

PROVINCIALIST DEALS WITH LIVING DEAD

Eloquent Sermon by Rev Allan B. Macneill, Ridgefield N. J., A Native of P. E. I.

Rev. Allan B. Macneill delivered a sermon in the Union Church on Sunday evening on the subject of "The Living Dead." His text was the words found in Matthew xxv:6, "They all forsook Him and fled." His sermon in full follows: "A man ought to be sure his errand is a good one, and then reckon that in doing it, he will be a good deal of the time alone with his conscience and his mind. If you will read slowly the last day of the earthly life of Jesus, you will, I think, see that physical pain was a very small part of his sorrow. The suffering was mental and heart suffering. While the miracles lasted Jesus had a great following: Sick people like to be cured and hungry people like to be fed, and the curious like to have their curiosities gratified. While He was giving great multitudes followed Him. In great multitudes followed Him. He must feel the joy of giving, and also the need of asking. He must enter into human want. He must feel as lonesome as any one. In His last lonesome night He found His disciples sleeping. "Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Those are to me the saddest words ever spoken. He had watched them, fed them, taught them, made new men of them. When they needed Him they were wide awake; when He needed them they were fast asleep. The palm branches on the Jericho road had withered, the hosannas had died out of the air, nobody was awake but His enemies. They were wide awake, and on their way with torches. Judas was awake and busy—Judas is always awake and always busy. You have noticed similar things. Some well disposed, amiable people have confidence that a good cause will take care of itself, and while they attend to their own business and sleep, the enemies of the good cause attend to the killing of it day and night with Me one hour? He read carefully the story of the life of Jesus Christ and His loneliness. I am much encouraged. He had more insight than I have—more foresight. He did not waste His life on weeds. The mankind of His day was poor material, but He saw a value in them. "I am come," He said, "to seek and to save that which is lost." "And this is the man born of a carpenter in a stable, no place to lay His head. All His disciples forsook Him for a time, despised, defeated, scorned, spat upon, crucified, dead and buried. This is the loyal, royal life which today illuminates the world—the living dead." "I read the life of Jesus and it reminds me of other lives. Moses rebounded a high place in a king's house. Will not longer, for the sake of his poor people be called a son of Pharaoh's daughter. With manifold trouble he leads them out of the clay pits. It is a lonely life. He was a patient man—he endured them 40 years; he would endure them 40 minutes. He heard them groaning; "Would to God we had died in Egypt," and "would to God this would to God that." Would it be strange if Moses should think that he had wasted his time and toil on a lot of wretches not worth saving? He did think so for a brief minute or two. He had been up into a mountain to talk with God and came back to find them worshipping a four footed thing made of metal. "St. Paul must have found it hard work to go on. The ten original disciples looked upon this late volunteer or conscript with much suspicion. All of Paul's churches, except the one at Philippi, had a chief enemy against him. A level headed Roman Government hunted him insane. And finally when told he is old and worn and about to die—deserted by his false friends—we hear him say "Only Luke is with me. The world loves a lover—loves Luke. All of his critics have found oblivion, but the great apostle stands as a glorious type of Christian manhood." "I take up George Eliot's Romola and read the story of Savonarola. It suggests Gethsemane and Calvary—Mary stood the cross beside. The reformer of Florence was not quite alone. "Mark Twain will not go up in history as simply a jester, a mirth compeller. His life of Joan of Arc is a great reading. It is a wonderful and sorrowful life. We see in it how high human nature can rise; and how low it can sink. At the head of an army one day; and another day burned at the stake—much praised and much insulted. She heard the beautiful voices—telling her a poor ignorant girl, to leave her sheep and their spinning wheel and go and save France. And she saved France—and her earthly reward makes me think of the last chapters of the book of Matthew. For listening to the beautiful voices, and obeying them, she was convicted as a witch, traitress, blood thirsty and blasphemous. Is blood thirsty to listen to the beautiful voices? She was as lonesome as the last as her Master. She trod the winepress alone. Alone and in prison the time came when she could not hear the voices. She was cut off for a season from earth and heaven. I do not know why that should have been. But only for a season. Hoped for a death by fire, the voices spoke again "Child of God go on, go on—be not dismayed at thy martyrdom; thou shalt come at last to the Paradise of God." DeQuincy paints the bishop of Beauvais, the chief prosecutor, persecutor and tormentor, at the day of judgment. He is much perplexed. He can find no attorney from earth or heaven to take the case. Even Judas will not associate with him. There appears to him this girl that he burned to death and says, "I will take thy brief." And now 'they,' or the descendants of 'they,' have lately canonized Joan of Arc, made a saint of her, but Joan of Arc, was a saint long before they ever thought of it. Canonized her now when commonest kindnesses were withheld her while living. Too late to praise the goodness and virtues of your friend after he has passed away, "starving for a little mead of appreciation and praise. Tons of flowers on his grave now will not exhale as much fragrance as one little violet would have been placed in his hand while he was living. "And here we have Lincoln. There are men here who saw him when he was living. They remember his critics; how Theodore Tilton used to slash him in the Independent, and Horace Greely in the Tribune. Wendell Phillips impatient at the emancipation proclamation, once called him an old turkey. His enemies were in his own house. He was ridiculed by round measure. Even "Punch," over the sea, made fun of him. It was an open question whether he could be nominated a second time; but now there is but one voice, Abraham Lincoln is the favorite of the world, whom having not seen we love. "And so the roll is a long one. Time fails me to call that roll and time would fail you too. Men and women all, or nearly all, killed and buried and left for dead, they have stood time's test. Where do they stand today in the world's eye? Where are their detractors, persecutors, tormentors and critics? And yes, we have to admit it, we have persecuted our prophet preachers and teachers, forgetting that what a prophet preacher and teacher needs is bread—not a stone nor a tombstone. We have mobbed our Garrison, we have shot our Lutherans; we have threatened our Baptists and stoned our Catholics, burned our Jews and crucified our Christians. We thought we were about through with this kind of work. After all these years of Christian teachings, I wonder if we are through. "So I plead tonight for recognition and appreciation of the leader of men, and all those great lonely souls who have followed in his steps. I think tonight for appreciation of the men who have followed in his steps, in those about us, in our homes, in our churches, in our schools and in our communities who are doing useful, helpful, worthy work. I plead tonight for all who have blazed the trail for us, and made it easier to climb our mountains of transfiguration." Let us be kind; The way is long and lonely, And human hearts are asking for this blessing only— That we be kind. We cannot know the grief that men may sorrow, We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow, But love can shine upon the way to-day, tomorrow— Let us be kind. Let us be kind; This is a wealth that has no measure, This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure— Let us be kind. A tender word, a smile of love in meeting, A song of hope and victory to those retreating, A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting— Let us be kind. PAID FOR USING BALLS. For a bonus, said on good authority to be \$500,000, the National League made a twenty year contract with a prominent sporting goods firm for the use of the official league ball. It is the same kind of a ball that has been used by the national league for the last 16 years, and in adopting it again the club-owners rejected an offer by a Cincinnati firm, said to have been \$325,000 in 20 annual instalments of \$16,250 of which half was to be in cash and half in baseballs supplied. It has been commonly supposed, even among the players, that the big league paid about 97 cents apiece for balls which retail at \$1.25. But the development today shows that they not only pay nothing, but receive a very large sum of cash besides. The exact terms of the contract were not disclosed, but they are understood to have been a cash offer accompanied by a \$500,000 certified cheque and "all the balls this eight clubs could use in playing championship games." The ball in question is made in Chicago and the contract begins with the season of 1912.

HON J. W. RICHARDS' ADDRESS ON WINTER COMMUNICATION

Elicits From Minister of Marine a Promise of Better Arrangements in Future—Hopes For Another Earl Grey.

Mr. J. W. Richards—At the last session of this House I took occasion to make a few observations on this important question of transportation in the winter season between Prince Edward Island and the mainland of Canada, and this afternoon I propose to say something more on the same subject. It is very important to us on the Island to have the best route that can possibly be selected for our winter service, though there is a considerable variety of opinion as to which route is really the best. As I said on a former occasion, if it can be shown that the



HON. JAMES W. RICHARDS.

Tatamagouche is the best route and has grown very largely of recent years. A large quantity of produce of all kinds is taken over by these boats, and it is highly in the interest of the people of the province that we should have the most regular and convenient route that can be chosen. The route is a better one, then I would say that we should

adopt the latter. But a question as to which is the best route can only be settled by investigation, and I do not see that there can be any objection to making further investigation, in fact, I think it would be a proper step to take. We have had this winter unusually severe weather, in fact, at the present time there is heavy ice around the coast of Prince Edward Island, and around the coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and steamers have been considerably delayed, though, on the whole, they have done remarkably good work. Trade over this winter transportation because it has been so well discussed by my hon. friend (Mr. Warburton), who has just resumed his seat. But I rise this afternoon more especially to draw the attention of the House and of my hon. friend, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, to the desirability of making proper arrangements at Summerside in the fall of the year by which one of the steamers could be sent to that place to take away the freight that accumulates there at the close of navigation. It is true that the "Minto" was sent there last fall. She made one trip, and it appears she loaded with a large cargo at Summerside. But instead of landing at Cape Tormentine, she went on to Pictou and discharged it there. This arrangement was not at all satisfactory to the people of that town, and of the country I represent. There was considerable annoyance and vexation caused in consequence of the boat not remaining on what is called the western route for a longer period than she did. Where the blame lies I am not prepared to say but I have been told that proper arrangements had not been made at Cape Tormentine by which the boat could land her freight there as should have been done, and for that reason the officers of the boat decided to proceed to Pictou. Now, if that statement is correct, I presume it was an oversight on the part of some one. I hope that when another winter comes around such arrangements will be made as will avoid any inconvenience to the handling of freight at the Cape Traverse pier. Summerside is one of the best harbours of the Island. Some of the shoal places in that harbour have recently been dredged. Further dredging on the north shoal or middle ground is needed and will I hope be attended to soon in order to straighten the channel. During the summer months of each year large steamers, such as those of the Black Diamond Line and others boats, make that port of call. There is a railway warehouse on it although in that regard some improvement is needed. The export trade, I may say is very large. During the summer months something like nine-tenths of the freight shipped from Prince Edward Island is far from being infirm. In this case it is likely to resent exile. Many a desperate encounter has resulted, but the outcome has always been the same—the "outlaw" has been compelled to submit to the punishment imposed upon it. Although there are now upwards of one thousand buffalo in the Wainwright park, there is but one "outlaw." None of the others have yet reached the age limit. Three years ago Howard Douglas, Dominion commissioner of parks, purchased from Michael Pablo, a Mexican half-breed of Killespelt, Mont., the only large herd of buffalo in existence—about 900 head. They were not domesticated, having for years ranged over a large tract of rough country in Montana and seldom seeing human beings. Loud and long were the protests that were voiced by the press of the State when it was learned that the entire herd had been purchased for removal to Canada. The United States authorities were severely censured for not having arranged to retain the herd as a national attraction, and efforts were made to induce Pablo to violate his contract to deliver the entire herd to Mr. Douglas, but without avail. The first shipment of buffalo was made to Wainwright early in 1909, and before the end of the summer of that year 450 head were safely lodged in the National Park. The work of rounding up the remainder of the herd was slow and difficult. They were shipped in instalments of 50 to 100 head, the last shipment arriving at Wainwright in October, 1910. The to-

FORMER HEAD OF HERD IS NOW AN "OUTLAW"

Driven into Exile Because of Old Age, One-Time Ruler of Inmates of National Buffalo Park is Compelled to Live Life of a Recluse.

Few visitors to the Canadian National Buffalo Park, at Wainwright, Alberta, fail to note the fact that there is one that leads the life of a recluse. It is one of the finest specimens in the park—a giant male with large bushy head, surmounted by symmetrically curved, sharp-pointed, upstanding horns. The short thick neck merges into massive, shaggy shoulders, which tower above short, slender forelegs, so short and so small as to appear out of all proportion to the bulk they sustain. While the other members of the big herd are to be found in groups of from a score to a hundred each, this one is always alone. He never approaches one of the groups and is completely ignored by his fellows as if he did not exist. In the great corral containing 110,000 he occupies a corner which is, apparently by common consent, set apart for his exclusive use. Here he may be seen standing on the crest of some hum-

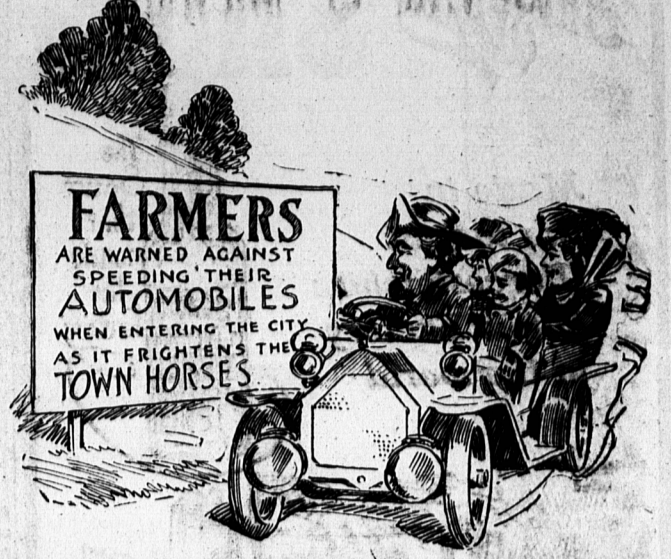


The "Outlaw" Buffalo.

mock, his huge bulk outlined against the sky, or half concealed in the brush of some coulee. Always he is alone, and usually his head is turned toward the west, as if awaiting the summons to join the millions of his species which have disappeared before the westward march of the empire. A few months ago he was the recognized leader of the herd and wielded a sway as despotic as that of any monarch who ever occupied a throne. Now he is an outcast, ostracized from the society of his kind, the object of the contempt of the meanest of his one-time subjects. He is an "outlaw" doomed to spend the remainder of his days in seclusion, the victim of an inexorable law that has

been in force ever since the first of his species roamed the plains of North America. Ages before Dr. Osler advocated the ridding of human society of the burden of the aged and decrepit, nature had provided for the survival of the fittest in the brute creation. Advanced age, it is compelled to live and feed alone, and any attempt to inflict its society upon its fellows is met with a prompt and severe rebuke. It is so with the buffalo. At the age of eight to ten years the male buffalo becomes superannuated and is by other members of the herd pronounced an "outlaw." It is banished from the society of its kind, and its very existence is ignored. It sometimes happens that the "outlaw," although it has reached the age of compulsory re-

CHANGING CONDITIONS



FARMERS ARE WARNED AGAINST SPEEDING THEIR AUTOMOBILES WHEN ENTERING THE CITY AS IT FRIGHTENS THE TOWN HORSES

"Now that farmers own over sixty per cent. of the autos in the state the city fellows are getting peevish about their 'town horses.' The auto means as much or more to the farmer as to any one, and as long as we can more afford it, I guess we have plenty of reason to keep on buying them."

The above is one of Reid's Cartoons which appear exclusively in the Weekly Kansas Farmer. Statements by Automobile dealers, made personally, to Kansas Farmer, show over 60 per cent. of the autos sold in Kansas are sold to farmers who live on and work their farms. Conserva-

tive estimates show approximately 4000 automobiles are being bought this year by Kansas farmers. That's an average of 40 to the county, and shows prosperity and the disposition to buy modern equipment. Farmers able to buy automobiles, buy modern merchandise in all other lines.—Kansas Farmer. guard a man on horseback as an enemy bent upon their destruction. No restrictions are placed upon visitors to the National Buffalo Park, with the exception that dogs and firearms are barred. No trap of land on the continent more suited to the purpose could be found. It is ideal grazing land, such as made the Wainwright District noted for its production of cattle and horses. The land is rolling and partly wooded. Pines which formerly raged throughout that section every few years, have destroyed much of the underbrush. There are many clumps of poplars which afford shade in summer and shelter in winter, and there are numerous sand dunes which provide the "wallows" which the buffalo so much enjoy. Scattered throughout the park are many little fresh water lakes with sandy beaches and water clear as crystal. Many small streams find their way through these lakes to the Battle River which crosses one corner of the park. A luxuriant growth of native grass provides an abundance of pasturage the year round. Several hundred tons of hay are harvested each summer in the park, and a large quantity of it is kept constantly on hand to supply food in case of a severe storm. During the two winters that the park has been occupied little of it has, however, been required the snow seldom is so deep that the animals cannot reach the dry grass beneath it which they prefer to the hay. In addition, to the buffalo, there are a number of moose, elk and deer in the park, and additions are being made from time to time. During the summer and autumn thousands of wild geese and duck make their home in the vicinity of the lakes, where they are protected from the hunters and where they are convenient to the rich feeding grounds in the extensive wheat, oats and barley fields in the surrounding country. The Dominion Government has made surveys with a view to extensive improvements within the park. A number of boulevards have been laid out, some of them skirting the larger of the lakes. These will be graded and lined with trees, and in time are expected to be among the most beautiful driveways in the Dominion. A boulevard has been graded from the town to the main entrance to the park, and 800 trees were planted along this driveway last year. The park is destined to be not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most interesting spots on the continent. It contains now the largest herd of buffalo in existence, and the only hope that can be depended upon to perpetuate the species. Situated as it is, at one of the leading divisional points on the main line of Canada's Transcontinental Railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and with two other great transcontinental roads planning to run branch lines to it from other main lines, the National Buffalo Park will be one of the leading attractions of transcontinental tourists, and will bring to Wainwright visitors by the thousand from all quarters of the globe.



Baby Moose in National Buffalo Park.

wise, the hunt was abandoned. The Canadian Government now owns a herd of "outlaw" buffalo down in Montana which it cannot capture and which it is forbidden to kill, and as a consequence it is very much at a loss to know what to do with them. The settlers who have in recent years encroached upon the Pablo preserve live in daily fear of the depredations of the "outlaws," which break down fences and trample crops under foot, and look in vain to Washington and to Ottawa for redress. Great care was exercised by Mr. Douglas in moving the animals from Montana to Alberta. They were transported in stock cars specially equipped with individual stalls. These cars were provided with openings in the roofs, through which food and water were supplied by attendants on route. A special unloading chute was constructed at the western end of the Grand Trunk Pacific yards at Wainwright, and a corral, enclosed by a fence ten feet high, built of heavy posts and two-inch planking, was prepared for the reception of the animals. This corral was connected with the park proper by a lane enclosed with a ten-foot woven wire fence. The park which is owned by the Canadian Government, includes about five townships, it is surrounded by a fence constructed of ten-foot spring-steel woven wire fencing, the strongest made. This fence is 75 miles in length and cost \$1,000 a mile. While it was freely predicted that it would be impossible, even with all the precautions taken, to confine the animals within an enclosure, the first one has yet to escape. The buffalo have become accustomed to the presence of visitors, and may be approached to within a few yards on foot or in a vehicle. They take to their heels, however, at the sight of a man on horseback. This is the instinct of self-preservation, inherited from a long line of ancestors to re-