

PROSPECTUS

-OF-

Glenaladale Silver Black Fox Company

Limited

Incorporated Under the Laws of Prince Edward Island

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$60,000

(Now to be increased to \$200,000)

In 12,000 Shares of \$25 Each

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

PRESIDENT

John J. McDonald, Esq., Merchant, of Tracadie Cross, P. E. I.

VICE-PRESIDENT

Joseph Egan, of Southport, P. E. I.

RANCH MANAGER

Arthur McKinnon

SECRETARY-TREASURER

Major McKinnon, of Glenaladale, P. E. I.

BANKERS

Royal Bank of Canada, Charlottetown

SOLICITORS

McLean & McKinnon, Charlottetown

REGISTERED OFFICE

Glenaladale, P. E. I.

PROSPECTUS

The name of the Company shall be The Glenaladale Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd.

The Company has been formed for the purpose of breeding, raising, buying, selling and dealing in Silver Black Foxes, foxes of other breeds, other furbearing animals, cattle, sheep, horses and other live stock, and to carry on farming, ranching and kindred businesses.

The ranch of the Company is located on the estate of Glenaladale, the property of Major C. McKinnon, and formerly owned by Sir William MacDonald, the finest landed property in the Province its buildings alone being valued at \$50,000.

The holding of the Company consists of six pairs of Silver Black Foxes, (proven breeders), and fourteen pairs of 1914 pups. The twenty pairs being young, may reasonably be expected to give good results for a period of ten years.

These foxes have been carefully selected from the best strains of Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Western foxes, and have been chosen with a view to produce size and quality in offspring. Great care has been exercised in making the selections and no option has been taken except with the proviso that the pups shall be approved by Major McKinnon.

The proceeds of this issue will provide sufficient capital to pay for the twenty pair of foxes at \$15,000 per pair, and permit sufficient capital being placed in the treasury to defray all working expenses for next year.

The qualification of the Directors shall be the holding of shares in the Company to the amount of five hundred dollars.

The Secretary-Treasurer, Major McKinnon, in whose personal control the ranch is, has had considerable experience as a fox rancher, and is well known throughout the length and breadth of the Province as an experienced and reliable breeder of and dealer in all kinds of live stock. The ranch has his personal supervision. The Directors will retain \$80,000 worth of stock in the Company.

The rancher, or keeper, Mr. Arthur W. McKinnon, has had much experience in breeding foxes and has the practical knowledge necessary to efficiently manage and care for the animals.

The Glenaladale Silver Black Fox Company Ltd., earned one hundred per cent dividend in 1913. The prospects for 1914-5 are such as to give reasonable anticipations of at least 50 per cent. dividend.

The Company has no "watered" stock, and commission on the sale of shares is limited to a maximum of fifteen per cent, but arrangements have been made whereby no more than ten per cent. shall be paid, the Secretary-Treasurer handling the bulk of the issue direct.

The demand for pure ranch bred Silver Black Foxes for breeding purposes is greater than the supply, and will probably remain so for at least three years. The domestication of the precious Silver Black Fox is an entirely new, and an enormously profitable industry from a pelt value alone, and according to calculations by experts, exceptionally high dividends, averaging twenty-three per cent. will be obtainable for fifteen years after a pelt basis has been reached, and thereafter a minimum average dividend of fifteen per cent. at which profitable foundation the industry should remain.

The Fox Pelts have advanced greatly in price since 1910.

Below are the particulars of sale of a consignment of Silver Fox Furs, shipped from Prince Edward Island ranches to London, England, and sold there in March, 1910:

Table with columns: No. of Skins, Kind, Price. Lists various fur sales with prices ranging from £210 to £530.

Average—£284, 15s. 2d., or \$1,385.98, per skin.

These figures may be verified by inquiry to Messrs C. M. Lampion & Company, 64 Queen Street, London, E. C.

An expert Fur Broker from London in 1913 estimated the value of fur of the foxes in the ranches at \$1,500 each on an average.

Following are dividends paid by some of the companies as stated by one of the Charlottetown daily newspapers, 1913:

Table with columns: Ranch, Authorized Capital, Cash Dividend, Per Cent. Lists various ranches and their financial details.

Among the dividends paid this year, 1914, in spite of the war, are the following:

- List of companies and their dividend percentages for 1914, including Glenaladale Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd., Westmoreland Silver and Tip Patch Co., etc.

Shares are selling at \$25.00 each; 25 p. c. with application and the balance within three months. Simply fill out the application form and mail to Major C. McKinnon, Secretary-Treasurer, Glenaladale, P. E. I. All cheques must be made payable to "Glenaladale Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd."

APPLICATION FORM

MAJOR C. MCKINNON,

GLENALADALE, P. E. I.

Secretary-Treasurer "THE GLENALADALE SILVER BLACK FOX COMPANY, LIMITED."

I hereby subscribe for..... Shares in "The Glenaladale Silver Black Fox Company, Limited," to pay 25 per cent on application; the balance within three months from date.

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... 191

A Few of our Satisfied Shareholders

The following is a partial list of the names of those who have received their 100 per cent. dividend from the GLENALADALE SILVER BLACK FOX CO., LTD., with a guarantee of 50 per cent. and whatever more for 1915.

- Extensive list of names of satisfied shareholders, including Angus Cameron, R. B. Cotwell, J. L. Hetherington, etc.

And a great many more names too numerous to mention

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"THE SPECTATOR" AND PROHIBITION IN RUSSIA

Writing on the above subject on November 24th, The Spectator said: "Looking at the matter from the point of view of the nation rather than from the point of view of the Government, the advantages are enormous. The objections to a large national consumption of alcohol are twofold. First, there is the absorption of a large part of the resources of the country in a very temporary enjoyment; secondly, there is the absolute economic loss, which results when indulgence in this enjoyment leads to drunkenness. As regards the first point, the question is, of course, one of balance. Much of our expenditure must necessarily

be on temporary pleasures. But in a country where a very large proportion of the population is hideously poor it is obviously desirable that as far as possible economic resources should be directed towards building up permanent comforts and luxuries rather than towards the satisfaction of temporary enjoyments. What the Russian people will now say on vodka will help to buy them better clothing and better houses. The second point needs no argument. It is notorious in Russia and in England and all over the world that the drunkard is normally an inefficient worker, and in the worst cases costs the community for more than he gives to it. When these two factors are taken into account, one may fairly argue that the

gain of the Russian people by the cessation or great diminution in the consumption of alcohol will so increase Russia's wealth that from some sources or other the Government's loss of revenue will be made good."

Capes of Chantilly ornamented with embroidery, are formed into loose sacks dark blue, silver and deep red appearing in the stitching. Sometimes the Chantilly is mounted over a cape of back tulle for young girls. They are just little sacks with kimono sleeves the long fronts turned under and caught into the belt.

BELGIUM.

(By A. M. Belding.)

The silent fields, the ruined fane, The ghosts that walk the blood-wet lanes, The woe, the woe, the emptiness, The cry of women in distress, The roofless homes, the children slain— Shall ravished Belgium plead in vain? Her sons were first where honor led— God rest them in their dreamless bed! And shall their children's wailing cry Unheard, unplied, pass us by? May God forbid! For us they die, Who there the German hosts defied; They held in check the Ubian lance That thirsted for the life of France, The iron heel, the iron hand That would have scourged our English land.

God grant them rest for ever more, Who thus the prunt of battle bore, Till France and Britain's gathered might Swept down to meet the coming blight Not theirs the age-long load of shame, Within whose souls the ardent flame Of valor burned, with steady light, When shadows of the awful night Fell dark upon their Fatherland, But naked now the children stand, And wives and mothers mourn their dead, And hark! The bitter cry for bread, Above the tread of martial feet Grows ever louder in the street.

Fair land of Canada, the fate Of ravished Belgium, soon or late, But for the might of Britain's arm To shield her children from all harm, Would by thine own; thy children's cry

Go up from earth to yonder sky; Thy temples fall, thy hopes lie dead Beneath a tyrant's blighting tread. The devil's hand that sacked Louvain Would strangle thee; the scheming brain

That planned the blow at Britain's life And ploughed the world in deadly strife, Had numbered thee among the spoil, And doomed thy children to the toll Of hateful bondage, sore oppress, —The hapless Poland of the west.

Hear then the cry of Belgium's woe, (For thee her sons have met the foe) And from the wealth the harvest yields, In thy illimitable fields, Load full the ships;— for who shall say

That gifts alone can e'er repay The debt we owe the men who fell In that fierce storm of shot and shell, —First martyrs in the noblest fight Man ever waged for truth and right,

England! where the sacred flame Burns before the inmost shrine, Where the lips that love thy name Consecrate their hopes and thine; Where the banners of the dead Weave their shadows overhead, Watch beside the grave at night, Pray that God defend the right,

Think that when to-morrow comes War shall claim command of all? Thou must hear the roll of drums, Thou must hear the trumpet's call, Now before they silence ruth, Commune with the voice of truth, England! on thy knees tonight Pray that God defend the right,

Hast thou counted up the cost, What to foeman what to friend? Glory sought is honor lost, How should this be knighthood's end! Know'st thou what is hatred's need, What the surest gain of greed? England! wilt thou dare tonight Pray that God defend the right?

Single-hearted, unafraid, Hither all thy heroes came, On this altar's steps were laid Gordon's life and Nelson's fame, England! if thy will be yet— By their great example set, Here beside thine arms to-night Pray that God defend the right,

So shalt thou when morning comes Rise to conquer or to fall; Joyful hear the rolling call, Then let memory tell thy heart England! What thou wert, thou art! Gird thee with thine ancient might Forth! and God defend the right. —Canon Newbolt, in the London Times, August 5.

EARLY TO RISE.

The excitement of the biggest wheat crop that he had ever grown led a farmer near Winfield, Kansas, to rouse his men at three o'clock in the morning of the first day of the harvest. One Ozark "hill billy," who had sought work in the Western wheat fields, tumbled out of bed at the farmer's call, and was eagerly eating breakfast when his fellow workmen appeared. After he had stowed away a quantity of hot cakes, four fried eggs and two cups of coffee, he rose from the table and grabbed his suit case. The farmer caught the gleam of the wanderlust in his eye. "Look here," he said, in alarm, "where are you startin' to?" "The 'hill billy' did not stop, but called back over his shoulder: "To find some decent place where I can sleep the rest of the night!"

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"I won't pay one cent for my advertising this week," declared the store-keeper angrily to the editor of the country paper. "You told me you'd put the notice of my shoe polish in with the reading matter. And didn't I do it?" inquired the editor. "No, sir!" roared the advertiser. "No, sir, you did not! You put it in the column with a mess of poetry, that's where you put it!"

Little Dorothy had received for a present a teddy bear which happened to be afflicted with a "cross-eye." A visitor: "However did you think of having received the teddy bear asked the child what she intended to call it. "Gladly," said Dorothy. "Gladly! What a peculiar name," exclaimed the visitor. "However did you think of that for a name?" "Gladly the cross bear," recited Dorothy, who goes to Sunday School.