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THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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HOW READ TRAINED HIS CATTLE

(Written for The Magazine Guardian) "I think Read was the best teamster in the world." Then looking up at me he added, "He was from the Island too."

eyes. Seeing me he called me over to help him up. Then as his dazed senses regained their consciousness he looked around and seemed to comprehend. "Show me the cattle," he growled. I took him to where they stood. He walked around them but never put a hand near or on them.

The next day he threw the cattle and shod them but only one half of the foot—the fore and hind feet differently putting his half shoes on the outside of one pair and on the inside of the other. The hoofs were worn thin on the side of the foot on which the oxen pressed most heavily in hauling.

"No one dared go into the barn when the cattle were in. The ox that stood in the first stall would kick his brains out or put his foot through him. The kick of an ox is worse than a horse at close range. When the new teamster came in the spring he had to pat that ox in the back.

going very slow as to not frighten it. Another day one of the men had a bottle of whiskey. He always found their bottles wherever they hid them. This fellow bragged to Read that he wouldn't find his. Read said nothing. When all were in at supper he said to me, "Give me that shovel." With one sweep in the manure pile he unearthed the bottle.

deep ruts and the team couldn't start it. The load itself was too much on a good road. "I'll show you what we can do," cried the boss "send Read and his team here." They came. "They can haul it said. This was received with derision. Read, "but it will make them blind." Read was angry. His team was harnessed. He said nothing. His teeth were set. Kindly he talked to the oxen. Gradually they bent themselves to the load. Every pair pulled true and every double tree kept perfectly straight. He spoke louder. They seemed to settle themselves more and strain harder but the brutal wagon and load did not move.

their mouths and all were giving that peculiar roar that oxen give when pulling hard. Read talked louder. Then flinging out his arms he shouted and cracking his flourish whip he cried, "Now, take it, away!" With a roar as of pain the brutes made a last tremendous effort. The great cumbersome wagon gave a lurch and moved on while a ringing cheer was given by the men who had gathered around and whose hearts were with the struggling team. But Read stood as one who heard not. Tears were in his eyes and he was heard to mutter "Oh my poor, poor brutes, my beauties, poor Nigger, poor Poley." The animals took a few steps forward, then they hesitated and staggered as if uncertain of the way, and then stopped. With one look of indignant scorn and hatred at the boss who stood near, he threw down his whip with an oath, and taking one more look at his loved oxen, with eyes filled with tears he left the camp and never worked in all that region again. The cattle were blind.

RELIGION AND PARTY POLITICS

Sermon By Rev. G.R. White, a Plea For Christian Activity And Honest Voting And The Ballot In Elections

"Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." — Matthew XXII : 21. The doctrine of our text which is here illustrated and enforced by our divine Lord is, that we are citizens as well as Christians, and such being the case, we owe duties to the state as well as to God: Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

what I think should be the attitude of the pulpit toward politics. Every member of society, and especially every Christian, has duties which he owes and obligations which he is under to the state, and to his God, and to fall in with the discharge of either is to fail in duty toward God or man. Responsible Government which gives to the individual such large freedom demands of the individual his best in return. And one of its fruits is freedom of speech. Thus you see it in its practical workings, as it permits me to stand in their pulpits and give free expression to my opinions, without fear of apprehension; and it will permit you at the close of this service, and all next week to freely express your minds on all public questions, as you did all last week. I thank God for such liberty, free speech, it is the gift of God, and we should only accept it with thanksgiving.

Whenever the moral standards of the people are in any danger of being lowered it is the solemn duty of the pulpit, to point out that danger and warn and entreat the people to shun the evil, and choose the good. And we must remember that everything that is good is open to counterfeits, and abuse—only the genuine stands well within that circle. And so long as these dangers exist, it is the business of the pulpit to counsel and warn from time to time as the occasion may demand. Good Government is one of the gifts of God to the nation, and for which every true citizen should give thanks to God. And that which is the gift of God to the people, the pulpit should safeguard from all possible abuse or loss.

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Casey on "Sport Gentle Sport"

(Written for The Magazine Guardian) "Finnigan, it is quite a while since I addressed you on any subject of importance, and I just wish to say a few words on gentleness, especially in 'Sport'."

Finnigan as you well know in the old country the Irish and English gentry, like the heroes they are, take a pack of dogs and run a hare or a fox until it is out of breath and the glory of the game is for the gentle ladies and gentlemen to be in at the death, as they say, and see the poor creature torn to pieces by the dogs.

must be done with a stick. We should send missionaries to the doges to teach them the gentle game of hockey." When gently blow the breezes and the bloom is on the—you know what I mean Finnigan, well just a-what then the football season comes upon us. What fond memories hover around the festive pig skin. I have a slight slip in one leg that reminds me of the days I chased its slippery circumference and described perpendicular over its diameter or words to that effect. "Finnigan I would rather go up against Joe Gans for a very limited number of rounds than go through some of those old football arguments 'Rah! Rah! Rah!' etc. P.W.C." But to use the ready vernacular the gentle game of football is all in for us and the rest of the old boys."

be ignorant of the moral obligation, that the possession of the ballot puts him under to his country and to his God may see. And I fear the pulpit has too often upbraided and found fault, when it should have patiently and faithfully educated the people on the value and glory and righteousness of our political duties. If I am late for civic elections, I am in time for Dominion election.

my duty to vote. I am going to put in one straight ballot at least. "Who do you vote for?" I felt like saying that is my business, then I remembered that was according to the law of the Province. I do think that the new Mayor and Council will do away with the antiquated system of open voting. It is an injustice to every voter and it undoes power in the hands of the political boss. It is the duty of every citizen who has a vote to vote. If the political machine is vile, good men should lay hold upon it and purify it to vote unless they are paid for so doing. They remain home to await the most generous candidate. Surely the spirit owes that man a lesson on morals.

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the wholesome institutions, and the good laws under which we live as it should be—our political favors are many.

neighbor's liberty, he is fast putting himself and his fellows into a political slavery worse in some degrees than the bondage of Russia. He is as bad, if not worse, than Esau who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. There is many a poor ignorant fellow who does the wicked deed, who does not sense the gravity—the real logic of his act. So there is another man, who is a greater sinner than the poor fellow who sells his God given liberty—that is the man who buys the vote—he is thrice a sinner—you read the form of the oath he must trample beneath his

feet in order to buy votes. He must sin against his own manhood, against the laws of his country, and against his fellow man—yea high over all, against his God. Is it not strange that the man who would stoop to do a mean thing in business, will stoop to such mean acts for "party" which is much to the dishonor of himself and his party?

WEAK, PALE AND WORN OUT WOMEN

Can be Saved From a Life Of Misery by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Women are called the "weaker sex" and yet nature calls upon them to bear far more pain than men. With too many women it is one long martyrdom from the time they are budding into womanhood, until age begets to set its mark upon them. They are no sooner over one period of pain and distress than another comes up only a few days ahead of them. No wonder so many women become worn out and old looking before their time.

There are moral evils here that should have the light of honesty let in upon them. And the pulpit should do its duty here. Our system of responsible government makes every man responsible for the good conduct of the country, according to the full extent of his ability. These high privileges were given to us not only to enjoy, but to pass on to future generations not corrupted and misapplied, but still further purified and made more useful for the generation yet unborn.