

LAKE WEBB CLEAR OF ICE

Bert Brown telephoned Maine Woods Wednesday afternoon, May 6, that the ice was practically out of Lake Webb except a little in the coves and that would be out in two or three hours. There had been a heavy wind all day which had helped to take the ice out.

Hon. and Mrs. H. B. Austin and Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Field will be among the first to start in the season there, as they plan to make a week end trip to their camps if they find that the roads between Phillips and Weld are at all passable.

ONE HUNDRED CONTESTANTS SHOT 200 ROUNDS DAILY FOR A FULL WEEK.

Pinehurst, N. C., May 7, 1914.—Co-operative lead "mining" was the unique proposition made to the local Country Club recently; knowing that one hundred contestants shot two hundred rounds daily for a full

week in the annual Midwinter Trap Shooting Handicap, an enterprising concern figured that there was quite a lead "deposit" on the field, where the shot landed, and they suggested gathering it up. And, by the way, the Handicap was the seventh annual and in addition there have been weekly all season shoots for an equal number of years.

In this season's big event approximately 20,000 rounds were fired daily for six days. For easy base of estimate figure each charge at an ounce instead or more as would be the case; the result 20,000 ounces daily or 120,000 for the week, 7,500 pounds! Multiply this by seven to cover the amount of seven years and the result is a low estimate of the lead which has been deposited on the field—52,500 pounds.

The "mingin" proposition was made on the assumption that the field had never been disturbed. When it was learned that it had been ploughed and planted annually the promoters lost interest. The question, however, arises: "Just where does that shot go?" For the chances are one could not pick up a handful in a day's search on the ground where more than twenty-five tons have been deposited.

FIRST WEEK-END CAR FROM BOSTON

Daily Service Not Warranted—
May be Able to Consider
Possibilities Next Year.

The following correspondence between Charles N. Fitts, vice president of the New England Construction company, of Boston, and H. D. Waldron, general passenger agent of the Maine Central railroad company in regard to the summer schedule of sleeping car service will be of interest to the readers of this paper and the many who will take advantage of the service:

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Boston, Mass., May 5, 1914.
The Maine Woods,
Phillips, Me.
Gentlemen:—

I note in last week's issue a reference to the possibility of night train service to Oquossoc. I take pleasure in transmitting to you copies of correspondence between the Maine Central Railroad Co., and myself relative to this matter, and would be pleased if you would give this information as much publicity in your paper as possible.

Yours truly,

Charles N. Fitts.

Portland, March 13, 1914.

Mr. Chas. N. Fitts,
New England Structural Co.,
110 State St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—

With reference to recent correspondence looking to the operation of a sleeping car between Boston and Oquossoc-Kennebago:—

It gives me pleasure to state that at the preliminary time meetings which have been held, this subject has been carefully considered.

It was felt that a daily service was not warranted, but fully appreciating the situation, it was thought that the operation of a sleeping car to leave Boston on Friday nights, probably in 10.00 p. m. train, to reach Kennebago in the early morning, somewhere in the vicinity of 7.00 o'clock, and return Sunday night leaving Kennebago about 7.00 p. m., reaching Boston early next morning, would be satisfactory.

It is appreciated that this does not fully cover the desire for a daily night train, but with this as a nucleus to start upon, we will be better able to consider the possibility another season for daily service than at the present time.

We will be very glad to have you personally watch this matter, as I know you have a deep interest in the service and territory, and anything of interest which develops as to the increase of travel, I will appreciate your advice regarding.

Yours very truly,

H. D. Waldron,
General Passenger Agent.

Portland, April 27, 1914.

Mr. Chas. N. Fitts,
New England Structural Co.,
110 State St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—

Referring to yours of the 14th ult., as to above service:—

Am pleased to advise that the summer schedule will become operative Monday, June 22nd, and this will make the first week-end car from Boston, Friday, June 26, and from Kennebago, Sunday, June 28.

Am giving this for your information and transmission to those interested.

Yours very truly,

H. D. Waldron,
General Passenger Agent.

MAY 2 ICE LEFT BELGRADE LAKES

Some of the Guides Catching
Good Trout.

Belgrade Lakes, May 3, 1914.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

The ice left both lakes Saturday afternoon, May 2.

To-day Lester Perkins, a guide, caught a trout weighing 6 pounds, another 5 pounds and three others weighing 3 pounds each.

Thomas Leavitt, guide, caught three trout, the largest weighing 4½ pounds.

NEW OFFICE OF CHAIRMAN WILSON

Named as U. S. Marshal—Austin

Expected to Fill Former Position of Commissioner.

Hon. John S. P. H. Wilson of Auburn was Monday nominated by President Wilson to be United States Marshal for the district of Maine as successor to Marshal Henry W. Mayo of Hampden. It is understood that Mr. Wilson will take up his new duties as soon as his appointment has been confirmed.

Mr. Wilson has twice been mayor of Auburn, member of the Turner school board, served as Representative in the 75th Maine Legislature, member of the State Democratic committee for six years being chairman four years, served on the Democratic city committee of Auburn and on the town committee of Turner, also on the Androscoggin county Democratic committee and held other offices of trust.

He is also prominent in secret orders including both Masonic and Odd Fellow Lodges. He is a past noble grand of Blake lodge I. O. O. F. of Turner; past district deputy noble grand of the I. O. O. F.; past master of Tranquil Lodge F. and A. M. Auburn; member of Bradford Royal Arch chapter; member of Dunlap Council the Scottish Rites and Lewiston Commandery Knights Templar. He is a 32d degree Mason.

Mr. Wilson, who is now chairman of the Maine Inland Fisheries and Game Commission, is well known in all parts of the State. For many years he has held a prominent place in Maine politics and only a few weeks ago retired as chairman of the Democratic State Committee. During the campaign of 1910 he took the stump for Gov. Plaisted and otherwise gave substantial aid during the campaign.

He has given a splendid administration in his present office and has accomplished much in the right direction, say those who are in a position to know.

It is hoped and expected that Governor Haines will appoint Hon. H. B. Austin of Phillips for chairman of the Inland Fisheries and Game. Mr. Austin is a candidate for the office and has a large following throughout the state and is acknowledged to be well qualified for that position. Chairman Wilson's term will expire in July 1914, but his appointment as U. S. Marshal will undoubtedly be confirmed before that time and the appointment of the chairman of Inland Fisheries and Game be made.

PROP. HOUGH HAS NEW "TURN-OUT."

Proprietor J. F. Hough of the Elmwood Hotel, Phillips, is driving a fine new nine passenger carriage for the benefit of his guests to and from the station. It is covered and has handsome lettering on the sides "The Elmwood."

SEVERAL STRINGS OF TROUT TAKEN

Ice Expected to Be Out of Ponds
In About One Week.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Kingfield, May 6.—Several good catches of brook trout have been made within the past few days, the first being O. C. Dolbier and daughter Nyra, who brought in 25 good trout and Perley Morrill and Ralph Eaton together, brought in about the same size string. Several others have had good luck. It is expected that the ice will be out of the ponds in about a week.

MT. VIEW HOUSE TO BE WHITE

Probably Week or More Before
Lake Will Be Cleared.

In talking with the Mountain View House this morning we were informed that the ice is wearing away from the shores pretty fast, but that the body of the lake still looks pretty solid. The snow has nearly disappeared and the roads are settling fast.

Improvements and cleaning are going on at a rapid pace. Proprietor Bowley is having the buildings painted white and when the guests arrive everything will be immaculate at this popular hotel.

It is estimated that it will be a week or more before the ice will be out.

SWEET'S POND CLEAR OF ICE

We understand that the ice left Sweet's Pond, New Vineyard, last Wednesday, but we have not been able to learn that any fish have been taken.

DEATH OF AN OLD TIMER

Probably many of the sportsmen and women who began to come to the woods years ago, will be interested, and saddened, by the news, of the passing away of Mr. J. H. Harlow of the Ledge House and Cabins, at Dead River, Me., which event occurred last week, at his old home where he had spent more than forty years of life; always active and strenuously, until about two years ago, when he suffered a paralytic shock from which he had never recovered his usual good health and energy. Mr. Harlow was a pioneer in the camping and vacation business, and many of us who have been coming up here for years, got our first taste of the joys to be found in out-of-door life, with Mr. and Mrs. Harlow as hosts, and the memories are all, of grateful appreciation for kindly, courteous, generous treatment. Mr. Harlow leaves five children, all of whom are living, James G., Harvey, Herman, Ethel and Mrs. Clark.

He was a Civil War veteran and served actively all through the war, was severely wounded and received a pension from the U. S. Mr. Harlow being one of the few remaining "old timers," will be missed and mourned, while we all sympathize with the surviving loved ones.

Mrs. Harlow will go to visit her daughter Ethel Bemis for a time, after which she will return to her old home again.

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.

LAKEWOOD CAMPS, Middledam, Maine

One of the best all around fishing and hunting camps in the Rangeleys. Lake, Pond and Stream fishing all near the camps. The five mile river affords the best of fly-fishing. Camps with or without bath room. For particulars write for free circular to
Capt. E. F. COBURN, Middledam, Maine.

SEASON OF 1914

Individual Camps, Rock Fire-places, Fly and Bait Fishing, Lake and Stream Fishing for Trout. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for Booklet.

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Mountain View, Maine

For further particulars write or address

L. E. BOWLEY,
Mountain View, " " " Maine.

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Will open for Fishermen and Tourists when the ice leaves the lakes. We can offer you the best fishing to be had in Maine. Log cabins with bath. Write for information, train service etc.

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On head waters of famous Spencer Stream near Blakeslee Lake. Best Trout and Salmon Fishing, both lake and stream. Salmon up to 4 pounds in size. New Camps. Open Fireplaces. Write for booklet.

JOSEPH H. WHITE, Proprietor, Eustis, Maine

Where Are You Planning to Spend Your Vacation the Coming Season?

Do you know that the RANGELEY LAKES AND DEAD RIVER REGION situated on a high tableland in northern MAINE, is an ideal country in the SUMMER SEASON, being about 2,000 feet above the sea level with magnificent mountain scenery, spring water, pure air, and the best of accommodations, from a palatial, fashionable hotel to the modest but clean and comfortable log cabin.

The SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD publishes a booklet descriptive of this territory, which contains a neat little map of this whole region. It is yours for the asking.

Address

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

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First-Class Job Printing Department.

BUTTERFLIES

and moths wanted for collection. Highest prices paid. Outdoor summer work. Get complete book of instructions and details. Send 5c stamp. JAMES SINGLAK, Entomologist, Dept. 9, Los Angeles Cal. U.S.A.

KENNEBAGO LETTERS

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

By H. V. Schieren

(Continued from last week)
LETTER NO. 4

From Peter Woodhouse at Kennebag Lake, Maine, to William Os-good, New York City.

Kennebago Lake, Sept. 22, 19—
Dear Billy:—

Well we did it and got there alive and kicking three hours ago, as the address at the top of this letter will prove to you. This place is just the same as ever and Tom and I honestly were glad to see the outlines of the ramshackle little hotel, from way down the lake, as we paddled up here. Our trip was a success in every way and we both feel as hard as nails and are tanned so that we look almost like negroes. I'm going to give you just a bare outline of what our journey was like from the time we left old Grand Discharge, way back in last year it seems, up to our landing here this afternoon.

The first day out we only made about four miles. You see we had a long portage right at the start and that is what the natives figured would knock all the enthusiasm out of us. As a matter of fact it did not do any such thing, though we certainly were a couple of awful tenderfeet, and as long as I live I can never forget that first day's hike. We spelled each other with the canoe and if ever anything was alternately cursed and blessed, that canoe is surely it. All that long first day we swore at it. The yoke did not fit properly and by evening our shoulders were raw.

We camped by the shore of a pond and next day made a good many miles by water. That's when the canoe was a blessing. For the first few days out we made rather poor progress, but we were gradually getting used to the game and the fourth night we laid a regular schedule of so many miles a day and kept to it without a miss for the balance of the trip.

If you will look at the map which I sent in my last letter, you will see that our route took in a number of good sized lakes so that about half of the total journey was made on the water. For almost fifty miles we ran through a chain of lakes with only short easy carries between. It is a wonderful country up there and we saw some valuable timber property.

When the railroad comes through, which I suppose it is bound to do in a few years, there will be lumber enough cut from that wilderness to supply the world for some time, or at least that's the way it seemed to us, as day after day was tramped through trackless forests. We lived pretty well and potted one deer when we were badly off for meat.

The fishing was prime, and although we did not make any records for size, we got all we wanted to eat and that was our principal concern of course.

Tom is a bully good companion and I had many a silent laugh at his expense. You know he just about bought out a sporting goods store up in Quebec and had the most awful pile of junk you ever saw. Most of that same junk is distributed through the woods from the Canadian line down and I really believe that we could go right back over the same ground again using the trail he left of discarded camp equipment. One of his pets was a supply of concentrated food packed in little cans. Government Army Rations they are called, and each can is supposed to contain a day's ration or three square meals, for one man. The stuff weighed about sixteen pounds and was miserable to carry. He was game, however, and stuck manfully by it as he said that some day we might need it and if we did, we'd be mighty glad to have it to fall back upon. I never was glad to have it especially when it was my turn to tote the stuff and I made a resolve to leave it beautifully alone unless all the partridges up and died and

the fish ceased to swim in the waters.

One night he got out a can and pried off the lid. He said that anyhow I was pig headed about it and that he would eat it if I didn't so he poked at the contents with his knife and tasted a little of it too, but he did not make a meal by any means because I laid half of a broiled partridge on his plate and he suddenly decided that the canned food was "too concentrated," as he put it. He threw that can away and I could see that he was weakening.

When we broke camp next morning I mildly suggested that it might be well to leave the Army Rations behind. He would not hear of such a thing, but packed it all away again and sweated under the burden through a long hot day.

That evening we met the only human being we saw on our whole trip. Just towards sundown a violent storm came up and we spied a cabin on the shore of the pond we were crossing. It looked pretty good to us in the rain so we went over and invited ourselves in. The place was inhabited by a ratty old hermit and he was tickled to see us. We spent a comfortable night and were mighty glad to be under shelter, for it poured until daybreak.

In the morning our hermit friend said he guessed he would go with us for a spell and we were glad enough to have him, for he showed us a short cut that saved us ten miles or so of toting. He not only remained with us all day but put up with us at night and that's when I nearly laughed myself sick.

You see this hermit fellow was an awful lazy individual and although we did accept the hospitality of his cabin, he got back at us for all he was worth, by eating like a horse all the time he was with us. Never in all my life have I seen a human being with such an appetite. While we were pitching camp he never offered to help one bit but sat with his back against a tree, smoking his pipe, while we toiled to get the tent up and a fire going.

Once or twice, he remarked that he was powerful hungry, just by way of a gentle hint that he wished we would hustle. The pack baskets were undone so I suggested that he try some of Tom's canned stuff. His eyes burned greedily and he grabbed a Ration in one of his dirty paws.

We were busy getting supper and didn't take much notice of him for the next few minutes. Then Tom went over to get something out of the pack and there was our gourmand friend still propped up against the tree with an even dozen empty cans strewn around him.

"That stuff's powerful good," he volunteered, "got any more of 'em?" Tom gave a gasp and came over to me, "Hermie is due to pass away," he said, "he's got twelve days' rations stowed under his belt and no mortal man can ever stand that much concentrated food at one time."

How we laughed and if you could have seen our friend you wouldn't wonder that we did. He came up and started to help us eat supper, but it wasn't much of a go at all because those rations were just commencing to get in their work.

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.

J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
Phillips, Me.

"Funny I don't seem to have much of an appetite to-night," he said, as he picked at the food we offered him.

He tried his level best to make a show of eating but for once in his life his stomach was full and he couldn't touch a thing. We cleared our plates and washed the dishes while Hermie sat over by his tree and gasped for breath. He didn't even possess energy enough to light his pipe.

Later, after we had cut wood for the fire, he came and sat down by us when he was sure that there was no more work to do, and Tom asked him how he felt.

"Oh I'm feelin' sort o' funny," he said, "dizzy like."

I suggested that perhaps he needed something to eat as he had not touched his supper.

"Lord no, I ain't hungry," he replied, "an' that's what I can't just understand. Usually I'm a good feeder."

We smoked for a while, and our friend sat on a log just out of the firelight. He was awfully quiet and once we thought he must surely be dead, but then we heard him groan and knew that he was only dying. About eight o'clock we turned in and Hermie said he guessed he'd stay outside of the tent where there was more air, so he bid us good night and rolled up in his blanket.

Bright and early next morning we were up and the gourmand came to life as soon as the savory smell of bacon wafted his way. He said he hadn't slept very well and certainly he looked it. Breakfast was not for him though, and he was the most puzzled human being you ever saw because although he wanted to eat, his system revolted at food and that made him utterly miserable.

After breaking camp we bid him good-bye. I offered him some digestive tablets from our kit but he refused them, as he said he had a bottle of "stuff" back at his shack that would fix him up all right and he wanted to get to it as soon as possible.

We watched him go slowly up the trail.

"I hope he isn't going to be sick," said Tom, "seems sort of a shame to leave him all alone this way."

"He's all right," said I, "only he won't need anything to eat for a few days. Those rations are just commencing to take effect, and he's a mass of concentrated food."

We have often wondered how long he went before he needed another meal.

After seventeen days of traveling we struck the head waters of the stream that feeds Kennebag Lake and then it was an easy enough run down here all the way. It was worth all our trials and tribulations to have the canoe for that part of the trip.

As we neared the hotel we got silly. You see we had been away from civilization for so long that we felt queer about meeting people. Both of us had a three weeks' growth of beard and we were sights.

Coming up to the dock we saw someone standing out on the float, and as we got closer, made out that it was an uncommonly pretty girl. She didn't look up at us but gazed down at the water as if looking for something that had been dropped overboard. After beaching the canoe we started up the path. When we reached the piazza we plumped down in chairs just to see how it felt to sit on civilized furniture once more. The girl was still standing on the float gazing down into the water. Tom suggested that I play the gallant and go down and ask Miss Pretty what she was looking for. I asked him why he didn't go himself.

"Oh I'm too bashful," he replied. I looked at the girl. She has

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Has fewer and stronger parts than any other repeater. Takes down easily; simple to clean; you can look through the barrel—it cleans from both ends.

Handles all .22 long, .22 short and .22 long rifle cartridges without adjustment. 15 shots at one loading. Model 20 with Full Magazine, 25 shots. Solid Steel Top protects your face and eyes against injury from defective cartridges, from shells, powder and gases. Side Ejection throws shells away to the side, never up across your line of sight.

Send 3c postage for gun catalog, showing all the Marlin Repeaters, Rifles and Shotguns.
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33 WILLOW ST. NEW HAVEN, CONN.DISCOVERS
BERMUDA

The following communication was published in an edition of The Mid-Ocean and recently sent to Maine Woods:

Dear Sir:—I am reminded by the almanac that to-day is the 37th anniversary of my discovery of Bermuda and also the anniversary of my birth. If you transpose the number (37) you will discover my age.

It was in the early evening of Easter Sunday, April 1, 1877 that the little steamer Carnima, Capt. Liddicoat, steamed through Timmins Narrows and few minutes later was at rest near the dock. Her tonnage was only 800 and her length 250 feet.

A small army of colored men, with the aid of the winch, pushed out two long spars to which a multitude of stout boards were lashed and which, at that time, formed the gang-plank from the ship to the dock. The wharf front was where shed No. 1 now stands.

We left Sandy Hook in company with the "Eliza Barss," Capt. Vesey, with a strong N. W. wind blowing. The steamer, also, had sails which were unfurled to the breeze, and not touched till we were off St. George's. When we entered Hamilton harbour there was "The Barss" unloading cattle opposite the stalls. She beat us out by several hours. Mr. Herbert Young, now of the Prince's boat livery, was Mate on the 'Barss,' and well remembers the facts. So did Capt. Vesey.

At that time Walter Aiken managed the Hamilton hotel, where we registered, at \$2.50 per day, if my memory serves me right. Madame Eames of Concord, N. H., was the starboarder, and my wife and I were assigned seats at her table. The hotel was then a small affair as compared with the present magnificent structure. Our bedroom was on the second floor, front, near the west end of the portico.

After supper we went to Easter service at Trinity church. I went to bed and dreamed that a raging storm had covered all Bermuda with snow. The shock was so great and so painful that I woke with a shout. My wife thought he house was afire; but rushing to the window, which was wide open, the only fire I found was the genial warmth of an early morning sun. Instead of snow, I saw plants and shrubs in bloom, and heard birds calling to their mates, and a gentle

breeze blowing through the trees. The revulsion of feeling was so comforting and so great that there was no more sleep for me. I could hardly wait for breakfast before starting out to the sights.

We left New York with frozen slush and mud underfoot, and a cold March wind freezing our marrow. My physician had ordered me away, for a change of scene, as the only likely means of saving me from chronic melancholia and nervous prostration. Bermuda did the trick; and that's why I have come here so often during the last 37 years.

This unimportant bit of personal history would not be complete, and possibly not so helpful to some other sufferer, similarly situated if I should fail to record some, or a few of the incidents of the voyage and of my stay in Bermuda. Before I left home I was thought to be permanently disabled. Once on the way, I felt better as I boarded the train for New York. The ship seemed to me to be a big one; the company (about 30 tourists) large; and it was to be my first voyage out of sight of land. As I said, the wind held N. W., and was strong, all the way down. No call to meals escaped my notice, and has not ever since. On the passage we saw several whales, and one came so near the ship he had to dive under us to avoid a collision. We left N. Y. March 29, and landed in Bermuda three days and a half later. Returning, 6 weeks later, during the crop season by the same boat, we were nearly 5 days on the trail by reason of a great storm in the Gulf Stream and because we arrived off Nave Sink N. K., just in time to stay all night. It was on this voyage that I first saw and felt the force and power of big waves. One giant, the biggest one struck us on the starboard quarter mounted over the stack; fell on to the sky light smashed everything on the dining table, and threw me bodily out of my chair, flat on the racks. Needless to say there was a lot of sea water on the floor, and that some freight on deck was smashed and washed overboard.

After the storm had abated somewhat, and the sea seemed smoother, I thought some fresh air in my cabin would taste good, so I slyly opened the port. What followed was eloquently described by the steward as he dipped the water from the floor. As for myself, I have been a good Baptist ever since. The net result of that 6 weeks' vacation was that I formed several acquaintances and friendships which have endured from that day to this and have repeated the trip many times in seven different ships; I was able to take up my accustomed work, and continue it, for 17 years before I had to come again for the renewal of my health. I now feel towards Bermuda as I would toward one who had rescued me from a watery grave, and have sounded her praises ever since with my pen and voice.

In the light of recent years, my first trip to Bermuda seems to me to have been providentially arranged. The first music I heard here was the old familiar hymn: "On the way from earth to Heaven, I will guide thee with mine eye," sung at a Tuesday evening meeting in the Wesleyan chapel which stood where now the handsome Hamilton stands. The service had already opened but I ventured in while the hymn was being sung, saying to myself: "I've

(Continued on page six)

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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J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
Phillips, Maine.



When You Want a Thing Done Right, Do It Yourself

The man who wants his tobacco cut up for him *months before* he smokes it, just to save a minute's time, cannot blame the manufacturer because the tobacco gets *dried up*, burns fast in his pipe and scorches his tongue.

There's only *one* way to get *fresh* tobacco—cut it up yourself *as you use it*, from the Sickle plug. Then you get all the original flavor and moisture that have been *pressed into* the plug and *kept there* by the natural leaf wrapper—and you are rewarded by a *cool*, sweet, satisfying smoke.

Every day more smokers are coming back to the good old Sickle plug and *satisfaction*. Buy a plug of Sickle at your dealer's—and note how much *more tobacco* you get, when there's no package to pay for.

3 Ounces
10c



HOW TO COOK A LOON

Before Caleb Peaslee had turned to farming, he had filled various niches in life,—sailor, fisherman, woodsman, ox teamster, and cook,—and he was prouder of his success as a camp and woods cook than of all his other accomplishments combined. Many were the strange dishes that he could describe in detail,—“lignum,” and “long hash” and “camp chowder” among them,—and very precise were his directions for cooking each dish.

“Now lignum,” said he, impressively, holding Jed Gipson with a faded, although shrewd, blue eye, “that’s authin’ you never get in the woods till you’re about ready to break camp, and come out in the spring. Then some fine, warm yeller day the cook’ll get up a mess of lignum, and when he does—you hear me—the crew’ll eat. When you make lignum, you hunt round and get a little of everything in the camp, and put it into the big kittle, and cook it till it’s done. You want to put in everything all together,—p’taters and beef and pork and turnips, if you have ‘em,—and they’ll all come out tender and nice. I even knew an Injun tan moccasin to git into the lignum kittle once, and the crew eat

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 Kingsfield and Bigelow at 5.50 P. M.

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

MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.; and for Kingsfield at 5.50 P. M. MIXED TRAINS arrive at Strong from Phillips at 8.45 A. M.; from Kingsfield 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 2.25 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 Kingsfield 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 Kingsfield for Bigelow at 7.45 A. M.; and for Strong at 12.25 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 Kingsfield at 9.15 A. M.

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

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

more’n half of it before they knowed what it was. They wouldn’t have knowed then if one of the men hadn’t found the lacin’ of the moccasin laced through the holes.”

“Accordin’ to that, then,” Jed teased the old man, “you can tender up most any kind of meat by runnin’ it through a lignum kittle. Did ye ever try it on wild game? Deer and ducks and coots and such truck?”

“I’ve tried most all kinds of meat at one time and another,” returned Caleb, pleasantly, “and they all come out in the lignum puffykitt tender and fit to eat, even coots.”

“Ever you try a loon?” persisted Jed, with friendly malice. “I cooked a loon two days once, and then I undertook to eat it, and it’s a fact that I had to chew c’nsider’ ble on the gravy, and as for the loon, I couldn’t make a dent in it, and I had to give up.”

The undercurrent of railbery in Jed’s tone had not gone unobserved by Caleb, and the lines about his mouth crinkled.

“Now a loon, Jeddie,” replied Caleb, with such conviction in his tone that Jed was impressed in spite of himself, “tis a queer bird, and it requires queer treatment to cook it. If I tell you jest how it is done, like enough you’ll think it’s all foolishness, and make fun of me for believin’ such things. But I’m goin’ to chance it, and tell you.

“Fust place,” Caleb went on, “you’ve got to let the loon hang in a draft somewheres for two days. Then you want to get a lot of white-ash roots,—not the trunk wood, but the roots,—and make you a fire, and let it burn down to coals once or twice, so’s to get a good bed of coals. Then you’ve got to fill your kittle about half full of pond water—spring water ain’t good for nothin’ when you’re b’lin’ a loon. Next (thing you want to do is to hunt round and find a brick; and after you’ve put your loon in the kittle, you just shove that brick down into the kittle endways just as easy as you can, and make sure the brick rests on the end of the bottom of the kittle. You cook your loon that way, and you won’t have any trouble.”

“But,” objected the thoroughly puzzled Jed, “how in tunket is a man goin’ to tell how long to cook it?”

“Sure enough,” replied Caleb, and his smile deepened and widened in a hearty chuckle. “You orter know how long to cook it. Wal, Jeddie, you jest keep it cookin’ till you get the brick solt ‘nough so you c’n stick a fork through it easy. Then your loon’ll be done enough to eat.”

—The Youth’s Companion.

KENNEBAGO LETTERS

(Continued from page two)

evidently lost something for she looked around helplessly and one could plainly see that it was part of a gentleman to go and offer assistance, so I got up from my

chair.

“What are you going to do,” Tom asked.

“Watch me,” said I.

As I stepped on the float the young lady turned quickly.

“Have you lost something overboard,” I inquired, hat in hand.

“No—that is yes,” she replied, “see down there,” and she pointed.

I looked closely and saw something glisten. The water was deep and I had to sprawl full length on my stomach and put my arm in up to the shoulder, but I got what she wanted and handed it to her. It proved to be an engagement ring.

Stammering her thanks, as I turned to go she opened a purse that swung from her belt, and drew out a quarter. Although I protested she insisted that I take it.

I got back to the piazza and Tom in a hurry and flustered I certainly was. How he did laugh when I showed him the reward I had received. He’ll kid me about it for the rest of my life.

“She thought you were a poor broken down lumberman, Peter,” he said, “but why in the world did you accept the quarter.”

To tell you the truth I don’t know why I did.

I’ll have to close this long letter now as there is a special buckboard going out to-night and there won’t be any mail to-morrow.

We have just spruced up and shaved. Somehow I hate the thought of facing the people in the dining room, and I know now how an Indian feels when they put store clothes on him and drag him to civilization.

I’m going to stay here for a while and let myself down easy. When I’m needed in the city, let me know.

There is a pile of mail waiting for me but I haven’t opened any of it yet. I’ll wade through it in the morning.

Yours sincerely,

“Peter.”

LETTER NO. 5.

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

Kennebago Lake, Me., Sept. 23, 19—Dear Jerry:—

Thanks for being so very prompt about sending the hair nets. If you only knew how much I needed them and how I appreciated the lightning like way in which you complied with the request of your little “babe in the woods.” Just for being so good I’m going to write you a fine long letter and try to tell you all the interesting things that have happened these last few days.

I think that in my first epistle to you, I mentioned a celebrity of these parts, one John (nobody seems to know his last name) who does the chores here and is a sort of man of all work. Why they designate him as a chore boy is more than I can say as he certainly is a grown man although rather diminutive in stature. He is quite a character and we have become great friends. He’s a native of Denmark or Sweden I’m not sure which, and came here to work after having all sorts of adventures in the lumber camps up through the woods between here and Canada. You should hear him murder the English language, but I love to talk to him all the same, because he has such a quaint way of doing and saying things and is so very serious minded and important.

Yesterday morning it rained and I didn’t go out with Uncle and Bob but stayed home in the cabin to try and catch up with some of my very badly neglected correspondence.

About the middle of the morning, as I was scribbling away for dear life, John came in with a load of wood. He looked even more solemn than is his usual wont. I thought that perhaps it might be his rain soaked clothes that gave him such a woebegone expression, for he did look utterly wretched. He bade me good morning in a mournful little voice and set his bundle of logs down by the fireplace.

“You don’t seem to mind getting rained on John,” I said by way of starting conversation.

He looked at me for almost a minute it seemed, before he answered.

“Rain wat you call eet Mees. Morgan why shall I mind,” he replied.

Well I didn’t know just what to say. I could plainly see that something unusual was weighing on his mind and troubling him sorely, and although I was desperately curious to find out what it was, I hated



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to come right out and ask him about it.

He busied himself brushing up the hearth and I pretended to write while I watched him out of the corner of my eye. Working only in a half hearted sort of way he finally succeeded in raising a fearful dust, so much in fact that it started me coughing and I had a perfect paroxysm.

“John,” I gasped when I got my breath, “if you can’t do anything better than suffocate me you might as well stop trying to work here and go at something else.”

“Oh Mees I ees ‘shamed and I ees sorry,” he said, “you must scuse John to-day.”

“Well what is the matter with you anyhow,” I asked resolved to take the bull by the horns and make an effort to find out that which I so greatly desired to know.

Before answering my question he got up from his crouching position by the fire and closed the piazza door carefully. Then he came over to the table where I was sitting, and scarcely above a whisper said “was you efer what you call it in love Mees Morgan?”

Well Jerry, I was a bit flustered at that and no mistake, it came so absolutely unexpected. For a second or two, while I was getting my bearings, I could not trust myself to speak. Then controlling my emotions with an effort I assured him that I never had been “what you call it in love.”

He eyed me narrowly “You ees fun of me making,” he said.

“Really I’m not John,” I replied, “but you did take me a bit by surprise you know.”

“Yes that may be so,” he said, “and I is ask you pardon.”

“Come now tell me what is troublin’ you,” I urged, “perhaps I can help you.”

At first he refused absolutely to say another word. He was fearfully bashful. Then after a moment I think he saw that he might as well tell the whole story.

“Mees Morgan,” he said, “You say you iss nefer in love. Gott you cannot tell den how I ees feel. You see Molly, one of the waiter girls at the hotel, she iss say she marry me and sure I iss all happy ‘bout it. She asked me to buy her a ring and when it cost three dollar all the same I buy it for her by mail. It came yesterday and I ees give it to her.”

He mopped his face with a frayed bandanna handkerchief. Then he continued.

“You see she iss lose it already by a canoe ride we take last night, and now she say she must have another or she will not marry me at all. Where shall I get three dollars any more for all this foolishness I ask you?”

“Have you looked for the missing ring,” I inquired.

“Sure we iss hunt till I most crazy Mees.”

“Have you any idea at all where

Molly lost it John?”

“She iss say it go overboard from the canoe. Where she cannot tell.” Really if you could have seen the poor fellow you would have felt sorry for him. I hardly knew what to do but I questioned him a little further.

“Don’t you think that perhaps Molly is only fooling you and did not lose the ring at all? Maybe she likes to tease you about it,” I suggested.

“How shall I know what she ees mean,” he answered, “she is say she no care for me without another ring and I must believe her. Is not that so?”

“I’ll tell you what we will do,” I said, “suppose you let me send for another ring. I would gladly pay for it.”

“You is ver’ kind Mees,” he replied, “but how shall that make me feel to have you buying rings for me?”

I laughed “Oh that will be all right,” I assured him, “come let’s make it a go.”

He stood for a while in deep thought, and just as his silence was becoming a bit embarrassing he found his voice again.

“Sec,” he said, “I ees go and see Molly and find out if she will not change the mind about the ring, then I ees tell you to-morrow what she say. Thank you,” and he picked up his wood basket and was outside and lumbering down the path, towards the hotel, before I could reply.

Well of course the story of the love affair had completely knocked all else out of my head and I couldn’t concentrate my mind to write one single word. I had a good silent laugh over poor John’s misery and wondered how his interview with the lady fair would turn out.

And so, as I sat musing, the rain stopped all of a sudden and the leaden clouds broke away, letting into the room a flood of sunlight through the little window up in the eaves. Staying indoors was impossible for me now, and I made short work of slipping into my mackinaw and going outside. How glorious and woody the air was. Big fat rain drops pattered down from the tall pine trees and it seemed to me that I never had seen such brilliant sunshine. Everything was pungent with the odor of fresh rain soaked wood, and earth.

One turn on the piazza convinced me that it was too restricted, so I went up the woods’ trail to the end of the point, where I could get a good view up the lake from an opening in the bushes. Way down at the farther end the top of old Kennebago Mountain was still hidden in white mists, but the sun shone warm and bright, and even as I looked the summit came gradually out of its shrouding pall of fog clean cut against the blue of the sky beyond. It was almost time for Uncle and Bob to put in an appearance as they expected to be back for lunch, (Continued on page 6.)

THE AMERICAN FIELD

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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, MAY 7, 1914

SOME BIG WEEK FOR PINEHURST CADDIES.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Pinehurst, N. C., May 2, 1914—Greenskeeper Frank Maples regards the breaking of the dam which holds the pond on the twelfth hole of No. 1 golf course in place as a disaster; reckons he'd like to know just how it happened! Not so, however, with the late season caddies who have reaped a golden harvest, for that particular pond bed proved to be literally paved with golf balls.

Domestic and imported, antique and modern, black and white, dimples and pimples, crescents and crosses, good, bad and indifferent, they lay in slimy piles and windrows before the astonished eyes of what at once became the muck rake brigade which garnered them by the dozens and the gross, the peck and the bushel.

It is conservatively estimated that between 200,000 and 250,000 balls have journeyed across that pond in the past two or three years. Arrive at your own conclusion as to the percentage which failed to make the trip and you'll get a pretty fair idea of what the harvest was. Yes, indeed, it has been some big week for Pinehurst caddies.

COMMISSIONERS BUSY AT NEWPORT AND OLDTOWN.

Commissioners Walter I. Neal and Blaine S. Viles had a busy day Wednesday with two hearings, one at Newport and the other at Old Town.

At the hearing in Newport two matters were discussed, one as to the placing of a fishway in the upper dam at the outlet of Lake Sebasticook and the other an extension of the close time on white perch from June 15 to July 1st.

Both of these matters were thoroughly threshed out before the commissioners and the propositions were hotly contested. A decision in the matter will be handed down by the commission in a very short time.

At the hearing in Old Town the question was as to the closing of Sunkhaze stream to fishing from the 1st of May to the 1st of August. This meeting like the one at Newport was well attended and the matter was given careful consideration and the decision will be announced later.

ARRIVALS AT ELMWOOD HOTEL

Fred S. Crosby, J. M. Swain, F. T. Thompson, Merton H. French, Bangor; A. A. Chapman, L. C. Bailey, H. M. Barnes, V. A. Stahl, H. T. Boothby, H. O. Smith, R. A. Bragg, Francis John Brown, J. S. Houghton, D. C. Mahoney, B. S. Giffin, F. M. Owen, Kelley Cope, B. T. Lamb, C. C. Whitney, Portland; H. V. Kimball, Waterville; J. T. Horan, Portsmouth, N. H.; H. F. Word, E. G. Daland, R. W. Bastian, C. E. Gooding, J. J. Molly, W. L. Heurici, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Vose, Madrid; Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Beal, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Preble, Miss M. E. Brackett, Phillips; Miss Mulholland, Farmington; Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Colby, Duke Eaton, Wm. Tomlinson, A. M. Hoar, Mrs. Winnie Wilbur, Rangeley; C. F. Davis, Dexter; E. R. Getchell, Philadelphia; E. D. Whitney, Roch N. Y.; F. C. Shackford, Auburn; E. U. Archibald, West Poland, Me.; W. A. Morrell, Danversport, Mass.; Harry Golden, Bangor; Mr. and Mrs. F. Berry, D. H. Miles, Portland; H. G. Gates, L. S. Higgins, Boston.

FLY ROD'S

NOTE BOOK

By Fly Rod

St. Anthony's Cottage,
Phillips, Me.
May 5, 1914.

While the Maine Woods readers are waiting for the ice to go out, and letters are coming from many old friends asking for people as well as facts I'll copy from some of the letters that have added much to the pleasure of life during the past week. My mail that was waiting my home coming told me that a wedding of interest occurred at "The Little Church Around the Corner" in New York on Saturday, March 28, when two well known, popular young people, guests of the Mountain View House were married and we copy the following from the New York Sunday Times of March 29.

"The wedding of Miss Ethel E. Curtis, daughter of Mrs. Charles Prentice Curtis and the late Mr. Curtis, of Trenton, N. J., to William Lilly, of Lambertville, N. J., took place yesterday at the Church of the Transfiguration. Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, rector of Trinity Church, Trenton, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Dr. George C. Houghton.

Miss Beth Curtis was her sister's only attendant. Horace Griggs Prall was Mr. Lilly's best man. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the wedding was quiet.

The couple had known each other since they were children, and their marriage was the result of a romance that began when they were playmates at school.

The bride is a graduate of both the State Model and Normal Schools at Trenton, and is a member of the Philamathian Society and the Contemporary Club of that city, and of the association opposed to woman suffrage. Her father was a well known railroad man.

Mr. Lilly's father is a retired lawyer. His grandfather, the late Dr. Samuel Lilly, was Consul General to British India under President Buchanan, and was the first Mayor of Lambertville. He was also a member of the Thirty-third Congress, and for several years prior to his death was one of the lay Judges of the Court of Errors and Appeals in New Jersey. Mr. Lilly is a graduate of Harvard University, class of 1907, and the Harvard Law School, class of 1910. He belongs to the Sons of the Revolution, being a descendant of Thomas Dey, for whose family Dey street in New York took its name.

Mr. Lilly and his bride are now on their honeymoon and spending some time at the Chalfont, Atlantic City. They will make their home at 357 Sterling Place, Brooklyn."

The best wishes of a host of friends who come to the Rangeleys, and congratulations are extended for a long and happy married life.

From Palace Hotel, Rome a letter has just reached me from Mr. E. Ledelley of New York, who with his wife has spent many summers at the Rangeley Lake House, where they added much to the social life and Mr. Ledelley distinguished himself as an angler, and his name telling of the record fish caught was often on the hotel "Fish Record" and the fish as big as any other fisherman recorded. Mrs. Ledelley sent me a gift that I prize very much, a rosary, blessed by the Pope. Mr. Ledelley wrote: "We will not be in Rangeley this summer as we will be travelling on the continent until October. We have been in Rome seven weeks and we certainly have done some sightseeing. Mrs. Ledelley has visited every church here and I can assure you that that is a few.

We leave here in a few days for Florence, and from there we go to Milan, Venice, Paris, London and then a trip through Holland to Vienna, Berlin and then to Switzerland, to spend the summer in the Alps (to eat snow balls). We hope the summer at Rangeley will be a prosperous one and as a P. S. he adds "very important. See that the correct weight of the big ones is O. K., as nothing worries me more than false reports. Tell my friend Adams to

Assist Nature. There are times when you should assist nature. It is now undertaking to cleanse your system—if you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla the undertaking will be successful. This great medicine purifies and builds us as nothing else does.

keep his eye open, 'who weighed him?' (Not Adams) but the fish!"

A delightful summer to Mr. and Mrs. Ledelley and may they be among the happy guests at Rangeley Lake House in 1915.

Another letter that recalled happy days and dear old friends long since passed away, was from the leading maker of artificial flies in America, George H. Burtis of Worcester, Mass.

All the anglers know of the Burtis rods and flies, and many a gamy trout and salmon has been lured from his home by these beautiful feathered hooks cast for him.

Mr. Burtis wrote: "I have snatched a few moments during the call from labor and opened the window and set free a fly of many colors. If he lights on your outing hat or on the loppel of your coat I trust you will not refuse to let him stay." That is why I wear a gold fish hook so skillfully tied with brilliant bits of plumage from the most beautiful birds that live in the tropics, and I'll take care no salmon sees this tempting fly, but hope the maker will this year come to the Rangeleys for the June fishing.

A letter from my friend Mrs. Eugene Atwood, written from the sunny south where Mr. and Mrs. Atwood spent Easter brought glad news.

Mr. Atwood who for several years has been a great sufferer and nearly blind has recently had a most successful operation on his eyes and now can enjoy all the beauty of Kennebecago.

They plan to come as soon as the ice goes out and open their charming home in the wilderness and pass the summer there, and may the days be crowded with happiness for all who have the good fortune to be at "Forestholme."

Fly Rod.

OTHER STATES HAVE THEIR TROUBLES AS WELL AS MAINE.

A Lee (Mass) correspondent writes as follows in the Springfield (Mass) Republican:

There is another chapter of the game law troubles, in addition to the letter of last Sunday, telling of the feeling of dissatisfaction growing in this part of the state. From more than 20 sources a response came commending that communication and relating further causes of dissatisfaction. This fish and game matter is a public question, and as such the people have a right to question the methods and if these people are wrong they have a right to an explanation which will set the matter right. Thus far the criticism and dissatisfaction comes from private individuals and there is no evidence that any of the sportsmen's organizations have taken any part as such; the grumblers, however, are without exception members of such organizations.

"I was told by one of the commissioners that they could put a carload of white perch in Laurel lake, with little expense. All that was necessary was to net them out of the ponds in the eastern part of the state and ship them here," said one of our fishermen. "I was very urgent that something of the sort be done; anything to give us good fishing in the lake. Nothing has been attempted, and I wondered if it was because it cost too little money. For more than 12 years we have been asking to have the carp removed from that lake, or reduced, yet nothing has been done."

The story is brought in from the south part of the county that a big netting plan was on foot, the game warden was notified but was too busy to attend to the matter, and the drawing was made on schedule time and three bushels of fish taken. We have only the word of some sportsmen to verify this story, but it is believed throughout the south part of the county and helps add to the general dissatisfaction. We received 150,000 trout fry recently. All the brooks got a dose; all brooks were swollen, muddy, and filled with "snow broth" and the opinion of the majority of the fishermen is that not 10 per cent of this plant could possibly survive. It is a question why there was not a wait of a few weeks until the fry had increased in size and the brooks become normal and warm, when it would be reasonable to expect that at least 50 per cent would survive. The loss because of not waiting some two or three weeks is over 50,000 trout.

A fisherman approached the writer

with the assertion that the fishing had improved and stated that he had fished the Beartown mountain stream and taken 16 trout. When asked if he could do it again, he did not know, and when asked what he formerly got in this stream some years ago, he was too good a sport to shy returns and said anywhere from 30 to 60. The game wardens evidently follow the instructions given them, and are a set of pretty good fellows, yet there is a large proportion of the sporting fraternity who believe that we are not getting our money's worth in their services. No one can blame a man for wearing a pair of rubber boots and drawing \$75 or \$100 a month for it. The game warden is a necessity in cases where there is work to be done, but there are few men to-day who will acknowledge that it is possible to do any damage to the fishing and hunting in Berkshire, for there is little to damage; yet it is costing considerably more than \$300 a month right here in Berkshire. The little waves of dissatisfaction lead to many untrue assertions regarding the warden service. For instance, a warden is ordered to appear in Springfield to attend a banquet and at the same time gets a complaint that pheasants are being snared and shot in a certain locality. He attends the banquet and lets the pheasants "go hang." A very natural result, and just what the reader would do if he got any such order—and expenses paid. It must be acknowledged that many sporting men in this section of the state were angry with ex-Mayor Lathrop of Springfield, for his utterances against the policy of the fish and game commission, and that these same people now acknowledge that the Mayor was in the main all right, and simply saw a little further into the game.

From several other sources comes the expression that too much time and money is wasted in trout production, to the exclusion of service which should be given the lakes and ponds. It is pointed out that denuding the mountains has been detrimental to trout streams and that it is a waste of time to stock them by the present method, as it will be impossible to restore old-time fishing conditions. On the other hand more attention given to ponds may bring a portion of the old fishing. From other sources, and very reasonably, too, come complaints that the hunter is forgotten in the hustle to produce trout and clams, and that hunting, with the exception of rabbits, has ceased to exist. Then comes the objectionable deer laws, calculated to exterminate. It is all summed in the expression of one of our hunters, "We planned wisely, apparently, but the results are discouraging, and a mistake has been made somewhere, I am not prepared to say where we have failed in but one thing, there is a large amount of poaching on birds which there seems no effort to stop, otherwise I cannot explain our failure to get results."

CATCHES AT LAKE AUBURN

Several good catches were made at Lake Auburn recently and according to all reports the fish are biting well considering the cold weather. C. E. Knight, M. D., of Rockland, Mass., was high line yesterday with two fish to his credit the largest of which weighed 5½ pounds while the other salmon weighed only 1½ pounds.

Other successful anglers: Gramp Morse, one salmon, 4½ pounds; Mrs. B. F. Huntington, two salmon, weighing 1 and 2 pounds respectively; Lew Barrett, one salmon, 2 pounds; Capt. Dana Merrill and John Briggs three salmon; Malon Bradbury, one 3-pound salmon.

MET MOOSE IN ROAD

Arthur L. Frazier was driving in to Ellsworth from the Hale camp at Niclin one forenoon this week, when his horse stopped suddenly at the sight of a huge moose which stood in the middle of the road, about 100 yards ahead. Mr. Frazier urged his horse up to within 25 yards of the moose before the animal turned and trotted down the road at a three-minute clip, Mr. Frazier having a horse that could step along some and giving the moose a lively race. The animal kept to the road more than a mile, finally turning off near the Frank R. Moore camp. The large "bell" on the animal's neck distinguished it as a bull, though its horns had not yet started.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

The spring fishing at the Belgrade lakes is now on and the trout are reported to be taking the hook in great shape. The best day's catch thus far reported was made by Lester Perkins, a brother of F. D. Perkins, of this city, who, in a letter to the latter yesterday said that he caught three trout weighing respectively 6 pounds and 2 ounces, 5 pounds and 6 ounces and 3 pounds.

Reports from Sebec Lake May 5, indicate that it will be but a few days before the lake is free from ice and the spring fishing season is on. The ice has melted rapidly during the past few days and is on the verge of disappearing altogether. The rain helped matters greatly and a little wind and warm sun will finish it.

J. Warren Jones can well be called one of the lucky fishermen from Hallowell that passed the week-end at Lake Cobbosseecontee. During his sojourn, he landed a trout weighing 6½ pounds, and another weighing 4 pounds. When the larger fish was cleaned it was found to contain some angle worms and small fish used for bait, so it is real evident that it had enjoyed more than one satisfactory meal, at the expense of other less lucky anglers. George Simmons also landed a trout tipping the scales at 2½ pounds.

Camden visitors who tackle Meganticook mountain the coming season will be thankful to the Camden Board of Trade, which has had a trail laid out, beginning at the Sherman house on the Belfast road and following the old wood road. All doubtful places are marked through to "Zake's Lookout," an open ledge high above Maiden Cliff. The old trail from Maiden Cliff down over the mountain to the turnpike near the old Barrett farm has also been marked with arrows. Other trails will be opened later.

While the reports of fish caught at Cobbosseecontee since the opening last Sunday of the season are not coming in very fast, there is something doing in that line, and among the successful Augusta fishermen of the week are A. S. Cyr and Odolon Blanchette, who were out at the lake Tuesday and succeeded in landing two handsome trout while fishing with James McLaughlin as guide. One of trout weighed 5½ pounds and the other over three pounds.

The members of the State Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game were in Newport Wednesday making an investigation as to whether or not a fishway is required in the dam across the outlet of Lake Sebasticook. A hearing was held on the matter at 11 a. m. in the Board of Trade rooms.

Among the lucky Augusta fishermen Tuesday were Storer Dudley and Scott Clark, two employees of the L. A. & W. These two gentlemen went to Lake Maranacook and were rewarded in a catch of two fine trout one of which weighed 3½ pounds.

Fishing in Long pond, Mt. Desert island, has started well, numerous fish having been taken. The largest reported was taken by George Harmon and Arthur Gilley of Southwest Harbor, a salmon weighing 9 pounds and 2 ounces and measuring 26 inches long and 17 inches around.

Thomas A. James, curator of the State Museum, has been in Boston where he has been in attendance at the meeting of the New England Federation of Natural History Societies.

A 20½ pound salmon was taken from the Bangor pool Monday by the veteran fishermen Merritt and McCosker. It was sent to Garrett Schenck, president of the Great Northern Paper Co., Auburn, Mass.

A carrier pigeon, owned by G. F. Richardson, Jr., of Newton Centre, flew home from Amherst last Thursday, covering the 110 miles in 110 minutes. Eighty five pigeons took part in the race, which was preliminary to the Massachusetts Concourse from Westfield on May 17. Later

(Continued on page five.)

CLASSIFIED

One cent a word in advance. No headline or other display. Subjects in a, b, c, order

FOR SALE.

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

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

FOR SALE—One of the best situated camps on the Richardson Lake. Fully furnished, electric lights, 13 bedrooms, pool room, dining room, sitting room, guides' camps, etc. Suitable for Club House. Address Mr. Wm. J. Downing. P. O. Box 3598, Boston Mass.

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—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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARGAINS in firearms, binoculars, watches and jewelry; list for stamp. Roscoe V. Hurd, 126 West 23, New York.

SALMON CATCHES

The following catches of salmon on Friday have been reported:

At East Sebago—Mr. Farrell of Cambridge party, one weighing four pounds; Mr. Finn of Malden party, two weighing three-quarters of a pound.

At Lake Auburn—Gramp Morse of Auburn party, one weighing five and a half pounds; C. Prouty of Cambridge party, one weighing five and a half pounds.

At North Sebago—Dr. Griffin, one weighing four pounds; Carleton Martin, two weighing two-thirds of a pound.

At Songo river (Thompson's camp)—W. C. Hamilton of Fitchburg party, two weighing four-fifths of a pound; George Pratt of Westbrook party, one weighing six pounds.

A report from Belgrade is that all of the ice is out of Lake Massalonskee.

GAME PROSECUTIONS REPORTED

The following prosecutions have been reported to the office of the state commissioner of inland fisheries and game at Augusta: George H. Smith of Limestone was prosecuted on April 28 before Trial Justice A. C. Frost of Limestone for killing foxes by poison. He was convicted and ordered to pay a fine of \$20, which fine he paid. Warden F. C. Jorgensen reported the prosecution. Game Warden E. W. Ward of Millinocket reported the payment of a fine of \$50 by R. F. Winchester of Millinocket for trapping without a license. Warden B. A. Parker of North Berwick reported the payment of a fine of \$40 by Stanley T. Weeks for the killing of deer in January, 1914.

Catering to "Up State" Folks THE NEW CHASE HOUSE

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PORTLAND, MAINE

Erected in 1911, and positively the only Fireproof Hotel in the City. Elevator Service, Private and Public Baths and every convenience for the comfort of guests including

HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER AND LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM

SPLENDID RESTAURANT CONNECTED FEATURING POPULAR PRICE MENUS

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Letters of inquiry regarding rates etc., promptly answered. H. E. THURSTON, R. F. HIMMELEIN, Proprietors.

COLORED HELP BEST OF SERVANTS

Odd Fellows Entertain the Ladies In Royal Style—Clean Up Week Postponed.

Rangeley, May 6.—Phil Huntoon and family have moved from Dallas to the home of U. T. Hoar.

Miss Faye Worthley is employed at the Tavern to assist during the busy season of spring as table girl.

H. E. Pickford was called away Monday by the death of his father.

Mrs. W. D. Grant, who has been a recent guest of Mrs. C. M. Cushman has returned to Kennebago.

Mrs. Dora Jones, Mertie Heath, Annie Morse and Lillian Pratt have gone to Indian Rock, where they have employment during the summer.

Weston Moore and family are occupying the Geo. Wing tenement.

Dr. F. B. Colby was the first of the season to improve the automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Oakes are in Lewiston for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl C. Hennings and little Miss Augusta arrived Monday and are boarding with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McCard.

G. A. Proctor has returned from his recent visit in Weld, Mrs. Proctor and Master Corydon remaining at Strong for a few days longer.

Miss Dedie Schofield of Brunswick is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. D. Quimby for a few days. Miss Schofield will have charge of the dining room at Pickford's this season.

At Brunswick, Me., April 30, an 8 pound son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. McGraves. The young chap's name is Donald Esty McGraves. Rangeley friends extend congratulations.

H. A. Furbish drove to Stratton Saturday on business.

Miss Sarah Pickens has gone to Grant's Camps, where she will have charge of the books this season.

Master Harry Pickel, who has been ill with pneumonia is now able to be out doors.

Mrs. Tryphena Neal and Maxwell left Tuesday morning for Lewiston. Word has been received that Master Maxwell had been operated on at Central Maine General hospital for mastoid but at this writing was very comfortable.

Mrs. Ella Blanchard of Stratton is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Julia Morrison.

Mrs. W. S. Marble and daughters, Miss Bishop and Miss Sterling arrived the first of the week at the Lake House.

H. A. Childs went to Dixfield Monday.

Mrs. Sylvia Leach who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. T. Freeman Tibbetts has returned to her home in South Framingham.

Mr. Matthieu of Farmington has purchased the Furbish house on Lake Street.

Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Colby left for a short trip to Portland Monday.

Mrs. Will Wilbur and Mrs. Harry Nelson left Monday for Lewiston. Mrs. Wilbur goes to visit her little son who was operated on several weeks ago and Mrs. Nelson enters the hospital for treatment.

Miss Sarah M. Soule has been caring for the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Harnden.

Mrs. D. E. Hinkley is visiting friends in Dixfield.

At the Pythian Sisters Thursday night after the meeting a banquet was served by the following committee: Mrs. Ira Huntoon, Mrs. Leon Hoar, Mrs. Augusta Hoar.

At the Men's League Saturday night supper was served by the Rebekahs, Minnie Spiller, Rule Garland, Guida Nile, Carrie Russell, Minnie Cushman and Elizabeth Furbish in charge. An interesting debate was held at the close of the banquet. Resolved: That the war with Mexico was justifiable. Aff., E. I. Herrick; neg., Dr. F. B. Colby. At the Sunday meeting a very interesting question was opened by Huerbt Spiller on the bringing up

FOXES WANTED

Alive, unhurt, all kinds, old or young. Also mink, marten, and fisher. Will handle above named animals at all times of year. Write or wire what you have to offer, stating lowest price. Fur farmers wanting stock should write me for prices and information before buying. M. F. STEVENS, Dover, Maine.

Tel. 64-15

of children.

F. H. Kempton, Irving Wilbur and Wm. Tomlinson are having their houses painted.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Herrick have returned home from Hobart's camps, where they have been for the past few weeks.

E. I. Herrick has purchased the large barn which was recently raised by F. C. Porter.

Mrs. Granville Twombly, Cherrie Toothaker and Master Monette Ross have been reported on the sick list the past week.

Clean up week has been postponed until May 10. A committee of 14 citizens has been appointed by the Men's Improvement League to have charge of the work. It is expected that every good citizen will assist in this work by at least cleaning up the unsightly places about their dooryards if such exist and disposing of the winter's accumulation of "trash" that almost seems inevitable.

J. S. Hoar has rented rooms in the Frazer building and will move the latter part of the week.

Maybaskets are the order of the day.

The time is nearly up for unlicensed dogs to run at large and the law regarding the same will be strictly enforced. The town clerk now has a desk at the selectmen's office.

The K. of P's. and Pythian Sisters attended church in a body Sunday. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with potted plants and cut flowers, H. C. Riddle having charge of the decorating. Rev. H. A. Childs used for the subject of his discourse, "Religion." Special music was furnished by the choral association and Mrs. O. R. Rowe sang the offertory. An unusually large number were in attendance besides the two orders.

Duke Munyon is in town for a few days, a guest at the Tavern.

Tuesday evening was celebrated by Entwisle Lodge I. O. O. F., as anniversary night. At this occasion the Oddfellows entertained their ladies and according to the reports of their guests they proved themselves admirable entertainers. A splendid program was prepared by O. R. Rowe, P. A. Quimby, and Hubert Spiller and was as follows: Anniversary Ceremony; cornet solo, C. M. Cushman; stump speech, Woman's Rights and Matrimony (Monologue) Hubert Spiller in costume; Farce, Cured, Uncle Jonas, P. A. Quimby; his wife, Saul Collins; his nephew, O. R. Rowe; farm hands, Geo. W. Pillsbury, Melvin Nile. Followin

the entertainment a banquet was served by Riddle and Russell, official caterers to the numerous lodges in town. Banquet committee Wm. Tomlinson, H. C. Riddle, Dennis Nile, J. A. Russell; colored chef assistants, James Stewart, Hubert Spiller; head waiter, colored, H. C. Riddle; colored aids, O. R. Rowe, Wm. Tomlinson, Chas. Cushman, Melvin Nile, Saul Collins, W. D. Quimby, Deane Nile, Geo. W. Pillsbury, Howard E. Grant, Hubert Spiller. The entire serving force were in official uniform, white coats, aprons and caps. The following menu was served in courses: Orange a la Maraschino; chicken soup and breadsticks; fried oysters, potato chips, currant buns; roast round of pork, bologna style with bologna dressing, creamed potatoes, French peas, currant jelly, plum pudding with hard sauce, grape nectar maraschino sundae, cream puffs, black coffee. The men certainly en-

tertained in royal style and the ladies are hoping an invitation will be extended next year.

C. L. Stansbury has moved the old engine house to the shore of the lake near the light station and is having extensive repairs made, after which he will use it as a repair shop for automobiles and motor boats.

Posters have been up the past week for the minstrel show of which further notice will be made next week.

GOVERNOR HAINES WILL ATTEND

Meeting and Supper of Phillips Republicans.

The Republican Town Committee of Phillips will have a meeting followed by a supper at the Grange hall on Wednesday, May 13, 1914. Hon. Wm. T. Haines, Governor of Maine, Hon. Harold M. Sewall, candidate for Congress, Hon. Frederick H. Parkhurst, chairman of the State Committee, Currier C. Holman, esq., Franklin County member of the Republican County Committee, have accepted an invitation to be present.

Music for the evening will be furnished by Dyer's orchestra of Strong. Members of the Town Committee are requested to be present promptly at 6 o'clock for organization.

Supper will be served at 6.30 o'clock. A general invitation is extended to all republicans in Phillips to attend the supper as guests of the committee. In order that the committee may know how many to provide supper for, all who plan to attend are requested to notify some member of the town committee on or before Monday, May 11. The following are the members of the town committee: B. F. Beal, J. Blaine Morrison, H. B. Austin, D. F. Field, D. R. Ross, Carl B. Beedy, John W. Russell, A. A. Jacobs, W. B. Butler, Arthur D. Graffam, Geo. D. Bangs, Fred Morton, N. H. Harnden, Simon W. Parlin, W. W. Mitchell, Walter E. Heath, Charles E. Berry, Isaac R. Bubier, Evans Hutchins, Albert Whitney.

The supper will be followed at 7.30 o'clock by a smoke talk, in which members of the committee and out of town guests will participate, and to which the general public, regardless of party affiliations, is invited.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

(Continued from page four.)

there will be a 500 mile competition from Alyma, Ontario.

Two lucky fishermen who returned to Portland from a fishing trip were Daniel S. Elliot of 12 Bradley street, and John McCann, chief of the fire department in Bellows Falls, Vt. Chief McCann has been visiting Mr. Elliot, and a few days ago the Portland man decided to take his guest to Hazelwood camp, South Casco on a fishing trip. On Friday they made the big strike. Mr. Elliot pulled out one salmon weighing 11½ pounds and another that tipped the scales at 10 pounds, while Chief McCann got a couple weighing 8 and 4 pounds, respectively. The water was rough while the men were out, but the fishing was good.

The piece of land in Lake Sabattus, which for several years has been detached from the main land and on which a cottage for hunting parties has been erected, went adrift during the recent heavy gale and brought up half a mile away, near Marr's point, on the east shore.

Some fine catches have been reported within the past few days at Swan lake near Belfast. Over the week-end Dr. W. H. Harris of Augusta, with Perley Lawrence, also of Augusta and State agent of the Hudson Automobile Co., Ordway, made some very pretty catches, Dr. Harris taking out five salmon which he took back to the Capital. Mr. Lawrence proudly boasts of a handsome string which included eight salmon and a trout. He caught four salmon and lost three. He also caught two good-sized salmon. Tom Berry of Belfast, who is at his cottage at the lake, recently caught salmon weighing 3, 3½, 1½ and 5½ lbs., all within a few hours.

William G. Hill of Woodford street has returned from Manchester,

N. H., where he took part in a big trap shooting contest Saturday.

Says the Brockton Times: "News that 80,000 rabbit skins have been sent by parcel post recently from Washington State to Paris suggests that not all these ankle muffs are seal and sable and black fox."

Mr. and Mrs. J. Putnam Stevens of Coyle street are to leave Friday for a few weeks' trip to Atlanta, Georgia.

HABITS OF THE VALLEY QUAIL

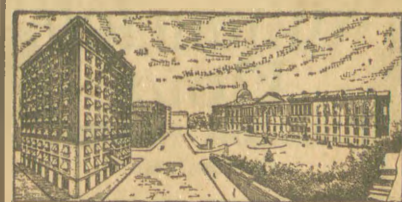
An Interesting and Handsome Little Bird That Thrives in California.

For the sportsman who studies his game not only to bag it, but because of its peculiar habits, no more interesting subject than the California valley quail can be found. He is an epicure or a stoic, according to circumstances; there is no question about his taking every day's experience in a philosophic manner. If when he jumps from his eggshell as a little brown ball the size of your thumb, and immediately leaves his nest and runs for cover (as he is able to do and does), he finds himself in a waterless, desert waste, as he often does, he makes the most of it and thrives, says an outdoor publication. If he finds his first cover under a grapevine with cool water hard by, he also takes advantage of circumstances, as many a grape grower of California can testify. In the first instance moisture on the grass is his only early drink, and later he finds his supply of liquid refreshment in the red fruit or green pulp of the landscape in the Southwest, and from which he does not wander far. This useful plant is at once his water supply, commissary department, protection and roost. During the season when the red-purple fruit of the cactus is ripe, the beak, head and gullet of the little rustlers are constantly stained a dark crimson from the juice of the prickly pear or tunis.

Here is a point for the hunter,—locate the clumps of cactus. If in a grape-growing section the flock is apt to be near a vineyard early in the season and in the hills not far away from water or the cactus clump later on, November and December. These latter months furnish by far the finest sport, as the birds are then hardy and strong and fly as though shot from a cannon.

FEARS LAKE POLLUTION

Says Dr. Charles E. Philoon of Auburn to the Lewiston Journal: "I would like to see a petition started in this city to put a stop to all boating, fishing and sporting of every kind on Lake Auburn. This constant succession of drownings in a reservoir where we get our drinking water has a terribly bad effect. The time has come when something should be done about this matter. Not a season passes but someone is drowned in that lake. The longer this thing goes on the worse it will become. Either it should be stopped or we should get our water supplies from some other source. We can sink artesian wells at a big expense and get pure water and then turn the lake over for sporting purposes. If we are to continue to use the water for domestic purposes then it should no longer be used for sporting. One or the other should be stopped."



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STORER E. CRAFTS, Gen. Manager

DISCOVERS BERMUDA

(Continued from page two)

come a thousand miles over land and sea, just to hear that promise. If I hear nothing else I've got my money's worth already." But I did hear something else that might well worth while; it was the prayer of an earnest, christian colored woman, who, kneeling, seemed to pray especially for me.

J. C. HARTSHORNE,
Wakefield, Mass.

KENNEBAGO LETTERS

(Continued from page three).

so I sat down on a convenient log and gazed off at the dancing waters of the lake sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight.

All about me was absolute silence and I felt quite like some castaway on a beautiful desert isle in a far off tropic sea, and the only thing needed to complete the illusion and make it just like the story book tales, was the sail on the distant horizon, and me, clambering to the highest point of vantage, and waving a handkerchief to attract attention; then the cutter manned by stalwart sailors, coming shore, and a faint for the lady in the gallant captain's arms.

I was rather rudely awakened from my pretty reverie by a very familiar voice directly behind me.

"So this is where you are," Bob said, "we didn't know but what you'd run away and left us entirely."

"How did you happen to look for me up here on the point?" I inquired.

"There's only one lady round here that wears a number nine sportin' boot and walks out in the fresh mud right after a big rain storm," he answered.

"I'll grant you the fresh mud part of your story," I laughed, "but you're wrong about the number nines."

"Honestly now, Miss Morgan, if you will just look at them tracks of yours you'll not wonder that I came here expecting to find our friend John. You must have slid most of the way."

"And why are you looking for John?"

"Because I want him to get that

big wheelbarrow of his and cart the fish up from the landing."

"Where is Uncle Jo then?"

"Waiting very impatiently for you down at the cabin and wondering why you don't come and escort him over to dinner."

"Then you did come up here after me Bob?"

"Certainly I did and if I don't bring you back this minute your Uncle will be getting another guide he's that impatient."

I reluctantly got up from my log seat and followed him down the path. "Did you ever see such a day," I said.

"Such a day—no I never did and I hope I won't see another like it in a hurry either," he replied.

"Why do you talk like that? Has anything happened?" I asked anxiously.

"Well, you just bet something has happened," he answered, "your uncle lost his pearl handled knife overboard. I missed a pass at a good sized fish with the landing net, and we broke the tip of the little four ounce rod. Don't you think that's about enough for one day?"

"It certainly seems enough," I replied, "didn't you get any fish?"

"How could any fish live outside in the rain we had this morning, Miss Morgan?"

"Bob, aren't you ever serious," I laughed.

"Only at funerals and in church, and it's been so long now since I've been to one or 'tother of 'em that if someone don't up and die soon or my wife get me in to meetin,' I reckon I'll be cooked for a clown for the rest of my natural life."

"Uncle Jo was waiting for us at the door of the cabin."

"You see Mr. Raymond I've brought home the wanderer," said Bob, "found her up at the end of the point settin' on a nice wet log and gazin' off down the lake lookin' for all the world, as if she'd lost every friend she ever had."

"You've absolutely missed the trend of my thoughts Mr. Amateur mind reader," I retorted, "for I was not one bit lonesome, but was just having a quiet little musing time all to myself until you appeared on the scene and dragged me away so rudely."

"Sorry, very sorry," he replied, "but orders is orders you know and your Uncle told me to go out and find you and I just naturally had to do it. I'm a most particular guide you must understand and it would hurt my reputation fearfully to have one of my party get lost."

"Go over and get your dinner Robert and stop plaguing my niece," laughed Uncle Joseph.

"All right sir, just as you say. I always obey commands," he replied as he disappeared down the trail towards the hotel.

"There is a mighty good sort of fellow Di," said Uncle when Bob was out of earshot. "He has the best disposition of any man I ever met, and if he didn't have I guess he'd just about have murdered me this morning."

"What was the matter with you," I asked.

"Oh nothing, only I made a general fool of myself and broke the tip of the little rod and was altogether in an awful humor most of the time I guess. He never said one word, only kept his temper and was just as cheerful and pleasant as you please. He was so blame good-natured that before I knew it I was good-natured again too."

"Goodness," I said, "I can't imagine what I should have done with you if you had come home to poor me acting that way."

"Let's go over to dinner now," he replied.

I did not go out fishing with them in the afternoon, Jerry, although it was most glorious weather. Somehow I felt as if I'd be in the way.

They were most anxious to have me, but it seemed that, as they were having such a good time together, just the two of them, I'd only be a nuisance. You see, they have carted me around with them all the time since we came here and they do deserve a little respite I think. Things are always so much less complicated when there isn't a woman along you know. Really, never did realize before how much we expect in the way of little attentions. Men are so absolutely easy when they live this kind of a life.

I wished them luck at the landing and then sat down by the shore to try and take up my writing where I had left off in the morning. I got through two letters, but somehow was not at all in the mood for it, and I hope that the people to whom I wrote will forgive the stupid things I said and the altogether poor way in which I wrote them.

After a while I slammed my portfolio down and felt as if I'd scream if I tried to pen another word. Then I tried a book, but it wasn't any go at all, just a stupid old story that did not interest me one bit, so at last I gave that up too and just sat and thought, as they say.

Pondering over the tale of the lost ring, I got up and went out on the float to see if I could, by any wild chance, find the cause of Swedish John's misery. The water was so very clear that the bottom was plainly visible. I know it sounds like an awful miracle, but as I looked I saw the glint of something and realized that sure enough it was the engagement ring. It showed up very plainly against the background of an old piece of wood, on which it was peacefully resting. But seeing was only half of the matter, as I soon found out, for the realization came over me that it was out of my reach by quite a bit, and yet I hardly dared to go and get a stick or something to poke it in nearer with, for fear of losing the place which I had so luckily stumbled upon.

While gazing at the water and looking I suppose, with my eyes popped out of my head, like a sure enough crazy person, a canoe came up to the landing. There were two fearfully ragged men in it and they eyed me as they paddled by to the beach. At first I thought of asking them to help me, but they did look so unkempt and altogether disreputable, that I decided not to risk even a three dollar diamond in their hands. There I stood, and gazed about me, as helpless as I ever was in my life.

All at once I heard somebody come up behind me and turning quickly found myself face to face with one of my ragged canoe men.

"Have you lost anything," he asked in the nicest kind of a voice, not at all the rough tones his clothes led me to expect. He was a tall well built chap and his face covered with a scraggly growth of reddish beard, that gave him quite a fierce appearance.

"Why yes, I have lost something," I said, "can you see it there down on that old board? I've been looking at it for ever so long not daring to leave and go and get a stick to poke it closer with for fear I'd lose the place."

My ferocious looking gallant laid him down flat on his stomach and plunged his arm into the water clear up to the shoulder. He had to stretch so to get hold of the ring that I fully expected to have to fish him out of the lake, if he went much farther. At length he arose with his sleeve all dripping, and the water running off his scraggy beard and down the front of his worn blue flannel shirt, but with John's precious bauble clutched tightly in his fingers. He handed it to me hat in hand with a rather grand air, "I'm glad that I've been able to rescue this for you," he said, "it isn't a thing that one would care to lose—is it?"

Then of a sudden it came over me that here was I receiving an engagement ring, and although you may think me fearfully silly, I don't mind telling you that I felt myself blushing furiously. Of course I thanked him profusely and he smiled pleasantly and started to walk away, but I called him back and handed him a quarter, for he did look so very poor and needy.

At first he stoutly refused to accept the proffered money, but I was most insistent, and finally he pocketed it and took his leave.

The ring was a perfect fit on my finger so I knew then and there

that its owner was not a fatty, and as there are only two, as John calls them "waiter girls" in the hotel, a fat one and a lean one, I found out without much trouble who the lady in the case was. I pride myself on that bit of deduction.

It tickled me very much to get possession of the ring and I could just imagine the childish pleasure of my confiding lover when I should give it to him. It really was rather a gorgeous affair, and the stone sparkled almost like a real diamond.

John could not be located though I hunted high and low for him. Finally I found out that he was off somewhere, hauling wood, and was not expected back until dark.

By the time that my search for him was finished it was well along towards evening so I went back to our camp to get ready for supper.

Uncle and Bob came in soon after with a story of very poor luck for their afternoon's work, but it did not seem to discourage them much because as Bob was leaving, after carefully placing the rods on their accustomed pegs outside the window, I heard Uncle Jo call after him to be ready for an early start in the morning as he wanted to put in a full day on the river.

Dawdling along with my dressing I suddenly looked at the clock and found to my surprise that it was almost seven o'clock and high time for us to be starting over to the hotel if we wanted anything at all to eat.

"You certainly are a patient one Uncle Jo," said I as I went out on the piazza, "here you have been waiting for me at least a half hour and yet I've never heard a murmur of protest from you."

"Gracious Di, don't you worry about my waiting," he replied, "I've been perfectly happy out here watching this wonderful sunset. Did you ever see such color?"

It was truly the most magnificent after glow that I have ever seen. Not a breath of wind stirred the surface of the lake which glowed like a piece of burnished copper. There was a distinct chill in the air and my heavy sweater felt very comfortable.

On our way over to supper our lantern went out before we were half way down the path and we had to grope blindly about for it was already dark there under the trees, although out on the lake a faint golden twilight still lingered.

"John must have neglected to fill this lamp," said Uncle.

I fancied that I knew the reason for our chore boy's negligence. We never expect absolute precision from people when they're in love, do we Jerry? All the same when I stubbed my toe on a big root, and barely saved myself from sprawling in the mud I did wish that honest John had been a bit more thoughtful and had not left us to flounder to supper, like the foolish virgins.

The dining room was crowded and I saw, at a quick glance that the two places at our table, which have been vacant ever since we came, were occupied by very grand looking campers one dressed in a corduroy Norfolk, a spick and span blonde of about thirty, the other chap a little red head who looked to be much younger.

Uncle and I seated ourselves with becoming dignity, and ordered supper. Then ensued what seemed to me an awful silence. Uncle Jo did not speak to our two newly arrived table companions, and of course it was not exactly my place to start a conversation with them.

At last, after a painful interval, the waitress brought our things and then there was more excuse for not talking as we were both hungry, as usual, but somehow I did feel just a little bit ill at ease and wished mightily that Uncle would break the ice. He, however, was apparently tongue tied and did not even speak to me except, a word or two when the bread was out of his reach on my side of the table. Blondy and Red Head were quiet also, and addressed each other in monosyllables.

Well just as I was getting terribly nervous with two pairs of eyes glued on me every time I looked down at my plate, Uncle Jo woke up.

"How is the road after all this rain," he asked looking at Mr. Blondy.

"Why I cannot tell you so much about the road," replied that gentleman, "you see we did not come in that way; we came in by the way of the lake."

Jerry, I could have dropped

through the floor the moment he began to speak, for it came over me with a rush that here, sure enough, was none other than the kind hearted ruffian who had so gallantly rescued the ring for me. Little Red Head was grinning from ear to ear, for he saw my confusion, and then, in a sort of dreamy daze, took me a moment to collect myself, and then, in a sort of dreamy daze, heard Uncle inquire the names of our new friends, after which he introduced me in the most proper and dignified fashion, "Mr. Woodhouse (this to Blondy) my niece Miss Morgan; Mr. Caywood (to Red Head) Miss Morgan, my niece," after accomplishing which formality he devoted himself to his meal, seeming to think that he had done all that social etiquette required, and that it was now up to me to be a little entertainer.

Mr. Woodhouse tried at once to put me at my ease encouraged by friend Caywood.

"You must have expected a call for alms when I came on the float this afternoon, Miss Morgan," he said.

"More likely, from the looks of you, a picking of pockets I should say," broke in Red Top.

"It was a wonderful thing that you came when you did," I said, "because I had just about given up all hopes of getting that ring. I hope you won't catch an awful cold from the wetting you were forced to get."

"He is going to have that quarter framed," Caywood said, "it is the first money he ever earned you know."

"Please don't listen to him; he has been away from civilization for so long that he's about half savage," replied Blondy.

I laughed, "You may keep the quarter and frame it if you want to, but really you did look so very threadbare that it seemed to me as if you should receive some compensation for such a brave rescue."

We talked along in this bantering vein, and gradually I heard the details of a wonderful overland trip that they have just completed coming all the way through the woods from Canada in about three weeks. It was of course most interesting to hear them tell of their experiences.

They seem like very nice fellows and are going to stay here for a few weeks before returning to "the city of dreadful night" as Mr. Woodhouse put it.

Uncle Joseph was very tired so we did not linger at the hotel after supper but went over to our own cabin. On the way we met John and I gave him the lost ring. He was like a child over it and protested that he would never forget my kindness. I believe he credits me with some sort of supernatural gift for finding lost articles, like a medium you know.

Of course I had to explain the cause of his childish glee to Uncle and he was very much interested in my story.

We didn't sit up very long after reaching our snug fireside and I was soon in bed dreaming of lakes full of engagement rings and stalwart rescuers with scraggy beards and deep blue eyes.

Your loving,
Diana.

(To be continued next week)

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Announcement



Mirror Lake, West Rockport. Where New Fur Farm is Located



A Litter of Four Silver Black Foxes Valued at Thirty Thousand Dollars

OF THE

Maine Fur Ranching Company

ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS

***** PURPOSE *****

The Maine Fur Ranching Company has been organized for the purpose of raising fur-bearing animals and to establish ranches for the scientific propagation of the valuable silver black fox, cross fox, mink, fisher, etc.

The Ranch Maine an Ideal Location

The Maine Fur Ranching Company has selected a location for its ranch at Mirror Lake, West Rockport, Maine, and has contracted for five pairs of the highest grade silver black foxes. The six acre ranch is covered with a fine growth of birch, maple and pine and is a natural habitat for foxes. Although the fur-bearers will be reared in wire pens, conditions practically approaching the natural state of the animals will prevail.

Every possible contrivance, convenience and safety device known will be incorporated in this property. The site selected is most sanitary from every standpoint, the arrangements and construction most modern, and all the latest safety alarms, burglar and thief proof devices known will be installed.

The soil, climate and water supply at this location have been pronounced unsurpassed for silver fox ranching and general fur farming. The Zone Map printed by the U. S. Government shows Maine to be excellent geographically for fur breeding.

The Hon. Charles Dalton, Pioneer Rancher of the Dominion of Canada, states emphatically that the silver black fox ranch which he has conducted in Maine for several years has produced results that rival the widely heralded results of his Canadian ranches.

The Managing Director of the Company who has spent the past year upon the most famous ranches of the United States and Canada, learning the business in all its details, will be in charge of the Ranch.

General Information About The Highly Profitable Industry of Fur Farming

THE DECLINE OF TRAPPING

Fur farming has arrived because fur-trapping has extensively failed, owing to the continuous decrease in and invasion of fur-bearing areas. The wild crop of fur is in course of being replaced by a crop artificially reared. Elaborate statistics of importations to London are furnished from the books of the Hudson Bay Company. That greatest of fur markets received 12,391 fur seals in 1850; rising to 83,997 in 1868, to 149,808 in 1869; to 210,745 in 1881 to 214,577 in 1889; gradually falling 44,608 in 1910. London got 3824 sea otter skins in 1871, the first year of record; 5647 in 1881; 5680 in 1882; 7903 in 1884; only 1212 in 1897, and but 307 in 1910. Similar or analogous declines in almost all furs are recorded. Simultaneously prices rose. In 1880 the best black fox pelt sold in London for \$632; in 1890 for \$1557; in 1910 for \$2628. Skunk skins which fetched \$2.07 each for the best lot in 1900, brought \$5.10 in 1911; stone-marten rose from \$1.43 each in 1890 to \$6.66 in 1910; sea otter from \$584 in 1880 to \$1703 in 1910; staple muskrat from 16 cents in 1882 to 87 cents in 1910; mink from 73 cents to \$6.34 in the same period; dark red fox from \$3.11 to \$1655; large lynx from \$4.87 to \$39.85; marmot from 10 cents in 1890 to 90 cents in 1910, so on for the whole long list. Consequently incentives to fox-farming have increased, are increasing, and can scarcely be much diminished by the practice, though it is certainly a swiftly increasing occupation that can be followed profitably and with much edification in many thinly populated portions of every part of America north of Virginia.—Boston Transcript.

MANAGER OF LARGEST BANK IN CANADA TELLS OF PROFITS.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Summerside, P. E. I., 21st Aug. 1913. Without prejudice to the bank or the writer.

The Manager, Fidelity Trust Co., State Street, Boston.

Dear Sir:—We have had some inquiries from Raymond L. Cleveland about the history of the black silver fox industry here.

This reads like a fairy tale. In our annual statement or report on business it is stated that it has passed the experimental stage, and the experience of some of our customers bears this out.

One of the large ranches formed a little less than a year ago, have guaranteed a dividend of forty per cent, and have sold enough from the natural increase on the ranch to more than pay this. Another ranch of lesser proportions has had sufficient natural increase to pay several hundred per cent to the original holders, but are forming a larger company, and paying a smaller dividend.

I know of one case where a party bought a pair of foxes for \$18,000 and the natural increase was five. He has sold one pair of them for nearly that amount, and has the three young ones and the old pair which are valued at \$20,000.

We shall be pleased to answer any inquiries you may make in the interests of your customers.

Yours truly,
J. C. HENSLEY, Manager.

BOSTON MAN INTERESTED

Fred J. Taber, who has a voting residence in this city, but whose office is in Boston, was much interested when he learned that a ranch for breeding silver black foxes was being established at Mirror Lake. Mr. Taber is a stockholder in the Canada-Atlantic Fox and Fur Co., which has at Charlottetown, P. E. I., the largest pedigree ranch in the world. It is stocked with 80 pedigree foxes, which are expected to breed from 120 to 140 pups this season. Options on the 1914 product were long since sold, and the company could not begin to supply the demands. Mr. Taber says that a silver black fox is worth \$9000 when ten months old, while cross and patch foxes are worth from \$3000 to \$10,000. The Bank of Nova Scotia last year paid dividends amounting to more than \$6,000,000 to stockholders of fox breeding companies with which it had dealings. Mr. Taber's company is capitalized at \$1,000,000 and stock to the amount of \$750,000 has been issued.—Courier-Gazette.

FOX DIVIDENDS DECLARED TO DATE

Published Daily With Additions as Declared.

| Ranch | Authorized Capital | Dividend Per Cent |
|--|--------------------|-------------------|
| Bunbury, | \$100,000 | 320 |
| Spring Park, | 90,000 | 145 |
| Peerless, | 20,000 | 900 |
| Prospect, | 60,000 | 369 |
| Smith, | 150,000 | 40 |
| Dalton, | 625,000 | 40 |
| Silver Tip, | 25,000 | 95 |
| Murray Har., | 50,000 | 200 |
| Magie, | 30,000 | 172 |
| Eureka, | 190,000 | 60 |
| Riverside Farming Co., | 50,000 | 225 |
| Maritime, | 40,000 | 31 |
| (Paid in cash with one fox still for sale) | | |
| Royalty, | 90,000 | 240 |
| Magnet, | 50,000 | 340 |
| O. Leary, | 40,000 | 20 |
| Pioneer, | 100,000 | 225 |
| North Shore, | 100,000 | 25 |
| Rosemont, | 10,000 | 1000 |

The average dividend of these companies is 244 6-19 per cent.—Guardian, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada.

OUR GROWING TIME

It is impossible to foresee what may follow the introduction of any industry. A few years ago when the investments in the fox business amounted to a few hundred thousand the complaint was made that, as an industry, it would benefit only the few who were directly interested in it, that it would give employment to only a few men.

Investments in the business have since gone well into the millions and, as a direct result, a very large proportion of the business of the province has undergone a revelation. The large amount of money that has found its way into circulation has touched very profitably the business of our merchants in town and country; railway passenger traffic last year was the largest in the history of the province; steamer traffic to and from the Island was similarly increased and as a result the hotels reaped a larger harvest than usual. Increased business in the stores and in the hotels means increase of employment and consequently increased pay to employees.

The other day in the Legislature, Premier Mathieson explained the delay in submitting copies to the Public Accounts, by the fact that it had been found absolutely impossible to get the accounts printed owing to the rush of work in all the printing offices. It is a well known fact, among the printers, that job work is now being sent to the neighboring provinces because of the impossibility of getting it done here. This rush of work has grown out of the fox business and has been largely added to by the oyster business.—Editorial in the P. E. Island Guardian, April 6, 1914.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

Submitted by the directors of "The Charles Dalton Silver Black Fox Company, Limited" to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Company held in the Kindergarten Hall, Charlottetown, on Tuesday, the 14th day of October, A. D., 1913.

Ladies and Gentlemen: At the close of the Company's first season's operations, your Director's report as follows:

The Company's sale of young foxes, the produce of 1913, after payment of

all expenses, netted the sum of \$254,139.04, which will enable the Company, in addition to their running expenses, to pay a dividend of 40 per cent, which payment they recommend.

"That the fox industry has been taken as more than a passing venture by the people of Prince Edward Island and by the Provincial Government is shown by the published directorates of various companies and by the advertisements of the local Government over the name of Premier Mathieson. Such men as his Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Hon. Benjamin Rogers, Hon. Murdock McKinnon, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. Charles Dalton, Hon. John Agnew, Hon. John Richards, Sir Louis Davis and others of prominence, have taken an active interest in the fox business, and a number of these gentlemen are acting as directors, and in some cases as Presidents of newly formed companies.

"Three successive years of large profits have demonstrated that silver fox breeding is by far the most lucrative live stock industry in the world today, and the confidence in its future by those engaged in it was never before so strong and firm as it is now.

"Your Directors have made inquiries from leading furriers in the United States and England, as to the probable permanence of the market for furs, and from the replies received are convinced that the demand cannot be overtaken for many years, if at all.

"It may surprise some to learn of the immense fur production of North America, even at present, after centuries of hunting have depleted our forests and waters. We kill each year 8,000,000 muskrats, 1,500,000 skunks, 400,000 ermines, 200,000 red foxes, 120,000 martens, 80,000 beavers, 50,000 housecats, 90,000 lynx, 60,000 mink, besides other fur-bearing animals, up to a total value of no less than \$24,000,000.

"The output of the remainder of the world is divided as follows:

| | | |
|---------------------|-------|-------------|
| South America, | about | \$2,000,000 |
| Australia, | about | 6,000,000 |
| Europe, | about | 24,000,000 |
| Africa and Oceania, | about | 2,000,000 |
| Asia, | about | 25,000,000 |

These figures are estimated, but may be accepted as approximately correct."

Extracts from the annual report of the famous Charles Dalton ranch.

Maine Fur Ranching Company

PAR VALUE, \$25,

ALL COMMON STOCK

DIRECTORS

President, GEORGE C. VAUGHAN,

President of the Salem Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

HON. OBADIAH GARDNER,

Member International Joint Commission

Treasurer, WM. S. NICHOLS, Salem, Mass.,

Treasurer of Salem Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

Managing Director, R. L. CLEVELAND,

West Rockport, Maine

Chartered Accountant, WM. DILLON,

56 Congress St., Boston

Transfer Agents

Salem Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

Mirror Lake, West Rockport, Me

Resident Attorney, EDWARD C. PAYSON, Rockland, Me.

CUT OUT AND MAIL

MAINE FUR RANCHING COMPANY,
West Rockport, Maine,

I am interested in fur farming and should be pleased to receive further information regarding your company.

Name.....

Address.....

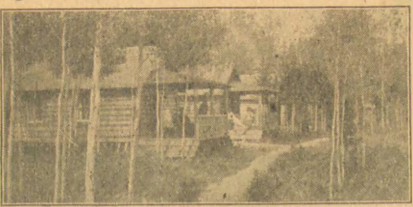
APPLICATIONS FOR STOCK

A limited amount of stock in the Maine Fur Ranching Company may be purchased.

Par value, twenty five dollars. Checks should be made payable to Wm. S. Nichols, Treasurer, and mailed to the Maine Fur Ranching Co., West Rockport, Maine.

Where To Go In Maine

Lake Parlin House and Camps



Write for booklet.

H. P. McKENNEY, Proprietor,

Jackman, Maine

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

COME TO OTTER POND

And get the best large Trout and Salmon fishing in the state through May and June. For particulars write

George H. McKenney, Prop., Caratunk, Maine.

ROWE POND CAMPS

Opened when the ice is out. One of the best places in Maine for real Log Cabin Life, any time of the season. Good clean beds, board and boats.

Write for booklets to

H. W. MAXFIELD, Prop., Rowe Pond, Maine.

YORK CAMPS, RANGELEY, MAINE- J. LEWIS YORK, Prop.

FISHING

AT

John Carville's Camps at Spring Lake

Salmon, square tailed and lake trout. My camps are most charmingly situated on the shores of Spring Lake, well furnished, excellent beds, purest of spring water and the table is first-class, elevation 1,500 feet above sea level, grandest scenery and pure mountain air. Hay fever and malaria unknown. Spring Lake furnishes excellent lake trout and salmon fishing and in the neighboring streams and ponds are abundance of brook trout. Buckboard roads only 2-12 miles. An ideal family summer resort. Telephone communications with Allagash and doctory. References furnished. Terms reasonable. Address for full particulars, JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Me.

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

JIM POND CAMPS

IN DEAD RIVER REGION.

Good fishing. Three miles buckboard road. Telephone. Daily Mail. Write for booklet.

M. M. GREEN & BROS.,

Jim Pond Camps, Eustis, Me.

WEST END HOTEL

H. M. CASTNER, Prop'r. Portland, Maine

Thoroughly first class. The hotel for Maine vacationists, tourists and sports men. All farm, dairy products, pork and poultry from our own farm, enabling us to serve only fresh vegetables, meats, butter, cream, eggs, etc. American plan. Send for circular.

FISHING

Write

Camps at Long Pond. Many out-lying ponds, S. C. HARDEN, Rangeley, Maine

MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC HOUSE AND LOG CAMPS. Heart of the Rangeleys. Best fishing region. Special June and September rates. Booklet. MRS. F. B. BURNS.

DEAD RIVER REGION

The Sargent. Up-to-date in every particular. Maine's ideal family vacation resort. Good fishing and hunting section. Cuisine unsurpassed. E. F. Look, Prop'r, Eustis, Maine.

OUANANICHE LODGE

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

RANGELEY LAKES

Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER, Bemis, Maine.

VIA RUMFORD FALLS

Best Salmon and Trout Fishing in Maine. Fly fishing begins about June 1. Send for circular. House always open. JOHN CHADWICK & CO., Upper Dam, Maine.

BELEGRADE LAKES, MAINE.

The Belgrade. Best Sportmen's Hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world, best trout fishing in Maine.

CHAS. N. HILL & SON, Managers.

RANGELEY LAKES.

Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone connections at camps. Two mails daily. Write for free circulars to

AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r.,

Maine

CHASE POND CAMPS. Now is the time to plan your 1914 outing. Why not take a trip to the real Pine Woods? Camps reached same day from Boston. Good trout fishing, mountain climbing, boating, canoeing. Good log cabins. Rates reasonable. Write for booklet. GUY CHADOURNE, Prop., Bingham, Maine

CANADA SEES MILLIONS IN FOX FARMING.

By Robert H. Moulton

At the present price for silver-black fox skins a man possessing a source of supply would become a millionaire in a few years. Here therefore, is a real legitimate "Wallingford" enterprise which opens a field of industry that seems destined to become one of the best paying businesses on the North American continent. The scheme is nothing more nor less than the raising of silver-black foxes, and it has reached the stage where it may be regarded as an addition to the already long list of occupations.

The scene of this new gamble is Eastern Canada, and it beats the mining game for excitement. Fox raising has become a craze; men of wealth are heavily concerned in it, and the little fellows are trailing along, hoping for some of the crumbs.

The Province of Prince Edward Island, which has long had the name of the "Garden of the Gulf," and has been famous for its oats, has been turned practically into one vast fox ranch, and land in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec is being requisitioned for the new venture. The final object of it all, of course, is to market the pelts, but no one has dared to kill a fox for market in the last two years. The world record price of a silver fox skin is \$3,000, whereas the last recorded price for live silver foxes was \$30,000 a pair.

Aside from the beauty of the silver-black fox fur, its rarity has helped to keep the price up. The market reports show that the average production for the past ten years has been less than one hundred pelts a year and many of these skins have been imperfect. The problem, therefore, for raising and breeding in captivity such valuable animals is one that has exercised the mind of many an expert trapper and student of the wild. Owing to their extreme sensitiveness silver foxes are very difficult to rear, notwithstanding their hardness.

A perfect skin has a foundation of jet black, with a sprinkling of hairs on the back and rumps which are silver gray for a portion of the distance between the root and the tip of the hair. The extremity of the tail is always pure white. The brilliancy and sheen of a fine pelt give it a notable richness. In fact, it has been estimated by furriers that if black fox skins were as plentiful as those of the red fox, they would still command from \$20 to \$100, while red fox skins are quoted in current commercial price lists at \$5 to \$8 for ordinary specimens, and from \$12 to \$15 for those of Prince Edward Island. The cost of enough raw skins to make a fur coat may be guessed, when it is stated that the average weight of a healthy animal is only eleven or twelve pounds.

The start of the new industry began in this way: About twenty-five years ago Charles Dalton of Tignish, Prince Edward Island, secured a pair of silver-black foxes that had been captured on the Island, and tried to breed them in floored buildings, but he was not very successful. He gave one of his whelps to Robert Oulton of Alberton, Prince Edward Island, who began to raise them out of doors in pens about seventy-five feet square. This proved to be the proper method and soon the two men were making a fortune out of the business. The neighbors noticed that Dalton and Oulton were becoming rich, but for a long time they kept the secret of their success in raising foxes, and allowed no one to go near the pens. Their secret could not be concealed always and after a time others began to start fox ranches.

As the science of breeding became established, the tremendous possibilities of fox ranching appealed to the speculative tendencies of the "Islanders," and the industry advanced at a great pace. The island supply of wild foxes was soon exhausted, and the word was passed through the Northern woods that a silver-black fox trapped alive was worth many trapped dead.

At present nearly 1,000 foxes are kept in pens on the farms of the island. At least 600 of them are of the silver-black variety. They are not to be slaughtered and the pelts sent to London, which is the great clearing house of the fur trade. They are to be nurtured carefully, awaiting a market from men eager to

get into the new game. Dead, their pelts would bring close to \$1,000,000. Their value as breeders at the present way things are going is more than \$4,500,000.

The silver-black fox in captivity has had the approval of royalty. The Governor General, the Duke of Connaught, and his daughter, the Princess Patricia, in their tour of Canada last summer, made special visits to ranches owned by Dr. Alexander MacNeill at Summerside, Prince Edward Island. One of Dr. MacNeill's new ranches was formally named St. Patrick by the Princess. Describing his part in the industry Mr. MacNeill said: "Three years ago, with two partners, Allen and Saunders, I started to raise silver-black foxes. We bought one pair of young silver-blacks for \$4,000, and they didn't breed that year. The following year we bought five and a half pairs at from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a pair. We raised fifteen young foxes that year and sold them all the way from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a pair. There are from two to eight whelps in a litter, but rarely more than seven."

"We have now in St. Patrick's Ranch fourteen pairs of silver-black foxes. These are of the highest value as breeders. It is really difficult to say just what they are worth. We have two or three pairs that we would not part with for any amount of money, and they are certainly worth \$30,000 a pair. We would not kill any foxes for their fur while there is such a demand for breeding purposes, and the demand is rapidly increasing in different parts of the world, especially in Russia. We expect the demand will continue to increase for several years.

"St. Patrick's Ranch is within two miles of my home in the city of Summerside. Our ranch is five hundred and fifty feet long and three hundred and thirty feet wide, and is situated in a forest of soft and hard wood. Outside of the enclosure we dug a trench two feet wide, and filled it, with small pieces of wood cut from underbrush, down to hard-pan earth about three feet below the surface of the ground. Next we erected a fence of strong wire with a two-inch web. This fence extends from three feet below the surface of the earth at the bottom of the trench to eleven feet above it.

"The fence is attached to posts ten feet apart. We nailed boards five inches wide and two inches thick to the tops of the posts, and to these boards we nailed a wide flange of wire which turns in. This is to prevent the foxes from jumping out.

"A sort of hallway extends the whole length of the ranch through the center, and the cages are situated on both sides of the hall. Each cage is forty-four feet long and thirty feet wide, and each harbors one pair of foxes. There are two wire screens between the cages, or pens, made of one-inch web, and a three-inch space between the screens, so that the animals cannot get their paws through and injure on another. There is also a two-inch plank set edgewise into the ground and firmly cemented at the bottom, so that the foxes cannot burrow out.

"We feed our foxes twice a day on beef, and twice a week on milk. The cows which furnish the milk and the animals which supply the meat are all submitted to the tuberculin test to avoid the possibility of the animals contracting tuberculosis. The foxes also have biscuit and milk twice a week and raw eggs once a day. The adults get one-quarter of a pound of beef at a feeding. The whelps live on milk and biscuit, chiefly their mothers' milk."

Another big ranch in Prince Edward Island is Park Farm Ranch, which has been financed by some men whose previous activities were centered in department stores. This ranch now holds about \$200,000 worth of silver-black foxes.

The ranch consists of five acres of hardwood grove on a hillside overlooking the Summerside harbor. The grove is enclosed by a board fence twelve feet high. The timber is birch, beech, maple and a little spruce. The soil is the ordinary red, sandy loam common to the island, and furnishes the dry clean ground in which the fox delights to burrow. A bewildering maze of special fox netting divides the grove into thirty runs or warrens. In the center of each warren is the breeding kennel, which is constructed on scientific lines that experience

has taught is the most advantageous. Provision is made to keep the dog foxes, or males, in separate enclosures at times when their presence would be too disturbing to the growing young.

Nothing that will prevent mishap to the baby foxes has been overlooked in building these kennels. The entrance is by a covered runway from the ground. The interior is divided into two compartments. The outer compartment is the mother fox sitting-room, and the inner, her bedroom. The bedroom has a sloping interior roof and a round, high entrance. Inside, the bottom is rounded, like a bowl, with sufficient depth to keep the little foxes from falling out before their eyes are open. The bedroom, usually called the nest, is interlined with pulverized cork to keep out dampness, and is surrounded by air chambers for ventilation.

There is a certain amount of ingenuity in keeping the wily fox within an inclosure. The warren inclosures are made by a specially prepared heavy netting, and for some distance above the ground and down to the subsoil there is a closer barricade. In building the inclosures, trenches about five feet deep are dug, planks are placed on edge or cement set in, the wire is built perpendicularly from this base, and the surface earth packed in again. When Mr. Fox starts on his burrowing, he goes down as far as the hard-pan and finds the resistance of wire all the way along the bounds of his inclosure. He soon discovers that there is no underground way out and thereafter confines his sub-surface wanderings to the center of the inclosure.

If a fox should escape from his warren, say at feeding time, when the keeper may carelessly leave the gate open, he will encounter a wire hazard that rounds the entire ranch; and although this is not as carefully constructed as the individual inclosures. It serves to keep the fox busy until his absence is discovered and he is recaptured.

Men all over Eastern Canada are figuring on fox profits. Those who haven't foxes figure what would happen if they could only find the price of a pair. Just suppose one did have a pair? In one year, with luck, they would produce a litter of from three to seven. The second year, by cross-breeding and exchange with other breeders, this number would be increased to about 12. The third year would show thirty-six in his pens, and if luck kept up there would be 110 at the end of the fourth year. Five years' breeding and exchange might bring the number up to 330, and six to nearly 1,000. Then he would be worth more than \$7,000,000 if the present prices were maintained and the quality of the foxes was of the highest.

Foxes breed but one a year and are generally believed to be monogamous. They mate the first season, when less than a year old, and may continue to breed until they are ten years old. The care which breeders take to keep the foxes free from outside disturbances in the mating period is the result of costly experience. Once the young have their eyes open, which is from nineteen days to a month after birth, there is not much danger. Before that time, if the mother fox suspects danger, she will move the whelps about continually until they are badly injured or die of exposure.

The wise fox farmer arranges to leave foxes very much alone at whelping time. A plentiful supply of food has been put in the pen in advance and he sees to it that no prying persons get within sound. For weeks he is in a state of exquisite expectancy. He may only guess how many foxes, which he may sell later for from \$10,000 to \$30,000 pair, are in the new litter. When the pups are from four to six weeks old they begin to come out and play, and from a safe post of observation he may attempt to count them and appraise his merits. But he will not succeed very well, for not all of them come out at once. They keep running in and out, with the father constantly on guard, ready to let loose, sharp yelps of warning if danger threatens.

After two months the farmer regards the litter as safe. He may take the pups from the mother or leave them for the full six months which they will nurse if left alone. The little foxes are easy to wear, taking to bread and milk with all the avidity of a human baby.

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