



NEWSY NOTES

BY AGRICOLA

KERGUELEN ISLAND (2)

In the unjustly maligned Victorian era there flourished two writers of stories for boys, who held "truth was stranger than fiction." These men G. A. Henty and R.M. Ballantyne, liked nothing better than to get in touch with adventures of strange experiences in far lands; and having done so in the narrative into the story of some English lad who was heroically seeking his fortune. It was the very opposite of the Alger school of boys' literature: where the young hero seeks his fortune in the purlieus of some great city, in the pursuit of some great deed, and owes his success to his ability and degrees. One thing the Henty and Ballantyne did well was to write in a knowledge of geography into the mind of British boys, and the story of the boy-hero of Alexandria by the Mediterranean in 1882, introduces the narrative of a mariner who was unlucky enough in his youth to be wrecked and cast away on Kerguelen Island. He alone was saved and his six months' stay on that desolate island (in winter too) makes Rosalind Cruso's adventures seem like a picnic. Though I read the story I never forgot it.

In the year 1836 one Joseph Culver, able seaman, was on board a freighter en route for England. The ship was steering towards the Cape of Good Hope, for that was the usual course from the South Seas in those days. It was April already the winter storms were beginning, since the seasons are reversed in the southern hemisphere. A gale struck up that lasted for ten unhappy days, during which the freighter's main and mizzen masts snapped like matchsticks, though carrying scarcely any sail. Cutting the masts away, and losing five men in the act, the sailors managed to get the vessel running before the wind; but the bulwarks were carried away, the decks swept clean of everything. Worse was to follow. The gale had been blowing steadily from the north-west, and as they ran southward it became appreciably colder. On the morning of the eleventh day, just as the first gleam of daylight, Culver heard the captain cry out "All hands on deck," and he rushed forward with a huge iceberg, which had rammed in less than five minutes. There was no time to change the course, even if they had been able to; the shock snapped off the foremast, and drove the bowsprit into the front of the ship till it was stopped by the stump of the foremast. Half of the crew were killed (relates Culver) either by the fall of the mast or the breaking of the bows. There was a terrible cry as the ship seemed to break up, and as she was made of iron, he felt a great weight of iron on his head, he felt a stock and became unconscious.

When he came to, it was broad daylight. For a while he was unable to move, and thought he had suffered some internal injury but fortunately for him this was not the case. When he was able to crawl around, he found himself on the berg, about fifty feet above the water; the wave that swept him to the top of the berg, had left him jammed between two pinnacles, and to this he owed his preservation. There was no sign of his shipmates nor was there a piece of timber from the wrecked vessel, for the strong current had carried all away. He had escaped death by drowning only, it would seem to perish of hunger or exposure since the berg was drifting southward away from the track of vessels. Culver now tried to climb over the berg to the lee side, so as to have some shelter from the wind; it took two or three hours to do this, but by the time it was accomplished his clothes were dry, and to some extent his spirits rose. As the first thing he did was to give a look around and the sun came out. It was still blowing hard but he could feel that the storm was almost over. Fortunately (he says) I had a couple of biscuits in my pocket, and one of these I ate, then lay down on a broad ledge and went off sound asleep. When I awoke it was night. (The biscuit he speaks of has little in common with what we now call biscuit except its shape and has long been superseded on most, if not on all, ships by ordinary baker's bread. The "biscuit" of those days was a hard-baked disc about the size of a tea-serviette, nearly as dry and solid as a piece of wood! These were broken up and steeped before being eaten. "Captain's Biscuit" was of better quality but just as dry. Biscuits like this were bought by the cask, and their dryness kept them in condition where fresh bread would have gone mouldy.)

Our mariner was awakened by the feeling of cold, but as he had bought a new oilskin "that is a (raincoat) for the voyage, he drew it closely about him and was soon off to sleep. Next morning he ate half his last biscuit, drank from a pool, and climbed to the top of the berg to give a look around. Just as he was about to give up, he thought that some other ship had been driven southward, even as the berg had been. But no, the sea was empty except for a fleet of small bergs through which his own was driving at a good clip. "When a mountain of ice like that, you know, gets

way on it, it will keep it up for a mighty long time." But that expanse of empty sea put strange thoughts in his head. He had only half a biscuit left, and no chance of getting more; how long would he last, he wondered; and would it not be easier to jump off into the water than to sit there and die by inches? Suddenly his thoughts were broken by what at first appeared to be another big berg on the horizon to which he was drifting; then he saw that there was something strange about it—it was not the same color as the others. He jumped to his feet as he realized that it was an island that lay right ahead. An island, he thought, would be better than the berg anyhow; and perhaps it was, but he mercifully did not know what he was to pass through before he again was brought into contact with its kind.

NATURE NOTES I have just received a belated letter from a distant relative in the Old Land, and she mentions a fact that supports what I have long suspected: that the general run of the seasons is the same there as here, and is perhaps the same over all the Northern Hemisphere. We had at least twice as much snow last winter as we usually get, and in Northumberland instead of a few inches there were continuous drifts of snow "the height of a man," so that it cost the Council a lot of money to keep the roads open to Newcastle. "The folk in the village were snowed up," and "had to shovel their way out." In the village they had a lot of rain (just as we had) which was welcomed more than with us, since it ground down the planes on both sides of the Channel. And you will now notice that rain has partly held up the German push into Russia. This at a time when shiploads of drinking water is being sent to Bermuda! It is now known that the intensity of sunlight varies from year to year, and there is at least one observatory equipped for measuring or analyzing it. In May 1923, says the "Weather's Calendar," the calorific quality of the sunlight was estimated to be 4 to 5 degrees below normal; it had been above normal from 1918 to 1921. Since then I have not heard of or read any statement relative to this subject, but I am inclined to think that the sunlight is below par this year of 1941. Beyond question crops are growing fast on account of so much rain, but it takes sunshine of the right quality to give them food value—and my impression is that they are not getting it. What is the honey crop going to be this year? There again the prospects are not as good as last year, I suspect. My bees came through the winter fairly well, but had to be fed this Spring; which was not the case in 1940. Then the wet weather kept them at home a lot, while the prevailing cool or cold winds would prevent the flowers from secreting nectar to some extent. So I'll hope for a record, was very satisfactory for a beginner, and just repaid me for the expense of equipment such as hives, super frames, etc. These hives, purchased, will "last a lifetime" as the saying is. Not the time, as the saying is, which is supposed to be only six weeks long in summer. The English wild flowers have done extra well this year, on account of the cooler weather. I was delighted with the "Andrew's Broom" (Cytisus) a horticultural variety of the common Scottish Broom. The large pea-shaped flowers are canary yellow, with brownish wings. This year the Everlasting Pea (Lathyrus sylvester) has bloomed; it is not the everlasting pea of the gardeners, which is L. latifolius. "Sylvester" is very local in England and does not grow north of Co. Durham, where it has been found in three localities. The flowers (which grow in a loose spray) are around five to the spray and are three-quarters of an inch across; the standard of the flower is rose-pink, while the wings are purple—a very pleasing combination. As the root is perennial I shall try to establish this pea about the creek. The Foxgloves, white and purple, have established themselves by the side of the brook. The "Ragged Robin" (Lychnis Flos-cuculi) is slowly becoming naturalized in swampy places; its popular name is due to its pink petals being cleft into linear segments. Among the insects the cutworms have done little damage this season, and up till now the white Cabbage Butterfly has been scarce. But the Colorado Potato Beetles (Potato Bugs, as they are wrongly called) are preparing to make a grand slam, and the mosquitoes are very much to the fore.

BOOKS OLD AND NEW Two books from the Public Library have claimed a good part of my leisure this last week. One was "The New Prophecy", by R.K. Arnaud, an ingenious writer who has several other works to his credit. The prophetic books of the Bible are coming in for much attention at this time, just as they did during the World War; and although this book is an old one it presents the subject in a new light as its title implies. To explain the book for its own sake, the author's views briefly, he announces that each prophecy, say of Daniel, has two fulfillments one of

Common Pests and Ways to Destroy Them



NO. 1 THE HOUSE FLY A MOST DANGEROUS INSECT

At one time the common house fly was accepted as an annoying but necessary nuisance. It is now recognized as more than an annoyance, however, for every fly that gets into the house is a health hazard and should be instantly attacked and killed. One authority has characterized the fly as the most dangerous animal at large to man. As known carriers of disease germs, flies may spread typhoid, summer diarrhea, tuberculosis and other ills. Flies breed in and feed on filth. Refuse heaps, garbage piles and manure piles are their usual environment. From these spots, they go forth to rove far and wide, spreading disease in their wake. The life cycle of the fly is short. A normal female deposits perhaps 500 eggs. The larva or maggot hatches from the egg in from eight to thirty hours and spends a week or more in that state before passing into the pupal stage, during which it resembles a grain of wheat. In a few days it reaches adulthood. While apartment dwellers, living several stories above city streets, are less disturbed by flies than country residents strong winds often blow the insects into metropolitan districts. They have been known to fly more than five miles and as high as eighty feet. They appear in deep woods or in impenetrable mountain fastnesses at the mere suggestion of food. In farm sections the stable fly joins the common variety in household invasions, presenting an additional problem by painfully biting the inhabitants. Unlike the house fly, the stable fly adult is a blood sucker. The "Swat the Fly" campaign of years ago are not regarded today as well advised. Germs remain alive on mashed and mangled bodies and are a source of danger. The hairy body and legs of the fly are well constituted to carry bacteria, and millions have been counted on a single insect. Many Health Boards strongly oppose "swatting". The only safe method is to employ a good household spray, following this course: Close all windows and doors. With a spray gun loaded with liquid insecticide, fill the room with an evenly distributed mist. Allow from ten to fifteen minutes to elapse before opening the doors and windows. Sweep up the dead and paralyzed flies and keep in otherwise dispose of them. Spray screens frequently will keep insects away. Do not spray on or near an open flame.

TIMELY NOTES ON TOPICS CONNECTED WITH Silver Fox Farming

The Wildwood Mink Ranch at White Bear Lake, Minnesota, is offering a \$2,000 award for any information leading to the arrest, conviction and return of 202 mink kits which were stolen from the ranch the night of June 21st. There is a great deal to do about this theft and ranchers throughout Minnesota are cooperating with the police in efforts to track down the miscreants.

The New York Auction Company is offering financial assistance to silver fox ranchers or mink ranchers who desire money to tide them along until pelts are taken out. Their loans of \$500 are said to be neither complicated nor involved. The next sale of silver fox pelts by this company is September 15th and following that November 12th.

A very successful field day was held at the ranch of Maou Raymond, Soudanport, on Thursday, at which Dr. McCroly of Purina Mills, gave an address on nutrition, sanitation and fur farmers' problems. Dr. McCroly is the manager of the Black Forest ranch, Monticello, Colorado, which has a total of 500 white face breeders and the four top white face pelts from it brought an average of \$175 per pelt last year. Over the past two years through a strict culling program they have marketed over 250 white face pelts at an average of \$57.50 per pelt. These figures are taken from an advertisement in the National Fur News for July.

On display at the Raymond ranch was a large number of platinum or near-platinum types, white faces and ring necks, the progeny of the La Forest male which Mr. Raymond purchased last fall, and his sons that Mr. Raymond had been developing for the past few years. A good interest was expressed in an advertisement in the whole affair.

We note where John W. Clarke, Gilroy, Maine, is advertising genuine McNeill platinum, platinum types and white-faces and in another part of the same publication there is a page for the McNeill advertiser is C. F. Ekstrom, Denver, Colorado. Photo illustrations on the page are of platinum pups about a month and a half to two months old and they are very interesting indeed. The above shows how widespread in a short time has become the white-face, ring-neck of platinum fox.

The National Chinchilla Breeders' Association of the United States and Canada, held a meeting at the Fur Farmers' International Summer School, Milwaukee, June 18th to 20th. His speech was the effect of the second world war on our fur farming. Mr. Ashbrook has a reputation of possessing considerable discernment, so his remarks can be read with interest and probably with profit by us. Following is a summary.

"Silver fox is still considered a beautiful fur and when comes to that silver beauty this year's crop of pelts produced in the United States and Canada surpassed all others. Those who are interested to know expressed the opinion that

Locally there is not very much news on the silver fox farming, but from those sections that we are in touch with everything appears to be going smoothly with foxes showing good growth and absence from disease. As a matter of fact this has been a pretty favorable year for development; no extreme heat having been experienced up to date, although it is probably were kept clean during the rainy spell there should not be any darkening of the pelts. The lack of parasites, but lack of sanitation would find such a condition favorable for the development of these pests.

The period of growth is practically over for most foxes by Sep-

WOOL WANTED

Ship your wool to CONDONS WOOLLEN MILLS Charlotetown

And receive highest market price. Money paid on receipt of wool.

Wool must be well washed, all burdocks and dirt picked out. Freight paid on 100 pounds.

September 15th. The frame is then pretty well set and ready to take on the body of the wool. It is a great impression on all who listened to the speaker. He stated that the humble hen in the course of a year would drink the equivalent of 18 gallons of water; that water formed three-quarters of the weight of the egg and was therefore required for egg production; that it was constantly being evaporated from the body of the hen and exuded in other ways. What is true of our farm yard companions is equally true with regard to silver foxes. Water is as essential as feed in the production of a good pelt, and is essential in every detail of a fox's healthy life and it must be fresh. He emphasized the importance of the water and replenish with fresh. The extra time and effort made will be rewarded many times.

Don R. Aitken of Montague, Michigan, has an article in the American Fur Breeder for July entitled, "A Practical Fox Farming Shed." His pens can be built clear of the labor for \$12.00 per pen, and he claims they will cost less. A fox must be well fed and he keeps pens in the pens for them to chew on. The wire is 12 feet high, the frames are 4 feet by 12 feet and the pens are 5 feet high with 30 inch legs and 30 inch wire. This allows ample circulation of air and they are very easy to clean underneath. The roof is made of galvanized sheet iron, and some of the pups at pelting time were as large as anything in a ground pen. In fact some weighed 17 and 18 lbs. The color was absolutely clear and there was very little damage to their fur.

A meeting of the directors of the Silver Fox Breeders and Exhibitors' Association will be held in the office of the Department of Agriculture on Monday evening, July 29th. The purpose of the meeting is to discuss the silver fox exhibition and other activities this fall. President Lowell Hancock will preside.

At the New York Auction sale of general furs held recently, 20,013 ranch mink sold freely in a brisk sale. Particular strength was apparent for the goods between the eleven and fourteen dollar values. Wild mink with a collection of 10,350 pelts, while an ordinary one, drew a brisk call. The top price was \$12.40. Kitt Fox drew little attention, the top price being 90 cents. Gray Fox, western and north western types made best response. The highest price was \$2.90. Eight thousand red fox, but only an ordinary collection, attracted keen interest.

Quebec No. 1's brought the top price of \$13.25

The collection of 11,022 silver fox pelts offered by New York Auction Co., Inc. last Thursday and Friday was 46 per cent sold at an average for all skins of \$26.68.

The prices realized for the various color passes were: rus (6,048) \$36.30 average \$105 top; three-quarters (898) \$27.43 average; \$41 top; hives (1,044) \$35.00 average; \$35 top; quarters (704) \$15.60 average; \$19 top; and 8,800 (1,000) \$13.44 average, \$34 top. Average for (Continued on page 14, col. 4.)

CONSERVATION

A WEEKLY COLUMN OF PRACTICAL OPINIONS OF THE VITAL ISSUES AFFECTING THE USES AND ABUSES OF NATURAL RESOURCES BY MR. LUDLOW JENKINS, MARSHFIELD.

PART II Other Migratory Game Birds WOODCOCK

Numerically, woodcock hunters are far below those who hunt for ducks and geese. This is fortunate, as the "timber doodle," like other shorebirds, is single-brooded, nests on the ground, and lays only four eggs. Its nesting preferences subject it to many natural enemies and to the vagaries of weather and conditions. It has a somewhat limited range, chiefly east of the Mississippi River. Although known to breed in Louisiana and other southern States, most of the birds are produced on nesting grounds in Pennsylvania, New York, New England and the Maritime Provinces. It is an anomaly of distribution, probably not generally known, that during the winter months this species is heavily concentrated in Louisiana and western Mississippi. A few may be found at that season also in Florida, Georgia, the Carolina and even as far north as the Potomac River, but probably as much as 75 percent of the population is concentrated in the lower Mississippi Valley. The situation is parallel to that of the blue goose, and Louisiana is the custodian of both these valuable species in winter. The fall flight of woodcock, in 1939, was good and it appeared that the supply of birds was up to, or even above, the average for the past few years. Then came the abnormal weather conditions of January 1940, with snow and freezing weather extending deep into the South, even to the Gulf coast. In southern Louisiana the ground was a depth of 3 inches, and this condition persisted for 10 days or longer. Reported frozen in many places to a depth that obtains its food by probing in soft ground these conditions could only prove disastrous. Unfortunately, this occurred at the time of the open season in that State, January 1 to 31. As a result, in addition to untold numbers of birds that unquestionably died of starvation, hundreds were killed in bad limits by hunters. When they learned of the condition of the birds, many sportsmen refrained from further shooting, but many others, disregarding the ethics of sportsmanship, continued day after day to shoot the weakened birds. While Federal game-management personnel was not adequate to cover the entire area, biologists of the Survey, game-management

agents, and the regional biologists concentrated their activities in Louisiana. Very little, however, was found to be illegal, although reports were being sold on the streets. It was obvious, however, that the loss was very heavy, and as the northward migration got under way all field personnel of the Bureau were instructed to maintain a close watch and to report their findings. Reports to the number of 72 were received from the Atlantic and Mississippi Flyways. Only 9 of the observers could detect any increase over the spring flight of 1939, while 29 reported decreases, usually heavy. The remaining 34 observers could detect no change but, significantly, most of them are situated in areas where the species is never common. Particularly important are the May reports from the cooperative research stations in Pennsylvania and Maine, where the woodcock is a major subject of investigation. The breeding grounds studied by these units showed decreases of 43 and 37.5 percent, respectively, under the population of 1939. The biologist of the Atlantic Flyway, working in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, reported a somewhat reduced population in that important breeding district. In a few areas, notably in New York, reports were received in normal numbers of woodcocks. It cannot be denied however, that the 1940 breeding population of the species has been reduced through a combination of hunting and abnormal weather conditions. (To Be Continued)

FOREST HILL SCHOOL CLOSING

The annual examination of Forest Hill School was held on June 27th, with a large number of visitors and pupils present. When the recitation of the lessons was completed the teachers presented the pupils with prizes and certificates. The following pupils received Public School Certificates, Alexina MacLeod, John MacLaren, George Gillis and Hazel Morris. The pupils then presented the teacher with a beautiful black purse and a pair of kid gloves. The address was read by Lillian Gillis and presented by Evelyn James. The teacher made a brief reply thanking both the parents and pupils for the lovely gift. After the people were treated with fudge, they all joined in singing the National Anthem. (Patriot Please Copy)

SHELTER WAS STRONG

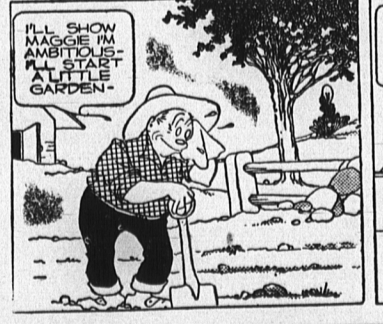
LONDON—(CP)—During a Mercedes air raid six people, including two children, were saved when two adjoining houses crumpled on top of their indoor Morrison shelter; the shelter withstood the weight of the two buildings.

NO PRICE LIST

LONDON—(CP)—Meyer Gould, grocer, was sentenced to six weeks in jail for failing to display an egg prices list. He was also fined \$66.75 for overcharging.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



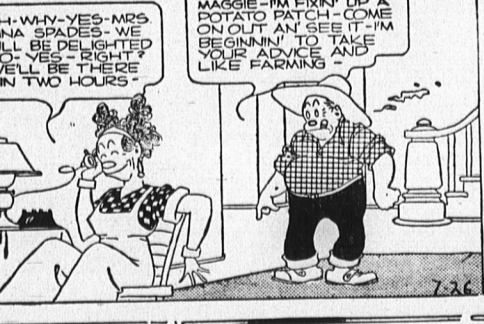
which is past, and the other is still to come. "In the latter days (which is now) The destruction of the Grecian, Persian and other Empires, as foretold by the prophets, have already come to pass in the classic ages; but these are only the types of Empires "last days." I ruined before the World War was written in 1917 and though the author clearly sees the defeat of Germany, he is suspicious that that country will yet bring woe to the world—which is a neat bit of prophecy in itself. Whether you agree with its conclusions or not, this book is worth reading.

The second book will appeal to those who like modern fiction with a historical or sociological background. Such a work is "Once in England," a novel by Ernest Raymond, and the record card in the back of the book is well-filled, showing that it is sufficiently popular; that is, first, the entertaining history of a family whose members are exceedingly diverse in character; then the hero and his adventures; then the most forthright portion of the book; it is entitled "The Jestling Army" and gives all the profanity "naked and unashamed" that even the better class of the soldiers indulged in. I myself do not see that vulgarly of this kind is a matter for jesting or that it strengthens conversation; there are plenty of good satirical words to fortify one's talk with, if necessary. Still, it is true to history, such as it is. The "third section" has the hero as an Anglican clergyman, and takes us over that curious period of the "General Strike" in England. A good book to read if you don't mind a trifle of eroticism.

HAIRCUTS ONLY

LONDON—(CP)—Because there are so few shaves ordered and the cost for hot water, many barber shops now are displaying "no shaving" signs.

OUT OUR WAY



By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



With Major Hoopie

