

MAINE WOODS


ROUTING EDITION

VOL. XXXV. NO. 22

PHILLIPS, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1912

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HOW EDDIE MANN FOUGHT THE BEAR

Thrilling Story of a Rough and
Tumble Encounter with Bruin
in the Oxford Hills.

(Photo by Arkett.)

(Special to Maine Woods).

By George Allan England.

West Paris, Me., Dec. 25—Eddie Mann of this place, son of Lewis Mann, the veteran clothespin manufacturer, leaps into the calcium light of fame at one fell bound, by getting away with a bear weighing over 300 pounds, after having shot him only five times. This is "some" record in the marksmanship line, for Eddie. His previous record is bringing down a chipmunk after only the eleventh shot.

Eddie also established a new mile-and-a-half Marathon record at the same time and place as he mugged Bruin. Here is how it all happened, told by George Allan England, who has for years been the faithful and veridical scribe of such like doings in the Maine Woods.

Eddie Mann, Ben Billings, John Titus and Walter Arkett, the latter three of Bryant's Pond, went hunting up Wild River a while

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ALL KINDS OF GAME SHOT IN AND ABOUT FARMINGTON

Story of a Coon Hunt and Also of the Luck
of the Fox Hunters.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Farmington, Dec. 25.

Ransome Garrett and Irving Marcous, students of Livermore Falls High school, have bagged 24 rabbits in eight days. Sixteen of the bunnies were secured on Saturday and Monday, Dec. 21 and 23, in the same locality.

Leigh Barker was out fox hunting last week and while cutting across to bring himself within shooting distance of wily Sir Reynard, came across a couple of raccoon tracks and decided to follow them. Soon he came to a trail where three more had "joined drives" with them and this made him accelerate his pace somewhat. Soon they were located in the crevices of a ledge. On the approach of the evening one doughty knight came forth to do battle with courage worthy of better judgment. A shot despatched him. Another, thinking probably that "the — who runs away lives to fight another day," did a sneak act but was caught in a hole in another ledge and given his quietus. Then Leigh went back and got the other three and toted the bunch home. We would like to be able to add that he found a dead fox

on his way home and in addition to that a couple of mink followed him to his domicile in order to give him their skins but Leigh is pretty well satisfied with his day's work. The five raccoons weighed 87 pounds.

The deer hunting season is past and but few hunters succeeded locally. Some went on a foray into the North. Some of these were repaid for their trouble and some of the others were not. Truth to tell, hunting conditions were not favorable for any length of time. The rifle now reposes upon the hooks until autumn shall come and Reynard and Bunny will provide the winter hunting sport.

Arthur Staples of New Vineyard has been quite successful this fall as he has right at 13 or 20 foxes, several mink and other fur, secured by trapping for the most part.

Fox hunting is not good either with bare ground and a hard crust tracking. Hunters do not care to try in the early fall on account of deer and also traps. Some day trapping will be done away with except in wild and wooded regions. It should be.

Wood B. Hunter.



EDDIE MANN OF WEST PARIS
AND HIS 300-POUND BEAR.

back with Frank Griffen of Lowell and Adams Griffen and Al Munson of a little village called New York. The same party, just a year ago, killed a bear and got their names in the paper. The only new member this trip was Mr. Munson, paying teller of the Liberty National Bank, New York. Mr. Munson had never been in the Maine woods before. It will be a long time ere he forgets his first experience there.

Bagged Two Deer.

Before the bear incident took place, the party had done a little miscellaneous shooting and had bagged a couple of deer, a partridge, a squirrel, a skunk and a pair of John Titus' old pants which had been hung on a tree to dry and which Ben shot by mistake at night, taking them for a bull moose. Eddie decided, the second day, that he would try a lone hand. So he loaded up his trusty rifle, took his long and razor keen snickersnee between his curled store teeth and started up the trail. Here is what happened pretty soon after.

In a little ravine close by the trail, Eddie spied a large and hungry Bruin. Managing to steady his rifle by leaning it over a fallen tree trunk and putting a heavy rock on it, he braced himself and fired. The shot went home in the extreme southern extremity of the bear (ursus major).

With a snort, the animal charged. Edwin gave one look and faded in the opposite direction, with the infuriated demon right behind. Over

rocks and trees they leaped, up hill and down dale. At times Eddie was covering 33.7 feet per leap. He is willing to take his Bible oath that he felt the hot breath of the ferocious critter right on his sternum for more than half a mile.

At last he made a slight gain, and, facing around, discharged his weapon twice more, puncturing the bear's ears, but inflicting no mortal damage. Bruin still kept coming, so Eddie again beat it in the direction of camp.

Bear Came Close.

After a while—it seemed for eternity—Ed began to realize that the wind was giving out. Closer and closer forged the bear. Eddie tried the power of prayer, and used up all the words he could think of, but to no avail. The bear refused to be influenced by any such absnet treatment. With blood in his eye and his tongue dragging a yard on the ground, it still came on and on; Eddie says, at this stage it looked about the size of a mogul decapod locomotive, with teeth 16 inches long and eyes that flashed so fiercely they lighted up the umbrageous deeps of the forest like automobile searchlights.

Finally Eddie realized all was

over if he didn't seek safety. Fortune favored him. He saw, right in front, a large hollow log. Into this he crawled, just one and two-tenths seconds before Bruin arrived. He managed to scramble in far enough to just clear the bear's raking paws, and here—simply burning up with courage and determination—he decided to stay a while. He feared, if he should go out again, that he might in his rage throttle the bear with one swipe and tear him into bits, thus ruining the valuable hide. Eddie, above all, wanted to wait till he could moderate his rage and be sure not to damage the bear.

After a while, according to Ben Billings (who tells the story), it came on to rain. Ben says he never saw such a rain as that 'un. It rained for hours, while Eddie

(Continued on page eight).

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THE FULL STORY OF A LONG FISHING TRIP IN CANADA

Diary of a Sportsman Who Canoeed and Angled for Many Days Where Sport Was Good.

(Last week I received a letter from A. Montgomery Jr., one of the best known New Yorkers who comes to the Rangeleys.

For years he has spent weeks each summer at the Mountain View, and has taken trips all over the state in the far away wilderness, going by canoe where few have paddled.

Last summer he cast the fly on Lake Nipigon in Canada and brought back the largest trout ever taken from those waters.

Sitting on the piazza at Mountain View I used to say:

"Now tell me of your trip to Canada," and he would always answer:

"I can't take the time now for the woods are calling, and I must take a climb up Bald mountain, or go over and paddle up Konnebagog stream." But when we said goodbye for the season had closed, my friend remarked:

"Some day this winter I'll send you an account of my trip to Canada to read when you are alone on a winter evening."

A sportsman is as good as his word, I have always found, and more fascinating than any novel waiting for me to read, is the following which I know is too good to keep. In my "Note Book," many others will share the pleasure of the following that my fisherman friend has loaned me—Fly Rod.)

Just mention the word "trout" to my good friend, Archie Montgomery, and he will straightway begin an enthusiastic dissertation on the merits of various streams throughout this and the Old Country and never leave off talking about the "beauties" he has caught until either dinner is announced or the cuckoo notifies him that if he intends getting any sleep, he had better get at it.

His is not the ordinary enthusiasm of a successful angler. It is the sort that might be termed

transcendent. Every nerve in his body vibrates. His eyes scintillate like beacons as he describes extraordinary preparations made for the capture of some old warrior too wise to be tempted by ordinary lures, and burn with a heavenly light when the wary old rascal has paid in full.

Steel rods, sinkers, spoons, and spinners are abominations to his sight and mind, but he will balance a split bamboo, cast an imaginary fly and land an imaginary trout while the ordinary observer is trying to determine whether or not the prospect is good for getting a trout to rise from the boards of a floor.

Some seven years ago, the proprietor of an out-of-the-way hotel in the Austrian Tyrol, was in the habit of renting some fifty miles of good trout stream to a nobleman for the paltry sum of one thousand francs per annum. Archie having just arrived, was for fishing the stream, but Mr. Proprietor couldn't see it that way, the fishing privilege having been sold for the year.

Privilege or no privilege, Archie had no intention of letting so good an opportunity slip. He drew a draft on Brown, Shipley & Co. for fifty pounds sterling, and giving it to the proprietor told him to return his money to the so-called nobleman; that he was not a nobleman at all, but a hog. Then he sailed into Mr. Proprietor for depriving his guests of pleasure that rightfully went with the board, and he kept at him until he capitulated. It would be impossible to do anything that year, but he would grant free fishing privileges to his guests, beginning the following year; the nobleman could whistle.

The next year was too remote to suit Archie—he and his rods, reels, lines and a choice assortment of flies. Before him flowed the beautiful stream, and the syrens of the

pools were beckoning. He made a dash for a boat, the proprietor hanging to his coat tails, and pleading with him to be reasonable.

"You better keep the money yourself," said Archie, one foot in the boat. Buy yourself some common sense; the hog will never know.

Ach Gott! What a man he is," screamed the proprietor, looking imploringly to heaven. "He will be shot!"

"I'd deserve to be shot if I allowed you to talk me out of my fishing," said Archie.

"And I will be put in a dungeon! I will be ruined!" exclaimed the now utterly miserable proprietor.

"You deserve to be ruined," said Archie. "Any man whom God hath joined to fifty miles of trout stream ought to be ruined if he turns over its ten thousand pleasures for one thousand francs. Go to the devil! and he pushed off.

"But my wife and children!" howled the proprietor.

"Take them with you!" shouted Archie, making for the nearest pool.

Twenty minutes later the proprietor, his family and every waiter in the place stood on the little porch of the hotel weeping their eyes out, and one of the guests, putting off to Archie, told him he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Now such is the estimation of my friend, that the guest himself was soon trying to land a fly, therefore other guests followed the first, Archie taking them as they came, hearing what they had to say, and talking them into casting a fly for themselves.

Fortunately the noble lessee did not appear upon the scene. Nobody was shot. His money was returned and in due course Archie returned to his home in Brooklyn.

In the following year a letter appeared in the Brooklyn Eagle stating that the proprietor of the out-of-the-way hotel in the Austrian Tyrol had forwarded a letter to the editor of the paper, requesting him kindly to forward it to Mr. Montgomery; that Mr. Montgomery had been sought by several reporters, and as they had been unable to locate him, the editor took the liberty of reproducing the letter. It stated that free fishing was now to be had on fifty miles of river on which the hotel was situated. It begged Mr. Montgomery to return and enjoy himself.

Six years later, the same ardent fisherman so eagerly inquired for by the Austrian hotel proprietor and so earnestly sought after by the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, walked into my parlor of his own sweet will and accord, and placed before me a map of the Nipigon, which clearly outlined its falls, rapids and camping grounds together with full information regarding the number and size of the trout to be taken in its waters. He followed this with a full page article taken from the New York Herald of Sunday, May 12th. It not only confirmed all that the map had to say, but so much more of importance that I became enthusiastic at once. Right there and then we shook hands over an agreement to fish the stream during the month of August.

We left New York Monday, July 29th, and arriving at Nipigon station Wednesday night, July 31st at 11.30, went straight to bed at the Inn.

Four half breed Ojibway guides had been engaged for us by the Hudson Bay company. They also had completely outfitted us for the trip, so that we had little or nothing to do the following day but to secure such additional clothing as we thought necessary, and to make for the first camp some twelve miles up the river. We were taken there in a motor boat, our four Indians having preceded us. On arrival we found everything in ship-shape order, and with nothing on our minds but our hats. My diary runs as follows:

Camp Alexander, Sunday Aug. 4, 1912

Our third day in camp. We have caught numerous trout up to three pounds in weight, but crave some of the wallpapers the Herald mentioned. Our guides tell us that the further up the river we go, the larger the trout we will get, so we leave tomorrow. We made a side trip to Bass Lake yesterday over a four or five mile trail. The map says "two and a half," the guides say "three and a half," we say "four," and a sport who made the trip last year and who went through our camp this morning, says "five."

We caught some small-mouth bass Archie hooked a bass and a trout on the same cast of his flies, which is going some. He is at this moment repacking his duffle-bag preparatory to moving to the next camp. and his side of the camp had the appearance of a general store. It is a general store, in fact. I forgot to bring a toilet bag—that very useful thing in which you tote soap, tooth brush, comb and brush, etc.

I swore a little,—a very little—at the inconvenience of being obliged to rummage all through my duffle every time I needed any or all of these essentials. Archie's ear caught the form if not the substance of the complaint and reaching across his underwear, clothing, drug and sporting goods departments, lifted from a remote corner of his store, an exact duplicate of the toilet bag he was himself using. He tossed it to me with the remark that he brought it because he thought it might come in handy. On other occasions, I have found myself shy of more or less important things, forthwith venting my displeasure, whereupon Archie, who has keener ears than the Maker of the universe for my particular kind of prayer, never failed to hear, and presto! I at once became possessed of exactly what I needed.

He is a good camp-mate—cheerful and good company while he's awake, and so dead to the world while asleep, that he doesn't know I snore. If he awakens first in the morning, he permits me to sleep. He "picks" part of my share of the duffle, and never by any chance grumbles; nor does he stab the best fish nor eat the last of the flapjacks. He does most of the thinking that is to be done, gets me to pass on it, and then hands it over to the guides for execution. To be sure he has twice as many blankets as I, he carries the only corkscrew, he owns and carries the only flask when I stay at home, or leaves it in camp when I go a-fishing, just as he chooses, and without consultation, and, lastly, he alone revels in a cake of Pinard's.

But all these things are as they should be and I like him. If I had the extra blankets, the corkscrew, the flask and the scented soap, I would laugh at him, and ridicule him and poke my tongue in my cheek.

He is very persistent. When he says his fish weighs only two pounds, the opinions of all four of our guides that it weighs three, fail to bring him to their way of thinking, and the only way to settle the dispute is for me to eat the fish. If it fails to satisfy my appetite, Archie was right; if it fully satisfies it, the Indians were right.

On our way we were obliged to spend part of a day in Toronto, in which city Archie had learned that there was a "Queen's Park," and that peculiar side of his nature which requires him to know something about everything, compelled him to visit the place. We had plenty of time to walk, we needed the exercise, therefore nothing would do but that I should be dragged through miles and miles of thoroughfare that the "best opportunity we ever had" might not be lost. We must see Queen's Park.

Full information as to its location was given by the first person addressed, and it was so disheartening that I dove into a cafe, the door of which stood invitingly open. Archie followed and we tried a little Seagram.

When we hit the trail again, we followed it until another cafe came along. Once more we tried a little Seagram, but this time with a more generous tilt of the bottle, for we found the glasses were so narrow at the bottom, that the pouree became alarmed long before

there was any necessity for it.

Once more we hit the trail, and in the conceit that I could get him to forget "Queen's Park," I steered him into a tobaccoist's, where we killed the best part of an hour in the consideration of different sorts of pipe tobaccos.

Another Seagram was just a trifle more muscle, another visit to tobaccoist's for cigarettes, and several looks into miscellaneous store windows, carried us to a point where additional information seemed necessary. A citizen furnished it and it was bad. Queen's Park was as far away at that moment, as it had been when we started out. I said:

"Let's cut it out, Archie. What in thunder is the use of wasting time in this way. We'll have just one more Seagram and then we'll go to a moving picture show."

"No Sir!" said he. "We started out to find Queen's Park, and by the Gods! to Queen's Park we're going."

"Take a car then!" I suggested.

"A car it is!" said he.

"A drink first!" said I.

"A drink first!" said he.

So we humped up another agent for the best whiskey in Canada and helped him earn provisions for his wife and little ones.

There was no car in sight when we emerged from the last oasis, so we continued walking towards the Mecca of Archie's ambition, until a car bearing the proper legend, came along. We were helped aboard by the polite conductor, and after riding just a block and a half, sat down again.

Queen's Park was before us, and what appeared to be the keeper's entrance gate. Looking the latter over very critically, Archie commented on the luxuriant growth of wisteria which adorned the porch. I observed that if he couldn't distinguish the difference between wisteria and petunia, we had better return to the city. He insisted that the plant was wisteria; I was equally positive that it was petunia. We never got any further in our argument nor any nearer to the beauties of Queen's Park, than we were at that moment, and we never came in sight of a flowering plant after that, that he didn't mutter "wisteria" under his breath. Will some kind lady or gentleman, if need be, be good enough to instruct my friend in the difference between the two.

Island Portage Camp is, as its name suggests, an island, not over two hundred feet long nor fifty wide, with a heavy waterfall on two sides. A quarter of a mile above is another fall, and a hundred feet

(Continued on Page Seven.)

TAXIDERMISTS

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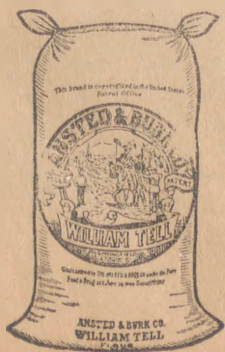
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PERPETUAL MOTION.

Scheme That Beats Wallingford's Methods a Mile.

Petted felines are likely to disappear rapidly of dark nights in Skowhegan when it is generally known that the domestic cat can be made a source of wealth when raised in large numbers, according to a perpetual motion scheme told at the store of J. Palmer Merrill & Son recently. A cat ranch of 100,000 cats would bring in an income of about \$1000 a day gross which is quite a sum for Skowheganites to contemplate and bids fair to outrival any other get-rich-quick scheme. The skins of the cats which will bring in the income are worth from 10 cents apiece for white up to 75 cents apiece for black ones, with an average of 30 cents. From 1,000,000 cats there would be about 1,200,000 skins yearly. To operate this cat farm, as one man can only skin about 50 cats, with a wage of about \$2, 100 men would be necessary. Deducting the \$200 thus spent from the \$1000 income would make a net income of \$800 daily. Another beauty of this method of cat raising is the simple manner of providing food for them, which is a sort of rotation

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD

TIME TABLE

In Effect, December 2d, 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 8.00 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 1.20 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 7.30 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 Kingfield at 5.60 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 3.00 P. M. and for Phillips at 1.45 P. M.

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

BIGELOW

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Bigelow for Kingfield, Farmington, Portland and Boston at 11.00 A. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Bigelow from Kingfield at 8.55 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Bigelow for Strong at 9.45 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Bigelow from Kingfield at 9.10 A. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Bigelow at 8.00 A. M. and for Farmington, Portland and Boston at 12.45 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives at Kingfield from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 6.35 P. M.; and from Bigelow at 11.50 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Bigelow at 8.05 A. M. and for Strong at 12.50 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Kingfield from Bigelow at 11.00 A. M. and from Strong at 4.00 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS between Phillips and Rangeley, subject to cancellation any day without notice.

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

of crops so to speak. At the start the ranch can be supplied with a million rats for cat food. These rats will multiply about four times as fast as the cats so that each cat can have a diet of four rodents a day. Then when the cats are skinned the tables are turned and the rats eat cat meat to the amount of one-fourth cat each. Thus the plan is simplicity itself.—Waterville Sentinel.

BERWICK TRAPPER WRITES

Says He Shall Buy a 28 Gauge Gun for His Trap Line.

Well, boys, you want to get after those mink and foxes, now the fur is prime, white and nice. A first-class place to set a mink trap is along some stream, where you find a warm spring in the edge of stream. This is the place where Mr. Mink goes in and out under the ice. Stick some old sticks down close to the edge of the ice leaving a narrow place to set the trap. stake out in deep water or use a sliding pole. The mink in order to get under the ice must go over the trap and you of course have a good chance of getting him. You can build a shelter over this of evergreen boughs, over the trap and this trap will be on the job, snow, wind, rain or blow.

I can trap fox as easy on snow as I can on bare ground. Fish oil, "trout is best." Muskrat musk mixed makes a good scent for mink, but don't depend too much on scent and bait in mink trapping. blinds are better I think. Why don't some trappers write? We can boom the Maine Woods, both the paper and the real thing if we only write and make them of interest to outdoor folks.

I am thinking of buying a new shot gun for the trap line, and I think I shall buy a 28 gauge H. & forests from fire. The more I

(Continued on page 6.)



\$25 GUN CABINET FOR \$12.50

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523X Broadway, New York

GIRL'S OWN STORY OF MOOSE HUNT

Miss Felra B. Plymate Tells How She Shot Her Big Bull Moose in Woods North of Edmonton, Alta.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 21

Felra B. Plymate, 19 years of age, who came to Edmonton from central Iowa three years ago, claims the distinction of being the first girl to kill a bull moose in the province of Alberta. She brought the big animal down at 94 yards with a single shot from a 38-55 rifle while in the brush, 75 miles north of Edmonton. The ball tore through the jugular vein, thus depriving Miss Plymate of the opportunity of using her sheath knife. She was accompanied by her father and brother and two guides. The party killed four moose and two deer, also scores of rabbits.

Story of the Hunt.

Miss Plymate's story of the hunt is told in her own words as follows:

"We left Edmonton early the morning of November 25 and reached Lawtinaw at 3 o'clock the afternoon that day, and walked three miles to our camp. As it was too late to hunt that day we waited until morning and left before sunup to take a look around. We saw nothing, though there were lots of fresh moose and deer tracks. We came in about 4 o'clock, well tired for the first day out.

"The next morning about 11 o'clock my brother True shot the first game. It was a big deer with a lovely set of horns. He killed it with one shot, which went through the heart. We didn't hunt much more that day but got a team and wagon and brought it in. On Wednesday two more fellows came out and that made six of us, five men and myself.

"Thursday, the third day out, was our lucky day. There were three moose bagged that day but I got the first one. We walked four miles from our camp to a patch of muskeg a mile and a half in length. Papa and I went around it to the other end as the wind would then be in our favor. There was an open place there so I stayed, and papa went on farther. I went up on a little knoll, and sat down on a log for a while.

"I heard the brush cracking and knew what was coming through. I had never seen a moose before. He came out in the open and started right towards me. I got my gun ready and he came a little further and turned sideways to me. I fired and expected to see him run on through the brush but instead of that he jumped in the air and fell on his side.

"I ran to him as fast as I could over the fallen logs and took out my hunting knife, 8 inches long, to 'stick' him but he began to kick and I couldn't see where he was hit or how bad he was hurt so I thought I wouldn't do any knife work and began to yell for the men.

"I didn't know whether they were in calling distance or not, but finally Mr. Penrose, (who also got one that day), came up and when he went to bleed it he found that I had shot the beast in the jugular vein and it didn't require the knife.

"Papa and some of the other men came up then and dressed the animal. I took the heart and liver—our trade mark—and started back to camp. The moose was 94 yards away when I fired the shot from a 38 55 Winchester rifle. I carried a compass, my watch, a supply of matches, lunch, gun and hunting knife. Two of the others got one moose apiece and we decided it was a pretty good day's work.

"Next morning after killing my big game I took the shotgun and went after rabbits. I was gone twenty minutes and with six shots I got six rabbits, but that was enough for me for the gun kicked too hard to suit me.

"There are lots of moose and deer also some bears, lynx, wolves and coyotes, but we didn't sight anything but moose and deer. I walked about 75 miles while I was there. The timber is thick and we were to fire three shots in case we got lost but it was not necessary. I wore a short skirt and leggings of khaki, or I would not have been able to get through the brush.

"The men shot another big moose after I left. It was a good week's sport and I was certainly glad to get back but I feel more than repaid for my week's outing and don't intend to miss the moose next year."

FORD FAVORS BIG GAME REFUGES

Berwick Hunter Talks on Proposed Moose Law and Other Matters of Interest.

Berwick, Dec. 21.

I see from all reports that we, the nature lovers of the state of Maine, must protect the moose, both male and female, for a period of about five years.

The number of moose killed in Maine this year has been small and it is high time that the people of Maine awoke to the fact that moose should be protected, not by charging the non-resident more to hunt moose and giving him no chance or rather a very poor chance to secure a moose by having a close season for about five years.

As it stands now, the state of Maine "crimps" a non-resident for \$15 for the privilege of hunting, and the non-resident sportsman thinks, "well it is worth it, a long open season on deer and moose, and plenty of deer and some moose.

Yes, I think I had rather go to Maine on my hunting trip than to such and such a place because in Maine I may get a moose." But after said sportsman has learned the ropes he will find that moose with fair heads or in fact any that will clear the law, are few and very difficult to find in Maine. We want to cause the hunting of moose in Maine to be the best found anywhere in the world. We don't want the hunting of big game to cost the hunter any more per animal than it does at present, but we want the hunter to be more sure of having a better chance of getting some game for his money. We don't want the non-resident's vacation money without giving him something in return.

Game Wardens Needed.

We need more state game wardens and better highways. Of all states I have ever travelled in, Maine takes the lead in poor roads and good laws.

The state of Maine needs at least 50 game wardens. The persons in the lumber camps up in the big woods kill more deer out of season than any other class of people. We need more wardens to watch such people.

I think a dollar license for all residents of the state to permit holders to carry firearms and to hunt within the state in proper season of course, would be a great help to the state. Don't make this law, to tax the people of the state over one dollar to hunt with lawful methods or means, because this law is to help the commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game to keep in touch with the game question. This one dollar is to protect the game by giving the wardens and commissioners more control over the hunters, and to prevent foreigners from hunting without any license, which they have a habit of doing. This one dollar is not intended to prevent the residents of Maine from hunting but it is intended to increase the resi-

5 out of 6 REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIPS

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THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW YORK: 38 Chambers St., T. H. Keller, Manager

dents' chance of getting some game.

Then I think that all trappers should pay a license fee of one dollar for a permit or rather a license to trap anywhere within the state. Non-residents should not be allowed to trap within the state. The fur within the state belongs to the people of the state, and it should not be given to roaming foreigners and non-residents.

And one more thing, be very careful and not pass any laws that will permit persons buying or getting control of a lot of the wild lands of the state and then permitting only a few of their friends to enjoy the hunting of the game that rightfully belongs to the people, all the people of the state. We don't want any of these rich gun clubs owning or controlling all the good hunting grounds within the state.

Residents should pay one dollar license fee to the state to fish within the state. Non-residents should pay about \$3 fee. Guides' license law is O. K. as it stands at present.

All license money should go to the fish and game commission to meet expenses incurred in protecting the game, fish and fur-bearing animals of the state.

And the things that are very confusing to the hunter, trapper and fisherman are the local laws, closing certain streams to fishing, certain towns to hunting, etc., and I think that in several cases there is no need of, or no benefit from said local laws and they only confuse the hunter, or fisherman or trapper as the case may be. I don't believe in having too many local laws.

I am in favor of the establishment of a state park or several parks in different parts of the state. This would be better than having one large park. Each park should be of fair size of course, to afford the game a refuge. No one should be allowed to hunt, trap or fish within the limits of said park or parks, and the state should either own, which is the better way, or control the land within said park or parks, but don't permit any private concern or person or persons to control any game preserves within the state. The wild game and fish within the state belong to the people of the state and not to a few. The people of this country have been giving away their privileges to persons, corporations, etc., such as railroads and corrupt public service companies till now it looks as though the people would have to fight to throw off the yoke they have put upon their own necks.

Don't let us, the people of Maine, hard-headed, sound sensed, far seeing down easters, yoke ourselves again. Keep the control of the state in the hands of the people, all the people and not a few, "would be masters."—H. E. Ford.

A HANDSOME CALENDAR

Maine Woods has received a handsome calendar from the Peters Cartridge Co. It is in colors, of generous length, and shows a sportsman packing his trunk for the annual fall hunting trip. The dog is very interested in the work of preparation. The calendar is worthy of a place in any sportsman's den.

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

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

L. B. BRACKETT,
Business Manager
ROY ATKINSON,
Editor and Assistant Manager

OUTING EDITION.
8 pages, \$1.00 per year
LOCAL EDITION.
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ama subscriptions, 50 cents extra. For-
eign subscriptions, 75 cents extra.

Entered as second class matter, January 21,
1909, at the postoffice at Phillips, Maine, under
the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Maine Woods thoroughly covers
the entire state of Maine as to Hunt-
ing, Fishing, Trapping, Camping and
Outing news and the whole Franklin
county locally.

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

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

The Editions of the Maine Woods
this week are 6,500 copies.

Thursday, December 26, 1912.

HERE IS A NEW PLAN
TO SAVE THE MOOSE

Hunter Says, "Allow No Person to
Take Any Part of a Moose
Out of Town, County
or State.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I am a native of that land of
steady habits of by-gone rural days,
therefore I will try to be as brief
on the moose question as perhaps
a non-resident should be. At the
first onslaught I wish to say that
I have hunted at least ten years
in Maine, where good heads of both
moose and deer were quite plenty
previous to the state license, grant-
ing market shooting on private
grounds. The great ambition for
native and especially visiting sports-
men is to obtain a good head as
a trophy from the chase. Also his
two deer or moose for the Boston
market, where he receives a gen-
erous price that adds something to
the thickness of his depleted
pocketbook that has just returned
from the woods of Maine. Con-
sequently there may be a little con-
cern for the scarcity of moose.

The cow moose should be quite
plenty after years of protection,
but are they unusually so? Now
if it is absolutely necessary to
have five years' close season on
moose, which ought to make them
quite plenty, with some good heads
that could be taken the following
year or two, why not pass a law
that could be more easily enforced?
Allow no person to take any part
of a moose out of town, county or
state; open season on moose com-
mencing November 1st, ending on
November 25, closed, as usual on
cow moose.

Frank J. Watrous.
East Hampton, Conn., Nov. 16.

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Natural Animal Scents

Burbank's Famous Natural Animal
Scents are beyond all question of doubt
the most powerful and perfect scents
made for furbearing animals. You are
not only welcome to come to my labora-
tory but you are invited to come and
see the glands and everything else that
enter into their composition and then
you will know why they are best. I
absolutely guarantee to return the pur-
chase price if not satisfactory.

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Lynx	100 sets 1.00
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dress all orders to

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New Portland, - - Maine

PROTECT BULLS
FOR TWO YEARS

Blaine S. Viles, Member of Fish
and Game Commission, Also
Thinks Increase in War-
den Service Nec-
essary to Save the
Moose.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Your letter of recent date asking
for my opinion as to the better
protection of moose is at hand up-
on my return from New Hampshire.
It is my belief that the best in-
terests of the state can be served
by placing a close time on moose
for a period of two years, and add-
ing to this more warden service
of the right kind.

In support of this I would say



BLAINE S. VILES, MEMBER OF THE FISH AND GAME COM-
MISSION, WHO FAVORS PROTECTING BULL MOOSE FOR TWO
YEARS.

that bulls are becoming less nu-
merous each year; that the heads
taken now are inferior to those
taken in years past; and that the
cows are not producing the young
that they should.

To my mind the number of moose
that can be retained in the state
depends upon the following: The
amount of winter feed available;
the degree to which the animals
are allowed to enjoy the solitude
of the big woods which they love,
and which is interfered with by
the operations of man; and proper
observance of sane legislation on
the part of the people.

The extent to which we could
improve the winter feed is question-
able; over the second condition we
have no control, but for the last
we are directly responsible and it
is our duty to enact proper legis-
lation and see that it is carried
out. Proper legislation at this time
would seem to be protection for the
bulls. I would favor a close time
period of two years, not that this
length of time will be sufficient to
remedy conditions, but that we may
be able to observe what effect

such close time is having. At the
expiration of two years the close
time can be extended or abolished
as seems best.

I realize that the opinion is held
by some that there are as many
moose in Maine today as ever be-
fore, but that they are found in
different localities than formerly.
The claim is also made that the
length of time that they will re-
main in the state depends entirely
upon conditions over which we have
no control. These people believe
that the moose are destined to go
and that we should take advantage
of their presence while they are
with us. I am not prepared to dis-
prove this contention, but I do
know that today we have more
cows than bulls in our forests and
that the animals are not propagat-
ing as they should. The bulls are
inferior. A close time on cows and
an open season on bulls in the past
has undoubtedly caused this condi-
tion of affairs in part at least. It
is now up to us to do something

for the bulls if possible and the
logical measure that presents itself
is a period of close time. Grant-
ing that the effect may not be all
that could be desired, it is about all
that is open to us, and my opinion
is that with proper warden service
the results will justify such action.

We should not lose sight of the
fact that large amounts of cap-
ital are invested in camps and equip-
ment for the entertainment of
hunters, and that many citizens of
the state are engaged in this bus-
iness. Others profit indirectly from
the money expended by those who
go into the woods in search of
game. The men who run the camps
are largely responsible for the de-
velopment of the fish and game in-
terests of the state. The rights
of these people should be protected.
A period of absolute close time
on moose will undoubtedly keep
away some who go to the woods
to hunt this animal, but I am of
the opinion that it will in time re-
sult in benefit to camp owners and
to the state in general.

Yours very truly,
Blaine S. Viles.

SAYS RESIDENTS
SHOULD PAY A FEE

Western Man Thinks It Unfair for
Instate Hunters to Get Game
without a License—"Save
the Moose," He Adds.

The following letter from L.
Kurtz, vice president of The West-
ern Ohio Hunters' Association of
Celina, Ohio, sounds the same note
of warning found in other letters,
"Save the Moose." Mr. Kurtz also
favors the licensing of resident
hunters. He says:

Farmersville, Ohio, Dec. 18.
To the Editor of Maine Woods:

A few weeks ago we arrived home
with a hunting party from the wilds
of Aroostook county, Maine. Libby
Bros., Oxbow, was our destination.
Deer and birds were rather plenti-
ful. Our party got their full al-
lowance of deer and some very fine
large bucks with large antlers.

I notice in your paper that there
are quite a few who think there
ought to be a resident license, at
least from one county to another,
as there are a great many hunters
from the southern part of the state
who go up to the northern part
and carry off the deer without
paying anything for the privilege
or for the benefit of protect-
ing the game whatever. While
the deer are real plentiful at this
time, if this is kept up they will
gradually get scarcer with the small
protection they have.

As to moose, their days are num-
bered unless something is done
for them soon, as there are only
a very few bull moose, and with
the extremely long open season they
cannot last long. I believe for the
future good of all interested in
the moose question it would be
well to have a close season for
three years at least. It would lea-
sen the non-resident hunters for
the period of close time but would
make it up when the open season
came again. At present it is almost
useless to go to Maine for a moose.

L. Kurtz.

SPORTING NOTES.

Nash of Maine, taxidermist at
Norway, is mounting two of the
biggest moose heads probably
brought into Maine this year. One
62 1-2 inch spread for the Grand
Trunk railroad, shot in New Brun-
swick; one 61 1-8 inch Robert R.
Meyer, Jacksonville, Fla., shot at
Little Lake, N. B.

"WILSON IS RIGHT,"
SAYS W. T. ASHBY

"That Parkhurst Man" Argues in
Favor of a Three Year Law
on Moose.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Mr. Wilson is right; there cer-
tainly should be a close time for
at least three years on moose; if
not there will soon be no moose
in Maine. The present law is all
wrong; moose are not domestic ani-
mals and by nature are not like
cattle. All well-informed hunters
and guides know this. In August,
after the cow moose weans her
calf she looks for a mate and if
she finds one to suit her they fre-
quently stay together all winter. If
not she goes to the great Canad-
ian forest and finds one and does
not return. The moose in Maine
today are in-bred and scrubby and
they are rapidly disappearing. By
all means let us have a change
in the moose law.

Yours truly,
W. T. Ashby.

Caribou, Me., Dec. 12, 1912.

LAIL TARR GETS FISHER

(Special to Maine Woods).
Kingfield, December 20—Some of
the trappers have been very lucky
in town this fall and winter, one
of the best known being Lail Tarr,
who has secured a number of nice
furs, one of them being a hand-
some fisher.

There has been a good catch of
skunk and many muskrats. Some
good foxes have also fallen by the
wayside.

FOR NEXT WEEK.

Buffalo hunting on the plains was
a sport indulged in years ago by
Hon. Harry B. Austin, one of the
candidates for Chairman of the fish
and game commission. Mr. Austin
will tell some of his most exciting
adventures in next week's Maine
Woods.

In the next issue will also be
found an interesting article from
Pierce Pond camps and an outing
story by G. M. Hatch of Farning-
ton, who knows how to write en-
tertainingly on woods matters.

Be sure and read next week's
Maine Woods.

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The Sandy river runs through 100 acres of intervale that can be made very
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Large two story house and barn in splendid condition, surrounded by several
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A good farming proposition with lumber enough to pay for the farm.
As a country home it cannot be surpassed. Inquire at farm, one mile south
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W. H. CONANT, Manager, Boerner-Fry Co., Iowa City, Iowa.

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(By JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE)

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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 Fordhook Farm, Three Tuns, 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 rear sights, cost \$13.50. Write. Make offers, C. L. Chamberlin, Osseo Michigan.

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—Reo touring car with all new tires, tubes, fully equipped with top, clock, tire irons, tire case and chains. Price \$325. George Bangs, Phillips.

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

FOR SALE—Snows, Belleflowers and Spies, \$2.00 per barrel. Georgine V. Wilbur.

FOR SALE—or will exchange for smaller pair, one pair heavy oxen, well matched and good workers. C. L. Prescott. Telephoneoe.

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

WANTED.

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.

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.

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.

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

TO LET.

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 Airedales, 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.

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.

WEAR **HUB** RUBBERS This winter

FLY ROD'S NOTE BOOK

To the thousands of readers of the Maine Woods who come to our lakes and woods for the summer I extend a happy New Year's greeting.

For the next few weeks, while the thermometer drops down below zero I shall not have the latch string out at St. Anthony's cottage but expect to spend the time with friends, but my mail sent to Phillips will find me.

"Save the moose of Maine," the wise ones have been saying for years and now let everybody help save the monarch of our forest, which is found in the best hunting and fishing state in the Union.

Why not save some of the big trout in the Rangeley Lakes?

The citizens of our state have chosen gentlemen who understand that they are sent to Augusta this winter to make wise laws, laws that will help improve the hunting and I feel sure they will do the best for our state and those who come here to enjoy the life out of doors, on the water and in the forest.

FLY ROD CLOSES HER HOME.

Visiting Friends in Maine Now But Will Go to Boston Later

Miss Cornelia T. Crosby, (Fly Rod), closed her house last Saturday for a period of several months. Miss Crosby will visit friends in Hallowell and other Maine cities and towns, later going to Boston for a stay of some duration.

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.

SCHOOL BUILDING TO COST \$15,687

Contract for New Rangeley School Edifice Calls for Its Completion by Nov. 1, 1913.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Rangeley, Dec. 24.—The adjourned town meeting was called to order by Moderator H. A. Furbish, Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. There was a good attendance and much interest shown in the work of the meeting.

There were bids from three contractors, George Russell and A. M. Hoar of Rangeley, and the H. P. Cummings Construction Company of Ware, Mass.

The H. P. Cummings Co. was the lowest bidder and the contract with them has been signed. The amount named in the contract is \$15,687 and includes everything necessary to fit the building for occupancy. The work is to be completed by May 1, 1913. A building committee was appointed as follows: Dr. A. M. Ross, chairman, Leon Wright and Saul Collins. The committee was authorized to hire an inspector.

The work of rebuilding is in charge of Mr. White of the Cummings Construction Company, under whose management the work was

tributions were earned. Twenty-five dollars was realized, part of which goes to the Odd Fellows Orphans' Home fund, and part for use in the Rebekah lodge.

A nail driving contest, in which only ladies participated was enjoyed especially by onlookers. The time was one minute and Mrs. Lovell Nile won the prize by driving 23½ nails in that time. Mrs. Will Tomlinson was a close second, driving 22½.

The refreshments consisted of a box lunch with coffee, the proceeds to go into the Odd Fellows banquet fund.

William Kempton of Bates is home for the holidays.

The people who recently left here for a trip to California have been enjoying a short stay in Salt Lake City.

The young people of the church met at Mrs. Murphy's Monday night for another rehearsal of the Christmas music.

Mrs. Durant is spending the winter here with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Stewart.

E. B. Herrick, who suffered a severe attack of acute indigestion on Wednesday of last week is again out and at work.

I. B. Toothaker spent Christmas in Lewiston.

Floyd Huntoon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huntoon has been very ill for a week but is reported as being more comfortable.

Geo. Hoar recently purchased a

their homes here.

Mrs. Belle Knowlton and son Frank, of Brunswick, are visiting Mrs. A. M. Ross.

Dr. C. S. Stewart is spending the holidays at his home in South Paris.

Miss Florence Barker is with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Kimball, for a few weeks.

At Grange meeting Saturday night of last week the gentlemen served refreshments of ham sandwiches, coffee, fancy cookies and pickles. This week the ladies furnish the refreshments.

KEEP GUNS OUT THE WOODS IN SUMMER

R. Walker of Mackamp Favors No-Guns-in-Summer Policy.

Mackamp, Me., Dec. 18. To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I think it would be a good thing to have a close time on moose for a spell, but I think it would be still better if guns were not taken in the woods in the summer months, also residents to be compelled to have licenses. R. Walker.

SPORTING NOTES

"Rastus" is the name of a pet coon, owned by Mrs. Frank L. Dyer of Strong. Rastus was captured in a trap some months ago. When he was taken from the jaws of the iron monster it was found necessary to amputate one of its paws, which was done by Dr. Bell of Strong. The operation was very successful and Rastus has grown fat in his cage in the Dyer cellar. Mrs. Dyer has taught the coon to shake hands and pick the hairpins from her hair. She feeds him on milk, cream, fruit, cold "hermits," grapes, oranges, pears, etc. "I cater to Rastus," explains Mrs. Dyer in speaking of her pet's diet. "During the corn season he ate two bushels of corn on the cob, but he cannot be induced to eat canned corn."

Arthur Robinson of 4 Liberty Square, Boston, sends Maine Woods a copy of a publication published in 1887, entitled "Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Dead River Region, Including Tim, Seven and Other Ponds." This guide has among other advertising matter, an advertisement of the Barden House in Phillips, conducted by Sam Farmer. "A fine barge is run free for the guests to and from the depot and the baggage is carefully looked after and handled without charge." Maine Woods hopes to print extracts from the book at a later date, for many of the natural features of this section are described in an interesting manner.

William True of Phillips, who has a camp at Dallas, says that he has not been able to catch a single bob cat this season, although the woods are full of them in the vicinity of his camp. He thinks that the big cats refuse his bait because the rabbits are so numerous in that section.

WEAR **HUB** RUBBERS This winter

Birthday Card Shower.

Mrs. Sarah Ross whose eighty-eighth birthday came on December 17, enjoyed a heavy post card shower, receiving 150.

Misses Luene Pillsbury and Mildred Robertson of Bates college are passing the Christmas vacation at



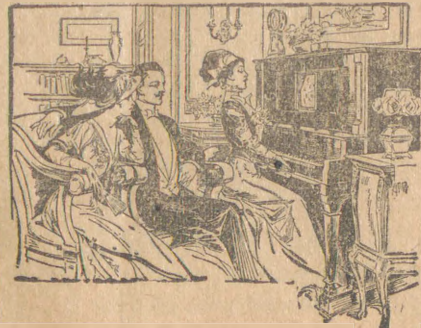
THE MAINE RABBIT HUNTING IS NOW IN FULL SWING AND HERE IS A GOOD STRING OF BUNNIES.

conducted a year ago. Mr. White proposes to employ a large crew of men and work will be begun on Friday of this week.

Annual Roll Call.

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs held their annual roll call last Friday with between fifty and sixty members present. Many members of the Rebekah lodge pledged themselves to earn 50 cents in some way other than their usual line of work and to give the money at roll call, each telling of the way in which the money was secured. No end of amusement was caused by the experiences related. Mrs. Clara Quinn told her story in rhyme and it was one of the most interesting of all. One sister earned part of hers by shoveling a sled out of the snow, another knit mittens and one, so she said, earned hers by asking her husband for it. One of the brothers was given fifty cents by his wife to shut his mouth and some used to tell how their con-

ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO



THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.,

Makers. Established in 1877 MERRIDEN, CONN.

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."



NYOLENE SMOTHERS RUST & SOOTHERS PAIN

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

YOU want NYOLENE

It adds years to the life of guns and tackle, is clean and of great value as a healing, cooling salve for bruises, strains, sunburns and insect bites. A BIG TUBE 25c

EVERYWHERE

Wm F. NYE, New Bedford, Mass Mfr., of NYOIL

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

Give Hunters Hunting Gifts

They'd much rather have them. Sportsmen get about everything for Christmas but the things they can use on their hunting trips. Give your father, brother or son a Marble Safety Hunting Knife—Safety Axe—Coat Compass—Waterproof Match Box and their appreciation will well repay you. Get

MARBLE'S GAME GETTER GUN

—every member of the family can use it. The upper barrel shoots .22; lower, .44 (shot or ball). Barrels 12, 15, and 18 inches long. Effective on everything from deer to snipe. You can hunt big game and practice marksmanship without wasting big ammunition. Stock adjusts to any "drop"—folds up for insertion into holster under coat—or comes off for pistol practice. *Even though you owned six other guns, you wouldn't part with your "Game Getter."*

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
550 Delta Avenue Gladstone, Michigan
Pacific Coast Branch—BAILE YSPECIALTY CO., San Francisco.

HOW SHOT GUNS ARE MADE FROM START TO FINISH

Two General Classes of Shot Guns and Many Modifications of These---How "Twist" Barrels Are Made.

A man ought to have considerable confidence in the quality of the material when he is willing to explode a charge of gun powder with a bursting force of from 50,000 to 65,000 pounds to the square inch within a few inches of his head with nothing between but the thickness of his gun barrel, three-sixteenths of an inch of steel.

Yet that gun barrel might be a section of nicely finished gas pipe, so far as the average sportsman who blithely blazes away is informed. There seems to be but little general knowledge of the interesting process which results in the finished gun barrel or of the great skill, care and scientific knowledge required in the work of manufacture.

Shotgun barrels may be divided in to two general classes, those made from twisted rods or ribbons of steel and those made from untwisted solid steel bars. Twisting gives the Damascus barrel and the "solid weldless twist" barrel. Boring a solid untwisted steel bar is the general practice in making the comparatively low priced American guns, but this process if carefully carried out, using only the best materials, will produce a barrel that will answer almost all requirements. Barrels may also be made by rolling out pierced blanks; they may be rolled hollow by the Mannesmann process or they may be forged and then drilled.

The quality of the barrel, says Harper's Weekly, depends less upon the method of forming it than upon the material used when any but the twist method is followed. With the twist barrel the manipulation is all important. In the nature of things the twisted barrel will stand a greater strain and it is possible to give it a finish far more attractive than can be done with the plain steel barrel. Also the process of manufacture is much more interesting.

All Damascus barrels must be made of twisted rods. Without this twisting of the rods the finished barrel would have the appearance of a wire twist barrel, but by twisting the metal the grain is so arranged that it appears on the outside of the finished barrel in the form of irregular links or circles. The material used in making Damascus barrels is figured iron, that is a mixture of iron and steel.

Pig iron from the best ores is placed in a furnace and cleansed

from all dross by puddling, when the dross, being lighter than the iron, rises to the surface and is skimmed off. The liquid iron is then allowed to cool slightly and is worked into "blooms" of 100 pounds each. A "bloom" under the hammer soon becomes a square block, which in turn in the rolling mill becomes a ten foot bar.

Much hammering with a tilt hammer condenses the metal, while the rolling process increases the ductility and tenacity by elongating the fibre. In some gun shops the heating and hammering of the metal is repeated three times, the loss of metal being 40 per cent. Further processes cause additional loss, until not more than 10 to 15 per cent. of the original weight of iron ever gets into a gun barrel.

The proportion of iron and steel entering into a barrel is largely a matter of individual opinion among gunsmiths, but the best English Damascus and modern laminated steel contains over 60 per cent. pure steel and the fine silver steel Damascus barrels contain 75 per cent. best worked steel.

In piling the iron and steel it is possible so as to arrange the metal that many different figures will result. In piling the iron for ordinary Damascus strips of iron and steel are laid upon each other alternately; in another figure the iron in stead of being in strips is in rods so arranged that in cross section they resemble a checkerboard. Chain twist, diamond twist, etc., are produced by appropriate arrangement of these strips of iron and steel and there is practically no limit to the number of different designs that may be made.

The next process is to heat and weld the faggot of piled iron and steel and roll it into rods of the sizes required by the welder. The welder may for a common barrel have the metal in the shape of a strip about three-quarters of an inch wide and of rhomboidal section. Eighteen pounds of prepared gun iron are required to weld a pair of 12 gauge barrels which when finished will not weigh over three and a half pounds.

Barrels of high class guns are almost all hand welded. The square rods of iron are first twisted to give the Damascus figure. These rods are about four feet long and placed in a furnace and heated until about 18 inches of the length is a bright red. One end is then thrust into a square hole and the rod twisted, a wrench handle and cog wheels giving the rotary motion, the process being repeated until the entire rod is twisted with about eight turns to the inch. The rod is now of course round, with the exception of the ends, and has been reduced to about three feet, three inches in length.

The cheapest Damascus barrels, single iron stub Damascus, are made from a single twisted bar; two iron stub Damascus barrels are made from two twisted rods, each three-eighths of an inch square, welded

together and rolled into a ribbon with the twisted spirals in opposite directions; the three iron barrels have three rods similarly twisted and welded. The Belgians sometimes use four and even six rods in producing fancy figures, but three irons are sufficient to give a very fine effect. The real English Damascus is made with three rods; silver steel Damascus is similarly made, but of different metal piled in different order.

The rods having been twisted and welded together they are sent to the iron mill and rolled at a red heat into ribbons which have both edges bevelled the same way. Two of these ribbons are required to form a single barrel, the one for the breech being somewhat thicker than the one for the muzzle. These ribbons are twisted into a spiral, this twisting being done cold unless very heavy barrels are desired. The metal coils are next heated, a steel mandrel is inserted and the coil is welded by hammering. The two coil are next welded together, the breech section being about six inches long. Then comes more hammering until the metal is cold, and the barrel is complete except for the finishing.

There are shops in Belgium where the method just described is followed, but in which machines are utilized for twisting and hammering and where no steel whatever is used, the Damascus effect being attained by using two grades of iron. Such barrels are naturally more apt to contain flaws than a handworked product, and on all iron barrels is not sufficiently strong to withstand safely the explosion of the powders now generally used. At the same time some of the finest barrels in the world are made in that country by hand, and the idea that all Belgian guns are of low grade is a decided mistake.

The six iron Damascus is a product of Belgium. For these remarkable barrels 32 alternating bars of iron and steel are rolled into a sheet three-sixteenths of an inch thick, this sheet is split into square rods and the rods are twisted as heretofore described, but are given 18 complete turns to the inch. The result is a figure on the finished barrel no larger than the eye of a small needle. The usual Belgian Damascus barrel of commerce is a two iron barrel, but made from larger rods than those used by the English, and having consequently a coarser figure and not showing so many light colored streaks as the English two iron barrel.

The reason for combining steel and iron in gun barrels is that pure steel would be too brittle to withstand the shock of the explosion and pure iron too soft; a proper combination of the metal renders the barrel sufficiently elastic to return to its original size after the expansion caused by the discharge. The three iron Damascus barrel is, according to a majority of the experts, the most satisfactory. The six iron barrels are for practical purposes overtwisted.

"Solid weldless twist" barrels, which have of late years gained much popularity are made by the simple process of twisting a bar of metal of proper composition and boring out the center. The principal advantages of this form of barrel are its cheapness when compared with the welded barrel and the fact that there are never any of the gray specks liable to occur in the best of Damascus barrels. These gray specks are particles of burnt metal or scale imbedded in the metal during one of the many welding operations, and while they do not affect the strength of the barrels to any appreciable extent they detract from their appearance.

A fairly good Damascus barrel will average about 30 years' service, or the firing of 100,000 shots, if properly cared for and be perfectly safe to use. Of course the best of barrels can be ruined in a short time by rough usage, for a Damascus barrel will not stand a blow given sideways, and the gun should never be discharged when there is a dent in the barrel.

FOREST FIRES EXPENSIVE.

Some Interesting Figures Shown from a Recent Report on the Matter.

It cost the state of Maine a small fraction over two mills an acre to patrol and protect from fire

a vast territory of wild lands in northern Maine during the past season. This territory was under the direction of Hosea B. Buck of this city, chief warden under Forest Com'r. Mace, and it includes 95 townships, embracing an area of 2,317,199 acres, and is valued, according to the report of the assessors for 1910, at \$9,527,199. The fire district tax of one and one-half mills on this valuation amounted to \$14,230.80 for the present year, and of this amount there was used \$4,918.37.

Mr. Buck has recently submitted his report as chief warden for the district to the forest commissioner and these figures are given in the report.

In view of the fact that but a small part of the revenue from these wild lands was spent in their protection this year, Mr. Buck makes the following suggestion in his report:

"In view of the fact that on Aug. 15, 1911, the date that the state discontinued the patrol, this territory had to its credit an unexpended balance of \$5,782.54 and that for the past season it has to its credit an unexpended balance of \$9,006.23, a total of \$14,788.77 for the two years; it seems only equitable and just that the state refund to the owners interested therein, the sum that they expended in 1911, subsequent to Aug. 15, to continue the patrol for the remainder of the season. The extra cost to these owners was \$1,915, and on behalf of these several owners, I would ask your favorable consideration of the matter and trust that you approve of the payment of the amount."

At another place in his report Mr. Buck says: "With the weather conditions as they were during the past season one not familiar with the nature of the work and the peculiar situation of this territory, would expect to carry on the patrol work with much less force than was employed. But to get the proper men for the work it is absolutely necessary to engage them early in the season and having so engaged them it was necessary to put them to work as near the usual time as possible. Then, too, after the men are once located on the patrols it is impracticable to take them off because of a wet period.

The class of men best fitted for satisfactory patrol work need and can command steady employment and in this remote territory one must figure on employing a certain number of men, even through the season, as the one just passed, is a most favorable one.

"In no way is the old saying, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' more applicable than in the matter of protection of our

have to do with the work the more firmly convinced I am, that our greatest efforts and expenditures of money should be directed toward an efficient patrol with the hope of discovering fires in season to be extinguished by the patrol, and thus prevent a large conflagration, the extent and damage of which cannot be estimated. The results obtained from the patrol in this northern district, during the past eight years, clearly demonstrate that an efficient patrol does not protect."

There were but two fires in this whole territory during the past season that got beyond the control of the patrolmen. One was on T. 19, R. 12, burning over about 40 acres and causing a damage of \$300. The expense of extinguishing this fire was \$348.70. The other was on T. 12, R. 6, burning over 50 acres and causing a damage of about \$400. This fire cost \$17.50 to extinguish.

No new fire fighting tools have been bought for this territory since 1909, but with the exception of a certain allowance for breakage and loss the equipment is nearly complete.

BERWICK TRAPPER WRITES.

(Continued from page three).

R., and I think it would be O. K. I should have the right barrel cylinder bore for use of round ball. This would be O. K. for deer at 100 yards or less. The other barrel I should have choke bored for shot shells to use on small game. I think the above would be about it. I have tried about all kinds of all round guns for the trap line and none has suited me as yet. Hoping to see some articles on the subject, I remain, Trapper.

DEATH ROLL FOR PAST YEAR.

Boston, Dec. 15.—Twenty-seven men and boys were killed by firearms in the New England states and the maritime provinces during the fall hunting season which closed at midnight last night. In addition one boy was shot before the legal season opened, three men were drowned while hunting and two hunters died from exhaustion.

The number of victims is a slight reduction from the figures of last year, but exceeds the total of 1900. Maine contributed ten victims, Massachusetts five, New Hampshire four, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut one each, and the provinces five.

The decreased figures are in the face of a greater number of hunters than ever before.

Six of the hunters killed were shot in mistake for animals. Ten were killed by their own guns and 11 by the accidental discharge of guns in the hands of others.

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.

BEACON FALLS

Leather Top Rubber Shoes

are the "come-again, tell-your-friends" kind. Protect your pleasure and health—look for the "Cross" moulded on each shoe.

ROCK ELM—This style has no heel. Sole heavy rolled. Waterproof. Made of tough rubber—fresh, new, elastic. Toe is ribbed. Tops of chrome leather strongly sewed to uppers. Bellows tongue—rawhide laces. Heights from 8 to 16 inch. 10 inch height about \$4.50 at your dealer's. "Sherman"

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.

D. F. HOYT,
Phillips, Me.

ANOTHER DOCTOR SPEAKS:

"This is to certify that to my certain knowledge several men from our town, all of whom I know well and all of whom were heavy drinkers of long standing, have been cured of the drink habit by a course of three-days' treatment at the Neal Institute." From affidavit by A. E. H., M.D., proving that the

DRINK HABIT

can be overcome by the NEAL 3-DAY TREATMENT. No hypodermics used. Results absolutely certain. All dealings confidential. **DRUG HABITS SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.** Call upon, address or phone

THE NEAL INSTITUTE,
147 Pleasant Ave., Portland, Maine.
Telephone 4216.

FIERCE BATTLE WITH A BIG BUCK

A Story from Seboomook, Showing
How They Catch 'Em Alive
in That Region.

Capturing a big buck deer alive was the unusual feat of William Harrington of Carmel and Henry Nichols of Old Town, at the Pittston farm at Seboomook on the night of December 14. The buck put up a hard fight and it was only after a long struggle and with additional help that he was overpowered. Both men were nearly exhausted and had not help arrived when it did they would have had to release their holds and taken their chances with the buck's fore feet, which they had no desire to do. But after tackling him it was a case of hold on or get hurt.

There was not more than five or six inches of snow which makes the exploit all the more remarkable, for while deer have been run down in the deep snow by men on snow shoes and captured while exhausted, this buck was strong and full of fight and it took nerve to tackle him barehanded. In fact tackling the buck barehanded was farthest from Harrington's thoughts when he first heard him in the fence but

WOODS, PHILLIPS, MAINE, DEC. 26, 1912

7

BOB CAT ENJOYS BEING PETTED

Purrs Like a Coffee Grinder When
Kind Friends Rub His Whiskers.

The woodsmen sitting by the side of log cabin fire places in the vicinity of Redington tell stories of the tame bob cat that is supposed to live in that part of the country.

Some person has named the cat "Bunny" for he is as fond of rabbits as any other bob cat. Now and then, the story goes, Bunny comes out of retirement and meets his friends, allowing them to rub his whiskers and smooth the fur on his back. On these occasions the big bob cat purrs with a sound that makes one think of a coffee grinder in full action.

There are people who have met this cat who have tried to tweak his stubby tail. But all who have done so have regretted the action, for Bunny does not allow such liberties. How the cat became tame enough to allow people to pet him is not explained by the woodsmen who tell the story.

THE FULL STORY OF A LONG FISHING TRIP IN CANADA.

(Continued from Page 2.)

back of it a big water-covered rock which splits the stream. The water flows with incredible swiftness on both sides, but my two Indians managed to get through the rough water of the rapids into the back wash flowing toward the rock. Trout will not rise to a fly in these rough spots, so I cast a 'cockatash' which is a three inch, mottled grey, bull-headed fish found under small rocks in three or four feet of water, and speared with an ordinary table-fork fixed to the end of a stick. I cast a "Cockatash" right into the boiling water behind the rock, pulling it in again as quickly as possible. One big trout broke my hook and got away after I had had him long enough to consider him my meat. I hooked another but he got away almost immediately.

That particular place offers most exciting sport, for the slightest mistake in the management of the canoe would throw it into the bad water on either side with the chance of an upset reasonably certain. At a word to the bow paddle by the very able paddler in the stern, the canoe was spun around on a dead centre and a minute later we were on the outside and in smooth water. I made several visits to this interesting spot, but I never could stay longer than fifteen or twenty minutes—the flying water nauseated me.

Archie anchoring in the middle of the river and casting his flies is uniformly successful. His largest trout to date is a four-and-a-quarter-pound buck with bright red fins and copper-gold belly. Joe—"Fat Joe Bouchard," as he is known—mounted the skin on a sheet of birch bark, and he did it so artistically that I want one for myself.

Just a word as to our guides. Childishly happy at all times they get away with a tremendous amount of exceedingly hard work. Our canoe—Hudson Bay Co. type—weighs at least one hundred and fifty pounds each. Two men carry one of these canoes up hill and down dale, over a mile and three quarters of rough country without rest; then, five minutes later continue for another mile and three quarters, the end of the portage. Even then they do not rest but start back immediately for back-breaking individual loads running up to three hundred pounds. I saw one Indian who thought nothing of four hundred and fifty pounds, and who had once made a reputation for himself by carrying seven one hundred pound bags of flour, four hundred yards. After everything had been toted from one end of the portage to the other, I have never known any Indians to rest any longer than to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads; after that they immediately packed the canoes for the remainder of the trip by water. While paddling, they laugh and chat in their own tongue, occasionally racing with each other, and when a canoe is propelled by four strong arms, reinforced by backs that know no breaking—such as theirs—appear to be—there is something

doing.

They pole up and shoot dangerous rapids with the same nonchalance that a white man passes up and down stairs. On one occasion I felt so certain that nothing could save us from destruction, that I dropped to the bottom of my canoe in an effort to give it all the stability possible. We were on the ragged edge of very rough water and hedged in on the other side by jagged rocks. Frank's pole missed its hold, and he had all he could do to save himself from going over the side. He spoke rather than shouted a word of warning to the other man, who jammed his pole astern and managed to hold the canoe where she was, until Frank had recovered himself. Then we forged ahead but it was slow and very difficult work.

After supper the guides invariably tie themselves to their tent, where for an hour they sit in the dark,—what doing, the Lord only knows, but after the ceremony, a candle is lighted, the cards brought out, and poker for plugs, begun. The limit is a ten-cent plug of the blackest tobacco I ever saw; the ante—a match, the value of which is one cent. The air is none too good, so a close inspection of the ways of Indians in the great American pastime is not for us.

A supreme court judge from the States on his way down river, passing through our island camp this morning. He stopped for a little refreshment, at Archie's invitation, became extraordinarily communicative for a judge, and admitted that he had caught twenty-five pounds of trout in one pool in one day. Verily! As Josh Billings says, "Human nature is the same the world over excepting in New England, where it is according to circumstances." The law of the river is that not more than ten pounds of trout may be taken in any one day, but what does it matter, (even though I be a judge whose duty it is to punish transgressors of the law,) if I am away from home, and where the eyes of my neighbor are not upon me. In such a case there is no law, or if there is, it is a foolish law and made to be broken.

Note: The good judge probably threw his line into the stream.)

We moved on to Camp Victoria after spending three delightful days and four equally delightful nights at Island Portage. The hours spent in fishing were not many, because we always caught the limit of weight in short order, but the camp was so beautifully situated, that the time flew on golden wings. There was a long, heavy fall and rapid directly behind our sleeping tent; to the right, another, and directly in front, a third—the most imposing of all. Our morning dip was in swift water and when the sun, "the altogether" was not too much, although the water was very cold. When the sun was not out, a pair of hip boots permitted a semi-nature bath.

On the other side of one branch of the stream, another party of four made very agreeable neighbors, since they not only had "a little Seagram," but spread themselves in big camp fires at night. One of their guides came so near to being a real Indian of the dime novel type, that he found it necessary to give a genuine war-whoop every so often, and our boys never failed to respond as good Indians should.

(To be continued.)

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

FUNSTEN Pays Cash for Furs

We Want Ten Million Dollars' Worth of Furs
You get bigger prices, better grades and more money by sending mail orders to your nearest Funsten Bros. & Co. in St. Louis. The biggest fur to market and European buyers are represented at our large regular sales. Competition for Funsten Furs is fierce. We get the best prices. That's why we can pay you more money for your furs. You deal direct with us. No agents to split your profits. We want your furs—anything from one to ten million dollars' worth of just such furs. We want your furs—anything from one to ten million dollars' worth of just such furs.

Use Funsten Animal Salt
Guaranteed to increase your catch and protect your stock. 21 cents. Use max. 100 lbs. per acre. Took Grand Prize, World's Fair, 1904. Used by the U. S. Government. Used by the U. S. Army. State kind wanted. Trap baited at night, cost, 10 cents. Entire outfit at big saving to trappers. FREE Send for Catalog and Game Laws—3 books in one; also Fur Market. Amusements and a World Shipping Tags, etc. All free. Write today. Funsten Bros. & Co., 783 Funsten Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

forts to get through the fence and had just butted into it again when Harrington got both arms about his neck. With a shake of his head the buck threw Harrington 10 feet into the snow. Nichols came up as Harrington was picking himself up and both rushed for the deer. The buck turned and ran along the fence straight for Harrington easily clearing his head in a jump. He continued along the fence until he ran between it and a big yellow birch, tearing off both horns. Before he could get through or back out the men were on him and then began a struggle for the mastery which lasted fully 20 minutes. Once the buck got on his feet with both men hanging to him. Nichols was struck in the shin by one of his fore feet and let go his hold but Harrington got both arms around the buck's hind legs and threw him again. Nichols fell on his head and the struggle continued until help arrived. The buck's legs were tied and was hauled to one of the barns and shot. When dressed he weighed 153 pounds.

"Did you ever hear a buck growl when he is mad?" asked Harrington. "Well you ought to have heard that fellow when we were rolling over the hill with him."

SPORTING NOTES

On the very last day

Shaw's Pneumatic Smoker

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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Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camp. New reading matter, interesting. The first edition was exhausted much sooner than we expected and the popular demand was so great for a second edition that we published an enlarged and improved edition to be sold by mail (postpaid) at the low price named. Twelve cents, postpaid. Stamps accepted.

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GUIDES' ADDRESSES

This column is for sale to guides who want their addresses to appear in Maine Woods each week in alphabetical order. For price address Maine Woods, Phillips, Maine.

Leander A. Dole, Sebago Lake, Me.
James E. Durrell, Rangeley, Me.
Joseph J. Hill, The Forks, Me.
Earl G. Johnston, Masardis, Me.
R. B. Lowrie, R. F. D. 1, Eastbrook, Maine.
C. S. McGowan, Portage Lake, Me.
George H. Potts, Bridgton, Me.
H. H. Tibbetts, 16 Manly St., Auburn, Maine.
M. G. Webber, Jay, Maine.
Allan Watters, Fort Kent, Maine.

THE PLACE—In the fishing territory in the State of Maine picturesque elevation of 2,500 feet of 30,000 acres. There are numerous easy walking distance from the camps.

THE CAMPS—There are double beds. The camps are fireplaces. They are thoroughly included in the camp equipment: ing room camp, hen house, bath, flush closets, wood sawing outfit, pumping system, farming tools, and lying camps which go with the place.



ONE OF THE

THE FISH AND GAME

fishing any day in the season, deer and moose hunting. The deer hunting cannot be excelled in Maine.

NEW RAILROAD—A new road that is being built will connect with the Canadian Pacific, 12 miles from the camps.

If you are interested in this proposition address Maine Woods for full particulars, including price, full description of the camps, hunting, fishing, etc., and the location.

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, Maine

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DeWitt House, Leading Hotel. Unexcelled in Maine. Booklet free. George S. Pattee, Proprietor, Lewiston, Me.

AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

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American plan. Send for circular.

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HUNTING Open all the year. Deer, Bear, Moose, Bird and Rabbit shooting.
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This place is famous for the Early Trout Fishing and Excellent Guides.

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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.

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

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

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

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Best Family Cooking in Maine.

DEER AND MOOSE hunting in season, in as good 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.

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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.
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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.
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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.
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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.
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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.


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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, Manchester.

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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.

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Lake Park. Beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Wood. Autoing, Motor-ing, Trout and Salmon fishing. 17 miles of lake and 60 miles of river boating. Twin Island Camps at Sidner, E. A. Boothman.



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

LAKESIDE 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

Being a unique publication Maine Woods appeals to many people who are tired of the commonplace. Therefore if you are interested in placing your advertisement before a circle of readers who read the paper before laying it down, patronize our advertising columns.

log and was saved.
The bear still sat there, waiting. Eddie again crept up on him, and once more fired. The bear, startled by this new attack, turned to flee. Eddie fired a final shot, which hit the bear in a vital spot, as he was running away and felled him to the earth.

The rest is soon told. Eddie returned to camp, dripping with perspiration and bear blood and told the others. At first they preferred not to leave camp while there was a bear in the vicinity, but eventually Eddie pointed out to them that a dead bear is comparatively harmless and, keeping well together, they advanced upon the monster.

They found on examination that five shots had perforated the huge beast in different places. Slingshotting it on a pole, they brought it in rejoicing.

But the end was not yet. The same rain that had imprisoned Eddie in the log had now swelled Wild river to such a point that they could not cross. For three days they waited, then decided that perhaps they might get over the 9 feet of raging waters by felling a tree. This they did, after having gone 5 miles up the stream to where the width was only four and one-half feet. Eventually they succeeded in totting the carcass out to civilization.

Ben tells me the bear was so fat that they cut strips of blubber off its back three feet long, 12 inches wide and 15 inches deep, solid grease. I understand Eddie is now feeding heavily on bear fat to try and get back the flesh he lost while doing the Marathon handicap with the critter.

The hunters are having the entire skin made up into a handsome fur cap for Eddie. With the addition of a little extra fur, they think there will be enough to cover at least the top of his head.

For all further information apply to Ben Billings, Bryant's Pond. I refuse to be interviewed in any way, shape or manner.

That's all I'm going to write about bears for this fall.

CLOSE THE SEASON FOR FIVE YEARS

This Is Advice Given by Powhatan Robinson of New York in Regard to Maine Moose.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

I am heartily in accord with the movement to preserve the mighty moose for the sportsmen of the United States and particularly for the people of Maine. I have camped in the state for ten years and I can back up what you say about the heads being smaller and the number on the decrease from my own observation.

There is no nobler animal in the American forest than the moose and it behooves every true lover of the woods to do all in his power to prevent a repetition of the sad history of the buffalo. By all means close the season for five years.

Pawhatan R. Robinson.

Fireside Thought.

High noon! no murmur stirs the quietude!
All Nature hushed—e'en in the thicket
Silenced the piping of the sleepy cricket;
From mid-day's tomb dry gusts wift down and brood
In naked glory on the turf. More hotly nude,
The great sun basks deep in the heaven's blue.
And faint at first, yet gathering life anew,
A choir in the grass essays an interlude.
The moments wear away. Again that stillness falls,
And then to break my dreams so sweetly come—
A heat crazed gad-fly circles o'er my head
Then whirrs away with a decreasing hum.
As the long hour wanes the shadows lie as dead
And but a swallow twitters in those aerial halls.
—Robert Page Lincoln.

HOW EDDY MANN FOUGHT THE BEAR.

(Continued from Page One.)

still tried to cool off and the bear still tried to drag him out. Well, the rain finally began to swell the hollow log, and it swelled and swelled, till by and by Eddie found, to his astonishment that he was caught fast.

Neither forward nor backward could he go, try as he might. For a long time he struggled, but failed. Eventually he realized that he was trapped. He knew the worst—he must stay there till starvation set in and till death should relieve his horrible sufferings. Several of his hairs (he has several) turned quite white. Long, long hours he prayed, to no avail. Death stared him in the face, before; and behind, the bear was still grimly waiting.

Repenting, now, Eddie began to think of all the things he had ever done that he was ashamed of. He thought of — and — and — and — (fill in the blanks to suit yourself), and finally he thought of the worst thing of all—how he had for many years voted the Republican ticket.

Crawled Out of Knot Hole.

When he thought of this he felt so small that he crawled out of a knot-hole at the other end of the