

We believe that Fox Ranchers are more deeply interested in

HIGH NET RETURNS

-FOR-

SILVER FOX PELTS

-THAN IN-

CHEAP MARKETING SERVICE

We Welcome COMPETITION and invite COMPARISON

A Fair Comparison of Net Returns is the only standard by which to measure the relative value of the services of different Marketing outlets.

In addition to our regular SUPERIOR MARKETING SERVICE we are the Only marketing organization with a

Permanent Resident Representative

In London and Europe. This man does not merely visit an occasional Auction - he is ON DUTY EVERY DAY DURING THE ENTIRE YEAR, devoting all his time to YOUR INTERESTS. He will maintain daily contact with all Sales Houses, with the buying Fur Trade and with our Head Office. Such a combination must inevitably SPEED UP SALES and render even BETTER SERVICE. Our representative was for 20 years with the firm of Fredk Huth & Co., which was recently absorbed by C. M. Lampson. During that time he was in charge of Huth's General Catalogue which in conjunction with his activities in the Private Sales Department brought him in contact with the entire Fur Trade. He represented Huth & Co. on the London Fur Exchange.

The appointment of this representative is in keeping with our policy, that "THE BEST WAY TO GET BUSINESS IS TO DESERVE IT."

Cash Advances arranged. Free Tags, Bags, etc., on Request. Mail charges are allowed and Express Charges paid on all pelts shipped to us.

All pelts whether mailed or expressed are insured under our Blanket Policy from the time shipped to us.

Prince Edward Island Fur Pool Limited

P. G. CLARK, Pres. and Managing Director Summerside, Prince Edward Island

In Montague:-

R. W. STEWART, Clark Bros. Store.

In Charlottetown -

J. A. WEBSTER, 156 Richmond St.

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Have your skins cleaned and you will realize best prices. Prompt Service—Personal Attention

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BECAUSE THE GRAND CHAMPION ADULT MALE

IN 1932 was a SUPERB SILVER IN 1933 was a SUPERB SILVER IN 1934 was a SUPERB SILVER Parents IN 1935 was from SUPERB SILVER Parents

IN 1936

The 1st Prize Medium Adult Male was a SUPERB SILVER. The 1st Prize Pale year old Male was a SUPERB SILVER. The Reserve GRAND CHAMPION MALE was a SUPERB SILVER. The Borden RESERVE CHAMPION MALE in 1935 was a SUPERB SILVER.

The last male sired two first, one second, one fourth and three Reserve Champion year old male at Charlottetown this year.

We offer medium, light medium and pale pups for \$100.00 each with 6 or more consecutive generations of selected prize blood. Also 2 pale adult polygamus males.

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"IF SUPERB THEY'RE BRED RIGHT"

TIMELY NOTES ON TOPICS CONNECTED WITH Silver Fox Farming



The December 1st issue of the Maritime Farmer, published at Sussex, N.B., has an excellent write up of the Provincial fox show at Charlottetown by its Editor-in-Chief, W. J. MacLeod. These are short extracts:-The show from first to last was remarkably interesting and was no doubt the best held under the auspices of the Fox Breeders' Association. The week was a trying one, the weatherman handing out a snow storm, zero weather and altogether undesirable travelling conditions. Both exhibitors and spectators, however, never grumbled.

One of the outstanding features of the whole show was the fine spirit of give and take sportsmanship, or whatever you like to call it, that was so completely in evidence all through the exhibition. The directors of the show, the officials and the exhibitors co-operated fully in making this year's event outstanding. It is this kind of good will that means much in the development of an industry. It is this kind of comradeship and good sportsmanship that is causing the Charlottetown Fox Show to undergo development and become the most popular feature of its kind in the whole world.

Dr. W. A. Young, in charge of publicity and other important matters in connection with the Fromm Bros. Silver Fox Farms, Hamburg, Wisconsin, has forwarded an article from Fortune Magazine entitled "The Silver Fox", which while devoted largely to the firm's operations and fur sales, yet gives other interesting information which we believe our readers will be glad to have.

"The production of silver foxes this year in the United States will be in the neighborhood of 150,000. Less than 100 of these will be caught in traps. The rest, born last spring and raised on farms, will die from a few drops of carbon-tetrachloride squirted up their noses with an oil can or from having their ribs stepped on, their hearts suddenly stopped. Knives will rip down the back of their legs, down the length of their white-tipped tails, and their pelts will be peeled off, their carcasses dried out, ground up, and sold as fertilizer.

Already silver fox pelts are beginning to reach the market and by next fall when the selling season ends the rest of the skins should all be sold. If the 1937 prices are as good as those of 1936, these 150,000 skins will have brought about \$8,000,000, which is about 13 per cent. of the annual \$60,000,000 U. S. raw pelt production. The average wholesale price for each one sold in the fur markets will probably be around \$45, with a high price of \$50, which is about the price ranges of sables.

The silver fox is valuable today because it is the one fur that is flattering to female faces of all description; a fact that generally outweighs any woman's prejudice against wearing what everybody else seems to be wearing. The silver fox neckpiece has indeed become almost a commonplace, but in the last three years the stylists have worked hard on scarves and capes to keep it a distinctive fur. Thirty-five years ago the silver fox was valuable because it was a rare natural freak, and in those days a cape of twenty pelts—which today might retail for \$3,000—would as easily have cost you \$30,000, if indeed you had been able to find twenty well matched pelts.

The live silver fox looks like a dog and acts like a cat. It is an unusual color offshoot of the red fox, requiring in captivity as much coddling as an undernourished infant. Because it is a hairline breed the silver fox is a frail and nervous animal, commonly susceptible to some twenty-six ailments, most frequently encephalitis (sleeping sickness) and distemper, a kind of pneumonia that will kill off from 15 to 20 per cent. of a fox farmer's crop every year. Losses from encephalitis are almost as heavy, in spite of a partially effective antitoxin that has been found for this virus, which attacks the tissue covering the brain.

The color of the silver fox's fur is determined by selective breeding, but a careful and elaborate diet is necessary to keep it the right shade of silver black. It seems to thrive best on horse meat, beef, fish, cereals and vegetables, with meat and fish products forming 70 per cent. of the diet during the winter

months. The daily ration is about a pound of these foods prepared in hash form and the cost of feeding one animal for the eight months that it is alive will run between \$10 and \$15, depending mostly on the local price of the broken down horses that are used for food. Add to this about \$20 for the cost of labor, insurance, property taxes, kennel maintenance, serums and disinfectants, and you can see that an average price of \$45 per pelt would not leave the big time fox farmer much margin to take care of losses both from sickness and from poor pelts, called "culls" which may sell for as little as \$5 each.

The more than 4,000 U.S. farmers who are spending all their time raising silver foxes have competition plenty. Canada has 6,000 ranches and produce about 10 per cent. more pelts than the U.S. breeders. In England there are ninety-two registered fox farms and in London the English fox breeders now hold an annual show of their prize live foxes, and Norway and Sweden have in the last two years entered the market with a crop taken from almost 12,000 fox ranches. There are fox farms all over Europe, in Russia, in Greenland, in Japan, in South America, in Alaska, in China, and in Iceland. No one knows how many fox pelts are sold annually throughout the world but a guess of 600,000 would probably be somewhere near the correct figure.

In the United States fox farmers are scattered over the northern half of the country from Maine to the Pacific, but 42 per cent. of the foxes are bred and raised in Wisconsin where the two largest fur farms in the world are located, Fromm Bros. and Herbert A. Nieman & Co. This year Nieman owned some 42,000 foxes, Fromm 36,000; of this total of 78,000 foxes, some 3,000 were breeders and about 47,000 were fox pups intended for the market. But disease has probably killed off from 8,000 to 10,000 of the pups so that together Fromm and Nieman will not be able to put more than 40,000 pelts on the market. Fromm claims that last year it spent \$70,000 for serum to protect its foxes from encephalitis, but this disease still takes its toll. And Fromm and Nieman may reap far fewer than 40,000 pelts if they think that there is any possibility of glutting the market, in which case they would add the surplus foxpups to their breeding stock and wait for next year.

The Fromms and Niemans are cousins. In 1914 the Fromm boys took up silver fox ranching and in 1920 John Nieman started ranching and for nine years the two farms worked hand in hand. Seven years ago they parted over the question of whether they should spend large sums on advertising their foxes at style shows and in women's fashion magazines as well as in the fur journals. The Fromms took their share of the foxes and went the way of promotion, bent on venturing foxes with pelts almost white with silver. And last year Fromm spent \$150,000 advertising its "bright with silver" foxes, an average of about \$10 per fox pelt sold. John Nieman kept on raising foxes without ballyhoo or emphasis on any particular type. Both have prospered, but owing to the present preference of most U.S. women for foxes that are heavily silvered, Fromm has built up a more profitable product.

With more than twice as many silver foxes being sold in the U.S. today as were sold in 1929, the fox farmers in this country would seem to be in a thriving industry. But last year a tremendous Norwegian crop came flooding onto the London market, and even with the 50 per cent duty enough of these pelts reached the U.S. to give fox farmers in this country plenty to think about. Europe has long been the dumping ground for those fox skins that show too little silver to suit U.S. customers; now, with Norway satisfying European markets the possibilities of over-production in the domestic market are certainly far from fantastic.

Rarest of all foxes in nature is the pure black. Thirty years ago their skins cost more than the silver fox pelts. But with white foxes plentiful and red foxes too plentiful, it is today an easy matter for the dyer to produce an almost perfect imitation of the black fox.

PELTING TIME IS NEARING

Be sure that YOU get the best possible returns from your pelts this year

USE Royal Fox Cubes

They will give your foxes the finish that will top the market.

The St. John Milling Company Ltd.

Saint John, N.B.

Imitations of the silver fox are made by "pointing" a dyed black fox pelt; this is done by planting on the hide glue-tipped badger (shaving brush) hairs or hairs from damaged silver fox pelts. A pointing job that might fool the novice can be done for about \$10, but today there are only four fox-pointing concerns in Manhattan and their business is small because of the low price of the ordinary silver fox pelts with which a pointed fox can hope to compete.

To improve the value of a tinged or "rusty" silver fox, one Manhattan firm, the Major Blue Bleending Co., has discovered a way to blend the pelt by spraying the hairs with a dye that will eliminate the reddish color without affecting the white band. As far as wear is concerned, the silver fox is about on a par with ermine or squirrel, i.e., only slightly more durable than the broadtail, chin-chilla, mole, or rabbit, which are four of the most perishable of furs. Two or three years is about the average life of a silver fox piece.

Commenting on the above article, which I believe my fox farming friends will read with great interest, I would say that it is surprising to say the least, to learn that the losses on the Fromm and Nieman ranches run so high. Just a week ago I had authoritative information that they had lost 7,000 foxes by disease this fall. It would seem as though they are operating literally with the sword of Damocles suspended above them.

Their ranches would be extremely difficult ones to disinfect or take precautions with, as the pens are very large and the breeding foxes are kept on the ground and the pups raised on the ground, but shifted from their breeding pens in August to large runs in northern Wisconsin. These runs also become contaminated and there is no possible way in which they could be effectively disinfected. Sanitation on the Fromm and Nieman ranches could not be carried out with any degree of efficiency. It may be that within five years time their whole method of ranching will have to undergo a change. That is to say, they will have to come to board floors and sheds in order to perpetuate their activities. One of the greatest ranchers in the Canadian northwest farmed on the Fromm plan for many years, but last season came the parting of the ways and this year and next year he will build miles of sheds to accommodate the foxes that are to be pelted.

Tom Fraser when here, said something that I did not get the full significance of at the time. It was that when the last bugle sounded in the fox game—if such ever came to pass—the survivors would be the individual farmers raising the number of foxes that they could comfortably take care of on their farms in addition to their other work. Certainly it does seem that the cost of raising a fox on the Fromm or Nieman ranches, notwithstanding the low price of feeds, is much greater than in this province.

On the other hand, the fox farmer of the Canadian northwest with the proximity to low cost foods have a present day advantage over us of some three to six dollars per pelt, and they have been getting along mostly with ground floor pens; free from the labor expense which shed raised

NEWSY NOTES

A ROYAL REBUKE

The divinity that doth hedge a King gets many a jar in these enlightened days. On the occasion of the garden party in London at which the pilgrims to Vimy Ridge were present, His Majesty King Edward VIII had to run the gauntlet of a good deal of "back-slapping." He is said to have enjoyed this a great deal more than "small" talk, which was good philosophy anyway. In Wales, still later, the welcome was not quite so tumultuous, but was as truly unconventional.

All of which reminds me of another Edward—the seventh of that name. Before he came to the throne, he "kept open house, like a good old English gentleman, all of the old time," and sometimes his company enjoyed themselves not wisely but too well. In the billiard room one night, the Prince was winning all along the line, to the evident admiration of all his guests—excepting the lover. One of his admirers, who had been applying himself diligently to the reached out and snipped the Prince on the back, in appreciation of a lucky stroke. His Royal Highness, who, despite his natural geniality, never forgot the deference due to a man of pedigree, straightened up, looked coldly upon the offender, and turning to the company, quietly said: "Take that gentleman home!" That gentleman must have felt cheap when he thought it out afterwards. A kind of modern equivalent for "off with his head; so much for Buckingham!"

A few years ago, there was quite a vogue of back-slapping here, and I remember feeling that the gesture was hollow and insincere: I saw that those who excelled in the "backing" afterwards, Happily the former has died out; may the latter follow!

A ROYAL ROMANCE

There is a history of Britain which must be looked for in the

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If your pelts are ready take advantage of this pre-Christmas Sale

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pups cost. However they too are liable to experience at any time, trouble from disease which the fox farmer here raising his foxes on board floors and in sheds is not so apt to encounter, providing he uses disinfectants regularly in the process of cleaning out the various compartments.

The P. E. Island Fur Pool, through its manager, Mr. P. G. Clark, entered into an arrangement while in London to have a permanent representative resident in that metropolis and in contact therefrom with all other European markets. This gentleman was for twenty years in the employ of Fredk Huth & Co., London, and had considerable to do with Huth's fur business and particularly the private treaty department. He is now en route to Summerside where he will become conversant with conditions in this province from the fur farmer's standpoint, and complete arrangements with Mr. Clark, re representation overseas.

on account of some affairs of gallantry in which the queen had been involved. Two years after this ill-assorted marriage Henry became King of England (1544) and his reign opened auspiciously. "He was young—only twenty-one—of matchless strength of body which nothing could tire, learned, gay, kind-hearted, brave, active, industrious, and with splendid abilities." It was he that founded the law-courts and the assize circuits, to ensure justice to his subjects, and with the same object he demolished most of the baronial castles built in Stephen's time.

Almost at the beginning of his reign he became enamoured of the beautiful Rosamond Clifford, and his attachment being returned, he built for her a "wonderful house" at Woodstock, the lower story (as Stowe says) designed like a "labyrinth" with many intricate passages, so that none could gain access to the fair occupant but "that was instructed by the King or such as were right secret with him touching the matter." "This house after some time was named Labyrinth or Dedalus work—that is, some called this house "The Labyrinth." Hearne, another antiquary, writing in 1718, said that the foundations of a very large building were still to be seen "by the pool at Woodstock," which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

Here were born two sons to Henry, William and Geoffrey—William surnamed Longue-espée (Long-sword) became Earl of Salisbury, Geoffrey, Rosamond's young son, became Bishop of Lincoln. An old M.S. in the Cotton Library says of "Geoffrey Plantagenet": "Natus est 5 Henry II (1159) Factus miles 25 Henry II (1179) Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln (1182)." That is, he was born in 1159, knighted in 1179 and made Bishop in 1182. Queen Eleanor was well aware of these matters, and when her sons

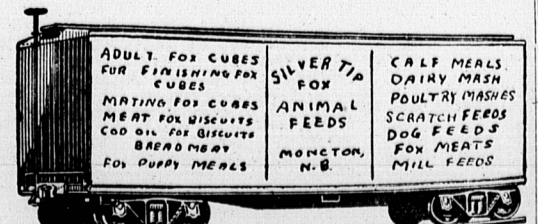
were grown up she encouraged them to rebel against Henry, whose last days were embittered by their unfulfilled conduct. It was during the troubles that sprang up on all sides of Henry, that the Queen made her way to Woodstock, and, (it is said) by means of a silk-clew, traversed the labyrinth to Rosamond's presence. An old ballad, printed in London in 1612, says that the Queen forced her to drink a cup of poison, but none of the antiquaries of the time records such a deed; nevertheless all agree that "upon Rosamond she so vent her spleen, as the lady lived not long after."

Rosamond was buried in the middle of the choir at Godstow, the nunnery where she had once lived "in the innocent part of her life." Among the many fine sculptures on her tomb was a Cup or Chalice, and perhaps this, in after times, gave rise to the story of the poisoning. The tomb (which bore a punning kind of epitaph beginning "He jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi non Rosa mundi"—"He lies unmolested till 1191, when Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln "entering the church to pray," enquired who was buried there. "He was answered that it was the tomb of Rosamond that was sometime lemmun to Henry II." Then quote the Bishop: "Take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest Christian religion should grow in contempt." So the Bishop caused the tomb to be removed to the churchyard where it stood till destroyed at the dissolution of the nunnery. Speed's History of Henry II," says that King John repaired the convent at Godstow and endowed it with yearly revenues "that these holy virgins might relieve with their prayers, the souls of his father King Henry, and of Lady Rosamund there interred."

(Continued on page 11)

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