

IN MEMORIAM

PHILIP RUDOLPH DUFFY

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Philip Rudolph Duffy who died in Tacoma, Wash., U.S.A. July 18. Mr. Duffy was born at Fort Augustus fifty-eight years ago, the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Duffy. When he crossed the threshold to manhood, he migrated to the United States where he became employed, later joining the armed forces of that country during the conflict of 1914-18. Upon his discharge he settled in Tacoma, Wash. and became an employee of Northern Pacific Railway Co. His aptitude, efficiency and devotion to duty soon became known to his superiors and from time to time various responsibilities were placed upon his shoulders. His last promotion was to that of bridge foreman, the position he held at the time of his unexpected death. He was a member of the Benefit Association of Railroad employees and also a member of the Maintenance of Way Union.

His legion of friends and acquaintances in the United States and Prince Edward Island as well as the many friends and relatives in Ft. Augustus deeply mourn his passing. "Rue", as he was familiarly known here, was a virtuous man, a good Christian, with a character and personality that won for him many friends and commanded much respect from his fellow citizens. His remains arrived in Charlottetown on the early train on Thursday, July 28th accompanied by his cousin, Mrs. Charles Smith, Seattle, and was forwarded to his old home at Ft. Augustus, from where the funeral was held the following morning at 9 o'clock to St. Patrick's Church. A high mass of requiem was sung by Rev. Thomas F. Butler, P.P. who also officiated at the graveside.

The casket was draped with the stars and stripes of his adopted country, the flag for which he was willing to make the supreme sacrifice if need be that it might continue to fly undeterred over the land of the free. At the conclusion of the burial service the veterans of both World Wars who were present stood at attention by the graveside while Mr. Harold Hennessy read the poem, "The Fall of Lawrence Brunton" and a minute's silence was observed in honour of their comrade in arms. All that remained of a mortal man was laid in the silent vestibule of another world, beside his father and mother who predeceased him, his father by fourteen years, his mother by eight months, with his soul left prepared for that unknown land from whose shores no traveller returns.

There are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate brother, the following brothers and sisters: Rev. Father Henry A. Leduc, Albert, Albert of New York, Leo of Charlottetown, Patrick and Earl of Ft. Augustus, (Mae) Mrs. Frank Walsh of New York, Ellis, Mrs. Frank Keoughan of Donagh, P.E.I. The pallbearers were six of his boyhood comrades, Messrs. Lawrence Heron, Thomas Dalton, Joseph Kelly and Joseph McEwen of Michigan, U.S.A. Mr. McEwen was a former resident of Ft. Augustus, and it was a coincidence, although sad one, that Mr. McEwen should be visiting on the Island at the time of his good friend and former companion's funeral. May his soul rest in peace.

Mass Cards  
Rev. Henry Duffy.  
May and Frank.  
Patrick and Irene and Family.  
Ellis and Frank.  
Albert and Edith and Family.  
Leo and Irene.  
Earl and Vera.  
Rev. Vincent Murnaghan, S.D.U.  
Sister Mary Therese, N.Y.  
Francis Walsh, N.Y.  
Geraldine and Vincent Walsh, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. William Murnaghan and Ivan, Charlottetown.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Heron and Family.  
Mrs. Margaret Sheehan, Charlottetown.  
Lawrence Heron and Mary.  
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Trainor.  
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Murnaghan and Family.  
Mr. and Mrs. James Smith Jr., Charlottetown.  
Mrs. Plicher and Mrs. Berrigan, Charlottetown.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trainor.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly and Family.  
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly and Family, Charlottetown.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Kelly and Family, Charlottetown.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McEwen, Detroit, Mich.  
Mr. and Mrs. Damien Duffy, Mass.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Duffy and Family.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Berrigan, Charlottetown.  
Mr. and Mrs. C.E. Smith, Seattle, Wash.  
Mr. and Mrs. C.F. Smith, Seattle, Wash.  
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kelly and Family.  
Mrs. Fred Duffy and Family.  
Katie and George Walsh.  
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Walsh and Family.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walsh and Family.  
Rita, Jack and Chester Callaghan.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Walsh, Mrs. John Boylan and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McNally, Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hughes, Mr. James Murnaghan, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kelly and Family.  
Mr. David McNally, Jimmy and Marie.  
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calaghan, James Hayes and Florence Burnett.  
Mr. and Mrs. Mathias Koughan, Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Hughes, Mr. Joseph McManus, Seattle, Wash.  
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McManus, J.J. Meacham, Seattle, Wash. W.B. Upton, Seattle, Wash. V.R. Buckley, Seattle, Wash. Mr. Roni, Seattle, Wash. H.W. Streubel, Seattle, Wash. John Mickelsen, Seattle, Wash. R.W. Bowers, Seattle, Wash. D.F. Ramsey, Seattle, Wash. J.P. Adair, Seattle, Wash. Alexandra Foss, Seattle, Wash. George Stromberg, Seattle, Wash. C. Paige, Seattle, Wash. O.G. Jorgensen, Seattle, Wash. John Alvik, Seattle, Wash. George Sams, Seattle, Wash. A.V. Johanson, Seattle, Wash. C.A. Waldrop, Seattle, Wash. John Gonda, Seattle, Wash. A.C. Miles, Seattle, Wash. J.R. Tracy, Seattle, Wash. J.D. Etric, Seattle, Wash. J.W. Morrison, Seattle, Wash. Jack Iles, Seattle, Wash.

Sister M. Margarita, Kinkora.  
Messages of Sympathy  
Reverend Vincent Murnaghan, S.D.U.  
Sister M. Estelle, Hooksett, N.H.  
Mrs. (Capt.) Roach, Halifax, N.S.  
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Murnaghan, Watertown, Mass.

Card Of Thanks

The brothers and sisters of the late Philip Rudolph Duffy wish to thank Mr. C.E. Smith, their many neighbors and friends for many acts of kindness shown in their recent sad bereavement; also those who sent Mass Cards, Spiritual Bouquets and Messages of Sympathy.

IN MEMORIAM

MISS ELIZABETH JANE STORDY

She passed peacefully away to her eternal home on July 12th 1951. Miss Elizabeth Jane Sturdy of Crapaud, P. E. I., in her eighty-fourth year.

Miss Sturdy was the eldest of the family of nine of the late George and Margaret (Rogerson) Sturdy. Of a kind and loving disposition she endeared herself to all. Following the death of her mother she early assumed responsibility of the home and all through the years no sacrifice was too great for the happiness and comfort of her loved ones. In her declining years she was tenderly cared for by her sister Grace.

There are left to cherish her memory three brothers and two sisters—Ernest, Roy and Grace at home; William of Westmoreland, and Mae, Mrs. Frank Robblee of Tryon. One brother, Thomas and two sisters, Josie, Mrs. J. Francis and Ethel predeceased her. The funeral was held from her late residence on July 14th and was conducted by Rev. R. L. Bacon, assisted by Rev. Killam. Hymns sung were "Abide With Me" and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye".

The pallbearers were: Aarion Rogerson, Heath Howarth, Kenneth Robblee, George Robblee, George Sturdy and Earl Francis. Interment was in the family plot in Crapaud Cemetery. The beautiful floral offerings bore silent tribute to a loved one gone.

Card Of Thanks

The Family of the late Elizabeth Jane Sturdy wish to thank all those who were so kind and helpful during their recent bereavement and who expressed their sympathy in various ways.

IN MEMORIAM

MR. HARRY S. HARVEY

The death occurred in the P. E. Island Hospital on August 8th, 1951, of Harry S. Harvey in his 79th year, after a lingering illness which he bore with patience and Christian fortitude.

The late Mr. Harvey was born at Linkletter Road where he resided until a few years ago when he fell ill and he and his wife moved to Charlottetown to reside with their daughter.

The funeral took place from the Bowness Funeral Home, Summerside, on Friday, Aug. 10th. Burial was in the People's Cemetery, Summerside. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. M. D. Dunbar of the Charlottetown Church of Christ, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Waal of Summerside, who feelingly sang as a solo, "Beyond the Sunset".

The pallbearers were: Emery Linkletter, Harry Linkletter, Ernest Callbeck, Brenton Clark, Frank Linkletter and Wm. Donald. The large attendance of relatives and friends, the many floral tributes and letters of sympathy bear testimony of the esteem in which the deceased was held. Besides his sorrowing wife he leaves to cherish his memory one daughter, Mrs. Milton Carter, and one son, Lincoln Harvey of Hudson, N.Y.; also one sister, Mrs. Mae Cannon of Saint John, N.B. Two daughters predeceased him several years ago.

EARLY STEAMER

The Beaver was the first steamship on the coast of British Columbia, sent out from England in 1835.

With All My Love

(By Virginia Bowes)

(Continued)

They drove past the airport on the way and Clare was surprised to see a light on in Hanley's office. A small coupe in the parking space was dimly outlined by the light from the window.

"There's another funny angle," Eddie Franklin said quietly. "The Crowell dame. She's pretty as a picture and Hanley always seemed to go for good-looking women, but this time it's strictly business. Always talking in whispers and snarling up when anyone comes near, and half the time snapping at each other like a couple of bulldogs. I've watched them from outside a couple of times when they were at the field at night. They sit at the desk working at something for about hours; then Clay pours a couple of drinks and they sit there for another 20 minutes and then go home—separately, she in her car and he in his."

Betty Crowell and Clay Hanley. I'd better not mention that she works in Dad's office. Clare thought, a stifling apprehension surging, expanding around her heart, making a sudden heaviness in her stomach. She must be the intermediary. She knew about Roger. She knew I was going with him when Steve didn't want to. She's aware of all the business deals Steve has, with the bank and with these airplane companies. If Hanley was in on it, then she must be in on it, too, and that would mean Steve must be also.

"A strange romance," she said, trying to be light and casual. "If it is a romance at all," Eddie said. "Personally, I think she must be a kind of intermediary, but I haven't gotten a line on her yet. I can't go around asking questions. That would arouse suspicion, and I want to keep this job until I get all the dope." "I'm a fool not to tell him who she is, Clare thought. He's smart enough to find out in time. But I've got to find out the real truth before he does because I owe that much to Steve. Eddie is just a mechanic....

"You don't seem like just a mechanic, Eddie," she said, keeping her eyes on the road as the car sped along the smooth white aisle of concrete toward the approaching lights of the town. "You don't even talk like the man I met in the hangar this afternoon," Eddie laughed. A short chuckle.



FREEDOM (WITH FEAR) FOR RED YOUTH—Dodging the free world's news cameras are these Communist youths, among hundreds of East Berliners who dared to enter Allied sectors of the city during the Red-sponsored "World Festival of Peace."

While enjoying a treat of cake and whipped cream, the young Reds cover their faces from the camera as they avoid retaliations behind the Iron Curtain. They should be identified by picture. (NEA-Acme photo by Staff Photographer)

deep in his throat. His deep-set eyes swung around to rest on the girl's profile, the straight nose and firm chin, the furl of blonde hair blowing wisps in the wind. "Maybe that's why I liked Roger Caswell," he said. "We both started out the same way, lots of dough, the best schools, even Harvard to top it off. He was smart, though. He did something with what he had; I just horsed around. I'd have been a big-shot investment broker if I'd gone in with my dad. I preferred a monkey suit, wrenches and motors. My dad offered to set me up with a factory of my own for making plane motors, but by the time I was smart enough to accept the offer the Franklin money was gone. So I'm just a mechanic. When I'm surrounded by oil cans and tools I even talk like one."

What he said didn't surprise Clare, although she felt it should have. Somehow she had sensed qualities in him that one didn't pick up on the street; they were gotten only in good schools. On the other hand he had a lot of the more worthwhile things that no schools ever gave anybody. His idea of loyalty, for instance, wasn't that stupid loyalty that made for class reunions and fraternally handclaps, nor was his notion of fair play and sportsmanship the kind acquired on the

tennis courts or polo grounds. His kind of loyalty was making him devote his whole self to the cause of Roger Caswell, although Roger was dead. And his sense of fair play was so outraged by what had happened to his friend that he had only one ambition: to destroy the ones responsible for what had happened.

Clare dropped Eddie at the booming house where he lived, then drove across town toward her own house. She had a lot of things to think about, and she hoped that her father would be in bed by the time she arrived.

Remembering her appointment with Hanley for the next day, when she would go up in one of the training planes and try the controls herself for a while, she thought of their flight that afternoon. They had flown over Roger's old landing field, and she recalled Hanley's ostentatious salute over the workshop.

He must have done that for my benefit, she thought. And the only way he could know of my connection with Roger would be through Betty Crowell. Why should she have ever mentioned me? And why the salute? Why not just fly over the place and watch for my reaction? When the answer came it seemed completely obvious. He probably made the ironic gesture every

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

The magnetic charts used by navigators have to be revised every few years to make them correct to date. Why? Because the "line" joining the poles is not always exactly parallel to the Earth's axis of rotation, nor is this direction constant, but varies slightly from year to year. Migrating birds unlimited is a familiar sight to lighthouse keepers. Attracted by the powerful light, literally millions of migrating birds can be seen as they pass by on their long flight.

To avoid fraud in the measurement of cloth, Henry I ordered the length of his arm to be taken as a standard of length—a most unusual arrangement. Most of us have observed swallows perched on electric wires, assembling preparatory to migration. Have you ever wondered why they don't get killed? Birds can rest on live wires safely, because the circuit through them to the earth remains incomplete.

The reason a fish is dark on the back and pale on the belly is because the sunshine deepens the color on its back and does not reach the underpart. It would take an express train traveling day and night at 60 million miles per hour to reach the nearest star. The distance is 25 1-2 million million miles.

Ducks, geese and swans enjoy a cold bath as much in the middle of winter as they do in the heat of summer, because under their skin is always enough oil to keep them warm. The lion is known as the king of the jungle, but the wild boar is the braver of the two. The latter fights wickedly to the last and dies without a groan.

Wild geese are not the only birds that fly in V formation. When traveling long distances ducks, and most water-fowl which are gregarious fly in the form of a V. The reason for the habit is plain. The strongest birds take the lead to cut down air resistance, making flying a little easier for the rest. It is an established fact that the weaker birds are in the rear. Not a bird breaks ranks till the leader has circled a lake or stream several times. If all is quiet, he settles on the water and the others follow.

When the first Royal Exchange

Cricket's chirp or sing by rubbing their wings together, and strange but true, their ears are on their front pair of legs. Man has invented a lot of things but he never will catch up with Mother Nature.

What happens when a cat's whiskers are cut off? The animal stumbles against objects in the dark; because the whiskers act as feelers and are highly sensitive. In the early days of printing, valuable books being rare and costly, were chained to their shelves. You can still see them in chains at Hereford, England, in the public library. The Woolworth Building in New York City is 55 stories high and has the second longest stairs in the world—1820 steps. Quite a climb that.

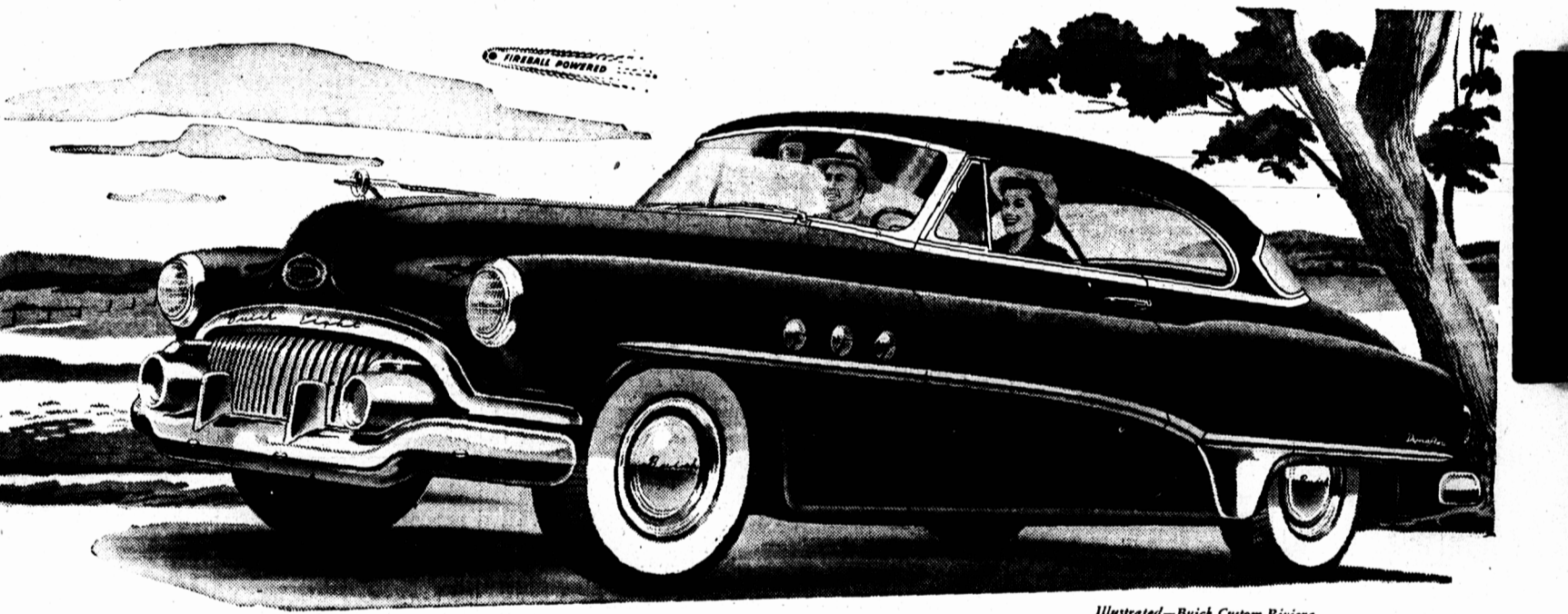
Japanese children are a year old the day they are born. That's one way of getting the Old Age Pension a little sooner.

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DRINK Coca-Cola BE REFRESHED 7



Illustrated—Buick Custom Riviera

Here's where You come into your own

Once in a while, any man's entitled to let himself go. He's entitled to that glow of pride that comes from feeling like the very important person that he really is. He's entitled to take practical steps to make his dreams come true. In short, he's entitled to own a BUICK, and particularly a CUSTOM BUICK as it is custom built for '51.

For this great automobile is more than big and roomy and distinguished in its styling. It's more than sweetly willing in its performance and superbly poised in stride. It does things to you, when you let yourself sink deep down in the subtle softness of its cushions, and run a caressing hand over the fine texture of its fabrics. This is everything a fine car should be! Of course, this brilliant performer

is Fireball powered. It is cushioned by coil springs on every wheel. It provides the complete relaxation of Dynaflo Drive as an option. It has durable and dependable sturdiness engineered into every mechanical part. But the best is yet to be told. When you check the CUSTOM BUICK price list, you'll find that the car of your choice can be yours for hundreds of dollars less than you'll pay for others with comparable reputation. Come in soon and see this buy of buys in the fine-car field.

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