

# Fur Farms Supplanting Trappers As Majority Producers of Pelts

GOVERNMENT SCIENTISTS AID THIS INDUSTRY TO OVERCOME MANY OF THE EXISTING HANDICAPS



Fur farming has become a big business in Canada, with huge capital investments and with branches finding places in all parts of the Dominion. Lower photo shows a lady trapper with a box-trap full of live muskrats she has captured in their native haunts in a marshy section of her farm. They will be sold to farmers as breeding stock. Top—a Canadian marten caught by the camera in natural surroundings, where it has been surprised by the photographer.

By JAMES MONTAGNES

Central Press Canadian Writer

Ottawa.—Not all furs which Canadian fur companies turn into wearing-apparel come from animals which roam the northwoods of the Dominion. Many of the animals which carry the most valuable fur coats have never seen the northwoods. Neither they nor their parents and in many cases their grandparents have ever seen or known the freedom of the bush. They were born and raised on farms devoted entirely to the raising of a fur crop. Government figures show that there are at least 6,473 fur farms in Canada and that their annual "output" of furs is valued at \$3,712,443.

The idea of fur farming came from the habit of trappers to capture alive young foxes and keep them near the cabin till the animals' fur coats were in their prime. So fur farms were started and fox became the main fur-bearing animal kept on these farms. Silver fox was the animal most sought by the fur farmers and so valuable did their pelts become in the early days of fur farming that a pair of silver foxes for breeding purposes cost as high as \$35,000. Today 93 per cent. of the crop of the fur farms is silver fox.

But though fur farming has become big business, with farms throughout Canada, it is by no means perfected. At Summerside, Prince Edward Island, there is a government experimental fur farm. And here scientists are busy developing methods whereby better furs can be raised on the farms. Diets for captive animals are given much attention and experiments are now being carried on to discover the best time of the year to supplement the regular rations of these farm-raised fur-bearers with vitamins A and D to counteract a rachitic condition and to produce a good growth of pups.

### Difficulties Great

Experimenters have found what they think will overcome one of the great difficulties of fur farming—parasites which infest the animals. No matter what methods have been tried, what precautions have been taken, ex-

ternal parasites are to be found on the animals. The Summerside scientists have developed what they now believe is a sure cure, the spraying of all kennels, nests and all the woodwork of the pens with kerosene oil three times a year. Other experiments now going on are revealing new information regarding the influence of protein content in rations on the development of fur; whether dried meat, meat meal and fish meal could replace fresh meats during summer months; work is now progressing to determine the iodine requirements of silver foxes in captivity.

While foxes are the main animals on the farms, other fur-bearers are also being raised, including mink, raccoon, fisher and fitch. The mink in particular is easily domesticated and there are

now 577 mink farms in Canada. Muskrat farms are rapidly multiplying and during the last three years more muskrat skins were cured than any other kind. But the silver foxes still bring in the big money, with \$867 as the high price last year for one silver fox skin.

Fur farms, in case you are interested, have a capital investment of nearly \$14,000,000 by the latest government statistics, while the animals on the farms are value at \$7,500,000.

There remain, of course, a great many trappers who depend upon the native wild animals for existence and pit their strength and cunning against that of the forest denizens. From them, too, fur manufacturers draw valuable shipments of fur each year to grace the models of city fur shops.

## THE FOUNT OF JOY

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Without—the darkness of the night, and the solitude of the field, the cold wind sweeping over unknown and haunted spaces, carrying upon its breath the voice of self-complaint. Within—light, warmth, feasting, companionship, "and they began to be merry."

Our subject is joy—a joy independent of times and seasons, flowing on from age to age. Not a joy resulting from wilful blindness to the truth of things, or from resolute thoughtlessness, but a joy resulting from a clear understanding of that truth, from a wise ordering of thought. Not a joy that feels no pain, that knows no tribulation, but a joy that does feel pain and triumphs over it, that suffers tribulation and glories in it. What a history is the history of that joy! "And at midnight Paul and Silas sang praises." At how many midnights has the Church called to remembrance her song. Think of her gasping in the smoke of martyrdom, giving of her best blood to the greed of the hungry sword, and amid it all singing her eternal song—the mother and the nurse of music because music alone could express her rapturous joy.

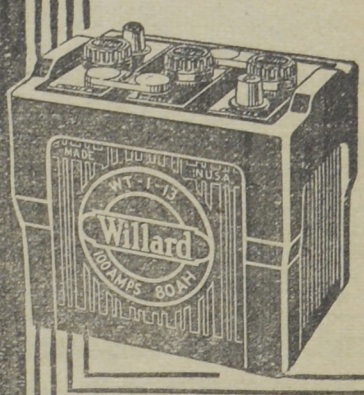
"It was meet that we should

make merry and be glad." "We"—they and I together, so speaks the Father. We talk of the majesty of God, of His righteousness, of His wisdom and mercy and grace. We say little of His joyfulness, and yet the evidence of it is all around us. If creation be the expression of the divine nature, how much of joy is there in Creation? The universe is full of it. Its cadence is heard in the winds, its melody in the song of the birds, its music in the surge of the waters. It is incarnated in flowers and landscapes, and sunrises and sunsets, in the dancing of the trees, in the laughter and the play of children, in the wonderful light-heartedness of silvery age. I know that in nature there are pains and loss, and struggle, and groans and tears. But there is more joy than sorrow, more smiles than tears, more happiness than pain. During the Russo-Japanese war there came a despatch from Port Arthur: "In the intervals of bombardment," it ran, "the children play in the street and the bands play in the market place." Oh! it is wonderful how joy triumphs. There is always an interval, and when the interval comes, there is never wanting a song. Joy is the vic-

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torious emotion.

And what does all this mean? Surely there is joy at the heart of things, joy in the nature of things, joy in the "First Cause." There is joy in creation because there is joy in the Creator, and the Creator has become the Father, and the Father has become the Saviour, and He adds to the gladness of loving. And this God dwells in the Church, and in the

Church He is joyful—joyful from the depths of His own eternal being. As one resolutely cheerful soul in the household will often sustain the spirits of the rest, so does the presence of the Father inspire the congregation of His people. They are glad with the communion of His gladness. "In Thy presence is fullness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

## Eskimo Medicine Man Finds White Doctor To Be Rival

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were delicate or whose stomach was squeamish.

The white man, however, has been giving the Eskimo several new ideas. A fresh set of shining white store teeth enthralls these primitive peoples and they like nothing better than a spot of gold prominently displayed on a large molar.

It is a matter of record that an Eskimo, on learning that the white man fitted new teeth, took great pains to discover how they were fashioned. This particular lad was nothing if not thorough. He set to work and fashioned a tooth from ivory and commenced to drive it into place in his gums.

Believe it or not, according to the record he actually hammered that ivory tusk into the vacant space in his jawbone. The gums crept around it, and today he is extremely proud of his "snappy" new tooth.

Much as the average Eskimo admires the old-time "medicine man," he is prone to lean toward the white man's medicine. Kumiak has a strong rival.

Dr. James Urquhart, of Aklavik, Canada's most northern doctor, in his motor hospital ship, The Medico, travels the Polar Sea giving aid to ailing Eskimos. The little ship is fitted with all modern appliances and the skilled doctor knows his patients. They like him, too. He doesn't order them to carve images of fish and beasts. He administers a nice shot of delicious castor oil, or something, and he can also furnish them with bright new teeth when their own have yielded to the attack of tough walrus meat.

Eskimo women are the best

customers for new teeth. It is their bounden duty to chew their lord and master's "mukluks" soft each morning before he ventures out to hunt "ter-a-gunak" (white fox). The mukluks, made of seal-skin, harden when wet and during the night they will become like pieces of board.

The women must take these tasty morsels in their teeth and chew them soft. They also chew all the lines and other hunting equipment. Work like this calls for strong molars and strong stomachs.

From his base at Aklavik, Dr. Urquhart travels to all the principal spots in the Arctic seas. He performs surgical operations and is seldom asked to "put it on the cuff." When John Eskimo requires medical attention he can pay for it with the coin of his realm—an Arctic fox or two.

### The Only Woman Dictator In The World On Quaint Island

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On their statute books, the original rulers of Sark scribbled quaint laws, most of which are still enforced. No one but the island's ruler may keep pigeons; no one but the ruler may keep a female dog. Sark was given to Mrs. Hathaway's ancestors by Queen Elizabeth of England in the sixteenth century; she inherited dictatorship from her father six years ago; her husband is regarded as a consort only, has no ruling power.

In the last 300 years no one has been able to improve on the violin . . . and in the last six months the fellow next door hasn't been able to improve on the saxophone.