Vancouver, B.C., and Mr. McKenzie, the seed was sown. Nurtured through its embryo stages on editorial publicity in The Advocate, the re-union was successfully carried out as one of the most brilliant and memorable episodes in Bruce County history.

Such progressive steps as the installation of hydro in Paisley and the erection within a year of two community centres—the first burned down five days after its official opening—the installation of a modern waterworks system and an up-to-date fire truck and pumper, all received stimulus by the support accorded through the columns of Dan McKenzie's newspaper.

On July 1st of this year, encumbered by advancing years and ill health, Mr. McKenzie relinquished the duties of management of The Advocate. But he still maintained an active interest in this realm he knew and loved, and as recently as Monday, October 31st, he had spent a full day in the office and composing room. On Wednesday, however, he was confined to bed, and when pleurisy developed, he sank rapidly, his heart finally failing and his death ensuing late Friday night.

Without political aspirations, he was, however, a school trustee for a number of years and was chairman of the board when the present fine public and continuation school was built in 1912. He had also served for many terms as a member of the library board. In politics he was a Liberal. For 55 years he had been a member of Ahirom Lodge, I.O.O.F., and for 45 years a member of Aldworth Lodge, A.F. & A.M.

A member of Knox United Church, formerly the Presbyterian church, Dan McKenzie was for fifty years a mem-

ber of the choir, and for exactly half of that period, had been choir leader. A music lover, and possessor of a fine tenor voice, he sang for many years as a soloist and member of local quartettes. Partial loss of his voice a few years ago forced him to give up active enjoyment of music, a circumstance of keen disappointment to him.

In 1890 Dan McKenzie was married to Amelia Scott of Port Elgin, who predeceased him in January, 1932. Of a family of five sons, four survive: Stewart S., publisher of The Witness Bradford, Ont.; Donald Elroy, associated with the B. S. F. & D. advertising agency in Detroit, Mich.; A. Ross, present editor and publisher of The Advocate, and C. Bruce, of the advertising department of the Sun-Times, Owen Sound. All four sons learned the printing and newspaper business in the backshop of The Advocate, under the exacting tuition of their father. Of four brothers and six sisters, two survive—(Nancy) Mrs. H. Felker, Olds, Alta., and (Margaret) Mrs. H. S. Petrie, Lindsay. There are seven grandchildren.

The funeral was held on Monday with private service at the house, followed by a public service in Knox United Church, with the pastor, Rev. H. C. Linstead, officiating.

Rev. Mr. Linstead referred to the many years of his life which Mr. McKenzie had passed in Paisley, and the distinction with which he had filled a position of unique public service as editor for 57 years. He loved his church and was a regular worshipper until recent months when increasing deafness interfered.

The funeral address was based on the familiar words of I Corinthians 13: "Now abideth faith, hope, love—these three." Rev. Mr. Linstead dealt with the supreme importance of seeking and laying hold of these things which are permanent in life. In the midst of a changing world, and changing human experiences of which death is the great example, the Apostle Paul set forth these three—faith, hope and love—elements of character and personality which endure. The life which has

found these in Jesus Christ is firmly anchored in this world and that which is to come.

Members of Aldworth Lodge, No. 235, A.F. & A.M., filled a section of the church, and the brethren carried the beautiful and numerous floral tributes, and conducted the last rites of the Order at the graveside in Stark Vale Cemetery. The casket bearers were Messrs. S. F. Ballachey, Neilson Stark, Chas. Fewster, H. C. Barnett, R. G. Grant and Dr. D. D. Campbell. Honorary pallbearers were all long-time friends of Mr. McKenzie: Messrs. Wallace Megraw, Geo. Craig, Jas. McNeill, I. Shoemaker, D. Forrester, Jas. Steele, John A. McArthur and J. A. Logie.

"NO ENEMIES"

If one were asked to write an epitaph for Dan McKenzie, veteran editor of The Advocate, none could pay greater tribute than the brief expression of an old friend, who remarked: "You know, Dan McKenzie didn't have a single enemy."

No characteristic contributed more to his ability to make and retain friends than his tolerance and his ready wit. Never was this wit more apparent than when the joke was on himself. Two anecdotes he loved to relate were, to a greater or lesser degree, concerned with the liquor business which he bitterly opposed and consistently assailed through the medium of The Advocate.

In the days of local option and the horse-drawn express dray, the family doctor had prescribed, reluctantly under the circumstances, "a glass of porter a day" for a member of the family. The edict was accepted, and the porter was ordered to be delivered by express from Walkerton. It was the custom of bystanders to inspect the addresses on the "wet" consignments aboard the local delivery wagon. When the dray stopped before The Advocate office, one of the curious clambered up to read off the names of the consignees. Dan McKenzie always chuckled when he recalled the scandalized tone of the voice with which the man on the dray exclaimed: "Well, by gosh! A case of Porter for Dan McKenzie! Give him such a temperance crank!"

He also related how he unwittingly deceived one of the district's most notorious "topers" in the days of the open bar. Urged to "have a drink," he acceded, and ordered that era's equivalent of a "coke." As he drank the soft concoction, he became aware that his lightly inebriated companion was eyeing his drink intently. It was not until the drinks consumed, they had walked some distance together that his friend finally fell prey to curiosity and asked: "Dan, what was that drink you ordered? It was strong-looking stuff."

In his earlier days, Dan McKenzie was no mean athlete, and his specialties were foot racing, cricket and lacrosse. As he grew older, he became an enthusiastic lawn bowler in summer, and a curler in the winter. His idea of a perfect day was to put in nine to ten hours in the print shop, work in his beloved garden until dark, and bowl with his friends until midnight. He never lost his interest in baseball, hockey and lacrosse, and so long as he was able was a spectator when local teams were participating.

Mr. McKenzie clung tenaciously to a number of beliefs that today might be termed by many as eccentricities. For example, he was loyal to his hometown merchants and business men, and the mail order and out-of-town shops were accorded none of his custom, for as he often declared: "I get my living in Paisley, and by sending to the city stores for goods, I would be depriving my fellow local business men from making a living." He supported every worthy cause in a similarly loyal and wholehearted manner, as for example, the Paisley fair, where he had been an exhibitor for almost fifty continuous years. Only last September, although in poor health, he exerted an effort to put several exhibits into the fair, and walked off with a number of prizes for his garden produce.

His generosity with free newspaper space for any and every deserving community or national endeavor was a by-word, and he gave hundreds of dollars worth of valuable space to the Red Cross, the Blood Donors clinic, the TB Christmas seal sale, the local patriotic and welfare causes, including the two campaigns to build two memorial community centres—the second one after the first had been razed by fire. During the war Mr. McKenzie was one of the first among Canadian weekly editors to institute a free mailing of the hometown paper to the boys and girls in the armed forces, and for nearly four years, he insisted upon doing this as a service to them. At its largest, this special mailing list carried 123 names.

As an ardent horticulturist, Dan McKenzie has played no small part in the beautification of his hometown, and he was one of the small group which was responsible for the transformation of the barren and littered foundry lot into a beautifully landscaped park. He continually promoted the planting of shade trees to replace on village streets those which had died from one cause or another, and perhaps there can be no more fitting memorial to this grand old-timer than those last fifty maple saplings which were planted personally by he and the late Thomas Switzer a few years ago when both of these men were well over eighty years of age.

After a long life of unselfish service to his community and his fellow citizens, Dan McKenzie is gone.

His passing leaves a void that will never be filled.

P582-5