

OBITUARY

Christine Gillis Stewart was born in Ontario, December 21st, 1873, and was called to her long home Jan. 3rd, 1919, at the age of 45 years and 12 days having been stricken with the Spanish influenza about a week before her departure, the disease developing into pneumonia.

In 1883, when only ten years old, she came with her parents to Riverside township, Steele county, where she resided until May 23rd, 1894, at which time she was married to Henry Curtis and came to the present Curtis homestead where she resided till her Master called her to be with Him in that better land.

To this union were born four children, Florence Elizabeth, now Mrs. H. R. Kimm; Edgar Thomas; Howard Angus, and Myrl Henry; the latter three residing on the old homestead with their parents, and the former with her husband and two children on their farm just across the road from the Curtis homestead.

Mrs. Curtis confessed Jesus Christ as her Personal Savior at about the age of fifteen and after her marriage placed her membership in the Union Congregational Church of Ladbury.

Upon answering the call of her Heavenly Father, she leaves with us her mother, Mrs. Stewart of Valley City, her husband, her four children, two grandchildren and a large circle of friends who in a measure expressed their love and friendship through an elaborate floral display on the day of the funeral.

The funeral services were conducted from the home by Rev. J. C. Wilson of Hannaford, and her remains were laid to rest in the Ladbury cemetery.

Mrs. Curtis was not only highly respected by all but made the stranger, as well as the friend and neighbor full welcome in her home. Many hearts are sad because she is missed, but they are not without hope.

Out of the chill and the shadow,

Into the thrill and the shine;

Out of the dearth and the famine,

Into the fullness divine.

Up from the strife and the battle,

(Oft with the shameful defeat)

Up to the palm and the laurel,

Oh, but the rest will be sweet.

Out of the chill and the shadow,

Into the thrill and shine;

Out of the dearth and the famine,

Into the fulness divine.

Out of the sigh and the silence,

Into the deep swelling song;

Out of the exile and bondage,

Into the home gathered throng.