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THE WESTERN GUARDIAN

SHOP from Hoffman's catalog. FOR THE INFORMATION of those travelling, I wish to say, The Orient Hotel at O'Leary still remains open, despite the rumor to the contrary, we are in the business, and purpose remaining. Rates \$2.00 per day. Mrs. T. M. Howatt. 4-11-121

WILL BE UNLOADING 3 carloads of flour, corn and other feeds at Albany Station from Thursday until Tuesday. Come early in the morning in good roads. Prices right. A. H. Affleck and H. M. Chisholm, Albany. 4-16-11

IN MEMORIAM MR. J. D. MCLEOD.

The people of Hartsville and vicinity were greatly shocked when on Saturday, March 10th word was passed from one to another that Mr. J. D. McLeod, the merchant had passed away at the early age of 42 years. Several weeks before his death the deceased was taken ill with what was believed to be influenza. At times he suffered from a very severe pain in the head, sometimes in the front part of the head, sometimes in the back. As the days went by his strength gradually returned and the pain grew less severe. Up until a few days before his death, he was quite improved and all thought that it would not be long until he would be as well as ever again. But on the Thursday preceding the day of his death he took a turn for the worse and on Saturday, March 10th his spirit took its flight. Besides a sorrowing widowed mother, Mr. McLeod leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and loving brother, five brothers and two sisters. The brothers are Daniel, Porewipie, Ontario; John, Edgewood, B. C.; Neil and Walter of Moncton and Kenneth at home and the sisters are Mrs. Alex. Martin and Mrs. Thos. Crowley, both of New Haven, Another brother, Alexander and another sister, Cassie Jane predeceased Mr. McLeod by quite a number of years.

Mr. McLeod was widely and favourably known and will be much missed, not only in his own home where his presence was always a comfort and a joy to his mother but also in the whole countryside. In the business world he was highly esteemed by all who came in contact with him. He was of a quiet retiring disposition but to know him was to admire him. In all of his dealings those who counted on him always doing the right thing at all times were never disappointed. In the closing hours he was characterized by the same calmness as was displayed by him in all of the affairs of life. With confidence in the love and wisdom of the Great All Wise Father and the calm assurance that all was well, he passed peacefully away to the Great Beyond.

USE OF WIRELESS TELEPHONY BY SCOTLAND YARD

LONDON, April 14.—For some months Scotland Yard has been carrying out experiments with a view to seeing how far the use of wireless telephony could be brought into play to co-ordinate the police force when engaged upon the same investigations. Major Vitty, who is in charge of the wireless department at the Yard, has had wireless telephony installations fitted to the roofs of one or two of the small motor vans which are now used by the Flying Squad.

The experiments have been directed towards showing whether it would be possible to connect two of these vans together while travelling in different directions upon the same business, but although up to the present the experiments have proved helpful, the scheme will probably not be completed for some time. Further tests have been made with one of these vans, which seems to have a spring mattress of a bed, with exceptionally wide meshes, on top.

It is hoped that when made a working success, the plan will be of great advantage in keeping detective officers in touch with their individual stations, as well as with their colleagues co-operating with them.

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For Early Planting in HOTBEDS or indoors Sweet Peas. Choice "Spencers" and others. Tomato, early varieties. Cabbage, earliest and best varieties. Cauliflower "Snowball" and others. Celery (earliest kinds) and many other varieties also

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Just received 12,000 pounds of Choice Onion Sets, 3,000 pounds of Choice Shallots all in the "pink" of condition. Our Sweet Peas are all imported from the largest and most reliable growers of Superior Flower Seeds in London, England.

See Carter's Catalogue for varieties.

Carter & Co., Ltd. Seedsmen to the people of P. E. Island

seized him as its victim and he passed peacefully away at the early age of 17 years. Death always brings sorrow into the hearts of those that are left to mourn, but when it enters a home so often it is much harder to bear, for only two years before, Mildred, a bright little girl of nine years, was called to her eternal reward. Perce, as he was called was a quiet, unassuming nature, a kind and dutiful son and brother and a general favorite with all who knew him. During his illness he was never heard to complain, but bore his suffering with divine will. The deceased, it is needless to say will be sorely missed among his young friends. He was quite a favorite and took an active part in all those games as base ball and hockey in which every normal boy delights. Besides his father and mother there are left to mourn, five brothers and three sisters. Although the roads were in poor condition the funeral was largely attended, the service at the house and grave was conducted by Rev. Ewen McDougall, assisted by Rev. J. R. Lindsay. The remains were laid to rest in Birchhill Cemetery. His pall bearers were Messrs. Harold Carver, Wilfred Judson, Arthur Jenkins, Gilbert Jenkins, Harold McLennan and Albert Stewart.

MRS. C. C. BAKER.

Silently and peacefully on the morning of April 6th, 1928, Mrs. Cleveland C. Baker of Margate, P. E. Island passed out of the shadow of life into the rest of the life everlasting. Early in March she was stricken down with pneumonia, all that love and skill could do was done in the hope of prolonging the life here, but in vain. The golden grain shined another sheaf to the garner in the West. She leaves to mourn her husband, and six small children, five girls and one boy also her father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Johnson who of late have been residing in the West. Mrs. Johnson was with her daughter during her last sickness.

MRS. PATRICK MACKINNON.

On the morning of the 25th of March, as the first rays of dawn broke over the countryside of Pisquid West the spirit of Mrs. Patrick Mackinnon also broke its earthly bonds to find the brightness of an eternal day beyond. Hers was a life spent in the service of her maker, as was testified by her exceeding kindness and charity to the poor; and in the end, the fortitude and resignation to God's will with which she bore her sufferings.

The esteem in which she was held by all was evidenced by the many friends who visited her during her illness; each striving in some way to repay the many acts of kindness which she had shown towards them during her whole life. Deceased was born in Pisquid East seventy-one years ago, being a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacDonald, Apple Valley. Of a large family from this union only three survive the deceased, namely: Mrs. Ronald J. MacDonald, Grand Tracade and Katherine of Blooming Point. A brother James predeceased her less than a year ago, and two others who were Christian Brothers died some years ago in California. Besides her sisters there are left to mourn a sorrowing husband and three step sons, namely John A., of the P. E. Island Railway; Andrew and Aeneas of Pisquid and a niece Katherine MacDougall who will ever cherish her memory.

The funeral which was largely attended was conducted from her late home on March 27th to St. Andrews Church, where a High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. A. P. MacLellan; afterwards all that was mortal of a true Christian woman was laid to rest in the family plot of the adjoining cemetery, there to await the glorious resurrection.

The pall bearers were Jas. A. MacDonald, D. J. V. MacDonald, Charles Ostridge, Louis Handran, John W. Jay and John MacIntyre. May her soul rest in peace. (Patriot please copy)

MR. PERCY BROWN

It is with deep sorrow and regret we chronicle the death of Mr. Percy Brown, fifth son of Mr. Walter R. Brown, Mount Albion, March 10th, 1923. Friday, previous to his death he became ill and although his condition was not alarming a doctor was called but he gradually grew worse and on Saturday afternoon he was conveyed to the P. E. I. Hospital where he only lived a few hours, despite the best medical skill. The grim messenger of death

Trial Of Priests

(Continued from Page Two.)

A Black Maria of the cheka, or G. P. U. But when he heard Krylenko demand the death penalty he seemed rejuvenated. His color rose, his eye brightened, his tall figure straightened, and in his long black cassock, fastened at the waist by a broad red sash, he looked what he was—a prince of the church, head of all Russian Catholics from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the frozen sea to the frontiers of India.

Archbishop's Noble Words.

On the day death sentence was passed on him, his face shone with pleasure, his gray hair brushed carefully back, and he had been able somehow or other to procure a new skull cap and a sash of the brightest red. The Jewish journalists who reported the trial for the Bolshevik papers alluded to this sash and this cap as symbols of the rank of archbishop. None of them seemed aware, however, that the color had been purposely chosen because so many early Christian bishops died as martyrs, and that election to the episcopal chair was generally sentence of death.

When called upon to say his last words, the archbishop rose to his full height and delivered an address so noble, so touching and so simple that a profound hush, with something of the awe of terror in it, settled down upon that largely hostile audience of "Red" soldiers, atheists, sneerers, and demoralized students. So great was the effect on myself that I could not put pen on paper.

The few words of that speech from the dock which remain in my mind are but a faint reflection of what he really said. The archbishop denied, as did all those who spoke after him, that he had belonged to any political organization or had engaged in any counter-revolutionary intrigues.

He had, on the contrary, confined himself to teaching his people the truths of their holy religion, those same truths which the church had taught for nearly 2000 years.

Not Afraid of Death.

The church had never taught the people to do wrong, and he had never taught wrong-doing. He had never taught anything that did not tend to good morals and good citizenship. It had been his duty as the head of the Catholic church in Russia to set a good example to the priests under him and the flock entrusted to his care.

"Today," concluded the archbishop, "I stand before a temporal judge; tomorrow, maybe, I shall stand before an Eternal Judge, and I hope the temporal judge may be just to me, and the Eternal Judge merciful."

Next after the archbishop spoke Father Maletzki, a kindly old man near 70, but agile and upright of stature as a man of 50. His commanding appearance, stern countenance and bushy eyebrows made him look severe, but as soon as he opened his mouth, early in the trial everyone knew he was a gentle type. He had a magnificent voice and perfect articulation, so it was always a pleasure for the reporters to hear him. Had the hall been twice as large as it was, he would have been heard distinctly at the farther end—not a word would have been lost.

He began by telling with touching simplicity and candor of little incidents of his boyhood. He said he was of a noble family—a bold thing to say to an audience holding the absurd belief that everybody not belonging to the working class is a parasite and a tyrant. His father, he said, had been a very wealthy man who kept many

Worked for the Poor.

Young Maletzki afterwards became a priest, and in an orphanage which he founded in Petrograd he placed many starving little boys whom he picked up in the street. He has never engaged in political plots of any kind, but had been working for his people and the prosecuted under the Czar because poor.

These crude translations of disjointed phrases of Father Maletzki's speech convey only the faintest idea of how extraordinary touching that speech was. The Bolsheviks must indeed be blind if they cannot see that a religion which makes a rich man's son devote his life to the poor must be infinitely superior to their religion of cant and talk of cruelty and corruption.

Father Butchkevitch as the archbishop's right hand man, necessarily had to make a different kind of speech, for he had to deal with the business side of the diocese, a diocese covering all Russia, and he had been accused of originating a plot. Therefore he had to enter into many details to confute the charges levelled at him and his colleagues; and he did confute these charges completely.

During his speech, the speech of a man about to be condemned to death, the procurer was so incredibly brutal as to interrupt him and grin in his face. He showed he had never been conspired with Poland against the Soviet government.

If he had tried to get money from Poland for his church, which was burdened with debt, where was the crime in that? He was a Polish citizen and naturally would turn for financial help to his own country. He might also have scoffed at the charge of conspiring with a foreign power which was a crime against the Soviet government. The fact that he had several times, several years ago, sent letters to Poland otherwise than through the post.

The archbishop embraced aged, white-bearded lawyer though of the Orthodox church, and wept bitterly. Then the archbishop embraced all the clergy and all were removed under a stern armed escort of Reds.

Meanwhile there was the awful scene in court when Polish women fainted in hysterics, screamed and fell to the floor, to be roughly dragged out by blaspheming Reds. The aged master of the archbishop, a Pole and a typical old soldier with white mustache, struggled desperately to the dock to bid farewell to his master but he was overpowered and thrown out by the Reds, who finally, seized by a man of force, cleared the court at the point of the bayonet.

There were extraordinary military precautions in the street when the prisoners were removed beneath a double hedge of bayonets, from the court into a huge covered lorry van like a Black Maria, the same van as formerly used in carrying piles of the dead that had been murdered in the cellar of the Cheka at No. 11 Bolshoi Lobakova in the outskirts of the city, where they were buried.

Since I wrote the above the archbishop has been reprieved. Nevertheless, the civilized world must know from me of the horrible scene whereby Soviet Russia orders to the blood-thirsty thugs to alone keep it in power.

Ex-Archbishop Federoff said was in the same position as an archbishop, being the head of the whole united church of Russia with priests under him and many of the faithful following his lead. He tried to argue with the judge on the injustice of the law preventing religious teaching in a republic. It is yours not to comment on it; you must obey it.

The death sentence was passed at midnight of Palm Sunday, the archbishop and Butchkevitch lodged as men who had obtained the lifelong heart's desire.

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Speaks Like a Martyr.

A great speech was made by Edward Yunevitch, the young priest already described, whose bright eyes seemed fixed on the other world, and on a martyr's crown. He described how, as a student, he heard in Petrograd the shots announcing the fall of the Czarism. He had rejoiced, for Czarism had been the enemy of Catholics in Russia. Young as he was, he knew of the persecutions of his friends that had been sent in hundreds to prison and Siberia in their faith. But he soon saw Czarism as a worse enemy than Czarism.

It realized none of his expectations, it gave none of the liberty he had promised. The people of Petrograd were now weeping and wailing. Now would the poor Catholics of Petrograd do if their priests should not return to them? The naive question excited bitter among the hardened Communists who filled the court, and the judge asked not unkindly if he might leave the question of Petrograd alone, and confine himself to charges against him personally.

The prisoner apologized for being carried away, but said he thought he would be allowed to say anything, as these were the last words he would say. He ended with Christ's last words on the Cross: "Not my will, but Thine, done."

There was a profound silence, and some minutes of silence, noticed tears in the eyes of even the Bolshevik women who were crowded into the court, owing to the fact that there was no trace in the theatre that night to compare with the real tragedy being enacted on the nobles' club, the scene of the trial.

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