

## THE WEEKLY ONTARIO.

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Business Manager. Editor-in-Chief.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1918.

## CROSSING THE BAY OF FUNDY

In our Maritime tour it had been part of the original program to cross the Bay of Fundy from St. John, N.B., to Digby, N.S., a distance of over forty miles. But the week prior to our visit a fleet of fishing vessels from Yarmouth was scattered by a submarine and several of them sunk. A U-boat also was seen within five miles of Digby and for several days the "Empress," the fine Canadian Pacific boat across the bay was taken off the route. By the time we arrived at St. John, however, the "Empress" was back on her schedule and making her daily round trip. We therefore decided to carry through our program as previously proposed.

It is strange how quickly people accustom themselves to situations, where the element of danger is involved. At Digby, Yarmouth, Lockport, Liverpool, Shelburne and other towns where we stopped and where the fishing fleets are numerous it was surprising to see with how little apparent interest, with what contempt, even, the fishermen regarded the submarine menace.

Every day was bringing reports of losses, mostly of fishing craft at various points between Nantucket and Newfoundland and yet every day these sturdy toilers of the sea carried on their regular vocation just the same as though there was no undersea boat this side of the Kiel canal.

The Bay of Fundy is almost as remarkable for its fogs as are the banks of Newfoundland. For our benefit it lived up to reputation. The fog partly lifted from time to time so that one could see a quarter of a mile or so away and then it fell back more dense than ever.

By courtesy of the officers of the boat we were privileged to make part of the journey in the pilot-house where the ship's compass, the steering wheel and other unfamiliar apparatus are located.

Captain Macdonald stood in front, peering with his keen eye in the water ahead of the boat. Not for one instant did he remove his ardent gaze from the banks of fog or the surface of the low-swellling waves.

There was the possible peril both from beneath the surface of the bay and from the ordinary carriers above. This finely appointed, swift, Tyne-built steamship would have made a very acceptable offering to Von Tirpitz.

The later U-boats do not have a conning tower as big and black as a stove-pipe. The conning tower is now only a small tube about an inch and a half in diameter and nickel-plated. It is difficult to distinguish even at a short distance and may easily be mistaken for a ripple of the wave or the glint of sparkling water.

Our tour of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick was undertaken by the editor alone and unaccompanied. But in our journeying about Nova Scotia we had as companions, guides and guardian angels, Mr. Henry Ross of St. John, manager of the New Brunswick Cold Storage Company, and Mr. James E. Green of the Freight Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the eastern provinces.

Mr. Ross is a Township of Thurlow boy, the only son of the late Philander Ross. He went east, after graduating as B.S.A. from the Ontario Agricultural College to edit a farming magazine in New Brunswick. Then when Mr. R. J. Graham founded the Cold Storage Company at St. John he induced Mr. Ross to become a member of the staff. The Canadian Pacific Company acquired the New Brunswick Cold Storage plant after a time and now Mr. Ross is in control of an important link in the greatest transportation system and the greatest corporate organization on earth.

The New Brunswick Cold Storage Company's plant at St. John is by far the largest of its kind east of Montreal and one of the biggest in the Dominion. There is no more convenient and efficient plant to be found anywhere. Additions are being planned and constructed from

time to time to take care of the constantly increasing business. The main building now has storage capacity for 250 carloads of produce at one time.

Everybody about St. John calls Mr. Ross by the familiar name of "Harry." His social and business popularity extends through the whole of the Maritime provinces. He has several times been marked for promotion to the larger centers of Canadian Pacific effort but no one has yet been able to pry him loose from St. John. He has become a thorough Maritimer.

Nobody in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia thinks of calling James E. Green either "James" or "Mr. Green." He is said to have the greatest circle of personal acquaintances in the Maritime provinces and to them all he is never known by any other name than "Jimmy." Prince of good fellows, he made a thoroughly congenial travelling companion. "Jimmy," greatly to his regret, is being taken away from the Maritime country and promoted to Toronto where he will have charge of an important branch of the C.P.R. district freight business.

No one thinks of the Bay of Fundy without his mind reverting to the fact that the Bay of Fundy has the highest tides in the world.

Our preconceived idea of a Bay of Fundy tide was a wall of water 50 or 60 feet high and rolling up the bay at stated intervals at express-train speed, drowning everybody who wasn't smart enough to get out of its way. We had seen pictures somewhere in the geography of the "bore" that marked the coming of the tide that in imagination carried us back to the time when the waters of the Red Sea divided and stood up perpendicularly on both sides to allow the Israelites to pass through.

But we didn't have just the right conception of what a tide actually is. At St. John and elsewhere along the Fundy we watched the tide coming in and going out. It is quite a leisurely performance and nobody along the shores of the bay gets into any fever of excitement about it. We saw no "bore" or bank or hill of water rolling in. There was just a rapid current as the tide came in and a similar swift movement as the tide moved out again.

What causes the tides? The theory is that they are occasioned by the attractive force exerted by the moon and to a smaller extent by the sun. Every particle of matter in the universe is attracted by every other particle of matter. Think of the moon, then, as a great magnet pulling the earth towards it with inconceivable power. That power acting upon an unstable body like water causes the water to tend to flow in the direction of the moon as the earth revolves.

The tide comes in twice in a little over 24 hours and ebbs twice in the same time. The exact space between high tide and high tide is 12 hours and 25 minutes. That little variation of 25 minutes from the solar half-day causes the time of the tide to shift gradually around the whole 24 hours. St. John and Charlottetown papers announce the time of high and low tides just as regularly as they announce the probabilities.

Fundy tides, or the tides of some of the little bays leading landwards from Fundy are the highest in the world.

The natural height of tides, as recorded at isolated islands in the ocean, is from one to three feet only. At Sable Island, 85 miles east of Nova Scotia, the tide rises merely to the height of four feet. At Halifax the tide ranges from six feet to 7½ feet.

But, on the opposite side of the peninsula, on the shore of the Bay of Fundy there is a different story to tell. At Westport, near the mouth of the bay, the tide rises 20 feet. At St. John, at the head of the bay the height is 29 feet. Near the head of the basin of Minas it is 50 feet. At the head of Cumberland Bay the world's record is made and the tide reaches an extreme height of nearly 70 feet.

All this water rushing backwards and forwards with incalculable force has caused much consideration among engineers and inventors as to the possibility of developing power from the tides.

The problem is a difficult one and has never yet been successfully solved in practice. There is the puzzle of what to do with the water that flows in opposite directions twice a day with constantly varying height and four times a day reaching a point of equilibrium.

One engineer has brought forward the plan to have water forced to a high level reservoir when the tide is at its height and to use this as a reserve when the period of equilibrium arrives. The plan looks feasible, and we have no doubt that some such scheme will be found workable. It would mean great things to the world. Niagara is a very miniature thing compared with the unused power in the Bay of Fundy.

Building docks and wharves, with such tides as exist at St. John, is a hard proposition. To have the ship tied up level with the dock say at noon and then go back at six p.m. and

find the ship stuck down in the mud, 29 feet below the surface of the dock, makes the loading of the ship a trying task. At some places at St. John they have solved the problem by the erection of floating docks that rise and fall automatically with the tides.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE BLACK FOX.

The story of the Black Fox and what the Black Fox did for Prince Edward Island forms a romance without parallel in the history of civilised nations.

In the years 1911, 1912 and 1913 the Black Fox created fortunes for the hard-headed and close-fisted Islanders over night. At least one man became a millionaire and other bank accounts went up well in the six figures.

And then the war came and suddenly the bottom dropped out of the market for Black Fox furs. The breeding stock that had been selling for fabulous amounts fell in value to a fraction of the former quotations. The Islanders, many of them, wakened as from a bad dream, with the savings of a life-time swept away. There was almost as much insanity in the Black Fox game as in the Western sub-division game.

As we journeyed about Prince Edward Island we noticed here and there enclosures with high board fences or fences of woven wire. We soon learned that these were the erstwhile homes of promising families of the Black Fox. Many of them today are untenanted by the vulpes regalis, but many others are still going on in hopes that all will be right after the war.

The Black or Silver Fox is not a distinct species as many suppose but is a sport of the common red species, or vulpes rubricos. The red parents will occasionally give birth to a black fox in much the same manner as a black lamb will, form time to time, arrive in a flock where the stock has been for generations the purest white. Why such accidents or incidents occur in the well ordered scheme of nature biologists have not informed us. We only know the facts as they present themselves.

The fur of the Black Fox, when at its best in the month of December, has been so rare and rich in its beauty that it has always been in great demand among the nobility and the aristocracy, particularly of Austria and Russia. But Great Britain was willing to pay long prices also for the distinctive fur.

The fluctuations in value of the Black Fox skins are interesting. In 1905 the actual sale of 11 Black Fox skins from Prince Edward Island brought in \$5,937, or \$539 each. In 1910 the sale of 27 skins realised \$36,748, or an average of \$1,361 each. Included in this lot of 27 skins were three especially choice ones that sold for \$2,500, \$2,650 and \$2,700 respectively. The highest recorded price was at a London, England, fur sale when \$2,900 was paid for a single skin from a Prince Edward Island ranch.

Today the best skins are selling at from \$300 to \$500. Little wonder there is gloom in

Abegweit.

The Black Fox king of P. E. I. is Charles Dalton of Tignish, who from being a poor farmer, arose to the dignity of a millionaire. Dalton began experimenting with the breeding of red foxes as long ago as 1887. Later he bought two pairs of Silver or Black Foxes from neighboring districts and from Anticosti Island and continued his experiments with indifferent success for about ten years. Persistence brought its reward. The secrets of successful breeding were finally unravelled. Practically a new species was evolved by continuous mating and the tendency to revert to red was eliminated.

The enormous prices received for the Black Fox fur along about 1910 created a great demand for breeding stock. The price of furs was a little thing compared with the prices that soon became current for the choice strain of breeders evolved by Dalton, Oulton, Tuplin and others.

In 1910 the highest figure paid for a pair of breeders was \$3,000. In 1912 a sale was effected at \$15,000 for a pair of the best stock. Even that amazing amount was more than doubled in later sales.

In 1913 Dalton sold out his interests to a joint-stock company for \$625,000. The main property secured by the company was 20 pairs of Dalton's select strain of Black Foxes. The price paid therefore was practically \$30,000 a pair.

It was our good fortune to meet a shareholder in the Dalton Company while making our return journey to Summerside. To him we are indebted for much information in regard to the industry.

The first year after the company made this big investment the shareholders realised a profit of 40 per cent. Then the war came along and the Black Fox received a solar plexus. Since the first year our friend has received not one cent of dividends. Their stock has also been reduced to fifteen pairs.

When compared with Fox Farming, the mining of gold is a conservative, safe, reliable pursuit.

The Black Fox is an exceedingly shy animal and when frightened or disturbed at breeding time immediately proceeds to make its young safe by killing them.

One breeder near Summerside has now nearly 100 of the foxes and there are said to be about 1000, all told, on the island. Some success has also been achieved by Mr. T. L. Burrowman of Wyoming, Ontario.

Whether the ending of the war will restore fox-farming to prosperity or not, time alone can tell. In the meantime many of the investors in fox ranches are "holding on," a much after the fashion of owners of "park" lots in subdivisions of Western cities, hoping against hope that the old-time boom will return and enable them to liquidate.

## American Mechanics Can Win War

"How American Mechanics Can Win the War" is told in the July number of Machinery by B. M. W. Hanson, of Hartford, Conn. By producing war materials, toolmakers and machinists can do as much as men in trenches toward winning the war quickly, says Mr. Hanson in his article, which is as follows:

What is the most important thing that can be done to facilitate the production of war materials? To that question there is but one answer: Impress the toolmakers, machinists and machine operators with the importance of the part that they play in the winning of the war; induce them to give their full time and maximum production; tell them to stick to their job, and not to change from place to place, wasting the time that we cannot afford to waste; and make them understand that their interests are best served when they, in turn, faithfully serve the nation.

This is a war primarily of materials, not of men. The Allies, with Russia still fighting, were superior in man-power, yet because of inferior materials they could not overcome the enemy. Men cannot overcome materials; the partial successes of the last two German drives are proofs of this statement. Hence to win the war we must create a superiority in materials, and to create this superiority the patriotism and loyalty of every mechanic in America must be aroused as it has never been before. Our men in France have already shown that they are going to do their part, and do it brilliantly. If the mechanics at home will do their's equally well there will be a superiority in war materials that will end the war in a fraction of the time that would otherwise be required.

Labor is now earning higher wages than ever before. Hence there is no reason for stirring up strife and discontent at this time. To do so at a moment when the country requires the faithful work of every man is to act the part of a traitor. Loyalty and co-operation are now the most necessary qualities required of American mechanics. If we are to be successful in quickly winning the war, Labor, in America, has an opportunity to do what, in the past, only armies could accomplish. Will labor do its part?

The unrest of labor has been due partly to the belief that the profits of the manufacturers of war materials have been unreasonably large and partly to an effort of men more unscrupulous than patriotic to take advantage of the situation to raise wages abnormally. In so doing, however, they have held up, not merely the manufacturer—they have held up the nation itself. As to war profits, it is undoubtedly true that two or three years ago, before our country was involved, there were many cases of huge profits; but as time has passed, the rising cost of materials, the higher level of wages and the increased taxation have largely absorbed these profits, and today there are few manufacturers of actual war materials who are getting anything more than a normal and necessary return, and there are some who are not able to obtain even that. The Government is carefully scaling down prices, and this, in combination with the rising costs of all kinds, has made excessive profits the exception rather than the rule.

Of course there are cases of profiteering but these are less frequent in the direct production of war materials than in other lines of manufacture. In one instance, for example, a machine that is being built for \$2,000—labor, materials, and as

for \$7,200. This machine has to be bought by the makers of war materials, so instead of profiteering, many of these manufacturers are themselves subjected to the unscrupulous actions of the profiteer. This sort of thing must stop. We want no more profiteering.

Labor, again, is paid better in the war manufacturing industries than in any other industry, and has generally shorter working hours. It is, therefore, to be hoped that our machinists and machine operators will realize their duty as Americans and will put into their work the full effort to which they are capable. We cannot afford to move leisurely if we are to win a victory over the still powerful enemy. American mechanics must rise to the occasion with determined loyalty to do their work as English and French mechanics are doing theirs. There are no strikes in France. There is no thought of jeopardizing the armies at the front by men and women at home refusing to work long hours. They know that there is but one way to hold back the enemy: "War materials! More war materials!"

It is to be expected that American mechanics will come forward voluntarily and do all in their power to co-operate with the men who offer their lives in France. The task of those who stay at home is easy. They receive better wages than ever for their work, and they have all the comforts that the American standard of living provides. All that their country asks of them is: "Stay on the job, and do your work to the best of your ability." Surely American mechanics are not going to refuse to respond to that appeal.

The engineering and technical journals of the United States can do no better service to the country than by voicing this appeal. They reach tens of thousands of intelligent mechanics all over the country, and these men, when they fully understand the situation, will exert their influence on

their fellow workmen so as to counteract any influence that may be at work to destroy the loyalty of the great mechanical army of the nation. German propaganda is working overtime in our factories. It now clothes itself in the guise of the friend of labor, to instill in the minds of toolmakers and machinists the idea that they are exploited by the makers of munitions; when, as a matter of fact, the nation gives to the workers at this time a greater return than ever, and assures the conscientious mechanic opportunities that were never before within his reach.

The country asks for no sacrifice of the mechanic, as it does of the soldier. There is no sacrifice in working for reasonable wages or in investing in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps on which a good interest is paid. The American workmen in the machine industries today are making absolutely no sacrifice. It is not a sacrifice to do one's duty. On the other hand, there are many manufacturers who, in order to increase production of war materials, are increasing their plants to such an enormous extent that it is inconceivable that they will ever be able to get full returns on their investment.

Yet in this final analysis even these men are not making any sacrifice—they are only doing their duty. But, in addition to not making the sacrifices that are required of a great many other citizens, there is, for the machinist who thinks, and who realizes that he has a stake in the country, this remarkable advantage: He is called upon to serve as a skilled member of the one trade that more than any other will win the war; because to win or not to win is in the hands of the machinists of America. They have the greatest opportunity to prove the importance of their trade that has ever come to any trade or profession. When the war is over, the returning soldiers will tell how they would have been helpless in the face of the German armaments had it not been for the work of the machinists at home who provided the guns and ammunition that ultimately crushed the enemy.

To combat German propaganda, to tell the mechanics of America that they should be careful of the influence of this secret force, to ask them to stay on the job and to grasp that opportunity that is theirs, to go on record as being the most loyal and faithful mainstay of the armies in France, would appear to be the greatest service that mechanics like Machinery can render at this time.

The Prince of Wales answered: "Don't I wish I could have another engagement? Then cut it!" "Afraid I can't!" And he left shortly only then did the Prince that he was the Prince they still regarded as a nice sort of kid."

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## Prince of Wales

Americans in Rome To the Brit

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For many years n royalty has had suc tion or been so qui people's affection a Wales. His youth, above all, his simple body like him for much as for what h moment represented.

Several American quiet chats with his the Grand Hotel, th every uniform in th without knowing w saw a very young Br and spoke to him, drinks, which they him where he had, what he had heard front. Questions answered as any you answer them, led to a proposal that the v again that evening.

A young American why don't you come Apollo to-night?" "What's that?" Albert.

"Oh, a vaudeville American, while h ed that it was like a hall.

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