

MAINE CENTRAL EXPERIMENT- ING WITH NEW SPARK AR- RESTER.

State Land Agent and Forest Commissioner Blaine S. Viles, who has just returned to Augusta from a business trip to the northern part of the State, states that the Maine Central Railroad has been engaged recently in making experiments with the Mudge-Slater spark arrester in view of testing its efficiency in preventing the escape of live sparks from locomotives. In these tests cheese cloth and cotton batting were placed along the road and it was found that the sparks did not come in contact with them. Mr. Viles thinks it very probable that the railroad this season will attach these arresters through the wild land section of the State.

At Houlton Mr. Viles addressed a meeting of land owners and others interested in forest protection, at which time methods of forest protection were discussed and recommendations made for the appointment of fire wardens for the coming season. These appointments will be made shortly.

While on his trip Mr. Viles also addressed a meeting of the Foresters' Club at the University of Maine upon the subject, "Forestry and Forest Protection."

NO POLITICS IN HIGHWAYS SAYS NELSON.

Following up still further the action taken by the State Highway Commission last August to the effect that the State highway department is to be run free from political influence, the State Highway Commission Saturday adopted new rules covering the matter more in detail as the following transcript from the records of the commission indicates:

Voted, that a copy of the following circular letter be sent to every present employee of the State highway department and to every newspaper published in Maine.

Augusta, Me., April 17, 1914.
To Employees State Highway Department and the General Public:

In view of the approaching political campaign and September election, the State Highway Commission, believing that only the highest efficiency of its office can be maintained by entirely eliminating political activity therefrom, has today unanimously adopted the following rules:

1—No employee of the State Highway Commission in any capacity will be permitted to actively engage in the political campaign of any party.

2—No employee of the State Highway Commission shall be a candidate for any public office.

3—No employee of the State High-

MAYOR CURLEY AT SEBAGO

Catches Enough and Sebago Lake to Supply a City Dinner.

A special from Sebago to the Boston Post says:

Mayor Curley of Boston is enjoying a brief vacation here and incidentally proving himself a clever fisherman. This morning, with the ease of an old-time angler, the Mayor caught almost enough salmon for a regular municipal Fourth of July dinner.

BY OX POWER

"Golf may be all right as a presidential recreation," said the Mayor, proudly exhibiting a record catch to some friends at the West Shore camp, "but while I am Mayor I think I'll boost fishing. It's the greatest sport ever and worth any discomforts."

And Mayor Curley did have to undergo some discomforts, too, before he got his salmon. Leaving Boston Saturday night, he came here by train and automobile, and—yes, he tells it himself—by oxen.

Everything went fine as far as Portland, according to his story. There he and his party secured automobiles and started on the last leg of their journey, only to come to grief when it was but half completed. The automobiles became mired in mud hub deep and all the pushing and tugging of the Mayor, two chauffeurs, Dr. John Dowling, F. L. Daly, William Ahern, Joseph J. Crotty, Edmund L. Dolan, Mark Angel, Alfred Cutts and William E. Tinzler would not free them.

A farmer's house was discovered half a mile distant and a yoke of oxen were brought to the rescue. For one dollar—"and I thought sure it would be \$20," says the Mayor—they pulled the machines free, and the remainder of the trip was made without mishap.

Since then the Mayor has spent most of his time on the lake. Each morning has found him up before dawn and out after salmon. Thus far he holds the record of his party, and with his catch to-day he was photographed by John B. Crapo of Lynn, a visitor here, that any doubt of the fact might be dispelled.

way Commission shall act as agent for any company or persons soliciting the sale of any machinery, tools or supplies of any kind to the highway department.

4—Sufficient proof of the violation of any of the above rules will cause the immediate dismissal of any said employees.

(Signed)
LYMAN H. NELSON,
Chairman State Highway Commission.

TO MAKE TRIP OF 1,000 MILES

Edmonton, Alta., April 1914.—City sportsmen who look forward longingly to a few days of indifferent duck shooting on lakes and rivers and marshes, or an occasional pot shot at moose would have become enthused and turned green with envy at the same time had they listened to the exploits of D'Arcy Ardene, who has come to Edmonton, for a brief visit after passing a dozen years in the vast north country and the land of the midnight sun. He is waiting for the break-up of the ice to take a trip of a thousand miles to Fort Norman at the mouth of Bear river.

"The north country is the paradise of which sportsmen dream," Arden said in conversation with the writer at the Edmonton Club the night of

April 16. "It is the finest country in the world for moose, reindeer and mountain sheep. Why, when I left Herschell Island last spring, I passed for six days through a herd of reindeer, estimated by old-timers to contain from 100,000 to 200,000 animals.

"There they were, as far as you could see with the aid of field glasses simply one big moving mass of animals. I had seen big herds of reindeer in the north, but nothing like that before. They were all cows and calves, the mating not taking place until the fall, and the bulls probably being 200 or 300 miles away. They were tame, and would come to our tent at night, while they would allow us to approach within 15 yards of them in the day time."

Near the British and Romanoff range of mountains, between Herschell and Flaxman islands, Arden says the mountain sheep are plentiful, in fact, the whole country, he declares, is infested with game.

Arden passed the last 12 years in the region of Hudson Bay and in the Yukon and Alaska. His first visit to the Yukon was in 1908, when, as he puts it, "I tied to Herschell Island on the international boundary by heliograph for the dominion government." Since that time he has been engaged almost exclusively in fur trading with the Eskimos. He left Herschell Island on April 28, 1913, a few days before Inspector Beytz and his party of mounted policemen left for civilization, and reached Victoria on August 2, 400 miles of the journey being made by canvas scow along the Old Crow and Porcupine rivers.

Arriving in Victoria he found the Chisana gold stampede to be at its height, and immediately joined in the rush, returning in February of this year. The camp, he says, is 400 miles up the Tanana River, one of the biggest streams of the Yukon.

"Last summer," he continued, "6,000 or 7,000 people flocked to the camp, but most of them drifted out before winter set in. There was a winter camp of about 50, but think there will be another big stampede this spring. It is a very difficult thing to get to the camp, which is situated about 350 miles from either Dawson City or White Horse, right among the high mountains, at an elevation of 5,000 feet. There is no doubt that a lot of gold exists there. Before he left, Bill James, one of the principal claim-holders, sold his interests for \$400,000."

As to the Yukon, Arden says it is as little known as when Franklin went in there, and he thinks it is a pity that the government does not take steps for its better development. The fur industry is a very profitable one, the principal skins to be obtained being mink, white fox and silver fox.

Of the Eskimos, with whom he had so much to do, Arden has only kind words. He said:

"They are the most hospitable people on the face of the earth. They are kind and gentle, and certainly not cruel, as some people have described them. There is as much difference between an Eskimo and an Indian as there is between chalk and cheese. Most of them at Herschell Island speak English, but those around the Mackenzie delta know only their own language. In the summer they live in houses built of wreckage from ships, and barrel staves, and snow houses in the winter. Their livelihood is obtained by seal hunting, fishing and trapping, and they live on seal, fish and reindeer."

Arden told of the long dog team trips along the monotonous stretch between Herschell Island and Fort Yukon, and of once spending 36 hours in a blizzard behind the toboggan. Some days, when the weather was fine and the going good, they would make from 25 to 35 miles a day, and

FLOCKS OF WILD GEESE SEEN

N. H. Harnden reported seeing a flock of wild geese last Monday morning and also hearing their music the evening before. They were flying around distractedly and acted as though they were in a strange country. Frank Rollin counted 24 in the flock. About 6 o'clock a. m. they started in a northward direction.

Our Taylor Hill, Strong, correspondent also reports a flock flying over that section Monday. They were flying low enough so that F. P. Nutting counted them and there were 80 in the flock.

at other times, when the going was heavy, the daily mileage would drop down to between ten and twelve. There were always the delays when they would have to stop and get food for the dogs, who eat deer, mountain sheep and moose.

And then there was his description of those long summers that sound like a fairy tale—the days during June, July and August when the sun never sets, but is as high in the heavens at midnight, almost, as it is at midday. He also told of the long winter nights—during part of November, December, January and part of February—when the sun never so much as puts its nose above the horizon.

But although the sun is not to be seen during those winter months, there is often the moon to take up the monotonous tale—big, fine moons, Arden says, that are nothing like the Edmonton variety, although ours are supposed to be of very fine quality.

Arden has come across a large number of prospecting parties, but what they are looking for whither they are bound, are secrets they would never divulge. One big outfit, believed to represent wealthy interests, was at Bell River, between Rampart House and Fort McPherson. Rampart House is three miles north of Fort McPherson, and is the most northerly trading post in the Dominion. It is 280 miles southwest of Herschell Island.

WILL OPEN MAY 16 AND JUNE 27.

Reports from the Moosehead region do not foretell any earlier opening of the big lake, though the recent rain fall was severe. The New Annex at Kineo will open May 16 and the New Mt. Kineo house on June 27. Both of them plan to close Sept. 28.

YARD OF 18 DEER AT CARRABASSET.

Our Kingfield correspondent reports a yard of 18 deer at the Hammond Field about one mile south of Carrabasset on the opposite side of the river.

The deer can be seen almost daily from the trains on the Kingfield Branch of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes railroad.

Thursday of this week six were counted feeding.

NEW JERSEY STATE TRAP- SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Edward Von Kattengill, of Red Bank, N. J., defended his title of Amateur New Jersey State Trap shooting Champion so successfully on April 4, that he not only won again this year but was able to better his score made in 1913 when he took away the state championship from Springer.

Von Kattengill broke 95 out of a possible 100, using Nitro Club shells on the grounds of the Riverside Gun Club, Red Bank, N. J. Many of New Jersey's crack shots participated in this meet.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs. F. B. Burns wishes to announce that she has leased the
MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIG HOUSE

for a term of years and will open it for the season May sixteenth, nineteen hundred fourteen.

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TROUT FROM HILL HATCHERY TO STOCK COBBOSSEECONTEE.

Of much interest to devotees of angling at Lake Cobbosseecontee is the movement on foot for the purchase of a quantity of small trout from the Hill hatchery for stocking purposes at the lake. Through the interest of Percy V. Hill, himself an enthusiastic sportsman and always eager to promote conditions at Cobbosseecontee, it will be possible to secure the trout at an exceptionally low figure. A. G. Pinkham of the North shore is circulating a subscription paper among frequenters of the resort for the purpose of securing the necessary funds for the realization of the plan which should certainly have the support of every red-blooded member of the summer colony. It is understood that the plan is being well received and it is now hoped to secure funds sufficient for the purchase of from 5000 to 10,000 of the fish.

FACED DEATH IN SEBAGO LAKE.

With their engine disabled, their anchor dragging uselessly, unable to hold against the fierce gale that drove their thirty foot steam launch relentlessly toward the fatal ice and rocks on the shore of Lake Sebago, Benjamin D. Holt and Richard O. Conant of Portland former Bowdoin students, and Fred E. Warren, also of Portland, along with Frank Sawyer, a Sebago man, the owner of the boat, faced death in a gale and snow storm for a few hours Sunday afternoon. They were finally rescued from their perilous plight by Victor B. Pendexter, former Portland High School star athlete, now employed at the Casco National Bank, Portland, and Byron Haskell of Westbrook, who put out in seas that tossed their diminutive Rangeley rowboat like an eggshell and took the occupants of the launch one at a time to the shore.

ICE WILL NOT BE OUT OF COBBOSSEECONTEE BEFORE MAY

The ice at Lake Cobbosseecontee is unusually firm for this season of the year and experienced guides state that there is little probability of its going out before the first of May. Ordinarily, the lake is clear for fishing by the middle of April but at the present time it measures two feet in thickness. As a result, the anglers who are anxious to get out for the early spring catch of trout and salmon, are considerably disappointed. Many inquiries have been received from sports in the larger cities who are in the habit of making trips to the popular fishing resort at this season of the year but it has been impossible to give them any encouragement for an early opportunity to indulge their craving for a chance with the rod and should remember the new law in regard to bass fishing which prohibits angling for these fish until June 1. This is a big change, as under former regulations bass fishing was in order with the going out of the ice. White perch cannot be taken until July 1.

KENNEBAGO LETTERS

A Chronicle of the Adventures of Two Young People in the Woods of Maine.

By H. V. Schlieren

LETTER NO. 1.

From Diana Morgan at Kennebago Lake, Maine, to Geraldine Winthrop, Richmond, Va.

Kennebago, September 3 19—
 Dear Jerry:—

You are probably awfully cross with me for not having written you in such a long time, and when I owe you a letter too, but don't be peevish about it, dear, because I've really been so busy these last few weeks that my correspondence has just been absolutely neglected, and you'll have to take that as my excuse. When you left Richmond the early part of August I had about as much idea of coming up here as I had of going to Patagonia, but you see fate or something intervened and just swept me along, so to speak. I know that you are surprised to find me writing you from this out of the way corner of the world, so now I shall try to tell you of all the interesting events which led up to my being landed here in this wonderful country.

Soon after you went away, Uncle Joseph got to feeling very poorly, and the doctor said that what he needed was a change of air. To him change of air means only one thing, and that is Maine, so a trip to the woods was immediately proposed. Aunt Agatha decided at once that she would not go as she said "Jo will be fishing all the time," and she hates the very sight of a live fish ("wiggly, slimy things" she calls them), so after much talking and planning it was decided that I should take her place as we did not feel that he ought to take such a long trip alone.

At first the idea did not appeal to me one bit, but Uncle Jo seemed very much pleased at the prospect of my company and said that he was sure I would enjoy myself, and that he would take very good care of me; which was his way of saying that I could take good care of myself as it turns out. It was rather with the spirit of a martyr though that I finally consented to make the trip, but I don't feel at all martyrish now that I'm here, and I realize that I am having the one big experience of my young and innocent life, because this place is so absolutely fascinating and truly beautiful, that if you do not enthuse after reading my letter it will be on account of my poor and pitiful attempts at composition as I'm afraid I can hardly do justice to my subject.

After it had been definitely fixed that I was to go, there were many councils as to equipment, for Uncle Jo assured me that I was going to a different sort of place, and would lead a different kind of life, from anything that I'd ever experienced. You know he is an old campaigner here and knows everybody for miles around. He wasn't of very much use though when it came to finding out what sort of clothes I should take with me. All he knew was that the men wore fishing togs and the women, "oh something or other." (Isn't that just like a man?) Auntie and I got our heads together however and between us evolved a wardrobe that we figured would meet all emergencies.

The day I packed my trunk was one of the very red hottest this summer, and I almost melted cramming away sweaters, flannel shirts, bloomers, and all the other heavy camp clothes. Uncle said that it sometimes got very cold in September up in this lake district, and he was not far out at that, for at this minute I'm sitting out under the trees clad just as I'd be in January at home, and not feeling one bit too warm either.

As the day of our departure drew near, Aunt Agatha got terribly worried and feared that something dreadful would surely happen to me. She gave me a First Aid Book and a little surgical kit, and made me study up about compound fractures, typhoid symptoms and a lot of other awful things, which I did, much against my

will, just to please her. The very morning that we left I had to read a chapter on "how to splint a broken ankle," and I was fussed, and hurried, and nervous about leaving, so that I forgot the First Aid Book and it lays on my dressing table now, unless Auntie has found it and put it carefully away, the while thinking me an ungrateful and thoughtless niece.

Of course we wept at the station, Auntie and I, and even Uncle Joseph looked a little weak around the mouth as the train at last pulled out. It did seem a shame to leave her and go so far away, but her brother and sister were due to arrive that afternoon, and as she says that they are "very musical people," she expects a treat while they are with her, so that it really wasn't such an awful desertion after all.

There isn't any use of my bothering you with all the details of our journey northward so I'm going to leave a lot of that out and start off where the interesting part of the trip commenced.

We left Boston on a night train and Uncle Jo said that we would have to change cars at 5 o'clock in the morning, which you can well guess did not please me very much, (Yes sleepy head if you say so), but he got me a drawing room all to myself so that I was just as comfy as could be. We went to bed early after telling the porter to call us at four thirty sharp. Two minutes after my head touched the pillow I was in a deep slumber (it's funny how soundly I pound the pillow on a "sleeper") and the next thing I knew the sound of the porter's voice roused me with, "four thirty, Miss," accompanied by a thump on my door loud enough to wake Auntie after a strenuous evening at dominoes. Oh but it was hard to get up and dress in that tiny compartment and I never fully realized before how big a young woman I am, and how many thousand things one can lose in a space not much larger than a good sized cake box. It was so cold and gloomy that I did not waste very much time in prinking but hurried into my clothes just as fast as ever I could, and only wished it might have been faster. At last I was ready just as Uncle Jo pounded on the door and asked why I didn't hurry. I wonder what he thought I had been doing?

We got all our baggage together and they helped me out of the train. I was in a sort of half doze; impressions don't come very quickly at five o'clock on a cold morning. It was just getting daylight and everything seemed to my eyes to be grey, just grey all over, and cold, I shivered through and through.

Our connecting train was waiting on the opposite track and when I first saw it I thought I must surely be walking in a dream, for it was the tiniest train and the tiniest engine you could imagine. The porter noticed my look of utter astonishment and grinned. He showed me into one of the little cars, a day coach as there was no parlor car, and then with a smile left us, part of the smile being caused by a generous tip I had given him. Even then I was hardly awake, but I realized I was in the very smallest passenger train ever built. Our car was so tiny that there was only one seat on each side of the aisle, I mean only a seat for one person. When Uncle Jo stood up his head almost touched the ceiling. Our baggage took up four seats besides the ones we occupied.

The car was not crowded, the only other occupant besides ourselves being a sleepy looking man who sat snuggled up in a corner by the stove getting mentally warm I guess, for the stove was not lit, and the temperature inside was not very much above zero it seemed to me. Uncle fussed with the baggage and counted each piece over twenty times, then all at once somebody shouted "all aboard" in a cheery voice (note that cheery at five o'clock in the morning with the mercury in hiding) and

with a jolt and a jar we started on the last lap of our railroad journey.

We breakfasted soon after starting, and hot coffee from a Thermos bottle, braced me up and helped me collect my senses.

After pulling away from the station the train wound slowly through a beautiful meadow land country where a swift stream flowed between grassy banks, but we couldn't see for any great distance on account of the early morning mist. Gradually the meadows gave way to thick forests and soon we were rocking along with the tall trees flashing by the windows and looking for all the world like soldiers standing row upon row. You notice, Jerry, that I said "rocking along" and that is just about the way we were progressing. You know, dear, I've never been car sick, dizzy head, headache, smelling salts and all the rest of it, but I was that morning. Perhaps it was the unusual hour of arising and the excitement that made me feel ill, but I got small sympathy from Uncle for he sat right in front of me and calmly peeled and ate a disgusting banana. Fancy a banana in my condition. Ugh! It was awful.

Just when I was sure that I could not stand the stuffiness of our car one minute longer, the engine gave a long shrill whistle and we rolled into a station and stopped with a jolt.

It may seem funny to you, but the tiny railroad train had sort of gotten on my nerves and I certainly was a bit unsteady to say the least. Somehow the idea possessed me that the people on the station platform ought to be pigmies to go with the pigmy train, and it was a bit of a shock to see a couple of six foot lumbermen, towering, it seemed above the tops of the cars.

Uncle found out that we were to stop ten minutes, so I was glad of the opportunity to get out and try and steady my legs, and clear my dizzy head with a little promenade. The air was glorious and acted like magic, for in two minutes I had forgotten my mean feelings and was all absorbed in watching the interesting people around me. It seemed as if I had never seen such big brawny men, and they were all so handsome too, most of them with clean shaven faces, and tanned to a wonderful copper color, almost like Indians. They talked and laughed with deep chested voices and seemed like a lot of overgrown children. It was "Bill" or "Tom" (I wish I could write it as they say it) and then a chuckle about something, followed by loud laughter and a scuffle of feet.

In what seemed to me very much less than our allotted time, the genial conductor broke away from the laughing group around the telegraph operator's window, and with another cheery "all aboard," and the usual hunching and pitching, we started on again.

I was feeling just what you'd call splendid, tingling all over with the sting of the crisp morning air, and it must have showed in my face too, because Uncle said that I did not look at all like the "invalid lady" who had sought the outer air only a few minutes before; which shows, how I must have appeared before we struck that blessed little station.

After leaving the station we started up an awful incline and every foot of the way was an effort for the tiny locomotive. It snorted and puffed and jerked us about. The track wound along the edge of a wonderful valley, and away on the far side rose the bulk of a big mountain wooded from base to summit, glorious with color, and wild looking, oh so wild, trees just changing color, yellow, red and purple, mixed in a perfect riot.

Uncle said that it was a valuable timber property and some day would probably be stripped clean. It made me fairly shudder to think of such a thing.

Jerry, there is no use of my trying to describe to you the whole of our journey on that little humpty-dumpty railroad and besides it would weary you, I'm afraid. Perhaps it was because everything was so new to me, that I raved, but I think it was the wildness of it that fascinated me, a something inside of me that I cannot explain made me breathe fast as I saw those trackless forests mile after mile, and I felt "tingly" all over. Primeval instinct perhaps? All the wonders of the scenery did not seem to move Uncle Jo very much, but then it is an old story to him, so I suppose that's an excuse.

As for our other passenger, he snored away in blissful content, so that I was left beautifully alone in my appreciation of the wonderful country through which we were passing.

As I sat with my nose glued to the window pane, we skirted the base of a high mountain the summit hardly visible through the morning haze. Out of the valley below rose the white mists, like smoke almost, and all the time the good old Sun was pouring down warmth and light, boring through the fog and bringing what Uncle said was to be "One of Maine's best."

It was about seven o'clock when we reached the little town which was to be the end of our railroad journey and such a quaint and picturesque place you never saw. Uncle Jo became visibly excited as we pulled into the station and peered out of the windows at the crowd on the platform. There was one very tall good looking chap there and I saw him give a smile of recognition as he caught a glimpse of Uncle's gold rimmed spectacles, and the next moment, although the train was still in motion, he jumped on board and filled the little doorway with his bulk. Uncle smiled like a school-boy fairly bubbling over with good humor.

"Well, well," he said, "I am glad to see you Bob," and Bob replied "Seems like forty years since I last met Mr. Raymond." He showed a set of fine teeth in a broad smile as he greeted us and I saw in a flash that he had a keen sense of humor.

Then I was introduced formally by Uncle Jo "Diana, let me present Bob Whitman. You've often heard me speak of him."

I extended my hand and it was grasped in a great strong paw and squeezed until I winced.

"I am mighty pleased to meet you, Miss Morgan," said Bob, then he took Uncle Joe's suit case, my suit case, the rod cases, my sweater, in fact all the baggage in one mighty armful, and carried them off so that I found myself alighting from the train empty handed.

There were quite a few people at the station, mostly men, guides I think, all very much interested in watching us alight, and although they did stare hard, I didn't mind one bit for they nodded in the most friendly way at me as much as to say "we are very much pleased to see you," and I honestly believe they were too.

At one end of the platform there was a big wagon and it was painted a most decided blue; a regular blue in fact, and Bob took all our luggage over and deposited it in a huge pile.

"I suppose you're going over to the hotel for breakfast, Mr. Raymond," he said.

Uncle looked inquiringly at me and I could see from his face that he did not care to go, but wanted to keep right on to the end of our journey; so I decided that I'd call our repast on the train breakfast, and not be

(continued on page 3)

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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Ask Any Sickie Smoker Why

he sticks to Sickie plug and slices off each pipeful as he needs it, when he could get tobacco already cut up, in packages. He'll tell you, "because the Sickie way is the *only* way to get *fresh* tobacco, that smokes cool and sweet, and doesn't bite the tongue." He *knows*.

Tobacco that is cut up at the factory *gets dried up* on its way to you. Result—it burns fast and hot, and "bites." When you cut your own tobacco off the Sickie plug, you are well repaid for a minute's work by *fresh* tobacco—because all the flavor and moisture are *pressed* into the plug and *held in* by the natural leaf wrapper.

Get a plug of Sickie at your dealer's today. Notice how much *more* tobacco you get, when you don't have to pay for a package.

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you use
it**



GOOD CHANCE TO BOOST FOR MAINE

The Western Boom Spirit Is Needed in East.

The Waterville Sentinel has the following interesting article on the Develop Maine Movement:

The Board of Water Supply of the State of New York wants 1,250,000 little evergreen trees to plant around the reservoirs. This board controls a strip of land 1000 feet wide around each reservoir. If these strips were placed end to end they would be about 40 miles long. The Board of Water Supply needs these little evergreens so badly that it is advertising for bids among the contractors. Some nursery will get a large fat slice of the money in the New York treasury for furnishing these trees.

Maine hasn't heard anything about it. Maine pastures contain ten times a million and a quarter of trees just the size and strength of those needed in New York. Will Maine get the contract? It will not. Why? Because no one in Maine

knew that the State Board of Water Supply needed the trees until long after the New York contractors had been notified. In addition the Maine farmers who own the trees have no facilities for taking them up and marketing them.

WAKE UP MAINE

This incident serves to illustrate hundreds of other business opportunities which would benefit Maine farmers if Maine farmers only knew about them. That is where the information and publicity bureau of the Develop Maine Movement finds a field of usefulness: It will be its duty to collect information of just such information as this and then disseminate it, promptly, to all parties who might be interested.

Returns already indicate that the Develop Maine Movement is shaking conservative old Maine to her foundation. The whole state is alive to the significance and timeliness of the movement and the people are taking hold with a will. Subscriptions are already coming in but not so rapidly as to swamp the treasury. That branch of the movement can stand a lot more crowding. It is a very important part of the movement, too. Unless it is fed freely it refuses to work and when it refuses to work the rest of the movement ceases to move.

The officers are going after 50,000 members. That means \$50,000 gross. It will cost something to get them, but with this sum as a mark to shoot at, it is hoped to come near it. The officers feel that with 50,000 members, not only will the movement have sufficient funds to put Maine on the map, help her own people and direct the attention of outside business men to her possibilities, but that the moral effect of 50,000 boosters who care enough about improving their home state to give up real money for the purpose, will be a wonderful force.

An Augusta business man who recently made a business trip which included Chicago, Kansas City and other middle western cities was asked upon his return home, to tell how he found business conditions in that part of the country. He said that he couldn't tell much about it, for everywhere he went the native sons insisted that business was booming and that their particular city was the only place on the map that was worth staying in for a minute. In other words he ran into the famous western booster spirit which refuses to see anything but a bright future, increasing population and business opportunities. He found it everywhere.

CHANCE TO BOOST.

The Develop Maine Movement made a convert right there. This business man now knows what it means to a community to have the booster spirit. He is for it, soul and pocketbook. He is doing business in Maine and he wants to do more. He sees nothing that prom-

ises to increase his business so quickly, with such little expenditure of time and money, as the general adoption of the booster spirit right here at home.

It won't be necessary for many Maine business men to take such a long trip in order to find out the worth of the Develop Maine Movement. They will feel the push of it in their own factories and offices. "Made in Maine" ought to be a guarantee of better than average quality for the class of goods offered for sale and it is. Maine manufactured products are shipped all over the world, under firm brands and without any mark on them to identify them with Maine. This ought to be changed, say the boosters, and the Develop Maine Movement is going to endeavor to change it. "Maine" tags ought to be as familiar as that "Made in Germany." The latter phrase was forced on the Germans because their product was inferior, but it has turned out to be the best advertising. Maine is in a position to use "Made in Maine" as a guarantee of superior quality.

President Chase on Boom Maine Movement.

Speaking of the boom Maine movement Pres. Chase of Bates College says: "The Develop Maine Movement is one that appeals to every lover of our State and it will certainly have the active support of every loyal Maine man and Maine woman.

"We have long taken pride in the good name of our Commonwealth and have generally been true to its motto. But we are, ourselves, just awakening to the extent of the resources of Maine and the prizes that she offers to intelligent, industrious, and progressive workers in the various fertile fields for effort so long neglected and therefore so little developed.

"We have sent hundreds of thousands of enterprising and resourceful young men and women to various parts of our country; and wherever they have gone, they have been generous contributors to the wealth, prosperity, and reputation of the communities in which they have made their homes. It is time for a return wave and its coming is already heralded in the somewhat tardy awakening of our people to the fact that the opportunities for social, civic, and material progress afforded in the old home State are not surpassed within the limits of our two oceans.

"I shall be glad to do all that I can for a movement so auspiciously launched and so full of promise."

RUNNING THE RAPIDS

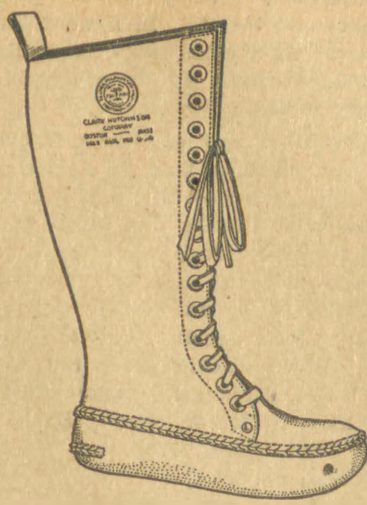
(Written for Maine Woods)

"Tie up all the luggage with leather thongs, and stuff it into these rubber bags," said the Maine guide. I lost no time in doing it; I was a "tenderfoot" in some ways, I'll admit, but I knew how to obey orders promptly, and I was anxious for the day's sport of "running the rapids." I hurriedly packed the provisions in tight boxes, stowed away the luggage in our canvas boat, and put on my rubber leggings and wading shoes. The guide was making everything doubly secure about the boat, to insure ourselves against accident; he also tied a bag containing extra canvas needles, water proofing, etc., to the bow of the boat.

"Come on," said the guide, and we stepped, lightly, into our canvas canoe, and were soon matching our ingenuity against the treacherous waters of the river.

"What is the descent of this river?" I asked, from my position in the bow. I held a 11-foot iron-spiked "setting-pole," ready for any emergency.

"About one hundred and sixty feet, to the first branch," the guide answered. He sat in the stern with a strong paddle, and guided the unwary craft with consummate skill. The noise of the rushing waters soon prevented conversation. The furious rapids seemed like shapeless monsters, bent upon our destruction. We would be lifted high over some hidden boulder, or dashed close to the rocky shore; at times we would rise over some covered rock, turn completely around, and drop five feet into a foaming pool. Watching sunken rocks, avoiding sharp ledges, (Continued from page 6.)



KENNEBAGO LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2.)

fussy, and when I made known my state of mind, they both looked vastly relieved.

The blue wagon, Jerry, was a buckboard and I must tell you about it. It was built about as heavy as a truck, with great massive wheels and axles. There were two wide seats, wide enough I should think to accommodate three persons each, and at the back of the rear one was a platform sticking out behind and there, Bob, with the driver's help, piled our suit cases and trunks which had come up on the same train with us. They took a deal of pains to lash everything down securely with strong ropes and then they covered the pile with a piece of black oil-cloth and lashed that down too. I wondered at all these elaborate details of packing, but after I had been on the buckboard a while I knew just why they had taken such pains to make everything snug. Uncle Jo asked the driver how the road was and he said it was about the same as usual. This did not mean anything to me at the moment, but it meant a whole lot later on.

It took some time to complete all our arrangements and then we climbed aboard, Uncle and Bob in the back seat, and your humble servant up beside the driver.

We rolled away from the station at last and up the main street of the village. Such a quaint little place it was, quite like a frontier town, with just one main street and the houses all straggling off from that. But it had a business like air about it and everywhere you looked things were neat and clean and well kept. The buckboard jogged along with a rattle and clang and it was really quite jolly. We pulled up at the postoffice to get the mail, a big fat bag of it, which the driver stowed away under the seat, then with a crack of the whip we started away again.

Through the town we rolled for a little, past trim houses, nearly all of them painted white, and every one "as neat as a pin," as Aunt Agatha says. We passed a saw mill where they were sawing out great logs, and the big saw "buzzed" and the air was pungent with the smell of fresh cut wood.

A little way out of the village we made a sharp turn to the right where there was a sign which read Kennebago Lake 9 miles."

We climbed a long steep hill, and such a view as spread out on all sides. Right back of us stretched the blue waters of a big lake, sparkling in the brilliant sunlight and beyond in the distance, range after range of mountains faded away to the horizon. To the left, the little town smuggled along the lake shore, and away eastward a big mountain rose clear cut against the skyline. The driver told me that it was almost

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a mile high.

At the top of the hill we pulled up to give the horses a rest and if the view had been beautiful before it was even more so now. The air was so clear that Bob pointed out to the southeast, a gleaming point which he said was Mount Washington and at least sixty miles away.

The driver was a most talkative and interesting person and we chatted in the friendliest way. He asked me a lot of questions,—was it my first trip up here? How did I like it; and if I liked it from the little I'd seen I would surely love it later on, and a lot more.

I inquired why they built the buckboards so heavy. A ghost of a smile flickered across his lips.

"Well," he said, "they just naturally have to make 'em heavy, Miss, that's all."

"But the road is good," I answered.

"Wall this part of it is, yes."

"Then it's not all like this."

"No not exactly," said he, "a good deal of it 'corduroy'."

He saw the look of inquiry in my eyes for he hastened to explain, "corduroy ye know is what they call a road made out o' logs an' a little spell from here you'll see what I mean."

Uncle and Bob were rattling on in the back seat and once I heard Uncle say "Now if we had the Pamachenee Belle" and I resolved to find out who the Pamachenee Belle was, and I felt glad that I had come if only for Aunt Agatha's sake. (I found out about this "Belle," but of that later.)

We wound over the top of another hill and then through a field of burned land. There were no more houses in sight and the landscape was absolutely wild.

As we started to go down the slope I asked the driver where the road had gone. He laughed and pointed ahead with his whip. Right in front of us was a huge boulder, but they didn't steer out of the way instead we went over it with the left wheel and I shot up in the air about two feet I guess, and came down again with a thud as I heard Uncle murmur "It's come, the same old road," and he really sounded as if he were pleased.

How can I describe to you the ride across that field? I felt as if every bone in my poor body was being pounded to a jelly.

Said the driver, "Don't try to sit too stiff like; just let yourself go."

Go—yes go into eternity I guess.

I found my voice, "How many times a year do you ride on this road," I asked.

"Twice a day from the time the ice goes out until snow comes," he replied.

I looked at him and could see by his face that he was in earnest though it did seem hard to believe (Continued on page 7.)

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 contribution 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, December 15th, 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 5.47 P. M. and for Kingfield and Bigelow at 5.50 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Strong from Farmington at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; from Phillips at 8.23 A. M.; and from Rangeley and Phillips at 1.37 P. M.; and Bigelow and Kingfield at 1.26 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.; and for Kingfield at 5.50 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS arrive at Strong from Phillips at 8.45 A. M.; from Kingfield at 2.10 P. M. and from Farmington at 11.45 A. M.

PHILLIPS

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

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. and from Rangeley at 8.00 P. M.

RANGELEY

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

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

SALEM

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves for Strong and Farmington at 12.50 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 2.28 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Salem for Strong and Farmington at 1.15 P. M.; and arrives from Strong at 6.25 P. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Farmington at 12.40 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 2.50 P. M.; and from Bigelow at 4.50 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Bigelow at 7.45 A. M. and for Strong at 12.35 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives from Bigelow at 11.30 A. M. and from Strong at 6.50 P. M.

BIGELOW

MIXED TRAIN leaves Bigelow for Strong and Farmington at 10.00 A. M.; and arrives from Kingfield at 9.15 A. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives from Farmington and Strong at 8.43 P. M.; and leaves for Kingfield at 4.00 P. M.

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

MAINE WOODS

ISSUED WEEKLY

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Phillips, Maine

L. B. BRACKETT,
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Entered as second class matter, January 21, 1909, 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 Hunting, Trapping, Camping and Outing news, and the 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, APRIL 23, 1914

This Issue Is 5065 Copies.

We trust our many readers will be interested in the "Kennebago Letters" which are commencing this week in Maine Woods, the narrative continuing for several weeks. The author of the article, H. V. Schieren, is well known as a writer of merit. The story will contain truth as well as fiction.

SOUTHERN HAMS SHO' FIT FO' DE' QUEEN.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Pinehurst, N. C., April 25, 1914—During the winter which British Ambassador and Mrs. Walter Page spent here they were frequent guests at the nearby plantation of Mr. Roger A. Derby, of Boston, one of the many northern pioneers who are developing the agricultural possibilities of the immediate section.

Not infrequently the piece de resistance of luncheon was North Carolina ham, a delicacy in this section as much as it is in old Virginia for Mary, the colored cook, looks after these hams from shoat to hog, and then puts on the finishing touches in curing.

"Its fit for a queen," said Mrs. Page one day and Mary smiled. Not long after Mr. Page's appointment as Ambassador to the Court of St. James was announced, and no one received the news with more pleasure than Mary for the Ambassador spent much of his boyhood at nearby Aberdeen, where the family mansion is always pointed out with pride to visitors.

"I sho' don' sen' Mis' Page er ham fo' de Queen," was Mary's comment last spring and true to her word the shoat was selected which duly became a hog and recently provided two hams. Not long ago they were carefully boxed and ere this have doubtless, reached Mrs. Page.

"Nevah was no hams like dem," comments Mary proudly. "Dey sho' is fit fo' de Queen."

TROUT FLIES NUMEROUS

Suggestions for Maine Fishermen On How to Fill Books for Various Localities.

Of trout flies there are some hundreds, though perhaps not more than 50 of these are commonly used. Pattern and size must depend on the locality and the season of the outing. As a general rule the further south we go, say in Connecticut or Pennsylvania, the more closely do the flies used resemble the actual insects upon which the fish feed; for instance, red spinner, red hackle, brown palmer, March brown, black gnat, heaverkill, cahill, alder, cowdung, gray drake, all of which are made, unscientifically, it is true, to imitate in a general way the flies on the water in spring and summer. Of the above you may take in your fly book from two to half a dozen each, and add a few of the following: Silver doctor, cinnamon, yellow bodied professor and brown hackle with herl body.

But when you go north into Maine and Canada you will find that the trout are less sophisticated and less

given to splitting hairs over the exact difference between the real and the artificial insect. In a word the northern trout does not commonly take the artificial fly for a fly, but for just something to eat.

In no other way can the curious fact be explained that he seems rather to prefer certain gaudy combinations of feathers and tinsel that have no resemblance whatever to any known insect. In these waters your fly book must contain Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Parmachenee Belle, Brown Hackle (both red and herl body), Montreal, Jungle Cock, Coachman, Professor, Gray Hackle, Jenny Lind, Alder, Red Ibis, Royal Coachman, Dr. Breck.

In southern waters smaller sizes are used, Nos. 10 and 12 being preferred, though No. 8 is common. Up north 6 and 8 are usual, though for quiet waters 8 and 10 are better. The smaller the brook the more chance has the trout and the greater the triumph in taking him.

American flies are invariably tied upon shelled hooks, those with helpers or double gut for an inch from the fly being strongest. English flies, which are generally better and more delicately tied, have eyed hooks with no gut, the leader, which has no loop in the end, being passed through the eye of the hook and fastened with a half-hitch or jam knot.

Flies with snells should have the latter well soaked before using, but the hooks should be kept from the water or they will rust. A very good aluminum box for this purpose may be bought for 65 cents, consisting of sheets of felt between which the snells are placed, while the flies themselves are protected from the moisture.

Of fly books there is a large variety. Pigskin is the best covering, though expensive and one does well to have at least one really strong and fine book. A cheaper one may be filled every morning for the pocket to be used on the stream.

Keep the book sprinkled inside with powdered camphor or some other good moth discourager, especially when you put it away in the fall.

Many anglers, especially young ones, stick their hats full of flies. This isn't an altogether bad place for them when wanted for immediate use, but they should not be left there day after day or the colors will inevitably fade.

When three flies are used the two lowest should be at least 30 inches apart, with the upper dropper at least 20 inches above the middle one. When two are used the dropper should be a yard above the tail fly.

Which of the two should be the brighter in tint is a question the answer to which may be left to experience. As a rule anglers begin with two flies of quite different hue. But try fishing with one only.

BLACK BASS FOR LAKE.

Cobossee Stock to be Replenished—Facts About Bass.

It will be a matter of general interest to fishermen to know that there is a prospect that in the near future the stock of black bass in Lake Cobosseecontee will be replenished by the planting in the waters of the lake of a lot of bass fry propagated under the supervision of the Bureau of Fisheries connected with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., says the Kennebec Journal.

A short time ago Commodore F. G. Kinsman of the Cobosseecontee Yacht Club, at the instance of the club, made a request of H. M. Smith, United States commissioner of fisheries at Washington, for a supply of black bass fry for the purpose of freshening the stock of that fish in the lake, and has just received from Commissioner Smith the following reply:

"Dear Sir:
"From the description given in your application it is believed the

A Warning—to feel tired before exertion is not laziness—it's a sign that the system lacks vitality, and needs the tonic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sufferers should not delay. Get rid of that tired feeling by beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to-day.

waters you desire to stock are suited to the cultivation of small-mouth black bass, and the assignment thereon has been made accordingly.

"In this connection you are informed that the Bureau is unable with its present facilities, to produce the basses, crappies, sunfishes, and catfishes in sufficient numbers to meet the demands, and it can undertake to supply only a sufficient number of any of them to form a brood stock in the expectation that through the protection and natural reproduction the waters in which the fish are placed will eventually become fully stocked. Owing to the difficulties and uncertainties encountered in the propagation of these fishes, some of which mentioned in the accompanying circular, it is impossible for the Bureau to fill applications for them as promptly as it can applications for the fishes propagated by the artificial manipulation of their eggs. It is the policy of the Bureau to fill all applications in the order in which they are received, and to arrange for the delivery of the fish as soon as practicable thereafter.

"You will be advised in advance of the shipment of your consignment, and at that time will be furnished instructions regarding the reception and planting of the fish.

"Your former application for landlocked salmon for Lake Cobosseecontee is still on file."

The letter was accompanied by the following interesting circular on the subject of "Limitations of Black Bass Culture.":

"The salmon and trouts, whose eggs are susceptible of propagation by artificial methods, can be produced in unlimited numbers. The eggs of the black basses and allied species can not be artificially manipulated, and for its supplies of such fishes the Bureau must depend largely upon the natural reproduction of brood fish held in ponds prepared for the purpose.

"During the early stages of their existence, young bass in ponds are exposed to dangers of many kinds. Snakes, frogs, turtles, various water insects, fish-eating birds and mammals, all are destructive to the fry, while the young of the same school prey upon the weaker ones. The degree of success attained in such work is also governed largely by the state of the weather and other natural conditions beyond the control of the Bureau. Located as they are, along the shoal margins of the ponds, the nests receive the full effect of atmospheric changes. A sudden fall in temperature will often cause the parent fish to desert their nests, and as the eggs and fry are extremely sensitive, they are frequently killed or their development injuriously retarded by the cold.

"Another unfavorable feature resulting from the location of the nests in shallow water is that it subjects them to the full force of surface drainage and washings, following heavy rains. Rilly water is exceedingly injurious to the ova and young of the black bass, and as heavy rains and sudden temperature changes are conditions which must be expected during the season of the year when these fishes spawn, the results of the Bureau's pond-cultural operations are hazardous and uncertain in the extreme. One year a station may have a good output, and the next year, under apparently similar conditions, very few young fish are produced.

"What has been said regarding the difficulties met with in black-bass culture applies with equal force to the crappies, sunfishes, catfishes, and the rock bass."

HAD GOOD LUCK AT NORTH SEBAGO.

John H. Rich, Charles Best and Dr. Carmichael of Portland, who went to North Sebago over the holiday had good luck, Rich catching a four-pound salmon, the Doctor a red spot weighing 3½ pounds and Best a salmon of the same size.

THE DILLS TO RESIDE IN WOLLASTON.

Mrs. Elliott C. Dill and family of Hallowell have gone to Wollaston, Mass., where they will join Mr. Dill and reside in the future.

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If you will take two thin lengths of celluloid, put them in contact and then suddenly and rapidly pull them between your fingers, you will observe they both have become electrified—not only on their outside surfaces, where the friction of your fingers caused a negative electrification, but also on the inner surfaces of the celluloid.

Ideal Country for Sportsmen.

Hyderabad, one of the states of India about as big as Kansas, and with as many people as New York and Massachusetts combined, has many wild creatures, including tigers and leopards in abundance and occasionally bison and elephants. There are also wild hogs, antelope, hyena, wolves, jackals and bear.

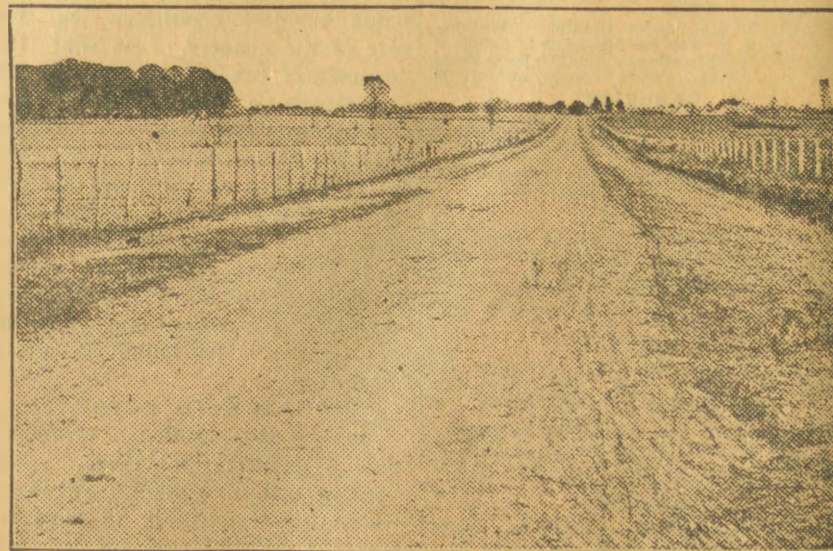
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UNKIND COMMENT



Madge—George says he always loses his head when he goes in the water.
Maude—I should think that would be the only part of him that would keep him afloat.

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MOTOR BOATS for sale. Apply to C. M. Smalley, Belfast, Maine.

TO LET.

TO RENT—House on Dodge road. B. Frank Beal.

WANTED.

WANTED—Potatoes at my storehouse. Notify by telephone night before bringing them. B. F. Beal.

WANTED—Experienced cook for the summer. Address Maine Woods, Phillips, Maine.

WANTED—Live animals. Will buy live mink, fox, skunk, fisher, marten, otter, beaver, lynx and others. Write us before buying or selling and about fur farming. C. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine.

SOMETHING ALWAYS



Mrs. B.—My husband and I get along so nicely. We always agree about everything.

Mrs. W.—Is that so?

Mrs. B.—Yes; except, of course, now and then when he gets pigheaded or something of that sort.

Proof.

Stanley, aged five, wanted to know if vermicelli was alive when he saw it curl about in hot water, and did not seem quite convinced when told that it was not. A few days later, on seeing his mother preparing macaroni for dinner, he exclaimed triumphantly: "Now I know vermicelli is alive, else how could it grow into macaroni?"

Jimmie's Conclusion.

Little folk frequently manifest unexpected powers of observation and analysis. Little Jimmie, for instance, was asked if a young lady whom he dearly loved was pretty. "She looks pretty to me," he announced, after a brief period of consideration, "but I don't s'pose she's really pretty. I notice Brother Ben don't sit by her side an awful lot when she comes here."

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Much Interest taken In Men's Improvement League.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, April 21.—One of the most interesting meetings of the Men's Improvement League was held Saturday night at Russell Hall. After enjoying a fine banquet prepared by the Ladies' Aid the business meeting was held and the following business transacted: Meeting called to order by the president; suggested that a petition be sent manager of railroad for two trains for the summer season instead of one; voted to accept May 3, as Clean up Week and observe the week as in the proclamation read by Mr. Russell. Dr. F. B. Colby addressed the League speaking a few appropriate words to the guides. T. Freeman Tibbetts spoke interestingly of the growth of the summer business since he began to guide. Selectman Harnden was called on and responded with a few remarks in regard to game laws, suggesting that efforts be made to secure laws for the benefit of the Rangeley region. A committee of five men consisting of E. I. Herrick, chairman, A. M. Ross, C. W. Barrett, J. A. Russell, and C. L. Harnden, was appointed to secure fish from State Hatchery to place in waters of Rangeley region. Voted to submit an outline of meetings to the Maine Woods and Franklin Journal for print and that the question of a public dump and plug fishing be considered at a later date. Dr. A. M. Ross was appointed to investigate the law in regard to street sprinkling and report at a later date. Sunday 32 men gathered at the Ladies' Parlor and listened to a very able address by H. A. Furbish regarding his recent trip to Washington. The splendid society is in a very prosperous condition and is constantly gaining.

Max Weybrant was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tomlinson.

Mrs. Ray Harnden accompanied her father, F. C. Barker to Portland the first of the week.

Mrs. W. E. Tibbetts and L. D. Nile are on the sick list.

Dr. A. M. Ross drove to Bemis Monday and to Stratton Tuesday. Miss Colby, a trained nurse, who has been at the Doctor's private hospital in a professional capacity, accompanied him to Stratton to take another case.

At the Pythian Sisters Thursday night, Mrs. Herman Huntoon was admitted to membership. Salads, sandwiches, cake and coffee were served by the committee, Josie Hoar, Flossie Hoar and Thelie Hoar.

Mrs. Geo. Kempton, who accompanied Glendon Wilbur to the hospital at Lewiston has returned. The little fellow underwent an operation but is now gaining and favorable reports are received. He will remain for several weeks.

Mr. Ellsworth Hayden was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Russell.

Mrs. M. D. Tibbetts returned Saturday night after an absence of several days caused by the illness and death of her father.

The party attending the Speaking Contest at Kingfield numbered 24.

J. Sherman Hoar has sold his house to Leslie Abbott, who will take possession immediately.

H. A. Furbish was a recent business caller in Phillips.

The two small children of Carl Hoar who are staying at Wm. Ellis' met with what might have been a serious accident one day last week. The little folks were sliding and hit a rail which runs along the state road; each child had several teeth loosened which had to be extracted.

A 12 pound daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Davis Sunday.

Jack Cook, who is employed at Long Pond was struck in the head by a falling log inflicting a serious head wound. Dr. Colby was called and the injured man was made as comfortable as possible.

Little Ethel Johnson was operated on at the private hospital of Dr. A. M. Ross, Thursday. She returned to the home of Austin Hinkley where

she is stopping, Tuesday

W. S. Marble and J. B. Marble have arrived and are attending to details preparatory to opening Rangeley Lake House for the season.

Mrs. Tina Hinkley is keeping house for Mrs. Clara Rector. Mrs. Rector left Monday for "The Barker" where she has employment this summer.

O. R. Rowe has purchased the stock in the store recently conducted by A. M. Hoar & Son.

Miss Harrigan a trained nurse from Lewiston is caring for Maxwell Neal. Master Maxwell is improving steadily now.

Vinton V. Hough and C. Ardine Sweetser of Redington were week end visitors in town. They made the trip partly on foot.

Will Huntoon and family are occupying the Ray Ellis house. Ray Ellis and family are living at the John H. Lowell farm and the Edgecomb family are occupying the Nutting house on Oquossoc Avenue, which has recently undergone alteration.

Aleck Dean Green and Avilla Oakes were married Saturday, April 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Quimby drove to Allen's camps Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hamblin arrived Saturday night and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rod Brackett, Capt. Hamblin will work on the wharf for the present.

Mrs. Fred Hinkley left Monday to visit her parents in New Hampshire.

The steam mill whistle blew for the first time Tuesday morning.

Miss Laura Roburds, who has been caring for Mrs. W. T. Hoar is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Ross.

Frank Porter has sold the large barn and shed attached to his house and they will be moved away.

Frank Gile moved his family last Thursday into the house which he recently purchased of Ira Huntoon. Ira Huntoon is occupying the Cleon Oakes tenement.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Oakes and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Porter entertained at whist and flinch at the former's home on Pleasant street, Wednesday evening, April 15. The following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Haley, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Huntoon, Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Harnden, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Pickel, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Tibbetts, Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Soule, Mr. and Mrs. David Quimby, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Armburg, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCord, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Furbish, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Quimby, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Kempton, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kempton, Mdms. H. C. Riddle, Clara Rector, Guida Nile, A. H. Sprague, E. P. McCord, Addie Richardson, Miss Elsie Badger, Miss Beatrice Jones, Miss Marjorie Oakes, Miss Alice Sweetser, Dr. Charles S. Stuart, J. E. Peakes, Frank Badger, Vance Oakes, Reed Ellis. Fruit punch was served during the evening and delicious refreshments of Harlequin ice cream and assorted cake were served. Mrs. C. W. Barrett was awarded the first ladies' prize, a lace collar. Frank Badger first gentleman's prize, a necktie.

NYOIL FOR GUNS AND FISH-RODS

William F. Nye is the greatest authority on refined oils in the world. He was the first bottler; has the largest business and NYOIL is the best oil he has ever made.

NYOIL HAS NO EQUAL.

Beware of scented mixtures called oil. Use NYOIL on everything where a light oil is needed. It prevents rust and gives perfect lubrication.

Sportsmen, use it liberally on your firearms and your rod. You will find it by far the best. Hardware and sporting goods dealers sell it in large bottles (cheaper to buy) at 25 c. and in trial sizes at 10 c. Made by

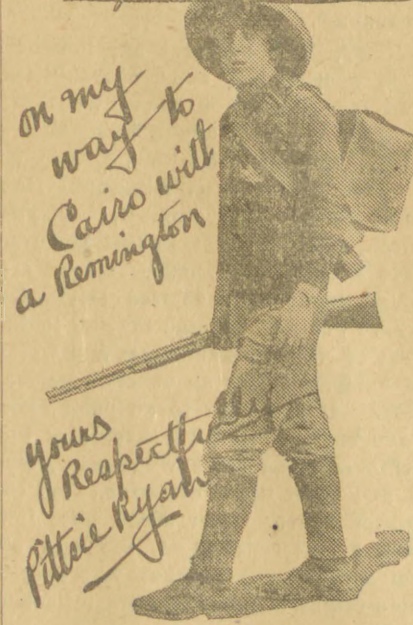
WM. F. NYE,
New Bedford, Mass.

The consolation prizes were given to Mrs. Addie Richardson and Ira D. Hoar, and were respectively a box of mustard "To make you smart," and a toy shovel "To bury your sorrow." A fine time was enjoyed by all.

GLOBE TROTTER WITH A RIFLE AS COMPANION.

Walking, walking, walking—leaving San Francisco in October, 1912, "Pittsie" Ryan, an American newsboy, started afoot around the world with a full pack across his back and a Remington rifle in his hand. "Pittsie" plans to cover a distance of 20,000 to 25,000 miles before his

Walking around the World



return to the United States about 1916. The anticipated excitement and pleasure as well as the educational and healthful value of the trip for a long time encouraged "Pittsie" to attempt this globe-trotting feat.

Starting his business career selling papers, this 24-year-old newsboy has pursued his calling in most of the larger cities of the United States. During his trip around the world he is supporting himself entirely from selling the local newspapers printed in the towns and cities through which he passes.

Going first to the Hawaiian Islands and later walking across Australia, the "newsy" pedestrian first set foot on African soil eighteen months after leaving San Francisco. An interesting incident occurred here: One day the Prime Minister, General Luis Botha, congratulated Ryan on his pluck and daring in undertaking to walk around the world without either companion or financial aid. General Botha remarked on meeting the young man that Ryan was the first newsboy that had been privileged to shake his hand. "Pittsie" replied dryly, "I have met many Prime Ministers, General Botha."

Arriving at Johannesburg, Transvaal, one month later—February, 1914—this young soldier of fortune received a warm welcome. Again, on leaving Johannesburg for Cairo, Egypt, on February 24, many followed him to the city's limits and wished him luck.

This disciple of Weston has just started one of the most difficult part of his world-girdling—Johannesburg, north through Central Africa and Rhodesia, to Cairo.

Gravity Clock.

Among the smart English novelties seen is the new gravity clock, which does not require winding. The motive power is supplied by the weight of the clock, which takes seven days to travel down upright bars. At the end of the seven days the clock is simply raised to the top again. The clock stands on a handsome mahogany base and the bars are supported from the center of a handsome arch of mahogany.

Heredity and Insanity.

Heredity accounts for about fifty per cent. of the cases of insanity. This is encouraging. It shows that the shocks and conditions of modern life do not make people insane; the strenuous life merely brings out the insanity that is latent in some persons as a result of heredity. A normal person cannot be driven insane by any of the conditions of modern life.

Our Printing Department for Years Has Made a Specialty of Camp Printing. We Know Just What You Want. Send to Us for Samples and Prices. We guarantee Satisfaction.

Cow Particular as to Its Tipple.

A Tralee (England) farmer has a cow which refuses to drink water supplied in the ordinary way. Then she is thirsty she leaves the field goes to a lane where there is a water tap, turns this on and takes a drink. The story is supported by photographs, and the cow is credited with turning the tap off after drinking.

GOVERNMENT AID FOR ROADS

Committee of Congress Expected to Make Favorable Report on Highway Measure.

The question of federal aid for good roads looms large. A joint committee of the senate and house, with Senator Bourne, Oregon (the father of the parcel post bill) chairman, is now investigating the entire subject with every likelihood of a report being submitted favorable to the general project. The main subject under investigation at present is the manner in which federal aid when finally forthcoming shall be distributed, whether to the states according to their population, their area or the mileage of their highways. In a recent magazine article Senator Bourne expressed himself as favorable to a plan which shall combine all three of these elements, inasmuch as it would not be fair to grant more aid to Rhode Island, for instance, than to Iowa, although the population of the former state is much larger than that of the latter; or more aid to Nevada, for instance, than to Nebraska, although the former state is much larger in area than the latter; or to some state which has already solved the good roads problem by thousands of miles of good roads, leaving a state with impassable highways suffering because of lack of the necessary aid.

With federal and state aid both imminent, an impetus is being given to road building greater than ever before. The statement is made that \$500,000 a day is being spent for good roads in this country, but the general consensus of opinion is that until within the last year or two results commensurate with this immense expenditure have not been secured. There is a feeling all over the country that road building must be made as systematic and as scientific as railroad building, hence the movement for a state highway commission with plenary powers and scientific supervision by expert engineers. Congress has already appropriated \$500,000, to be distributed \$10,000 to each state, for improvement of stretches of road over which rural free deliveries operate regularly. The results of this appropriation will go a long way to show whether or not the federal government will be justified in making still greater appropriations and in going still more extensively into this important subject. The secretary of agriculture and the postmaster-general have both been ordered to loan their influence to the investigation, to the end that actual facts may be secured so that road building may be carried on in a practical manner.

Inventor Did Good Work.

The De Vick clock, made about 1364, was a good piece of work. In fact, since the year 1700 no important invention has been added to clocks and watches. This means a good deal when it is realized that the last 200 years have given us more inventions than all previously known history.

Good Rule for Right Living.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality—they are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them, like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better men.—Robert Louis Stevenson.



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Nothing to Equal This in New England

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FROM AN ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK

I. THE ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

By Robert Page Lincoln

This great preserve offers more of an inducement to outdoor pilgrims than any other piece of territory in the United States, or Canada. Assuredly its fame rests upon the fact that it is almost practically a complete wilderness, with unbounded opportunities to those who wish to fish, and fish well, in thoroughly wild waters, or who wish something of the true primeval, wherein to study nature, camping, or canoeing those immaculate stretches of pure cold lake waters. This national game preserve contains in the neighborhood of two million acres of land, and water.

Through this region is found upwards of two thousand lakes and streams, where good fishing, for some variety of fish, may always be had. Here the game is allowed absolute protection, which is in itself a blessing; for the preserve is vastly great, so wild, that animals have here a chance to recuperate the lost and decreasing numbers without restricting hindrance. But good fishing may always be had here. Brook trout fishing lists at par excellence, and certainly any angler coming into this region, this summer, should include among his appliances a bamboo, or steel, fly-rod. Of course the brook trout are best taken in the month of May in this region, and also good around the first of June, but from then on the speckled beauties lie idle. In September the fishing again becomes good, and many catches may be made.

Often these eccentric fish, lie deep, and means must then be put forth to get them out of their slumbers and inattention. Lake trout fishing is here recognized at its best.

Such tackle should be included as will be proper for taking this fish. Perhaps the whole of enjoyment in fishing for larger fish lies in the manner of tackle you use. Given light tackle, good conditions for catching your fish, with keenness and patience to back you up, there is always found in this branch of the pastime a certain degree of marked

originality and charm. Also in the various lakes and streams of this preserve are found the salmon trout, equally opportune to the consideration and respect of the touring angler. The small-mouth bass fishing is another thing that must be remembered; they are always sound-bodied, vigorous fellows, with vim and pluck throughout their whole make-up when you get them at the end of your bamboo. Also here will be found the large-mouth black bass (mycropterous salmoides) and with your artificial lures, and bait rod, you will spend many hours in perfect pleasure in perfectly wild surroundings.

Truly, this preserve has innumerable possibilities and probabilities, and opportunities to those who are bent on camping and fishing, nature study, and picture-taking. Nor do I alone center upon Algonquin National Park. Far from it. North, south, west and east, in this favoured east country of Canada, there are found immense unspoiled territories where one may indulge himself in the best of Nature's handicraft and workmanship. It has an unsoiled perfection. If you wish to go north, you have but to follow the needle of the compass along some wild water, and if you have the demanded nerve, winter will find you where but few men ever tread; where the very silence of silence speaks; where solitude reigns in unstained magnificence.

The Algonquin National Park is tapped by the Grand Trunk Railway; and if one will make the Joe Lake station, on the Ottawa Division, his starting point he may go in any direction, and find the best outlay awaiting his attention. From this point a canoe trip of monumental beauty may be taken, north to the border with scarcely any inconvenient portages. South from Joe Lake station one may progress to Crown Lake, outside of the Park, and find there some of the best of Canadian fishing.

At the Joe Lake station is found excellent hotel accommodations for the convenience of travellers and for those who wish to outfit on the spot, here will be found everything necessary for an outing, from tents, to tackle, provisions, and garments of

wear. Such things may be purchased at a reasonable rate of expenditure. Guides may here be had, possessing the vitally necessary knowledge of the country; and can at all times be relied upon to see one through, in an honesty that is religion with woodsmen.

From the viewpoint of the camper, and fisherman, this preserve offers exceptional opportunities. Here one may locate his camp, in almost any section, and realize much pleasure. The flies and mosquitoes are bad during certain months of the summer, generally, the latter half of June, and July, and August, but by using preventative methods, such as various adaptable tent nettings, one may be well protected. Then, there are many appliances that may be purchased that may be put on the face, and the exposed limbs to keep away the onery ones.

The best system the present writer has found is contained in this process. Soak, or dilute a quantity of Epsom salts in water, to form a well-impregnated, strong solution. Bathe the naked body in this well, and let it dry on the body. This done, it will form a powdery coating over the skin, which, as a rule, the flies, and gnats, and mosquitoes, will not assail. Especially care for the face, the most vulnerable part of the anatomy in this manner. The writer has found it a solution worthy of note. Anyone locating a camp on one of the many breeze-blown islands of the many lakes in this territory, will find that the insect pests are not so likely to surround them. In this country there is much in the way of bird study, animal observation, and plant and flowers widely distributed for the indulgence of the botanist. As a center of attraction to the prospective outer I certainly recommend this region for review.

But a short distance from the station hotel one will find Cranberry Lake, one of the most picturesque and attractive lakes in this great game sanctuary. Woods of primitive beauty flank it, and here one will find many various varieties of flowers in all their beauty. The trilliums, the trailing arbutus the pure white starwort, the demure orchid, lady slippers and flowering huckleberry Lake, and but a short distance find the redberried wintergreen, and the partridge berry. Next to Cranberry Lake and but a short distance, comparatively from the station, you will locate Polly Lake, and next, after a portage, Linda Lake, and then Iris Lake, this last one but eight miles from your starting point, and that also in perfectly wild surroundings.

So on, and on, one may take his way, and always find himself brought face to face with beauty in all its picturesqueness. Deer and moose are repeatedly met with; the wolves howl by night, and the slap of the beaver's tail upon the water is something that carries to your consciousness the fact that "is very wild indeed. The beaver is protected in the park, and they have increased to a great extent; in fact it has been necessary for the management of the park to set their rangers to trapping some of them out, which has been done. This park region, with its great number of wild animals makes it an excellent place for the man who, with a flashlight camera, wishes to get pictures of animals by night. This idea is steadily growing in favour, and many are trying it every year. It is indeed a shame that only one out of ten of the inimitable photos, taken by experts, in wild regions, ever see print. Certainly, there is nothing so educational and inspiring as a perfect photo. It properly accomplishes what one fails to understand in the medium of print. Anyone, going into this region, or any wild region, for that matter, should have his camera with him.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS

(Continued from page three). rough boulders and falls, and above all, trying to select the best channel, kept the guide and myself, on a keen lookout every minute of the time. Occasionally, I would plant the "setting-pole" firmly, and hold the canoe until we had decided on the safer of two channels—making a choice being almost a useless proceeding since danger lurked all about us, in every direction. Some guides "lead" their canoes over

falls, or "drop" them over by means of a rope. Many a "tenderfoot" like myself enjoys the risk of "running a rapid," or bad fall just for the sake of the "cheers" from other members of the party, at our fool-hardiness.

It was getting near noon, and the guide proposed lunch. I seconded the motion with alacrity as the strain of keeping the canoe upright had exhausted me, as well as given me a mighty appetite. We stopped on the bank of the stream in a beautiful spot, where arching trees formed a leafy canopy overhead, spreading their drooping branches far out over the stream. The other two canoes in our party soon beached near our own, and we all enjoyed the lunch.

"Coffee, hardtack and corned-beef would seem a pretty poor layout anywhere but here, wouldn't it?" said one of the men, devouring his portion with extreme relish.

"What does it matter how a thing tastes, anyway?" I exclaimed. "I could eat birch bark and be thankful!"

"That's the idea!" said the guide, with a grin, "you're losing your 'tenderfoot' ways fast. I noticed you handled that 'setting-pole' pretty handy."

I was delighted with this bit of praise from our usually reticent, guide, and felt equal to any hardship where I might exhibit my newly-acquired skill.

"It's time we're off," said another guide, and as we had many more miles to go, we left the charming place where we had eaten our "snack," and plunged into the unknown terrors of the remainder of our trip.

It was more than fascinating to run the gauntlet of a stream as full of lurking pitfalls as this one contained; it was fearful and exciting work, and I, for one, was glad enough when we came at last to the swift, dark water that bore our canoes under the shadow of a mammoth rock, about four hundred feet high. We leaped lightly ashore, realizing that our experience was at an end, but one long to be remembered.

In the cool shadows of the evening we gathered round our fire, prepared our supper, and ate it with untold satisfaction—the fact that the same kind of feed had constituted our noon lunch, making no difference; it was "filling," and tasty to every one of us, hungry as we were, after our day's work and sport combined.

One of the guides told us some interesting facts about the cascades and falls of Maine rivers, as we stretched out on the soft leaves, smoking our pipes, and enjoying the delicious relaxation that comes only to people who work hard and "happily" in the outdoor air.

"It often happens," said the guide, "that in a seventy mile stretch of river water, there will be ten or eleven falls, anywhere from twenty to sixty feet high; the cascades being too numerous to mention—the Almighty just threw them in for 'good measure,' I suppose," he chuckled. "Then again, some falls are like stairs, rising one above another, each stair about three feet high, then a stretch of level water about ten feet, then another stair, and so on. Some parts of the rivers have such a swift current, and such high falls, that canoeing is impossible; the rapids are furious enough for most 'tenderfeet,' eh, Frank?"

"They kept me busy," I answered, "but I shall never forget the fun of the experience, you just bet!"

AGITATION IN MASSACHUSETTS OVER FISH AND GAME LEGISLATION.

There is no denying the fact that there is a spirit of dissatisfaction, among the sportsmen of the state regarding results. Fish and game have been getting scarce while expenditure has been on the increase. The honest sportsmen is asking himself how much longer and how much more expense there is likely to be before there will be signs of better fishing and better hunting? Are the methods which we are inaugurating and maintaining calculated to produce the results we are after? Are the sportsmen's clubs thorough-out the state giving their time and money to a wrong policy, or is it because we are impatient? How much longer must we see the fish and

game diminish, see the taxes increase, watch fool law after fool law become enacted, like a criminal, every time one goes fishing by some czar of a game warden? These are the questions the sportsmen are asking. When the hunting season is on why should the game wardens be placed to guard private property during the week and allow the entire territory surrounding to go unpatrolled? It may be all right, but for two years the Berkshire game wardens have been gathered to watch Whitney's 14,000 acres and all the rest of Berkshire was left unprotected. Then comes the deer legislation of the past week. Everyone knows that it is a gift to the farmer, or any unprincipled landowner, and means an extermination of the deer by the few to the exclusion of the legitimate and regular sportsmen, and why do our fish and game officials stand for this legislation?

Every day there are dogs chasing deer on East mountain. The farmers complain constantly of this nuisance, and it is known that many of the young deer are killed by these dogs. Occasionally one is driven into town and killed where people know the circumstances, but more often nothing is known of the killing until some wandering berrypicker finds a skeleton on the mountains. This raft of useless dogs operates in the waste lands between East mountain and the Boston and Albany railroad, and one cannot go into the hills without hearing the chase on somewhere in the deserted section. When do we hear of a worthless dog being killed for chasing deer? One of our farmers says that dogs go into the mountains every day, and that toward night they may be seen sneaking home, jaded and tired from the chase. The state is paying good money to prevent these things and the sportsmen are naturally asking why they are continued?

It is the belief among most of the fishermen that the ponds which have never been stocked, closed and tampered with are the ones which today give the best fishing. There is evidence enough to support some of this belief, but in the majority of the cases the good fishing lakes are those which it is hard to get to, where there has been less fishing and in which people were not interested enough to petition that they be stocked. This idea is further carried out in the trout brooks. Thousands upon thousands of fry, fingerlings and pound trout have been put into some of the streams, the Tyngham brook, for instance, and fishermen tell us the fishing is poorer this year than ever before. Why? Washington mountain and Bearton streams are in very much the same condition.

These complaints have been coming for a long time. Those interested in fish and game and in sportsmen's clubs have had their hands full to keep the dissenters quiet, in the hope that everything would come out all right. In the meantime the army of dissenters has been growing larger and larger, and many of those who have been most enthusiastic and loyal to the state's policy have grown critical and some become discouraged of ever bringing back the conditions desired by the sportsmen. They have tried to explain the situation by citing the larger number of gunmen and fish-

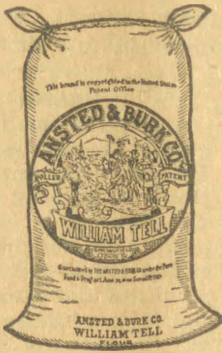
(Continued on Page Seven.)



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Your grocer keeps William Tell. Insist on it next time you order flour.

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"Catches by the neck or body instead of the feet, killing instantly without injuring the pelt. A humane feature that is very commendable. BESIDES IT SAVES EVERY FUR FOR THE TRAPPER. The only trap ever constructed with a DOUBLE TRIP ACTION, a bait trigger and a foot pedal trip. An ideal trap for saving furs of mink, skunk, 'coon', etc. There is no escape, the trapper gets every pelt."

A DIME brings illustrated Guide giving the first time in print the treasured secrets of the wisest old trappers in this country. It's worth dollars to you.



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Jules Pepin

of Auburn, Maine, finds no other dyspepsia medicine so good as "L. F." Atwood's Medicine. By relieving indigestion, it prevents the constipation, biliousness, headache and dizziness, that so quickly follow a disordered stomach.

"I write to tell you that we have made use of 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine for four years, and we are able to say that it is a remedy without equal for dyspepsia. For me and my family it is a treasure in the house." (Signed) JULES PEPIN
Get the big bottle to-day at your dealers—35c. Ask us to send a FREE sample if you've never used "L. F." before.
"L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

MAKE CANAL ZONE HAVEN FOR BIRDS.

Camera and Accessories Can be so Arranged as to Record Likeness of Any Living Thing.

George Shiras, 3rd, who has just arrived in Panama to assist Col. Goethals in making the Canal zone a large and safe haven for birds and animals, is the originator of night photography of wild animals and the pioneer hunter with the camera, says the Bangor Commercial. When in Congress he was the author of the original bills putting migratory fish and birds under Federal control, the bill pertaining to birds becoming a law last year, under the name of the Weeks-McLean bill. He has also suggested a series of international agreements to protect birds migrating between nations, in a brief filed with the Senate.

Mr. Shiras' most recent contribution on the subject of the newest form of sport, camera-hunting, is in the shape of a communication to the National Geographic society at Washington, D. C. He opens up a wide range of possibilities for the sportsman and throws new light on the proper way to "teach young ideas how to shoot."

"A camera and accessories can be so arranged that any animal or bird and many a reptile, however large or small, agile or cunning, may have its picture faithfully recorded, during daylight or darkness, without the immediate presence of a human assistant," writes Mr. Shiras. "To meet the difficulties, I have developed methods suitable to the habits of each animal. In the main, I have used many of the devices of the trapper rather than the hunter, substituting the automatic camera for the trap and using the same baits and scents in favorable localities and during the season of the year when success is likely. Some who take up camera-hunting become discouraged by early failures and are unable to see how such an instrument can ever be a satisfactory substitute for the sportsman's gun. Others continue on until won over by the attractiveness of a contest where success costs no life or an awkwardly handled camera leaves no wounded animal to die a lingering death."

Mr. Shiras sets his camera and flashlight before darkness. A string across the runway, along which the animal is expected to come, or a bait connected by a cord with the shutter and flash apparatus are all the mechanical contrivances necessary. He lets the animal do the rest.

"I think very few persons suspect the abundance of night-loving animals in the vicinity of country homes, where there is a dense thicket or a swamp, or a rocky ravine," he continues. "I have set out every winter for several years past a camera and flashlight in the town of Ormond Beach, Florida, within 100 yards of a dozen cottages and a great winter hotel harboring a thousand guests and employes. Nearly every night came the burst of a brilliant light betwixt an orange grove and a thicket. During 33 nights in 1913 the negatives showed 12 skunks, nine of which were of different markings; four coons, three possums, one cat, one pointer dog, two rabbits and four wood-rats; yet neither the visitors, natives nor caretakers in this vicinity ever encountered any of these animals."

"The feeling I so strongly express for the camera as the better medium for testing one's skill in the pursuit

of wild animals and birds, in acquiring a knowledge of their habits and finally in getting a sufficiently satisfactory and enduring trophy, may create the impression that I look with considerable disfavor upon those who hunt with a deadlier weapon. Very much to the contrary is the case whenever the sportsman shoots in moderation and is willing to co-operate in the efforts to conserve the game supply by shorter seasons, by the establishments of game refuges, and in the elimination of the market hunter. The sentimentalist who decries the killing of all game birds and animals is not infrequently one who grumbles when a joint is tough because the lamb was not killed earlier in its gambols. The successful wing-shot, who enjoys plucking from the air a bird on its meteoric flight across the sky, can, if he tries, capture one, a dozen, or 100 within the confines of a sensitive plate, while a marsh scene or the rolling breakers give a life view in striking contrast to the pathetic heap of blood-stained, ruffled feathers marking at the close of a day the accuracy of his aim. So, too, the big-game hunter, rewarded in his quest for an antlered head, may continue on during the remainder of his woodland visit taking many more, but in a way that neither lessens life nor the enjoyment of the hunter."

FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET OF ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA.

Good fellowship and camaraderie, born in the silent places amidst the snow-clad peaks and nourished at the camp-fires in the vast wilderness of mountain forests, swift rivers, tumbling falls and shimmering lakes, were the predominating features of the first annual banquet of the Edmonton section of the Alpine Club of Canada in the Hudsonia the night of March 28, E. F. Fuller, chairman of the section, presiding.

Forty members and guests of the club were seated at the tables, which were decorated with the club colors, green, gray and white and flowers. The club colors were also worn by the diners. Names of the peaks visited were allotted to the various dishes served.

The toast list included the following: "Alpine Club of Canada," proposed by J. C. McDougall and replied to by Rev. A. M. Dallas; and Stanley L. Jones of Calgary; "The Active Members of Cathedral Camp, 1913," proposed by Neville R. Lindsay, and replied to by Miss K. Walker, Miss E. M. Rife and W. W. Gould; "Our Guests," proposed by P. S. Bailey and replied to by Prof. J. A. Allan; and "The Ladies," proposed by A. S. Matheson and replied to by Mrs. D. Davies and Miss J. English. Musical selections were given by the Misses McNee, Speckman, Jean Stuart and A. C. McNee, and the Hudsonia orchestra.

Arthur G. Wheeler, director of the Alpine club of Canada, was unable to be present, but he sent an interesting and encouraging message, in which he reported on the camps of 1913 and briefly outlined the work for 1914, when the Yoho valley will be visited, also referring to the progress made by the organization throughout the Dominion of Canada.

"Metaphorically we clasp each others' hands," he said, "and feel again the thrills we have experienced in those wonderful and enchanted places, where great and silent peaks, wrapped in mantles of pure white snow and oft hidden in billows of clouds, have gazed for eons of time on primeval forest, glimmering lake and foaming torrent."

The Alpine club of Canada tried the experiment of two camps, situated at points widely distant, and both were successes. The one at Cathedral Mountain was the best camp the club ever had, 195 persons, including 19 from Edmonton, being placed under canvas. The Robson camp, in the Canadian Rockies, west of Edmonton, was also a magnificent success, the crowning feat being the attainment of the highest point of the great snow-covered mass by one of the club parties. The placing of the camp at Robson was an expensive undertaking, but thanks to the liberal generosity of the British Columbia and Alberta governments, the Grand Trunk Pacific railway and the members attending the camp, the club was able to make both ends

meet.

Exportations of black, silver and other foxes, and, in fact, all fur-bearing animals beyond the limits of Alberta, is discouraged by the provincial government, which announces in the current issue of the Alberta Gazette, published in Edmonton, that in the future, permits, costing \$100 each, will be required for every black or silver fox taken out of the province. The cost of permits for other species is fixed at \$15 each. Attention is also directed to other amendments as follows:

(1) Any and every person, firm or company establishing or operating a game or fur farm for the rearing of any fur-bearing animal must obtain a permit to sell or export any such animals subject to the provisions of the game act and these regulations, and such persons, firm or company or manager of any game or fur farm, shall on the first day of January and July in each and every year forward to the department of agriculture a statement showing the number of animals in his, their or its possession or on the said farm, their age, species, sex and from whom procured, and the number of animals which have died during the previous six months, and the cause of death, such statement to be in a form provided by the department.

(2) Any person applying for a permit to export fur-bearing animals reared on game or fur farms must pay a fee of \$15 for each animal to be so exported, except in the case of musk-rats, when the fee for such permit shall be at the rate of \$1 a dozen or fraction of a dozen.

(3) In the case of permits to take for scientific or other purposes obtained pursuant to the provisions of section 27 of the game act, the animals may be sold or exported only in accordance with the understanding under which said permit was obtained; provided, however, in the case of special circumstances the minister of agriculture may modify such conditions.

(4) The capture, purchase, sale or export of any animal contrary to the provisions of the game act, or of these regulations is prohibited, and any animal captured, sold or purchased contrary to the provisions of the game act or of these regulations shall be forfeited to the crown in the same manner and under the same procedure as is provided for in this case on game under the provisions of section 34 of the game act, and the offender shall be liable to the punishment provided in the said act.

KENNEBAGO LETTERS

(Continued from page three).

what he said. Then I realized, with a rush, that he was certainly a really truly hero. You talk about the heroes of every day life, my driver friend surely is at the head of his class.

"How do you like this buckboard riding, Miss Morgan," Bob asked.

"Simply stunning," I replied.

"There was a feller came up here to Kennebago once," he said, "and when he got there it took six doctors to set his joints in place. They rolled him out of the buckboard like a sack o' meal. Every joint in his body was dislocated and he had swallowed nine of his teeth."

"You're wasting time if you're trying to scare me," I laughed.

He chuckled. "Wait a few minutes," he replied. I waited and it really did get worse, for we struck the blessed corduroy.

Now, Jerry, I never did like corduroy. You remember the suit of that material that I had once and how I hated it. Well I hate a corduroy road just as much.

You see, to quote the driver again, "where they build a road like this through the deep woods they sometimes comes to swamps an' bogs an' sech like. They can't build a regular road so they just naturally has to build an old corduroy."

It is really very simple you see after all. There are plenty of trees so they just cut some down and lay them across the swampy land and then by the use of a supreme amount of nerve, call it a road. It makes not a bit of difference to them that one tree may be eight inches through and the next one laid alongside of it two inches or so it is a road just the same and if one were a bird or an angel, no doubt, one could get quite a lot of pleasure (looking down on it I

mean), but riding over it in the ordinary way, well it is a unique experience that's all.

We struck mud too, dearie, and such mud oozy, goozy, sticky, thick, awful, mud. They say that it never dries up and I believe them. I expected at every turn to see a mud factory in full blast turning out tons of the stuff. More than once, the awful jolting tempted me to get out and walk and if I could have had access to my nice long walking boots, which were comfortably reposing in my trunk, lashed at the rear of our mudmobile, with many stout ropes, I should have tried it, but I certainly did feel helpless in my patent leather pumps so that anything but the buckboard was out of the question.

They say that human beings can get used to anything and I believe it is true, for after about a mile of agony, I got on to the trick, so to speak and let myself "go" as the driver had counseled. It was not nearly so bad after that, and surely there was plenty to interest me.

We passed through a little place (Loon Lake, I think Bob said it was called) where there were cozy log cabins and a log postoffice so that it reminded me of the pictures of "a frontier settlement in the early fifties" in my good old United States history at school. After passing through the little settlement we plunged right into the deep woods again and of course there was our old friend corduroy once more.

But it was beautiful and I enjoyed it in spite of the horrors of the road. Great trees on either side of us almost like a wall, and you could look down through the "isles of the forest" as the poets say and imagine you saw all sorts of things. And we did see something too for the driver pointed nonchalantly to the left, with his whip and said "See that deer."

I did not see any deer so Bob broke in. "Right there" he whispered, and indicated a place where an old log covered with green moss lay stretched out on the ground about a hundred feet from us. Still I could not see anything unusual, and then my sight sort of came to me with a rush and I saw her, or rather him, for it had horns (that's rather mixed genders isn't it.) Such a sight. He stood just back of the log, and looked right at us not seeming to mind the noise of the buckboard one bit. Then suddenly, he took fright at something and away he jumped his white tail waving up and down like a flag of truce, as he ran. It gave me a queer sensation. "That would have been an easy shot," said Uncle Jo.

"Shot," I exclaimed, "how could you think of killing such a wonderful creature?"

"If you ever tracked one of 'em for about nine miles through swamps, and over windfalls, you'd be ready to shoot if it was you own grandmother," chuckled Bob.

But he didn't change my opinion, and I'm sure I never could shoot one.

We came to a spring by the side of the road where they had hollowed out a log for a drinking trough. The driver pulled up the horses and let them have a good long drink, and I guess they needed it, poor brutes. They say that a team only lasts three seasons on these buckboard roads. Three minutes would be about as long as one of our pantperei coach horses could stand it.

After a little rest we started on again and wound along over the end of a thickly wooded ridge and Bob said that it would be all down hill to the lake.

I felt relieved for the sake of the horses. The road improved too, and there was no more corduroy. Actually those darling beasts started to run. Talk about endurance. The driver held them in, however, and kept them at a steady walk.

"They'd kill themselves if I let 'em," he volunteered. Just when I was beginning to tire of the sameness of the ride and the slow progress we were making, we came suddenly on a little clearing, turned sharply to the left, and there a few hundred yards ahead of us stretched a grassy meadow, and beyond that the dimpling blue waters of the most beautiful lake you ever saw, all sparkly in the sunlight.

At the left of the meadow stood a ramshackle looking building, and my heart sank when the driver told

me that it was the hotel. It looked exactly like a dilapidated old barn. We rolled up to the side where there was a sign which indicated the "office" and a tall, broad shouldered chap, in khaki trousers and a grey flannel shirt dashed out and shook Uncle Jo by the hand.

"Mr. Raymond I sure am glad to see you," he said, and you are looking well too." He helped us out and then Uncle introduced me.

"Diana," said he, "this is Mr. Bangs, the proprietor."

Mr. Bangs shook my hand cordially and said he was glad to meet me, and he acted as if he meant it too. He was so altogether nice and agreeable, and pleasant, that I forgot the look of the awful old hotel, and the pain in my poor back and my quaking knees, and just knew that I was going to like this place and everything connected with it. He ushered us into the office and it was cozy, just nice and homelike, and not at all in keeping with the dilapidated exterior. It was prettily furnished, in mission style, and in the big fireplace an enormous log sputtered and sent out a very grateful warmth. There were three or four men seated around the fire and when they saw Uncle Jo they all clustered about him and shook hands and joked and laughed and it seemed to me that I never was introduced to so many jolly gentlemen in so short a space of time in my life. I wondered if there were any women in the place at all.

Uncle finally broke away long enough to go over to the desk and register. I "peeked" at the entry as I was fearful that he would put us down as "John Raymond and niece" the way he always registers "John Raymond and wife" when he and auntie go away anywhere together. My fears were unfounded, however, for he made the entry just as I wanted; his name then mine underneath that; but it surprised me to see that he had entered "Bob Whitman Guide," just as if Bob were a chauffeur or a maid like a common servant, when he really isn't a regular servant at all. They all do it though and perhaps the guides like it that way.

(To be Continued in Next Issue)

AGITATION IN MASSACHUSETTS OVER FISH AND GAME LEGISLATION.

(Continued from page 6.)

ermen, but it is not a satisfactory explanation, and by trying to believe they were too impatient, while the game grows less each year.

There is something fundamentally wrong with our policy in fish and game legislation, our attitude in propagation and our enforcement of laws. The money expended is sufficient to establish a propagating station large enough to go a long way toward supplying Berkshire with fish and game for the table; large enough to stock the entire state with fry and young birds. Instead of establishing such a businesslike station, we are squandering it in inferior experimental stations and paying it to wardens to watch brooks which have comparatively no fish in them; we are making laws on laws while the fish and game grows less and less. Is it not time for the sportsmen, citizens and state fish and game commission to wake up to the fact that results are not forthcoming to the satisfaction of those most interested, and change our policy so that we may obtain desirable results. Isn't it just possible that if we netted a few politics out of this fish and game business we would eventually have something to show for our money besides a great mesh of laws and a few fish.

Sportsmen in Berkshire, numbered among the disgruntled, are not opposed to the present fish and game commissioners, but believe that they have been hampered and cajoled into doing many costly things which are not result getters. They believe the commission would be only too glad to establish a large producing station and cut off some of the unnecessary expenses which politics have thrust upon them.—Springfield Republican.

Every Issue of Maine Woods Carries a Fresh Whiff of the Pine Tree State with it. Why Not Subscribe and Get a Steady Breeze All the Year.

MAPS OF MAINE RESORTS AND ROADS

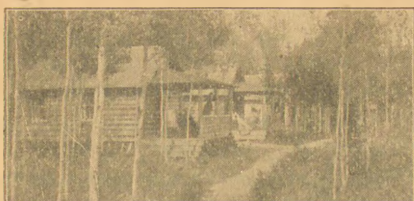
Maine Woods has frequent inquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state, etc. We can furnish the following maps:

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roads of southern Idaho are in a frightful condition for nine months out of twelve; from the time they dry up in the spring until about June they are in fair condition, but after that they are so full of "chuck holes" as to render them discouraging to a light rig driving fast, or to a heavily loaded wagon. By the use of Mr. Taylor's chuck hole filler this can be eliminated—it fills all holes, leaving the road smooth after the passing of the vehicle.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS



Evelyn—I'm awfully afraid of lightning.
Myrtle—I don't see why you should be.
Evelyn—Why not?
Myrtle—Because there has to be something attractive even for lightning.

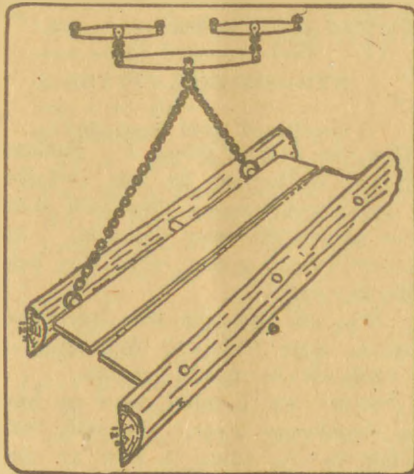
WORK ROADS IN THE SPRING

Mistake to Put Off Task Until August or September When Surface Is Dry, Declare Experts.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is a great mistake to put off working roads until August or September, according to road experts of the United States department of agriculture. The roads should be worked when the soil is damp so as to make the soil bake when it dries out. If the roads are worked when they are dry, it takes more power to draw the machine and besides dry earth and dust retain moisture and quickly rut after rains. The use of clods, sods, weeds or vegetable matter in building earth roads should be avoided because they also retain moisture.

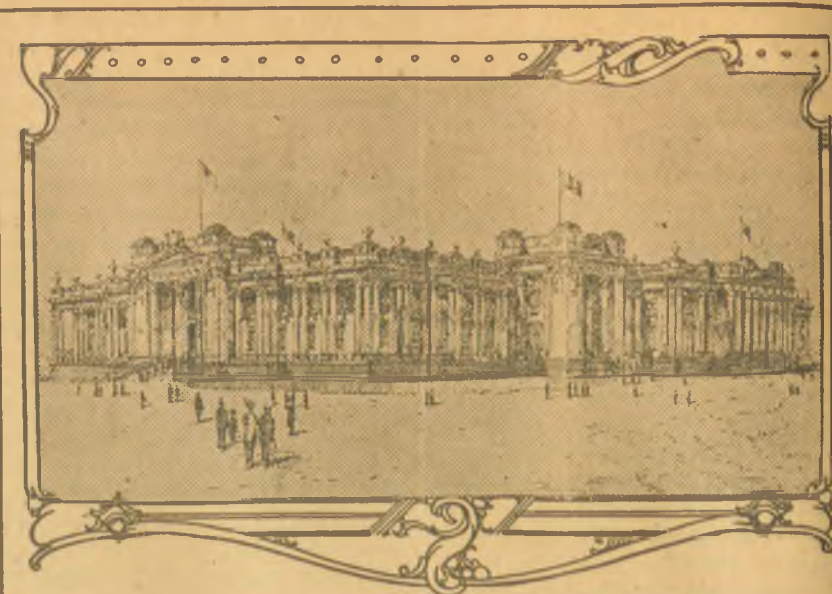
If the working of the roads is deferred until the latter part of the summer when the surface is baked dry



The King Road Drag.

and hard, they are not only difficult to work, but the work is unsatisfactory when done. Earth which is loose and dry will remain dusty as long as the dry weather lasts, and then turn to mud as the rains begin. By using the road machine in the spring while the soil is soft and damp, the surface is more easily shaped and soon packs down into a dry hard crust which is less liable to become dusty in summer and muddy in winter.

Repairs to roads should be made when needed and not once a year after crops are laid by. Because of its simplicity, efficiency and cheapness, the split-log drag or some similar device is destined to come into more and more general use. With the drag properly built and its use well understood, the maintenance of earth and gravel roads becomes a simple and inexpensive matter. Care should be taken to make the log so light that one man can lift it with ease, as a light drag can be drawn by two medium sized horses and responds more readily to various methods of hitching and the shifting position of the operator than a heavier one. The best material for the drag is a dry cedar log, though elm, walnut, box elder or soft maple are excellent. Oak, hickory or ash are too heavy. The log should be from seven to ten feet long, and from eight to ten inches in diameter. It should be split carefully as near the center as possible and the heaviest and best slab chosen for the front. When the soil is moist, but not sticky, the drag does the best work. As the soil in



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CANADA AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.

PLANS for the Canadian building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 have been approved, and the work on the great structure has started.

The Canadian Palace, as it is officially named, will be one of the largest and most imposing of the foreign buildings, having a length of 340 feet, a width of 240 feet and a height of 50 feet, and will cost in the neighborhood of \$300,000. It will be the largest building ever erected by Canada at an international exposition, covering 65,000 square feet, and will house one of the most elaborate and comprehensive exhibits of the Dominion's resources and products ever shown on foreign soil. Six hundred thousand dollars has already been voted by the Canadian parliament for the building and exhibits, but a further grant, bringing the appropriation up to \$1,000,000, will be recommended by the government.

Canada at the Panama-Pacific Exposition is following the same policy that has obtained at former expositions—namely, the display of specimens or exhibits of the natural products of the country—agricultural, horticultural, mineral, forest and fisheries—for the purpose of showing her climatic advantages and her resources to the great number of people who will visit the Exposition. Attention will be devoted to transportation facilities, and the railways will be assigned considerable space in the building. Practically the entire exhibit of Canada at the recent Ghent exposition—and it was conceded by all judges a most magnificent display—is en route here now, while many new and attractive exhibits are being prepared in the various provinces.

The exhibit will be under the supervision of Colonel William Hutchison, who will represent the Dominion government.

the field will bake it plowed wet, so the road will bake if the drag is used on it when it is wet. If the roadway is full of holes or badly rutted the drag should be used once when the road is soft and slushy.

The earth road can best be crowned and ditched with a road machine and not with picks and shovels, scoops, and plows. One road machine with a suitable power and operator will do the work of many men with picks and shovels, and in addition will do it better. If the road is composed of fine clay or soil it will sometimes pay to resurface it with top soil from an adjacent field, which has sand or gravel mixed with it. This method, called the "top soil method," is now in successful use in Clarke county, Georgia.

Storm water should be disposed of quickly before it has had time to penetrate deeply into the surface of the road. This can be done by giving the road a crown or slope from the center to the sides. For an earth road which is 24 feet wide the center should be not less than six inches nor more than 12 inches higher than the outer edges of the shoulder. The narrow road which is high in the middle will become rutted almost as quickly as one which is too flat, for the reason that on a narrow road all the traffic is forced to use only a narrow strip. Shoulders are often formed on both sides of the road, which prevents storm water from flowing into the side ditches, retaining it in the ruts and softening the roadway. These ruts and shoulders can be entirely eliminated with the road machine or split-log drag.

The width of the earth road will depend on the traffic. As a rule, 25 or 30 feet from ditch to ditch is sufficient if the road is properly crowned. Ordinarily the only ditches needed are those made with the road machine which are wide and shallow. Deep narrow ditches wash rapidly, especially on steep slopes. The earth road should not be loosened, dug up, or plowed up any more than is absolutely necessary.

RELOCATE MANY OLD ROADS

Department of Agriculture Advises Cutting Out of Grades on Highways to Save Horses.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The average life of horses and automobiles may be increased and the cost of hauling reduced, according to the office of roads of the department of agriculture, by relocating many old roads and the more scientific laying out of new ones. The natural tendency in road building is to build a straight road, whether it goes over steep grades or hills, or not, and pulling over these grades naturally adds to the wear and tear on horses and vehicles.

The doctrine of the office of roads is

that the longest way around may often be the shortest and most economical way home, and that frequently by building a highway around a hill or grade, but little appreciable distance is added and this is more than offset by the reduced strain of hauling.

The chief drawback from the farm owner's point of view is that the laying out of roads on this principle of avoiding grades necessitates, in some cases, running the road through good farm land or orchards or pastures, instead of going around the farm line and building the road through old worn-out fields and over rocky knolls. This, of course, must raise a question in the mind of the individual land owner as to whether the cutting up of his property by a road yields him individual advantages and so benefits his community as to offset the use of such land for a road, or to overcome the inconvenience of having his land divided. In this connection the office of roads points out that the running of a road and the resulting traffic through a good farm, where there are good sheep, cattle, horses, grain, fruit or vegetables, has a certain advertising value and in many instances makes the land more valuable. In other cases, the importance of such a level road to the community is so great that it might well repay those using the road to give the farmer the equivalent in land equally good in place of what he has sacrificed to the common welfare.

At any rate, the office of roads is now taking special pains to make clear the economic advantage of avoiding steep grades in other roads, even at some sacrifice of better land. Investigation shows that the laying of such roads over hills has resulted more from attention to the preservation of farm lines than from scientific attention to the problem of road building.

According to the testimony of farmers consulted, where a horse might be able to pull 4,000 pounds on a level road, it would have difficulty in pulling 3,000 pounds up a steep hill. The size of the load, therefore, tends to be measured by the grade of the largest hill on the road to market. In a number of cases actual experiment shows that the re-locating of roads around hills has been accomplished, either with no addition in road length in some instances, and with the adding of only a few feet to the highway in others. The office knows of no case where a properly re-located road which has cut out grades has led to any question as to its material reduction of hauling costs.

Maine Camp Owners and Hotel Proprietors Who Want to Reach People Who Actually Come to Maine for their Summer Vacations Cannot Do Better Than Advertise in Maine Woods. Don't Wait Until the Season Has Begun. Send for Advertising Rates To-day.