

### The Light of Other Days A glimpse of the Old Pioneer Days

"Who left the door open?"  
Well, that is what I am going to explain. But let me be candid about the affair by stating that I am not at all sorry the door is left open, because there are advantages as well as disadvantages in open doors. In this particular case we get a very interesting glimpse through the open door of something truly important for us to see and know about. Grandmother used to tell me about the old pioneer days in Ontario: the coming of the sawmill, the advent of the railway and the passing of the old life. But even with her vivid description it was not easy to picture the scene. But now, here in my study, looking through that open door, I can see it all and understand her "refrain," "Things are not as they used to be."  
Yes, the picture of the old church which is before you is the open door

church home is to be established a short distance back from the brow of the bank. But it will be many a long day before the little church among the sand dunes is forgotten, and there will be many pilgrimages by older members of the congregation to the building erected with loving hands by their fathers.  
Nowhere else, probably, in Ontario can be found a church with architecture quite the same or with surroundings quite so desolate. It was built in the late fifties of timber from the virgin trees of the lake shore. It is a sturdy little building, with high-pitched roof, exterior buttresses, high pew ends and "naked rafters" of stained oak stretching from wall to wall. Outside and in, the church is reminiscent of the English abbey or chapel, and bears evidence of the desire of the builder to make it re-



THE OLD CHURCH NEAR KINCARDINE, ONT.

through which we gaze on the old home-life in Ontario half a century ago. It was built by the pioneers of the district there among the sand dunes, close to the wide, sandy beach of Lake Huron, some nine miles from Kincardine. Once it was the centre of the thriving village of Alma, but now it stands alone in its solitary impressiveness, a witness to the sturdy, simple faith of the old home-life that forms no small portion of the lives of those Canadians who have made history for our beloved Dominion. As a recent account states:—  
"It is many decades since the last of the mills and shops of Alma were demolished, and only the fine, rippled sand, which extends half a mile back from the lake, remains. And now the little church is being reluctantly left behind. The deep sand and the high hill are most inconvenient for the motor cars of the farmers, and a new

semble the edifices of his native country.  
A stone's throw from the lake, near the site of the now-forgotten school-house, may still be seen a few indications that there was once a settlement nearby. It was here that the first cemetery stood. Only one headstone was ever erected in this cemetery—that of Joshua Lindsay. This was in 1854. Lindsay, one of the earliest settlers, was killed by a falling tree. His widow sold the patents for a 200-acre tract of timber land for \$200, and with part of the proceeds purchased a marble slab, which now lies prostrate in the sand, worn by the fine, white sand, but still legible, bearing the warning epitaph:—  
"Remember, friend, as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I;  
As I am now so you will be;  
Prepare for death and follow me."

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