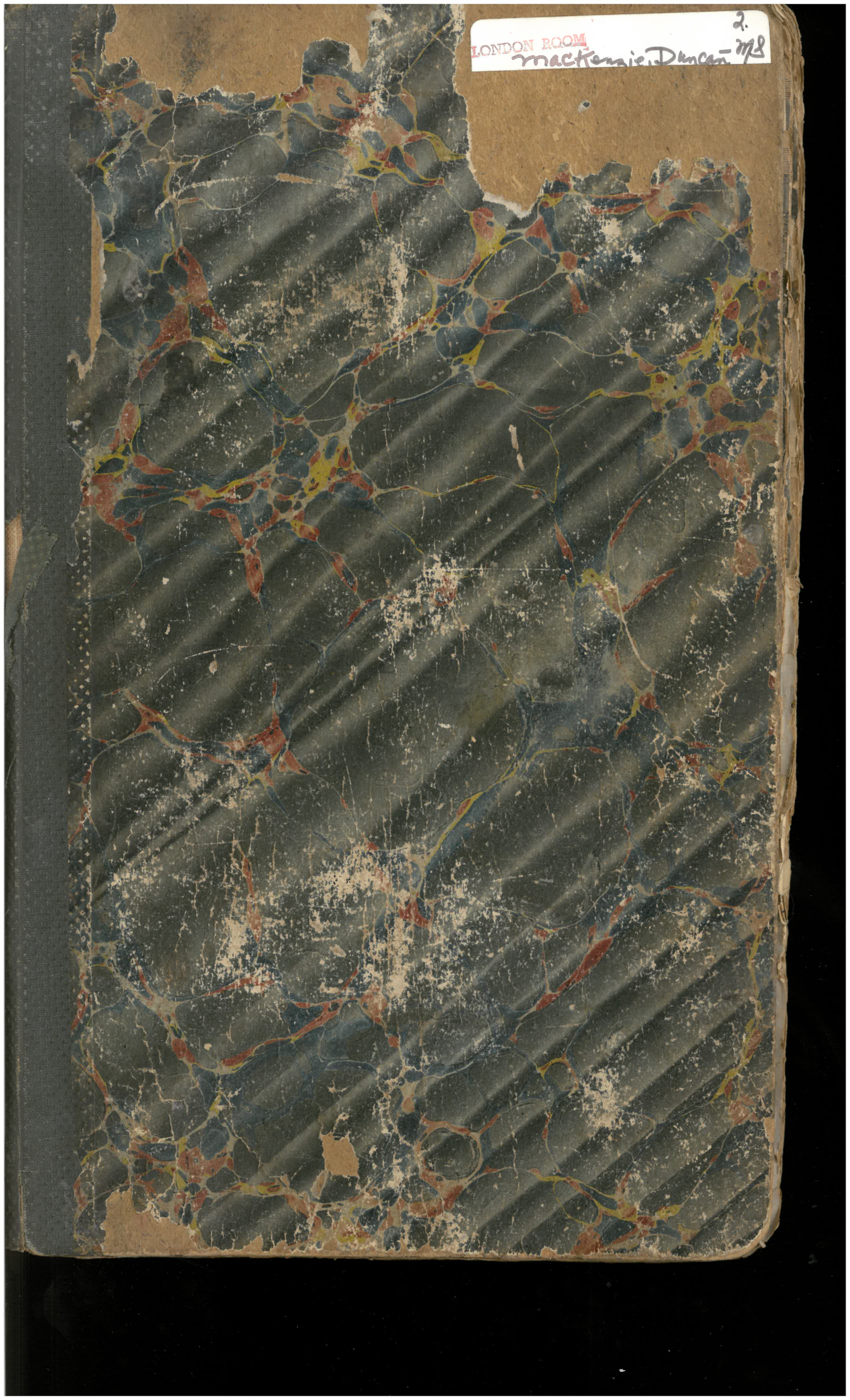


LONDON ROOM
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2.





A UNIQUE PICTURE OF BRITISH AND EUROPEAN ROYALTY AT WINDSOR CASTLE—This remarkable group includes no less than Denmark and Saxony. Reading from left to right the personages are: Back Row—The Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife), Duke of Wales, King of Spain, German Empress, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Queen Alexandra, Grand Duke Vladimir, Queen of Spain, Edward, the Infanta Isabel of Spain, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Grand Duchess Vladimir, Queen of Portugal, Duchess of Aosta a

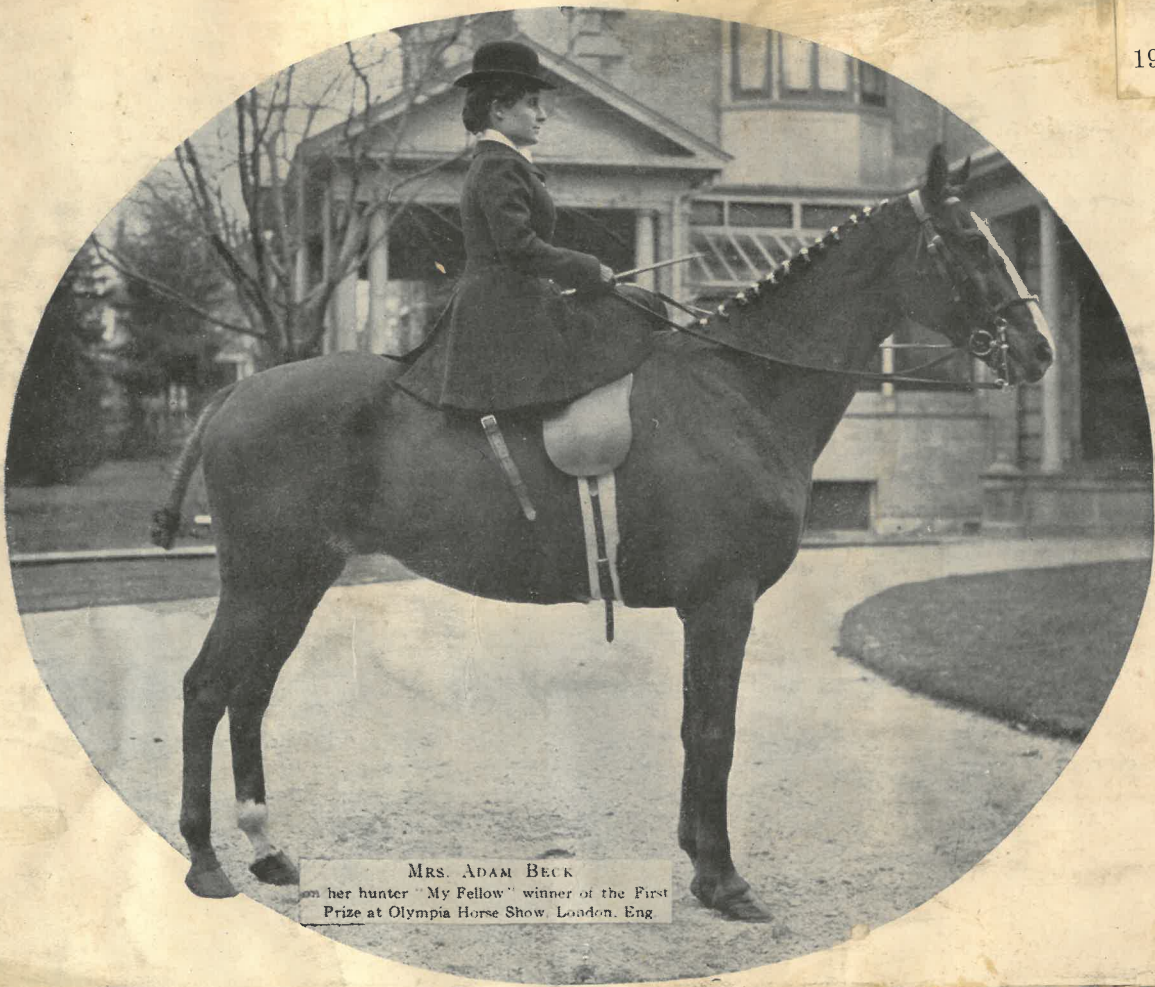


es than 25 royal personages, representing the Courts of Great Britain, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Russia, Italy, Duke of Connaught, Queen of Norway, the German Emperor, Princess of Wales, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Prince of Spain, Duchess of Connaught, Princess Victoria, Prince John George of Saxony. Front row—Crown Prince Olaf, King Aosta and Princess John George of Saxony.

Photograph by W. & D. Downey, London.

There is room enough for all—
Give the little boys a chance.

suite of rooms,
When slops, and sud and soap,
tubs and pail and brooms.



MRS. ADAM BECK
on her hunter "My Fellow" winner of the First
Prize at Olympia Horse Show, London, Eng.



THE LONDON HUNT CLUB LEAVING THE KENNELS FOR A RUN.



GLIMPSES OF BEAUTY SPOTS IN VICTORIA PARK.



THE TOLL-GATE

O the keeper's cottage was sober-hued,
 With the grey dust coated o'er it;
 Like a watchdog's eye were its windows glued
 On the highway stretched before it.

But the rich and poor drew rein at the door,
 The merry, the broken-hearted,
 The pioneer with his life work done,
 The lad with his life work started.

As he hied him down to the market town
 As the morning hours were winging,
 His heart keeping time to the air and rhyme
 That a glad old world was singing,

The farmer frowned on the cot of grey,
 And the swinging gate made fast there—
 'Twas a bird of prey on the king's highway,
 Taking toll of all who passed there.

But coming home in the chill and gloom,
 He whispered, his heart grown mellow,
 "Ho! cheery and bright gleams the keeper's light—
 Why grudge a fee to the fellow?"

It has gone for good from the country road,
 And no one its requiem is singing—
 The roads of to-day stretch wide and stretch free,
 With ne'er a gate for the swinging.

Jean Blewett.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

Sketch of the Career of the Heir to the British Throne.

HIS EARLY EDUCATION.

The Family Circle and the Fleet Were Schools in Which the Prince Was Trained—Is Like His Cousin, the Czar The Duchess.



THROUGH the accession of Edward VII. to the throne of his ancestors, a new and deeper interest naturally attached to His Majesty's second and only surviving son, the Duke of York, who, by the elevation of his father to kingly rank, at once became Heir Apparent of the Crown, while also succeeding to the title of Duke of Cornwall. But this was much more than a title. It has often happened that there has been a Duke without ducats, but the Cornwall title is one not merely of a dukedom, which might conceivably carry with it neither land nor lucre, but of a duchy, with its solid and "delectable" income of £60,000 a year—a sum which now falls to the Heir to the Throne as part only of the income essential to the keeping up of his dignity; and in the case of our last Prince of Wales this income amounted to over £100,000, apart from £10,000 allowed for the separate use of his Consort. Sixty thousand a year alone from the Duchy of Cornwall is a handsome enough revenue, and it may truly be said that it could not have devolved upon a more careful economist than its present possessor, in whom there never was anything of the wild "Prince Hal," still less of the Prodigal Son. "What great ones do, the less will prattle of"—as is truly remarked by the ship captain in "Twelfth Night," and he might have added that this prattle still more applies to what our great ones do not do. But even the voice of cruelly malignant rumor, which is always so busy with the characters of our high-placed ones, never turned its blackening breath on the blameless life of our gentle Prince who, in the natural order of things, will one day be called upon to ascend the Throne of the British Empire as George V.—the first of his name, perhaps, without an initial stain upon his character.

This character was formed in the two best schools of our national virtues—the family circle and the Fleet. In his messages to the navy and army on succeeding to the Throne, Edward VII. rightly thought he was paying the former the highest compliment in his power when he reminded it that, as her deceased Majesty "had made it the profession of my late lamented brother, so I also chose it for the early education of both my sons." That the Prince of Wales had done so was partly due to the evident appropriateness of "a life on the ocean wave" for the sons of the "sea-king's daughter from over the sea" and the grandsons of the Mistress of the Main, and partly to the consideration that the health of the two boy Princes, "Eddy" and

George, who betrayed a certain delicacy of constitution, would profit by the healthiest of all lives.

Having but reached his twelfth year, while his elder brother "Eddy" was in his thirteenth, Prince George was one of the youngest cadets who had ever joined the Britannia, and although he may not have been at this time animated by that terrible enthusiasm for everything connected with the sea which caused Peter the Great to work as a common sailor at Amsterdam and to receive Ambassadors in the rigging of a man-of-war, was nevertheless a very zealous pupil under his special nautical tutor, Mr. Lawless, with whom the two brothers "studied the sciences and the history

of the Queen, and were well drilled in modern languages." Prince George, in particular, was a great favorite with his fellow-cadets, partly, no doubt, in consequence of his decided talent for devising "larks"—of a very innocent kind; and he won several prizes for boat-sailing, as well as for pulling in more than one victorious crew.

After two years' training on the Britannia, the Royal brothers were transferred to the steam corvette Bacchante, commanded by Captain (now Admiral) Lord Charles Scott, and as "middies" on board this vessel—with Mr. Lawless still as their nautical tutor, and the Rev. J. N. (now Canon) Dalton as their governor (who is again on the suite of his younger charge on his Australian trip)—they made a memorable voyage round the world, visiting, among other places, the West Indies, South America, the Cape, Australia, Fiji, Japan, China, Singapore, Ceylon, Egypt, the Holy Land and Greece; a voyage of which the Princes kept a careful diary-record, which was afterwards published as the "Cruise of H. M. S. Bacchante," with additions by Mr. Dalton, and read by the public with the deepest interest. Thus it is not too much to say that Prince George began his career of public usefulness in his fourteenth year, by a tour which undoubtedly made for the federation of his grandmother's world-wide domains. Britons, beyond the sea were delighted with the touching spectacle of the Queen's tender years grandsons being brought up not as "rois fainéants," or do-nothing Princes, but as men before the mast; for the two Royal "middies" had to do duty in all weathers and in all hazards, just like any other young "reefers" on board the Bacchante. Wherever they landed in their circumnavigation of the globe, they were received with the utmost enthusiasm by their fellow-subjects, on whom, as we are informed by an authoritative writer, Prince George, in particular, produced "the impression of a free-spoken, happy-hearted, gallant lad, less shy and dignified than his brother, but full of the liveliest interest in everything going on, and bent on learning as much as he could from his travels."

On returning from the voyage round the world the two brothers went to Lausanne, in Switzerland, for six months, to perfect themselves in French, and then their paths for the first time diverged, to their great sorrow—for they had ever been a devoted pair—Prince "Eddy" coming ashore, so to speak, to acquire those graces and accomplishments, indispensable to a Prince standing in direct succession to the throne, which were impossible of attainment on the deck of a ship; and Prince George sticking to the sea as to a scene of future honor and usefulness. As a midshipman on the Canada he served with distinction on the North American and West Indian stations, which gave him an opportunity of visiting the Dominion, then under the governorship of his uncle by marriage, the Marquis of Lorne. On his nineteenth birthday (June 3rd, 1884) he passed as sub-lieutenant, obtaining "first-class" in seamanship; and in a little more than a year thereafter, having spent the interval in hard study at the Naval College, Greenwich, and H. M. S. Excellent at Portsmouth—a ship which is not a ship, but an island—he obtained his Lieutenancy, after taking a "first-class" in five of his subjects—seamanship, navigation, torpedo, gunnery and pilotage; and it is known that his severe examiners were no resisters of persons.

After this his career was as rapid as it could be by dint of honest merit and not of rank, which is not a thing to conjure with in the British navy in matters of promotion. First appointed to the Thunderer on the Mediterranean station, he was transferred to the Dreadnought, and then to the Alexandra, flagship of his sailor uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, under whom he remained for three years, during which time he visited the Sultan at Stamboul, his maternal uncle, the King of Greece at Athens, and the late Khedive Tewfik at Cairo—having experience of men and things wherever he went. After another course of gunnery training at Portsmouth, to which he volunteered, he was next appointed to the Northumberland, flagship of the Channel Squadron, and during the naval manoeuvres of 1889 he was placed in command of a torpedo boat—which, by the way, also took part in the grand review at Spithead in honor of his cousin, the German.

As a result of his solid merits, Prince George was soon thereafter (May, 1890) appointed to command the gunboat Thrush for service on the North American and West Indian stations, a command which he held for thirteen months, and it was during this period that he was deputed by the Queen to represent Her Majesty at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition in Jamaica, on which occasion he specially requested of the Admiral in charge of the station that he might simply be treated as an ordinary naval officer. On returning to England the Prince was promoted to the rank of commander of the second-class cruiser Melampus, being then only in his twenty-seventh year and the fourteenth of his naval service, but with as good a record behind him as any of his contemporary mates. This was in August, 1891, and a few months later it seemed as if his career were to be suddenly cut short by a very serious attack of enteric fever, which caused his mother to hurry home from Livadia, where, with her daughters, she was on a visit to her Imperial sister of Russia. From this dangerous attack the Prince recovered, but a few weeks later his brother, the Duke of Clarence, succumbed to a similar malady, it being fated that one should be taken and the other left. And now the life of Prince George took a totally different course. He had been looking forward to the further pursuit of his naval career, but he was now suddenly diverted from his path as a sailor to prepare himself for becoming a Sovereign.

To begin with, he was created Duke of York, a title which, created by Richard II. in 1385, had always been confined to the Royal family. Having thus succeeded to his brother's position as heir-apparent to the throne, the new Duke of York, after a decorous interval, also stepped into his brother's shoes in respect of his betrothed, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, whose formal engagement to Prince "Eddy" had only been announced a few weeks before he died. It was one of the cruellest things that ever happened, but it has its analogue in the case of the Czar Alexander III. of Russia, who had similarly taken over the matrimonial engagement of his elder brother, the Czarevich deceased, to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales.

It was said that Prince George had long been an admirer of Princess May, but had stood aside in favor of his elder brother, and had now simply reverted to his old love—on rivalent toujours a ses premiers amours. In an "age," "the Queen," we are told, "greatly desired the match," and Her Majesty had never failed to be the true interpreter of the sentiments of her people. This was the first time

since James II., who had also been a Duke of York, that an heir to the throne had chosen an English bride, so the British public were all the more in favor of the marriage, though the blood of the Princess May was not exactly a fresh introduction into the Royal family, she and the Prince, among other consanguineous ties, having had a common ancestor in the person of George III. Prince "Eddy" had proposed to Princess May while on a visit at Luton-Hoo, the country seat of Madame de Falbe; while, when the proper time came, his surviving brother repeated the proposal

at Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park, when one day the guest of his eldest sister, the Duchess of Fife. Never was a Royal marriage in this country more popular, and its celebration on July 7, 1893, will always rank as one of the most splendid and memorable street pageants of the Victorian era.

Spending his time between York Cottage, Sandringham, and York House, St. James Palace—both very modest habitations for such a magnate—the Duke now devoted himself most zealously to the embroidering of the mantle, so to speak, which had so suddenly fallen upon him, and in this he was carefully assisted by his Royal

father, of whom he became the almost constant companion, not only in private life, but also on all great social and ceremonial occasions. Never have more natural and tender relations existed between any parents and their son—a relationship which, in the case of the Duke of York, became all the closer and more confiding after the ties of mutual attachment had been tightened by the pressure of a common sorrow. Tenderly devoted to his mother, the Duke was also deeply attached to his grandmamma, the Queen; and, indeed, those who know him best say that tenderness is the dominant note of his whole nature, which is a very pure, if not perhaps a very strong one.

Like so many others, he is more perhaps, the son of his mother than of his father; but in spite of the slenderness, or, as one might say, the delicacy of his physique, his character is not without a certain quiet strength, like that of his cousin the Czar; to whom, for the rest, he bears a resemblance so extraordinary that, when in St. Petersburg at the wedding of Nicholas II., he was mistaken for the Autocrat of All the Russias, one of the journals of the capital recording a gentle protest against the suggestion of Alexander III. driving out without a personal escort.

The Duke had once already, if rumor could be trusted, returned to his old love, now he was to go back to an older one still—his first affection for the sea. Before his marriage, in 1893, he had been raised to the rank of captain in the Royal navy, but it was not till 1898 that he was given his first commission. The interval had been sedulously devoted to the learning of all his new ceremonial duties as heir-apparent—duties which included a semi-state tour in Ireland in company with his wife, when he rendered a real service to the cause of Hibernian pacification and Imperial unity. But the time had now come when he thought he might safely exchange for a little while his functions as Sovereign-in-waiting for those of an active sailor on the waves, and in the summer of 1898 he assumed command of the Crescent, one of the seven first-class cruisers laid down under the Naval Defence Act of 1889.

This fine vessel he commanded for three months, partly at the manoeuvres, the rest of the time in various Channel ports, and in the Solent his vessel was visited by the Queen, who complimented him upon its very smart appearance. As the Duchess of York had shared her husband's society on the Crescent, so she is again his devoted companion on the Ophir for his second voyage around the world, commencing with Australia and ending with Canada—a voyage which cannot but have the effect of welding more closely together the Empire, which has already been federated by the mingled blood of some of its bravest sons on the battlefields of South Africa.

CHIEF EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE.

- George Frederick Ernest Albert Duke of Cornwall and York.
- Born at Marlborough House, London, June 2, 1865.
- Educated at home.
- Joined the training ship Britannia as naval cadet October, 1877.
- Made a tour of the world as midshipman on H. M. S. Bacchante, 1880.
- Confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1882.
- Appointed midshipman on H. M. S. Canada, 1883.
- Paid his first visit to Canada, 1883.
- Passed as sub-lieutenant, obtaining a first-class for seamanship, 1884.
- Promoted lieutenant, 1885.
- Served under the Duke of Edin-

burgh in the Mediterranean Squadron, 1885-6-7.

- Made commander of H. M. S. Thrush, under Admiral Watson, and again visited Canada, 1890.
- Became Heir Presumptive on the death of the Duke of Clarence, Jan. 14, 1892.
- Created Duke of York, Earl of Inverness and Baron of Killarney, May 24, 1892.
- Married at the Chapel Royal, St. James, the Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, only daughter of the late Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the Duke of Teck, July 6, 1893.
- Given honorary degree of LL. D. by Cambridge University, 1894.
- Given honorary degree of D.C.L. by Oxford University, 1897.
- Made commander of H. M. S. Crescent, June 8, 1898.
- Promoted Rear-Admiral and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marine Forces, January 1, 1901.
- Also inherited titles of Prince and High Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles, January 22, 1901.
- Sailed from Portsmouth on his tour of the Empire, March 16, 1901.
- He is a Knight of the Garter, of the Thistle, and of St. Patrick. Of the

highest European orders of chivalry he possesses the Black Eagle of Prussia, St. Andrew of Russia, the Elephant of Denmark, the Golden Fleece of Spain, and the Annunziata of Italy. He is Honorary Colonel of the 1st (Duke of York's) Bengal Lancers; 3rd Battalion Prince of Wales's (West Yorkshire) Militia; Suffolk Yeomanry; 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery; Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Volunteers (in which last post he succeeded her husband, Prince Henry of Battenburg); Lieut.-Colonel Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's Dragoon Guards in the German army.

OUR FUTURE QUEEN.

On her father's side Princess Victoria Mary of Teck (Duchess of Cornwall and York) is a direct descendant from King George II., while her mother, the late Duchess of Teck, was the daughter of Adolphus Frederick Prince of Wales, the eldest son of George II., and Caroline of Anspach. She was educated under the personal direction of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who took her to Florence when she was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, where she gained a practical knowledge of the fine arts. About this time her parents were offered White Lodge as a residence, and it was in this most beautiful of suburban Royal dwellings that the Princess grew up to womanhood, becoming in due course her mother's dearest companion and the kindest of friends and playmates to her three brothers, one of whom, the youngest, Prince Alexander, is a prominent member of the Duke of Cornwall and York's travelling suite. The Duchess is distinctly clever. She has had a very thorough musical education, her voice having been trained by Signor Foli. She plays the pianoforte and harp like a professor, and speaks German and French fluently. She rides and drives well, and plays an excellent game of lawn tennis. Her favorite authors are Tennyson, Carlyle, Emerson and George Eliot, and on her book shelves, occupying prominent positions, and no doubt also on board the Ophir, may be seen the works of Macaulay, Lamb, Froide, Motley, John Morley, Mollere, Goethe, Dante and others. Princess May was confirmed by Dr. Claughton, Bishop of St. Alban's, and in 1883, ever memorable as the year of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, she went to her first drawing room, and during the season attended two State functions. It was while on a visit to Madame de Falbe at Luton that the engagement between the Princess and the Duke took place, and she will have been married a year in May 1901.

THE ROYAL TRAIN.

Magnificent Coaches that Carried Their Royal Highnesses ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Train is a Monument to the Skill of Canadian Workmen — Description of Each of the Cars Occupied by the Duke and Duchess.



THE Royal train by which the Duke and Duchess are making their long land journey through Canada is the finest train

ever seen in Canada, having been specially constructed for this occasion by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The train is 730 feet in length, and consists of the day coach, Cornwall, and the night coach, York, for the special use of their Royal Highnesses; the compartment car, Canada; the sleeping cars, Australia, India and South Africa; and the dining car, Sandringham—together with cars for the baggage and for the railway employees—nine coaches in all.

This train is finished outside in natural mahogany. At either end of each car, and on both sides of the long train are the armorial bearings of the Duke of Cornwall and York. The train is vestibuled throughout, so that communication without exposure to the weather is made from one end to the other; and is lighted from end to end by electricity.

The lamps are all placed behind shades of cut glass, set in the ornamental work of the ceilings, an ample, but soft, light flooding the whole interior of the train through the great opal hemispheres. But even more wonderful perhaps, than the lighting is the perfection of the telephone service. Telephones of a new pattern have been installed in every coach—one novelty being an arrangement by which all the instruments may be used at the same moment, without any one of them interfering with the other.

The Cornwall will be the rearmost coach of the train, so that their Royal Highnesses may have an uninterrupted view of the superb scenery through which the train will pass. At the end is a sheltered observation platform, which makes a delightful point of vantage.

The Cornwall contains reception room, boudoir, dining-room and kitchen. The reception room opens directly on to the observation platform, and is the largest room in the suite. It is panelled in Circassian walnut; the ceilings are finished in dead gold, and the mouldings and ornaments are just touched with gold and blue, the decorations being Louis XV. style. The hangings and drapings are of dark blue velvet, while the floor is carpeted with a heavy Wilton of a quiet gray-green shade, into whose heavy texture the foot sinks without making a sound. The sofa, arm chairs, table, escritoire and other articles of furniture are upholstered in blue velvet to match the draperies. The piano is of Canadian manufacture, and a very perfect instrument.

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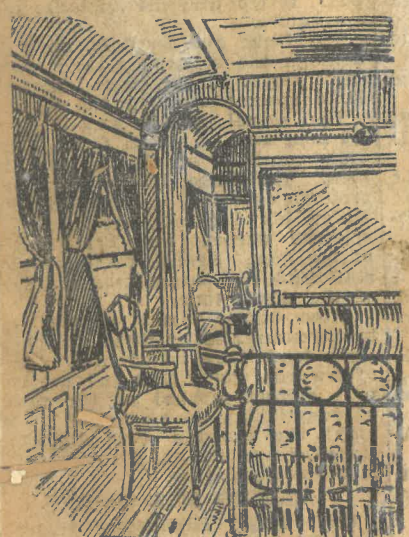
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The Duchess's boudoir is between the reception and dining-rooms, half way along the corridor adjoining them. Its prevailing shade is a pearl gray. The panels are painted a la Watteau. The draperies are of light blue moire silk, and divans, chairs and table are gilt to match the panels. This little boudoir on wheels will be the envy of every woman who sees it; nothing more perfect of its size could be imagined. Shattle has surpassed himself in his work upon the ten panels which adorn the walls; the dainty table, the reading lamp and chairs are all heavily gilt, and adjacent to it is a most complete toilet room, containing a long mirror, reaching almost to the floor, practically a cheval glass.

The front of the car has been devoted to a dining-room. The room is finished in African Coromandel, ornamental cartouches in bas relief displaying at one end the armorial bearings of the King, and at the other the blended coat of arms of the Duke and Duchess, while the arms of the Dominion and the family badge of the Duke embellish the remaining walls of the room. The draperies are of green velvet, and the decorations of the panels are in shades of gold and green to match. The upholstery is, however, of a warm, brown tone. The dining-table is large enough to accommodate eight persons. The forward part of the car is devoted to the pantry, kitchen, store room and other necessary offices.

The night coach of York is 72 feet two inches in length, and weighs 57 1/4 tons, its other dimensions being the same as those of the Cornwall. A corridor extends throughout the length of the car. The central portion of the York is occupied by two bedrooms, with servants' sleeping rooms adjacent. These Royal bedrooms are finished in pearl gray enamel, being panelled in silk to match the draperies. Each contains its own wardrobe, dressing table and large mirror. The brass bedsteads are heavily gilt. In addition to the ceiling lights, each room has a special fixture for the dressing table, which sheds a mellow light upon the person sitting before it. The draperies of the Duke's room are of crimson silk armure, and those of the Duchess's of pale blue moire. The furniture is of satinwood.

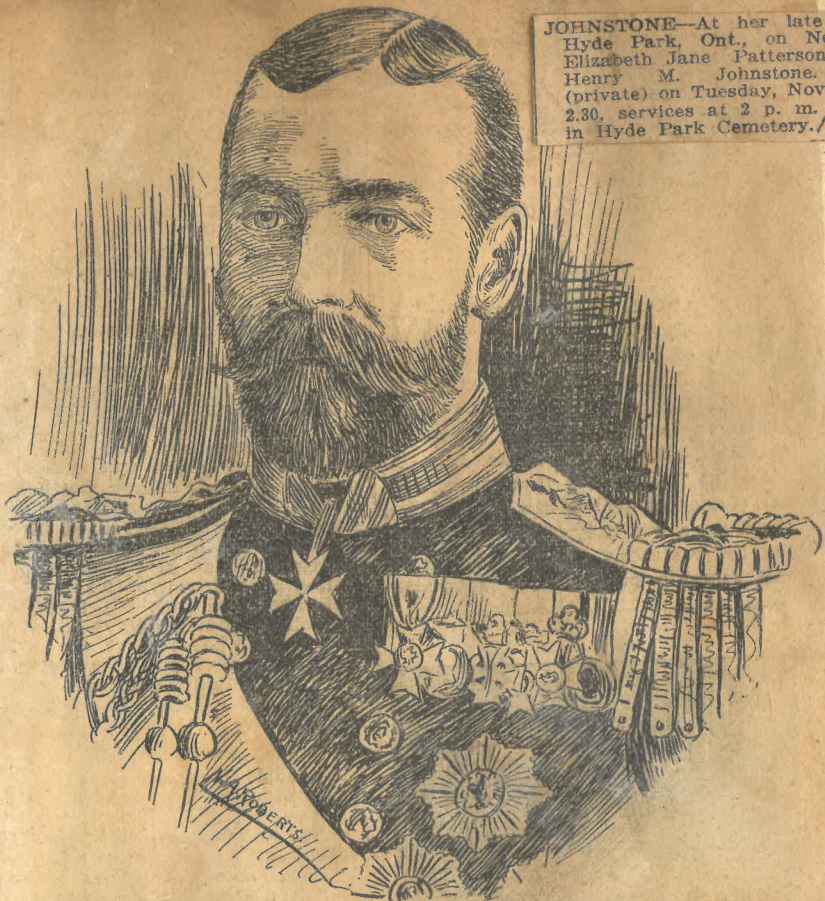
Each of the Royal bedrooms has its own bathroom attached. These are quite unique, being draped in a soft, tasselled waterproof cloth of a pearl gray hue. The baths are full-sized, upholstered round the borders with this same waterproof cloth, and have



Room of the Duchess of Cornwall and York on the Royal Train.

heavy curtains of a similar material. The remainder of the car is devoted to two state rooms, finished in mahogany—the one for the lady in waiting, the other for the gentleman in waiting, together with a general toilet and a baggage room.

The Canada, which is the third coach from the rear of the train, is a compartment car, finished in primrose or white mahogany, and upholstered in terra cotta and olive green plush. The Canada contains six state rooms fitted with every convenience; in the centre of the car is a commodious smoking room, with a large writing table, lounge and luxurious easy



JOHNSTONE—At her late residence, Hyde Park, Ont., on November 6, Elizabeth Jane Patterson, wife of Henry M. Johnstone. Funeral (private) on Tuesday, November 9, at 2.30, services at 2 p. m. Interment in Hyde Park Cemetery. 1920 K81

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

chairs. There is also a bath at one end of the car, and at the other a large lavatory and shower bath. This is the latest novelty, even in Royal trains. The shower bath is installed in a small chamber, and it is upholstered in gray waterproof cloth.

The Sandringham is the dining car for the staff, and consists of the main dining saloon, pantry and kitchen. The dining-room is finished in red mahogany; the ceilings are embossed in old gold, and the floor is carpeted with a soft, green Brussels. Ten large windows light the car by day, and at night 28 electric lights, together with five double arc lights, illumine the same. The draperies are green silk. Thirty persons can be seated at the tables, which are arranged on either side of the aisle. The upholstery of the chairs is leather.

The other cars which make up the train are of the standard patterns which have been adopted by the Canadian Pacific Railway. They are the sleepers Australia, India and South Africa, such as go to make up the Imperial Limited running between Montreal and Vancouver.

Clerk Mackenzie's Funeral.

The funeral of the late D. G. Mackenzie, County Clerk, took place last Wednesday, from the family residence to the Presbyterian Cemetery at Hyde Park. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in that section of the country, there being between one hundred and fifty and two hundred carriages in the cortege, which extended over half a mile in length. The Warden and members of the County Council testified their respect for an old and faithful servant by walking in a body at the head of the procession. Prayer was offered at the house by Rev. Alex. Henderson, and at the grave by Rev. Mr. Hague. The pall-bearers were the six nephews of the deceased:—Messrs. D. Macmillan, Q. C.; Daniel Macmillan, J. M. and J. P. Moore, Dr. Charles Hoare and Kingsley Evans.

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day, Jan. 18, 1918, of the late D. G. MacKenzie, Dalmagarry Cottage, Hyde Park, Ont., aged 80 years. Funeral private, Friday, January 18th, at 2.30 p. m., from John Ferguson & Sons' undertaking parlors. Service at 2 p. m. Interment at Hyde Park Cemetery. No flowers. A171

DEATH OF MRS. MACKENZIE.

The death occurred in this city on Wednesday, January 16, 1918, of Mary Jane Hoare, relict of the late D. G. MacKenzie, ex-county clerk, formerly of Dalmagarry Cottage, Hyde Park, Ont. Mrs. MacKenzie was the daughter of the late John Stroud Hoare, Esq., of Adelaide, Ont., and is survived by two daughters, Annie E., graduate nurse; Agnes, of the Bank of British North America staff, this city, and one son, George D., also by five brothers, Dr. W. W. Hoare, of Walkerville, Ont.; William J., Ravina Bank, Sask.; George S., Neodesha, Kan.; Philip E., St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana, and J. Stroud, Grant's Pass, Oregon.

MRS. MACKENZIE BURIED.—The funeral took place yesterday of Mrs. Mary J. Mackenzie from John Ferguson's Sons' undertaking parlors to Hyde Park cemetery at 2.30. Service was conducted at 2 o'clock by Rev. James Mackay, of New St. James' Presbyterian Church. The pallbearers were five nephews of deceased: Donald McMillan, John G. MacDonald, John M. and J. Percy Moore, this city, H. M. Johnstone, Hyde Park, Ont., and one cousin, Donald Barclay, of Hyde Park Ont.

One purpose and one heart;
In thee we had the presage of the hour
Old England federate of her utmost Isles
One from the lone lodge where the trapper
piles
His Beaver skins, to where in nervous
power,
London lies triumphing in her trampled
mart.
—Duncan Campbell Scott.

Died, at his residence, on 5th con. London Township, on 2nd inst., Major Duncan Mackenzie, in the 5th year of his age.

An Old Tease.

"The day's work is done,
My dear Biddy," said Pat,
"And why do ye sit
With yer sewin' like that?"

"Yer eyes are too old,
And yer fingers too lame."
But Biddy replied
"I shall sew all the same!"

So Pat got a straw,
For an old tease was he,
And tickled the ear
Of poor Biddy McKee.

Did Biddy get cross?
Why, just look at her face!
Such a smiling old pair
Any cottage would grace.



Though three score and ten,
'Tis their honeymoon still—
May we be as jolly
When sliding down hill!

C. D.

There's a feelin' comes across me—
Comes across me often now—
An' it's deep, deep, deep feelin',
Lays her finger on my brow.
Oh, it's a happy, happy, happy
Feelin',
It's a mother's face again!
To see mother's face again!

This I spose, a nat'ral feelin',
Must of me I can't control,
Myself no more! It seems to stir
An' thrill my very soul!
An' to laugh it off—but useless!
I feel my tears will fall like rain
When I see this southern longin',
Jes! to see her face again!

You won't know how much you love her
(Your old mother) till you roam
Way off, where her voice can't reach you,
An' with strangers make your home.
An' you'll know how big your heart is,
When you never loved before,
When you see this mighty longin',
Jes! to see her face once more.

Oh! tender, lovin' soul!
Bless her dear old face!
I'd give half my years remainin',
Jes! to give her one embrace!
Oh, to shower love-warmed kisses
On her lips, an' cheeks, an' brow,
An' to see her smile again,
An' to see her face once more.

—see home in Yankee Blade

Died December 1st, 1892, at her residence, 1609 Washington Avenue, Alice B. Hamilton, aged 38 years and 3 months.

She was the surviving daughter of the late John and Sarah D. Hamilton, who for upwards of forty years were residents of Racine.

She was taken sick on the 12th of November, with "tubercular peritonitis," and on the 1st of December at 9:15 a. m., she closed her eyes so peacefully in sleep, knowing that on the morrow she would awaken in the land of the blest, where trials and sorrow never come and all is perfect bliss.

Miss Alice or Allie as her friends called her, had been a great sufferer for years, yet she complained not, although death had taken all the family from her (father, mother, brother and sisters), for she put her trust in "Him who doeth all things well," her thought being of the happy reunion in the better country.

When one so kind and good and loving as Alice has always been, is taken, the world seems poorer to her friends, but she was looking forward to the time when sorrow and sickness should be at an end for her, and she would be with those she loved so tenderly and missed so sorely.

She was a member of the First Presbyterian church and of the various societies in the church, though through poor health she was unable to attend all the meetings and do the work she wished, yet she "did with her might, all her hands found to do." She will be sadly missed among the sick and needy in the neighborhood of her home where her loving helpfulness made many burdens lighter.

She was one of the founders and teachers and for many years organist of the Junction Sunday-school, a member of the Junction Library Association, having been librarian and at the time of her death was treasurer. She was also a member of the Chautauqua Circle, and a loved patron of the R. P. Howell school, where her many kindnesses will ever be remembered by the teachers and the children, whose flag floated at half mast in loving remembrance.

The funeral took place Dec. 3rd from her late home in the presence of a large concourse of mourning relatives and friends, Rev. Mr. Nickerson officiating, assisted by the choir of the church. The remains were interred in the family lot in Mound cemetery where the sad rites were ended. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

WILL T. Hale in Tennessee Farmer.
Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true;
And not an evening passes by they haven't the desire
To see your faces once again and hear your footsteps nigher.

You're young and buoyant and for you Hope beckons with her hands,
And life spreads out a waveless sea that laps but tropic strands;
The world is all before your face, but let your memories turn
To where fond hearts still cherish you and loving bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what your place in life,
There's never been a time they'd not assume your load of strife;
And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands, and forms racked by disease,
Would bravely dare the grave to bring to you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true;
And write them now and then to bring the light into their eyes,
And make the world glow once again and bluer than the skies.

Many will hear with unfeigned regret the death of Mr. D. G. Mackenzie, nearly nineteen years the efficient and urbane Clerk of the county of Middlesex which took place at his residence, near Hyde Park, yesterday, after a comparatively long illness. The cause of his demise is attributed to a complication of diseases, which had their origin in an attack of typhoid fever, from which Mr. Mackenzie suffered a few weeks ago. Deceased was a son of Duncar (Captain) and Margaret Mackenzie and was born in Londop Township, 15 was educated in the common schools of the township, and up to the time of election as County Clerk, subsequently the death of James Keefer, in 1873, devoted his attention to farming the old homestead upon which his parents settled in 1817, and upon which he breathed his last as stated. Mr. Mackenzie was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Hoar, of Adelaide Township, and three children resulted from the union—one son and two daughters. Mr. Mackenzie shortly after the Middlesex House of Refuge was built was appointed its Inspector, and filled the position with great acceptability to the members of the Council, who found in him a man of undoubted probity, honorable in all his dealings, genial and kindly-disposed towards all with whom he came in contact, either from a business standpoint or in a social way. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Hyde Park, and was greatly beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He leaves wife and three children and three sister and one brother to mourn his loss—the latter being His Honor Judge Mackenzie, of Sarnia. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon.

DIED.

WHEELER—In this city, on Aug. 12, Jane Wheeler, relict of the late Henry Wheeler, in her 63rd year.
Funeral private.

On May 1st, at the residence of her mother, River view Cottage, after a lingering illness, Mary E., youngest and beloved daughter of the late Henry Johnstone, Esq., Delaware, aged 21 years.
Funeral will leave the late residence, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at 2 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances and please attend.

THE OLD HOME.

Chambers' Journal.
In the quiet shadows of twilight
I stand by the garden door,
And gaze on the old, old homestead,
So cherished and loved of yore.
But the ivy now is twining
Unrained o'er window and wall;
And no more the voice of the children
Is echoing through the hall.

Through years of pain and sorrow,
Since first I had to part,
The thought of the dear old homestead
Has lingered around my heart;
The porch embowered with roses,
The gables' drooping eaves,
And the song of the birds at twilight
Amid the orchard leaves.

And the forms of those who loved me
In the happy childhood years
Appear at the dusky windows,
Through vision dimmed with tears.
I hear their voices calling
From the shadowy far away,
And I stretch my arms toward them
In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night winds answer,
As I cry through the dismal air;
And only the bat comes sweeping
From the darkness of its lair.
Yet still the voice of my childhood
Is calling from far away,
And the faces of those who loved me
Smile through the shadows gray.

When you ask a milkman for credit don't tell him to chalk it down. There is such a thing as figurative language being too expressive.

It is said that a petition to appoint Clarke Wallace, M. P., Minister of a new Department of Manufactures, will be circulated and presented to the Dominion Government.

A very pretty incident occurred at Athens, Ga., the other day. At an afternoon prayer meeting held at a private house, as a hymn was being sung, a little canary bird, which had been quiet during the meeting, joined in with the singing, and continued his soft, mellow notes until the song had been finished.

Mr. Charlton of the Dominion Parliament has introduced a resolution that when the hour of twelve midnight has arrived the Speaker of the House, if the body be in session, shall immediately vacate the chair. The members of Parliament are in favor of this resolution and their attendance upon late night sessions of them are...

MACKENZIE—In this city, on Wednesday, January 16, 1918, Mary Jane Hoare, relict of the late D. G. Mackenzie, Dalmagarry Cottage, Hyde Park, Ont., aged 80 years. Funeral private, Friday, January 18th, at 2.30 p. m., from John Ferguson & Sons' undertaking parlors. Service at 2 p. m. Interment at Hyde Park Cemetery. No flowers. A171

DEATH OF MRS. MACKENZIE.

The death occurred in this city on Wednesday, January 16, 1918, of Mary Jane Hoare, relict of the late D. G. Mackenzie, ex-county clerk, formerly of Dalmagarry Cottage, Hyde Park, Ont. Mrs. Mackenzie was the daughter of the late John Stroud Hoare, Esq., of Adelaide, Ont., and is survived by two daughters, Annie E., graduate nurse; Agnes, of the Bank of British North America staff, this city, and one son, George D., also by five brothers, Dr. W. W. Hoare, of Walkerville, Ont.; William J., Ravine Bank, Sask.; George S., Neodesha, Kan.; Philip E., St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana, and J. Stroud, Grant's Pass, Oregon.

MRS. MACKENZIE BURIED.—The funeral took place yesterday of Mrs. Mary J. Mackenzie from John Ferguson's Sons' undertaking parlors to Hyde Park cemetery at 3.30. Service was conducted at 2 o'clock by Rev. James MacKay, of New St. James' Presbyterian Church. The pallbearers were five nephews of deceased: Donald McMillan, John G. MacDonald, John M. and J. Percy Moore, this city, H. M. Johnstone, Hyde Park, Ont., and one cousin, Donald Barclay, of Hyde Park Ont.

one heart;
In thee we had the passage of the hour.
Old England federate of her utmost isles.
One from the lone lodge where the trapper piles
His Beaver skins, to where in nervous power,
London lies triumphing in her tramp'd mart.

—Duncan Campbell Scott.

Died, at his residence, on 4th con. London Township, on 2nd inst., Major Duncan Mackenzie, in the 34th year of his age.

An Old Tease.

"The day's work is done,
My dear Biddy," said Pat,
"And why do ye sit
With yer sewin' like that?"

"Yer eyes are too old,
And yer fingers too lame."
But Biddy replied
"I shall sew all the same!"

So Pat got a straw,
For an old tease was he,
And tickled the ear
Of poor Biddy McKee.

Did Biddy get cross?
Why, just look at her face!
Such a smiling old pair
Any cottage would grace.



Though three score and ten,
'Tis their honeymoon still—
May we be as jolly
When sliding down hill!

When I tender, lovin' soul!
Heaven bless her dear old face!
Pa give half my years remainin'
Jes't to drive her one embrace.
Or yo shower love-warm'd kisses
On her lips, an cheeks, an brow,
An' appreciate this mighty joy,
That I see no other now.

You won't know how much you love her
(Your old mother) till you roam
Way off where her voice can't reach you
An' wish strangers make your home;
An' you'll know how big your heart is,
When you ever loved before,
I think you can't this mighty joyin'
When you see this mighty joyin'
Jes't to see her face once more.

C. D.

To See Mother's Face Again.

There's a feelin' comin' across me—
Comes across me when I'm now—
An' it deepens when I'm trouble
Lays her finger, feelin' how
Oh, it is a deep, deep, deep pain!
Neither happy nor sad!
'Tis a mother's face again!
To see mother's face again!

No matter what your duties are nor what
your place in life,
There's never been a time they'd not as-
sume your load of strife;
And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands,
and forms racked by disease,
Would bravely dare the grave to bring to
you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've
not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were
home, the old hearts still are true;
And write them now and then to bring the
light into their eyes,
And make the world glow once again and

IN MEMORIAM.

Died December 1st, 1892, at her residence, 1609 Washington Avenue, Alice B. Hamilton, aged 38 years and 3 months.

She was the surviving daughter of the late John and Sarah D. Hamilton, who for upwards of forty years were residents of Racine.

She was taken sick on the 12th of November, with "tubercular peritonitis," and on the 1st of December at 9:15 a. m., she closed her eyes so peacefully in sleep, knowing that on the morrow she would awaken in the land of the blest, where trials and sorrow never come and all is perfect bliss.

Miss Alice or Allie as her friends called her, had been a great sufferer for years, yet she complained not, although death had taken all the family from her (father, mother, brother and sisters), for she put her trust in "Him who doeth all things well," her thought being of the happy reunion in the better country.

When one so kind and good and loving as Alice has always been, is taken, the world seems poorer to her friends, but she was looking forward to the time when sorrow and sickness should be at an end for her, and she would be with those she loved so tenderly and missed so sorely.

She was a member of the First Presbyterian church and of the various societies in the church, though through poor health she was unable to attend all the meetings and do the work she wished, yet she "did with her might, all her hands found to do." She will be sadly missed among the sick and needy in the neighborhood of her home where her loving helpfulness made many burdens lighter.

She was one of the founders and teachers and for many years organist of the Junction Sunday school, a member of the Junction Library Association, having been librarian and at the time of her death was treasurer. She was also a member of the Chautauqua Circle, and a loved patron of the R. P. Howell school, where her many kindnesses will ever be remembered by the teachers and the children, whose flag floated at half mast in loving remembrance.

The funeral took place Dec. 3rd from her late home in the presence of a large concourse of mourning relatives and friends, Rev. Mr. Nickerson officiating, assisted by the choir of the church. The remains were interred in the family lot in Mound cemetery where the sad rites were ended. The floral displays were many and beautiful.

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Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true;
And write them now and then to bring the light into their eyes,
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Death of the County Clerk.

Many will hear with unfeigned regret the death of Mr. D. G. Mackenzie, nearly nineteen years the efficient and urbane Clerk of the county of Middlesex, which took place at his residence, near Hyde Park, yesterday, after a comparatively long illness. The cause of his demise is attributed to a complication of diseases, which had their origin in an attack of typhoid fever, from which Mr. Mackenzie suffered a few weeks ago. Deceased was a son of Duncan (Captain) and Margaret Mackenzie and was born in London Township. He was educated in the common schools of the township, and up to the time of his election as County Clerk, consequent upon the death of James Keefer, in 1873, devoted his attention to farming the old homestead upon which his parents settled in 1817, and upon which he breathed his last as stated. Mr. Mackenzie was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Hoar, of Adelaide Township, and three children resulted from the union—one son and two daughters. Mr. Mackenzie shortly after the Middlesex House of Refuge was built was appointed its Inspector, and filled the position with great acceptability to the members of the Council, who found in him a man of undoubted probity, honorable in all his dealings, genial and kindly-disposed towards all with whom he came in contact, either from a business standpoint or in a social way. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Hyde Park, and was greatly beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He leaves a wife and three children and three sisters and one brother to mourn his loss—the latter being His Honor Judge Mackenzie, of Sarina. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon.

DIED.

WHEELER—In this city, on Aug. 12, Jane Wheeler, relict of the late Henry Wheeler, in her 63rd year. Funeral private.

On May 1st, at the residence of her mother, River View Cottage, after a lingering illness, Mary E., youngest and beloved daughter of the late Henry Johnstone, Esq., Delaware, aged 21 years. Funeral will leave the late residence on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at 2 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances and please attend.

THE OLD HOME.

Chamber's Journal.
In the quiet shadows of twilight
I stand by the garden door,
And gaze on the old, old homestead,
So cherished and loved of yore.
But the ivy now is twining
Untrained o'er window and wall;
And no more the voice of the children
Is echoing through the hall.

Through years of pain and sorrow,
Since first I had to part,
The thought of the dear old homestead
Has lingered around my heart;
The porch embowered with roses,
The gables drooping eaves,
And the song of the birds at twilight
Amid the orchard leaves.

And the forms of those who loved me
In the happy childhood years
Appear at the dusky windows,
Through vision dimmed with tears.
I hear their voices calling
From the shadowy far away,
And I stretch my arms toward them
In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night winds answer,
As I cry through the dismal air;
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canary bird, which had been quiet during
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Mr. Charlton of the Dominion Parlia-
ment has introduced a resolution that
when the hour of twelve midnight has
arrived the Speaker of the House, if
body be in session, shall immediately
step into the chair. The members of
the House are in favor of this resolution
and their attendance upon late night

Mr. Charles J. Fox, of No. 34 Elmwood avenue, won the first place in the competition with 541 marks in a total of 600. He is at the head of



MR. C. J. FOX,
Of Elmwood avenue, South London.

the premier class, as having the best kept lawn and garden combined. The premier class was created for those among the competitors who devote their time chiefly to the gratification of a love for the beautiful in nature, as distinguished from those who are required to earn a living in addition. Regarding Mr. Fox's gardens and lawn, it may be stated that they do not differ from other seasons, but are always the admiration of all who see them. The great variety of bloom in the trim and well-designed flower beds make the front of the residence a picture of beauty, while at the rear is a vegetable garden that yields the very best of everything in season.

Rev. Alex. Henderson, of Appin, who recently returned from a visit to the Old Country, was on Thursday evening waited on at his residence by a number of the leading members of his congregation, and presented with a fine gold watch, suitably inscribed. Miss Fisher made the presentation, and Mr. D. Mackenzie read an appropriate address, to which the rev. gentleman feelingly replied. At the same time Miss Henderson was made the recipient of a handsome dressing case.

A Daisy's Prophecy.

"This year, next year, sometime, never."
From the daisy's golden heart
One by one a lover slowly
Plucked the snowy leaves apart.
"This year, next year, sometime, never,"
And his voice grew soft and low
As he paused and said, "Ah! daisy,
You will say this year I know."

Close beside him stood a maiden,
Shy and sweet, with face so fair,
While the sunbeams danced and flickered
On her wavy golden hair.
Thus with small hands idly folded,
And her fair head drooping low,
Listening to the words repeated,
Waited she her fate to know.

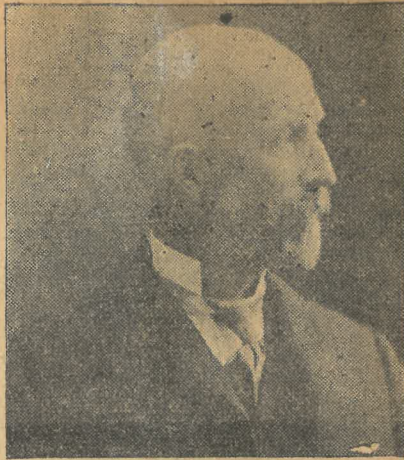
Two more leaflets, "This year, next year,"
So the last leaf fluttered down.
To the maiden's cheek the color
Came like roses newly blown.
"Next year, darling, 'tis the fortune
That the daisy tells for you;
Tell me sweetheart, do you love me?
Shall we make the fortune true?"

"Won't you tell me?" still he pleaded,
As his dark eyes searched her face—
For he read there for his answer,
Love, death only could erase.
Ah! but daisies prove false prophets,
Death may break our fondest vow,
And we weep o'er fallen idols
When in dust we lay they low.

Next year came, but when the daisies
Bloomed again in light and shade,
Sunbeams cast their golden splendor
O'er a grave but newly made.

Ah! fair daisy, not a marriage
But a death you then foretold,
For the maiden fair is sleeping
'Neath your blooms of white and gold.
EDITH G. WINANS.

MEN WHO MAKE THE WESTERN FAIR A SUCCESS.

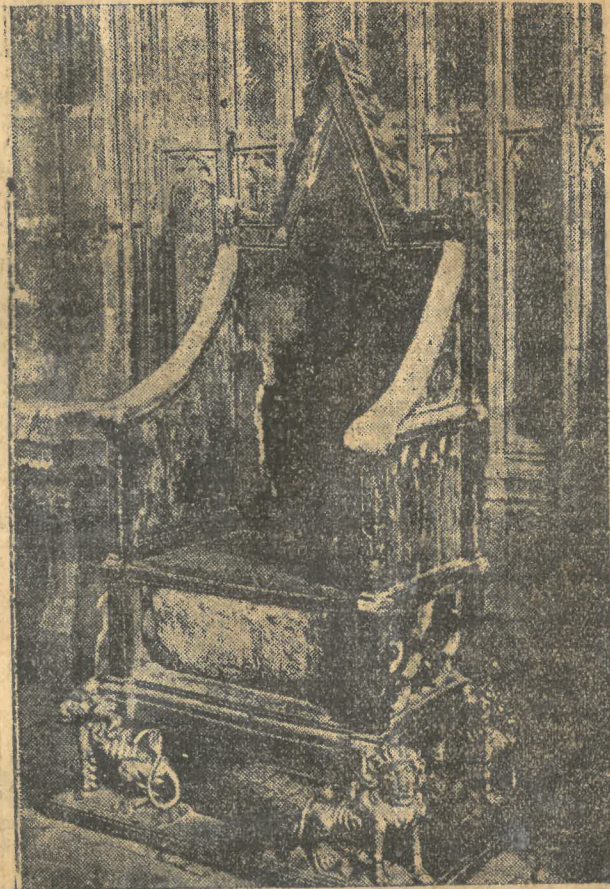


[Frank Cooper photo.]

MR. DAN. MACKENZIE is one of the old school in Western Fair history. Long before the fair had assumed its present huge proportions, Mr. MacKenzie was active in its affairs, as he has been ever since. For years he was a director, representing East Middlesex, and while still a director, he was elected treasurer. This difficult position he has held for something like fifteen years with satisfaction to everyone. He has seen the money bags of the association grow and swell until their contents were no longer counted in hundreds of dollars but thousands. The writer recalls no present director whose connection with the fair is so long as has been that of the genial subject of this sketch. Mr. MacKenzie was once a good Zeal of a politician, and represented East Middlesex in the Provincial House as a Liberal before the "machine" regime. He continues to live on his fine farm at Hyde Park, but makes daily visits to the London Asylum for the Insane, of which he is the storekeeper.

THE 'ORONATION TO-DAY.

The Famous Chair in Which England's Monarchs Are Crowned—Note the Stone From Stone, Beneath the Seat.



THE LAST WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN AND WOMEN.

George Washington—"It is well."
Nelson—"Kiss me, Hardy."
Byron—"I must sleep now."
Napoleon—"Tete d'armee."
Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship."
Goethe—"Let the light enter."
Tasso—"Into thy hand, O Lord."
Adams—"Independence forever."
Haller—"The artery has ceased to beat."
Nero—"Is this your fidelity?"
John Quincy Adams—"This is the last of Earth."
Franklin—"A dying man does nothing well."
Charles Second—"Don't let poor people starve."
Cardinal Beaufort—"What! Is there no bringing death?"
Queen Elizabeth—"All of my possessions for a moment of time."

Mary Queen of Scots—"As Thy arms, O Jesus, were stretched upon the cross, so receive me into the outstretched arms of Thy enemy, and forgive me my sins."
Sir Walter Raleigh—"It matters not how the head lies."
Alfieri—"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."
Sir Walter Scott—"I feel as though I were myself again."
Mirabeau—"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."
Pope Pius the Ninth—"Guard well and sacredly the church I loved so well."
Pope Gregory the Seventh—"I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton—"I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things this world can bestow—"

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[Frank Cooper photo.]

MR. NICHOLAS WILSON.

The Free Press takes especial pleasure in reproducing this very excellent photograph of London's pioneer school teacher. Mr. Wilson has taught school in London 54 years, and for two years previously taught in London township. Next March he will be 75 years of age, but, it is pleasing to know, retains excellent health, and continues efficiently as a member of the staff of the London Collegiate Institute.

FIFTY YEARS A TEACHER.

A GLANCE AT THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS WILSON.

Taught School in London When This Place Was a Village and the Schoolhouse Was Built of Logs—The First Head Master at the Old Central School—Mr. Wilson is Fifty Years a Benedict and Seventy Years of Age.

The County of Wicklow is generally conceded to be the most picturesque portion of the Green Isle. The beauty of its scenery is the admiration of tourists, who visit Ireland, and who find easy access to Wicklow, on account of its contiguity to the city of Dublin. In the valleys there are many instances of old river terraces, the more remarkable being those of the lower end of Glenmalure and the lower end of Glendalough. It is in its details that much of the peculiar charm of Wicklow scenery is to be found. The frequently rugged, natural rock faces contrasting finely with the rich and luxuriant foliage of the extensive woods which line their banks. Among the more famous of these glens are the Dargle, Glencree, Glen of the Downs, Devil's Glen, Glenmalure, Glen of Imaal and the beautiful vale of Avoca.

Amidst such attractive surroundings Nicholas Wilson was born in Donard, a romantic village, situated in a pleasant valley, adjoining the Glen of Imaal, on the 30th of March, 1827. The Wilsons located in the western part of Wicklow in the seventeenth century, and had long been known as energetic and prosperous land-owners. In 1842, when about fifteen years of age, Mr. Wilson came with his parents to Can-

ada and settled in this city, then a village of perhaps three thousand inhabitants. Although London was at that time a backwoods village, it was a place of considerable importance, and was garrisoned by two infantry regiments and a company of Royal Artillery. Early in the year 1844 Mr. Wilson secured a position with one of the most prominent merchants at that time in London, but was thrown out of employment by the fire which occurred in the following October.

The common school system had just been established by Dr. Ryerson; and the youth, who had cherished the hope of becoming a merchant, for the want of more congenial employment, and not from choice, turned his attention to school teaching, and obtained a certificate of qualification from the late Judge Wilson, who was the first superintendent of schools for the London district. He was appointed teacher of a school in Westminster, on the Hamilton Road, about half a mile west of where Nilestown now stands. He commenced his duties on January 13th, 1845, and held the situation for three months, receiving the usual remuneration and boarding round amongst the inhabitants of the district, as was then the custom. Before the end of his engagement in Westminster, Mr. Wilson was appointed teacher of a school in that part of London Township now known as London West. He took charge of this school about the middle of April, 1845, and taught it until the end of the year 1846.

At that time the village of London was divided into four wards, St. George's, St. Patrick's, St. Andrew's and St. David's, the first named being all that part north of Dufferin avenue, then Duke street; the second, between Duke and King streets; the third between King and Horton streets, and the fourth all south of Horton. Each of these wards possessed one school, having one room and one teacher, and one set of trustees.

On the sixth of the greatest interest just now—Nicholas Wilson began his duties as teacher of St. George's ward school. That was fifty years ago, and to-day hundreds of the pupils who were instructed by the revered, old teacher, who is still in harness, are sending in contributions from all parts of the world, whither they have scattered, to be placed as one grand testimonial to the worth of Nicholas Wilson.

The old St. George's school-house, where Mr. Wilson first taught in London, was a hewn-log building on Market street, which has since changed its name to the more pretentious one of Albert street. As for the school-house itself, it has passed into oblivion. For several years after it ceased to be used as a school-house, it was occupied by the Royal Engineers, who were stationed here during the American war.

In 1848 London was incorporated as a town, and out of the combination of the school interests, which naturally followed, came the Union school, called in later years the Central school, and built in 1849. It was the first school of the kind to be built in the province, and Nicholas Wilson was its first headmaster. The total number on the roll was about 300 pupils, Mr. Wilson having two assistants, both men.

But this old school has gone the way of its predecessor, built of logs. As Mr. Wilson himself not long ago wrote, "The last recognizable relic of the ruined building—the stone, once conspicuous in the southern front, and bearing the legend, '1849,' lies in the by-path, crossing the grounds, reminding the passer-by that man's work does not last forever."

To Mr. Wilson belongs the honor again of being a member of the first staff to teach in the High school, being transferred there from the Union school. And for nigh a score of years he has toiled hard in the class rooms of the Collegiate Institute, possessing the confidence of the Principal, the Board of Education, his pupils and the public.

And of all the interesting epochs in the life of the veteran school teacher, none can have been more so than will

this year be. Two jubilees are in order for celebration. A half century ago Nicholas Wilson began teaching in London. Fifty years will have elapsed on May 24th next since the young Irishman joined the Benedicts. Mrs. Wilson is still hale and hearty. This year also Mr. Wilson completes the allotted span of life. He is, however, as young as many men at sixty or even fifty. His voice is strong, and his mind is clear. There are deep wrinkles on his kindly face, but not half so many as one would expect to find on the countenance of a man who had spent fifty years of his life as a school teacher. He has the natural-born wit of an Irishman, and he has always used it to advantage in the control of his pupils. No class room shows better discipline than does "Old Nick's," as the boys reverently call him. The youth who would dare transgress is not flogged. He is just made to feel so ashamed of himself, by a simple rebuke from the teacher, that he seldom forgets and repeats the offence.

The testimonial to Mr. Wilson is to be presented at the Grand Opera House on the evening of March 5, and it will be the event of the season, in at least the educational circles of London.

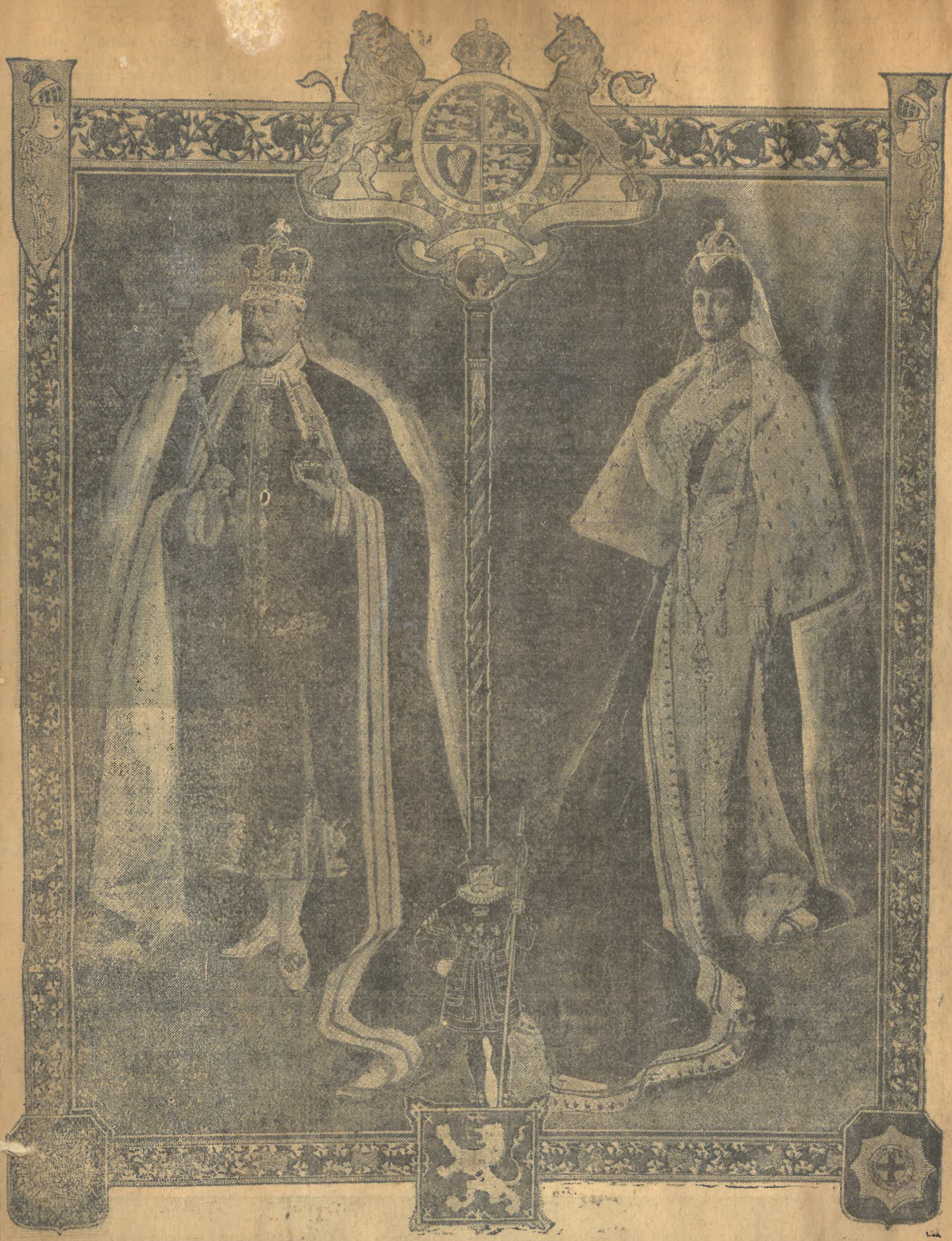
My Dream.

A slender form, a girlish face,
Blue eyes and golden hair,
Sweet lips—dear lips—and sunny smiles—
A vision angel fair!
Oh! gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!
Why will you haunt me so?
Filled with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,
Sweet chimes, like silver bells—
Old music, unforgetten still,
Around me rings and swells.
Oh, wailing voice! oh, cruel voice!
Why will you haunt me so?
Speaking the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

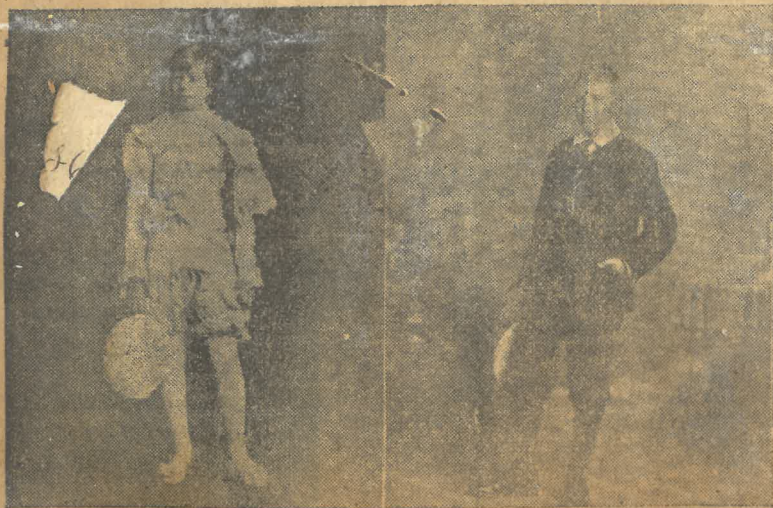
An angel form, a blessed face,
A picture, fading never!
The anguish of a vanished hope
That clings to me forever.
Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream!
Why will you haunt me so?
Sad with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

Handwritten notes and numbers in the right margin, including "1200-00", "9500 00", "4700 10", "9000 00", "900 00", "9900 00", "750 00", and "750 00".



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES.

Two of the Youthful Peers Who Will Bear the King's Train To-day



THE EARL OF CALEDON.

THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

WE STARTED LIFE TOGETHER.

We started life together, John,
More than fifty years ago,
We've had sunshine and clouds, John,
Some pleasure and some woe.

We've travelled up the hill, John,
And pulled a heavy load—
God gave us strength to do so—
O'er many a hard, rough road.

We've walked in darkness, too, John,
Without one ray of light,
To help us on our journey,
But yet it all was right.

We've knelt beside the grave, too,
And thought our hearts would break;
We were robbed of all we had, John,
When God our child did take.

But now we're gliding down the stream,
Too old to pull the oar,
The waters, now, are smooth, John,
Soon we shall reach the shore.

We have a light so clear, John,
We shall know where to land,
And the child we lost, so long ago,
Will take us by the hand.

Our eyes will not be dim, John,
Our locks will not be gray,
We will climb the steps together, John,
And with our darling stay.



VICTORIA.

Queen of England and Empress of India, Who To-day Celebrates the Sixtieth Anniversary of Her Accession to the Throne.

THE LATE MRS. GEARY. A Tribute to the Memory of a London Township Pioneer.

There passed away last week, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Ingersoll, of St. Mary's, in the person of Mrs. John Geary, one of London Township's oldest and most respected residents. Mrs. Geary (*nee* Hasket) emigrated from Ireland with her friends in 1818, and had, therefore, been a resident of the "Queen" Township for 71 years. In 1832 she married the late John Geary, of Cedar Grove Farm, who with his younger brother William was for many years one of the largest contractors and employers of labor in the Province, and well and favorably known throughout the whole Western Peninsula. Since the year 1873, when her husband died, Mrs. Geary had resided with her son, Mr. Robert Geary, of the 5th concession, London township, and it was during a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Ingersoll, of St. Mary's, that she died. Her death was very sudden and quite unexpected. She had retired for the night, and while engaged in prayer had been stricken with paralysis, and was found lying on the floor. Life lingered for a few hours, but she remained insensible to the last, when she expired, apparently without suffering. Mrs. Geary, who was 74 years of age, was a woman of uncommonly lovable disposition and most charitable and unselfish character; and she will be long and affectionately remembered by many outside her own family circle. The words applied to one of Sir Walter Scott's heroines may truly be applied to her:—"She thought of everyone but herself." Her death in the act of prayer was a beautiful ending to her life of practical piety and self-sacrifice; and as one of the officiating clergymen said at her funeral in the words of the beautiful old hymn, "She entered heaven with prayer." The funeral took place last Friday from her son's (Mr. Robert Geary) residence, and was very largely attended. Rev. J. T. Wright, Assistant Rector, of St. John's, officiated, and was assisted both at the house and the church and the grave by her son-in-law Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector of St. John's, Tilsonburg. Her sons and grandsons acted as pall-bearers. Five sons—Messrs. George Geary, of Brookfield, Kansas, U. S.; John Geary, Bairo, London; Wm. Geary, Sacramento, Cal.; Robt. Geary, Cedar Grove, Le. Ion; R. T. Geary, Sarina—survive their mother, and two daughters—Mrs. Justus Ingersoll, of St. Mary's, and Mrs. R. F. Dixon, of St. John's Rectory, Tilsonburg.—one son, Mr. T. G. Geary, of Sarina, having died in 1881. Her remains were interred in St. John's Cemetery, London township.

By request we republish the following little poem.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

The following verses were written by Dr. Clement Moore, of New York, three quarters of a century ago, for his children. He did not think much of them and had no thought of getting them published, but a relative saw them and copied them in an old album. A friend of the relative saw the album and made another copy, and this last copy reached the office of the Troy Sentinel, in which paper, much to Dr. Moore's chagrin, the verses were published on



December 23, 1823. They proved popular and were widely copied, and 20 years later, in 1844, Dr. Moore, in spite of his former low opinion of them, included them in a collection of his poems. What became of the other poems in the collection few people know and less care. The verses on Christmas were seized on and became a classic. They were republished with illustrations, and in 1863, a year before his death, Dr. Moore made an autograph copy of them for the New York Historical Society :

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I rose from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to creatures below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick;
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name;
'Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen
'On Comet! On Cupid! On Dunder and Blitzen!'
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow,
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down on a thistle.

But I hard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
'Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!'

"They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the Preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight;
They've got a chorister and a choir
Ain my voice and vote,
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

"I've been a sister good and true
For five and thirty year,
I've done what seemed my part to do,
And prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice when Deacon Tubbs was sick
I took the fork and led.
An' now their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about,
And I right in my latter days
Am fairly crowded out.

"To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—'When I can read my title clear
To mansion: in the skies.'
I always liked that blessed hymn,
I s'pose I always will,
It somehow gratifies my whim
In good old Ortonville.
But when that choir got up to sing
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gonest thing
A body ever heard.

"Some worldly chaps was standin' near
And when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in,
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good and strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
Wen they was high then I was low,
An' also contra-wise,
An' I soo fast or they too slow
To 'mansions in the skies.'

"An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune,
Didn't understand, an' so
I started on too soon;
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone.
They laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my best,
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

"An sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me,
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But ther she always tried to do
The best she could, she said,
She understood time right through,
And kept it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh!
I had to laugh or cough,
It kept her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off.

"And Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose,
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose;
He looked his hymn book through and through
An' laid it on the seat,
An' then a pensive sigh he drew
An' looked completely beat;
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise,
But drew his red bandanner out
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

"I've been a sister good and true
For five and thirty year,
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track,
An' some day I to church will go,
An' never more come back;
And when the folks get up to sing,
Whene'er that time shall be,
I do not want no patent thing
A-squealin' over me."

MAY MILLNO, Charing Cross.

A HIGH-BORN POET.—Lord Tennyson not only springs from English kings, but from the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and from several kings of Scotland, notably Malcolm III. The Earls of Derby are also among his forefathers; he has in his veins the blood of that Stanley who routed the right of the Scots at Flodden, and whose name rang on the expiring lips of Scott's Marmion.

SHAW WOOD—Richard Shaw Wood, of Roscoe Manor, Bermuda, entered into rest at his late residence, Woodholm, London township, on Friday morning, April 10th, 1903, aged 76 years and 4 months.

Funeral on Friday, the 17th Inst., at 11 a. m., to the Church of the Hosana, Hyde Park, passing St. Paul's en route to Woodland Cemetery.

Toronto papers please copy.



HE NEWLY-CROWNED KING.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



THE CORONATION TO-DAY.
Westminster Abbey, Showing the Annex Built for Royalty's Reception.

Nearly seven thousand members of the nobility, the clergy and the gentry had gathered, with foreign princes, ambassadors, colonial rulers, Indian potentates and leaders from the furthest quarters of the globe, where the Union Jack flies, to do honor to the King. Two incidents in the service in the Abbey will live in the memory of all who witnessed them. The first of these, which almost developed into a dramatic contretemps, centred around the aged Archbishop of Canterbury. From the commencement of the service the Archbishop had the greatest difficulty in reading or remembering the prayers. The book from which his almost blind eyes endeavored to read shook in his hands, and when he came to place the crown upon King Edward's head, his large frame, towering above the seated King, swayed so violently that the Bishop of Winchester had to support him, while the Dean of Westminster put a guarding hand under the crown. It was evident that the Archbishop of Canterbury could not see his King's head, and after groping around he was just about to complete the most important part of the ceremony, when it was discovered that he had the crown with the back to the front. Slowly he raised it, but too late to prevent the choir from prematurely bursting out with a loud "God Save the King." Amid a tension that had grown to a pitch of painful nervousness the Archbishop finally managed to place the crown upon the King's head.

THE ARCHBISHOP COLLAPSES.

A few minutes later came the climax to his feebleness. He was kneeling to do the first homage of all the subjects of the King, when suddenly he almost fainted and would have fallen upon his sovereign's knees had not King Edward tenderly, but firmly, grasped both the Prelate's hands and lifted him to his feet. The Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham clasped their arms around the Archbishop of Canterbury, the King kissed his wrinkled hand, the Archbishop's head fell back, his feet moved slowly and mechanically, and thus he was more carried than led from the throne to Edward's chapel, where he was revived. The tremor which this event caused had scarcely subsided when another exquisitely human touch varied the proceedings and the King was forgotten in the father.

KING'S AFFECTION FOR HIS SUCCESSOR.

Instead of merely accepting the homage of the Prince of Wales, King

Edward put his arms around the Prince and kissed him, and then recalled him and wrung his hand with a manliness of parental affection that brought tears to many eyes. To those who were able to see clearly these two episodes, the magnificence of the bejeweled women, the splendor of the uniformed men and even the historic grandeur of the coronation office itself, sank almost into secondary interest. To-night the Associated Press learns that King Edward was greatly unnerved by the condition of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that His Majesty sat in constant dread of a contretemps, though outwardly calm, as could be judged from the steadiness with which he held his sceptre rod erect during the ordeal.

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Editorial.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM WELD.

With very deep sorrow we have this month to announce the death of our beloved chief, Mr. William Weld, the founder and proprietor of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE. Our grief is the greater owing to the heart-rending circumstances connected with his death. On Saturday, January 3rd, Mr. Weld was in his usual good health, and attended to the many duties connected with the office of this journal; he had gone over his afternoon letters and given instructions to his assistants concerning them, and later made an engagement with his chief assistant editor to discuss some important business matters in the evening. He went home about 4.30, where he chatted with a few members of his family, who were then just leaving the house, and was never again seen alive. He was thought to have gone out again, and, not returning at six o'clock as usual, it was supposed he had been detained at his office, as he frequently was. About 7.30 his son, Dr. Weld, went into the bath-room, and was horror-stricken to there find the dead body of his father drowned in a tank of water, which was fastened to the ceiling and overhung with a swing window, into which he had evidently slipped head foremost while investigating the cause of a leakage of water, which for some days had given a great deal of annoyance. No one was on hand to assist him; no one heard his struggles, and from the position in which he had fallen he was entirely unable to extricate himself. At the time of his death a maid-servant only was in the house, and she was out of hearing, had the sufferer been able to give any alarm.

Mr. Weld was the son of the Rev. Joseph Weld, M. A., of Westwell House, Tenderden, Kent, England, and was born Dec. 10th, 1824. Educated by private tuition, he early conceived the desire to try his fortune in the colonies, and at the age of nineteen came to Canada. In those days Canada was sparsely settled and railroads were unknown, and it was with considerable difficulty he made his way as far west as Oxford county, where for a short time he remained in Woodstock. After prospecting for some time, Mr. Weld purchased a farm in Delaware township, Middlesex county, and at once settled down to make a home, and here, with earnestness and vigor, he carried on the work of a pioneer farmer. He soon recognized the desirability and economy of keeping and breeding pure-bred stock; he always highly appreciated, and eagerly

freely and liberally spent of his own means. To his many employes he was always very kind and liberal, and by them he was loved, and is now deeply lamented.

In 1845 he married Agnes, daughter of the late Henry Johnstone, Esq., of Delaware. To them were born nine sons and two daughters, all of whom survive him except Henry, before mentioned, who died four years ago. The survivors are Stephen and Joseph, who farm the old homestead in Delaware, to which Mr. Weld was always very much attached; John, who has been for several years Assistant Manager of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE; Edmund, barrister-at-law, and Octavius, physician, both practicing their professions in London, Ont.; Thomas, Manager of the Manitoba Edition; Charles, a farmer near Winnipeg, and Corbin, the youngest, connected with the London Printing & Lithographing Co., in which his father was a heavy shareholder. The two daughters are Mrs. Mathewson, widow of the late Henry A. Mathewson, who was for many years connected with the FARMER'S ADVOCATE,

and Mary, who resided with her parents at the family residence, Westwell House. He was a kind and loving husband, a tender and indulgent father, an affectionate and faithful friend. In social life he was most hospitable and his kindly, genial manner and many virtues will ever be remembered by those who knew him. No one in need ever asked aid in vain from him. Those who knew him best loved him most.

His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the city of London, and was attended by an immense concourse on foot and in carriages, including his employes of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and the London Printing and Lithographing Co., also by a large number of the Masonic fraternity and of St. George's Society, of both of which bodies the deceased was a much respected member and benefactor. The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Bishop of Huron, the Dean of Huron and the Rev. R. Hicks, after which his remains were conveyed to Woodland Cemetery, his eight sons acting as pall-bearers, where the last sad rites were performed by the Rev. Dean Innes and the Masonic brethren.

All the leading newspapers of Canada have, in kindly terms, made reference to his death. Below are copied a few brief extracts:—

* * * * What Geo. Brown was to the Reform party, Mr. Weld has been to the farmers of Canada. He was a fearless and independent writer, and though many differed from him they always credited him with pure and honest motives, and being a man who had the interests of the farmers at heart. His struggles in the early history of the ADVOCATE were attended by trials and difficulties, but his indomitable pluck, intelligence and energy, backed by good health pushed it in the front rank of Canadian newspapers. By his efforts and writings he has done more than any other man to keep out of Canada all the dreaded infectious and contagious stock diseases, and to this end he has freely and liberally spent of his means * * * *. The world is the better because he lived, and many in all parts of Canada will regret his having passed away.—[Toronto Mail.

THE FARMER.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide,
But this, or that, what'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious lead,
But this, or that, what'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar, what'er befall,
The Farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth,
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain,
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak,
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow;
The man that walks behind the plough
Is his own master, what'er befall;
And, king or beggar, he feeds us all.
God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk, and fruit, and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn, and all, go right,
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

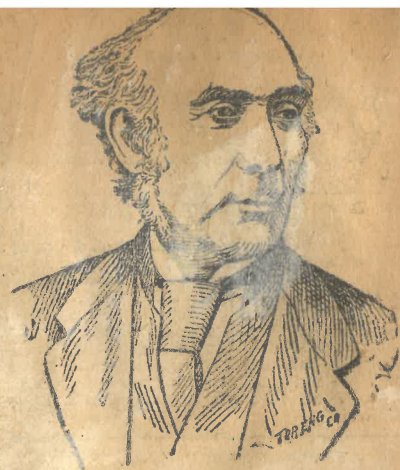
—Lillie E. Barr.

Before and After.

When he came to woo her,
This was what he said,
As he raised the shining tile
From his manly head:
"How is sweet Evangeline?"
Here he'd bow, polite,
"Sweetest though, and ownest own,
How's my pet to-night?"

Now he, like a plunger,
Calls in different tone,
As he stalks about the house,
Seeking "ownest own":
"Eva Jane McGilpin Smith,
Shorts he in a pet,
"Where in thunder are you now?
Is supper ready yet?"

—By his Mother-in-law.



JUDGE WILLIAM ELLIOT.

More than half a century ago Hon. William Elliot, senior Judge of the county of Middlesex, began the study of law. Thirty years ago he was elevated to the bench. Though in his eighty-second year he still discharges the high duties of his position with an ability that commands the respect of the public, and the admiration of the bar. His mind possesses to-day the same clearness, vigor and fairness that has so prominently characterized his long and honorable career at the bar and on the bench. Scarcely has there been presented the spectacle of such remarkable physical and intellectual vigor in one of his advanced years. Age has but served to ripen his experience and broaden his sympathies, without in any measure impairing the force or dimming the brilliance of his intellect.

Judge Elliot was born in 1817 on his grandfather's property at Stoniegate, Durham, England. Under Rev. Dr. Mortimer, for twenty-five years head master of the London city schools, he received a sound education. His father was of the family of Elliots of Stobbs, in Roxburghshire, Scotland; and his mother was one of the Huttons of Marske, in Yorkshire. In 1836 Judge Elliot's father, with his family, left Newcastle-on-Tyne to take up land on the Mississippi. His residence in the United States not proving satisfactory, however, the family in the following year came to Canada and settled in London township, about two miles from London. The elder Elliot died shortly after his arrival in Canada, and the future judge became an active farmer. It was not until 1847 that he forsook agriculture for the study of law. The fact that he was thirty years of age before he had taken his first look into the intricacies of the law, and thirty-five before he was called to the bar, is but another proof that, given native ability, all things are possible to the earnest student. In 1852, the date of his admission to the bar, he began to practice, and energy, coupled with ability far above the average, soon made him a barrister of respectable standing. He rose to the head of the profession, until, in 1869, he was called to the bench in place of Hon. James Small, who had died. His record on the bench is one of which any judge in the empire might well be proud.

For five years Judge Elliot was superintendent of public schools in the old London district, which comprised the counties of Elgin and Middlesex, and has had a varied experience with various municipal bodies. In 1848 he married Miss Robinson, a daughter of Samuel Robinson, M. D., of Dublin, and sister of Mrs. Hume Blake and Judge Robinson, of Sarma. Skeffington Connor Elliot, a son by this union, was killed at the battle of Duck Lake, during the Riel Rebellion, and his native city, in honor of the brave young man who

Forsook a good law practice at Prince Albert to go to the front in defense of his country, gave him public burial.

George Elliot is a member of the Church of England, and few men on the bench are better or more favorably known. His has been a life full of incident. From the drudgery of working a virgin farm, to the dignity of the Canadian bench is a long step; but the very qualities which made him successful in the former position, entered largely into his success in the latter. They were earnestness, energy and integrity. The combination was made irresistible by the addition of exceptional mental faculties.

SIR JOHN'S ANCESTORS.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning his Mother and her Family.

Duncan Davidson, of Boissevain, writing to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, says:—"In the many biographical sketches of the late Sir John A. Macdonald in the public press, I have not observed any account of his ancestors beyond his father and mother. They can, however, be traced back for two generations at least, and I believe the late Premier looked upon them with considerable pride. His father was a native of the parish of Darwack, Sutherlandshire and I believe he could boast of gentle blood. But I believe he was more indebted to the maternal side of the house for his intellectual vigour and strong personality. His maternal grandmother was the daughter of Grant of Glenmorristow, a very old family in Inverness-shire. She married Colonel Shaw, who having died, she was left a widow. She married the second time Capt. Shaw, who was cornet in Lord Eliza's horse on the fatal field of Culloden, fighting for the Pretender. After the settlement of affairs, he, like many of his countrymen, took service in the British army, where he rose to the rank of captain, and upon retiring from the army he occupied till her death the farm of Dalnavert, in Badenach, Inverness-shire. Here on the banks of the romantic River Spey, and under the shade of the highest and most rugged part of the Grampians, with their principal and extensive forests, Sir John A. Macdonald's mother was born and brought up until she married Sir John's father, who had business relations in Glasgow, where they resided until 1820, when they emigrated to Canada and settled in Kingston. The future illustrious statesman was then in his fifth year, having been born in George Street on the 11th January, 1815, and called John Alexander. Another daughter of Captain Shaw was married to Colonel McPherson, a son of Cheay McPherson, captain of the Black Watch, who with his clan espoused the Pretender's cause, was particularly obnoxious to the Government, but escaped to France and died in exile. Colonel McPherson and his wife died in Kingston, and are buried in the family burying place there. A third daughter of Captain Shaw was married to Captain Alexander Clark, who upon the death of his father-in-law occupied the farm of Dalnavert till his death, when he was succeeded by his son, Captain James Clark, of the 42nd Highlanders, who also died several years ago. Captain Alexander Clark had a large family, one of whom, being his own first cousin, Sir John A. Macdonald married, and was the mother of Hugh John Macdonald, M.P., the late Premier's only son. She died many years ago. Captain Clark was nearly related to James McPherson, the famous translator of Ossian's poems, and was the next at law after Sir David Brewster's family to the beautiful estate of Belleville. Sir David was married to McPherson's youngest daughter, and, of course, his family came first. On the north side of Spey, opposite Dalnavert, is Kurrora, a seat of the late Duke of Gordon. Here lies in a romantic spot in quiet repose the ashes of the clever and celebrated Duchess Jean Gordon, who played such a conspicuous figure in the aristocratic and political circles of the exciting days of the regency of George IV. The dukedom of Gordon became extinct in the son of the illustrious Duchess, but has been revived and attached to the Richmond family, who is both Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Earl of Kinrara. Alongside Dalnavert is the farm of South Kinrara, where the gallant Colonel Lewis Carmichael, who commanded the Glenarry Highlanders in the rebellion of 1837 and 1838, was born. A rough but imposing monument on an island in the St. Lawrence commemorates the event. Those were the surroundings in which the late illustrious Premier's mother was brought up. She was a lady of a very superior intellect, and I believe that Sir John bore a remarkable resemblance to her."

Married the Old Fashioned Way.

BY C. L. G.

Yes, Joe, 'tis over thirty years since the minister made us one,
And many a marriage vow since then divorce law has undone.
"Whose fault?" not God's; He never meant to marry a man to-day.
And then for some trivial word or act, undo the thing straightway.
He never made a law like that, for how can your flesh or bone,
No matter how much 'tis tainted, be any but your own?
We touch with a tender hand the sore of a limb just severed apart,
So only the eyes we love should look at the wounds that crush the heart.
No outside help is wanted there, such things should sacred be,
Just a little patience, a little care, would make it all right—you see
We're none of us angels—don't expect too much from a tempted soul.
For many a good and noble mind has lost its self-control.
Yes, even you and I, Joe, have said that we should not say,
although we did get married the good old-fashioned way.
Then laws were not as easy and loose, nor dollars as plenty as now,
And our hearts were wed instead of our hands the day we took that vow,
And we've always loved each other yet as true as we love our God,
And the first divorce we'll get will be when one lies under the sod.
I said I never mistrusted you, Joe, and that's where the secret lies,
For the woman or man that begins to doubt looks through a great many eyes,
And every one has a different hue, but the principle shade is green.
And it doesn't come from the things they know nor yet from the things they have seen,
But just perhaps from an idle word some demon has whispered low.
I've seen a sorrow born of this no human heart should know.
I've seen a home where children smiled, made desolate and lone,
For when love has changed to hate, then life just goes with a sorrowful moan.
And it's my opinion if folks would think of these words "for better for worse,"
And ask God to join as well as man, they wouldn't want a divorce.
---Michigan Farmer.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY DAVID DICKSON, WHAT CHEER, IOWA.

We've a bonnie bay window aye fu' o' braw flowers,
That mother attends to in her leisure hours;
Geraniums, begonias, wi' foliage sae green,
To me it's the bonniest window I've seen.
Oor window has aye sic pleasant hame look,
As mother sits there wi' her needle or book;
At night as I come frae my wark I can see
The licht shining bright in the window for me.

I'm wae, for puir laddies wha haena' a hame;
Hae neither a mother, a wifie, or wean;
Nae hame love to brighten their sorrow or care;
Nae licht in their window to welcome them there.
Sometimes I hae wee bits o' sorrows to thole—
For wha hasna' grief, or care, or turmoil?—
But my sorrows aye vanish whenever I see
The licht shining bright in the window for me.

When late oot at night, tho' wint'ry and dark,
That licht in oor window aye cheers up my heart;
At kirk or at concert where'er I may be,
There's a licht shining bright in the window for me.
When this life is o'er, an' oor licht it grows dim,
When we glide awa hame to oor Father abune,
Oor inansson a'ready, I trust there will be
A licht in God's window for you and for me.

If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town,
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as a bee,
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night,
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here,
She will fade away into silence—
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim?
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk,
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair,
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me isn't fair.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS WILL BE A MEMORABLE MONTH FOR ST. ANDREW'S CONGREGATION.

Celebration of Sixtieth Anniversary of Opening of the First Church.

Something of the Story of the Sixty Years Between That Day and the Present.

The month that was ushered in this morning will be a memorable one in the history of St. Andrew's, a church that stands for so much in the Presbyterianism of the city. It was just sixty years ago to-day on the opening Sunday of the month, that the congregation's first church building was opened for the public worship of God, an event whose import upon the welfare of the village that has since developed into the city of to-day who can measure? Thus this is the sixtieth anniversary of the congregation's initial forward step as a whole, and in every way

led on the forest-clad banks of the Thames who were members and adherents of the Established Church of Scotland, just at that time approaching the troublesome period of the Great Disruption. Thus the congregation of St. Andrew's may well claim to date back to a time that measures the full span of man's years, the three score and ten of the sacred writer. That the seventy years intervening from the time when the early pioneers first raised the old Scottish psalm tunes amidst the rude dwellings of that period, until the present year when Presbyterianism is housed in churches amongst the most beautiful and most commodious in the city, that these years have been filled with useful service in the Master's cause it needs no silver tongued orator to tell, for the work is evident in the examples of those saints of the church who have gone to their reward and in the lives of many who gather Sunday after Sunday to worship in the proud building that stands

on the site of the little old frame church opened just sixty years ago this fall.

The seventy years that are thus covered by the history of the church were seventy years filled with earnest endeavor and steady, ever-upward

was laid with Masonic honors on October 12th, 1842. The plans showed a frame building, 60 by 45 feet, and it was completed within the next year. It is the opening of this church, a picture of which accompanies this article, that is being celebrated this month. The first communion was dispensed to the congregation by the Rev. D. McKenzie, of Zorra, assisted by Rev. Duncan McMillan, of Williams, on the first Sunday of November, 1843.

The congregation continued as a mission station under the care of Rev. D. McKenzie until the year 1850, when they called their first pastor, Rev. John Scott, who was ordained and inducted by the Presbytery of Hamilton, on October 10th of that year. Under Mr. Scott's ministrations the congregation advanced steadily, and in 1867-8 it was found necessary to discard the old church, which had become far too small for the requirements of those who assemble to worship therein. It was then that the

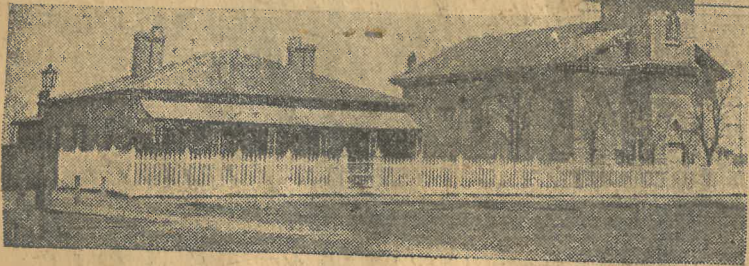
present handsome structure was erected. The fine manse was also erected at this time on the church property, and with the completion of these buildings the congregation advanced steadily, keeping pace with the growth of the fine young city.

In April, 1875, the Rev. John Scott resigned the pastorate, and in December, his successor, the Rev. J. A. Murray, of Lindsay, was inducted into the pastoral charge. The congregation continued to grow under Mr. Murray's ministrations until the time of his death in October of 1894. At that time the congregation had reached a total membership of seven hundred, and the church property, one of the finest in Canada, was almost free from debt. The present pastor, the Rev. Robert Johnston, D. D., followed Mr. Murray, being inducted into the pastorate on the 12th day of April, 1895.

The St. Andrew's of To-day.

The history of the church under Dr. Johnston is too recent to need extended notice in this article. It is sufficient comment upon the success of his pastorate and the splendid strength of the church to say that it is to-day numbered amongst the first three or four of the Presbyterian churches in Canada, that the total membership at the close of last year was 982, the total revenue \$12,641, of which \$8,284 was for congregational expenses, and \$4,356 for missions and benevolences, that there are 350 families in close connection with the church, and that the congregation raised towards the Century Fund the splendid sum of \$14,200. St. Andrew's has always been noted for its strong missionary spirit, several of its members being at present in the mission field, while a number of its young men have gone into the ministry. In addition, it is the parent church of more than one of the present Presbyterian churches in the city, and that this spirit is by no means dead is shown in the handsome little chapel which the church has just erected in London West, and which will doubtless prove the fore runner of a Presbyterian church in that part of the city.

OLD ST ANDREW'S AND THE MANSE.
The Sacred Building Opened Sixty Years Ago This Month.



worthy to be observed, as it will be, with feelings of solemn and joyful thanksgiving.

Appropriately enough, Sunday next is the quarterly communion day at the church and so the first Sunday of the month will be given over to the observance of this solemn feast. On the Sunday following, the Proudfoot Memorial Chapel in London West, the latest monument to the missionary zeal of the congregation, will be opened with suitable ceremonies, and on the third Sunday of the month the culmination will come, when the anniversary proper will be observed, the preacher of the day being one of the most distinguished men of the Canadian church, the Rev. Principal Gordon, of Queen's University, successor to the late lamented Principal Grant. This day is expected to be one of great and abiding interest and should prove a landmark in the history of the church. The closing Sunday of the month will be the Rally Day in the Sabbath School when services appropriate to the anniversary will be held with the young people as the central figures. It should be mentioned also that on Monday, the 21st, a meeting of special interest will be held in the church, for which Rev. Principal Gordon will remain, and at which it is hoped there will be representatives of all the other denominations in the city, to extend greetings to the church that is rejoicing in sixty years of usefulness and service in the community.

Long Years of History Making.

Whilst this month sees the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of this great church, it also witnesses the seventieth anniversary of the commencement of services amongst those residing in the little village that nest-

led on the forest-clad banks of the Thames who were members and adherents of the Established Church of Scotland, just at that time approaching the troublesome period of the Great Disruption. Thus the congregation of St. Andrew's may well claim to date back to a time that measures the full span of man's years, the three score and ten of the sacred writer. That the seventy years intervening from the time when the early pioneers first raised the old Scottish psalm tunes amidst the rude dwellings of that period, until the present year when Presbyterianism is housed in churches amongst the most beautiful and most commodious in the city, that these years have been filled with useful service in the Master's cause it needs no silver tongued orator to tell, for the work is evident in the examples of those saints of the church who have gone to their reward and in the lives of many who gather Sunday after Sunday to worship in the proud building that stands on the site of the little old frame church opened just sixty years ago this fall.

They may safely be said to have been the crucial years of the history of Presbyterianism in this city, the years during which the foundations were laid broad and deep for the splendid work for God and for humanity which the church is doing to-day. According to a statement of the Rev. John Scott, the first pastor of the church, made at the laying of the corner stone of the present church on Monday, May 25, 1868, it was in 1833 that the Presbyterians of London, a majority of whom formed the first congregation of St. Andrew's began to receive the public preaching of the Gospel as a distinct congregation.

At that time there was also preach-

ing in the school house at Hyde Park, but in the town, previous to the erection of the church, the service was held in different places, the Grammar School House, the Court House, the United Presbyterian Church, then on York street, and the Congregational church, then on Richmond street. During this period the congregation were ministered to by a large number of clergymen who spent occasional Sabbaths here holding services.

Story of the First Church.

It was in 1841 that the congregation was organized as a mission station, under the care of the Rev. Donald McKenzie, of Zorra, whose name deserves to be written large in the history of St. Andrew. The present site of the church was selected very soon thereafter, and the corner stone



Rev. Robert Johnston, D. D., Third Pastor of St. Andrew's.



Frank Cooper, photo.
 Rev. Alex. Henderson, of Appin, Retiring Moderator of the London Presbytery.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Opened October, 1869.. Renovated in 1900 at a Cost of \$13,000. *



Sunday Morning.

PROMOTION COMES TO TWO BANKERS

Wayne County and Home Adds Assistant Cashier and Auditor.

Two officers were added to the staff of the Wayne County Home Savings bank at a meeting of the directors Friday, the appointments bringing promotion to employes long in the bank's service.

George H. Johnstone was made assistant cashier in charge of the real estate mortgage department and George J. Pipper was advanced to the position of auditor.

Mr. Johnstone has been with the bank since 1905 and has worked in the mortgage department through-

out the intervening period. The experience he has acquired there and in the employ of the Burton Abstract company prior to entering the bank has given him valuable training and he is still further equipped for his work by a course in the Detroit College of Law.

Mr. Pipper entered the bank in October, 1903, and has since gained experience in practically all departments. During the last two years he has been connected with the mortgage department, assisting in the work necessitated from consolidation of the Home, Wayne County and Michigan Savings banks. He has had the additional training of a three years' course in the Detroit Technical institute.

George H. Johnstone has been promoted to the position of assistant cashier in the Wayne County and Home Savings bank, Detroit. He passes on mortgage loans. This promotion is a splendid recognition of Mr. Johnstone's ability, and his friends congratulate him heartily. Mr. Johnstone's home is at the corner of the Ten-Mile and Ridge roads.

They tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,
 For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see;
 They say that at any moment the Lord of life may come,
 To lift me from this cloudland into the light of home.
 They say I may have no warning; I may not even hear
 The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near;
 Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall
 The summons to leave our homestead, to answer the Master's call.
 Perhaps He will come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day,
 When, with dear ones all about me, my life seems bright and gay;
 Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road,
 Up from this dimmer sunlight into the light of God.
 Perhaps He will come in the stillness of the mild and quiet night,
 When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeam's silvery light,
 When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering land and sea;
 Perhaps in the holy stillness the Master will come for me.
 Methinks I would rather hear it, that voice so low and sweet,
 Calling me out from the shadows, my blessed Lord to meet,
 Up through the glowing splendors of a starry, earthly night,
 To "see the King in His beauty," in a land of purer light.

Write Them a Letter To-night.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
 But stay in your room to-night;
 Deny yourself to the friends that call,
 And a good long letter write.
 Write to the sad old folks at home,
 Who sit when the day is done,
 With folded hands and downcast eyes,
 And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "Excuse my haste—
 I've scarcely the time to write,
 Lest their brooding thoughts go brooding back
 To many a bygone night,
 When they lost their needful sleep and rest,
 And every breath was a prayer
 That God would leave their delicate babe
 To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more use
 For their love and counsel wise,
 For the heart grows strangely sensitive
 When age has dimmed the eyes.
 It might be well to let them believe
 You never forgot them quite,
 That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
 Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
 Who make your pastime gay,
 Have half the anxious thought for you
 That the old folks have to-day.
 The duty of writing do not put off,
 Let sleep or pleasure wait,
 Lest the letter, for which they looked and longed,
 Be a day or an hour too late.

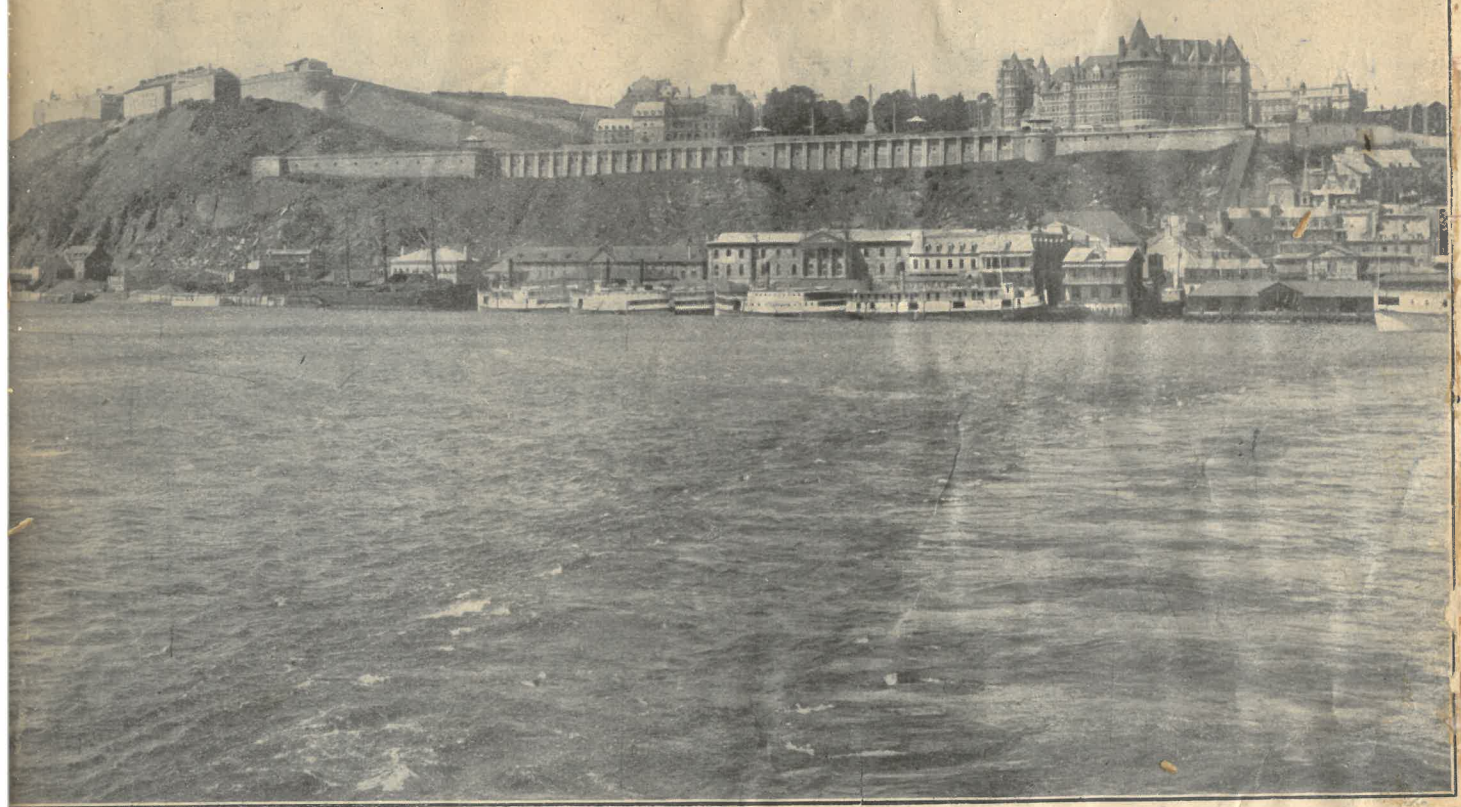
For the sad old folks at home,
 With locks fast turning white,
 Are longing to hear of the absent one
 Write them a letter to-night.



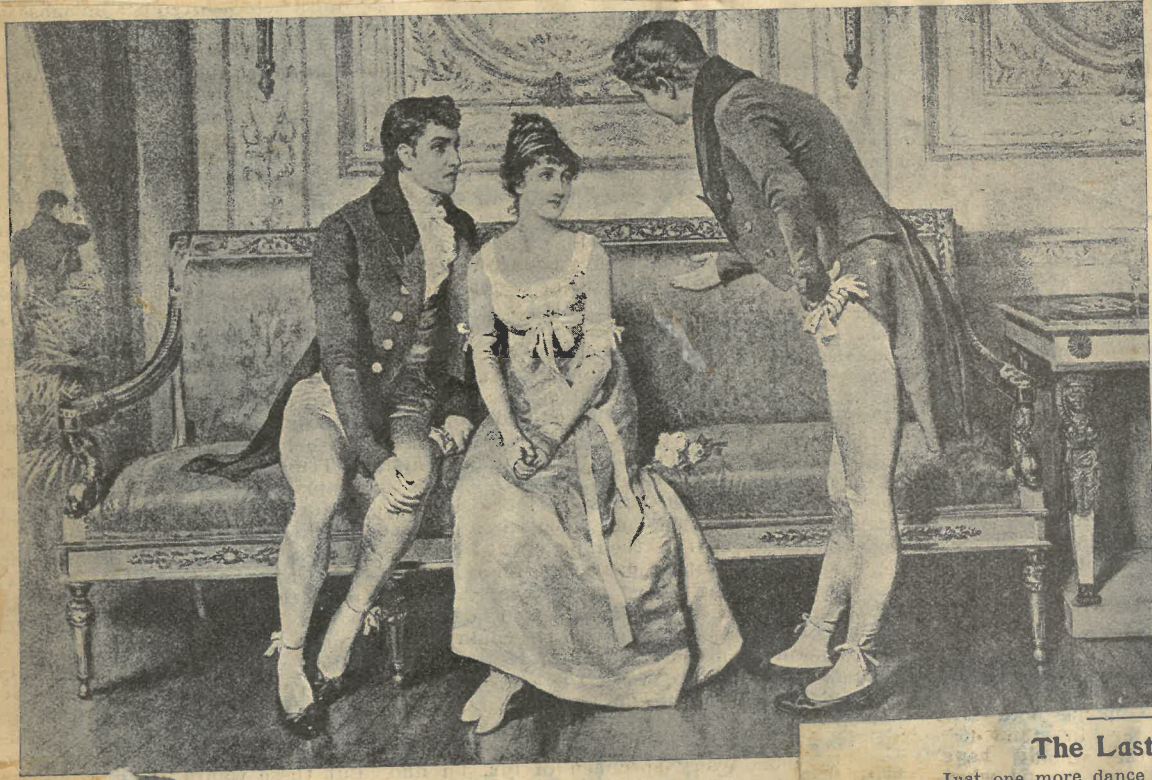
"CHRISTMAS BOX."

Keep in

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 Up to ab
 Mr. Weld



Quebec City from the St. Lawrence River.



The Last Dance.

DOES IT HIT YOU ?

[Rev. Dr. Cobern, Chicago.]

Most love stories come to an end when the honeymoon commences. I think this is the place where the best love story of life ought to begin.

True love, like true religion, grows sweeter every day.

If you have married the wrong woman, bear the fruit of your mistake like a man.

Job had a wife that deserted him in his sorest extremity and told him that the best thing he could do was to die, yet he lived to prove that a man is strong enough to conquer the devil, even if his satanic majesty has his wife for a colleague.

Never speak unless you have something pleasant to say.

You supposed she was all honey. Now you find her a jar of vinegar. But are you quite sure you are all honey ?

Be absolutely true to your wife. Never slightest cause to be jealous.

Jealousy is as cruel

as the grave."

A husband will keep his wife's love, usually, if he keeps his own.

He is a wise man who remains a lover husband. To him the best romance of life lies in the long years far removed from the wedding day.

The wife deserves the same attentions and tender courtesies ten years after marriage as ten days before. We used to thank her for any little favor and praise her to the skies. Now she gets up the best kind of a dinner for us seven times a week, and too many of us never say a word, unless it is "what's the matter with this coffee ?"

I have heard of a mythical character—I suppose she was a wife—who was killed by kindness, but I never happened to be acquainted with her or to be invited to the funeral.

The Last Dance.

Just one more dance ! This is the last. The happy hours have fled. Which shall it be ?—the maiden feels A sudden thrill of dread.

Why should it mean so much to her ? The dance will soon be done. What can it matter which she takes ? Her choice must fall on one.

Gay Harold pleads with easy grace, "Fair lady, dance with me." He talks so well and looks so bright, He must successful be.

Yet Laura looks up in his face, And feels with instinct keen, That words and manner are assumed To hide a nature mean.

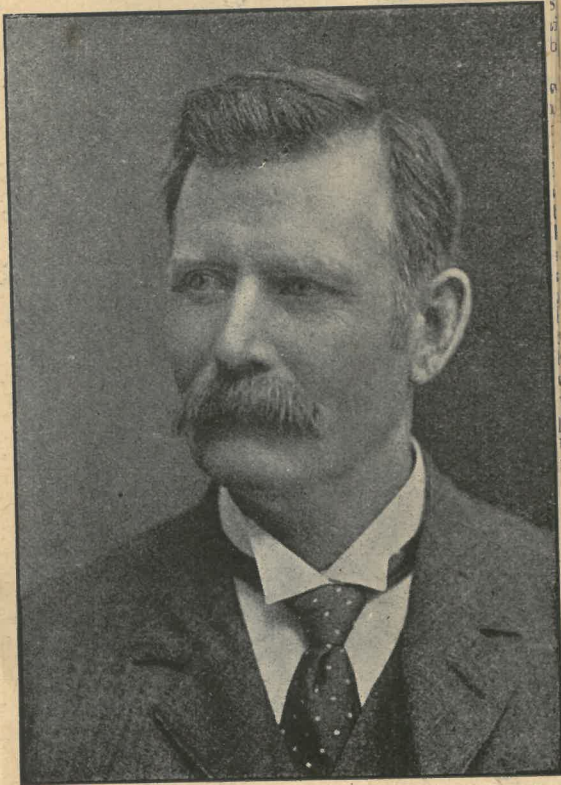
Poor Ralph, in eager, wistful tones, Pleads tremblingly his cause. She knows his heart is sound and true, What need for her to pause ?

The choice is made, a final choice, For honesty and truth Win trust and love, when falsehood fails,— Young Ralph's the favored youth.

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Death of Joseph Weld.

Canadian agriculture has lost a true friend and energetic worker in the death which occurred at Victoria Hospital, London, Ont., Sept. 5th, following an operation for appendicitis of Joseph Weld, secretary of The William Weld Company, Limited, publishers of "The Farmer's Advocate." Up to about two weeks previous to his demise, Mr. Weld was in his usual robust health and at



The Late Joseph Weld.

the age of 66 years had every appearance of living for many years to come, but a sudden attack of appendicitis developed to such an extent that an operation was inevitable. He rallied quickly and up to the night before his death seemed to be doing well, but a sudden change set in and the end came within an hour.

Mr. Weld was well-known in London, and in South Western Ontario. Prior to his connection with "The Farmer's Advocate" he was a very successful farmer in Delaware township, Middlesex County, where he was recognized as a leader in advanced farming and fruit growing being the first in his section to take up spraying and caring for his large orchard. Until the time of his death he was actively engaged in the management of The Farmer's Advocate farm "Weldwood" and under his direction the farm was being brought up to a high standard. Besides his business connection with The Farmer's Advocate, he was a director in the following companies:—The London Printing & Lithographing Co., Ltd.; The Bryant Press Ltd., Toronto; The Georgetown Coated Paper Mills Co., Georgetown, Ont.; and "The Farmer's Advocate," of Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. Weld was the second son of the late Wm. Weld, founder of "The Farmer's Advocate" and like his father was keen in business enterprise and sagacious in all his undertakings. Quiet and unassuming in manner, but alert and energetic, his judgment was valued by all who knew him. The interment was at Woodland Cemetery, London, the services being conducted by the Rev. Canon Tucker, M.A., D.C.L., St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, of which the deceased was a worthy and highly-esteemed member.

PATTERSON—At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Henry M. Johnstone, Hyde Park, on Tuesday, December 31, 1918, Isabella MacKenzie, widow of late Alexander Patterson, in her 87th year. Funeral (private) on Thursday, January 2nd, 1919, from the above address at 2.30; services at 2 o'clock. Interment Hyde Park Cemetery.

FUNERAL OF MRS. PATTERSON.—The funeral of Mrs. Isabella C. Patterson, widow of the late Alexander Patterson, took place from the residence of her son-in-law, Henry M. Johnstone, Dalmagarry Cottage, Hyde Park, on Thursday, January 2. Deceased was the fourth daughter of the late Duncan Mackenzie, Hyde Park, and died at the

MCPHERSON—At Imperial, California, on January 20, 1919, Margaret Olive Baker, wife of Dougald McPherson, 9th concession, Westminster, Ontario. Funeral on Tuesday, January 28, from her late residence at 2 p. m. Service at 1.30. Interment in St. Thomas.

MR. JOSEPH WELD DIED SUDDENLY ON SATURDAY

Secretary of the William Weld Company Expires at Victoria Hospital After Short Illness.

Following an operation for appendicitis performed about 16 days ago, the death of Mr. Joseph Weld occurred early Saturday. The funeral will be held this afternoon. Mr. Weld, who was 66 years of age, was apparently progressing very favorably after the operation, and up to an early hour this morning thought to be doing very well. A sudden change, however, set in and death occurred within a short time.

Mr. Weld was well known in this city and surrounding country. He was secretary of the William Weld Company, Limited, and had been associated with this company in the publishing of the Farmers' Advocate for about 16 years. Prior to that time he was a very successful farmer in the Township of Delaware, where he was born. He had always taken a deep interest in agricultural affairs, and up to the time of his illness, about two weeks ago, took an active part in the management of the Farmers' Advocate farm, "Weldwood."

Mr. Weld was also a director in each of the following companies: The London Printing and Lithographing Company, the Bryant Press, Limited, of Toronto; the Georgetown Coated Paper Mills, Limited, of Georgetown, Ont., and the Farmers' Advocate, of Winnipeg, Man.

He was the second son of the late William Weld, founder of the Farmers' Advocate. He married Isabella, daughter of the late Henry Anderson, of Westminster, who, with one daughter, Miss Olive Weld, survives. He also leaves six brothers and two sisters—W. S., of Delaware; John Edmund, of this city; Mrs. Matheson and Miss Mary, of London; Dr. Octavius, of Vancouver, B. C.; Charles, of Blythwood, and Corbina, of Winnipeg.

The funeral will be held on Monday afternoon from his late residence, The Ridgeway, to Woodland Cemetery. The services will be conducted by Rev. Canon Tucker, rector of St. Paul's Cathedral.

DEATHS.

GIBSON—At Buffalo, on Thursday, October 4, 1917, James A. Gibson, M. D., son of the late Laurence Gibson and Eliza H. Gibson, of this city.

TENNANT—In London Township, on Wednesday, January 16, 1918, Emma E., widow of the late John Tennant, in her 54th year. Funeral will leave her late residence, lot 25, concession 3, London Township, on Friday, January 18, at 1.30; services at 1 p. m. Friends and acquaintances please accept intimation. Interment at Woodland Cemetery. Please omit flowers.

DURNFORD-SKIPPON.

HYDE PARK, May 19.—At the home of the bride's parents, Hyde Park, on Wednesday, May 16, Flora, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Skippon, was united in marriage to Richard M. Durnford, son of Rev. V. M. and Mrs. Durnford, of Hyde Park.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lamont, concession one, Lobo Township, on Wednesday afternoon, when Henry Thomas, third son of Mrs. W. S. Weld, of "Hopeton," Delaware West, and Mary Olive, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lamont were united in marriage, the Rev. W. H. Hartley, rector of Christ Church, Delaware, officiating. After a brief honeymoon to Detroit Mr. and Mrs. Weld will reside at "Hopeton," Delaware West.

same home where 87 years before she was born. One daughter, Mrs. Johnstone, and one sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Hoare, of Walkerville, survive. The pallbearers were four nephews, Donald MacMillan, John G. MacDonald, J. Percy Moore, Charles E. Wheeler, of this city, and two cousins, Donald Mackenzie and Donald Barclay, of Hyde Park.

MACDONALD—In Los Angeles, California, on December 30, 1918, Emily Smith, widow of the late Hugh MacDonald, formerly of Hyde Park.

CLERK OF LONDON PRESBYTERY DIES

Rev. Alex. Henderson Passes Away at Victoria Hospital, Aged 70.

FORMERLY MINISTER AT HYDE PARK AND APPIN

Whole Ministerial Life Was Spent in This Presbytery—An Authority on Church Law.

Rev. Alexander Henderson, of 251 Wortley road, for many years a Presbyterian clergyman in this vicinity, and for the past few years clerk of London Presbytery, died yesterday afternoon at Victoria Hospital from heart trouble. He had been in failing health for about a year.

The late Mr. Henderson spent the whole of his ministerial life in the Presbytery of London. He settled in Hyde Park about 1877, and was there for perhaps 12 years, and then was minister at Appin and North Eskrid until he retired and came to London. For a number of years he had been clerk of the presbytery. A specialist in church law and matters



REV. ALEX. HENDERSON.

of procedure, and very careful about these things; he was long a guide to the presbytery in matters of the kind. He took a great interest in presbyterian work.

He was a man of great intellectual power, and his sermons were always of a high order intellectually. A Calvinist of the old school, and a strong opponent of church union, he was such an enthusiastic lover of the Presbyterian Church that he could not think of its identity being merged in that of any other church.

OF STERLING CHARACTER.

"A man of sterling character and integrity," said Rev. Dr. Ross last evening, "and very highly respected by all his brethren; especially in matters of church law and procedure he was considered a father and guide."

Besides his wife, the late Mr. Henderson is survived by one daughter, Miss Bessie, and three sons, John, William and Rabb.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday afternoon from the family residence to Hyde Park. Services will be conducted at two o'clock by Rev. J. G. Stuart, of Knox Church, and also in the church at Hyde Park.

FUNERAL OF MR. HENDERSON.

The funeral of the late Rev. Alexander Henderson took place from his late residence, 251 Wortley road, to Hyde Park this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. J. G. Stuart, Rev. Mr. Martin and Rev. Mr. Kelso conducted the services at the house. The pallbearers were Mr. Daniel McKenzie, Mr. John Fisher, Mr. Waugh, Mr. Daniel McMillan, Mr. Harry Campbell and Dr. McLaughlin.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune so great as one that sours the temper. — U. Heerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in humor.

MR. A. E. M'CLARY DIED ON SATURDAY

INDUCTED AT ST. PAUL'S

The Story.

One Day in a Settler's Life.

"If you had had a grain of real love for me, you never could have dragged me out into this desolate wilderness," said Mrs. Roland Hardy, half sobbing and really angry. She arose and flashed round to the window; there pressing her hot face so closely against the pane that her nose immediately began melting a grotesque pattern of herself in the sparkling frostwork. "Had you been a gentleman, Roland, you never would have thought of doing it."

When wives get into a passion they are apt to say things which they may hereafter bitterly regret. Mrs. Hardy was no exception. Her husband stood breathlessly silent, his face tinged. They had not been married a year yet.

"Jane," he answered at last, in tones hard and cold, "if I did not thought you were willing, ay, and more than willing to risk it, I should never have brought you, and you know it. Remember, I told you it would be a rough life, yet you were ever to come."

Jane Hardy remembered very well. But the memory of her ardent protestations, her generous forgetfulness of self, angered her the more just now.

How was I to know it would be like this? There! You go if you are going. I should like to be alone—with all my work to do."

"I am going directly," was Mr. Hardy's answer, striving for tranquillity. "Will you be good enough to put up my chequer? I shall not come back until night."

"Oh dear, yes," she replied with alacrity, bringing her face from the window with a jerk, and proceeding to make a clatter in the cupboard, which in this pioneer cabin was a combination of pantry and china closet.

"I fear there is but a short allowance of wood: will it last till evening?" asked Mr. Hardy, dubiously looking at the logbox he had just replenished, and turning to brush up the surface of the bark that had fallen on the neat rug carpet. His words were kind, but his tone was as chilly as an icicle.

"There is plenty; do not trouble yourself," responded his wife resentfully, her eyes bent on the bread she was buttering. In five minutes, man, dinner-pail, axe and dog had vanished in the direction of the great forest; and the young wife was alone, as she had vehemently desired to be. Roland Hardy had gone forth to his day's work of felling timber.

Most young and angry wives would have burst into tears at this point. Jane Hardy did not. She leaned against the mantelshelf when her husband's footsteps no longer sounded in the crisp snow, and looked unutterably sad and peevish, as if the light of her life had suddenly gone out. She looked remorseful, too, as if conscious of having had something to do with its annihilation.

The story is one of those often enough enacted in the New World. Certain expectations suddenly failing him, Roland Hardy manfully resolved to betake himself to the mighty woods, clear out a settlement for himself, erect his own house, in the Crusoé fashion, and in time, by dint of his hands' labor, become prosperous. Hardy, the settler, he would then, with his farm lands around him, his flocks and his, his people and his comforts. But all that would have been patiently worked on for, and the beginning must, of necessity, be weary and toilsome. Jane Deane, to whom he was engaged, decided to go out with him—his wife. He told her he had better go on first, say for a year or two; her hands urged the same advice, but the young lady would not consent. So far as he was able, Mr. Hardy, before the marriage, described what their toil and their lonely life would be. Jane had looked at it with rose-colored spectacles, and thought it would be charming, a kind of perpetual picnic. It is true she did not bargain for the help they had taken with them, in the shape of a man and woman servant, deserting them suddenly, tired with the new rough work, sick at the loneliness; those engaged in their places (after endless trouble and relation) had not yet come. But she had put her own shoulder bravely to the wheel in the summer weather, and a light of hardships. It was winter now; and for the time her temper had given way.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong in the cabin that day; and her husband's calm cheerfulness through it all provoked her most unwarrantably. But she was not feeble.

It is possible that many of us have such mornings—mornings when everything animate, and inanimate, conspires to do to the surface the original gorilla that slumbers within. These vexations have to be beaten down promptly from one's feet, and Mrs. Hardy had stooped to squabble with a dear little rose had been discovered frozen, though pressed in flannel and placed in the warmest corner of the room under the floor, called, as a matter of dignity, the cellar. Sure, the potatoes had been kindly spared; but what gross potatoes when lovely Lamarque buds drooped in the morning over them. Mrs. Hardy forgot the milk and the milk-toast indignantly boiled over. Catching in from the stove, to a splash of hot milk fell on the front of her clean crisp French gingham, and another on the floor. David, stretched on the hearth, and the dog howled savily. At another time Jane would have laughed, but it was far from her mood this morning; life in general was so depressedly gloomy, and when Mr. Hardy came into this sphere of burnt milk and piteous dog-whinnings, she was angry, in her fervid way, that housekeeping out West was so villainous, and that she hated it—here she caught his singly smiling eyes—yes; hated it, and him, and the and everything.

When the words jokingly, and it incensed her. In her she said unforgivable things, and Mr. Hardy was pronto retorting. So they jarred and jangled through the day. That is, she did.

Some little time Roland Hardy had feared that a sort of seditious discontent was taking possession of his wife. She later at times, almost sad, and less given to laughter than her old bright days, as he had got to calling them. He had moved everything of her love and devotion—hoped might ever remain as near and dear, as much "all the life" as she had often declared him to be. And now some of it; this dreadful quarrel. She had spoken and.

It was aching with her reproaches; but generous ever, he led her to himself as he walked along to the woods. He was asking too much of mortal woman, he argued, anxious to himself wretched, to tear her far away from home and all the comfortable delights of well-regulated New World life, and to expect her to be always glad and buoyant, and hopeful, keeping his own soul up with the wine-cup of her blithe spirits. No. It was the same old

beginning of the end that most wives a kind of mild inevitable to have posed, all husband to the long, dreary theless, her fierce him by surprise; s not been her free keeping? Had he if she came with h

Was not life had had ever been, a to on perseveringly a and making matter a flush day that occurred to him—s home to her friend

Meanwhile, Mrs. miserably—more n in any of the love There seemed to t there was no light ness. For Mrs. J. the husks of bitter he could not, or h her; and this was

"To call me 'Jan 'Jane' contained been cruel enough the breakfast dish young lady, who called by her husb than Jenny.

Work is a good t the first command unfamiliar with he work was; but she passed away, that her sky, Roland s sure. She would guard and nourish rose, it must still i bl. som into a litte endurable. She w prove to him—but nothing noble or women's lives, like only keep his hou watch over his shi she was a listless y temper again. It account, but she h and out of her deep which she could h again. As for his chivalrous devotion worth it. And so, like a genuine wom through the house to her were husban make herself endur

It was a decided always pleasant wh and enough of the v walls with tasteful carpets. Those rud roofs, clay floors, an endurable on canv in actual life, where This house was diffi furnished place, and the country.

A stanch roof; substantial walls, ornamental within, carpets, books, pictures, a rare clock, easy chairs: everything for comfort met the eye. The sleeping-rooms above gave evidence of ingenious and tasteful powers brought to bear upon their building and furnishing. Charming expedients, graceful rustic ornamentations, pretty and useful things that cost little, made the cabin seem very much of a cosy mansion in a small way. In the midst of an almost savage wilderness, Roland Hardy had erected his dwelling, with a view rather to future exigencies than present needs; and he and his wife both possessed the gift of "making the most of things."

And it is surpris how deftly in these remote homes a woman, though she may have been gently born and reared, soon learns to accomplish the needful daily work. Where there's a will there's a way; and Jane Hardy had learnt to take a pleasure and a pride in it.

By noon to-day the work was done, and the house in the trimmest order. White leaves, just from the oven, were hung warm and spotless across the clothes-horse. On the table smoked an exceedingly lonesome cup of tea; and over just to her solitary luncheon.

Her thoughts were away in the snowy woodland with him, her husband; who was doubtless, about this time, eating cold chicken and clammy bread and butter. "He might put a fire, and give it a little roast on a stick," she pensively murmured; and then she felt how very glad she should be when night should come, and she could, in many furtive ways, confess to him how sorry she was, how deeply in need of his dear love.

It was nearly three o'clock when, mechanically looking through the window in the direction of the forest, she was surprised to see the dog, David, making for the house in a wavering, uncertain way, as if he had half a mind to turn back to the woods. David had more than once wearied of the monotony of watching wood-chopping, and came to the house an hour or two in advance of his master; so there was nothing startling in his coming now. He scratched at the door in his usual obsequious fashion; darted to devour, when admitted, a morsel of bread and meat; but, quitting it instantaneously, went and sat down before his mistress with the air of having something to say, and began to whine.

David was not a remarkable dog: not at all any dog in particular. He was yellow and undersized, with only a white spot on his forehead by way of ornament; and he was inclined to be lazy. He had come to them one stormy night, a lame, starving vagrant from some emigrant train, and kind-hearted Roland fed him, put liniment on his leg, and called him David, after a faithful dog he had recently possessed, and lost. And David contentedly remained, exhibiting no marked talent for anything, and sometimes betraying a lack of decent intelligence. His mental faculties had been dwarfed

Well-Known Londoner Ill for Some Months 1920
WAS BORN IN THIS CITY
Funeral to Be Held To-Morrow to Woodland

The death of Mr. Arthur Edward McClary, only surviving son of the late Oliver McClary, founder of the McClary Manufacturing Company, occurred early Saturday morning at the family residence, 400 Queen's avenue, after an illness of some months' duration.

Mr. McClary's death removed a citizen who, while living in retirement because of his health, was interested extensively in several London institutions, notably the McClary Manufacturing Company, in which he held a large interest. He had many close friends who had much confidence in his judgment and great admiration for his sterling character.

Born in London in June, 1863, in the double house that occupied the site of the present McClary offices, he was compelled as a young man of 18 years to go to California for his health. He returned to London some years later, but did not take an active part in the concern with which his father and uncle were associated. He was a great lover of the outdoors and devoted to his home. He was also interested in the growth of London and had contemplated important undertakings in the spring of the present year. At one time Mr. McClary maintained a stable of high-class horses.

He was married to Miss Ellen J. Whetter, daughter of the late Squire Whetter, who, with one son, Oliver, and one daughter, Mrs. Clifford L. Grey, both of this city, survive him. Mrs. John M. Moore is a sister, his brother, George, and sister, Mrs. Eliza Gaud, having died some years ago.

The funeral will be held, privately, from the family residence, 400 Queen's avenue, at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon to Woodland Cemetery. Services will be conducted at 2.30 o'clock.



REV. JOHN MACKILLOP, B. A., who was inducted on Thursday into the pastorate of Hyde Park and St. Paul's Presbyterian churches.

HYDE PARK W. I.
The rectory, Hyde Park, was the scene of a very happy gathering on Monday evening, June 28, when the members of the Women's Institute, accompanied by their husbands, numbering in all over 40, met at the home of their retiring president to show their appreciation of her seven years' leadership of the society.

A splendid program was provided, consisting of instrumentals by Mrs. Gale and Miss Venner, addresses by Rev. Mr. Durnford and Rev. James Gale, a solo by Miss Jessie Johnson and a humorous reading by Miss Herbert. In the course of the evening Mrs. Durnford was invited to come forward and after a hearty vote of thanks to her for the seven years of faithful services an appropriate address was read by Miss Parkins and a vacuum sweeper and a purse were presented to her by Miss Johnson. A purse was also presented to Miss Norma MacKenzie, who has been for seven years the efficient secretary of the society. The Rev. Mr. Durnford, on behalf of his wife, made a few remarks suitable to the occasion.

PURSE OF MONEY FOR HYDE PARK COUPLE

HYDE PARK, Feb. 27.—Members of the Presbyterian congregation surprised Mr. and Mrs. Donald Barclay by taking possession of their home for the purpose of spending a social hour with them and saying good-bye prior to their departure for their new home in South London. The company spent the earlier part of the evening in piano selections and songs. After this Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were presented with a well-filled purse, accompanied by a nicely worded address, which Mr. Gordon Fisher read, while Mr. D. A. Gray presented the gift. Mr. Barclay, in behalf of his wife, made a fitting reply, shivering, and plucking her scarf.

In October she had come to the woods for autumn leaves, and the spot was in a degree familiar to her. But the path seemed to disperse and lose itself after entering the thicker parts; and she had to direct her way by the piles of wood that had been cut in places where the trees could be most conveniently felled. If they had not said those dreadful words to each other! if they were only as they had been yesterday, when Roland loved her, she might not have felt so desperately anxious. How was she to find him? She called again and again, but the wind overpowered her voice.

There was no sound of the axe. As she paused, listening intently, she could hear nothing but the dreary whistle of the blast through the naked trees, and the sharp, sifting sound of the snow as it smote their trunks.

"David, where is Roland?—where is your master? Go and find him this minute!" impatiently menacing the cowering dog in her terror. "Find your master, there's a good dog," she added, in a coaxing tone of entreaty, patting the poor animal, who stood before her with drooping head. "Good David! good old dog!"

David went on then. In the lowest natures is sometimes enshrined the pearl of delicate feeling. This dog had bad news to tell, and shrank from telling it. He made no pretense to a light-hearted pace. He crept, halted, and seemed anxious to defer something.

(To be continued in our next.)

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CLINTON-MACKENZIE.—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mackenzie, Hyde Park, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon, February 26, when their daughter, Helen, was united in marriage to Dr. William R. Clinton, of Detroit, son

of the late Nelson J. and Mrs. Clinton, formerly of Windsor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jas. A. Gale, of Hyde Park. Dr. and Mrs. Clinton

left on the evening train for Montreal, Ottawa and Kingston, and upon their return will take up their residence at 1161 Second avenue, Detroit, Mich.

BIRTHS

CLINTON—At Harper Hospital, on March 19, to Dr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Clinton (nee Helen Mackenzie), 5805 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Mich., a son.

Hughes-Winter.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Winter, Sarnia road, London Township, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday evening, March 30, when their eldest daughter, Sarah, became the bride of J. Albert Hughes, of Ilderton. Rev. Dr. McCrae performed the ceremony in the presence of 20 guests, and Miss Hughes played the wedding march. The bride, who was unattended, was given away by her father and wore a modish gown of embroidered taffeta and carried roses and lily of the valley. After the ceremony and congratulations supper was served, followed by toasts, and later Mr. and Mrs. Hughes left for Cleveland and Detroit. On their return they will reside near Ilderton. Many pretty and valuable gifts, including some substantial checks, attest the popularity of the bride and groom.

SHADDOCK—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Shaddock, 239 Briscoe street, announce the birth of a son at Bethesda Hospital, Sunday, May 21, 1922.

PREST-GARNETT—On the 23rd inst. at St. Anne's Church, Byron, by the Rev. Mr. Durnford, Louisa, daughter of the late Capt. H. C. Garnett and Mrs. Garnett, to Mr. P. L. Prest of Stamford, Ont.

Shaddock-Barclay.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Barclay, 40 Gerrard avenue, on Wednesday, June 11, 1919, when their only daughter, Lois Ray, was united in marriage to Mr. Luvern Austin Shaddock, of Ilderton. Rev. James Gale performed the ceremony.

The bride looked charming in ivory charmeuse trimmed with georgette. The young couple were unattended. The wedding march was played by Miss Olive Shaddock, sister of the groom. After a dainty luncheon, the young couple left for Toronto, Niagara and Montreal. The bride's going away suit was of navy blue, with loghorn hat. The groom's gift to the bride was a cabinet of silver, to the pianist a pendant set with pearls and amethysts, to the bride's brother a set of gold cuff links. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents, as well as a number of checks.

"I see, Roland," she interrupted, "Don't be afraid, course I am stupid at first. Wait! I am undertaking too much at once, you perceive."

Jenny partly withdrew the lever, making the resistance and lifted again, with some effect. Roland's legs were much like dead legs to be aware of the lightened pressure upon them; but he saw the log move a little.

Stars swam before Jenny's eyes, and the veins on her head looked like little knotted cords, as, averting her from him, she strained at the lever once more with all weight. "Now!" she cried. He essayed to move his frozen limbs, but only succeeded in groaning. "They are dead as stones," he gasped and looked as though he were off into another faint.

Just for a moment she paused in despair. But courage increased energy came back to her.

"Drink this, Roland," she said, putting out some more the sustaining cordial. "I must prop up the log; and I'll dear, you can help me."

Selecting a larger rail, she dragged it up, and commanded him to push it under the log while she lifted with the lever. Reviving under the influence of her cheerful courage, he tried this as his golden and perhaps only opportunity. There was no man's aid within reach of this lonely spot, and night was coming down, bringing a tempest with it. The rail was placed, and, pushing it with all his remaining strength, he held each atom that the log yielded, while Jenny took breath to gain one more. Slowly and reluctantly the fallen tree was

HOARE — At Walkerville, on Wednesday, Jan. the 23th, Dr. Walter Westlake Hoare, formerly of Strathroy, beloved husband of Sarah MacKenzie, and father of Georgina and Edward, at home; Mrs. J. P. Tisdall, Mrs. W. K. Pearce, Toronto, and Dr. C. W. Hoare, Walkerville.

DR. WALTER W. HOARE DIES AT WALKERVILLE

WINDSOR, Jan. 30.—In a week from general debility, Dr. Walter Westlake Hoare, 83 years old, formerly of Strathroy and other Western Ontario towns, died yesterday at his home in Walkerville, 77 Kildare road.

The late Dr. Hoare, who had resided in Border for 15 years, was the father of Dr. Charles W. Hoare, former mayor of Walkerville, and Edward Hoare, of Dime Bank, Detroit; Mrs. J. P. Tisdall and Mrs. W. K. Pearce, of Toronto, and Miss Georgina Hoare, living at home. Dr. Hoare was a member of Euclid Masonic Lodge, Strathroy. Interment will be made on Sunday afternoon in St. Mary's churchyard, Walkerville.

DEATH OF MRS. HOARE.

WINDSOR, Sept. 17.—Mrs. Sarah MacKenzie Hoare, aged 86 years, widow of the late Dr. Walter W. Hoare, and mother of Dr. Charles W. Hoare, Walkerville, coroner, died last night after a short illness at her home on Kildare road. She had been a resident of the border cities for 15 years, coming here from Strathroy, where her husband formerly practiced and lived. She was born in Hyde Park, near London. Besides Dr. Hoare, she is survived by one other son, Edward, and three daughters, Mrs. J. P. Tisdall and Mrs. W. K. Pearce, Toronto, and Miss Georgina Hoare, at home.

KENNEDY—At St. Joseph's Hospital, on April 8, 1920, Mrs. John Kennedy, widow of the late John Kennedy, aged 75 years. Funeral will be held from the residence of her son, Dr. George F. Kennedy, 129 St. James street, D81

PREST—At Stamford, Ont., on Sunday, December 5, 1923, Isabel Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Prest, age 10 months. Funeral on Tuesday, December 7. Burial at St. John's Church Cemetery.

YOUNG—William James, dearly beloved husband of Jennie Young, at his late residence, lot 12, concession 2, Caradoc Township, on March 19, 1922, in his 42nd year. Funeral services will be held at the above address on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in Cooke's Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

MRS. DONALD BARCLAY DIES AT ILBERTON

HYDE PARK, Sept. 30.—In the passing away this morning at Ilderton of Mrs. Donald Barclay, Hyde Park people lost a much-respected former member of the community. Mrs. Barclay, who was an active worker in community affairs and in the Presbyterian church, moved from Hyde Park to Gerrard street, London, about three years ago. She was ill some time before going to her daughter's home in Ilderton. Mrs. Shaddock, of Ilderton, a daughter, and a son, Fred, of Galt, survive.

DEATHS

BARCLAY—On Thursday, September 29, 1921, at her son-in-law's residence, Luvern Shaddock, Ilderton, Ont., Annie B. Barclay, beloved wife of Donald Barclay, 40 Gerrard street, London, Ont., in her 61st year. Funeral to be held from Ilderton, Ont., on Sunday, October 2, at 2 p. m. Interment at Hyde Park Cemetery. 1301

KENNEDY—At St. Joseph's Hospital, on Saturday, March 29th, 1919, Aima, beloved wife of George M. Kennedy, 129 St. James street. Service at 2 p. m. Funeral at 2.30 p. m. Interment private. In kindness no flowers. C311

Hardy had not survived the cruel tempest to perish for the lack of an armful of fuel. Her husband might die yet, if not properly cared for. She could not rest, she could not breathe, until he could speak to her again, and assure her that he was going to live.

ABRAM WAUGH, OF SHEDDEN, DIES IN LONDON

Well-Known Retired Farmer Passes Away While Undergoing Treatment in Hospital.

The death took place at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on Sunday morning, of an old and respected citizen of Shedden all his life, in the person of Abram Waugh, after a long illness, following an operation, in his 78th year. Mr. Waugh is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Della McKenzie, of Detroit, and Miss Mamie, at home; and one sister, Mrs. George Miller, of Oakland, California. His remains were brought to P. R. Williams & Son's undertaking parlors and prepared for burial and taken on Sunday afternoon to the residence of Duncan McAlpine, at Fingal, from which place the funeral will take place on Tuesday at 2 o'clock (old time), and thence to the Methodist church at Shedden for memorial service at 2.30 (old time). Interment takes place at the Methodist cemetery at Frome.

Mr. Waugh recently sold his farm at Shedden and retired to private life. He was born on the farm and lived there all his life. Taken ill about six weeks ago, he went to St. Joseph's Hospital for treatment. Deceased was an honored member of the Methodist church at Shedden.

FUNERAL SERVICE

OF WM. FILMAR

AUGUST 8, 1922

The funeral of William Filmar, of Loma Linda, was held at the Cortner chapel yesterday afternoon with the Rev. J. H. Williams officiating. Many of the friends of Mr. Filmar, owner of Sunnyside ranch and well known in the Mission district, attended. The pall bearers were W. M. Merrill, N. B. Hinckley, Lawson Scott, W. W. Bell, I. J. Davis and J. H. Stewart. Mr. Filmar was a man of quiet, reserved personality but one who made and kept many friends. He was born in Rockland, Me., and spent his boyhood in Caledonia, Ontario, Canada. He engaged in the retail hardware business in Hagersville, Ont., later going to London, Canada, and then to Wisconsin. Sixteen years ago he came to Redlands. He leaves the following children: Mrs. G. H. Bugehagen, Minot, N. D.; Mrs. M. A. Schienman, Brawley, Cal.; John Filmar, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. J. E. Filmar, Pasadena.

she was gained at

the stove, and that was bet-frozen people. command her up lighted, she and pillows, in herself with t badly frozen- regretted hav-g—ages ago, that was no wood cut. But Mrs.

Jenny."

"Because your life is so dear to me! I was only selfish you see."

"And you risked your own life," he continued, softly. "ought to have put my tongue out, Jenny, before saying to you a cross word. Oh, my best and sweetest!"

A beautiful blush stole over her face, a smile parted her lips. "Roland, you know it was all my fault, all my temper. But my dear, I think this night has cured us both of ill-temper forever. And oh, how delightful seems to me the home here that I grumbled at."

Yes, it no doubt read an effectual lesson to both of them. There are enough real ills in life without creating imaginary ones. And this true picture of a day in a settler's existence may perhaps serve as a lesson to us, by making us more contented with our own civilized lot.

Finis.

ow, and shading her face wood-pile, whenever the s a discouraging sight, like the fm of a buried rs ruefully and turned of a stack of wonderful which Roland had from he left; to be worked up, and he had consequently -baskets for the house- ness; but pity must give ment's hesitation, Jenny diful selection from them. short time a noble fire a, and Roland Hardy was with the pain of return-

he had saved him bore almost unfeeling, her eyes at the kettle over the fire, some dry clothing, and er heart was giving vent

fa to the fire, and heated took her husband's face

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I don't mean to die, by going to pull off your

as thrust back on the pil- treat difficulty, and many concerning his inordi- ones. Poor Jenny, in the

way, that she would next up of coffee; and Roland he blankets, and vow- nonsense, when the room feel so ridiculously faint," he next moment she had

to herself was a conscious- with a luxurious, drowsy- essent time had faded from gain, tenderly borne upon among soft pillows. She green hillsides, the brown hedges; the perfumes of semed softly to sweep over west, shadowy hands; and s, and slept.

of a man stumbling over a mild imprecation. and t the late winter mornin- g in one of her best night- the sofa; and it was the ms, and the Cologne water- ned to her like the breath- er was the armchair where in the night. Her boots and cklessly about the floor; she chapped hands lotion as tilted up by the wood- having been turned topsy- aying on her best shawl. I been let loose in that or-

hen. He mnst have lost

after man's fashion, his movements had awak- his manly face was soft- tenderest solicitude, inter- sehold arrangements. His tea-kettle, and was look-

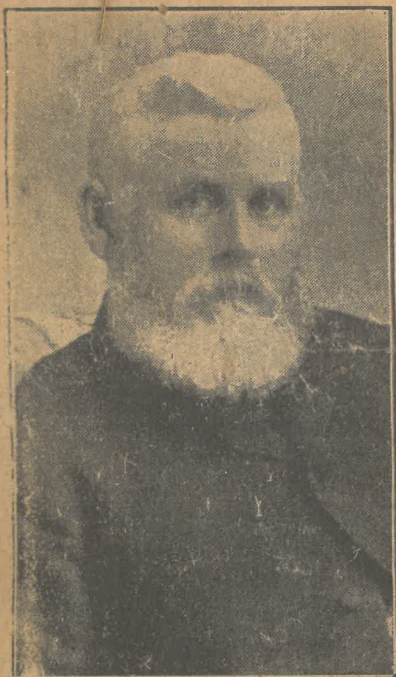
ar" spoke up Jenny, evn at the weak, tired sound

nelt down. Jenny drew ar heart!" she whispered.

spoke; and when he did terday."

t; and, with it, how yo ath. You saved my life

A GOOD MAN GONE.



THE LATE JOHN McMILLAN, M.D.

Dr. McMillan is dead!

Such were the words that passed quickly and reverently from one to another on Wednesday morning last when it was learned by the few that the kindly doctor, the man of large heart, had passed away during the night.

There is always an element of sadness in the thought that death has claimed a person with whom we were wont to meet, but the degree to which that feeling affects a community depends upon the personality of the departed, and what their intercourse may have been. It is not often that this fact is so forcibly illustrated as it has been in the death of Dr. McMillan, whose long life was unselfishly spent in service for others, and whose memory is dear in many of our homes.

It is only a week or two since there appeared in the columns of The Advocate a report of a presentation and address to Dr. McMillan, on his fiftieth anniversary as a practitioner, a deserved recognition of his worth, the thought of which originated with some friends before he was taken ill. He had been in poor health for some months but was confined to his bed only a few weeks.

John McMillan was born at London, Ont., seventy-three years ago. He was a graduate of Queen's and McGill. Fifty years ago he began the practice of his profession at Wallace. Some years later he moved to Sherbrooke, then to New Glasgow and finally to Pictou, about thirty years ago. He married a daughter of the late Hon. John Holmes, a sister of Hon. Simon H. Holmes, who survives him, with a daughter, Annie, and a son William, a commercial traveller representing a Montreal firm. The untimely death of his eldest son, John, a young man of brilliant parts, occurred about ten

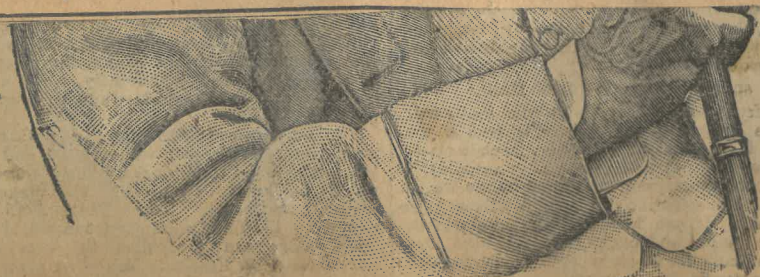
years ago.

Dr. McMillan made friends among young and old, and in a quiet unobtrusive way was continually doing good. He was an ardent supporter of St. Andrew's Church, was chairman of the Board of Trustees at the time of his death, and actively supported every measure calculated to further the work of the church. As a member of the Masonic order he was held in high regard by his brethren, and only recently retired from the position of District Deputy Grand Master. His visits to the Lodge room were always appreciated. He was likewise popular with the members of his profession. Young and old therein recognized his worth as a practitioner and admired him for his many qualities. As a citizen he took a deep and intelligent interest in all that made for good government, had strong convictions which he fearlessly expressed without offence to anyone.

The funeral took place on Friday afternoon. It was at once a testimony to the worth of the deceased,—one of the largest funerals Pictou has had for years. Service at the house was conducted by Rev. L. H. McLean, assisted by Rev. Dr. Falconer and Rev. Geo. S. Carson. Interment was made in the New Cemetery, where the impressive burial service of the Masonic order was conducted by members of New Caledonia Lodge who assembled in large numbers. The floral offerings were many and beautiful consisting of the following pieces:

- Stella Maris,—Cross.
- Gladys Chisholm, Carnations.
- Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McDonald,—Carnations.
- Mr. and Mrs. James Primrose,—Wreath.
- The Misses Primrose,—Wreath.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. McKenna and family,—Anchor.
- Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Chisholm, Carnations.
- Dr. and the Misses Mackenzie,—Wreath.
- Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dustan,—Cut Flowers.
- Mrs. George McLeod,—Sheaf of Wheat.
- New, Caledonia Lodge,—Square and Compass.
- Greta McMillan and Mrs. Harvey,—Bouquet.
- Mr. James Yorston and Ada,—Wreath.
- Dr. and Mrs. Anderson,—Wreath.
- Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hamilton,—Anchor.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McDonald,—Bouquet.
- Hon. and Mrs. S. H. Holmes, Halifax,—Wreath.
- Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Murray,—Bouquet.
- Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Purves and Mr. Hickman,—Wreath.

Among those out of town who attended the funeral were the following gentlemen: Hon. James McDonald, ex-Chief Justice of Nova Scotia; Hon. S. H. Holmes; A. C. Bell, ex-M. P.; John M. Baillie, M. P. P.; Dr. Kennedy and C. L. Rood, New Glasgow.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

MOORE—HENDERSON.

At the residence of the bride's aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Alexander, South London, the marriage was solemnized this afternoon at three o'clock of Phyllis, daughter of the late Dr. W. H. Henderson, of Kingston, to John McClary Moore, son of John M. and Mrs. Moore, of London. Rev. Jas. G. Stuart, of Knox Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of guests.

The bride was assisted by Miss Cecilia McTaggart, of London, and a winsome flower girl, wee Helen Alexander, the duties of groomsman being performed by Mr. Alexander Spencer, of Hamilton.

White duchesse satin, with over-

dress of lace and garniture of pearls, was most beautifully fashioned for the bridal robes. A long Brussels net veil, prettily caught up with orange blossoms and heather under a Juliet cap, shadowed the handsome gown. The bride carried a shower of bridal roses and lily of the valley and wore the groom's gift, a handsome diamond pendant set in platinum.

The bridesmaid, Miss McTaggart, wore a charming frock of pale blue crepe de chine over blue taffeta, with large picture hat of pale pink and blue. She carried pink roses and forget-me-nots. Little Miss Helen Alexander, bearing a basket of posies, looked extremely sweet in a white lingerie frock and a white hat faced with pale pink and blue. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a gold necklace with peridot setting; to the flower girl he gave a platinum necklace, with locket, and to the best man a pearl stickpin set in platinum.

A profusion of white marguerites, peonies and roses, with palms, ferns, and syringa, were used most effectively in adorning the charming rooms of "Byrecourt," and also in the marquee on the grounds, where refreshments were served during the reception which followed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore leave tonight by motor for St. Thomas, where they will take the M. C. R. train to Boston and other eastern cities. Upon their return they will reside in their new home on Dufferin avenue, the gift of the groom's parents. The bride's going-away costume will be of silk, with hat to match, trimmed with white osprey and French flowers.

A large number of out-of-town guests were present at the ceremony, among them being Col. the Honorable John S. and Mrs. Hendrie, of Hamilton; Col. Wm. Hendrie and Mrs. Hendrie, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. James R. Henderson, Kingston; Mr. Lawrence Henderson, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, Detroit; Mr. W. M. Moore, Chicago, and Mr. McLean, Toronto.

The bride's aunt, Mrs. Thomas Alexander, was gowned in mauve crepe de chine, trimmed with crepe guipure, and hat of black maline with osprey. Her bouquet was composed of mauve sweet peas.

Mrs. John M. Moore, the groom's mother, wore black and white silk, with overdress of embroidered net. She carried Killarney roses.

Miss Louie Moore wore a frock of white embroidered net, with touches of blue, and blue and white hat. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Norman Alexander carried white and pink roses, and wore a handsome gown of white crepe de chine, with white and black hat and bird of Paradise plume. Mrs. John S. Hendrie, of Hamilton, aunt of the bride, was gowned in gray-blue crepe de chine, with chiffon coat, edged with gold embroidery. She wore a hat to match, with plumes, and carried sweet peas. Mrs. James R. Henderson was attired in black and purple charmeuse satin, with shadow lace yoke, trimmed with gold embroidery. Her hat was purple and cerise with

curled ostrich plume, and she carried a bouquet of crimson roses.

The bridal couple were the recipients of a host of presents to mark the happy event, including silverware, cut glass, pictures, and many exquisite articles of bric-a-brac.

MR. CHAS. E. WHEELER.

The gifted organist of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, who will contribute a number at the newsboys' concert, February 8.

A NOTABLE SURPRISE.

Welcome Presentation to Rev. and Mrs. McIntyre, of Tempo.

On Tuesday evening about 60 of the members and adherents of Burns Church, South Delaware, agreeably surprised their pastor and his wife by taking possession of the manse and presenting Mrs. McIntyre with a valuable fur coat, and Mr. McIntyre with a beautiful robe. Mrs. James Campbell read the following address, and Mrs. Parsons and Mr. W. Scott presented the gifts:—

"To our dear pastor and Mrs. McIntyre:—

"We deem this as a most fitting occasion to express to you both the respect and esteem with which you are regarded by us as a congregation. During the four years of your stay among us you have won our hearts by your uniform kindness and consideration, and each succeeding Lord's Day is anxiously awaited by us to listen to the words of grace and help which fall from your lips. Besides, your presence is ever longed for and welcomed in the family circle and social gathering. We also feel proud of the position taken by you as citizens of our community, and rejoice at your vindication and chivalrous advocacy for what is noble and pure, and your undaunted opposition to everything bearing the marks of wrong and evil. You are ever allying yourselves with any and every movement which has for its object the uplifting of the cause of morality and religion in our midst. We can cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that we indeed know you as true soldiers of the Cross. Please accept this coat, Mrs. McIntyre and to you, Mr. McIntyre, this robe, as a slight token of our united esteem and a kind memento of the congregation of Burns Presbyterian Church, South Delaware, and in asking you to accept them would hope and trust that you may long be spared in our midst to wear them, and pray that the giver of all good may protect and prosper you in all your undertakings.

"Signed on behalf of donors."

Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre replied in feeling terms for the kindness of the congregation, after which refreshments were served, provided by the ladies of the church, when the evening was spent in games and social conversation, and the social evening was brought to a close by singing "God Save the King," Miss Edith Johnston presiding at the piano.

SOUTH DELAWARE

(Special to the London News.)

June 18.—Miss Edith Johnstone has returned home from visiting friends in Hyde Park and points north.

Miss Shipley, of Strathroy, is visiting friends on the first concession. Chas. Parsons was in Southwold Saturday on business.

Henderson Bros. and Parsons Bros. have taken large contracts for graveling.

D. McPherson has started haying.

The garden party given by the Ladies Aid of South Delaware Presbyterian Church Wednesday evening was the biggest kind of a success, and to say that everybody enjoyed themselves is only drawing it mildly. Hundreds of people streamed in from all directions, until the grounds were one mass of people. Messrs. H. Bennett and Jas. Eax were the two leading entertainers of the evening, and kept the audience in roars of laughter from the beginning of the concert to the end. Mrs. Hebert, of St. Thomas, acted as accompanist. Her playing proved her an adept in her art. The Oneida Brass Band pleased everybody as usual with their sweet music. Rev. R. McIntyre occupied the chair in his usual happy manner. The proceeds were very heavy. Following are the waiters who had charge of the table; Misses C. Dunkin, A. Johnstone, M. Johnstone, M. Henderson, B. Henderson, F. Henderson, E. Johnstone, M. Malcolm, G. Leach, L. Kennedy, E. Prior. Each lady had her table handsomely decorated. They were assisted by the following gentlemen, H. Johnstone, N. Love, Jas. Love, A. Parsons, J. Parsons, C. Leach, M. Henderson, John Kelly, A. Henderson, H. Stalker.



OLD AUNT MARY'S.

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were
through,
At the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane,
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
And lolled and circled as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And, O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come!" And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SOUTH DELAWARE.

The marriage of Neil Love and Miss Aggie Johnstone, took place at Burns' church one day last week. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. McIntyre, pastor of the church. The bride was attended by Miss Bella McFarlane. Mr. Hardy Johnstone supported the groom. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold watch; to the bridesmaid a pearl crescent, and to the groomsman a pearl scarf pin. After the ceremony the bridal couple left for London, taking the train for points west. After a two weeks' honeymoon they will leave for Alberta.

Both the bride and the groom have many friends here, and will be greatly missed in social circles. Miss Johnstone was organist in the church for several years, and was a great worker in the church.

South Delaware

July 24.—John Henderson had his bicycle stolen Saturday evening. It was a Dominion wheel.

Misses L. Campbell and L. Gilbert, of Paynes' Mills, are spending a few days with their cousin, Miss Josie Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Scott spent Wednesday with friends in Lawrence.

Jas. Bail, traveler for the McClary Co., spent a few days with friends in this vicinity.

A. McFarlane is laid up with inflammation of the eyes.

The Misses Hardy spent Sunday with Bella McFarlane.

Miss C. Campbell, of Lawrence, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Scott.

Miss West, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. Campbell, left on Thursday for a trip to the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Colledge, of Kilworth, spent Sunday at Parson brothers.

Mr. Neil Love spent Sunday at Oneida View.

Mrs. Henry Johnstone and her two daughters, Misses Edith and Jessie, spent Sunday at Hyde Park.

Jas. Campbell has purchased a handsome driver from C. Koye, of Southwold, the well-known breeder, for which he paid a handsome figure.

son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Tisdall, of Whitney Avenue, Rosedale, the Rev. Dr. Henderson officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a gown of ivory velvet and silver lace and court train faced with palest rose. Her tulle veil was crowned with orange blossoms and silver lace, and she carried a shower bouquet of sweetheart roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Helen Woodland, sister of the bride, was a charming maid of honor in pale rose velvet and silver lace hat, and the bridesmaids, Miss Edna Shaw and Miss Dorothy Blakey, looked delightful in frocks of peach colored and pale blue velvet, hats of silver lace, and carrying bouquets of violets. Captain Eric Clark was best man, and the ushers were Lieutenants Arnold Davidson, Hugh Sykes, M.C., Mr. Walter H. Foster and Dr. Herbert Detweiler. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Captain and Mrs. Tisdall leaving later for their honeymoon, which will be spent in New York.

* * *

Get What You

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Farms and Lands For Sale \$3

100 ACRES—\$8,500; North Dorchester, good clay loam, tile drained, four acres bush, story and half house, basement barn, straw barn, silo, spring creek; situated two miles from good village and station, half mile from cheese factory; seeding done, stock and implements if desired. Brodie, 220 Dundas St.

100 ACRES—London Township, concession 4, lot 23, 5 miles from London, 1/2-mile from Hyde Park, frame cottage, barn 30 by 60 feet with cement basement, first-class water, good orchard, small maple woods, 6 acres fall wheat, 9 acres of oats, 16 acres of hay and remainder in pasture. Apply on premises.



BLI BRO FARM.

THE PROPERTY OF MESSRS. GEARY BROS., LONDON, ONT., WITH RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN GEARY.

**RETURN OF THE ROYAL
CANADIAN CONTINGENT**

By J. M. Wardell, M. D.

[Respectfully dedicated to A. E. Wardell, B Company,
Canadian Regiment, by his uncle, J. M. W.]

We welcome you back from Africa's shore;
Proudly and proudly we greet you once more;
Oh! welcome ye brave from old ocean's wave,
To native land where your forefather's gave
Their lives with Wolfe on Abraham's plain;
With Brock at Queenston, while from Lundy's lane
That hard-fought battle comes down the refrain.
At Paardeburg in spirit we've lived again;
'Mid valor there honored the nations o'er
You unfurled the maple on a foreign shore.
Majuba's dawn Cronje did anxious scan;
The trenches near beheld thee in the van;
Gazed on your folds that proudly rose and fell,
Then hopeless sighed a sad and last farewell
To war's grim front, and yielding in despair
Surrendered to your daring courage there.

Shades of the past, along Niagara's shore,
Whose cannon vied with river's mighty roar;
Environed by such awful grandeur, they
Became imbued with nature's wild display
Of rugged strength and rock-bound mighty force,
'Till noblest valor had in them its source.
In battle tried it ever stronger grew,
And by heredity handed down to you.
Who knows but when you doubled o'er the plain,
Ancestral spirit charged with you again?
Could Talbot speak, Burwell, McQueen, Macbeth,
And hosts of others long since cold in death,
They'd sing your praise from that unknown shore,
As we do now and shall till life is o'er.
Their lives yet young, but ah! so brave begun,
Dost thou not glory in the deeds they've done?
Their mighty marches and their bivouac there;
The armed foe in ambush everywhere.
Their dauntless courage on the battlefield,
That would not, could not, knew not how to yield;
Their brave defense; their wild and fierce delight,
As trench was charged and foe was put to flight.
Thou, brave old souls of past heroic days,
If now alive would realize and praise.
Not those can tell who never felt desire
For flag's defense was never under fire;
Not those who sow the seeds of discontent

At home, and point to blood and treasure spent;
Unpatriot means to some unpatriot end,
Not as the noble patriot soldier's friend.
There's none can tell save thou and those who've tried,
And charged to victory up the mountain side,
The bounding pulse, high-tensioned, nervous play
Allied to madness, that thrills him on his way.

That emblem which you now so proudly bear,
That floats so gracefully on its native air,
In triumph borne on many a hard-fought field
Which forced the foe at early dawn to yield.
For that same flag your kindred of the past
Fought, bled and died, and dying looked their last
Upon its folds, and feebly, faintly smiled
A sacred trust to keep it undefiled.
Dear maple ensign, emblem of the free,
Preserved by them and honored now by thee,
To the death defended under Afric's sun,
Back through the years to rock-chiffed Bloody Run.*

In this home-coming from a foreign shore,
Unbounded joy pervades your country o'er;
Intense our pride in your courageous power,
That star-like gleamed in Fate's extremest hour.
From palace home to peasant's humble cot,
All mingle in one common joyous lot.
Officials high lay stately mien aside,
Boy-like again they join the happy tide
Of glowing hearts—swell of the human sea
As it ebbs and flows—storm-centered now on thee!
From Erie's rock-bound, stormy, beaten shore;
From where Niagara's mighty currents pour;
From where the famed St. Lawrence waters glide
Out to old ocean with its ebb and tide,
To far Vancouver's sea-girt island banks,
A royal welcome greets you from all ranks.
We bow to you as to none else on earth,
An honored welcome to your land of birth.

NOTE.—Cols. McQueen, Talbot and Burwell all fought in the war of 1812, participating in the battles of Fort Erie, Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane. A. E. Wardell is a great-grandson of Col. McQueen.
*Bloody Run, located on the banks of Niagara river, now called Devil's Cave.

McFARLANE—At her late residence, lot 19, concession 4, Delaware Township, on December 23, 1918, Christina Elizabeth, beloved wife of Alexander McFarlane, aged 53 years. Funeral from the above address on Thursday, at 2 o'clock; services at 1.30 p. m. Friends and acquaintances, please accept this intimation. Interment at Southwold Cemetery. St. Thomas papers please copy. L241

MACKENZIE—At Hyde Park, on Monday, December 23, 1918, Alexander Mackenzie, formerly of Bisbee, Arizona, U. S. A., aged 77 years. Funeral (private) Thursday, December 26, at 2.30; services at 2 o'clock. Interment at Hyde Park Cemetery.



3, 1903. (Copyrighted, 1903.)

HIS DAY OFF.

58



AMONG THE FISHERFOLK BY THE SEA

Quiet Wedding of Two of Sarnia's Popular Young Citizens.

A quiet home wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, Queen street, the contracting parties being Miss Mary E. Mackenzie, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Mackenzie, and Edward McDonald, of the firm of McDonald Bros., merchants, of this town. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, pastor of St. Andrew's church, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom, to the number of fifty. The residence was tastefully decorated for the occasion with palms, amilax and pink and white carnations. Miss Ada Ross, of Chatham, assisted as bridesmaid, and the groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Vaughan McDonald. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. James E. Mackenzie. The bride looked lovely in a gown of ivory tinted moire silk, veiled with chiffon, applique trimmings, bridal roses and diamond and pearl sunburst, the gift of her brother, A. H. Mackenzie. The bride's going away gown was of brown basket cloth, broadcloth trimmings, brown velvet and cheville hat, with Limerick lace.

Miss Ada Ross, bridesmaid, was gowned in white dotted silk mousseline, over white taffeta. She carried a shower bouquet of pink roses and wore a gold and enamel crescent pin, the gift of the groom.

Little Miss Marion Hornibrook officiated as flower girl, wore white organdie with white trimmings, and a pearl pin, the gift of the groom.

Mrs. Mackenzie, mother of the bride, was gowned in black, peau de soie, embroidered chiffon and violet velvet trimmings.

Miss Mackenzie, sister of the bride, —white embroidered Swiss, over pale green taffeta, ribbon and chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. McDonald, mother of the groom—black silk, crimson velvet trimmings, crimson roses.

The wedding presents were numerous, and included many beautiful and costly articles.

The newly wedded couple left by the 7.10 p. m. train for Detroit, Buffalo and points east. On their return they will reside on Albert street. Both enjoy a large measure of popularity among the young people of our town and they have the best wishes of an extended circle of acquaintances for their future prosperity.

Oct 18th 1916

SMYTH-MOORE.

A military wedding of particular interest to many Londoners was solemnized yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Moore, 473 Waterloo street, when their daughter, Miss Elva Louise, became the bride of Lieut. William Hamilton Smyth, of the army audit and inspection department at Quebec. He is a son of Mr. W. T. Smyth, of Brampton, and a popular young officer.

Guests were present from a number of out-of-town places, including Detroit, Chicago, Toronto, West Virginia and Montreal. The officiating clergyman was Very Rev. Dean Davis, rector of St. James' Anglican Church, South London, who performed a similar service for the bride's parents. The bride was assisted by Miss Edith Nesbitt, daughter of Samuel Nesbitt, M. P. P., of Brighton, Ont., while the groom was supported by his brother, Capt. Arthur Thornton Smyth, of the 159th Battalion. C. E. F. Miss Mary Cook, niece of Lieut. Smyth, made a pretty flower girl.

The charming couple proceeded to sign the register, passing beneath an arch of swords held by fellow-officers of the groom. A buffet luncheon was afterwards served. A pleasing musical program was provided by the Cortese Orchestra, while the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Moore was prettily decorated. Upon the conclusion of an eastern honeymoon trip Lieut. and Mrs. Smyth will take up their residence in Quebec.

SDAY, APRIL 16, 1908.



Easter Messages—REV. THOS. H. MITCHELL, Pastor of New St. James' Presbyterian Church.

MITCHELL-WELD.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday morning, when Miss Olive Weld, of the Ridgeway, was married to Mr. Percy Lawson Mitchell, of Toronto. None but the immediate relatives were present. After the service Canon Tucker accompanied the friends to the home of the bride and made an address in wishing health and happiness for the bride. The young couple are both graduates of Trinity University, Toronto. After receiving the congratulations of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell took the noon train for their home in Toronto.

MARRIAGES.

LITTLE-WELD—On Saturday, September 12, 1914, at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, by the Rev. Canon Tucker, Helen Gibson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Weld, to Edgar Sydney Little, son of the late Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Little, and Mrs. Little.

BIRTHS.

SMYTH—Capt and Mrs. W. H. Smyth, 118 Glen road, Toronto, announce the birth of a daughter, January 27, 1918.

MOORE—Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Roys Moore announce the birth of a son, at 204 St. James street, October 4, 1915.

4290-2



TYPICAL SUGAR BUSH BEFORE TAPPING.

4290-4



SUGAR BUSH TAPPED.

(Special to the News.)

March 17.—The party given by Miss Maria Henderson and brothers was a huge success. Seventy-five couples stepped the light fantastic until the wee small hours of morning. Top-an Orchestra supplied the music. At midnight a jainty lunch was served, after which Miss Shaw, of Ridgetown, gave two solos, which brought the house down. Guests were present from St. Thomas, London, Hyde Park, Glencoe, Middletown and Ridgetown. Miss Henderson received in a handsome gown of white silk, trimmed with point lace. Miss Henderson was assisted by her niece, Miss May McKenzie, who also wore a handsome gown of white silk, trimmed with point lace.

Wm. Love, the energetic agent for the Page Wire Fence Co., will soon start a gang of men on the road putting up fences. Mr. Love has sold several miles of fence in this vicinity.

Donald McPherson called on Mr. Dunkin, of London, Saturday, on business.

Miss Shaw has returned to her home in Ridgetown.

Miss Bertie Leach left on Wednesday for Wanstead and points west to visit friends.

John Parson was the guest of John Malcolm Sunday.

Miss Dunkin is taking a course in music.

Miss Maria Henderson has added a handsome piece of furniture to her already beautiful drawing room. It is a piano.

L. Campbell is thinking of purchasing an automobile this spring. Mr. Campbell is in Buffalo this week looking at the different makes.

Wm. Scott and John Campbell each will put up 125 rods of Page wire fence. It will add greatly to the appearance of their farms.

Miss Dunkin and Miss McLeod attended church at Littlewood Sunday.

Miss Ella McFarlane returned to her home in West Magdala Friday.

James Scott is visiting friends in Alvinston.

Miss May McKenzie, of St. Thomas, who has been visiting in this vicinity, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Thompson called on Mr. and Mrs. John McFarlane Thursday evening.

HYDE PARK INDUCTION.

Rev. R. M. Gale New Pastor of Presbyterian Charges.

HYDE PARK, June 25.—In the presence of members of the Presbytery of London and a congregation which completely filled the church, Rev. James A. Gale, a 1918 graduate of Knox College, Toronto, was this afternoon ordained as a Presbyterian minister and inducted into the joint pastorate of Hyde Park and Komoka Presbyterian churches.

An interesting feature of the function was the presence of Rev. R. M. Gale, of Pinkerton, Bruce County father of the new minister, and himself a Presbyterian clergyman.

The new minister was ordained by the usual procedure of the laying on of hands by the members of the presbytery. Rev. Dr. D. N. McCrae, veteran Presbyterian clergyman, of London, offered the ordination prayer and inducted Mr. Gale. Rev. John Elder, of Chelsea Green, addressed the minister, and Rev. J. G. Stuart, of London, the people. Mr. Gale was welcomed at the church door by the congregation present. The ordination and induction sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. McCrae. After the service the ladies of the church entertained all present to a delicious luncheon, for which they were tendered a hearty vote of thanks.

Rev. Mr. Gale will assume charge of his new pastorate on Sunday next and with the best of prospects.

But soon a mighty cheer went up And told us Jim had won. The crowd took up the college yell And sent it to the skies, And college colours everywhere Shook out their brilliant dyes.

He stepped ashore, looked up and saw His mother's wrinkled face, And hurried to her through the ranks Of broadcloth, silk, and lace. He never gave a single glance Toward the pretty girls, But kissed her on the withered lips, And kissed her silver curls.

His sunburnt face was glorified With proud and happy smiles, He did not mind because her hat Was years behind the styles, But led her out before his friends, A figure quaint and prim In stiff, old-fashioned lilac silk— "My sweetheart, boys," said Jim

Robert's Landing, Mich.—C. R.—Will you please publish "My Old Kentucky Home?"

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home; 'Tis summer, the darkies all are gay; The corn-top's ripe, and the meadows are in bloom, While the birds make music all the day. The young folks roll on the little cabin floor. All merry, all happy and bright; By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door— Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door. The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow, where all was delight; The time has come when the darkies have to part— Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherever the darkey may go; A few days more and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow. A few more days for to tote the weary load— No matter, 'twill never be light; A few more days till we totter on the road— Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep no more, my lady, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home far away.

STORE AND DWELLING HOUSE TO LET In the Village of Adelaide.



THE STORE formerly occupied by Mr. Bray, as a general store, is now to rent. This house has always commanded a good business, and is situated in a thickly settled part of the country, about twenty-six miles from the Town of London, and Fifteen from the Great Western Railway. Rent £15 per annum. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. Bray, on the premises, or if by letter, post paid. Adelaide, August 12, 1852. 36-4in

DEATHS.

MACKENZIE.—On Tuesday, 14th inst., Mary, relict of the late Alexander Mackenzie, in her 86th year. Funeral from her late residence, Hyde Park, on Thursday, 16th inst., at 2.30 p. m. Service at 2 o'clock.

JOHNSTONE.—At his late residence, lot 11, concession 1, Delaware, on April 1, 1903, John Johnstone, aged 71 years. Funeral from the above address on Friday, April 3, at 1 o'clock (services at 12.30), to Delaware cemetery. Friends and acquaintances, please accept this intimation. D21

T. SAXON WELD DEAD IN LONDON, ENGLAND

WAS PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN OF THIS CITY TILL HIS HEALTH FAILED

A cablegram received in this city yesterday afternoon conveyed the sad intelligence of the death in London, England, of Mr. T. Saxon Weld.

Mr. Weld had resided in England for the past seven years. His last visit to Canada was six years ago. Before going to England he spent some time in Calgary, Alberta, Arizona and the south of France, all in a brave fight to regain his former good health.

Although it was known that he was not in good health, the news of his death was quite unexpected and was a shock to the members of his family.

The late Mr. Weld was 45 years of age. He was the seventh son of the late Wm. Weld, founder of the Farmers' Advocate. He was born in Delaware Township, near this city, and was educated here and at the Woodstock College.

At an early age he took an active part

in the business of the Advocate, and later became interested in and was the president of the London Printing and Lithographing Company, and took an active interest in that business for a number of years.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Fashionable Wedding in St. John's Church Last Evening.

An event of both a pleasing and interesting character took place in St. John's Church last evening. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. John F. Tisdall, banker, of Clinton, eldest son of Mr. F. Tisdall, of this town, to Frances E., eldest daughter of Dr. Hoare, which was witnessed by a large number of invited guests and interested spectators.

As the bridal party entered the church Mr. Kingsley Evans, of London, played Scotson Clarke's beautiful "Marche Aux Flambeaux." The bride was led to the altar and given away by her father, and looked beautiful in a rich dress of French pale cream lace with train trimmed with seed pearls and orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister, Miss Emma Hoare, Miss Gale, and Miss Campbell, of Seaford, each wearing very becoming dresses of cream nun's veiling trimmed with oriental lace. The bride and her attendants each wore a bridal veil and carried a handsome bouquet of natural flowers. The groom was assisted by Messrs. C. W. Hoare, brother of the bride, G. McTaggart, Clinton, and Bert Moore, of London, in full dress. At 6.30 the beautiful marriage service of the church was performed by the pastor, Rev. L. DeBrisay. After the ceremony and while the wedding party were retiring, Mendelsson's Wedding March was played, and the wedding bells rung.

The company then returned to Dr. Hoare's residence, Caradoc street, where a sumptuous wedding supper was partaken of. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. D. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. McKenzie, Mr. K. and Mrs. Evans, Mrs. and Miss Moore, London; Mr. and Mrs. T. Gale, Elora; Mrs. Dr. Bray, Chatham; Mrs. J. A. and Mr. Norman McKenzie, Sarnia; Mr. Harry Rance, Clinton; Mr. F. Tisdall, Mrs. and Miss Gale, Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnston, town; Mr. Mrs. and Miss Hoare, and Mr. W. Gale, Adelaide. After supper the health of the bride and groom were duly proposed and suitably responded to.

The presents received by the bride were beautiful and useful, and numbered over fifty, consisting of silverware, jewel box, hand painted napkins and plaques, fret work, &c., and a handsome upright piano and diamond locket and chain, the gift of the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Tisdall left on the 8.35 train on a tour east, amid the congratulations and well wishes of their many friends, and with whom we beg to add our well wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

1909. ROUTLEDGE-JOHNSTONE.

A very quiet and pretty event took place at "Dalmagarry Cottage," Hyde Park, on Wednesday, September 15, at the home of Henry Johnstone, when his eldest daughter, Edith, was united in marriage to Charles F. Routledge, of the same place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Nixon, of Hyde Park. The bride wore a traveling suit of mole gray and picture hat to match. The couple were unattended. They left for their new home amid showers of confetti and good wishes. The presents were numerous, showing the esteem in which the young couple were held.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Geo. H. Johnstone, 25, Detroit; Sarah D. Lawrence, 22, Lake Orion.

He was married about fourteen years ago, but left no children. Mrs. Weld, formerly Mrs. A. Saxon, with her family,

survives him, residing in London, England; also seven brothers and two sisters.

The deceased was well known in this city and throughout Canada. He was uniformly popular and his demise will be heard of with regret by many friends.

MARRIAGES.

MACPHERSON-JOHNSTONE.—At "Dalmagarry Cottage," Hyde Park, Ont., on the 11th of November, 1908, by the Rev. F. Nixon, Ph.D., Mary E., second daughter of H. M. Johnstone, Esq., to John R. MacPherson, Esq., of Glanworth, Ont.

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Tisdall-Hallowell.

The marriage of Miss Vera Jaqueline Hallowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Hallowell, to Mr. Charles Pentland Tisdall of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, was solemnized last evening at 7 o'clock in Saint John's Episcopal church by the Reverend Walter Russell Lord. The church was decorated with palms, Canterbury bells, snowballs and marguerites. Miss Kathleen Ball of Niagara-on-the-Lake played the wedding music. The bride wore a gown of canton crepe with old lace and a veil of Irish point lace arranged with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley and wore a long chain of small nuggets attached to a locket of Klondike gold dust. Mrs. Lloyd Reynolds, as her sister's maid of honor, wore amethyst crepe de chine with satin and old lace and carried sunburst roses. She wore a hat of lace and plumes and the bridegroom's gift, a pendant of aquamarine and pearls. Mr. Frederick Tisdall was best man and the ushers were Mr. Herbert Huntington Spinney and Mr. Alan Lloyd Reynolds. Mrs. Hallowell wore old blue crepe charmeuse with Chantilly and rose point lace and a hat of flowers and lace. Mrs. J. P. Tisdall wore a gown of crepe de chine with hat to match trimmed with plumes. There was a reception and buffet supper for half a hundred guests at the bride's home in Bidwell parkway. Mr. and Mrs. Tisdall have left for an eastern trip and on their return will make their home in Toronto. Among the guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hallowell, Miss Mary and Mr. Carew Hallowell, Walkerville, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. George Macauley Hallowell, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Nellie Hallowell, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Florence Moberly, New York; Mr. T. E. Moberly, Toronto, Ont.; Dr. and Mrs. Hoare, Walkerville, Ont.; Miss Georgiana Hoare, Walkerville, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Tisdall, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. Frederick Tisdall, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tisdall, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Lloyd Reynolds, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pearce, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Frank Simpson, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson, Clinton, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Onslow, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Miss Kathleen Ball, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Mr. Donald McCrimmon, Saint Thomas, Ont.; Mr. James Huntington, Arctic City, Alaska; Mrs. T. Haliday Watt, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. William Proudfoot, doGirech, Ont.; Mr. Arthur Edgelow of Hartford, Ct.

MARRIAGES.

MOORE-HENDERSON — On Wednesday, June 11, 1913, at Byreecourt, South London, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Alexander, by the Rev. Jas. G. Stuart. Phyllis Everett Henderson, daughter of the late Dr. W. H. Henderson, Kingston, to John McClary Moore, son of Mr. J. M. Moore, of London.

LATE MISS McDONALD

Was Granddaughter of One of London's Earliest Citizens.

The death of Miss Charlotte Isabel McDonald occurred Tuesday at the family residence, 802 Helmuth avenue, after a lingering illness.

The late Miss McDonald was in her fifty-third year. She was a granddaughter of the late Charles Davidson, one of London's pioneer settlers. He came to London in the year 1829, and settled near the site of the G. T. R. depot. At one time he owned the site of the present Imperial Bank on Richmond street.

Miss McDonald leaves a mother and one sister, Margaret, of Boston. Postmaster McDonald is an uncle of the deceased.

The funeral, which will be private, will be held on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, to Woodland Cemetery. Rev. Dr. Ross will conduct the services. The pallbearers will be Chas. R. Somerville, A. Thompson, Alex. Purdon, Alex. Tytler, John Marr and A. McMahan.

On the 26th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Skinner, D. D., Church of Scotland, Mr. Alexander Paterson of this City, to Miss Isabella Catharine, daughter of Duncan McKenzie, Esq., 4th con. Township of London.

ELSON—At his late residence, Maple Lodge, London Township, on June 11, Peter, beloved husband of Rebecca Elson, aged 73 years. Funeral (private) on Saturday afternoon, services at 2.30 p.m. Interment at 3 o'clock. F12v

The residence of Mr. Peter Elson, M. P., London Township, was the scene of a happy event on December 26 it being the occasion of the marriage of his younger daughter, Dora, to Louis A. Wood, B. A., B. D., Ph. D., of Robertson Presbyterian College, Edmonton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wood, Central avenue, London.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. Salton, of Arva, assisted by Rev. J. E. Hockey, of Waterloo, and Rev. Dr. Nixon, of London, under a canopy of smilax and white ribbon.

The bride, who was given away by her father, entered the drawing-room to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by her cousin, Miss Lillian Grant, of London.

She wore the beautiful gown in which she was presented to Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the royal drawing-room in Ottawa a few weeks ago. It was of white duchess satin, with Parisian overdress of silk net, heavily embroidered in crystals in panel effect and with chiffon and pearl fringe trimmings. She wore a long embroidered bridal veil with Juliet cap and the orange blossoms worn by her mother at the latter's wedding, and carried a huge shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. She wore a pearl and amethyst necklace, the gift of the groom.

The bridesmaid, Miss Daisy Black, daughter of Captain Black, London, was gowned in champagne silk with lace and rosebud trimmings. She wore a lace cap with osprey mount and carried a bouquet of pink carnations and ferns, and wore a pearl and peridot brooch, the gift of the groom.

Little Florence Dean made a winsome flower girl in a frock of pink silk and lace and carrying a basket of pink carnations, the handle being tied with bow of pink chiffon. She wore a gold locket and chain, the gift of the groom.

The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Harry Murthy, of Wyandotte, Michigan.

Mrs. Peter Elson, mother of the bride, was gowned in silver gray velvet with pearl garnitures, and Mrs. Mrs. Wood, mother of the groom, wore a gown of tan silk with overdress of silk net and lace trimmings. Mrs. Dickie, sister of the bride, was attired in pink silk with real lace and pearl trimmings, with pink velvet hat with mink trimming.

Dr. Wood is one of London's boys, having obtained his early education in the schools of this city. Later he graduated from Toronto University and from Montreal Presbyterian College, afterwards going to Germany, graduating from Heidelberg University over a year ago. He is at present professor of history in Robertson College, Edmonton.

Dr. and Mrs. Wood left on the evening train. They will visit Chicago and the larger American and Canadian cities before taking up their residence in Edmonton.

DEATH OF MR. F. J. MCKAY.

Principal of Hyde Park Public School Passes Away.

Mr. Fred J. McKay, principal of Hyde Park public school, died at the home of Miss Jaynes on March 2, after an illness of four weeks.

He also filled the position as organist and Bible class teacher in the Presbyterian Church, where he will be greatly missed. He was 21 years of age, and was born in Clachan, Aldboro Township. Beside his mother, he is survived by two sisters and three brothers.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Nixon, pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church, on Sunday, at 10 o'clock. The remains were taken to Clachan by G. T. R. for burial.

The pallbearers were: Barclay and Gordon Fisher, Donald Sloan, Geo. May, Edward Ramsay and Fred Barclay. The respect in which the late Mr. McKay was held was fitly shown by the numerous floral offerings, among which were wreaths from the choir and baseball club, and "Gates Ajar" from the Middlesex Teachers' Association; also wreaths from relatives and friends from Ridgeway, Bothwell, Highgate, Chatham and other places. 1912.

DEATHS.

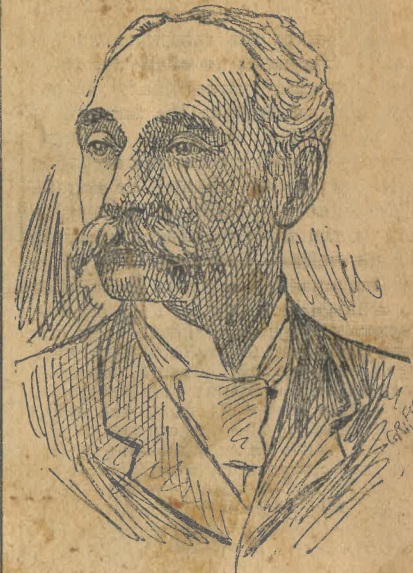
MOORE—At Parkersburg, West Virginia, on Sunday, June 30, Walter D. Moore, son of the late William Moore, of the Inland Revenue Department, London.

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DEATH OF W. L. BROWN.

An Old-Time Londoner Summoned to the Great Beyond.

Very many readers will hear with surprise and regret of the death at his residence, in West London, Wednesday night, of Mr. William L. Brown, after an illness of six weeks from a complication of ailments. Mr. Brown, until some four months ago, was a member of the Free Press staff for upwards of twenty years, and was widely known and respected for his intellectual ability and varied knowledge of agricultural and kindred subjects, especially interesting to the farming community. His health had



been failing for over a year. Mr. Brown came to Canada from England in 1850 and settled in London township. Shortly after his arrival he passed the usual examination, secured a teacher's certificate and taught at Denfield for several years. He subsequently moved to Hyde Park and had charge of the school in that place for six years. He also acted as assessor and collector of the township while a resident of Hyde Park. In 1887 he removed from the latter place to London West, and very soon thereafter was chosen as a representative to the School Board of the village, a position he held with decided advantage to the electors and their educational interests. Previous to this he originated the Dominion Grange Association, and for a few years published a small paper in its interests. In 1870 he married Miss Margaret Mackenzie, daughter of Alex. Mackenzie, of Hyde Park, who with five sons survive him, Dr. Arthur E., of Philadelphia, being the eldest of the family. Mr. Brown was one of the leading poultry fanciers of the Province for many years, and was well versed in everything pertaining to the feathered race. He was a member of the Independent Order of Foresters. His death, quite unlooked for by the public, will be heard of with extreme regret by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance and by none more sincerely than his old-time associates of the Free Press.

GARNETT—WELD.

Rev. Frank Leigh Officiates at Wedding of Well Known People.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at Delaware at high noon on Thursday, when Miss Agnes P. Weld and Mr. Charles Gerard Garnett were united in marriage by Rev. Frank Leigh, of Christ Church. The bride was gowned in cream satin, with an overdress of cream marquisette, and veil with orange blossoms.

She was attended by her sister, Miss Maude Weld, in pink satin, with picture hat of pink. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Fred Garnett.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett left after the wedding breakfast, for Toronto and eastern points. They will reside in Charlton, New Ontario.

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JANUARY 20, 1912

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Travelling Notes.

My notes shall, as I promised, still date from Bonnie Scotland—a land one loves to linger in, and from which both Fan and I will carry many a sunny memory. Shall we ever forget the hearty, whole-souled welcomes in homes where we ate the real Scotch "parritch," the oat cakes, the bannocks and the scones, where we looked at the haggis, where we heard the bagpipes and saw the kilted dancers as their stalwart figures leapt to the tunes they played? (See illustration.) Apropos of the kilt, let me tell you of a young American we met at Edinburgh Castle as we watched the Highland regiment at its drill. He had never seen a man so garbed before, let alone a few hundreds of them, and he seemed to have his doubts of the sufficiency of the kilt as a costume. "I looked at my cousin," he said, "to see if she blushed, and I looked at the men to see if they blushed; then as no one blushed, I concluded that I need not, and, upon my word, they are grand-looking fellows."

I wonder if I mentioned our magnificent run to Edinburgh, 460 miles in eight hours, flying by Sheffield, Manchester, Carlisle, etc. It was exhilarating, yet often made a blur of the landscape and prevented our getting as clear a conception as we would have desired of the places we passed through. Later on we were able to see Scotland's beauties more leisurely, and in the delightful local fashion arranged for the convenience of tourists. To-day I must tell you of the visit we paid to Edinburgh Castle, which is

it, of the Royal Castle of Craigmillar, and Arthur's Seat. Who does not know the story of the interesting discovery made by workmen some 70 years ago near this spot, of the small oak coffin, long hidden in the recess of the wall in which had lain a little babe wrapped in a richly-embroidered silken shroud, with the initial and another letter wrought in gold—too defaced to be deciphered? What a field for the romance writer! It is a riddle which now may never be truthfully unravelled.

Old Edinburgh teems with interesting records of bygone days, even although its old houses, old gateways, old landmarks, are fast passing away. That of John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer, still stands. Upon it remain some carvings and the motto in ancient characters: "Lofe . God . above-al . and . yi . nichtbour . as . yi . self."

Fountain Well stands near the John Knox house. "Wha's next?" was the water caddie's shout to the wives as they came in turn to the well. In the Moray House Cromwell resided in 1648, and near it are the Canongate Tolbooth and White Horse Close, where Prince Charlie and his officers met as described by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley."

I fear I must not make my "notes of travel" too long, but in another issue I must tell you of our visit to Holyrood, and of some of our pleasant outings in the land o' cakes. When one has seen so much it is a most heart-breaking thing to have to compress the story into half a column, when two columns of space would seem none too much. It is like trying to pour a quart of jelly into a pint mould. Try it, dear readers, and then you will be able to sympathize with—
MOLLIE.



THE HIGHLAND FLING.

Former Member of Parliament and Ex-Warden Succumbs to Short Illness



Mr. James Gilmour, ex-M. P. for East Middlesex, died about 8 o'clock this morning at his residence near Nilestown. Death was not unexpected at the last, but the deceased passed away with startling suddenness notwithstanding.

It is a little more than two weeks since that Mr. Gilmour was present at the political meeting addressed at Thorndale by Mr. R. R. Gamey. On that occasion Mr. Gilmour was in his usual good health and spirits, and long life seemed to be before him. He made one of the brightest platform speeches heard in the riding in a good while.

The cause of death was an affection of the bowels. On Tuesday an operation was performed upon the patient, but he failed to rally. He was in his sixty-seventh year.

It falls to the lot of few men to be held in the same high regard as was the late James Gilmour. He was one of the best of all men—a man of keen intelligence, breadth of view and sterling integrity. His word was indeed his bond. He scorned to do anything that was unquestionable, and throughout his somewhat extended career as a public man he retained the entire confidence of opponent as well as friend. His genial smile, his quaint Scotch accent, his hearty handshake, were all so evidently sincere he spread good humor and content wherever he went.

As a member of the county council of Middlesex he served the county with rare good judgment. He was one of the strongest men the county ever produced, and it is due in a very large degree to his sagacity that the affairs of the county are to-day in splendid condition. He was honored with every post of honor in the gift of the county, having been warden, and later for years the county's representative on the trust of Victoria Hospital.

When the Conservative party called him to accept the position of standard-bearer in the east riding he accepted, and in this position he was invincible. The task of attending at the House of Commons at Ottawa was not greatly to his liking, however, and he withdrew, having been succeeded by Mr. Peter Elson, the present member. He remained a staunch friend of the Liberal-Conservative cause, and it was his last pleasure in politics to speak in behalf of the Whitney Government, of whose record he was a proud admirer. Deceased is survived by a widow, two sons, Andrew and John, and one daughter, Miss Lizzie; also two brothers, Andrew and David, who reside on near-by farms. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a native of Scotland, having been born near Glasgow.

MAY 16, 1908.

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LATE JAMES GILMOUR, EX-M. P.



BOILING AT THE SUGAR HOUSE.



GATHERING SAP.

DEATHS.

HENDERSON—In London, on Sunday, September 15, 1912, Rev. Alex. Henderson. The funeral from his late residence, 251 Wortley Road, on Tuesday, September 17, at 2 o'clock; services also at the Presbyterian Church, Hyde Park, where interment will be made. Kindly omit flowers (by special request). 1161

MISS McDONALD BURIED

Funeral Services Were Conducted by Rev. Dr. Ross

The funeral of the late Miss Charlotte Isabel McDonald was held this afternoon from the family residence, 802 Hellmuth avenue. The services at the funeral, which was private, were conducted by Rev. Dr. Ross, of St. Andrew's Church, of which the deceased was a member. The funeral took place at 3 o'clock to Woodland cemetery.

The pallbearers were: Chas. R. Somerville, A. Thompson, Alex. Purdom, Alex. Tytler, John Marr and A. McMahan.

The late Miss McDonald was a granddaughter of the late Chas. Davidson, one of London's pioneer settlers. He came to the city in the year 1829, and settled near the site of the G.T.R. depot. At one time he owned the site of the present Imperial Bank on Richmond street.

Miss McDonald is survived by a mother and one sister, Margaret, of Boston. Postmaster McDonald is an uncle of the deceased.

Judge John H. Barclay, formerly of Hyde Park, and one of the early pioneers of California, passed away at his home in Los Angeles. He had resided there since the year 1875. He was buried by the Oddfellows being a charter member of that order, also a member of the Masonic Lodge. He was for many years judge and was always known to be honest, just and kind. He leaves a son and daughter, also a sister, Mrs. R. Cummings, and one brother, Mr. Donald Barclay, of Hyde Park.

MOORE—On the 20th inst. at Chicago, Ill., William McKenzie Moore, eldest son of the late William Moore, of the inland revenue department, London, aged 63 years. Funeral private from the residence of his brother, J. P. Moore, 195 Elmwood avenue, London, on Saturday the 22nd inst. at 3 p. m.

DEATH OF W. McK. MOORE.—The death occurred in Chicago on Thursday of Mr. William McKenzie Moore, eldest son of the late William Moore, of the local inland revenue department. Mr. Moore was in his 63rd year and unmarried. He leaves three brothers and four sisters. The brothers are Mr. J. P. Moore, of London; Mr. J. M. Moore, of London, and Mr. R. G. Moore, of Vancouver. The funeral, which was private, was held yesterday at 3 p. m. from the residence of Mr. J. P. Moore, 195 Elmwood avenue.

TAYLOR—Suddenly on Tuesday morning, William Davidson Taylor, of 507 Princess, beloved husband of Georgina Taylor. Funeral notice later.

—A charming autumn wedding that created much interest in society circles was that of Miss Elva Louise Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McKenzie Moore, to Lieutenant William Hamilton Smyth, of the Audit and Inspection Department, Quebec, son of Mr. W. T. Smyth, Brampton. The marriage was solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents, Waterloo Street, yesterday afternoon, Very Rev. Dean Davis, an old friend (who also united in marriage the parents of the bride) officiating at the ceremony. Autumn decorations, most effectively carried out in oak leaves, cyhrsanthemums and roses adorned the spacious rooms and hall. Under a canopy of oak leaves and white chrysanthemums arranged in the drawingroom, the ceremony was performed before an improvised altar, palms and ferns and flowers adding to the attractiveness of the rooms. Down an aisle of white ribbons and roses held by four girl friends the beautiful bride passed to the altar, leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage. She wore an exquisite wedding robe of Duchess satin, draped in panniers, with flouncings of embroidered silk Brussels net, a court train, in cartridge pleats, falling from the shoulders and a deep lace collar over the bodice. The bride wore her mother's wedding veil, arranged high at the back of the head and caught with a bandeau of peals and orange blossoms. The groom's gift, a handsome rose cluster diamond and ruby ring was worn, and a shower bouquet of bridal roses and valley lilies was carried

DROPPED DEAD AT C. P. R. DEPOT

William Taylor Succumbs to Heart Failure Waiting For Train.

Mr. William D. Taylor, of 507 Princess avenue, dropped dead at the C. P. R. depot this morning shortly after 8 o'clock from heart failure while waiting for a train to take him to Melrose. Mr. Taylor, who was a piano tuner in the employ of William McPhillips, music dealer, Dundas street, had gone into the lavatory when, without warning, he fell to the floor. The driver of a baker wagon heard a groan and went to render aid, but life was extinct. Coroner Dr. Robert Ferguson was called, and decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

SKIPPON—At Lang, Sask., on Monday, November 18, 1913. Thomas R., eldest son of Thomas and Mary Skippon, in his 29th year. Funeral (private) from George E. Logan's undertaking parlors on Saturday, November 23, at 2.30 p. m. Services at 2 o'clock. Interment at Hyde Park Cemetery.

DEATH OF DR. J. A. GIBSON.

Former Londoner Died Recently in Buffalo.

The death of Dr. James A. Gibson, of Buffalo, son of the late Laurence Gibson, of this city, will come as a great shock to many old friends in London. Dr. Gibson spent all his school days in London and graduated from the Medical School here in 1890. After a year in the hospitals of London, England, he engaged in the practice of his profession in Buffalo, and has been there ever since.

During the quarter of a century that Dr. Gibson had been a resident of Buffalo he made a host of fast friends, both in and outside the ranks of his profession. He was an enthusiast in everything in which he took an interest, and his genial disposition and uprightness of character made him beloved by all who came in close contact with him. For many years he held the position of Professor of anatomy in the Medical College of the University of Buffalo, and for some time had, in addition, acted as registrar of the college, and was recently honored by election to the board of trustees of the university.

Dr. Gibson was very active in the work of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, had been an elder for many years and was recently elected a member of the board of trustees.

Dr. Gibson is survived by his widow and daughter, Helen, in Buffalo, and his mother, Mrs. E. H. Gibson, Talbot street, and his sister, Beatrice. The funeral takes place in Buffalo on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

by the lovely bride. Miss Edith Nesbitt, daughter of Mr. Samuel Nesbitt, M.P.P., Brighton, attended the bride as bridesmaid, being gowned in Brussels lace, with overdress of shell pink taffeta. A black picture hat with gilt tips was worn, and she carried a basket of Shawyer roses. A winsome wee tot was the flower girl, Miss Mary Cook, Westmount, niece of the groom, who wore a pretty frock of white Swiss mull with shell pink ribbons and sash and carried a basket of Shawyer roses. The best man was Captain Arthur Thornton, of the 159th Battalion, C. E. F. A buffet luncheon was served after the ceremony, the dining-room being attractively decorated with pale pink roses. Mrs. Moore, mother of the bride was handsomely gowned in pansy velvet with bodice of georgette crepe over fuschia silk and she carried Sunset roses. Mr. and Mrs. Smyth left on the 7.50 C. P. R., train for the east, the bride travelling in a dark blue tailor-made suit, with seal collar and cuffs and hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Smyth will reside in Quebec, where the best wishes of many friends will follow them. Guests were present from Westmount, Toronto, Chicago, Detroit and Brighton.

—In honor of the bride-elect Miss Louie Moore, Mrs. Roy Moore entertained at a charmingly arranged bridge, and handkerchief "Shower" on Monday afternoon. Bridal roses formed the decorations throughout the house, the lovely flowers being everywhere in evidence. Following the bridge and refreshments, the presentation was made by the gracious hostess of the "Shower", which elicited warmest admiration. To a large gilt ring was attached exquisite handkerchiefs and rose buds forming a veritable shower bouquet which fell over the bride-elect as it was given her by the hostess. The afternoon proved one of unusual enjoyment.

MRS. ELSON DEAD.

The death occurred Thursday of Mrs. Elson, widow of the late Peter Elson, for years parliamentary member for East Middlesex. The late Mrs. Elson was the youngest daughter of the late John Wood, a native of County Antrim, Ireland, and one of the pioneer settlers of London Township. She is survived by one brother, Capt. George Wood, of Seikirk, Manitoba, and four children, Rev. Albert J. Elson, of Koba, Japan; Paul B. Elson, on the old homestead; Mrs. A. M. Dickie, of Hyde Park, and Mrs. Louis Wood, Princess avenue, city.

The funeral will be held to-morrow. Interment will take place at Oakland Cemetery. Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of Arva, will have charge of the services.

HAMMOND-GRAHAM—On Saturday, November 2, 1913, at the manse, Hyde Park, by Rev. Mr. Gale, Edith Emily Graham, of Komoka, Ont., to Henry Hammond, of Delaware, Ont.

grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanstone, Hyde Park, on August 24, 1913, Hugh John, youngest and dearly beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. John McPherson, aged 5 months. Funeral, private, from the parents' residence, lot 19, concession 9, Westminster Township, on Monday, at 2.30 o'clock; services at 2 p. m. Interment at St. Thomas Cemetery. St. Thomas papers please copy.

MOORE—At the family residence, 195 Elmwood avenue, London, on Thursday, 13th inst., Margaret Anne, eldest daughter of the late William Moore. Funeral notice later.

YOUNG—Eliza M., wife of Wm. Young, Caradoc, on Monday, June 24, 1913. Funeral services 1 p. m. Wednesday, June 26. Interment at Cook's Cemetery. F251

MACKENZIES HOLD 100-YEAR REUNION

Descendants of Major Duncan MacKenzie Have Delightful Time.

ORGANIZED VOLUNTEERS.

Dalmagarry Cottage, London Township, Third House Built.

A delightful and unique reunion was held at "Dalmagarry Cottage," Hyde Park, Ontario, on Monday, October 14, 1913, when the direct descendants of the original owner, Major Duncan MacKenzie, J. P., gathered, with their families, from various points in Canada and the United States.

The occasion was the celebration of the close of 100 years since "Dalmagarry Cottage," otherwise known as lot 23, concession 4, London Township, became the property of Duncan MacKenzie, familiarly known as the "Old Squire."

The grant of land he, as a British veteran, after the French revolution, received from the Government at that time included 800 acres, 700 acres of which were afterwards disposed of to incoming settlers. The deed to the remaining 100 acres bears the seal of the then reigning British sovereign, George IV. of England.

Duncan MacKenzie, born at Ruthven, Parish of Moy, Invernesshire, Scotland, at an early age joined the 5th Battalion, Royal Artillery, remaining and being in active service through the Battle of Waterloo. In 1817 Mr. MacKenzie, with his wife, Margaret Barclay MacKenzie, also of Invernesshire, arrived in Canada, and on October 16, 1818, settled on the above mentioned property. In 1837 he received his captaincy in the militia, during which year he commanded a battery at Chippewa.

ORGANIZED VOLUNTEERS.

Later, in 1841, he organized the London Independent Volunteer Artillery, which he maintained at his own expense for 15 years, and which in 1856 was reorganized by Col. Stanley, and became the London Field Battery. The field guns were brought from England and were the first used by the Canadian militia.

In 1856 Capt. MacKenzie retired with the rank of major.

In 1857 he was appointed a county magistrate and for several years was an acting and associate commissioner of the court of request.

"Dalmagarry Cottage," the third house built on the homestead (the first two being log cabins), was built in 1836, and is now the property of Henry Moore Johnstone, whose wife is a granddaughter of Major MacKenzie. Mrs. Patterson, who lives on the homestead, where she was born, with her daughter, Mrs. Johnstone, and Mrs. (Dr.) Hoare, of Waikerville, are the daughters and only remaining survivors of the large family of 12 children born to Duncan and Margaret MacKenzie.

FORMER LONDONER DEAD.

Alexander Duncan MacDonald, Old Sarnia Resident, Succumbs.

SARNIA, March 25.—One of Sarnia's oldest residents died on Sunday night in the person of Alex. Duncan MacDonald, aged 74 years. He was born in London and came to Sarnia 52 years ago. He leaves a widow and three sons, Harry, of Toronto, and Edward and Vaughan, of Sarnia, one brother, J. C. MacDonald, and one sister, Mrs. Donald McMillan, both of London. The funeral will be held from the family residence, 148 Christina street, to Lakeview Cemetery, on Wednesday afternoon.

KILLED IN ACTION.



PTE. J. R. HENDERSON, 21 Wortley road, who went overseas with the Mounted Rifles. He was reported missing on June 2. An official message received to-day states that he was killed in battle.

Pte. John Robert Henderson, No. 491356, Mounted Rifles, previously reported missing, is now reported to have been killed in action on June 2, 1915, according to a telegram received this morning by Mrs. Bessie F. Henderson, 251 Wortley road. Pte. Henderson was a son of the late Rev. Robert Henderson.

DYE IN STOCKING CAUSES BOY'S DEATH

Royden Herbert, of Hyde Park, Succumbs To Poison Entering Bruised Heel

As a result of blood poisoning contracted about three weeks ago from the dyes in his stocking entering a bruise on his heel, Royden Herbert, 44-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Herbert, of Hyde Park, died yesterday. Besides his parents the deceased is survived by one brother, Harvey, at home. The funeral will take place on Saturday afternoon from his parents' residence to Hyde Park Cemetery, following services at the house at 2 o'clock by Rev. E. Irwin, of Hyde Park Presbyterian Church.

MARRIAGES.

WILLIAMS-GAULD—On Wednesday, October 21, 1914, at the residence of John M. Moore, 478 Waterloo street, London, Ont., by Rev. Canon Tucker, rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, Stella May Gauld, of London, Ont., to Charles Cornish Williams, of Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Moore and Miss Louise Moore are leaving on Monday evening for Peoria, Ill., to attend the marriage of their son, Oliver Roy Moore, and Miss Shirley Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Taylor, of that city. The marriage will take place on Wednesday, June 17, 1914.

A small surprise party was given by the owners of the Kenberton subdivision at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, corner of Ridge road and Kenberton Drive, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Johnston, Friday evening, March 17. The entertainment was in the form of cards and informal dancing, while the color scheme of the decorations and refreshments was green to conform with the spirit of the occasion. At the conclusion of the card game Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone were presented with a handsome floor lamp, and the genial George was admonished to no longer keep his legal light hid under his hat, but in the future to let it shine so that all his friends and neighbors might appreciate his redeeming virtues as well as those present.

WILLIAM McMILLAN DIED IN NEVADA.

Canadian Who Went West Was Formerly of Hyde Park.

Announcement has been received of the death of William McMillan, formerly of Hyde Park, London Township, who died at Battle Mountain, Nevada, on July 21 last. He left here for California in 1869 and settled in Virginia City, Nevada, in the early 70's, where he engaged in the mining business for a number of years. He was elected to the State Assembly; in 1899 he was selected as the Republican candidate for governor of the state, but was defeated in a three-cornered contest by 22 votes. He was an auditor of United States Government land offices for several years. In 1911 he was elected state treasurer. Of late years he had been engaged in the banking business. He was a past master of the Masonic Order. Thomas Lindsay, present grand master, conducted the Masonic funeral services. He was buried in Reno Cemetery, Nevada. His widow, two daughters and one son survive him. Mr. McMillan was a son of the late William McMillan, P. L. S., formerly of Hyde Park. Three sisters, Mrs. Evans, of Richmond street north; Misses Kate and Annie, of Wellington street, and Donald McMillan, 709 Waterloo street, are living in this city.

NEPHEW OF WALKERVILLE MAYOR KILLED IN FRANCE

Lieutenant Gordon Pearce Gives Life for Allies' Cause.

Dr. Charles W. Hoare, mayor of Walkerville, received word Thursday afternoon, that his nephew, Lieutenant Gordon Pearce, of Toronto, had been killed in action "somewhere in France."

Lieutenant Pearce's brother, Lieutenant Rex Pearce, gave his life for the Allies' cause, being killed during the Somme offensive. Private G. Jahn, of Windsor, who enlisted in the Ninety-ninth battalion, was wounded at Vimy ridge, casualty lists Thursday stated.

LIVED OVER 60 YEARS IN WESTMINSTER TOWNSHIP.

ST. THOMAS, March 29.—Mrs. Isabella Macpherson, widow of the late H. Macpherson, of Westminster Township, and one of its earliest settlers, died this evening at the residence of her son, Hugh Macpherson, 45 Stanley street. For nearly 60 years she lived on the farm where the family settled on the 8th concession of Westminster. Her surviving children are: Hugh, Duncan, John, Archibald, John and Dougald, and Colin; three daughters: Miss Jane, at home; Mrs. Angus McIntyre, Southwold, and Mrs. W. H. Murph, St. Thomas. The funeral will be on Friday from 45 Stanley street to St. Thomas Cemetery.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

DEATHS.

BARCLAY—On Sunday, April 4, 1915, at San Fernando, Cal., Honora, beloved wife of Judge John H. Barclay, and aunt of Mr. George A. McGillivray, of London, Canada.

MAR. 10, 1916. Barbara Mackenzie.

It is with regret that we chronicle the death of Miss Barbara Mackenzie daughter of the late Dr. John and Margaret Mackenzie, of Campbelltown, Invernesshire, Scotland, and sister of the late Daniel Mackenzie, of this city, who passed away Sunday, March, 5th, in her 93rd year. She was the eldest and last of the immediate family and a lady of unusual intellect. She was born in 1824, and came to Sarnia in 1850. The funeral which was private took place from the late brother's residence, 121 Queen street, to Lakeview cemetery, on Tuesday at 2.30 p.m. Rev. J. J. Paterson, conducted the services. Messrs. Thos. Doherty, Robt. Wanless, John McGibbon, and Capt. McNab, were the pallbearers.

Mrs. Dr. Kennedy has returned home to Wingham after attending the funeral of Miss Mackenzie.

LE CLEAR—In this city on Saturday, January 22nd., 1916, Sophronia Le Clear, in her 85th year. Funeral will leave the residence of her granddaughter, Mrs. W. A. Tibbs, 238 Nelson street, on Tuesday, January 25th, 1916, at 2.30 p. m.

Dr. John McMillan of Pictou Remembered on His Fiftieth Anniversary as a Medical Practitioner.

A happy event took place in this town on Monday, the 15th inst., when a few friends, but representing many, met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. MacMillan and presented him with an address, accompanied by a beautiful silverservice, mahogany tray and a purse of gold in recognition of the doctor's fiftieth anniversary as a medical practitioner; and also expressive of the high esteem in which he is held by his many friends in and outside the County of Pictou.

Dr. Anderson, of Pictou, representing the medical and other personal friends in New Glasgow, Stellarton, Westville, Pictou and other towns, presented the address in the presence of the family and a few friends. The number present was limited owing to the regretful fact that Dr. MacMillan had been confined, with sickness, to his room for the previous two weeks. The venerable doctor was therefore unable to reply to the address, but was deeply moved and expressed his high appreciation of being so kindly remembered by his friends.

It was very keenly felt by all his friends that the occasion was much marred by his illness; but they could not allow his anniversary to pass without some recognition. And now they sincerely hope for his speedy recovery.

The address, which is herewith attached, was beautifully illustrated, and bound in blue morocco, with padded lining of white moire silk, and on the cover were dates and monogram in raised brass letters.

THE ADDRESS.

JOHN MACMILLAN, ESQ., M. D.

Dear Sir,—

We, the undersigned medical and other personal friends cannot allow your fiftieth anniversary as a medical practitioner to pass without some recognition on our part.

We most heartily congratulate you on a long and honored career, and express the wish that you may enjoy years of life, health and usefulness.

We are not come to do honor to this occasion merely because you are a professional man, but also because we have recognized in you a man with a grasp of your special work, a scholar, student and Christian gentleman. You have filled a conspicuous place here as physician and citizen. We have learned to respect your judgment, and have looked upon you as father, counsellor and friend. Homes and individuals lives have been made glad, not only by your skill, but also through your kindness and sympathy. In the hearts of many in the County your name is cherished as a true friend and skilful physician.

All who have come in contact with you have recognized the activity of your mind, and your grasp of subjects outside your own special field of labor. They have appreciated your broad catholic spirit and your firm moral conviction.

In recognition of these facts we ask your acceptance of the accompanying gift, and remain your faithful friends. Dated Pictou, N. S. the 15th day of April, A. D. 1907.

SOME WELL-KNOWN LONDONERS AT THE CAMP AT VALCARTIER

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1914.



The view on the left might be described as a meeting of the London Board of Control, Mayor Graham (in fedora) and Controller Moore (in stiff hat) are on either side of Controller Major Coles, who is in charge of the divisional train of the Canadian contingent. The divisional train is military one for the food supply. On the horse is Lieutenant Scandrett, of the Sixth Field Battery. The building is the divisional headquarters.

The marriage took place in Walkerville on Wednesday evening of Miss Dorothy Hoare, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Hoare, and Dr. Granville Gordon Little, of Walkerville. The church was beautifully decorated with lilies, gladioli, peonies and palms. The Rev. Mr. Battersby, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Carlisle, performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father, and looked lovely in white satin trimmed with pearls, tulle veil and orange blossoms. She carried an immense shower bouquet of sweet peas and orchids. The bridesmaids were Miss Audrey Little, Miss Eileen Wilkinson and Miss Eula White, of this city. Their gowns were extremely pretty, and three shades being yellow, mauve, and green. Their hats were of tulle to match each dress and they carried shepherd's crooks, bearing large bunches of flowers. Dr. Cameron, of Toronto, was best man. After the ceremony a large reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, the color scheme of pink and green prevailing all through. Dr. and Mrs. Little left on the night train for New York and other American cities. They will reside in Walkerville. Many out-of-town guests attended the wedding, including several from London and Strathroy.

KILLED.
WALKERVILLE.
Lieut. Walker Hoare.
99TH OFFICER FALLS.
WALKERVILLE, August 16.—Lieut. W. Hoare, Wyandotte street, was killed in action in France, according to a cablegram from the war office received by his father this morning.

DEATHS.
JOHNSTONE—In Delaware Township, on Friday, November 17, 1914, Margaret J. beloved wife of James W. Johnstone, in her 57th year. Funeral from her late residence, lot 10, concession 1, on Monday at 1:30 p. m., services at Christ Church at Delaware at 2 p. m. Interment at Delaware Cemetery.

DELAWARE. Nov. 8.—The funeral of Mrs. Mary E. Johnstone, concession 1, widow of the late John Johnstone, took place on Monday afternoon last and was largely attended. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. W. H. Hartley, rector of Christ Church, Delaware, and Rev. Cranston of Temple Churchyard. The floral tributes were largely contributed by the Township Council, including one from the Township Council, who attended the funeral. The pallbearers were Messrs. John R. Hammond, Octavius Weld, Henry Hammond, J. Wallace Johnstone, Henry C. Johnstone, John Weld. The deceased is survived by one son, J. Hardy, first concession, and two daughters, Helen, at home, and Mrs. Agnes Love, of Carleton Place, Ontario.

MOORE-HENDERSON.
One of the prettiest weddings that has taken place in this city in a long time was celebrated this afternoon at "Lorne" Alexander, South Lorne. When their niece, Miss Phyllis Everett Henderson, daughter of the late Dr. W. H. Henderson, of Kingsston, was united in marriage to Mr. John McClary Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Moore, of this city. The ceremony took place in the spacious library. The house was beautifully decorated with daisies, palms, roses and peonies.
The bride entered the room to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by the orchestra, leaning on the arm of her uncle, Mr. Thos. Alexander, and attended by Miss Cecilia McTaggart and little Helen Alexander. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James G. Stuart, of Knox Church.
The groom was supported by Mr. Alexander Spencer, of Hamilton. The immediate relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony.

Kaiser-McFarlane.
A very pretty wedding took place at Alex. McFarlane's home, Deer Park Farm, South Delaware, on Wednesday, at 6:30 p. m., when their eldest daughter, Lena, was united in marriage to Mr. Garfield J. Kaiser, of Sharon. Rev. Mr. Cranston officiated, assisted by Rev. Gordon Kaiser. Miss Mary McFarlane, sister of the bride, played the Lehigh wedding march. The bride, who was given away by her father, was beautifully gowned in an English Ivory satin, trimmed with rose point lace and seed pearls, wearing her mother's veil, and orange blossoms and carried a snowier bouquet of cream roses and lily of the valley. Her only ornament being a beautiful necklace of diamonds and pearls set in platinum, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Velma Kaiser, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid.
Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser left for a trip to Niagara and Toronto, taking the boat at Toronto for a sail down through the Thousand Islands to Montreal, and will be at home to their friends after October 15.

HYDE PARK SCHOOL.
Promotions in Hyde Park junior room, in order of merit:
Senior Second to Third—Orvil Quinney, Myrtle Cooper.
Junior Second to Third—Bernice Gray, Junior Senior to Senior Second—Rosie McDowell, Mary Dickson, Willie Dickle, Austin Springett, Grace Willoughby, Harold Keays.
First to Junior Second—Kenneth Dickie, Florence Watson, Willie Douglas, Harvey Herbert, Curtis Uren.
Senior Primer to First—Gertrude Quinney, Gordon Uren, Alec Buchanan, Dorothy Watson, Cecil Flynn, Alice Routledge, Earl Smith, Ian Buchanan.
Junior Primer—Irma Keays, Edgar Morden.

TROUT FISHING IN MUSKOKA, CANADA

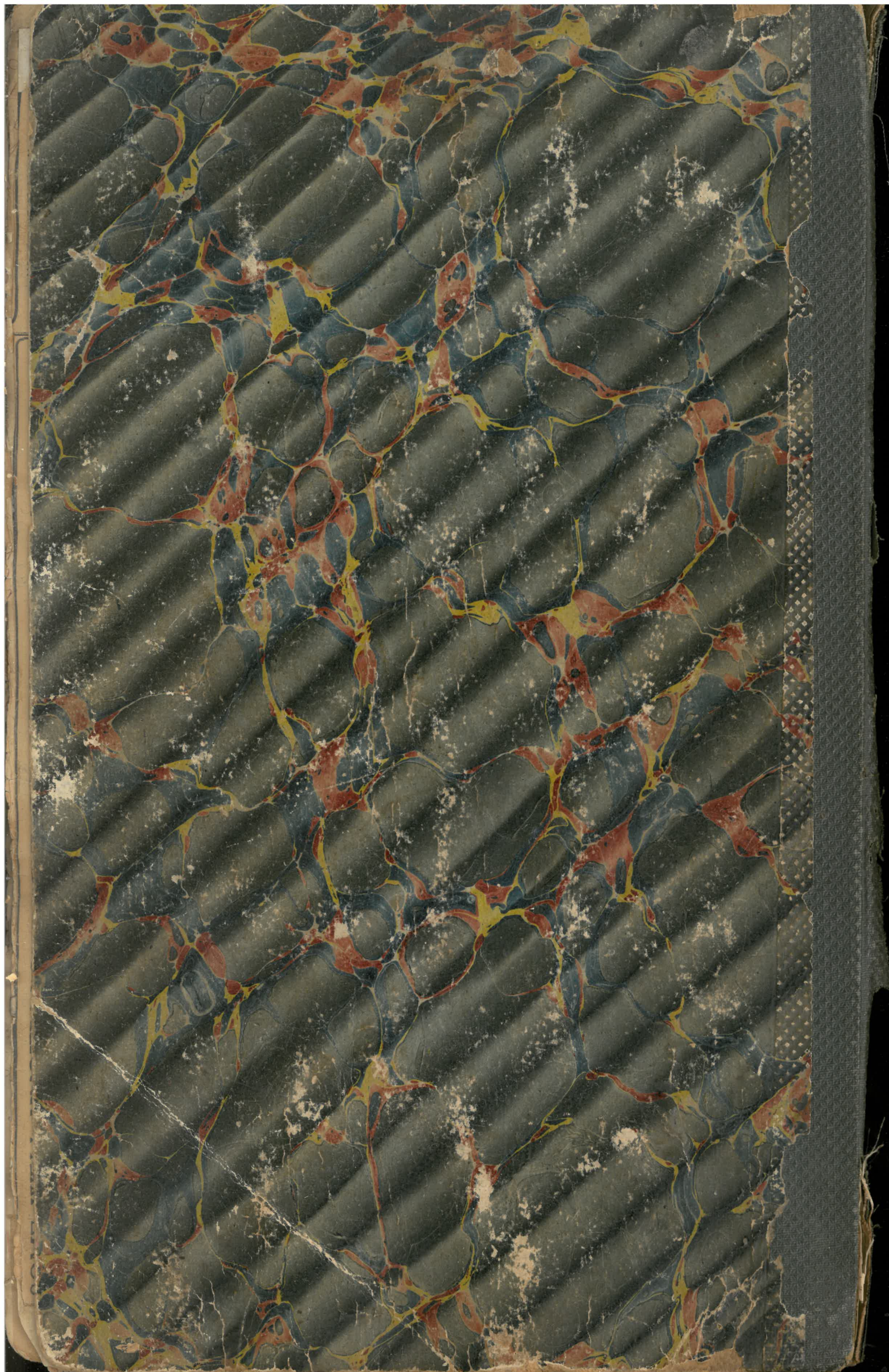
Prepared by A. H. Heming.

ADVERTISERS FOR CUSTOMERS.
DAILY

W. E. Marshall, 1884



WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS.
DRAWN BY W. E. MARSHALL.



LATE JAMES GILMOUR EX-M P