

OBITUARY

Yorke—In Warwick, on Saturday, August 3rd, 1929, Amelia Cameron, widow of the late George Yorke, in her 78th year.

Amelia Cameron, widow of the late George Yorke, pioneer president of Warwick, died at her home, 6th line north, last Saturday, after several months' illness, in her 78th year. Her husband died 13 years ago, and she is survived by two sons, Dennis Yorke, Warwick, with whom she resided, and Ernest Yorke, in Arkona, and two daughters, Mrs. S. W. Finch, in London, and Mrs. D. K. Stewart, in Bosanquet. She was born near Toronto, and afterwards lived in Dorchester, until her marriage to Mr. Yorke, when she came to Warwick. The funeral was held from the home in Warwick to the Arkona cemetery, on Monday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. R. J. McLaren, pastor of the Arkona Baptist Church, and the pallbearers were Jacob Cates, Edward Hall, Robert McPherson, Byron Pedden, John Taylor and Joseph Wilcocks.

Died

In Warwick, on Saturday, August 3rd, 1929

AMELIA CAMERON

widow of the late

GEORGE YORKE

In her 78th year.

Born June 27-1852

THE FUNERAL

The funeral will take place from the residence of her son, Dennis Yorke, lot 15, con. 7, N.E.R., to Arkona cemetery on Monday, August 5th.

Service at the house at 2.30 p.m.

Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

MRS. GEORGE YORKE—A TRIBUTE

At Arkona they laid to rest the mortal remains of Mrs. George Yorke, but her soul lives on in her Master's presence while her memory is as the sweet incense pervading the sanctuary after worship. To have known her is to have known a real saint. For these seventy and seven years she has lived amongst men. Many, many years amid cloud or sunshine she has kept faith simple and bright as a little child's. In home, in church, in community her influence has been Christlike and heavenward. Years ago, during her husband's long and tedious illness, often they two together held secret trysts with their unseen yet very real Master. In such trysts a vacant chair was often set for the invisible Guest. To the end Jesus' presence was very real. A few days before her departure I was privileged to sit by her side. We talked of her expected departure as a going home. I quoted a few verses of the shepherd psalm. She said, with such a confidence, "But there are no shadows when my Saviour is so near; I have had such wonderful communion lately; such wonderful answers to prayer." So she went—went to continue her fellowship and her trysting. While her going was from ones she loved and ones who dearly loved her, yet there was an expectancy in her voice, an eagerness on her face that day as I sat beside her. She was looking eagerly to seeing the face of that dear Friend, who had been, for so long, her constant comrade. She fully expected to meet and to know the dear ones in the blessed beyond, where no shadow comes and where no tear dims the vision. So she is gone—Ah, blessed memory. Through your power, we, who knew and loved her best, carry on, into the years of our journeying, the challenge of the Christlike and simple purity of faith, of life, of hope. In this is the life of our beloved one supremely worth while.—H. O. Eastman.

Grandma