

Mr. Wallace Armstrong

The St. Augustine Tourist Club has summoned you from your far home on a mission which has no parallel for sadness.

Your father, who was revered and respected by every member of the club, passed suddenly from our midst to that bourne from which no traveler returns and now sleeps the sleep that knows no breaking.

The writer possibly was more intimate with him than any other member of the club. In the early morn we would meet at the bowling green and clear the ground for the games. He loved the sport and was an expert at the game. He would often say to me "let's you and I get into this game and bowl together." I like to bowl with you."

Between the games he would tell me of the fruit farm which he formerly owned in Canada, of his experiences in connection