

Prince Edward
—TO-DAY—
SPIELER
Alan Hale, Renee Adoree,
Fred Kohler and Clyde Cook
SERIAL-COMEDY

Capitol Today
RIN-TIN-TIN
IN "THE MILLION DOLLAR COLLAR"
SERIAL-COMEDY

CAPITOL MONDAY
With Comedy
NOISY NEIGHBORS
Eddie Quillan,
The Quillan Family,
Althea Daugherty,
Theodore Roberts
Lights and shadows—magic and might—laughter and tears—love and hate—all are combined in this modern comedy of thrills.

PRINCE EDWARD
WED-THU. NIGHTS AND THU. MATINEE
THE DISTINGUISHED ACTOR
CORNELIUS RODDY
AND A BROADWAY CAST
OPENING BILL WEDNESDAY NIGHT
12 MILES OUT
HIJACKING COMEDY DRAMA
THURSDAY NIGHT BILL
LOGGER HEADS
ROLLICKING IRISH COMEDY
SPECIAL MATINEE 2.30 THURSDAY
MATINEE 26c-52c. — NIGHT 52c-80c-\$1.10
SEATS NOW SELLING AT BOX OFFICE

PRINCE EDWARD MONDAY
RAMON NAVARRO —IN—
"FORBIDDEN HOURS"
WITH
RENE ADOREE AND JOY DARCY
SEQUEL TO "THE STUDENT PRINCE"
BURNING LOVE, ROMANCE, INTRIGUE.
NAVARRO AT HIS BEST.
"Stage Frights" COMEDY
ORCHESTRA—USUAL HOURS AND PRICES.

He had shot the two with the one shot.
I take pleasure at this time in displaying a photostat of the record price of a lot of skins sold for me at Lamson's Sales of 1910—a record which has never been broken and which I doubt ever will. I had it enlarged so as to be easily read.

Closing Remarks.

Before closing I might give a very brief description of the ranch of Fromm Bros. which I lately visited during my trip to the United States. There is 1 mile square of breeding pens, numbering 4,000. They have this year 12,000 pups. All the males are let loose in the summer on 40 acres of ground. I saw a photo of a cheque received by them last winter from a New York house for \$1,300,000.00. Their feed bill last year was \$40,000 and they are still building more pens. This Company has another great industry in the cultivation of ginseng—a Chinese plant that could be easily grown in this climate. They produce ginseng roots to the value of about \$100,000 per year and it is second only to the fox industry as a money producer. It can be easily grown by any good farmer, and is sold in China for \$10 per pound. They showed me a field of 20 acres from which they had taken \$21,000 last year. It is easily understood and does not require any fertilizer. I wonder why it is not grown in Canada, and more particularly in Prince Edward Island. I shall now conclude by expressing my deep appreciation of the honor shown me today. I am now advanced in years but can say that the happiest days of my life were when I was feeding and caring for my own foxes and watching them grow and develop, and taking my exercise with the rod and gun.

I would now portray my feelings by quoting four lines from a beautiful Irish ballad called the "Kerry Dancers."
"Oh, the days of the Kerry Dances,
Oh, the ring of the foxhounds' tune,
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas, like your youth—
TOO SOON."

STOCK QUOTATIONS

HALIFAX, July 12.—Quotations furnished by Johnston and Ward Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE

Achison, Top. & Santa Fe. Ry.	24 1/2
Am. Can. Co.	150
Am. Car & Fdry Co.	100 1/2
Am. Locomotive Co.	12 1/2
Am. Smelt. & Refin. Co.	10 1/2
Am. Bosch Magneto Co.	5 1/2
Anaconda Copper Min. Co.	1 1/2
N. Y. Cen. & Hud. Ry. R. R.	2 1/2
Con. Gas Co. (N. Y.)	1 1/2
Hud. Motor Car Co.	4 1/2
Internat. Petroleum	2 1/2
Standard Oil of N. J.	5 1/2
Reading Co.	1 1/2
Southern Pac.	1 1/2
Union Pac. Ry.	4 1/2
U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co.	1 1/2
Westinghouse Elec.	1 1/2
U. S. Steel	20 1/2

MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

Abitibi	43
Missouri Kan. & Texas Ry.	3 1/2
Montreal Power	11 1/2
Natl. Breweries	13 1/2
Brompton	2 1/2
Braz. Traction	6 1/2
Steel Co. of Can.	5 1/2
Dominion Bridge	11 1/2
Massey Harris	11
Asbestos	11
Canadian Brewery	20
Building Products	24
Prasif & Co.	4 1/2
Power Corporation	11 1/2
Foreign Securities	35
Inter Utilities—A	18
Inter Utilities—B	18
Br. Am. Oil	20 1/2
Imperial Oil	20 1/2

BANKS

Bank Commerce	20 1/2
Bank Royal	20 1/2
Bank Montreal	20 1/2

WHEAT

July	12 1/2
Sept.	12 1/2
Dec.	12 1/2

CORN

July	2 1/2
Sept.	2 1/2
Dec.	2 1/2

OATS

July	4 1/2
Sept.	4 1/2
Dec.	4 1/2

WHEAT

July	12 1/2
Oct.	12 1/2
Dec.	12 1/2

Central Guardian

ERECTING STORE—Mr. Harold Toombs, General Merchant, Mayfield, has a new store in course of erection.

TRYON UNITED CHURCH—Services for Sunday, July 14. Tryon at 11 a.m.; Crapaud at 7.30 p.m. Dr. J.R. Saint will preach at both these services.

HAMPTON—United Church Services for Sunday, July 14th, are as follows: De Sabie 11 a.m.; Bonshaw 3 p.m.; Hampton 7.30. James P. Kaye, Minister.

ANGLICAN SERVICES—Seventh Sunday after Trinity, July 14th, St. John's, Milton, Sunday School, 2 p.m.; evening prayer, 3 p.m. St. Mark's, Rustico, evening prayer, 7.30 p.m. C. F. Johnson, rector.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—Regular Services Church of Christ, New Glasgow, 11 a.m.; Cavendish Baptist, 3 o'clock; Fredericton at 7.30 p.m. C.E. Armstrong, Minister.

CORNWALL SERVICES—Service of Worship Sunday, July 14th, in the United Church at Kingston at 11.00 a.m.; Cornwall at 3 p.m., and West River at 7.30 p.m. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed in West River at the evening service. Rev. E.M. Aitken, B.A., Minister.

PRINCETOWN CHURCH—Rev. D. M. Grant, pastor of Princetown United Church, who has recently returned from a trip to the Old Country and other places of interest, will occupy the pulpit on Sunday, July 14th. A cordial welcome to all.

SUNDAY SERVICE—The churches of Clyde River will unite for worship in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, July 14, at 3 p.m. The brethren of the Orange Order will attend in a body. Sister lodges are invited. W. R. MacWalker, Baptist Minister.

TRYON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—There will be service in the Presbyterian Church, Tryon, on Sunday, July 14, at seven thirty p.m. Subject: "The Christian Sabbath"; Sabbath School at two thirty p.m. Everybody welcome.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH, Rev. A. C. Vincent will take as his morning subject, "Why all the World?" and in the evening "Righteousness exalteth a Nation." Mrs. Wendell Clark of Montreal will sing at the morning service, and Miss Pearl Burns of Charlottetown at the evening service. Sunday School immediately follows the morning service.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH—At the morning service tomorrow, Rev. Dr. Ramsay will preach on "The Sacrament of Beauty." Mr. Ben Acorn will sing a solo. In the evening Rev. John Coburn of Toronto will deliver an address on the issue of the forthcoming plebiscite. The soloist will be Miss Ethel Heaney. Miss Lillian McKenzie will substitute for Prof. Fletcher as organist at both services. Sunday School and Adult Bible Class at 10 o'clock.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. William Adamson, Maiden, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Berrigan, 242 Fitzroy St., City.

Miss Reta C. McLure of Waltham, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. McLure, North River.

Mrs. Peter Blanchard and children (nee Doris Buote), are the guests of Mrs. Peter Doucette, Rustico.

Miss Muriel Dover, Charlottetown, is spending the week in York, visiting her uncle, Mr. Lemuel Crockett.

Mrs. W. D. McDonald and Mrs. Priscilla McDonald, who were delegates from Grand River for the Institute Convention, returned home yesterday.

Mr. Roy Phillips of the Bank of Nova Scotia staff San Juan, Porto Rico, and formerly of the local branch has arrived in the city and will spend his vacation on the Island.

Mrs. Louis Hunter (nee Hilda Buote) and children, Frances and John, of Natick, Mass., are spending a vacation with Mrs. Katherine Gallant at her summer home "Gray Gables," Rusticoville.

Miss Pearl Crockett, York has returned home from Kingston and Cornwall where she visited her cousin, Mrs. Millar McFadyen and her friend Mrs. Hazel Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard K. Gray and children, Jane and Vernon of Lowell, Mass., are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Proud of West Covehead. Mrs. Gray was formerly Florence M. Proud of Charlottetown.

Mr. Bramwell Chandler, son of Mrs. Henry M. Chandler, 256 Buxton St. city, left Friday last for Boylston, Guysboro County, N. S., where he will carry on the work of student missionary for the summer under the auspices of the United Church.

IN MEMORIAN

MR. EDWARD T. CARBONNELL

The death occurred in this city on Wednesday, of Edward Turner Carbonnell who has resided here for about thirty-six years, and who was well and favorably known throughout the city.

The late Mr. Carbonnell was born in Wales in 1843 and when quite a young man emigrated to Canada, locating in Arichat where he published and edited the first newspaper in that town. This paper was called "The Warden" and is now being published under the name of "The Record."

After the death of his second wife he removed to Charlottetown where he shortly after became editor of the "Islander" a weekly publication issued by Mr. George Gardiner, in which capacity he continued until that paper ceased publication.

The deceased was long identified with the Masonic Order, having joined in the 60's. He was a Past Master of Victoria Lodge which he became associated with on coming to this city, being transferred from a sister lodge in the province of New Brunswick. He also held the position of Grand Secretary in the Grand Lodge until ill health forced him to relinquish those duties. He was also Past Grand High Priest in the Royal Arch Chapter of N. S.

The late Mr. Carbonnell was an ardent angler and spent much time

especially after retiring from active duties, following this sport. He was associated with the Fish and Game Association and for a time was organizer for this organization.

Besides a sorrowing wife (nee Catherine McDougall) whom he married in 1895, he leaves the following family: Mrs. Catherine Burton, Arichat, C. B.; Mrs. Harry Jenkins, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Howard, Watertown, Conn.; Mrs. Robert Acorn, City; William, Quebec, Chas. T., Boston, Mass., and Frank S. of the Marine and Fisheries Department, City; besides thirteen grand children and fourteen great grand children to all of whom the Guardian extends heartfelt sympathy.

The funeral was held under Masonic auspices from St. Peter's Church yesterday afternoon where service was conducted by Rev. Canon Malone, a Requiem service being held this morning in the church ETAOI yesterday morning in the church at 8 o'clock.

The pall bearers were: Messrs Howard Ward, A. J. Houle, W. J. Drake, W. G. Hogg, R. H. Rogers and Capt. Kemp.

Interment was in the Peoples' Cemetery the service at the grave being conducted by Rev. Canon Malone.

Closing Session National Division S. of T.

Thursday noon the inspiring notes of the National Anthem rising from the Zion Presbyterian Church, proclaimed the close of the 88th annual session of the National Division of North America, the pioneer Temperance society of the continent. For two and a half days, the delegates from the states and provinces had been enjoying greatly the beauties and hospitality of Charlottetown.

The officers for this session have been George A. McLeod, of Nova Scotia, Most Worthy Patriarch; Horatio E. Wood, of Rhode Island, acting Most Worthy Associate; Louis Lester Hohenthal, of Connecticut, Most Worthy Scribe; Richard S. Theakston, of Nova Scotia, Assistant Most Worthy Scribe; Roland M. Eavenson, P.M.W.P. of Pennsylvania, Most Worthy Treasurer; R. Hensley Staver, P.M.W.P. of Prince Edward Island, Most Worthy Chaplain; Archie S. McDonald, of Nova Scotia, Most Worthy Conductor; Charles D. Merriam, of Massachusetts, acting Most Worthy Sentinel.

The National Division has had one of its most successful meetings for a long time and the closing session Thursday forenoon was very impressive. After passing some resolutions including thanks to the press, and regretting that it had not been possible to give the papers more material for reports, the traditional ceremonies, in which the large company present took part including singing the National Anthem and a hymn, prayer was offered by Most Worthy Chaplain Staver, and with much regret the Representatives and visitors from States and Provinces departed for their widely separated homes.

Next July the session will be in the beautiful city of Hartford, Conn., and a special effort will be made for a large attendance, as it was a plan of the late lamented Most Worthy Scribe, E. L. G. Hohenthal, to have the session in this State.—Con.

TWENTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

An event of unusual interest occurred on Friday, July 5th, when Mr. and Mrs. John H. Nantes, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, at their beautiful home, Willowdale Farm, Maplewood. A happy re-union was held from four to six in the afternoon, when supper was served to the immediate relatives, the occasion being graced by the presence of Rev. P.L. McMahon, their respected pastor. In the evening a reception was held, the hostess being assisted in her pleasant duties by her sister, Mrs. Frank Murray. The rooms were prettily decorated with quantities of wood-fern and potted plants, the effect being very artistic. Upwards of one hundred guests spent a most enjoyable evening in dancing, which was interspersed with vocal and instrumental selections. The violinists were Messrs. Amos Monaghan, Matthias Flood and the McQuaid brothers, with Mr. Frank Flood as accompanist. A delicious luncheon was served during the evening, the ladies assisting in dispensing hospitality being Mrs. J. J. Trainor, Miss J.D. Flood, Miss Mary Trainor, Miss Kathleen Malone, and the Misses Helen, Mary and Gertrude Nantes.

The many beautiful gifts of silverware received was ample evidence of the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Nantes are held and to the congratulations extended them on this, their silver anniversary, was added the fervent wish that they might live to celebrate their Golden Jubilee.

(A Fine Tribute)

This Mr. Oulton was one of the most upright and honorable men I ever knew. We were like brothers for years and in all our dealings there was never an unkind or angry word passed between us. Shortly before his death I went to see him. When leaving he embraced me and said, "Charlie, I'm not going to live long, but when I die I want to go where you go." I think that this was the finest tribute that could be paid by a friend. (Applause)

Pioneer Days

(Continued from page 1)

bors dug out a fox den and captured four black fox pups. He took them home and put them in a shed. During the night, the mother fox, guided by unerring instinct to the place where her little family was imprisoned, forced her way in through the roof of the shed, dug a hole under it and restored the pups to their native haunts.

Some years later a man named Thompson, who lived near North Cape, found the den of a mother fox and captured two pups. He sold them to a Mr. Haywood of Tignish for about fifty dollars. Haywood kept this pair in a building for a year and they produced a litter of two pups, which he pelleted that fall. The following year, the male killed its mate and Haywood pelleted the male. I bought the skins and sold them in Halifax for two hundred dollars.

My next venture in live foxes was when I noticed an advertisement wherein a Mr. Pope of silver foxes for sale. This was an opportunity I had long looked for. I made a tender of one hundred dollars and was fortunate enough to get the foxes. They were a very nice pair, about one-half silver and well furred. I kept them for one year and they produced four cross pups, the first I had ever seen, as we have only two natural color varieties—the red and the black (or silver) in this province unless the crosses are produced from imported stock.

At this time I realized that foxes could be successfully bred in captivity

ty and the great possibilities of such an industry began to loom up before my mind's eye. This was just fifty years ago, and it seems a rather strange coincidence that the different celebrations I have attended this summer should have been timed to correspond with the golden anniversary of the founding of the industry.

Reverting to the Anticosti foxes, as I did not wish to breed cross foxes, I killed this pair and their offspring and next secured a pair of beautiful silvers from a Mr. John Martin of Bangor, Lot 40. I also bought two pair from Louis Spence and Louis Holland of Bedeque. These three pairs formed the basis and foundation stock of the now world-wide silver Fox Breeding Industry.

Connection with Robert Oulton After two years in the business with fair success, I had an idea that in order to insure continued success, it would be necessary to place the foxes as near as possible to their natural wild state, and with this object in view, I approached an intimate and very dear friend of mine who owned a small Island of about two hundred acres in Cascumpe Harbour. This man—Robert Oulton—and I had been gunning pals for years and this idea brought us still closer together. I suggested to him that we build wire pens, or enclosures in his grove on the Island, and that I would supply two pairs of Number 1 breeders. He was to care for and feed the foxes and have fifty per cent of the increase. He readily agreed to my proposition; and we started to build pens 50 feet square. We built several of those, and the foxes, when put in them, seemed by their contentment to give a silent "thank you" for their change in environment. Mr. Oulton, by his care and observation, soon learned to be a successful rancher, and our partnership continued for about ten years until Mr. Oulton decided to move to New Brunswick. We then divided the foxes according to our agreement. Mr. Oulton taking his share and I taking mine back to Tignish where by this time I had established a large ranch.

Fabulous Price The fabulous price we were getting in London for our pelts finally leaked out, somehow or other, and I was besieged with an army of willing investors. Finally a delegation, representing some of the most prominent business men in the Province, waited upon me and begged me for quotations. I foresaw what was coming, and after a brief consultation I came back to them and said "I will sell you twenty pairs of my select foxes, my name and good will, with a guarantee of fifty pups the first year, for five hundred thousand dollars." We were not long closing the deal.

A few years after this I began to notice a decline in the average price of black skins and a corresponding increase in the demand for the silver varieties. This has been going on for some years, until at the present time you will scarcely realize one hundred dollars for a choice black skin. The vagaries of style and fashions have had a dominating influence towards this end. The art of dyeing has attained such perfection that an almost perfect duplicate of the black fur can be produced from the red, but Nature has so far defied the art of man in the imitation of silver skin. What we call the silver is all on the long guard fur of the fox. The guard hairs of one hundred yards to the open channel. There were about twenty acres of small woods on the Island, and "Jack" as we called the dog, quickly started after the fox. We headed him off several times and bothered him so badly that he decided to take to the ice. He was out pretty well on the ice when the dog got a full view of him. The ice would not carry the dog and he had to plunge leap after leap. The fox went to near the edge of the channel and went through the ice and started swimming; the dog finally got in after him and we saw an exciting swimming race between the two. The fox was no match for the dog, however, and was caught and killed by the latter in the water. The dog then left the fox and came back to land. I spoke to him kindly and urged him to bring back the fox and he seemed to understand perfectly. He immediately broke another track out to the fox, brought him back, and laid him at my feet.

Interesting Anecdotes

In coming near the end of my address, I feel that there must be many sportsmen and hunters present, and as I have spent almost my whole lifetime at such sports and have had many peculiar incidents that I remember, it might entertain the audience to relate a few of the incidents. Nothing only what occurred to me to what I was a witness to. In going to meet my friend, Oulton, 12 miles out to the fox, brought him back, and I immediately broke another track out to the fox, brought him back, and laid him at my feet.

First to Breed Wild Geese

I was also, the first in my locality to breed wild geese. I had six of them. The first day I tried them in a rig it was blowing a gale. I had a nice rig, with a sink in same. As I had just lain down, I saw seven geese struggling against the gale. They came in nicely and bunched up a bit. I fired and flocked four of them. I discharged the second barrel and got another. The remaining two fell back but headed the wind again. I had just time to slip in another cartridge when they passed over me and I got the other two with the third shot. I got 16 that afternoon.

Mr. Oulton and I were expert fox hunters and that fact reminds me of a record set by Mr. Oulton. We started one morning from his island with the dog and guns across the ice in Cascumpe Harbour to a small bunch of bushes. The dog took one circle around the bush and routed two foxes. It was the mating season and the foxes kept together. I was hoping to get a shot, but they kept to the other side. Presently I heard the report of Oulton's gun and said to myself "he got one." I walked round to where he was and asked where did the other one go, and he said "here are the two of them."

about every word I said. If he hadn't brought the fox back we would have lost it, as it was then the ebb of the tide.

Sir Charles Calls it "Luck!"

Mr. Oulton and I had wonderful luck and our losses were almost nil. In those days we knew no parasites no ear mites, no worm trouble or tail-mite as we call it here. We fed chiefly on horsemeat, bread and milk and sometimes young calves. We did our killing during the latter part of December. We killed by strangulation by putting our foot over the lungs or heart and pressing with our whole weight on that part, which process does not leave any blood on the skin. We always kept the blackest and the best furred foxes, which at that time commanded the top prices. By this method we developed pure black foxes. In those good old days the Saga of the industry was the "Jet Black Fox" which some people thought was a freak but which I always claim is a distinct color variety. The fame of the Dalton strain was largely due to careful selection of outstanding individual types for breeding purposes. When starting in the pelting season we always planned beforehand how many pairs we intended keeping over and began pelting the least valuable foxes. As the process of elimination progressed we gradually came to the superior specimens—their beautiful jet black garments of fur glistening in striking contrast with their snowy surroundings—we would often hesitate, with tears in our eyes before sacrificing those magnificent animals. It may be only imagination, but I still feel that no ranch ever had such a high average of beautiful high-class skins.

Experiments with Blue Foxes

I also experimented with blue foxes. I secured a pair from a man in Vermont. They are a peculiarly tame type of fox. I kept them three years. They breed every year but I never saved a pup. The last year I had them I saw them mate, so I knew when to expect the litter and put the female in an apartment in my barn. On the day the pups were due she kept barking all the forenoon. I went in to investigate and found thirteen dead pups. They are great tree climbers and one of mine escaped from the ranch in this way. James Rayner and I were out hunting one day when a man ran to meet us to tell me that my fox was down on the shore. The cliff was 60 feet high where the fox had been seen from. I found the track leading along the shore until it came to a point running out in the water. There was a small hole worn through this point and the fox had gone through this to the other side. The other people were above me on the cliff. I called to them to throw me down about four dry cedar poles, three or four short boards, some spikes and a hammer and a slim pole about ten feet long. I knew the fox was on the other side of the point, so I made a raft and poled it out around the point to where there was a landing place on the other side. I pulled the raft ashore and upon investigation discovered the fox under a shelf of rock. I crept in and caught the fox by the hind legs, held him with one hand and poled the raft back to my starting point and landed safely. It was so long away that my companions thought I was drowned. The swell of the ocean as I poled my raft around that point with one hand was rather a nervous task for one who could not swim.

Fabulous Price

The fabulous price we were getting in London for our pelts finally leaked out, somehow or other, and I was besieged with an army of willing investors. Finally a delegation, representing some of the most prominent business men in the Province, waited upon me and begged me for quotations. I foresaw what was coming, and after a brief consultation I came back to them and said "I will sell you twenty pairs of my select foxes, my name and good will, with a guarantee of fifty pups the first year, for five hundred thousand dollars." We were not long closing the deal.

A few years after this I began to notice a decline in the average price of black skins and a corresponding increase in the demand for the silver varieties. This has been going on for some years, until at the present time you will scarcely realize one hundred dollars for a choice black skin. The vagaries of style and fashions have had a dominating influence towards this end. The art of dyeing has attained such perfection that an almost perfect duplicate of the black fur can be produced from the red, but Nature has so far defied the art of man in the imitation of silver skin. What we call the silver is all on the long guard fur of the fox. The guard hairs of one hundred yards to the open channel. There were about twenty acres of small woods on the Island, and "Jack" as we called the dog, quickly started after the fox. We headed him off several times and bothered him so badly that he decided to take to the ice. He was out pretty well on the ice when the dog got a full view of him. The ice would not carry the dog and he had to plunge leap after leap. The fox went to near the edge of the channel and went through the ice and started swimming; the dog finally got in after him and we saw an exciting swimming race between the two. The fox was no match for the dog, however, and was caught and killed by the latter in the water. The dog then left the fox and came back to land. I spoke to him kindly and urged him to bring back the fox and he seemed to understand perfectly. He immediately broke another track out to the fox, brought him back, and laid him at my feet.

First to Breed Wild Geese

I was also, the first in my locality to breed wild geese. I had six of them. The first day I tried them in a rig it was blowing a gale. I had a nice rig, with a sink in same. As I had just lain down, I saw seven geese struggling against the gale. They came in nicely and bunched up a bit. I fired and flocked four of them. I discharged the second barrel and got another. The remaining two fell back but headed the wind again. I had just time to slip in another cartridge when they passed over me and I got the other two with the third shot. I got 16 that afternoon.

Mr. Oulton and I were expert fox hunters and that fact reminds me of a record set by Mr. Oulton. We started one morning from his island with the dog and guns across the ice in Cascumpe Harbour to a small bunch of bushes. The dog took one circle around the bush and routed two foxes. It was the mating season and the foxes kept together. I was hoping to get a shot, but they kept to the other side. Presently I heard the report of Oulton's gun and said to myself "he got one." I walked round to where he was and asked where did the other one go, and he said "here are the two of them."