

APPENDIX III.

JAMES GILBERT FOSTER

James Gilbert was the second son of James and Hannah Wood Foster. He was born at the Foster home in the second concession of Huntingdon in 1847 and died at Denholm, Sask. October 26th, 1913. He was married to Phoebe Ann, daughter of Jacob and Matilda Salisbury of Huntingdon Township.

Owing to an accident when he was a young man he lost his left hand, by having it lacerated in a straw cutter. He obtained a teacher's certificate and for a time taught public school. Pedagogy, however, not proving to his taste, he left that profession and purchased a farm in the second concession of the Township of Huntingdon. Aside from his farm he was associated with a number of other activities. For a period of years he was President and Salesman for the Moira Cheese Manufacturing Company, for a longer time he was Clerk of the municipality of the Township of Huntingdon. He also conducted an insurance business and was for a time district representative for the Frost & Wood Company as well as other Companies engaged in farm implement and carriage-making. He was also during these years very active in church work, being Superintendent of the Sunday School and choir leader of the Methodist Church.

In the spring of 1904 he moved with his family to reside near Brooklin, Ont., where he purchased a farm. Here he remained for five years, when he disposed of his farm and moved to Denholm, Sask., and took up a section of land. Here he passed away suddenly and unexpectedly from heart trouble.

In the course of a column editorial appreciation. The Daily Ontario of Belleville had this to say,—

"The death of James Gilbert Foster removes from this sad old world a man whose sunny temperament seemed never to suffer an eclipse. No matter how dark the days nor how sombre the outlook, his smile was just as bright and his abounding good nature just as contagious as though shadows and darkness were unknown.

"His optimism was no mere manifestation of a certain levity of mind or excess of animal spirit or the assumed gaiety of the political mixer hoping for favors. It was deeper and truer than that. Rather would we say that it arose from genuine sympathy and kindness of heart.

"James Gilbert Foster made friends of the children and could call them all by name. Advancing years seemed to cause no diminution of that spirit of eternal youth that manifested itself in a love for animals, for the big world outside and for little children.

"In the hurly-burly of modern business the most of us are old in spirit almost before we have passed the threshold of youth. James Gilbert Foster would have remained young had he reached the century mark, and though he was sixty-six years old as the world reckons time, yet his demise at that age seems like the sadly premature ending of a youthful career. Still we cannot but think that his passing is much as he himself would have ordered—before the infirmities and disabilities of age had laid upon him and taken away that capacity to cheer the world around him. And that world is today a poorer and a sadder place to many and many a one because this big-hearted genial, optimistic friend has been removed."