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Former Jockey Dies in Prison Gas Chamber

FLORENCE, Ariz., July 31 — (AP)—Angel B. (Rocky) Serna, 27, former jockey, died in the state prison gas chamber Saturday for

the murder of Mrs. Katherine Gohn, 64, near Apache Junction, Ariz., Dec. 29, 1947. The night of Dec. 29, 1947, Serna entered the isolated cabin of Mrs. Gohn, robbed her, beat her and then shot her. At his trial it was brought out he wanted the money to buy a horse.

STEADY CUSTOMER
YORKTON, Sask. — (CP) — No one was surprised to see Dr. T. V. Simpson at the fair here. He has missed only four of the last 65 annual exhibitions and those only because he was either in college or overseas at the time.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. HUGH JOHN McIVER

Profound grief spread over the community of Kinkora on Tuesday, July 4, 1950, with the news of the sudden and unexpected death at the Charlottetown Hospital of Mrs. Hugh John McIver. She had gone to the hospital a few days previously for an operation which was not considered to be very serious, and her failure to recover from a heart attack following the operation performed on Tuesday morning was a great shock to her family and friends.

Mrs. McIver was formerly Mary Morris, daughter of the late James F. and Mrs. Morris of Bedford, where she was born forty-three years ago. After her education in the district school, she attended Prince of Wales College and taught school for a short time. She then went to the United States where she worked until her marriage to Mr. Hugh John McIver in January, 1944. Coming to a home saddened a few years before by the death of Mr. McIver's first wife (nee Mary McCloskey), Mrs. McIver brought sunshine again into the lives of her devoted husband, his aged parents, and his four children, who loved her with a most sincere affection, responding to the motherly tenderness she bestowed on them.

God blessed their union with two children, who completed the happy family. Mrs. McIver's cheery disposition and unselfish spirit of kindness made her pleasant company at any time, and it was especially manifest among her dear ones, so that their home, the center of all her devotedness, seemed to radiate happiness not only in the circle of the family but to all who came within the range of the hospitality so kindly dispensed by Mr. and Mrs. McIver.

It was this same spirit of friendliness and generosity that won for her such a high place in the esteem of all the people of the community, so high indeed that her death was felt as a personal loss to an unnumbered host of friends. The active interest she had in the common welfare was evidenced in the fact that at the time of her death she occupied the position of president of the Kinkora sub-division of the Catholic Women's League, and she spared neither time nor effort to promote not only the activities of that organization but also every project of community interest.

Treasuring fond memories of a loyal companion and loving mother, while awaiting a joyful reunion in Heaven, are: her grief-stricken husband and his mother, Mrs. Hugh L. McIver; the four children of the first family, St. Clair, Louis, Mary and Gerard, and their own two children, Eddie, five years old, and Maureen, three years. Left to mourn also the loss of their loved one are: her mother, Mrs. James F. Morris, Sacred Heart Home, Charlottetown; five brothers, Patrick L. Kinkora; Charles, Boston; Roy, New York; Joseph F. Kinkora; Kenneth, Bedford; and two sisters, Ethel, Mrs. Charles McCardie, Kinkora; and Leah, Mrs. Frank Kelly, Boston.

The funeral was held at St. Malachy's Church, Kinkora, on Thursday, July 6, under the direction of Mr. Philip A. Monaghan. Solemn Requiem Mass was offered by her pastor, Rev. Francis McQuaid, assisted by Rev. Wilfred McCardie, deacon, and Rev. Fred Cas, sub-deacon. Rev. W. V. MacDonald assisted in the Sanctuary. Her two sons, Louis and Gerard were acolytes of the Mass. The pall-bearers were: St. Clair, Ronald, Arnold, and Eugene McIver, Somerled Trainor and Regis Duffy. The members of the Catholic Women's League attended in a body among the mourners, and a large concourse of people gathered from far and near to pay their respects to the deceased and to express their sympathy for the family thus so untimely bereaved.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Hugh John McIver and family, and all the family of his late wife, wish to extend sincere thanks to Father McQuaid, the Sisters, Doctors, and Nurses of the Charlottetown Hospital who by their kindness eased their burden on the occasion of the death of Mrs. McIver. They are deeply grateful also to all those who sent Mass Cards, Spiritual Offerings, and flowers, and to all who offered sympathy by letters, cards, visits and attendance at the funeral.

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 7
She didn't seem happy. She looked worried.
"How many are there?" asked Jumper the Hare.
"Enough and then some," replied Ol' Mrs. Possum.
"It must be nice to be able to keep all your troubles in one pocket," remarked Peter.
Jumper chuckled. Unc' Billy chuckled. Ol' Mrs. Possum didn't chuckle.

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Insect, snake, or animal... the best treatment is plenty of Minard's...
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Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Continued

"I knocked three times," said Mrs. Banwood. "What in the world!"

"Just—just my new things. I—I'm sorry I didn't hear you." Mrs. Banwood lingered a bright chiffon critically. "And who is going to wear these?" she asked.

"I am." Valerie ran past her into the bedroom and gathered a pile of sober garments from the bed. "These are for you." She thrust them into Mrs. Banwood's arms. "My father said you would know what to do with them. You see, somebody may need them—"

"My father." The words made magic. She wanted to say them over and over, "my father." When she said it, she could see the ugly gray of Mrs. Banwood's disapproval.

"Aren't you going to wear any mourning?" The woman seemed able to speak in nothing but questions. They sounded bald even to her own ears.

"Did you know that in China that they wear white when somebody goes away?" asked Valerie. "It's true, because my father says so. He says it's in your heart, not what color you have on."

Mrs. Banwood looked at her accusingly. "And your mother hardly in her grave!"

Nervous tears filled Valerie's eyes. She could almost see the world turning again into the dim and dusty place where she had lived so long.

Mrs. Banwood was a little troubled at the tears. After all the child was not her business. Let them dress her in rainbows for all of her. Housekeepers were not at a premium with conditions what they were, and places like this didn't grow on bushes. She tried to smile reassuringly at Valerie, who found the grimace terrifying.

"Thanks for the things," said Mrs. Banwood. She settled the clothes more firmly in her long arms. "I know two little girls who aren't lucky like you. They will be thankful enough to have them."

The woman moved toward the door. Once there, she stopped suddenly and turned back. Valerie traced herself for she knew not what.

"Oh, my! I declare. What with the dresses and all I forgot to tell you, although I came up myself. Mrs. Radding and her daughter are in the drawing room. Mrs. Giddens Radding." She spoke the name with reverence.

"Oh, I'm sure I hope they won't think—" Valerie's heart descended another level. "But they wouldn't want to see me. Do they know—I mean—mother—"

"Of course. They came to see



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you." Mrs. Banwood bestowed the information like a blessing. "I think they've come to luncheon."

"I—I'm not at all hungry," said Valerie hastily. "Really, I wasn't even going to have any. Lunch, I mean. You see, I thought guests came because somebody asked them—" Valerie began. But it was no use. She'd have to remember to ask Mark. Just now there seemed nothing to do but go through with it. The day which had begun so brightly was growing duller and duller. She ran a comb through her auburn hair and followed Mrs. Banwood downstairs.

VI
In the drawing room a fat dowager and her stringy daughter waited. Valerie had met them once briefly the year before. She wondered as she came in why Mrs. Banwood spoke their names as if she were going to church. She knew very little about people in relation to their walks of life. They came through their fleshly trappings to her more or less as they were. How they looked or what

they called themselves did not seem important.

She made a curtsy to Mrs. Radding as she had been taught, and then to the almost imperceptibly yawning Miss Radding, and wondered what to do next.

"Such a quaint gesture for such a tall girl," commented the dowager. "How old are you, darling?" "Thirteen and a half—almost," said Valerie. "I'm sorry I didn't know you were here. I think Mrs. Banwood forgot—I mean something took my mind off it—" she stopped. This wasn't putting Mrs. Banwood in much of a light. "I'm sure she's very sorry."

"It's quite all right," said Mrs. Radding. She seemed determined to enjoy herself. "Gilda felt we simply must come in and see how you were getting on, you poor mite," she glanced sharply at Gilda who was shaking down a cigarette and barely bothering to cover a second yawn. "Of course we hardly looked for you the day your dear mother—I mean at the services—they were beautiful—" she

drew a handkerchief from her purse and touched her eyes.

Her daughter looked at her from under slightly raised eyebrows. She seemed to say that she would follow her mother's sentimentalities only so far.

"I was upstairs with father—" explained Valerie nervously. Was it only this morning that she had told Mark good-bye? She seemed to have been shut up in this strange house forever alone.

"How like dear Ellen to have shared him with you. Of course it isn't as if he were really your father, is it?"

To be continued

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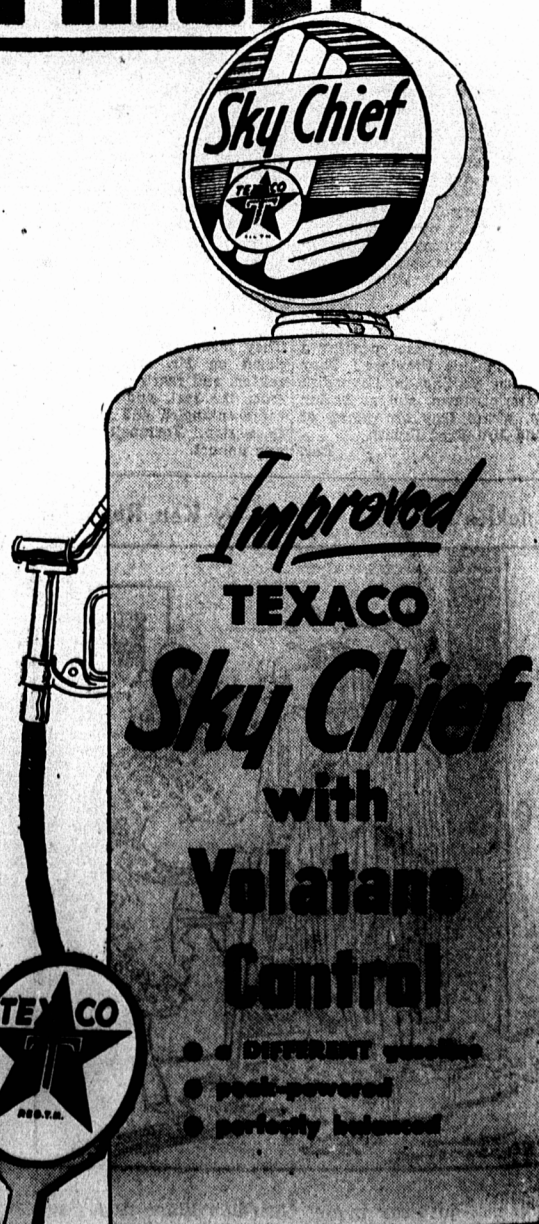
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