

IN NO. CAROLINA IN THE WINTER

Proprietor Hill of The Belgrade
Entertains the Children and
Carves the Turkey

(Special to Maine Woods.)
Belgrade Lakes, Me., Jan. 3.—Belgrade Lakes has settled down for the winter. A number of citizens have

closed their houses and gone to North Carolina to do winter business at that resort, but the lake in its new fall of snow looks just as beautiful as of old. The view from everywhere so white and charming against the background of the dark pines across the lake. The cold weather of the last few days has again closed the lakes which the warm spell opened anew and the prospect now is that the usual amount of ice will be harvested unless another warm spell comes again before the ice gets thick en-

LETTER FROM WAKEFIELD

Wakefield, Mass., Jan. 1, 1916.
To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Ice fishing on Lake Quannapowitt, Wakefield, is yielding many good strings of fair-sized pickerel and a few black bass. The ice is now about five inches thick, covered with snow. One four-pound pickerel and one of five pounds have been landed lately, and two two-pound bass. Most of the pickerel caught are smaller. The four-pound pickerel was a handsome fish, and a smart one. While the angler was busy with his traps, the fish actually wriggled to the hole in the ice, plunged downward, headfirst and disappeared as any sane pickerel ought to do. The angler was heartbroken, though all the while he had seven other good fish to his credit, all of legal length (10 inches) safely laid away in his creel. We saw a string of 21 caught yesterday. This lake is one of the best fish ponds in Eastern Massachusetts. It is one mile long by one-half wide; not over 16 feet deep in any place, soft bottom and very weedy over a large area. There are no streams entering it, only three narrow ditches largely overgrown and impeded by bushes and grass. Numerous open patches in the new first freezing show the location of several springs. The lake is easily reached by trolley, one line running along by and close to the east shore, and Wiley's boathouse at the end of the park; also Rosson's boathouse at the head of the lake. About two months ago we planted five hundred adult white perch in this lake, and two years ago three hundred thousand pike-perch fry all alive and kicking. Next season they should give us some rare sport, as well as a splendid pan fish. They grow in some waters to weigh five or six pounds each; are smarter than a black bass; slim as a pickerel but marked like a yellow perch, with fins like a perch. Two of these perch, five inches long, were caught last season. This lake has produced a few white perch of two pounds each; quite a lot of five-pound pickerel; one black bass of seven and a quarter pounds, and tons of German carp, shiners, horn-pout, yellow perch and eels. One carp was captured at the outlet of the lake which weighed 46 pounds; its spawn weighed three pounds. We had two slices; its flesh looked like beef, texture fine-grained, and when cooked with pork tasted not unlike sword fish. A substantial screen was placed at the outlet before planting the adult white perch, just before mentioned.

We have another smaller lake, but twice as deep as Quannapowitt, Crystal lake the source of our domestic water supply. This lake is literally full of fine, healthy fish, but has not been fished in, except from the shores for more than fifteen years. There

ough to cut which seems a bit in the distance.

Christmas was celebrated at the church with an entertainment by the children and a well-laden tree, the gifts being distributed by Santa Claus.

Rev. Mr. Gilbert occupied the pulpit Sunday. It was a stormy day and but few could get out to hear his eloquent and forceful sermon. He is an able speaker and the church is fortunate in retaining him against offers from larger places.

The Ladies' Aid have been busy filling a box of clothing and useful articles for the poor and needy at Lewiston. The circle is not large in numbers but does a large amount of work towards the expenses of the church.

Mr. Hill of The Belgrade entertained the children of the village with a Christmas dinner, Mr. Hill himself carving the turkey. It was a jolly little crowd of 30 who enjoyed the feast and gave Mr. Hill three rousing cheers as they departed with pockets well filled with nuts and candy.

are trout there we know, for we put 31 adult 8-inch beauties there some years ago; a few have been caught.

Now, gentle anglers, don't all rush at once to this lake expecting to have more than "fisherman's luck." Some days they do, and some days they don't. Some days one bait and then another, several of them in fact. You all know how it is. We are conveniently situated on the Boston & Maine Railroad, Portland Division, ten miles north of Boston. We have nearly thirteen thousand population, fine schools and churches, several factories, first-class fire and police departments, and social life raised to the limit.

The fishing and hunting season in Maine having come to a glorious end, I have ventured spin this letter out to unusual lengths knowing full well how hungry you sporting editors must be for "copy." I beg you will find space to publish the clipping enclosed regarding birds in the woods and around our dwellings. It is clipped from the Boston Post of today. I am one of the uncrowned (unpaid) deputies of the state and always take pleasure in doing work for the birds.

Among many other modern things worthy of mention is our overpowering tax rate of \$25.20 per thousand. We are almost a city; the political cocoon is about ready to burst open; certain would-be banner bearers are grooming themselves, prior to donning the ermine, and all indications point to a lively contest at our primaries in February next. Our new up-to-date movie theater is a fine one, seats about 1,000 and is located on Main street exactly opposite City Hall. All hands come and see us.

J. C. Hartshorne.

PROP. BLACKWELL OFF FOR FLORIDA

Predicts Big Business for Season
of 1916.

Mr. and Mrs. Dion O. Blackwell of Round Mountain Lake Camps passed through Phillips Wednesday en route for New York and Florida, where they intend to spend the winter.

Prop. Blackwell reports a very successful year with his camps filled practically all the season.

The past year, according to Mr. Blackwell, was especially successful during the hunting season. The number of his guests during the fall were more than double those of the previous year. The cause of this, he feels sure, is the reduction in the license fee from \$25 to \$15.

Mr. Blackwell predicts that 1916 will be the banner year for the sporting business in Maine.

With his camps already nearly all booked he looks forward to a pleasant winter in New York and Florida.

WHEN IS A WILD DUCK?

The above question is asked in a Washington dispatch to the Sun, N. Y., September 9.

Professor T. Gilbert Pearson, in an interview said: "When you go to a hotel and look down the bill of fare where it says \$6 and then order 'wild duck,' how are you going to know it is wild?"

Professor Pearson says you can't tell. He has got the gourmards guessing by his declaration that half the "canvasback ducks" for which you pay from \$3 to \$6 are merely "typographical errors" on the bill of fare. He has confided to some of the bird sharks that most of the wild ducks on the hotel menus were raised in a yard and a pond with a wire fence around them. He positively defies anybody to tell the difference when the waiter brings them in.

Just because a wild duck is wild is no reason, Professor Pearson says, why it should taste any better than a tame "wild duck" which has abandoned his wild ways and settled down into a plain garden variety, business-

LOCAL SHOTS WERE BEATEN

Mail Match Shot Tuesday Night
Created Much Interest

Androscoggin shooters were captured by the Livermore Falls team in the first shoot of the Lewiston club. The match was shot "through the mails," that is, Livermore shot at home as did the Andro club and the results obtained by telephone directly after the match. The range was 50 feet and scores were made offhand. The scores were Livermore, 1201, Androscoggin 1,148.

Whitney with 43 just nosed out Stetson by one point for high gun for the Lewiston club.

The Livermore scores were higher than Lewiston by two or three points to a man from Pushard, who with 45 was high man to Wendall last man with 34.

Androscoggin Rifle Club.

Whitney,	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 3—43
Stetson,	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 3 3—42
Kroon,	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—41
Edwards,	5 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 3 2—41
Turgeon,	5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—41
Kincaid,	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—41
Hammond,	5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—41
Pendleton,	5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—41
Whitehouse,	5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3—40
Chase,	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 3 2—40
Julia,	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—40
J. White,	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—40
Hosmer,	5 5 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—4
Pottle,	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3—39
Abbott,	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 2—38
Bly,	5 5 4 4 4 4 4 3 2 3—38
H. Coombs,	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—38
Hibbert,	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—38
Woodhouse,	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—38
Wallingford,	5 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 2—37
Haskell,	5 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3—37
Pelley,	5 5 5 4 4 4 3 3 3 0—36
Elliot,	5 5 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 2—36
Delano,	5 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3—36
Randall,	5 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 2—36
Jordan,	4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3—35
Cushman,	4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3—35
Curley,	4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3—35
Getchell,	4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 2—34
Alden,	4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3 2 2—31

Total, 1143

Livermore Falls Club.

Pushard,	45
Coolidge,	43
Dalton,	43
Bartlett,	42
Buck,	42
Adkins,	42
Larkin,	42
Cloutier,	42
Winter,	41
Armistead,	41
Robinson,	41
Ray,	41
Waite,	40
Allen,	40
Hall,	40
Sawtelle,	40
Newberg,	40
Roys, Jr.,	39
Hatch,	39
Smith,	39
Martel,	39
O. Jewell,	39
Gilbert,	38
Bradford,	38
F. Jewell,	38
King,	38
Libby,	37
Small,	37
Pomeroy,	34
Wendall,	34
Total,	1201

Other members of the local club shot the following scores Tuesday night:—

Blagden,	5 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 0 0—21
R. Coombs,	5 4 3 3 3 2 2 2 2 2—28
Whittum,	4 4 3 3 3 2 2 2 2 2—27
Bates,	4 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 0—27

like duck. He says men are making money raising "wild ducks" and that the National Association of Audubon Societies is encouraging the industry as a means of preserving the game.

(Continued on page four.)



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F. N. BEAL, General Manager, Phillips, Maine

SPORTSMEN'S MEETING

Banquet Will Be Held at the Augusta House

The annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association which convenes at the State House Jan. 14, promises to be a successful one. The Journal has already printed the plans for the meeting but the following letter sent out by the president of the association includes the program and will interest many who plan to attend and many who will not be so fortunate. The letter is dated at Lewiston and reads:

Dear Sir:

We want you to help make the annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association a success. We want you to attend. The date is Friday, January 14th, at Augusta, and you will be repaid for the time and effort. Here's the program:

10.00 a. m., Business meeting and election of officers.

2 p. m., Discussion of important questions.

4.30 p. m., Illustrated lecture by A. H. Dinsmore.

8.00 p. m., Banquet.

Meetings and lecture in Hall of Representatives. Banquet at Augusta House.

Last year we had a record meeting, but we want this to be a bigger one, even if the Legislature isn't in session. The lecture "Camp Fires of a Fish Culturist" is one of the best of its kind. Mr. Dinsmore is a former Maine man, now federal superintendent of hatcheries in Vermont, who has had some extraordinary experiences in Yellowstone Park, the Black Hills, Colorado Rockies and the Puget Sound region, where he has done propagation work.

Born and brought up a photographer, he has made his own illustrations one series of which shows the life history of trout, photographed under water. He tells of many interesting things that go with years of camp life spent in the work. The highest authorities have given this lecture a cordial endorsement.

We shall discuss three big ques-

tions,—the need of game propagation in Maine, the needs of the State warden service, and the resident hunters' registration. We are starting the meeting in the morning so that we will have time for these and other matters. There will be good informal speaking at the banquet.

Bring a friend if you can; everyone will be welcome. Better still have him sign the enclosed application and come as a member.

Yours truly,

R. J. HODGSON, Pres.

MINK FARMING IN MAINE

Even since the original garment worn in the Garden of Eden became inadequate for human needs, furs have been constantly in use as a covering for the human body. The prehistoric man, pursuing his quarry with primitive weapons, robbed it of its skin and fashioned rude garments to protect himself against the inclemencies of the weather, or decorated his new robe with ornaments to proclaim his rank and prowess. In the Middle Ages the lawmakers wore ermine and sable; the wealthy landlord added furs to his wardrobe; the Norseman threw a shaggy hide about him as he went forth to battle, or tanned it into a shield to resist the blows of an antagonist.

It is no wonder that, with the immense operations of the Dutch fur trader, the Hudson's Bay Company, the exploiting of the Northwestern territory and the constant trapping of wild animals by cunning devices and alluring baits for the past hundred years or more in the United States, that we read as a plain and simple item of news in a daily publication that the skin of a silver black fox recently sold for \$2,700, although weighing no more than a pound. A fur dealer of wide repute who is forced to advertise extensively to secure material, states it as his belief that in five or ten years there will not be more than a third of the wild fur bearing animals in existence there are today; and this means more than is evident on the surface. Not until recently has the attention of the governments of this country and Canada been drawn officially to the need for artificial propagation of fur bearers,

but they have awakened to the fact that this is an extremely profitable business if rightly conducted, and after a complete survey, have issued bulletins endorsing the proposition of fur farming and extending valuable information to those desiring to engage in the business.

During the past eight or ten years there has been a rush, especially in the western section of New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island to get into the fox farming business, and hundreds of companies have risen, flourished and made enormous profits in selling breeders. It is evident that during this time scarcely any pelts have been purchased. It has been as far as Canada and eastern Maine is concerned, a race to produce good breeding animals to sell to some other prospective fur rancher; he to transfer their progeny to another, and so on, all along the line. This made the element of speculation a large one and big fortunes from a single pair are a fact that cannot be controverted.

In all this time, however, the would-be fur farmers have overlooked, in their eagerness to breed valuable fox families, one of the most sought-for fur bearing animals—the mink, although its possibilities were touched upon by the government bulletins issued by Canada and the United States in 1913-14. During the former years continued reports of success in breeding mink gained circulation. Ranch-bred mink are much more tractable than wild ones and bring double prices. It did not need any government endorsement to show that large profits could be made if breeding could be successfully carried on, and a few mink ranches have begun to appear along the Canadian and State of Maine border. It is still, of course, an infant industry, and partly an embryo proposition as yet, because not enough mink have been reared to standardize the prizes for breeders, which are, as might be expected, quite high, as a breeding mink is estimated to have an earning capacity of \$50 a year providing her young can be sold on a pelt basis alone.

Mink breeding is apparently the poor man's opportunity, for there need not enough ranch-raised breeding minks to be purchased to start a capitalistic business. In other words, large sums of money cannot be invested in it at present.

While very difficult to breed from the wild state, ranch-raised mink breed very readily. It was this knowledge that caused a native of Maine, Franklin C. Tibbetts, to undertake the business with the help of a small company organized and incorporated in January, 1915. At first blush it might have seemed impossible to produce mink under the circumstances. Mr. Tibbetts' home sits within a few feet of the electric car tracks and is surrounded by other houses. He had, however, a fair sized lot in the rear, and after constructing a ten-foot wire enclosure, with the bottom wired under ground at right angles to a distance of two feet from the walls, he procured twenty ranch mink from different sources, from which he has now a family, old and young, of sixty; an increase of two hundred per cent. Good prices have been offered for an and all these animals, but they have been refused, as Mr. Tibbetts intends to thoroughly go into the business of mink ranching, having come to the conclusion that there is more money and less risk in this branch of the fur business than in fox farming.

Mr. Tibbetts gives his entire attention to the little animals, and has discovered things about their nature that the Government fails to mention in its booklets. They do not make good pets; they are vicious among themselves and born "scrapers," as well as being hogish to a great degree. The smallest mink

will drop his piece of raw meat to try and steal the portion of another, only to have his own filched by a brother, and buried in a remote corner, from which, perhaps it may be dragged a moment later by a fourth.

The mink is one of the puzzles of the animal kingdom, and he rarely does what is expected of him. On occasions he will put his queer little face close to yours, while coiled up, snakelike, with one or two others in a nest of hay and look you fairly in the eye with a ludicrously thoughtful air. At other times at the approach of a human he will rush furiously about the enclosure and start a general scamper, or dart into a hole in the ground, immediately turning around and peering out as if to ask "What are you going to do about it?" He can transform himself into half dozen shapes. Naturally long and lithe, he can bristle his body into a fretful, bushy mass, or he can pull his length into half, and lean up against the wire, looking like a stick of stove wood, with feet as knots and his nose resembling the slash of an unskillfully cut tree. He can stretch almost unbelievably, and can go through a crack. He can jump like a squirrel, or act as clumsy as a mud turtle. He is the chameleon of the fur bearers; a comedian and a puzzle.

In none of its books on the subject of fur farming has the Government ever presented any adequate pictures of mink, and it is no easy piece of work to secure them. The pictures presented in this issue of Fur News were obtained after incredible trouble, the wasting of dozens of plates and hours of time. On repeated occasions the camera man was either too quick or too slow, but he persisted, until he secured several characteristic pictures, as well as some freakish ones.

Mr. Tibbetts reads everything printed on the subject of fur ranching. He says that the principal difficulty in breeding mink is that the males are apt to kill the females in the mating season, but that he has thus far escaped any casualties from this cause. As his first pair were bred from domesticated or ranch-raised animals, he thinks this may have had something to do with it. "Many amateurs," says Mr. Tibbetts "have killed their mink with kindness and attention. They should of course, have plenty of room, fresh water in large quantities and feeding time should be regular. Family rows need not be interfered with often, as they are spasmodic and usually terminate quickly, except in the breeding season, when a sharp watch must be kept over them.

Fish, raw meat and small live animals, mice, rats or rabbits, are the foods most employed, and Mr. Tibbetts has a Belgian hare pen close by, which affords food for his sixty sharp-toothed charges from time to time. The owner has dabbled in raccoon breeding and has some fine and extremely tame pets, but has devoted his entire time for the past nine months to mink as a business and feels that his "ranch" in the heart of a city of 60,000 people promises to be a success. He "farms" or cares for mink owned by other ranchers, taking as his pay a percentage of the increase. In this way he hopes to build up a steady income, although not owning the parent mink. This ranch is the only one in the western end of the State and is attracting much attention from many who have been or expect to be engaged in the fur raising industry. Mr. Tibbetts' mink family is increasing; his animals are in the best of health. Sooner or later he is going to see their value greatly enhanced, and in the meantime he feels that there is no danger of a glut in the mink market or a decline in the demand, so that he is satisfied to let well enough alone.—Fur News.

WILL SHOOT A MATCH BY MAIL

Rifle Club Arranges Contest with Livermore Falls Team

Interest in the weekly shoots of the Androscoggin Rifle club is growing, and each week sees a good-sized crowd out to take part in the matches. Tuesday night was no exception to the rule, 31 members being present and some excellent scores being made. Hammond was high man with a score of 164.

The following facts show some interesting comparisons relative to the improvement in shooting by members. At the shoot of Dec. 7, there were three whose score went over 150, while not a man was over 160. Dec. 14, there were five over 150 and one over 160. Dec. 21, there were six over 150 and two over 160. Tuesday night 11 beat the 150 mark while three exceeded the 160 figure.

Next week the club will shoot a match by mail with the Livermore Falls club, each to be represented by a team of 30 men.

The first annual meeting of the club will be held at 7.30 o'clock Tuesday night, Jan. 4.

Tuesday night's scores were:

	Stand	Prone	Total
Hammond,	79	85	164
Turgeon,	75	88	163
J. White,	68	92	160
Kroon,	68	91	159
Fitz,	72	86	158
Pottle,	65	90	155
C. Abbott,	58	96	154
Stetson,	65	88	153
Hosmer,	64	89	153
Bly,	66	85	151
Haskell,	66	85	151
Chase,	62	87	149
Alden,	64	81	145
Estes,	69	74	143
Wallingford,	59	81	140
Pendleton,	60	79	139
R. True,	70	69	139
Elliott,	60	78	138
Blagden,	57	78	135
Lee,	51	83	134
Hibbert,	65	68	133
Frost,	59	73	132
W. Webber,	59	68	127
Getchell,	55	70	125
Jordan,	51	64	115
Randall,	66	48	114
Delano,	35	58	93
Whittum,	10	69	79
Kincaid,	50	20	70
Woodhouse,	15	49	64
Ness,	11	47	58

The Nectar of Autumn.

Very few cider barrels ever contain enough not to disappoint the owner. —Baltimore Sun.

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Down the Mississippi River in a Cabin Boat, Trip Down the Yukon, The Cabin Boat, How to Build a Cabin Boat, The Cabin Boat's Equipment, Furnishings and Furniture, Odds and Ends of Equipment, The Skiff or Tender, The Gasoline Launch, What to Wear, Things to Eat, Cabin Boat Expenses, Cabin Boating Waters, Maps and Landing Lists, Floating at Night and in Fog, Going Up Stream, Weather, Making Fast and Some Rope Hints, Landings, Troubles, Care of the Boat, Ways of Making Money, On Making Notes, Land Hints, Photographing, Game and Hunting, Traps and Trapping, Fish and Fishing, Amusements, Books, Trapper's Canoe, A Cabin Boat Coon Hunt.

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The Novelty of a Gallop Before the Sun Is Up

Fox-hunting has a side-sport, cub-hunting, or cubbing, which plays a far more important part in the real sport of hunting, later in the season, than many people are willing to give it credit for. For the sake of those uninitiated into the mysteries of the chase, it may be well to explain just what cubbing is and how greatly it differs from the actual hunting for which it paves the way. Cubbing, accurately speaking, is hound training and exercise, not hunting at all. The term covers the activity of the hunting establishment from perhaps the middle of August until regular hunting begins early in November. It consists, for the most part, in taking out the hounds at earliest gray of dawn and allowing them to work through the coverts near the kennels. This serves the twofold purpose of getting the hounds in shape, and, at the same time, of breaking up the skaters by scattering the young cubs and forcing them to shift for themselves about the countryside.

To most people cubbing is an unmi-

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, December 13, 1915.

FARMINGTON Passenger Trains leave Farmington for Phillips, Rangeley and Bigelow, at 6:15 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 arrive at Strong from Phillips at 6:23 A. M., and from Phillips and Rangeley at 1:34 P. M., and from Bigelow at 1:15 P. M., and from Farmington at 12:37 P. M. and 5:47 P. M. Passenger trains leave Strong for Farmington at 6:23 A. M. and 1:37 P. M. For Phillips at 12:37 P. M. For Phillips and Rangeley at 5:47 P. M. For Bigelow at 2:00 P. M. and for Kingfield at 5:50 P. M.

Mixed Train arrives from Phillips at 8:45 A. M. and from Kingfield at 8:25 A. M., and from Farmington at 11:45 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. Rangeley 10:15 A. M.

Mixed Train leaves for Farmington at 7:30 A. M., Rangeley 1:20 P. M. and arrives from Farmington at 2:15 P. M.

RANGELEY Passenger Train leaves for Farmington at 10:40 A. M. and arrives at 8:00 P. M.

Mixed Train arrives from Phillips at 3:45 P. M. and leaves at 7:30 A. M.

SALEM Passenger Train leaves for Strong at 12:50 P. M. and for Bigelow at 2:38 P. M.

KINGFIELD Mixed Train leaves for Bigelow at 7:45 A. M. Passenger train leaves for Bigelow at 2:33 P. M. Mixed train arrives from Bigelow at 11:30 A. M., and passenger train arrives from Bigelow at 4:50 P. M. Passenger train leaves for Farmington at 12:30.

BIGELOW Mixed train arrives from Kingfield at 9:15 A. M., and departs for Kingfield and Farmington at 10:00 A. M. Passenger train arrives from Farmington at 8:45 P. M. and departs for Kingfield at 4:00 P. M.

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

to kennels and breakfast at 7 o'clock—that is real cubbing, if you keep at it every suitable morning from mid-August. Now for a glimpse at fashionable cubbing.

Fashionable cubbing begins, as a rule, early in October, after real cubbing has done its work and made hounds, horses and men ready for business. Probably the hounds will leave the kennels at 6 o'clock—an early hour, it is true, but quite a different story from 4, especially if one repeats it every day. Instead of the staff and a rider or so, there will be a score or more, men and women, all thinking and saying that they are going cubbing, but really doing nothing of the sort. They would not want to cub. If they were told to stay in the road while hounds went on across the fields, if they could only hear the tantalizing music from a distance, if it was all covert work and no run; in short, if they got what they pay they are after—plain cubbing—they would stand it for a morning or so, then the majority of them would go home.

Fashionable Cubbing is Good Fun

However, fashionable cubbing give them just what they want. They get the novelty of the early morning ride before the sun is up. They get the pleasure of being with hounds once more, and, what they are really after, they get a short, smart gallop. Fashionable cubbing is so arranged that the corn is cut and shocked and the countryside fairly clear for riding before the field is allowed to come out with the hounds at all. This prevents possible damage to the farmers' crops, the one thing always to be avoided. The only difference between fashionable cubbing and actual hunting is that the meets take place at an earlier hour, the dressing is not so formal, and there is possibly a little more road riding. This article deals with the real cubbing—the two months' hard, preparatory grind, all work and little play, in the course of which the hunt staff accomplish more and get less credit for it than at any other time of the year.

An evening will come when the sun sinks into a sea of mackerel clouds, all gold and crimson. There will be a hint of fall in the air, contrasting oddly with the sultry mid-summer day, just drawing to a close. Such evenings always come once in a while in August, and it is for them that the huntsman has been waiting. The next morning sees him at the covert side, long before sun-up. The chances are that he will be repaid, for the cool night has sprinkled dew on the sweetfern and greenbriars, giving some chance, at least, of scent-holding until the rays of the sun mount high enough to scorch the dusty earth.

The pack probably will consist of a fair proportion of old stagers—the steady, line-hunting, can't-be-hurried type, who have the patience to puzzle out what at best must be a very weak line—and a sprinkling of pups who have never been entered to fox. The latter are almost sure to be noisy and excited at first, but between the rating they get from the men and the scorn with which they are regarded by their more serious elders, in surprisingly short order they learn what is expected of them. Once they have settled down to the real fox line, once they have become intoxicated with the joy of running in a pack after that one particular thing which they have been bred for centuries to hunt, once they have caught sight of the older hounds swarming in a baying, tumbling mass above the first cub of the year, once the youngsters have been blooded to fox, in fact, the worst is over.

Of course, some are longer in learning than others, but by the time cubbing is over most of them have given up trying to chase rabbits down drains or to climb hickory trees after chattering gray squirrels. If a pup still fondly imagines that he is meant for any such work as that when the October frosts are opening the chestnut burs, that pup's days in the kennels probably are limited, unless his other qualifications are so exceptional as to warrant more time being spent on him. It is a curious thing, but in most cases the most incorrigible hound at the time of entering often turns out the most useful after he has had his fling, so to speak, and settled down to serious work. As a matter of fact, most hounds only need to be shown in the

right way just what is expected of them and they very soon learn to do the rest.

The Inborn Desire to Hunt Fox

If the huntsman comes home from his first few days cubbing having succeeded in showing his young entry what a fox smells like, or, better still, what it tastes like, he has gone far toward insuring a successful season months later. If he has succeeded in showing his puppies and in reminding his old hounds that there is a difference between fox and cat, that guinea fowl are not to be bayed at any more than suckling pigs are to be chased, if he has stirred up that inborn desire of the well-bred fox-hound to hunt fox and nothing but fox, then that huntsman has made something out of his cubbing season.

Cubbing, real cubbing, can never be popular, for it involves too much work and offers too little in return to the amateur, who has to stand by and content himself with looking on. However, it is as necessary to hunting as conditioning is to a steep-lecher, and, in spite of the labor involved, it is a real joy to those few who are interested in the making of the pack and who derive as much pleasure in the schooling of the new entry as they do in the gallops these same young hounds will afford when the regular season is on. Too much praise cannot be given to the largely unnoticed work of the huntsman and his staff in the months of August and September. We owe them far more than is commonly realized, for, as the oft-quoted Peter Beckford says, those are the months "in which a pack is either made or marred."—Springfield Republican.

CANADA SHOWS UP WELL

It's interesting to note that Canada's trapshooting map shows more clubs—in proportion to her population—than there are in the States. Up here, we have 350 clubs; in the States there are about 3,500, ten times our number, while the population of the States is thirteen or more times Canada's.

There isn't any doubt that our people will eventually take just as generally to trapshooting as they do to other real out-door sports.

Today it needs but a fleeting glance over the Dominion to pick several high spots in the sport that are of international interest. There's Montreal, for instance, the home of our own Walter H. Ewing, who beat



PHILIP WAKEFIELD, ALFRED HEWITT.

the world of trapshooters at the Olympic Games at Henden (near London) in 1908, when he won the Individual Championship at Clay Targets. In Toronto, we have Joe Jennings, who went over to the States and won the Westy Hogan's Championship a few years ago, and who probably has no superiors at the traps in this country. Then there are Hal Bates, of Ridgetown; E. E. Beatty, of Hamilton; Umpire Bob Emslie, of St. Thomas; J. E. Hovey, of Clinton—all in the championship class and representative followers of "The Sport Alluring." We could go on with a list covering every Province, for there are many more to name, however, we can only touch here and there just enough to show how thoroughly we are backing a sport that we believe to be full of rich promise here—promise of better recreation, better health, better manhood for all who participate in it.

To us, it seems obvious that trapshooting is the one outdoor sport that knows no season and is followed regardless of weather conditions. That breaking the clay saucers is unique as an all-year-round recreation is proved by the pursuit of the game in Canada and in the northern states when the thermometer lingers at zero or below and that a majority of the big handicaps are shot in the sum-

mer season when the mercury is sizzling in the nineties or above the 100 degree mark.

A principal reason for the seasonless feature of blue rock shooting is that the game is not played on the ground as are golf, cricket, polo, soccer, football, etc., nor is it necessary to have a clear field for the base runner as in base ball. Another reason is that the original "players" in the trapshooting game were hunters who used the inanimate targets to keep in form for field shooting or found in the clay birds a substitute for the vanished game of wood and marsh. However, the sport is not limited to enjoyment by those who have "roughed it," but is now followed as much by the office or professional man as the outdoor devotee, but even so it numbers no mollycoddles or those who "live softly," in its ranks for its pursuit, especially in the many matches held, requires that the upholding of individual or club supremacy frequently means disregard of heat or cold, sunshine or storm, and during the winter season shooters are sometimes called on to shoot their score standing in snow, ice or slush.

So this is just a little plea to get all our friends—including those in the newspaper business—into line for trapshooting. This is the sure enough sport that age cannot wither nor be withered by age.

We are after the young fellow of fifty. He is the boy we want to take to it—along with his son and his father, too.

In Toronto we have a gentleman, John Maughan by name, who is 76 years of age, and he still can give most of them a run for it at the traps.

James Douglas, another citizen, is over seventy and shoots as well at the traps as he ever did.

The gentleman in the accompanying picture is Phil Wakefield, the High Chief of the Canadian Indians. We wouldn't like to say how old he is, but he has been shooting for thirty years, and last summer shot as well as any of us. In the illustration the writer is engaged in congratulating him on having just turned in a perfect score.

BOSTON FORESTRY MEETING

It is estimated that about 20 Maine people, men interested in forestry, and their wives, will attend the 35th annual meeting of the American Forestry Association in the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston, Monday and Tuesday, January 17 and 18. The most important subject to be discussed by this meeting—and one in which all New England is interested, is the purchase of Federal forest reserves under the provisions of the Weeks law. For the purpose of this law the association desires a \$10,000,000 appropriation. The meeting will be called to order by Dr. Henry S. Drinker of Bethlehem, Penn. Among the well-known Maine people who are planning to attend the meeting are Senator and Mrs. Forest Colby of Bangor; Mayor and Mrs. Blaine S. Viles of Augusta; Hon. Payson Viles of Skowhegan; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Philbrick of Skowhegan; J. Fred Philbrick of Bangor; and Prof. J. M. Briscoe of Orono, director of the department of forestry at the University of Maine.

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J. W. Brackett Co.
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L. B. BRACKETT,

Business Manager

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The Maine Woods thoroughly covers the entire
state of Maine as to Hunting, Trapping, Camp-
ing and Outing news, and the Franklin county
locality.

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

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

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1916.

WHEN IS A WILD DUCK?

(Continued from page one.)

The Feeding Important.

Professor Pearson is right in say-
ing there is no reason why a wild
duck should taste better than a "tame
wild duck." It is all a question of
feeding. Some "tame wild ducks"
taste better than some "wild ducks"
and there is a great difference in the
taste of wild ducks of the same
species taken in different localities.
The mallard in some places on the
Pacific Coast when it has been feed-
ing on shell fish and other fish is
said not to be very palatable. The
mallard fed on wild rice and acorns
and cereals in the Mississippi Val-
ley is one of the best table birds in
the world. The canvasback when
feeding on wild celery, wapato and
other desirable foods is a famous
delicacy but the canvasback when
feeding on fish and other undesirable
foods is practically worthless on the
table.

We once reared some mallards on
corn and later removed them to a
pond in the woods where they found
acorns, water lilies and other wild
foods. The birds were excellent
food, of course. Mallards reared in
a barnyard on corn should be no
better food birds than the common
barnyard ducks are. Wild foods of
the right kind undoubtedly make the
best meat in the opinion of those
fond of game. It is an advantage,
therefore, to have the birds strong on
the wing so they can fly about and
procure many desirable wild foods in
addition to the grain ration given
them to attach them to the home
pond. The wilder the birds the bet-
ter they are, not only for food but
for sport. The laws should contain
no "in captivity" nonsense.

Wild Duck Distinguished.

An epicure will have little difficulty
in distinguishing a canvasback from a
mallard on the table. The redhead
duck more often is served as a can-
vasback and is not as easily distin-
guished. We believe the blue-wing-
ed teal when feeding right is a bet-
ter food bird than any of those just
named. The teal is easily distin-
guished by its size and does not
breed readily in confinement or in
small enclosures. It should be bred
wild beside a marshy pond protected
from vermin.—The Game Breeder.

¶ You need not be an
"ad writer" to use these
columns. State your
wants simply, and above
all truthfully.

¶ Or telephone this
office and the clerk will
write your ad.

¶ Want ads are the
biggest little investments
you can make.

Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

Fish and Game Department,
State House, Augusta, Me.,
Jan. 4, 1916.

Happy New Year to everybody
who reads the Maine Woods from the
Atlantic to the Pacific!

It is my good fortune today to a-
gain be at the State House with
old friends. As usual, the most in-
teresting place is the Fish and Game
Department and the State Museum
connected therewith which ranks as
one of the first in the country.

Just as I was coming down the
corridor I was greeted by Curator
Thomas A. James and Chief Warden
Howard Wood of Piscataquis county,
the latter since 3 o'clock this morn-
ing had been on the way from the
Moosehead Hatchery in charge of
some splendid specimens of Moose-
head Lake trout caught specially for
the new aquarium. These fish were
taken with hook and line at Deer
Island and arrived in splendid con-
dition and soon seemed quite at home
in their new quarters.

With others I watched the four and
a half pounder as he swam around
the tank and wished that I might
tempt him with a Silver Doctor, or a
Brown Hackle, but the law is on un-
!! next summer.

I am very proud that the Chair-
man of the Commission, Hon. Harry
E. Austin, is a resident of my home
town and a neighbor who lives just
across the street. It was through
his efforts that a special appropriat-
ion was made by the last Legislature
for the building of the fine aquar-
ium which has just been completed,
work on it commencing the 14th of
September.

I fancy that when the Maine
Sportsmen's Fish and Game Associa-
tion meets at the State House on
January 14th the members will be
surprised to see such a splendid col-
lection of our beautiful Maine fish,
all the way from fingerlings to four
and five pounders, of the following
varieties: The "speckled beauties"
—square-tailed trout, also "silver
beauties"—land-locked salmon, pick-
erel, white and yellow perch, black
bass, brown trout, hornpouts, suck-
ers, sunfish, chubs, a rare speci-
men of albino salmon and a gener-
ous supply of food fish—silver shin-
ers.

It is not "feeding the elephant"
but "feeding the fish" which is the
daily attraction at the aquarium, the
small fish being fed of ground liver
while the shiners afford the neces-
sary food supply for the larger
ones. The small boys are already
coming in with a few angle worms
in their pockets to feed the fish
with.

Everyone who enters the State
House by the north entrance on the
first floor is at once entranced by
the beautiful case of sea birds at
the opposite end of the building; the
scene depicted is the one on the
sea coast; the most charming back-
ground being the work of the brush
of Curator James, who, by the way,
is an artist as well as a taxidermist
and fish culturist. Fine specimens
of geese, ducks and shore birds are
perched on the rocks as well as
swimming across the marsh, and the
whole must be seen to be appreciat-
ed.

For an hour I wandered around the
museum, noting the numerous spec-
imens which had been added since
my last visit. Stopping to admire the
magnificent moose group, second to
none in any museum in the United
States, standing before it gazing at
the beautiful winter scene which af-
fords a most appropriate background
for this group (another specimen of
Curator James' handiwork) I could
really almost believe I was once
more in the great north woods where
I was wont to wander, and thought
how thankful we should be that there
is a four-years close time on moose.

I was "brought back to earth" by
a friend who accompanied me on my
tour around the museum asking if
this was a partridge, or if that was
a loon, and where the heaver were,
if I had ever seen any of them in the
woods, were the black bears found in
Maine, where did this case of gran-
ite come from, etc., etc., and as I
left to call on my friends in the
Fish and Game Department I felt

prouder than ever of the resources of
my own State.

I then visited the Fish and Game
Department and found the chief clerk,
Miss Myrtle H. Hodgdon with five as-
sistants as busy as busy could be at-
tending to the enormous correspond-
ence of the Department, issuing li-
censes to hunters and trappers and
dealers in skins of fur-bearing ani-
mals and the multitude of duties de-
volving upon them at this season of
the year.

As showing how much trapping is
done in unorganized townships, I
found by looking at the record, which
I was courteously permitted to ex-
amine, that 202 persons took out li-
censes as hunters and trappers last
year and to take care of their catch
133 persons procured licenses to buy
the skins of fur-bearing animals.

Not a small part of the work in
this department is occasioned by the
issuance of licenses to the various
licensees. Last year 1,675 licenses
were issued to resident guides, 13 to
non-residents living in territory con-
tiguous to the State of Maine, 68 to
dealers in deer skins, 43 to taxider-
mists.

From reports which are daily be-
ing received at the department it
appears that the game shipment re-
cord will not fall much below that of
last year, particularly in view of the
fact that a larger number of hunters
transported game by automobile this
season than ever before.

I am more proud than ever of
Maine's fish and game resources
which are our "gold mine" and the
sooner the people generally realize
this fact and the necessary appropri-
ations are given the department to
carry on its work, more sure we
shall be that the "goose that lays the
golden egg" will be preserved by our
posterity.

If time permitted I could give some
interesting and laughable experiences
which were related by wardens who
called at the office during my stay
to report results of several missions
they had been sent on by the Com-
missioners.

The Commissioners are very busy
putting the finishing touches on their
Annual Report which will in the near
future be printed for general distri-
bution and will furnish much inter-
esting information regarding the work
of the office for the past year.

In a few days, if weather and
courage holds good, I shall start for
home, going via Oquossoc to Moun-
tain View and have a sleighride after
Landlord Bowley's handsome span
"over the hills" to Rangeley, and a-
gain see "God's own country" cover-
ed with that stuff which many people
call "beautiful snow."

Fly Rod.

FIRESIDE STORIES

Back to Maine When the Deer
Season Opens

(Written for Maine Woods.)

By Eva M. Furbush.

"Have you broken your New Year's
resolution yet, Ellis?" Frank Wel-
don's skeptical smile grew broader
as he glanced at his friend and a-
waited his answer, at the same time
calling the steward to give an order
for refreshments as the chums were
lazily passing away a January even-
ing before their Club House fireplace.

"This is only January 10th, man, a-
live, can't you give a fellow credit
for doing better than that, Frank?"
and Ellis Hoyt gave evidence of
slight vexation by a nervous shifting
of his position in the big leather
chair, and looked up at the splendid
hunting scene done in colors, and
occupying the entire space above the
rough stone fireplace.

"Most people do worse than that
old boy—they make their resolutions
January first and break them the
"morning after"; let me hear your
resolution, Ellis, I believe you've got
a good one up your sleeve, you seem
so "touchy" in regard to breaking it."

The glasses clinked on the small

serving table placed between them,
and Ellis soon grew confident that
the inner man became more animat-
ed.

"I vowed," he said suddenly, "to
never let a year go by without a
hunting trip down in Maine; now
how could I possibly break that reso-
lution until next fall, tell me that,
will you?" Frank laughed good nat-
urally.

"Don't get peevish; that was a
fine resolution, and I'll guarantee you
won't break it. I'm going along
with you."

"Fine, fine," exclaimed Ellis,
"didn't suppose you were such a royal
good sportsman; ever go deer hunt-
ing down east?"

"Not since 1910, but I got my deer,
a five-prong buck."

"Like the sport?"

"You bet; and when I go, I stay
right on the job, and come out with
the goods. I am just longing for an-
other trip the worst way, Ellis."

"Deer hunting is Maine's great
sport; I've seen a beautiful buck and
doe eating from a farmer's corn field
early in the morning, and the farm-
er with his shotgun trying to kill
the intruders. Long wild bounds as
the beautiful creatures sought safety
in flight, carried them over stone
walls, and into the woods in an in-
stant. Then I have stood at a des-
ignated place and waited for the oth-
er fellows to work the quarry round
to my vicinity, sighted and fired at
the fleeing creature, and trailed him
by bloody prints in the snow to his
last resting place; helped get his
lifeless body to camp, and shipped
him to the city where the man who
shot the deer takes the head and hide
for his share, and the other fellows
take the meat. I have seen many a
deer hanging downward, awaiting the
skilful knife of the man who is to
dress him, and that's some job, too,
when all's said and done. I have
seen deer in all their natural haunts,
and found the sport of hunting them
fascinating, so it is "back to Maine"

next fall for me, Frank, sure as
fate."

"Venison meat tastes about like
round steak, but my wife cooks it so
it comes pretty near to being tender.
She rolls flour, salt, and pepper into
both sides of the venison steak with
a rolling pin, and fries it in hot fat."

"I believe a fellow couldn't stand it
as a regular diet as well as other
meats, but I like it fairly well my-
self. Tom Kennedy's deer last fall
weighed about 140 pounds, and he did
have some time dividing that meat up
among his friends, I tell you. He
was only out a couple days hunting,
and came back with his first deer."

"I'll be with you next fall, Ellis,"
said Frank, "and your resolution, I
know, will keep till then all right,
judging by your enthusiasm now."

"We'll write to some of the Maine
outing papers and get maps, and free
information about the best hunting
localities, then we'll just pike along
for the land of balsam and pine, en-
ter the deep woods like Maine's mod-
ern Adam and Eve, and come out
with the "bacon" sure as fate."

"Quite optimistic, my friend, but a
cheerful prospect nevertheless. Un-
like Estes and his wife, however,
we'll not live on venison for a steady
diet, "today, tomorrow, and forever,"
as the fellow said who gazed sorrow-
fully at his plateful of boarding house
hash."

"Oh, no; we'll mix in a little bear
meat perhaps. So long, comrade," and
Ellis rose sleepily from his comfort-
able chair, with a farewell look at
the hunting scene over the mantel,
a beautiful buck leaping wildly over
the snow, and in the distance the
glowing, cruel eyes of a lynx as he
stealthily tracked his prey.

"To the Death!" muttered Ellis,
"but the deer is always "game" to
the last, and a rare prize, hardly
won, whether by man or beast."

Buddhism.

An interpreter of Buddhism tells of
the eight-fold path by which that
teacher directed to Nirvana, "the ab-
sence of craving." The points are as
follows: Right comprehension, right
resolution, right speech, right way of
earning a livelihood, right efforts,
right thoughts, right state of a peace-
ful mind.

Unavoidable Disappointment.

Brudder Johnson was a pompous ne-
gro who took an active part in church
work. One night the preacher said:
"Brudder Johnson, will you lead us in
prayer?" "Ah'm sorry to disappoint
de Lawd tonight, pahson," replied
Brudder Johnson, "but Ah has a cold
on mah chest."—Ladies' Home Jour-
nal.

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FOR SALE—Beef by the side or quarter. B. F. Beal, Phillips.

WANTED—Hardwood ashes, will pay 15 cents per bushel. Will collect about the middle of March. Charles Wilbur, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE—Second hand sleigh. Harold Beedy, Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE—A good new milch Jersey cow. W. T. Hinds, Phillips.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Young, sound, acclimated horses. Both heavy and light. Phone 14-4. R. C. Ross, Phillips, Me.

WANTED AT ONCE—Foreman in small clothespin factory. Must be capable of taking full charge. State age, experience, wages, references, etc., fully in first letter. Humphrey Mfg. Co., Keene, N. H.

RABBITS WANTED—Will pay fifteen cents each. Must be in good condition and non-poisonous, and dressed leaving skins on. Can use forty per week until April 1st. Tel. 64-15. M. F. Stevens, Dover, Me.

EUSTIS

Jan. 3.

T. C. Bateman of Madison was in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Dion Blackwell and son, Julian came out from Round Mountain recently. Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell are going to New York and they also intend to go to Florida before they return.

Alton Cocorin of East Fairfield, Vermont, has gone to work for Mr. Malloney in his mill on Eustis Ridge.

Aubrey Meader came out from Alder stream and spent New Year's with his brother, Clinton Meader and family. They also attended the New Year's ball at Stratton.

Floyd Stubbs has two men working

The Pleasure Of an Occasional Trip to PORTLAND

Will Be Greatly Enhanced If the
NEW CHASE HOUSE

Is the Hotel Decided Upon as a
Home During Your Stay.

Positively the Only First-Class Modern House in the City. With All Conveniences Including Hot and Cold Running Water and Local and Long Distance Telephone in All Rooms.

Just a step from Monument Square

Restaurant Connected. Rates Reasonable. Take the "Jitney" or Munjoy Hill car from Union Station.

European Plan Only. Rates \$1.00 and up.
BEST ROOMS IN THE CITY

H. E. THURSTON, R. F. HIMMELEIN,
Proprietors.

NYOIL
FOR
GUNS AND
FISH-RODS

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

**NYOIL
HAS NO EQUAL.**

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

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

WM. F. NYE,
New Bedford, Mass.

for him, getting ready for the electric lights.

Warren Dyer has returned home from Stratton, where he has been working.

Mrs. Elmer Fotter is going to work for Mrs. George Tanguay.

Mr. Horace Potter has gone to Lewiston with his father, where he is taking treatment.

WHEN THE ALL-AMERICAN TEAM WENT A-SHOOTING ACROSS THE SEA.

Some Experiences With Britons and Scots at "The Sport Alluring."

By Billy Bowlegs
of the San Diego Union.

In 1901 an American trap team journeyed to England and wised the Britons to several angles of the blood game they wot not of. The story of that classy gang of gunpointers may prove interesting to readers of the Maine Woods, so here's where it flickers.

Paul North of Cleveland, Ohio, is the man who really discovered that the British were ripe, and a great deal of the American team's success can be blamed on him. The details were arranged by Tom Marshall, team captain for the Americans, and by Captain Butts for our cousins overseas. The big noise happened in happy June time, on the Middlesex Gun Club's grounds in dear old Lunnon town. In giving the American team's personnel each gunman's Indian handle also is hitched on.

Headed by Chief Long Talk Tom Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill., the others were: Heap Talk Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Kinnikinnick Bill Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; Bald Eagle Rollo Helkes, Dayton, O.; Bullhead Jack Fanning, New York; Brook Trout Jim Elliott, Kansas City; High Kick Dick Merrill, Milwaukee, and Buffalo Hump Frank Parmelee, Omaha. Substitutes were Ernie Tripp, of Indianapolis, and Ed Banks, of New York.

Others who made the journey were Emil Werk and daughter, of Cincinnati; Paul North and wife, Cleveland; Frank Harrison, Jersey City; Roy Woodward and Harry Getchell of

Brockton, Mass.

The men shot at 100 birds each, 18 yards' rise, unknown angles. There were five trap houses and fifteen traps, three in each pit. The match was best three in five for a purse of \$10,000. The British were allowed the use of both barrels, the Yanks being limited to one.

Well, all the details were finally arranged and came a time when the referee started the chosen twenty on their historical test of skill. Tom Marshall led off, drew a screaming left angle and snuffed the clay close up in his usual brilliant style, giving a hint of what was coming from that gang of fast pointing, hard shooting invaders. And come it did, so speedy and true that the Yankees won the first test by a margin of 63 kills. The second race was such an easiness—Uncle's men 81 to the good.

But the third and last foray of this fruit gathering expedition was "petty" larceny, pure and simple. Honestly, it was a crime. The Jay Bulls never had a look-in—they couldn't even get started to peek, so fast was the pace—and the final try, the mix that meant "Come to me, mazuma," showed the children of Samway IT by 93 majority. Of course, there was heap much happy gladhand stuff at the finish, for the Brits were game losers. In fact, they figured the match had been lost to their own people, after all, so why grouch or feel sad?

By this time the tight little skies were hep that your Uncle's chosen band was a tough outfit, but the canny Scots were from Mizsou, so the team trekked to Glasgow and performed the pleasing operation of separating the Highlanders from a wad. It was awfully easy, for the burr-r boys refused any handicap, but the foxy Scotch put up only 500 washers. Then came an individual race between a Kilty named Faulds and the Hon. "T. Bill" Crosby, who hails from the state that owns Auroaria, Peroaria and Chicawgo. This affair was a little surprise party to "T. Willie." The match was at 200 birds each, 100 being thrown from a tower, and "Kinnikinnick" was hep to that elevated game about as much as

a jaybird is to Delsarte. But the old Illinois trapshark made good and gathered the coin. Tight squeak, though, for William won by only three birds.

Followed then a race by the Americans for a splendid cup given by the British, to determine who was champion of the invaders. It was a swell scramble and wound up with Charlie Budd and Fred Gilbert tied, both sons of Hawkeyland. In the shoot-off the Spirit Lake Wizard won a close race by a slender margin.

Paul North was so tickled over the way the British donated that he piloted the boys to London and gave them a big blowout at Hotel Cecil, a swagger indigestion breeder. This eats was full brother to another feed at the Royal Cafe, given by the Englishmen. Then one day the Americans hired a couple of vans to haul their money in, rambled down to the ocean, bought a ship and came home.

DOGS BREAKING ACQUIRED ACT

"Dog breaking" writes Mr. Alington in the London Field, "is an art which can only be acquired by experience. Personally, I found all the books on the subject of very little use and learned more in my first practical effort than I ever could have done by reading." His experience with a spaniel of a show strain makes delightful reading, and it certainly pleased us to know we cannot follow his argument that retriever will do all that a spaniel can do and in considerably shorter time. If merely gathering of game is meant, our friend is certainly right, but no one who has seen the work done at the leading spaniel trials during the last few seasons will be found to admit that as a shooting companion the retriever is the more valuable dog. His superiority of pace "is responsible for the saving of time" while his height enables him to keep his head above stuff which would completely hide a spaniel.

The natural instinct of the latter

is to beat and to keep on beating; this instinct can be traced through all his work. Even when looking for dead birds he is apt to potter and stick his nose into every tussock which he comes across, thus no doubt occasionally finding a bird which the retriever would miss, but in the meantime the latter will have brought perhaps three or four. Our own opinion is that the spaniel is the more useful dog. Game could not be at on many shootings but for his aid, and the owner of such ground as that not infrequently placed at the services of field trial promoting societies would be quite at a loss but for the handy man of the gun dog.

Many estates which have been visited for trial purposes during the last few years could not be shot over without the aid of the spaniel, and, while placing the retriever over him Mr. Alington does not withhold admiration. A spaniel needs the highest form of the breaker's art; when completed no gun dog is more valuable. What demand there is for really good spaniels was seen at the dispersal sale of the Denne Park kennel. Records were made that day which look like standing for all time, and even at the periodical sales at Aldridge's repository, which finished with the opening of the shooting season, signs were not wanting that broken spaniels with credentials can always be sold.

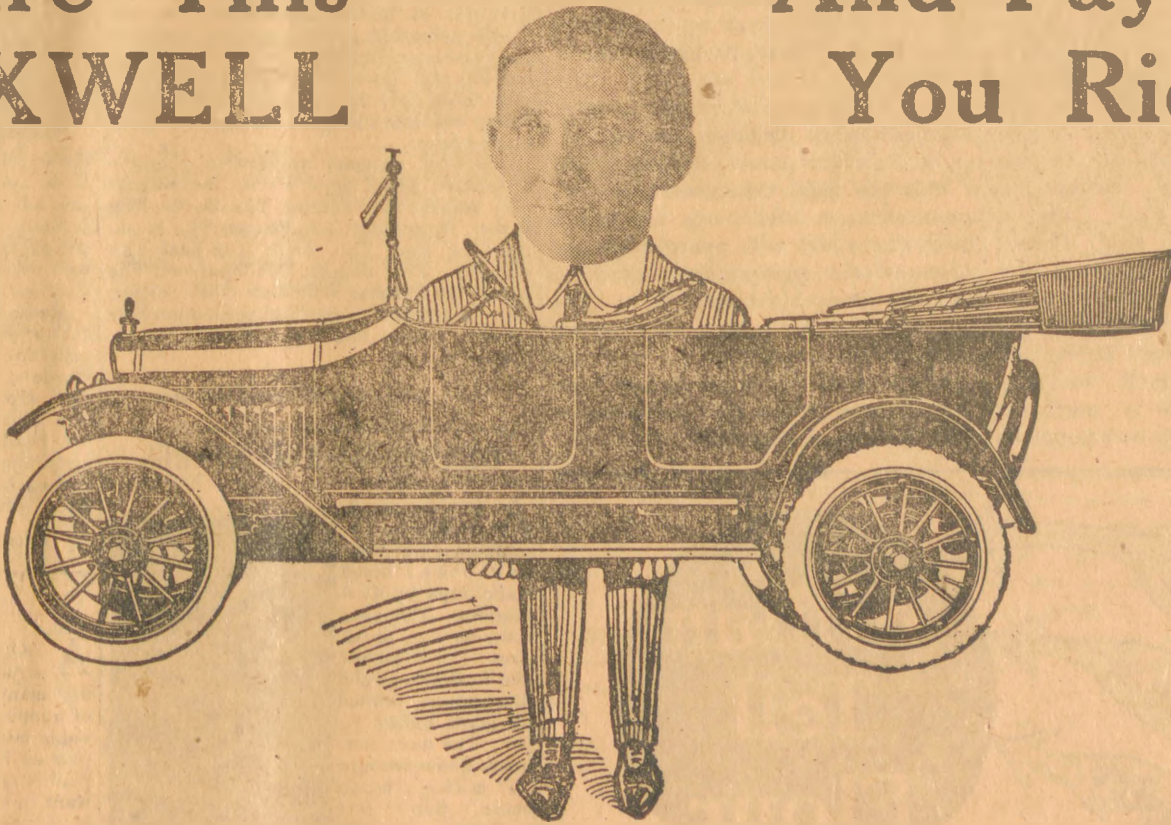
¶ Do you feel, Mr. Reader, that your abilities are coining all they are worth?

¶ Why not do a little prospecting with a "Situation Wanted" ad?

¶ The possibilities are worth the small expense.

Secure This MAXWELL

And Pay As You Ride



MODERN METHODS applied to automobile retail business—that's the meaning of the "Maxwell Way." You have the privilege of testing, using, enjoying your car after a small down payment, and the balance is pay as you ride. What about the car? Why, it's a

MAXWELL

—the car sold under a unique guarantee. For further recommendations ask the owners — hundreds of them in and about It's made of the kind of stuff that's put into the larger and higher priced cars. The material and workmanship assure long and satisfactory service. Price

\$655 Electric Lighted and Started

F. S. HALEY,

Upper Village,

Phillips, Maine

Telephone 42-23

PACK AND SADDLE IN THE WOODS

Why travel a couple of thousand miles west and spend proportionate time and money in the pursuit of rainbow trout and elk when by the consumption of a 20th part of each, one can hunt deer, moose and speckled trout from the saddle in the wilderness of Northern Maine.

A night's ride from Boston finds one at sun-up at Sherman on the Bangor & Aroostook. After a hearty breakfast at a near-by farmhouse, a buckboard with mounts for each sportsman trailing behind us carries us ten miles over a rich rolling farm country to the "edge of the woods," the jumping off place from civilization. Here harness horses are transformed into pack animals, and saddles substituted for rigid and rattling seats, and tote road and trail for dusty highway. Freed from the rattle and jolt of wheels we are impressed with the joy of their absence in following a deep-rutted road for the first five miles of our horseback journey into the wilderness, for tote roads have lost their terror to one mounted on a knowing, agile, forest-bred pony. Whether ascending or descending steep, gullied pitches, picking his way over rough corduroy, wading through mud holes or fording rushing streams, the horseman sits secure and comfortable at an elevation affording a broad outlook and cultivating intimate friendship with his toiling pony.

Five miles of logging road finds the outfit at a massive log bridge spanning the Sebok River. The shore of the stream offering an ideal spot for noon rest, saddle girths are loosened, the pack horses are unburdened and securely hobbled, four-footed friends find abundant feed by the road side while tea is boiled and bacon fried to accompany the cold lunch from the saddle bags. Repacking and mounting, three miles of climbing finds the outfit out of the lumber works, where it follows a blazed trail through virgin forests of birch and occasional evergreen for six miles to the main camp and Bowline Pitch. This last stage of the journey is the climax of this delightful, primitive mode of travel. The pack horse, foster mother and leader of the rest, sets the pace, steering her broad, towering pack cleverly by many a menacing obstacle and following the trail as certainly as though she were conscious of the spots on the trees. The soft footing of the forest floor makes travel almost noiseless and the luxurious comfort of roomy range-saddle and the rhythmic sway of plodding horses induces a drowsiness both restful and in sympathy with the silent surrounding wilderness. A steep descent into the valley of the East Branch finds the party in the dooryard of a group of log camps, a stone's throw above the river, in ample time for supper. Unburdened horses roll in luxurious grass, drink copiously and then enter upon a period of feast and freedom with occasional interruptions in journeys into back camps or remote ponds and hunting grounds. Human folks and their four-footed friends form an intimate and united family. Each have their arguments and differences but the wilderness is conducive to peace and good nature with both man and beast and each finds companionship with the other.

Bridle trails radiate from Bowline camp to every point of the compass, each terminating in sport and a comfortable cabin. Some lead to high altitudes overlooking a vast wilderness up-ended by towering Katahdin or Traveler, others traversing burned land or penetrating dense forest to remote unfrequented ponds filled with trout keen for the bright artificial fly, or flashing trolling-spoon. Or one can resort to shank's mare and follow up the East Branch for over five miles of quick water and deafening falls, where leaping salmon as well as square tails abound. But saddle and pack horse are always available and for comfort and companionship, novelty and mild excitement, they excel all other means of conveyance in the Maine wilderness.

In The Maine Woods.

FEED THE BIRDS

The work of the National Association of Audubon Societies in protecting wild birds becomes very practical at this time of year. It is just sending out to every newspaper, post office, woman's club and to every Audubon Society member in New England the following appeal:

Please Feed the Birds.

The deep snow covers their usual food—insects' eggs and larvae and the seeds of weeds—and they will starve unless we feed them.

Give them "hayseed" chaff from the barn floor, crumbs, scraps of meat, bones, and suet; anything eatable and they will repay you a thousand fold by their work in the garden and orchard all the spring.

Do it now. Fasten the meat scraps and suet securely to the trees and see how eagerly chickadees and woodpeckers go to it. Tread the snow down hard and scatter the hayseed and crumbs there, or put it on a board or box and watch the juncos and tree sparrows fill up. Put out chaff and grain for the quail and meadowlarks in the pasture. They work for us all summer long, eating insects.

Keep it up while the snow lasts. It is not only a fine philanthropy but a paying investment for each one of us. If you want to know more about feeding and protecting birds write to

Winthrop Packard, Agent, National Asso. Audubon Societies'

66 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

This has been the custom of the Association in past years and it has everywhere met with approbation and cooperation. In that time there has been a noticeable increase in the number of song and insectivorous birds in the country. It's only one of a thousand activities carried on summer and winter by the Association, for the protection of birds.

BOOKS FOR HUNTERS, TRAPPERS, FISHERMEN AND SPORTSMEN

The following books are endorsed by leading publishers, hunters, trappers and sportsmen in North America. The information they contain is reliable, having been gathered from actual experiences and successful experiments of men who are leaders in the different branches covered by these works.

These books should be in the hands of every man who goes into the woods, either for pleasure or profit.

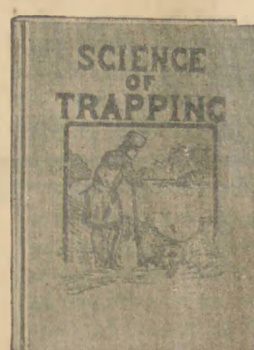
FOX TRAPPING

A BOOK of instructions tells how to trap, snare, poison and shoot. A valuable book for trappers. If all the methods as given in this had been studied out by one man and he had begun trapping when Columbus discovered America, more than four hundred years ago he would not be half completed. This book is edited by A. R. Harding and contains about 50 illustrations, and about 200 pages, is divided into 22 chapters, as follows:

General Information; Baits and Scents; Foxes and Odors; Chaff Method; Snare; Traps and Hints; All Round Land Set; Snow Set; Trapping Red Fox; Red and Grey; Wire and Twine Snare; Snare, Shooting, Poison; My First Fox; Tennessee Trapper's Methods; Many Good Methods; Fred and the Old Trapper; Experienced Trapper Tricks; Reynard Outwitted; Fox Shooting; A Shrewd Fox; Still Hunting the Fox; Fox Ranches; Steel Traps.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents.

SCIENCE OF TRAPPING



DESCRIBES the fur-bearing animals, their nature, habits and distribution, with practical methods for their capture. Contains 245 pages, size 5 x 7 inches, with 40 illustrations. The chapter on

"Tracks and Signs" is worth dollars to young and inexperienced hunters and trappers, as the author shows drawings of the footprints of the various animals. The author is personally acquainted with some of the most expert trappers in North America, and has also followed the Indians over their trap lines, and in this way learned many things which to the white man are not generally known.

The book contains twenty-four chapters as follows: The Trapper's Art; The Skunk; The Mink; The Weasel; The Marten; The Fisher; The Otter; The Beaver; The Muskrat; The Fox; The Wolf; The Bear; The Raccoon; The Badger; The Opossum; The Lynx; Bay Lynx or Wild Cat; The Cougar; The Wolverine; The Pocket Gopher; The Rabbit; Tracks and Signs; Handling Furs; Steel Traps.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents.

DEADFALLS AND SNARES

A BOOK of instructions for trappers about these and other home-made traps by A. R. Harding. This book contains 232 pages, size 5 x 7 inches, and 84 drawings and illustrations, printed on good heavy paper. The most complete book on how to make "home-made" traps ever published. Building deadfalls and constructing snares, as explained in this book is of value to trappers where material, saplings, poles, boards, rocks, etc., are to be had for constructing. The book contains 28 chapters as follows:

Building Deadfalls; Bear and Coon Deadfalls; Otter Deadfall; Martin Deadfall; Stone Deadfall; The Bear Pen; Portable Traps; Some Triggers; Trip Triggers; How to Set; When to Build; Where to Build; The Proper Bait; Traps Knocked Off; String Pole Snare; Trail Set Snare; Bait Set Snare; The Box Trap; The Coop Trap; The Pit Trap; Number of Traps; When to Trap; Season's Catch; General information; Skinning and Stretching; Handling and Grading; From Animal to Market; Steel Traps.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents.

HUNTING DOGS

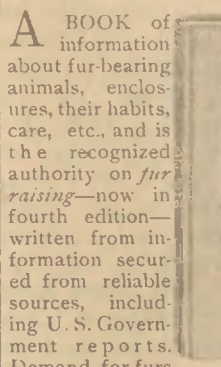


DESCRIBES in a practical manner, the training, handling, treatment, breeds, etc., best adapted for night hunting, as well as gun dogs for daylight sport. This book is not intended for the field trial dog men, but is for the real dog men who delight in chases that are genuine. Contains

253 pages, size 5 x 7 inches, with 45 illustrations, 26 chapters as follows: Part 1—Hunting Dogs, Night Hunting, The Night Hunting Dog—His Ancestry, Training the Hunting Dog, Training the Coon Dog, Training for Skunk, Opossum and Mink, Wolf and Coyote Hunting, Training for Squirrels and Rabbits, Training the Deer Hound, Training—Specific Things to Teach, Training—Random Suggestions from Many Sources. Part 2—Breeding and Care of Dogs—Selecting the Dog, Care and Breeding, Breeding (Continued), Peculiarities of Dogs and Practical Hints, Ailments of the Dog. Part 3—Dog Lore—Still Trailers vs. Tonguers, Music, The Dog on the Trap Line, Sledge Dogs of the North. Part 4—The Hunting Dog Family—American Fox Hound, The Beagle, Dachshund and Basset Hound, Pointers and Setters, Spaniels, Terriers—Airedales, Scotch Collies, House and Watch Dogs, A Farmer Hunter—His Views, Descriptive Table of Technical Terms.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound 60 cents.

FUR FARMING



A BOOK of information about fur-bearing animals, enclosures, their habits, care, etc., and is the recognized authority on fur raising—now in fourth edition—written from information secured from reliable sources, including U. S. Government reports. Demand for furs

is increasing yearly while the supply is becoming less. Fur farming is a profitable industry. Book contains 266 pages, 39 illustrations from photographs; 15 chapters as follows:

Supply and Demand, What Animals to Raise; Enclosures, Laws Affecting Fur Family, Box Trap Trapping, Fox Raising, Fox Raising in Canada, Skunk Raising, Mink Raising, Opossum Raising, Muskrat Raising, Raccoon Raising, The Beaver and the Otter, Killing, Skinning and Stretching, Deer Farming.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents.

Land Cruising and Prospecting



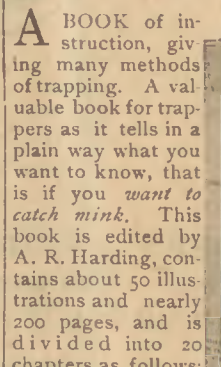
IS A valuable book for home-steaders, hunters, prospectors, guides etc. The writer, Mr. A. F. Wallace, an experienced land surveyor, land cruiser and prospector, in his introduction says: "To the men who follow the compass

the trap and the trail, this work is inscribed. It is not intended for the 'Professor' who can tell you all about things after they are done (by someone else)." Contains about 200 pages, 5 x 7 inches, good quality paper, with nearly 40 illustrations and contains 20 chapters as follows:

Maps; The Compass; Examining and Locating; Early Surveys; Corner Marks; Miscellaneous Information; Points for Home-steaders; Prospecting for Gold; Sampling Ore; How to Locate a Claim; Poor Man's Ore Mill; Prospecting for Fur; Prospecting for Pearls; Prospecting for Bees; Rations and Camp Cookery; Camp Kits; Guns, Axes and Packstraps; Building Cabins; Tanning, Etc.; Getting Lost; The Red River Trapper.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents.

MINK TRAPPING



A BOOK of instruction, giving many methods of trapping. A valuable book for trappers as it tells in a plain way what you want to know, that is if you want to catch mink. This book is edited by A. R. Harding, contains about 50 illustrations and nearly 200 pages, and is divided into 20 chapters as follows:

General Information; Mink and Their Habits; Size and Care of Skins; Good and Lasting Baits; Bait and Scent; Places to Set; Indian Methods; Mink Trapping on the Prairies; Southern Methods; Northern Methods; Unusual Ways; Illinois Trapper's Method; Experienced Trappers' Methods; Many Good Methods; Salt Set; Log and Other Sets; Points for the Young Trapper; Proper Size Traps; Deadfalls; Steel Traps.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents.

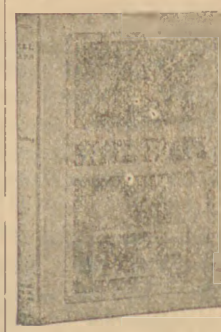
CANADIAN WILDS

TELLS about the Hudson Bay Company; Northern Indians and their Modes of Hunting, Trapping, etc. Provisions for the Wilderness, Things to Avoid, etc., etc. The author (Martin Hunter) was with the Hudson Bay Company for about 40 years—from 1863 to 1903 and the information is given from almost a half century's experience. This book contains 277 pages, thirty-seven chapters as follows:

The Hudson's Bay Company; The "Free Trader" Outfitting Indians, Trappers of the North, Provisions for the Wilderness, Forts and Posts, About Indians, Wholesome Foods, Officer's Allowances, Indian Packs, Indian Mode of Hunting Beaver, Indian Mode of Hunting Lynx and Marten, Indian Mode of Hunting Foxes, Indian Mode of Hunting Otter and Musquash, Remarkable Success, Things to Avoid, Anticosti and its Furs, Chiseling and Shooting Beaver, The Indian Devil, A Tame Seal, The Care of Blistered Feet, Deer Sickness, A Case of Nerve, Amphibious Combats, Art of Pulling Hearts, Dark Furs, Indians are Poor Shots, A Bear in the Water, Voracious Pike, The Brass Eyed Duck, Good Wages Trapping, A Pard Necessary, A Heroic Adventure, Wild Oxen, Long Lake Indians, Den Bears, The Mishap of Kailson.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound 60 cents

STEEL TRAPS



DESCRIBES the various makes and tells how to use them. Also chapters on care of pelts, etc. This book contains 333 pages, 5 x 7 in., and 130 illustrations, printed on good quality heavy paper. Just the book that trappers have long needed. Gives the history of steel traps, how made, sizes for various animals with detailed in-

structions on where and how to set. This book contains 32 chapters as follows:

Sewell Newhouse; Well Made Traps; A Few Failures; Some European Traps; Proper Sizes; Newhouse Traps; Double and Web Jaws; Victor, Hawley & Norton; Jump Traps; Tree Traps; Stop Thief Traps; Wide Spreading Jaws; Caring for Traps; Marking Traps; How to Fasten; How to Set; Where to Set; Looking at Traps; Mysteriously Sprung Traps; Good Dens; The Proper Bait; Scent and Decoy; Human Scent and Signs; Hints on Fall Trapping; Land Trapping; Water Trapping; When to Trap; Some Deep Water Sets; Skinning and Stretching; Handling and Grading; From Animal to Market; Miscellaneous Information.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound 60 cents.

CAMP AND TRAIL METHODS

THIS is one of the most practical books on woodcraft ever written containing valuable information for all lovers of the great outdoors. The author of this book has spent years in the woods, so knows what is wanted by the woodsmen, mountain men, prospectors, trappers and the hardy outdoor people in general. It contains 274 pages and 68 illustrations. There are 19 chapters as follows: Pleasures and Profits of Camping; Selecting a Camp Outfit; Clothing for the Woods; Pack Straps, Pack Sacks and Pack Baskets; Camping Utensils, Beds and Bedding, Firearms, Hunting Knives and Axes, Tents and Shelters, Permanent Camps, Canoes and Hunting boats, Snowshoes and Their Use, Snowshoe Making, Skis, Toboggans and Trail Sleds, Provisions and Camp Cookery, Bush Travel, Traveling Light, Tanning Furs and Buckskins, Preserving Game, Fish and Hides, Miscellaneous Suggestions.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents.

SCIENCE OF FISHING

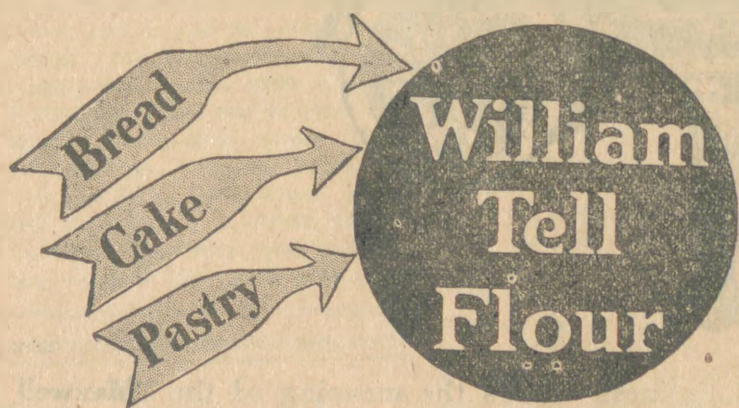


THE most practical book on fishing ever published. The author says: "For those who have caught them, as well as for those who never have." This book describes the fish, tells their habits and HOW, WHEN and WHERE to catch them; also tells the KIND of tackle used for each fish.

Book contains 255 pages, more than 100 illustrations, 22 chapters as follows:

Remarks on the "Gentle Art"; Rods; Reels; Hooks, Lines and Leaders; Flies; Artificial Baits; Landing Nets, Gaffs, Tackle Boxes, Etc.; Bait Casting; Fly Casting; Surf Casting; Trolling, Still Fishing, Etc.; Use of Natural Baits; Handling the Hooked Fish; Fishing for Black Bass; Fishing for Trout and Salmon; Pike, Pickerel, Muskellunge and Pike-Perch; Sunfish, Carp, Catfish and Suckers; Fishing for Tarpon and Tuna; Fishing for Other Sea Fish; Making, Repairing and Caring for Tackle; General Information; Commercial Fishing; Distribution of Fish—Good Places.

Price, postpaid, cloth bound, 60 cents



IT takes extra fine flour to make all three equally well, but William Tell does it, because it is milled by a special process from Ohio Red Winter Wheat. If you aspire to blue ribbon bread, cake and pastry that keep the family looking forward to your next treat, tell the grocer that nothing will do but William Tell—the flour that goes farther.

C. H. McKENZIE TRADING CO., PHILLIPS, MAINE.

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SPECIAL OFFER

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine

Any one of the above 60c books and one year's subscription to MAINE WOODS, outing edition \$1.25



A New Questions and Answers Department of Interest to Shooters

START 'EM RIGHT.

On the festive occasion just past, large numbers of boyish hearts have been gladdened by the Christmas present which is capable of causing more thrills of pleasure to the square inch than most anything else—a new rifle. I know, because I went through the sensations once myself.

Some proud fathers—luckily the number is small—are still under the impression that it is dangerous to give the small boy a real firearm in the shape of a .22 caliber repeater, for instance. I wish I could have just a few minutes personal talk with each man who thinks in this way. You might just as well say that a boy shall not learn how to swim for fear that he will be drowned! It is the duty of every father to teach his son how to handle firearms—not only for the great pleasure which they will bring, but because accidents with firearms are almost always due to ignorance or carelessness and rarely happen to those who know how to handle them.

E. W. C., Durham, N. C.

Will a 20 gauge shotgun develop anywhere near the power, range and penetration of the regular twelve gauge bird gun by using twenty-eight inch barrel and two three-quarter inch shells with the heaviest load practical for this gun? Of course the heavy load in this light gun would develop disagreeable recoil but with the addition of a recoil pad and not considering the balance of recoil that this would not remedy, would the twelve have any considerable advantage. With the addition of these features would the twenty in any way match the twelve bird gun? If the twenty-eight inch barrel and heavy loads will anywhere near equal the twelve in range, what is best to get as near the pattern of the twelve as possible without sacrificing range, cylinder, modified choke or full choke bore? What style of twenty would you suggest to come as near as possible to equaling the twelve bird gun as a twenty can? What is the heaviest load the twenty will stand to handle safely? Will a cylinder bore shoot stronger than a choke bore or does the choke bore in any way retard the load or take away any of its killing power?

Ans. It seems to me you are chasing the devil around the stump. If you want to get the power and results which are produced by a 12 gauge gun, the only way to do it is to buy a 12 gauge gun. What is the use of trying to get a small gauge if the results you wish are those of the 12 gauge. The small gauges are undoubtedly very good for certain purposes, and I do not wish you to think that I condemn the 16 or 20 gauge guns. They are satisfactory if the shooter will not try to overload them and is satisfied with the

To sit and sew all day

"Women's work is never done," they say, and too often this is true. To sit and sew all day is tiring work, and often results in headache, backache and sometimes kills ambition and takes away the appetite. The stomach, liver and bowels need exercise, but they don't get it when you bend all day over a needle. When this sort of work tells on you, you can find great relief by taking "L. F." Atwood's Medicine. It is safe to take and acts favorably on the digestive organs, regulates the liver and bowels, and helps a sick headache. Women or men who lead a sedentary life will find this medicine a fine remedy to keep in the home.

FREE—"Ye Olde Songs," words and music of sixty popular songs sent free on receipt of one outside yellow wrapper from the bottle, together with your opinion of our Medicine.

"L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

less efficient results which he gets. All shotguns of whatever gauge when bored full choke, for instance, put 75% of their charge in a 30 inch circle at 40 yds. With a 20 gauge the load of shot is less than with the 12 gauge and the results are therefore a thinner pattern at 40 yds. than with the 12 gauge, or in other words, the 20 gauge has a pattern which is as dense as the 12 gauge only when fired at a shorter range than the 12. You will find a full choke barrel will be best in 20 gauge. This will give as great a density of pattern as you can get with a 20 gauge and the gun will kill effectively, only of course at not as great ranges as the 12 gauge, and also, it will be necessary to hold much closer with the 20 gauge. The heaviest 20 gauge load supplied by the factories is 2½ drams of bulk smokeless powder and ¾ oz. of shot. The velocity of a charge fired from a cylinder bore is approximately the same as that from a full choke bore. Choke makes no practical difference in the velocity.

C. W. B., N. Y.

1. In the State of Jersey, is it within the law to use a repeating shotgun, if the magazine is filled with sufficient dummy shells so that only two loaded shells may be at the command of the user or does a gun have to be mechanically unable to handle more than two shells?

Ans. According to the N. J. law it is necessary to have a gun which will contain only two shells. Filling the magazine up with dummy shells will do you no good. It is necessary to have the gun fixed up in such a way that it is mechanically impossible to put more than one shell into the magazine. Along these lines, I have often wondered if the legislators realized when they passed the law that they were also barring the most popular firearm in use in the United States today—the .22 caliber repeater.

2. In your estimation, is there enough difference in the range and penetration of a shotgun with a thirty-two inch barrel to warrant the extra weight and the convenience of handling in the heavy brush? This gun will be used in heavy brush part of the time but will also be used on fox and ducks.

Ans. There is practically no difference in the shooting results between the various lengths of shotgun barrels. If you desire to use one of 28 inch length because of quick handling properties, go ahead and get it feeling sure you will not lose anything in shooting qualities.

3. Can you give me the names and addresses of any reliable concerns who put out a three barrel gun. The only one I know is the Daly gun, put out by the Schoverling, Daly & Gales Co., New York. This is, no doubt, a wonderful gun, but the price is too steep for my pocketbook.

Ans. Assuming that your hunting is to be done in Jersey, there isn't much use in your purchasing a three barrel gun as you could not use it in your State. The only Company outside of the one you mention making these guns is, I think, the Three Barrel Gun Co., Moundsville, West Va.

T. L., Fabrica, Philippines.

I have a Colt .38 Special 5 inch barrel. Which is better for target shooting, the .38 short or the .38 long cartridge? I am trying both but I can't find the difference. As it's a new gun and the first I had, I can't hit at a target. I shoot high or low. I am hoping in the future to make better scores.

Ans. I would recommend using the .38 Colt Special Cartridge as this is the cartridge for which your gun is

chambered. This cartridge gives better accuracy than the .38 short or long. Do not be discouraged by the results you are getting at target. Keep on trying, remembering that the most important thing of all is ability to pull the trigger without flinching or moving the arm and you will make progress. Some of the best shots in the country could not hit the target when they started shooting.

S. E. H., Frankestown, N. H.

I would like you to give the sizes or diameter of the different bores of guns—12-16-20 gauges in fractions or decimals of an inch.

Ans. 12 gauge, .729 inch; 16 gauge .662 inch; 20 gauge, .615 inch.

J. C. G., Hendersonville, N. C.

1. I have a Colt's revolver, Pat. July 25th, 1871, July 21, 1872, No. 1964, caliber 36—rim fire. It is in good shape, five shot with hand chased cylinder showing stage hold-up.

Ans. Your revolver shoots the .38 rim fire cartridge.

2. Are there any cartridges to be found for such an old-timer. If so, please state in next issue where I may obtain same.

Ans. The cartridges above mentioned can be obtained through any of the hardware and sporting goods dealers.

W. W., Yates Center, Kansas.

1. I have seen an Automatic Colts revolver, ten shot. I have looked in some of the catalogs of the largest sporting houses and the only ten shot revolver I can find is the Savage. Do the Colt Co. make a ten shot revolver and which is the best, the Colt or Savage revolver?

Ans. There is no Colt Automatic pistol excepting the new .22 auto, which has a capacity of ten shots without reloading. Incidentally I never could see what difference it made how many shots a magazine held so long as it held at least five. As to which is better, the Colt or Savage, this is a question for you to decide. I would suggest that you ask some of your friends who own these models.

2. I would like for you to name the cost of a good hunting outfit. I want the very best. Let me know also the cost of cartridges and shells for a three months' hunt up in the Rockies, thence up into Canada.

Ans. I assume you are going after big game, in which case you would need a high power rifle. As to the cost of an outfit, it is almost impossible to make any definite estimate as your idea and mine as to the necessary clothing, food, etc., would probably vary considerably. Also, I do not know how much money you have to spend. You do not say whether or not you are going by yourself, which is another very important item. If you will let me know a little more definitely just what you intend to do, where you are going, etc., I will be very glad to help you out in the selection of an outfit.

Subscriber.

1. Will the smooth bore of the .44 Marble's Game Getter gun shoot accurate and at what range, also give the killing power with ball.

Ans. A smooth bore barrel will no shoot anywhere nearly as accurately as a rifle barrel. The .44 in a smooth bore barrel will give accurate results at possibly 30 yards.

2. How will it target with shot?



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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Strictly a Temperance Hotel

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STORER F. CRAFTS Gen. Manager

Killing power?

Ans. It is effective on small game at short range.

3. What length would you advise, 12, 15 or 18 inch?

Ans. It really does not make much difference which length you select.

4. Would it make a good pistol?

Ans. Not when compared with a regular target pistol.

X. Y. Z., Auburn, Me.

The Marlin people say: "Black and low pressure loads can be used as satisfactorily as the H. P. load in the .32 Special. What load (in grains) would you recommend of semi-smokeless or low pressure smokeless? How would the 32-40 load apply to this cartridge?"

Ans. The best way to get the proper load for any particular make of cartridge is to write to the manufacturer of the powder you wish to use. Reloading is at best a very dangerous proceeding and it does not pay to take any chances at all. If you insist on reloading, follow the powder maker's advice just as closely as you now how. If you begin to try experiments you will stand a beautiful chance of losing part of your anatomy, to say nothing of disturbing your peace of mind.

Alfred P. Lane

AN ANCIENT BEAR FIGHT

The story of this struggle with a bear was written by the late Mark Tapley, some 30 years ago. Horace Dunn was the father of Geo. H. Dunn who now lives on Pike Hill and Chas. E. Bean was the father of Mrs. Emma F. Swan of the Pleasant Ridge Farm at Norway Lake.

Here is the story:

During the summer of 1852, one bright sunny afternoon Charles E. Bean, a tall muscular, rosy cheeked young man eighteen years of age, accompanied by Horace Dunn, a lad of some twelve or thirteen years, started for a field some eighty rods from the house for the purpose of securing a small piece of early grain. They took with them a gun loaded with small shot and a small dog hoping to get a partridge.

Soon after they had commenced their work the dog strayed to the margin of the forest and commenced to bark in a most furious manner. Thinking he had treed a partridge, Bean seized the gun and ran to ascertain the cause of the dog's furious manner, as they had never seen him in such a frenzy before. On approaching the spot Bean beheld a huge bear all bristled up, his ears laid back, his mouth wide open, snapping, growling and striking at his spunky little adversary with his huge paws. He was of the specie called rangers, his rough coat somewhat faded, his tusks gone, his teeth few and stumpy, and very lean in flesh. When he beheld Bean with his gun he turned to flee.

In the excitement of the moment Bean raised his weapon and let him have the contents in his hind part. The beast now turned on his adversary with a savage roar of mingled pain and rage. Bean started backwards when he chanced to trip against a root which caused him to fall on his back between two large stones. Before he could recover the bear was upon him biting and tearing the best he could with his short stumpy teeth and dull claws.

Had the bear been young and vigorous the unfortunate young man would have been torn in pieces as soon as the beast could have obtained a firm grip and brought his hind feet into use. But taking advantage of his lack of tusks and scattering teeth Bean never losing his presence of mind forced his hand far down his throat and with a firm grasp held fast to the roots of his tongue at the same time calling loudly for help.

The brave little dog showed his good will by seizing the bear's hind legs with his sharp teeth while the discomfited brute choked, coughed and strangled, as though he had swallowed something little end foremost. Horace now appeared on the scene.

"Get my jack knife quick," said Bean "and I will cut his throat." "He lays right on your pocket,"

replied Horace "and I can't reach it."

"Well, lift him off if you can for I can't hold him off much longer." Horace seized the bear with both hands and by exerting all his strength succeeded in getting one hand under his body so as to reach the pocket which contained the knife. Seizing the pocket he quickly rent it in twain, opened the knife and placed it in his comrade's other hand. Bean quickly inserted the blade in the neck of the bear which he never withdrew till the blood flowed like a torrent from the wound.

Bruin soon began to lose his strength and rolled partially from his intended victim so as to give him an opportunity to slip from under him. Torn, bleeding and nearly exhausted Bean fled for the house accompanied by Horace and the dog. They in brief and hasty manner related their adventure. Bean's wounds were dressed, which proved not very serious.

Joshua Dunn, the father of Horace, seized his rifle and proceeded to view the scene of the conflict. When he arrived there no bear was to be seen but he soon discovered his bloody trail which he followed to a short distance, where he discovered him lying down with his head pressed snugly against his side as if trying to stop the flow of blood. Joshua raised his rifle and sent a bullet through his brain which put an end to his career.

Many a bitter cold night while the piercing blast has swept through the valley have we slept snug and warm beneath this creature's skin which though not so valuable by reason of his extreme age, was uncommonly large measuring nine feet in length by seven in breadth.—Norway Advertiser.

REPORT FINES.

Two Paid for Buying Skins Without License.

Warden B. E. Smith of Augusta and costs for buying the skins of furbearing animals without a license by A. G. Robinson of Gardiner, agent of G. R. Hunnewell of Auburn. Several fox and skunk skins were found in Robinson's possession purchased by him without a license and three were confiscated by the state and sold for the benefit of the state treasury.

Warden J. L. Howard of Ridgely reports the payment of a fine of \$10 by T. H. Burgess of Rumford Center for buying the skins of fur bearing animals in November and December, 1915, without a license.

The appointment by Governor Curtis, as of Friday, was announced Saturday of George S. Hawes of North Vassalboro as a trial justice of Kennebec county.

NOTES FROM ALL AROUND

Curator Thomas A. James of the State museum is very much pleased with the possibility that two of the albino salmon recently introduced into the new aquarium may live. Only two lived out of the original six brought from the Camden hatchery. One of these had appeared for two or three days to be about on the point of expiring, but Monday it was active in the tank again. The other one has shown no signs of weakness since it came. The curator thinks there is a possibility, even a probability, that both specimens may live. If they do live they will be the only exhibitions of the kind in the country.

Daily Thought.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave.—Sir W. Drummond.

Quiet Joys.

The joys that are bought with money are worth nothing compared with the joys that, though sweet and gentle and unassuming, are yet deep, enduring and quieting; the joys that enlarge the heart instead of diminishing it, and which we too often pass by—some what in the manner of those peasants whom one sees in an ecstasy over the fireworks at some fete, and who pay not the smallest attention to the splendor of a summer night.—Sabatier.

WINTER SPORTS AT RANGELEY

Celebration Given by Juniors---Rebekahs Install.

(Special Correspondent.)

Rangeley, January 5.—W. E. Tibbetts and Harry Look went in to Kennebago Tuesday, Mr. Look returning from Portland after spending the Christmas holidays with his family.

Harwood Childs returned Monday to Dartmouth College. Miss Irene Kempton to Business College in Lewiston, Miss Emma Russell to her duties at Phillips, Mason Russell returned to U. of M., Vance Oakes, Miss Stella Haley, "Bun" Tiffany to Hebron Tuesday. Wednesday, Miss Marjorie Oakes, Miss Hildred Robertson, Charles Gibbs returned to Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Howe and family of Rumford were recent guests of Mrs. Howe's sister, Mrs. W. E. Tibbetts.

Mr. and Mrs. David Quimby are at their home on Dead River road for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Doak are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son, January 4.

J. E. Peakes, who was a week-end guest of Mrs. Addie Richardson, returned to his work at Harvard Law School Monday.

New Years eve a dance was held in Furbish hall. Music by a Rumford orchestra. The proceeds which amounted to about \$10 were presented to the Senior class, R. H. S. '16.

W. L. Butler was a recent guest of H. A. Furbish, driving from Farmington to Rangeley in a sleigh.

Goods belonging to the Warren Stevens estate, also the Frank Jacobs estate were recently sold to settle up the property. C. L. Harnden was appointed administrator of the Stevens property, Walter Oakes, Eugene Herrick and W. D. Quimby appraisers of the latter, and Alex Blodgett, administrator.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis York are pleased to learn that Master York is much improved since his recent treatment in New York, and a complete recovery from his slight lameness is now looked for judging from the appearance of the Loon Lake mail bag, York Camps will be a busy place the coming season.

Mrs. Frank Gile and daughter, Dorothy left Saturday for Portland, where they will spend part of the winter.

Mrs. Frank Sprague and child and Miss Shirley Hoar of Farmington are

guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mitchell. Mr. and Mrs. Cutler King and little son of Stonington, Conn., are at Rangeley Tavern for the winter months.

Mrs. Wm. Nottage and little one have returned to their home in West Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel French have moved to Phillips, Mr. French having been transferred to a different route.

Mr. George Oakes, who recently suffered such a painful injury is making daily improvement and it is now thought that it will not be necessary to amputate more of the limb unless unlooked for complications set in.

At the annual election of officers of the Ladies' Lakeside League the officers which served the past year were unanimously re-elected, the only changes being Mrs. Evelyn Boulter, chosen to serve as Assistant Teacher, Mrs. Emily Nile as Assistant Secretary.

Mrs. James Matheson is at her home on High street for the winter. The past few days she has entertained Mrs. F. B. Burn's mother, Mrs. Kate Blair of Bowdoinham. Mr. Matheson was at home Tuesday.

Robert Johnson, the little son of Gus Johnson has so far recovered from his recent operation for appendicitis as to be able to return home from Dr. Ross' private hospital.

Mrs. Leona Spencer and children have returned from Strong, where they have been the past month.

Miss Laverna Murphy spent Christmas vacation as guest of her aunt in Waltham. Her mother, Mrs. C. C. Murphy accompanied her home from Portland.

Fred Hamm went to Hebron Sanatorium Tuesday for an examination. He was a patient there during the summer months, but since his return has apparently improved in health.

Miss Helen Raymond is doing table work at the Tavern during the illness of Miss Guida Philbrick. Miss Philbrick is slowly improving, her many friends are pleased to note.

George M. Esty returned from Boston Monday, where he accompanied Mrs. Esty, who is being treated by Dr. Harvey. At present she is a guest of Mr. Esty's sisters at Mattapan.

Mrs. Harry Reynolds and two children, who have been visiting her sister, Mrs. M. D. Tibbetts returned to her home Saturday.

The recent light snows have rejoiced the hearts of the rabbit hunters who have made the most of their opportunity the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Welch were

You've hit the right tobacco

when you fire-up some Prince Albert in your old jimmy pipe or in a makin's cigarette. And you know it! Can't get in wrong with P. A. for it is made *right*; made to spread-smoke-sunshine among men who have suffered with scorched tongues and parched throats! The patented process fixes that—*and cuts out bite and parch*. All day long you'll sing how glad you are you're pals with

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You take this testimony straight from the shoulder, men. You can smoke a barrel of P. A. without a kick! It hands out all the tobacco happiness any man ever dreamed about, it's so smooth and friendly. It's a mighty cheerful thing to be on talking-terms with your pipe and your tongue *at the same time*—but that's what's coming to you sure as you pin your faith to Prince Albert!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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It's an easy job to change the shape and color of unsalable brands to imitate the Prince Albert tidy red tin, but it is impossible to imitate the flavor of Prince Albert tobacco! The patented process protects that!

Everywhere tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your cheerful visit. Buy it in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound humidor—and in a classy pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco so fit!

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

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RANGELEY LAKES

Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular. CAPT. F. C. BARKER, Bemis, Maine.

up from Haines Landing Tuesday to attend the Rebekah installation.

The Jolly Twelve met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. F. G. McKenzie, eight members being present. Refreshments of coffee mousse, walnut filling cake, chocolate cake and coffee were served. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Warren Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lafayette Kempton and Carl Jones were in Boston the past week. Carl Jones returned Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Kempton will remain for a longer time.

At the Men's League Saturday evening the question: Resolved that a voting contest is an injury to a community. Affirmative, Mason Russell, J. Sherman Hoar; negative, H. C. Riddle, Harwood Childs. The decision was in favor of the affirmative side, although the negative side presented a very eloquent plea. Voted to hold the suppers every other Tuesday night instead of Saturday thus giving the merchants a good chance to attend.

A crew of men under Saul Collins are at work repairing Prof. Nether's wharf which suffered considerable damage during the fall storms.

Miss Laverna Murphy and Mrs. Saul Collins are reported on the sick list. Mrs. Chas. Cushman is now able to be out after a two weeks' illness.

Mrs. Amos Ellis is now taking a few steps each day and expects to be able to return home soon.

The past few weeks have been ideal for winter sports and we are pleased to note that several parties have taken advantage of the winter pleasures. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wheatland, two sons and two daughters and four guests have been having a jolly time at Osceola Farm owned by L. D. Haley. They have as guides, C. L. Harnden, Orrie and Leon D. Haley. The days have been full of pleasure, the company being treated to a genuine snowstorm upon their arrival. Every minute of the time has been spent to the best advantage, and included sleighrides, snowshoe parties, rabbit and fox hunting. The party secured a large number of rabbits and had good fortune in the latter sport, having a live fox also to their credit. One day the entire party camped out of doors, cooking and eating in the open which was a novel experience at this season of the year. The party with the exception of Mr. Richard Wheatland and son, Steven returned Tuesday.

day. They will remain for a few days longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Wilcox and son are at their camp on Kennebago stream for the winter.

The Juniors held a supper and sociable at the Grange hall Monday evening to celebrate their recent victory. The girls being the losers served the following supper to the boys who won by 33 points: Sandwiches, pickles, olives, salads, cake, doughnuts, coffee, cocoa. The following program was given:

Piano Solo, Winifred Hamm
Recitation, Beatrice Colby
Piano Duet, Elizabeth Oakes,

Recitation, Aletha Childs
Song, Carroll Ross
Song, Eleanor and Olive Moore
Recitation, Alice Bennett
Piano Solo, Lita Nile
Darkie Song, Eight Girls
Sailor Song and Dance, Muriel and Evelyn Brown

Tableaux

After the program, games were played and the following leaders to head a Blue and Red contest chosen, Adon Hoar and Thelma Porter. The evenings entertainment and supper were in charge of Mrs. Frank Badger, Eleanor Moore, Lita Nile, Alice Barrett, Pauline Rector, Muriel Brown, Aletha Childs, Thelma Porter and Lucille Taylor. A fine time was enjoyed.

A man by the name of Mike Burns, who has been employed at Savage's camps died Monday at the home of Mrs. Leona Spencer. The unfortunate man was taken ill while in camp and medical assistance was sent for, his condition being such that the doctor had him moved to the village. After a time his relatives were located and a sister-in-law arrived Tuesday to accompany the remains to his home in Berlin, N. H. No further particulars could be learned.

Dr. Eustis and bride, who was formerly Miss Margaret Richardson are spending their honeymoon at Indian Rock and are enjoying camp life immensely.

The Lassell and Whiting party are expected Saturday at the Tavern, after which they will proceed to their camp at Kennebago, where preparations have been made for their coming.

Miss Florence Green, Miss Long and Mrs. Fronsfield are at the former's camp on the shore of Dodge Pond for a short vacation.

Tuesday evening occurred the public installation of Summit Rebekah Lodge, No. 120. The officers were installed in a very pleasing manner by Dep. Gr. Pres., Mrs. Addie Norton, Dep. Gr. Marshall, Mrs. Della Wheeler Luce, assisted by the following Gr. officers: Gr. Warden, Anna Blodgett; Gr. Chap., Winifred Hinkley; Gr. Sec., Alice Kempton; Gr. Treas., Ida Carlton; Gr. Guard, Minnie Spiller; Gr. Herald, Alice Oakes. The following officers were installed: P. N. G., Lunette Ross; N. G., Carrie Russell; V. G., Fredilla Soule; Sec., Florence Bridgman; Fin., Alice Hinkley; Treas., Annie Tibbetts; Warden, Mabel Case; Conductor, Helen Raymond; R. S. N. G., Lucy Herrick; L. S. N. G., Leona Spencer; Chaplain, Clara Rector; R. Sup. V. G., Ida Badger; L. Sup. V. G., Edith Ellis; Inside Guardian, Minnie Cushman; Outside Guardian, Maude Brooks. The work was executed in very pleasing manner and was very beautiful. The manner in which it was done reflected great credit upon the special degree team and its mistress, Minnie Spiller. A short program followed:

Solo, H. O. Huntoon
Reading, Conrad Lamb
Solo, Faye Worthley
Piano Duet, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Rowe

Solo, Rena Tibbetts
Reading, Mildred Huntoon
Dialogue, Mrs. Clara Quimby,
P. Alton Quimby

Remarks, Mrs. Addie Norton

Delicious refreshments of sandwiches, assorted cake, coffee and harlequin ice cream were served by the committee. It is estimated that 250 or better were present. This was certainly a red letter day for the Rebekahs and many words of appreciation were heard from the assembled guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Oma Ellis are guests at his sister's, Mrs. Verne G. Pillsbury.

Height of Meanness.

There is a lot of comfort in not having an umbrella when somebody wants to borrow one.—Los Angeles Express.

Where Bluff Wouldn't Work.

"Bah!" sneered the blustery man. "Bluff is the thing. A man can bluff his way through life." "But," said the conservative, "if you couldn't swim and fell in, you couldn't bluff the river for a second."—Livingston Lance