

MAINE WOODS

OUTING EDITION

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 18

PHILLIPS, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913

PRICE 4 CENTS

KILLED DEER WHILE RIDING ON ITS BACK.

Varney Huyck of Middleville, N. Y., recently underwent one of the most unusual deer hunting experiences ever recorded in that section. Mr. Huyck was out on a hunting trip near the close of the season with George J. Casler and Chauncey B. Oakley. He spotted a buck and shot the animal twice. Then he walked up to the supposed carcass, but it proved to be a very live carcass, and Huyck got a sharp kick on the shins for his pains.

Then the buck jumped up and started to go away. Quick as a flash, Huyck threw himself on the animal's back and was carried for some distance. With his knife, the hunter succeeded in stabbing the deer to death. The affair occurred in the Morehouse Lake region, and everybody in that section is talking about it. The three hunters are members of the Morehouse Lake Club, which will hold its twenty-fourth annual meeting and its second annual banquet at the lake on December 3.

TOURNAMENTS AT PINEHURST

Pinehurst, N. C., Nov. 29, 1913—The opening event on the Pinehurst Country Club's schedule of 1913-14 tournaments of the tenth annual Autumn golf tournament, December 3, 4, 5 and 6. Other golf events are the tenth annual Holiday week, December 27, 29, 30 and 31; eleventh annual Midwinter January 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10; tenth annual St. Valentine's, February 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7; eighth annual St. Valentine's (women) February 11, 12, 13 and 14; tenth annual Spring, March 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7; twelfth annual United North and South Amateur Championship, (women) March 21, 23, 24, 25 and 26; fourth annual Amateur-Professional, March 27; fourteenth annual United North and South Open, March 28; fourteenth annual United North and South Amateur, March 30, 31, April 1, 2, 3 and 4; sixth annual mid-April, April 9, 10 and 11.

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS.

Tennis tournaments include the second annual St. Thomas, December 16, 17, 18 and 19; fourth annual Midwinter, January 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31; women's singles, February 18, 19 and 20; men's singles, February 25, 26 and 27; Club championship, March 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14.

TRAP SHOOTING TOURNAMENTS.

The seventh annual Midwinter trap shooting handicap is scheduled for January 21, 22, 23 and 24, with weekly sweepstakes from January 26 to March 23.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

At the Club's annual, meeting the following officers were re-elected: President, Leonard Tufts, Pinehurst; Secretary-treasurer, Herbert L. Jillson, Pinehurst; Board of Governors, C. L. Becker, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. D. Climo, Cleveland, J. D. Foot, Rye, J. P. Gardner, Chicago, H. C. Fownes and W. L. Hurd, Pittsburgh, Allan Laid, Washington, H. W. Ormsbee, Fitchburg, Mass.; I. S. Robeson, Rochester, N. Y. and G. W. Watts, Durham, N. C.; Tournament Committee: Becker, Ormsbee, Fownes, Robeson and Gardner.

FATAL HUNTING ACCIDENT AT LAMBERT LAKE.

Edwin Harding, 35, of Richfield, N. B., was mistaken for a deer, shot and instantly killed by his brother-in-law, William Gavel, also of Richfield, while hunting from Springer's camp near Lambert lake, November 23.

Harding and Gavel were out in company, when they started a deer. They separated, and Harding circled to drive the deer back. Gavel saw a movement in the bushes which he mistook for the deer and fired, the shot taking fatal effect on Harding. Sheriff Woodman of Washington county was notified.

10 PERSONS TOLL OF MAINE WOODS SO FAR.

Bangor, Me., Nov. 24.—Thus far this season 10 persons have been killed by the accidental or careless discharge of firearms in hunting in the Maine woods, while one guide was drowned by the capsizing of his canoe and about a dozen hunters or innocent bystanders have been maimed. Also the list of minor casualties probably exceeds 100.

There is a special statute providing for the punishment of persons convicted of reckless shooting, the maximum penalty being 10 years' imprisonment or a fine not exceeding \$1000 in case the victim dies, but the law has seldom been enforced. This season there have been three arrests for shooting hu-

MONEY IN INSECTS.

eggs, nests, etc. Five cents and up paid for butterflies and moths. They are easily gathered by moth-traps, cone-lamps, etc. Each state contains different kinds. No capital needed. I supply scientific and college for study purposes. Prepare for the coming season. Send 2c stamp for more information and beginners get instructions. JAMES SINCLAIR, Entomologist, Dept. 35, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

man beings 'in mistake for deer,' and the respondents are now awaiting trial, having been liberated in bail ranging from \$1000 to \$2000. The list of dead to date follows:

Oct. 1—Lizzie Burton, aged 12, of Weeksboro, accidentally shot by her 15-year-old brother while they were trying to clean a rifle in woods near their home.

Oct. 25—Herbert Foster, 25, of Guilford, shot by a companion, Morris Crockett, aged 14, in mistake for a deer. Crockett held for grand jury.

Oct. 27—Everett M. Dore, a trapper of Monson, killed by his own gun, the weapon which had been cocked to shoot a squirrel being discharged when Dore's horse shied.

Oct. 28—Leo Babine, 43, of Milo, drew a rifle muzzle first, from canoe.

Oct. 30—Charles W. Zeigler, 30, of Zeilenople, Pa., found dying from accidental discharge of his own rifle in an unknown manner.

Nov. 8—Fred Braun, 35, of Palermo, Me., accidental discharge of his own gun of which the trigger caught on the wagon seat.

Nov. 11—Charles Dodge, a guide, mistake for a deer by Cornelius Cable of Brooklyn, N. Y. Cable held in \$1000 for grand jury.

Nov. 13—Alonzo Bacon, 35, of Grand Lake Stream, registered guide shot by Clifford Pease of North Alver, O., in mistake for a deer. Pease held in \$1000 for grand jury.

Nov. 16—Terry Chesley, 18, of Lincoln, drew toward him a shotgun, muzzle first.

Nov. 17—Robert Fecteau, 16, of Biddeford, hand blown off by accidental discharge of gun. Died from shock.—Kennebec Journal.

1400 DEER ARE KILLED IN WEEK

It is estimated that about 1400 deer were killed in Massachusetts in one week during the open season. This is said to be the largest number ever killed during a six-day season in this state.

Charles Blackmer of North Wilbraham at present claims the record for the "largest kill." He brought down a 450-pound buck. The smallest animal shot was a 50-pound buck, brought down by William R. Glidden of Sheffield. The officials in charge of reports on deer at the State House had a busy week. As the state law requires that a report must be made to the commissioners in writing written 24 hours after the deer is shot, the game commissioners are able to tell about how many deer are shot during the season.

OFFICERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY CATCH SHOOTING CRAZE

The Portland Press says: Even the officers of the law have caught the shooting craze in Franklin county. A handsome mink came near falling a victim to Sheriff Small's revolver near the Center Bridge a few days ago. The Sheriff was crossing the bridge on the sidewalk when he spied the mink, which was a good sized and well-furred specimen, running along on the bank of the river near the water's edge. It being open season on fur-bearing animals and the opportunity so unusual, the sheriff decided to go into the fur business without delay. The mink was busily engaged in its own affairs and refused to remain in one spot or position more than an instant at a time, but the sheriff drew his loaded six-shooter from its holster and tried to get a fair shot at the little animal. He fired several shots, but although they were remarkably well aimed considering the constant movement of the target, the mink made off down the stream apparently uninjured.

RETURN WITH GOOD AMOUNT OF GAME.

The hunting party from Tomhegan which included Dr. G. H. Rand, J. G. Sharaf and J. C. Ham of Livermore Falls and five parties from other towns returned Tuesday night, with thirteen deer and one big moose, says the Lewiston Sun. The moose was secured by Dr. Rand and William Rand of East Livermore who were out by themselves when they heard a crashing and rattling through the woods that sounded as the doctor expressed it "like a runaway team." It was the moose which had evidently been startled by something. The doctor fired, severing its jugular vein. It turned and ran a short distance and both men fired, but the first shot had taken effect and the creature died in a few minutes. It weighed 700 pounds and if fat would have easily weighed 1000. From its heels to tip of nose it measured 16 feet with a spread of antlers of 54 inches and 26 points with blades 10 inches wide. This was Dr. Rand's 12th consecutive hunting season at Tomhegan in which he has always secured the number of deer the law allows and also three bears and two moose, besides quantities of the smaller game.

TWO MONSTER MOOSE

Two of the biggest moose ever seen in Bangor passed through that city, Friday noon, on the way west, says the Bangor Commercial. They were shot in Canada, and from a casual estimate, both would easily tip the scales at 1,000 pounds or more. They had splendid antlers, also, well formed, of good color, and plenty of prongs.

Accompanying the moose was an unusually large number of deer from the provinces, the biggest day's shipment from across the border in the past few weeks.

Those who have been making objections to the Maine hunting license of \$25 for non-residents would perhaps be less discontented if they should examine the hunting regulations of New Brunswick.

Non-residents visiting the province must pay a hunting license fee of \$50. It is true that they are allowed to take three caribou in addition to the one moose and two deer allotment, which is the same as in Maine, but then it does not always follow that hunters who have paid their \$50 can get this amount of game.

MOOSE AND WILD CAT

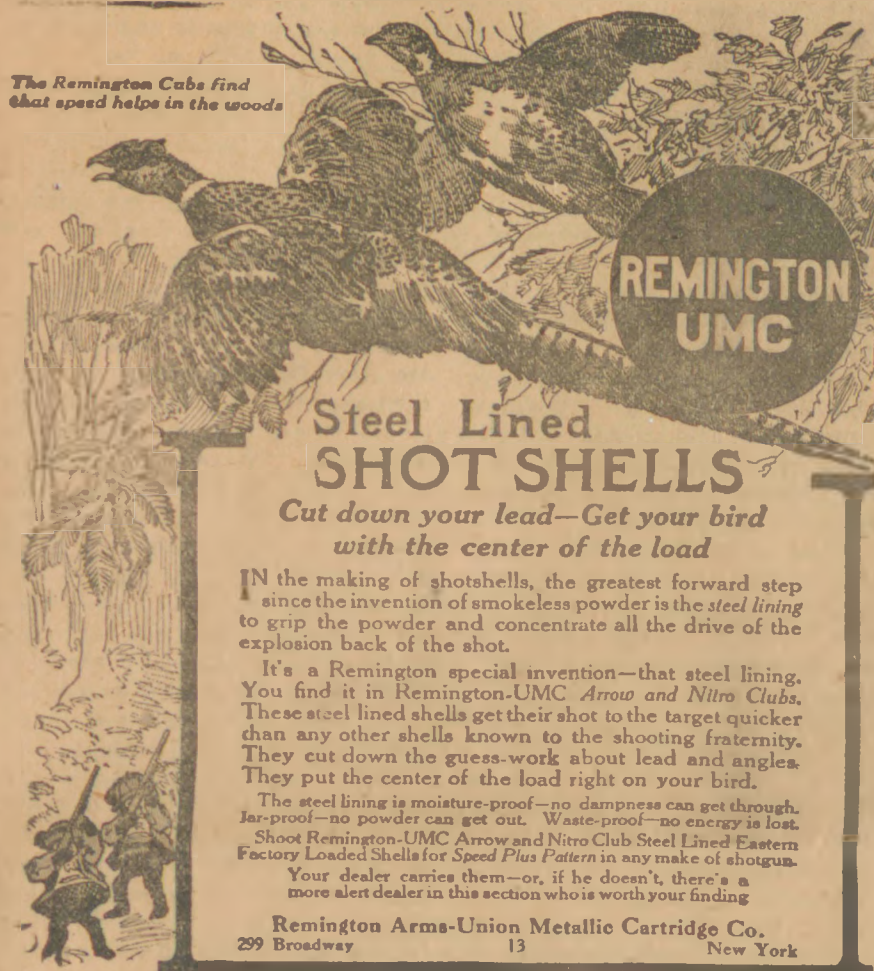
J. M. Johnson and A. H. Stevens of Lewiston have returned from a successful hunting trip in Washington county. They were away from home just 17 days and spent the time in the vicinity of Muskquash Lake and Baskhegan Lake. They went to this section of the State especially to hunt moose and therefore were not disappointed not to find deer plentiful. However they saw a number of moose and Mr. Johnson shot a handsome bull.

SHOT 12-POINT BUCK

George Roberts of Webster shot a handsome 12-point buck near Wilson's Crossing, just below Sabattus, early Saturday morning. Several deer have been shot in the town of Webster this season, but so far as reported, the one shot by Mr. Roberts was the finest buck taken in that section this year.

The first car for Waterville had passed Wilson's Crossing but a few minutes before the buck was sighted by Mr. Roberts and it didn't take him but a few minutes to get within rifle range. He brought the animal down the first shot. The buck dressed just 190 pounds.

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OLD-SHAD FISHING DAYS

Big Catches Brought Money.

Can you imagine going down to the banks of the Connecticut river, say at the foot of Elm street, dropping a line into the water and the next minute pulling out a big juicy four-pound shad? They don't do these things now, chiefly because the shad have departed in disgust at having their homes invaded by noisy power boats, factory oils and refuse and the like, and because the down-the-river authorities of the previous generation were short-sighted in their fisheries policy. But half a century or more ago it was eminently possible to get the principal feature of a good square meal at the cost of only 10 minutes with a rod and line. Those were the days when people did not talk so much about the cost of living, although even then there was a great deal of bitterness between the people of western Massachusetts and those of Connecticut, the former claiming that the Nutmeggers monopolized the lower reaches of the river with their fish nets all too completely, thereby cutting off much of the supply of the north.

Today a survey of the river as far as Hartford would reveal only perhaps a couple of youthful followers of Izaak Walton fishing. Small boys cast lines occasionally in the vicinity of the Longmeadow border. This signifies nothing because it is well known that there are crowds of fishermen every day on the banks of the Seine in Paris, although it is not on record that anything ever comes out of either river except a few empty tin cans or maybe a set of false teeth. As a fishing resort the Connecticut in the vicinity of this city is barren, and only the almost hopeless efforts of a few youngsters survive as a sort of tombstone for what was once a profitable and popular sport and business.

Between 1845 and 1850 river fishing was at its height in Springfield, and the stretch of water from Holyoke to Thompsonville, Ct., was well populated with large and small craft containing men busy in laying nets. Shad was the great catch and their succulent, sweet meat was as typical of Springfield as baked beans are of Boston, or cod-fish balls of Salem and Gloucester. There was not a family in the city, or the town as it then was, which was not accustomed to delicious planked shad as an almost daily viand. The fish were there to be taken, and people saw little use in helping to support meat markets when the small boy of the family could step down to the river bank and in 15 minutes return with the family dinner flopping at the end of a forked stick.

Then people began to see the commercial value of the river as a fishing

resort. Orders flowed in from New York where the patrons of the big hotels were demanding Connecticut shad in preference to those of the Delaware. Enterprising persons began buying up fish rights on the river, usually 100 rods in length, and about half the width of the river, and before 1855 the amateur anglers' day was done. If he went out on the river at night in his private boat he was liable to be treated with a dose of buckshot for this was poaching in the strictest sense of the word, and the proprietors of river rights hired men to watch their property jealously. These fish wardens led a happy life, drifting lazily over their 100 rods or so of river, but woe betide them if they drifted too far and got on to the next preserve, for then they were likely to be treated with a dose of the same medicine by their neighbors.

Fishing rights came to be sold as high as \$500 for 100 rods of river, although some were inherited and passed from generation to generation like so much real estate. For commercial purposes the work with rod and line was too slow. Consequently, nets were used almost exclusively, this causing much perturbation to the real sporting men of the old days who could see little enjoyment in this method of angling. The net was about 33 rods long with a sweep of 18 or 20 feet, and with a line of rope along the top and the bottom. The top was kept afloat by big pieces of cork while the bottom was weighted with lead sinkers.

The boat was a large flat scow which would hold two or three tons. Two nets were usually worked together with five men on each, four in the boat and one on the bank. About the time of the incorporation of Springfield as a city, commercialized fishing, by which is meant the catching of fish for sale to markets and hotels, was at its height. At this time the river bank below and above the city was daily a scene that was picturesque indeed. Swinging out from the bank in their boat the four men who were to draw the net went about 20 rods, then swung almost at right angles and went down stream about 10 rods, then swinging in toward shore. During this time the current of the river had been carrying the net, and the fish who were going to the upper reaches found themselves suddenly fenced in.

By this time the net has taken the form of a large U and within it are hundreds of silvery-sided shad, leading vainly against the sides and doubtless wondering at their sudden imprisonment. The other net is taken out into the stream in back while the crew who have just completed their catch drag their net in shore to dump the fish on the banks before going out again. Hundreds of spectators used to line the banks during the fishing season

and many of them made their purchases on the spot, selecting one of the finny prey before he had fairly quit squirming. There was little demand for cold storage plants for preserving fish in those days in Springfield.

Fishing by Night Once Common

At one time there was considerable done in the way of fishing by night, but this was later given up, for, despite the added picturesqueness, it was found not to be so efficacious. The female shad, which were more desired than the males on account of their roe, were apt to lose much of it before morning if taken by night. The flesh of the males was solid and sweeter than that of the females, but the delicacy of the roe more than made up for this in the judgment of the fishermen and the purchasers. The shad began to come up the river the second week in May, began to spawn by the middle of June, and returned down the river early in September. These were the most profitable times for the Connecticut river fishermen, although almost any time in the summer months was good for a substantial haul.

These golden days of shad fishing could not last forever, though. Soon Springfield began to lose its identity as the center of a farming section and became more and more engrossed in manufacturing. Big factories were established along the banks of the river, and these emptied into the stream thousands of gallons of oil and refuse, which acted as a strong deterrent to the coming of the shad. Then the Enfield dam came into existence, making shad strangers in these waters and fishing came to an abrupt end. River rights that had formerly profited a neat fortune were now sold for a song or dropped out of sight altogether. The fishing tackle rotted hanging in barns or was cut up and sold for purposes for which it had never been intended. One man sold a section of his to a neighbor who wished to use it for covering a strawberry bed, and then offered to sell all the rest of his equipment and his rights for what five years before he would have considered a pittance. Incidentally, the offer was declined.

Many big "fish stories" passed the rounds in the palmy days of the sport, and the ingenuity of some of them has caused their authors to go down in history as distinguished persons. One old character, known to the whole city as "Uncle Selah," used to solemnly aver that he could walk out to the middle of the river on the backs of the scaly shad and pick them up as easily as one would walk into a berry patch and stoop to pick huckleberries. This story was never verified, but it marked "Uncle Selah" as a great man and one worthy of respect and admiration of the entire water front. "Uncle Selah" was also sure that he had once seen two shag jump out of the river and climb on the bank to get out of the crush.

Practically all of the big fishermen of the olden days have passed away, but there are a few of the oldest residents who can remember the departed glories of this city as a fishing center in their early youth. Among the men who amassed large sums from their river rights and gained enviable reputations were Capt. C. C. Smith of Holyoke, Alonzo Converse and his son, Frank Converse, Seth Green, Barney Cooley, Edwin Bodurtha and Augustine Hills of West Springfield, Frank Parker, "Mike" Harrigan and John King.

Fishing to some extent lasted until well into the '80's. Alonzo Converse was probably the veteran of the old Connecticut river fishermen. He began in 1827 at the age of 14, when the river had not yet been exploited from a commercial piscatorial standpoint, and continued until 1885, fishing the river for 58 consecutive seasons. Mr. Converse saw the rise, decline and fading away of the sport, and for many years kept a record of the numbers of fish he took out of the river. The rapid decline of fishing is shown by the figures he kept for the last three years that he cast his nets. In 1882 he took but 450, in 1883 only 200, and in 1884 just 72 shad were caught in his nets. The palmy days of 1845 were the best, and in one spring he cleared \$500 from his sale of fish, and then did no better than his neighbors. Capt. Smith of Holyoke found an easy matter to take in 2500 fish during a season, and there were other fishermen all up and down the river who equalled this.

Distinguished names were given to the rights along the river, and in some cases these have stuck, while in others they have been forgotten. A half-century ago a man would have been ignorant indeed who could not have

told at once the location of "Sucker point," "Spawn hole," "the Langton place" and "Red Gill," all of which were near the South-end bridge, or "Hardscrabble," "Double ditch," "Rock-rimmon," "Shad harbor," "Black point," and "the Allen place." They were as familiar to the citizens of those days as are the municipal group or the union station to the men of 1913.—Springfield Republican.

BLACK FOX RANCHES SOURCES OF WEALTH

Montreal, Nov. 12.—Robert Cotton of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and president of the recently formed Maritime Province division of the Canadian Press Association, when here, was asked about the black fox boom on the island, and made the following statement:

"The highest price ever paid in the world for silver black fox pelt at a fur sale was between \$2500 and \$300," said Mr. Cotton. That fox was bred in captivity in Prince Edward Island. And one small shipment of black fox pelts sent to the London sales from one island ranch netted its owner over \$40,000. That was before the boom—before breeding stock was bought and sold; before the world had learned that two or three enterprising Prince Edward Islanders had successfully domesticated the exceptionally rare and highly prized silver black fox.

"I haven't," he said, "the statistics exactly at my finger ends. But the present stock of breeders—aged foxes—is valued at something over \$6,000,000, and the Provincial Government has already collected taxes on last season's pups, valued for taxation purposes at between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000."

"Most of the black foxes are now held by joint stock companies, proved breeders being capitalized at from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a pair, and most of the pups at from \$10,000 to \$15,000 the pair, though some range higher. Of the companies which have been in operation for over a year all, with the exception of several smaller ones, which owned only one or two pairs that this year had no offspring, have paid dividends this autumn ranging from 20 per cent. upward.

"One company which bought its breeders several years ago, and before prices reached their present level, this autumn distributed to its shareholders 500 per cent. in cash and in addition handed them a 500 per cent. stock bonus. One young lady of whom I know put a thousand dollars into foxes a couple of years ago and this amount netted \$10,000 as representing her profits to date.

"Several of our fox ranches who ten years ago, if not as poor as church mice, at least were no better off than hundreds of their associate farmers, who had no access to capital, who made no lucky strikes in stocks, who have not employed more than one or two men as keepers, to-day are worth at least a million dollars, and there seems to be every promise that a number of others will have amassed quite as much when one or two more harvests have been gathered.

"And is this going to last?" "Well, there does not appear to be a doubt that fur-farming as an industry has come to stay. It is hardly to be expected that present values will always be maintained. The demand for high class breeding stock is now very great and Prince Edward Island more or less controls the market." (Bangor Daily News, Nov. 13, 1913.)

Dover has been made somewhat famous by its fox ranches which have made good money for their owners.

Mr. E. Norton of Dover is one of the pioneers in this business, but is not at the present time actively engaged in it.

Mr. Maurice F. Stevens of Dover has been profitably engaged in the black fox business for the past ten years, and is still largely interested in the industry, having large interests in ranches in Prince Edward Island as well as owning a profitable ranch here.

Mr. Stevens is a stockholder and director in the R. J. McNeil Black & Silver Fox Company of Prince Edward Island. Several other well

known citizens of this state are of-ficers and directors also. This company now have in its ranch six pairs of beautiful thoroughbred black foxes all of which are paid for. They have an option on four additional pairs, and the company is offering for public subscription a small amount of its capital stock to aid in paying for these four additional pairs. The stock is sold at \$50.00 per share, and applications can be made to Mr. Stevens of Dover.

The company has just issued a most interesting booklet on Silver Black Foxes and Fur Farming. It will be sent FREE upon application to Mr. Maurice F. Stevens, Dover, Maine.

THE WONDERS OF A SALMON RUN.

The world's greatest salmon runs are to be found along the shores of the North Pacific ocean, in the States of Washington, Oregon and California, the Province of British Columbia, and Alaska, on the American side, and Siberia and Japan on the Asiatic side. So far, however, but few salmon have been canned on the Asiatic side.

To one who has never witnessed these annual runs it is almost an impression of the countless numbers of fish that swim in from the sea in the spring and summer, all imbued with the same desire—to gain suitable grounds in the upper reaches of the rivers, some of which are from fifteen hundred to two thousand five hundred miles in length, where they may perpetuate the species. No obstacle appears to be too great to be surrounded in this feverish rush. Jumping falls, shooting rapids, dodging nets, bears, birds, mink, otter, and other enemies, fighting with other males, whom the near approach of the breeding season renders especially savage—all these are taken as a matter of course. And yet one sometimes wonders if the heroic struggle is worthily repaid, for the moment of victory is also the moment of death, as, sad to relate these valiant voyagers can breed but once and then must die, their wasted bodies, which have received no nourishment since leaving salt water, becoming the prey of any prowling bear or carrion bird who may chance upon them. Why these fish should all die after spawning still remains one of the great unsolved mysteries of the scientific world.—From "The Salmon Fisheries of the Pacific" in the December Wide World Magazine.

TO TEST FISHING LAWS

Eight Japanese living in Hawaii have brought to the Supreme court a case to test the constitutionality of Hawaiian fishing laws prohibiting the catching of certain fish with seines.

The Japanese claim that Congress reserved to itself the right to regulate the taking of sea fish within the territorial government is without power to make regulations.

The Hawaiian Supreme court held that the real government could act until Congress acted.

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MR. CAMP OWNER

It is rumored over the state that no hunters are coming to Maine this fall on account of the new license law. Do you believe this? Do you believe that true sportsmen who love to place a good gun on their shoulders can find such a variety of hunting in any other state in the Union? We do not believe they can, and we also believe that Maine will have a good big bunch of hunters this fall.

IT IS NOW TIME TO ADVERTISE

for them, and Maine Woods offers publicity that is more valuable, to Maine camp owners, than that of any other publication.

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MAINE WOODS,
Phillips, - - - **Maine**



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Because you slice Sickle off the plug *as you use it*, and all the original flavor and moisture are pressed into the plug and *kept there* by the natural leaf wrapper—so that every piece of Sickle Plug is bound to be *fresh* when it goes into your pipe. You are sure of a slow-burning, *cool*, sweet smoke always.

Ground-up tobacco keeps getting drier all the time—so dry that it clogs in the bottom of the package and has to be dug out. No wonder it burns fast, smokes hot and bites the tongue.

When you buy Sickle you get *more* tobacco—because you don't pay for a package—and you *smoke* all you get, because there's no tobacco spilled and wasted. Just try Sickle today—your dealer sells it.

3 Ounces
10c

Slice it as
you use
it



HUNTERS LOSE THEIR DEER

Willard G. Kirk and Ferdinand Russell of Dexter were convicted of larceny in the Piscataquis municipal court at Bangor Thursday afternoon of last week and Judge Hiram Gerrish sentenced them to pay a fine of \$10 in each case while the costs were equally divided. Kirk and Russell stole a deer belonging to Harry Cooley who was a member of a party of Dexter men hunting in Shirley. The deer was stolen last Sunday night a week.

When arraigned to answer to the charge, both Kirk and Russell entered pleas of not guilty. Cooley and other members of his party related to the court the circumstances leading up to the disappearance of Cooley's buck. It seems that Kirk and Russell had come to the camp occupied by the other Dexter men and had been taken in and entertained for a time, they being without a camping outfit. Sunday evening they left the camp at midnight and when the others arose in the morning the buck belonging

to Cooley was missing. They suspected that Kirk and Russell had taken it and, therefore, had a warrant sworn out for their arrest. The arrest was made in Dexter Wednesday by Deputy Sheriff James B. Stevens of Guilford, who also secured the deer's hide containing the bullet holes.

Russell in his own defence denied having taken the deer, claiming that it belonged to Kirk and himself. He became rather twisted in his story when cross-examined by County Atty. Hudson. Later a consultation was held and Kirk and Russell admitted to P. A. Hasty, Esq., of Dexter, who acted as their attorney, and to County Atty. Hudson that they had taken Cooley's deer. They then retraced their pleas of not guilty and one of guilty was entered.

HUNTERS RETURN TO OLD TOWN

Selden G. McPheters and Charles W. Goodale arrived in Old Town from their annual hunting trip to Sebobeis Bridge, with their game all right so far as deer were concerned, says the Commercial, but full of regrets that the only good bull moose they sighted on the trip got away with a bit of Mr. Goodale's lead in its body.

It was Mr. Goodale's ambition to secure a nice moose head to add to the collection of trophies that have fallen before his aim and his first plans included a trip to Hound lake, near the Canadian line. Deciding to change his location, he went to his old stamping ground about Sebobeis Bridge, 20 odd miles above Patten. There he ran across what he thought was his moose, but the bullet struck a bit high and spreading blood in every direction the animal dashed off into the forest, with the two hunters in hot pursuit.

Although they followed the wounded king of the forest for a long distance, the animal failed to show any weakness but gathered strength as it went farther on and after a while stopped bleeding altogether, so that they were forced to abandon the chase.

Mr. Goodale was Mr. McPheters' guest over night and left, with his deer, for his home in York village, Friday morning.

Mrs. Maud Mersey has cut another notch on the butt of the Greenfield rifle handled by the fair sex, having added her name to the list of lucky women in that town. She brought her deer in and hung it in the Mills market.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT WILTON

Blue Mountain Camps on the shore of Wilson lake, which were under the management of the late W. E. Bacheller and Mrs. Bacheller for

several years and conducted as a public resort, have just been bought by a corporation of Wilton people. Hereafter, they will be operated in two parts, one as a summer school with a Kludergarden department; the other as a summer home for parents, who thus may accompany their children to the summer school. The officers and incorporators are: President, George M. Clark; clerk, C. H. Dascombe; treasurer, Irving G. McColi; George H. Bass, Willard S. Bass, John R. Bass, R. C. Fuller, Dr. W. J. Trefethen, Ernest P. Parlin and Cyrus N. Blanchard.

ARE TWO HALVES EQUAL TO A WHOLE—DEER?

If two men shoot half a deer a piece, is either entitled to kill another of the animals? This question is puzzling Massachusetts hunters as a result of a ruling of the State Fish and Game Commissioners.

Eleazar L. Dupine, of Worcester reported to the commissioners that he wounded a deer, trailed it for a long distance and was within a few feet of the animal when another hunter fired and killed the deer. Each hunter claimed sole ownership of the venison. To settle the dispute they referred the matter to the commissioners, who replied that the only law applicable was the unwritten law of the woods, that the game should be divided between the two.

Under the law a man may kill only one deer during the open season and Dupine and the other hunter are trying to find out which, if either, may legally bring the score up to one and a half.

WON'T BE ANXIOUS TO EVADE THE LAW.

Game Commissioner Neal states that the shipment of game through the other inspection points throughout the state are fully up to those of past years. He thinks that the decrease in Bangor inspection station may be due partially to the use of automobiles and other local causes. As this seems to be the only station which is easily accessible to the woods by that means the reason seems a plausible one. It also may be that a good many deer that used to come through this station may be now that new railroads have been built are going through other inspection stations.

A foreigner the other day thought he could put one over on the game department. He claimed to live in the state and to own a house and some other real estate. He was told that under those circumstances he would not be obliged to take out a license. He went into the woods and with other game secured two deer. He was also incautious enough in the woods to brag of the way he got ahead of the game commissioners. The story came to the attention of the department at Augusta and was investigated and the results were that as the story was found true, he was obliged to pay a fine of \$50. Next time he goes hunting he will not be so anxious to evade the payment of a hunter's license.

CHESTNUT DISEASE INVADES MAINE.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The chestnut bark disease has forced its way into Maine, according to reports to the Department of Agriculture. The disease was discovered at two points—Temple and Auburn—the farthest north that the disease has been found in this country, except one isolated chestnut orchard in British Columbia.

The department announced to-day that the discovery should cause little alarm, as there is not much chestnut timber in Maine.

BREAKS NEW YORK BUCK-BACK RECORD.

Leaping on the back of an enraged buck that charged him after he had fired and missed, Vernon Rider of Kingston, N. Y., rode nine miles through dense forests recently and

START on your fall hunt supplied with Peters Shells—the ammunition that you can always depend on for shooting quality and results.

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Peters
"STEEL WHERE STEEL BELONGS"
SHOT GUN SHELLS

give real and complete satisfaction, but their cost is within the reach of all. Barton Lewis won the U. S. Amateur Championship at Dayton, O., June 17, 1913, scoring 195 out of 200 with Peters "Target"—medium priced shell for Bulk Smokeless. Chas. A. Young won the Professional Championship of the United States, scoring 197 out of 200 with Peters "High Gun"—medium priced Shell for Dense Smokeless.

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CLARK-HUTCHINSON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

was rescued only when another hunter killed the animal.

After following the animal for several hours Rider got a shot at the buck and missed. The deer was in an open space, and charged. Rider did not dare run, and stood for the buck, which rushed head down at him.

To keep from being gored, Rider seized the enraged animal by the antlers, and the deer's head in rising threw the hunter astride the back. Locking his feet under the stomach of the buck, Rider held on to the antlers.

The buck plunged into the forest, and as Rider could not let go his hold he was carried, as near as he could estimate, about nine miles. The infuriated animal tried to throw the unwelcome rider, and brushed against trees and rocks. Rider's clothes were torn to shreds, but he held fast.

Peter B. Markle, an old hunter, saw the deer coming with Rider and he fired a heavy ball through the animal's fore shoulder. The buck fell, and Rider landed in the branches of a spruce tree. He was badly bruised.

The buck was old and savage, had four prongs on the antlers and weighed more than 200 pounds.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

Two victims of accidental shooting are at the Webber Hospital at Biddeford for treatment. Robert Fecteau, aged 17, the son of Peter Fecteau of the Pool road, while gunning in the lower part of the city near Westbrook, accidentally discharged the shotgun he carried

and was wounded in his left hand and side. Shortly after the accident Rev. Charles Pittman, pastor of the Foss street Methodist church and Scout Thomas Richards of the Foss street Boy Scouts, came along in a carriage and took the boy to the hospital. He will recover unless there are unforeseen developments. Miss Georgia Boucher, aged 20, was out in the woods off West street with a party of friends. They were shooting at a mark when a partridge flew up and one of the young men became excited and fired at the bird. The shot lodged in the leg of Miss Boucher. She was taken to the hospital, where she will be obliged to remain several days. The wound is not dangerous.

NILE CONTAINS GREATEST VARIETY OF FISH.

It is probable that the Nile contains a greater variety of fish than any other river in the world. An expedition sent by the British Museum brought back 2000.

HUNTERS AND HUNTING

The large coon, recently shot by Edward Bellem, has been purchased by "Billy" Farr, and is to occupy a prominent position on the Thanksgiving menu at the Hallowell House.

Benjamin Sweet of South Paris rejoices in his luck but at the same time wonders what charm he holds to attract the bull moose. The Lewiston Journal says that Ben has gone into the woods hunting for the past three years and each time has got his moose. Possibly Ben wears a Roosevelt button.

THE AMERICAN FIELD

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

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The American Field collects news by its own staff representatives and special reporters, giving authoritative reports of leading events in the sportsman's world. Its recreative columns are always replete with interesting articles and contributions and open a wide field for discussion of all subjects that interest sportsmen.

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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 6:50 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 leave Phillips for Farmington at 6:00 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 leave 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 leave Rangeley for Farmington at 10:40 A. M.; and arrives from Farmington at 9:00 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 for Strong and Farmington at 1:00 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 6:16 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 8:25 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Farmington at 6:45 A. M. and for Bigelow at 12:00 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. P. A.

MAINE WOODS

WEEKLY.
J. W. Brackett Co.
Phillips, Maine

L. B. BRACKETT,
Business Manager

OUTING EDITION.
8 pages, \$1.00 per year
LOCAL EDITION.

12 and 16 pages, \$1.50 per year
Canadian, Mexican, Cuban and Pan-
ama subscription 50 cents extra. For-
eign subscriptions, 75 cents extra.

Entered as second class matter, January 21,
1899, at the postoffice at Phillips, Maine, under
the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Maine Woods thoroughly covers
the entire state of Maine as to Hunt-
ing, Fishing, Trapping, Camping, and
Outing news and the whole Franklin
county locally.

Maine Woods solicits communications
and fish and game photographs from its
readers.

When ordering the address of your
paper changed, please give the old as
well as new address.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913

Touring Through Beauty Spots in
Maine and New Hampshire.

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

We arrived at Bridgton on the third
day of our trip about dark and found
quarters at the Bridgton house. Bridg-
ton is one of the many beautiful Maine
towns. Hills and beautiful lakes
abound and one cannot take a drive
in that vicinity without enjoying much
scenic beauty. One of the prettiest of
the drives is the one over Bridgton
Highlands. You go along over a high
ridge of land that overlooks lakes or
either side by picturesque hills. Far
to the westward is the White Moun-
tain range with Mt. Washington plain-
ly visible on a clear day. The morning
we left Bridgton was almost a cloud
less one yet distant Washington was
capped by its favorite cloud.

Leaving Bridgton about 9 o'clock
our objective point that day was
Rangeley Lakes, about a hundred-mile
run. The forenoon ride while through
a pretty country was largely over
sandy roads and rather hard going.
Again we passed through Norway that
pretty and prosperous Oxford county
town with its equally pretty and pros-
perous sister town South Paris and
thence on by way of Bryants Pond
toward Rumford Falls. On that morn-
ing Rumford began to seem to us like
the foot of the rainbow. As we neared
it, it seemed to go farther and farther
away. Guide-boards told us that
Rumford was 14 miles then 12 miles
then 14 miles and finally when the
next board said 16 miles we almost
despaired of ever reaching it. We
found later however that there were
on the route Rumford Corner, Rum-
ford Falls and the guide-boards did
not always specify which Rumford
was meant. The approach to Rumford
Falls is very pretty and interesting
along the valley of the Androscoggin,
winding in and out by the banks of
the river and nearly all the time under
the shadow of attractive hills.

When you drive into Rumford Falls,
cross the bridge and behold that mag-
nificent fall of water look at the great
mills and the busy city-like-looking
streets you realize the material and
practical side rather than the scenic.
For days we had ridden through a
beautiful country alongside lakes,
across rivers under the very crags of
the mountains, and the mind was
turning continually toward the beau-
tiful, the artistic side. Here was
scenery just as grand and with these
wonderful natural falls fully as awe-
inspiring but it would hardly incite a
passing thought. One could only think
of the enterprise, the ingenuity and
the dynamic energy of the men who
had turned these works of nature to
practical use and transformed what
would otherwise be a picturesque is-
land in the midst of a dashing river,
into a veritable beehive of industry
where thousands work and have their
homes.

Rumford as the town is now named,
is one of the remarkable towns in
Maine that has had a phenomenal

Don't think because you have
taken many remedies in vain that
your case is incurable. Hood's
Sarsaparilla has cured many seem-
ingly hopeless cases of scrofula,
catarrh, rheumatism, kidney com-
plaint, dyspepsia and general de-
bility. Take Hood's.

growth due to the development of the
water power on the Androscoggin
river at that place. In 1890 the popu-
lation was less than 1000 now it is
about 7000. In the same time the val-
uation has increased from \$360,000, to
over \$4,000,000. The rise in value of
real estate in the business section of
the town sounds almost like a fairy
tale. This interesting town could keep
the tourist busy for two or three days
if one cared to study its industries.
Our stay was short, however, but we
did take the time to drive through
Strathglass Park, built by the late
Hugh Chisholm one of the leading
spirits of Rumford during its upbuild-
ing. In Strathglass Park are scores
of fine brick houses with neat lawns
and yards built to be rented to the
employees of the paper mills. It gives
a touch of the artistic to what in mil-
lions is usually decidedly unattrac-
tive.

Our route from Rumford was by
way of Dixfield and Weld to Phillips
to Rangeley. It was one of the most
interesting and picturesque drives of
our whole trip. We found the roads
excellent though narrow and some
pretty hills. But every mile was en-
joyable. Tourists of other states may
boast of their macadam roads, their
boulevards, their level stretches, but
they do not know the real joys of auto
touring if they have never left cities
and large towns behind and plunged
into the depths of a Maine forest road.
The thrill of the surprise that awaits
you at the summit of each hill, the un-
certainty of where the next turn will
take you, the exhilarating air of the
Maine woods, the continual variety,
the fascinating perfume of the pine
and firs, all these things unite to
make a ride through the Maine coun-
try and woodland roads a revelation
to those who are accustomed only to
city parks and broad boulevards. This
drive from Rumford to Rangeley had
all of these attractions and more and
when at last we burst out from the
woodland road and ran along the
stores of old Rangeley Lake we were
amid scenes of beauty and grandeur
that we had seen excelled on no other
parts of our trip. But more of the
Rangeley region next week

HOW PA HENDERSON
KILLED A DEER

Listen, ye sportsmen! and you shall
hear
How old Pa Henderson killed a deer!
Every year when the season came,
Pa scoured the woods in his search for
game;
Until every beast 'neath the forest's
shade
Knew him by sight; while the noise
he made
Warned every creature both near and
far.
So that each in its way would cry:
"Here comes Pa!"
And each of his sons with a wicked
grin.
Would jeer poor Pa; as he toted in
All the game that the law would al-
low:—
And some which it didn't—like Bill
Jones's cow.
But his ill-luck turned, and you shall
hear
How he killed his FIRST, and his
ONLY, deer.
Pa had hunted that day since early
dawn,
With only a fleeting glimpse at a fawn;
And tired and hungry, as night drew
nigh,
He turned toward home with a weary
sigh:

Saying: "Maybe I'll rest for a moment
here:—
O, how I wish I might shoot a deer!"
As he sat on the trunk of a fallen tree
Lighting his pipe; he looked up to see
A partridge budding away in a spruce:
So he up with his gun and the echoes
let loose.

Shot to bits, the remains sailed away
on the breeze.
Far over the tops of the tall, naked
trees;
And as Pa stood there, cussing, and
scratching his head,
Out jumped a big buck deer and said:
"You poor old fellow! If you'll kill me
quick,

I'll let you do it, for I'm tired and sick
Of seeing you around! And Pa—he up
and shot!
And the deer fell dead right there on
the spot!
And poor old Pa ends his story this
way:—

That of DOZENS of deer he has killed
in his day,
He believes this LAST is the best of
them ALL;
Anyhow, it's the best one he's killed
THIS fall.

ANNIE THOMPSON-HAYFORD,
Oquossoc, in Lewiston Journal.

Should Have Some Superstition.
We would not give a rap for the
person who is without all supersti-
tion. We would a little bit prefer the
man whose superstitions are pessim-
istic to the one who is so exceed-
ingly superior as to think there is no
luck in life, no favor nor disfavor in
anything that may happen or in any
circumstance that may surround our
lives.—Exchange.

Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

Rangeley, Nov. 25—A light snow
covers the ground this morning, just
enough to track the deer and the
hunters will be out. Everyone is
wishing for an old fashioned New
England snow storm for Thank-
sgiving. Captain F. C. Barker is in
town this morning greeted by many
friends. He did not take his
steamboat Wm. P. Frye out of the
lake until last Friday. He reports
there is more than the usual amount
of lumbering being done in this
section this winter. The Capt. is
building a fine new bungalow here
in the village for his daughter and
has a big crew of men rushing wor-
on it as fast as possible.

There is one of the attractive
camps that is always open in the
Rangeleys, York Camps, Loon lake,
and the winter business promises to
be good for there are many city
people who need rest in winter as
well as summer and the novelty of
life in winter far from the city has
a fascination for many. I had the
pleasure of meeting Lewis York the
proprietor of the camps while at
Rangeley when he drove into the
village for mail, supplies, etc., and
from him I learned that Mr. and
Mrs. Newton Crane of Boston, who
came in October are still keeping
the hearthstone warm in Camp
Hesitation and so much enjoy life
there they will remain several weeks
longer.

Dr. W. O. Smith of Brooklyn, N.
Y., with Clarence Gile for guide had
a great hunting trip this autumn,
and shot two deer, one a fine buck
he took home and the limit of birds.

H. A. Barry of Portland with his
old guide, Ben Gile, planned an ex-
tended hunting trip but was called
home before he shot his deer.

A jolly good party from Newark,
N. J., Dr. Snyder, Dr. Blanchard, Dr.
Bull and Judge Tennant with three
guides, Frank Haley, Arthur and
Clarence Gile had two great weeks
in the woods and shot plenty of
birds and a number of deer but the
weather was so warm they did not
take any home.

Dr. Geo. J. Helmer of New York
is greatly enjoying November days
in camp.

Mr. Farwell a well known musical
composer whose home is in New
York is so much pleased with camp
life at Loon lake he is spending
several weeks there.

Mr. York is to build more camps
and enlarge his dining room and
make other improvements before
spring for this last summer his bu-
iness was much larger than ever
before and in order to accommodate
part of the number who have al-
ready written for a camp, new ones
must be built.

Snowshoeing, taking a walk on
skates, sliding down hill, toboggan-
ing, trapping and watching the wild
animals in their winter home are
some of the attractions.

I noticed Jim Wilcox one of the
wardens this morning as he hiked it
by on his way from the Mountain
View and of course I was delighted
to greet him and have a chat about
the work he is doing.

He has just come from Dodge
pond where by order of the Fish and
Game Commission he has been set-
ting traps for the beaver that have
done so much damage. They will
be trapped and their skins sent in-
to the state officials. On the shore
of the pond on Warren Wilbur's
farm Wilcox counted 134 trees that
the beavers had cut down and 64
on the land owned by John L. Ross.
These were mostly poplar trees and
from small ones up to a number
that by measure showed they were
15 and 18 inches in diameter, which
must have kept Mr. and Mrs. Beaver
and the rest of the family at work
for several nights.

It surely speaks well of the way
our Maine laws are kept by these
people, that the beavers were not
killed long ago when doing so much
harm; also that the beavers are in-
creasing in this section, and when
the law is off and they can be

trapped their skins will bring many
hundred dollars to the hunter.

Last week Warden Ed Lowell and
Jim Wilcox returned from a six
days' trip across the border. They
left Cupsuptic hiking it up stream
and to Camp Crowell, then to Moose
Brook and over to Canada covering
140 miles during their trip and woe
to the persons these wardens find
breaking a game law.

Frank Stewart and Jack McKemmo
have just returned from Birch Point
on Mooselookmeguntic lake where
Stewart has charge of the camps
owned by N. J. Miller of New York
who with his family spends his
summers there.

They have been cutting and putt-
ing in the year's supply of wood,
but it looks as if it would be some-
time before they can fill the ice
house.

James Ritchie of Ontario, Can-
ada, has sold his handsome cottage
on the shore of Mooselookmeguntic
lake below The Barker to Lewis
Parkhurst of Boston one of the
publishing firm of Ginn & Co. Mr.
Parkhurst formerly owned Deer
Park Lodge on the Narrows below
Upper Dam and many old friends
are glad to have his family return
to the Rangeleys for the summers.

Frank Stewart will have charge
of the camp and is to build a new
wharf and a garage for Mr. Park-
hurst plans to come early next sea-
son and the new public road built
last year extends along the lake
shore at the foot of Bald Mountain
below his camp.

I understand that Weston Tooth-
aker has bought out the interest
Sam Clark owned in Pleasant Island
Camps and that Mr. and Mrs.
Toothaker will make many improv-
ments before opening them and
welcoming their guests another sum-
mer.

It is reported that the large and
fine place owned by the late J.
Parker Whitney, which has
been for sale since last sum-
mer is to be purchased and
opened as a hotel.

These camps are finely located on
the shore of Molychunkamusk lake
only a short distance from Upper
Dam and would make a most at-
tractive place for the fishermen
and summer guests who wish to
come to the Rangeleys.

Trapping in this section is sure-
ly bringing the dollars. Not many
weeks ago Fred Lamb who lives in
Dallas trapped two black foxes for
\$900—to a man who took the fox
to New Brunswick in Canada where
they have fox farms and it is un-
derstood sold the black beauty for
\$1700. The skin of the other Mr.
Lamb sold for \$64.

Last Saturday Crin Haley who

lives on his farm on the lake shore
near Hunter Cove caught a very
handsome silver gray fox in a
trap and as he was caught by one
foot and not badly hurt, Mr. Haley
now has him alive and was offered
\$400 for him the next day by Mr.
Hanscom of Stratton but refused
to sell the fox at that price.

BEAR FACTS

Heme Blackwell, hunter, started forth
One bright October day,
With "Doc" Blon, the "Prince of Con"
A bear trap strong to lay,
For six long hours they cruised
around

Through brook and swamp and valley,
Till Doc in desperation cried,
"Say Heme, you've got my alley."
"You blunder round these trackless
wastes,

You are a woodsman, Not!
Just set the damned trap where you
are

On that most gamey spot."
So Heme got logs and built a house,
While Doctor superintended,
The trap was set, the bait was placed,
Says Heme "The job is ended,"
"Not yet," spoke Doc, "I know a trick
I learned when but a child,

If beasts can't have a bit to smoke,
It drives the creatures wild,"
"Just take this box of Lucky Strike,
Believe me, I'm not joking, &
And leave the contents in the house
The bear may like some smoking."

So when the weed was sprinkled round,
They hobbled slow away,
Resolved to come and take a look
About the break of day.
The next day noon, Heme staggered in
With features set in fear,
"Come boys" he gasped "We've caught
the brute

But I don't dare go near."
"We've snared him on the starboard
hoof

I fear my very life,
And ere I'd near the maddened brute,
I'd rather face my wife."
A few stiff horns of liquor made
The boob forget his terror
For G. O. Blake has oft made man
Acknowledge he's in error,
With rope and chain they sallied forth
Five brave and puissant men,
While Heme's inflamed and whiskied
orbs

Made him think there were ten,
When they arrived they found the
beast

At bay with trap a dangling,
They lashed him fast to cedar mast
By skilful, well cursed angling.
Suspended from the pole they bear
The cub to Getchell's camp
Well pleased to think they'd finished
then

The worst part of their tramp,
The doctor boasted of the knots
And of his skill at tying,
And said the one way to escape
Was by the victim dying.
Then Bruin lurched, off came the cords
And set his rear end free,
Doc finished up his monologue,
From top of nearby tree,

A rope was placed round Bruin's neck
Fast anchored to the stick,
Then off he marched when hastened by
A well placed, hearty kick.
He got his eye on Bernie's pants
And tried to bite the sage,
The speed that Bernie loosened up
Would put Maud S. to shame,

And then the cussed brute did sulk
And lie down on the ground,
Till he was yanked from crag to crag
With bump and crash and bound,
Full twenty years thereafter
People found with ease the trail
By bits of hide and hair and ears
And furry gobs of tail.

Today he leads the simple life,
He'll jump a hoop and beg,
He'll often now eat off your hand
And sometimes off your leg,
Heme says that he's a damned sight
worse

Than one they had at Dion's
And poses as a braver man
Than Daniel with his Hons.

Jack Whittier, Jr., Oct. 16th 1913.

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BABY IS BLOWN OFF SHIP

Cocart Floats on Ocean but Child Falls Out and is Drowned Before Aid Reaches Her.

Melbourne.—A dispatch to a local paper from Hobart says that a baby daughter of Mrs. Hennie Larnock was carried overboard from the deck of the steamer Adelaide and lost. The mother was wheeling the child in its carriage along the deck when some women passengers addressing her caused her to leave the handle for a moment, and during her brief absence a gust of wind filled the top of the cart and the light vehicle was whipped over the rail.

For some hundred of feet it was carried like an airship and then it somersaulted into the sea. A boat's crew was immediately lowered and the carriage was easily picked up, but the little one could not be found and after several hours spent in the vicinity the crazed mother, who had to be locked in her cabin, was compelled to proceed without her baby.

It is said that had the little one been strapped into her cart she would very likely have been saved, for the wooden carriage would have kept her afloat until the ship's boat would have reached her.

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THANKSGIVING SERVICES HELD

The Harvest Supper of the Ladies' Aid a Successful Affair--Grange Observes Ceres Night.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, Nov. 24.

Mr. Cross, who is connected with Salvation Army work at Portland, was in town the past week soliciting funds for the army work. During his stay in town he stopped at Mrs. Clara Rector's.

H. O. Huntoon was in Strong Thursday on business.

H. A. Furbish and E. I. Herrick have returned from their recent trip to Lewiston and Boston.

The Misses Mabel and Hannah Pease and Miss Beatrice Jones entertained the lady teachers Friday evening. Refreshments of cake, cocoa, candy and apples were served and a fine time was the verdict of those present.

Frank Stewart, who has been at Birch Point for the past few weeks, returned home Saturday night.

Merritt Gould while at work for Austin Hinkley had the misfortune to saw his wrist quite badly. Dr. F. B. Colby dressed the wound and it is now healing as well as can be expected.

Harry Nelson has moved his family into the lower part of the Sabra Guild house and Mr. and Mrs. Guild will occupy the upper part.

Cecil Bennett, who has been visiting relatives and friends, has returned to his home. He was accompanied by his sister, Mrs. George Toothaker, who will remain with her parents this winter. Mr. Toothaker will work in the woods.

Mrs. Ada Duffeney of Portland is the guest of her father, F. H. Philbrick.

Chicken pox has been quite prevalent in the schools but nearly all are back at work again.

Mrs. Lyman Kempton returned last Wednesday from an extended visit with relatives and friends in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Bedford Corey and daughter of Upton, Me., arrived Saturday night to join Mr. Corey who has employment at Long pond as scaler. Mrs. Corey will teach at Greenvale the coming term and will board with Mrs. Erena Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mathieson were guests of Mrs. F. B. Burns Thursday.

Rev. H. A. Childs made a trip to Dixfield the past week returning Friday. He reports the walking as fine, circumstances being such that he walked a good part of the way.

Dr. Colby was called to Wildwood Friday night to attend a man by the name of McDougal who had broken his leg. McDougal was at work on the yard when a log rolled on him which caused the injury. The injured man was brought to Rangeley Saturday morning and after the limb was set started for Lewiston to enter the hospital.

At the church yesterday Thanksgiving services were held. In the morning Rev. H. A. Childs used as his subject "Rich Robes, Rags and Responsibilities." Special music was furnished by a quartette composed of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Rowe, Miss Muriel Hoar and H. O. Huntoon with Mrs. Childs at the organ. A specially prepared order of service was used for the congregational reading. In the evening a symposium on the Immigrant was presented.

Mrs. Phil Tibbetts and little daughter have returned from a visit with relatives at Oquossoc.

Mrs. Etta Dill has been entertaining Miss Cornelia Crosby the past week.

Friday evening Wm. Tomlinson was called upon to go to Haines Landing to settle a little difficulty caused by too joyous a celebration. Officer Tomlinson accompanied by Herbert Spiller experienced a little difficulty in procuring a vehicle

which could make the trip but finally succeeded. The two principals in the quarrel they found considerably bruised but no arrests were made.

The Harvest Supper Friday night proved to be one of the most successful in its history. Much praise is due the ladies who had it in charge; Mrs. H. A. Furbish, Mrs. E. B. Herrick, Mrs. Wm. Tibbetts, Mrs. Alvah Sprague, Mrs. Chas. Cushman, Mrs. H. B. McCord. The menu included corned beef, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, beets, carrots, onions, apple and pumpkin pies, baked Indian pudding, sugar and molasses doughnuts, tea, coffee, apples. After the supper a sociable was enjoyed. Over \$20 were cleared which was very gratifying.

Saturday night was observed as Ceres Night. An interesting program was enjoyed which included a discussion on the subject "Raising corn in Maine. Charles Berry, Wm. Tomlinson, Thayer Ellis and Ray Smith were among the speakers. A reading, also two papers, "How to cook corn. At the roll call each lady responded with a quotation from Longfellow, each man responded to his name with a current event. Refreshments of pop corn, corn ball peanut sandwiches and cookies were enjoyed.

According to custom the schools will enjoy the Friday following Thanksgiving also as a holiday.

Miss Elizabeth Oakes was given a post card shower last Wednesday by 25 of her school friends in honor of her 11th birthday.

Leo Tyler is the guest of his mother, Mr. Everett Hoar at Spotted Mountain for the Thanksgiving recess.

L. D. Nile made a business trip to Farmington Monday.

Ansel Soule is having city water put in.

Thursday being Thanksgiving the Pythian Sisters will not hold their regular meeting until the following Thursday, December 4.

At the Odd Fellows' meeting Friday night work was done at the close of which supper was served.

HIS FIRST DEER

Windsorville Lad Shoots Buck Which Had Been Dead a Week.

Craving for adventure and seeking his one desire to secure his first deer, Harry Pinkham of Windsorville, son of Former Deputy Sheriff Willis A. Pinkham started out, Thursday, of last week, and was determined to bring home his trophy before nightfall. The trip had been carefully planned weeks previous, and nothing had been left undone toward making the hunt as pleasing as possible.

"Call me, Lena, at 4.30 in the morning," said Harry as he retired Wednesday night, "the stars are out now, and it looks as though it was going to be a good day tomorrow. Don't forget now," said the youthful hunter to his older sister, "as I want to be sure to get an early start." "All right, Harry," was the reply from his sister, "I will be sure to wake you." Soon the young lad's head rested on his pillow and dreams of deer shooting were taking place. Harry rolled about nervously in his bed and awake about every hour during the night, to cast an eye on the old alarm clock that had been left on the bureau, for fear that his sister might oversleep.

At last the long tedious night had passed, and dawn appeared over the eastern horizon. A gentle tap was heard at the door, and a soft voice calling, "Harry, Harry, it's 4.30." With one spring, Harry landed out of bed, and was not long in dressing himself and appearing in the kitchen.

His thoughtful sister had been up for an hour previous, had kindled the fire, and had also prepared him an excellent breakfast. The young hunter partook heartily of the meal, and soon finished, and pushing himself back from the table, he was in deep thought for a moment, but this did not last long, for he was up from the table and was looking over his old 35-55 Winchester, to see if it was all right and ready for business. A lunch was put up by his sister and the start made. "Be careful, Harry," said his sister, "and do not shoot yourself. You know there are so many who either are mistaken for a deer, or accidentally discharge their own gun nowadays." "I'll be careful," said the youth, and with a pleasant smile and a fond good-bye he trotted off in an easterly direction, over the frosty hill-tops and valleys, having what is

known as the "Hurricane" for his destination.

About 9.30 the hunting ground was reached and the real hunt began. Partidges! Why the woods was full of them. Rabbits! They were as common as the cats around the neighborhood. But it was neither partridges nor rabbits that Harry was seeking, for he was after a deer and a deer only.

Along the ledges, through the swamps and cedar thickets the hunter went, looking this way and that way for a buck or a doe, whichever happened to cross his path. As he appeared through the brush of thick growth, his heart was beating with excitement, about 100 yards to the left was a buck deer lying down. "He's asleep," thought Harry, "what a cinch, I'll show some of the people around home what I can do." With the rifle raised to his shoulder, trembling like a leaf, and still with deliberate aim, he fired. Still the deer refused to be awakened. "Quite strange," Harry muttered to himself, "I wonder why he didn't start at the report of the rifle. I must have hit a vital spot and killed him instantly." He drew along nearer and then thought to himself, "I had better make sure, for he may only be fooling me, and I when I get closer he will be up and off." Once more the rifle was raised, and with a loud report that made the woods resound, the rifle was discharged again. This time the buck refused to move. Harry was now hurrying toward his game chuckling to himself at his prize. The spot where the deer lay was reached. Both shots had taken effect, Harry discovered as he examined the buck. Then a sigh went up from the youthful hunter. The buck had been wounded no less than a week or ten days previous, and weakened from the loss of blood from other bullet wounds inflicted by some hunter the deer had fallen to the ground and died.

It is needless to speak of the disappointment that this young lad suffered when he made the discovery. With a stick, one of the horns of the huge buck was knocked off as evidence to the family, when he reached home, that he really had shot a deer.

At dusk, Harry, tired and footsore, appeared into the dooryard of his home. Willis, his father, had just finished milking, and was in the act of carrying the milk into the house, when he caught sight of his son. "What luck did you have, my boy," said the father. "Can't you see," said Harry waving the buck's horn in his hands. "We must go over in the morning with the horse and beach wagon and get my deer." By this time sister Lena, and the other members of the family, upon hearing Harry's previous exclamation had put in an appearance, and were busily patting the boy on the back, congratulating him upon his success. When the evening meal had been finished the topic of conversation was that "buck."

As bed time drew near Harry thought he had had fun enough with his folks, and suddenly when all was quiet, he said: "It was like this, father, I ran across this buck and thought him sleeping and fired two shots at him, both taking effect. Thinking I had landed him, I ran up where he lay and found he had been dead quite awhile, as the result of wounds inflicted at the hands of some other hunter." "You little rascal," exclaimed the father. The other members of the family thought it advisable to keep quiet, as even though the hunter had not shot a real live deer, he had succeeded in getting them all a-going.—Kennebec Journal.

SEEKS NEW FIELDS FOR HUNTING TRIP

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Having been reminded of my annual obligation to your financial department, will respond with this opportunity in a few friendly remarks as well as with the legal fulfillment. Having just returned from a four weeks' trip in the northern part of New Hampshire, feel somewhat under obligation so-

TRAPPERS ATTENTION

I will pay five dollars for a good specimen of the Least Weasel from New England—smaller than ermine, tail very short, and without black tip. Send entire specimen to G. M. ALLEN, Natural History Society, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

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cially to inform our old Maine friends how our old hunting party were treated on our 24th annual outing, this being the first outside of Maine. It was with great reluctance but we felt constrained to break away from the old tramping ground that we had enjoyed for more than a score of years, and without a single reminiscence of sadness, or any occasion except to be remembered with much pleasure; but the apparent aversion in the last Legislative enactments toward non-resident hunters put an embargo on a large percentage of fall contributors to the fish and game fund. The report is handed around that ninety per cent of the hunting guides of Maine have been forced to resort to the logging camps at greatly reduced wages from those earned by guiding non-residents who have failed to appear this season. Some have ventured to other states or Provinces, while a great majority within my knowledge and acquaintance have considered the twenty-five dollar whistle too dear for a game of uncertainty and have substituted other methods of recreation. As to my personal, as well as those of our party, have no misgiving for the course we have pursued for our 24th fall outing in Northern New Hampshire, on a ten dollar license, with abundance of game, excellent camp and lodgings, a cuisine department royally served, at a cost in the aggregate of one half we have been accustomed to expend on our former trips. We can but feel that we have been generous to the state of Maine for more than a score of years, while her nearest neighbor offers equal attraction without exorbitant legalized demands. If Maine's Lawmakers have erred in their estimate of human endurance of legal extortions, she will find the sequel in the summing up of her license fees at the close of the season; but the situation must continue the two years. We can endure it indefinitely.

Most respectfully yours,
H. F. Palmer.

Whenever you write to one of our advertisers, don't forget to mention Maine Woods. It is important to you to do so; important to us and the advertiser naturally wants to know where you found his name.

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References: Milne & Higbee, Bankers, Milford, Ind.

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PENOBSCOT'S SALMON KING BELIEVES FISH CAN THINK

Can fish reason? Decatur Bridges of Verona says they do. They also have the power to convey information to one another, he believes, says the Bangor Commercial.

Mr. Bridges, who is known the length of the river as the salmon king of the Penobscot, is not a new comer to the business. He is 58 years of age and for the past 40 years has been engaged in weir fishing on the Penobscot. He has caught and handled more salmon and alewives than any other man to-day engaged in fishing between Fort Point and Bangor. From the first day that he went to work around a weir he has made a study of the fish and their habits. But it is not this study which leads him to the conclusion stated above. He reaches that opinion largely from his profound belief in a supreme ruler of the universe.

"I can't help feeling," says he, "that the same power which gave to fish the sense which guides them back year after year, to the same waters, also supplied them with an ability to realize where they were misused and to impart their information and knowledge to each other. If I am right, then, when they find they are not being treated in a manner satisfactory to them, they cease visiting that particular locality and go elsewhere. That is what I believe has taken place on the Penobscot. I don't think that the salmon like the way in which they have been treated on this river and have gone elsewhere; that is

why our catch has fallen off in recent years."

The question of the falling off in the catch is not a debatable one. On that point none can dispute the Verona fisherman. All records show it. Neither is the catch in point of numbers of fish taken or in combined weight, to-day, as it was 35 years ago. This establishes Mr. Bridges' contention that the business has declined though his solution of the problem may be debatable.

It is the firm conviction of Mr. Bridges that artificial propagation of fish, so far as it applies to sea salmon, is a failure. He contends that the fishing interests of the river have not received a single benefit from the constant stocking of its waters with salmon from the East Orland or Craig's brook hatchery. In his judgment scarcely a one of the small fish which are annually placed in the waters of the river in the vicinity of Norcross ever reach the sea. It is his opinion that they furnish food for bigger fish, eels, perch, pickerel and bass.

The mistreatment of the salmon to which Mr. Bridges refers is the taking in weirs and sending female fish to the hatchery to be stripped of their eggs. This, he holds, is contrary to nature and is resented by the fish.

"When the fish are replaced in the river," says Mr. Bridges, "they are angry at the treatment received. On their way back to the sea I feel sure they meet other salmon. To them they tell what has occurred to them and the school turn and go to other waters. It does not seem to me that there is any other way to account for the decline in the salmon catch on this river.

"If there wasn't something of this sort would they not have recaptured some of the fish which have been sent to the hatchery? So far as I can find out, there has never been one of these fish taken a second time in the weirs of the river. This seems very conclusive that once a salmon has been taken to the hatchery and used, as they are used there, it will not come back to the Penobscot waters."

"I'm not scientific, but am talking from experience and observation—practical knowledge. I don't question the sincerity of these who believe in the hatchery method. My idea is that they are mistaken.

"When they first began to take salmon around Verona island for the hatchery they began in May. For a number of years now, there hasn't been a May run of fish which they wanted. They have had to get their fish in the June run. This is another reason why I feel sure that the taking of fish for the hatchery has been an injury rather than a benefit to the fishery."

Alewife King, Too

Not only is Decatur Bridges the salmon king of the Penobscot, but he is the alewife king. He operates four large weirs on the east shore of Verona Island, and buys the fish from 60 others. He has a fleet of power boats which visit all these weirs daily, collecting the catch of alewives and take them to his place on the east shore, where in two smoke houses, having a combined capacity of 100,000 fish, they are prepared for market. Each year he smokes from 150,000 to 200,000 alewives in these houses. These are shipped to Bangor and Belfast jobbers from where they are distributed throughout the country.

It takes from two to seven days to properly smoke an alewife, says

he. It sometimes occurs that fish will be placed in a smoke house of a morning and 48 hours later removed and sent to market. This is exceptional, rather than usual.

The fuel used in smoking the alewives is hard wood and sawdust. A hard wood fire is built and covered with sawdust for the purpose of producing a smoke. Contrary to the general understanding it is not the smoke which smokes the fish, declares Mr. Bridges. Smoked alewives are not really smoked; they are cooked. It is the heat which causes them to turn to the splendid brown color which gains for them the name "smoked alewives." This heat cooks them. The smoke, or smudge, caused by the sawdust imparts a flavor to the fish.

When Mr. Bridges first began alewife smoking, 40 years ago, the usual output of a year was from 400,000 to 500,000 smoked fish. These times it is about 150,000 to 200,000. Each year, in addition to those which are cured in the smoke house, he at his plants pickles from 5000 to 1,000 alewives.

It is a peculiar thing that the price for which the smoked alewives are sold by the smokers is substantially the same as it was when Mr. Bridges first started in the business, \$1.25 a hundred. It varies, of course, from year to year, but that is the average price, as it was 40 years ago.

War Hurt Business

The first year he was in the business Mr. Bridges got over a million alewives. A large number of these were salted, or pickled. These were put up for the Haytian market, which is the big market for this fish. He paid 50 cents a hundred for the fish. About the time he was ready to sell his year's product a revolution started in Hayti. This knocked the bottom from beneath the market. The price of pickled alewives went down to 40 cents a hundred. At that price Mr. Bridges sold to Capt. Tom Nicholson of Bucksport.

The Captain held the fish in his ware houses until the revolution was over, when the price again rose and he sold at a big advance over what Mr. Bridges originally paid for the fish.

The largest catch of alewives in a single weir on Penobscot waters which ever came under Mr. Bridges' attention was made a year ago at one of his trips. On a single tide that weir got 5,000 fish.

The first year that salmon were taken at the Verona weirs for the Orland Hatchery, Mr. Bridges states, Avery Whittemore got 50 of the big fish in one tide from two weirs at the southern end of the island. This was about 35 years ago. The same year Uriah Heath got 25 salmon from two weirs in a single tide. These are the largest catches which he has ever known around the Penobscot.

Each day, Mr. Bridges makes a trip around the weirs to secure their alewives and salmon. The alewives he buys outright. The salmon he takes to Bangor and sells them upon commission. He receives so much per pound for doing this work. It saves the fishermen the bother of taking their catch to market and assures them of receiving the highest possible price for their fish.

While the price of salmon in the market during the early days of the season frequently reaches \$1.25 and sometimes \$1.50 per pound, the salmon king says that the average price which the fishermen receive for their salmon throughout the season is 25 cents.

Last year the salmon taken in the Penobscot weirs below Bucksport were all small, very few fish being secured. This year the catch has been the reverse. It has been all large fish, with scarcely a little one taken. Asked how he accounted for it, Mr. Bridges answered, "I dunno."

THIS BEAR GOT AWAY

Horace Jennings of Industry had a shot at one of the bears, which have been infesting that town, but although he wounded the animal severely the bear escaped and a careful

and continued hunt has failed to locate it. Jennings was out hunting one day last week and was armed with a repeating rifle. While between the farms of Ruel Wat on and Elmer Robbins, he caught sight of the bear and opened fire. The bear at once began to run and Jennings kept shooting at the fleeing animal, firing five shots in all at the brute. The bear headed up Boardman mountain and made its escape, but Jennings found some hair and hide where at least one of the bullets had taken effect.

HAS NOTHING ON STATE OF MAINE YARNS.

The Boston Post admits that a young man from the "up-woods section of Maine" has a "little something on" even the crowd of youngsters always to be found sitting around T wharf. Says the Post:

Captain Jack Sullivan had just stated that he thought the fellow who "pulled" the story about catching a fish with a diamond in it ought to be shot dead at moon rise. "There never was a yarn that came from the interior, or fresh water fishermen yet that sounded sane," said Captain Jack.

It was at this juncture that the countrified young man from Maine had his say. The gathering of old salts listened to the fish yarn from Maine. It was as follows: "You fish story tellers at T wharf are a lot of pikers. Up in the Dead River region in Maine we do not have to lie to make people believe the queer things fish will do. Every day in the week some very unusual thing happens up there. If it happened down here at T wharf you think you are fishermen would go on the stage to lecture about fishology or some other fishing subject. Last Wednesday I went fishing for trout. I have lived near the brook all my life, and believe me every fish that swims there has got a line on me and knows I know how to fish and keeps away from me. I have not been able to catch a fish for four years unless I put a mask over my face or fish at night so that they cannot see me. Last week when I went I wore a veil so that the pesky old trout would not recognize me when they looked out onto the banks of the stream. I had just heaved my line over when this happened. A few minutes after I had put my line out I saw three big trout come along and look up at where I was standing. I kept my eye on them, and what do you suppose happened? One of the critters swam over to the side of the brook and, using his nose, rolled a head of cabbage that had been thrown overboard, over toward the hook on my line. I looked and saw these fish work like Trojans to push my hook against the old cabbage head until it caught it up tight. Yanking in my line there was the big head of cabbage hanging on it. If this is not the work of brainy fish then I am, and not you, in the pikers' class."

NOT ANOTHER STATE TO COMPARE WITH IT.

The following item was clipped from the Kennebec Journal several weeks ago, and it is only one instance of where we hear the praises of our state sung by out of town visitors:

"An annual visitor to Maine—or rather a semi-annual visitor, for he both hunts and fishes in this state to the exclusion of all other greatly lauded happy sporting grounds—called at the K. J. office, yesterday, to tell us what he thought of this little corner of the Union. Incidentally, he renewed his subscription, declaring the Journal reached him quicker and with more real news and readable matter than he could secure in any other way. "The only trouble with you New Englanders," he averred frankly, "is that you don't know how to boost your wonderful advantages over the rest of the world. I had to find 'em' out for myself—and I've been coming ever since. This year I'm so bubbling over with admiration that I've got to cut loose. I've tackled every region possible in eight years and I want to declare unequivocally that I haven't yet

found the smallest spot that didn't have it all over any other section I know—and I've traveled some in the past four decades. It's great. It's immense. It's grand. All of that and then some. You could honestly take the most laudatory booklets put out by your leading camp and hotel owners and railroad officials; appropriate their most flowery phrases, and apply them to any of our forests or water. You couldn't make it any too strong. There isn't another state in our two store and a half that can compare for woods or lakes and streams, or for hunting and fishing—or looking. For the love of Pete, get busy and tell people about it." Jimminy, but we hated to have him go. Spring weather like this gives us the same kind of a feeling, only more so. What did we do with that nod and reel last August, anyway?"

VICTIM OF OWN BEAR TRAP

Caught in his own bear trap while on a shooting trip in the mountains near Embudo, N. Y., Henry Severson, aged 65, formerly of Denver, Col., for several days fought a futile fight against death by starvation and thirst or being killed by wild animals.

News of the finding of his body, torn into shreds by the claws of mountain lions and wildcats, has just been received in Denver by friends. His identification was made complete by papers found in a pocket of his coat.

Mr. Severson was wealthy and had many friends in Denver, especially among the mining men and the earlier settlers. He was an eccentric character, living more the life of a hermit than anything else. About 18 months ago, unable to withstand the call of the wild, he went into the hills from Embudo, and often returned to that point for supplies. The last seen of him was on one of his trips to Embudo more than two months ago.

A few days ago a party of sportsmen stumbled across the body of a man in the woods, stripped of the flesh to the bones. Closer inspection showed that his two arms were caught in a bear trap and that he had been unable to extricate himself.

The ground immediately surrounding the spot where the body was found tells a pitiful story. While it is felt certain that he carried some food in his clothing which he was unable to reach with the tips of the fingers, the persons who discovered the body believe that he was forced to eat the bait he had brought along for the traps.

Shrubbbery for several feet around the trap had been gnawed almost to the ground and there were indications that Mr. Severson attempted to chew the bark from a nearby tree which he was able to reach only after a desperate struggle in moving the trap and the heavy chain.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN MAINE WOODS. LOW ADVERTISING RATES.

HEALTH and Happiness

demand a properly functioning body and quickly clogs both brain and body as constipation. Irregular bowels induce sluggishness in mind and muscle.

A teaspoonful of the famous "L. F." Atwood's Medicine, taken before or after meals, relieves the worst case of constipation in the shortest time, as Mr. J. W. Cady's letter tells:

National Military Home, Togus, Maine.

"I first used 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine 40 years ago, when I came from the army. It relieves constipation and keeps the bowels regular. For dizziness and loss of appetite, it is a superior remedy. If people would only try it, they'd be convinced."

(Signed) J. W. Cady.

The Big Bottle — 35 Cents at Your Dealer's

Write Us for FREE Sample Now. "L. F." MEDICINE CO., Portland, Me.

Shaw's Pneumatic Smoker



SMOKE OUT. In cold weather trappers smoke out more mink, "coon", skunk, etc., in one day than they can take in traps in a month—besides they get prime furs worth the most money. A DIME brings illustrated guide. It tells how. Giving the first time in print the treasured secrets of the wisest old trapper in this country, it's worth dollars to you.

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where to go for the best fall hunting

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for information concerning hotels and camps, to

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Maine

CHRONICLES OF THE WILLIAM TELL CLUB

Their Hunting Grounds Are in the Moosehead Region.

That's about all there is to the 1913 trip of the William Tell Club—the club that has made Moosehead famous. They went; and the wetness dampened the contiguous country. Brooks babbled and rivers rose. Even Moosehead lifted its back eleven inches. Snow came and tinkled down through the silent trees and buried the leaves. Winter reigned and rained. Far as eye could see in all the land over which William Tell roamed in 1913 were low-banked gray clouds that leaked uncensuringly. The only mistake the club made in 1913 was in not taking a plumber with them. To be sure, they had Walter Plummer of Lisbon Falls, but he wasn't the right kind. They needed a cloud plumber and an umbrella factory. Even the moose and deer, as indicated in our illustrations were likely customers.

For instance, a cow-moose came up to the door of the camp one rainy night, knocked, and in as clear a manner as is possible for a cow-moose to express herself, put up a pathetic appeal for an umbrella and a pair of rubber boots for her calf trotting by her side. Since Joe Knowles went in to the woods and began to catch buck deer by the hind legs you may expect our wild game to do these things. The club had no rubber boots or umbrellas to give away to our protected game. The very best it could do was to give her a salt codfish to keep her dry and a bear skin to keep her warm—the bear having been caught by the hind-leg the previous day by President Wilson of the club and skinned by him with a sharp stone and a piece of Portland cement. And it kept on raining.

The William Tell Club left Lewiston at 8:17 Friday morning, Oct. 24th. By reason of various augmentations of distinguished members from Augusta and elsewhere, together with guides and helpers, its members swelled from 25 at starting to 36 persons who toiled and sweated under their packs along the rough road from Sid Young's wagon on the shores of Spencer Bay to the "Knoll in the wildwoods" whereon sit the lovely camps of William Tell. The personnel of this club is too well known to readers of the Lewiston Journal to require repeating. We doubt if there is a reader who cannot picture the procession "sploshing" along the devious pathway of the blazed trail in the deep woods at the close of this sombre autumn day. It is led by the Board of Directors of the Manufacturers National Bank of Lewiston. Its centre is loosely constructed of Byron Boyd, Wilbur Em-

erson of Augusta, Harry B. Austin of Phillips and Henry McCusker of Wapplingers Falls. The rear section is made up of charter members of the club, formed in a hollow square around President Wilson and Treasurer Hodgson, carrying the club-funds. The club flag is borne aloft in this section by Constable Lowell, assisted by Dr. E. H. White and George R. Hall of Lewiston. The flankers thereto were a couple of dead-shots Billy Hill of Portland and George M. Parks of Providence, assisted by H. M. Sewall of Bath, armed with his deadly 28 gauge double-barrelled chipmunk gun. The third section was made up of the band, which included D. S. Waite of Lewiston, carrying a Victrola, and Billy Fiske of Providence with a flute. In the rear was the board of medical examiners, Dr. Journeay of Boston, Dr. J. W. Scannell and Dr. R. N. Randall of Lewiston, carrying medicine cases. It was almost an inspiration to see this procession wend its way around the stately trees and to note the agility with which the Board of Bank Directors leaped the brooks; the compactness with which the charter-members maintained the integrity of their hollow-square; the dignity with which the Constable and his posse held aloft the colors of the club; the bravery with which the flankers protected the line from onslaughts of savage beast; and the alert watchfulness of the medical profession in the rear and it need not be said that it was a comfort to hear high above the soughing of the winds and patter of the rain, the brave and splendid music of the band ringing through the forest aisles. That night it rained.

It rained Saturday and Sunday. Friday night, the storm simply howled around our cabin home—keeping the club-members awake. Saturday night was also very stormy and so was Monday night—the occasion of the annual meeting. Some persons hunt deer in rain storms—some do not. Probably the most persistent and tireless hunters were Boyd, Emerson, Austin, Sewall and Waite. They came in every night at dusk loaded with wet deer.

The rest of us for the most part, lay about in camp, reading Schopenhauer, listening to the rain on the roof and watching the deer go by the windows. As Joe Knowles says, we saw white deer come up to our spring and drink from it. We saw not only two bull moose fighting in deadly conflict but we saw a well-conducted moose-tournament, in which there were eight separate battles and a finish fight between the final champions. We also saw a large trout come up from the pool and bite a moose in the throat until the moose died. We made birch-bark drawings of those scenes. Hence these three days of enforced rest were not without their compensation in the way of sight seeing. Some of the members played old sledge, some played the graphophone. Nights and days were full of music flavored with the smoke of the wood-fires and the Orinoco. Men who hadn't rested for twelve months curled up in bed and with fearless disregard of all insurance-regulations lighted their pipes and went to sleep smoking 'em. We now have a library of 13 volumes. They are the kind of books you can read over and over without damage to your morals or rebuke to your literary taste. Every little while you wake up long enough to eat. One can hardly conceive of a greater luxury to a tired man than going hunting with William Tell, when it rains.

Among the treasures carried into camp in 1913, was an American flag, reinforced by the patient-stitching of one of the wives of the club. Its edges were heavily bound and every seam strengthened. This flag was to be raised on top of Spencer mountain to stand there perchance, until another year should roll around.

Monday was fairly clear. By 3 o'clock the low-lying clouds that had obscured the peak had rolled away and there were patches of sunlight occasionally upon its battlements. At about this hour two canoes set out for the foot of the mountain. The mountain-climbers started the ascent about 1 o'clock and though accounts of the ascent are scant because those who climbed the peak had no breath left to talk for about three days, there is proof that they reached there some time in the early afternoon and raised the flag. That it was a fearful climb goes without saying; for the clouds surrounded them again and again, and the tumbling cataracts and loosened soil impeded their footsteps. One or two of them were nearly overcome by the toll and the altitude. To cap their discomfort, the clouds surrounded

them when they reached the top and the wind blew so that they could hardly keep a footing on the crest, the winds swirling the clouds in their faces. They cut a big spruce for a flag pole and wired the flag to it. They then planted it in a deep cairn of stone, six feet high. Then there being nothing to look at but clouds and nothing to do but return, they fired a salute with their rifles.

To their surprise and in proof of the oft-assertion that explosives clear the air, the clouds lifted in an instant and they had for about three minutes, a full view of the panorama of lake and mountain from this height—one of the greatest in Maine. They could see Chesuncook and Lobster and Lucky and all the distant ponds and peaks. For a breathless interval it was like a dream then the clouds formed again and the show was over—nothing left but to toil home again.

The flag stood that night and the next day and if we remember aright the next morning after that it was still there. That night came a hurricane of snow and rain and the next day when the top cleared the flag was down. Discussion arose, as to the height of Spencer Mountain. It has been said often around the campfires of William Tell that the mountain he was matched to meet a certain that overshadows it and which the members all love so well is the highest, save Katahdin, in Maine. We have been appealed to discover if possible, the truth. We regret to say that this is not so. On the authority of the Maine State Topographical Survey, there are seven mountains in Maine with an elevation of 3000 or over. These are as follows: Katahdin situated in Township 3 Range 3 W. E. L. S. 5237 ft; Saddleback Mt. in Madrid 4000 ft; Mt. Bigelow in Bigelow 3600 ft; Mt. Abraham, Township 4 Range 1, B. K. P. W. K. R., 3388 ft; Mt. Blue in Avon 3200 ft, Spencer Mt. Middlesex canal grant, 3135 ft; East Royce Mt., Bacheliers Grant, 3125; Mt. Kineo's elevation is 1956. Spencer Mt. is however much more inaccessible than such civilized declivities as Mts. Blue and Bigelow for it is through a forest and over a trail that is inconceivably wild torrential and precipitous. It is not to be taken lightly in a spirit of sport as witnessed the recumbent forms of the mountaineers for two days subsequent.

That day we went duck hunting. As the canoes came gaily across the pond bearing the mountain climbers, we could hear their voices afar off, commenting on the trivial nature of our sport.

For decoys we had six wooden ducks—one minus a head—and three live drakes of the barnyard variety. In our party were Bill Hill and Dr. Journeay besides yours truly. Both of the above-named gentlemen are experienced sportsmen and dead shots. I am not. I had never before seen a barn-yard duck disposed of as a lure to the wild bird of the ponds and lakes. It was gray dawn 7 a. m. when we set forth, intent on murder. Our domestic fowl had not been dry for a week. One of them had either gout or rheumatism. We paddled softly across the silent bosom of the pond disturbing the flocks of sheldrake as we moved.

It rained later. The three barn-yard ducks got wetter and wetter as they swam about in the icy water. You could almost hear their joints creak as they swam. Finally one of them began to show signs of drowning. It seemed as though the water had leaked into his insides.

In the meantime, every now and then flights of birds came into the decoys. It's an exhilarating sport. Afar off you see them circling. "Here they come," whispers the man on the outlook. You drop behind the blind until you hear the beating-whirr of swift wings. Then up and at 'em. "Bang! Bang! Bang!" You miss 'em.

Up pops Billy Hill with his Remington automatic shot gun, three puffs of white feathers floating on the air and then down out of the sky come hurtling to the lake one bird, two birds, three birds and away the flock! the dead birds floating to the shore.

And our "barnyards!" One of them seemed sound asleep, bill in the water. The others seemed to be sinking lower and lower in the lake. We pulled them out. One of them keeled over dead—drowned! Two of them were resuscitated and they now dwell with Mrs. Mose Duty on the shore of the pond. I say We—with a desire to be inclusive. It is not a thing to be accomplished in one lesson—shooting duck, on the wing, travelling ninety miles a second, against a strong wind

on a cold and rainy day, you shooting from behind a thicket.

That day a very remarkable thing happened. I think it was about 1 p. m. The barnyard drakes were coming to life in the end of the boat. All was still when suddenly—the sun came out and shone for over six minutes. That night it snowed three inches and the pond froze over.

Tuesday, after the annual meeting had been concluded by the re-election of the entire board of officers, including Constable Lowell, chief of the Fire Commissioners and Police, Byron Boyd left camp accompanied by Harry Austin and one or two other members. Thursday another party left camp for home. Friday, President Wilson and Horace Munroe were called out by the sad and untimely death of their business associate in Auburn, Dr. W. J. Pennell. The departure of President Wilson was unfortunate for the club night out was admirable. Ara Cush-member of the club in a wrestling-match on the top of Spencer Mt. as soon as it cleared, President Wilson doubtless escaped a crushing defeat, a thing to be desired, though the Wm. Tell Club unanimously regretted the occasion of his departure, in the death of so true a sportsman as Dr. Pennell. It would have been a calamity in one sense of the word to have seen President Wilson defeated in his match. Had such a thing happened, it might, however, have been properly ascribed to his serious error in choice of a trainer. It is impossible in these days to oppose speed by mere strength.

At the end of the week some twelve or fourteen sportsmen and six or eight guides were still in camp. Mr. Parks had gone to Providence. Mr. Sewall, Mr. Estes, Mr. Googin, Mr. Waite, Dr. Scannell and others had gone home, according to their original plans to go out Thursday. Billy Hill was called home by telegram Friday.

Saturday was a bright day. The deep woods were full of snow. Above the winds blew a terrific gale. It is said that the sea was never higher on Moosehead Lake than it was on that day. Dr. White and I went hunting. We saw trees fall before the wind and could hear the distant roar overhead like that of an express train. Down on the floor of the woods, however, all is still. Winds do not reach here any more than they reach the depths of the ocean. Indeed, the analogy goes farther than this. Down here below the turmoil of the tossing tree tops it is silent save the monotone of the pine and spruce and the occasional creek of a tree crotched against a half-fallen neighbor. You feel buoyant, submerged, mystic. The lights are in semitones. There is no exhilaration to surpass walking in the deep forests on a day of high winds. The soft snow is no inconvenience save in sitting, when it is not at all desirable. We tramped all day, seeing no deer. Fat brown rabbits hopped across our pathway and went their way. There were signs of deer all around. We built a fire at noon and sat about it warmth and dined frugally. The walk home—which took four hours—was all too short. Sunset—the sun did set that day—came golden through the pillared woods. The snow was of pink and smoked gold. We walked in silence. If we stopped to rest there were no words. It was like speaking in church. I constantly thought of the pillared gothic aisles of Milan's incomparable cathedral. With regret we neared home. The lights twinkled from the camps down the road. We stopped and said: "It's worth while! This day alone pays for the trip. It isn't the deer you shoot; it's the deer you don't shoot that makes these trips with William Tell unforgettable."

The efforts of Chief Cuddy, maitre d'hotel and then some for the camp of Wm. Tell should be sung in verse. He is a perfect wonder. His kitchen was like a hotel, yielding new wonders every meal. Today it was homely camp fare deliciously cooked tomorrow it was some marvel of cookery fit for the Ritz-Carlton. One evening—to commemorate the birthday of the dearest beloved member of the club, he brought into the camp living room a decorated dish that has been photographed. Its construction was pyramidal—the base two feet in diameter and the top two feet high. Along the terraces, reposed twenty-six fat young squab, browned deliciously and imbedded in a bower of flowers, cut from beets, carrots and other vegetables, the whole garnished with the service of edibles that accompany squab.

The supplies that accompany the Wm. Tell club includes all that the market affords. It eats no venison in camp. Nearly every member se-

cures one deer. The club carries in sides of beef, lamb and mutton; crates of oysters, celery, oranges, grapefruit, etc.

Finally, and this is what we wish to make emphatic, it enjoys the incomparable delicacy of perfect bread made from William Tell flour. No other flour will ever do for this club.

Doc Randall of Lewiston was a new guest of the club this year. He is a "recitationist." His reading of Edward Peple's story of the Persian cat's man of Auburn was also a new guest—a good hunter and good campmate.

Billy Fiske's extemporaneous tale of Joe Laflamme's experiences in the woods a la Joe Knowles should be put on by Keith.

In the evening of the annual meeting remarkable feats of legerdemain were given by Billy Hill and hypnotic stunts by one of the leading members of the club who hypnotized a subject and like Faust made him young again.

George M. Parks killed his quota of deer first. Dr. Randall, Dr. White and George Hill got good sized bucks.

Saturday was observed in camp very religiously. Game Warden Brown made his annual visit into camp this day and stayed over night. He is always welcome. He remarked that if he saw anyone shoot game on Sunday he should arrest him. Such is the law.

One night we were surprised to see standing by the path leading to the camp a young man drenched to the skin and seemingly completely exhausted. He was given welcome; a change of clothing; a supper; bed, hospitality; breakfast; dinner when his friends came. He proved to be a prominent young New Jersey sportsman well known to some of the members, especially to Mr. Cadmus. He had been hunting from the Buckingham camp.

Members of William Tell are to a man opposed to the \$25 license fee for non-residents and in favor of a nominal fee for resident hunters. This subject was a constantly recurring topic in camp. William Tell is a representative club—the largest and oldest active hunting club in Maine. It observes the laws; takes the smallest average per cent. of game out of the woods of any company of hunters—never reaching a deer apiece, spends annually upward of \$1500 on its trip; has the good will of guides and other hunters and represents a considerable amount of influence and friendliness to Maine and her welfare. The summary of its conclusions for 1913 are an increased number of deer and a smaller number of moose.

The club broke camp Friday, Nov. 7th. The writer and Mr. Plummer of Lisbon Falls left camp Monday, Nov. 3d. It was a very chilly morning. Our plans were to come out in Mose Duty's motor boat. Mose, his wife and his dog were to be our traveling companions. Our start was to be at 7 a. m. The little boat was anchored off shore. She refused to start. Ice had gathered in her intake. We waited in the zero weather until 9. The train left Kineo at 9:20—last train for the day. Let us draw a veil over the trip. It was 5:20 p. m. when we reached Kineo station and the day had been passed in waiting on the shore at Spencer Narrows camps; unloading grain and hay; eating cold grub in the lee of a camp; toting heavy bags long distances and giving up an extra case-note for a last lap by another motor boat across the bay.

That night we stayed at Hotel Rockwood and Tuesday, after 36 hours on the road, we reached home in Auburn—the trip of 1913 over.

It was the best—because the last is ever the best save that which is yet to be.—A. G. S. in Lewiston Journal.

HUNTERS AND HUNTING

Henry Lane, a well known hunter, trapper and guide of Ellsworth plantation, had on exhibition in Monson, Wednesday night a bob cat, which he caught in a fox trap. The animal weighed 25 pounds and was in fine shape.

Forty-five deer were received at the Bangor Union station, Thursday, making the total receipts 1,317. This is slightly less than the receipts at this time last year. Deer are coming down at an average of about 50 a day at present, which shows a falling off compared with the first of the week, when over 100 a day came down.

FAMOUS BACKWOODS FAIRY TALES



Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camps.

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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Are delightfully situated on shore of Lake Parlin on direct line from Quebec to Rangeley Lakes, being a distance of 122 miles each way. Lake Parlin and the 12 out ponds in the radius of four miles furnish the best of fly fishing the whole season. The house and camps are new and have all modern conveniences, such as baths, gas lights, open rock fireplaces, etc. The cuisine is unexcelled. Canoeing, boating, bathing, tennis, mountain climbing, automobilism, etc.

Write for booklet.

H. P. McKENNEY, Proprietor,

Jackman, Maine



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Every true sportsman very well knows that half the pleasure of the hunting trip comes from the planning and dreaming of bringing home the game. Why not go this fall where you can make those dreams come true? Go where all kinds of game, both large and small can be found. This can be done at

CHASE POND CAMPS,
GUY GHADBOURNE, Prop.,

Bingham,

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John Carville's Camps at Spring Lake

Salmon, square tailed and lake trout. My camps are most charmingly situated on the shores of Spring Lake, well furnished, excellent beds, purest of spring water and the table is first-class, elevation 1,800 feet above sea level, grandest scenery and pure mountain air. Hay fever and malaria unknown. Spring Lake furnishes excellent lake trout and salmon fishing and in the neighboring streams and ponds are abundance of brook trout. Buckboard roads only 2-12 miles. An ideal family summer resort. Telephone communications with Aillage and doctor. References furnished. Terms reasonable. Address for full particulars, JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Me.

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE. The Belgrade. Best Sportsmen's Hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine. Chas. N. Hill & Son, Managers.

SADDLERACK LAKE CAMPS. In the Rangeley Region. Booklet. Hemon S. Blackwell, Dallas, Maine

RANGELEY LAKES. Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone at camps. Two meals daily. Write for free circulars to AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r., Bald Mountain, Maine.

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Good fishing. Three miles buckboard road. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for booklet.
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The Sargent. Up-to-date in every particular. Maine's ideal family vacation resort. Good fishing and hunting section. Cuisine unsurpassed. E. F. Look, Prop'r, Eustis, Maine.

OUANANICHE LODGE. Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country. Norway Pines House and Camps, Dobs 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.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN MAINE WOODS. LOW ADVERTISING RATES.

DANCES FOR THE PARENTS

Hurdy-Gurdies With Old Tunes Cause Delight in New York's East Side.

Not long ago a picturesque experiment was made by a number of men and women who are interested in the folklore of the lower east side. As folk dancing has proved so popular with the children of the foreign residents of the city, as shown by the eagerness with which they have taken up the dancing lessons given in the public schools, the interested men and women decided that their parents might also be pleased with the opportunity of joining in some of the peasant dances with which they were familiar in their youth in the fatherland. With this idea in mind, a number of hurdy-gurdy players were persuaded to put into their machines records of the old native dance tunes to which the residents of the east side had been accustomed to dance at home.

Of course the records had first to be made, but this was done and a number of the hurdy-gurdies equipped in this manner were started on a triumphant career.

And were they successful? Well, it wasn't a question as to that. With the first sound of the well known strains the men, women and children of the east side came tripping out of their houses mad with delight and breaking into their native steps the minute they reached the sidewalk.

"It was the greatest success in the world," declared one of the promoters of the project. "The only trouble was that it was too successful. They blocked the streets and the sidewalks and impeded traffic so that the policemen had difficulty in getting things started again. It was perfectly idyllic in theory, but, after all, Grand street isn't a village green and it didn't really do—it wasn't possible.

LOSES HIS CAR AND LIBERTY

St. Paul Man in Auto Wreck Jailed for Reckless Driving by Judge.

Minneapolis. — J. B. Lawrence, wealthy business man of St. Paul and a member of an automobile firm there, not only is out \$1,000 for damages to his automobile, but also must spend 20 days in the Hennepin county workhouse for reckless driving, according to the ruling of Judge C. L. Smith of the municipal court. Lawrence, who was found in the wreckage of his automobile, was given three days to arrange his business for the enforced vacation.

Judge Smith, in pronouncing sentence, declared that after investigation he was convinced the only reason Lawrence did not kill some one was because there was no pedestrians near him to be killed.

The arrest of Lawrence is in line with the campaign being waged by police and court against speeding.

THROWS OUT RED HOT STOVE

Philadelphia Resident Also Whips His Wife and Spanks Two Sisters.

Philadelphia.—John Lepis, of 304 Buttonwood street, doesn't like to have his wife ask him for money on pay day. Just because Mrs. Lepis asked him for money he gave her a beating, then spanked his two sisters who went to the assistance of Mrs. Lepis, after which he proceeded to throw a red hot stove into the street. He was finishing his house wrecking job by breaking the last whole window in the house when Policemen Nonamaker and Lukweine took him to the police station where he was locked up after the police had separated him from his pay envelope and given it to Mrs. Lepis.

HUNTERS AND HUNTING

It is estimated that at least 30 wounded deer in central Berkshire county, Massachusetts, have escaped to suffer agonies until relieved by death, since the opening of the big game season last Monday morning. Delightful sport, truly.—Manchester Union.

When the early morning electric car was going into Oakland one morning last week two deer were seen in a field near the Union turnout. The noise of the car did not disturb them, but Cleveland Day, who was on the car, alighted quickly and hurrying to his home near the corners, procured his rifle and then hastened back to where the deer were seen. They were easily found and in quick time one of

the deer belonged to Mr. Day. The other creature darted into the woods and made an escape.

It was only a little while, however, before it was reported that Mr. McKechie, another resident of that section, had also shot a deer and it is supposed that it was the same animal which escaped from Mr. Day. The affair created no little excitement in that section as there were many people on the car when the animals were seen in the field.

A mason named Charles Garland in Caribou was at work around a house where he was rebuilding a chimney. He went down to the ground and was just about on the point of returning up the ladder with some material, when he was shot in the left side, the bullet following a rib several inches lodging under the shoulder blade. Aid was promptly on the scene and the injured man was given every attention. No one has any idea where the shot came from nor who fired it. In fact nobody remembers to have heard a shot fired. But that there was one is evident from the result. It is another case of the likelihood of high power rifles to overshoot and do great damage to people who are wholly out of sight but not out of range.

H. W. Prescott of Bangor was a hunter who secured the bear. It was shot near Milo and was a fair sized bruin.

Edwin N. Miller of Bangor got a deer at Wytopitlock which he brought down last week.

Three marines from the United States navy yard at Portsmouth were in Bangor Friday on their way upriver, where they will endeavor to get their moose and deer allotment.

Freeman Nadeau of West Sebols who with his son Willie shot two moose on the first of the month had the misfortune to have part of the meat stolen by some prowling bears. Not to be outdone he set traps

for the animal and has already caught one and is in hopes he may be able to get some others. In two days he has caught six muskrats, three minks, two skunks, one bear, four weasels.

C. L. Foss of Pine street, Auburn brought a fine buck to Auburn recently which he obtained at Indian pond.

Herbert Fernald of Alfred shot a deer while on his motor cycle one day recently. Edgar Moulton, son of Porter Moulton, also shot one.

THE DEER SLAUGHTER

The Brockton Times has this to say of the deer slaughter in the Bay State:

One of many noticeable little incidents in the Bay State's short season of good gunning and poor sport was the discovery by three hunters of a fawn standing near a dead deer in the vicinity of Middleboro. Like true lords of the earth, the three raised their shotguns in glee and peppered the little animal at close range. Any one who has an idea of the effect of three 12-gauge shotguns at 45 dozen paces can imagine the result. There are other ugly stories of last week's hunting, to many for one newspaper to attempt to publish, and all strengthen the agitation against the State's present plan for keeping down the population of the woods. As a pest to farmers, the deer must be destroyed, but there is hope some more humane method for the work of slaughter may be found.

FOR HUNTING GROUNDS

A party of Kennebunk people passed through Saco and Biddeford Saturday morning en route for Brownfield, where they will devote two weeks to hunting in that vicinity. They will be quartered at the home of Fred Wakefield. The party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Knight and E. S. Knight.

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