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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 29, 1938.

Millions To Squander

The proposal to spend twelve million dollars on a new C.N.R. terminus at Dorchester St., Montreal, is not received with enthusiasm in railway circles in the Province of Quebec. The feeling is that it would be much better to forget the idea of spending \$12,000,000—important as that might be in view of the 1939 federal election—and give some thought towards having a union station of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian National, which union station is to be Place Viger, from which only local trains are now dispatched. Such a merger, in addition to putting the \$12,000,000 in circulation, would mean the elimination of the very obsolete Moreau street station of the C.N.R. and a consequent better service for the eastern sections of the island of Montreal, as well as those who have to travel as far east as Moreau street in order to take trains to the Lake St. John region. The problem is not directly a provincial one, but as Quebec pays 25 per cent. of railway deficits, there is interest in the matter, and a keen desire that the railway issue at Montreal should be looked at in the light of more than an affair of federal politics in 1939. "We should," says the Star, "be very rude recipients of this seasonal gift from Santa Claus if we were to ask where the C.N.R. is going to get the money. We should also be very stupid, for we all know perfectly well where the money must come from. The railway cannot pay for it, for it already runs some fifty millions a year in the 'red.' It can only borrow it—and on our credit."

"But if the politico-railway combination that runs the C.N.R. have made up their minds to 'soft-soap' Montrealers to the tune of twelve millions—and if the rest of the people of Canada are 'mugs' enough to stand for it—the only question left for us to discuss is whether the money is going to be spent in the best possible way. The plans as announced by the C. N. R. management envisage a mere flooring in of the vacant space on Dorchester street, together with the completion of the viaducts that are to bring in the trains around a series of new curves, sometimes shorter and sometimes longer. "Nothing is really to be built on the land that was taken over a decade ago. What they are doing is simply to dig out the 'hole' a little deeper and then fill it all in. The top is then to be nicely smoothed off, so that—except for the disappearance of some fine buildings—we will be right back where we were with a large area of vacant property on our hands at the Dorchester street level. Of course, anybody who thinks that it will stop there should have his head examined. The politicians pledged themselves up to the eye-brows to fill in this 'hole' in order to beat Houde in the St. Henry by-election. Now, with another election in the offing, they are beginning to commence to start to keep this pledge. True, they will do nothing but some more digging before the next campaign is likely to come round. But that leaves all the more room for bigger and better 'promises'; and boy, oh! boy, what an army of voters can be crowded into that still larger 'hole' in the critical weeks just before polling.

The Right Home

The National Association of Professional Santa Claus in the United States which is a curious type of organization to have protruding itself into this age of disillusionment, are worried about competition from Mickey Mouse and Ferdinand the Bull. Meeting in New York the other day, they decided that the profession would need considerable grooming to protect its status. Imitators who use "dise, dem and dose" to put across proper standards, it was contended, and "manner of speech, character, appearance and general ideas to children, are not living up to the eral manner" will henceforth be carefully considered. Santa Claus lately has faced a great many imitators, like the most illustrious personages, and it is just a question if he could not do with a little more privacy. There was a day, comments the Hamilton Spectator, when Santa kept up a sort of legendary propriety, and to beat a drum or talk over the radio was not in his line. Now he is everywhere, having deserted the realm of fancy where he belongs, and where, possibly, he would secretly like to return. In that realm there would be no competition from Mickey Mouse or Ferdinand the Bull.

Democratic Hens

Under the headline "Nazis Warn Chickens to Lay More Eggs," The New York Herald Tribune has a copyright despatch telling of a demand by the Nazi authorities that Nordic hens increase their average annual production from the present eighty to ninety eggs each to 140, without increasing their food allowance. The Germans put considerable stress upon their poultry. They are said to have, per capita, more hens than any other people in Europe. Presumably they wish to have the eggs to fall back upon, figuratively speaking of course, in case of war. Yet for all the Nazi admonitions it would appear, according to Dr. W. A. Maw, head of the poultry department at Macdonald College, that Canada's democratic unregimented hens on the average do better than the German. What is more, the Canadian goal is to increase the production from somewhat below one hundred to

144 a year, by selective breeding. The average production in the Canadian egg-laying contests is 177 eggs; Macdonald College's selected birds produced an average of 185 last year, but honors belong to a University of Saskatchewan bird with 359 eggs in one year. Dr. Maw does not hold with the German theory about increasing the egg output without increasing the food intake. Fair play for the hens! The hens that earn their keep are entitled, he says, to their rations. As he sees the situation, it is not the eating that is important but the laying of more eggs. Why the German hens are dilatory is not evident, unless it be that they hear too much of Wagner's music, of which Hitler is inordinately fond. Experiments recently made on cows by the research department of Reading University in England disclose that cows have a decided preference for peaceful music but Wagner curdles the milk.

Editorial Notes

The January thaw came a week too soon. By land and sea and air they come to our Pelt Show. Like the poor, the prohibition problem is always with us. We do not get much beyond the warnings of the storms that harass the less favoured people on the main land. The Hon. William Buchan, second son of the Governor-General, underwent a successful operation for appendicitis recently in London. "Safety first" is the first law of our air service, as instanced by Pilot Jones en route from Moncton to Charlottetown on Tuesday. Tomorrow will be the last market for the year. On the whole, the stall-holders have had every reason to be thankful for the trade they have enjoyed during the past twelve months.

The City of Ottawa has acquired \$50,000 of Quebec bonds due August 1, 1958, bearing a rate of interest of 4 1-4 @ \$109,375, yielding 3.85 per cent net; also \$200,000 4 1-2% N.S. bonds at \$112, yielding 3.71 per cent net.

Award of a contract to build a scientific laboratory building for the R.C.M.P. at Rockcliffe, Ottawa, to H. Dagenais Limited is announced. The cost will be around \$18,400. The new structure is to be used for training of officers and constables of the force in scientific identification of crime.

Christina Rossetti died this date, 1894. When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress tree: Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

The Hon. G. Howard Ferguson may have re-entered politics in Ontario, but he certainly has abandoned farming, having just sold his old homestead in Kitley Township, Ont., to a neighbour. His father, Dr. C. F. Ferguson settled on this farm when he came to Canada from North of Ireland, over a century ago. The Hon. Howard realizes it takes personal supervision and a degree of concentration to make farming successful, and nowadays he has not the time or the inclination for either.

Residents of Marshfield and Dunstaffnage are wondering just what the Government's policy is in regard to winter roads. A great deal of money is being spent on trying to keep the Charlottetown-Summerside highway open where great stretches have to be ploughed. On the St. Peters Road traffic is held up at only one point, Godfrey's hill, and would require very little effort on the part of the roadmaster to clear the impassable section. If all that is holding up the work is orders from headquarters, let the road be cleared at once.

While Raffaele Bendani, famous Italian astrologer, is said to have claimed that sunspots were responsible for queer weather in Europe and in all parts of the world, officials at the McGill University Meteorological Bureau state that they did not think sunspots affected the weather. "The only thing affected by sunspots," said McGill weathermen, "is the radio." It was pointed out that generally, this continent has the opposite kind of weather to what they are having in England. If it was cold over there, as it has been recently then North Americans could look for mild weather here, and vice versa.

Irish re-union is in the offing to judge by late advice from Ulster. Viscount Charlemont, former Education Minister in the Belfast Government, and General Sir Hubert Gough have named president and vice-president, respectively, of a new organization to "promote co-operation and goodwill between all sections of the Irish community." The group will avoid political and constitutional problems, seeking only "to make reason and goodwill take the place of passion and prejudice in determining the character of the relationship between North and South Ireland, no less than that between each part of Ireland and Great Britain."

Prohibition of country liquor is probably 99 per cent effective, declares a review of the prohibition scheme in Ahmedabad city (Western India). Owing to the small number of permits three out of the four Government shops opened on the outskirts of Ahmedabad for the off sale of country liquor have been closed. Although some people still resort to liquor shops outside the dry area, especially in Indian States, their number appears to have decreased. On the whole the report declares, the situation is very satisfactory and there are no signs of any extensive or organized evasion of the regulations. As regards drugs, owing to the ease with which these are smuggled and the strong craving of those addicted to their use, the position is less satisfactory; but by no means out of control.

NOTES BY THE WAY

I like that AP writer's reference to newly-invented nut-cracking machines. It has 1,000 squirrel power. — Scanlan in Buffalo Evening News.

London is a favourite visiting spot for European potatoes. That is the only spot on earth where they are safe. — Cuelph Mercury.

An editorial writer urges "Pay your taxes with a smile." If the collectors would let us buy the means to the cash—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

If the Canadian government can knock off three per cent. excise tax to encourage foreign trade, what a blessing it would be to knock off some of that eight per cent. sales tax to encourage home trade. — St. Catharines Standard.

Lord Londonderry, heretofore one of Britain's foremost pro-Germans, is now demanding that Mr. Chamberlain tell Hitler on the colonial issue. How they do somersault when their eyes get opened! — Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Even with the cuts (in automobile insurance rates). New York pays a staggering rate. According to a news schedule counting all cuts everywhere, New York's rate of \$80.50 is matched by Albany \$55, Buffalo \$49, Rochester \$43.—New York World-Telegram.

Not content with confiscating money from Jews, ruining their property, making them refugees, and refusing to designate that they are not Gentiles, the Nazis are seizing their stamp collections. In Vienna all Jewish stamp collectors have been rounded up and put in concentration camps. Their stamps, with a total value of \$1,200,000, have been taken from them. The Nazis are taking the gold fillings from Jewish teeth. — Windsor Star.

After developing a new type cabbage which has no objectionable odors when cooked, a Cornell University professor is puzzled because its sales are surprisingly low. The new product is not well enough known. Why this lack of fame? The answer is simple. Advertising is abject, and among characterists of a true cabbage, is wanting. Why should a woman cook a hearty meal of corn beef and cabbage if her husband can't smell his dinner? Why should a man eat a cabbage if he is not well enough known. Why this lack of fame? The answer is simple. Advertising is abject, and among characterists of a true cabbage, is wanting. Why should a woman cook a hearty meal of corn beef and cabbage if her husband can't smell his dinner? Why should a man eat a cabbage if he is not well enough known.

Britain Counts Her Trees (By E. CORA HIND in the Win-ning Free Press) By January 1, 1940, the Government of Great Britain will know just how many trees there are in the country, and the condition and age of every tree in every county. It will take two years to complete this survey, which will be as thorough as if human beings and not trees were being counted and recorded. It is a census of private property, and the value of nine-tenths of Britain's trees are privately owned. The condition of Britain's woodlands in private hands has been causing anxiety for some time. The country has never recovered from the depletion of the Great War, and any further loss would be a disaster.

Almost 1,000 years ago the Norsemen knew the Great Lakes area of America, and the world hadn't suspected it. That fact is as astonishing as anything else that has happened since the first white men had intimate dealings with the interior of America, and eventually those who came to settle in the New World absorbed into the native population. Their buried records, left to chance, have revealed that their own sagas told of the presence of a single relic found linguistic or archaeological in inland America. There are signs that Ontario's Viking story has the same ring as the double of the world's archaeologists in the truth of the genuineness of the Kensington Stone found in Minnesota in 1898. This stone, under the name of the eight Norwegians and 22 Goths (Swedes) had penetrated in 1362 to the Red River Valley and that the Vikings had been killed in an attack by natives. The Star has lately received from three universities in England, the United States and Canada, letters expressing (1), a belief now in the Kensington relic as genuine; (2), a statement that the matter of the Norse occupation now is re-examined by their penetration, while the third letter urges the Star to investigate the stone and give its views. — Sault Ste. Marie Star.

That vast American public which has long admired the courage and heroism of Charles Lindbergh must be glad to know that it is Paris, not Berlin, that the Lindbergh family have selected for their headquarters this winter. Colonel Lindbergh has suffered tragically from the public interest in his goings and comings. One would wish him at all times peace and seclusion. He has sought since leaving the United States, together with the opportunity to live a normal family life and do his work in his own way without interruption. But Colonel Lindbergh, through no will of his own, has been made a symbol. His words are not always what he may not always wish them to have. If he had gone to Berlin the Nazi propaganda would not have been so simple. It would be not much interested in public affairs and is a good deal interested in technical progress in aviation. They would have made him a figurehead, seemingly condoning their own inhuman policies. One hopes that he will be happier in Paris, the scene of his first amazing triumph. His American friends and admirers will certainly be glad to hear of his return. — New York Times.

A timid suburban lady arrived in town during the winter and took a taxi from Penn. Station up to Bergdorf's. The driver, a large colored man, kept turning around to peek at her out of the corner of his eye until she became definitely frightened. She was trying to summon up enough courage to dismiss him, before he winked her away up to Harlem, when he finally took advantage of a red light to speak to her. "Fahdon, Ma'm, I said, 'but can you tell me how long it takes a oyster stew?' — New Yorker.

When a leg or arm is so badly injured or poisoned that life is threatened, the patient's family do not hesitate to permit it to be removed by surgery. When the mind is so badly afflicted that the patient is unable to take his place in the community and the physician wishes to use the new treatment—large doses of insulin—that causes shock when it is followed by a cure, the family are often afraid to permit their loved one to undergo this method of treatment. Despite brilliant successes in many cases, there have likewise been many failures and also other cases where the improvement lasted but a short time. The most satisfactory results have been obtained where the mental symptoms have existed for months instead of years. What may prove effective in the treatment of these mental or behavior cases is metrazol (a heart and lung stimulant) which is now being tested in various parts of the country by Dr. Wylie, in Glasgow Medical Journal reports his results in a series of twenty cases of dementia praecox. These patients were all male, and the state which totally unfit them for the work, cares, and duties of life. Their scheme or system of life satisfies them however. Some of these were women and twelve men in Dr. Wylie's series of cases and physical improvement was observed in seventeen. Those who were very much underweight gained weight rapidly, gaining from 14 to 21 pounds in two months. Their appetites improved and their complexions became healthier. These seventeen patients also showed mental improvement, that is they showed more common sense, more ability to face the facts of life, they were willing to undergo this treatment if so advised by their physicians. It is certainly worth while "owing to the simplicity of its use, the ease of its treatment, it may replace treatment by insulin shock."

That Body of Ours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

The NEW TREATMENT FOR MENTAL AILMENTS When a leg or arm is so badly injured or poisoned that life is threatened, the patient's family do not hesitate to permit it to be removed by surgery. When the mind is so badly afflicted that the patient is unable to take his place in the community and the physician wishes to use the new treatment—large doses of insulin—that causes shock when it is followed by a cure, the family are often afraid to permit their loved one to undergo this method of treatment. Despite brilliant successes in many cases, there have likewise been many failures and also other cases where the improvement lasted but a short time. The most satisfactory results have been obtained where the mental symptoms have existed for months instead of years.

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I am recording the above results so that families and patients themselves may be willing to undergo this treatment if so advised by their physicians. It is certainly worth while "owing to the simplicity of its use, the ease of its treatment, it may replace treatment by insulin shock."

Follow The Glean

(Hamilton Spectator) A Thinker was feeling very badly. He looked upon the world, and saw nothing great, and great achievements, when his country opposed tyranny, in the fond hope that a lasting peace would come only to find its mistake. For the world's affairs had entered a fourth dimension, which upset all previous hopes, all former calculations and assumptions. He assumed suddenly the stature of a giant, a Frankenstein, whose footsteps ranged Europe, bringing death, captivity, destruction. His influence was a life blood, inundated country after country. The Thinker's England was shaken out of its aged complacency, and the feet would tread where never foreign footman had trod since Hastings. Yet who was to stop the march, the tortions of which increased with the frightful ratio of a snowball rolling down hill, shattering stones, then absorbing their own armed forces? The Thinker saw a gleam. Just behind this man, this instrument behind the X-quantity that had ruined his pattern of life, was Power. The Director, who who saw the pendulum that humanity calls time and affairs. He beheld the Hand that swings the affairs of the world from extreme to extreme, new "isms" has cooled, the momentum is lost, and a just and equal balance of life is found. The balance is peace. That Hand we know as God, so the Thinker wrote with a heavy heart and eyes fixed on a star: "When looking at the present face of things I see one man, of men the meanest too, Roused up to sway the world, to do, undo, With mighty nations for his undoing. The great events of which old story sings. Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great, Nothing is left that I can venerate; So that a doubt almost within me springs Of Providence; such emptiness at best, seems at the heart of all things. But great God! I measure back the steps that I have trod, And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength Of such poor instruments. With thoughts sublime I tremble at the power of the time."

Hitler, and too modern Europe, doubtless! Oh no, not all! Wordsworth was writing of Napoleon Bonaparte. He laughed at a statement of the Gun Club (Captain J. R. Patrick) that "sticking forks in live oysters and eating them was the cruellest thing he ever did." Ireland spends his life among fish and shells. "I got out an oyster into 50 shells, and it will feel no pain," said Mr. Ireland joyfully. "It's about as sensitive as the sole of my boot."

Needn't Pity The Oyster (Australian Press Bureau) Sympathy for oysters often alive was expressed by Charles T. Ireland, F. R. Z. S., Australian Museum Conchologist. He laughed at a statement of the Gun Club (Captain J. R. Patrick) that "sticking forks in live oysters and eating them was the cruellest thing he ever did." Ireland spends his life among fish and shells. "I got out an oyster into 50 shells, and it will feel no pain," said Mr. Ireland joyfully. "It's about as sensitive as the sole of my boot."

Frankincense And Myrrh (Experimental Farm Notes, Ottawa) Behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem. . . . And the Child with Mary His mother. . . . And opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh. The three wise men from the East—the Kings Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar—made their objection of precious things as do British sovereigns today. Our King, on January 6, (the Feast of Epiphany) or twelve days after Christmas, humbly offers gold, frankincense and myrrh at the altar of the Chapel Royal, London. The gold, lustre and power of resisting oxidation which gold possesses have caused it to be valued from the earliest ages. But what are frankincense and myrrh? It is said that the Hebrew word for frankincense is quite distinct

Democracy And Laughter

(New York Times) Man, as the saying goes, is the animal that laughs. The statement is not, of course, quite accurate. The hyena laughs, as do certain birds, and the horse cannot always keep a straight face. However, man is doubtless the only animal who cannot live and keep sane without laughter. It is laughter that makes the behavior of individuals and the absurdity of institutions bearable; and we need it because both individuals and institutions, to the end of time, are bound to be more or less absurd on occasion. These reflections are induced by some comments of Mr. David Low, the English cartoonist, published in the official organ of the B.C.—the British Broadcasting Agency. "Undoubtedly," says Mr. Low, "there is more that is inherently absurd in the world today than ever before, if only because of the greater contrast between man's vastly increased power and his use of it." Ideas, if they are good ones, can stand being laughed at—so Mr. Low thinks. Christy, the motor car and the income tax, he points out, all survived ridicule. Personalities are more vulnerable. The bigger the windbag the easier it is to poke holes in it. "The leader who sets himself up as a good man," in Mr. Low's opinion "is asking for it." But does he get it?

In countries now most supinely under a boss' thumb, where the healthy deflation of the fly-blown personalities is most needed, they do not take place. American cartoonists have done wonders with Mr. Roosevelt's chin but their Italian contemporaries, who at the moment do not distort Duce's massive lower maxillary. Where now are those rude artists who in former times helped bring a sense of proportion into the political life of Germany? Even Mickey Mouse is suspect, and D'naid Duck would be interned at night. One concludes that there is no right a democracy ought to cherish more tenaciously than the right to laugh at anything and anybody it thinks is funny. Mr. Low hints that this right may not be safe in England. One would mourn its loss there, or in France, for more than its loss in Germany. Tories may be lost, spheres of influence may be contracted, the road to India or Turin may be threatened, but civilization can survive if a joke continues to be called a joke and is not disguised as a great man or a great idea. For appalling as some of the world's "great men" and "great ideas" are, they are also funny.

It is tragic laughter that would ring around the world today if all mankind were free to look at its presentment in its proper light. But it would be healing laughter.

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Fundamentals Of Silver Fox Ranching
(By G. Ennis Smith) Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Fox Ranch, Summerside

Fox breeders have failed entirely to breed along fundamental lines, line breeding or any other form of breeding. There must be something radically wrong when champion foxes have consistently failed to produce champion foxes. It must be clearly understood that there is no indication that that is on account of poor judging. The breeding of the foxes and not judging is undoubtedly at fault. The progress of leading prize winning and other foxes reveal the fact that haphazard breeding methods are very general and champion foxes are the product of plan, skill in buying and in selection of matings has brought prominence to some fox breeders, but selection alone is not the answer. After one or two generations. Featherly guard hairs, muddy underfur and many undesirable outcrops cannot be guarded against by selection alone, and the only solution for breeding difficulties is a sound system of linebreeding or some other sound method of breeding. If the fox breeder has difficulties in breeding there would be no need for any sound system, and fox breeders could continue along the same line, but the quality of foxes are many general practices that have placed the fox breeders at a disadvantage with respect to carrying out a good system of breeding; namely, the fox breeder has many years after year, repeatedly mating males to several sisters, mating males to females and then mating females to their own sons. This is the females, or vice versa, mating solely within certain families, also on account of the fact that the desirable breeding qualities of foxes have not been recognized until their breeding days are nearly ended, and the start has been made when it is too late. Throughout the fox industry there has been altogether too much promiscuous inbreeding with an absence of any fundamental outcrossing. Inbreeding differs from other fundamental forms of breeding in that it is equally as important as inbreeding, but fox breeders have failed to comprehend the importance of outcrossing. Many ranchers have introduced new blood in their ranches and then mixed it up in a methodical manner, but they have not outcrossed. Outcrossing is sound and fairly safe; introducing new blood and mixing it up in the manner of a very good policy. An outcross is an outcross, the introduction of new blood by simply one cross, then inbreeding back to the original line, but that cross should not be again mixed with those particular animals. After inbreeding a new outcross is introduced, followed with inbreeding back to the original line. It is a very unfortunate fact that the majority of fox breeders appear to think that they know silver foxes, but they do not. They are not the foxes that fox breeders value. The outstanding characters of the run, until fox breeders can tolerate silver foxes, but they are not the foxes that fox breeders value. The outstanding characters of the run, until fox breeders can tolerate silver foxes, but they are not the foxes that fox breeders value. The outstanding characters of the run, until fox breeders can tolerate silver foxes, but they are not the foxes that fox breeders value.

The Poet's Corner
SILENCE Now, in this silence, when the day cries that the sky A thousand thoughts, like wings about my head, Murmur and laugh aloud to me, and cry; "Oh, poe, nothing that you loved is dead." There still are dawn, gold-fung across the sky, And evenings still as beautifully red As that far day, when all of time did fly One moment, poised and pinioned overhead. Oh! Voices of things loved, oh! Break like the foam, upon the sad heart's shore; I hear you calling as I climb the night, Summon beneath its star-lit infinitude. —Christopher Darwin in "Poetry of Today."

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