

TIMELY NOTES ON TOPICS CONNECTED WITH Silver Fox and Mink Farming

In the August 20th issue of Time Magazine is the following... FURS - What's in a Name? To many a euphemizing U.S. furrier, a skunk is not a skunk at all. It is a "genuine civet cat," "Alaska sable" or "black marten."

pseudonyms. Among them: Arctic seal, Baltic leopard, Belgium beaver, bluerette, castorette, chinchillette, erminette, French sable, Galland squirrel, marmotine, minikony, moline, nutriette and twin beaver. Maximum penalty for mislabelling: \$5,000 fine and a year in jail.

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Ed Stanton writing in Women's Wear Daily has the following: Buying and selling in the raw fur market last week was reported to be slightly better than it had been for a few weeks. The four day general auction conducted by Lamson, Fraser and Huth, Inc., pointed up the continued price resistance of buyers and a similar reluctance by shippers to lower limits on such items as muskrat, ranch and wild mink.

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SUMMER WARNING 1-KILL FLIES. Screen windows, doors and outside toilets. Use fly sprays around house and barns. Protect food, dishes and cooking utensils from flies and insects. Keep garbage and waste covered. FLIES ARE CARRIERS OF DISEASE—perhaps of polio (infantile paralysis).

THE STARS SAY--

Continued from page 2 Versatile, aspiring and with many sides to its nature, will in the long run, attain happiness and its cherished goal. Day After Tomorrow The astrological forecast shows conflicting and disturbing activities, with a possible start of loss, concern and probably danger to prestige and possessions. The mind seems to waver, unable to cope with the situation. Dubious but craving action. A sudden romantic factor, surprising and thrilling, might move energies and aspirations into high accomplishment. More than a little romance and dynamic action could change the tempo. Do not get overboard, however.

If It Is Your Birthday Those whose birthday it has a thrilling and exciting year ahead, although light and shadow alternate through the weeks. Dangers and challenges to popularity, prestige, possessions becloud the thoughts and ideas, but quicken the latent potencies and creative urges. Avoid overacting and extravagance. A strange, sudden and dynamic denouement, in all phases thrilling and spelling bold adventure, romance, drastic change, is possible.

Canadian Fur Auction Sales Co. (Quebec) Ltd. have announced the postponement of its next general sale from Monday, Sept. 10th to Tuesday, Sept. 11th with last receiving date August 28th.

Gruiskin - Friedman, New York, are showing a new way to wear fox furs - the bolera tippet which forms a shrug for around the shoulders and ties in back. This can be worn as a capelet style tied in front. They make it up in silver, platinum, Norwegian blue, white and black fox with matching color silk faille ties.

One of the pioneer fur farms of the United States, Associated Fur Farms, Inc., of New Holstein and Elko, Wisconsin, will be offering its Silver Moon ranch mink collection at the New York Auction Company's sale Sept. 7th. A. L. Langenfeld states that they will be equal in quality to the Silver Moon mutations which were the sensation of the January mutation sales.

He recalls that the farms' first mink were wild-caught from Minnesota. They were subsequently replaced by Yukons, many of which he and his brother selected in Alaska in 1930. Through the years of its existence Associated has introduced many innovations in mink breeding and management and in recent years in disease control.

Western Germany has been advancing by giant strides in industry and the general well being of its people due to the help of the United States, Great Britain and other countries, and the natural thriftiness and hard work of the people. Just recently they were permitted to make purchase of skins on the London market and while the amount is small—some \$25,000 worth—yet it is the forerunner of much larger purchases. The writer can remember when W. Chester S. McLure and he were present for years at the Hudson's Bay Company's auctions and among the best buyers of silver fox were the Germans and Austrians.

An article in the National Fur News of Denver, Colorado, asks the question, Can the United States absorb four million mink next season at present prices? That is the question mink ranchers would like to know the answer of. During the past season approximately 2,300,000 mink were produced in the United States and mink imports totalled some 400,000, in addition to 400,000 wild caught mink marketed. This makes a total of around 3,000,000 mink consumed by the American public last season.

From present indications next season's combined importation of mink and wild caught mink will reach 1,200,000, possibly more, and with the normal increase in the 1951 mink crop we may reasonably expect a total of some 4,000,000 skins to be marketed next season.

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Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2 off after his mother and preferred friend, along the path to the house across the lane. Granddaughter had attended faithfully to her one responsibility of the day—that of putting her tryke under cover for the night, and had returned to have a chat before she too would be off to bed. "What would it be like?" she persisted, cuddling closer. "What do you think it would be like?" we questioned curiously. "I think it would be soft" she replied dreamily, her voice gentle in the hush of the hour. "Yes, soft like a great heap of wool, not white wool, but rose-colored, and we'd float away on it... to some strange place. I think—a nice place for children like me. And we'd look down from there and see fields and stacks and cattle and horses... houses too... and mommy. And I should wave to her and smile and spread 'what would she say?'... Could we step to it from that hilltop over there, do you think?" She pointed to a far horizon where the pink came down to touch the earth. "It looks as if we could just step from a tree-top to a cloud. And we'd still be miles away... miles and miles? Funny isn't it when it looks to be so near! Oh, dear," she shivered slightly at the edge of chill which was not of summer. "I guess I may as well go home too." She hugged her bare knees. "The night before last, when I went, I had a secret with my father. He whispered it in my ear. It was about going to town in the morning. But," she sighed, "there are no secrets tonight... just bath and bed." And she too, was away to put this last day of the week to rest.

Yes, there is a bit of chill in the air tonight—and this week a neighboring farmer cut a harvest field above the hill and alas, alas, plowed a pasture close by. Is it still summer in the countryside 'round? Not by such tokens as these. At Alderlea, where as yet only hints of ripening are set in the grain fields, mid season work was taken up... ends of fencing, to let the stock come to fresh pasturing, bedding straw hauled from the other farm, timothy cut and stooked, yards of stone hauled for present concrete flooring in the barn...

"I think it would be soft" she replied dreamily, her voice gentle in the hush of the hour. Legacies like this we would one day leave to granddaughter, along with certain of our worldly treasures destined for this namesake of ours... joy of sunset and moonrise of dawn, and noonday, of meadow and glade, of spring and brook and leaf and blade so that for her, no place ever would be bare or lonely, no hour purposeless or unfilled.

"These shall I leave to you, When I am gone— Red in a western sky, Primrose at dawn. Fountains that toss their spray, Moonlight through trees, Storms over mountaintops, Salt from the seas. Plants on a window-ledge, Rose-shaded light, Fragrance of growing things, Music at night. Children who laugh and play, Thrushes that call, Memories to ease your grief, God over all." Until Tuesday — Diary — Good-night...

Children who laugh and play, Thrushes that call, Memories to ease your grief, God over all. Until Tuesday — Diary — Good-night...

With All My Love

(By Virginia Bowes) (Continued) "She'll fly apart in mid-air," Eddie said, thinking of the plane. "At 300 miles per hour the centrifugal force in a turn will throw the juice out, not in. Oh Lord, why wasn't I born with brains? I should have known—I should have insisted—oh, God, why didn't I tell him to go to hell with his cockeyed design?" He spun around wild-eyed and he gripped Clare in his powerful, grease-stained hands. His grip hurt her shoulders but she didn't care. She was staring up into his white face, seeing the panic in his deep-set eyes, and even in that fleeting moment she knew that she and Eddie Franklin were united. But she wasn't thinking of that consciously then. She was watching his lips that were as dry as her own, waiting for the words that didn't seem to come. Then he was pushing her toward the hangar and she couldn't see his lips after all, as the words tumbled from them. "Go on—go on—get in there. You can't see this—not you, Clare. You can't see this—" And then she was inside the hangar and Eddie was closing the doors. She watched him dumbly; saw him cross the wide concrete floor in long, mechanical strides, and pull from under its oilskin tarpaulin a red, two-wheeled cart containing half a dozen big cylindrical tanks. Some of them had hoses at one end and the others had little gauges, dials, like she had seen on oxygen tanks once in a hospital operating room. And she watched him as if in a dream as he wheeled the little cart over to the only door he'd left open, pushed it through to the outside, then turned and stared at her glassily as he swung the door closed.

She didn't know how long she stood there, transfixed with the vision of horror that he had suggested, when she heard the sound she'd been unconsciously waiting for. The roar of a motor came out of nowhere and was suddenly directly above her. Then there was a singing sound that spun away like an electric fan, and after that a terrible, wild roar that didn't sound like an airplane at all, but really was one. And then instantly, but with a quality of thunder that would remain forever in her memory, there was a crash.

A woman's voice was the first thing she heard after that. She opened her eyes and for a moment she didn't know where she was. Then she recognized the hangar. A couple of crates had been laid side by side, and she was stretched out on them. She felt someone gripping her arm, hurting her, but at first she didn't know which arm it was and she pondered the problem dazedly for a while. But the voice was familiar, high-pitched and screaming as it was, and she looked up to her right and saw Betty Crowell. Her father was there, too, and he was prying Betty's fingers from her arm. "You did it to get even!" Betty was crying hysterically. "You killed him! You and Eddie Franklin killed him to get even..." Steve Carlidge had put himself between Betty and Clare and he bent down and took both his daughter's hands in his. Clare could feel his trembling and she squeezed his hands and smiled up at him. "Feel better? he asked tenderly.

School-Timed Togs Classes are starting again, and wise mothers will want to see our choice selection of junior size clothes. Right now, you'll see a nice selection of Sweaters, Skirts, Jumpers, Tunics, Blouses, Dresses, Jackets, Plastic Raincoats, etc. "QUALITY COSTS NO MORE" THE MISSES HOLMES & BRADLEY Charlottetown Phone 92

You fainted, Clare—first time in your life, wasn't it? Don't blame you a bit—Just take it easy now. Everything's all right. It wasn't until then, bolstered with the courage his fumbling words had given her, that Clare looked around and found Eddie Franklin. The mechanic was sitting quietly at her side staring down at his hands in which he seemed to be holding a bundle of rags. He looked up when he felt her eyes upon him and she saw that his face was red and swollen under a thick coating of yellow grease. She tried to lift herself up on the crates but her father pushed her gently back. "Eddie! Eddie, what happened? Your—your face! And your hands!" There were tears in her eyes and in her voice, as she turned under her father's restraining hand and faced the young man at her side. "It's nothing, Clare," Eddie said, trying hard to smile but looking as though he could barely stand the pain. "Just a little burn, that's all. The hands are the worst but they'll be okay." "He tried to pull Hanley out of the wreck," Steve said quietly. "We dragged him away after he collapsed." To be continued

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