

## Steel Lined REMINGTON SPEED SHELLS UMC



### Arrow and Nitro Club

Everybody calls them "The Speed Shells", for short.

Steel Lined, all the explosive force kept back of the shot. No side expansion. A straight-away blow that gets the load there quick. You take a shorter lead on the fast birds—get more of them.

To get the Speed Shells be sure to see the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC on every box.

To keep your gun cleaned and lubricated right, use Rem Oil, the new powder solvent, rust preventative, and gun lubricant.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.  
299 Broadway, New York

## ALL AROUND THE STATE

Two hunters at the Union station Bangor were reminded of their experiences in the woods on seeing the carcasses of two moose on an express truck. One man while hunting, noticed what he thought was a man in the woods, and strangely enough, the man wore a white sweater, apparently. The hunter thought to himself, "He must be a novice, wearing a white sweater in that vicinity."

"Guess, I'll be still here a minute for fear he might shoot." The hunter remained quiet for a while, then shouted "Hello." No answer. Again, "He'lo" and then the form started off. The hunter began to be suspicious and started to find out what it was. Just

as he got out of the thick woods, he saw that the man in the white sweater was really an albino buck, almost perfectly white from tip to tail. When the hunter returned to camp that night, it was with bitterness in his heart, and he denounced the men in the camp for not telling him about the white buck, whose whereabouts were well known in that vicinity.

Roland Gray of Stockton arrived in Bangor from Patten near which station he succeeded in obtaining two deer, both small. Mr. Gray reports that deer are not very plenty up there, and he saw no moose at all.

Reports of killing many deer by wild cats are being received from the woods. It is stated that in parts of the game territory it is not uncommon to find deep in some secluded swamp or swale the skeleton of a big deer

which has been picked clean by wild animals. A Portland newspaper says that something should be done in this matter, but it appears that the state fish and game commission is already doing all in its power to rid the state of bob-cats, loupervier and Canada lynx. The statute provides, that a bounty of \$4 shall be paid for every such animal killed in any town. The hunter must exhibit the entire skin thereof, with the ears, nose and tail thereon, to the town treasurer of any town, who then forwards the tail to the state commissioners of inland fisheries and game at Augusta.

Chief Game Warden E. D. Harwood of Augusta reported to the Fish and Game Department the payment of a fine of \$14 by G. B. Blake, for the illegal transportation of partridges. These partridges were shipped in violation of law—being consigned to a party out of the state—from North Belgrade station and were seized by the inspector at Portland.

A fine specimen of bear was received by the Fish and Game Department having been shot in Shirley by Roswell P. Greeley of Yarmouth. The meat was sent to Young's market in Augusta to be disposed of and the skin will be mounted by Curator James of the State Museum and will eventually be placed in the museum.

A hunting party in which were Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Genthner and E. S. Marden, returned to Augusta from a trip of a few days in the Rangeley region, making the journey by automobile, and report that they had fine weather and a good time. That they did something in the hunting line was evidenced by the fact that they brought home two does attached to their car.

## GET READY TO DEN EARLY

### "Cloud Digger" Predicts Worst Winter In a Hundred Years.

We shall hope to hear from some weather prophet who will give us a more cheery prophecy for the coming winter than the one below which we copied from the Bangor Daily News. "PACKERVILLE, CONN., Nov. 9.—For twenty years the residents of Eastern Connecticut have put great confidence in the semi-annual predictions of a local weather wise one, who has so far succeeded in concealing his identity under the name of "The Cloud Digger."

The great storms of February 11 and 14 and March 1 last year were among the correct predictions. On November 1 he came out with a season's predictions, saying "we are fast nearing the worst winter in a hundred years. It will begin early. Not only will Christmas be a white one, but Thanksgiving in New England will be a white one also. The snowfall of the coming winter will be the greatest in half a century. Good sleighing may be looked for from Thanksgiving Day up to the middle of March, with no bare ground in sight. Ice can be cut before December 1 and from then on until March. Game birds and animals will be destroyed by the hard winter and there will be much suffering among the poor.

The health of our state will be generally good, much better than in open winter weather.

There are thousands of persons who read and cut out the cloud diggers' predictions and hundreds, if not thousands, have the greatest confidence in their accuracy."

## BUTTERFLIES

and moths wanted for collages. Highest prices paid. Outdoor send 2¢ stamp. Get complete book of instructions and details. Los Angeles Cal.

## A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD AT WEST CARRY POND CAMPS

### Arrives Here En Route to England to Fight--- Brother of Pretender to French Throne

Much interest was aroused in this section when it was learned that a French Count was coming to Maine for a hunting trip and that his destination would be the West Carry Pond Camps, owned and run by R. B. Taylor.

Monday H. R. H. Prince Ferdinand de Bourbon Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, arrived in Portland with his private physician and a retinue of servants and took quarters at the Congress Square hotel.

Tuesday in a private car with a Maine Central official he started for the Maine woods.

They stopped Tuesday night at the Kingfield House en route for West Carry Lake Camps where they remain two weeks for the hunting. Supt. F. N. Beal of the Phillips & Rangeley Lakes Railroad was in charge of the party after reaching Farmington which came on from Portland by special car. Upon leaving camp the Duke will repair to New York and take immediate passage to join the English navy in which he is enlisted. Other members of the party are Dr. Polzat de Garente, private physician of H. R. H. the prince, Capt. H. E. Morton of California, an American, late captain of the Mongolia and of the private yacht of the Duke, the "Mekong," besides several servants. The Duke has been in this country four times before in Maine. Being on a tour of the world at the time the war broke out and at that time Yokohama he immediately offered his yacht which carries six guns and is equipped with wireless apparatus to the British and French ambassadors and the offer was accepted. He had offered his services to France but being of the royal family of the Pretender to the throne they were declined. His route from Yokohama was to San Francisco, through Canada to Montreal to Portland.

He has toured all parts of the world but never before in Maine, he toured all parts of the Orient and his time has been passed in out door sports as he is a lover of the wild and would rather roam in the jungle and woods than do anything else. The Duke is first and last a sportsman and but for the present war would still be touring the world. He is a well set up, broad shouldered gentleman, and one would hardly suspect him of being a brother of the Pretender. He has shot all kinds of game and it is now his ambition to shoot a deer in Maine. He is well equipped for that business as we understand he has 64 rifles and shot guns of every description. Some of them of the finest mechanism, so fine in fact, that one of the dealers in Portland would not attempt to repair one of the firearms when it was taken to him for a little work. His baggage will outnumber that of any lady who is en route for the most fashionable resort as he brought 15 or 20 pieces of baggage with him and left numberless trunks in Portland.

Mr. Beal says they are all the true gentlemen, being most pleasant and agreeable to meet. It is certainly quite an honor the Count has conferred on Maine and Mr. Taylor of West Carry Pond Camps can feel flattered that his camps were selected as their stopping place. It is seldom that we can expect to have a real Count

visit, and it is hoped that he will get game and go away loud in his praises of Maine as a hunting resort.

Three guides, Ed. Jones of Stratton, Guy Jones and Will Viles of Flagstaff have been engaged as guides, and we understand they are among the best and can lead the Count to game if anyone can, but we predict if the Count carries out any trophies of the hunt, it will be by his own skill, as he has shot all kinds of game and prefers to do his own shooting and is a true sportsman in every sense of the word.

It was pretty cold weather that greeted them on their arrival in camp and the party all looked pretty frost bitten when they arrived at their destination. They went in a special car as far as Carrabasset and from there by automobile. Arrangements have been made for a sleeping car from Farmington direct to New York on his return.

The hunting conditions are more favorable than they have been as there was a light fall of snow Wednesday morning.

Dr. Gerente has been in the service of the Duke some three years and Capt. Morton a like time, acting as sailing master of his yacht until she was given over to the English government at the outbreak of hostilities.

Through the genial French physician, the family of the Duke is herewith given:

The father of the Duke was the late Count of Paris and his mother Infanta Isabella of Spain, who is now living. His brothers and sisters are: I., Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, Pretender to the throne of France.

II., Queen Amelia of Portugal, widow of the King Don Carlos, mother of the young King Manuel of Portugal.

III., Princess Helene of Orleans, married the Duke d'Aoste, cousin of the King of Italy.

IV., Princess Isabelle of Orleans, married the Duke de Guise, 2nd son of Duke de Chartres.

V., Princes Louise of Orleans, married to Don Carlos, brother-in-law by the marriage to King Alfonso of Spain.

VI., Duc de Montpensier, the youngest, 30 years old, and at present in Maine, who is to fight for England and the Allies against the German invasion.

Thus it will be seen that the family to which the Duke belongs is a notable one not only in France but with connections in other parts of Europe.

Asked why the Duke could not be allowed to fight for France in such a time as this, Dr. Gerente said the laws of France prohibit a Prince of the blood or any member of his family to serve France. The royal guest in Maine being a direct descendant of those who last ruled France, the country being to-day as everyone knows a Republic.

### GETS A SILVER GRAY FOX

Frank W. Whitney of Farmington, brought in a silver gray fox recently, which he shot in the woods near Fairbanks. The fox is a large male, well furred and although the market for raw furs is somewhat demoralized by the European war several dealers are bidding for Whitney's prize, which he values at more than \$500.

**GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE**  
September fishing at Kennebago is the best to be had in Maine. Grant's Camps are located at and near the best fishing grounds. We shall keep open during the hunting season. Write us for reservations.  
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Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain on Mooselookme-guntic Lake. Near the best fishing grounds. First class steamboat connections—Auto road to camps—Telephone connections—Two mails daily—Write for free circular.  
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DEAD RIVER REGION  
AS A  
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This territory is unsurpassed in Maine. It is easy of access and nearly all the camps are open through the Hunting Season. Deer, Bear, Partridge, Duck and small game are very abundant.

**The SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD**  
Issues a descriptive booklet of this territory, containing map of entire region, which will be furnished upon application to  
**F. N. BEAL,** General Manager, Phillips, Maine.



## FOUR DAYS WITH WM. TELL CLUB

### Adventures and Happy Days In Northern Maine

The William Tell Club, of Lewiston, went into camp at Spencer Pond, Moosehead, Friday, Oct. 23, 1914. It was its 21st annual trip.

The party was smaller than it had been in any other year since 1910; but it suffered nothing therefrom, either in comfort, enjoyment or comradeship. Those who went have enjoyed fine weather and good accommodation and while they regretted the absence of the several club members, those who went have been knit the more closely together. As a result, it will probably henceforth be the policy of the club to confine the personnel more closely to club members—all of whom are good hunters and good friends.

It was a clear, sharp morning, Friday, when they left the upper Maine Central station in Lewiston. The party was as follows: C. C. Wilson of Auburn, president of the club; R. J. Hodgson, secretary; H. B. Estes, M. J. Googin, H. M. Cadmus, Ezra H. White, Edward M. Lowell, A. G. Staples, George R. Hall of Lewiston and Auburn; George M. Parks and W. W. Fiske of Providence, R. I.; Dr. W. W. Journeay of Boston, Mass.; Henry McCusker of East Braintree, Mass.; Capt. Pendleton of Searsport; Archie B. Kierstead of Groveton, N. H.; the chef, Ralph Cuddy of Portland, and the two cookees. Byron Boyd of Augusta joined the party at Oakland and made the trip to the shore of Spencer Bay, returning to Kineo that night—all in all a party of eighteen, whereas the party of 1913 numbered thirty-three. Of the 1914 party Capt. Pendleton was the only invited guest. Game Inspector Jones went in with the club from Oakland to Kineo, combining business with pleasure, quitting William Tell club as the special boat, with the club aboard put off into the lake. The game inspector found a lot of Masonic friends in the party and they will always regard him as one of them.

It seemed good to see the top of old Spencer Peak against the October day. The lake sparkled in a bright sun under a brisk breeze.

The water was low and the captain of the steamer "Kineo" seemed to look upon the shoals of Spencer Bay as something of a danger. A scow loaded with the supplies was towed along-side the steamer. Most of the boys camped out on this, in the sunshine, and here ate their luncheon. As it was Friday the chief uncovered a box of lobsters packed in ice. It certainly does no harm to eat lobster on Friday whatever your religious scruples about meat. After luncheon, someone fixed up a target in the end of the scow and at once the sharpshooters began to burn powder. Archie Kierstead distinguished himself by shooting the top off a hat-box that seemed to loom up before him and the crack shot of the party, Secretary Hodgson, rang the bell every other shot.

It was 3.30 when the nose of the scow grated on the pebbles at the old wangan, south of Spencer Brook. All nature seemed to be in tune. Loons were crying in the distance; the chickadees sang in the tree-tops; belated crows flew over high in air; flocks of ducks were winging south. On the shore, waiting alongside their canoes, the guides were assembled and the tote-team bell jangled by the log camp at the entrance to the tote-road.

The first question was, "Is the stream high enough for the canoes?"

The answer to this meant everything; for if it were not, every piece of hand baggage would need to be taken three miles into camp by tote-trains. If it were high, the guides could load their canoes and adroitly and speedily pole them to the very door of the camp.

The answer was "Yes," and, with a shout of joy, everyone debarked and leaving all behind set forth into the forest ways.

Nothing is finer than this first walk each year in the deep woods. The road to William Tell is good walking. You can make it in patent-leathers without damaging them. But it is none the less through a deep forest, amid mighty trees, over a road by which supplies have been sacked to numberless logging camps whose roads radiate from the junctions like the ten fingers on your hand. Nobody hurried. Every ten minutes there was a halt at some old fallen spruce that stretched along the road. And here pipes were lit or stories told. Time enough to get into camp. Better get there as the shadows fall, for then it seems more like coming home after the day's hunt!

And so they fared along; the sun

sinking lower so that here and there it could occasionally be seen like a golden platter through the trees; though for the most part they walked in the shadow. It came finally to be the edge of dusk, when they came to the little hill that drops to the stream crossed by a little bridge maintained by William Tell at the door of its camps. And then lo! They emerged from the forests, saw the stream itself shining in the afterglow and lifted their eyes to see the lights of the old camp spelling "Home Again!"

One by one as night fell the club wandered into camp. One by one the canoe men could be heard singing their songs as they poled up the stream and landed at the foot of the knoll. And when at last all were gathered about the roaring fire of the "big camp," and the chef was rattling the dishes; and the lanterns were out; and the flag up and the beds were made; it seemed good and they were all contented.

One of the pleasantest things in camp is the first supper, which is always baked beans prepared in advance by one of the guides. As the club gathered about the tables they found twenty all told—guides at one table, sports at another. In reference to tradition and memory of the first president, D. M. Parks, an old hymn (somewhat paraphrased) is sung at each first supper and sung not in levity but in reverence and humanity:

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
And kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these poor hearts of ours.

And then it is a quick general frontal attack upon the food all along the line. No meal at the most famous restaurant in the world ever surpassed the first supper in William Tell camp.

Saturday came in with a clear dawn and a brisk north wind which swept Spencer Pond into whitecaps. E. M. Lowell, who passed the summer on Big Spencer in a lookout which can be faintly seen in a clear day, as a white dot far up the side of the mountain miles away, says that Spencer Pond has peculiar characteristics as to winds.

"I have looked down on all the lakes at my feet countless times this summer, morning, noon and night. Again and again, have I seen Lobster Lake a mirror, the big lake (Moosehead) comparatively calm; Chesuncook, like a silver platter, as Thoreau puts it, but Spencer was always ruffled. It seemed as though the wind were always blowing on it. It got to be mysterious, sort of on my nerves."

This day was no exception. Setting out in the morning with Dr. White at 9 a. m., we pulled, with the wind, along the rollers into South brook. Dr. White toted a Savage. I toted a miniature cannon, a big 10-gauge L. C. Smith duck gun. The ducks rose from the sedges of South brook—left, right, with whirling of wings that stir the blood. Bang! Bang! Not a feather! We land at what we learn is Sid Young's new tote-road that passes up between the mountains to his winter's operations. It is easy walking; but burdened with my 40-centimetre howitzer, a leather vest, sweater, mackinaw and pockets full of shells, it was some stunt to leave a sedentary life so abruptly.

But after all, there's nothing like it. The air is like wine. The sun is strong and invigorative. The earth is soft and springy under foot. The way is full of marvels. There are unknown and unseen beasts beyond the bend in the road and ever beyond. We come to old familiar places. Here is where we stopped to rest a year ago. Someone has been cutting here! The smallest detail of change seems somehow to be noticeable. It is fine to walk because you can enjoy your rest. At last we reach an old camp, deserted and tumbled in. All around it runs a riot of fluffy Indian weed, and in a row stand sentinel-like mullen stalks; for weeds and ornamental things always spring up where man has dwelt. We stop at the purling brook, water cold as ice, and having come three miles or so, we turn back for the three miles home, since six miles are enough to begin on. Not a deer nor a sign. Thank the Lord, for I should hate to break the record of having gone hunting ten years in succession, and of having never so much as shot at a deer. Further than this, never have I seen but

one, when I had a gun, and she stood, flitted her tail at us—audacious matron, at whom we would not have aimed a gun for a kingdom. Anything in the world I dread it is the thought of being some time foolish enough to kill a deer.

For an innovation and for other reasons, William Tell introduced the portable motor into Spencer Pond this year and thus for the first time, since the world began, old Spencer Mountain was insulted by the putt-putt of gasoline. It was hitched to a Rangeley boat and it worked well—in the water—this latter observation being mentioned for reasons which will appear. After a few mishaps the Rangeley boat was paddled out over the shoals that bar the mouth of the stream and a company of intrepid voyageurs set sail into the gale. The trip was an unqualified success. George Hall was captain and engineer, and R. J. Hodgson was engineer and captain. There were only two passengers and they took general charge of everything, captains and engineers inclusive. The putt-putt echoed from the mountains. The passengers warned the engineers and pilots to keep out of the lily pads. They did not obey. Disaster overtook them in mid-ocean, where the waves beat high. Nothing moved but the lily pads. Herod application of Mr. Hall, to the cause, elicited a feeble sputter and at last a continuous ejaculation until the shore was reached and the eel grass removed from the propeller. They skirted the shore and lifted the flocks of shel-drake. One flew across the bow, the passenger drew bead, the duck-gun banged and lo! the duck stubbed her toe and Capt. Pendleton warmly applauded yours truly as he picked up the bird with a paddle.

The next day Mr. Hodgson, having learned all that anyone could really be expected to learn about running a motor, discharged Mr. Hall and took charge of the motor boating. He invited Mr. Estes, Mr. Lowell and the writer to accompany him on a tour of the shores of the pond. First off, we skidded over a sunken reef and got away with it. Afar off, we spied ducks on some rocks. It looked like clear water between them. It was; but there wasn't enough of it. The boat reared up in the middle. One of us who was sitting low down in the boat was thrown up like an English cruiser on the crest of a submarine explosion and when it was over and four pale and frightened motorists found themselves afloat, it was with grateful but submissive hearts that they turned the prow homeward and saw Mr. Lowell take the cars and pull.

Without advertising more than is necessary to the admirations and "I-told-you-so's"; without discussing the distinct and emphatic assertions by the elder school of philosophy; without detailing each conversation in which it was laid down as a cardinal principle of William Tell that motor-boats are no fit things for heroes or hunters on Spencer Pond, the whole thing resolved itself into this—the propeller was twisted and the motor wouldn't go. The only reply to the general proposition was that motor-boats occasionally ran into rocks in the ocean and that it was necessary to have a pilot on Spencer Pond the same as in the Atlantic. And Bob was no pilot. We accordingly discharged him; re-engaged George Hall; repaired the motor and for the rest of the trip it went putt-putting-on, waking the echoes and hauling the rest of us, who so far as paddling or rowing went, lived the life of the butterfly. For my part, there is no fun like a sunset, on the smooth lake, with the motor-boat trudging along toward home. It beats the white-ash breeze.

Every year a party of us go after the ducks. You notice that there is very little about shooting deer and moose in this story. It is to be supposed that someone goes deer hunting, but as for that, it's a matter of taste.

Take Mr. Lowell, for instance. He passed the summer and autumn in the most remote of all places, on the top of a spur of Big Spencer. He had no firearms save an automatic Savage pistol, with about a dozen cartridges. He abhors killing. So do some others—except for the lander, and we needed the ducks. Mr. Lowell saw deer and moose and partridge all around his cabin. He fed them. He saw a bear—a very hard thing to see. "I suppose," said Archie Kierstead, who has been many a summer and winter in the woods, "that if you put fifty bears

in a hundred-acre lot, you hardly would see one in a summer even if you tried to." All Mr. Lowell killed was the porcupine. He says that there is a mystery about porcupines. They love the society of lookout-men. A man who knows, told him that as soon as smoke comes from the chimney of a cabin, porcupines prick up their quills and hurry hither. The first night of his residence on Big Spencer, miles from anywhere, he heard the weird, guttural spooing of the fretful porcupine. They chewed the sides of his cabin. They climbed on his tarred-paper roof. They emitted strange, ghoulish, subterranean remarks. They kept him awake. He rarely had a night's rest. For going forth and chasing them. During the summer he killed 46 porcupines with a club, mostly in the night. Once in a rain, clad only in habiliments of night, he chased one; laid it low, and found himself in darkness—his electric flashlight expiring simultaneously. He almost had to smell his way back. The whole vicinity of the camp was sown with porcupine quills.

As previously remarked, we went quail-shooting. There were the Doctor from Boston, the Insurance Magistrate from Providence and yours truly all snug behind the duck-blinds, decoys all set and birds sealing in by twos and threes.

A duck flies a mile a second—more or less. Now you are lying snug behind your blind, seeing nothing. The next moment a pair swings in like a runaway express train; wings beating the air. They see your decoys; scale down; wings spread as if to alight and then it's left barrel or right and either off they go or down they go, according to whether the Doctor and Mr. Parks are shooting straight—not that I ever touched one. My word! It's like shooting at a streak of lightning with a bow and arrow. To lie there, however, and see them come and go; to watch them swing up the opposite side of the pond and to see the gunners at their work, is worth a deal of trouble in a busy life. And besides they are very good eating.

(Continued on page three).

## FAMOUS BACKWOODS FAIRY TALES



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Twelve cents, postpaid. Stamps accepted.

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No *artificial* package—tin, bag, or tin-foil and paper—can keep tobacco as well as the *natural leaf wrapper* that holds all the *original flavor and moisture* in the Sickle plug. When you whittle off a pipeful, you always get *fresh* tobacco, that burns slowly, and smokes *cool* and *sweet*.

Chopped-up, "package" tobacco loses much of its moisture *before* it goes into the package, and keeps getting drier all the time. And the *drier* it gets, the *faster* it burns in your pipe, and the more it *bites* your tongue. Only *fresh* tobacco gives real pipe-satisfaction—and only tobacco you cut off the Sickle plug as you use it, *can* be fresh.

*Economical, too—no waste—no package to pay for—more tobacco.* Get a Sickle plug from your dealer today.

3 Ounces  
10c



### FOUR DAYS OF WILLIAM TELL CLUB.

(Continued from page two).

Monday, William Tell went on its annual picnic.

This is a traditional affair. In 1913 it was omitted because it rained for the entire two weeks. In 1912, it was significantly a success because of a wrestling match that settled the championship of Spencer Bay Township.

This year the weather smiled on it and all business was suspended. The president of the club had full charge of the picnic, even to choosing the menu. This year it was fried onions; fried sweet potatoes and fried bacon. This makes a fine outdoor banquet, delicate and elegant.

The club set off with a full quota, save Henry McCusker, who had hunted so hard on Saturday that his legs ached on Monday. The motorboat took over the provisions and the chef—who was Mr. Fiske, it being a tradition that some club member shall be cook. One year, Hiram W. Ricker did the cooking and escaped with half his whiskers.

It is now generally believed that

### SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, September 27th, 1914.

**FARMINGTON** Passenger Trains leave Farmington for Phillips, Rangeley, and Bigelow at 5.15 P. M., and for Phillips at 12.07 P. M. Passenger trains arrive from Phillips at 6.55 A. M. and from Rangeley, Phillips and Bigelow at 2.10 P. M.

**MIXED TRAIN** arrives at 9.35 A. M. and leaves at 11.00 A. M.

**STRONG PASSENGER TRAINS** leave for Farmington, at 6.23 A. M. and 1.37 P. M. For Phillips at 12.37 P. M., and for Phillips and Rangeley at 12.37 P. M. and for Bigelow at 5.50 P. M.

Passenger trains arrive from Farmington at 12.37 P. M. and 6.47 P. M. From Bigelow at 1.25 P. M.

**MIXED TRAIN** arrives from Phillips at 8.45 A. M. and from Kingfield at 8.25 A. M., and from Farmington at 1.45 A. M. Leaves for Phillips at 1.40 P. M. and for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.

**PHILLIPS PASSENGER TRAINS** leave for Farmington at 6.00 A. M. and 1.15 P. M. For Rangeley at 6.15 P. M.

Passenger trains arrive from Farmington at 12.55 P. M. and 6.10 P. M. From Rangeley at 12.20 P. M.

**MIXED TRAIN** leaves for Farmington at 7.30 A. M. Rangeley 7.40 A. M. and arrives from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. Rangeley 3.15 P. M.

**RANGELEY PASSENGER TRAINS** leave for Farmington at 10.40 A. M. and arrives at 8.00 P. M.

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

**SALEM PASSENGER TRAIN** leaves at 1.00 P. M. for Farmington and arrives at 6.15 P. M.

**KINGFIELD PASSENGER TRAIN** leaves for Bigelow at 9.00 A. M. and 6.38 P. M. For Farmington at 12.40 P. M.

**MIXED TRAINS** leave for Farmington at 6.45 A. M. and for Bigelow at 12.00 M.

**BIGELOW PASSENGER TRAIN** leaves for Farmington at 10.50 A. M. and arrives at 7.25 P. M. Arrives from Kingfield at 10.00 A. M. and leaves for Kingfield at 7.35 P. M.

**SUNDAY TRAINS** Leave Rangeley at 10.50 A. M. Phillips, 12.25 P. M. Strong, 12.47 P. M., arriving at Farmington 1.20 P. M. Returning leave Farmington at 1.50 P. M. Strong, 2.22 P. M. Phillips, 2.45 P. M., arriving at Rangeley at 4.25 P. M.

F. N. BEAL, Gen'l Manager,  
Phillips, Maine.

the 1914 picnic was more successful than any ever held before. It was a little short on salt and butter; but the bacon was fine, and the onions when made into sandwiches with slices of bread were better than Damonico. Take an onion-sandwich, overlaid with three sweet potatoes, and you have something fragrant and recherche.

The spot selected is a high embankment on the east shore of the pond, right at the mountain's foot. The west wind blew in soft and fine. There is a big level green-sward for target-shooting. Mr. Fiske entertained the gathering with dissertations on the war and with a series of observations on Continental pillow-tubing. We lay in the lee of the hard-hack and smoked and slept. Such a care-free, lazy hour! We could hear the waves lapping on the shingles and birds calling in the distance. These things make men better and more kindly! And then at sunset, George Hall started the motor; all hands piled into the canoes assigned to them; all the canoes were tied together in a line—six of them—and making a procession of boats such as never was seen before on these wild waters, the motor pulled us all home together across the silent lake. Something about it will make it forever unforgettable. There was little to do or say. A star shone in the sky over the camp before we reached there, and a tender moon bowed low in the distance by the pale blue mountain!

That evening in camp was a memorable dinner. There were a dozen wild duck, delicious with celery and jellies. And then Chef Cuddy (one of the best cooks we ever knew) brought to table a young pig roasted whole. The pig rested on a big oak plank especially made for him. He was imbedded in flowers made of vegetables and cut so carefully that roses and lilies were never more real. In his mouth was a red apple. On his side, in letters of red and white, were written E-S-T-E-S—a tribute to the birthday of the donor.

After the roast pig came salads and sweets, and finally genuine old-fashioned pumpkin pie!

That night the driver of the tote-team told of seeing a moose by the brook. He was a "big, black, shiny feller," said he. "Wan dam beeg waw!" That day one of the hunters—it must have been Henry McCusker—got a fine buck. Sid Young and Capt. Vaughn stopped over night in camp.

Tuesday morning Mr. Parks and I left camp for home.

The night turned to snow and lying warm in my bed at 9 p. m., I heard the snow ticking on the windows and the roar of the northeast winds through the groaning forests. Methinks it is a cruel world that forces one to quit this abode of plenty by day-break for the snowy forests and the open lake.

Day broke on a white world. The mountain was obscured. Snow fell

all around. To get out of warm blankets at 5 a. m., dress and pack in the chill of a camp; to eat at 6 o'clock and to quit camp for a three-mile tramp over slippery rocks and trees is no fun. Nobody saw us farther than the front porch. Mel Googin, ever kind, would have gone with us to the landing had we permitted it. As it were, we trudged off alone. I had not gone a hundred yards before my feet were wet. At 7.30, an hour's walk over swampy land we reached the shore of Moosehead, a gale raging and snow blinding all before us. George Buckingham, our guide, had come down the stream with our baggage. A murrain on leaky canoes! The baggage was wet through.

It was 7.30 when we stepped in his motor boat at its mooring. Buckingham was not particularly jubilant at the prospect. The lake was low the shoals were many, the sea was high; the snow was worse than fog. I confess it was not pleasant—that motor boat covered with drifted snow and the cold and gloom of it all. Nor did it seem cheerful to think of a faring out through the shoals and rocks of Spencer Bay in the thick storm.

Over the details of this trip let us draw the veil or rather let us pass out of sight into the storm! A year ago, the coming out was no comedy. This year it was mellerdramer. The winds howled; the snow blew; the waves dashed over our craft; Buckingham fretted and "reckoned" that were in danger of running onto the shoals at any moment. If he could make Lucky Point stream or "ever get through the narrows" held be all-right. The boat danced like a cockle shell. The motor chugged with plain unwillingness. Land faded from view behind the snow. We were in mid-ocean with frozen feet. We were steering by a wabbling pocket compass. We were off the coast of Africa, Madagascar, Cape Hatteras or Prout's Neck—all the same to us. Waves dashed over the roof and slithered through the open windows of the little boat. And besides—time was passing and the train left at 9.20.

At 9 a. m., after an hour and a half of this sort of thing, when land broke into view through the snow we were at the West Outlet. Nip and tuck from then on—the brave boat doing her dearest. On we slushed over the rocky deep, standing now on our heels and now on our noses; mounting waves and dropping into depths, until at last Rockwood came to view with ten minutes left. In four minutes we were at the wharf, leaving six minutes for unloading and debarking. The stern of the boat grounded. Yours truly landed by crawling out the window onto the roof and leaping thence to the snow-laden wharf. Mr. Parks came out by the stern almost on a breeches-buoy and as Buckingham tied up to the landing he was the happiest skipper in Moosehead waters.

Four minutes later we stood on the rear platform of the train looking our goodbye on the wintry scene—a chilly farewell to a sunny journey with the best friends in all the world.

A. G. S. in Lewiston Journal.

### ONLY COLONY OF THE LAUGHING GULL.

Edwin E. Bailey, the warden appointed and paid by the Audubon society to watch over the birds on Egg Rocks, on the Lincoln County coast, reports a tremendous increase in his feathered wards. There are black guillemots, laughing gulls, sea gulls, Wilson tern, and stormy petrels. The gulls and terns lay their eggs on the bare rock or turf. The guillemots stick their eggs away under the ledges so that it is impossible to get at them. The Cary chickens dig out of sight into the sod and each parent takes a turn on the nests. Just at dusk, a bird emerges from the burrow and takes flight and another enters the nest. Apparently they take 24 hour watches.

The Western Egg Rock has been abandoned since mink raided the rookery a few years and the Eastern Rock is overcrowded. Shark Rock, Jones' Garden and Round Island are also patronized by the birds. On the Egg Rock is believed to be the only colony of the laughing gull east of Massachusetts. The dry ledges near New Harbor were tried as nesting places a few years ago, but Ravens robbed the nests. The more remote ledges seem to be too far out for the robbers.

## HUNTING THE WILD WIRELESS IN MAINE

The Portland Press says: In following up the story relative to a supposed German wireless station in the wilds of this state, it has taken pains to investigate and has learned some things.

One story followed down was that a weathy man who has a summer home in Somerset county and who is said to be a German sympathizer, had taken powerful wireless apparatus into the woods with him this summer, together with an expert operator. It was hinted that this man's automobile had been used to carry messages back and forth between his summer home and neighboring towns, where long messages were being sent in cipher to various places in the country. Possibly this man has such a wireless outfit, but it is for the benefit of his guests who are beyond the reach of telephone and telegraph, except by using an automobile. All of them are interested in the war and the wireless might be used for keeping them in touch with the current events of the day. Those who know this man say that the idea that he is using a wireless plant to communicate with the German government is absurd.

Governor Haines was asked by the Press if he had any complaint made to him, and stated that he had not. He knew the man referred to very well, and had been his guest many times. He didn't doubt that he could have a wireless plant or anything else that he wanted at his summer home, but he did not think he was engaged in secret work of this kind.

The Press learned that the e are also wireless stations on Bald mountain and at a sporting camp at Moosehead lake, but these are said to have been erected by wealthy gentlemen for the purpose of getting news from the outside world. The wireless referred to in the above dispatch is said to be located at Eagle lake, Bar Harbor.

## SHOOTS A DEER ON THE RUN

### Rumford Men Will Have 100 Traps Set—Fingerlings Distributed

Up on the East branch, 28 miles from Stacyville, thousands of salmon eggs are hatching just at present, at the United States fish hatchery, in store for the fishermen of several years hence says the Bangor Commercial.

James DeRocher, superintendent of the United States hatchery at Orland, was in Bangor last week on his way to the East Branch hatchery, where he will make a visit of inspection and see how the work is getting along. These fish will be distributed on the Penobscot next spring as fingerlings and will undoubtedly furnish fine sport for fishermen a few years hence.

The fish at this hatchery are the regulation Penobscot river salmon. Last winter 12,000,000 of the Pacific coast humpback salmon were distributed in the bays and rivers of Maine in the hope that they will thrive here, and those interested in the fisheries are awaiting with much interest the results of the experiment, which probably will not be known for a term of years.

Warden George Ross of Vanceboro took 10,000 trout fingerlings to Bucksport to be distributed at Upper Patten pond by H. Rufus Googins.

Game receipts at the Bangor station have passed the 500 mark and from now on large shipments are expected every day.

Walter B. Smith, a well known Maine guide, performed the feat of shooting a deer on the run at Chesuncook lake the other day. Mr. Smith is a crack shot. He brought two deer to Bangor one day last week.

Hunting items are now coming in profusion from the woods and most of them are good ones. James Guptil of Hastings while out about two miles from the opening last Saturday met a huge bear. Guptil fired at Bruin but only hit him hard enough to make him furious. The bear turned and faced him, showing fight and it required five more bullets before he fell, a few feet in front of Guptil. The bear was reported to weigh 400 pounds.

Two Rumford men, Frank Ellingwood and Virgil Abbott, plan to have about 100 traps set during the entire

season. They visited the traps for the first time last week and found quite an assortment, including three raccoons, two skunks and five foxes. They also shot three handsome deer while on the same trip. Wirt Wiggin of the same town often carries a gun when out in his auto and has so far this season shot six partridges.

William Hill and friend left Bangor one day last week for a hunting trip in the woods near Sebobeis.

Miles Fayle of Brewer was fortunate in shooting a good sized buck near Kineo last week, and his family are now enjoying some fine cuts of venison.

## CAMP ANNIS AND WIGWAM

### Portland Men In Camp There and Get Deer to Take Home.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Oquossoc, Nov. 7, 1914.

Among the lucky hunters who returned from the above famous hunting resort were Samuel Clark of Portland, who shot a 10-point buck, and W. L. Daggett of Portland who got one large doe and one 150-pound bear which are very plentiful in this section of the country as it is mostly heavy beech growth, and beechnuts are very plenty, giving the hunters an excellent chance to see their game at long range.

Among the latest arrivals at Camp Wigwam are C. K. Eagle, James McKendrick and J. J. DeLong of New York, who have as guides H. O. Templeton, James Wilcox and George Fanjoy.

They left Templeton's house at Oquossoc and taking his motor boat at Haines Landing up across the Cupsuptic Lake to the Berlin Mills storehouse, then seven miles to camp, where head chef, Steve Fahey had hot lunch in waiting, which makes camp life most enjoyable, even in bad weather.

All are looking forward to getting a good buck deer, also bear and birds.

Should Bruin make a raid on the beech ridges the chances are good of seeing him while he is getting this dainty food of which all animals and birds are so fond of.

Temp.

### HOW FISH DEVELOP FROM EGGS TO FRY.

Interesting Exhibit of Young Salmon and Trout Brought to Bath by H. L. Spinney.

Herbert L. Spinney, former city forester of Bath and before that light keeper at Seguin, and one of the foremost Maine naturalists, who is now employed at the Massachusetts state hatchery at Sutton in that state, brought with him on a recent visit to Bath an interesting exhibit showing the development of trout and salmon, from the egg to the fry, says the Times of that city.

The hatchery at Sutton is in charge of another Maine man, Arthur Merrill, and under him Mr. Spinney is learning all the details of the work of rearing not only game fish, but also game birds, of which there are hundreds and hundreds on the 25 acres of land included in the plant. Among the species of birds which are being bred there are the English pheasant, the Chinese ring-neck, the Mongolian, the Versicolor, the Reeves and the Golden pheasant, and Mallard, Black, Pintail and Wood ducks and Australian eyebrow. These birds are reared under conditions as near as possible to those of nature and then liberated in the game forests of the state. Mr. Spinney finds the work most interesting.

The series of little bottles in which he brought to Bath the exhibit of the life story of the trout and salmon, showed both varieties first in the egg, then the egg at a later period, then the minute fish with the remains of the egg attached, then the fry which had attained a length of about three inches.

The experiment with the salmon is of particular interest to sportsmen. The species is that which frequents the Columbia and other western rivers, coming in, in the spring from the sea and ascending to fresh water to spawn, just as do the Maine salmon of our own river. Massachusetts has been rearing these fish from eggs brought from the Columbia, and liberating the fry in Lake Quinsigamond, where they have appeared to flourish wonderfully, making great sport for the devotees of the rod.



**MAINE WOODS**  
ISSUED WEEKLY  
**J. W. Brackett Co.**  
Phillips, Maine

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**L. B. BRACKETT,**  
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The Maine Woods thoroughly covers the entire  
of Maine as to Hunting, Trapping, Camp-  
ing and Outing news, and the Franklin county  
daily.  
Maine Woods solicits com munications and fish  
and game photographs from its readers.  
When ordering the address on your paper  
changed, please, give the old as well as new  
address.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1914

## STATE OF MAINE

### A Proclamation by the Governor

In recognition of a custom estab-  
lished by our forefathers, and the reg-  
ular and helpful observance of the  
same through many generations, and  
in conformity with our statutes, with  
the advice and consent of the Exe-  
cutive Council, I do hereby appoint  
and set aside Thursday, November  
26, 1914 as a day of Public Thanks-  
giving and Praise to Almighty God  
in recognition of His power, good-  
ness and mercy.

Maine has been favored by Nature  
during the seasons of 1914, resulting  
in more than average crops, and  
with an unusually favorable season  
for harvesting them. While we have  
suffered some set back in manufac-  
tures and trade, the prospects for the  
future aided by the most terrible war  
in history, now raging in Europe,  
seem encouraging.

I wish to urge upon our people the  
contrast of our peace and prosperity  
with the distress and suffering in  
Europe, and ask that they contribute  
liberally for the relief of the unfor-  
tunate, but unblamable victims of the  
war

The Red Cross Society stands ready  
to receive and transmit promptly all  
contributions for their assistance.  
Remember that Charity is the great-  
est of all virtues.

Let us all join in home and church  
in praise and thanksgiving to Almight-  
y God for these blessings of peace,  
prosperity and happiness.

Given at the Executive Chamber, a  
Augusta, Maine, this sixth day of  
November, in the year of our Lord  
one thousand nine hundred and four-  
teen, and of the Independence of the  
United States of America the one  
hundred and thirty-ninth.

Governor.

By the Governor.

J. E. Alexander,  
Secretary of State.

### SERVICES FOR FRANK E. BRAD- BURY OF BOSTON.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Kingfield, Nov. 11.—The remains of  
Frank E. Bradbury of Boston, Mass.,  
were brought here Monday night. In-  
terment took place in the family lot  
at the old cemetery Tuesday fore-  
noon. Prayer was offered at the  
grave by Rev. Melvin Hutchins of  
Phillips, who also recited a Masonic  
poem. The bearers were Philip D.  
Stubbs of Strong, John Burbank and  
E. E. Carville of Freeman, A. C.  
Woodard, L. L. Mitchell, Dr. O. W.  
Simmons, H. G. Winter, S. J. Wy-  
man of this town. Among the floral  
tributes were flowers from the Bos-  
ton Bar Association, several Boston  
attorneys, classmates of Bowdoin  
college, a Masonic piece from his  
lodge, in all forty-nine pieces. The  
out of town relatives present were  
Mrs. Alice Bradbury of Dedham,  
Mass., widow of the deceased and her  
brother, R. L. Ricker of Newark,  
New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. U. G.  
Weymouth and son of Strong, Mr.  
Bradbury's sister, Mrs. Betsy Hack-  
ett, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Hackett, Mrs.  
Arden Blake of Farmington, Mrs. B.  
M. Lander and Guy Peabody of Free-  
man. Undertaker F. B. Hutchins  
had charge of the service.

# Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

St. Anthony's Cottage,  
Phillips, Me.,

Nov. 12, 1914.

Tuesday I was most pleasantly re-  
minded by friends that I had reach-  
ed another milestone along life's  
pathway.

"Our birthdays used to be so few,  
So long to next from last;  
But now that we don't want them to,  
They're coming thick and fast."

And so as the good wishes came,  
I thought of other days and the dear  
ones who from the great beyond  
send no spoken greeting, but by  
their noble lives and good deeds  
help to make bright the afternoon of  
life. I appreciate each gift and  
kind thought received. God bless  
you dear friends.

The ground is white with snow,  
telling that winter will soon be com-  
ing down here in Maine amid the  
hills, when the clear bracing air is  
a tonic for lonely days in dreary No-  
vember. One of the great blessings  
of our country life in the year 1914  
is Uncle Sam's goodness in giving  
the Parcel Post for our use, for one  
never knows what the packages may  
contain, I have found by joyful ex-  
perience. It may be a book, or a  
cheese or a box of candy or fruit,  
or a beautiful embroidered table  
cover or pillow, sandwiched in with  
magazines, papers, letter and cards.  
I should think our postal clerks  
would consider themselves Santa  
Claus helpers all the year around.

One day the first of September I  
was at Bald Mountain Camps when  
Amos Ellis drove up with the after-  
noon mail. As he put four big  
sacks of mail on the piazza he re-  
marked: "Don't that beat all, not  
much like the old stage days over  
Beech Hill when as a boy I drove  
from Phillips to Rangeley three  
times a week in 1869." Later after  
the mail had been distributed and  
the guests and campers along the  
lake shore had got their packages,  
one a new suit of clothes, another a  
peck of early apples from his gar-  
den in Massachusetts, several with  
books and even a part for the auto-  
mobile that refused to go, a new  
fishing rod, a pair of boots and one  
happy girl a box of roses, and as  
the guests were opening their let-  
ters and reading the daily papers, Mr.  
Ellis lighted a cigar and commenced  
to tell of the changes since he  
was but a boy. Among the interest-  
ing things I remember of his say-  
ing: "Yes, I drove the stage from  
Phillips to Rangeley in 1869, the  
year of the big freshet. I used to  
leave Rangeley on Monday morning  
and return the next day, making  
three trips a week, stopping over  
night in Phillips. I had a span  
of good horses, and a two seated  
wagon or pump which took all the  
passengers, mail and express. Only  
think of it, one old leather mail bag  
and that not a very large one held  
all the mail for Madrid, Greenville  
and Rangeley and I waited at the  
offices for them to sort out the  
mails, and as they had but a small  
mail and were interested in every  
piece and often stopped to read a  
newspaper which was on its way,  
it took a mighty long time to change  
the small amount of mail that old  
leather bag contained, and they  
would have been until this time  
sorting out that load I had for just  
this little summer office to-day.  
Times have changed since then. I  
suppose in 50 years from now they  
will land the mail and people from  
an air ship."

Just then a big touring car with a  
party of New Yorkers stopped at  
the camps and Mr. Ellis went out to  
greet them. I opened that morn-  
ing's Boston paper to read the latest  
war news thinking how in 1869 it  
took days and not hours for the  
papers to reach the shore of Moose-  
lookneguntic lake and that there was  
only a trail through the forest where  
there are now good automobile roads.

This snow is just what the hunt-  
ers have been anxiously waiting for.  
A letter this week from my friend

Mrs. P. Besse of Boston gave a  
most interesting account of the  
hunting trip her nephew Albert  
Besse of the well known business  
house at 140 Boylston street has  
just taken, and the account is most  
interesting, but I fear Albert will  
no longer hunt in Maine but gladly  
pay the \$50 license fee and go to  
the far away wilds of New Bruns-  
wick. In company with his friend,  
John Becker, Jr., of Hyde Park, Mr.  
Besse went hunting along the Sal-  
mon River, 40 miles from St. Leon-  
ards, New Brunswick. Fred Dixon  
was the guide and they found plen-  
ty of snow in the forest. During  
the trip they saw over 30 moose  
and the one Albert shot weighed  
nearly 800 pounds and had a hand-  
some head with antlers having a  
spread of 50 inches. But there is  
another story of his hunt, as I  
shot one of the rarest species of  
deer that has been seen in that  
country for many years, the natives  
and guides all said. It was an albino  
deer, a young doe weighing 125  
pounds. Like many others, how-  
ever, this doe was not really a true  
specimen of albino, for along its  
neck and shoulders it is mottled  
with small spots of gray pigment.  
The rest of the body, however, is  
almost pure white and it is a  
handsome prize and attracted much  
attention among sportsmen. Mr.  
Besse will have the deer mounted  
life size.

New why does the hunter think  
\$25 too high a license to come down  
in Maine and shoot the game which,  
unless prevented by new laws, will  
soon be exterminated from our for-  
ests, while they go to New Brunswick  
pay a \$50 license and pay more for  
guides, traveling expenses, etc., and  
yet there is no kick coming."

When will the people of our own  
state do the wish thing, close moose  
hunting for a term of years, have a  
resident license and also a small one  
for fishing? It is no use to "kill  
the goose that lays the golden egg"  
and do not the sportsmen who come  
to Maine to fish and hunt leave  
thousands of dollars annually?

When the summer is passed and at  
the close of the season we say "good  
bye until we meet again," to those  
who have been annual comers to  
the Rangeleys for many years; how  
little we know to whom we are say-  
ing a last good bye.

This fact I realized when one day  
this week I received a marked copy  
of a newspaper and read of the  
sudden death of Mrs. Lizzie P.,  
wife of Charles F. Pettingill, one  
of the best known business men in  
Quincy, Mass., which occurred at  
their home 53 Revere Road, on  
Wednesday morning, October 28. The  
evening before Mr. and Mrs. Pettin-  
gill had spent with friends and on  
their return home about 10 o'clock  
Mrs. Pettingill was apparently in  
her usual health, although she had  
not been strong since she sustained  
a shock a number of years ago.

Mr. Pettingill was aroused about  
2 o'clock a. m., and immediately sum-  
moned a physician, but she was be-  
yond medical aid and her death came  
as a great surprise to her many  
friends, for she was a charming lady,  
loved and admired by all who knew  
her. Besides her husband she leaves  
a mother, two brothers and a sister,  
who in their sorrow have the heart-  
felt sympathy of a large circle of  
friends and acquaintances. The fun-  
eral occurred at the home on the  
following Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettingill have for  
some years spent the month of Sep-  
tember at Mooselookneguntic House,  
Haines Landing, where they occupy  
one of the log camps and greatly en-  
joyed their stay, spending much of  
their time out in the open and tak-  
ing trips to the different places.  
When autumn comes again Mrs. Pet-  
tingill will be missed but not forgot-  
ten by those who met her at the  
lakes, where she always made friends  
who will read of her death with  
sorrow and join with others in their  
sympathy for the bereaved husband  
and family.

Fly Rod.

## WOULD GLADLY PAY \$2.00 FEE

Pheasants Fine Bird for a Roast  
or Broil.

Wakefield, Nov. 9, 1914.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

In days of old,  
When nights were cold,  
And I was but a kid,  
I spied a tail  
Just off the trail:  
I grabbed that tail,  
And with a flail,  
I smashed his lid,  
I smashed his trunk,  
Silence be,—it was a skunk.

No man or boy of "scents" would  
be so foolish now-a-days; he'd get  
to windward and shoot.

We are having every day, cool  
weather, almost three months with  
but one down pour of rain. Our  
open season of one month on pheas-  
ants closes on the 12th inst., and  
one week only on deer a little later.

About 7,000 have been reported  
shot to date, and our state game  
commissioners estimate that 10,000  
will cover the total for the season.  
Not all of your readers, I suspect,  
know what a beautiful bird the col-  
pheasant is, or how hard it is to  
bring him to bag. He is the prop-  
enitor of the game cock, and had  
many of the game qualities of a  
hardy fighter.

For the first few days of the open  
season 3,000 were reported shot. They  
were then comparatively tame; but  
as soon as the guns blazed away  
they resumed all their native wild-  
ness and since then have been  
rather hard to get. My eldest son  
Richard has brought three to the  
dinner table, and a finer game bird  
for a roast or a broil it is hard to  
name.

Our commissioners estimate the  
number of pheasants at large through-  
out the state as from 50,000 to 100-  
000, so 10,000 killed don't hurt much.

They are prolific breeders, giving  
two broods of ten to fifteen twice  
a year I'm told and are easily propa-  
gated on the state game farms of  
which there are several. We have  
a license fee of one dollar and more  
than 6,000 hunter's certificates have  
been issued by the various city and  
town clerks this year. This great  
sum goes to the state, the clerks re-  
taining fifteen cents on each license  
for their compensation. A good cock  
pheasant makes one of the handsom-  
est of mounts and is very valuable a  
well. I hope to be in Maine again  
next season and shall try to start  
in a little earlier than I have for  
the last two seasons, that is, if  
Billy (Soule) will promise to help  
me to some of the superb trolling  
and fly fishing at his camps on Lake  
Millimagassett.

I take this opportunity, with your  
kind permission to greet all my many  
friends in Maine, especially in Ox-  
bow, Aroostook county. It has  
been my very great and pleasant  
privilege to speak often of the  
scenery and people of Aroostook and  
to tell of the plentitude of both fish  
and game to be found there.

I can give no sufficient reason  
to my many sporting acquaintances  
for the excessive fee for licenses,  
and I earnestly hope that the by-laws  
of the Maine legislature will see a  
new light and so put the fee back to  
the former sum. As for one fish-  
erman only, (I don't shoot,) I would  
willingly pay a two dollar fee to  
fish. I believe all out-of-state an-  
glers would do so too.

I am always glad to get the  
Maine Woods weekly and I wish you  
and all your readers a very pleasant  
winter and an early and successful  
1915 season.

Yours cordially,  
J. C. Hartshorne.

## COW MOOSE SHOT IN TRENTON

Chairman Harry Austin of the  
State Commission of Inland Fisheries  
and Game stated Wednesday morning  
that he had just been notified that  
a cow moose had been killed in  
Trenton Woods below Ellsworth.  
Warden J. H. Macomber is working  
on the case. Mr. Austin stated  
that the party who killed the moose  
is known.



**PapierMacheHead Forms**  
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**DEER HEADS & NECK FORMS**  
Old Skulls of any animal fitted  
up with waxed mouth and tongue  
Send for our Illustrated Catalogue  
**PAPIER MACHE SPEC-  
IALTIES CO.,**Reading, Mich.

## 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

## RIFLE PRACTICE PROMOTED IN SCHOOLS.

Over fifteen thousand college and  
school boy marksmen is the record  
for the school year ending June  
30th, 1914. Through the combined  
efforts of the National Rifle As-  
sociation of America and the Nation-  
al Board for the Promotion of Rifle  
Practice, rapid strides are being  
made looking to the introduction of  
rifle shooting as one of the recog-  
nized sports in the schools and col-  
leges throughout the country and the  
movement has been still further stim-  
ulated by a recent act of Congress  
authorizing the free issue of rifles  
and ammunition to such clubs and  
to cadet corps.

This work was begun several  
years ago by the National Rifle As-  
sociation backed by the War De-  
partment with a result that at the  
present time there are 42 colleges  
and universities and 88 private and  
public preparatory schools having  
rifle clubs. National championships  
are now being carried on in both  
classes of institutions. Among the  
colleges there are competitions both  
indoor and outdoor representing the  
intercollegiate championship and a-  
mong the schools, the Government  
has presented trophies representing  
the public high school shooting  
championship and the military school  
championship of the country. The  
indoor competitions for both col-  
leges and schools are now being  
organized for the indoor season.  
These matches are shot on indoor  
ranges with 22-caliber rifles.

As an evidence of the fact that  
the athletic authorities of a great  
many colleges and universities, as  
well as schools, are recognizing  
marksmanship as a part of their ath-  
letic curriculum, many of them are  
giving the college or school letter  
to those students who make the  
rifle teams.

A feature of this work which is  
worthy of mention is the fact that  
there have been no serious accidents  
of any kind on rifle ranges since  
the work was introduced, a claim  
that could hardly hold good in con-  
nection with other prominent school  
sports such as football and baseball.  
To overcome the erroneous impres-  
sion in the minds of members of  
school boards that rifle shooting is  
dangerous, the War Department has  
offered to several cities sub-target  
gun machines for installation in their  
high schools. This is an apparatus  
which teaches rifle shooting with-  
out the use of powder and ball and  
is a mechanical contrivance which  
assimilates actual rifle firing and  
which has been used with great  
success on our war ships and in  
Army barracks.

There is one of these machines  
in every high school in Greater New  
York where there are over 7,000  
school boys between the ages of  
ten and eighteen who qualify an-  
nually as Junior marksmen under  
the schoolboy course approved by  
the War Department.

After years of opposition the Boy  
Scouts of America are recognizing  
the value of teaching marksmanship  
as a character builder and have  
authorized the issue of merit badges  
for marksmanship. This work is  
carried on in co-operation with the  
National Rifle Association of Amer-  
ica who supplies instructors and  
supervisors. The value to the na-  
tion of the training of the youth of  
the land in the mechanism and use  
of fire arms is inestimable. A large  
standing army will not be a great  
necessity if citizens are trained in  
the first requisite of a defender of  
this industry. Therefore, the pro-  
motion of rifle shooting not only  
trains the eye and the nerve and  
builds up the physical standard of  
our young men, but also at the same  
time adds a valuable asset to the  
defensive strength of the country.—  
Official from The National Board  
for Promotion of Rifle Practice.



## CLASSIFIED

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

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

**FOR SALE**—Village stands for sale in Phillips. Inquire of J. Blaine Morrison.

**FOR SALE**—Large male turkey, fifteen months old. Write, Box 5, Salem, Maine.

**FOR SALE**—Cheap. Savage. Repeater rifle, 20 shot. Stamp for reply. Van Wyatt, Richfield, North Carolina.

**FOR SALE**—I sell coon, opossum and bird dogs, Mississippi pit games, large Indian games, game ducks. I buy and sell minks, coons, opossum, skunk, fox, squirrels and prairie chickens and all live animals of any note wanted. I sell traps to catch these animals alive with. Walter Odom, Durant, Miss., Box 208

**WANTED**—Salesmen to sell Oils, Belting, Hose, Paint, Varnishes to factories, mills, auto owners, stores, threshers; outside large cities. Excellent proposition. Paid weekly. Ohio Oil & Grease Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

**WANTED**—Man owning horse to drive Grand Union Tea cart through Phillips, Strong, Kingfield and surrounding towns. Address Grand Union Tea Co., Lewiston, Maine.

**FOUND**—Key, with ribbon attached. Owner may have same by paying costs. Maine Woods office.

## LIVE ANIMALS WANTED



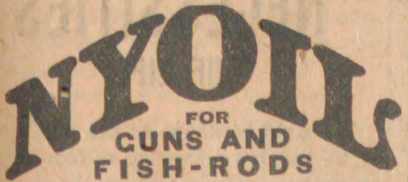
Will buy live mink, fox, skunk, bear cubs, fisher, marten, otter, beaver, lynx and others. Name price in first letter. Write us before buying or selling and about fur farming. C. C. Garland, Box 133, Oldtown, Maine.

## HUNTERS WAIT IN APPLE TREES

Thirty-five deer have been shot in the vicinity of Skowhegan during the present season. The largest one was killed by Lewis Thompson, the animal weighing 350 pounds. The custom of hunting throughout the night is carried on there. The hunter gets into an apple tree and waits for the deer to come and fill up on apples, which is the case each night. Only a shot gun is used for this method of hunting.

### Victims of Wild Beasts.

China sees every year a thousand of her people fall victims to the ferocity of wolves, bears and tigers. Even little Korea has failed to totally exterminate the long-haired tiger—the largest and most ferocious of its kind—which infests the mountain regions. These formidable man-eaters slaughter yearly an average of 2,000 peasants and hunters.—Wide World Magazine.



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

### NYOIL HAS NO EQUAL.

Beware of scented mixtures called oil. Use NYOIL on everything where a light oil is needed. It prevents rust and gives perfect lubrication. Sportsmen, use it liberally on your firearms and your rod. You will find it by far the best. Hardware and sporting goods dealers sell it in large bottles (cheaper to buy) at 25 c. and in trial sizes at 10 c. Made by

WM. F. NYE,  
New Bedford, Mass.

## WEAR TAG IN PENNSYLVANIA

### Would Assist Game Wardens If Residents Paid a Merely Nominal License.

Philadelphia, November 10, 1914.

#### To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Referring to statement of Chairman Harry B. Austin of the Maine Fish and Game Commission in your issue of November 5th, would it not assist the game wardens to enforce the law if residents paid a merely nominal license fee, and every licensed hunter, resident or non-resident, be compelled to wear in a conspicuous place a tag, showing that he was licensed. This is the law in Pennsylvania. This tag should have the number of the hunter's license, thereby making identification easy. This would be a help at least in putting an end to shooting out of season, shooting protected game, and the reckless use of firearms by those who should not be allowed to handle a gun and whom it is now difficult for game wardens to apprehend.

Very truly yours,  
S. W. Evans.

### STATE HOUSE CHAT

Harry Austin of Phillips, chairman of the State Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game, arrived in the city Tuesday to attend a meeting of the commission.

Chief Engineer Paul D. Sargent of the State Highway Commission was at Wells Tuesday on State aid inspection work. Among the recent visitors at the State Museum were: Thomas E. Bowker and Mrs. Hazel Shaw Bowker of Belfast, George Carlman of Salem, Mass., William Haskell of Lewiston.

One of the changes to be made by the incoming of the new Public Utilities Commission will be the doing away of coroners' juries in railroad accidents, the new commission being empowered to investigate all accidents of that kind.

The amount of game shipped through Bangor up to Monday night was: 773 deer, 58 bears, 16 moose. The shipments closing Nov. 7, 1913, were: 664 deer, 10 bears, 9 moose.

### WARDEN PERKINS SAYS MANY ARE LEFT IN WOODS TO DIE.

Warden Frank M. Perkins, who is stationed at the Bangor Union depot, stated Wednesday that a great many more moose are shot in the woods than are brought to civilization. Hunters shoot at moose from a distance, so far they cannot see whether the moose is above the age limit or not, or whether or not it is a calf moose. They shoot before they think, however, and after they find that the game is a calf moose, or a cow moose, they leave it to die in the woods.

"This is one of the reasons why a close time on moose is necessary for a while. More moose are being slaughtered than anyone knows of, and hunters should take great care in shooting them. They should be near enough to see whether they are mature bull moose or not. The state law defines a calf moose as one with prongs on the horns less than three inches in length, and hunters will do well to look carefully."

### BANGOR MEN HUNTING

Alderman W. D. Matheson, Harvey E. Knowles, John Laffey, William Givren and C. W. Jacques have just returned from a hunting trip up in the Seboomook region, five miles from Pittston farm. They secured a number of deer and the full allotment of partridges allowed by law. They report a first class trip.

Mr. Jacques and Mr. Laffey were aboard the steamer Twilight on Moosehead lake when the steam explosion occurred, and rendered valuable assistance at a time when nearly everyone was thrown into a panic. They helped several of the women passengers in getting from the steamer, and manned one of the rowboats which took them to shore.

Maurice King recently shot two fine deer which he brought back to Bangor as trophies of the hunt.

## SOME BEAUTIES ARE NETTED

### The Pool Under the Bridge at Oquossoc Swept.

Last Saturday Chairman H. B. Austin of the Fish and Game Commission went to Rangeley to be present at the sweeping of the pool at Oquossoc where the hatchery is located.

This is always an interesting process. It is done by using a net long enough to reach across the stream, leading the bottom of the net and two men, who put on rubber boots, holding each end and following down until they come to shallow water. They have a large boiler or tank ready to deposit the fish which they have scooped into the net on their way. They are then taken to the hatchery where they are deposited in tanks, first separating the male from the female, and keeping them until they are "ripe" and ready to strip.

This year they got some beauties, weighing up to ten pounds or more. State Superintendent of hatcheries, Arthur S. Briggs of Winthrop was present and helped Superintendent Curtis of the Oquossoc hatchery in the work.

Chairman Austin informs us that 100,000 fish were deposited in Belgrade Lakes the past week by Mr. Briggs and Superintendent McDonald of the Belgrade Lakes hatchery.

Superintendent Curtis informs us that they netted 117 salmon last Sunday and have taken 30 since, and six trout. It is hard to estimate the number of spawn that will be taken but he estimated it right around 300,000. He got 150,000 eggs from the fish on Kennebec, Cupsuptic, and Rangeley waters this fall.

Next week he will make a shipment of 9,000 fingerlings to Kingfield when 2,500 will be liberated in West Carry Pond; 2,000 in Shiloh Pond and 3,000 in Tufts.

The six trout which were taken Sunday will be sent to the Panama Exposition.

## TEN DAYS' STOP AT THE WIGWAM

### Proprietor Bowley Has New Buick New York Party at Templetons'

Oquossoc, Nov.

Sam Clark of the True Co., Portland, and Will Daggett, also of Portland, went home from here last Wednesday after a ten days' hunting trip which they spent at Cupsuptic at Fanjoy's wigwam, says the Oquossoc correspondent in Franklin Journal. Mr. Daggett got an eleven-point buck and Daggett a nice large doe. The latter also had a fine fat bear cub, which would weigh 50 pounds that Fanjoy shot while guiding him. Fanjoy's story of killing the cub is that he and Daggett were hunting deer and he saw a little young buck over a rise of ground. Motioning to Daggett, who was in the rear, he showed him the buck, asking if he wanted to shoot it. Daggett answered in the affirmative and took aim. Bang! went the rifle, but the deer never moved. Bang! again; this time the deer cringed a little and hugged its tail closer. Bang! again; the deer continued to gaze in apparent astonishment. "What ails that blankety-blank-blank buck?" questioned the sportsman. "Don't nothing 'pear to ail it yet, so far as I can see," said Fan; "try her again." Bang! again; this time the air actually had a sulphurous odor. "That's no real deer," said Daggett, "it's a stuffed one. What in tarnation ails it?" "Not a thing ails it; that deer's still in fine health," answered Fan. Bang! again; this time the deer moved behind some trees, as if he had lost interest in the proceedings. "Give me the gun," said Fan, and took it. Going up to the woods, in which the deer had now disappeared from view, Fan found ample evidence of the cannonading, the echoes of which had just died away. The ground was furrowed considerably and a tree some distance from where the deer had stood had its roots somewhat mangled. As Fan stood looking for the deer he espied young Bruin standing on his hind legs and peeping curiously over a stump at the hunters. As Fan had the rifle he shot it himself, as he said he feared it might be gun-shy and escape if he waited for Daggett. Fanjoy vows this is the second time this fall that he has seen a deer stand quietly for a target. This was

## ALL AROUND THE STATE

William Brewer and E. C. Pinkham of Westport arrived at Bath, Wednesday evening, from a hunting trip up at Lake Moxie. They were on their way home to Westport with two deer which they had shot and while in the woods had lived in a canvas tent. One evening about 7 o'clock they heard loud outcries proceeding from the lake shore and went down as far as they could get to where the men and a boy were making cries on the other side of a swamp which it was impossible to cross. They were near enough to converse and learned that the party on the lake shore had lost their way to camp and that the boy could go no farther, being sick and pretty well exhausted with his tramp. The Westport men went back to their own camp and got out their boat and finally rescued the party and carried them to a sporting camp for shelter. The Westport men had great difficulty in reaching the lost trio, as there is a 20 foot fall leading between two lakes which they went over, or down in their boat and it took them from 7 o'clock until midnight to finally reach the lost hunters.

Carl Kenney, an employee of the P. T. Dugan Co., is one of the lucky Bangor hunters. He returned, to town Saturday afternoon from the Snowshoe pond region, where he secured a deer and two partridges. His friend, Richard Hodgins of Hampden, also shot a deer.

Another consignment of trout fingerlings, numbering 5,000 was brought to Bangor, Saturday, by Warden George W. Ross of Vanceboro, and were shipped on the afternoon train to Pennamauquon lake, near Calais. They were shipped to A. O. Dennison at Milltown. Shipments of trout have been made nearly every day for a week now by the inland fish and game commission.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer R. Silsby have returned from a successful hunting trip, bringing home two deer and two partridge.

The train crew of No. 45, the through freight from No. Maine Jct., early Wednesday morning had the unique experience of killing a large buck deer without firing a shot.

While waiting at a siding at 2 a. m., the crew members saw a deer running along by the track, finally becoming entangled in the wire fence. They immediately took steps to capture him and after fierce struggle he was dispatched by a blow on the head with a hammer and the high cost of living will not worry No. 45 crew, while the meat lasts.

### SHOT FOR DEER NEAR ASHLAND

Samuel Downing, 50 years old, of Millinocket was mistaken for a deer at 7 o'clock Wednesday morning by 14-year-old Homer Sutherland. The boy saw Downing's grey mitten through a patch of golden rod six miles out of the village and, raising his 30-30 calibre rifle, he fired at what he thought was the animal's flag. The bullet entered Downing's right lung and came out through his back. He died in a few moments, living long enough to ask his slayer to notify his wife at Millinocket of the tragedy.

Downing came to Ashland from Millinocket Tuesday night, staying at George Sutherland's house. The two men went hunting in the vicinity of Portage lake late Tuesday and succeeded in shooting a deer in the gathering darkness. There was but little light in the woods and, being unable to find the animal's body, they started back to Ashland where they spent the night.

Early Wednesday morning, Downing accompanied by George Sutherland's son, Herman, went out to look for the carcass. Downing was walking through a patch of withered golden rod on N. B. Sutherland's farm when Sutherland's son, Homer, saw the mitten and fired. He is much affected by the accident.

A coroner is on his way from Millinocket to hold an inquest, having been called by Sheriff Bryson of Houlton who was notified of the shooting.

Downing leaves a wife and four children, Della and Mrs. Frank Haas was on the inside of a rib, having Illinois, and Edward, who is in Canada.

the fourth bear that has been killed at Cupsuptic within a few days. Ben Swett of Mexico shot one weighing 250 pounds, last week, and tried to drive it a little nearer home after wounding it before giving it the coup de grace. He first fired, wounding the beast. As he was alone and the bear would be a heavy weight to drag he conceived the bold and brilliant idea of coaxing it out by chasing him toward the railroad before the point of his rifle—perhaps muzzle would be more correct; so they started. The bear wanted to get to water and went in the direction of the stream. Every now and then he turned and faced the hunter, standing erect as he did so, but making no attempt to touch him. He would then drop on all fours and go a short distance, when he would repeat the same performance. After this had occurred several times, Swett thought best to dispatch it and did so. He said the bear growled ferociously at the last.

L. D. Haley returned from Salem, Mass., Thursday, where he has been for the past two weeks acting as chauffeur for Mrs. Wheatland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Patten of Portland are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Morton.

H. L. Welch has just received a rainbow trout weighing 3½ pounds and a brook trout weighing 3 pounds that are 29 months old, from the New Jersey State Hatchery at Hackensack, to be mounted for the State.

Mountain View Hotel is still having a good run of business, mostly transient. People are often heard to express the hope that it will remain open to the public all winter, as usual, although there have been rumors that it is to close.

M. C. McKendrick, Charles Eagle and a Mr. DeLong, all of New York City, were guests at H. O. Templeton's, Saturday night. They are here for a hunting trip which they are spending at Fanjoy's camps with Fanjoy, Jim Wilcox and Mr. Templeton as guides. The latter was their guide for many seasons while in the Moosehead region.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Kipp, with their cat and dog, are at Fanjoy's camps at Cupsuptic for a few weeks' hunting.

Ruth and Eva Hamlin, who have been for some years employed at Mountain View House, left Thursday for their home in Gorham.

George Darrah, clerk at McKendrick's, left Tuesday morning for his home in Rumford where he expects to remain for about a month for a much-needed vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Berry of Indian Rock are having a month's vacation which they are spending with her parents in Stetson and his in Machias.

L. E. Bowley returned from Lewiston last Friday with a handsome new Buick car in place of the old one which he went in. His brother-in-law, W. A. Tibbetts, accompanied him as chauffeur. They attended the funeral of Nelson Kimball of Auburn, who was a relative of the former. Amos Ellis and B. M. Kimball returned with them, while Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Kimball returned by train.

Mrs. James Ross and her son were week-end guests of her nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard O. Ellis, at Bald Mountain.

Paul P. Pillsbury has sublet a job at cutting birch of his brother, A. V. Pillsbury, who has taken a contract of Eben Hamden on the Tuttle estate.

Merton Hoar of West Rangeley has gone into partnership with Eugene Fields of Rangeley on a job of cutting railroad ties for Austin Hinkley at Dodge Pond. They will live in Mr. Hinkley's camp at the pond and Mrs. Fields will keep house for them.

### MADISON WOMAN CAUGHT MUSKRAT IN HER HANDS.

Mrs. Augustus Morrill of Madison performed a somewhat unusual feat the other afternoon by picking up a live muskrat and carrying it to her home in her bare hands. Mrs. Morrill was going to the home of a neighbor on upper Main street and noticed a small animal in the ditch. On nearer view she saw it was a muskrat. The animal apparently unafraid allowed Mrs. Morrill to pick it up. The animal was killed by Mr. Morrill later and now Mrs. Morrill has a fine muskrat skin to show for her adventure.



## AN IDEAL NEW BRUNSWICK COUNTY.

I read with much interest and no little pleasure Mr. Lynott's article "A Day at Lake Utopia," and in a later issue his letter. No doubt the reason I took a more than passing interest in the article is due to the fact that the country of which he writes is my home.

My birthplace is not ten miles from beautiful Lake Utopia. On fishing and outing excursions how often have I lain on the white sands of its shores, and gazing across the rippled waters to the thickly wooded islands and distant green of the opposite shore, dreamed of the opportunities lying ten-fold in that beautiful country, of which I would take advantage when I grew older. Dreams, all of them, yet not one but could be realized by men with longer purse-strings and more powerful influence than I possess.

Charlotte county, yes, the whole of New Brunswick, is dead to its trust, dead to its opportunities, and to the debt it owes to itself as part of the most beautiful, the most fertile, and the cleanest and best country under God's shining sun.

Omitting the most northerly sections it can safely be said that New Brunswick, taken from the standpoint of prosperity, consequent upon development, considering its size and population, is behind any section of the country you might name.

Why is it? Surely not for lack of opportunity, nor because the people cannot afford it. I have heard it remarked that we of the Maritime Provinces are too poor to do this or that. This is not so. The people taken individually are all prosperous, but their prosperity does nobody any good, not even themselves. They hoard up their money and shut their eyes to the golden opportunities that come and go, not because they do not see them, but seeing them they resolutely turn their backs and continue their sleep walking.

Mr. Lynott in his letter stated that a number of sportsmen had visited that section and having all filled their licenses intended returning next year in time to build lodges. "Ye Gods," these strangers are coming back to build lodges. Why cannot the native who knows the country, knows every nook of the woods, knows where the game is to be found under the best conditions, why cannot he build lodges, supply guides, and by advertising and co-operation with officials make the enterprise a commercial success? The same thing is done elsewhere. Take, for instance, the state of Maine. Every year thousands of sportsmen go into the Maine woods, leave their money there, but take nothing away that will make the country any poorer.

If the county officials would prepare and print a small pamphlet or book describing the beauties, and opportunities, both for commercial enterprises and purposes of pleasure, that are to be developed in Charlotte county, and distribute it broadcast, I am sure they would get results.

Do not let us allow these strangers to come in and be obliged to furnish accommodations for themselves. The man who can afford to come to New Brunswick after game can afford to pay for the things needed for the com-

fort and success of his outing and would prefer to do so. Make these sportsmen your guests, let them see that you are personally interested in their success. They will be glad to pay for the entertainment you can provide.

There are some timorous ones who may say "it will pay." Nothing venture, nothing win. Half the enterprises in the country were started by American daring and accomplished by American dollars. With a single exception there is not a local enterprise backed by local capital that has done anything to develop the country. The exception in point is a combination of local capital and brains that has done much to improve conditions, having instituted a freight and passenger service between St. John and St. Andrews and intervening points. They have taken over tottering fish interests at Beaver Harbor and have given the village a new lease of life. They have built an enormous saw mill at Sturgeon Cove, employing hundreds of men, and a movement is now on foot to run a spur track from the New Brunswick Southern to Black's Harbor which I am sure is backed by the same concern. True, St. Andrews is a flourishing summer resort with one of the largest hotels, "The Algonquin," in the Dominion, but this cannot be said to be a local enterprise as it is backed by the C. P. R., as is also the modern fish packing plant in that vicinity.

At St. George there is the pulp industry owned and backed by the American capital which might have been a native owned enterprise.

In addition to the great sportsman and tourist advantages there are the unimproved farms, the miles of forest as primeval as on the day when that noble band of Frenchmen sailed up the beautiful St. Croix River and wintered on the small and barren Douchett's Island, where the graves of the intrepid men are to be seen to this day, although they are being slowly washed away by the action of the wind and waves of the river.

One can travel for days seeing everywhere farm land as level as an office desk, now forgotten and deserted, with weeds growing over the threshold, houses and out-buildings boarded up, sombre and silent relics of by-gone days.

Then there are the peat-bogs, miles of them, from which peat enough to supply the world with fuel for years could be extracted if the opportunity were taken advantage of. True, there was at one time a faint hearted attempt made to commercialize it, but it was deemed too wet for fuel purposes and the project was abandoned. Was there ever an enterprise yet that did not succeed if it had the right push behind it? I am sure this one would have been no exception.

I know a man who controls rich and extensive fishing privileges at Pocologan and vicinity. He has been talking of erecting a packing plant there for the last ten years, but apparently is no nearer to doing so now than he was when I first heard of it. He could afford to erect such a plant, too.

Our cry is "Canada for Canadians," and yet what do we do with the greatest gift God has given to nations? We sit idly by while others snatch the treasures from beneath our very eyes, and do not lift a hand to say them nay.

I do not blame or criticize the government—either the Federal or the Provincial—for this condition of affairs. Our government is doing all in its power to awaken the world to the great opportunities to be found in Canada, but the people of New Brunswick will not co-operate. Individually they are apathetic, and blind to what is theirs by right of inheritance.

Charlotte county, as well as being an excellent hunting territory, provides an ideal summer resort for the summer tourist. If he is seeking camp life he can find nowhere in this broad county a more beautiful spot than Lake Utopia. There are to be seen here beauties of mountain, stream and dale; there are forests primeval as the day when the red man roamed among them; there is fishing, boating and indeed everything that goes to make up the pleasures of camp life.

If, moreover, one desires to take advantage of a fashionable vacation he can find no spot better adapted to his purpose than St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. Spacious and beautiful hotels, tennis, golf, motoring, bathing, everything to his liking may be had here and all for as small a cost as is consistent with good service and ideal surroundings.

Let us urge upon the people of this county to co-operate in developing and advertising the attractions of what is one of the finest counties in one of the finest provinces of our broad Dominion. Vincent Cross in Rod and Gun.

## THE MARBLES ARRIVE FOR WINTER

The Rumford Falls Times says: W. S. Marble and family of Rangeley arrived in town last week and will occupy the J. S. Harlow residence on Weld street for the winter. Their many friends in town are glad to welcome them to Dixfield again for the winter.

Mr. Marble returned to Rangeley for a few weeks to superintend the closing of the Rangeley Lake House for the winter.

### A 30,000 POUND FISH

Could Swallow Twenty Jonahs Figuring the Ancient Prophet at About 150 Pounds.

This is the biggest fish story ever told. And its redeeming feature is that it is absolutely true. Don't smile. Don't scoff. Don't be a Doubting Thomas, for in this instance the evidence is prima facie.

This big fish didn't get away. It was caught, or rather captured, for it was too big and too boisterous to be hooked by the biggest hook ever cast; so big, in fact, that not even one of the enormous steam shovels used in dredging for the Panama Canal could have scooped it up. This fish, dead and done for after a mighty struggle of man against monster, is visible to the naked eye. In a little while you can see its mounted skin and skeleton by visiting the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, if it accepts the offer made to it.

Well, a few dimensional figures will serve to clinch the visual evidence. This big fish that didn't get away weighs 15 tons, or 30,000 pounds. Its length is 45 feet, eight times the length of an average man. Its circumference at the thickest part is 23 feet 9 inches. The diameter is 8 feet 3 inches, so that a full-grown man might stand 31 inches apart. The tongue is 40 inches long. The fish has several thousand teeth—too many to count.

It is a rather large bull that weighs 1,700 pounds, yet the liver of this fish weighs that much—nearly a ton. The spread of its tail, which looks like the caudal appendage of a monoplane, is 10 feet from tip to tip. The pectoral fin is 5 feet long and 3 feet wide. The dorsal fin is 3 feet long and 2 feet 9 inches wide. The gills are 4 feet long. The hide of the fish is 3 inches thick and there are no scales.

Whew! Almost makes one tired to try to conceive of a fish of such dimensions, but those are exact measurements of the fish that is in evidence. The Smithsonian Institution, which is scientifically exacting, has accepted this fish as the ambitious youth from the country "accepts a job in the city—by going after it with enthusiasm. As soon as the Smithsonian authorities heard of the existence of this piscatorial phenomenon they went after it, because it is a species heretofore unknown. It is a mystery monster of the deep sea.

The fish—and let it be borne in mind that it is a true fish, and not a mammal of the whale or porpoise variety—was captured off the coast of Florida. Scientists believe that it is an inhabitant of the far-down depths of the sea, more than 1,500 feet below the surface, and that it was thrown up by some subterranean volcanic disturbance which injured its diving apparatus so that it was unable to return to its native levels of brine. The smallness of its eyes, which are mere pinpoints in relation to its size, are evidence of its deep-sea habitat. In those depths the darkness is such that eyesight is not useful. The thick hide of the fish, its toughness and stiffness, also tend toward establishing its deep-sea origin for such an exterior is required at those depths to withstand the tremendous water pressure.

Captain Charles H. Thompson, a veteran sportsman of Miami, Fla., is entitled to the credit of capturing this great fish. (It was a "great fish," not a whale, that swallowed Jonah, by the way.) Captain Thompson owns a yacht in which he was cruising for tarpon. He was off Knight's Key when he sighted a huge bulk that looked something like a whale. However, whales never are found so far south. Captain Thompson surveyed the bulk which proved to be alive and in motion, through

his glasses. Hardy sailors in his employ studied the monster.

"Whatever it is," said Thompson, "we'll go after it."

A lifeboat was manned. Captain Thompson accompanied the crew and the mysterious discovery was pursued. It disappeared, but arose to the surface. A harpoon was shot deep into its side.

Then began the fun, as game fishers might describe it, but this was more of a fight than a frolic to employ the deep sea diving powers which apparently it had lost, proved to be a speed artist on the surface. At times, the sailors and Captain Thompson say, it made 45 miles an hour. Four more harpoons were shot into it. About 150 bullets also were fired into the fish's hide, but as subsequent inspection showed they did but little damage, hardly more than piercing the thick skin.

The fight took place in sight of some of the Florida Keys, where thousands of people gathered to witness it. For 39 hours—two days and a night—that fierce and frantic fish pulled the lifeboat through the water with no stops for meals. Captain Thompson and his men swear to this. The yacht followed, keeping as near to the lifeboat as it could do with safety. Finally, the monster was subdued—apparently. As a matter of fact it was tired, like the man who pursued it. Anyhow the fish quit struggling and was lashed fast to the Thompson yacht alongside. The landward voyage then began.

The yacht is a thirty-ton vessel. It had a fifteen-ton fish lashed to its side. Presently the lash became lively again, having enjoyed a rest. It began to wriggle, and that wriggling was something stupendous. With one powerful blow of its tail the fish knocked the rudder and propeller off the yacht and smashed in a portion of the after part of the hull.

Fortunately the monster had been lashed at its head by the vessel's anchor chain. The chain held. No hemp cables could have withstood the herculean struggles of the infuriated captive. The yacht being out of commission, two stout tugboats were called upon for aid. The fish again quieted down and was supposed to be dead—but only supposed to be. The tugs towed the apparent carcass to Miami, and a mechanism was rigged up by which it was pulled upon the dock.

There was life in the big fish still. It gave a sudden flip of its enormous tail, smashed a considerable portion of the deck, demolished the dockhouse and broke a man's leg.

After that the men kept their distance. The fish struggled for a while and finally gave up the ghost. Examination to determine its species then was undertaken. No piscatorial expert ever had seen or heard of a fish of that variety. It was altogether unclassified—a specimen of an unknown denizen of the deep.

Captain Thompson, having landed his catch, was in the position of the Irishman who went up a tree to capture a catamount. He didn't know how to get rid of it. The fish, unlike the catamount, was dead at last, but its huge bulk—15 tons of it—lay there encumbering the earth. It was rolled off the bench and became the center of curiosity for the population. The Miami authorities ordered that the carcass be removed.

Just what to do with the prize so bravely and laboriously won was a

problem for Captain Thompson, but that problem was solved when science became interested in the fish. The Smithsonian Institution sent J. S. Warmbath, a skilled taxidermist, down to Miami to prepare the carcass for preservation, so that all men hereafter may believe in this big fish story, or at least so many as may visit the institution at Washington.

Warmbath embalmed and mounted the creature. He used 15 barrels of formaldehyde, in addition to other chemical in job lots. All the professional undertakers for miles up and down and inland from Miami were called to aid the taxidermist. They worked night and day to get the fish properly pickled before mortification set in. The thickness of the sides and the extraordinary toughness of the hide made the work exceedingly difficult. Finally the work was completed, the skin being mounted in steel ribs to restore the original form, and the specimen was hauled away on a flat car to Atlantic City, where thousands of visitors viewed it.

When the undertakers finally penetrated the interior of the carcass they found a 1,500 pound fish—as big as an ox—which the monster had swallowed whole and partly digested. Strange to say, in the cavernous stomach was found also a live cuttlefish or octopus. Several hundred pounds of coral and other solid matter were confined in the stomach.

Now as to Jonah. Carl G. Fisher, a millionaire sportsman of Indianapolis, who has a winter home at Miami, told his friends about the big fish, which he had seen on the Florida beach. They were incredulous. Fisher had the fish loaded upon a flat car and transported to Indianapolis, where it has been placed on exhibition to prove that he was not telling a fish story of the traditional sort. And among the many persons who have seen the fish are several clergymen, who have formulated the theory that it was a fish of this species which swallowed Jonah.

The limited size of the whale's throat precludes the possibility of its swallowing a man. The fish caught in Florida waters could have swallowed a man with ease—to the fish not the man. As a matter of fact, the ministers point out, there is nothing in the Bible to create the impression that it was a whale that swallowed the unfortunate son of Amittai.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah," reads the Scripture. "Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly."

It is estimated that this fish could have swallowed 20 Jonahs, figuring the ancient prophet at about 150 pounds. The dead fish, the live one and the coral and other solid matter found in its stomach aggregated in weight approximately a ton and a half.

But whatever bearing the theory of the Indianapolis of the Scripture, there is no doubt whatever that the "great fish" cast up from the depths and captured by Captain Thompson is the most remarkable sea citizen ever caught.—New York World.

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LICKING COUNTY SQUIRREL HUNT.

I am going to try and tell you of a squirrel hunt I took with a friend of mine. On Thursday, September 17th, I started with John Barton and his brother on a hunting trip. His brother took his machine, a Harley Davidson, eight horse power. We had a puncture and as it could not be repaired we started from his place at 3 30 in the morning up to my place. I changed my clothes, putting on my hunting togs, had an early breakfast and started on our trip.

As I had my gun in a shop being repaired I had to use my brother's, a new Winchester, Model '94 repeater. John used a .12 gauge double imported gun. Mine was a .12 gauge, costing \$64 when new. My brother gave \$25 for it second-handed. It has two sets of barrels, a trap barrel and field barrel. It has not quite enough drop in stock to suit me and is made of walnut, checkered pistol grin and two rubber butt plates. I shot 32 times when squirrel hunting and my shoulder did not pain me a bit, while John shot four times and complained of his shoulder hurting him.

We went hunting three miles east of St. Louisville, 13 miles from home. We put the machine in the barn after a nice ride by way of Wilkin Conner's pike. We started into a few of the woods that I was well acquainted with, which I ought to know, as I hunted in them when only a boy. We saw two grey squirrels in the forenoon, but did not get a shot at them. We came down past the house, helped ourselves to some cider and went to some woods south of the house. I did not get a shot; came home to dinner at 1.30.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott had a fine dinner for us with beef and gravy, mashed potatoes, good bread, pickles, tomatoes, all kinds of jellies, cakes, and finished up with watermelon and pumpkin pie. We were as hungry as bears and the result was to let our belts out after dinner. After a chat and a smoke we snapped a few pictures of ourselves and went back hunting.

I forgot to say I caught a screech owl and put it in my coat. Mr. Scott played pigeon and bagged it with John's double first shot in the wing. Being somewhat discouraged with our forenoon's hunt we started east of the house with Mr. Scott. John started for the woods while Mr. Scott asked me if I would try my hand at cutting corn. I entered a shock for him just to show him I had not forgotten. I spent my first 17 years on a farm or farms, for I have been on several. Well, I went up above him to the woods and finally met John. We sat down on a log and began talking of our friends, when John said: Look there, Joe, and we both jumped at the same time. John shot once and I shot three times at a grey squirrel on the fence, but it had gotten away.

After kidding each other about our shots we started across a pasture field to a spring I knew of and got a drink of the best cold water, which greatly relieved our thirst. We then went back to the same woods that we were in the forenoon. We then separated. I heard a squirrel bark and was at the lower end of the woods. I thought maybe it was somebody and was warning the other squirrels, but I started to where the sound came from and got pretty near to where it was. I was looking at the top of the trees for the squirrel which had stopped barking for a reason of its own. After looking around and not seeing him, I was on the point of starting on when I heard a smothered laugh, and sitting behind two different tree stumps were two fellows. One was a friend of mine I used to work with. They laughed at me, and I had to laugh myself for sneaking around from one tree to another hunting one squirrel. The joke was on me and I enjoyed it as much as they.

My friend proved to be Mr. Glick and his friend, Mr. Parks. Mr. Glick said they could hear us clear across the woods and told us we must keep more quiet if we expected to get any game. Mr. Glick had a .12 gauge double barrel L. C. Smith; Mr. Parks a double .12 Ithaca. Mr. Parks had a low pair of overshoes on, while Mr. Glick had a pair of laced felts minus the overshoes, and the way they went without making any noise opened my eyes, both being quick old hunters.

After the joke played on me I thought my friend would enjoy going down to the other end of the woods. I left him, as Mr. Glick commenced to bark like a squirrel as he had it down pat. We were all laughing to see him come and we finally got tired standing calling. Thinking my friend might have gone farther down than where I

left him, we started to the lower end of the woods and got behind a stump close to where I left him. We called for a few minutes and still he didn't come. I then told them I thought he went south. I started for the house, my friends bidding me goodbye with hopes of seeing each other soon. When I was within fifty feet from where we were calling my friend laid on his back fast asleep with a smile on his face. I called the other fellows to come and help me play a trick on him. We finally decided to steal his gun, which fell to me to steal, so if he should wake up he wouldn't think anything. I sneaked up; he had it laying across his waist. After I got it I gave it to Mr. Glick. We then went about forty yards behind some fallen tree trunks. Mr. Parks crossed the fence to the woods and fell over the fence and woke him up. He hollowed, "Hey, Bill, that you?" John woke up, rubbed his eyes, looking for his shotgun, felt for his watch, then looked into his hip pocket for his knife. You should have seen the look on his face. As Mr. Parks was a stranger to him, he did not know what to do, while we were back in the woods laughing at him. Mr. Glick barked like a squirrel and Mr. Parks looked up the tree for it and turned his back, but could not hold in any longer. He just laid down on the ground and rolled over and laughed. Then he would look and start into a new fit of laughing. John's face was scarlet as he knew he was being the bulk of the joke.

Then we brought out the gun and after a while he laughed, as he enjoys a joke even though it was on him. Well, after it was over and we had said goodbye to the other fellows, and a good luck and don't go to sleep, they left us. We sat and looked at each other, John knowing that I was the cause of it and looked kind of mad. Then he commenced to smile and just laughed until I thought he would burst. Then he said, Joe, I think we had better go home, as we are not safe out here in the woods without a chaperon, and I told him it was one time that he told the truth.

We went out of the woods, down to the house, and after relating our experience to Mr. and Mrs. Scott and a Mr. Long, who was visiting there, drank some cider, cleaned the guns, took some pictures, got the machine out and started for home. After thanking Mr. and Mrs. Scott for their fine dinner, and with a "come out wh never you can, boys," we cranked up the Harley and up hill and down around curves until we finally pulled into Newark. To make a short story long, we got home all O. K., and while the Harley was making the dust fly I was humming, "I love the pigs and the cows and the chickens, but this is the life, this is the life." That was as far as I got for the machine stopped in front of our door and a "so long," we left each other.

This finishes our unsuccessful squirrel hunt. We had a fine time and expect to go again before the law is out. —hunter—Trader—Trapper.

BAR HARBOR'S PROPOSED CASINO.

"Boost Bar Harbor" is a slogan that is not only winning popular favor but is bringing about results. The Business Association has taken affairs in its own hands and has set about on a movement that will bring just what the town needs. A public casino, which is the goal toward which the association is now bending its efforts, will give the town a place where cottager, hotel guest and the business man who comes here for a little recreation can all meet on a common footing. As it now is, the latter finds little attraction here because he is shut out from the society life of the place. Unless he happens to have a friend here on the inner track, who can vouch for him and gain entrance for him, he is shut out from all the clubs, and is out of the game. Even many of the most wealthy who are not so favored also find themselves excluded. With the building of the casino all this will be changed. Everyone who has the appearance of decency and the price to pay will be able to gain entrance and enjoy the dancing, bathing, tennis and whatever of social life the place may have to offer.

The building of this casino is a project in which the Business Association deserves all the support the townspeople are able to offer. While their returns may not be direct, they are none the less certain. Many more people will be brought to the town by the attraction a casino will have for the young

and fun-loving class and the greater opportunities of enjoyment Bar Harbor will be able to offer the middle class and well-to-do people who may not have a million in their pockets or a pedigree a mile long under the thumb. It is this class that spends the money and it is the one to be encouraged to come here.—Bar Harbor Times.

SEARCH WOODS FOR LOST HUNTER

Hersey Warren, 21, son of Frank Warren, of Buckfield, is lost in the woods 12 miles north of that village. With Dr. A. E. Cole and George Warren, a brother, both of Buckfield, Warren went into the woods near Richardson lake, Monday morning. The trio became separated and no trace has been found of Hersey Warren by his companions.

It is believed that he has wandered in the vicinity of Middle Dam, Upton or C pond. Parties have been organized at Upton, Middle Dam, Andover and South Arm, and a search for the missing hunter will be begun Wednesday. His father has offered \$50 for information leading to his discovery.

FISH AND GAME PROSECUTIONS

Hearing Before the Fish and Game Commissioners at Augusta.

The Fish and Game Commissioners were in session late Friday afternoon of last week at their office at the State House to hear the cases of three licensed guides, who had been cited to appear before them to show cause why their licenses should not be rescinded.

The first was the case of Alonzo and Herbert Durgin of West Forks. Alonzo had been charged with illegally killing partridges and Herbert with illegally killing a deer. They were taken before Justice Lancaster at Skowhegan, Alonzo convicted and entered an appeal to the higher court. Herbert pleaded not guilty, waived a hearing and appealed.

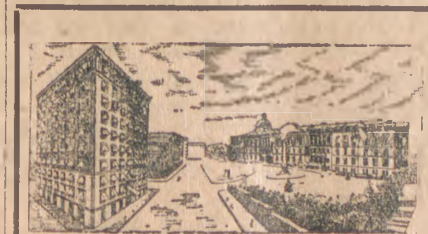
The commissioners, by virtue of Sec. 56 of the game laws, which provides that "for cause shown, after due notice and hearing, cancel any registration by them made," cited both the guides to appear for a hearing as above mentioned.

The men were represented by Attorney W. B. Brown of Madison. They made a general denial of the charge brought in the court proceedings. Hon. F. G. Kinsman testified to their credibility and reliability as guides.

The commissioners decided not to rescind their licenses, pending the outcome of the appeals in the legal prosecutions, which will be heard at the January term of court for Somerset county.

The case of Guide Wylie of Norcross was next heard. The case arose from the fact that Wylie had paid a fine to Game Warden Ward of Millinocket, in settlement of being charged with having a live mink in his possession in close time.

He appeared in person and stated that while fishing in waters near his home he caught and threw a fish on the bank. It was seized by a mink and so



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persistent was the little fellow that Wylie was able to catch it in his hands. He did not know he was breaking the law and made no attempt to conceal the fact that he had the mink, in fact showing it to his neighbors and it was generally known.

The warden learned of the matter, and as was his duty, took action. He made no contest but paid a fine to the warden, as, on investigation, he was convinced that technically he had violated the law.

Mr. Williams of Pennsylvania, whom Wylie had guided for several seasons, testified in the latter's behalf.

The commissioners decided not to withdraw the license.

It is understood that another licensed guide has been cited to appear on November 12 before the commission to show cause why his license shall not be revoked, complaint having been received by the commission.

Chief Game Warden Charles P. Gray of Oxford has reported to the Fish and Game Commission the prosecution of Robert B. Marshall on November 5 for hunting without a license. He was taken before Trial Justice Seth W. Fife of Fryeburg, convicted and fined \$25 and \$12.05 costs, or in default of payment 30 days in jail. As the department has not received the amount of the fine imposed, it is the opinion that the man was committed.

Curator James of the State Museum has removed the skin from the carcass of the great black bear which has been for several days on exhibition in Augusta and will have it mounted before New Year's for the museum. It is a remarkably fine specimen.

VARIOUS OPINIONS AS TO THE DRUMMING OF PARTRIDGES.

Here seems to be some pretty reliable evidence published in the Norway Advertiser as to the much disputed drumming of partridges: "In several of the popular sporting magazines at different times I have read articles by some of my brother hunters and campers, on the 'Drumming of Partridge.' These articles were written with the idea of demonstrating or showing the way the partridge 'drums.' I remember one article written by a woman, a Mrs. L—. She said the partridge made the drumming sound by striking his wings very rapidly against the sides of the log on which he was sitting. And another writer, a man from Wyoming, I believe, said the drumming was made by the partridge beating his wings against his sides very rapidly. I have had the opportunity for the past two weeks to watch two old drummers very

closely several times a day. I am freewarden and am in the land of a great number of partridges. One old drummer comes right behind my camp almost every day and is very tame. I was within ten feet of him one day, lying down behind a spruce log, when he commenced to drum. The drumming goes something like this: Thrump-thrump - thrump - thr-r-r r-r-r-r-thrump. The first few beats are slow and then faster and faster for six or seven seconds and then he stops. He makes that drumming by beating his wings up against his breast. He does not strike the log at all with his wings. He seems to lean back as he drums and after the drumming he sits very quiet almost motionless for perhaps fifteen minutes. Seems to be listening and then he will drum again."

What is the opinion of some of the Maine Woods' readers? Let us hear from you.

BOB CATS IN SAGADAHOC

Down in Phippsburg and in Georgetown also, many hunters may possibly find some bobcats to shoot, as the past week these animals of the big woods have been seen in both those towns. The other afternoon one bobcat was seen crossing the Hosmer field in Ashdale by H. S. Hosmer's and this or another bobcat was seen by a Frenchman on Morse's Mountain. The animal killed a cat in that section last week and is liable to kill sheep and hens, if not killed or driven away. In Georgetown about a mile away from Harmon's Harbor, a party including R. M. Sillsby, Harry Wilshire, E. W. Bridgman and Dr. E. J. Fitzgerald of Bath were motoring along the road when they noticed across an open field along the edge of the wood a bobcat, light in color and apparently weighing from 40 to 50 pounds. As they looked the bobcat made a spring and as he jumped, a partridge flew up out of the clutches of the cat. It was an extra, free of charge for the boys from Bath and would have been a good moving picture subject. It will be recalled that a year or two ago a large bobcat was killed in Westport or Woolwich woods and hung on exhibition for a time in a Bath store. The Georgetown bobcat seemed about the size of that.



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



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If so, write me the number of persons in your party, how long you wish to stay in camp, and let me tell you

### THE EXACT COST

of your trip at Chase Pond Camps as I shall make cut rates to all during October and November. I will also send you names of parties who have hunted here that you may refer to in regard to hunting, camps, etc.

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## YORK CAMPS,

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

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# BIG RESULTS

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Look around and see if you haven't some Fire Arms, Boats, A Dog, An Automobile, A Camera, Tent, Hammock or something else you don't want.

## Someone else is sure to want it

We have sold things for others, and we can do the same for you. Rates one cent a word in advance.

Address, Classified Department,

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, Maine

## S. S. SOCIABLE IN WILBUR DISTRICT

## Rebekahs Work Degree--Return Home After Summer at Kennebago.

(Special Correspondence.)

Rangeley, November 10.—A pleasant gathering was held at the chapel in the Wilbur District Friday evening, the occasion being a Sunday school sociable. A fine program was enjoyed consisting of musical selections by Gladys Wilcox and Ormenta Cerey; song, Irene and Roxy Philbrick and recitations by the following: Roberta Eastman, Hayden Ross, Marion Wilbur, Ethel Philbrick, Eddie Philbrick. Following the program a social hour followed, during which flinch and other games were enjoyed. Refreshments of cake and cocoa were served. Philbrick Gile and Mrs. Maude Gile furnished music with the violin and organ during the social hour. About 60 were present. The affair was in charge of Mrs. Earle Pillsbury.

Phil Hutton caught a large cat owl Saturday night. The creature had been making trouble among the chickens and a trap was set to catch the intruder. The owl was caught by the toe and was not injured at all. E. L. Haley is boarding Mr. Owl for a short time.

Miss Susie Wilbur is enjoying a month's vacation from her duties at the postoffice. Part of her vacation is being spent visiting relatives and friends at Farmington, Colebrook N. H., and Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Ross have returned from a short trip to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. David Quimby have concluded their duties at Kennebago for the season and will occupy their pleasant home on the Dead River road during the winter.

Mrs. Ira D. Hoar and daughter, Muriel returned home Monday, after brief visit at Portland.

Rolla Pillsbury, who underwent a serious operation at the Eye & Ear Infirmary has so far recovered as to be able to return home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leonard are at Spotted Mountain for the winter where Mr. Leonard has employment.

Mrs. D. W. Spencer has been on the sick list the past week.

Albert Henry, a woodsman cut his foot quite severely one day recently. The injured man was taken to the private hospital of Dr. A. M. Ross, where the wound was dressed, requiring several stitches to close it. The patient was later moved to the home of Frank Oakes.

Mrs. Josephine Larrabee is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sylvader Hinkley.

A sociable was held Wednesday evening under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society. The invited guests were members of the Quimby District.

The banquet hall in Russell Block is being sheathed which will be greatly appreciated by the several orders using it.

Earle Pillsbury and Harvey Tibbetts are at Spotted Mountain where they have employment for the winter.

Mrs. H. B. McCard has returned to her home after spending the past few weeks at Dr. Ross' private hospital. Mrs. Lucy Hinkley will be with her for a few weeks.

Carl Cole has concluded his duties at the mill and returned to his home in Kingfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Austin were week end guests in town.

Will Grant was in town Monday en route for Phillips.

Mrs. Ernest Sargent and children have returned home after a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Almon Wilbur.

Miss Alice Sweetser is stopping with Mrs. A. M. Ross for a few weeks.

Mrs. Guy Brooks of Dallas is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harrison Brown for a few weeks. Mrs. Harvey Tibbetts is keeping house for her.

J. A. Russell and H. C. Riddle left Friday for Orono to witness the Maine-Bowdoin game. They also made a flying trip to Portland during the time.

Mrs. H. C. Riddle and Miss Marjorie Oakes are at Portland for a few days. Miss Grace is spending the time with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Oakes.

Tuesday evening, November 3, the Rebekahs admitted to membership Mrs. Ema Blanchard of Stratton. The work was performed in a pleasing manner by the degree staff. After the work a delicious supper of escalloped potatoes, cold ham, cake and coffee were served by Mrs. Hubert Spiller, Mrs. James Spinney and Mrs. Clara Rector.

## GAME CONSERVATION IN VIRGINIA.

M. D. Hart, president of the Audubon Society of Virginia, issues a warning to farmers to guard against the game-hog this season, and to see that he does not begin hunting before the season opens on November 2, says a leading daily of Richmond, Va. Mr. Hart takes a deep interest in all forms of wild life, and is particularly censorious to those hunters who slaughter game for private gain and boast afterwards of killing whole coveys of partridges and whole flocks of turkeys.

"Though there is no law prohibiting the size of the bag," Mr. Hart says, "the time has passed when a hunter who calls himself a sportsman should kill over fifteen or twenty quail a day, or more than 150 in a season. Because some hunters are so fortunately situated that they can hunt three or four days in each week is no reason that they should forget their brother sportsman when he gets the chance to go."

"If the game butchers, hunting day in and day out during the open season, are not stopped by the farmers, there will be nothing for the farmer and his boys to hunt when they finish housing their crops and get the opportunity for a few days' hunt."

"The Audubon Society is not opposed to hunting, but it is intensely antagonistic to the excessive slaughter of game in the name of sport. The disregard a certain class of hunters have for the landowner's rights or the right of the hunter who does not go often—in fact, in their utter selfishness—is one of the greatest menaces confronting game protectionists and wild life conservationists."

"This class of hunter should not be allowed to thrive, and every land owner should see that he does not hunt on their farms. He does not give a copper for the farmer on whose lands he hunts, he will kill the last bird in a covey the same day, or keep coming until he gets them all. He will dig a hare out of the ground or cut a tree to get a squirrel out of its hollow. He will kill the last wild turkey in a flock. You cannot get him to do a lick of work during the hunting season. He will kill during the hunting season more game than any thirty other hunters in the community."

"Nearly every neighborhood has such a character, and he should be served timely notice that he is no longer wanted."

"The sportsmen should watch the non-resident hunters, and see that they pay what you would have to pay if you hunted in their state, a hunter's license fee."

"Watch out for those who start hunting before season. This is unlawful and unsportsmanlike. Have every man found hunting before Monday, November 2, reported to your grand jury if you have no game warden. Get the evidence on him, and the grand jury can indict him later."

"Every country neighborhood can do as they are doing up in Chesterfield county. From local game protective associations, which will keep but every roving hunter and save the hunting for you, your neighbors and such friends as you may invite. "Caution every man who hunts on your place not to kill your birds down too close, if he is not satisfied with three or four birds out of one covey he is a game hog, and it would be a good thing not to let him hunt at all."

## WILD PIGEONS REPLACED BY ENGLISH SPARROWS.

"Time does change the order of things," said one of a number of elderly men who were gathered in a grocery store over at the Cape one evening last week, "and some of the changes that are hardly noticed or even known by most of the younger people of to-day are in many ways remarkable."

"Take, for instance the wild pigeon that was to be found in almost every patch of woods in the state when I was a boy; there is not one to be found in the entire country east or west of the Rockies to-day, and one of the departments at Washington has offered a large reward for any one who will produce or tell where a nest of the wild pigeon can be found."

"As I said, they were very plentiful in these parts back in the 50's and many were found in the 60's and early 70's but to-day not one can be found in the United States. The cause of all this lies in the fact that many people carried on the business of trapping them and out in Scarborough a man by the name of Plummer did this to such an extent that he came to be known as 'Pigeon Dave' Plummer. The traps were so arranged that hundreds of the birds would be caught at one spring of the trap, and when one comes to think that this business dwindled and finally died out altogether."

"On the other hand," said another of the party, "comparatively a few years ago we had never heard of such a bird as the English sparrow, and to-day they are as thick as white weed in a poor man's pasture."

"Speaking of white weed," said the first speaker, "reminds me of the time I went to school way up on what is now Highland ave., and white weed was just making its appearance in the fields. It was not very plentiful, however, and I remember that at farmer named Dyer told us boys that he would give us a cent a dozen for all we would pick in his field, for by that means it was kept from going to seed. Look at the field nowadays. If one could get a cent a dozen for it now, a person could get rich in the course of a couple of years and not have to work a week or two each year at that. Yes, sir, there have been many changes in such things as these during the past 20 or more years, and are still going on."—Portland Express and Advertiser.

## BIG BEAR AT NORTH PARISH

It is said that some of the hunters of North Parish, on the east side of the river, are all stirred up over the presence of a bear in that vicinity, and have expressed their determination to take the warpath after the "varmint." Those who have guns have got them all oiled and cleaned for the occasion and one man who had no gun is said to have come down to the city, for the express purpose of buying a rifle, the first firearm of that kind that he ever owned, so as to be in the hunt when the time arrives. That there is, or was a few days ago, a bear in that section there seems but little doubt, as the animal was seen at that time by some of the members of the household of M. M. Kimball, who lives on the Bangor road. The bear was passing up over a ridge within a third of a mile of Mr. Kimball's house, and all had a good look at him. He is said to have been a big one and if the posse of North Parish hunters succeeds in getting in touch with him, bear meat should be plenty in that neighborhood.

## ELMWOOD HOTEL ARRIVALS

Following are the past week's arrivals at the Elmwood: Wednesday, Nov. 4: F. T. Thompson, Bangor; J. R. Kirsch, Geo. Stevens, R. Scannell, Portland; Hugh Fergus, Washington, D. C.; Geo. L. Gilliam, Moorestown, N. J.; Wm. C. Monahan, Orono, Me.; W. M. Moore, Farmington; C. E. Wheeler, Chesterfield; Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Beal, Phillips; Thos. H. Baughle, Jr., New York; W. T. West, Belfast, Nov. 8: Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Williams, Geo. Williams, Jr., Eunice Williams, Augusta; Leland A. Bickford, Lawrence G. Leavitt, Made G. Leavitt, Oakland; Hillard C. Schoppe, Cherryfield; E. Leola Bickford, Oakland; Nov. 9: Harold Fuller, Rangeley; D. H. Miles, Portland; W. H. Tibbetts, H. R. Knight, Auburn, Nov. 11: C. R. Hall, Wilton; F. H. Osgood, Portland; C. C. Holden, White River Jct. Vt.; V. A. Stahl, Portland.