



VOL. XXXVI. NO. 13

PHILLIPS, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1913

PRICE 4 CENTS

CUSHMAN ESCAPES WITHOUT INJURY

Washout Monday Ditches Train

No. 17 on Kingfield Division.

Kingfield—Train No. 17, engine No. 2, was ditched two miles above Carrabassett on the Kingfield division of the Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes railroad, Monday evening at 7:30. The cause was a washout which could not be seen by the engineer until it was too late to stop the train, although he was on the lookout for any effects of the heavy rain on the track. The train was made up of two cars only, the baggage and smoking car combined and the coach. The engine and baggage car were thrown over, the engineer D. H. Cushman was pinned down in his cab where he remained for some time unable to extricate himself. The train men soon dug him out none the worse for his hazardous experience. The fireman Raymond Phillips jumped and saved himself. The rest of the crew consisting of L. A. Thomas conductor and Ned Tuffs expressman were uninjured. Of the passengers eight or ten in number, none were severely shaken up or injured. They with the mail were taken back to Kingfield for the night, and the following morning a wrecking train righted the engine and cars and by noon the regular service was resumed.

START WORK ON NEW ROAD IN MAINE WOODS.

The upper portion of Moosehead Lake is to be made more accessible to tourists and sportsmen. At present automobiles and carriages can get only as far as Greenville, at the foot of the lake, and the twenty-mile stretch to Kineo must be made by boat. Last week engineers began a survey for a road which will run from Kineo to a point on the road connecting Skowhegan with the Canadian border, the roads joining half-way between Lake Umbagog and the West Forks of the Kennebec River. The new road, which will be about 25 miles long, will run through the forest for the entire distance.

CURATOR JAMES AT MERRY- MEETING BAY.

Thomas A. James, curator of the State fish and game museum, passed Friday of last week at Merry-meeting bay, getting specimens ducks to set up in the museum.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT DIES IN MAINE WOODS

J. R. Parrott, president of the Florida East Coast railroad, died at his summer camp here at Oxford, October 18th of angina pectoris. The end came suddenly. During the day Mr. Parrott was apparently in normal health. His work in the building of the line across the "ocean viaduct" to Key West attracted much attention. He was closely associated with the late H. M. Engler in the railroad and hotel business.

CORINNA GAME NOTES

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Corinna, Me., October 19.—Now that the heavy rains and high wind have divested the trees of nearly all their leaves and harvesting of potatoes is nearly completed, many of us who love the chase are preparing to take ourselves away to the woods to try our luck at bringing down that big buck of which we got only a floating glimpse last fall.

A few deer are living in the immediate vicinity of Corinna but are so wary that it is next to impossible to get within shooting distance of them. An old doe and two lambs were seen by John Phibbrick in O. L. Sprague's pasture a short time ago. John regrets the fact that he had no rifle, otherwise he would have been well supplied with venison.

A number of our local hunters left Friday, Oct. 19, for Blanchard where they will spend two weeks in quest of big game. Included in the party were A. P. Fernald, Norman Burrill, Maynard Bemis and H. Lee Fernald. We expect their full quota will be secured and that many stories of the exciting details connected with their hunt will be told for the benefit of their many friends.

I. L. Sprague secured a fine string of partridges Saturday, last, in the Ambrose woods being gone from his house only a short time.

E. P. Ireland and H. L. Ames returned last Tuesday from a hunting trip up Shirley way with four fine deer. They report partridges and deer as being very plentiful.

Boy Burrill left Saturday, Oct. 18, to join a hunting party at Blanchard.

Coon are unusually plentiful in this section this fall and we anticipate that after November 1, when they become free plunder that many will avail themselves of an opportunity to pick up a few extra dollars by trapping some of these nocturnal prowlers.

A party of hunters composed of O. L. Sprague and Chester Sprague of Corinna and A. W. Sprague of Wilmington, Mass., will leave Oct. 27, for a two weeks' stay on Crockett dead water in Macwahoc township, Aroostook county. This place is justly celebrated as a great feeding ground for deer and these hunters have high hopes of securing their full complement. O. L. Sprague, who has had twenty years experience as guide in Aroostook, Penobscot, Washington and Somerset counties will act as guide for this party. Several more sportsmen will join the party during its stay in the forest.

Reg. guide.

KNOWLES GIVEN A GILLETTE RAZOR.

The Gillette Razor Company presented Joseph Knowles, the man of the woods, a gold safety razor, inscribed with his monogram, so that he might be prepared for "a good clean shave" when he gets ready to give up the beard he acquired in the wild.

SHOT COONS ILLEGALLY

Fremont Trafton of Alfred was arraigned before Judge John B. Tucker in the Sanford court on Wednesday on the charge of illegally killing raccoons. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$10 and costs and in addition to this was fined \$3 for each of the coons. He was arrested by Game Warden B. A. Parker of North Berwick. Trafton paid the fine a legged.

ARTIST KNOWLES NOT SO VERY WONDERFUL.

Joseph Knowles, the Boston artist who went naked into the Maine woods two months ago for the purpose of proving that he could live as did primitive man, has returned to civilization, says the Waterville Sentinel.

If the experiences of the Boston man are to be looked upon in the light in which they are regarded by his admirers, he has accomplished something very remarkable. On the other hand, if they are to be studied with reference to what other men of to-day have accomplished in battling with the forces of nature, they sink into insignificance. Knowles went into the woods abounding with fish and game at a season of the year when the weather was not severe. He managed to kill a bear, to catch fish and small game and to start a fire. He made good in the sense that he showed he could live, as did the cave dweller.

But Mr. Knowles did nothing to compare with the hardihood and heroism of the men who have braved the perils of the Arctic and Antarctic. Archdeacon Stuck who climbed Mt. McKinley faced dangers and hardships much greater than those encountered by our artist friend. The ingenuity displayed by Knowles in providing himself with food and clothing has been in many cases exceeded by the ingenuity displayed by shipwrecked sailors who have managed to sustain life in barren regions and to find their way back to civilization.

All this does not mean that the experiment tried by Mr. Knowles was not interesting. It made wood newspapers "copy" but it was not, after all, a very wonderful achievement. Not half so wonderful as it would have been could one of the cave men have returned to earth in this year 1913 and managed, without assistance to have found food and shelter in one of our great cities.—Bangor News.

INSPECTS HATCHERIES

Walter I. Neal of the Fish and Game commission has just returned from an inspection trip in the northern part of the state, where he visited the Mosquito Fish Hatchery, the Moosehead hatchery, and the Squaw Brook Hatchery. He reports that the work of distributing the fish in the Moosehead and Squaw Brook hatcheries, is practically completed.

At the Moosehead Hatchery, Mr. Neal saw that a number of repairs were necessary, and these will be attended to immediately. These can be made at a very little expense, and when finished will make this hatchery one of the finest in the state.

On the trip he consulted with a number of the wardens of the state. Upon his arrival at Greenville he found Chief Warden Howard Wood closing up the third case that day for violations of the law. In all cases the men settled, paying fines and costs.

STANLEY PLACES FISH IN WEARY POND.

John F. Stanley, superintendent of the Lake Auburn fish hatchery, was in the city, Tuesday, says the Kennebec Journal, with 2000 6-month old salmon which are to be placed in Weary pond, Whitefield. Mr. Stanley stated that the hatch of fish this season had been very good, fully 85 per cent of the eggs hatching. In all 450,000 fish have been hatched this season at the hatchery and about one-half of this number have been distributed. The fish are fed twice a day on ground liver.

MAN SHOT WILL RECOVER

Taken to Maine General Hospital --Locate Bullet in Ankle.

Last Saturday Harold Eaton, clerk at Abbott & Cleaves' lumbering camps, accidentally shot himself while taking a rifle from the wall.

A telephone message was sent to Phillips and a special train took Dr. E. B. Currier and W. H. Caswell, master mechanic of the railroad.

They found that the bullet had entered the thigh, and they bandaged the wound the best they could and brought him to Phillips, accompanied by his wife and little son, and thence on to Portland on the 1.15 train to the Maine General hospital.

Dr. Currier received word last night that he is doing nicely. They have used the X-ray and found the bone shattered in two places and that the bullet is lodged near the ankle. They do not intend to remove the bullet if the wound heals well.

It was only 40 minutes from the time word was received in Phillips, before the train crew was made up, the doctor on board and the 12-mile run made.

Mr. Eaton was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Eaton of Portland and was formerly a clerk in the Maine Central offices in Portland.

COL. DOOLEY MAY RESIGN.

It is rumored among military men that the resignation of Adj. Gen. Dill is but the first in the changes which will take place in the staff of Gov. Haines within the next few months. The report is that Col. John J. Dooley of Portland, who has been chief ordnance of the Maine national guard since April, 1909, when he succeeded Gen. Dill, will soon ask to be retired from the service as he is to leave the state. Col. Dooley, who is one of the authorities on rifle shooting and who was selected to explain the mechanism of the American military rifle to the king of Denmark at the Olympic games, last year, is in charge of the military division of the United States Cartridge Co., Boston, the same concern for which Gen. Dill is to become assistant sales manager. His duties keep him out of the state most of the time and it is understood he is to remove to Boston, which will be much more convenient for him. This would necessitate his resignation from the service in Maine.

OPEN SEASON FOR INSULTS

The letter of an indignant citizen is published by the Philadelphia Press, and his plaint will touch a responsive chord in many hearts, this year of transposed months:

Sir:—The open season for insults is here, and the man who is sensible enough to dress for comfort is liable to ridicule and assault. Why is it that a man can wear a straw hat in May or June with an overcoat when it is nearly freezing cold, and nothing is said to him, but if he wears a straw hat after the middle of September, no matter how hot the weather is, he must be hooted at by a lot of toughs and fools.

The rowdy who allows what brains he had to run away with a senseless fashion that was set by some fad fiend will stand on a corner and insult a man who has sense enough to dress according to the thermometer and not to the calendar; but the same rowdy will wear low-cut summer shoes and a hot-weather shirt all winter, and no one will insult him for it.

If I was Judge and one of those fad hoodlums was brought before me for insulting a straw hat wearer, I would teach him a lesson that he would not be in a hurry to forget.

Mountain View House

Mountain View, Maine

For further particulars write or address

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

GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE

We do not approve of the hunters' license this fall, but we do not believe that it will keep everyone out of Maine. Our camps will be open all the season. Trains every day.

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
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SEASON OF 1913

Individual Camps, Rock Fire-places, Fly and Bait Fishing, Lake and Stream and Catch Trout. Telephone. Write for Booklet. Daily Mail.

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The most wonderful hunting in Maine is on the
BLAKESLEE PRESERVE OF 30,000 ACRES.
We guarantee you a shot at a deer. Birds are more numerous than ever before. If you want real hunting, write
JOE WHITE, Eustis, Maine, for booklet and particulars.
Skinner, Maine after October 1.

THE SEASON FOR BIG GAME SHOOTING IN MAINE

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

A postal card addressed to the undersigned will bring you full information contained in our booklet HUNTING.
F. N. BEAL, G. P. A., Phillips, Maine.

BETTER HUNTING AFTER THE RAINS

Hotel Men Say Higher Licenses Keep Sportsmen Away.

Reports from the woods of northern Maine are to the effect that the rain has been of great benefit to hunters, many will doubtless take advantage of the better conditions says the Bangor Commercial.

Two big bears were received from up river, and attracted much attention at the Union station. One of the bears weighed 390 pounds. The carcasses were shipped west on the 8 o'clock train.

E. E. Sweet of Mars Hill shipped a bear hide to the S. L. Crosby Co., Monday.

According to hotelmen in this section of the state the advance in the prices of licenses is keeping some of the out-of-state hunters away from Maine this season, one of the chief points of objection of the new license law being the fact that after Oct. 1 a non-resident hunter must pay \$25 whether he wishes to shoot deer or not. There are many, the hotelmen say, who like to come to Maine after birds, and birds alone. Up to Oct. 1 they may hunt birds by paying \$5, but they complain that the bird shooting in the state is no good until after that time.

The hotelmen say that the traveling men who come into the state at this time of the year used to like to spend a week-end at some of the camps in this vicinity, but now they cannot go into the woods and take a gun along unless they pay a full license tax. This they will not do, as they claim there is little certainty of getting any large game in the short time they can devote to the sport.

Consequently they are not spending much of their time in the woods and the sporting camps near the cities feel the loss of this business.

Over in the Rangeley section the sporting camp proprietors say that the higher license is keeping a lot of men away. John R. McDonald, who is an inspector of steamboats on inland waters was at Rangeley going to Upper Dam. He was told there that last year 300 non-resident licenses were disposed of during the season, while the indications are this year that there will be very few sold in that section.

On the other hand, the state game authorities report that just as many demands are being received for licenses from out of the state sportsmen as in the past few years, and that it is anticipated that the season will not show any diminution in the number of non-resident hunters.

The non-resident licenses are distributed in Bangor by the S. L. Crosby Co., and according to Mr. Pickard of that firm, the demand is just as great this year as last. "The principal kick we get from the non-resident hunters is not over the advance in price," said Mr. Pickard, Monday, "but is because

the resident is not obliged to pay a license and because the summer fisherman from out of the state does not have to pay anything."

Francis Rogers and J. Archibald of Lawrence, Mass., brought one each from the Moosehead Lake region. F. H. Sylvester and Julia Sylvester who were at Enfield got two deer and A. Wallace of Bangor brought down one from Wyplock.

Up at the northern end of Moosehead lake, and at all the sporting camps in that section the proprietors say that game is unusually thick. Most of this game goes down by the way of the Somerset Branch of the Maine Central railroad and never gets into this city, while in past years, before that branch was built Bangor used to receive a lot of the Moosehead game.

Birds are particularly thick and not a sportsman has come out of that section without a full quota of birds. One party of sportsmen, who have been making their headquarters at the Kineo Annex, which is open this fall until Oct. 15, had exceptionally fine luck. They were above Moosehead lake, going in to the Wimmeragnock house at Northeast Carry, and they brought out 10 deer and 50 birds. They reported the birds as exceptionally thick. In the party were E. Aston of Lebanon, Va.; Dr. T. E. Perry, of Bremen, West Virginia; D. V. Kirk, J. L. Kirk and J. J. Lincoln of Elk Horn, West Virginia.

Job Tyler of this city has been at the lumber camps on the Stetson operations near Lobster lake bringing down a fine bag of birds.

Bill Doyle, one of the best known of the Moosehead lake guides, who spent last winter in this city, started with a party of sportsmen for the Allegash trip, leaving Northeast Carry.

BOSTON'S BIRD HOUSE OPENED ON MONDAY.

The Aviary, the winter quarters for the birds at the Franklin Park zoo, built by the city of Boston, at a cost of \$150,000 was opened October 13. Members of the Park and Recreation Commission attended the opening at which Mayor Fitzgerald spoke.

The new building, erected after the style of a Japanese pagoda, is one and a half stories in height, constructed of brick and cement, and accommodates hundreds of birds. The present number exceeds 400, and more are expected within the next few weeks. Many birds new to this part of the country are among the collection. The arrangement of the cages and the many devices for the comfort of the feathered occupants as well as the building itself are said to be equal if not surpass anything of its kind ever attempted.

The report of the fishery board for Scotland for 1912 shows that the number of persons employed in the fisheries and the various industries subsidiary thereto was 90,040.

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

BEAR WAS A VETERAN

A big black bear which for the last six years has eluded the hunters in the neighborhood of Hudson, Glenburn and Alton, was shot this week. The bear was caught in a trap six years ago by Storman, but escaped by gnawing off a paw. Since that time he has made frequent raids, killing many sheep, stealing pigs and spoiling acres of growing corn. He was easily traced by the stub paw, although shot at many times, always escaped. He eluded traps several times by springing them and making off with the bait. When found in the trap he had dragged it nearly a mile. Bullet marks were found in both ears and two long scars on the flanks showed the course of others. The bear weighed 225 pounds.

BEAR EATING HIS APPLES

Bears are reported as quite plentiful in the region of Sebec lake and several of the farmers of Bowdoin are missing sheep, apples and other products of the farm, as a result of the depredations of these animals. Traps are being talked up and some of the citizens are instituting nightly hunts for the invaders of the orchards and sheep pens. Not long since one of the mighty hunters was holding a lonely vigil at one of the approaches to this orchard, rifle in readiness, watching intently the path by which the bear was wont to enter the place. On hearing a light noise behind him the hunter turned to find the beast had stolen a march upon him, come into the orchard from the other side and was close upon him before discovered. Whether man or beast was the most frightened it would be hard to say, but the young man fled leaving his rifle behind and Bruin in full possession of the sweet apple trees.

HAPPENED IN DAMARISCOTTA

The wonderful experience of a resident of Damariscotta with a bull moose is related by a Bath woman who returned home this week from a visit over east, relates the Bath Times. The Damariscotta man while driving through the woods was overtaken by a large bull moose. The man was not armed and for a time he had an exciting time. The moose attacked him from the rear and seemed to take pleasure in pushing the car ahead, using his head just as an elephant does. The horse became frightened and jumped the fence. The driver held to the reins and when the horse cleared the fence the wagon was left behind, but the driver was hauled clean over. When he landed he managed to release his hold on the reins and had a chance to look at the moose, who was standing over the wrecked car snorting quite vigorously. The moose then disappeared in the woods. The man later found his horse in the woods. He said that it was an experience he would not care to go through again, and could not imagine a reason why the moose should have attacked him.

GAME PROSECUTIONS

Every few days the office of the Fish and Game commission receives information from the hunting region of the state that someone has been prosecuted for breaking the game laws. All tend to prove that the wardens are keeping a sharp lookout over their respective sections that no unfair tactics be carried on. The latest report states that Freeman Nadeau was prosecuted before Justice Fredrick Doyle of the Millinocket municipal court and fined \$16 and costs for the killing of two muskrats in close season. The complaint was entered by Warden E. M. Ward.

DAY'S NEW PLAY EXCEPTIONALLY CLEVER.

Holman F. Day of the Windsor, St. street, Portland, left for New York for a conference with Henry W. Savage for whom he has just completed a play. This play is said to be exceptionally clever, and one of the finest things which the successful author has yet done.

FROM KINEO TO CANADIAN ROAD

Chief Engineer Hill of Portland with other prominent engineers began a survey, Monday, for a road from Kineo to connect with the Canadian road, which when completed will add much to the advantage of people of this state as well as others. This road will include about 25 miles and will give a chance to automobile travelers as well as teams to get to Kineo without going by water. Heretofore automobiles and teams could go only as far as Greenville at the foot of the lake. When this road is built it will connect with the road from Skowhegan to Canada and will join this road about half way between Parlin and the West Forks. It will be through timber lands and will include the Haines Gore, Misery, Sapling Town, Ten-Thousand Acre township, and Cold Stream township.

34,000 FRY PLACED IN LAKE AUBURN.

Ernest Mathews, Ira Hewison, Oscar Holmes, Jerry Murphy, D. E. Parlin, James Tracy, Lew Barrett, Gus Knight, Frank Curtis and Reuben Estes placed 34,000 salmon fry 4,000 of them yearlings in Lake Auburn recently from the fish hatchery. Last year 46,000 were placed in the lake.

HE MET A MOOSE BUT GOT BY ALL RIGHT.

"Uncle" John Bowden, who was the game warden at the Union station last year, was in Bangor recently says the Bangor Commercial, accompanying a shipment of 25,000 salmon fry to Harwood pond, near Machias. Uncle John was cordially greeted by his Bangor friends, and enjoyed his short stay here.

They tell a story about Uncle John Bowden that reflects credit upon his skill and bravery. One summer morning a couple of months ago, at about 4 o'clock he was returning from an all night expedition in the woods, in the town of Otis, on the search for hunters who might be out "jacking" deer, and other poachers. Coming along to Brimmer bridge, what did the veteran game warden meet but a big bull moose, weighing, say about 600 pounds. The moose peered curiously at the stranger, and didn't seem the least afraid, in fact, he appeared just a little bit threatening.

To hasten back in precipitate flight would mean a chase by the moose in all probability, the thought flashed through Uncle John's brain, and he decided to take a chance. Noticing that the moose's horns were in velvet, and remembering that they are very sensitive, Uncle John decided to make that portion of the moose his a tacking point. He grabbed the moose by the soft and tender horns, and as it was near the edge of the bridge, which was only a rustic affair, it happened that the moose lost his foothold on one side.

With this temporary advantage, Uncle John took a decided brace and with a terrific wrench, gave the moose a push overboard into the stream. He did not stop to look more than once, seeing the animal floundering about in the water, and then fled. The moose did not follow him.

Asked about this incident, Wednesday, Uncle John, who ordinarily is very willing to give reporters a good "game" story any time he runs across one, suddenly became

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Prepares thoroughly for all colleges and scientific schools. College, Classical and English Courses.

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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

very reticent. "Sorry, I can't tell you anything about game to-day," he replied. But no denial of meeting the moose was forthcoming.

SOME WOMEN WHO ARE FAMOUS FOR ADEPTNESS WITH "SHOOTING IRONS."

There are to-day in New York and the vicinity, says the New York Herald, a score of modern Dianas who handle gun, rifle and revolver in a way to make the average man look like a schoolboy with a toy popgun. They are quicker of eye and shoot in better form than a hundred marksmen picked out at random. When you come to consider that some of these women fire more than 250 times in a match you will begin to realize that the one time called "weak" woman needs no handicap allowance in the strenuous pastimes or pursuits of rifle.

One of the best exemplifications of what woman may attain in the way of marksmanship is Miss Laura M. Boles, of Greenwich, Conn.

Miss Boles at a recent meet of the Greenwich Gun Club made 117 hits in 175 tries, an achievement of which many a so-called expert shot among men would brag considerably.

Another remarkable woman shot is Miss Jessie Thorpe, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. Miss Thorpe is only sixteen years old, but she has already demonstrated that she can shoot in a way that might make many a marksman envious. At the recent tournament of the Western Connecticut Trapsnooters' League she made a score of 107 out of a possible 150. She has been shooting two years, and experts predict that she will be a champion of champions before she is eighteen.

Mrs. F. F. Rodgers, of Stamford, Conn., is another remarkable woman shot. At the Greenwich meet, where Miss Boles made her score of 117 out of 175, Mrs. Rodgers totaled 118 hits, or one more than her rival Diana.

Miss B. Brown, who is also a member of the Greenwich Gun Club, is a fine marksman. At the Western Connecticut meet she scored 85 out of 150 and received great praise for her fine shooting.

Miss M. E. Hyland, of White Plains, N. Y., is said another famous amateur woman shot. She has been shooting five years and improving all the time. When the trap shooting season ends she generally goes gunning. Two years ago in Washington county, Maine, she brought down with her rifle a fine moose and has laid low with her bullets many other specimens of big game.

CHIP OF THE BLOCK

Bert Johnson of Hallowell distinguished himself as a successful young sportsman. Recently he shouldered his shotgun and was gone but a short time, when he returned with a partridge and a rabbit weighing 4½ pounds. He is associated with the Hallowell Gun Club, and during the past season he made some of the old veterans sit up and take notice by his effective trap shooting. However, he comes honestly by it, as his father, W. E. Johnson, is considered one of the best shots in the city.

TAXIDERMISTS

G. W. PICKEL, TAXIDERMIST

Dealer in Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Indian Moccasins, Baskets and Souvenirs. RANGELEY, MAINE

"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 bamboo rods for fly fishing and trolling. Rods to let. Snowshoes to order.

E. T. HOAR, Rangeley, Me.

MR. CAMP OWNER

It is rumored over the state that no hunters are coming to Maine this fall on account of the new license law. Do you believe this? Do you believe that true sportsmen who love to place a good gun on their shoulders can find such a variety of hunting in any other state in the Union? We do not believe they can, and we also believe that Maine will have a good big bunch of hunters this fall.

IT IS NOW TIME TO ADVERTISE

for them, and Maine Woods offers publicity that is more valuable, to Maine camp owners, than that of any other publication.

Don't let the other man get all the hunters. Send in your ad today.

MAINE WOODS,
Phillips, - - - Maine



Fresh Tobacco Never Bites; Dry, Cut-up Tobacco Does

Only when the natural moisture *dries out* of tobacco can a "bite" get *into it*. In the Sickle plug, *all* the moisture, flavor and fragrance are *pressed in* and *kept in* by the natural leaf wrapper. Every pipeful you whittle off the plug is *fresh*—so you always get a slow-burning, *cool, sweet, satisfying* smoke.

If you want your tobacco already cut up for you, in packages, you have to be content with *dry* tobacco, that burns fast and hot, and *bites your tongue*.

That's why *experienced* smokers cut up their own tobacco, from the Sickle plug. They get *more* tobacco, because they don't pay for a package—and *better* tobacco, because it's always *fresh*.

3 Ounces
10c

Slice it as
you use
it



THE AUTOMOBILE AS A NECESSITY AS WELL AS LUXURY.

F. E. Stanley, the famous motor car inventor and manufacturer, who is authority on the line of red devils of which he is master, was asked recently the probable number of motor cars in the United States.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Stanley, "but I believe there are now at least a million cars in commission, not counting the derelicts or the has-beens. The owners of these cars pay for gasoline about a million dollars this year, or twice more than was formerly paid, since gasoline is now twenty cents more or less per gallon. Repairs and depreciation of automobiles probably amount to three hundred million dollars a year. The annual charge for automobiles in the United States including chauffeurs and interest on the investment, and not including new purchases, probably is upward of half a billion of dollars.

"The probable investment in automobiles in this country to-day is several billions, including the in-

vestment in plants,—it would be risky to guess without careful comparing of notes. One motor car manufacturer last year sold in Europe more cars than many manufacturers biled, taken together. One factory is said to turn out close to 200,000 cars this year. The figures are almost incredible."

"This business, it must be borne in mind, hardly existed in the last decade of the century preceding the twentieth century. As yet, the annual outlay of the American people for automobiles is hardly in excess of ten dollars per unit of population. The addition of creature comfort—not including the joy rides—and the annual betterment of business and enlargement of human life and opportunity, due to motor cars for pleasure, for business, and for affairs, are worth twice what they cost.

"More business can be done in a day with the aid of an automobile than could be done in a week without it. Take the telephone and the motor car together, one man of gumption can accomplish more in one day in the year 1913 than his ancestors accomplished in half a month in the year 1893 when Colonel Bryan was talking of investing a hundred cents' worth of purchase power on fifty cents' worth of wind, and fifty cents' worth of white metal.

"Those who think the motor car is going to ruin this country are short sighted. Grant that man idiots and a few fools, who haven't the price and who oughtn't to be trusted with any responsibility, have done much to ruin themselves, their families and the credit of society, by playing with this costly edged tool; grant that many who ought to be satisfied with a cheap machine insist in competing with the millionaires outfit; grant these things and a lot more, the man who thinks the automobile is a curse, because it is abused, is brother or nephew of the fellow who mobbed the first Maine saw-mill, or the man who declared railroads would ruin farmers, and of the man who thought the automobiles would kill off everybody who held the rein over a horse.

"This world hasn't half got its growth. Cheer up. More devils were paid off yesterday than will have to be settled for to-morrow. The world is growing better even though its voltage is rather high. Let's give to the old fogies a respectable funeral but be resigned that new graveyards are yet to be established. The resurrection is not an exclusive dogma of credulity. There is a resurrection of the body and of the body politic. All things are being clothed anew. The development of organic as well as of spiritual life is yet in the cradle. Future doings will be far greater

in all ways than those of history.

"Ten years ago the American automobile cut a very small figure in the export trade. During the last fiscal year the exports totaled over \$26,000,000 in value, and those parts and tires shipped abroad brought the total valuation of this particular trade up to \$35,196,753. The increase in a year amounted to more than the whole export trade in that line as late as eight years ago. The average value of the export car is about \$1000. Altogether 26,286 cars of different grades were exported in this past fiscal year, and only 748 were imported. These imported cars averaged over \$2000 in value."

INTERESTING SPECIMENS PRESENTED TO STATE.

More and more interest is being taken in the State Museum which is becoming very attractive and interesting under the supervision of Curator Thomas A. James.

Varied gifts have been received there recently. The latest is a preserved specimen of a sea horse, presented by G. E. Sturtevant of Augusta.

An Indian skull—that of a Chickamauga squaw—dug up from an old burying ground—was given by Major E. E. Philbrook of the State agricultural department. Another noteworthy gift was that of a short eared owl, presented by L. Erwin Higgins of Readfield. The museum room is now well filled with specimens, and collections, including the moths, birds and fish of the state, are nearly complete.

Mr. James is painting a background for the caribou exhibit. The scene is of the woods in winter, and with the clumps of moosewood in the exhibit, it will appear very natural. It has been placed in the same case with the moose exhibit in the museum room.

RECEIVE ANOTHER ALLOTMENT OF FISH.

The fish committee of the Cobbosseecontee Yacht Club received, Friday noon, through the United States Fish Commission, a lot of trout fry, about 1000 in all, from the Craig brook station at East Portland. The fish, which were one year old, were taken to Cobbosseecontee in the afternoon, and put into the water. This makes the second lot of trout that has been planted at the north end of the lake within a short time past, the others, 10,000 coming from the Monmouth hatchery.

THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

The principle upon which the state must go in its distribution of benefits must logically be based upon the old rule of the greatest good to the greatest number, says the Portland Express. Mr. Lyman H. Nelson, in his address before the Biddeford Board of Trade, clearly shows that, in order that the greatest good may be done to the greatest number in the construction of highways under the new law, it is necessary that the road construction shall be of such a character as to extend its benefits just as far as the money appropriated for that purpose will possibly go, and that can best be done, not by building a little section of perfect road but by making "good enough" roads, penetrating into and connecting together all the countries of the state. This is a case where narrow or local interests must not supersede the broader view of accomplishing what is best for all the state. And Farmington and Skowhegan and Houlton and Calais are entitled to due consideration, as well as Bangor and Augusta and Portland and Biddeford. Mr. Nelson shows that, with the same money that it would cost to construct a cement road from Biddeford to Portland, a good highway, under-drained and on proper foundation, could be built from Portland to Augusta by the way of Lewiston and Winthrop. While that Biddeford highway is a desirable one and would be a fine thing if we could have it, we must cut our garment according to our cloth and we must reach with the

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give real and complete satisfaction, but their cost is within the reach of all. Barton Lewis won the U. S. Amateur Championship at Dayton, O., June 17, 1913, scoring 195 out of 200 with Peters "Target"—medium priced shell for Bulk Smokeless. Chas. A. Young won the Professional Championship of the United States, scoring 197 out of 200 with Peters "High Gun"—medium priced Shell for Dense Smokeless.

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SOLE AGENT FOR U.S.A.

CLARK-HUTCHINSON
COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

benefits of this bond money just as many people as we can.

NEW GENERAL MANAGER OF M. C. R. R.

Dana C. Douglass, the new general manager of the Maine Central Railroad entered the employ of the company in 1894, as stenographer in the passenger business. A short time later he was transferred to the office of General Manager Payson Tucker and continued through the administration of the late General Manager George W. Evans and Morris McDonald in various capacities. His last official position was assistant to President McDonald of the Boston and Maine and Maine Central railroads. Mr. Douglass has a large acquaintance in the various divisions of the company and is considered an efficient and capable railroad man. The announcement was received with commendation by railroad men in Portland.

CAN GET DEER IN KENNEBEC COUNTY.

Augusta nimrods who aspire to getting a shot at a deer, this fall, but do not feel like going up into the northern woods after it, can have the opportunity, in about two weeks, of hunting these animals in Kennebec county, as the law goes off at the end of the current month, the open season continuing through the month of November. Only one deer can be killed by any one person during the open season, according to the law, and the law, further provides that a person law-

fully killing a deer in open season shall have reasonable time to transport the same to his home, and may have the same in his possession at his home in closed season. Deer were reported within a few miles of Augusta during the summer months, and as Kennebec county deer are always fatter than those of the northern counties of the state, whoever succeeds in bagging one of them will get a prize.

ANOTHER YEAR OF PLEASURE

New York, October 14.
J. W. Brackett Company,
Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find check for \$1.00 for my subscription for the Maine Woods. I have had the paper for one year and have enjoyed it very much and am looking forward to another year of pleasure in reading it.
Yours very truly,
John H. Palmer.

ATTACHED TO MAINE WOODS

Lowell, Mass., October 13.
To Maine Woods:
Phillips, Maine.
I notice by the date am getting a little behind in payment. Please find enclosed one dollar for another season.
I am attached to the Maine Woods as our grandmothers were to the Old Farmers' almanac.
Very truly,
Charles O. Hall.

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

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, September 28th, 1913.

STRONG

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 6.23 A. M. and 1.37 P. M.; for Phillips at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M. and for Rangeley at 6.47 P. M. and for Kingfield and Bigelow at 5.50 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS arrive at Strong from Farmington at 12.31 P. M. and 5.47 P. M.; from Phillips at 6.23 A. M. and from Rangeley and Phillips at 1.37 P. M.; and Bigelow and Kingfield at 1.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAINS leave Strong for Farmington at 9.45 A. M.; for Bigelow at 9.30 A. M. and for Phillips at 1.45 P. M.

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

PHILLIPS

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Phillips for Farmington at 6.10 A. M. and 1.15 P. M.; for Rangeley at 5.15 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 12.53 P. M. and 6.10 P. M.; from Rangeley at 12.20 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Phillips for Farmington at 7.30 A. M. and for Rangeley at 7.40 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at Phillips from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. and from Rangeley at 3.00 P. M.

RANGELEY

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Rangeley for Farmington at 10.40 A. M.; and arrives from Farmington at 8.00 P. M.

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

SALEM

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves for Strong and Farmington at 1.00 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 8.16 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Salem for Strong and Farmington at 7.45 A. M.; and arrives from Strong at 10.05 A. M.

KINGFIELD

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Farmington at 12.40 P. M.; and arrives from Farmington and Strong at 5.38 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Bigelow at 9.40 A. M. and 6.38 P. M. Arrives from Bigelow at 11.45 A. M. and 8.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves Kingfield for Farmington at 6.45 A. M. and for Bigelow at 12.00 M.

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

BIGELOW

PASSENGER TRAIN leaves Bigelow for Strong and Farmington at 10.50 A. M.; and for Kingfield at 7.35 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAIN arrives from Kingfield at 10.00 A. M.; and from Farmington and Strong at 7.28 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves for Kingfield at 2.00 P. M. and arrives from Strong at 1.05 P. M.

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

THE AMERICAN FIELD

THE SPORTSMAN'S NEWSPAPER OF AMERICA
(Published weekly, Established 1874.)

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The American Field collects news by its own staff representatives and special reporters, giving authoritative reports of leading events in the sportsman's world. Its recreative columns are always replete with interesting articles and contributions and open a wide field for discussion of all subjects that interest sportsmen.

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J. W. Brackett Co.
Phillips, Maine

L. B. BRACKETT,
Business Manager

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

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

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1913

GRAY SQUIRRELS CHANGE HOME WITH THEIR FRIENDS

When Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Dud-
ley moved from their old home at 34
Union street to their newly acquired
residence, the Judge Austin D. Knight
house at 27 Union street, the family
of squirrels which had made its head-
quarters in the yard of the former
Dudley house, accompanied the couple
to their new home. The three gray
squirrels have settled down on their
new domain and appear thoroughly
satisfied with the change. For sev-
eral years, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley have
made a practice of feeding the little
animals with the result that the small
creatures apparently look upon them
as their rightful owners and protec-
tors.—Waterville Sentinel.

Man Did Not Know There Was Any Baseball at Present Time

Judge B. F. Cleaves stepped into
the city clerk's office this morning,
and addressing City Clerk Locke stated
that he was in a dilemma and did
not know what to do.

"Officer Ernest H. Robbins has made
complaint and I consider it is some-
thing beyond me as to just what ac-
tion should be taken," said the judge.
The officer met a man this morning
and after passing the time of day with
him said, "The world's series games
are pretty close." The man replied, "I
didn't know there was any baseball
this time of the year." I asked the
officer what he said and he replied that
he looked at the man and then walked
away and lost no time in getting to
the court room so as to lodge a com-
plaint as he did not consider the man
was safe to let roam about the city.
What's bothering me is what can I do
with this man if he is arrested. I can't
send him to jail for life, and—"

"Buy him a ticket and send him to
the world's fair," spoke up City Clerk
Locke.

"That would be too severe," said Joe
Cartier.

"Put the man's name in the hall of
fame," ejaculated Edwin Bardsley, the
janitor at city building.

Judge Cleaves was here called to the
court room to hear some rum cases
and anybody who has any recom-
mendations to make as to just what
ought to be done with the man who
did not know that there were any
baseball games being played at this
time, will be duly thanked.—Biddeford
Journal.

TWO MOOSE WITH ONE SHOT

A curious incident occurred at Beech
Hill, near Ransie Junction, New
Brunswick, recently. Two young men
were hunting and came across two
bull moose standing side by side in the
woods. One of the young men took
careful aim with a high power rifle
and fired. Both moose ran for some
distance, then fell down and died.
When they were examined it was found
that the bullet had passed clean
through the heart of one and had
touched the bottom of the heart of the
other. It is doubtful whether this feat
has ever been duplicated in the prov-
ince.

LIBERATED 3000 TROUT

Members of the Cumberland County
Angling Association went out
recently and liberated 3,000 trout in
three different brooks in Cumber-
land County.

Fly Rod's Note Book

BY FLY ROD

St. Anthony's Cottage, Phillips,
Oct. 20—

"There's wine in the air and
ripe scent on the breeze,
The leaves are a crimson, rich
fruit loads the trees:
The dawn holds a hint of the
death of the year

And all the world whispers
that hunting time's here"

Thus runs an old ballad and is
there a more delightful season in
the woods, to follow the trail and
study nature, to hunt for the au-
tumn ferns and mooses which is as
fascinating as hunting for birds
and deer? There is always so
much to study in the wood of
Maine, flowers, trees, ferns, birds,
insects and animals. I remember
this summer of meeting a lady who
had for years studied the mooses
and she was always finding some-
thing new and wonderful to me
when she pointed out their flower
and fruit and there was much as
she called the Latin names. Think
of finding ninety even different
kinds of mooses in one summer at
the Rangeleys. Another friend
was making a collection and a
study of the ferns and while at
Upper Dam collected and arranged
the following varieties, sixteen in all
a number that I had never seen
before, they were the cinnamon, roy-
al, interrupted, oak, long beech,
sensitive, ostrich, brake, silvery
spennwort, lady fern, hay-scented,
marsh, polypody or snake fern,,
spinulose wood, New York and
crested shield fern.

I notice, that Walter D. Hinds,
who has a camp at Ox Bow, in
company with Charles E. Halenow
have recently returned to Port-
land bringing with them four large
bucks and Walter can drop the
game every time for he is one of
the best shot in Maine. The
gentlemen said they had never
seen big game so plentiful in that
section.

If our game laws are wrong why
not make them right? But if
the law is broken why should the
offender kick if he is obliged to
pay a fine? Game Warden George
E. Cushman does not intend to
allow the fish and game to pass
through Portland unless, according
to the laws and the license tags
accompanying them.

Only a few days ago a box
containing eight partridges con-
signed to Massachusetts was
found in the express ship-
ments and as there was no li-
cense tag accompanying the box
of course it did not go through
but was disposed of as all fish and
game confiscated are. That is,
they are sent to the hospitals and
charitable institutions in Portland,
which surely is a wise law, for it

would be a wicked shame if the
fish and game after it is killed
was not made the best use of.

The members of the Cumberland
County Angling Association are
surely doing a good work for that
part of our state. One day re-
cently Messrs. George C. Orr, Harry
L. Smith, John B. Porteous, George
H. Blanchard and game warden G.
H. Cushman with three automobiles
were at the Union Station in Port-
land to meet a consignment of 3,000
brook trout "finger lengths" from
the state fish hatchery in Mon-
mouth. These they liberated in
brooks at Gorham and South Wind-
ham. The association plan later
to distribute 15,000 or 20,000 fry
in the Cumberland County stream,
and have a day's sport with rod,
hook and line near home, at no
distant day.

Game farming is comparatively
a new occupation in the United
States. But a leaf has been taken
out of Europe's book of experience
and in different states there is
now "game farms," in which many
sportsmen and those who love the
game of our forests are taking
a great interest.

The one of 6,000 acres in South
Carver, Mass., only 40 miles from
Boston is already accomplishing a
wonderful work where they are rais-
ing native quail and grouse, wild
turkey, ducks, etc.

Now everyone knows that unless
something is done the time is not
far distant when the moose of our
Maine forest will be extinct and
why do not these who have the
power, before it is too late have
a game farm in Maine and raise
moose? It is not an impossible
thing to do as those who have
made a study of the matter will
know and I ask why it is not
done? Many of the other states
are getting ahead of us already. See
what the little state of New Jer-
sey has already done for the pro-
pogation of fish. I had the pleasure
of meeting Hon. Ernest Napier
who is president of the Fish and
Game Commission of New Jersey,
a number of times this summer
where with his family he was for
vacation days at the Rangeley Lake
House. Mr. Napier is greatly in-
terested in his work and is doing
much not only for his own state,
but as one of the notable "protec-
tors of wild life" and the fish, birds
and animals of our forest are his
friends. "Politics should never be
allowed to enter into this work
and in New Jersey I am glad to
say it does not," said Mr. Napier.
There it is only a question of
the man being fit for position as
commissioner or warden and it
makes no difference for whom he
votes if his duty is attended to

and I think every fair minded per-
son will say the little state of New
Jersey is setting a good example
for others to follow.

Some of the hunters are surely
having good luck, for the toot, toot,
of a big touring car just now I
heard. Looking out of my window
I caught but a glimpse of waving
hats as a party of five rushed by
dressed in their hunting costume
with red sweaters and a big buck
was fastened to the side of their
automobile. Going hunting way
down in Maine in an automobile is
now quite the fashion.

ENJOY TRIP BUT NOT MUCH GAME.

A party of Augusta hunters who
has been enjoying life in the big
woods has returned to civilization,
the members of which were A. H.
Hunt, W. L. Hayden and Ernest
Hewitt. They arrived in town,
Monday morning, but brought no
game with them larger than birds.

USED AT CAMP PERRY TOURNA- MENT.

The following cuts show the
firearms used at the recent tourna-
ment at Camp Perry, Ohio:



ARMY SPECIAL.

OFFICERS MODEL TARGET.

WANTS TO CORRECT ERRONE- OUS IMPRESSION

To the Editor of Maine Woods:
Newburgh, N. Y., October 16.

Copies of several different papers
have reached me having an arti-
cle to the effect that I was about
to start a summer colony at Port-
er pond. The facts of the case are
as follows: Last spring I purchas-
ed the property of L. J. Hackett
and A. P. Sweet, consisting of the
building and some five hundred
acres of land, and having a front-
age on the pond of some two and
a half miles.

I have sold half a mile of the
shore front to a friend, Mr. Gustav
Stickley, editor of The Craftsman
Magazine, and it is his intention
to build a summer home for his
family in the near future.

Other than this the property is
for our own private use as a sum-
mer home, and as long as we need
it for this purpose there will be
no land for sale, or other develop-
ment than such improvements as
we may make from time to time
for our own needs.

The summer colony item has
been copied in some of our local
papers, and it keeps me busy ex-
plaining that it is not so. If you
will help me to correct the er-
roneous impression that is now
abroad, I will greatly appreciate
the courtesy. Meanwhile, I am
very truly yours,
John A. Staples.

HUNTING AT MACKAMPS

Wesley M. Snow of Portland has
returned from several weeks' hunt-
ing at MacKamp which is the next
station beyond Asquith near the
Canadian boundary. Says an ex-
change. Mr. Snow said that it
was the easiest hunting country he
had ever been in and that he hunt-
ed as much on the railroad tracks

as in the woods. Deer are extrame-
ly plentiful there and they would
come down out of the ridge and
cross the railroad tracks to the
Moose river to drink. The deer
have been hiding closely in the
swamps during the recent stormy
weather and there they could secure
very good protection against the
elements. They have not been
in the woods, but they will come
out as soon as we get some good
weather and it becomes cooler. "It
is easy enough now to find deer,"
said Mr. Snow, "by going into the
thickets after them. In the eight
days in the woods, my two friends
and I saw about 75 deer. I never
saw partridges so plentiful as
they are this year. Taking the
shotguns the morning we came out
of the woods we went down the var-
ious roads and bagged five birds
each. As for the bear they are
unusually plentiful, so much that
the farmers are losing some of their
stock and crops and a crusade is
being started against them."

FISH FOR GREEN LAKE

Fishermen who cast their lines
into Green lake every summer, for
salmon will be interested to learn
that a consignment of 2,000 salmon
fingerlings arrived at the Union sta-

tion for shipment to Green lake.
They were consigned to Michael
Quinn of Bangor, and Green lake.
Another consignment was shipped to
Franklin for Spring River lake, con-
signed to Herbert S. Young of Han-
cock.

MCDONALD RE-ELECTED PRES- IDENT OF B. AND M.

Morris McDonald was re-elected
president, and Howard Elliott was
chosen chairman of the executive
committee at the first meeting, Oct-
ober 20, of the new board of direc-
tors of the Boston and Maine Rail-
road.

H. E. Fisher and A. B. Nichols
were re-elected treasurer and secre-
tary of the company respectively.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AMONG AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

The Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. will
bring to Maine, in the early part
of November, Mr. Dan Crawford, the
most remarkable African explorer,
student and missionary since Living-
ston. Twenty-three years ago he
went into the heart of cannibal Af-
rica, carrying on the work that
Livingston began. He returned to
England a few months ago unknown
his book on the African, "Thinking
Black," won his instant fame; he
lectured in the largest halls in
London, was received by Premier
Asquith and the dons of Oxford, and
made a Fellow of the Royal Geo-
graphical Society. He is visiting
America for a few months, and
Maine is fortunate in securing him
for six days. He will lecture in
Portland, Lewiston, Waterville and
Bangor, and speak at the four col-
leges of the state. His illustrated
lecture, showing colored views of
places in central Africa never seen
by any other white man, has been
called one of the finest ever deliv-
ered in this country.

This is only one of the mission-
ary activities of the Bowdoin Chris-
tian Association. The students con-
tribute largely to the support of a
Bowdoin missionary in India, ten
mission study classes are conducted
among the undergraduate and heavy
mission work is done among the
poor in the college town itself.

HAVE A VACATION ALL THE YEAR

By having Maine Woods follow you back to the city
It gives interesting items concerning Maine and about
the people you have met in Maine this summer. Fill out
the following subscription blank and enclose in a letter
with a dollar.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to MAINE WOODS,
outing edition.

Name
Address
State

Aches and Pains of rheumatism,
are not permanent, but only tem-
porarily, relieved by external reme-
dies. Why not use an internal
remedy—Hood's Sarsaparilla, which
corrects the acidity of the blood on
which rheumatism depends and cures
the disease.

CLASSIFIED

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

FOR SALE.

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—A good coon dog, five years old. Box 34, Sumner, Maine.

FOR SALE—Few second quality spruce and fir boards and 2 by 4, all sized No. 2 lath, at reasonable prices. Chas. Hutchins and Son, Farmer's tel. 6-13. Phillips, Maine.

FOR SALE—A good paying millinery and dry goods business, best location. Address Mrs. J. C. Tirrell, Phillips, Maine.

HAND KNIT STOCKINGS—Heavy Maine wool, 19 inches long, weight, 1/4 pound to the pair. Can be worn over pants. Sizes, large, small and medium. Color, light gray and white. Price, kned length 90 cents (over knee \$1.25) delivered on approval. Mrs. L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine.

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

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

FOR SALE—Trained Beagles and Foxhounds. Trial. Also pedigree Beagle pups. Male, \$4.50 Female, \$3.50. Keytone Kennel, Columbia, Penn.

WANTED.

WANTED—Potatoes and canning apples at my storehouse on the Dodge road Friday and Saturday of each week. B. F. Beal.

WANTED—600 cords of white birch delivered at our mill in Salem, Me. Will pay \$5.75 per cord until further notice, bills payable within ten days of delivery. For further particulars, apply to R. V. Plaisted at the mill or Maiden Parcel Hand Company, Malden, Mass.

WANTED—Apples at my store house on Dodge Road Friday and Saturday of each week. B. F. Beal.

TO LET.

TO RENT by day, week or season, a furnished hunting camp. Best of hunting grounds. Mial Lamb, Rangeley, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED—All makes. Single edge 2 cents each. Double edge 2 1/2 cents each. Work guaranteed. Returned post-paid. Beededge Co., Dept. A., Marietta, Ohio

WANTED—Carpenters and first class laborers. Apply to H. P. Cumming's Construction Company, Rumford, Maine.

Fit Boys for Business.

When a boy undertakes to learn the grocery business in Prague, Bohemia, his employer demands from \$20 to \$60 a year from him and in return furnishes board and clothes. The lad must attend an advanced business school at least twice a week and on Sundays study an additional language.

THE "BIG STORE" CHANGES HANDS

Pleasing Program and Refreshments Follow Degree Work at the Grange.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

Rangeley, Oct. 21, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wilcox and Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Wilcox have moved to Chick Hill mountain where the men have employment in the woods.

Mrs. Margaret Murphy arrived Saturday to spend the winter with her son, C. C. Murphy.

Misses Elsie and Ina Badger were week end guests at Henry Badger's.

Mrs. G. M. Carlton entertained her sister, Mrs. Dora Jones, and niece, Miss Mertie Heath, the latter part of the week. Mrs. Jones left for Kingfield Monday where she has employment.

Harold Spiller is assisting at the New England telephone central.

Florian Tibbetts has moved his family from the C. Berne Ellis house to the C. B. Harris house on Allen street. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis will occupy their own house this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Furbish returned Saturday from a two weeks' trip through northern Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Twombly and Master Walter Brown are enjoying a short visit with relatives at Westerly, R. I.

J. Sherman Hoar has been ill with bronchitis the past week.

At the harvest supper held by Summit Rebekah lodge last Wednesday over \$20 was cleared, which amount will be added to the robe fund.

Mrs. Hannah Hinkley, who recently underwent a serious operation, is now able to sit up.

J. E. Peakes was called to his home in St. Albans by the serious illness and death of his father.

At the Grange hall last Saturday a class of eight candidates were instructed in the first and second degrees. Following the work a very interesting program was carried out consisting of a mock trial, shadow pantomime and illustrated proverbs. Prizes were awarded those guessing the largest number of proverbs. About 50 were present. Refreshments of punch, cake, fancy crackers and cookies were served. Next Saturday night the third and fourth degrees will be given and a harvest supper will be served.

Walter Bush is driving team for A. M. Hoar & Son. The "Big store" has again changed hands, this time W. F. Oakes and Henry Badger are the proprietors. The new firm plan to make extensive improvements and changes. The little four years-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Spinney died suddenly Saturday night of cholera infantum. Much sympathy is extended the parents.

Prospective Statesman.

"Your boy stole a barrel of apples from me the other day." "Dear me. I wonder where the boy will wind up?" "I think he'll wind up in the legislature. He talked me into believing that it was all right."

When in Portland

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

European Plan \$1.00 per day and up
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H. E. THURSTON, R. F. HIMMELEIN,
Proprietors.

Munjoy Hill Cars pass the door.

WINTER GAME TRAILS IN THE MAINE WOODS

To the average man the name of Maine conjures up visions of trout splashing in dark pools, of deer drinking in the misty dawn, of half-hour battles with the sullen gray togue, and of long peaceful, balsam-scented days. And perhaps a well-searched memory will reveal some small matter of soggy blankets and swarming flies, and shoulders blistered at the carry. But these are memories of summer and fall. What of Maine in winter, when the trout pools are roofed with 12 inches of ice and the quick water steams noisily through its frost-armored boulders?

Ask the bronzed, hard-handed Spencer or White or Smith who condescends to cook, paddle, tote, and spin yarns for you at \$2 a day, what he does in the winter when he has no sportsmen to guide. Ten to one he will say that he "goes into the woods." By that he does not mean that he crawls into a hollow tree, to hibernate bear-like till the sun shall shine once more on open lake and budding birch. He has merely borrowed an idea from Euphues to tell you that he goes a-lumbering. And when your tenth Spencer or White (or more like in his case his name may be Francis or Tomah), tells you that he "goes after fur" you must understand that he is informing you that in the winter he is a trapper.

The Art of Getting in Right

If you would see Maine in its winter glory, stick close as a brother to this tenth man who "goes after fur." Your guide who turns lumberman will only be one of half a hundred unlicked, unwashed devils who toll from dawn till dark with axe and cant-dog at the behest of a leather-throated boss. The lumberman will give you a hearty welcome, and with him you can learn much of human nature, but he is a day laborer with small leisure to observe the secrets of nature that lie just beyond the swing of his axe. And at any rate if you would find the trapper you must journey by more than one logging-road and gossip with more than one lumber camp. Seek the trapper, and some acquaintance with the lumberman shall be added unto you. Ask your guide where he intends to do his trapping and how best you may reach his cabin; and then at the end of your vacation, in the last embarrassed silence of waiting on the railroad platform, make him promise to let you share his winter quarters for a week.

A certain January noon sees you binding on your snowshoes on the drifted shore of a lake 30 miles from the nearest railroad. The driver of the pung, all fur coat and red muffler, points out your course with a clumsy mittened hand. "The foot o' the lake 's down there, jest a little to the left o' that notch in the hills. An' left o' the outlet 's a big birch cove, half a mile across, an' a brook makes down in the middle o' the cove. Jake's camp 's a mile up the brook. Ye can't miss it. I won't git home before dark now. Good luck. Giddap."

Splendors of the Frozen Woods

The pung has disappeared up the trail to the lonesome music of its single bell. You adjust the last thong, shoulder your pack, and head across the whole expanse of frozen lake toward the outlet eight miles away. If the cloudless sky, the speckless snow under foot, and the narrow distant shore line have given you promise of a monotonous journey you are pleasantly disappointed. Each yard you travel has its individuality. A snowdrift here; a broad rise there where the ice has buckled over some sunken rock; a deer track; a bare spot where your snowshoes make a silly clatter on hard ice; your road is ever revealing some little new landmark to catch your eye. You march in solitude but not in silence. Your snowshoes crunch and squeak on the yielding crust. Bits of snow broken by your foot gear jingle musically as the breeze whirles them ahead of you over the white plain. Now and again the frozen lake adjusts itself to a new frost tension with a distant murmur that swells to crackling below beneath your feet and dies again as gradually as it began, to a murmur and to silence. Mile after mile you plod; and at last the birches of the big cove loom magically tall before your eyes. The well-trodden track leading up the brook shows that you are near your destination. And the gentle up-slope brings home to you the fact that the thongs have cut your moccasined foot through three pairs of socks; that your pack is galling your shoulders; that your thighs ache from the extra lift of the snowshoes; that your eye-

balls are near to bursting from the long glare of the white lake. Already dusk is creeping over the forest. You hear the distant "tap-tap-tap" of an axe. Quarter of a mile farther, and you are shaking hands with a man under whose two months' beard it is hard to recognize your guide of last summer.

The Creature Comforts

An hour later you are facing a giant supper of fat venison, fried pork, biscuit and tea in the single room of a tiny log structure, whose dim-lit interior seems quite filled with a table, a cupboard, a couple of chairs, all rudely built of cedar with the bark on, two bunks arranged stateroomwise, and a small, very red-hot stove. Pack and snowshoes laid aside, you feel light as air. Your lameness is gone, and your trapper is glad to see you as only a man can be who has seen no human face for four weeks. Supper over, you bring the world up to date over a long pipe. And then almost before you are nestled in the spruce boughs of the top bunk, sleep is upon you.

The first gray light of each morning sees you plodding in the snowshoe tracks of your guide, bent on "tending trap." Each noon finds you boiling tea some 12 miles from the cabin, one of your lines of traps overhauled, reset and rebaited. And each afternoon when you retrace your steps, the trapper's little sled is weighted with the bodies of his victims. Each day you learn something new from the moods of winter on forest and stream. A sleet storm decks branch and twig with crystal glory. A blizzard piles the snow high in new fantastic drifts and leaves behind it a day of racking cold with a wind that crashes and moans in the treetops, and a sky so full of frost particles that the sun seems a mere formless light in the heavens. You get to know the tinkle of the shell-ice between the dried marsh-tussocks, the wordless clatter of the last veteran leaves on oak and beech, and the stark, chill silence of the forest at dawn.

The mouse snorts at your scent and crushes away through the forest, leaving on the snow the giant imprint of his iron hoof. You find the fresh broken twigs where the deer have been feeding, or a half-eaten trout that the fisher has hurriedly left at your approach. The soft snow in the shadowed glades is fretted with the delicate tracks of rabbit and partridge and mouse. In the warm, still noons sundry families of midge and spruce bug come forth from their bark prisons to dance on the sunlit snow drift. But what means more to the trapper, fox and marten and wild cat have left a record of their prowls on the upland snows; scores of tiny muskrat trails cross and loop and interweave among the rustling reeds of the frozen swamps, and the bleak reaches of the outlet map out the hungry wayfarings of mink and fisher.

Technique of Trapping

You speedily learn that trapping is an art. The bright new traps have to be boiled in a kettle of spruce tips to blacken their lustre. On the day of setting they are carefully smoked, and thereafter must be touched only with greased gloves, lest the slightest scent of man turn the quarry's hunger to dread. The bait, too, is a science in itself; a crow or a muskrat carcass, or a bit of deer's entrail, cunningly smeared with a malodorous "dope" which, if there be power in scent, should draw the animals for miles. Then each trap must be set in its proper place, with due regard to its surroundings. On the upland a sapling is bent so that the first struggle of the trapped animal will snap back the tree and leave him dangling helpless by a single paw, safely out of reach of cat or wolverine. By the spring hole the trap is weighted, so that the muskrat, whose first impulse for safety is to seek the water, is dragged down and drowned. And if your trapper's credit at the "general store" is none too good, he ekes out the shortage of steel springs with cunning pitfalls and deadfalls of logs and stones and levers. Every trap must be concealed; every vestige of human scent must be effaced; the bait must hang just so high above the pan, it must "look natural," and must smell to high heaven.

The setting of traps is more than half the fun. The "tending out" to gather in the spoils has its tragic side.

At odd hours you watch the trapper at work on his pelts. Skinning-knife and wooden wedge under his deft fingers rapidly strip the rich brown coats from the little bodies. He leaves no speck of grease or fibre on the inner surface to rot the skin and he works so surely that not a single knife thrust pierces even the delicate covering of

CRAMPS, HEADACHE, BACKACHE,

Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. — "I was always tired and weak and my housework was a drag. I was irregular, had cramps so bad that I would have to lie down, also a distressed feeling in lower part of back, and headache. My abdomen was sore and I know I had organic inflammation."



"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier have helped me wonderfully. I don't have those pains any more and I am all right now. There are a great many women here who take your remedies and I have told others what they have done for me."—Mrs. CHAS. MCKINNON, 1013 N. 5th St. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over 30 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it?

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.

the skull. As for the skins finally stretched on slabs for drying, the trapper could not take better care of them were they his own children. High in the lean-to he stores them, where damp cannot enter, and safe from the heat of sun and fire that would spoil their oily gloss. Each morning he sets them forth on a shaded rack, to dry in the wind; each evening he brushes the frost crystals carefully from the pelts before returning them to their snug storage.

A School of Woodcraft

As the days go by and your vacation draws to a close, you find that you have learned a hundred useful things in no way connected with trapping. The icy ridge on the tree-trunk points you northeast as accurately as any compass. The "look" of the shore tells you where the spring holes lie. You can tie the double-thonged snowshoe hitch that holds your foot like grim death, and you can shake it free of your foot with a single sidetwist. You have learned how best to sling revolver and knife and pack. You have found that loose foot-gear makes warm feet, and roomy mittens warm hands; and that the best hunting shirt is an old waistcoat lined with blanket, for the reason that it is all pockets and leaves arms free. Also, a frosty wind will dry clothes sooner than any open fire, and the sole mission of the partridge is to be cooked, feathers and all, in the ashes; and fat bear steak sticks closer to the ribs than beef. This knowledge is yours, and much besides. And yet you question whether, if you are set down alone in a forest shack,

(Continued on page eight)

NYOIL
FOR
GUNS AND
FISH-RODS

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

NYOIL has no equal.

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

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New Bedford, Mass.

BACKWOODS SKETCHES

(By JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE)

Just off the press.

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J. W. BRACKETT CO.,

Phillips, Maine

HOW BIG GAME IS SHOT IN THE MAINE WOODS

The following account of a hunting trip by a "Near Hunter" was taken from the Portland Sunday Press:

Tom Clyde and I came home from the woods this noon and we each had a deer with us. Maybe you saw our names in the Bangor papers, Tom Clyde, Portland, one deer; John Henderson, Portland, one deer.

I say maybe you did, but as a matter of fact you didn't see those names in the paper for they are not our real names. But we were in the paper all right, and we were each credited with a deer apiece. If you want to bother to look it up you'll get our true names, but don't for heaven's sake give us away, for really neither Tom or I shot a deer, and more than that didn't shoot at one. We had a good time though and if we didn't shoot anything we didn't take a chance at getting shot at.

I have never forgotten the time a few years ago when I and another fellow were strolling down an old wood road looking for partridges and a couple of men suddenly come around a turn, rifles raised ready to fire.

"Good Lord," one of them said, "it's lucky we didn't fire. We thought sure you fellows were a couple of deer." I thought I was kind of lucky myself, and the more I thought of it the luckier I thought I was.

Also it was the kind of luck I didn't care to bank on for next time we might run against some hunters who wouldn't wait so long before they fired. There have been such cases. So after that when I went partridge hunting I kept back in the counties where there aren't so many deer hunters out.

But you know a fellow will forget

that sort of a thing after a while, and last week when Tom proposed that we go down East and see if we couldn't get a deer I said, "All right, it's a go."

We'd both shot ducks and partridges and had tramped around in the woods more or less but neither of us had ever seen a deer killed and neither of us had ever been in a sporting camp in the big game season. But we had read in the Portland papers every fall about men whom we knew didn't know half as much about shooting as we did, coming home with deer and even moose and we made up our minds if they could go get big game we could.

Well we got the game all right, just as I told you in the beginning, but we didn't get it quite as we had planned to. In fact the way we succeeded as big game hunters was more expensive than going out in the woods and knocking them over. I'll come to that a little later, however.

We made some inquiries and finally picked out a sporting camp up in Aroostook county where we were told there were plenty of deer and where we could get board at a reasonable figure and guides if we wanted 'em. As for guides, Tom and I decided that we could get along without any help of that sort. We were planning on spending three days in the woods and we figured that if we tramped around long enough we would be pretty sure to run across a deer.

It wasn't as if we knew nothing about getting around in the woods without alarming the whole region, for our experience hunting for partridges had taught us how to come the gum shoe act in the forests.

So we wrote to the fellow that kept the camp and got word that we could be accommodated all right and that there wouldn't be any trouble about getting a deer apiece any how, and maybe more. He also wrote us that he had no parties engaged for the first week of the season and that we would probably stand a better show if we came then, than if we waited until later, especially after the moose season began.

That letter settled it and it was us for Loon lake and this sporting camp Monday night. That brought us into the camp Tuesday noon so that we would be ready to go out hunting Wednesday morning.

It was sure, a pretty fine sort of place and I wouldn't mind staying there a month if I hadn't a thing to do except canoe around on the lake and loaf about the camp. There were half a dozen little log cabins ranged along on the shore of the lake and one big camp containing the dining room and kitchen. Each of the little cabins contained a couple of bunks and they were furnished with open fire places, tables, chairs, etc. Tom and I were assigned one and after one of the men employed about the place had come in and built up a big fire in the fireplace we sat down before it, lighted our pipes, and began to make plans for the next day. It was all very nice and comfy and we felt like big game hunters sure enough. Of course we had brought a little Scotch along and a couple of drinks didn't make the situation look any the less rosy to us.

We had lunch soon after we got in but of course we couldn't go out hunting until the next day for it was not open time until Wednesday. We spoke to the man who kept the camp about that and he grinned and said that it would probably be just as well if we didn't do any shooting until the law was off.

So we sat around in camp the remainder of the afternoon and got to bed early that night.

The next morning we were up bright and early for the hunt. There was a mountain on the shore of the lake opposite the camp and when we asked the proprietor—his name was Jim, and we soon got to calling him that—where we would better go, he said that we might take one of the boats and cross the lake and hunt around

the foot and side of the mountain. He said that the mountain sloped right down to the camp, so that there would be no danger of our getting lost.

We took a lunch along and spent all day in the woods, hunting alone and hunting together, but never getting very far apart. It was glorious in the woods and we enjoyed every minute of it, but nary a deer did we see.

That didn't discourage us though and Thursday we went out again.

This time we kept a little further apart and agreed to meet at the place where we landed the boat at three o'clock. I had an experience that afternoon of how easy it is to get lost in the woods, even when the slope of the land would seem to make it impossible. When I started to return to the shore it took me a good deal longer than I thought it ought to and I began to get a bit worried, I kept on though, and when I did come out I was plumb at the foot of the lake, a full mile from where I had supposed I would hit it. If I had worked down six rods further I would surely have passed the lake and there is no knowing where I would have brought up.

I walked back to the shore and found Tom waiting for me. When we got over to camp we found a couple of deer hung up in front of the camp. It seemed that a couple of the guides had gone up to the head of the pond and shot a deer apiece. Of course, we looked them over and admired them and asked all about where and how they were shot. The guides seemed willing to tell all right, and the only thing I didn't understand at the time was why they took all that trouble to shoot two deer, when there was no one in camp to feed them out to.

The next day was Friday and we had planned to go out that noon so as to get home Saturday morning. Jim asked us about our luck but said nothing about the deer the guides had shot.

Of course Tom and I were feeling a little bit disappointed and that night when we were sitting in our camp smoking our after-supper pipes, Tom remarked that he wondered if we couldn't buy those deer. I said I guessed that we could if we wanted to pay the price.

"I tell you what I think," said Tom, "they went out and shot those deer especially for us."

"Well, shall we buy?" I asked.

"We'll see what they ask," answered Tom.

The next morning we didn't go out hunting and in the course of the forenoon we asked Jim what he would sell the deer for.

He didn't know. They belonged to the guides.

What would the guides ask for them?

Oh, probably five dollars apiece.

"That's all right," said Tom. "Can you fix it?"

Jim allowed that he could, and we told him to pay the men and we'd settle when we paid our bill. That was about all there was to it. When we came to go out the deer were tied on to the buckboard and our board bill was increased five dollars each.

We met some hunters on the train and nonchalantly told them that we had got a couple of deer. Of course we had to tell them when and where and how. Tom and I had that all cooked up. Coming down from Bangor I wrote this story out and of course if you want to you can publish it.

MORE SATISFACTORY CONDITIONS REPORT EASTPORT HUNTERS.

Eastport lovers of brush hunting, who go sometimes to nearby covers and again far afield with dogs and autos to distant sections, where they know of flocks of the brown breast-ed, toothsome grouse, are reporting a much more satisfactory condition than in previous seasons.

The year, which has made the raising of crops hazardous and cut down the products of the agriculturists, has afforded the partridge an exceptional season for propagation. She has laid her eggs and hatched her young with a greater degree of safety than for years. She has led them far afield and, with watchful eye out for the marauding fox and dumber human being, not to mention other enemies, she has watched them grow to a size where they could take care of themselves and she has winged her way to a safe cover, or been shot down by the keen-eyed marksman as she sought to escape his scatter-gun. Last year the birds were brought

into Eastport but seldom before the middle of October and many, whose love for the delicate meat led them to forsake business and don rough tramping togs, with but scanty recompense, have this year come home triumphant with a brace of the birds dangling from their belts or tucked snugly into a corner of the open automobile, and in a few cases swinging from the handle bar of a bicycle. Incidentally, the gummers are noticing that there are lots of deer, whose whistles of alarm have sounded with frequency as the hunters have touched off the death dealing shot shell in the pursuit of small game, and it is anticipated that more deer will be brought in, as soon as it is cold, than before for the past few years.—Eastport Sentinel.

DEER CRASHED INTO PLATE GLASS WINDOW.

A wild young deer wandered out of the woods into the business section of the North End in Providence, R. I., October 17, and became so confused that it crashed into a plate glass window of a bakery on North Main street. After the animal had extricated itself it made a mad dash through the streets almost into the heart of the city and plunged into the Providence river. It was hauled out but was so badly injured that a policeman ended its existence with a bullet.

JAMACIA PLAIN MAN VISITS NEW BRUNSWICK AND MAINE.

William Davis the newsdealer of Poplar street, Jamacia Plain, Mass., returned recently from a month's vacation in the woods of New Brunswick, and visits to Woodstock, N. B., Houlton, Bangor and Portland, Me. Mr. Davis enjoyed the experience of life in a lumber camp at Salmon Falls, N. B., for 16 days, and says there is nothing like it for putting new life into a tired man. The fishing there was excellent and the bird shooting good. He was present in the wood when one of the French lumbermen killed a large black bear, the post of which he sold for \$20. Mr. Davis was so delighted with his experience in the wilderness of New Brunswick that he says nothing will keep him from going there next Autumn.

WID CONROY GOES TO ELMIRA

Former Washington American League Star to Manage Team Previously Led by Lew Ritter.

William (Wid) E. Conroy, formerly of the Washington American league team and for two seasons with Rochester in the International league, was



Wid Conroy.

released to Elmira, subject to International league waivers. It is understood here that Conroy will manage the team next year, vice Lew Ritter.

Honus Wagner a Writer.

Hans Wagner is writing the story of his life for a Pittsburgh paper. Unlike the articles with the names of other diamond stars attached to them Honus is said to be really penning the stories himself.

Mathewson is Greatest.

A number of ball players anxious to discover the reason for the remarkable effectiveness of Mathewson, Plank, Sallee, Miner, Brown, Chief Bender and other veteran pitchers this season studied the records the other day and their research brought to light the fact that Mathewson was the greatest all-round twirler of all times. The specialties and strength of each big league twirler were examined and the ranking was found to be the following:

Most speed—Walter Johnson.
Best curve—Amos Rusie.
Hardest to hit—George Edward Waddell.
Greatest all-round pitcher—Christopher Mathewson.

Disapproves of Change.

Walter Johnson is not strong for the change in systems. Walter thinks that Ban Johnson should keep the record of games won and lost and not how many earned runs were made off the pitcher.

AS THE PITCHER WINDS UP.

From Second Base—Put 'er right over, big as a barn—he can't hit it.
From Right Field—Make 'im hit it, ol' man; make 'im hit it.
From the Shortstop—"Nother strike out, ol' sport. This is a punkin."

From the Side Lines—Make 'em put it over. Wait for a good one. Make 'im cut the plate.

From the Catcher (signaling for a straight ball)—Now one o' them curly ones under the chin. T'row it right at his bill.

From the Left Field—Ho! Ho! Here's an easy one! Toss it to 'im.

From the Bench—Soak 'er down this way, ol' dub, an' watch me eat it.

From Third Base—Cut the pan, ol' sport; cut the pan—they can't touch it in a thousand years.

From the Bleachers—Right on the nose, Chimmie; right on the nose. A nice, clean single, bo; a nice, clean single.

"Han' 'im one of them fade-aways."

"Move the fielders back about a mile."

"A home run, Chimmie; a home run."

"Send 'er down to shortstop—he can't never stop it."

"Wait for a base on balls, ol' man—the pitcher's wild."

"Knock the cover off'n it."

"Kill it! Kill it!"

"Here's five dollars, me boy, for a home run."

"Make 'em be good, ol' scout; make 'em be good."

Then from the umpire, as the pitcher is about ready: "Hey, hold on a minute. Say, there, somebody dust off the plate a little."

And then it all begins again.—Puck.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

Harry Clark has signed a two-year contract to continue as manager of the Milwaukee Brewers.

Connie Mack believes Danny Murphy, his veteran player, will quit the game at the end of the season.

Players of the Washington team have been made a proposition to visit Cuba this fall and are considering it.

Manager Tinker of the Reds started in life as a carpenter for his father, who was a contracting carpenter in Kansas City.

Connie Mack has failed to land one college player he wanted—Sam Felton, the Harvard pitcher, who declined an offer to play with the Athletics.

The veteran Cy Seymour is managing a semi-pro team in New York and he avers that it can beat any of the major league teams that wish to hook up with it in exhibitions.

"TIRED ALL THE TIME."

To be tired is unnatural; it's only natural to be well and happy.

If your head aches, if you have gas and distress in your stomach, perhaps nervous or despondent, the chances are, that a teaspoonful of "L. F." Atwood's Medicine before or after meals will bring relief. Here's what a sufferer says:—

"I am sixty-eight years old. I tried most everything for gas in my stomach but could get no relief. At last I sent for a bottle of "L. F." Atwood's Medicine and can now eat anything at any time with no gas or distress. I believe it is a life-saver for me."

Mrs. O. B. Devoll, Skowhegan, Maine.
If you have never used "L. F." Atwood's Medicine, write today for a free sample.
"L. F." MEDICINE CO., Portland, Me.

Best Bread— and More of It

—the lightest, finest, whitest bread and more loaves to every sack—

—the tenderest, flakiest and most digestible pastry—

—cake and biscuits and everything else you bake — yours by specifying William Tell, the flour that is milled only from the best Ohio Red Winter Wheat by a special patented process that makes it richest in nutritive value.

Tell your grocer that nothing will suit you but



C. H. MCKENZIE TRADING CO.,
Phillips, Me.

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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IF IN DOUBT

where to go for the best fall hunting

WRITE

for information concerning hotels and camps, to

MAINE INFORMATION BUREAU,

TAKEN \$1,000 MORE THAN LAST YEAR

Walter I. Neal of the Fish and Game commission said, to a Press reporter recently, that the opening of the game season has been very prosperous. The office of the commission has received many applications for non-resident hunting licenses, and has taken in \$1000 more this month than during the corresponding month last year. Wardens from all parts of the state report that there are plenty of deer, and that they are being shipped in good numbers to Bangor and other inspection stations.

NEW STEAMER FOR MOOSEHEAD

The Bath Iron Works is building the hull of a new steamboat for the Coburn Steamboat Co., of Moosehead lake, which will replace the steamer Katahdin, the queen of the Moosehead fleet, which was destroyed by burning during the past summer. The new steamer will be the largest in use on the inland waters of the state, and will have a steel hull, which will be shipped from Bath to Greenville Junction in sections. The upper works of the steamer will be built there. The length of the new boat will be 126 feet over all and the beams will be 24 feet. She will have three decks and will have a passenger carrying capacity of 700. The boilers are of the vertical tube type, 15½ feet high and with a diameter of 108 inches. The plate is three-fourths of an inch. There will be a compound condensing engine, 18 and 23 inches in diameter, and it is expected that the new boat will make about 13 miles an hour. An arrangement will be made on the forward deck for the transportation of automobiles.

STAGE DIRECTOR ALBION A PIGEON FANCIER

Like Julius Caesar, Louis Albion of the Jefferson theatre stock company can do two or even three or four things at a time and do them successfully, says the Portland Press. They say that the famous Roman general could attend to twenty different things at once, but we have no substantial proof of the assertion. We do know, however, that to come off with flying colors in any one line of activity keeps the average man pretty busy, and we who boast nervous temperaments, at least, are pretty certain that to mingle the staging and producing of the plays at the Jefferson would be

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.

Maine Woods has frequent inquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state, etc. We can furnish the following maps:

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-------|--------|
| Franklin County | | \$.50 |
| Somerset County | | .50 |
| Oxford County | | .50 |
| Piscataquis County | | .50 |
| Aroostook County | | .50 |
| Washington County | | .50 |
| Outing map of Maine, 20x35 in | | 1.00 |
| Geological map of Maine | | .35 |
| R. R. map of Maine | | .35 |
| Androscoggin County | | .35 |
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J. W. BRACKETT CO.,
Phillips, Maine.

quite enough to engage our minds.

Not so with Mr. Albion. Indeed the multiplex pursuits of staging one week's play, rehearsing the production for the next week, playing a part, and learning 30 or 40 sides (as they call pages in theatrical vernacular), do not prevent him from being a pigeon fancier. From which we may deduce that Mr. Albion is not an average man.

The rumor that Mr. Albion was very much interested in pigeons and was quite an authority on their habits had been current about the city for some time, but the genial stage director at the Jefferson is reticent, preferring rather to exploit his company than himself, so he wouldn't give out a bit of information on the subject.

Then a little girl who was weeping her heart out because her pet pigeon had died was presented with a beautiful fan tail by Mr. Albion, and the cat was fairly out of the bag. He had to own up that he had the neatest little pigeon farm imaginable across the bridge in East Deering, and made it his hobby to raise pedigreed birds.

Takes Mind Off Work

"I have to have something to do to take my mind off my work," he said, when he was confronted by the fact that we of the newspaper knew all about his farm, and that there was no possible way of escape.

"This staging of plays is a nerve-racking business at best, for the responsibility of the production rests largely with the director," he continued. "If some individual actor is not up to the mark at the Monday evening performance the remonstrance may come to him in due course of time but first it comes to me, so that I have a good deal of the worrying to do.

"Accordingly in my leisure moments I must have something to take up my attention, something that is utterly apart from my work, and will keep my mind from the theatre, in other words, a hobby. My pigeons are my hobby."

"But why pigeons?" I asked. "Why not flowers, for instance, or dogs, or old fashioned furniture, or something of that sort?"

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used always to be having some live thing about me for a pet. White mice, rabbits, pigeons, I kept them all. Well, I've outgrown the white mice and rabbit stage, but I still cling to my pigeons.

"And do you make personal pets of them, now?" I inquired.

"No, I've not attempted to do that. It's the fun of breeding them, the scientific side of the proposition that appeals to me. Of course the birds differ in their habits. Some will single you out for their attention and try to make friends with you more than others. But I have never made any advances to them."

"And what kind is it that you breed?"

Fan Tails Are Gamey

"Fan tails," Mr. Albion replied. "I have never paid any attention to the other varieties until now, for I've raised pigeons purely as fad without any intention of making them a commercial asset, and the fan tails struck me as the gamier birds.

"Lately, however, I've gone into the breeding of squabs for the market, and I've gotten quite interested in it. I truly believe, too, that there'd be a lot of money in it, if one did it on an extensive scale.

"They pay pretty good money for squabs, 50 or 60 cents a piece, and they're coming to serve squab in place of game at a great many of the big hotels and restaurants because its easier to get.

"We breed squab from big birds which we call utility birds, and they're very prolific. They breed the year around. The fancy birds, the fan tails, that is, breed only in the spring.

"I've had pretty good luck, too, with the squabs I have raised. They have averaged in a good many instances 12 pounds to the dozen, and always 8 pounds to the dozen. Indeed I'm thinking seriously of going in almost entirely for the breeding of squabs.

"There's practically no market for the fan tails," he went on. "The trouble with them is that often times you'll pay \$18 or \$20 for a bird and have to part with it for \$5. The man who wants to begin raising fan tails often foolishly thinks that he can start with an inexpensive pair of birds and improve his stock by breeding, which is, of course, a great mistake. As a result he isn't willing to pay the price that is asked for the pedigreed bird."

Pays Good Prices

Mr. Albion has paid as high as \$18

for some of his pigeons and almost all his birds are of blooded stock. He has about 150 of them at the present time, and keeps them at the farm of which we have spoken, over on the East Deering shore. Many are Carneaux or Belgian birds, and are exceptionally beautiful in coloring. They are of what is known to experts as the red and yellow varieties, although the coloring of the lighter birds approaches a soft dove brown, it is said, while the darker ones are nearer of a chocolate shade. At least so it would appear to an uninitiate, although the pigeon fanciers may tell quite another story.

To keep his birds safe from marauders Mr. Albion has a pigeon house and outside of it a pigeon yard where they may scratch unmolested in the dirt, for it is fenced in and screened and roofed with wire netting. There is abundant room, too, for the birds to fly, for Mr. Albion tells us that it is not safe to allow the fan tails to navigate for themselves out in the open.

"There are some varieties of pigeons," he explained when I asked him about it, "that may be trusted to come back home if you permit them to fly for themselves. But when the fan tails spread their fans in a high wind they may be blown about anywhere and everywhere. They are absolutely unable to steer for themselves and there's no knowing where they will come down. Then, too, they're such stylish birds, they hold their heads so far back that it's impossible for them to see where they are going."

Accordingly this actor-pigeon fancier provides a fly for his birds where they may test their wings without getting away from their home environment.

It goes without saying that Mr. Albion cares for his pigeons scrupulously. He is too deeply interested in this hobby to do otherwise. A part of each day's program is to pay a brief visit to his farm to see that his birds are fed and watered properly, and if anything unavoidable keeps him away he usually sends out a bell boy from his hotel or a messenger from the theatre to see that all is going well with his pets. Friday afternoons, when there is no matinee, he goes over to Deering to spend his time with his pigeons. He has patent feeders and patent watering troughs into which he can put food and drink enough for for three days if it is necessary, but the day is pretty rare when Mr. Albion does not show up sometime between morning and night to oversee matters at the farm.

Reads Pigeon Papers

Like all real enthusiasts he takes the papers that have to do with the cultivation of his hobby, and among them one called the Pigeon News, which

is widely read by bird fanciers. In common with other poultry journals it has departments in which its readers exchange confidences with one another, tell what kind of birds they have and how highly they value them, and what methods they have taken to improve their stock. And Mr. Albion peruses its columns religiously. Before he came to Portland he had kept pigeons two or three times in other cities, and when two years ago he purchased his place at East Deering and decided to start his pigeon farm it was through correspondence with some of the readers of the Pigeon News that he first obtained his breeding birds. Since that time he has sent a great many birds of his own to pigeon fanciers in other parts of the country: as far west as Wisconsin, Iowa, and Omaha, Nebraska, and as far south as Virginia. So far he has never exhibited any of them, although he has made it a habit to attend poultry shows and compare his own stock with that of other faddists. But it is the pure fun of breeding, of trying experiments to produce bigger and better birds, that most appeals to him. He long ago ceased to breed the black and white fan tails because it was too easy, and success was too well assured. With the red and yellow birds the risk is greater, there are more obstacles to overcome, and consequently the triumph is all the sweeter when he does breed a perfect bird.

"It's an intensely interesting proposition," he says, "and all the more so because it's a gamble. In breeding squabs, for instance, we may take a long bird and one that's short, and thick through the breast where the meat lies, and breed them together in the hope of producing a bird that is both long and broad. Then we may take a fan tail that has a perfect tail and another bird whose feathers grow sparsely, and breed in the attempt to improve the tail of the first. Of course the things to avoid in fans are the wry-tails—the tails that grow long on one side—and the open-centered tails—those which have few feathers in the middle. Sometimes, of course, you can calculate the results pretty accurately. Then again you may take two of your finest birds and produce a thoroughly scrubby and unattractive specimen. In such a case you are almost ready to throw the whole business over, and say that trying is no use. But in the main the encouragements are more than the discouragements, so I get a great deal of pleasure in experimenting with my birds.

"And then," he added, "with a twinkle in his eye, 'their company is pretty satisfactory. They can't talk back to you. Humans can.'"

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

Service Counts!

The million dollar "Hump" at Mechanicsville is the latest development in freight yard construction.

A freight train is backed up the slight incline to the "Hump." There the train is broken up.

The cars are then carried by gravity each to its classified track.

The older method required backing the entire train to place one car.

This is only one of many ways devised to give you the best freight service on the continent.

HOW THE FEDERAL BIRD LAWS AFFECT NEW ENGLAND

Every sportsman of New England will be interested to know how the new Federal Regulations for the Protection of Migratory Birds affect his territory. He will want to know under what circumstances the Federal laws take precedence and when the State laws are effective. A little study of these different regulations will be necessary to determine whether he is hunting legally or illegally.

Under an Act of Congress, passed March 4, 1913, known as the McLean-Weeks Bill, the Federal Government was given the power to make regulations to fix the closed seasons for migratory birds. On October 1, at 12.40 p. m. these regulations were signed by the President, as the statute requires, and now have the force of law. Under these regulations New England comes in the Northern Zone or Zone No. 1.

The Federal Regulations apply to migratory birds, but not to all migratory birds; only to migratory games and insectivorous birds. If a game bird is migratory it is included under the regulations. The ruffed grouse, bob-white and prairie hen are not considered migratory enough to be included under these regulations. On the other hand the woodcock and snipe are included. All perching birds which feed entirely or chiefly on insects are protected at all times. This includes bobolinks, catbirds, chickadees, cuckoos, flickers, flycatchers, grosbeaks, humming birds, kinglets, meadowlarks, nighthawks, nuthatches, orioles, robins, shrikes, swallows, swifts, tanagers, titmice, thrushes, vireos, warblers, waxwings, whippoorvills, woodpeckers and wrens. Kingfishers, for example which are insectivorous in a small degree, are not included, but they may be protected under State laws.

Consultation with State and Federal legal authorities shows that they agree that the Federal laws take precedence over State laws except where the State law makes a shorter open season than the Federal law, in which case there is nothing to prevent the State authorities from enforcing the State law. For example: the Federal Regulations in Massachusetts fix the open season on woodcock from October 10 to December 1, while under the State law the season is established to coincide with that of the grouse and extends from October 12 to November

If you find where there is a burrow 12. In such a case the State law will hold, but when the open season under the State law begins earlier and ends later than that under the Federal Regulations, the Federal Regulations will hold.

The open season for migratory birds in Zone No. 1 under the Federal Regulations are as follows: Waterfowl, September 1 to December 16; exceptions in New England,—Massachusetts from September 15 to January 1. Rails, Coots and Gallinules, September 1 to December 1; exceptions in New England,—Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island from August 15 to December 1,—Connecticut, September 16 to December 1. Woodcock, October 1 to December 1; exceptions in New England,—Connecticut and Massachusetts from October 10 to December 1, and in Rhode Island from November 1 to December 1. Shore-Birds—Black-breasted and golden plover, jacksnipe and yellowlegs, September 1 to December 16; exceptions in New England,—Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island from August 15 to December 1. The shore birds named above are the only species that may be legally killed for five years under the new Federal Regulations. All small plover, sandpipers or "peeps" and "grassbirds" are protected at all times. All migratory game birds are protected from sunset to sunrise throughout the United States, and in Vermont rails are protected until the year 1918. There is a close season on wood ducks in New England until September, 1918. The regulation of the collecting of birds for scientific purposes is left to the several States.

Edward Howe Forbush.

DIXFIELD MEN ON HUNTING TRIP.

Messrs. John Harlow, D. A. Gates, Frank Stanley and Fred Keene have recently been on a hunting trip to the Dead River region.

CORINNA HUNTERS LUCKY

E. P. Ireland and H. K. Ames, two Corinna hunters returned from a hunting trip with two deer. There were eight in their party.

Where To Go In Maine

Come to OTTER POND CAMPS for
MOOSE BEAR
HUNTING
DEER BIRDS
GEORGE H. McKENNEY, The Forks, Maine

Lake Parlin House and Camps



Write for booklet.

H. P. McKENNEY, Proprietor,

Jackman, Maine

DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

Every true sportsman very well knows that half the pleasure of the hunting trip comes from the planning and dreaming of bringing home the game. Why not go this fall where you can make those dreams come true? Go where all kinds of game, both large and small can be found. This can be done at

CHASE POND CAMPS,
GUY CHADBOURNE, Prop.,

Bingham,

Maine

Write for booklet.

CARRY POND CAMPS will be open for the fall hunting. Deer are very plenty, some bear and some small game. On account of hunter's license being raised I have decided to take all hunters, after Oct. 1st, at \$1.50 per day. Bring your wife or family along. Give them a vacation. A license is only necessary for those who hunt. Good accommodations. The new house has large wood furnace. Can keep you comfortable in the coldest weather. Booklet and references. HENRY J. LANE, Carry Pond, Maine. Via Bingham.

HUNTERS TAKE NOTICE. Come to Pierce Pond and get your limit of game. No better place in Maine for Deer, Bear, Birds and some Moose. Low rates to offset high license. C. A. SPAULDING, Caratunk, Me.

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 all lake and doctor. References furnished. Terms reasonable. Address for full particulars, JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Me.

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

SADDLEBACK LAKE CAMPS. In the Rangeley Region. Booklet. Hemon S. Blackwell, Dallas, Maine

RANGELEY LAKES. Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain in a good fishing section. Steamboat accommodations O. K. Telephone at camps. Two mails daily. Write for free circulars to AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r., Maine.

JIM POND CAMPS Re-opened

In the heart of the hunting and fishing region. Individual camps with open fires. Only three miles, buckboard road Write for booklet. Telephone connections.

M. M. GREEN & BROS.,
Jim Pond Camps, Eustis, Me.

WEST END HOTEL H. M. CASTNER, Prop'r. Portland, Maine

Thoroughly first class. The hotel for Maine vacationists, tourists and sports men. All farm, dairy products, pork and poultry from our own farm, enabling us to serve only fresh vegetables, meats, butter, cream, eggs, etc. American plan. Send for circular.

FISHING Camps at Long Pond. Many out-lying ponds, Write S. C. HARDEN, Rangeley, Maine

MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC HOUSE AND LOG CAMPS. Heart of the Rangeleys. Best fishing region. Special June and September rates. Booklet. MRS. F. B. BURNS.

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

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

HUNTING SEASON AT ADAMS

The Springfield Republican says: The hunting season opened October 13, and it is therefore a time of more than ordinary moment to a large number of men in this vicinity, since there are as many real hunters in this town as can be found in any community of its size in the country. The number includes those who hunt for the sport of it, those who make a business of it and those who combine pleasure and profit through it. The last is the largest class, for there are many men who keep a gun and a dog that they may be able to hunt rabbits and hares for the meat which will be provided for the family table. These hunters are for the most part workmen who hurry away on Saturday afternoons, when the week's work in the mills is over and with a lunch in pocket remain on the neighboring mountains trying to bag a partridge or two in season, or a few rabbits or hares. These men do not kill just for the sake of satisfying a desire to exhibit their prowess as marksmen, but because it means a help from the financial standpoint, and with the prices of meat as high as they now are, the cost of living for the daily toiler in the mill or elsewhere is cut down considerably. The true hound and the trusty shotgun are as much a part of some of the workmen's assets, in the matter of a livelihood, as may be his reed hook and comb, or his two hands. It is a fact that may be easily substantiated that more than half of the Adams hunters go forth with their fowling pieces to Nature's stockyard to secure the wherewith that will be of value to wife and children, or in other words they go forth to seek meat for the family. Some of the hunters, but more often their wives, are able to care for the game secured and to serve it in a manner both economical and delicious. There are many workmen who keep Belgian hares and raise young ones, because it is a much cheaper method to obtain meat than raising poultry or buying meat from the market. So it is that this class of hunters are especially interested in the opening of the season and in the prospects of it. There was a time that it was no feat to go on to the neighboring mountains and in a short time shoot any number of white rabbits, better known as Canadian hares. Now, however, it is a good hunter who is able after an all-day hunt to secure a couple of these fleet-footed animals. They are hunted in preference to the gunny or gray or cotton-tail rabbit, because they are larger and because they do not hole quickly when shot at or pursued by the hound. They run in circles like a fox and will not hole unless quite badly wounded. It is because they remain out when hunted that the great majority of gunners try to start them with their dogs. Some of these hares grow to weigh as much as seven pounds, but the majority of them weigh about three or four pounds. The Canadian hare began to be scarce on the mountains in this vicinity about 15 years ago, and it is about 10 years ago that a gun club was formed in this town and an effort made to secure some of them elsewhere that the two ranges of mountains might be restocked each spring.

The effort was unsuccessful. The best place to hunt hares at the present time is in Becket and Blandford, and very often hunters from Adams may be seen starting by train for those places. In this vicinity the best hunting is found in Plainfield and Savoy, while Cheshire is also considered a fairly good place. Because of the dry season this summer it is believed that the shooting will be good and that there will be more than the usual number of partridge. The fact that fur is so very high and such good prices has helped to swell the number of gunners. There are many red foxes in this vicinity, and last year one farmer in Windsor made about \$300 on fox skins and other fur-bearing animals which he trapped or shot in the Berkshire hills. After his winter wood is cut and stored he spends the rest of the time until spring trapping and hunting, and he not only provides food for the family, but he also has a good sum of money in cash when the hides are sent to fur-purchasing firms in New York. Cheshire has a hunter and trapper who practically makes the entire living for his family by gunning, and he does not pretend to go outside a limit of about 20 miles. He makes a specialty of fox trapping.

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

OLD BEAR FINALLY HAS TO GIVE UP LIFE.

A big black bear which for the last six years has eluded the hunters in the neighborhood of Hudson, Glenburn and Alton, was shot this week. The bear was caught in a trap six years ago by Storman, but escaped by gnawing off a paw. Since that time he has made frequent raids, killing many sheep, stealing pigs and spoiling acres of growing corn. He was easily traced by the stub paw, and although shot at many times, always escaped. He eluded traps several times by springing them and making off with the bait. When found in the trap he had dragged it nearly a mile. Bullet marks were found in both ears and two long scars on the flanks showed the course of others. The bear weighed 225 pounds.

STATE OF MAINE

Public Notice

In conformity with the provisions of Section 15, of Chapter 32, of the Revised Statutes of Maine, as amended by chapter 206 of the public laws of 1913, deeming it for the best interest of the State, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, after due notice to all persons interested, and public hearing in the locality to be affected, and deeming it necessary and proper for the protection and preservation of the inland fish of the State, hereby adopt the following needful Rules and Regulations relating to the times and places in which and the circumstances under which inland fish may be taken in the waters of Quimby pond, Dodge pond, Round pond, Gull pond, Haley pond, Dead River pond, and the Saddleback Mountain ponds, so-called, in the county of Franklin.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

For a period of four years from October first, A. D., 1913, it shall be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish at any time in Quimby pond, Dodge pond, or Round pond, in the town of Rangeley, or in Dead River pond or Gull pond, in Dallas Plantation, or in the Saddleback Mountain ponds, so-called, in Sandy River plantation, or in Haley pond, in the town of Rangeley and in Dallas plantation, all in the county of Franklin, except in the ordinary way of casting with artificial flies.

During the same period it shall be unlawful for any person to take, catch and kill more than six fish in any one day in either of said ponds.

It shall also be unlawful for any person to have in possession any kind of fish taken in violation of any provision of these regulations.

Dated this 20th day of September, A. D. 1913.

J. S. P. H. WILSON, Chairman,
WALTER I. NEAL,
BLAINE S. VILES,
Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

STATE OF MAINE

Public Notice

In conformity with the provisions of Section 15, of Chapter 32, of the Revised Statutes of Maine, as amended by chapter 206 of the public laws of 1913, deeming it for the best interest of the State, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, after due notice to all persons interested, and public hearing in the locality to be affected, and deeming it necessary and proper for the protection and preservation of the inland fish of the State, hereby adopt the following needful Rules and Regulations relating to the times and places in which and the circumstances under which inland fish may be taken in the waters of Saddleback lake, so-called, formerly called Dead River pond in Dallas Plantation, in the county of Franklin, and its tributaries.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

For a period of four years from September 30th, A. D., 1913, it shall be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill more than ten trout in any one day in Saddleback Lake, so-called, formerly called Dead River pond, in Dallas Plantation, in the county of Franklin.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to take, catch and kill any trout less than eight inches in length in said lake.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish at any time in any of the tributaries to said lake.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to carry away or transport any fish taken in said lake, except fish taken in said lake may be transported from the place where caught to a lodge, camp, dwelling house or hotel situated on the shore of said lake, or to a licensed taxidermist in this state for mounting only.

It shall also be unlawful for any person to have in possession any kind of fish taken in violation of any provision of these regulations.

Dated this 20th day of September, A. D. 1913.

J. S. P. H. WILSON, Chairman,
WALTER I. NEAL,
BLAINE S. VILES,
Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and game.

STATE OF MAINE

DEPARTMENT OF INLAND FISHERIES AND GAME.

Public Notice

REVISED LIST OF GAME INSPECTION STATIONS.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 37 of chapter 32 of the Revised Statutes, as amended by chapter 206 of the public laws of 1913, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game have designated the following places as game inspection stations in this State for the season of 1913, at which places residents of Maine must identify their shipments of game unless tagged with the special shipping tags which allow the transportation of game without the owner accompanying the same:

Bangor, Northern Maine Junction, Newport, Oakland, Farmington and Portland.

N. B. Only one identification is necessary—at the inspection station nearest the shipping point.

J. S. P. H. WILSON,
WALTER I. NEAL,
BLAINE S. VILES,
Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, Augusta, Maine, Oct. 6, 1913.

STATE OF MAINE.

Public Notice

In conformity with the provisions of Section 15, of Chapter 32, of the Revised Statutes of Maine, as amended by chapter 206 of the public laws of 1913, deeming it for the best interest of the State, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, after due notice to all persons interested, and public hearing in the locality to be affected, and deeming it necessary and proper for the protection and preservation of the inland fish of the State, hereby adopt the following needful Rules and Regulations relating to the times and places in which and the circumstances under which inland fish may be taken in the waters of the South Branch of Dead River, so-called, above Flagg Dam, and the tributaries to said South Branch above said dam, in the county of Franklin.

Rules and Regulations.

For a period of four years from September 30th, A. D., 1913, it shall be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish at any time in the South Branch of Dead River, so-called, above Flagg Dam, or in any of the tributaries to said South Branch above said dam, all in the county of Franklin, except with artificial flies or by the method commonly called fly fishing.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to take, catch and kill more than ten trout and land-locked salmon in all in any one day in any of the above named waters.

It shall also be unlawful for any person to have in possession any kind of fish taken in violation of these regulations.

Dated this 20th day of September, A. D. 1913.

J. S. P. H. WILSON, Chairman
WALTER I. NEAL,
BLAINE S. VILES,
Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

STATE OF MAINE.

Public Notice

In conformity with the provisions of Section 15, of Chapter 32, of the Revised Statutes of Maine, as amended by chapter 206 of the public laws of 1913, deeming it for the best interest of the State, the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, after due notice to all persons interested, and public hearing in the locality to be affected, and deeming it necessary and proper for the protection and preservation of the inland fish of the State, hereby adopt the following needful Rules and Regulations relating to the times and places in which and the circumstances under which inland fish may be taken in the waters of Loon Lake and Cow pond, in the county of Franklin.

Rules and Regulations

For a period of four years from October first, A. D., 1913, it shall be unlawful for any person to fish for, take, catch or kill any kind of fish at any time in Loon Lake, in the town of Rangeley and in Dallas plantation, or in Cow pond, in Township Numper Three, Range 3, (or Davistown, so-called), and in Lang plantation, in the county of Franklin, except by the ordinary manner of casting with artificial flies or by trolling, so-called.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person, or the occupants of one boat, to take, catch and kill more than five pounds of trout or landlocked salmon in all, or one fish, in said Cow pond or in said Loon Lake, in any one day.

During the same period it shall also be unlawful for any person to carry away or transport any fish taken in either of said lakes, except fish taken in said lakes may be transported from the place where caught to a lodge, camp, dwelling house or hotel situated on the shores of said lakes, or to a licensed taxidermist in this state for mounting only.

It shall also be unlawful for any person to have in possession any kind of fish taken in violation of any provision of these regulations.

Dated this 20th day of September, A. D. 1913.

J. S. P. H. WILSON, Chairman
WALTER I. NEAL,
BLAINE S. VILES,
Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.