IN MEMORIAM

BERNARD J. MacDONALD

The death of Bernard J. MacDonald which occurred suddenly at his home in Cable Head East on Friday, August 28 was a great shock to his family and friends in that and surrounding communities.

Born here 45 years ago he was a son of the late Henry B. and Mrs. MacDonald. He followed the occupation of fisherman until shortly after the outbreak of World War II when he joined the R.C.A.F., continuing in that service until the end of hostilities.

Returning home he resumed his former occupation for a few years but due to failing health he entered the Sanatorium at Charlottetown where he was a patient for a year and a half. He returned home three months ago. He was about as usual on the day previous to his death. Father MacDonald administered Extreme Unction.

Of a retiring disposition he was a young man of sterling qualities, a generous son, kind brother and good friend.

Due to the illness of his mother, his remains were forwarded from the Dingwell Funeral Home, Souris to the residence of his sister, Mrs. Charles E. MacKinnon. The funeral was held on Monday morning to St. Peter's Church where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. W. V. MacDonald, who also officiated at the grave.

He leaves to mourn his sudden passing, besides his sorrowing mother, the following brothers and sisters: D. F. Andrew, Charles, Mrs. Charles E. MacKinnon, Mrs. Joseph MacLean, Mrs. Joseph MacDonald, Mrs. Ernest Russell, and Eleanor, all of St. Peters parish, and Mrs. Hugh B. MacDonald of St. Margarets; two half-sisters, Mrs. Dolph Cheverie of New Zealand and Mrs. John J. Sheehan of Farmington, also an aged aunt Mary Ellen, at home.

A military funeral was carried out under the direction of the Canadian Legion. The active pallbearers were the six brothers-in-law: Charles E. MacKinnon, Ernest Russell, Dolph Cheverie, Hugh B. MacDonald, Joseph MacDonald and John J. Sheehan.

Card Of Thanks

The mother, brothers and sisters of the late Bernard J. MacDonald wish to thank Dr. Burden, Rev. W. V. MacDonald, all who sent Mass cards, flowers and messages of sympathy, kind neighbours and friends and all who helped in any way to lessen their burden of sorrow.

OSLO (CP) In an effort to relieve the shortage of school teachers, the Norwegian education ministry is urging retired teachers to return to school. Officials said the shortage is likely to last another three or four years at the present rate.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MURDOCK MUNROE

There passed away suddenly in the Kings County Memorial Hospital on July 21, Mrs. Murdoch Munroe of Lyndale in her 66th year.

Mrs. Munroe, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John MacKenzie, was born at Victoria Cross. She was a valued member of the Montague Baptist Church.

Besides her husband she leaves to mourn their loss, three devoted daughters, Florence, (Mrs. C. J. McCarty, New York City; Catherine Munroe of Millis, Mass., (now at home), and Christene, (Mrs. Hermel Cassivi), Natick, Mass.; a son, George Munroe, predeceased her some years ago. Also there survives a brother, James MacKenzie, of Maine. Two sisters and one brother predeceased her, Mrs. Christene Parker, Mrs. Catherine Alm and John MacKenzie. There are three grandchildren, Walter, Rita and Gerald McCarty of New York.

"We loved her much, God loved her more,
She waits for us on that beautiful shore;
And when this Life's short journey is o'er,
We will join her there to part no more."

The funeral service was held in the Baptist Church, Uigg, and conducted by Rev. H. C. Blois of Montague, assisted by Rev. A. Fraser of Valleyfield. Mr. Blois gave a message of comfort to the bereaved family. Mrs. Munroe's favourite hymns, "Shall We Gather At The River," "Nearer My God To Thee" and "What a Friend We Have In Jesus," were sung. The church was filled to capacity and many were outside, for people came from near and far to pay their last respects to a friend well beloved.

Pall bearers were Messrs. Willard Bruce, Angus W. MacLeod, Alex R. MacLeod, Ira Ross, Roy Gillis and Raymond Nicholson. Interment was in Uigg Cemetery.

Floral tributes were:
Pillow — The family.
Spray — Euphemia, and Sadie MacPherson.
Wreaths — Mr. and Mrs. Forden Young and family; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munroe and family; Mr. and Mrs. Russell MacGregor and family; Mae and Edith Clay; Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacLeod and family.

Card Of Thanks

Mr. Murdoch Munroe and family wish to express their sincere thanks to Dr. MacIntyre, the nurses of Kings County Memorial Hospital and the many friends who sent flowers, letters and cards of sympathy during the sad bereavement. Also to the members of the Women's Institute of Upper Montague for their kindness during Mrs. Munroe's illness.

The crinoline skirt with its steel-hooped frame became popular in the 1840s.

Table Top

by Eden Phillpotts

CHAPTER XIII

Continued

They protested at his folly and cried out that there was no need for others to die; but neither Maine nor Aylmer heard them. The gorge gaped ahead and over a shaking strand they ran together and entered it. Great noises thundered overhead and they could not hear themselves speak. The volcano's bellow increased while new phenomena threatened, for the air was full of fiery cinders and falling debris from the cliffs. But their ordeal was brief and both lives were spared by fortune of chance. A spectacle hideous enough awaited them, yet the apparition told them all they needed to know and set them free to accomplish their own salvation while time remained to do so.

Beside the skeleton of Benny Boss lay another, clean and white. Only his bag and his two weapons remained close to his bones. He lay face downwards and the discoverers knew what had overtaken him.

Tom looked upward, but only to feel the rain of ashes like hot hail upon his face. The enemies were sped; flames ran along the ground of the gorge where their ponderous webs shrivelled and burned away.

They made no stay beside their vanished friend and his ancient kinsmen. Indeed Tom, with his feet on fire, turned and limped to the sea instantly; but Angus delayed one moment and picked up Felice's bag. He argued that if it were empty, then Pardo had perished before reaching the cache; if it contained any new thing, then he had won his purpose and died upon the journey back. But he felt that the bag was weighty, stuck to it and followed Aylmer.

The shore was shaking and splitting now, but both men reached the water together, waded out to the smaller boat and boarded her. A length of rope separated the dinghy from the larger craft, and the moment they were aboard, the sailors began to row. The sea was getting up and a great wind rose out of the increasing darkness; but it blew off shore and helped them. Dayspring was swiftly swallowed in night; yet they saw one terrific downfall before they reached the ship, for suddenly the twin peaks above the crater swayed seaward and fell together with a vast volume of sound.

The men were rowing for their lives now with yet a hundred yards to go before they reached the ship, for suddenly the twin peaks above the crater swayed seaward and fell together with a vast volume of sound.

The men were rowing for their lives now with yet a hundred yards to go before they reached the ship. Her steam was up and she only waited until they should return. A billow, set running by the fallen cliffs, caught and half swamped the boats before they could get under the Iguana's lee; but they made her as she was already beginning to move forth. The lesser boat was hoisted first with Tom and Angus in it; then the pinnace followed and Costa signalled "full steam ahead" to the engine room. The captain's plans had long been made and his course determined.

BACK ON BOARD

Jane's arms went round Tom when he came aboard, but she said nothing, neither did he. He only pointed to his parched mouth and, followed by Angus, they went below.

"Drink," said Angus. "Lashings of cold drink, Jane, if there is anything cold left in the world."

He quickly left them together in the little saloon, then pitched Felice Pardo's bag into the dead man's cabin and, retreating to his own, got out of his scorched shorts and shirt and shoes, washed himself, tried to breathe deep and rejoiced to be saved alive.

Both men suffered from burns and oppressed breathing, but they were able to talk and, while leaving out details, declared later to Jane that they had seen their friend's dead body.

"I knew it," she said. "I knew he was gone. It's so horrible and cruel—just as some mysterious happiness had come back to him."

"There's nothing mysterious really," explained Tom. "His joy was to know that the booty was all his. That sounds mean and greedy, but not in poor Felice. He intended to spend it—not on himself, but on the down-and-out people of Lima. It was the conviction of his power to do that made him so happy and so certain he was going to bring it off."

"He died happy and he died quick, that's good to know," she said.

"You're wrong in one particular, Jane," explained Angus. "He didn't die the moment he landed. He died within twenty yards of safety. Felice got to the cache and he got the treasure. It was in his bag and, while Tom was making tracks for the boat, I ascertained that interesting fact. I felt the bag was heavy so I lugged it along."

"How hateful the treasure sounds now," mourned Jane. "I never want to see it or think of it again."

"There's Felice's mother too," said Angus. "Signora Pardo is the heiress. By rights I should think every bean belonged to her now. Suppose she isn't as keen about good works as Felice and prefers to stick to it?"

"Exceedingly likely I should think."

It was Jane who spoke.

To be continued

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MARY J. FINLEY

There passed peacefully to rest at the P. E. Island Hospital on June 14, Mrs. Mary J. Finley at the age of 87.

She was the widow of Alexander J. Finley of Cambridge, and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Hicken of Oak Valley. After her marriage she moved to her husband's farm home at Cambridge where she lived until about 25 years ago when, some few years after her husband's death, she with her son Russell and his family, moved to Montague where they lived for some eight or ten years, and where she made many warm friends. In 1938, with the family, she removed to Charlottetown where they have since made their home at 65 Upper Prince Street.

Mrs. Finley was a most capable person and lived a very busy life. Her hands were never idle and her first thought was always for others. She was devoted to her family and her home, which was a most hospitable one. She was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church at Peters Road, and later of Trinity United in Charlottetown.

She leaves to mourn, besides her son, two daughters: Madeline, Mrs. J. Leslie MacKinnon, and Elsie, Mrs. Hayden VanIderstine. One son, Howard, predeceased her in New Glasgow, N.S., in 1949, and three children died in infancy. Also surviving is a brother, Lemuel Hicken, and a sister, Mrs. Richard Llewellyn, as well as a number of grandchildren.

The funeral was held June 16th with a short service at the MacLean Funeral Home, Charlottetown. Hymns sung were her favorites: "Lord I'm Coming Home" and "Beyond The Smiling And The Weeping" was sung as a solo by Mrs. George Johnston.

The remains were taken to Peters Road Presbyterian Church where a large number of her old friends were assembled. The hymns were "Shall We Gather At The River" and "Abide With Me". Both services were conducted by Rev. J. L. T. Irwin of Trinity United Church, Charlottetown. The pall bearers were Neil MacSwain, Roulston Johnston, George Johnston, Clyde Kerwin, Archie MacLeod and Harmon Irving.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful, bearing mute testimony to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. She was laid to rest beside her husband in Peters Road Cemetery.

Murray River And Vicinity

Miss Grace Murdock of Boston, Mass., is at present spending her holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Murdock, Murray River.

Mr. Fred Acorn of Murray River left recently for Oshawa, Ont., where he hopes to obtain employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Martin and children, Kathleen, Mary Lou and Bruce, of Murray River, spent the week-end of Sept. 19 visiting in Pictou, N.S., guests of Mr. Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mack Martin.

Miss Isabell MacLeod of Murray River left on Thursday, Sept. 24 for Halifax, N.S., where she will attend Dalhousie University. Miss MacLeod is a graduate of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown.

Mrs. Ray Cook, Murray River, left for Toronto, Ont., on Sept. 21.

Mr. Earle Bruce of High Bank left recently for Sackville, N.B., where he will attend Mount Allison University. Mr. Bruce is a graduate of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown.

Dr. S. Friend Herring, Murray River, left recently for Alberta, where he plans on practising medicine. Dr. Herring is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Herring, Murray River.

A/B George White of the R.C.N. is at present spending a 30-day furlough at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, Murray River.

Rev. Lyman Giddings, chaplain of the Lancaster Military Hospital in Saint John, N.B., was a recent visitor to Murray River, guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Giddings.

O/S Harvey MacLeod of H.M.C.S. Cornwallis is at present spending his furlough at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James MacLeod, Murray River.

Mrs. Albert Gallant, Charlottetown, spent the week-end of Sept. 19, in Murray River, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Brehaut.

Miss Olive Beck has returned to Cambridge, Mass., after spending a pleasant holiday at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Beck, Murray River.

Mr. and Mrs. Moine Salter and young son John, Charlottetown, were recent visitors to Murray River, guests of Mrs. Salter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John MacInnis.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Munn, have returned to their home in Murray River, after spending some time in the U.S.A. where Mrs. Munn underwent an operation. It is hoped that Mrs. Munn, will soon be well and out around again.

C.D.

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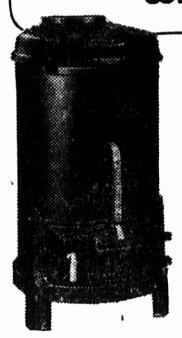

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