

OBITUARY.—Mr. Oliver Whitcomb, who was prostrated with a shock Monday, June 20, died Friday, the 24th, and was buried from the Unitarian church Monday afternoon. The church was well filled with relatives and friends, for "Uncle Oliver" was uncle to one and all, and had endeared himself to many. He had been a constant attendant to church and Sunday school, taking a lively interest in everything pertaining to their welfare. A little more than a year ago he and his companion celebrated their golden wedding, in a manner ever to be remembered by all present. The invitation to the Sunday school to be present at that anniversary was given the Sunday before by Uncle Oliver publicly. How his heart swelled and his voice trembled as he urged all, even to the youngest to "come, come to his golden wedding!" His voice was among the first to invite the North Middlesex conference to meet here June 15, and greatly he enjoyed the day. One week from that day he lay unconscious, two weeks his body was resting in the grave, his spirit was with the loved gone before. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. L. Nichols, assisted by Rev. G. S. Shaw, of Ashby, nephew of the deceased, and Rev. J. C. Staples of this place. The floral offerings were beautiful, especially the pillow of pansies, bearing the name of uncle in immortelles. Mr. Whit-

comb was 79 years, 11 months. He leaves a widow, but no children.