

proverbs like that willna' stand in a law court. The Auld Book has a word on that point gin I remember richtly. Somethin' about those that say 'let us dae evil that guid may come, whose condemnation is just.' What dae ye mak' oot o' that?" says I. "O weel, Sandy," he replied, "gin ye're no' in sympathy wi' the Red Cross I'll no' be askin' ye for yer support. It's yer ain business."

"But I am in sympathy wi' them," says I. "At the same time I'm no' going tae say that I approve o' a' their methods o' raisin' money. We can win this war wi'oot takin' tae gamblin' an' maybe gicin' some young chap a start on the road that will send him tae the deil as quick as gin took tae the drink. There's no' muckle difference between the twa things sae far as results are concerned. I've seen eneuch tae ken that. I mind o' a young lad that used tae live on a farm close by, that used tae gang tae all the raffles an' dice-throwing in the neeborhood. He got married a few years back an' moved tae the city, an' the last I heard about him wis that he wis spendin' every dollar he could get hauld o' in the gamblin' dens an' such like places in the toon. His wife used tae gang oot an' bring him hame at nights for a while, but she gave him up for a bad job at last. Of course, I ken that a mon has got tae mak' use o' his will-power an' develop back-bone eneuch tae carry him past these sort o' things, but at the same time I dinna' believe in decent folks takin' onything to dae wi' them. Let us pit oor hands intae oor pockets an' give what we can afford tae the cause, an' leave this rafflin', gamblin' business tae those that mak' their living that way. I'm thinkin' some o' the respectable people o' this toon are lyin' awake nichts tryin' tae square things wi' their

conscience, an' sayin' tae themselves that the end justifies the means, an' sae on, but it winna' dae. It's either richt or it's wrang, an' I ken a lot of folks that willna' say it's richt. When a mon is asked tae gie his dollar or his hundred dollars tae help his fellowman in some way, it is supposed that baith parties tae the transaction are the better for it. He that gives as weel as he that gets; but what benefit a mon can get from buyin' a sort o' lottery ticket, I canna' see. Gin we dinna' gie oor money tae the boys in France that are fightin' for us, because we want tae dae it, and because we appreciate what they are gaein' through for the rest o' us, we'd better keep oor money in oor pockets. The Red Cross Society, or whatever kind o' an institution ye call it is supposed tae be one o' the greatest organizations in the world to-day, an' I'm thinkin' ye're makin' it pretty cheap lookin' wi' yer calf lotteries an' such things," says I.

"Weel, Sandy," says the mayor, "gin ye've finished yer sermon I must be goin'. We've pit oor hand tae this thing noo, an' we must see it oot, guid or bad. But just wait Sandy," says he "till we're askin' for straight subscriptions for this business. I'll make ye wish ye'd bought a ticket for the calf." An' wi' that he left me, an' I cam' on hame, wonderin' how muckle I'd pit myself in for this time. They say talk is cheap, but I've seen it cost some chaps a muckle sight mair than they expected. Hooever, it's in a guid cause, an' gin they come at me wi' their subscription list I'll pit ma name doon like a mon. They say that ye should give till it hurts ye, gin it's to dae ye ony guid. I'm thinkin' I'll get the benefit o' it a richt.

SANDY FRASER.

Bringing Home the Buffalo.

One cold, windy—almost stormy—day, early last October, I procured a saddle horse—the stumbling, rocking equine passed as one at the livery—and rode out from Wainwright to Buffalo Park. After a lifetime spent on the prairies, beginning just as the buffalo disappeared in one last great slaughter, here was an opportunity to see the old relic of the plains brought back from practical extinction to his old haunts and living as near under natural conditions as a park enclosed by 76 miles of fencing would permit. In the past I had seen buffalo specimens mounted in museums, and I had seen a few head confined in yards at city parks, where they looked all that the artificial conditions might be expected to create. Both were unreal. What I cherished as my conception of the buffalo herds of former days and their traits had been gathered from the old buffalo trails of the prairie, ever a guide for the easier grades over hills and through ravines, that made travelling easy if one happened to be following their route, but the acme of discomfort if crossing these routes, from the bleached buffalo bones and horns, the collection and sale of which made an income for the Indians for years, that provided food in place of the buffalo. Many was the prairie fire that I fought as a boy, that these same Indians had set, in order that on the blackened prairie the bones might be more easily seen. And further, my conception of buffalo traits came from the stories of old hunters and traders of those former days, told in the pioneer farm homes and to which I as a boy listened as only a boy could listen to such tales.

From these varied sources, imagination had formed in early life ideas of the buffalo in his natural state. The museum and city park specimens did not fit, and here was an opportunity to match my early formed ideas with reality. There was something more than mere curiosity; there was that something called sentiment that cannot be described.

While I appreciated the regrets of the courteous gate keeper that urgent work prevented him from accompanying me in a search over the huge park, dotted with poplar bluffs for one or more buffalo herds, I was quite contented that alone on that excuse for a mustang I was to meet some herd and without explanation fit my conception and sentiment into the reality.

Some buffalo, though, must be within a reasonable distance of the park gate if my hopes were to be fulfilled as only a few hours separated me from the time when a train must take me on to actual work, and modernizing an old proverb "trains hesitate for none but money barons."

I struck out against a cold wind that took the breath away, across four miles of the park, around sloughs and poplar bluffs—still on the hurricane deck of that stumbling cayuse—and saw nothing. Turning to get the wind out of my face, I took another direction and rode suddenly upon a herd of 50 odd elk in a slough. A beautiful sight. I gave them, though, but a passing thought and look, they were not what I came to see. At last I had gone the limit from which that particular piece of horse flesh could return me in time to catch

the train, so I turned to the park gate, now several miles distant. As I turned a couple of moose that had seen me first, made a short run from a slough into a poplar bluff. I let them go, my interest was in buffalo alone, and disappointment was creeping over me, when coming over a rise I found myself looking down on a moving herd of some sixty head. As they came suddenly into view my mind picture held true and blended into the reality. There was the herd moving along towards a slough in four separate files close together, with a few straggling animals. The stories of the old traders had been well told and had stamped a true vision on my mind. The buffalo, when at last they saw me, stopped, stolidly gazed, and went on. I forgot time and train and the limited speed of my cayuse and gazed at the scene.

I saw only this one small herd, but within the confines of that park were 2,415 head or about that number. In 1909 about 800 head had been brought to that park, some 90 from Banff, and the remainder from the Flathead reservation in Montana. Looking at that little herd back in its traditional surroundings, in my mind I looked back to the buffaloless plains of 15 to 20 years ago and wondered if there was not a story attached to



The Buffalo Back Home.

the saving of the buffalo from extinction and bringing back this herd. Then I thought of the train, and in a neck-and-neck race I, chafed and sore, climbed from the back of the mustang and handed him over to his proud owner just as the train pulled into the station. But there was a story and strange truth—these were originally Canadian buffalo brought home—there lies the story.

There was no big killing of the buffalo in Canada as there was in the United States in 1879 and 1880 as a commercial proposition for the hides. From our best knowledge the big Saskatchewan River herd went south in 1878 never to return. They fell in that great slaughter on the Missouri, where for miles carcass touched carcass. But the Buffalo were the Indians sole food, and the remaining small herds rapidly fell in the Red man's fight against starvation. Where the last buffalo fell in the Canadian West we cannot say. Near Wood Mountain in the fall of 1882 a killing by Indians and half-breeds resulted in contractors, building the C. P. R., then nearing Swift Current, having buffalo roasts as a change in their monotonous menu. The remnants of this herd went the following winter.

Dr. John McDougall, that veteran pioneer missionary, records that he saw his last, lone buffalo bull in September 1883, about 40 miles west of Medicine Hat, and between the Bow River and the C. P. R. He states

further that a few were killed that same fall north-east of Maple Creek and across the South Saskatchewan. So ended the regime of the buffalo, except that little known herd of wood buffalo fighting for its existence against wolf and Indian in the Little Slave Lake country.

So might have ended the buffalo with buffalo lore, but back in 1873, an Indian bearing the illustrious name of Walking Coyote, forsook the ways of the Indian and instead of killing four buffalo calves that came his way, he captured them. Two were bull calves and two were heifers. This was in the sweet grass country of what is now Southern Alberta, and were from the big Saskatchewan herd. Entirely unconscious of international boundaries, unconscious of such things as tariffs and custom officers, he took his captives across the line to St. Ignatius Mission, in Montana. Here in semi-captivity the calves grew to full grown buffalo and reproduced, until in the early eighties his herd numbered 13.

Then people awoke to the fact that buffalo had disappeared and that any animals in captivity possessed a real value. The factor at the Hudson's Bay post at this point, the last post in the United States, was the first to approach Walking Coyote, but he could not procure the buffalo. However, Pablo and Allard, half-breed ranchers, also saw possible money in the remnant of an extinct race, and possibly knowing Indian nature better, secured the herd for a sum that is told anywhere from \$50 for the lot to \$200 per head. It mattered little to Walking Coyote, for whatever the sum, it procured enough fire water to give him one grand debauch right to the happy hunting grounds. His friends found him dead on the prairie shortly afterwards.

These 13 head formed the nucleus of the Michael Pablo herd of the Flathead reservation in Montana. Michael Pablo placed them in no confines, they ranged over the whole reserve. In the summer they fed out on the plains, and in the fall swam the Pend O'Rille River and wintered in the hills and bluffs closer to the mountains. They in fact followed the buffalo traits of the big herds of the older days when the huge herds swam the Missouri or Saskatchewan Rivers, going to the plains in summer and woody country in winter. As the herd grew larger a couple of half-breeds, spring and fall drove in any stray individuals or herds that wandered off the reserve.

A number of years afterwards, quite a number in fact, Michael Pablo acquired new blood, also from Canada, when he secured the famous Buffalo Bill herd that had travelled North America and Europe. Even "Buffalo Bill," or Colonel Cody to give him his orthodox name, found buffalo could not be tamed and he wished to be forever rid of them. Colonel Cody secured his herd from Colonel Bedson, of Winnipeg. Part of this herd went to Lord Strathcona, and later to Banff.

Michael Pablo might have secured other individuals, but these two herds were the progenitors of most of his herd in 1906, the year that he began to think of turning his unique herd into money. He estimated he had 200 head at the time in scattered herds over the reserve. About this time an offer was made by the United States Government, but it was so low that no sale resulted. Very shortly afterwards it was also announced that the Flathead reservation was to be thrown open for settlement. Michael Pablo, with true Indian suspicion (he was three-quarters Indian), connected the low offer of the United States Government and the throwing open of the reserve. To him, the government was attempting to force the sale of the buffalo.

At this time the Canadian immigration agent learned of conditions, and communicated particulars to the Canadian Government. The matter was turned over to Howard Douglas, Dominion Parks Commissioner, who in February went to Montana and found Michael Pablo very ready to sell. A contract was drawn up for the purchase of 200 at \$200 per head. Later Pablo, fearing he had not that number and also that he would be called upon to deliver them whether he had them or not, insisted upon a new contract including the entire herd instead of 200. This was fortunate for the Canadian Government, as it turned out he had well over 700 head on the reserve. The contract was again altered and Michael Pablo was paid \$240 for every live buffalo delivered at Strathcona, Alberta.

In May, 1908, he reported that he had 200 head ready for shipment, and that there seemed to be as many more on the range. His ranch headquarters were some 30 miles from a station, and in the drive to Ravalli, he lost about 20 head.

With true Indian reticence, Michael Pablo kept the sale to himself, and nothing was known of the sale until he drove the first herd into the stock yards at Ravalli. Then the storm broke. The buffalo had become a part of the country, and with true patriotism and sentiment the inhabitants objected to their exportation. Influential individuals wired Washington to have an embargo placed upon the exportation of buffalo but without avail. Then the "bad men" of the range threatened to open the gates and drive the buffalo out of the yards. A guard was placed in them every day and night, and when the buffalo finally left the yards it was back to the home of their ancestors.

With his best riders Pablo was unable to make another round up. Then Charlie Allard, a relative of Pablo's old partner, boasted that he could bring in any buffalo that ever shed hair. As a cowboy he held an enviable reputation over the entire range. To him Pablo offered \$2,000 if he would bring in 125 head more, or nothing if he did not get that number. Allard with some 40 of the best riders he knew rounded up some 300 head, but only managed to drive about 100 head into the yards at Ravalli. The second and third round ups failed to land a hoof. After resting up he brought in about 30 more, completing his contract. This was in the fall of 1908.

By this time the buffalo were so very wild that Pablo