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J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

Post office Box 50
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

GOT THEIR FULL QUOTA OF GAME

The Chapman and Jones Parties
Return to Boston Well Satisfied with Their Luck.

Prominent Bostonians came out of the woods of the Dead River region Saturday, bringing with them many deer and partridges.

Most remarkable of all was the condition of the snow in two not distantly separated portions of the Dead River country. For at Twin Pond one party found light, fluffy snow for hunting, while at Mt. Bigelow camps the snow was covered with a rather thick crust.

L. Dana Chapman of Boston, of the firm of Dame-Stoddard, headed one party, composed of Richard Henry of Boston, Oscar E. Morton of White Plains, N. Y. and Lawrence W. Chapman of Boston, Mr. Chapman's son. All the members of this party got their full quota of deer, the largest a buck shot by Mr. Henry that weighed 324 pounds.

"We had snow the third day in camp at Twin pond," said Mr. Chapman, "and thereafter for six days running. The hunting at Twin was most excellent, a light, fluffy snow, making the best tracking possible."

The Chapman party got its share of birds as well as deer.

Roy Jones, Boston, city ticket agent of the Boston & Maine, headed the party that hunted at the Mt. Bigelow camp. In the party were Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Varman, Boston, and L. R. Cobb, Boston. Mr. Varman is the former New England passenger agent of the Boston & Maine.

Mr. Jones gave the editor of the Maine Woods the experience of his party. "We found too much crust for good hunting," said he, "but got some bucks just the same. We were in the woods two weeks and had a most delightful time, despite the bad hunting. Mr. Jones of the camps is one of the best of hosts. We had a dance every night we were there, for Mr. Jones has set one of the camps aside for that purpose. The Jones family also have an orchestra made up of members of the family. Miss Jones plays the piano, Blake Jones the bass viol and Walter and Gus Jones violins."

Both parties left on the Saturday afternoon train from Farmington for Boston.

CHICKEN SHOOT WAS SUCCESSFUL

Phillips Riflemen Get Barnyard Fowl at Thanksgiving Contest.

Many chickens were won by Phillips riflemen at the shoot on the rifle range Thanksgiving. The shoot was on all day, but the most of the interest came during the middle and last part of the program.

A "Poly" Hinds, a member of the Bachelor club, under whose auspices the shoot was conducted, had charge of the chickens and kept the scores. The range shot over was 100 yards, a standard American 200 yard target being used.

There were all kinds of surprises in the shooting, for a number of well known marksmen failed to make as good scores as some judged less competent. One shot a person was allowed in each string, the person scoring the highest number winning the chicken.

Among those who shot were Messrs. J. Blaine Morrison, Harry Chandler, A. G. Cronkite, George Sedgely, George Alvah Staples, Carl Beedy, R. H. Preble, Roy Atkinson, William Grover, Dr. B. S. Elliott and others. The shoot was very successful financially, a good sized sum being realized, which will be used for the benefit of the Bachelor club.

.22 Caliber Cartridges.

.22 Caliber cartridges are so small and cheap that some manufacturers don't take much pains with them. That's why some don't go, while others may go some, but not enough to amount to anything. You can't make this complaint about Winchester 22s. Just as much pains is taken in their manufacture as in that of the large caliber cartridges that cost money. They are loaded by automatic machinery, which must supply a full charge to each cartridge and seat the bullet properly. They are sure to go off and send the bullet with snap enough to hit hard. Ask for the Red W Brand. They cost no more than others.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

LOCAL HUNTERS HAVE GOOD LUCK

Game Shipments Over Narrow Gauge Total 41 Bucks, 19 Does and Two Bears.

Game shipped over the line of the S. R. & R. L. R. R., week ending November 23:

Mr. Richard Hervey, Boston	2 bucks
John B. Juddkins, Merrimac, Mass.	1 doe
Wm. P. Mann, Providence	1 buck
Henry Sewall, Wilton	2 bucks
H. P. Johnson, Jay	1 doe
F. S. Brown, Boston	1 buck
F. S. Brown	1 doe
Joseph Brown, Boston	2 bucks
C. C. Weeks, Michway, Conn.	2 bears
Paul Nadeau, Livermore Falls	2 does
Chester B. Smith, New Haven	1 buck
Chester B. Smith	1 doe
A. A. Syphers, Lewiston	2 bucks
Vial Schaefer, New York	2 bucks
W. O. Furbish, Livermore Falls	1 buck
L. Dana Chapman, Boston	2 bucks
Lawrence Chapman, Boston	2 bucks
O. F. Morton, Boston	2 bucks
C. H. Goodwin, Livermore Falls	1 buck
C. H. Goodwin	1 doe
Lawrence Murray, Livermore Falls	1 buck
Louis R. Cobb, Cambridge	1 doe
Roy Jones, Boston	1 buck
Fred W. Lovell, Bangor	1 buck
Augustus Ganyer, Kingfield	1 doe
Henry Field, Kingfield	1 buck
C. S. Newell Wilton	1 buck
C. S. Newell	1 doe
O. H. Gilbert, Wilton	2 does
B. H. Minot, Saco	2 bucks
C. B. Doten, Portland	2 bucks
J. W. Robbins, Kennebunk	2 does
G. W. Alexander, Sabattus	1 buck
G. W. Alexander	1 doe
E. L. Gibson, Sabattus	1 buck
E. G. Harrigan, Biddeford	2 bucks
A. C. Eaton, Biddeford	2 bucks
Frank Sevigne, Wells Beach	2 does
R. A. Traflet, Salmon Falls	2 bucks
Leonard Holt, Farmington	1 doe
John Hutchins, Farmington	1 doe
A. M. Crocker, Cumberland Junction	1 buck
Blaine Viles, Augusta	2 bucks
Total	41 bucks
	19 does
	2 bears

Whenever you write to one of our advertisers, don't forget to mention Maine Woods. It is important to you to do so; important to us and the advertiser naturally wants to know where you found his name. Tell him, and thus do a good turn for all concerned.

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Illustrated Circular Free to anyone interested in FURS.

Trappers' Guide, Free to those who ship to us.

GAME SHIPMENTS HOLDING UP WELL

Bangor Report Shows that Hunters Are Getting Game Despite Crusty Snow.

Bangor, Nov. 28.—Seventy-six deer and two moose were included in the game shipments yesterday. Considering the crusty state of the snow hunting is very good.

The list to date is as follows:
Previously reported 2338 deer
60 moose
44 bears

Received Wednesday:	
J. S. Andrews, Jonesboro	1 deer
E. M. Rolfe, Bar Harbor	2 deer
B. N. Rolfe, Bar Harbor	2 deer
W. P. Hewey, Kennebunkport	2 deer
W. B. Rollins, Camden	1 deer
R. C. Allen, Brunswick	2 deer
J. B. Wood, Bangor	1 deer
J. Alexander, Bangor	1 deer
H. A. Ball, Hancock	2 deer
Capt. J. B. Martin, Hancock	2 deer
Lloyd Coffin, Cumberland Mills	1 deer
F. W. Peavey, Boston	1 deer
G. B. McKay, Enfield	1 deer
J. M. Vogel, Oastine	1 deer
E. J. Sampson, Brewer	1 deer
B. M. Whimman, Leominster, Mass.	2 deer
P. H. Thomas, Bangor	2 deer
George A. Dickey, Bangor	1 deer
D. P. Webber, Bangor	2 deer
D. P. Webber, Bangor	1 moose
Mrs. H. Condon, Milo	1 deer
Wilfred O'Keefe, Old Town	2 deer
F. S. Workman, Bangor	2 deer
M. S. Workman, Somerville, Mass.	2 deer
E. S. Workman, Columbia Falls	2 deer
L. Hobbs, Milo	1 deer
Allen Lancaster, Lagrange	2 deer
William Hennessey, Boston	1 deer
P. T. Dugan, Bangor	1 deer
J. C. Wilson, Bangor	1 deer
J. C. Hodgins, Bangor	2 deer
H. C. Dillon, Bangor	1 deer
Adam Heath, Island Falls	2 deer
W. S. Small, Guilford	1 deer
W. E. Ellis, Guilford	2 deer
E. A. Thompson, Dover	2 deer
F. N. Whitney, Hudson	2 deer
G. B. Burr, Bangor	2 deer
Mrs. C. P. Thomas, Bangor	1 deer
J. H. Buddsell, Haddonfield, N. J.	1 deer
F. N. Boston, Gardiner	1 deer
W. S. Randall, Boston	2 deer
W. S. Randall, Boston	1 moose

(Continued on page 4.)

Mountain View House

Mountain View, Maine

For further particulars write or address

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

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GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE,
When Packing up for that Fishing Trip. Fly Fishing de luxe
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For your Spring Fishing Trip why not come where the salmon are large enough to interest you. The average weight of salmon here for the past five seasons has been seven pounds. We also offer you private cabins with open fire, bath, twin beds, etc. Bass fishing is unsurpassed. Write us for booklet, rates and detailed information. Address
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Warm and comfortable home and outlying camps. Guaranteed standing shot at deer. All kinds of big game, duck and partridge shooting. Good guides furnished. Telephone connection. Write for particulars.

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The most wonderful hunting in Maine is on the Blakeslee preserve of 30,000 acres. We guarantee you a shot at a deer. Birds are more numerous than ever before. If you want real hunting, write

JOE WHITE, Eustis, Me., For Booklet and Particulars.

THE SEASON FOR BIG GAME SHOOTING IN MAINE

Is rapidly approaching and the prospects for a most successful season in that mecca for all deer hunters, the Rangeley and Dead River Region was never better.

A postal card addressed to the undersigned will bring you full information contained in our booklet, HUNTING.

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It pays to reload your shells! They are the expensive part of factory ammunition. They're as strong and good as new, can be reloaded a dozen times, and it's easy to reload! Merely de-cap and re-cap shell, insert powder, crimp shell on the bullet.



160 pages
FREE

and gives information on everything relating to loading and reloading ammunition.

It lists hand-cast bullets; tells all about gas-check bullets (which take the place of metal-jacketed bullets, giving increased accuracy with less wear to barrel); gives tables of shotguns or smooth-bore gauges; round ball for shotguns; tables of velocity, penetration, etc.; twists in any rifle barrel; tables reducing drams to grains; tables of powders, primers, etc. 160 pages of information every shooter needs; sent free to any shooter for three stamps postage by

The Ideal Hand Book, new edition, 160 pages, shows in detail the enormous saving by hand loading and reloading your cartridges; factory .32-40 high power cartridges cost \$34.20 per 1000; hand loaded, buying new primed shells, etc., \$26.96 per 1000; reloaded, only \$13.64 per 1000 (you save \$20.74). 1000 .32-40 smokeless S. R. factory cartridges cost \$25.20; by reloading you can have 1000 short range loads for \$3.80. It pays to reload.

The Ideal Hand Book contains full information regarding powders, bullets, primers and reloading tools for all standard rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition, tells how to measure powder accurately

The Marlin Firearms Co.
33 Willow Street New Haven Conn.

well provisioned before leaving Union Pier, having been stocked with several bushels each of potatoes, pears, apples, etc., together with a crate of 2 dozen live chickens. Before leaving Chicago, the larder contained enough for 2 months of travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Camp were delighted with the voyage from Chicago to St. Louis, and greatly disappointed in being prevented from making the Key West trip.

After reading a description of the "Claudia M.," one naturally wonders why an engine of so small size was selected for so heavy a boat. In explanation, Mr. Camp stated that he had spent two winters in Florida and there frequently made fishing trips out in the gulf. All the boats he saw there were driven by Fairbanks-Morse engines and very frequently a 3 1/2 H. P. was all that was used. The first three or four times he found himself 40 miles out in the gulf with one of these little engines as the only means of getting back to land, he doubted somewhat the judgment of the boat owners, but events proved that those old sea captains down on the Gulf knew what they were about. In many instances

NATIONAL LAW BADLY NEEDED

"Protect the Birds" Is the Slogan
of National Conservation
Congress.

Through Chairman Hornaday the committee on wild life protection of the fourth national conservation congress has issued a circular calling attention to the danger involved in the reckless slaughter of birds and calling upon the people for united action toward impressing upon congress the necessity of passing some law that will remedy the evil. There are three bills now before congress, those introduced by Representatives Weeks and Anthony, which protect migratory game birds only, and the one introduced by Senator McLean, which protects all migratory birds. These bills have dragged by year after year, while the necessity for their enactment has increased with the delay until the situation has become serious from an economic standpoint entirely aside from any merely sentimental consideration.

The circular to which reference is here made calls attention to the fact that a large number of birds are being slaughtered annually and that our best bird species are on the straight road to extermination. The destruction of these birds means a great increase in the number of destructive insects, a great decrease in our agricultural products and a great loss to both producers and consumers. According to the figures published in the United States department of agriculture Year Book for 1904, the annual loss through the ravages of insect pests upon agricultural crops in this country reaches the enormous sum of over four hundred million dollars, and it is asserted that the food value of the birds killed every year is not one thousandth what the profit would be to the country if they were permitted to live and do their part in the scheme of nature.

Local state laws help some, but what we need, so long as uniform state laws covering the ground are not practicable, is a federal law for the protection of all migratory birds. The advantages of such a law may be readily seen when we compare our laws in Maine and most of the northern states with laws, or lack of laws, in some states to which our common birds migrate for the winter. Here in Maine, for instance, the law says that no person shall kill, catch or have in possession, living or dead, any wild bird, other than a game bird, with the exception of English sparrows, crows, hawks and owls, and there is a close time on game birds. Any person who violates any of the provisions of this law is subject to a fine of five dollars to each offense, with an additional five dollars for each bird, living or dead, or part of a bird, or eggs, or nest in his or her possession, or imprisoned for ten days. This very effectually protects the birds so long as they are in Maine, or in any state having a similar law, but when they migrate for the winter the case is different. Thus there are at present seven states in the Union, namely, Louisiana, Mississippi, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and Florida, where the killing of robins as game is allowed there are four states and one district, Louisiana, South Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, where blackbirds are in the list of "game" birds that are legally allowed to be killed; in Colorado, Nevada, Nebraska, North Dakota and Oklahoma cranes are regarded as a game bird and are not protected; in

GUNS

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twenty-six states doves are regularly killed as game.

The only way in which these birds can be saved is through a national law for the protection of all migratory birds. Protection of so-called game birds will help some, but the work will not be well begun until all our insectivorous birds are also protected by the strong arm of national government. To this end, the McLean bill is the best of the three now before congress and all bird lovers can help along the good work by writing to their senators and representatives and asking them to work and vote for that measure until it becomes a law.

HOW THE WOOD DUCK DOES IT

Somebody, Burroughs, I believe, said, "the notion that the mother duck takes the young birds one by one in her beak and carries them to the creek is doubtless erroneous." I could not see how else it could be done, writes a contributor to the Companion, and I spent several valuable days of different years in trying to find out how it was done.

The thing that puzzled me was how the mother wood-duck (Aix sponsa) managed to get her numerous progeny down from their lofty cradle and upon the water without injuring them. I was not alone in my ignorance; some very eminent ornithologists have wondered about the matter as well.

After a five-mile pull one hot June day I let my boat lie in the shade of some lofty cottonwoods that grew on the lake shore, while I lay back and watched the shadows on the calm.

TAXIDERMISTS

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TAXIDERMIST

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I make Rangeley wood and split bamboo rods for fly fishing and trolling. Rods to let. Snowshoes to order.
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College, Classical and English Courses.
Location ideal for high mountain pure water and quiet environment.
A teacher for every 20 pupils.
Winter term opens Tuesday, December, 31, 1912. Spring term opens Wednesday, April 1, 1913.
Catalog on request. Write Principal, W. E. SARGENT, Litt. D.
Hebron, - - - Maine.

AN ISLAND CRUISE IN A SMALL BOAT

Twenty-Footer Makes a Long
Water Journey Piloted by E.
J. Camp of Michigan.

By S. E. Brown.

An interesting trip that was first planned to be a 4,000 mile cruise has just been made by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Camp of Union Pier, Mich.

Mr. Camp is an old Chicago contractor, who for the past nine or ten years has spent the greater portion of his time at Union Pier, a small summer resort between New Buffalo and Michigan City. He is still engaged in the contracting business so the "Claudia M.," a 20-foot, flat bottomed boat was not given out to a boat builder, but was built by Mr. Camp himself. The trip that was made led across the southern end of Lake Michigan to the Wells Street bridge pier in the Chicago river, and from there down to the drainage canal to Lockport. From there the old canal was followed to La Salle. The remaining 250 miles to St. Louis, was made by way of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. The original plan was to proceed by way of the Mississippi to New Orleans, then follow inland routes and the gulf to Key West. Unfortunately, Mrs. Camp became ill on reaching St. Louis—therefore, the long trip had to be given up.

Mr. Camp's experience with southern waters and his intention of making a long trip, led to his building a shallow, flat bottomed boat, especially adapted to river travel. His craft measures 20 feet in length by 5 feet 8 inches beam, is 28 inches deep and draws but 8 inches of water. Owing to the absence of a harbor at Union Pier, which makes it necessary to beach the boats, the "Claudia M." is of especially strong construction. A 4 inch by 6 inch white oak timber extends along the bottom. Heavy 6 inch white oak planks are also screwed on the bottom to facilitate pulling up on the rollers. A 1 inch

rope passes around the engine boat and ends in a heavy iron ring at the front; this scheme prevents the heavy strain in beaching, causing damage. The bottom proper is of 1 1/2 inch fir soaked in boiled oil. The battens on the side are 3 inch by 4 inch white oak. The planking of the boat is cypress. The rail and

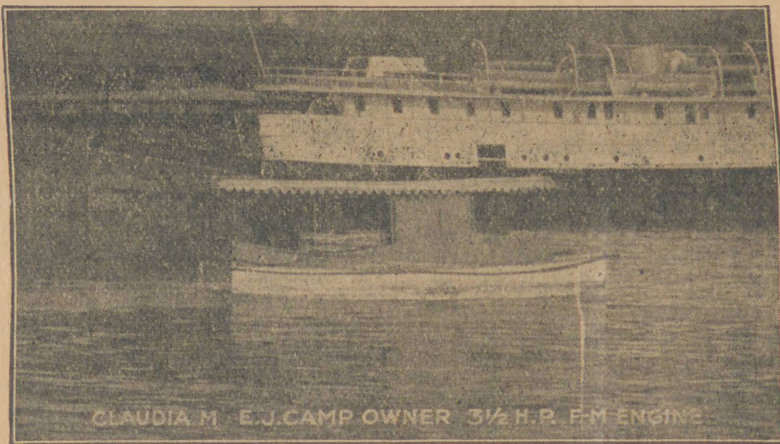


THE "CLAUDIA M" OWNED BY E. J. CAMP.

top finish is oak. Gas pipe uprights carry a heavy canvass covering arranged with slide curtains to afford protection from wind and rain.

Crossing Lake Michigan, really gave a very thorough test of what his little boat would do. Mr. Camp left Union Pier at 7 o'clock on the

engines that had seen 14 years of service were still on the job, and as their owners declared "Ready to push the old boat anywhere if you give her the gas." The reliability and sturdiness of these engines so impressed Mr. Camp that when it came to a personal selection, one of



THE "CLAUDIA M" LEAVING CHICAGO.

morning of October 2nd, and reached the Wells Street Bridge pier in the Chicago river at 8:25, in the evening. The 55 mile trip was made against a strong head wind and heavy sea, so that the time was remarkably good, considering that the power for the "Claudia M." was furnished by a single cylinder, 3 1/2 H. P. Fairbanks-Morse Engine. Mr. Camp had a chart of the southern part of the lake and steered his course by a pocket compass. He carried one passenger—a Boston Terrier—"Troubles." Mrs. Camp making the trip to Chicago by rail.

The arrangement of Mr. Camp's little boat is rather interesting. A gasoline range with the necessary accessories, and a trunk that serves as a work table, comprise the galley and dining room equipment—unless one includes a pine box, covering the engine, which answers at meal times to the name of dining table. The sleeping space measures 6 feet 4 inches in length, extending from the engine to the extreme stern of the boat. The design made famous by Mr. Pullman was followed, it being so arranged that boards could be shoved into place thus making the entire rear of the boat a berth. An ample supply of rugs and cushions, together with something like a score of blankets, make the bedroom a very comfortable quarter, indeed. The boat was pretty

when was ordered, lagged solidly to the foundation, covered with a neat pine box and hitched to the propeller.

The trip across Lake Michigan was made without the engine losing a single shot. In fact, no engine trouble at all developed at any time during the trip.

The capacity of the gasoline tank is 12 gallons, and for the 55-mile trip across the lake only half this amount was required, despite the speed at which the boat crossed, and the constant head winds encountered.

LONGS FOR A MAINE DEER.

Bluefield, W. Va., Nov. 16.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Enclosed find one dollar for one year's subscription. Pardon me for keeping you waiting. At present the paper is interesting. We get possum, coon, rabbits and birds here but they do not keep me from longing to set my teeth into the hind quarters of a nice Maine deer. Wishing you success, I am

Yours respectfully,
John T. Little.

624 Raleigh Terrace.

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You Want More than Just "Flour"

When you start to make the dainty cake or luscious pie or the good, wholesome bread on which the family thrives. Order William Tell Flour and baking day will be a pleasure and a triumph. Richest in nutritive value too, and goes farthest, because it is milled by our special process from the finest Ohio Red Winter Wheat. Your grocer will have it—just say—send me (16)

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Just fill your pipe and see.

Your own dealer

3 ounces
10c

THANKSGIVING IN THE FOREST

Some Thoughts on Thanksgiving In the Fields and Woods.

Urbanites need not think they are the only persons who have a good time on Thanksgiving day, for if they could but peep into the activities of the people on the farms and see how they observe the holiday it would not be surprising if just a tinge of envy should be incurred.

Thanksgiving day on the farm is a day of festivity and jollification. It is a genuine product of enjoyment, dependent sometimes largely upon conditions of the weather and upon the natural facilities provided for enjoyment, and it is entirely adulterated with the more modern and perhaps superficial (at least from a ruralite's viewpoint), contrivances for entertainment which the city affords. If a nation can be judged by the manner in which its national holidays are celebrated the character of the people who inhabit the country and the city can be determined.

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, September 30th, 1912.

RANGELEY

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Rangeley for Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston at 10.45 A. M.
PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Rangeley from Boston, Portland, Farmington and Phillips at 6.00 P. M.
MIXED TRAIN leaves Rangeley for Phillips at 10.55 A. M.
MIXED TRAIN arrives at Rangeley from Phillips at 10.15 A. M.

PHILLIPS

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Phillips for Farmington, Portland and Boston at 6.05 A. M. and 1.30 P. M.; for Rangeley at 6.15 P. M.
PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Phillips from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 12.55 P. M. and 6.10 P. M.; from Rangeley at 12.25 P. M.
MIXED TRAINS leave Phillips for Farmington at 7.80 A. M. and for Rangeley at 7.40 A. M.
MIXED TRAINS arrive at Phillips from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. and from Rangeley at 3.00 P. M.

STRONG

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington, Portland and Boston at 6.26 A. M. and 1.42 P. M.; for Phillips at 12.32 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; for Rangeley at 5.47 P. M. and for Bigelow at 5.47 P. M.
PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Strong from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 12.32 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; from Bigelow and way stations at 1.30 P. M.; from Phillips at 6.26 A. M. and 1.42 P. M.
MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.; for Bigelow at 9.30 A. M. and for Phillips at 1.45 P. M.
MIXED TRAINS arrive at Strong from Phillips at 8.45 A. M.; from Kingfield at 8.25 A. M. and from Farmington at 11.45 A. M.

BIGELOW

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Bigelow for Kingfield, Farmington, Portland and Boston at 11.09 A. M.; and for Kingfield at 7.55 P. M.
PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Bigelow from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 7.28 P. M.; and from Kingfield at 10.00 A. M.
MIXED TRAIN leaves Bigelow for Kingfield at 2.00 P. M.
MIXED TRAIN arrives at Bigelow from Strong at 1.05 P. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Kingfield for Bigelow at 9.00 A. M. and 6.38 P. M.; and for Farmington, Portland and Boston at 12.45 P. M.
PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Kingfield from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 6.35 P. M.; and from Bigelow at 11.40 A. M. and 8.25 P. M.
MIXED TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Strong at 1.00 A. M.; and for Bigelow at 12.00 P. M.
MIXED TRAIN arrives from Strong at 10.45 A. M.; and from Bigelow at 3.05 P. M.
MIXED TRAINS between Phillips and Rangeley, subject to cancellation any day without notice.
F. N. BEAL, G. P. A.

Read Maine Woods. The only newspaper of its kind in the world.

mined by the application of the same rule.

Probably the majority of the men folks on the farm turn their thoughts to hunting on Thanksgiving day. The instinct to go out on Thanksgiving morning and shoot a turkey for the holiday feast is still quite strong in the average ruralite, although the birds have become few in number. There are comparatively few places now in the United States where a hunt results in the capture of a turkey. Those good old days when people did not need to consult the market price of turkey when planning their Thanksgiving feast have gone by, and even on the farm some thought is given to the market price of the fine young gobble before it is decided to serve him up for the holiday dinner instead of shipping him to the city market.

But the larder of the provident farm family is generally well filled, and perhaps less thought is directed to the Thanksgiving dinner as to the manner of sport and enjoyment that can be obtained out of the day. Fowls of some kind are always to be found in abundance in the barnyard, and the preparations for the dinner require but little time once when a decision is made as to what the menu shall consist of. And "butcher time" has just passed, and in the cellar or the smoke house are plenty of possibilities that would make the mouth of an urbanite water.

So thoughts turn to the field and forest for a day's hunting. And it seems to be about the only day in the year when nearly every man and boy old enough to handle a gun goes hunting. The farmer will let the hunters from the city bang about all over his farm during the early part of the season, when game is plenty—if ever it is—but he will keep right ahead husking his corn, baling his hay, hauling in pumpkins, etc., until Thanksgiving. Then he gets the hunting fever.

There is no work done on Thanksgiving. It would be almost a heathenish act not to "take the day off," no matter how urgent the farm work may be. If there is snow on Thanksgiving it is a regular day in paradise for the men and boys, for them it is quite an easy matter to track Mr. Bunny to his hiding place and chase him out to become a target for the hunters. The rabbit being about the only kind of game that can not be exterminated, but sticks like the faithful dog wherever space is cleared away for a home in the forest, it is the most common game that is hunted on Thanksgiving. Although there is often about one hunter for every rabbit, this does not seem materially to diminish the sport, for after the day is over those who are short in their string of game take consolation in the fact that they "had a good time anyway."

Aside from rabbit hunting, there is other game to be found in most country districts, such as pheasants and quail. But whether all this game has been killed earlier in the season by professional hunters makes little difference to the people in

the country, for they will have their annual hunt on Thanksgiving day at any rate. It is an annual custom with them, and the woods and fields constitute a sort of Mecca to which they make their visits as regularly as the holiday comes.

But with it all the Thanksgiving dinner is looked forward to with a sort of primary importance that indicates that the farmer and resident of the city are not so much unlike in their holiday inclinations after all.

LONG FIGHT TO GET RID OF DOGS

Prairie Dogs Destroy Much Grass and Many Crops—Latest on the Situation.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 22.—Texas' long fight to get rid of the grass and crop eating prairie dog is nearing a successful finish, according to Ascher G. Smoot of Austin, who has just been visiting in Omaha. For the last eleven years poisoning gangs have been going to and fro over the prairies and farms of the state scattering death-dealing wheat and corn on the mounds that mark the entrances to the homes of the dogs.

The state government has lent material aid to the movement and big ranchmen have spent thousands of dollars to further it. The antiprairie dog law passed by the state legislature in 1905 provided for the extermination of the pests within five years, but the magnitude of the task made strict compliance impossible, Mr. Smoot says. In fact, that provision of the statutes which provided for civil suits and judgments against any landowner derelict in dog killing at the expiration of five years has been seldom invoked, so general has been the acknowledgment of the bigness of the undertaking. Mr. Smoot thinks that the forthcoming winter will mark the utter extermination of the little brown burrower and that next spring will see Texas free of the dogs, for the first time in her history.

After Wolves Also.

Incidentally, he says that most of the dog-killing outfit owners are preparing to reorganize their forces and go into the wolf-killing business after the coming winter's campaign. The wolf scalp bounty bill, which provides a reward of \$10 for every lobo wolf scalp turned over to the county authorities and half as much for every coyote scalp, will become effective Nov. 1 next, and Mr. Smoot thinks that it will have the effect of causing a great slaughter of wolves, which make the ranching business a hazardous undertaking in the western and southwestern parts of the state.

Fortunes have been made in the dog killing business in Texas during the last ten years, according to Mr. Smoot. The slaughter of the little pests, who peopled the plains in millions, developed into a fine art early in the war. Each boss killer had his own methods of slaughter and worked along his own original lines.

Some of them mixed strychnine with dough. Others favored corn as the bait. Some employed the carbon method, rolling chunks of burning carbon down in the holes to consume the oxygen breathed by Mr. Dog and the members of his large family. Some used traps, some bullets. A few employed a combination of all methods.

But whatever the methods used, the dog killers work by contracts and maintain their own individual outfits. The outfit consists of a chuck wagon for hauling the bedding, cooking utensils, groceries, etc., another for hauling the poison supplies and utensils used in spreading the stuff, and a force of poisoners.

Having made his contract to clear a stated area—ofttimes thousands of acres—of dogs, the killer moves in with his outfit and begins work. The ground is staked off for miles around the stationary chuck wagon and to each member of the gang is allotted a certain area on which to spread poison or distribute carbon to kill the dogs. This is usually all the ground that can be covered by one man in a day.

On the second day a second round is made and another dose of poison distributed. A third dose generally gets every dog that will eat poison. Then the outfit moves on to new territory.

Sharpshooters are left behind to shoot such stray dogs as have escaped the poisoning gang. Those usually stay on the ground for about three days. A

Astor Cup Won and a New Record Made

WITH

Peters .22 Semi-Smokeless Ammunition

The Iowa City (Iowa) High School Team, winner of the 1912 Inter Scholastic Championship won a still more important victory in the Annual Match for the Astor Cup. Eighteen teams were entered; the Iowa City organization not only won the cup, but established a new record

980 out of a possible 1000

This is 8 points above the best previous Inter-Scholastic score 972 made by the Iowa City Team, and 7 points higher than the best score in the 1912 Inter-Collegiate matches.

The scores made by these boys are unprecedented in the history of rifle shooting, and demonstrate what can be done by a combination of marksmanship, good coaching and PERFECT AMMUNITION.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO
NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager

week later a second hunt is held on the carcass strewn grounds for the benefit of any survivors. When this is at an end both contractor and land owner generally agree that the dogs have all been killed on the particular territory. In some instances outfits have been kept at work for more than a year on single ranches.

Colonies Now Scarce.

Some ranch owners began work immediately after the enactment of the law and some waited until the allotted five years had almost expired before they started dog killing, Mr. Smoot says. The early workers generally had the job to do over again, the dogs emigrating from the unworked ranches and reappearing on the grounds from which their neighbors had been killed. This accounts in part for the size of the task. For the last two or three years dog holes have been found very scattering on the Texas prairies and Mr. Smoot believes that the beginning of the new year will see the complete eradication of the pest.

Encouraged by the outcome of the prairie dog war, Mr. Smoot says that the ranchmen and farmers are combining for a general fight on crop and grass pests. Besides the wolf, which every year kills off thousands of young calves, sheep and goats, the Texas land owners are preparing to adopt vigorous measures for the extermination of the grasshoppers, the cotton boll weevil and worm and the cattle screw fly. A fair start has already been made in the fight against the boll weevil and worm and the grasshopper.

Fences for Grasshoppers.

Apropos of this, Mr. Smoot says that some new methods were employed to kill and bar the grasshopper from growing crops. One of these is the tin fence.

This fence is made of tin, and is usually from 5 to 10 inches high, the strips being nailed at each end to upright posts. The theory back of the fence is that grasshoppers invade new territory by foot rather than by wing, and that they will not fly or hop over an obstacle in any great numbers. The plan worked admirably wherever it was tried last summer.

The hoppers died by millions in the oil holes dug at regular intervals along the tiny fence. Upon reaching the fence, Mr. Smoot says the hopper crawls along its length until it topples into an oil hole. That is the last of hopper. Tin fences from 5 to 10 miles in length were built in some instances. The farmers co-operated and fenced off their crops from afflicted territory

HOW THE WOOD DUCK DOES IT.

(Continued from Page Two)

water.

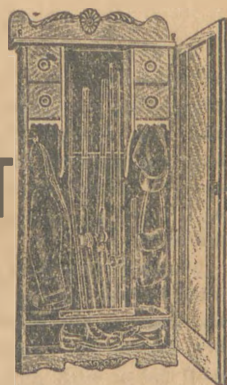
A splash near by attracted my attention, and I looked round to see a mother wood-duck just alighting. There was a little one by her side, but I did not see how it got there. In a moment the old duck rose, circled a few times to gain altitude, and made direct for a hole in a large dead tree a few rods away. The hole was at least sixty feet from the ground. The duck squeezed her body through the opening and disappeared. She came back in a few moments with a duckling in her mouth. After resting a moment, she came sailing down and placed this baby beside the first. One after another she carried down the entire brood of eleven little yellow and

black fluffy balls. They flapped their tiny wings and fluttered in the water as if that was not the first time they had ever been in swimming.

The mother duck returned once more to the tree to make sure that she had not overlooked one, came back, placed herself at the head of the procession, called softly to her babies and swam away, followed by the entire family in single file. —Youth's Companion.

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

\$25 GUN CABINET FOR \$12.50



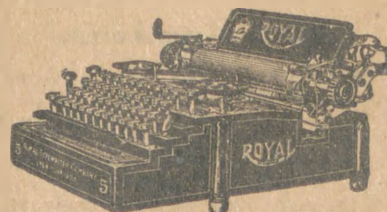
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Guaranteed all wool, seamless, elastic, close-fitting, comfortable and suitable for all outdoor purposes. Made only in three colors—Dead Grass, Oxford Gray and Scarlet.

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FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—at Lake Onawa Camps and cottages, prices \$1500 to \$10,000. Camp lots, \$200 per acre. Onawa is called the Switzerland of America. Address E. F. Drew, Onawa, Me.

FOR SALE—The unusually staunch and able steam yacht, "Wa-Wa" of about 22 H. P. The U. S. Government inspection of 1911 showed her to be in first class condition. May be inspected at Camp Bellevue, Upper Dam, Maine. Price will be reasonable to a quick purchaser. Apply to Dr. Norton Downs Fordhooke Farm, Three Towns, Pa. Or Archer D. Poor, at camp.

FOR SALE—Must go for cash. Kimball piano player and music, excellent condition, cost \$250. Savage rifle, 32-40, takedown, sling, Lyman peep sight, new, cost \$26. Winchester self-loader, .35 caliber rifle, practically new, cost \$21. Game Getter, 22-44 calibers, 18 inch, peep sight, holster, new, cost \$20, has \$3 extra ammunition. Ithaca double hammerless, Grade 1½, sells \$30 net to be made to order. Winchester 22 model 1906 peep, globe and folding near sights, cost \$13.50. Write. Make offers. C. L. Chamberlin, Osseo Michigan.

FOR SALE—90 acres land with set of buildings situated in Phillips. Will sell buildings and what land anyone wants. 30 acres timberland; fine view; excellent water; good orchard; situated between two rivers which come together in this place; excellent summer home. Apply to George G. Batchelder, Phillips, Me.

FOR SALE—23 foot gasoline launch fully equipped, nearly new. A. W. English, Wyocena, Wisconsin.

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

FOR SALE—Village stand, on the easterly side of Sandy river in Phillips lower village. Inquire of J. Blaine Morrison.

FOR SALE—Bay mare 7 years old. Sound. Weight 1,125 lbs. Andrew M. Sawyer, Salem, Maine.

FOR SALE—Snow apples, \$2 per barrel. Georgine V. Wilbur, Phillips.

FOR SALE—Ducks, dressed or alive. George E. Willis, Salem.

FOR SALE—Cottage on the line of the S. R. & R. L. R. R., two minutes' walk from station. If bought at once, sold cheap. Address J. O. Chadborn, 131 Oak street, Lewiston.

FOR SALE—Grey horse, weighing 1600. Price right. Dill Bros., Phillips.

FOR SALE—A tame deer. For particulars, address, C. W. Lufkin, Madrid, Me.

FOR SALE—Two second hand sewing machines in excellent condition, one nearly new. Will also exchange for wood. Henry W. True, Phillips.

WANTED.

WANTED—1000 cords white birch. Apply to W. H. Davenport, Madrid.

WANTED—A young man, single preferred, as partner. Take half interest in a store in the Maine woods. Store supplies, fancy groceries, supplies for cottagers and campers, fruit and confectionery, Indian novelties, mounted heads and souvenirs. Post-office and public telephone; only store in the place. Man must be strictly temperate and be able to invest not less than \$2,000. Address D. F. E., Maine Woods office, for further information.

WANTED—Highest prices paid for live uninjured mink, fisher, marten, and otter, for breeding purposes. Nelson Waldron, Tyne Valley, Prince Edward Island.

FOXES—Wanted a litter of wild live young foxes; Black silver or cross. Write, giving color and full particulars; also give telegraph and express address to James D. Hammond, Melanethon, P. O., Ontario, Canada.

WANTED—Bright boy to learn the printer's trade. Good chance for advancement for the right one. Apply at the Maine Woods office.

Don't sell until you see D. G. Bean, Bingham, Maine, buyer of White Ash and shovel handle blocks.

WANTED—All the good people who subscribe to Maine Woods and all those who desire to get all out of life there is worth getting—those who do some thinking occasionally and are at a loss to know the "Why and wherefore" of things—to read the History and Power of Mind by Ingalese—see advertisement in this paper and go to your nearest book dealer and order a copy.

TO LET.

Tenement let. R E. Harden.

TO LET—A pleasant cottage of six rooms on shore of long lake near village, very convenient and comfortably furnished. Write for particulars to Mrs. C. A. Spaulding, Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

During September, October and November, this season we will take eight or 10 men only, guests, who want to hunt birds, big and small game, at the Bodfish Valley Farm. Our place is situated at the head of Lake Onawa in the Bodfish Valley, between Boarsterre and Barren Mountains. No neighbors nearer than five miles—an ideal place to hunt—good game country—Deer, moose and partridge close to the house, seen every day. Address, E. F. Drew, Onawa, Maine.

DOGS.

HUNTERS—This fall, on that bear track you will wish for a dog. I have dogs I will warrant to hunt bear, cats or lynx. The best strains of hunting Alredales, Blood hound and terriers cross hound and bull terrier cross. Also youngsters just right to train. Thayer, Cherryfield, Maine.

FOR SALE—Two good fox hounds, three years old. One coon hound, one pup seven months old. Will sell cheap. Vel Bailey, St. Francisville, Mo.

LOST.

LOST—Since October 11, a black mare, 10 or 11 years old, weight, 1100; mixed gait, scar on near hind ankle. Pastured in my back lot, known as the Carr place. Notify George Batchelder, Phillips.

LOST—Clear white hound dog, except tan ears. Return to G. B. Wilbur, Phillips, and receive reward.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Maine Fir Balsam Pillows—Fresh from the tree. It is healthful to smell the Maine Woods. Do it at home in winter. Size 10 by 15. Cotton covers 50 cents, better covers up to \$1.00. Address J. N. Bridges, Meddybemps, Me.

Poultry Breeders—Barred rock cock from \$10 setting Pittsfield eggs, and some of his cockerels from Pittsfield hens, \$2 each. Light Brahma cockerels, \$1. A. H. Sargent Farmington Falls Maine.



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Anglers, Hunters, "Hikers," Motorists, Yachtsmen, Cyclists, All Outdoor Men.

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Ask your watch repairer whose oil he is using on your watch.

DEER TO A MILE WAS THE RECORD

When "Deer Special" Reached Rumford It Contained 38 of the Animals.

Mountain View, Nov. 25.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Mountain View, Nov. 25.

The morning train Saturday, practically speaking, was a "deer special." On reaching Rumford, the baggage car contained 38 deer, a deer for every mile, although not taken every mile. Ten came from Oquossoc, eighteen from Bemis, the remaining ten from intervening stations.

The few warm sunny days last week had taken all the first snow, but it started snowing again Sunday evening, continuing the larger part of Monday, until there is now about 10 inches of snow, again making excellent hunting. Several deer were brought down Monday, making the beginning of this week look good for even a larger number of shipments than the past week, which consist of the following 26 deer, twelve of which were shot by Rumford parties:

C. S. Osgood, Rumford	1 buck
W. Welch, Rumford	1 doe
Aleck Walker, Rumford	2 does
G. H. Morrison, Rumford	1 doe
J. C. Perry, Rumford	1 doe
L. G. Williams Rumford	1 buck
L. G. Williams	1 doe
L. D. Gennell, Rumford	2 does
G. L. Brown, Rumford	1 doe
C. J. Bisbee, Rumford	1 doe
C. M. Bisbee, Rumford	1 buck
J. A. Reynolds, Canton	1 buck
J. A. Reynolds	1 doe
Miss Louise Bellevue, Livermore Falls	1 buck
Thomas Scottier, Lewiston	2 does
G. M. Nayson, Lewiston	1 doe
J. B. Noyes, Auburn	1 doe
B. B. Whitney, Strong	1 buck
J. B. Cole, Gray	1 buck
John Murray, Madison	1 buck
D. G. Pratt, Stonelham, Mass.	1 doe
L. C. Seavey, Boston	1 doe
M. Capilipi, Boston	1 doe
B. B. Moreland, Everett, Mass.	1 buck

New Iron Bridge.

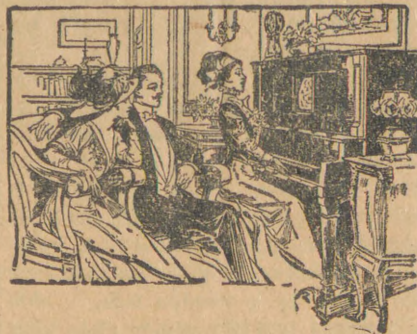
The new iron bridge has arrived to be placed over the new cement piers, put in last summer to replace the old wooden bridge over Rangeley Stream. This is a part of the work of the new railroad and will make the stream and dam more attractive and picturesque—its painted red.

Oquossoc has taken on a "walled in" appearance with the putting up of a six foot wind and snow break along the railroad. The new railroad is nearly completed and has been accepted by the R. R. Commission. Telegraph lines are laid to the new station at Kennebago, where Archie Knapp, who clerked at McKenzie's store the past season has been appointed station agent.

A Deer Stolen.

A deer was stolen from one of the sporting camps last Wednesday by a party stopping at Oquossoc. Thursday morning the sheriff came down to arrest the party but he was found to be out hunting. However, the deer was confiscated and returned to the rightful owner.

ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO



THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.,

Makers. Established in 1877
MERRIDEN, CONN.

BOAT CUTS WHALE IN TWO

Schooner Reaches a California Port With the Blubber Dangling From Its Rigging.

San Francisco, Cal.—Of all fish yarns brought to this port recently, the one brought in by the coasting schooner James H. Bruce is a prize winner. Moreover, it is true, and there is further evidence than the mere word of the jolly sea dogs that their ship ran into and killed a huge whale. Portions of the carcass of the unfortunate mammal were still visible on the forecandle and headgear of the schooner when she came in the other day. Huge pieces of blubber dangled from the stays and parts of the fore rigging.

Captain Rosich and his crew explain that the strange incident occurred the other night, when the schooner was off Point Reyes. Laden with a cargo of lumber from Port Gamble, the windjammer was sailing along at a lively clip, with a fresh breeze astern, when suddenly a shock ran through the vessel. The impact was not sharp or heavy enough to have been caused by collision with another craft, and the crew was beginning to believe that it had passed over a submarine disturbance, when the lookout came dashing aft over the deck load to give them the surprising news that the ship had struck a whale.

"He must have been sleeping," said the lookout, "or maybe he was dead. I saw the big outline of the mamal and a second later the bow had cut him through, the pieces floating away in the darkness."

EAGLES FIGHT; ONE CAUGHT

Huge Birds Wage Terrific Battle in Midair—Both Fall on Ranch.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—A short distance from the city the unusual spectacle of a fierce battle in midair between two big eagles attracted considerable attention on the R. L. Crane ranch. All of a sudden the eagles fell to the ground and Leslie ran up and strangled one and dragged it away. The eagle measured seven feet from tip to tip.

SUSPENDED ON AN ICEBERG

Most Thrilling Escape in the History of Arctic Exploration Told by Explorer.

London.—"This is the most remarkable escape from imminent danger in the whole annal of Arctic adventures," said Sir Clement Markham, the explorer, in describing a thrilling incident to illustrate a lecture on icebergs before the Royal Societies' club recently.

It concerned, he said, their steam tender, the Intrepid, commanded by Lieut. J. B. Caton. A vast floe drove her against a berg with a frightful crash. Destruction seemed certain, when the little vessel was seen to rise from the floating floe running ten feet above the bulwark, then the piled up mass from the floe sank down, leaving the ship suspended on the side of the berg, her only supports to keep her stationary in this dangerous position being two small wedge pieces, one at the stern and the other at the bow. She was in imminent danger of falling over on her broadside from that height.

The boats had been got out, but they were smashed to pieces by the ice. Three times the ice floe pressed against the berg and with the boats gone the loss of the ship would have entailed that of all on board. Suddenly the pressure eased off and the Intrepid was launched into the sea from her lofty position, without injury. Lieutenant Caton and others had walked under her keel while she was suspended on the side of the iceberg. The present Admiral Sir V. Vesey Hamilton is the only survivor of those who were actually on board her at the time.

Read Maine Woods the only newspaper of its kind in the world.

The ANGELUS, introduced in 1895, is the mother of all Player Pianos—and is indorsed by the United States Government as the Pioneer of all similar instruments, (U. S. Census Report of July 24, 1902) and is conceded to be the greatest and most human of all Playing devices. It comes in combination with the world's greatest Pianos in the KNABE-ANGELUS, CHICKERING-ANGELUS, EMERSON-ANGELUS.

Justly the ANGELUS has been classified as the "HUMAN PLAYER PIANO."

HOW GIRLS MAY AVOID PERIODIC PAINS

The Experience of Two Girls Here Related For The Benefit of Others.

Rochester, N. Y.—"I have a daughter 13 years old who has always been very healthy until recently when she complained of dizziness and cramps every month, so bad that I would have to keep her home from school and put her to bed to get relief.

"After giving her only two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound she is now enjoying the best of health. I cannot praise your Compound too highly. I want every good mother to read what your medicine has done for my child."—Mrs. RICHARD N. DUNHAM, 311 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

Stoutsville, Ohio.—"I suffered from headaches, backache and was very irregular. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken the whole of two bottles I found relief. I am only sixteen years old, but I have better health than for two or three years. I cannot express my



thanks for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had taken other medicines but did not find relief."—Miss CORA B. FOSNAUGH, Stoutsville, Ohio, R. F. D., No. 1.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for their daughters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

SEEKS WHITE SPOUSE

Indian Queen Hopes to Marry Outside Race.

Juanita Ta-Ta-Ma, Esteemed the Richest Red Maiden in Oklahoma, Owns Valuable Oil Wells.

Sapulpa, Okla.—Juanita Ta-ta-ma, "Queen of the Uchees," is declared to be the richest Indian girl in Oklahoma. The queen is 17 years old, a suffragist and believes that "fine feathers make fine birds." She is raising peacocks for the market. Her peacock ranch, situated six miles southwest of Sapulpa, is a little gold mine. Several male birds are valued at \$200 each.

Juanita lives with her father, but hopes some day to marry a white man and learn to drive an automobile, dress like her paleface sisters and take an active part in woman's battles for equal rights. She was crowned "queen" of the Uches Indians at a recent corn dance near this city. Her string of beads, consisting of 125 elk teeth, is valued at \$10,000.

The Indian queen owns a quarter section of land in the heart of the oil district, and her royalties from oil are said to amount to several thousand dollars every month. One of the largest oil wells ever discovered was drilled on her allotment recently, which adds \$250 a day to her income. Twenty million cubic feet of natural gas is drawn from this well each day, and experts predict it will continue to supply that amount for the next ten years.

Her allotment was selected by her through mistake. Her father, at the time allotments were being made, intended to file on a tract adjoining his own, but the description given to the allotting agent was for a tract six miles distant, which has proved to be worth more.

"My peacock ranch is merely a hobby," said Queen Juanita, "although it promises to be a profitable industry. The peacocks are great weather prophets. One of my prize birds foretells a storm with accuracy. I value him at \$250.

"Would I marry? Certainly. I hope some day to marry a white man, provided my ideal comes along. He must be an educated gentleman of the highest order, a strict prohibitionist and total abstainer of tobacco. He must love outdoor sports, be a good wing shot, handy with the lariat and own a big automobile.

"He need not be rich in dollars and cents, but wealthy in those things which go to make for real happiness. With such a man I could live content."

WEAR HUB RUBBERS This Winter

NEW FISHING LAW IS PROPOSED

Commissioners Are Considering Advisability of Taxing Non-Resident Fishermen.

The State has for some years had a non-resident hunting license and now the commissioners of inland fisheries and game are considering the advisability of recommending that the 76th Legislature pass a law providing for a fishing license for non-residents.

This new scheme has been recommended by many anglers both from within and without the State. Most of the correspondents suggest a tax of either \$1 or \$2 and that this money be added to the fund for the propagation of fish. One enthusiast believes that the revenue from the new source would be large enough to permit of all the first class fishing grounds being kept open for a longer period each year, as the money would give additional fish hatcheries to keep up the supply.

Eleven states, chiefly in the Rocky Mountains and the Plains region, have at the present time adopted some form of angling license. A pioneer State in this line was Nebraska, which in 1901 required the same license for fishing as for hunting, either by residents or non-residents. Idaho and Montana followed in 1905, but the Montana license proved unpopular and was repealed at the following session of the Legislature, only to be reenacted in 1909. The 11 states which now have hook and line licenses, with the dates of adoption of the law, are as follows: Arkansas, 1911; Colorado, 1909; Idaho, 1905; Nebraska, 1901; Oregon, 1909; South Dakota, 1911; Utah, 1907; Wisconsin, 1909; Wyoming, 1911.

Licenses are required of non-residents only in Arkansas, Colorado, Minnesota, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Those in Arkansas are local and are limited to two or three counties. The fee is usually \$1 but sometimes is more. The object has been not to prohibit fishing but to require those who enjoy the sport to contribute toward the expense of State care and hatcheries.

The commissioners have not yet decided whether or not to recommend in their annual report a non-resident angler's license but they will be pleased, meanwhile, to receive communications from anyone interested in the matter.

Such a bill is likely, however to be presented to the next Legislature, whether recommended by the department or not, for non-resident fishermen are very enthusiastic over the matter and are urging the passage of such a measure, both for their own protection and for the added revenue that they believe it would bring to the department, insuring additional efforts along the line of fish culture.

SUMNER BEAR NOTES.

Maine Woods' East Sumner Correspondent Writes of the Doings of Bruin in That Vicinity.

East Summer Oct. 27

We saw a flock of wild geese with about one hundred in it, going straight north. Pretty late in the season for them to be going in that direction. While I was in search of ginseng in the vicinity of Mud Pond, in Peru, and not far from Tumble Down Dick mountain, the first of August, I tracked a large bear quite a distance on an old logging road, but said nothing to anyone

about it. About three weeks later I met Harry Dudley on the Buckfield road. He said they had heard a bear several nights, and that there had been a number of sheep killed recently near where he lives on the farm with Sammie Keene in South Hartford. Mr. Dudley invited Harold Spaulding and myself, and our bear dog to spend a few days with him, but at that time we could not accept the invitation.

Not long after this meeting took place, Charles Buck's son was driving on the Buckfield road with four horses hitched to a heavy load, and a large bear came into the road not more than eight rods away and stopped to gaze at the team and its driver. As luck would have it, Ben Gerrish, a Buckfield business man, popped around the turn in the road very suddenly in his little red auto and Mr. Bear made his escape for the woods close at hand. Mr. Gerrish said it was quite a wild west show before they got the horses straightened out and ready to continue on their way. Yes, the horses were well frightened over the sudden appearance of the bear.

Now to keep a good thing going someone, somewhere, reported the very next day in a good natured kind of a way that Henry Davenport, while in this orchard, saw a bear in a sweet apple tree. Henry lost no time in making the house for his rifle and on his quick return, taking good aim, he emptied a couple 32-40 cartridges and his Bearsnip fell to the ground, a victim of heart trouble.

Now the reader will note this bear news becomes more serious as the good old autumn days roll along and soon this one and that one began to call on that good natured specimen of humanity.

The very next morning friends began to drive in from all over Sumner, some from Buckfield and a few from Bryant's Pond. Will Crockett of West Sumner, accompanied by Warren Lathrop, took a fleet ride to Perry's place, but on their way home met several who were going to see the much advertised bear.

While Henry was driving the next day he met two ladies who were bubbling over with joy and pleased to congratulate him as being the kind of hunters of our midst and remarks that he should certainly wear the belt. "By the way, Henry, what color is the bear?" "Oh, he is black and white," says Henry. And these poor innocent members of the gentle sex journeyed on to see the wonder.

WILTON HUNTERS GET BIG GAME

One Bear, Four Deer, Three Foxes and Six Minks Are Included in the Bag.

Wilton, Nov. 25—Capt. A. S. Bump, Dr. C. F. Rowland and A. L. Bump returned Wednesday of last week from a month's camping and trapping in the Dead River region a few miles below the Ledge House. They are easily the champion hunters in this vicinity. They have a comfortable camp near Dead River, where they spend these four weeks each year and have done this for several years.

This year, they brought home a bear that dressed 133 pounds, four deer, two shot by Capt. Bump and two by Dr. Rowell, three foxes and six minks. The game attracted much attention when unloaded at the station and the Bumps and Rowell were declared successful hunters. When Dr. Rowell and L. A. Bump started out to collect their traps preparatory to breaking camp, Mr. Bump went up the Spencer in a canoe and collected the traps on the shores of that stream and Dr. Rowell took the mountain line of traps. On the summit he found that a bear trap was missing and tried to follow the trail but found it too difficult. He found two places where the bear was hung up by the underbrush but freed himself. Finally Dr. Rowell went out to the mouth of the Spencer where he found Mr. Bump. Both men quickly returned to search for the bear and soon saw something moving between two logs on the side of the mountain. (Continued on Page Seven.)

WINTER FISHING ON GREAT LAKES

How Those Who Live in "Shantytown" Fish During Months of Ice and Snow.

During the summer the waters of Saginaw Bay, the large inlet from Lake Huron which indents the eastern side of Michigan, are dotted with the sails of small boats manned by sturdy fishermen. But fishing from boats becomes impossible each winter for at least four months, because an unbroken field of ice covers the entire distance from the mouth of the Saginaw River to the Charity Islands, thirty-five miles to the north, says the Youth's Companion.

Formerly the long, enforced idleness of the fishermen often resulted in great suffering to their families, but now the men carry on their industry by fishing in holes cut through the ice near the shore, and so the business is conducted throughout most of the year.

The experiment of building a small house and moving it out upon the ice as soon as it was thick enough, and changing its location as necessity demanded—this experiment was at first made with much doubt. But it proved successful, and year after year these houses have multiplied, until each winter a village springs up in a day out on the bay ten or fifteen miles, a unique settlement, which had its origin in necessity.

These little houses are about six by eight feet, with height of six feet; they are built of light lumber, paper lined, with a good floor, having a trap near the door, which opens over a square hole cut in the ice. Although small, they are comparatively comfortable, furnished with seats, blankets for bedding, and a stove. As the small sheet-iron stoves used at first consumed a great deal of wood that was laboriously hauled from the shore, oil has been generally used as fuel.

The houses are clustered in groups, often one hundred feet together, as two or three thousand men are included in "Shantytown," as the entire settlement is called. Although the majority locate but a few miles from the mouth of the river, it is necessary to be over deep water to catch the Mackinaw trout, one of the most valuable fish in our Great Lakes. Occasionally, the dreary expanse of snow and ice is broken by the solitary hut of an ambitious or unsocial fisherman, who is industriously plying his trade in complete isolation.

In the early years of this enterprise the fishermen were obliged to make daily trips to the shore for wood and provisions, but as they became more courageous or reckless, and moved farther out, the inconvenience of returning for necessities resulted in the establishment of regular groceries in the settlement, while the butcher, the baker and the milkman are daily visitors.

The cold is often severe, as the winds sweep down from the arctic regions with a force that can be realized only through actual experience. This bracing atmosphere causes vigorous appetites, and therefore much cooking on the ice.

Although existence under such circumstances seems cheerless and uncomfortable, the men are so intent upon their work that they have little idle time in which to become, discontented. Formerly, their few hours of leisure could be passed only in the pastimes usual to men in isolated positions, as in the lumber camps or on shipboard, but under the improved conditions, the papers are received regularly, and read during the evening, often with much discussion of items.

To take some varieties of fish, nets are weighted, sunk through the aperture in the ice, and securely fastened; but for the trout the spear is used. Then the light is excluded from the hut as much as possible, while the fisherman, seated by the open hole, seeks to entice his victim by a wooden fish, which is lowered into the water and kept constantly moving, at just the right distance from the wary fish, to stimulate his curiosity without alarming him; this process is termed "bobbing the decoy."

When the trout has pursued his

investigations to precisely the right point, the skillful fisherman strikes him with the spear. As trout are the most profitable catch, the settlements are placed near their known runways, as those points are called where a particular variety of fish move or congregate in numbers.

The weight of the average fish varies from three to ten pounds, with an occasional one of double that weight. Buyers who supply the foreign markets visit the village on certain days each week, purchase the fish by weight, and transport them to Bay City, where they are packed and shipped to the East and South.

Numerous possibilities of danger are involved in this winter-fishing. Sometimes a high wind will capsize a house, and it will go scurrying over the ice at a wonderful rate. Sometimes in the spring, should the ice break up suddenly, a field of it may be blown out in the bay, as was the case some years since, when fortunately for the endangered men, it drifted upon the Charity Islands, and let them go ashore after more than forty-eight hours of extreme suffering and danger.

A warm rain will sometimes soften the ice without detaching it; then it is unsafe to attempt to reach the shore; again, there are snow squalls when all idea of location is lost, unless the useful compass is available. A score of such emergencies have arisen, but having learned wisdom through their experiences, the fishermen are now duly equipped with boats, oars, axes, rope and other articles that might possibly be required.

The method of ice-fishing that originated in Saginaw has been adopted in many localities, and an occurrence at a settlement on Lake Erie during January, 1908, illustrates one of the dangers to which the fishers are exposed.

The houses were two miles from the shore, and the wives of the fishermen were with them, making a population of two hundred. A fierce gale sprang up, and with amazing rapidity soon reached a velocity of sixty-five miles an hour. As the wind had an unbroken sweep, it struck the little houses with tremendous force, throwing some over and carrying others across the ice with great velocity, cutting and bruising those who were caught in the dwellings.

The wind continued to blow offshore, and the ice, weakened by recent rains, began to crack. Soon a strip of blue water was visible; the fissure widened steadily, and to crown the disaster, the ice broke up into small cakes. A mad rush of the people shoreward resulted in a number falling into the icy water, while others, terrified, remained on

the pieces of ice, which were drifting farther from the shore.

As quickly as possible boats were secured and a large rescuing party, after working heroically for several hours, succeeded in bringing all the endangered safely to shore, although some were benumbed and unconscious as the result of their fright and exposure.

Even with the numerous discomforts and dangers attending this winter industry, it presents some advantages. The men receive double the wages of ordinary laborers, with less opportunity of spending their hard earnings in harmful directions, so that the comfort of their wives and children is reasonably assured. And in the village of Shantytown the public health is said to be higher than in any other place known, as the air is invigorating and the ailments common to the season on the shore are entirely unknown.

SPORTING NOTES

There are a number of people in this section who know how it feels to be lost in the woods. Those who have had this experience say that it is no joke. Frank Cole of Phillips, while hunting on the first fall of snow, got lost in the woods not far from this village, but he was just as effectually "turned around" as though he had been in the wilds of northern Maine. For hours Mr. Cole travelled through the woods. He had wounded a deer and the animal led him a chase that finally resulted in the hunter losing all knowledge of his whereabouts. He started in hunting near the Bangs pasture, but he finally came out of the woods near Frank Chick's in Madrid. "I was pretty tired when I got out of the bushes," said Mr. Cole to The Man on the Job. "I was not worried much myself, but I was afraid that my folks might be scared. That deer that I wounded led me such a chase that I couldn't tell for the life of me where I was heading."

Somewhere up in the woods around Salem, Franklin county, is a bear which certainly deserves its liberty, having twice been caught in traps, from which it cleared itself each time, though at the cost of being seriously crippled. Last week the bear was caught in a trap belonging to Arthur Jones of Salem. It had been caught before as one of its forefeet had been taken off and this time it released itself by ripping off eight inches of the same leg. From smaller tracks nearby, it was supposed that the bear was accompanied by one or more cubs.

10 Miles From a Fire



IF HE can keep his hands and feet dry and warm—he's ready for any adventure. This man is an old hand at braving the rigors of the woods in Minnesota, in Michigan, in Maine. This is not his first experience with Beacon Falls Leather Tops. His order is a repeater every fall for the "Rock Elm" style without heel. Some others prefer the Manitoba with heel. This latter is almost snag-proof.

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is the same shoe with heel. Price, about \$4.75. **MANITOBA**—Warranted not to crack or split. Nearly snag-proof. Uppers are pure, new, fresh gum forced into heavy duck. Rolled soles. Rubber heel. Chrome leather top. Rawhide laces. Price for 10 inch height, about \$4.50 at your dealer's.

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THE LAST DRIVE OF "FIGHTING JOE"

Was King of the White Water
Until Outdone by Peter
Cronin--Then Hung
Himself.

Joe MacCormick was no saint. Even his most earnest admirers never claimed he was. All agreed he was a human Devil. Some softened it down and said he was a hellion. At that time he had scores of admirers and a good many friends. Why not? Of him it honestly could be said "he never went back on a friend and never forgave an enemy;" two qualities which are bound to win friendship.

It was many years ago that Joe passed to the great beyond. He went the same as he had lived. Ugly, mad, in temper, vowing that, even in death, he would be squared with the one who'd been his undoing.

To this day no drive tumbles over the long falls of Ambajejus on the Penobscot West Branch that Joe

isn't recalled and some startling feat of log wizardry which he accomplished, retold. In his day, MacCormick was counted the best man who ever "tread" a pine in the waters of the West Branch, or broke jam at the foot of bad falls.

"White water" was his delight; taking daring chances, flirting with death in the effort to release the key log of a bad jam, his recreation.

A big man, with muscles of steel and a courage which never had heard the word fear to understand it, born in Prince Edward's Island, imbued with the idea that a man who couldn't fight or who quit in the face of danger on logs was unfit to associate with men, he early acquired the reputation of a dare-devil.

Most of those who talk of him today, relate only what has been told them by others, for Joe was one of the men who drove logs in the days before the business had passed from the hands of the "Boys of Bangor." He was one of the first of the provincials to work on the Maine rivers. At that time John Ross and Con Murphy were youngsters, just winning their spurs as river men. Each of them, and the others who made up the galaxy of famed river men of the Penobscot, had yet to achieve prominence.

At that time dynamite had not been used along the branch. The channel was not so free of obstructions, as to-day. A stamper to tow the logs across Chesuncook, Ripogonous, Ambajejus, North and South Twin Lakes or even on Shad pond had never been conceived of. When the logs struck one of these waters it was a case of get out the head works, and with strong men on the windlass drag the rafts across the lakes. To-day they tow them. Joe was always game at that job and pity was due the poor devil who quit on the windlass or cried "enough," so long as he could keep moving. To do so meant a beating up, for that was MacCormick's cure-all for laziness, fatigue or cowardice.

When the drive was in at Sunk-haze Joe wasted no time in getting to Bangor.

His pockets bulging with dollars he would proceed to tear the town open. The police knew the arrival of Joe spelled trouble. When he got drunk, which he did regularly upon coming out of the woods or off the

drive, he went looking for fight. The old Washington street house, the foot of Exchange street and the Devil's Half Acre of Bangor all knew him--knew him too well. Joe's drunk usually lasted until his money was spent, unless the police interfered and got him sent up for 30 days. This they usually did. In either event, as soon as he sobered off, either because of lack of money to buy more rum or from doing time in the county jail, he was ready to strike back upon the drive or into "he woods, as the season might be.

For nearly eight years Joe MacCormick followed this routine of life, if life it could be called, and then, one May the news reached Bangor that Fighting Joe MacCormick was dead; had lost his life on Ambajejus falls. It was but a rumor and it was weeks before the truth was known.

That year Joe was on the old P. L. D. drive; also there on the drive was Pete Cronin, who had come down from the Connecticut. Up there among the white mountains Pete had achieved distinction as a crack-a-jack river man. From the time the drive passed Northeast Carry, where Cronin joined on, there had been the most bitter rivalry between Joe and Pete. On rag rips at the mouth of Rag Muff stream shooting the Fox hole, this rivalry had been conspicuous. At Abel they had nearly fought and in working through the Ripogonous gorges each had risked his life a dozen times to outdo the other.

Half way down the long Ambajejus falls a big pine caught on a half submerged ledge. Before a man could get to it, though both MacCormick and Cronin instantly made the start, a dozen, twenty, fifty others had piled upon it and there was a jam, which constantly increased in size.

The drive boss was cursing, for drive bosses are profane and not the least "skeery" of showing it.

Each minute the jam grew worse. It was the worst of the year, and there had been bad ones before. The best man in the crew worked at it. Cronin and MacCormick worked like machines. Both seemed immune to fatigue. That night they were the last to quit and when they did come ashore it scarcely seemed possible for a man to work his way across the logs in the darkness. Neither had to be called next morning. Both beat the sun to the job. That

day they worked, each by his untiring effort inspiring the other men in the crew to feats of strength and daring, which, had it been a battle would have won a medal of honor for every man for gallantry in action.

Just as the sun was dropping behind the hills that second night there was a grinding in the jam. Every driver understood its import. The drive was breaking.

For an hour they had felt the time was near and the crew had been gradually thinned out until there was but MacCormick, Cronin and two other men on the logs at the danger point.

When the first sound of the logs beginning to "haul" the two helpers started for shore.

Neither Joe nor Pete spoke; neither looked at the other. The jam was not broken until the logs were running free. Steadily their axes rose and fell, each cut bringing the moment when the logs should start nearer. Each instant the grinding increased in volume. It became a roar, yet their ax blades glittered and flashed in the waning light of the setting sun.

Ordinary men would have quit then and let the great weight of timber and water finish the work. Not they. If Joe quit first he felt the crew would say he lost his nerve. With Pete it was the same. They stayed.

"Clip!" rang Joe's axe, as it sank half its length into a great log.

"Clip," echoed Pete's axe, as the blade was buried deep into the timber of another.

The logs groaned and roared the louder.

Again the axes flashed, again they sank into the logs. A great shout rose from the banks of the river.

The jam had started. The logs appeared to spring forward.

Quick as were the logs, the two men were quicker. As the axes sank for that final blow, both river drivers seemed to sense the fact that the jam was broken, for they released their holds on the handles and as one man, sprang for shore.

From log to log they jumped.

A race with death!

On shore the crew watched in silence, not a man among them who did not realize the danger and grasp the odds which were against the two out there on the logs, leaping, jumping, twisting and dodging, in the effort to reach shore.

At the start they were 150 feet from shore, a long distance in a race of that kind. The distance shortened. Now it was a hundred, seventy-five, fifty, forty, twenty-five.

A groan of horror went up from the watchers and out over the surging logs and water.

MacCormick had missed his footing and gone down.

His life must pay the penalty of that mis-step, of failure of the calks to hold in the log.

Cronin paused, glanced back, turned and sprang to the fallen man.

Foolhardy it was, but it was his chance; the chance he'd waited six weeks for. He would prove his superiority as a "white water man" over MacCormick.

He reached the fallen man. Joe was in the water, logs whirled and swirled all around him. The wonder was he'd not been hit and killed by one of them.

On shore the crew watched. After the first horrified groan no sound came from them.

MacCormick had not quit. He was fighting for life, for he was not desirous of ending it there. Cronin had reached him. He bent over, on the shore in the fast growing gloom they saw him give a mighty wrench, straighten up, turn and start, staggering to be sure, for the bank. In his arms he carried the great hulking form of Joe MacCormick. On he came, cursing to keep his courage, for Pete Cronin was no more a praying man than was Joe MacCormick. A dozen times it seemed but men must go down, but Pete made

his footing and held onward. Twenty men started to help him but he made the shore unaided.

Staggering forward as his feet cleared the logs he pitched to the ground, on top of Joe.

It was some minutes before either man recovered sufficiently to rise, when they did, each looked at the other.

Instead of Joe extending a hand and giving thanks to his rescuer, he snarled, "What th' h---! d' yer do it for; why didn't y'r let me save m'self!"

"Cause," said Pete, "I'm a better White Water man'n you!"

No more was said. Supper over, the men gathered around the fire. None talked, except in whispers, of the daring feat of the afternoon. As the men smoked their pipes after supper, before turning in it was observed by some that Joe was not in the crowd around the camp fire. "Gone off to swear at himself," was the silent comment, for all could grasp the deep humiliation it had been to him when Pete Cronin pulled him from the river and brought him ashore.

Joe was not in the camp next morning, nor did he appear as the men prepared to begin work. The men who were sent back to clear the logs which had hung up on the shore, when the jam broke found him. His body was hanging from a great oak half way up the side of the mountain in plain view from the river above the falls. In his shame and mortification at being posted as a driver, he had ended his life during the night.

They cut the remains down and buried them beneath the tree. For many years a crude wooden headstone marked the grave, but that long since rotted away. The great oak still stands, but it is dead and its branches, clear of foliage, stand silhouetted against the sky the year around, a constant reminder that death comes to the strongest. Old river men, those who have grown gray on the logs, point to it and in whispers tell the story of Joe MacCormick and Pete Cronin, adding always, that at night, when the drive is due at the falls of Ambajejus and there is going to be a big jam, the ghost of Joe MacCormick can be seen skipping and jumping from rock to rock, finally disappearing in the white mist at the foot of the falls.

Sam E. Conner.

WILTON HUNTERS GET BIG GAME.

(Continued from Page six)

They quickly went around and were soon above what proved to be the bear and quickly shot him. One of his fore feet was firmly held in the trap to which a heavy clog was attached by a chain. The clog was well indented in the bear's teeth, showing that he took it in his teeth when he attempted to walk away. This accounts for the dim trail. He had travelled quite a distance in various directions but when shot was only about ten rods from where the trap was set. The men pulled the body some distance that afternoon but found it difficult. They finally left the body and returned for it the next day when they made a litter and carried the body to camp. Friday the body was sent to Horace Keyes' market in Boston.

The gentlemen had plenty of deer meat, partridges, etc., while in camp. Capt. Bump was the head cook and had tempting suppers prepared for his campmates when they returned weary and hungry from their long tramps to visit their traps. The heavy rains caused the brooks and streams to overflow and wash out their traps, thus making more extra work and interrupting the trapping.

WEAR HUB RUBBERS This Winter

WEAR HUB RUBBERS This Winter

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

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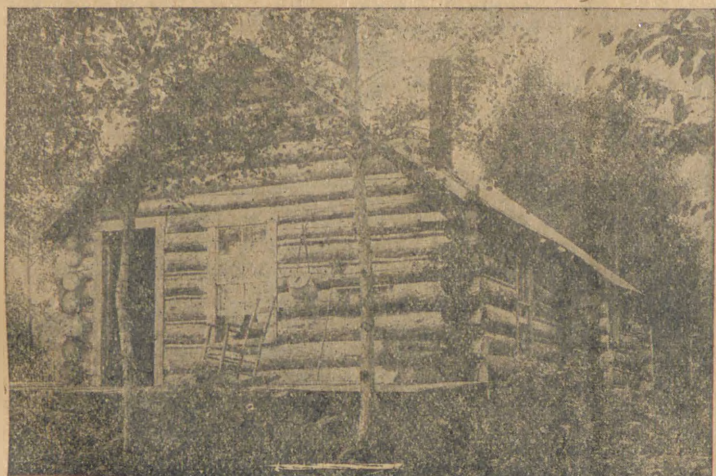
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THE PLACE--In the heart of the best hunting and fishing territory in the State of Maine. The camps are located at a picturesque elevation of 2,500 feet above sea level, on a preserve of 30,000 acres. There are numerous lakes and streams within easy walking distance from the camps.

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Phillips, Maine

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IN THE Woods of Maine

King and Bartlett Camps, 2,000 feet above sea level, unexcelled for trout fishing or an outing. Individual cabins, open, wood fires, excellent cuisine, fine natural lithia spring water, magnificent scenery. Renew your health in the balsam-laden air of Maine's ideal resort. Address

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OXFORD COUNTY.

VIA RUMFORD FALLS.

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

Under New Management Pleasant Island Camps will be put in first class shape for the season of 1913 and will offer every inducement to Fishermen, Hunters, and Nature Lovers. For further information address,
CLARK & TOOTHAKER

Pleasant Island, Oxford County, Maine.
Send for Booklet

Bear Spring Camps Fishing, Hunting, good food and up-to-date camps. All the pleasure you expect. The place where you go home satisfied. That you have got your money's worth. Write G. D. Mosher & Son, Oakland, Maine. After June 1st, Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

UPTON, MAINE.
Durkee's Camp. On Lake Umbagog on Cambridge River. Best of Deer and Duck hunting. Excellent Fly Fishing and Trout for Salmon and Square Tailed Trout. T. A. Durkee, Prop'r., Upton, Maine.

HOWES' DEBSCONCONEAG CAMPS.

Are situated on First Debsconeag Lake, 1-4 mile from West Branch Penobscot; Reached from Norcross by steamer and canoe in 3 hours. Individual log cabins and tent roofed log camps; own garden, and henery; daily mail; best New York, Philadelphia and Boston references.

For MOOSE and DEER

MT. KATAHDIN at our doorway offers best mountain climbing in New England; side trips from these camps to Sourdunk, Rainbow, Nahnikanta Lakes. A specialty made of outfitting and planning trips down the West Branch from N. E. Carry.

Best Family Cooking in Maine.

DEER AND MOOSE hunting in season, in as cool territory as there is in Maine. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Open entire year. Snowshoeing, skiing, Tobogganing, visits to lumber camps during winter months. Booklet for the asking.

HERBERT M. HOWES,

Millinocket Me., Dec. 1 to May 1; May 1 to Dec. 1, Debsconeag, Me.

COME TO OTTER POND CAMPS

This Spring and catch Trout weighing from three to five pounds any day. Big Salmon too. Besides you get good Boats, a good Table and a good Time. For particulars address,

GEORGE McKENNEY, Garatunk, Maine.

WINTER PICKEREL FISHING

the finest in Maine, through the ice. No license to pay. No limit as to the number of fish or pounds. One party took 7 barrels. Nice warm rooms. Hotel right on shore of lake. Best of board. Daily mail. Tel. and Tel. connections. Terms only \$2.00 per day. Write for any further information wanted.

J. G. HARLOW, THE FLAGSTAFF, Flagstaff, Me.

HUNTING

Let me furnish you with references of well known, reliable guides and sportsmen, who have hunted at these camps. Large and small game hunting of the very best. Booklets.

R. B. TAYLOR, West Garry Pond Camps, Dead River, Me.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

OUANANICHE LODGE SUNSET CAMPS

NORWAY PINES HOUSE & CAMPS
Grand Lake Stream Co., "Owners."
Fishing unexcelled. Ouananiche Brook and Lake Trout. As a vacation proposition not beaten and only equalled by few places in the state. Good Hunting. Old-fashioned hospitality. Cooking with the Grandmother flavor. No territory can touch it as a canoeing center. Circulars.
W. G. ROSE, Manager.
Grand Lake Stream,
Washington County, Maine
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CATANCE LAKE.
Best of Salmon and Trout fishing. Also all kinds of game in season. Information and Terms furnished on application. Private boarding house. F. O. Keith, Cooper, Maine.

Kennebec County.

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

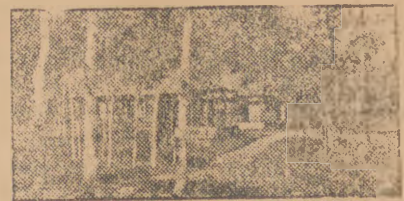
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Best Sportsman's Camps on the Belgrade Lake. Each camp has telephone and bath. 150 acre farm in connection. Circulars. Address, Marshall & Stone, Oakland, Me., after May 15th. Belgrade Lakes, Maine.

SOMERSET COUNTY.

JACKMAN, MAINE.
Lake Park. Beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Wood. Autoing, Motoring, Trout and Salmon fishing. 17 miles of lake and 60 miles of river boating. Twin Island Camps at Skinner, E. A. Boothman.

CARRY POND CAMPS

Before deciding where to go for a hunting trip write me and I will tell you the truth. I have comfortable quarters or parties in October a d November. My new house is ready for fall hunters. Every room has heat from a large wood furnace. The Carry Pond Camps are located between the famous Dead River and Kennebec Rivers. Plenty of deer and small game and some moose and bear. Send for circular.
HENRY J. LANE Carry Pond, Maine



Lake Parlin House and Camps.

Are delightfully situated on shore of Lake Parlin on direct line from Quebec to Rangeley Lakes, popular thoroughfare for automobiles, being a distance of 122 miles each way.

Lake Parlin and the 13 out ponds in the radius of four miles furnish the best of fly fishing the whole season. The house and camps are new and have all modern conveniences, such as baths, gas lights, open rock fireplaces, etc. The cuisine is unexcelled. Canoeing, boating, bathing, tennis, mountain climbing, automobilizing, etc. Write for booklet.

H. P. McKENNEY, Proprietor,
Jackman, Maine.

HUNTERS, ATTENTION!

You will make no mistake if you come to Pierce Pond for all kinds of game, bear, moose and deer. Special rates, satisfaction guaranteed.

C. A. SPAULDING,
Pierce Pond Camps, Caratunk, Maine.
We close Dec. 1, 1912.

Come to CHASE POND
I'll use you right, there is plenty of big game that doesn't keep out of sight.
Write for circular.

GUY CHADBOURNE,
Bingham, Me.

LAKEWOOD CAMPS

at Middledam, will open for the season of 1913 at the usual date. Write for booklet and terms to
E. F. COBURN, Andover, Maine

RANGELEY FIRE DEEP MYSTERY

Selectmen Investigating, but Residents Have Little Hope Cause Will Be Discovered--
Other Notes from the Lake Region.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Rangeley, Nov. 25.—The town was aroused shortly after three o'clock Friday morning by the ringing of the church bell and for the second time in less than thirteen months, the citizens of Rangeley saw a fine well-equipped school building destroyed by fire. The alarm was given by Mrs. E. I. Herrick, who was awakened by the rattling of a window shade in her room, and on going to the window to adjust it, discovered the fire. Mrs. Herrick called Cecil Lamb, night operator on the farmers' line and he rang the bell.

The origin of the fire is unknown. It seems to have started near the northeast corner of the building as did the fire of October 29, 1911. It had gained such headway before being discovered that the ruins have even a more disheartening appearance than those of last year.

The building was valued at about \$17,000 and was insured for \$13,000 in the same companies as the other building. The books and furnishings were insured for an additional \$1,500. Dr. F. B. Colby, superintendent of schools, met with the teachers for consultation Friday night, and with the members of the school board Saturday.

The selectmen are conducting an investigation, but residents express little hope that anything of the cause or origin of the fire will ever be learned.

Books have been ordered and it is planned to open the schools again on Monday, December 2. Arrangements are being made to use almost the same quarters that proved so satisfactory in last year's emergency. The Primary and Sub-Primary schools will probably be accommodated in the two rooms of the church vestry. The Intermediate and Grammar schools at the Grange hall and the High school in the Board of Trade rooms.

Rangeley is fortunate in having, with one exception, the same teachers, who proved their ability and courage under the same conditions a year ago. This year Miss Hilda Geran is assistant in the High school, in place of Miss Jane Edwards, resigned, and one new teacher has been added to the corps, Miss Ina Badger of Phillips, who is assistant in the Grammar school.

It is now thought that it will be wise to close this term of school on December 20, for the usual two weeks allowed at Christmas, then have one week at Easter, which, with this week, will make up the four weeks' vacation, generally planned for in laying out the year's work.

Mr. Peaks and Miss Geran each lost valuable note books, and the Misses Pease a set of high priced books which they had recently purchased for use in their work with primary grades.

James Haines died at his home on Main street Friday morning at 8.30. The immediate cause of his death was bronchial pneumonia but he had been a great sufferer from cystitis for years.

Mr. Haines was 72 years of age, was a former resident of Rangeley Plantation and had made his home here only for the past few years. He was a member of the Rangeley church and a regular attendant until his health failed. He leaves three daughters, Mrs. George Kempton and Mrs. Will Wilbur of this village, Mrs. D. E. Lamb of Rangeley Plantation and one son, George Haines, also of the latter place.

The funeral services were held at his late residence Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. C. N. Eliopolis officiating. The services were in charge of G. M. Carlton. Music was furnished by a male quartette, composed of Dr. A. M. Ross, Olin Rowe, Harry Huntoon and Lyman Kempton. Mrs. C. C. Murphy presided at the organ. The bearers were Messrs. George and John Russell, Almon Wilbur and G. L. Kempton.

The Rebekahs served a delicious oyster supper at the Grange hall Thursday night from 6 to 8 o'clock. Cakes and coffee were also on the bill of fare and after the supper a social, at which the Rangeley orchestra furnished music. Mrs. George Russell, Mrs. Saul Collins and Mrs. Edwin Spencer were the committee in charge and over ten dollars was cleared through their efforts. Thanks giving night the same order will serve a midnight supper at the home of Mrs. Hubert Spiller, who has kindly given the use of her house for that purpose.

Mrs. Charles Cushman and two sons are at Grant's camps, Kennebago, called there by the illness of Mrs. W. D. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Oakes are at Richardson Pond, where they are employed by Hubert Spiller. Mrs. Oakes is cooking for a crew of twenty.

S. B. McCard has been improving his buildings by raising his shed, putting in an underpinning, laying new floors and building a large coal bin.

Miss Luene Pillsbury and Miss Hildred Robertson of Bates college and Miss Emma Russell of the Farmington Normal school are expected home to spend Thanksgiving.

Eighteen persons met at Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Murphy's Tuesday night for a choir rehearsal. These evening "sings" are much enjoyed. After practice Tuesday night a candy pull.

Postmaster G. A. Proctor and H. B. McCard were in Stratton Tuesday afternoon to attend the funeral of R. W. Blanchard. Mr. Blanchard was well and favorably known here and many expressions of regret for his untimely death are heard. He had been one of the trustees of the Rangeley Trust Company since its organization.

Mrs. Eugene Soule has been quite ill for several days.

Miss Florence Barker of Bradford Academy will spend the Thanksgiving recess with her aunts in Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mathieson returned to Indian Rock Saturday.

William Nelson had an unpleasant experience Saturday afternoon when the temporary steps at Clarence Stanbury's new house, upon which he was standing, fell to the ground carrying him with them. He was cut upon the forehead so badly that Dr. Ross was called to dress the wound, several stitches being necessary to close it.

Miss Grace Graves is spending

the week at her home in Sidney.

Rev. C. N. Eliopolis, a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, and now a student at Bates college preached an intensely interesting sermon here Sunday morning. Mr. Eliopolis is a Greek, who has been studying in this country for about twelve years. Sunday evening a large audience listened eagerly to his account of the causes, which have led up to the war now in progress. He spoke of the unjustness of the taxes imposed by the Turks upon the people under their control and of the atrocious character of the crimes committed by the Turkish soldiers. Mr. Eliopolis speaks in an unusually impressive but very quiet manner. He sang, while here, the Greek rendition of several of our hymns.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Herrick entertained Mr. and Mrs. Loring Haley at dinner Sunday.

Frank Huntoon came home from Bald Mountain camps the last of the week and went into the woods Sunday.

Mrs. Sylvader Hinkley has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be able to attend the Grange meeting Saturday night.

Ira Huntoon and others are making arrangements for a Thanksgiving ball. The Rebekahs will serve a supper at the home of Minnie Spiller who has kindly given the use of her house for the occasion.

Miss Ina Badger is spending this week's enforced vacation at her home in Phillips.

Many are making plans for Thanksgiving festivities. Among those who have invited dinner guests are Mr. and Mrs. Nate Albee, who will entertain Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Abbott; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hoar have invited Mr. and Mrs. Eben Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Olin Rowe and Master Kenwood. They are also expecting Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Robbins of Yarmouthville for a Thanksgiving visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCard, Mrs. Ann Toothaker and I. B. Toothaker will spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. S. B. McCard.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hoar will entertain Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hoar, Clinton Hoar and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvader Hinkley and daughters will visit at Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Whitney's for the day, and G. H. Huntoon and daughter at the home of Mr. Huntoon's son Ira.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Badger and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Riddle will dine at W. F. Oakes' and Mr. and Mrs. Badger plan to drive to Phillips in the afternoon to spend the remainder of the week.

BIG TRUCK LOADS OF GAME

Great truck loads of game are a frequent sight at the Union Station in Bangor, where they attract the curious in numbers. Wardens, Bowden and Stone have charge of the game laden trucks, but their work is constantly growing easier, for there is less and less attempt made to evade the law. Many of the loads weigh close to half a ton, and there are days when from six to seven tons of game are brought into the station on the express cars.

GOT BIG BUCK.

Farmington Hunter Has Good Luck in Madrid Woods.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Madrid, Nov. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Butterfield of Farmington who have been guests at the Weymouth farm in this town, have been successful, inasmuch as Mr. Butterfield got an eight point buck.

Mr. Butterfield shot a rabbit a short time before he got the deer and hung it up in a tree. Then he went after the buck and forgot where the rabbit was located. Some of his friends in this vicinity have been joking him about it since.

Miss Weymouth of the Weymouth farm has a fine jersey heifer of which she is justly proud, for it girls five feet in size.

George Huff of Phillips got a large doe yesterday. Huff was accompanied by Ralph Hennings of Weymouth.

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