

FISHING IN DOORYARD

Norwich Party Regretfully Leave for Their Home.

The Barker, Mooselookmeguntic Lake, June 16—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Stoddard of Boston have greatly enjoyed a week's stay here and they went fishing all by themselves. Mrs. Stoddard added her name to the honored list, for she caught a 4 pound salmon.

Bob Martin intends to have his name on the fish record with every party he guides, even if he has to catch fish himself. This week he is guiding Henry R. Peirson of Pittsfield, Mass. who has often in the past caught many of the gamy trout and salmon from the Rangeley waters, but as yet only a 4 pound salmon since arriving this time but as usual returns them to the water to grow bigger for some other angler to have sport with.

Dr. F. Symington of Norwich, Conn., who came for the summer, is already much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Gage and

their daughter, Miss Margaret, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who came last week to spend several weeks here as usual each June were called home by illness in the family, but hope to return for a longer stay later in the season.

Messrs. W. G. Walton and H. E. Boynton of Portsmouth, N. H. were here for the week end.

Did anyone say "There is no fishing in the Barker dooryard?"

R. A. Holland, the clerk, invited the fair postmistress, Miss Edna Williams, to go out and catch a fish for supper yesterday. The invitation was accepted and the fish a 3 pound salmon, was caught and landed with a net and cooked for supper. The chore boy Ervin Fancy, then told Miss Margaret Bigelow, one of the waitresses, that there were more salmon in the lake and offered to row her if she would land one and Miss Bigelow had great sport landing a gamy salmon that tipped the scales to just 3 pounds.

Several parties are coming this week for an extended stay.

This morning Mr. and Mrs. W. Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Frisbie and party of Norwich, Conn., regretfully said "good by until another sea-

BOSTON ANGLER GETS BIG ONE

Many Guests Enjoying Life at This Hotel for a Few Days and Several Returned for the Season.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Rangeley Lake House, June 17—Last evening after a perfect June day, there came one of the most terrific thunderstorms ever seen from this hotel. It was surely a wonderful electrical display and man watched it from the piazza. One city gentleman remarked, "I suppose we do have such storms at home but the city walls keep us from realizing the grand, wild beauty of a thunder storm."

This hotel is rapidly filling, for daily there are arrivals of those, who come with big trunks and golf sticks, that tell they intend to remain.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dimock of New York, who were here last season, have returned for a few weeks.

A pleasant party from Somerville, Mass., and Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Mahoney, Mr. and Mrs. Z. E. Cliff, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Cas, made a short stay here this week en route for Kennebago.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Briggs of Camp Frye, in company with their guests, Judge S. S. Barney and daughter, Miss Marion Barney of Washington, D. C., dined here Thursday. The Judge expressed himself as greatly pleased with this his first visit to the Rangeley Lakes.

F. P. Lee and daughter of Milford, Mass., were here this week en route for home after a pleasant stay at Loon lake.

David Magie, Jr., of East Orange, N. J., a great lover of life in the Maine woods, was greeted by many old friends on his arrival Friday. Mr. Magie has gone to the Megantic club for a few weeks, where with his guide he will tramp and fish and live out in the open. Mrs. Magie is coming later to spend the season at this hotel where Mr. Magie often joins her for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Tiemey of Englewood, N. J., are pleasantly located here for a two weeks' so-

son, we have had a happy outing, no place for us like the Barker" and started homeward this morning.

journal.

Dr. Heber Bishop and party returned Friday and reported the Kennebago fishing excellent; that they could catch hundreds of them on the fly and "that is some fishing."

Messrs. F. C. Nichols and Richard Bullock of Fitchburg, Mass., came from home in their Stevens automobile and were here for the week end. They are now at Saddleback Camps for a few days, after which they will pass some time here.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Gould of New York, who are touring Maine in their auto spent Sunday here.

Col. John Caswell of New York had a delightful trip to Kennebago and after taking many small trout on the fly, he is now casting for a big salmon that has been seen in Rangeley lake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Crocker are this week in the city. They went in their Pierce Arrow car.

Everyone had a glad welcome for Mrs. Thomas H. Baughle and her son Thomas H., Jr., of New York, who have been coming here for a number of years and are great favorites with the guests of the Rangeley Lake House.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Elder Adams of New York arrived this week to spend their first season at the Rangeleys and express themselves as greatly pleased with the place.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Furgerson and family are another party of New Yorkers who are here for their first visit and will remain until August.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cooney and son, Russell S. Cooney, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday motored from the Balsams, N. H., through Dixville Notch and across the country reaching here before the severe thunder storm. They reported the trip one of great beauty of scenery, but in

(Continued on page 5.)

HONEYMOON PARTIES IN CAMP

Philadelphia Gentleman Keeps Fish in Car Until Ready to Return Home.

(Special to Maine Woods).

Bald Mountain Camps, June 15—June roses and June brides, good weather and good fishing.

Clement R. Hoopes and friend, M. H. Cunningham of Philadelphia after a month's stay, left for home on Friday. Mr. Hoopes did not report his catch until he got ready to go home, but daily they caught big and little ones that they put in their fish car, and carried to the spring, where they lived and grew fat, and it was a wonderful sight to look into the spring where Mr. Hoopes spent much time admiring and watching the trout and salmon, that weighed from 2 to 5 pounds each. The night before they started for home they selected those they wished to take and Silas Dunham, the guide, killed and packed them. Then the dam was taken out and away into the lake the fish went and we hope the same fisherman will hook them next year.

Saturday night Camp Maloma was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zook of Philadelphia, who are here on their wedding trip, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick O. Streckwald of Milwaukee, Wis., who came for their honeymoon last week, are still in Camp Earl.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Howatt of Portland are boarding here. Mr. Howatt is one of the contractors who are building Chas. B. Hinds' (Continued on page 5.)

OUANANICHE LODGE, NORWAY PINES AND SUNSET CAMPS
LAND OF FULFILMENT, GRAND AND DOBSIS LAKES Washington County, Maine.
"PROVEN" Best in Fishing Possibilities, "ACKNOWLEDGED" Best in Hunting Possibilities
Best watered and wooded for the vacationist, Mecca for the sufferer from Hay Fever, Old fashioned cooking, Home made condiments, Runningwater, Open fire places, Sanitary drainage, Circulars.
W. G. ROSE, Grand Lake Stream, Washington County, Maine



LOON-LAKE

DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR THE FISHING. LET ME FURNISH YOU REFERENCES. INDIVIDUAL CABINS, OPEN FIRES, WITH OR WITHOUT BATHS. J. LEWIS YORK - RANGELEY ME

KENNEBAGO TRAIN SERVICE, EFFECTIVE MAY 12, 1913
Until Summer change of time, June 23, 1913.
Leave Portland, 8:30. Arrive Kennebago, 1:50 p.m.; except Sundays. NOTE.—One way and round trip tickets to Kennebago are on sale at all principal ticket offices in New York, Boston and other cities.
Leave Kennebago, 12:30 p.m.; Arr. Portland, 5:35 p.m.; Arr. Boston, 9:05 p.m., via Portsmouth, except Sundays. Also connects at Portland with night train for New York.
ED GRANT & SON CO., Kennebago, Maine

PICKFORD'S CAMPS
RANGELEY LAKE, MAINE
On the best fishing ground of Rangeley, Maine. Individual log camps. Sitting room and open fire-place. Bath room with all modern improvements. For further particulars apply to
HENRY E. PICKFORD, Rangeley, Maine.

SEASON OF 1913
Individual Camps, Rock Fire-places, Fly and Bait Fishing, Lake and Stream and Catch Trout. Telephone. Write for Booklet. Daily Mail.
JULIAN K. VILES & SON, TIM, FRANKLIN CO., MAINE

BLAKESLEE LAKE CAMPS
Along with the well known most famous trout and salmon fishing we offer you this season, NEW CAMPS, NEW BEDS and NEW FURNITURE, all open rock fire places and a big wood pile and last but not least Mrs. Joe's most delicious cooking.
JOSEPH H. WHITE, Pro., Eustis Maine

SPRING FISHING SEASON OF 1913

THE SAND RIVER AND RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD

Publishes a beautiful little booklet in colors entitled "FISHING". It tells all about where to go in the Rangeley and Dead River Region of Maine, and contains an accurate Map of this Territory. Address with stamp,

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

LAKEWOOD CAMPS, MIDDLEDAM, MAINE
One of the best all around fishing and hunting camps in the Rangeleys. Lake, Pond and Stream fishing, all near the camps. The five mile river affords the best of fly-fishing. Camps with or without bathroom.
For particulars write for free circular to
CAPT. E. F. GOBURN, MIDDLEDAM, MAINE

Mountain View House
Mountain View, Maine
For further particulars write or address
L. E. BOWLEY, Mountain View, Maine.

RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE



One of the Finest Appointed Resort Hotels in the State of Maine

Center of the best Trout and Salmon Fishing
GOLF, TENNIS, MUSIC, BOATING, BATHING, AUTOING

Write for Booklet that will tell You all about it.

RANGELEY LAKES HOTEL CO., Rangeley, Maine

IOWA STATE SHOOT MAY 27, 28, 29 AT FORT DODGE

All won by
W. S. HOON
with

Marlin PUMP GUN

High General Average 443x450--98 4-9 per cent
High Amateur Average 443x450, winning silver cup
State Championship 99x100
Tied for Smith Cup 25x25; won shoot-off with 25x25
3 runs--195-134-113

If you want to know why Marlin guns shoot so well, send us a postal today for complete catalog of Marlin hammer and hammerless repeaters.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
33 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

AN ENJOYABLE OUTING PLANNED

The Maine Fish and Game Association to Have Headquarters at the Mountain View House.

The Rangeley Lakes need no advertising as an ideal place for an outing of this kind as their fame is world-wide.

There is no finer region in Maine in which to pass a few days in recreation at this season of the year.

Beautiful Kennebago lake, until this season, only reached after a long hard buckboard ride is now for the first time easily accessible by rail, being only 20 minutes from Oquossoc station.

Kennebago with its wild grandeur and its fly fishing unexcelled in America at this season offers the very best opportunity for lovers of this sport to enjoy it at its best that has ever been offered at so little expense or exertion.

A visit to Kennebago has been arranged for Saturday July 5, which promises to be the best side trip ever offered at one of these annual outings.

Not for Members Only.

It is hoped that not only members of the association but many of their friends will participate in this delightful outing.

Tickets will go on sale July 3 and will be good for return July 7. Members are advised that in many instances by using mileage books transportation will be less.

General Committees.

Entertainment: R. J. Hodsdon, Lewiston; H. B. Estes, Auburn; C. C. Wilson, Auburn. Shooting: Walter I. Neal, Belfast; Billy Hill, Portland; Charles P. Grey, Fryeburg.

Water sports: James Mathieson, Rangeley; Roy L. Marston, Skowhegan; Wilber T. Emerson, Augusta.

Friday, July 4, 9 a. m., guides' and wardens' rifle match. Open only to guides and wardens who are members of the association. Ten shots each. Two hundred yards. Any standard rifle. Prize, Marlin rifle.

10 a. m., Members' Rifle Match. Open to all members, excepting wardens and guides. Ten shots each. One hundred yards. Any standard rifle to be used. Prize, Remington Automatic rifle presented by Remington Arms Co.

"Wait a Minute."

11 a. m., D. M. Parks' Special 22 Calibre Rifle match. Open to all members. Ten shots each. Fifty yards. Only 22 calibre rifles to be used. Prize, solid silver loving cup presented by Henry B. Estes of Lewiston in memory of our former President D. M. Parks. This cup must be won at three annual outings in order to become the property of the individual.

12 m., Ladies' Rifle match. Open to all ladies. Twenty yards. Five shots each. Only 22 calibre rifles to be used. Prize, .22 calibre Remington Automatic rifle presented by the president of the association Hon. J. Putnam Stevens.

Major John J. Dooley will have charge of the shooting contests and his decisions will be final.

The shooting contests, excepting the Ladies' Rifle match and the Special Rifle match are open only to those members of the association whose dues are paid for 1913.

WATER SPORTS.

1.30 p. m., Double Canoe race. Two men in a canoe. Distance two miles. Open to Maine men only. Must be at least three entries. First prize, Maine Guides' Model canoe, made and presented by the Kennebec Boat and Canoe Co., Waterville, Me.

The Maine Guides' Model canoe

made by the Kennebec Boat and Canoe Co., of Waterville, Maine, and especially designed to meet the requirements of the Maine guides. The canoe is carefully constructed of the very best quality of cedar and while the model is such that it is light in weight, at the same time it is very strong and will stand an unusual amount of hard usage. This canoe is covered with an extra heavy weight canoe duck, on which a special filler is used, which adds greatly to the life of the canoe. The style of short ribs used in the construction of this canoe is a distinct innovation and one which is giving great satisfaction to the guides. These short ribs are wide enough to fill the whole space between the long ribs, giving the canoe practically a double bottom. This canoe weighs but 80 pounds and is one of the strongest, steadiest, safest and easiest paddling canoes ever made. Second prize, cash, \$7; third prize, cash \$3.

2 p. m., Swimming match. Open to all. At least four to enter. Distance 100 yards. First prize, \$3; second prize \$2; third prize, \$1.

2.30 p. m., Single Row Boat race. Open to all. At least three to enter. Distance one mile. First prize, \$5; second prize, \$3; third prize, \$2.

Other land and water sports to be arranged during the afternoon by the committee in charge.

4.30 p. m., Motor Boat race. Open to all motor boats on Rangeley lake. Distance, handicaps, etc., to be arranged by the committee on day of the race. Prize \$10 to the winner.

8 p. m., business meeting. Meeting of the association in the music room of Mountain View House, which will be addressed by competent and interesting speakers upon subjects which are of interest not only to the members of the association but to all who are interested in the developments and conservation of Maine's great natural resources. Dancing.

Saturday, July 5, 9 a. m., Revolver match. Open to all members. 20 yards. Standard American 100 yard target. Any revolver. Five shots. Revolver to be held in one hand and arm free from body. Prize, revolver presented by Edwards & Walker, Portland, Me.

9.30 a. m., Distance Fly Casting. Open to all members. Prize, reel presented by T. B. Davis Arms Co., Portland, Me.

10.30 a. m., Special Rifle match. Open to all. Entrance fee fifty cents. Any rifle. Any position. Five hundred yards. Prize, Winchester rifle presented by Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

Saturday Afternoon.

Kennebago trip: Twenty minutes by rail from Oquossoc station. Afternoon may be spent fly fishing (and the trout always rise here at this season) or boating upon one of Maine's most beautiful lake. Returning late in the afternoon to Mountain View.

8 p. m., presentation of prizes and dancing.

Prizes for Best Catches.

To the member of the association, whose dues are paid for 1913, and who catches the largest record (3 pounds or over) trout or salmon, Rangeley is visited each season guntic or Cupisnuptic lakes will be given a Bristol steel rod presented by the Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn. For the second largest fish so taken will be given a Martin's Kingfisher line, presented by E. Martin Sons Co., Rockville, Conn.

To the member of the association whose dues are paid for 1913 catching the largest trout or salmon fly casting in the above named lakes will be given a Split Bamboo rod, and for the second largest fish so taken a silk line.

Members entering the above contests must have their fish weighed by the clerk of the Mountain View House and furnish a signed statement if required, upon blanks prepared for this purpose

Special Hotel Rates for This Outing.

Mountain View House \$2.50 per

day. Reservations may be made by applying to L. E. Bowley, proprietor, Mountain View, Me.

How to Get There.

Tickets will be sold to Mountain View by way of Farmington and Phillips and return the same way. By way of Rumford Falls to Oquossoc and return the same way.

Good railroad and steamboat connections can be made by taking the morning trains from the east or from Portland via Farmington, arriving at Mountain View about 3 p. m.

Good connections via Rumford Falls to Oquossoc can be made by taking the early afternoon trains from Portland and Lewiston and arriving at Oquossoc about 6 p. m.

The Mountain View House is situated only one-half mile from Oquossoc station.

Returning trains leave Rangeley at 5.30 a. m., 11.35 a. m. and 6.45 p. m., the latter train leaving daily, Sundays included.

Trains leave Oquossoc morning and noon daily excepting Sundays. Also Sunday about noon. For special rates see posters at all railroad stations.

A Fine Automobile Tour.

Rangeley is visited each season by hundreds of automobile tourists. The roads are made of good hard gravel and the scenery is unexcelled in Maine.

Approximate Distances.

Bangor via:--	Miles
Newport and Pittsfield to Fairfield	53
Fairfield via Fairfield Center, Norridgewock, Mercer, and New Sharon to Farmington	38
Farmington via Strong and Phillips to Rangeley	40
Rangeley to Mountain View	7
Bangor to Mountain View	138

Bangor via:--	Miles
Pittsfield and Canaan to Skowhegan	54
Skowhegan via Norridgewock, Mercer and New Sharon to Farmington	29
Farmington via above route to Mountain View	47
Bangor to Mountain View or Dead River and Stratton	130

Bangor to:--	Miles
Skowhegan (same route as above)	54
Skowhegan via North Anson, North New Portland and Lexington to Stratton	57
Stratton via Rangeley to Mountain View	26
Bangor to Mountain View	137

Portland via:--	Miles
New Gloucester to Auburn	34
Auburn via River Road through Turner to Livermore Falls	28
Livermore Falls via Jay and Wilton to Farmington	17
Farmington via Phillips and Rangeley to Mountain View	47
Portland to Mountain View	126

Portland via:--	Miles
Poland Springs to Auburn	39
Auburn via Mechanic Falls and South Paris to Rumford Falls	51
Rumford Falls via Dixfield, Weld, Madrid and Rangeley to Mountain View	58
Portland to Mountain View	148

Augusta via:--	Miles
Augusta to Mountain View	122

1804 HEBRON ACADEMY 1912

Prepares thoroughly for all colleges and scientific schools. College, Classical and English Courses. Location ideal for high mountain air pure water and quiet environment. A teacher for every 20 pupils. Winter term opens Tuesday, December, 31, 1912. Spring term opens Wednesday, April 1, 1913. Catalog on request. Write Principal W. E. SARGENT, Litt. D. Hebron, Maine

Readfield and Mt. Vernon to Farmington	36
Farmington to Mountain View	47
Augusta via:--	83

Augusta via:--	Miles
Belgrade Lakes and New Sharon to Farmington	41
Farmington to Mountain View	47
Augusta to Mountain View	88

Augusta via:--	Miles
Waterville and Fairfield to Skowhegan	39
Skowhegan via North Anson, North New Portland and Lexington to Stratton	57
Stratton to Mountain View	26
Augusta to Mountain View	122

Officers of Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association.

J. Putnam Stevens, Portland, president; Fred R. Smith, Pittsfield, secretary; H. B. Austin Phillips, Dr. E. H. White, Lewiston, R. J. Hodsdon, Lewiston, H. B. Estes Auburn, W. M. Shaw, Greenville, D. H. Dickinson, Rangeley; Charles P. Grey Fryeburg, executive committee.

CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT MAINE WOODS.

Rockford, Ohio, June 9, 1913.

To the Editor of Maine Woods: Find enclosed money order for \$1 for the renewal of my paper. I can't get along without the Maine Woods for I like to hear from there. I have been in the state of Maine two different falls hunting and think it a fine place to go for an outing.

I belong to a hunters' association. We have made up a car every fall to go to some place where there is wild game. In 1910 there were 17 men that went to Northeast Carry. From there we went to Russell creek, pitched two tents at the mouth of Russell creek and the others went to Russell dam and there we camped in the office of the old logging camp and had Pete Derosier for our guide. We surely had a good time and stayed three weeks and got our number of deer. We had great weather to hunt in.

I was lucky enough to shoot a white deer on that trip. It wasn't large but it surely looked good to me for it was the first I had ever seen. I have a rug made from it.

In 1912 there were 15 of us in the party and we went to Northeast Carry. From there we went down the Penobscot river to Wain Island. There we pitched our tent for a three weeks' hunt. We hadn't as favorable weather as on our former trip for it rained nearly all of the time. It commenced to rain on Wednesday night, the second night we got there and never let up till Sunday. It made bad hunting, but by a good deal of travelling through the woods we got our number. Mike Allen was our guide on this trip.

Yours truly,
Peter Temple.

WEAR HUB RUBBERS This Winter

TAXIDERMISTS

G. W. PICKEL, TAXIDERMIST
Dealer in Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Indian Moccasins, Baskets and Souvenirs. RANGELEY, MAINE.

EDMOND J. BOUCHER, Licensed Scientific Taxidermist

(Tanner) Will give you Standard and Moth proof work in all branches of Taxidermy and Tanning. Price list with useful instructions FREE. N. E. Tel. 572 52. 136 Main St., Auburn, Me.

"Monmouth Moccasins" They are made for Sportsmen, Guides, Lumbermen. Known the world over for excellence. Illustrated catalogue free. M. L. GETCHELL CO., Monmouth, Maine

RODS AND SNOWSHOES

I make Rangeley wood and split bamboo rods for fly fishing and trolling. Rods to let. Snowshoes to order. E. T. HOAR, Rangeley, Me.

Well-Filled Pantries Make Happy Families

A good supply of real old-fashioned home-baked bread and cake and pies means the best of good living and a row of smiling faces three times a day.

Use William Tell Flour and make home baking easy--no such thing as failure.

Goes farthest, too, more loaves to the sack, helping you keep down the cost of living. Milled only from Ohio Red Winter Wheat by our own special process, it is richest in nutritive value.

Your grocer will have it--when you order your next supply, specify

William Tell Flour

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

WEAR HUB RUBBERS This Winter



Your Pocket-Knife, the Best Tobacco-Cutting Machine

Because it cuts the tobacco off the plug *as you use it*—insuring you *fresh* tobacco for every pipeful. When machines chop up tobacco *months before* it reaches your pipe, the little pieces of tobacco lose their aroma. When you smoke them, they burn fast and hot, and bite your tongue.

All the natural *moisture*, flavor and fragrance of the tobacco are *pressed into* the Sickle Plug, and *kept there* by nature's own protector—the natural leaf wrapper. It only takes a couple of minutes to whittle off a pipeful—and you are rewarded by a *cool, sweet, satisfying* smoke that no ready-cut-up tobacco in the world can give you.

Convenient—no bulge in your pocket. *Economical*—no package to pay for—no loose tobacco to get spilled and wasted. Get a plug of Sickle at your dealer's *today*.

3 Ounces
10c



Slice it as
you use
it

SUCCESSFUL TRIP TO B POND

Honeymoon Couple Stop Here—
Hedgehogs Getting Familiar—
Roads Through the
Notch Good.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Lakewood Camps, Middle Dam, June 13—"I don't wonder that the old Indian Metellux with his squaw Mollychunkamunk chose this spot in the wilderness to pitch his wigwam, and rest after the hunt," remarked a New York lady. "Surely the red man was a good judge of the charming spots in the forest and by the lake side for in all our travels we never found such a beautiful place," said her friend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fraser of Brooklyn, N. Y., have this week been joined by their friends Messrs. C. W. Cowles, John J. Sullivan and

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, May 12, 1913.

RANGELEY

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Rangeley for Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston at 11.30 A. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Rangeley from Boston, Portland, Farmington and Phillips at 7.45 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Rangeley for Phillips at 11.00 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 6.10 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Phillips from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 12.55 P. M. and 6.05 P. M.; from Rangeley at 1.10 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 6.25 A. M. and 1.42 P. M.; for Phillips at 12.32 P. M. and 5.45 P. M.; for Rangeley at 5.45 P. M. and for Kingfield at 5.50 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Strong from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 12.32 P. M. and 5.45 P. M.; from Bigelow and way stations at 1.30 P. M.; from Phillips at 6.25 A. M. and 1.42 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.; for Bigelow at 9.30 A. M. and for Phillips at 1.50 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS arrive at Strong from Phillips at 8.45 A. M.; from Kingfield at 8.10 P. M. and from Farmington at 11.45 A. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Kingfield for Farmington, Portland and Boston at 12.45 P. M., and for Carrabasset and Bigelow at 9.40 A. M., and at 6.38 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Kingfield from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 6.35 P. M.; from Bigelow and Carrabasset at 14.50 A. M., and 8.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS leave Kingfield for Strong and Farmington at 6.45 A. M. and for Bigelow at 12.00 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Kingfield from Strong at 10.45 A. M. and from Bigelow at 3.05 P. M.

BIGELOW

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Bigelow for Kingfield, Farmington, Portland and Boston at 11.00 A. M. and for Kingfield at 7.35 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Bigelow from Boston, Portland and Farmington at 7.23 P. M. and from Kingfield at 10.35 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Bigelow for Kingfield at 2.00 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Bigelow from Kingfield at 1.05 A. M.

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

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

A. C. Brew, who are here for their first visit and are having good luck. George York and Billy Morton are guides for the party. "We have all caught 3½-pounders, but they don't count," said Mr. Fraser. "Wait until I get a big one."

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gooridge of Lynn, Mass., with their guide Will Sargent, took a trip this week over to B pond, where they spent the night. Mr. Gooridge is sure he had a strike from the oldest inhabitant of the pond, for he was casting the Dusty Miller over the water when the largest fish he has ever seen in these waters—and he has landed several 8-pounders—came out, made a swirl, took his fly and made a run, but the tackle would not hold him and away he went with the miller for lunch, and now I believe any kind of a yarn about the size of Rangeley salmon, said Mr. Gooridge. But they had great fly fishing for they caught 22 trout weighing from 1½ pounds to 3½ pounds each. Even if the law for hunting is on they decided not to lose a night's sleep, for when they found the hedgehogs were holding a meeting under the camp, and chewing wood Mr. Gooridge and his guide got up and killed three of them.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Jenkins of New Haven, Conn., who have been spending their honeymoon at Moon-banas, Brown's island in Cupsuptic lake, are here to-day en route for home, via Umbagog and Berlin, N. H.

Walter H. Sawyer and Edw. S. Stetson of Lewiston, who have been over to Azischos Dam, are here for the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Felt of Peabody, Mass., who have been in the region for the past month, arrived here this week en route for home via Dixville Notch and the White Mountains. They were so much pleased with this their first visit to Middle Dam, that they have decided to remain a few days, and with Hollis Ellingwood for guide are now at Richardson pond for a three days' trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel N. Thayer

have had fine luck this week. Mrs. Thayer caught a 4 pound trout in the pond-in-the-river Thursday that everyone said was one of the handsomest trout ever brought into the hotel and if the salmon in the lake had not some kind of a contract to help the tackle dealers they would have two big salmon to report.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Garland of Worcester, Mass., now have Billy Locklin for guide and Mr. Garland landed a 5½ pound salmon Wednesday.

Maj. Thomas Hawley of Rumford, who spent the Sabbath with his sister, Mrs. Fraser, had good luck and a fine catch of fish to take home with him.

The roads across through the Notch are reported in good shape and the automobiles are taking people to and from Colebrook, N. H.

Capt. Coburn was sitting in the guides' camp this morning smoking and reading his paper when he heard the patter of what he supposed to be his dog's feet and looking down he saw a big hedgehog walk across the floor and after looking around he turned and walked out doors as unconcerned as could be.

"NEWT" HAS GUM FOR SALE

Thinks Brown Trout in Loon Lake
Some Gammy, but Hooks Some.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

York Camps, Loon Lake, June 17—Well, here I be at Loon lake for a few days' fishing. Arrived last Saturday slightly disfigured but still in the ring. Lewis York met me at Rangeley and introduced me to his buckboard which navigates 5 miles overland to his camps.

I have ridden a motorcycle that had St. Vitus dance, but I never before rode a buckboard. It bucked worse than a bucking broncho. Twice it nearly bucked me over the horse's head. If Lewis had roped me fast to the seat like he did my duffle bag I wouldn't have met the buckboard coming up so much when I was coming down. When we arrived in camp I had squashed the life out of the buckboard seat mat and had buck fever to beat the band. Temperature 114°!

Was I hungry? I ate until the cook threatened to go on a strike. "Don't bust anything, Newt," says Lewis, "we have three squares a day here, save some space for supper."

Then Lewis and me went fishin'. It was a cherished dream of mine to get one of them Loon lake salmon on a fly and here was the chance.

I tuned up my five ounce Thomas and out we went with Lewis at the oars. I told him he better row, because I felt so strong I was liable to break an oar. Besides, as I explained, it would give me such an appetite that I'd eat enough for two men at supper time.

Well, I cast and cast until I lashed Loon lake into foam and nearly sprained my wrist but there was nothing doing. Finally I laid down my rod (the flies dragging in the water) to light my pipe!

"Are there any salmon in this lake?" says I to Lewis very sceptic.

Before he could answer my reel began to buzz in high "C." I grabbed up the rod and the reel handle, turning like lightning. Mike to have taken off two fingers. Then when I got the rod in hand a lithe 3 pound silver beaut came out of the water, turned three back flip-flaps

5 out of 6 REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIPS

PRACTICALLY A CLEAN SWEEP, WON BY

Peters

AMMUNITION

The results of the United States Revolver Association 1912 Outdoor Championships, just officially announced, show that users of Peters Cartridges won **FIRST** in every match but one, also **Second** place in one match, **Third** in three matches and **fifth** in two.

Match A. Revolver Championship 1st—A. M. Poudexter, 467	Match D. Military Record 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook, 212
Match E. Revolver Team Championship 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 621	Match F. Pocket Revolver Championship 1st—Dr. O. A. Burgeson, 208

TWO NEW RECORDS:

Match C. Military Revolver Championship 1st—Dr. J. H. Snook 621	Match E. Revolver Team Championship 1st—Denver Revolver Club 774
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PETERS REVOLVER AND RIFLE CARTRIDGES of 32 and larger calibers are just as surely superior to other makes as Peters 22 caliber. PETERS SMOKELESS Cartridges are as far ahead of competing brands as are PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS.

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In complete assortment for immediate
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SOLE AGENT FOR U.S.A.

CLARK-HUTCHINSON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

STYLE 40 1-2

and hit the surface a belly-smacker. This made him sore and he started across the lake like a race horse, pulling the line off my reel by the rod.

"Hey there, you, stop," I hollers at him. "I've got only 50 feet of line left. For the love of Mike, Mister Salmon, listen to reason."

Just as the reel core was nearly bare the fish turned and raced back toward the boat as if he was playing tag. And I nearly wound myself into a knot trying to keep up with him.

That was about the kinkiest salmon I ever handled: He'd go down deep under the boat and sulk awhile like a sore pup, then he'd shoot straight up into the air beside the boat, (once when I was leaning over the side he nearly shot me in the eye.) Finally I worked him up alongside the boat.

"Why don't you net him?" says I to Lewis. "He's all in."

"Is he?" says Lewis. Like a flash that salmon went into the air, slapped me a vicious swipe across the mouth with his tail and raced off 100 feet in a cloud of dust.

By the time that salmon was all in, so was I. If that salmon had weighed 6 pounds instead of 3 I would now be in a sanatorium convalescing from nervous prostration.

Next day we went to Cow pond, half a mile over the hill through the woods from Loon lake (good trail). Don't know how Cow pond got its name. Guess the early settlers used to pasture cows where the pond now is.

Cow pond is a peach of a little lake set snug down in the valley among the mountains. There were two canoes at the landing. We started afloat in one of 'em. Lewis at the paddle and I casting for brown trout. There are red spots and brown trout in Cow, but I wanted one of the brown beauties—and I got it—got several in fact. They were coming well to the fly that day.

Your brown trout is some fighter. He's a better scrapper than his brother, the red spot. He takes the fly with a smash and you must twig quickly or he'll spit out the fly like lightning and beat it back to bottom. He's got a quick taste that tells him very suddenly the "dif" betwixt a real fly and feathers and when he finds he's bitten ino a lemon leave it to him to spit the hook about six feet.

When hooked he breaks but seldom. More often he'll bore down

deep and sulk or slat. Often he has a trick of rolling swiftly on the surface. It seems to tickle him half to death if he can snarl himself all up in the line. Then he dies happy.

The browns and reds run up to 6 pounds and better in Cow pond. We had a lot of fun with 'em during the few hours we were there.

Out on a big rock in midlake two sea gulls had built their nests and hatched a brood of three youngsters. We managed to get a snap shot of the babies but the names the angry parents called us as they flew near our heads aren't fit to print.

When we paddled back to the landing Mr. Porcupine, who had been nibbling the varnish off the canoes, shinned up a tall spruce. We threw things at him until we nearly dislocated our arms, but never touched him.

"Aw, shucks," says I (just like that.) "I'll go up after him," and I started up the spruce. It was hard going up, but easy coming down—I slid down.

I shook Mr. Splinters out of the spruce and Lewis waiting below with a club did the rest.

That evening after I had been sitting in the office at the camps before the fire for an hour or two, I started to get up off my chair, but the chair went with me. Examination disclosed the fact that my trousers had accumulated considerable spruce gum from that spruce tree. Since then I've been standing up mostly.

Newton Newkirk.
P. S. Do you know of anybody who would like to buy some spruce gum? I have about a pound (including a pair of pants) which I will sell cheap.

N. N.

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WOODS. LOW ADVERTISING
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and time.
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FOR SALE.

BARLEY for sale at Chas. Hutchins' camp, Phillips. Farmers' phone, 6-13.

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

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

FOR SALE—Farm for sale. Address C. N. Plaisted, Phillips, Maine, R. F. D. 4.

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

FOR SALE—Desirable home in Phillips village. For particulars address Box 813, Farmington, Me.

PIANO BARGAINS—Uprights in good condition as low as \$75. Square as low as \$25. Organs in good repair as low as \$15. Send for bargain list. Lord & Co., Inc., Masonic Bldg., Portland, Me.

WANTED.

WANTED—To Rent—Comfortable camp with modern improvements in the Maine woods for season. Apply to J. H., the Maine Woods.

WANTED—Well sorted white potatoes at my storehouse on the Dodge Road, Friday and Saturday of this week. B. F. Beal.

WANTED—Experienced cook at the Elmwood hotel, Phillips.

WANTED—Furnished camp or cottage in Maine where there is good trout and salmon fishing and within one day's journey from New York city. Must be near a store or village where supplies can be had and will also want ice, wood and boat to go with camp. State price for one month from July 7, 1913. Theo. A. Titus, Montclair, N. J.

WANTED—Dressmaking to do at my home. Mrs. N. E. Wells, Phillips.

WANTED—One table girl and one cabin girl July 1st. Good wages. Dien O. Blackwell, Round Mountain, Me.

TO LET.

TO LET—For the summer at Rangeley, nine room house; modern; furnished. Five minutes' walk to Rangeley Lake House. Address Mrs. F. B. Burns, Haines Landing, Maine.

BOSTON ANGLER GETS BIG ONE.

(Continued from Page One.)

many places they found the roads in bad shape, owing to the recent rains.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Castle of Philadelphia, who have spent

four summers here, arrived Monday and will be at home in Outlook cottage until the autumn days.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Townsend and daughters, Miss Rose and Miss Elizabeth, after two happy weeks at this hotel, left to-day, going by the way of South Rangeley to Frye from where they will drive to Andover and for the remainder of June be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Jackson at their summer home.

The following party, on their return from a two weeks' trip to Kennebago spent Sunday here: Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Taplin, of Cambridge, Mass., F. W. Johnson and D. W. Church of Concord, N. H.; L. H. Hurd of Manchester, N. H.; A. M. Morse of Wollaston, Mass.

"How is the fishing this week?" was the question I asked Mr. Emery, the Boston gentleman, whose name has already appeared on the record 25 times this season. "Why fishing is good. I have fished every day, but it has been 10 days since I caught a record fish," he laughingly answered as he made ready to start out for the day and enjoy one of the lunches Vid Hinkley knows how to cook on the shore.

I think the old lady was about right, when she said: "Why, 'taint all of fishing to catch 'em, but just to sit in the boat and hold the pole. That's fishing." I have often noticed the one who after a day on the lake, comes in smiling, enthusiastic and happy, has not always caught the most fish. I fancy the sport would be very tame if one knew how many, how big and just where, and when they could catch the fish.

Frederick Skinner of Boston, who for many seasons has daily fished this lake and no doubt knows the game as well as any angler, even if his name never appears on the record, is catching many a "3-pounder and over." On Monday a 4 pound trout, two 3 pound salmon and several smaller ones took the tempting fly he cast for them.

C. A. Hubbard of Newton, Mass., with Harry Quimby, guide, has had great fly fishing in this lake during the past week and has recorded four salmon that weighed 3 1-2 pounds, 3 3-4 pounds, 3 3-4 pounds and 3 1-4 pounds. The fly fishermen know that this is sport they do not soon forget.

Wm. S. Townsend of Boston has the "big one" to his credit, for he caught a 6 1-4 pound salmon on the fly, and Monday his last day out, took a pair of salmon on the troll that weighed 3 pounds each. Jim Ross was his guide.

Other salmon this week recorded include one 3 pounds, caught by Richard Bullock of Fitchburg, Mass., Joe Lamb guide. F. C. Nichols, Fitchburg, Mass., W. Patterson guide, 3 1/2 pound salmon. A. W. Rogers of Beverly Mass., with Frank Porter, guide, caught a 4 1-2 pound salmon.

"What is the matter with Mr. Ledelley?" "Why, he has not been fishing the last week," is the answer.

It seems to be the verdict of many who ought to know that the fly fishing in this lake has been unusually good this spring, and that there never were so many small trout and salmon, which seem to be a proof of the good work that is being accomplished by the state

fish hatchery.

Alton Wood, the Buffalo, N. Y. lad, who is here for the summer, can daily be seen in his new speed motor boat, going over the lake at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

With this clear, cool weather it seems almost impossible to believe the new comers who say "it is so hot at home we are glad of a cool breath of this pure Rangeley air." There is plenty of it and all are welcome to come, the more the better. There is no danger of crowding the Maine lake and mountain resorts, or a shortage of the spring water and pure air that are a free gift to everyone.

HONEYMOON PARTIES IN CAMP.

(Continued from page 1.)

new cottage. G. H. Farley of Portland to-day caught his limit of fish, 15 pounds, which included a pair that weighed over 3 pounds each.

A handsome new motor boat Rainbow was launched this week by Bert E. Kimball, who now makes trips over the water. The Loner B owned by Mrs. L. H. and Bernard Ellis, is again in the lake and has been let for the season to Ernest Demerett the guide.

W. H. Stevens of Portland with Nate Ellis, guide, landed some fine fish this week, a 3 1/2 pound trout and a 3 3/4 pound salmon.

A. S. Hinds went to Portland this morning in his automobile and Mr. Stevens accompanied him.

M. P. Abbott of Rumford with Rube Toothaker, guide, recorded a 3 1/2 pound salmon.

We are glad to report that Bernard Ellis is able to be out of doors and recovering from his accident but will not be able to use his left hand or arm for several weeks.

SOMERSET COUNTY GUIDES' ASSOCIATION.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Bingham, June 16—Arrangements are now almost complete for the annual field day of this association, which is to be held at Bingham, July 4. A grand time is expected. Maine's great crack shot, W. G. Hill, will give exhibitions in fancy shooting with rifle and shotgun and revolver. There will be a grand ball in the evening. Everyone is invited. All Somerset guides are invited to join the association, but must send in their name accompanied by \$1 on or before July 1. Guv Chadbourn, Sec'y.

ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED

Couple of Well Known Lynn Gentlemen Enjoying Life Here--Normals Have Enjoyable Excursion.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Mountain View, June 15—Now that the long delayed pleasant days have arrived, everybody is happy and the new comer wondering if in all the land there is another place half as beautiful as the Rangeleys.

Rev. Fr. A. J. Barry of Rumford,

was here for a short stay this week and many of his old friends were glad to welcome him.

Wm. G. Baldwin of Springfield, Mass., has his canoe in the lake and paddles miles each pleasant day.

The Farmington Normal school, that spent their annual class day here last Thursday, came by special train and boat and had one of the best outings ever recorded. They were favored with a pleasant day which was for them unusual. There were over 60 in the party and 58 in the class! When they were planning the excursion two places were selected, Poland Springs and Mountain View. A vote was taken and 57 of the number voted to come here.

Thursday Hon. H. A. Furbish of Rangeley motored to this hotel bringing with him Hon. J. Putnam Stevens of Portland, who is president of the Maine Sportsman's Fish and Game association. Arrangements were completed for the 18th annual outing of the association from Thursday, July 3, to Monday, July 7 and it is expected to pack the hotel during that time.

"Smith brothers," H. A. Smith of Portland, Jas. J. of Augusta and F. L. of Rumford, spent part of the week here and during their stay took a trip to Kennebago.

The big camp beyond the annex was taken last Thursday by a party who intend to remain until Bald Mountain is painted scarlet and gold. The party includes Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Sterinnetz, Miss Edith A. Spencer J., Jr., Mrs. J. S. Gilliams and Miss R. S. Heylerger of Brookline, Mass. Mr. Sterinnetz will not be able to spend but a part of the time here. It is their first season at these lakes and they are greatly charmed with Mountain View.

Messrs. E. B. Nevin and S. S. Summers of Boston, who came Friday for a week's stay, have Eben Harden for guide and to-day are trying their luck fly fishing at Quimby pond.

The Catholic church was opened today for the summer and nearly 100 attended mass. The altar was very beautifully decorated with flowers sent by Mrs. F. S. Dickson from the island and many gladly welcome Rev. Fr. T. J. McLaughlin, who has charge of this parish and will spend much time here during the summer.

Two of the best known citizens of Lynn, Mass., are making this headquarters while taking trips to different places for 10 days. They are: Charles F. Cotter, the well known shoe manufacturer, and Wm. F. Dee, who comes for his first trip. Frank Philbrick is their guide and this afternoon they have gone to Upper Dam by special boat.

Beron F. Printice of Worcester, Mass., accompanied by his niece, Mrs. J. W. Howe, are happily located in one of the camps for two or three weeks. Mr. Printice has for guide, as for the past 30 years, Bert Herrick. On account of his health he is taking life easy this trip, but there are not many fishermen who come to the Rangeleys, that have caught on a fly as many and as large trout and salmon.

Business is good at the Mountain View laundry and a crew of 11 are kept busy all the time.

This day should be recorded as the first one of 1913 when the office fire has been allowed to go out and the doors left open.

COMPLICATION OF WOMAN'S ILLS

Yields to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Athens, Texas.—"I had a complication of diseases, some of them of long standing. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and some other things that you suggested. I must confess that I am much better in every way and have been relieved of some of the worst troubles. My neighbors say I look younger now than I did fifteen years ago."—Mrs. SARAH R. WHATLEY, Athens, Texas, R. F. D. No. 3. Box 92.



We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or received so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In nearly every community you will find women who have been restored to health by this famous medicine. Almost every woman you meet knows of the great good it has been doing among suffering women for the past 30 years.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, many of them state that it has saved them from surgical operations.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CAMPS BURNED ON CUPSUPTIC

Some camps on the Cupsuptic owned by Bean & Hodsdon, lumbermen, were totally destroyed by fire Friday morning.

George Fanjoy, a guide who was occupying one of them, but was away, lost all of his belongings, including six rifles, shotgun, fishing rods and tackle, trunk, and in fact everything.

TOMLINSON HAS HUGE CAKE

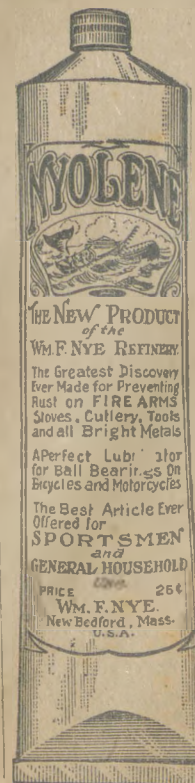
Rangeley, June 17—Harry Hinkley, who has just completed the course in Civil Engineering at the U. of M., has been visiting his mother and sisters. He left here this week for Pittsburg, Pa. where he has a position.

Will Tomlinson's birthday was remembered by the Rebekah "girls." He was first presented with a frosted tin pan decorated with candles. After he had tried in vain to cut this a very real cake properly candled and decorated with the one word "it," together with a nice pocketbook were given him as a token that his helpfulness in the order is not unappreciated.

Mrs. W. E. Tibbetts and children, Hayden and Payson, went to Kennebago Saturday for the summer.

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

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Maine Stop at
"The Homelike House For Everybody"
THE NEW CHASE HOUSE
Midway between New City Hall and Monument Square
Only Fireproof Hotel in the State
Conveniently Located for people attending Conventions
Every courtesy and attention shown ladies traveling alone
ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES
TRANSIENT RATES
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Munjoy Hill Cars pass the door.



NYOLENE SMOTHERS RUST SOOTHES PAIN

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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**

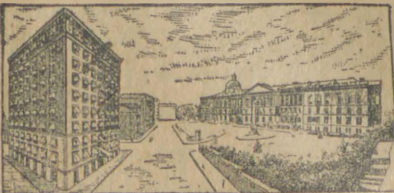
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Ask your watch repairer whose oil he is using on your watch.

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Opp. State House, BOSTON, MASS.



Offers rooms with hot and cold water for \$1.00 and up, which includes free use of shower baths.

Nothing to Equal This in New England.

Rooms with private baths for \$1.50 per day up; suite of two rooms and baths for \$4.00 per day and up.

Dining Room and Cafe First-Class, European Plan.

Absolutely Fireproof

Stone floors, nothing wood but the doors. Strictly a Temperance Hotel.

SEND FOR BOOKLET.

STORER F. CRAFTS, General Manager



Coffee Economy

should by no means suggest the purchase and use of low-priced coffees—for it's the higher cost coffees that contain such strength and concentrated flavor and deliciousness as make the cost per cup really no more than from the cheaper kinds.

"White House" Coffee

is not for those who will drink anything called coffee, but for discriminating people who care—people who want a pure coffee with a rich, rare flavor that is satisfying, and at only an economical cost per cup.

UMBAGOC CAMPS

among the Rangeley Lakes. A beautiful spot for the whole family. A few days or a few weeks among the lakes, rivers and woods. Does not the idea attract you? We offer you superb fishing—boating—shooting of game birds, deer and other animals. Good food and comfortable camp quarters. Guides, food supplies and camping outfits furnished. Write for particulars.

A. H. SMITH

UMBAGOG CAMPS

ERROL, N. H.

FISHING TRIP TO THE MIRAMICHI

Boston String Beans Served by a Tenderfoot in a Bait Can-- One of Party Chased a Salmon Up-Stream.

The following interesting narrative of a fishing trip and cut of party are taken from the Mars Hill View of June 6:

We left Mars Hill at 6.30 a. m., one hour later than we planned the night before. Arrived in Centerville, N. B. about 7 o'clock and after re-packing our dunnage and adding another passenger to our party, which then consisted of H. W. Sylvester, (Wilts) F. E. Sylvester, F. A. Fogg, C. R. Cliff, (Charles) and D. F. Cliff. We gave our Mitchell a crank and headed for the land of fish wardens and bull mosquitoes. Of course we encountered the usual number of rocks, and boulders in the center of the road on some of the hills between Centerville and Florenceville. The roads from Florenceville to Biggar Ridge were excellent and we made but one stop, at the big spring to get a drink of the best water on the road. As we were passing through Biggar ridge we heard a puffing noise ahead which startled us to the extent that I threw into second and proceeded slowly. Wilts said it might be a deer, while Fogg thought it was a G. T. P. locomotive, but it proved to be Howard Farley with a fishing rod over his shoulder, trying to make the grade on high. Howard willingly informed us that the trout were not biting and there were no salmon in the Miramichi.

Arriving safely at Mr. Hudson's hotel at the Forks, we lost no time in securing two canoes and started up the North Branch. Wilts in the stern and Faye in the bow of the first boat; Charles and I poling the second boat and Fogg holding the dunnage down. Now we would not insinuate that Fogg was lazy for he was very willing to man one of the poles, in fact he insisted upon resting Fred until we were compelled to tell him that when we got tired we would let a cow moose take our place. He tumbled.

We in the second boat soon overtook Faye and Wilts, and so we neared them, heard the following conversation: "Wilts, I thought there were guides over here you could hire to pole the boat?"

"Sure, we had a dandy fellow the last time I was over by the name of Jim Huggard."

Silence for 30 seconds. "Say, Wilts, can those guides pole one of these boats all alone?"

"Sure."

Another short silence.

"Why didn't you a hire a guide down at the Forks?"

"I didn't see any there. I suppose they were all out on the river."

"Suppose we will meet any up on this branch?"

But before Wilts could answer a canoe poked its nose up on the bar ahead. Wilts said: "There is Mert McKenzie and Jim Huggard."

We had caught nothing but a fine trout and were getting hungry so decided to pole up to the warden's camp and have dinner.

The camp offered us a table and some nice clean dishes, which were

eagerly accepted. Charles found a roast chicken in his grub box and we soon had a meal that would have made John D forget his dyspepsia. After this meal Charles was elected cook.

Our hunger satisfied, we again pointed our boats up river, Wilts and Faye whipping every inch of the stream, Fogg and I following Charles' advice, that it was useless to fish any until we got to Flannegan Bogen. Now we knew that Charles was acquainted with all the good pools along this section of the stream for a period of 28 years, not to say anything about the speaking acquaintance he enjoyed with most of the old salmon, so we laid our rods at rest in the bottom of the boat and headed for Flannegan Bogen. But alas, Charles' reputation was doomed to a downfall. Wilts landed a 4½ pound Grilse in the second pool above the foot of the Alden grounds. Fogg and I looked disgustedly at Charles who, for answer, looked the grilse over, shook his head and said, "Just as I thought, he is a foolish one." At this point Fogg, as though inspired, began to fish, while Charles and Fred poled the boat. We had not gone more than 1-4 of a mile when Fogg hooked a 6 pound salmon, and after about 20 minutes game struggle he yielded to

We got back to the camp sopping wet. It was now raining too hard to fish so we stayed in the tent to shiver ourselves dry. About 11 o'clock, as the weather was clearing up, Wilts went down about 100 yards below the tent and got a four pound grilse. The cook, in the meantime, busied himself getting dinner and he certainly did a good job, for we had fried trout, boiled potatoes baked beans, bread, rolls, apple pie, coffee and last but not least, Fogg served string beans, a la bait can.

About 3 p. m. we started back down stream. Charles, Fogg and I threw out anchor at the head of the pool with the big rock in the center of it. Here Charles hooked a salmon and lost him. Just above us about 200 yards Wilts got a large one up to the edge of the boat when his leader parted and before Jim could gaff him he was gone. Wilts took the blues and Charles felt better. As we were about to lift our anchor the picture we saw up stream was as exciting as it was funny. It looked like a moving picture with the film skipping. The water was boiling around Faye's fly and Faye was any place you had a mind to look. He was in both ends and the middle of the boat at the same time and when the boat got too small for his activities he jumped out into about three feet of water, and back into the boat again. This excitement lasted about 30 minutes when Faye succeeded in landing his first salmon, a 10-pounder. He suffered only a sprained ankle, dislocated hip and two badly bruised knees.

We were now satisfied with our

PLEASANT ISLAND RIGHTLY NAMED

Ideal Camp First Occupied---Most of the Camps Engaged for July and August.

Pleasant Island Camps, Cupsuptic Lake, June 14—"This place was rightly named, for it is one of the pleasantest and most attractive spots I have yet found in the wilderness," said a new comer who sat smoking on the piazza this morning and told his guide, "I don't want to go fishing, but will stay here and take life easy to-day."

Every thing about the island and on the main land has been put in readiness for the summer boarders, who come the last of this month for a long stay. The garden has come up, and as yet the deer have not found it out, although they are often seen on the shore.

The first camp occupied this spring was "Ideal," which soon after the lake was clear, was taken by Mr. and Mrs. John I. Arms of Brookline, N. Y., who came on their wedding trip, and occupied the camp that his sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Dean H. Edmonds, spent their honeymoon in last season. Pete Lufkin guided Mr. and Mrs. Arms as they fished all over the lake, took a trip up to Lincoln pond and up the Cupsuptic stream. They had great fishing and Mrs. Arms caught the largest, a pair one morning in Toothaker cove weighing about 3 pounds each that H. L. Welch is

two daily mails make one forget they are in the woods.

Jack Kingston is the chef and knows how to broil a trout to suit the king's taste. Mrs. Grace Whorff of Phillips is pastry cook.

Mrs. Weston Toothaker has charge of the camps and while fishing off the piazza at Sunset camp last evening caught a 2½ pound trout, which made a run for Birch Island where C. W. Mower of Boston with Cliff McKenney guide, are spending two months and they often come in with a good string of fish. A 3 pound trout took Mr. Mower's hook yesterday only a few rods from the wharf.

Prop. S. E. Clark is hustling to be ready to entertain Strathglass Commandery of Sir Knights of Rumford, who on Saint John's day are to own the place.

R. H. Lambard of Portland, who returned home yesterday morning, had two weeks of good sport fishing all by himself, and the box of fish he took home proved he was a fisherman.

Many of the former guests are to return and most of the camps are engaged for July and August.

GOOD SHOOTING WITH MARLIN GUN.

The Iowa State Shoot held at Fort Dodge May 27, 28 and 29 was a great success, 85 of the best shooters in the state taking part.

Many exceptionally good scores were made, but the shooting of all other participants was greatly overshadowed by the remarkable shooting of Mr. Will S. Hoon of Jewell, Ia., with his Marlin "pump gun."

Mr. Hoon won High General average (high over all other shooters) for the three days, breaking 149 x 150 the first day; 145 x 150 the second day; 149 x 150 the third day, a



total of 443 x 450—98 4-9%.

As winner of the High Amateur Average, he was presented by the Fort Dodge Gun club with a beautiful silver cup.

Mr. Hoon also won the State Championship with 99 x 100, a most remarkable score in this keen competition.

He tied for the Smith cup 25 x 25; and won in the shoot off 25 x 25. Mr. Hoon also made three long runs; 195 straight—134 straight—113 straight—any one of which would have satisfied even an expert shooter.

Some shooting. All done with his Marlin pump gun, with which he won the Preliminary Handicap at the Grand American handicap last year and tied for the Amateur Championship. Mr. Hoon has many other excellent scores to his credit, made with the Marlin, including the big Western Independent Handicap, amateurs only, 150 of the best shots in the country, where he broke 487 x 500 targets (97.4%) with a run of 152 straight.

Detailed information regarding the Marlin shotguns which give such excellent results may be had by addressing The Marlin Firearms Co., 33 Willow street, New Haven, Conn.

DON'T FORGET.

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

True Anglers Use The Williams Barbless Hook



Because it is guaranteed to catch and hold better than a barbed hook, yet you can remove the little fish without injury. Yearlings, spawn, and their killing wastes thousands of eggs, this means certain ruin to a glorious sport. The Williams Barbless hook is a scientific and a practical lure, no mechanism, just its ingenious shape. It stands for a SQUARE deal to the future of the sport: a SQUARE deal to the little fish and a SQUARE deal to yourself as a sportsman. Imported standard flies, \$1.60 per dozen, bait hooks 25 cents.

LACRY Y. WILLIAMS,

518 Water St., Oak Harbor, Ohio



H. W. SYLVESTER, (Wilts) F. E. SYLVESTER, F. A. FOGG, C. R. CLIFF, (CHARLES) AND D. F. CLIFF.

the automatic gaff. Charles was silent the rest of the way.

That hungry feeling began to creep over us so we passed Flannegan Bogen and landed at Elm Stub Bar, where we built a fire, fried some trout and ate our supper. While Fogg and Faye washed the dishes the rest of us pitched the tent. We all sat down around the fire to talk over our day's work and plan for the morrow. We had travelled 43 miles by auto and six miles by boat and were ready for a good night's rest. It was then just 8.30 p. m. The next thing remembered was hearing some one crying, "Hi, Fred," and as I rolled over I noticed Charles was gone. I could not get through my head what he was doing up at such an early hour 3 a. m. and before I got my wits together he called again, "Fred, bring the gaff." This time the rest of the boys got up and ran out to see Charles land his 6-pounder. The rain that we had prayed for the night before had begun to fall so Charles and I decided to pole up stream. He said he thought there was another one waiting for us at the mouth of West Brook, two miles farther up. But instead we were rewarded by two nice trout, one weighing 2 pounds, 13 ounces, the other 1 pound, 10 ounces. Of course Charles got the big one.

day's catch and poled down to the warden's camp to enjoy their comfortable berths enclosed with netting to keep the flies out.

The next morning on our way down to the Forks I caught a 4½ pound grilse which completed our catch. At the Forks we bought some ice from Mr. Hucksion, packed up and started for home about 11 a. m. At Centerville Mrs. Cliff's "mother" gave us one of her famous dinners and took the picture of the party as shown in the cut.

We arrived in Mars Hill at 4 p. m. and ended three of the best days sport I have ever enjoyed.

The Miramichi stream, along which occurred the terrible fire of many years ago, affords the sports in this vicinity great opportunities for fishing. Millions of salmon and trout swarm its waters and take bait and fly readily. With an auto one can leave Mars Hill at say 4 o'clock a. m. and be at Miramichi in three hours' time. Go to Centerville, Florenceville, Bristol, Glassville, Biggar, Ridge. Here is a telephone where one can engage guides and have boats and accommodations all ready.

mounting to decorate their city home. They returned home this week planning to come back with a party of friends for September.

Harry Hudler of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has been here for a week's fishing and had Geo. Fanjoy for guide. Mr. Hudler had a good box of fish to take home, although no large ones came to his net.

Messrs. C. A. Robinson and T. E. Williams of Lewiston had great fishing here last week. They had no guide but rowed over the lake and in the cove. Mr. Williams caught a 5 pound salmon. Mr. Robinson a 4½ pound trout and they had several 3-pounders. Not often is such a handsome box of fish taken home by a sportsman, for they had all the law allows.

Howard P. Bartram of Newark, N. J., who is fond of life out of doors and has passed much time in the Maine woods, accompanied by his friend, Wm. J. McNamara of Bridgeport, Conn., will spend several weeks in Lakeside camp.

Bears seem to be plenty on the ridge for George Fanjoy, who lives by himself in a camp a mile above the falls, shot one that weighed 180 pounds recently and Fred Watkins also shot one this week.

Mrs. Frank King us to take charge of the office this summer and will do the bookkeeping.

Cupsuptic is now a postoffice and

WEAR HUB RUBBERS This Winter

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.

TRAPPER'S SUPPLY CO.
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IN NORTHERN WILDS

By John W. Odlin.

Author of "The Heart of the Ojibways," "For Her Sake," "Senses Five," "Mose the Moose," etc.

(Written for Maine Woods)

(Continued from last week.)

There was long delay before the Hermit was brought to trial and, when at last, he was taken into the court room at the county seat, he seemed a timid, yellow weakling who insisted upon hurrying matters by declaring his guilt openly, though not a word concerning reason or justification would he utter. The modern loophole, insanity, was not used in his behalf and in quick order he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

In the deathly silence he had maintained through it all, the Hermit was led away to prison to wait until the law should take its course. Pinned in a stone house, built apparently with the idea of excluding as much light and air as possible, he withered. Imprisonment for this woodland creature checked his life blood and the prison physician said there was doubt whether he would live to die at the law's command, or that exasperated nature would seek at its own accord eternal freedom. His mind was growing weak, they said and, at times, he appeared to imagine he was roaming through woodlands. And so they nursed him, in effort to keep him alive until the fatal day.

The hangman was preparing his scaffold, whistling as he worked. At intervals he descended from the platform to survey his work. Well he remembered the last service this apparatus had been called upon to perform, how a great mistake had been made, how the rope was too long and when the victim dropped through the trap his feet struck the floor. He was sorry for that mistake, sorry for the mistake rather

than the conscious victim for Mike many of his kind, he took great pride in his ability to do this detestable work with dispatch. He was returning to the scaffold with the noosed rope in his hand when the prison warden passed through the corridor, talking with an individual, with much show and respect. The hangman realized the visitor was the Governor who always came to the prison to see the condemned before passing final judgement, and the man on the scaffold knew that there was opening the possibility that the man he was setting his trap for might escape him; but he would remain in the prison for life—all of them did—and he could talk with him occasionally and take a ghastly delight in reminding another prisoner how near he had come to the hangman's device. There was only this consolation in being cheated of his prize.

When the Governor was ushered before the death cell he saw a small, pale man, sitting on a bunk, staring at the wall opposite and imitating with wonderful exactness the call of game birds. When he turned to the grated door, a light of recognition flashed in his eyes and went away as quickly as it had come. The face of the trained man of big affairs paled, but he held his composure as he turned to the warden and announced that he wished to talk with the prisoner alone. When the warden joined the hangman at the far end of the prison wing, the Governor spoke. "I have suffered the fear that I would find you here," he said. "I prayed that this would not be so. Certain incidents that have been brought to my attention bred in me the belief that I would find a friend of other days here."

"You have made a mistake, sire," said the man in the cell.

"I would know you beyond the grave," returned the Governor forcefully. "I could never forget. I came to exercise executive pardon as far as in my power—the law permits me to commute the court's decree, if nothing more—but it is my duty as a man to ask you to forgive. Forgive me for the past?"

"I am not the man you think I am," declared the condemned calmly. "You are mistaken, sir."

"No one hears, tell me you forgive?" The Governor was pleading now. "I come to extend you all the power that is mine. I am the Governor, and I am going to save your life. Tell me you forgive me, before I go to stay these horrible proceedings."

"Forgive you," spoke the prisoner softly. "If I say I forgive you, you will think I do it to save my life and so I do not forgive. You stole into my home years, years ago, and took away all I held dear, you, my friend of our youth, my boon companion. Yes, I remember it all, now. How could I forget? Yes, I recall our school days together, our long hunting trips, those old fishing expeditions. Yes, I remember that companionship when you were a struggling lawyer, and I was struggling too. I remember the pleasant days and I remember that day that drove me mad."

A shudder went over the Hermit's frame, his eyes grew hard and he spoke his words sharply, yet with lowered voice.

"I remember our fight—how you pounded me with my wife's hand mirror, and laid my scalp bare. I don't blame you for that; you had to do it to get away with your life. I knew there was murder in my heart, and that is why I ran away. I knew that if we met again, I would try to kill you, because you stole away all I loved—then."

"That is why I am here. I killed the brute that killed my only friend, a friend that was always true. Go away, go away, let the work go on. I would rather die than live away from the wilds I love."

"I lived my life in the woods, because I was happy there. I loved to live with the wild animals, and be one of them myself. I was contented all the time. I loved that life."

"Every night I hear the call of a cow moose down the stream. I see the woodcock strutting around me, with nothing to fear. The loupervier sneaks close by, and tries to scare me with his screams, but he knows I am not afraid of him. I know them all, and they know me. They come to see me here."

The Governor went away. The hangman took down his gallows, and later when he went to call on the man who nearly became his victim, the bird had flown. The newspaper said someone from inside helped the murderer to escape. No trace of him was ever found.

Way to the north, where the Hudson Bay company stretches its great control, lives a man with the Indians, as one of them. He dwells in the big woods, hundreds of miles from cities. He has a string of huskies that drag his sledge over the snows, and he has made pets of these semi-wild animals. He induces foxes to eat from his hand, and game birds light on his shoulders. Agents of the Hudson Bay company say he is a little demented, but he always seems happy, or, at least, contented.

There is a scar on his forehead which, those who know him, says explains why his mind is a little weak. Where he came from is a mystery. All the Indians know is that they found him living in a hut alone, and that he won their friendship by proving he knew as much woodcraft as they.

CAMPS AND COTTAGES

At Camp Frye, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs are entertaining for several weeks Judge S. S. Barney and daughter,

Miss Marion Barney of Wisconsin.

The Judge is a member of the United States court of claims in Washington, D. C., where he spends most of the year. It is the first time Judge Barney has ever been in Maine and he expresses himself as greatly pleased and thinks these lakes are the most beautiful he has ever seen in this country.

Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. George Bonney, Rumford, were at Packard's camps at South Rangeley and with Chas. Cummings guide went fishing, and as they caught a 5 pound salmon and a 4 pound trout they call it "good fishing," but have nothing to say about trolling one day recently without even a strike and when night came found they had fished all day with a broken hook.

S. B. Packard of Ridlonville has four camps on the shore of Rangeley lake not far below South Rangeley station and is entertaining guests.

Mrs. Benj. Cram and two daughters of Ridlonville has taken Camp Retreat for the summer.

Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Davis of Ipswich, Mass. and Mr. and Mrs. Bryant of Lewiston came for a 10 days' stay.

Mr. Packard has recently purchased a 24 foot motor boat. Chas. Cummings, a registered guide, will be at the camps during the season to take people over the lakes.

At Moonhamas, Brown's Island in Cupsuptic lake Mr. and Mrs. Simon Brown of Portland arrived on Friday to spend their honeymoon days. This is the second bridal couple who have this season commenced married life in a log cabin at Moonhamas.

The flag is flying from Mingo Hill and can be seen for miles away on Rangeley lake, which announces that Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Patridge have come from their southern home to spend the summer there.

H. B. Smith of Commonwealth avenue, Boston, has completed Nikoonosoc his new camp, on Rangeley lake which has been built on the same spot where the one was burned last fall.

Mrs. Smith and daughter, Miss Rachel, have this week joined Mr. Smith for the remainder of the summer.

Subscribe now for Maine Woods the only newspaper of its kind in the world.

PARTIES SECURE FINE CATCHES

Newton Newkirk of Newspaper Fame a Guest Here--Abbott Pupils Have Outing Here.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

York Camps, Loon Lake, June 16—Your correspondent, who was called away three weeks ago, returning to his duties finds that the salmon and trout in Loon lake have been reckless in their desire to get the hook during his absence.

The gamy members of the finny tribe seem to have been awaiting the arrival of warmer weather and the advent of the flies upon the water's surface.

A large number of salmon and trout have been taken by the guests at York Camps and the fighting qualities of the fish have been fully up to the standard of Loon lake.

The weather here now is ideal—bright, sunny days with blue skies overhead that make being on the water a pleasure to say nothing of the mountains which surround this "emerald island gem of Maine."

One feature which has attracted general attention among York Camp guests are two splendid specimens of Canadian wild geese, which have decided to make Loon lake their summer home. This pair of feathered "web-footers" may be seen by guests at the south end of the lake and recently have spent considerable time ashore, which gives grounds for the belief that the mother bird is nesting and with shortly hatch out her youngsters for the benefit of York Camp guests.

Among the catches made during the absence of your correspondent are those of Messrs. J. Russel Marble, W. H. Luman, Lewis H. Torrey, George Richardson and Samuel H. Clary of Worcester, Mass., accompanied by Messrs. Franklin P. Lee of Milford, Mass. These gentlemen were handicapped by rainy weather but were game sports in spite of adverse circumstances.

The Smith party, consisting of Morrill Smith and wife and Frank R. Smith and wife all of Far Rockaway, N. Y., kept a record of the catches which certainly indicates something doing every day. The record reads: Salmon, 2½, 3¾, 2½, 1, 1, 2½, 2¼, 3, 2½, 2½ 2½ 3¼ 1½, 3, 3, 2½, 1, 3. Trout, 1½ ¾ 2 ¾, 1½, ¾, 3 and a brown trout weighing 2 pounds.

I find no record of H. H. Fordham and wife of Brooklyn, N. Y., and their son, E. C. Fordham, of Scranton, Pa., but am told they began their first day's fishing by netting a 3 pound salmon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morton with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chandler of Phillips, Maine, came to Loon lake for a week's stay and enjoyed every moment on the water. During the visit Mrs. Morton was high line and the record kept by this party shows luck and skill by netting, salmon: 4¾, 4½, 4, 4, 3¾, 3¾, 3½ 3½ 3 2½, 2, 3½, 2, 3½. Trout: One brown trout weighing 6 pounds, taken I undersand by Mr. Morton. This 6 pound catch breaks the brown trout record, but it is well known that larger trout are in Loon lake and only await the coming of the lucky fisherman.

Among the present guests at York Camps is Newton Newkirk, a gentleman as well known among the fishing sports as he is to the readers of the Boston Post and National Sportsman. Mr. Newkirk is seen on the lake each day and magnanimously announces the fact that he has caught not yet the brown trout that beats Mr. Morton's but like Peggoty's lover, "Bark's is Willin'."

During the three days including Decoration day, George W. Church of the Abbott school at Farmington, with one of his assistants, Mr. Bridgham, gave his pupils a fine outing at York Camps. They all had a most delightful time and their stay was not only enjoyed by the boys themselves but by the many guests who were here at the time. We hope they will be able to fulfill their expressed desire to visit York Camps next season.

"Truthful James."

FAMOUS BACKWOODS FAIRY TALES



Ed Grant, Beaver Pond Camps.

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

J. W. BRACKETT CO. Phillips, Maine.

MAPS OF MAINE RESORTS AND ROADS

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Franklin County	\$.50
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Penobscot County50
Waldo County35
York County35

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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.
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.
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FISHING

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CLARK & TOOTHAKER,

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That are ready to bite.

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CARRY POND CAMPS are opened for fishermen. Best trout fishing in the state of its distance to reach. Good accommodations for families during the summer months. Send for booklet.

HENRY J. LANE,
Carry Pond Maine.

SPECIAL RATES for parties staying two weeks or more during July and August. Write me before going elsewhere. Best of fly fishing. Can furnish references.

C. A. SPAULDING, Caratunk, Maine.
Pierce Pond Camps

TROUT BROOK CAMPS.

Located in the heart of the hunting and fishing region. Square tail trout and salmon weighing up to 10 pounds. Comfortable log camps and good table. For further information, address **R. R. WALKER, Mackcamp, Maine.**

FISHING

AT John Carville's Camps at Spring Lake

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



Lake Parlin House and Camps.

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

Lake Parlin and the 12 out ponds in the radius of four miles furnish the best of fly fishing the whole season. The house and camps are new and have all modern conveniences, such as baths, gas lights, open rock fireplaces, etc. The cuisine is unexcelled.

Canoeing, boating, bathing, tennis, mountain climbing, automobilism. Write for booklet.

H. P. MCKENNEY, Proprietor,
Jackson, Maine.

Maine Woods advertisements give good results.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

CATANCE LAKE.

Best of Salmon and Trout fishing. Also all kinds of game in season. Information and Terms furnished on application. Private boarding house. **F. O. Keith, Cooper, Maine.**

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Modern Cabins, Bathing, Boating, Canoeing. Best Bass Fishing in the World. Spring Water, Good Service. Booklet. **G. D. Mosher & Sons, Belgrade Lakes, Me.**

Jamaica Point Camps
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.



MIGRATORY FISH OF THE PENOBSCOT.

Decatur Bridges, "the Salmon King" of Bucksport and Verona, Takes Something of a Gloomy View of the Situation.

In his daily trips by train from Bucksport to Bangor, Mr. Stephen Decatur Bridges from four miles below the Verona bridge, thinks much about the changed conditions of abundance among Penobscot river salmon, alewives, shad, smelts and progies since the days when he was a boy, nearly 50 years ago. He recalls the times when the chief profits from Penobscot river weirs were derived from the salmon, which were caught upon the flooding tide, and usually dipped from the brimming ponds by hand nets, so the great fish might not flounce about and remove their own scales when the tide left the floors of the pounds bare.

Often when high water came at noon, Mr. Bridges has seen a dozen or more great and beautiful Penobscot river salmon, many of them 30 or more pounds in weight, swimming about inside the marlin netting and pushing their noses hard against the barriers to get free.

In the away back days, salmon were caught by the thousands at every tide by sticking a slanting line of stakes from the shore, far out slantingly into the water and filling the interstices with ordinary hardwood brush, which were cut

and inserted before the trees leaved out. About the time the British warships sailed from Castine to Gundaglow Cove, the point of "dead low water" saw the mudflats all along either shore churned to muddy foam by the gasping salmon, which literally lay dead in windrows, and such fish as could not be eaten fresh or smoked or salted, were carted away to the plowed fields in the spring of the year, and used as fertilizers under potatoes and corn. Since then, Mr. Bridges has lived to see these same kinds of spring salmon sell in the Bangor markets for \$1.50 a pound.

"I can tell nothing which I have not seen with my own eyes," said Mr. Bridges last week. "Here, between Verona and Bangor for 40 years past thousands of fine salmon have gone every summer. Year after year from 500 to nearly 2,000 fine fishes—male and females—have been purchased—after having been caught in the weirs alive—and taken to the fine fish hatchery at Craigie brook. These fishes have cost the tax-payers of this country thousands of dollars every year—not only for the fishes for breeding purposes, but for the pay and upkeep of the superintendent and his helpers, as well as for the additional outlay for special car distribution. The really skilled fish wardens and special graduates from the fisheries' schools have worked hard and honestly.

"They have written much of great interest to fishermen, and they have attended many fisheries exhibitions. What has come from 40 years of work upon the Penobscot, you can see for yourself.

"The salmon fisheries from Alamoosook dam to Bangor pool have been continuously running behind for two score years.

"From the years when real live lobsters ceased to be caught in Penobscot river weirs, the salmon, shad and alewife industries have been falling away. Mr. Superintendent Atkins or Mr. Commissioner Neal cannot deny this fact and speak the truth.

"This season you people who go salmon fishing at the "pool" and close by Bangor are doing much better than we, who dwell upon the shores of Verona. There is a Captain John Hall and a Mr. Burdill, who put out salmon nets off the Orrington shore, who often catch more salmon than are taken in weirs from Leach's point to Alamoosook dam where fully 30 weirs are out.

"I am in no way a "knocker" of the Penobscot salmon industry. I have secured a good portion of my living from salmon for years. Every man should speak well of the bridge, which carries him safely over. That which I know, that I tell unto you."

In his casual comment upon the migratory fish industry along the Penobscot river in Maine, Mr. Bridges asserts that those wonderful and spawning alewives, which have flocked up Eastern and Alamoosook rivers every year for many passing months, arrived fully a month earlier than usual in 1913. They came fat and plump, and filled with milt and spawn.

But none of them has passed beyond the Alamoosook dam. They have reched thea artificially constructed fishways and have stopped there, hovering in great and packed shoals below the dam for days and nights at a time. None of them has spawned this year, and none of them can spawn. The famous Orland smoke houses are practically without employment.

Regarding Penobscot river shad, Mr. Bridges states that he has handled two and only two, thus far this year. One he took to Bangor and sold to a local market; the other, which was a sizeable specimen, he presented to "Squire" Fellows, a Bucksport lawyer of repute, who has an office in Bangor.

That is the Verona way, which is also entirely the English way—the inherited custom of terming lawyers, justices of the peace and quorum, notaries public and such like citizens under the honored title of "Squire," something which is far more ancient and honorable than a colonel on the staff of a Governor, and fully equal to a "deacon" in a Congregationalist church.

Naturally, whenever "Squire" Fellows is met in Bangor he becomes

"Oscar" which remains a title that he will probably wear when he is elevated to the Supreme Bench of Maine to associate with Judge Savage and Philbrook.—Bangor News.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE FISHING.

Private Letter Published by Permission.

Greenleaf's Camps, Sugar Island, Thursday, May 29, 1913.

Have deferred writing, hoping to have something to report regarding fly fishing. Up to now not a fish has been caught on a fly. Have not seen "a break" as yet. There is nothing to call them up.

Have not fished industriously but have filled two boxes and Dr. Whibley took out 15 pounds, total 35 pounds.

From 3 to 12 salmon are brought in daily—I have caught five, the biggest, 5½ pounds, and the best shaped one I've seen. It took me 25 minutes to get it into the net. I used your Greenhart rod, have trolled with it and a steel rod. Tuesday last, I got four fish that weighed 12 pounds—salmon 5½ and 2½, total 8 pounds, 1 square tail 4 pounds, total 12 pounds. Another day I got some 14 pounds, but mostly togue.

The salmon are not as numerous as trout but are increasing each year—I have no doubt 50 salmon have been taken—the largest (2) 5½ pounds each—I never saw so many togue as there are here this year. There are no shiners or smelts as yet, that is, none of the former have come in quantities to the shore—and it's difficult to get bait—we have sent to Greenville for shiners. A few togue have had smelts in them. The stomachs of the trout are empty, as a rule and it's almost June, too.

A week ago—between showers—I fished at the wharf and got, with "worms for bait," three trout and one white fish, viz: 4½, 3½ and 2, and the white fish 3, total 13 pounds. That was a big catch for the time it took. The fish are cleaned on the wharf and the offal thrown in and this tolls the big ones in. Several other fish have been taken in "Elgin's door-yard," a 5½ pound trout and a 4¼ pound one. There are now about the wharf, three fish—I've seen them and weighed them in the water with my eyes and I'll bet something of no value they will weigh from 8 to 10 pounds for the three. Suckers and chubs have not got here. Water is too cold.

Some Indian relics have been found. One especially nice arrow head and several broken spears. Water is too high for successful hunting.

I have no doubt a thousand pounds of fish have been brought into these camps thus far this season. Twenty 10 pound boxes have been sent out by exprses and some fishermen have taken out 15 pounds each. This makes a total of 725 pounds of dressed fish and does not take into account the amount of fish served on the table, which has been liberal. A half ton of fish is conservative. If actual weight had been kept I feel it would exceed that.

At present there are only three fishermen here, but more are on the way and I feel the biggest catch of square tails will be in the next 10 days.

I wish it was so you could be here for the fly fishing which will soon be on—a few warm days and the trout will come to the surface!

I haven't visited Prong pond as yet. The boom, 2½ million, were taken out of Beaver Creek, yesterday, and the water way to the pond is now open. Will go there when the rain is over.—F. W. S. in Oxford-County Advertiser.

Why advertise whiskey in a religious publication? In other words, why use a medium that does not appeal to the class of people you cater to? If you want to reach the sportsmen, guides and trappers place your advertisement in Maine Woods. Then you will be in the right atmosphere.