

Dr. Gibson Appears At Ayres Inquiry

Bridgport, Conn., Aug. 14—(CP)—Dr. Donald F. Gibson interrupted a honeymoon to appear at an inquiry into the death of an elderly woman who left him all her money, but he wouldn't testify.

He wanted to, his lawyer said, but he accepted the latter's advice that he remain silent.

A physician who did testify, Dr. Thomas L. Chiffelle, told reporters he had informed Coroner Theodore E. Steiber that an autopsy on the previously embalmed body of Miss Elizabeth M. Ayres, 74, had failed to show what caused her death July 26.

The hearing was adjourned until Aug. 15 pending receipt of toxicological and other reports.

Steiber called the inquest, which he held privately, because the Danbury medical examiner had reported to him that he was "not satisfied" that there was no criminal act or carelessness involved in the death of Miss Ayres, at whose home Dr. Gibson lived. Dr. Gibson was her physician and in her will named him sole heir to her estate, its value estimated at \$65,000 to \$100,000.

David Golstein, the lawyer whom the 47-year-old, slightly-built Dr. Gibson engaged after telling newspaper men he supposed he was going to be accused of murder, said he didn't want his client to testify because of the way Steiber conducted hearings.

Dr. Chiffelle told reporters after he had testified that more information had been obtained from an autopsy if Miss Ayres' body had not been embalmed first.

He said "no" when asked if he had found any evidence of nephritis or cancer, but later said he preferred "not to comment" on that subject. A death certificate signed by Frank Genovese of Danbury listed those diseases among the causes of Miss Ayres' death.

Card Of Thanks

I wish to express my thanks to the Women's Institute of Gaspereaux and all my friends and neighbours of Gaspereaux, who so kindly gave of their time and money to help me during my wife's illness in the Montague Hospital. Mrs. Steele also wishes at this time to thank the Doctor, Nurses and Staff of the Hospital, who were so kind to her while she was a patient there; also those who sent letters and cards of cheer, visited her and brought treats.

Howard Steele, Gaspereaux, P. E. I.

IN MEMORIAM

FRED J. LOCKERBY

A cloud came over the whole community of Hamilton, P. E. I., and far beyond, when it was announced that Fred J. Lockerby had died in Summerside Hospital July 14th, for he was one of the oldest and most respected of our citizens.

Born in 1866, he lived all his life in the well-known house at the head of the Shipyard River—a charming spot—a most hospitable home, whether so many delighted to come and hold fellowship with the gracious occupants.

He followed the calling of Agriculture and gave faithful attention to it, but he had the ability and gifts to have been a success in any occupation he might have chosen. He had unusual strength of mind and rectitude of character.

Constrained by his church to accept the office of elder, he was faithful at his post in the household of God. The church building itself was ever an object of interest and concern to him; on one occasion he and Mrs. Lockerby realizing the need of better facilities for young peoples work donated a sum of money for alterations and special equipment in the edifice as a memorial in honor of the young men of the community who had fallen in the First World War among whom was their own son Earle a student for the Christian ministry. His personality and deportment harmonized with his profession. In his secret life, he dwelt with his master, and his Christlike tenor of life gave constant evidence of it. He was interested in literature, history, and in current events of the day, and looked at them intelligently against the backgrounds of Christian philosophy and standard life.

While adhering to his own ideals, he never sought to impose his mind on others who he felt had as much opportunity to know the truth as he had, and he was ready to probe the beliefs and assertions of others with whom he could not see eye to eye, but never in a carping or condemnatory spirit. Those who know him best loved him most.

In 1890 he married Mary Jane (Minnie), daughter of James and Elizabeth Ramsay, who predeceased him by eight years. They had a family of three boys: Earle J., who was lost in first world war, J. Ray and G. Ernest. Others left to marry are one brother, one grandson and two great grandsons besides a wide circle of other relatives and friends.

The funeral service largely attended, was held in Malpeque United Church on Sunday, July 16, conducted by Rev. James Cross, the family minister, who, in his address, paid a glowing tribute to his character and worth—words that echo in the hearts of the sympathizing assembly to comfort and inspire. The burial was in Malpeque Cemetery beside the grave of his beloved wife.

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IN MEMORIAM

MRS. CLARA MESSERVEY

On Friday, there passed to her eternal reward, Mrs. Clara-Messervey in her thirty-ninth year, who had been living in Halifax with her children.

Although not in her usual good health all winter, she was never heard to complain, and always had a word of cheer for all.

To all those who knew her, she leaves a beautiful memory, which will never be forgotten. Of a happy and unassuming nature, she was always willing to give of her time and talents.

Clara had been taken to the Roseway Hospital about three weeks before God called her to that Great Beyond.

Clara was the daughter of Mrs. and the late J. L. Gillis of Norborne, P. E. I. She was married, seventeen years ago to Edgar Messervey, who predeceased her six years ago. She will be missed by everyone, as she had a lovely disposition and her kind and gentle manner endeared her to everyone, young and old alike.

She leaves to mourn her loss, seven children, Vernon, who has been living with his uncle in Graham's Rd., P. E. I., Robert, Geraldine, Betty, Brian, Andrew and Doreen, all of whom lived with their mother in Halifax. She also leaves to mourn, her mother, Mrs. J. L. Gillis, Boston, four sisters, Mrs. Lintus Fitzsimmons, Long River, Mrs. Walter Delaney, Halifax, Mrs. Harry Well and Mrs. Thomas Maxon, both of Boston, also five brothers, Fred and Louis of Boston, Dan of Norborne, Will of Graham's Rd., and Ralph of Rose Valley.

Her funeral, which was largely attended, was held from her former home in Norborne, on Tuesday morning, June 6th, to St. James' Church, Summerfield. Solemn High Mass was offered by Rev. Reginald MacDonald.

The service at the grave was conducted by Fr. Reginald, after which her remains were laid to rest in the adjoining cemetery, by her six nephews: James Gillis, Eugene Gillis, James Fitzsimmons, Ralph Fitzsimmons, Emmet Fitzsimmons and Bill Fitzsimmons—Bur.

Members of the Lowell Home Bureau and Ladies Auxiliary of AOH attended Tuesday evening. The AOH called the church services.

IN MEMORIAM

MR. WALLACE JOHNSTON

His many friends in Charlottetown, Wilshire, Elmsdale—indeed throughout the whole province and beyond its shores, were shocked and saddened to hear of the unexpected and untimely passing of the late Wallace Johnston of North Wilshire. Although Mr. Johnston had been unwell for a short time and had entered the Prince Edward Island Hospital for treatment, it was only a few days before his demise that his attending physician, his family and near friends realized that his sickness was of a serious nature. All that could possibly be done by expert doctors and competent nurses was done in a great effort to save him, and restore him to his former robust health. However, God willed otherwise and he passed away peacefully in the early hours of the morning of April 4th.

The late Mr. Johnston (Wallie as he was familiarly known) was born in Elmsdale fifty-two years ago. He spent his early life in Elmsdale where he married the former Gertrude Matthews who survives him. In 1926 he moved to North Wilshire from which center he worked as an agent for the famed Rawleigh Products.

Wallie was of a cheerful disposition and his broad smile and hearty good nature spread cheer and happiness wherever he went. Such a combination of wit and good-humor not only won for him a host of friends in his hour of duty, but was also a great asset in his business, at which he proved very successful.

A short service was held at Cutcliffe's Funeral Parlour, Charlottetown, after which the remains were transferred to his old home in Elmsdale; but due to the bad condition of the roads were moved to the home of his sister Mrs. Irvin Williams, Elmsdale.

The funeral took place on the afternoon of April 6th. A short service was held in the house followed by a service in the church at Elmsdale with the resident Minister, the Rev. Mr. Sheene, officiating. "Abide With Me," "Rock of Ages" and other favorite hymns of the deceased were sung, while the solo was capably rendered by Mr. Hamp Horne.

The pallbearers were all brothers-in-law, namely: Irvin Williams, MacLean Horne, Arthur Wilkie, William Matthews, Stewart Matthews and Sterling Matthews while six of his nephews were flower bearers.

Besides his sorrowing widow there remains to cherish his memory one daughter, Mrs. Donald Cameron Hampton and three sons: Keith, proprietor of "Keith's Service Station, Charlottetown; John at home in Wilshire and Earl of Sydney. One son, Robert predeceased him. There are also left to mourn their loss the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Wm. MacKay (Lulu), Mrs. Irvin Williams (Ola), Mrs. McLean Horne (Annie), Mrs. Arthur Wilkie (Olive) all of Alberton; also Edna in Toronto, and George in New Brunswick; Albert and Lester in Rhode Island; Wesley of Toronto; Jim and Fred of Elmsdale; Everett of Summerside and Glenn who is with the R. C. A. F., Summerside.

There are also four little grandsons and one grand-daughter. To his bereaved widow and to the other members of the family we tender our deep sympathy in their truly sad loss.

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The death occurred in Charlottetown in the early hours of June 15th, 1950, of Michael J. Murphy. The late Michael J. Murphy, born at Elmwood some seventy-three years ago, was a son of the late John Murphy and Mary McCaffrey.

He was a prosperous farmer, but due to ill-health, he sold his farm and moved to Charlottetown, where he was employed a number of years with the wholesale department of Rattenbury & Son. He was frequently visited during his illness by Rev. P. F. MacDonald, who administered to him the last rites of Holy Mother Church. He leaves to mourn one sister, Mrs. Richard Cahill, North River. A sister, Mrs. Tobias Murray predeceased him some forty years ago. His funeral which was held from St. Dunstan's Basilica, June 17th, was largely attended. Requiem High Mass being celebrated by Rev. Father P. F. MacDonald who also officiated at the grave.

The pallbearers were Messrs. J. P. Connolly, Thomas Bradley, Peter Trainor, Daniel Malone, J. F. McMillan and Frank Murray. The numerous Mass Cards, Messages of Sympathy testified the esteem in which the deceased was held. May his soul rest in peace.

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Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Continued  
Lucy made a small boy grimace. "Make myself another job, that's all I have to work, so there must be something, else what about this supply-and-demand thing?"

"Do you like Valerie?" asked Mark suddenly. The craziest idea had crossed his mind while she had been talking.

Her face softened as she half smiled across at Valerie's sleeping face. "I love her. I don't know just why. I'm not—not especially soft about people. But there's something about her, I don't know what, but it gets you. I can't see why it should when she's your daughter, and I suppose even a gold spoon hasn't been good enough for her."

"But you see she's not my daughter," said Mark very quietly. She was my wife's by a former marriage. Of course I adopted her legally and I don't think she could possibly be any more mine so far as the way I feel about her—"

"She adores you," said Lucy. "I tried to think up ways to make her say 'my father.' It sounds like a coronation or something."

It was funny, when she remembered her father's passionate protest against a man's being so rich. And here was Mark, just another well bred man.

"We can offer you a job," he said. "I don't know how good a one."

Lucy jumped. It was like something falling from the ceiling into her lap. She looked at him in a slight daze. "—what did you say?" she asked.

"It won't surprise you when you hear," said Mark. "My wife died quite suddenly two months ago. Readjustments are—well, almost as difficult, I find, as the actual loss. One of them is about Valerie. She has had an unusual training—"

He stopped suddenly. Lucy could see he had meant to say more. She wished she could help him, but she could only wait. "She—well, I've decided not to send her back to school. But she must be educated. And she must have companionship. She seems to like you so tremendously. I mean I wonder if we couldn't pool our assets, if you wouldn't like to tutor Valerie. If you can teach her to think, but not what to think. If you know what I mean."

Lucy leaned forward, her eyes shining. Looking at her he couldn't possibly doubt her sincerity.

"That's it exactly!" she cried.

"Put things before them and let them find their own way. It's always been my idea. Are you really and truly offering me a chance at it?"  
"I think I am," said Mark.  
Lucy pined herself quietly. She would probably wake up in another minute among the dusty books in the Ark. "But you don't know a thing about me," she said.  
"We can go fifty-fifty on that."  
"We can't. I've known you in the rotogravures since I was ten."  
"That isn't anything against me," said Mark. "I have pretty good judgment with men. It might work with women."  
Lucy only smiled. There was such a thing as sex loyalty, though women weren't always worth it.  
"I wouldn't let you take such a chance," she said. "It's a lucky break for me that there are several quite respectable people who can swear I've never been finger-printed, and am a perfectly nice girl. Then you can go to the college and talk to the dean—"

"What a fearful lot of rubbish."  
"I won't go if you don't look me up," she insisted. "Don't you see how unfair it would be to me? There are several friends of my father's. None of them cared enough to find out if I was still alive. Not that I blame them. But any of them will vouch for me. Promise?"  
"Sure I promise," he laughed.  
"But what about my credentials? For all you know I may get drunk Saturday nights and beat up the butler—"

"As long as it's the butler—"  
Valerie stirred and sat up. Mark shook his head slightly and Lucy was over her.  
"I think I went to sleep," said Valerie. She blinked her eyes free from dreams and looked at Lucy. "What a shame! I've missed all this time with you."  
"Maybe we'll be seeing Lucy again," said Mark. Valerie felt the undercurrent of excitement in his voice as they left Lucy at her door.

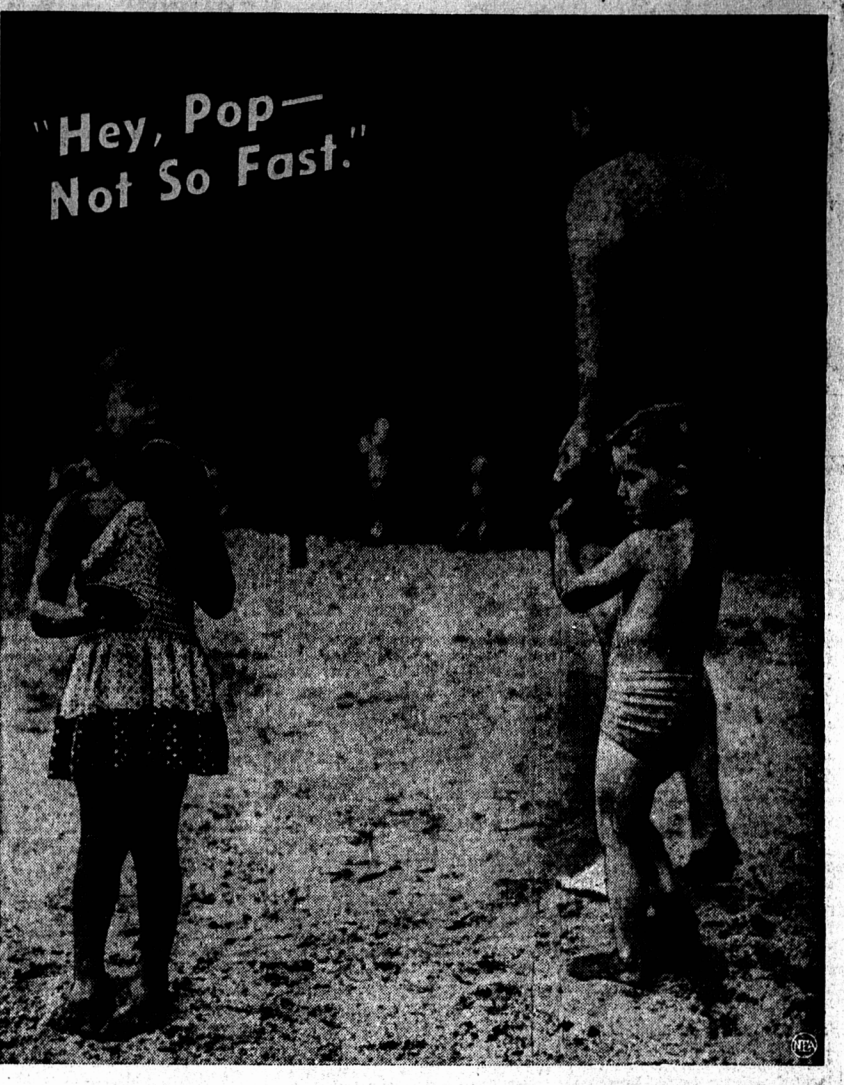
XIII  
Mark knocked at Valerie's door the next morning, just as she was about to knock on his. He came in and drew her down beside him on the window seat overlooking the hotel gardens. "Just in case you have five minutes you don't know what to do with before breakfast," he said.

"If you're sure it won't be any more," she leaned her head against his arm, and looked down on the flower beds, multicolored in the morning sunshine. But when she heard about Lucy she sat straight up.

"How did you know?" she cried. "Know what?"  
"What I was wishing for? Ever since you brought her into the car. When I saw her in my dress, I could hardly bear it—I mean giving her up. She's so sweet, Father. And she's—oh, like one of us. So many people aren't, if you've noticed."

"I've noticed," said Mark. "I don't want you to lose your enthusiasm, but we don't hardly want to be rash. I mean like doing important things in a rush. Some things you like a lot today, you don't care so much for tomorrow. Maybe you've found that out."

"How?"  
"To be continued"



"WATER'S FINE, BUT IT CAN WAIT" four-year-old Johnny Zeek, of Coal Grove, Ohio, seems to be telling his dad, Edward, as he applies the brakes to admire certain aspects of the view on the beach at Bay Village, Ohio. Who knows, maybe he does his double somersault shell out the cosmetics and give him a tumble. The heart-throb is Judy Miller, four, of Rocky River, Ohio.

back to looking out the window. "I have found it out, a little bit. But I truly don't believe Lucy would like that."  
"I don't either," said Mark. "But we'll go a bit slow, just the same."  
"How?"  
"To be continued"

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