

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. THORLEY BURKE

The death occurred at the Prince Edward Island Hospital at an early hour on the morning of Sept. 11 of Mrs. Thorley Burke (nee Margaret Carr) in her 40th year.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Golden Carr, the eldest of a family of five, three sisters, (Ada) Mrs. Reginald Mahar, City; (May) Mrs. Wilfred Robertson; (Evelyn) (Mickey) Mrs. Boyd Mason, Toronto; and one brother Johnny, City; also a kind and loving husband who are left to mourn her passing.

She was a member of the Steeves Memorial Church, Moncton; and also a member of the Mary Crisp Chapter, I.O.D.E. before moving here the first of April, where she and her husband went into the jewelry business, Queen St. Shortly after she entered the hospital where all the knowledge and tender care was given for her during her illness until death came on that bright sunny morning.

Her funeral was held from the MacLean Funeral Home on Sept. 12. The services were conducted by Rev. A. F. MacLean and Senior Capt. Les Titcombe, her favorite hymn, "The Old Rugged Cross," was a solo by Mr. David Carr. Interment was in the People's Cemetery. Service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. A. F. MacLean. Full bearers were Messrs. Leith Jay, Archie MacFarlane, Harry W. McInnis, James Warren, Ernest Carr and Milton Pickard. Floral tributes which were many were as follows:

Wife Mother and Dad Crescent Sisters and Brother Wreaths

May, Wilfrid and family Ada, Reg and family Mickey and Boyd, Toronto Aunt Charlotte, Dell and Doris, Cambridge, Mass. Aunt Gionge and Russ, Lynn, Mass. Aunt Lillian and Bill, Biddeford, Maine Willard, Hazel and family, City Irma, Lew and Barrie, City Michael Bros., City Neil, Joe, Carl, Harold, Gerald and Gladie, City

Cut Flowers Harold and Muriel Pooley, Moncton Ralph and Shirley Coles, Moncton Edgar and Dorothy Milton, Moncton Pat and Harry Edwards, City Staff of Clog's Ltd., Moncton Eileen and Warren Hammond, Moncton Women's Association, Steeves Memorial Church, Moncton The Slackfords Master Bryan Mason, Toronto Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barr, City Bouquets Mrs. Lorne Harper and Blanche, City Jim, Mary, Ohriden and Kaye, Moncton Laura, Cecil, Pearle, Joe, Audrey, Irving, Anna and Harold, City Millicent and Pope Beer, City Dr and Mrs Trevor Wayne, City

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Charlotteville Jewelers Ass'n, City

American Optical Co., City Mr and Mrs. James E. W. Lecker, Biddeford, Me.

MOUND

The Neighbors, Sallsbury Rd., Moncton

SPRAYS

John, Kay and family, City Momi and Pop Burke, Fortune Uncle Bert, Aunt Min and Ray, Uncle Dave and Lee, City Sam, Lydia and family, City Marie and Ken, Fortune Roy, Viola and family, City Willard, Hazel and family, City Monty, Ruth and family, City Bert, Anne, Ernie, Hazel and family, City

ESSEX

Essell, Avis and family, Liverpool, N.S. Joy and Adeline, City Mrs. Florence McAleer and Francis, City The Gloria Staff, City Kennedy's Ladies' Wear, City The Aorn family, City Lido Jewelry Co., Moncton, N.B. Ladies' and Childrens' Wear Dept., Eaton's, Moncton Helen and Ed McInnis, City Ralph and Shirley Carr and family, City Norma, Jack and family, Moncton Mabel and Tut, Toronto Reg. Dot, Jane and Jim McAleer, City

LOIS AND IVAN DOCHERTY

City St. Louis, Royal Trust Co., City Gertrude and Ed Peters, City Main Branch, Naval Veterans' Club, Moncton VI Beaton, Staff of Acadian Beauty Salon, Moncton MacFarlane and Burke families, City Mary Crisp Chapter, I.O.D.E., Moncton Elton Worth, Moncton Eileen, May, Dot and Marguerite, City Mr and Mrs. Arthur Robertson, City Dave, Nellie, Horinar, Willard and family, City Harry and Carrie Barrett and family, Moncton Mr. and Mrs. Harry James, City Leith, Isabel and Mrs. S. MacInnis, City Mrs. Lawlor, Doris and Art, City

CUT FLOWERS

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Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Chapter VI

ANYONE CAN BE A CHAUFFEUR

My duties were light. In the winter I did hardly any driving. In the summer, we took short drives into the country when the weather was fine. One day a week (Wednesday) I drove the old folks to the theatre. The rest of the time was my own to do with as I pleased.

Often though, I stayed in the house nights because I felt the old people needed my company and because I always liked talking with elderly persons. It was during these set-backs that I heard so much of my employer's past history, the history of the company he'd worked for for 36 years, and the history of the American slaves many of whom he'd brought North after slavery was abolished, gave them names and put them on the payroll of his company. He was as full of stories as an egg is full of meat and not even his best friends ever heard as many of them as I did. Those were the times when we got pretty close together - real intimate would be a better phrase. And each of us told the other many things that we told nobody else.

To these talks Mrs. Hopgood listened with patience and perhaps interest I wouldn't know. I never remember her taking any part in them. Nor did I ever hear her talk about herself in the past.

But the shopping spree brought out everything that was mean and ugly in my employer and I often wished he'd let me do the task for him while he stayed at home with his wife.

He had the idea that everybody was out to outsmart him. "I've been cheated so often by these scoundrels of merchants," he'd tell me confidentially, "that I depend on you to see that I get a square deal."

One day we stopped at the A.P. store in Arlington Centre. The boss wanted some fresh eggs but when he saw the crate of pullet eggs in front of the counter he said to the manager, "How much for the robin's eggs?" (The price I recall was 65 cents a dozen). "Put 'em where Paddy put the carpet tacks," yelled my boss. Then to me, "Take hold of my arm, Mac, so we can get away from this robber the faster."

It was always the same when we went shopping. He browbeat every clerk and got the best things at the lowest prices. Yet in spite of this shynocking I became most fond of this eccentric old boss of mine who'd give me anything I wanted and raise the very devil if anybody said anything against me in his presence.

The time came when I had a chance to make more money at a different job. I decided to accept so went to him to hand in my resignation and give him a couple of weeks to get someone to take my place.

"No doubt you can better yourself," the old man told me. "But if you stick by me till I die I'll leave you enough money to keep you off skid row for the rest of your life. What do you say, Mac?" I said "Yes," and that was that.

Few visitors came to the Hopgood home. The ones I shall never forget were a Miss Armstrong of New York City, the Miller sisters of Rochester, Minn., and Ed Reynolds of Providence, R.I. It was these people who had so much to do with my losing a fortune. But we'll come to that later on.

The Miller sisters visited the Hopgoods about once a year. Miss Armstrong about two or three times each year, and Ed Reynolds came and spent week-ends every month. He and my boss belonged to the same lodge and met frequently at its headquarters in Boston. Mrs. Hopgood despised Reynolds. Why I don't know. Once she informed me that she tolerated his presence only because he once did her husband some kind of a special favour or the least she could do towards him was to be civil. None were in any way related to my employer. They were merely friends whom they had met in their travels.

Towards the end of my second year in Belmont my boss became dangerously ill. His doctors held out no hope of recovery, and it fell to the lot of his wife and I to take care of him. He wanted nobody else and wouldn't hear of being hospitalized. "The proper place for a person to die," he said, "is home."

I recall that after shaving him one day he said, "Hand me my vest, Mac." I took it off the old-fashioned brass bed post where it had hung ever since he went to bed and handed it to him. Taking a roll of bills from the pocket he picked out a couple of dollars and handed them to me with the remark, "Here's a tip for the many times you've shaved me."

"Thanks," I said, "but I can't accept a tip for doing something I ought to do. Besides, I don't forget all the nice things you've done for me. Here, put the money back in the vest." When he had done so I hung the vest with its roll and watch chain back over the bed post.

"Pull that chair up beside the bed," were his next words. "I want to have a little talk with you in the presence of my wife. Call her in."

"You've been a great friend to me and Nell, Mac. Just like our own son. Ain't that so, Nell?" His wife nodded her head in assent, and the old man spoke on. "I know that I'm not going to get better and before I die I want to fix things in my will so that you will be taken care of financially. Better have Judge Stone come right over. I don't want to put this off any longer."

The call brought the information that the Judge was attending some important business meeting in New York and that he was not expected home for a couple of days. When I relayed this news to my boss, he shook his head as if amazed but then said, "a couple of days, you say. Oh, well, I guess we can wait that long."

That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

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Unfortunately, diabetes often shows little or no symptoms, as a little extra fluid taken or extra urine passed, does not disturb the patient. Drs. McCullagh and Zwicker suggest that routine blood sugar tests be performed at random among patients entering office or clinic for a general physical examination.

So, you see, it was the Big Four who actually put me out on a limb. (To be Continued)

I told her And went to my room. When I'd packed my bags she called me into the living room and closing the door tight, said, "I want to do the right thing by you, Mac. Here's your regular weekly salary and an extra \$200. for your kindness to my late husband."

Just give me my week's pay." I said. "The \$200. you may keep and add to what your husband intended I should get at his death. You know all about that." "Yes," she said. "But you have changed a whole lot since Richard passed away. And while I do not believe everything I hear about you I do believe some of the stories."

I knew that nothing I might say could change her poisoned mind. So I said nothing, and went my way. Three months later she died. I never did trouble myself to find out who got their money, or their property as I was then living in the Mohawk Valley in New York. Later, however, I learned that the Miller sisters, like the other two trouble makers, got nothing. Not only did they lose out in the end, but they were the ones who indirectly cheated me out of a fortune. For, while no provisions were made in the will for the chauffeur, I do happen to know that my boss had instructed his wife to see that I got what he intended I should have should death overtake him before he could get the Judge to add a codicil to his will.

By this time we were both very angry and she said, "Well, Mac, if that's the way you feel about matters perhaps we better call it quits. I don't want you to remain with me unless you are perfectly satisfied." And, besides, you should not take the liberty of calling my friends imposters."

"What I have said I have said," I said heatedly. "Just like all the other lies these imposters have been stuffing you with, and I'm just about fed up. If Mr. Hopgood were living he'd have chased them all home long ago. You know that he would never believe anything about me that he did not see for himself."

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The big four whom I've already mentioned stayed over after the funeral and made life miserable for the rest of us. Ed Reynolds now occupied one of the best rooms in the house and openly boasted to the maid and me that from now on, I'll be running things around here."

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