

MAINE WOODS

OUTING EDITION

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PHILLIPS, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1913

PRICE 4 CENTS

TRUNK HIGHWAY BEING SURVEYED

Route Being Laid Out Will Avoid
Bad Hills.

Six young men, M. E. Jewell, Hermon, Me.; Forest P. Kingsbury, Brewer; L. S. Crosby, Aurora, Me.; Harold W. H. Carnes, Bangor; W. E. Southard, Bangor; M. M. Kenniston, Amherst, are surveying a state road from Phillips through to Rangeley.

They are taking different routes and among them is the one which was surveyed some years ago going by the old David Toothaker farm, now owned by Raymond Rosa, which you pass on the road leading by the trotting part. This road avoids Blake and Cottle hill. After passing the Toothaker farm it swings around into the Wing neighborhood and thence by the Levi Field section into Madrid.

The road laid out this way will make a little more distance but it will be a level one.

Of course it is uncertain when the road will be completed if it is found to be a feasible plan.

The trunk highway in Franklin county has been determined upon by the state Highway Commissioner, reports W. L. Butler, who was in Augusta last week. It will come from Livermore Falls through Jay, Wilton and Farmington and so on to Rangeley.

There has been no contest on this route, but the approach to Livermore Falls from Auburn is still under consideration and is being sharply contested by those who favor the east and west side of the Androscoggin respectively.

These trunk lines, which will be taken over by the state to build

and keep in repair, are utterly apart from state aid roads which town will continue to receive state aid in building if they so vote.

HARNDEN AND HARDY SHOOT

Although D. T. Harnden, engineer on the Phillips & Rangeley railroad had been off on a two weeks' vacation and kept his eye out for game more or less during that time, it was not his good fortune to be the lucky hunter until Monday night of this week.

In company with Willis E. Hardy, the mail carrier, he went to the Pearson farm at No. 6, and early in the evening brought down the game. We understand Messrs. Harnden and Hardy are partners in the spike horn they obtained. It is a good sized animal.

WILTON MAN GETS DEER

Frank Ellingwood of Wilton returned from a week's hunting trip at South Arm Monday, with a fine deer.

DEER HUNTERS SEEKING LYNX

Scores of hunters have been scouring Buckland Mountain near Shelburne Falls, Mass., in an effort to bag the mate of the 29½ pound Canadian lynx which was shot by William Stemple. The tracks of the mate were discovered and the deer hunters immediately started in pursuit.

The male lynx, which was shot, is the largest ever seen in this section. It has been on exhibition at the Shelburne House, where 300 sportsmen came to view it. Stemple will have the lynx mounted and will then present it to the Western Massachusetts Gun Club, where it will be added to a group of fine trophies.

BIG ATTENDANCE ASSURED FOR MEET

Comparative Figures at Pinehurst's
Classic Trap Shooting
Handicap.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Pinehurst, N. C., Nov. 22—Comparative figures showing attendance at Pinehurst's classic Trap Shooting Handicap are interesting; the increase of 1913 over 1908, one hundred and thirty-three present. Starting with 27 amateurs and 11 professionals, the advance was to 6 amateurs and 15 professionals.

Suggestive of the class of contestants in the list of winners in Preliminary and Handicap, all hundred target events with from 16 to 23 yard handicaps:

PRELIMINARY

1908—Geo. S. McCarty

91 x 100—20 yards

1909—Charles Nichols

90 x 100—18 yards

1910—R. M. Owen

93 x 100—18 yards

1911—W. T. Laslie

92 x 100—19 yards

1912—A. E. Ranney

93 x 100—18 yards

1913—B. V. Covert

95 x 100—19 yards

HANDICAP

1908—C. W. Billings

90 x 100—20 yards

1909—H. T. Edwards

92 x 100—19 yards

1910—Dr. D. L. Culver

94 x 100—18 yards

1911—C. H. Newcomb

96 x 100—20 yards

1912—H. W. Kahler

98 x 100—20 yards

1913—Joseph E. Jennings

97 x 100—20 yards

For the seventh annual meeting, January 21, 22, 23, and 24, a big gain in attendance is thus early assured.

Herbert L. Jilson, Secretary.

VIEW OF FOOLISH SHOOTING

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Oquosoc, Nov. 19—Game is being shipped out of this station every morning. Some nice large heads are coming out now as the bucks are moving more as the season advances. There are hundreds of people in the woods now with guns, but no fatal accidents as yet in this section. It makes one shudder at the thoughts of the careless manner in which so many get shot for a deer. There is no excuse for any man to shoot another person for a deer, as there is not a living being that ever looked like a deer in the woods.

A man's imagination goes a long ways in seeing things, especially when a person is trying to make everything look like a deer or whatever else he might be hunting. The mental strain of a person that is hunting game comes in to this accidental shooting as it is commonly called. It is not accidental, it is purely visionary, caused by mental nervousness, forgetfulness, taking a chance on the impulse of the first impression of the mind, and not stopping to think or let the mind rest for a second but straining it more by instant action of raising the gun to shoot, not sure that it is a deer but thinking it must be one, and taking the chance.

The party acting under the above conditions only comes in possession of his right and sane mind after he has shot. The game is not worth the price of all this needless shooting of fellow men. Feeling bad

afterwards does not cure a wound or support a widow and family, nor does a thousand dollars fine help one. The nearest to a just punishment for such an accident is hanging. Fines are too easily paid, everything being bought for money, even misery. It is not only deer, but rabbits, bears, otter and foxes have been formed from human beings, by these poor, unfortunate imaginative minded people.

To those who hunt for the safety of their friends or their enemies, don't let the shapes of deer get on the side of a house and trees and fir thickets, and on closing your eyes see deer everywhere. Stop and take a rest, you need it. If you don't the chances are that a real four legged deer will show himself plain enough to pick a spot on and shoot, then you know what you are doing and what you are not doing.

Firearms are dangerous. It is too late to find it out after someone has pulled a gun towards himself muzzle first and discharged it, or leaned it on his toe and played with the hammer and loaded shell. Will accidents ever come?

H. O. Templeton.

BOY INJURED AT ELLSWORTH BY A SHOT.

Earl Sargent, the ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sargent, had a narrow escape from death Tuesday morning when he shot himself through the side in still another Maine hunting accident.

Young Sargent went out to look at some traps he had set about a quarter of a mile from the house. He was accompanied by a younger brother. The boys had stopped and Earl, who had a 32 calibre rifle with him, was holding the piece with the muzzle on the ground.

In some manner, which is not exactly clear, the rifle was discharged and the bullet entered the boy's body at the lower rib, barely over the stomach. The projectile glanced in the rib and went up through the flesh, coming out at the left side of the collar bone. Notwithstanding his wound, he succeeded in walking back to the house, supported by his brother.

Dr. Knowlton and Dr. Woodruff, who attended the lad, both declared that Sargent had a narrow escape from instant death. If the bullet, instead of entering over the rib and glancing upward, had gone under the rib, it would have struck his heart. Hopes are entertained for the boy's recovery.

MANAGER OF AUGUSTA HOUSE, SERVES VENISON STEW.

Manager Emerson of the Augusta House entertained a party of friends Tuesday evening, at a venison stew, at the Boyd cottage, Hammond's Grove, Cobbosseecontee. The party numbered about 30, and the occasion was an enjoyable one.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

Some of the York county hunters have a new charge against the automobilists. This is the tale of woe told by some mighty men of Ogunquit: Two of the mighty hunters have returned from the hunt with long faces and wearing sack cloth and with disappointment showing plainly. They had shot a deer, mortally wounding him, and were following him up, expecting every minute to capture him. The deer got out to the main road and there fell. An automobile came along and the occupants saw what had happened and stopped their machine and hustled in the deer and hustled off at full speed. All that was left for the hunters were the blood marks in the road.—Portland Press.

TAKE FIVE DEER HOME

Pope and Party Have Successful
Hunting Trip.

Mr. Guy Pope of Danvers, Mass., and two friends, Messrs. Putnam and Cook, returned to their home last week after a successful week's hunting trip at Gull pond, being located in Fletcher Pope's cottage, who is a brother of Guy Pope.

The party had Mr. and Mrs. John Wyman to look after their wants, Mr. Wyman guiding them and Mrs. Wyman attending to the culinary department. They secured five deer, three does, and two bucks, one an 8-point and the other a 10-point deer.

Mr. Pope has made former hunting trips to Maine in past years, but as the Maine Woods reporter did not have the opportunity to interview Mr. Pope we are not able to give the records or draw comparisons between the various trips, but the last can surely be reckoned as among the successful ones.

SUED FOR DUTY ON FOX HOUNDS.

Seventy fox hounds and their importation into America from across the Atlantic constitute the cause of a law suit for \$222.90 filed yesterday in the Suffolk Municipal Court by the Frank L. Roberts Company, of 156 State street, Boston, against A. Henry Higginson, millionaire, of Lincoln and Boston.

The suit filed at the Suffolk Court has to do with the importation of the English dogs, and according to the libel the Frank L. Roberts Company, which is a Custom House brokerage concern, last year, brought to this country for Mr. Higginson some 60 or 70 dogs. A duty of \$222.90 was entailed in entering the canines into American ports, and according to the claim of the company A. Henry Higginson has not repaid the company for its outlay.

AUBURN PANTHER MAY HAVE DIED AT CARRABASSET.

G. W. Alexander of Sabattus recently shot a large bobcat at Carrabasset, which is near Kingfield, says the Lewiston Sun. The animal was brought down Tuesday and placed in the hands of E. J. Boucher, Main street, Auburn, to mount whole. The animal will be on display in about three weeks.

Mr. Boucher said last night that the animal which is 56 inches long and weighs 40 pounds, is an unusually large specimen. It is beautifully colored and when mounted will be a valuable trophy.

It will be remembered that when the Auburn panther was about, Joe Dignard, of Sabattus like Mr. Alexander, went out to hunt it. Mr. Dignard failed to get the creature but claimed that when he, Dignard, quit the trail, the animal was going in the direction of Kingfield.

Another noted hunter, "Gramp" Morse, took exception to Joe Dignard's theory and said that as it was coming winter the natural tendency of the animal would be to go south.

Whichever of these theories was correct, Joe should now be satisfied that this animal which was recently shot is of the same variety of tiger as the one seen last year. In support of the latter claim, Mr. Dignard's estimate of the size of the Auburn animal is recalled. He said that the panther was about five feet long, and now if this animal is found to measure just 56 inches, the discrepancy is so slight as to be of no value.

Mountain View House

Mountain View, Maine

For further particulars write or address

L. E. BOWLEY,

Mountain View, . . . Maine.

GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE

We do not approve of the hunters' license this fall, but we do not believe that it will keep everyone out of Maine. Our camps will be open all the season. Trains every day.

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We guarantee you a shot at a deer. Birds are more numerous than ever before. If you want real hunting, write JOE WHITE, Eustis, Maine, for booklet and particulars. Skinner, Maine after October 1.

THE SEASON FOR BIG GAME SHOOTING IN MAINE

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F. N. BEAL, G. P. A., Phillips, Maine.

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WESTERN NOTES

Edmonton, Alta., Nov.—“There,” said W. B. McChesney, veteran sportsman of Edmonton, pointing in the direction of the vast Peace River country, “are the ideal hunting grounds. I have visited most of the big game districts in the United States and Canada during the last 35 years, spending from five weeks to three months on the rivers, lakes and unbroken trails, but I have never before made a trip that was half as interesting as the one from which I have just returned.”

Mr. McChesney, who was accompanied by Mrs. McChesney, Mr. and Mrs. John McChesney, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Arthur, Charles Cole and the Holmes brothers, on the expedition, which included a journey of 600 miles in four scows along the swift waters of the Macleod, Athabasca rivers, said that the trip was a revelation. For five weeks the party fished and hunted and at other times gathering in the beautiful scenic spots to watch the moose,

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, September 23th, 1913.

STRONG

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 6.23 A. M. and 1.37 P. M.; for Phillips at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; and for Rangeley at 6.47 P. M. and for Kingfield and Bigelow at 5.50 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Strong from Farmington at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; from Phillips at 6.23 A. M.; and from Rangeley and Phillips at 1.37 P. M.; and Bigelow and Kingfield at 1.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.; for Bigelow at 9.30 A. M. and for Phillips at 1.45 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS arrive at Strong from Phillips at 8.45 A. M.; from Kingfield at 8.10 A. M. and from Farmington at 11.45 A. M.

PHILLIPS

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Phillips for Farmington at 6.10 A. M. and 1.15 P. M.; for Rangeley at 6.15 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 12.53 P. M. and 6.10 P. M.; from Rangeley at 12.20 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Phillips for Farmington at 7.30 A. M. and for Rangeley at 7.40 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. and from Rangeley at 3.00 P. M.

RANGELEY

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Rangeley for Farmington at 10.40 A. M.; and arrives from Farmington at 8.00 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives from Phillips at 10.15 A. M.; and leaves for Phillips at 10.55 A. M.

SALEM

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Strong and Farmington at 1.00 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 6.15 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Salem for Strong and Farmington at 7.25 A. M.; and arrives from Strong at 10.05 A. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Farmington at 12.40 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 6.38 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Bigelow at 9.00 A. M. and 6.38 P. M. Arrives from Bigelow at 11.45 A. M. and 3.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Farmington at 6.45 A. M. and for Bigelow at 12.00 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Kingfield from Strong at 10.45 A. M. and from Bigelow at 3.05 P. M.

BIGELOW

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Bigelow for Strong and Farmington at 10.50 A. M.; and for Kingfield at 7.35 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives from Kingfield at 10.00 A. M.; and from Farmington and Strong at 7.28 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves for Kingfield at 2.00 P. M. and arrives from Strong at 1.05 P. M.

F. N. BEAL, G. F. A.

deer, wolf, bear and many other kinds of wild game sauntering along the shores.

After embarking on the Macleod river they spent two weeks passing through the real game country of the west. As Mr. McChesney said: “This is positively the best hunting ground I have ever visited.” The trip was an odd one, a novelty for those who were fortunate enough to have the privilege of making it. It was not without its dangerous elements in so far as there were certain waters that made it difficult to get through. Once the scows almost grounded. The water was not very deep and two of the men had to get out and pull the scows along.

Taking into consideration that the Saskatchewan river is only a creek compared with the Athabasca river, it can easily be seen what a pleasure it was for the Edmonton and Spokane people to sail along and view the magnificent banks with their various kinds of trees of different foliage. Apart from that the country abounds with all kinds of game. The fishing is of the best and geese, ducks and chickens are numerous. There are many beautiful spots; the scenery is magnificent.

From the foothills of the Rocky Mountains toward the north on the Macleod river did the party sail along until the Athabasca river was reached then northeast in the latter water from White Court, a new settlement, and working their way closer and closer to the Landing all the time. At times the pleasure seekers would pitch their camp. They would select some suitable spot for a night's sleep and remain until the following morning.

Several members of the party were anxious to come in contact with bear, but the season was too late for this kind of game and only tracks were found. However, many wolves were seen and coyote were plentiful.

With them was Mr. McChesney's famous bear dog, “Doctor,” known in sporting circles throughout the North American continent. The dog could not get the scent of a bear but that does not say that “Doctor” could not do so. Last year the animal killed eleven of the beasts. Once during the trip the dog esped a moose and issued a challenge. For a half hour the dog and the monarch of the forest stood each other at bay and finally “Doctor” acknowledged defeat, and turned to where his party was stationed.

“You cannot find so many kinds of game in any other part of North America,” Mr. McChesney said. “There is everything and lots of

it—there is enough for many years to come.”

As the hunting season was closed the hunters could not shoot any of the moose or other animals that are protected during certain times of the year by the government. One evening, just at sunset, the members of the party were camped on the bank of the Athabasca and looking across to the other shore they saw one of the biggest moose standing upright and gazing straight at them and then jump into one of the swirling pools of the river. It was a remarkable sight and seemed to the watchers as if the monarch was showing them that he would attempt something that they would not.

As evening drew nigh the hunters would turn their scows to the shore and camp for the night. Twenty camps were pitched and the location was changed each time.

But the moose, deer, elk and other animals did not take up all of the time. Considerable fishing was indulged in. The waters proved to contain abundance of wall-eyed pike, mountain trout, bull trout, suckers and white fish.

The banks of the Athabasca river are high. The trees are of spruce, tamarac and pine, giving the foliage different shades and making the scenery beautiful and it plainly showed that the hand of the woodsman never scarred this particular trail. It was a trip out of the ordinary and today the ten people can say that they have seen something that is only known to a very few.

While it may be said that the entire trip abounded with pleasure, yet there were difficulties encountered. The snow had fallen to a great extent and the river at some places, was full of ice, making it hard to keep the scows out of danger. The scows were sold soon after the arrival of Athabasca Landing, from which point the party journeyed to Edmonton by trail.

YEAR OF BIG FAT DEER

The hunters are now bringing out deer at the rate of a hundred or more a day which is a far greater average than last year at this time. At the present rate of receipts, however, the record of 1912 will soon be equalled.

Snow if it comes soon will make the best hunting conditions ever and the results will prove to be surprising even to the veteran hunter.

Maine has not yet been obliged to make an unwritten law that if one shoots a hunter in the woods the hunter may return the fire in self-defense as is claimed to be the case in North Michigan.

A remarkable feature of the game season of 1913 is the size of the deer which are being brought out of the woods. One buck shown at Fickett's market Bangor weighed 240 pounds and there have been a considerable number even heavier. A deer shot in Levant early in the season weighed 246 pounds and another one killed near Lincoln tipped the scales at 285. Nearly all the deer which have gone through Bangor this year have been heavy which has started considerable discussion as to the reason.

Early in the season when the deer were shot near the settlement it was thought the size was because of good feeding. But lately the deer coming from the deep woods have been all of good weight.

The automobile is fast becoming a valuable adjunct to the big game hunter in both getting his game and getting it out of the woods. A large number of deer are being brought in that manner. How many, no one knows nor is there any way of determining accurately.

Odd questions of law are constantly arising in regard to the interpretation of the game laws and odd questions of the application of the law to unusual facts. One of them is as follows: A man up river shot at a buck deer and the shot that killed the deer also killed a fawn. Game Warden Perkins said that under those circumstances the man would be liable to a fine for the killing of the fawn.

The amount of small game has fallen off and not much has been

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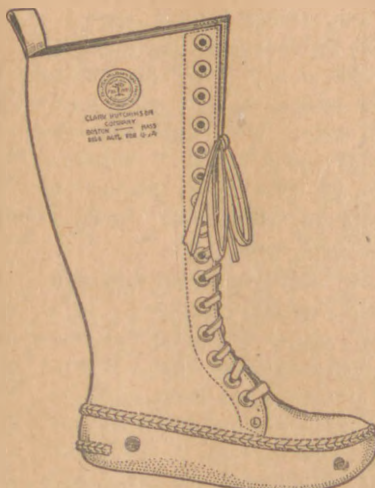
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sent through this inspection station for some time. This seems strange as all hunters coming out of the woods speak of the large amount of small game which is seen and shot in camp. It may be that most of the birds are consumed in the camps owing to the difficulty in keeping them in good shape for any length of time after they are killed.

The rainy weather, poor hunting conditions, the curtailing of the moose season, the large number of deer brought down in automobiles, the number of deer which are now shipped out by way of Oakland on the Somerset branch, and by the C. P. R. reduces the tally formerly credited to Bangor.

WILD ANIMALS AND CATNIP

Some one at the Washington zoological park obtained the permission of the authorities to try the effect of catnip on the animals there. So far as known, catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, and this was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it reached the parrots' corner the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that told fearfully on the nerves of all, and made for that side of their cage, poking their beaks and claws through it. When the catnip was brought near them they became nearly frantic. They were given some, and devoured it, stem, leaf and blossom, with an eagerness that equalled the noise of their cries.

Next trial was made on an African leopard. Before the keepers had reached the front of the cage he had

bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den.

Never was the prey of this spotted African in his wild state pounced upon more savagely, or with such absolute enjoyment. First, the leopard ate a mouthful of the stuff, then lay flat on his back and wriggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor, just as you have seen a cat act when it receives some catnip.

Then he sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw, and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two, and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay the rest of the afternoon, the very picture of contentment.

In one tiger's cage there is a very young but full-grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip he began to mew like a kitten. Up to this time the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned lion near him to shame.

That vicious tiger fairly reveled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into his cage. He rolled about in it and played like a six-weeks-old kitten. He mewed and purred, tossed it about, ate of it and after getting about as liberal a dose as the leopard had, likewise jumped to his shelf and blinked lazily the rest of the day.

Only one big lion was either too dignified or too lazy to accord much attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful, licked his chops as though saying, “Not half bad,” and then went back to his slumbers.—New York Herald.

THE AMERICAN FIELD

THE SPORTSMAN'S NEWSPAPER OF AMERICA
(Published weekly, Established 1874.)

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the entire state of Maine as to Hunt-
ing, Fishing, Trapping, Camping, and
outing news and the whole Franklin
county locality.

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and fish and game photographs from its
readers.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1913

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA STATE OF MAINE.

A Proclamation by the Governor.

In recognition of a custom es-
tablished by our forefathers, and
the regular and hopeful observance
of the same through many genera-
tions, and in conformity with our
statutes, with the advice and con-
sent of the Executive Council, I do
hereby appoint and set aside
Thursday, November 27th, 1913,
as a day of public thanksgiving and
praise to Almighty God, in recog-
nition of His power, goodness and
mercy.

More happy than ever in the nu-
merous blessings which have been
ours during the past year; and be-
lieving our prosperity and im-
provement in moral and spiritual
life have been equal, if not greater
than those of previous years, let
us one and all in our churches and
homes return thanks for these bless-
ings to the Great Giver of every
perfect gift.

Given at the Executive Chamber,
at Augusta, this fourth day of No-
vember, in the year of our Lord on
thousand nine hundred and thirteen,
and of the Independence of the
United States of America the one
hundred and thirty-eight.

WILLIAM T. HAINES,
William T. Haines,
Governor.

By the Governor,
J. E. Alexander,
Secretary of State.

HOW ANIMALS BEAR PAIN

One of the most pathetic things is
the manner in which the animal king-
dom endures suffering, says a writer
in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Take
horses, for instance, in battle. After
the first shock of the wound they make
no sound. They bear the pain with a
mute, wondering endurance, and if at
night you hear a wild groan from the
battlefield, it comes from their loneli-
ness, their loss of that human com-
panionship which seems absolutely in-
dispensable to the comfort of domesti-
cated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for
days wistfully but uncomplainingly.

The cat, stricken with stick or stone,
or caught in some trap from which it
gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to
some secret place and bears in silence
pain which we could not endure.

Sheep and cattle meet the thrust of
the butcher's knife without a sound,
and even common poultry endure in-
tense agony without complaint.

The dove, shot unto death, flies to
some far-off bough and as it dies, the
silence is unbroken save the patter on
the leaves of its life-blood.

The wounded deer speeds to some
thick brake, and in pitiful submission
waits for death.

The eagle, struck in midair, fights to
the last against the fatal summons.
There is no moan or sound of pain, and
the defiant look never fades from its
eyes until the lids close over them never
to uncover.—Morning Mercury.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN
MAINE WOODS. LOW ADVER-
TISING RATES.

FLY ROD'S NOTE BOOK

By Fly Rod

Rangeley, Nov. 20—There is snow
in the air this morning and a thin
coat of ice is over Haley pond which
promises skating for the young
folks by Thanksgiving if cold
weather comes but as yet there are
not many signs of winter days and
not snow enough to track the deer
here at the Rangeleys.

I met Al Sprague this morning
and when I asked him "what about
hunting," his answer was, "Have
not been after a deer yet, waiting
for colder weather, but I tell you
one thing, Fly Rod, I never knew
such good bird hunting as we have
had this fall. Just now I am
busy, housekeeping, going hunting
later."

Harry Pickford of Pickford camps
was in town this morning and told
me "after the best summer's busi-
ness I have ever had, a crew of
workmen have been rushing work
for six weeks, building a new pier
75 feet out into the lake then ex-
tending it out the same distance be-
low forming a bay, where the motor
boats can anchor and no matter how
hard the wind blows they are safe
and out of rough water. Then I
have put up that large place for
the guests to sit on the wharf, a
real summer house.

The new winter camp is now com-
pleted and I am living there. The
new gravel walks all about the place
are finished and soon after Thanks-
giving I am going to New York for
the holidays," and as the most of
the attractive and comfortable
camps at Pickford's on the lake
shore are already engaged for the
season of 1914 next year will find
the place as popular as ever.

All the guides who trap in winter
are setting their traps and John
Ross has already caught four foxes
and one of them he has alive that
someone can have for their fox
farm. He has also got four skunks
and a coon and trapping has not
commenced yet.

Way up on the side of Spotted
Mountain several years ago H. H.
Chandler of Boston built a cozy
little camp in the woods and with
Frank C. Porter for guide, cook
and company, Mr. Chandler is now
as happy as a king spending a
number of weeks in the forest and
no doubt will have a pair of big
deer to take home later.

William L. Allen a wealthy Bos-
tonian, who for the first season
with his family came here this sum-
mer, was so much pleased with this
region he has recently purchased of
the late Abel S. Proctor estate
Hillside and Spruce camps. These
are on the lake shore below Gil-
man cottage and have a long shore
line.

Mr. Allen is expected in a few
days and Harry Quimby, who has
charge of the place told me many
improvements would be made this
fall. A large new wharf will first
be built and with Harry Quimby,
Frank Stewart, Wallace Ham,
Bert Herrick and other workmen
the work will be rushed as far as
possible before winter.

It is very pleasing to the Range-
ley people to have Mr. Allen and
family make this their summer
home and all wish them many hap-
py summers on the shore of Ran-
geley lake.

Up on the shore of Kemankeag
pond Harry Quimby has a fine
little camp and there he and Mrs.
Quimby have been for several weeks.
They entertained Dr. and Mrs. F.
E. Garland of Westley Hill's, Mas-
s., for ten days in October. Alex
Blanchard was also guide. Dr.
Garland was very proud of the big
8-point buck he shot and partridges.

The inward effects of humors are
worse than the outward. They en-
danger the whole system. Hood's
Sarsaparilla eradicates all humors,
cures all their inward and outward
effects. It is the great alterative
and tonic, whose merit has been
established.—Adv't.

all they wanted to eat and the limit
10 birds, to take home with him.

Miss Ruth Hamlin from Mountain
View was their guest for several
days and the big buck at which she
fired four times is still in the for-
est.

Mrs. Chas. H. Hubbard of Bos-
ton and friends, Mr. Rogers of
Beverly, Mass., who with Harry
Quimby and Frank Porter spent two
weeks in camp on Little Kenne-
bago had one of the best hunting
trips they ever enjoyed in the
Maine woods. They had four
deer, one buck and three does and
the limit of partridges to take home
with them, "were fine birds sure."

As usual Mr. Hubbard plans to be
among the early fishermen at Ran-
geley another season.

"Forestholme" on Kennebago lake,
the elegant summer home of Mr.
and Mrs. Eugene Atwood of Ston-
ington, Conn., was closed Wednesday
of this week, Mr. Atwood returning
home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert A. Furbish who
have been in their employ for the
season are in town to-day en route
for Malden, Mass., where they are
to spend the winter.

The many friends of Mr. and Mr.
Atwood hope to see the flag un-
furled at their camp and welcome
them back early next season.

The hunting accidents have not
been as many as some falls thus
far but Wednesday afternoon there
came near being a serious one at
Kennebago. George Robinson of
East Sumner, one of the section men
who works on the end of the line
near Kennebago, with his younger
brother was out with his rifle
after a deer, when they saw a big
buck running in the woods and both
men started after him and fired.
George was about 45 feet away and
the bullet from his brother's rifle
glanced and hit him in the right
arm below the elbow and came out
near the wrist making a bad flesh
wound. The men who were near
Little Kennebago walked to the
station and from there telephoned
Dr. Colby at Rangeley, who with
his automobile reached Oquossoc
nearly as soon as the men on the
hand car and the wound was dressed.
Mr. Robinson the next morn-
ing returned to his home in East
Sumner to remain until able to a-
gain attend to his work.

This is a quiet village, no hotel
is open this winter and the fur
travelers have to find a lodging in
the homes of the citizens.

A crew of workmen are still busy
over to the Rangeley Lake House,
making improvements. Mr. and
Mrs. John B. Marble and family
are to spend the winter in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marble and
family have taken a furnished
house at Dixfield for the winter.

Mrs. F. B. Burns and little sons
of Mooselookmeguntic House are
now at their home here in the
village.

I expect soon to go down to the
Mountain View and Bald Mountain
Camps and from there will try and
find interesting notes for the read-
ers of Maine Woods.

Fly Rod

MAKES VIOLINS AS WELL AS AUTOMOBILES.

At a reception given in Lewiston
recently by Mrs. Hartley Lord in
honor of Madam Popsart, the world's
famous pianist, it was also the
pleasure of the guests to listen to
a selection on the violin by B. H.
Dingley.

The violin he used was a gift
from F. E. Stanley of Newton, Mass.,
and was made by Mr. Stanley and
is a brother instrument of one made
by Mr. Stanley and played by a
prominent member of the Boston
Symphony orchestra. The group
of songs by Mrs. Lord was another
pleasant feature of the evening's
program.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN MAINE
WOODS. LOW ADVERTISE-
ING RATES.

HIGH LICENSE NOT LIKED A LITTLE BIT

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Wakefield, Mass., Nov. 17.

Someone has said, "If you must
get mad, get mad gracefully." A
great many sportsmen around here
are gently mad over the high pri-
ed hunter's license in Maine. My
eldest son took the money he usual-
ly spends in the fall in Maine, and
with his wife and a few friends
from Saco, went by auto through the
White Mountains. He is only one
of many who will not pay \$25.00
for a hunters' license.

An acquaintance of mine once
said, "I am glad of the high fee
as, in my opinion, it will keep a lot
of cheap sportsmen out of Maine and
make it better hunting for the
rest of us."

Not long afterward he wanted to
go to New Brunswick for moose, but
when he learned that the license fee
had been fixed at \$50.00 he raved
and ranted about legislation for
rich men only. The boot was then
on the other leg. It makes a dif-
ference whose ore is good, doesn't
it? In short the high license fee
is regretted on all sides, and gives
rise to the suspicion that other than
economic reasons are at the bottom
of recent legislation, touching sports
and sportsmen in Maine.

For one, I would like to see a
reasonable fee for all alike, resident
and non-resident, both for fishing
and for hunting.

J. C. Hartshorne.

STANLEY TESTS NEW KEROSENE BURNER.

F. E. Stanley of Newton, Mass.,
who was in Lewiston and Auburn
this week with one of his Stanley
cars, was given an opportunity on
the trip from Newton to Auburn to
test the efficiency of the new kero-
sene burner which is likely to be-
come a fixture of the Stanley.
Hitherto, no inquiry as to the ef-
ficiency of the burner could be en-
tertained by the Stanley Motor Co.,
and indeed at the present time it
is not considered a fixture or a cer-
tainty. Kerosene burners are in
use on the Stanley cars in the sev-
eral centres where their car is
handled, such as Chicago, Denver,
New York, Philadelphia, etc., and
in all cases it is successful and not
one person owning it has signified
a wish to go back to the burning
of gasoline. However, Mr. Stanley
considers it still in process of
perfection, with confidence in the
outcome. His record of the run
from Boston to Auburn and return
is remarkable, showing a large re-
duction in cost, through an increas-
ed mileage per gallon of kerosene
over gasoline. There is no odor
and no caking or obstruction of
the burner. Everything points to
a complete success, which means
practically a revolution in the style
of burner, and an enormous saving
in cost of fuel.—Lewiston Journal.

WARDEN BOWDEN SAYS THERE IS TOO MUCH SUNDAY SHOOTING.

That there is too much Sunday
shooting in the state of Maine and
that the game wardens will not tol-
erate the indifference to law that
is now being shown, was stated by
Warden John E. Bowden, of the
state warden force, Tuesday after-
noon at the Union station, Bangor.
Mr. Bowden says that the reports
of several hunting accidents that
have occurred in the woods on Sun-
day have aroused the wardens to
the evils of Sunday shooting, and
they are determined that it must
cease.

Of course, the wardens cannot
know about the hunting parties that
go on in the deep woods, but Mr.
Bowden states that the practice of
going hunting near small towns,
within a few hundred rods of coun-
try churches must be stopped. This
is a nuisance in many cases, he
says, as the reports of rifles are
constantly heard near settlements,
in open defiance of the laws of the
state.

The Maine Automobile association
is to add a sporting and camping
section to the 1914 year book, with
complete maps and directions show-
ing the routes into the principal
hunting regions of the state.

Warden Bowden was in the city
Tuesday with 3,000 trout fingerlings
for Fred Clark of Pembroke, and
5,000 trout for George H. Walling,
Machias.

Tuesday's arrivals of game were
below the average of the past few
days, 65 coming down, also one
moose. This makes the total re-
ceipts to date, 1,206 deer, 29 moose
and 12 bears.

A record shipment of game has
been received at the Union station
in the shipping period of 24 hours,
ending at 4 o'clock, Monday after-
noon, the total number of deer be-
ing 140, also seven moose and one
bear. These were all received
from 4 p. m., Saturday to 4 p. m.,
Monday, but represent only one
day's shipment, as there were no
trains at all on Sunday, from the
game regions. This makes the
season's total, 1,141 deer, 28 moose
and 12 bears.

R. F. Meek of Niagara Falls did
well on his hunting trip at Patten,
returning to Bangor with two deer,
one moose, and one bear. He was
accompanied by Capt. C. DeCres-
nigny of Niagara Falls.

John F. Hill of Portland shot two
fine bucks at Eustis, with two ex-
cellent heads, one 12 point antlers,
and the other with 13 points. The
larger buck tipped the scales at
about 260 pounds. Hunters and
guides in that section of the state
declare they have never seen any
finer heads than these.

Lottie Rosebush and Elmer Brad-
ford of Bangor were among the
fortunate hunters to bring down a
buck Thursday.

Subscribe now for Maine Woods,
the only newspaper of its kind in
the world.

HAVE A VACATION ALL THE YEAR

By having Maine Woods follow you back to the city
It gives interesting items concerning Maine and about
the people you have met in Maine this summer. Fill out
the following subscription blank and enclose in a letter
with a dollar.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to MAINE WOODS,
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FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—The unusually staunch and able steam yacht, "Wa-Wa" of about 22 H. P. The U. S. Government inspection of 1911 showed her to be in first class condition. May be inspected at Camp Bellevue, Upper Dam, Maine. Price will be reasonable to a quick purchaser. Apply to Dr. Norton Downs Fordhook Farm, Three Tuns, Pa. Or Archer A. Poor at camp.

FOR SALE—A good paying millinery and dry goods business, best location. Address Mrs. J. C. Tirrell, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE—Edison Dictating machine. In first class condition. Inquire at Maine Woods office.

FOR SALE—Village stand in Phillips Upper Village. Inquire of J. Blaine Morrison.

FOR SALE—Bay horse, nine years old. Weight 1200. Work or drive. B. F. Beal.

FOR SALE—Trained Beagles and Foxhounds. Trial. Also pedigree Beagle pups. Male, \$4.50 Female, \$3.50. Key tone Kennel, Columbia, Penna.

FOR SALE—Furnished boarding house near railroad station, and a first-class business. Mrs. Lucy Hilton, Phillips.

MOTOR BOAT "MARION."

FOR SALE—26 foot, 7 h. p. Cockpit 13 by 6. Best sea boat on the lake. Excellent for fishing and cannot be excelled for stream work. Seats 12. Speed 8 miles. Now hauled out at the Big Lake. Can deliver any time or will hold until spring. Price \$250. Address Orchardton, care Maine Woods.

WANTED.

WANTED—600 cords of white birch delivered at our mill in Salem, Me. Will pay \$5.75 per cord until further notice, bills payable within ten days of delivery. For further particulars, apply to R. V. Plaisted at the mill or Maiden Parcel Handl Company, Malden, Mass.

MINK TRAPPERS don't fail to write me before selling any live mink. Write for instructions for capturing alive. Roy Duggan, Sea View, Prince Edward Island.

TO LET.

TO LET—Tenement. R. E. Harnden.

STATE OF MAINE SONG

Maine Woods has received from the Underwood Music Co., Portland, a copy of the song, "State of Maine, My State of Maine," by George Thornton Edwards. This song was written several years ago and sung at reunions of several Maine Clubs. The music was then set to an old German air. Mr. Edwards has recently set the words to original music and made it an inspiring State song.

MONEY IN INSECTS.

Bees, moths, etc. Five cents and up paid for butterflies and moths. They are really gathered by moth-traps, acacia lamps, etc. Each state contains different kinds. No capital needed. I supply materials and outlines for study purposes. Prepare for the coming season. Send 2¢ stamp for more information and beginners' instructions. JAMES SINCLAIR, Entomologist, Dept. B, 1000 AVENUE, CAL.

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H. E. THURSTON, R. F. HIMMELEIN, Proprietors.
Munjoy Hill Cars pass the door.

HARVEST SUPPER BY LADIES' AID

Officers Elected at K. of P.—Mrs. McCard Given Birthday Party.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, Nov. 18. Hal Tibbetts has gone to Portland where he has employment in a machine shop.

Frank Philbrick has purchased the house recently occupied by Gus Johnson and family. Andy Stevens is now occupying the house, Gus Johnson having moved his family to Dallas. Geo. Benson is moving into the Thrasher house which he recently purchased. Herman Hatch, who has been occupying the house, moving his family into the Lincoln Ross house on Main street. Harry Quimby is now moving into the Isaac Tibbetts house which he recently purchased. Hal Ellis has bought the Frank Haley house and is now getting moved in, Mr. Haley moving to another part of the town. So many changes taking place one almost needs a directory.

Dr. A. M. Ross made a business trip to Boston Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCard entertained the following in honor of Mrs. S. B. McCard's birthday Friday: Mrs. Frank Kempton, Mrs. Anne Toothaker, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. McCard, Miss Alice Sweetser and Dr. Frank Graves. A very pleasant time is reported by those present.

Frank F. Graves, optometrist, will be at Mrs. S. B. McCard's until Tuesday, November 25.

Erlon Jones, who has been employed at the steam mill the past summer, returned to his home in Phillips Saturday.

Norman Williams had the good fortune to secure a large deer one morning recently which tipped the scales at 225 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Quimby left for their annual vacation trip Monday, which includes a trip to Boston and vicinity. Howard Herrick is clerking at the store during Mr. Quimby's absence.

H. A. Furbish and E. I. Herrick have been in Lewiston and Boston the past few days on business.

November 14th a little daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Zephyr Raymond and the 15th a little daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Deraps. Miss Maude Soule is caring for Mrs. Deraps and daughter.

Harry Marston, who has been at Dr. Ross' private hospital for the past two months, has now recovered sufficiently to return to his home.

Miss Stella Tibbetts is suffering with a very lame knee which necessitates the use of a crutch.

Dr. Frank Graves is at Mrs. McCard's this week attending to the needs of his patients.

Eugene Soule entertained the following mighty hunters at his camp the latter part of the week: John Russell, George Russell and Mason Russell. Their deer proved to be one lone rabbit and the question is, "Who shot the rabbit?"

Loring Haley left Monday morning to enter the hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Guy Brooks and daughter, Bladine, spent the past few days in Phillips, the guest of relatives and friends.

Mrs. A. M. Ross was a recent visitor at Kennebago.

Frank Barrett is at home from the sanatorium at Hebron where he has been the past few months for treatment. He is greatly improved in health.

I. B. Toothaker was a recent caller in Phillips.

Herman Huntoon met with a slight mishap, being kicked by a colt. The chief damage was about the eye and hand. Dr. Colby dressed the wounds.

The Ladies' Aid now hold their meetings in the small vestry of the church and are making plans for fitting up the same. The ladies are busily engaged in tacking puffs at the present time. Next Friday evening they are planning to hold a harvest supper at the Grange hall, the following committee being in charge: Mrs. H. A. Furbish assisted by



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Galloway coats and Robes for sale at wholesale prices.

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References: Miles & Highbee, Bankers, Milford, Ind.

Milford Robe & Tanning Co., 4-8 Elm St. Milford, Ind.

Mrs. Wm. Tibbetts, Mrs. E. B. Herrick and Mrs. Ada Sprague.

George Haines has been quite ill with bronchitis but is now able to sit up.

The Misses Mabel and Hannah Pease and Miss Beatrice Jones have rented the Ira Huntoon house and are enjoying the practical side of domestic science. Mr. and Mrs. Huntoon are at Spotted Mountain for the winter.

Mrs. C. B. Harris recently joined the Rebekahs, also the Pythian Sisters. A supper and tasting party was enjoyed at each occasion.

Ira D. Hoar was in Wilton on business the past week. Mrs. Hoar accompanied him as far as Phillips where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Carlton.

Mrs. Ernest Robbins and Norman Huntoon are working for O. R. Rowe and Fenn Toothaker is employed at E. C. Hinkley's.

A new storm entry has been added at the post office.

Mrs. F. B. Burns and children returned from Bowdoinham where they have been the guests of her mother. She was accompanied home by her aunt, Mrs. Heath.

Cecil Bennett of Limestone is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Levi Toothaker, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. David Quimby are again occupying their cosy home on Haley Avenue. They are having heat put in and other improvements made.

At the K. of P. meeting Monday night the following officers were installed by A. L. Oakes, P. Chancellor Com. Chan. Comm., Cleon Oakes; Vice Chan. Comm., Austin Hinkley; Prelate, J. B. Madden; Master of Work, Earl Huntoon; Master at Arms, Merritt Gould; Inner Guard, Rolla Toothaker; Outer Guard, David Quimby.

The first degree was conferred on one candidate. At the close a baked bean supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hoar and family have moved near Macy Junction where they have employment with Huntoon & Adams.

T. Freeman Tibbetts leaves Tuesday morning for a vacation trip to Boston and vicinity.

A very interesting contest is being carried on by the Pythian Sisters Mrs. Minnie Pillsbury being captain of the Blue side and Mrs. Emma McCard captain of the Reds. A good program was enjoyed last Thursday night and a program is also being prepared for this week.

Next Sunday will be observed as Thanksgiving Sunday at the church.

Mrs. Chas. B. Harris has recently sold the Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows a new "Crownshield" piano for their lodge room. Mrs. Harris is agent for these pianos, which are a standard make and warranted for 10 years.

One Thursday evening recently Mrs. Maggie S. Harris joined the Pythian Sisters and the following Tuesday evening was taken into the Rebekah Lodge after which a bountiful corn supper was served by Mrs. J. A. Russell Mrs. Geo. Russell and Mrs. S. Raymond.

Messrs. Riddle & Hoar will give a Thanksgiving matinee on Thursday afternoon, November 27th at 3 o'clock in Furbish hall, picturing "An Adventure on the Mexican Frontier," in two reels and also three other strong photo-plays.

AS TO THE SPORT OF FISHING

Making Merry Over a Great American Pastime.

Fishing is the leading American sport next to the pianola. It is carried on almost entirely in sporting papers, but can be done also in streams and lakes.

The latter form of fishing is known as the empirical or experimental method.

Fishes are divided by science into two families, edible and nonedible. Edible fishes are those that are landed.

Edible fishes weigh from one to three ounces. Larger fish than this live in literature and do not take the bait.

To go fishing successfully it is necessary to have a day off, a hook and a piece of string.

There are innumerable varieties of bait, such as worms, grasshoppers, beetles and toy torpedo boats known as casting baits.

Casting is done by hurling the torpedo boat violently into the water and hauling it back till the fisher faints.

There are also better baits, such as lobster pots and dynamite.

The noblest fishing is fly fishing. It is the art of throwing a miniature feather duster on the water in the hope that it will look like a fly. Countless fishes instantly dart from all

points of the horizon to look at it. Fly fishermen count these countless fishes and report the number minutely to the sporting editor.

Even the smallest fishes reach enormous weights. This is because the scales carried by the fishes are not efficiently inspected.

The most disastrous mistake in fishing is patience. If a fish does not bite instantly, the fisher should try another place at once. After trying three places without success, the fisher will do best by bailing the place out with a bucket.

The best bait for general fishing is the worm. This is a longitudinally elongated tubular insect. It is enormously plentiful over the entire habitable globe except when it is wanted for bait. Worms then cost one cent per worm.

He is made into bait by being impaled on the hook. This is not painful to the worm. He is prevented only by lack of speech from expressing his delight.

The worm should be lowered into the water kindly but firmly. A fish will snap it up immediately. This fish may be a salmon, bullhead, Finner haddie, or tin can.

As soon as the fish bites he must be played. Playing a fish is the technical term for yanking him in before he can get away. If the fisher is using a pole he should lay it down and play the fish hand over hand.

Some fishes are known as game fishes. This is not because of their flavor but because they jump into the air when hooked. Many fishers refuse haughtily to fish for any except game fishes. The best way to get a game fish is to play him till he jumps and then stun him with a club.

The leading game fish of the United States is the speckled beauty. Uncultivated persons call this fish a trout. The speckled beauty is speckled with vermillion, green, purple and blue spots over a brown moire with watered silk effect. It ranges in size from two inches to monsters of three and four, and lives exclusively in bubbling brooks not less than one inch deep. It is fished for with artificial flies and caught with worms.

Bullheads are more easily caught than trout. This gives them a much finer flavor. The bullhead can be identified by gripping him firmly. If it is a bull head, the fisher will find the fish nicely nailed to his hand by handsome spines.

The buidhead has the openest smile of any game fish except the sperm whale. The sperm whale, however, is not a true game fish. He is an independent oil refiner who was pushed into the sea when John D. Rockefeller was evolved.

One sperm whale is considered a fair catch for one day's fishing.

Fishers who would rather fish for numbers than quality usually devote themselves to the eel. The eel is exceedingly easy to catch, but not so easy to uncatch. A 10-inch eel swallows the hook and 60 feet of line in the moment of impact. The fisher must jerk violently as soon as an eel bites. He will then discover the eel looped handsomely around his neck and tied with a sailor's half-hitch.

A somewhat more aristocratic sport is salmon fishing.

The salmon is caught with a pole that has been sawed into three or more pieces and put together again at an expense of not less than one hundred dollars. The salmon fisher begins at dawn to cast into the salmon pool with his pieced pole and continues till sunset. A guide then wades into the pool and gets the salmon with a gaff-hook.

There is also salt-water fishing. Salt-water fishing is not fishing for salt mackerel, as many unscientific thinkers believe. Salt-water fishers catch bluefish, blackfish, whitefish, jewfish, pollocks and other nationalities.—Tit-Bits.

RETURN FROM HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Count de Lesseps, who made his mark as an aviator in France, and his wife, who was formerly Miss Mackenzie, daughter of Sir William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern Railway company, accompanied by Frank McCarthy and Misses Bertha and Ethel Mackenzie and Joseph and William Herrington, guides, returned to Edmonton on November 1, from a hunting trip of three weeks in the Yellowhead Pass of the Canadian Rockies. They brought with them a grizzly bear and other big game, including mountain goats and sheep.

Every member of the party was elated over the expedition into the

mountain wilds; all could have told of a thousand and one experiences which they encountered during those three weeks of real "roughing" among the crags of the monarchs west of Edmonton.

"The Rocky Mountains are beautiful and the game is almost beyond expectations," said Count de Lesseps, who is an ardent sportsman. "The ladies were fascinated with the exquisite beauty of the mountains, and all admired the rugged scenery, which probably has no counterpart in Continental Europe. We are now waiting for another similar excursion and hope it proves as successful as the one just concluded."

"For myself I might say that I am more than favorably impressed with western Canada," Count de Lesseps said. "Its progress and the development and settlement of the country has been truly remarkable, while the growth of the cities, especially Edmonton, with its population of 70,000, is truly marvellous—all the more so when we recall there were less than 50 souls there 28 years ago. I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not have 500,000 people in the next 25 or 30 years."

Count de Lesseps and his wife were the central figures in an interesting romance which began in Toronto two years ago and culminated in their marriage. It was at the time of the airship meet which took place there in the autumn of 1911 when the Count made a number of sensational circles around the spire of the city hall. Among the eager crowd which watched his progress was Miss Mackenzie, who became an ardent admirer of his bravery.

The evening of that day Miss Mackenzie was one of the guests at a little dinner given in honor of Count de Lesseps. Miss Mackenzie sat beside the guest of honor. It was not long before Dan Cupid busied himself as never before and in a short time the rumor was abroad that an ardent attachment was formed, culminating in their marriage; but before she would consent to the wooing of the count he was persuaded to promise to renounce his favorite sport.

Speaking of aviation, Count de Lesseps said the time is fast approaching when an aviator would cross the Atlantic ocean in a heavier than air machine. He could not conjecture how far distant that day would be, but he felt that the crossing would be made in this generation. He spoke of the wonderful feats being carried out at the present time; of the crossing of the Alps and the St. Petersburg to Paris flight of about 2,000 miles, the flights over the English channel and of the performances of the upside-down aviators. All of these, he said, are wonderful.

BAG OF GAME.

A gaming party consisting of C. E. Jose, Burr Dow and Roland Jose of Biddeford, who have been stopping in the W. A. Clark camp at Beachwood for a week returned Sunday with a bag of game that contained one goose, one black duck, six coot, one sea loon, one partridge.

It was a handsome lot of birds and friends of the party are congratulating them on their excellent week's work.

Read Maine Woods, the only news paper of its kind in the world.

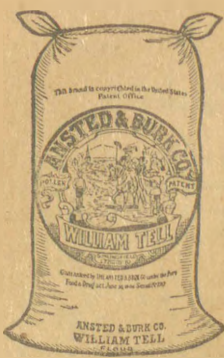
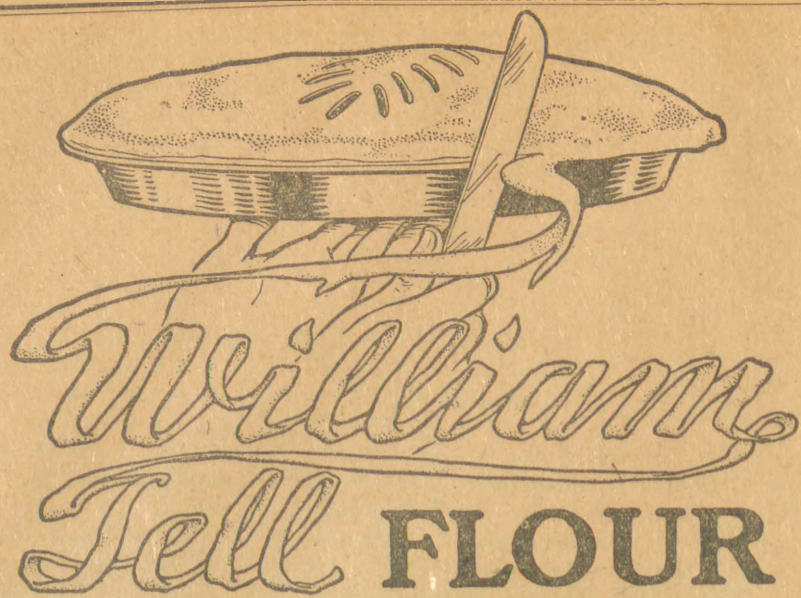
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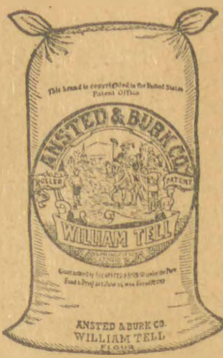
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Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

St. Anthony's Cottage, Phillips, Me., Nov. 17, 1913.

Coming from the post office one afternoon last week I met our Phillips artist, A. S. Pratt, whose paintings are now known and admired by hundreds of people who love "Old Mount Blue" and the wonderful bits of beautiful scenery in this part of Maine.

"Please will you show me some of your paintings before you give your annual autumn exhibition in the city?" I asked.

"Come down to the house any day, and I shall be only too happy to," was the answer.

One of these clear "gray November" mornings this week I was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Pratt at their cozy and attractive home "on the other side of the river," a little way below the village, which faces "Old Blue" in the distance, while close by Sandy river rushes past after a rain or sends a sparkling greeting to you as it passes slowly by on a summer's day.

"What an ideal location for an artist," I remarked as I entered the house.

From early spring until late in the fall and often on a winter's day the village folks are accustomed to meet Mr. Pratt, as with sketching and painting outfit he makes his way along the shore of the river, or over the hills, or into the woods. Yet I think few ever dream of the rare bits of scenery he has taken back with him.

Then he spends days, perhaps weeks

on one of the sketches, for the artist has taken from Nature and painted so many pretty things that others would never have discovered and has caught and kept such wonderful lights and shades that will add much to the beauty of many an elegant home in the city.

"Take that seat by the window and I'll show you some of my sketches," said my friend, as in a good light he first placed a large picture in oil, and I exclaimed, "Those old beech trees! They are perfect, can it be you truly painted that?" and he smiled as he said, "I have named that 'Beech Woods' and you know beech trees I love best, and always when I can I work in just a bit of old Mount Blue in my pictures."

Just then he changed the picture for one of "Old Blue," the mountain that I have loved since childhood and under whose shadow I was born. A mist came before my eyes and I did not speak, for I thought of other days and dear ones who lived their noble lives in sight of this same grand old mountain that will stand as long as time lasts, to give others courage and strength as the sunshine and shadows pass over the mountain, as well as over the people who live and have lived under its shadow.

Next I was looking at "A Trout Pool" on the mountain stream, and did not think it strange that the little grandchild said as he came into the room, "Oh Grandpa, may I put my hand into the water?"

"The Gray Day in Beech Woods," "Where the Cows Come," "The Turn in the Road," "A Glimpse of Sandy River," "Camp in Woods," "Across the Hills," "The Wood Road," and "October on the River," which was a mystery in combination of color tone and will find many admirers among the lovers of art.

A picture of the old Fairbanks home in Dedham, Mass., where Governor Fairbanks' ancestors lived for many years, which was painted for F. E. Stanley of Newton, Mass., formerly of Kingfield, and who has purchased a number of Mr. Pratt's best paintings.

As I looked at the pictures and then to the artist by whose work the old

gray rocks along the river bank were made beautiful and yet perfect, I realized that "art is subjective, not objective" and a picture to be great need not be a fact, but the ideal side is what makes it great.

"I love the trees, they are my friends and now would you like to look at some of my water colors?" asked Mr. Pratt as he placed before me "November Yellow Birches," then "The Wayside Inn," "Autumn Leaves," I could not let them pass quickly by, for each was a work of art.

Simple subjects it is true but all so wonderfully beautiful. Indian Summer, Among the Trees, The Lone Beech, An Autumn Day, Among the Pines, The Hillside, Sandy River with Old Blue in the Distance, and often in the background this old mountain would appear.

This fine collection of oil and water colors that soon will be ready to take to Massachusetts where those who have seen the work of our Phillips artist are anxiously waiting for them, this year numbers over 60.

Mr. Pratt has done good work in the past and has painted many very handsome pictures that have fine tonal qualities, but I think all will say this year, if possible, they are more beautiful and effective than ever before.

Many wealthy families who last autumn purchased from the collection exhibited at the home of F. E. Stanley in Newton, Mass., will want another from the coming exhibition, which will be the first of December.

Often in summer time the traveler in his automobile stops and calls on Mr. Pratt and takes away with him one of his pictures.

We are all proud of this Franklin county boy who was born on a farm in New Vineyard and has already taken his place among the best known painters of New England and we predict for him great success as an artist in the coming days.

Fly Rod.

ANOTHER HUNTER MAKES FATAL ERROR.

According to a report received late last Thursday night by Sheriff O'Connell, Alonzo Bacon, employed in the U. S. fish hatchery at Grand Lake Stream, was mistaken for a deer and shot with fatal results, while at work with a crew from the hatchery, on or near Dobsis lake in Springfield. Sheriff O'Connell's informant said that the man who fired the fatal shot was Clifford Pease, who was hunting from Patten's sporting camp at the lake. As near as can be learned, Bacon was working by himself in a stream "stripping" fish on the spawning ground, when he was shot presumably by Pease, who at once notified the other members of the crew.

Bacon was shot through the legs and the other members of the party at once started with him for Grand Lake Stream, about 25 miles from the scene of the accident. The shock and loss of blood resulted in Bacon's death while on the way, about three hours after the accident, which occurred at about 11 o'clock in the morning.

Although the most of the Grand lake waters are in Washington county, the accident happened in Penobscot county and Sheriff O'Connell was notified. A deputy sheriff will leave this morning for Dobsis lake to make an investigation.

The victim of the accident was a registered guide, and leaves his wife and several children.

BROOKLYN SPORTSMAN SHOTS FELLOW HUNTER.

Charles Dodge, 43 years old, of Guilford, for years employed in the mills of the Piscataquis Woolen Co. here and a man of high standing in the community, was shot and instantly killed near the head of Schoodic lake last week in the fourth fatal hunting accident which Piscataquis county has had since the season opened.

Sheriff Brown of Dover has ordered Deputy Sheriff E. L. Chase of Brownville to arrest Lucien Cable of Brooklyn, N. Y., a sportsman staying at Nelson McNaughton's camp at Schoodic, and hold him pending the result of a coroner's inquest. Coroner W. H. Downs of

Milo left Wednesday for Schoodic to investigate the case. He empaneled a coroner's jury Wednesday but the inquest was adjourned until Thursday morning to await the arrival of County Atty. James H. Hudson of Guilford, who is at present on a hunting trip at Rum pond. Mr. Hudson is to return home Wednesday night.

According to reports of the tragedy received here, Mr. Dodge, who is threatened with tuberculosis, was at McNaughton's camps at Schoodic for his health. Tuesday morning he started out hunting in company with Mr. McNaughton and Lucien Cable, the Brooklyn sportsman, who is a brother of Robert Cable, McNaughton's partner in conducting the sporting camps.

The party made their way through the woods to the head of Schoodic lake. In beating through the woods, Cable, according to information received here, became separated from his two companions. About noon Dodge and McNaughton were sitting on a log eating their lunch. Cable, who approached, could not see the two men through the undergrowth. But he heard a sound and, raising his rifle, he fired at it, thinking that his mark was a deer.

The bullet struck Dodge in the head, killing him instantly. Cable was overcome with grief at the affair, the news of which was sent to Coroner Downs here. Sheriff Brown of Dover was communicated with and he at once ordered Deputy Chase at Brownville to arrest Cable.

Should the coroner's jury find Cable responsible for Dodge's death, it is believed that the county authorities will push the case to the limit. This is the fourth hunting accident which Piscataquis county has had during the present season and the officials feel that the situation warrants energetic action. The Maine legislature several years ago passed a special statute dealing with homicides as a result of hunting accidents. The maximum penalty is ten years in the state prison.

TOURING THROUGH BEAUTY SPOTS IN MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Following is the second installment from the note book of Editor Ogier in the Camden Herald:

We arrived at Bethel on the second day of our trip soon after 4 p. m. Bethel is a pretty town located on a hill and yet surrounded by hills with an elevation of about 800 feet. It is also a very thrifty and prosperous appearing town. Bethel is fortunate in possessing an unusually fine hotel. It is new having been opened in July. It is not large having only about 30 rooms but it is strictly up-to-date in every way, an elegant and at the same time very home like place. The furnishings are unusually expensive for a small hotel and the table is as fine as can be found anywhere.

We set out the next morning for a ride down through the White Mountains. It was a fascinating trip. On the way to Gorham, N. H., we passed all the way along a winding valley with beautiful hills on all sides, and as you look ahead it is a constant source of wonder how you are going to skirt the next hill. Passing Gorham a prosperous and busy looking town, we climbed a long steep hill and then found ourselves at the very entrance to the White Mountains proper, here the scenery begins to take on a more rugged and wilder aspect. In taking the various auto routes through the White Mountains one is left undecided as to which is the more beautiful trip. Each route has something different to offer and it is all not only beautiful but awe inspiring.

We found a much more level road than we expected after passing the hills beyond Gorham and for many miles were traversing practically a level plain. The route passes almost to Jefferson a pretty town located on a hillside and surrounded by prosperous looking farms then turns sharp to the left and on through a more hilly country to-

ward Bretton Woods the famous spot in the heart of the Mountains near the foot of Mt. Washington. We lunched that day not far from a rushing mountain torrent. Here we realized that we were on the favorite White Mountain route for autos were passing every minute.

After lunch we passed on by the Twin Mountain House, Fabyans, the great Mt. Washington House, one of the largest in the country, Mt. Pleasant House and Crawford's. We were passing that beautiful vale at the foot of the Presidential range one of the most famous of the many picturesque spots in America. Although we lingered along the way old Mt. Washington refused to show his head and kept it discreetly veiled. All the other peaks were clearly outlined but over Washington a cloud hung all that day. As we passed down through Crawford Notch we could not help noticing what the state of New Hampshire had done with this road since our trip through there two years ago. At that time it was soft and somewhat rutted but now it is well gravelled all the way and as fine a road as one could wish to see.

To me nothing in the mountains is more impressive than the ride through the deep valley this side of Crawford Notch. The road runs along near the river bed and towering above almost in perpendicular precipices are the great mountains on either side. In the depth of this valley you seem to feel more the power of these great sentinels of the Appalachian chain. We stopped near the site of the old Willey house which is marked by a rude sign. Here nearly a century ago was enacted that tragedy of the mountains when the great landslide started toward the valley. The Willey family heard the start of the slide and ran to escape it but were all caught and buried. By a strange freak of nature the slide split and went each side of the house and it was uninjured. Had the family remained in the house all would have been saved. The house stood until some 25 years ago when it was burned. The old barn is still standing.

We rode on through Bartlett, Intervale and North Conway and realized that we were again passing out of the mountains. While all the road through the White Mountains are fine there is no doubt that this stretch of road through the town above mentioned is one of the finest gravel roads in the country. In fact it may be called a perfect road; nearly level broad and smooth, constructed of hard gravel, the autos bowl along so smoothly and easily that it seems like constant coasting. The soft is a natural gravel just adapted for road making and apparently requires but little attention from year to year. We passed out of New Hampshire and back into good old Maine. Enough for this week however.

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"OLD MAN" MOORE "SOMETHING IN"

But Thinks Farming Is Not His Specialty.

West Garfield street,
Seattle, Wash., Nov. 1, 1913.
To the Editor of Maine Woods:

It is now nearly one year since three of us pulled out of the Sandy river valley and hied it across the country to Seattle once more; for two of us, while the other, Mrs. J. H. Conant, Mrs. Moore's sister came across for the first time. It will be remembered that Mrs. Conant had been very ill, her life despaired of, not long before we took our departure, and there were many misgivings as to the propriety of such a journey under the circumstances; but be it said that she enjoyed every mile of the journey, after the first day, and since her arrival here she of the three sisters had less of illness to contend with than the other two. Her recovery was truly remarkable, and the judgement of those who predicted that the visit would do her a world of good seems to have been fully verified.

Mrs. Conant made a host of friends while here and many beside her immediate relatives regret the necessity of her return to Maine.

While here Mrs. Moore was with her at Mrs. Blethen's, for the most part, and the three sisters and their relatives certainly had a most enjoyable visit as a result.

Soon after arriving here, contrary to my previously arranged plans, I consented to go to Skagit county and take charge of a weekly paper belonging to Col. Blethen, hoping to be able to put it in condition to sell, or for myself to purchase, after a term of at least six months. The prejudice against a local paper owned by non-residents was so pronounced, that I concluded to purchase the paper at a low figure and take a chance with it.

I purchased the paper in May for \$2,250 cash and soon had the business required to save it from suspension. In September a newspaper speculator concluded to purchase and at the close of the month he took over the unincumbered property at \$4,000. A subsequent deal with the purchaser netted approximately \$250, so that my first undertaking after return netted me for the summer the sum of \$2,000.

I state this deal particularly that my Maine friends will observe a reason for again departing for the

West, even though having been in the osler classification for a bit more than twenty years at the time of our returning. The reason, "opportunities."

Just now we are occupying a snug apartment, furnished and thoroughly modern, where we are keeping house for the winter; but, gee, I don't just know how to put in a whole winter without some sort of employment.

Just another word about the "coming and going" of The Old Man. Of course "Moore was no farmer," and never claimed to be, even though he owned and carried on the beautiful Maplewood farm at South Strong for three years. "Of course he sunk money there," I hear the wise ones repeat. Yes, and then some. But he and his go something out of the soil with the money, good health. And they had some glorious meetings with old friends and neighbors, as true friends as we claim on earth.

And we were there to assist in laying away several of our dear ones, while others have departed since our return to the West.

We treasure the farm life in Maine among the best spent years of our married life.

Now as to the financial side of the farm life, if you wish, was no so very bad after all, and we may now count ourselves "something in" after the Skagit experience, as we now consider ourselves financially at practically the same level as when we started back East in June, in the year 1909. Had we remained on the farm, out of our "sphere," if we did not intend to live too long, it is quite likely that by the time we were ready to "shuffle off" there might have been sufficient funds left with which to locate the two of us beneath the shade of those giant pines which grace the four corners of the family burial-ground, on the old George Hunter place, known as "Maplewood."

Though the rainy season is now due here, this has been and still is a delightful fall, with very little rain thus far.

Allow me to correct some misapprehensions concerning the return of Mrs. Conant, accompanied by her brother (David Hunter) and wife and Mrs. Blethen. Col. Blethen remained here.

Soon after their arrival in Maine word came to them of the fire in the press-room of the Daily Times office. The fire was confined to the basement and the presses were all running before ten days. Telegrams to Hunter and Mr. Blethen were sent, but never received, directing them to remain and finish their visit, as everything would be running again before Mr. Hunter could return. Mr. Hunter is superintendent of the press-room and mechanical department, and is not one of the owners of the Times newspaper, Mr. Blethen having purchased his interest several years ago. The Times concern is always heavily insured. It is believed here that the fire of February last, as well as this last one, were incendiary.

As the fishing season is now "off" with you, possibly you may have room for a part or all of this epistle from Old Man Moore.

With kindest wishes for all who read.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR MOTORISTS.

(Continued from Page 2.)

to obtain when on the road, and considerable annoyance can be avoided by carrying these accessories. A valve tap and die should also be added.

If one has the room it is a good plan to carry a quantity of lubricating oil when touring. Most every garage carries in stock a different make of oil. To mix these various grades is not advisable. A can of lubricating oil does not take up much room and will oftentimes save considerable delay on account of motor troubles. Usually a standard grade of oil can be obtained at the larger garage. In smaller places, however, it is difficult to obtain a choice of brands.

AUGUSTA HUNTERS GET BIRDS AND BRUISES.

Two intrepid representatives of one of Augusta's largest industries were they. One wore a gray flannel shirt with a green velvet tie, gold clasp and redstone pin; a gaudy checked cap, a blue sack coat, and high russet boots with gray striped trousers tucked inside. The other wore a \$5.00 Stetson, a cream colored jersey, a Norfolk suit and the late make moccasins, with striped socks showing exactly one and one-quarter inches above the top, also a briar pipe and chamois gloves. Even without their guns you would have known that they were hunters.

Two war-like implements of high polish were impressively brandished as they tripped blithely up the steps of a Waterville bound car, Saturday noon. Then, superciliously bestowing their bulks (used in kindly spirit, their "bulks" totaling but 256 pounds) upon a rear seat, they informed anxious friends that they were taking a little trip up into the woods. Later they slipped the conductor two nickels and whispered the magic word, "Parish."

"Parish" proved to be a cross road leading past a deserted church, poor deserted church, from the Bangor road, commonly designate as "up back of Hanks."

They tripped—still blithely—up the road and took to the field. "Taking to the field," they were forced to take a barbed wire fence, which resentfully "took" a generous sample of those gray striped trousers.

"I'm quite cut up about that, Nemo," grieved the short one. "Don't worry, Chas," said the tall one. "It's got one of those slit shirts frayed to a frazzle."

Here after a conference, they separated. Nemo skirted the edge of the brook, while Chas. stormed the heights.

Bang. "Get him, Chas.?" from the brook. "Sure," from the hill top; a "pippin of a caterpillar's nest."

The next two hours is a hazy recollection in the mind of the private correspondent detailed to the scene of action.

When Chas. shot we ran over there; when Nemo shot we trotted back. Goodness, but we were busy, and Chas. was such a careless guy, too. He stamped through the treacherous bogs and entered unexplored caves such as would make the bravest tremble with horror. But Chas. allowed that there was where the birds were, and sure enough it was. Nemo was a bit "skittish" about going into such places and took up the greater part of his time skinning round the edge.

"We'll meet up by that old stone wall," were the words of the two when parting. As the stone wall appeared in view the shorter of the two, who, as it happened, was walking a bit the faster, paused a moment upon catching sight of a woodsman plunging the blade of his axe into the bark of a huge beech. A flutter, and before Chas. could collect his few scattering wits, she was off. "What do yer know about that," muttered the amazed hunter to himself. Here a halt was made under the spreading branches of a large pine. After filling up the briar with a little "Hard a Port," "I guess I'll take a trip up this wood road to see if I can't get a crack at her." The correspondent trailed along. Sure enough. Another thundering whir, a whidly waving gun barrel, and the crack for the third time since 1812.

Plub, (or whatever kind of a noise partridges make when they strike the ground.) Down came the bird. No kiddin'; she really did. Then she got up and started to run. Chas. was nervous and showed it. He put the stock of the gun in the crook of his elbow and sighted crosswise but got his thumb between the hammer and the pin and changed his mind. When he pulled out his thumb the gun went off. Far down the road a partridge thumped into the dust and lay quivering. Chas. and I looked dazedly around. Twenty yards away the first one waited resignedly to be shot. Twenty rods down the road was a second one dead.

"What—?" I gasped, but Chas. is

resourceful if nothing else. He strode the 20 yards in 11 proud steps, and, as his victim peacefully succumbed to seven kicks, made bored explanation:

"Oh, sure, I was after that one all the time."

The correspondent surrendered—and beat it. Away to the west came the roar of Nemo's "12" and, getting out my paper and pencil, I rushed to the front. There he came, peering, slit-eyed, about—after the style of our best moving-picture Indians hunting a defenseless cowboy.

"Sh-h-h," he shrilled as he saw me; an again, "sh-h-h-h."

I "shushed" so cleverly that I was allowed to trail along, while he explained. "She went out of a tree while I was fixing my shoe—just a snap shot—impossible of course." This last was a plain demand for corroboration as Nemo turned a questioning glance upon me.

"Oh, of course," I assented hastily.

Whirr-r-r-r, BANG.

She had gone from under his very feet. ("Very feet" is very good. They're the most "very feet" you ever saw.) Nemo threw up his gun as though to protect himself from the sudden attack; his fingers clutched convulsively over both triggers; and both barrels belched forth. Miracle of miracles. Came a cloud of feathers, and a body—er—plumped—plumped into a scrub pine. Nemo extracted the butt of the gun from his stomach, where it had been rather forcibly planted by the recoil, recovered enough breath to nonchalantly blow the smoke from the barrels, then, without deigning me a glance, strode (hunters always "stride" when they have made a good shot; otherwise they "slink") to his victim and, taking hold of a leg, started to lift. "Started," also, is good. The leg came off in his hand. Likewise the other one. The head wasn't on any firmer; neither were the wings. An oozy mass trickled down over the branches. The mighty hunter turned sheepishly to find me gazing disinterestedly into the sky. Out of the corner of my eye, however, I saw him drop the tail feathers and one wing effectively out of the corner of a coat pocket. Then he stood in front of the remains while I walked by.

"Shot to pieces a little," he tried me, but I refused to enter argument.

At a safe distance I was forced to sit down and put in the rest of the afternoon hearing how it was done and of like incidents in the hunting experiences of Nemo.

Dusk recalled him from his reveries, and we arose to go. "Chas. get anything?" he queried. "Two before I left," I answered, "and he's shot seven times since."

On we went, in quiet after the out of the woods and into an opening. Before us threatened another four-strand barbed wire fence. I stood behind a tree while Nemo took his gun in his right hand, a post in his left; stepped upon the first strand with his right foot and over the top to the second strand with his left; then raised his right foot to the top strand while he turned to address some comment to me.

Then it happened. Down the hill from under a thorn plum tree flashed a mass of thundering feathers. Nemo forgot everything but his "hunting instinct" (impressed upon me by a dozen tales during the afternoon); let go his hold upon the post, grabbed the gun barrel and "plugged."

Ever see a pinwheel in real action? Then you have some idea of the effect. As a faithful companion I should have watched the bird, but I didn't. Neither did Nemo. Plub, and it wasn't the partridge. Odiva's best drive is the back one. If Nemo has anything better than his back one, I'd die happy to be present when it transpires.

The gun described a 40-foot arc but landed right side up with care on its butt. Nemo's fall differed in that he only described a 10-foot arc.

The tail feathers and wing fell from his pocket and remained unnoticed while he untangled one leg from the top wire, pulled his stocking up to cover a jagged tear in

his trousers, picked up his gun rolled under the fence and slunk silently down the hill. Like the wing and feathers, I was not noticed, but I followed.

He reached a log at the foot of the hill and sat sadly down upon it. I went to him, contritely. As I placed my hand upon his shoulder my foot struck something that stirred. I reached over and picked it up. It was the partridge. Forgotten the bruises, forgotten the humiliation, forgotten the rudely dismembered bird of the early afternoon.

"Ain't he a beauty?" demanded Nemo, leaping erect, "and sa—son—wasn't that some shot?" It was; and I admitted it cheerfully—again and again—as we strode out to meet Chas. who had a bird in each pocket, had given an even half dozen to brother hunters, and sent the others home by team.

ALL BIRDS GOOD BIRDS

Some of the birds which are generally regarded as predatory, and pestiferous are not as bad as they have been painted, according to a bulletin recently issued by the United States department of agriculture.

It is a custom in most parts of the country to slaughter hawks and owls without compunction. "Hawks and owls," the department says, "are generally classed as thieves and robbers, whereas most of them are true friends of the farmer, because they are long-lived and spend much of their existence in destroying injurious insects and rodents."

The tree sparrows also are defended. One of their principal articles of diet, it is stated, is the seed of weeds and they perform a much-needed task in checking weed growth and spread. The department of agriculture finds that a typical member of this family will consume one-fourth of an ounce of weed seed per day on the average. At this rate a flock of sparrows, in the course of a season's operations, would be a tremendous influence for the diminution of the next year's weed crop.

The department of agriculture also exonerates the crow of a good deal of rascality, with which he has been charged. It is admitted that he will eat corn if nothing that suits him better is convenient, but it is stated that he much prefers grasshoppers, grubs and cut-worms. The crow is exceedingly voracious, and this characteristic makes him useful in destroying insect pests. All birds, as a matter of fact, seem possessed of an unflagging appetite which moves them to continuous effort to find food. If some of them steal grain occasionally, it is, perhaps, merely by way of a variation or because the insects are not largely in evidence.

Hawks and owls sometimes prey on poultry, but with proper vigilance the losses from this source will be small. Crows are no great menace to crops unless they appear in enormous numbers.—Louisville Courier Journal.

WORK OF WELL KNOWN WRITER

The book, "Game Protection and Propagation in America" by Henry Chase, is a work of unquestionable value to all interested in the subject. It is an authoritative treatise and presents the united opinions of the ablest advocates and what has universally been admitted to be the correct theory. Every point of practical benefit and importance which has been settled by science, law or experience in this field of conservation has been carefully and thoroughly treated, and all the latest developments and discoveries concerning artificial propagation of game and fish are touched upon throughout the book, and attention called to those which are in the experimental stage and those which are useless and dangerous to conservation. It is a complete wade-mecum on the subject.

Mr. Chase's writings on game conservation are well known and he has practically devoted a life time in study and labor for this cause. It is published by J. B. Lippencott company, Philadelphia.

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New reading matter, interesting. The first edition was exhausted much sooner than we expected and the popular demand was so great for a second edition that we published an enlarged and improved edition to be sold by mail (postpaid) at the low price named. Twelve cents, postpaid. Stamps accepted.

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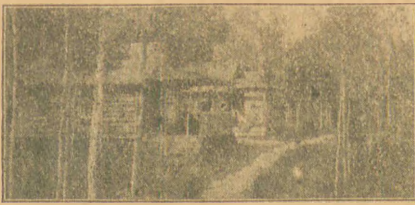
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OUANANICHE LODGE. Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country. Norway Pine House and Camps, Debris Lake. Most attractive situation in Maine. Good auto road to lodge. Plenty storage capacity for machines. From there one can take steamer to any part of the lake territory. The best hunting, fishing and vacation section of beautiful Washington Co. Address for particulars W. G. ROSE, Manager, Princeton, Me. Dec. 1st to April 1st.

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trust reposed in them. God has done his part in the national welfare.

He has given us abundant harvests and has provided us in rich measure with the fruits of nature. He has blessed us beyond all the nations of the earth, and we can but say with the Psalmist; "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness."

Our Thanksgiving should not be the mere utterance of the lip. The thankful heart is not content to express itself in words. We show our gratitude to God in the best way by our deeds of mercy. It was a kindly thing that Christ did in making the poor his representatives. He reminded us that they are ever with us and whomsoever we will, we may do them good, and He promises to recognize the kindness to them as service rendered to himself. Thus the act of benevolence brings a triple return. The recipient benefits and rejoices; the giver learns, as he learns in no other way, how glad his own heart can be made; and Christ looks on with approval and says to us: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me." Should not this triple incentive stir every christian heart to kind deeds?

Is there any family needing aid in our neighborhood? Is there any one to whom this Thanksgiving day seems like a mockery, by reason of poverty or affliction? There is the opportunity for winning a triple reward. The day demands our gifts and our thoughtful consideration, and it should not pass without the performance of some act by which we show, in practical fashion our own gratitude for the mercies God has conferred upon us.

Be ye thankful,

Weston P. Holman.

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Pleasant Island Camps Will re-open for the season of 1914, as soon as the ice goes out. Write for booklet.

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THANKSGIVING

While every day is a Thanksgiving day to the christian, it is well that there should be an annual day set apart for general national Thanksgiving. There are so many of us who might otherwise forget how many things there are for which we should be thankful and a still greater number who might forget to whom they should be thankful. We get so accustomed to our blessings, that we are apt to overlook them until they are withdrawn, and then in our deprivation we realize how good it was to have them. No man realizes how precious was the right arm so thoroughly as he who now has an empty sleeve; no man is so conscious of the joys of the home gathering, as he who on this Thanksgiving day is homeless and friendless.

We should not wait for the stern lessons of such hard teachers, but take stock of the blessings on hand, regardless of those we wish for, but have not and be thankful for the good things we enjoy.

Above all, our thoughts and thanks should rise to Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift. As a nation we have abundant reason for this attitude. What public sorrow and gloom is weighing on us at this year's celebration comes from human hands. Many are mourning the poverty that has come on them like an armed man. But that comes from the bungling or the trickery or the unscrupulous avarice of men, unworthy of the

try to line up in great numbers on the sixteen-yard line.

Taking up the elements conducive to the crack shot's prestige, which holds him out in front regardless of conditions, we first find a physical and mental organization which fills all requirements to the embarrassment of the poor shot, but which, of course, cannot be changed.

Next in order we strike the gun. Any change here, as others before have stated, operates more against the poor than the good shot, as there is little question but what the uncertain pointing of the poor shot needs the assistance of a larger pattern of the twelve bore.

The load used is the next item before us and one which has been centered upon by all the literary artillery directed against the high cost of our sport. Personally I can see little chance for changed conditions here doing any material good, as they will by comparison operate the same way, better, or worse, for all interested. There is in this changed load proposition a sentimental feature which must be handled with gloved hands. Most shooters, after once securing the fit of gun, which will permit them performing to the maximum of their ability, will stick to that one weapon until they shoot it to pieces. Not so with the load that same man shoots. This he changes time without number and makes it his "hobby." When you deprive a man of his "hobby" you are striking pretty close to where his heart rests. I don't believe I would step on a sportsman's toes in this manner.

Now we get down to an item entering the contest which can be changed to advantage. I agree with Brother Allen in his suggestion that harder targets were trapped under the Sargent system than at present are thrown. The flight of targets from the ever-present machine traps is altogether too perfect and regular, all of the phenomenal shooting records of recent years having been made over them. Likewise it seems to me that the more acute angles from the expert trap will require more relative change in style and judgment on the part of long-distance men than will be needed by his short-range competitor. Three traps at as many different points in the trap house, throwing varied heights of targets and relying upon different tensions and separate individual handling, unquestionably would give us more variety in our shooting and make closeness to the traps much more desirable than at present.

After reverting to expert traps which in my humble opinion would make less marked the difference between the "dubs" and the experts, I would favor Dr. Edward's suggestion relating to a smaller size of target. At a Westy Hogan shoot, several years back, a souvenir target was passed out to participants, which, while too small for practical use, still to me suggests a happy medium along the lines of the good doctor's suggestion. Use a target half the present regulation size. The short-range man can at his killing distance break most anything from the size of a walnut up, but these small targets would most certainly get through the pattern of back-distance men with enough frequency to make such misses, when they occurred, form the deciding factor in determining the winners of a long race.

Most clubs have some old expert traps on hand. The only change necessary would be a new carrier, which should be available for twenty-five or fifty cents, since practically all clubs would order them. Then targets would come a thousand to the barrel, cutting in half both the labor and cost of material while freight, express and hauling charges would decrease in like proportion, which should result in gun clubs being able to throw targets for a half-cent each. Here would be a saving of five dollars on every thousand shots the amateur fires, while the change would assist the poor shot by requiring absolutely perfect pointing on the part of the back-distance men, something which, with the change in traps, would be extremely difficult.

The foregoing is offered in the spirit of the occasion which has a trend toward popularizing the sport by reducing its cost to beginners and making possible a fairer handicapping system than now prevails.—R. F. Davies, in The Sportsman's Review.

GIFT TO STATE MUSEUM

The State museum was recently the recipient of a beautiful specimen of a Quinnet salmon, weighing 11 3-4 lbs., which was caught in Pierce Pond, Somerset county. Curator Thomas A. Jones was especially pleased to receive

this specimen as it is the only one of the kind in the collection. This particular sort of a salmon comes from the Pacific coast. A few were raised a short time ago at one of the Maine hatcheries, but seemed to thrive only in the pond where this specimen was secured. This gift was presented by Warden E. P. King and C. A. Spaulding, the proprietor of a sporting camp at Pierce pond.

MOOSE IN DROVES UP 'ROUND GRINDSTONE

A special to the Bangor Daily News from Grindstone, November 14 says, Charles Witherly was successful in landing a ten-point moose about two and one-quarter miles from Grindstone station, Wednesday afternoon last week. While he and his wife were travelling through the woods near here, they came close upon four moose, two cows and two bulls, one a spike-horn. Mr. Witherly, in his usual calm and collected manner, succeeded in landing the monster, while his wife proceeded to get frightened. The moose's weight is estimated at 700 pounds. Mr. Witherly and Charles D. Morrison, also of Bangor, with their wives, are camping near here, and as in former years are having their usual good luck in hunting, while other hunters around here are having equally as good luck as far as getting deer is concerned, but no other hunter has been fortunate enough to get a moose as yet. There are quite a number of deer being shipped from this station this year. Yesterday there were two bucks, each weighing 150 pounds and one at 115. All hunters report plenty of deer in this section. It is rather hard hunting, but in spite of that fact they seem to get them. The other day six fine deer went to Ohio, nine to Bangor, three to Boston and more waiting to be shipped. Who is going to be the next lucky hunter to get a moose?

COW MOOSE WANDERING AROUND PITTSBURY

A large cow moose was seen last Sunday wandering about the fields and door yards at Pittsboro, opposite Gardiner. Nobody molested the animal because it is under the protection of the law at any time and Sunday is also a non-shooting day.

RECENT SHOOTING ACCIDENT

Two shooting accidents one of them fatal have occurred in the state this week. Sunday Leroy Chesley, 18 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Chesley was instantly killed. He attempted to draw a shot gun toward him by the muzzle when the weapon was discharged and its contents of buck shot struck him in the throat. His jugular vein was severed.

FISH "QUEER" THE STORY

If it wasn't for those fish. But here's the story: A West Franklin hunter strolled up a brook near his home, and came upon a flock of wild ducks—twelve birds. Waiting until they were in line he fired, killing all twelve. Then he thought he would try fishing, and in a few minutes he had twenty-five nice fish. With his ducks and fish he started for home, and when nearly there he came upon a deer, and shot it. While dressing the deer, he noticed something oozing from a tree near by. The bullet that killed the deer had penetrated the tree and tapped a big store of honey. Again we say, if it wasn't for those fish, "Nice fish" out of a brook—that spells trout. No West Franklin man would ever catch trout in close time. Those fish "queer" the whole story. We don't believe any of it.—American Ellsworth.

Gift to State Museum.

The State museum was recently the recipient of a red tailed hawk, the gift of E. R. Twombly of West Enfield. Thomas A. James, the curator of the museum, has been kept busy during the last few days, mounting specimens presented to the museum.

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