## The Markdale Standard

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A. E. COLGAN & SON, Publishers

THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1932

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WALTER E. HARRIS, Barrister and Bolicitor, Etc. Office over Step hen's Drug Store, Markdale.

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AUCTIONEER

B. H. WALDEN, Licensed Auctionee for the County of Grey. All sales promptly attended to. Farm sales a specialy. Arrangements for sale dates may be made at the Standard Office or with B. H. Walden. Markdale.

#### FRATERNAL

L. O. L.—Markdaie L.O.L. No. 1045
meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale at S o'clock p.m. the first
Thursday in each month, Viating
brethren cordially invited. Wm.
Johnston, W.M.; Elgin McFadden,

A. F. & A. M.—Hiram Lodge No. 490, G. R. C., Markdale, meets in the Masonic Hall. Reburn Block, at 8 o'clock p.m. the second Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Chester Research Chester Research ren cordially invited. Chester Rodman, W.M.; A. E. Colgan, Sec-

R. B. K .- Victoria Preceptory No 282 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m., the third Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren always cordially welcomed. Geo. Banks, W.P.; A. E. Colgan, Registran.

#### ASSESSOR WANTED

Applications for the office of Assessor for the Township of Euphrasia will be received by the undersigned up to the 13th day of August. Assessment to be taken during this fall.

N. L. CURRY, Clerk.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate HUGH McDONALD, late of the Village of Markdale, in the County of Grey, gentleman, deceased

to section 51 of the Trustees Act, R.S.O., 1927, Chapter 150, that all creditors and others having claims or demands against the estate of the said Hugh McDonald, who died on or about the 15th day of June, A D 1932, at the village of Mark dale in the County of Grey, are required on or before the 30th day of July, 1932, to send by post prepaid or deliver to Walter E. Harris, Solicitor for Carman R. King, Execu tor of the estate of the said deceas ed, their christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions the full particulars in writing of their claims, a statement of their accounts and the nature of the se-

curity, if any, held by them. And take notice that after such last mentioned date the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and that the said executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part there of to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution.

WALTER E. HARRIS, Solicito for the Executor, Markdale.

Dated at Markdale this 11th day of July, A.D. 1932.

The Standard is prepared to sup ply business stationery of all kinds at reasonable prices.

#### WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE

he Great English Preparation Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood nervous system, used to be supported to the system of the syst

#### Rural Cemeteries

The article which follows appear ed in the Owen Sound Sun-Times re cently, contributed by Arthur Dayidson, and is timely and interest ing. Eleven photos were published along with the article in the Owen Sound paper.

"Gone but not forgotten," shall it be in the case of those gloripioneers who come to this country to wrestle with nature, won and left us the magnificent heritage which we possess today-our great, fertile, free land?

country cemeteries would lead one to think that the latter was the case lands to come to this new land that for it. their children and their children's children should be possesed of a greater heritage, were forgotten. Here the remains of those noble souls, long since gone Home to their the markers, simple slabs of wood, Creater, repose among neglect. The ments, for which, in many cases, were paid hard earned dollars by standing at precarious angles.

Everything signifies neglect! The gled and toiled that you and I drudgery, with once was virgin for- lilies planted there years ago. Now est, our wide sweeping highways, here once the bear and wolf roamed. those remains and the soul they once emodied apparently are forgotten. Apparently this present age in its rush and bustle, is too busy to pay to the pioneer who made his home and business possible even the slight tribute of the decently cared

Our Pioneers Our fathers toiled, but in a glorious

fight The God of nations led them by

the hand, Vith pillared smoke by day and fire by night

They worked like heroes in their promised land. wilderness was conquered by

their might, They made for God the marvel h

had planned, land of homes where toil could make men free,

The final masterpiece of resting. The above lines are by Peter Mc-Arthur. They tell in verse, the nardships borne by those pioneers. After trudging for fifty or a hundred miles along blazed trails, their bolongings on their backs, they picked on a spot to homestead. Their farm of fifty acres or so was "vision splendid" to these far seeng folk. There was thek own private property, bought at possibly \$1.60 per acre. But there also was the virgin forest. These must be cleared out "with pillars of smoke by day and fire by night." cabins had to be built of those same logs, and it was only after strenuous work that the first crop was sown. these grand people carried them on from one day's toil to another, suffering great privations. Their sufferings are so removed from us of this present day with our many comforts that we are unable to faily appreciate them. Teday when we was the trees themselves. They were truly heroes and heroines, those splendid pioneers, and their memory surely should be honored.

Care All That is Needed And with but little care these burial grounds could be made into sacred and beautiful those pioneers. Many of those burial grounds are situated so beautifully. All that is needed is that little care, a little thought.

Have you ever paid a visit to one

of these forlorn "God's Acres" which may be found in every secyou ever, as you were motoring by, with no particular place as your destination, stopped the car, and gone among those tottering tombstones, reading the inscriptions on them and seeing the story they tell? They are sacred places. Even though they lie in neglect one can not help but have a feeling of reverence. Then too there is the feeling of almost horror, a feeling that you or perhaps even three feet deep where some grave has slowly sunk as the years pass by. Possibly that life. grave is not marked by a tomb stone. The family of the dear one who had passed on did not have the money to so mark the grave. Yet that dear one had gone to his or her the toil and hardships which as-

companied pioneering. Their Hardships Real

We may have our depression. But we know nothing about hardships compared to those early pioneers They had no car. No, nor did many of them have horses. Their mode of travel was by foot and they acted as their own pack horses. Men carried a sack of flour on their shoulder for miles, that their little ones might eat. Women kept pace with burden. Theirs was a hard life, but a life which their descendents, in

to be proud of; yes, whose duty it is to be filled with pride.

Are Soll In Use The other day we visited one of these country burial grounds. There efforts had been made toward beautifying them-pitiful because all a bout was such desolation. The site was a beautiful one. Though not Gone and now forgotten." Which far from the beaten highway, it possessed a sacredness suited to a burial ground. But there was no care Weeds grew in a tangled mass Monuments were broken and falled some of them piled together in a A memorial? No! Rather A visit to many of our small evidence which fairly shouted that those which remains lay there were forgotten; that there was an aston--that the sacred memories of those ishing lack of appreciation on the men and women, who gave up the part of the present generation for comforts and pleasures of other fair great things those pioneers had done

Just near the gate, beneath or old, graceful maple tree, which Tombstones are seen lying flat on somehow reminded us of those piothe ground. Some are jutting above neers, were two graves side by side, God's Acre is a forgotten, neglected Can you not imagine that couple spot, grown over with weeds. Monu- eighty or ninety years ago, then pe:haps in the prime of life, man and wife, striding through the vir loving relatives, are broken, fallen gin forest, pride shining from their eyes as they made their way to THEIR home, that place which sacred remains of those who strug- meant so much to them, but which also cost them so much labor and might live in this country free from years of life itself. There had been they had become wild and had practically joined the ranks of weeds, which spread over the great er part of the cemetery.

But we had our camera along, and after all pictures speak louder than words. In the accompanying layout are eleven views of graves, clearly showing the unkempt state that they are in at the present time. But these are just a few examples. There are any number of others just as glaring examples in many sections of this and other ounties.

At the upper left, in the layout are three monuments piled one or top of the other in an uncomely group. One is in memory of Thomas -who died in the yfar 1885, the second a memorial to Elizabeth-65, the date of whose death is give as 1893 and the third was suppose to mark the graves of children of Thomas-who died in 1860.

The picture to the right tells a sad tale of neglect. In the foreground is a monument to the memory of Mary Anne, wife of Johnaged 29 years, died in 1880, a young woman taken by death in the very prime of life, possibly because of the hardships of the pioneer life, her only memorial is fallen stone, surrounded by grass and weeds. In the background can be seen many other stones broken and fallen.

The next to the right shows family plot. There is the grave of one, Robert-, who died in 1883 in his 76th year. Beside his remains are those of Margaret, 18 years, died in 1853 and Mary, 6, died in 1870. One stone, a really fine one, The invincible determination of lies face downward, overgrown with grass and weeds. We raised it and the first words that greeted our eyes were "Gone but not forgotten." What irony! To come face to face with those words, dictated years ago by some dear ones in this spot which cried loudly for reverence, "Gone want a house-built the material is but not forgotten." The picture in readiness. Then the only material taken in the spring. Now the hay crop practically hides the stones. In the second row, first to the left is just another example of forgetfulness. One monument lies face downward, the other stands at a rakish angle, one is to be the memory of Nancy, wife of John—, 38 like a refuse pile than the grave of years, died in 1868. The other to one who had probably come into county during the early days, helped clear the land and make it what it is today. To the right is a truly horrible example. Not only are the monuments standing at precarious tion of our county of Grey? Have angles but a groundhog has actually been allowed to burrow into the grave itself and there make its nest. This is not a unique case. There are many simular ones through the country. The burrow is not an old foresaken one, but is used at the present time.

One of the graves is the last rest ing place of Mary-who, judging from the time of her death and her age at death, was probably among practically have committed sacilege the really early settlers of the disas your foot saps into a hole, two trict. She was in her 66th year and died in 1861. Beside her lies John 13, probably a son, taken early in

Litter Desolation Did you ever see such desolation

as pictured just to the right again? You probably have if you have visited some of our rural burial grounds, grave many years before his or her for such scenes are too common span of life had passed because of One stone lying face downward, the other topping, weeds and shrubs growing about, and the entrance to groundhog hole, leading right into the grave itself. The graves are those of Wm .-- and Ann, a young couple who died before they had reached their thirties, in 1874. Can you not picture them? Perhaps a just out from the old land, bent on them are the remains of a son, who them, many times bearing an equal who predeceased them three years previous. In adjoining graves, neglected, lie the remains of Andrew blood or in spirit, have every right and Susanna,—who passed on in done and the Treasurer of such

1856, early pioneers.

The next shows one stone flat on the ground, overgrown with grass and weeds. It is to the memory of Emma Ann-died in 1869. Boside were several new graves and pitiful it is a monument standing at an angle, a memorial to Charles whose death occurred in 1862, another of the early pioneers. Thistles grow over the graves along with many other weeds.

Next is a monument of more re cent design, originally erected to the memory of Wm. and May-.The former died in 1886, the latter in 1906. Despite its newness, however, this stone is broken, and lies there on the ground among the weeds. In the lower left hand corner

shown a monument to the memory of Susan, wife of Thos .- died in 1866. The stone has been broken and now lies in two sections. The grave is sunken and weeds run riot.

The next is another desolate view. the ground. Some are jutting above the ground, broken off. In the background are a riot of weeds. Yet the graves in the foreground are those of an old pioneer, Catharine, wife of John-who died in the year 1868, while beside lie the remains of a son, who predeceased her by three years. One can well imagine many stories in the brief facts recounted on those tombstones, stories of hardships and ordeais.

The last picture in the layout is a general view of a corner in one of to the municipality. stones as they stand there, toppling many cases the descendants of thos and neglected.

These stones mark the graves of heroes and heroines. They fought the elements for homes for themselves and those who were to come after them. We have our memorials to our soldier dead and rightly so But these pioneers suffered just as great hardships in many ways as did our soldiers. Their cause was just as noble a one. Surely a proper memorial is demanded

In one cemetery we came upon rather outstanding example of ne-In about the centre of the glect. burying ground, on the top of a hill, stood what was one time a very impressive family plot, probably that district, in past years. In the centre in their knowledge that they had of the plot was a handsome monument, so placed that it had withment, so placed that it had with-their purpose high. May their stood the years of neglect and still memories be ever sacred things held stood there tall and proud, as possibly was the man in whose memory it was placed. But it looked down upon utter neglect .

There had been an iron railing placed about the plot, but this was in a very dilapidated condition. Pieces of the railing were missing other parts badly bent and rusted lay on the ground, entangled in many years' growth of weeds. A low stone wall had been built about he plot, partly to retain the earth, (for the plot was built up) and partly for appearance. It too was in ruins, broken off in places, other sections sunken in places. The ground had slipped over it and down the hill. There were a namper of other tombstones marking individual graves in the plot. But these had not fared so well as the central monument. They were broken and fallen, the graves they marked were sunken. And the whole plot was covered with a riotous mass of weeds and grass.

Not far away was another grave grave which no monument mark ed but which was revealed solely by the fact that the ground had sunk a fdot or eighteen inches, leaving an unslightly hole. Instead of filling the hole with earth and putting sod upon it, big boulders had been used. And there it was, appearing more memory of Anne, died in 1863. this country when it was young and Both lived and pioneered in this untamed and had pioneered here. There is just one thing to say in its favor. It had at least been filled in after the ground had sunk. were other graves where the land has dropped a foot, two, yes even more in some cases, and not even this weak effort has been made to better their appearance.

Then there are the cemeteries which are no longer in use, in which no interments have been made for formy or fifty years. In these "God's Acres" lie the remains of some of the very first pioneers of our fair County. But many of them are even more forsaken than those in which burials are still taking place, if that be possible. There are many such burying grounds. Many of them are small, perhaps just a dozen graves or so in a little corner near some country church; or per haps off entirely by themselves. They get no care from year to year Tombstones may break and fall graves may sink slowly-downward animals may burrow there; gras ard weeds grow and die there, no hand is lifted in an attempt to i . . p the spot from becoming utterly no glected. Yet there lie the remains of those stout hearted pioneers to whom we owe so much.

The Ontario Cemetery Act makes provision for the care of all these cometeries. It provides, among other things, that every county or provis handsome, vigorous young couple ional district shall have a commis sion to be known as the lemeter. opening up this new country, but Commission, whose duty it vill be taken by death in early life. Beside to supervise the burial grounds in each county or district. In case of refusal by a municipality to obey the order of the Commission, that body is empowered to have the work

municipality is obliged to pay the

County Council Action Therefore the first step in the care of these "God's Acres" is the duty of the various county councils, in our case the Grey County Coun cil. According to the Act they are

called upon to set up a Commission. Doubtless such a body should b formed. But, in this present day of high taxes, there is no need to load a great financial burden on the vari ous municipalities. The care of the cemeteries could be accomplished at but very little expense.

A Community Duty I. the later days of those ploneer when there was some big job to be done a 'bee' was called and the work was done with practically no expense, financially. Such could be done to clean up the cemeteries and make them suitable resting places for our pioneers. There are times when the farmer is not busy. In fact there are few if any times when he is as busy as were those who cleared his fields for him and tilled his land. At those slacker times a "bee" could be organized. The land could be levelled off; sunken graves could be filled; monuments could be straightened from the rakish postures; broken fences could be mended and painted and flowers could be planted. And so the burial grounds would become places of sacredness and beauty with practically no cost

It is surely a public trust. In great souls have moved completely from the district, possibly to the Canadian west where they in turn became pioneers. Or possibly the family has been wiped out by death. In some 'nstances there are certain evidences that the graves are being cared for by loved ones of the dead But their task is an almost in:pos sible one when the remaining parts of the cemetery are weed entangled

and otherwise neglected. There are many people still living who can recall those splendid folk who were already aged when they were young. Bent with toil, their bodies possibly misshapened, they will be remembered calmly awaiting the final call to rest, unafraid, firm Their thoughts had been pure and in trust by the coming generations. May their remains rest amidst beauty and calm and may Go 1's Acres become glorious memorials to their works. May it be truly "Gone but NOT Forgotten."

#### Slats' Diary

Friday—well us Boy scouts was setting taut about insex and wirms ect. and then the scout Master made laun yesterday and that was why us rite down whut we new about insex and wirms and ect and all I did not pay Blisters for moing the cud rimember about wirms was the chirch laun. old saying that it is a long wirm witch has no tirn and all I new about bees was that they are a poor thing to try and set down on.

Saterday—Mrs. Gillem says she is go a fishing for a yr. and the judge soar enut at Mr. Gillem to go & sed Well I'll help you keep your 1932.

leave him. she says she has ben promise for the 1st 6 munths and

"It's lovely honey-

how much do you want?"

All her neighbors wonder how

Ed. Baker's wife gets such good

prices for her honey. But Mrs.

Baker's secret is simple. She sells

"It's lovely honey this summer,"

she telephones to the hotel in

town. "Yes - I'll deliver by the

Long Distance is quick, easy to

end of the week."

use — and profitable.

by Long Distance telephone.

trying to start a Argumint with him give him 6 munths in jale. Teusday—Ant Emmy was offly ever sence the Demacratick Canventshun and he wont argue with sick last nite and I herd ma a tellher no matter witch way she tawks. ing Mrs. Gillem she had a Attack of Sunday-well I was skared for a toe nail poisoning. Mebby she went wile this morning at Sunday skool bearfooted. Wensday-pt was laffling about & when the supperint-when the maniger begun to tawk about Blisters.

add witch was put in the noose paas tawked so nice about Blisters per witch he wirks on. It ed Fir Sale a table by a lady with inrved I begun to think mebby Blisters had dyed doing the nite. but come legs and a Veneered top. Thirsday-ma win a bridge prize to find out Blisters moed the chirch

today it is a woman drest for a sack he tawked so nice about him. They race oney she hassent got no arms to hold up the sack with.

Munday-Joe Hix was a rested For 50 cents The Standard the judge ast him what xeuse he had will be sent to any address and Joe just promised he woodent in Canada to December 31st,

# Howl, Wolves, HOWL

today fer fishing outa season and

on Station-to-Sta-tion calls begin 7.00 p.m. Still lower night rates



Jim Curran, Editor of the San Daily Star, believes with Old Sam Martin that "a man who Curran. Editor of the Sault he has been et by a wolf is

a llar".

Jim Curran, as all the world knows, is an expert on wolves, so much so, indeed, that he has persuaded Sault Ste. Marie to hold a Wolf Week, July 25-30. That is the kind of a week it's going to be. Jim Curran, the wolf expert, says it will be worth attending; be. Jim Curran, the wolf expert, says it will be worth attending; that the Sault is the friendliest

town in Canada, and that respectable strangers will be welcome. Plug hats will not be practical headgear during Wolf Week at the Sault. This is a warning, and is understandable at a show where the background is totally composed of timber wolves, Hudson Bay Barbecues, Indians and whiskers. Jim Curran and his fellow-citizens of the friendliest town have cornered the world's best professional long distance swimmers for some real racing, and have persone real racing, and have persone the world wolves.

"Hiawatha".

A survey of the Wolf Week programme reveals a combination of sentiment and excitement. Governor Roosevelt of New York State has presented the citizens with a British flag taken by the U. S. troops when they burned the Sault in 1814. The flag will be hoisted with appropriate cereative. The excitement comes hoisted with appropriate cere-monies. The excitement comes in when the visitors will be invit-ed to amuse themselves running the Sault Rapids in cances, at-tending Algoma Wolf Club din-ners, and sympathizing with the unlucky winner of a bear, which animal, Jim Curran proposes to raffie in lieu of one of his belov-ed wolves. The Algoma Self-Denial Club has added three

suaded the Ojibway Indians to produce a riverside version of "Hiawatha".

penial Club has alter being pleasant features to the programme. The members of this club never deny themselves anything, and they advise that there are no peevish cops in the Sault; that their city is only an over-night ride from Toronto on the Canadian Pacific's homiest train, and that they still serve cheese with the apple pie in the Sault, which Jim Curran says is built beside Lake Superior in the great Algoma forest, near the timber