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JOE KNOWLES IS MARRIED

Ceremony On Theatre Stage and Attendants Fellow Performers.

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 16.—Joseph Knowles and Miss Marion L. Humphrey of Dedham, Mass., were married Saturday night on the stage of Pantages' Theatre after performances, by Rev. Mr. Lallemand, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church. Victor Pinst and Edna Dayton, fellow performers with Knowles, were the attendants. After the ceremony a banquet was served, followed by dancing.

Last July, Knowles entered an Oregon forest naked, without tools, and for 30 days lived on his own resources. He returned with a complete outfit of clothes, tools and weapons fashioned by himself in the wilderness. On one of the coast vaudeville circuits Knowles is relating the story of his experiences.

Knowles sprang into the limelight last year when it was announced that he was going, naked and without food or weapon, into the Maine woods to lead the life of the primitive man. He entered the woods near Spencer Lake Aug. 4, and two months later reappeared, clad in the skins of animals and in excellent health. He went on the vaudeville circuit to tell about his experiences. The story met with some scepticism.

Knowles was born Aug. 13, 1869, at Wilton, Me., where his parents still live. Part of his boyhood was passed in Lewiston, and later he spent some adventurous years as a sailor. He served in the United States navy and for a time as a

Maine guide. Before his Maine adventure he was an artist, with a studio in Boston.

Miss Humphrey is the only child of George W. Humphrey, of 82 Court street, Dedham, who conducts a book store at 21 Bromfield street, Boston. She is an artist and has for some years been acquainted with Knowles, studying in his studio and taking care of his effects when he went to Maine. Her parents said Saturday night that she left home some days ago, slipping away quietly without announcing her destination; they did not know she had married Knowles.

LARGE COLONY OF BEAVER

Wonderful Dam Near Sanders, 75 Feet Long.

The upper reaches of the Sandy River are becoming very well stocked with beaver. They have been busy at work for a year or two in that section.

Very near Sanders on the line of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes railroad they now have a dam 75 feet long and three high, which is very near the railroad. There is a large colony of them there as their work testifies.

The presence of the workmen on the railroad and the lumbermen near them does not seem to disturb them in the least and they keep right busy on their job each night. These workmen are working not more than two rods from the beaver works.

Superintendent F. N. Beal secured some interesting samples of their work and sent them in to the passenger department of the Maine Central railroad. One was a piece of hard wood six or seven inches through, cut nearly in two, and as even as a knife would cut it. They also had poplar cuts of the thickness of 15 inches.

BRINGS HIS TWIN BOYS IN BASKET

The Taylors to Reside In Farmington This Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Taylor of West Carry Lake Camps, their four children and Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. E. A. Mason, arrived in Farmington recently and are living in the furnished house of Mrs. Florence L. Pottle, South street, where they will pass the winter. Their home is eight miles beyond Dead River and the road is passable only for buckboards and pretty rough at that. Therefore it was not thought prudent to take the twin boys that came to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor two months ago on such a jolly journey; accordingly Mr. Taylor with great devotion to his children's comfort brought them in a basket on his arm to Dead River and thence came to Farmington by auto, while the ladies made the trip from Dead River to Farmington by rail, all reaching this village in good condition. Mr. Taylor has returned to West Carry Lake, where he has for a number of years been the successful proprietor of the camps there. The season there is not yet ended, as sportsmen and others will desire entertainment for several weeks to come. Rev. and Mrs. Mason, the parents of Mrs. Taylor, are well known in Farmington. The latter will remain awhile and old acquaintances here will be glad to see her again. Mr. Taylor will pass as much of his time here as his business will permit. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have two daughters, aged 10 and 12 years, who came with them, as did Miss Katherine Mason, a sister of Mrs. Taylor.

SECURES TWO DEER IN ONE DAY

Mr. Leech of Gorham, Me., who has been hunting in the Gore for the past week has secured two deer. He got them the same day within an hour of each other.

SIXTY THOUSAND LICENSES ISSUED

To the Editor of Maine Woods:
Wakefield, Nov. 17, 1914.
In my letter in your issue of 12th, you print 6,000 licenses issued in Massachusetts. It should be 60,000 at \$1.00 each. Open season on deer for one week now on. Closes Saturday, sunrise. Fine cool weather.
Yours,
J. C. Hartshorne.

SOME LUCKY HUNTERS IN THESE PARTS.

There have been some lucky hunters in the southern part of this county of late. Four men in Chesterville were so fortunate as to bring home a deer each during last week. Two of these happy Nimrods were A. L. Whittier and Justus Wells. We have not learned the names of the other two.

James Eaton shot a deer Saturday night near Mr. Eaton's house, Notch. The animal was standing in a brook when Mr. Eaton took aim and fired. It was, as luck and was 3 years old.

But Everett Wells has the noblest trophy of his skill with the rifle. He had the remarkable good luck to bring down the grandest monarch of our Maine forest—a full grown and handsome bull moose. He found the animal in the New Brunswick neighborhood, Chesterville, last Friday. We hear Smith Thompson of Jay has offered \$25 for the head

BIG BUNCH OF GAME GOES DOWN

Strong Railroad Station Centre of Attraction Last Monday.

At the Strong station last Monday there was a big bunch of game. On the platform were displayed 12 deer, two big bears and a bob cat. The game came down over the Carrabasset and Kingfield branch of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes railroad.

Several light flurries of snow have improved the hunting a little, although the rain and freeze following so soon was unfortunate for the best success of the hunters, whose names we have been unable to learn as the game was shipped from the various stations, Salem, Kingfield, Carrabasset and Bigelow, on the line of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes railroad.

BRING OUT ONE DEER THIS YEAR

More Successful In Past Years Than This Fall.

Messrs. Harold A. Pitman and G. P. Pope of Danvers, Mass., were at the Elmwood last week on their return from a hunting trip at Dallas, stopping at Stephen A. Getchell's.

Their efforts were not altogether successful, although Mr. Pitman secured one deer. The conditions were not of the best.

We believe Mr. Pope has hunted in this section annually for some years, with good success heretofore. He is a brother of Fletcher Pope, formerly of Phillips.

MANAVISTA HOTEL READY TO OPEN

Manager With Employees Will Arrive In Bradentown, Monday.

Manavista hotel in Bradentown is to open for the season on Monday, November 23, according to plans of the management. A letter received locally to-day from Manager H. A. Haskell states that he will arrive in Bradentown next Monday, bringing with him six employees, and that on November 19 there will be a retinue of employees to arrive from Boston in readiness for the opening.

The Manavista is one of the luxurious and popular hotels of the West Coast, whose accommodations generally are taxed to the limit during the tourist season.

Arrangements are to be made to meet the requirements of an exceedingly busy season, which is assured for the coming winter.

Many patrons of the Manavista are regular winter visitors in Bradentown. They are informed in regard to hotel plans and with the opening of the hostelry guests are expected to arrive in numbers.

Mr. Haskell was manager last season of the Tampa Bay Hotel, Florida, called the Moorish Palace of the South. He still owns some very attractive camps at Long Pond and his many friends in this section hope that he and Mrs. Haskell will again take up their residence here.

BUTTERFLIES

and made wanted for collection. Highest prices paid. Outdoor summer work. Not accepted unless on instructions as detailed on the stamp. JAMES H. CLARK, Entomologist, Dept. 9, Los Angeles, Cal.

WELLS GETS FINE SPECIMEN MOOSE

Thinks Home Section Is All Right to Hunt In.

Maine sportsmen annually go from 30 to 100 miles from home to hunt deer and other big game, but Mr. Wells of Chesterville is satisfied to hunt around home, and for several years has secured better results right in Chesterville than have most of his townsmen who have gone to more distant points. Only last week right in Chesterville Mr. Wells shot as fine a specimen, probably, of the moose tribe as has been shot in the state this fall. The animal had an unusually fine head with fifteen points which A. S. Thompson of Maplewood farm, has purchased to be mounted for beautiful Maplewood. This is the second moose Mr. Wells has shot in the town of Chesterville within a few years.

GETS BEAR FOR A TROPHY

Gore Section Seems to Be Good Hunting Grounds.

Willis Hardy is pretty well pleased with his efforts as a hunter, for Thursday morning he downed a bear in the Gore section. He and D. T. Harnden went on a little hunting trip and Hardy shot at the bear, wounding it, but it got away again and yesterday morning he was discovered again and Hardy's shot was a fatal one this time.

The bear has not been weighed yet but it is not a very large one, estimated to be about a two-year-old.

Bear seem to be about as plentiful as deer this year according to reports.

BLETHEN SENDS 10-POUND SALMON

A ten pound salmon from Alaska found its way carefully packed in an ice box from Seattle, Wash., to the home of D. H. Knowlton of Farmington. It was shared in by others and all pronounced it a real Pacific delicacy. A letter came a few days before from Col. A. J. Blethen, saying: "Look out for a salmon from Alaska by express," and added: "It is a sample of the fisheries that yielded the salmon industry of the Pacific southwest thirty-eight million dollars in one year."

SOME MENU

The friends of R. Houlton, the popular clerk at the Falmouth hotel were regaled with a game dinner one day last week, Mr. H—having just returned from a hunting trip so successful that he had to hire an extra express car to bring his loot into the city.

The menu was:
Partridge stew, rabbit consomme.

Baked stuffed muskrat.

Deer a la Guide, Hedgehogs roasted in the quills.

Rabbits foot pie, Billed Owl.* Chestnuts.

*Stuffed \$6 extra.—Portland Press.

GRANT'S CAMPS, KENNEBAGO, MAINE

September fishing at Kennebago is the best to be had in Maine. Grant's Camps are located at and near the best fishing grounds. We shall keep open during the hunting season. Write us for reservations. ED GRANT & SON CO.

BALD MOUNTAIN CAMPS Bald Mountain Maine

Bald Mountain Camps are situated at the foot of Bald Mountain on Mooselookmeguntic Lake. Near the best fishing grounds. First class steamboat connections—Auto road to camps—Telephone connections—Two mails daily—Write for free circular. AMOS ELLIS, Prop'r., Bald Mountain, Maine

Mountain View House Mountain View, Maine

For further particulars write or address

L. E. BOWLEY,
Mountain View, Maine.

RANGELEY LAKES AND DEAD RIVER REGION AS A

HUNTING RESORT

This territory is unsurpassed in Maine. It is easy of access and nearly all the camps are open through the Hunting Season. Deer, Bear, Partridge, Duck and small game are very abundant.

The SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD

Issues a descriptive booklet of this territory, containing map of entire region, which will be furnished upon application to

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

You can go after bear, moose, deer, with the confidence that brings success if you shoot the



Marlin
Big Game Repeating Rifle
Marlins are always dependable and famous for their extreme accuracy.

MADE in all popular big game calibres—guns of splendid accuracy, range and power.

They have Special Smokeless Steel barrels, and the quick, reliable Marlin lever action. All have the protecting solid-top, side-ejecting safety construction; can't freeze up or clog with snow, rain, twigs, dirt or sand; empty shells never thrown in the shooter's face.

Send 3 stamps postage for big catalog to help you select right gun.

For smaller game, lever action rifles in .22 to .44 calibres; "pump action" rifles in .22, .25 rim-fire, .25-20, .32-20; repeating shotguns, 12, 16, 20 gauges.

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

FROLICS OF THE FISHES

Investigation Is Begun by Health Authorities and Game Wardens

WESTFIELD, Nov. 10.—To determine the cause of unusual action reported relative to fish in the Westfield River the Board of Health and fish and game wardens are conducting an investigation. People living near the river were attracted to the fish below the dam jumping out of the water and in some instances swimming along on the surface before disappearing again.

For some reason the fish appeared to be dazed. A number of persons walked along the banks and picked them up as they lay along the banks. News of the rich harvest of fish spread throughout the section. Persons armed with clubs struck the fish as they came to the surface. While stunned the fish were taken.

Some of the fish caught were afterward placed in fresh water. They recovered from the attacks noticeable in the river. It was at first thought that poisonous material from the gas-house might be responsible. Deputies P. P. Monahan of this town and James P. Hatch of Springfield investigated this report, but were unable to find anything at the plant that would cause the actions of the fish.

Manager T. T. Logie believes that something entered the river some distance below the gas-house and poisoned the stream. As there is no water flowing over the dam and

the fish above that point were not showing any unusual activities it became evident that the water above the dam, where the gas plant pipes enters the river, was not the cause of the trouble.

There may have been some poisonous substance from the sewers entering the river. Another theory advanced is that someone placed unslaked lime in the river and poisoned the fish. The health authorities were notified to prevent the catching of the fish, as it was feared that there might be a number of families poisoned through eating them. Two men in a boat in the river were catching a record string. The boat, discovered by the wardens, was filled with suckers, dace and some bass to the number of several hundred.

CLOSER WATCH BEING KEPT IN NORTHERN MAINE.

Nine deer, one bear, one moose and several bunches of partridges passed through the Union Station, Portland, last week, Wednesday. This is a better shipment of game than Tuesday, but much better results are looked for than these during the remainder of the season or the total shipment of game this year will not approach the totals of the past few years.

Hundreds of deer will doubtless be brought out of the Maine woods this year by automobile parties from Boston, New York and Philadelphia. It is believed by many, especially guide and others who reside during the hunting season in the woods that many of these "sportsmen" come into this state by automobile as if on

a tour and hunt without a license and carry out their game, in violation of the game laws of Maine.

A closer watch is being kept on jackers in the Northern Maine woods. Only recently a warden was seen to drive into the woods in a frontier town and on the following day return to the village again with a young man handcuffed sitting beside him. The young fellow had been captured in the woods while jacking. It seems that the warden had suspected that the party of four had gone into the forest with the intention of using the jack light and taking his time went upon their trail the second night after they entered the woods. The warden suffered the cold and snowstorm that continued all one day last week. That evening he saw the hunters, jacking and with leveled rifle got between the three companions and the man with the light and soon had him in custody.—Portland Exchange.

INSPECTING SITES FOR FISHWAYS

Commissioner Neal Reports Moose Fairly Plentiful

Game Commissioner W. I. Neal and Chief Warden Frank M. Perkins returned to Bangor last week, after inspecting sites for fishways on the St. Croix river. At Grand Falls, on the St. Croix, they approved a fishway to be built by the St. Croix Paper Co., which has recently completed a large dam there with a head of 53 feet. The new fishway will be 300 feet long, one of the largest in the state. At Vanceboro, on the St. Croix, they inspected a fishway site, but did not approve a location, as the dam there is now old, and will probably soon be replaced with a concrete structure.

Commissioner Neal reports that moose are fairly plentiful down in Washington county, but that they are rather small. He is confident that the legislature will pass a bill placing close time on moose for a period of two, four or six years, and that a resident hunting law, and non resident angling law will be passed. Mr. Neal states that the game portion of the fish and game department is now self supporting, and the fish portion should also be self supporting. The money that taxpayers must pay to the fish and game commission now is used for the fish hatcheries.

With a non resident's angler's tax, Mr. Neal states that more hatcheries could be built and the fish of Maine could be more widely propagated.

"There are only 11 state hatcheries in Maine with which to stock 2,200 lakes and ponds in this big state of Maine. If the anglers from other states are taxed, their money will be used to propagate the fish that the supply may not diminish."

R. A. Hall of Enfield and S. L. Brown of Bangor left for a trip to Grindstone, whence they will go 25 miles in the woods after big game. Mr. Hall is armed with a 35 Remington automatic, equipped with a Maxim silencer, which is not often seen in the Maine woods. Mr. Hall thinks that the silencer will be of assistance in getting game, as the moose and deer will not be startled if the bullet does not hit him the first time.

Jey's market has on display one of the first bull moose brought to Bangor this season. It was shot by M. A. Goodwin at Franklin.

Nothing definite has been done with the project to build a fishway at the big dam of the Bar Harbor & Union River Power Co., near Ellsworth. Chief Game Warden Frank Perkins recently visited the dam to look it over for the purpose of making a report on the feasibility and desirability of the scheme.

The game wardens are unusually vigilant this season in keeping watch for a few persons who seem to be willing to bend the law prohibiting the use of any kind of a motor boat in chasing, hunting or gunning any sea birds, duck or water fowl in any of the inland waters of the state. The penalty is not less than \$25 nor more than \$100 and costs for each offense.

BANGOR'S FAMOUS WOMAN NIMROD

Will Make Second Planting of Alaskan Humpback Salmon In Maine Waters.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries is about to make its second planting of Alaskan Humpback or Pink Salmon, in Maine waters. Dr. W. C. Kendall, formerly of Maine, and now of the department of Commerce, will visit Maine this fall and inspect the great rivers with the view of selecting planting grounds for the Alaskan salmon. He will make a careful examination and select the streams best adapted to this species. The eggs of the Humpback salmon are brought on from Alaska in trays packed in boxes and kept cold. From ten million to fifteen million eggs will be planted in Maine waters this year about the same number as planted last year.

Warden George W. Ross was in Bangor Tuesday, with a shipment of 5000 trout fingerlings consigned to Hon. C. M. Conant for a pond near Frankfort. Warden Ross is also to take trout to Ellsworth Falls for George A. Phillips and to J. W. Wilson.

Stowell Eustis, one of the sons of Col. William T. Eustis, who spends his summers on the Gage Farm in the south part of Paris, has a bull terrier that seems in a fair way to do more carnage, according to opportunity, than the entire armies of Europe. While this dog has not yet ventured beyond the limits of the Gage farm and the old town farm, its record to date is 28 woodcocks killed. This is only a preliminary skirmish, as the season for woodcock is just begun, and when it comes to harvesting the woodcock crop you can set it down as a fact that Stowell's pup is "some dawg" asserts the Oxford Democrat.

Miss Lucy H. Wheeler, Bangor's famous woman Nimrod, again made a ten strike in the big woods this year, securing a moose, deer and several partridges near Hound Lake, about 20 miles from Calais, and a few miles from Lambert Lake.

The moose was shot last Wednesday. Miss Wheeler, according to her custom when after moose, had started out about 3 o'clock in the morning, and first sighted the moose at 6.45 o'clock. He was with a herd of seven cow moose, and in order not to break the game laws of the state by shooting a cow moose, she had to take careful aim in order to get only the big fellow. The state makes no allowances for accidental shooting in cases of this kind. The first shot took effect and she quickly followed it with a second.

Then the moose was done for, and the task of getting him back to camp was no easy one, for he weighed over 500 pounds. Miss Wheeler had previously succeeded in obtaining a deer and some fine partridges. She arrived in Bangor Monday night with her splendid game trophies.

Miss Wheeler is well known as a young woman Nimrod, having succeeded in getting one of the largest moose ever shot in this state two years ago. She is a crack shot, as her achievements with the rifle demonstrate.

A BEAR IN AUGUSTA

The North Parish bear has again been heard from although none of the hunters of that section have yet succeeded in getting in touch with him one day last week. Young Worthley, the youngest son of S. B. Worthley, and although the young man did not see the bear he is confident that he was within hailing distance of him. The latest one to report his ley was out after partridges and had with him his dog which he takes along on such occasions. The dog will chase rabbits and tree partridges and have a lot of fun in doing it, and even tackle hedgehogs but on the day in question he ran onto something that affected him very differently. Young Worthley was out on the ridge where the bear had been seen and the dog made a dash into a swamp. He had been out of sight but a few moments however when he gave a peculiar bark and came rushing back to his master, the hair on his back bristling

with fright, and showed in many ways that he wanted to go home. Young Worthley had nothing but bird shot cartridges with him and feeling that there was something in the swamp which under the circumstances he had better let alone he left that locality and sought the homeward trail.

STRIPPING SEBAGO SALMON

Work of Collecting Eggs to Begin at Raymond Hatchery To-day.

Portland, Nov. 10.—The work of stripping the Sebago salmon of their eggs will be begun by the Raymond hatchery officials Wednesday afternoon. At this season the spawn-laden fish from the lake make their annual pilgrimage into the tributaries for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the shallows, and as fast as they come up Jordan river at Raymond they are retained in the salmon pool and held until they are in proper condition to be 'stripped' by hand, each fish being carefully examined and thrown back if not perfectly 'ripe.'

Last year a thousand salmon came to the hatchery and yielded a million eggs. Early in the spring these eggs became "fry," little minute wriggling things which were little resemblance to a fish. By early summer you would readily have recognized them and would have probably pronounced them mere "minnows." To-day they are "fingerlings," varying in length from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches in length, some making a more rapid growth on the diet of chopped liver that is their daily portion during their stay at the hatchery feeding station. At the hatchery may also be seen the 'yearlings,' that is, the product of the 1912 stripping, and the "two-year-olds" of 1911.

The "stripping" process is very interesting and local sportsmen are going up to watch the process, at Raymond it is especially interesting as nowhere in the country are they found of such size and in such numbers as there, fish varying in length from two feet to three and one-half feet in length and in weight from five to twenty pounds.



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, Me.

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	.5
R. R. map of Maine	.35
Androscoggin County	.35
Cumberland County	.35
Hancock County	.50
Kennebec County	.35
Knox County	.35
Lincoln and Sagadahoc Counties	.35
Penobscot County	.50
Waldo County	.35
York County	.35

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of Pleasure Seekers who write us for accurate information about Camps, Hotels and recreation resorts of Maine. It costs you nothing.

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When You Want a Thing Done Right, Do It Yourself

The man who wants his tobacco cut up for him *months before* he smokes it, just to save a minute's time, cannot blame the manufacturer because the tobacco gets *dried up*, burns fast in his pipe and scorches his tongue.

There's only *one* way to get *fresh* tobacco—cut it up yourself *as you use it*, from the Sickle plug. Then you get all the original flavor and moisture that have been *pressed into* the plug and *kept there* by the natural leaf wrapper—and you are rewarded by a *cool*, sweet, satisfying smoke.

Every day more smokers are coming back to the good old Sickle plug and *satisfaction*. Buy a plug of Sickle at your dealer's—and note how much *more tobacco* you get, when there's no package to pay for.

3 Ounces
10c



Slice it as
you use
it

EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT

It happened in this wise. We, Bill and I—Bill is an all-round sport and a crackerjack good fisherman who always brings home a large string of fish whenever he goes fishing—had long planned a trip to Swingley's Lake in quest of the gamy bass. The fact of the matter was, Bill had long planned this trip and invited me to go along and see some good, right-up-to-the-minute fishing. Bill had lately purchased a little perfume boat, which he said was something terrific on speed, and, of course he wanted incidentally to show me some speeding on this trip to back up his statements.

Swingley's Lake was a small body of water owned by some city sports, and lay 62½ miles up river from our homes, and I was inclined to look on the trip with many misgivings, as these city sports kept watchmen at the lake to keep non-club members from fishing. But Bill said he was a personal friend of one of the watchmen, and had made arrangements with him to allow us to

SANDY RIVER & RANGELEY LAKES RAILROAD TIME TABLE

In Effect, September 27th, 1914.

FARMINGTON Passenger Trains leave Farmington for Phillips, Rangeley, and Bigelow, at 6.15 P. M., and for Phillips at 12.07 P. M. Passenger trains arrive from Phillips at 6.55 A. M. and from Rangeley, Phillips and Bigelow at 2.10 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives at 9.35 A. M. and leaves at 11.00 A. M.

STRONG PASSENGER TRAINS leave for Farmington, at 6.23 A. M. and 1.37 P. M. For Phillips at 12.37 P. M., and for Phillips and Rangeley at 5.47 P. M. and for Bigelow at 5.50 P. M.

Passenger trains arrive from Farmington at 12.37 P. M. and 6.47 P. M. From Bigelow at 1.25 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN arrives from Phillips, at 8.45 A. M. and from Kingfield at 8.25 A. M., and from Farmington at 1.45 A. M. Leaves for Phillips at 1.40 P. M. and for Farmington at 8.45 A. M.

PHILLIPS PASSENGER TRAINS leave for Farmington at 6.00 A. M. and 1.15 P. M. For Rangeley at 6.15 P. M.

Passenger trains arrive from Farmington at 12.05 P. M. and 6.10 P. M. From Rangeley at 12.20 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN leaves for Farmington at 7.30 A. M. Rangeley 7.40 A. M. and arrives from Farmington at 2.15 P. M. Rangeley 3.15 P. M.

RANGELEY PASSENGER TRAINS leave for Farmington at 10.40 A. M. and arrives at 8.00 P. M.

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

SALEM PASSENGER TRAIN leaves at 1.00 P. M. for Farmington and arrives at 6.16 P. M.

KINGFIELD PASSENGER TRAIN leaves for Bigelow at 9.00 A. M. and 6.38 P. M. For Farmington at 12.40 P. M.

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

BIGELOW PASSENGER TRAIN leaves for Farmington at 10.50 A. M. and arrives at 7.23 P. M. Arrives from Kingfield at 10.00 A. M. and leaves for Kingfield at 7.35 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS Leave Rangeley at 10.50 A. M. Phillips 12.25 P. M. Strong, 12.47 P. M., arriving at Farmington 1.20 P. M. Returning leave Farmington at 1.10 P. M. Strong, 2.22 P. M. Phillips, 2.45 P. M., arriving at Rangeley at 4.25 P. M.

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

face, and the inside of his throat, and on coming back to the fire—I had started it to burning again during his absence—demanding to know the whereabouts of his straw hat. Well, sir, would you believe it? The wind had caught up that hat from off the grass where Bill had thrown it, and landed it smack into the fire; we could see the charred remains of that fashionable summer straw, yet unbroken, covering the little camp fire like a pot lid!

Well, after our lunch of broiled bass, and lake-water coffee, we were off for an afternoon of fishing. We had splendid luck taking the gamy bass that afternoon—that is, Bill did, and it was well along toward the latter part of the afternoon that Bill came near ending his fishing days forever. We had run the boat up in a little cove where the water-lilies grew in profusion and Bill was standing in the bow of the boat when a whopper bass flounced out of the water a short distance to our right. Telling me to hold her steady he climbed up on the bow of the boat, and made a long cast in the direction of the spot where the mammoth bass had whipped the waters into a foam. Feeling a strike, he began to wind in his line, which tightened the moment he began to reel in. If Bill had listened to me, and let the fish have plenty of line, all would have been well; but no, he must go and reel him in at once, so as not to give the monster a chance to get away by tangling himself in the brush that grew at this side of the lake. Did Bill get him? No! His line broke and at the same moment one foot slipped from the gunwale of the boat and Bill went backwards among the lily pads in the lake! No sooner had he touched the water than he let out a volume of gurglings, sputterings and wild yells for help equal to a savage Indian. He went straight to the bottom; but as the water was only about two feet deep, his feet were fanning the breeze far above the placid waters, while his head was pillowed in the soft mud in the bottom of the lake. I finally managed to drag him into the boat and scrape the mud from his eyes, ears and hair. He was a scared man for a few moments; but he soon regained his equilibrium upon learning that the water was only twenty-two inches deep.

This ended our fishing and we decided to make a start for home, as the evening shadows lay long and cool across the river. So Bill turned on the gasoline and the little engine began to spit and sputter, and our craft entered the outlet to the lake where the river flowed westward to meet the setting sun.

At the outlet to the lake the river flowed through a narrow gorge and there were rapids at this point that were dangerous to run in a boat, although boating parties frequently did run them without accident.

Bill, being of an adventurous disposition, was in for running the rapids, or as he put it, "shooting the chutes;" but I told him if he was going to try any fool tricks like that, to set me ashore and I'd walk home. Bill kept arguing the case with me, while the little motorboat was all the time lessening the distance between us and the rapids. About a mile up the lake from the outlet there was a projection of land that stood out into the lake quite a little ways, and as we neared this point of land, I saw two men running toward the lake. I called Bill's attention to these men and I saw he at once became excited, as he put on more speed and turned the prow of our craft out farther into the lake. The two men jumped into a boat that was floating at the point and started rowing out toward the centre of the lake; evidently it was their intention to intercept our boat. I asked Bill who they could be, and got the short smothered word, "watchmen," for an answer. "Well, said I, 'what are you trying to get past them without getting in speaking distance for? Didn't you tell me you and the watchmen were great friends?'"

"Trying to keep out of jail," says Bill; "these gentlemen are no friends of mine, and they mean to have us arrested if they catch us."

Bill pulled the speed lever over to the last notch, and we ploughed through the placid waters of the lake like a bullet in war time. The two watchmen pulled at their oars and the little white rowboat skimmed over the waters, widening the distance between itself and the shore

with alarming rapidity. As soon as we came in halting distance one of the men in the boat shouted, and told us to stop. Bill waved his handkerchief at the men, while the little stink-boat tore through the quiet waters of the lake leaving a gasoline-perfumed trail in its wake. The men, seeing we were not going to stop, ceased rowing, and began firing at us with their revolvers. I looked at Bill in dismay; but he only smiled and turned the oil-feed another notch. The speed of the little boat was something terrific. She seemed to be touching the water only occasionally and the bow seemed to be sailing through the air. The shores of the lake were seen as a dark blur, and the wind roared about our ears as though a great storm were raging. I noticed little black specks in the air near our boat, which seemed to be traveling at a faster speed than our boat; but it seemed they were all traveling in the same direction as were we. I shouted at Bill, asking him what they were, but the wind was roaring about our ears and I was unable to make him hear me. Seeing one of those little specks coming, some distance behind us, I reached out my hand and prepared to catch it as it passed. Well, it kept coming in a direct line, and as it got even with the boat I made a grab for it, and got it. No sooner had I got it than I wanted to let it go. It was hot! I dropped it in the boat and examined it carefully. Well, sir, would you believe it, it was a bullet. A .30 calibre bullet! Never was I so surprised in my life! I showed the bullet to Bill, and shouting in his ear, told him how I happened to possess it, pointing at the same time to other black specks in the air about the boat. Bill looked at me and grinned. "Some speed, eh! Look out for the rapids!"

Well, sir, I hadn't thought once of the rapids since we had made the acquaintance of the two watchmen. Looking up I saw the river just ahead, and the glistening surface was broken by myriads of white-capped waves and eddies, while here and there the dark outlines of a huge boulder showed clear against the silver background. We were in the rapids! I shouted to Bill to turn off the power, but this Bill did not have time to do, as almost at the same instant I shouted, the boat struck a submerged boulder, and the next instant we were navigating the air at a level of the tree tops, with Bill hanging over the stern of our little craft. When we came down from our aerial flight, we landed in the centre of the stream. In some manner Bill had managed to turn off the power and the bow had dropped lower than the stern, and when we hit the water that little boat went straight to the bottom, and slid along almost half-a-quarter on the bottom of the river. Having air chambers, the little craft bobbed to the surface as soon as its momentum was overcome, and as luck would have it, it came up beside a canoe that two fishermen were using, just below the rapids, and thus Bill and I were saved from a horrible death. In the chase I lost my hat, a twenty-dollar fishing rig, and my courage. Bill lost an empty pocketbook, an invitation to his cousin's wedding, a twenty-five dollar fishing rig, his reason, and his dinner; this last accident was the result of his drinking too much water while hanging on the stern of a gasoline launch during submarine navigation.

Well, we arrived home in due time, tired, hatless, hungry, but happy. Our fish were enjoying the swirling waters of the rapids, unless they became entangled in the forty-five dollars worth of fishing paraphernalia and were drowned. Excepting a few little unhappy incidents which are unavoidable in all excursions, our trip to the lake was one of pleasure, and Bill says we are some time going again, as there are "scadoodles" of bass there, and no danger of interference from the watchmen so long as you have a power-boat with speed.—Walter S. Chauser in Fur News Magazine.

BIRDS GO SOUTH

Immense flocks of black duck and wild geese have passed by the end of the Cape, Portland, this last week in their flights South.

OVERHEARD AT THE SCRANTON, (PA.) GUN CLUB.

For training the eye and keeping the nerves and muscles just so there is no greater pastime than that of trap and bird shooting. Any man in the gun club will declare that this is true. There are some of them who can bring to memory feats of hitting ninety-eight out of a hundred on some one occasion or the other. When gunners get together, memories come in just about the same kind of flood as they do when Civil War veterans or old fire laddies gather around for a session.

"Billy, I can remember the time when a bird was dead the minute that you raised the gun to your shoulder; all that you had to do was to point and it was all over," said an admirer to Billy Anneman, one of the stars of the other day, while Billy was trudging to the shooting grounds, after having walked thirty miles since the rising hour in the morn. And Billy smiled happily.

"Erny, I can remember the time when I trimmed you in a shoot. I got 92 and you got 87," remarked Wallace Moser to Ernest Meyers on the rear of a street car speeding to the vicinity of the ground.

"I'll shoot you now for \$100! I have a baby home that is going to do better than the old man some time," came back Ernie.

And gunners talk about their form just as do baseball players, tennis and golf champions.

Also, if it is betraying no secret, some star gunners of the city are as temperamental at times as prima donnas.

"You're sending all the birds to the left, give us some right-hand shots once in a while"; "you're sending the birds too fast"; "the angle is too great"; "speed them up a little"; "don't send them all in the same direction"; "pull the trap a little faster" and about a hundred and one other expressions are to be heard during a shoot.

But above all, the most popular expression of all is "Drat the luck, I can't even hit the side of a barn to-day."

AN AUCTION TEA

An unusual and delightful way of raising money for the Woman's Literary union clubhouse fund has been devised by Mrs. A. S. Hinds, who gave a tea and auction sale Wednesday at her residence on West street, the members of her group Mrs. Frank Smith, Miss Jessie Churchill, Dr. Ada Odiorne Fogg and Miss Ethel Hinds assisting her. There was a professional auctioneer and everything was carried on as in a genuine sale except that the bidders did not know the contents of the package for which they were bargaining. It was arranged, however, so that no one was allowed to bid beyond the value of the contents, and all the packages will be suitable for holiday gifts. Very lovely, too, were the appointments for the tea, and Mrs. Will C. Macfarlane, Mrs. Lyman Howard Nelson, and Dr. Ada Odiorne Fogg served, assisted by Miss Jessie Churchill, Miss Gertrude Gerrish, Miss Elizabeth Payson, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Ruth Cook, Miss Isabelle Cook, Miss Helen Lang, Miss Jennie Means and Miss Ethel Hinds.

EUROPEAN WAR IMPOSED NO EMBARGO ON AMERICAN TRAP SHOOTING.

Booklet programs covering Pinehurst's eighth annual midwinter handicap, January 19-23, sent out early in the month, have brought a generous response which would indicate that the European war has imposed no embargo on American trap shooting.

Luther Squier, Charles North and J. W. Todd will all be back in the capacity of manager, superintendent and cashier, and the added money of \$2500 is more attractive than ever this season when "gold is scarce."

The class shooting novelty which gives the average man a look-in, will also continue to be a big feature, and the program has been extended by the introduction of practice sweepstakes, five twenty-target sweepstakes with additional optional entrance, both morning and afternoon.

If our mailing clerk has overlooked the reader, a post card will bring the program by return mail.

Herbert L. Jillion,
Pinehurst, N. C., Secretary.

MAINE WOODS

ISSUED WEEKLY

J. W. Brackett Co.
Phillips, Maine

L. B. BRACKETT,
Business Manager

OUTING EDITION

pages \$1.00 per year

LOCAL EDITION

12 and 16 pages \$1.50 per year
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8 cents extra.

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

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, NOVEMBER 19, 1914

IN THE MAINE WOODS.

A Washington despatch announces that a mysterious wireless station has been found "20 miles north of Biddeford in the Maine woods." It may be that the Germans have established such a station 20 miles north of Biddeford, but people familiar with this state would hardly describe it as located in the Maine woods. If you take a map and search for that point in Maine which is 20 miles north of Biddeford you will find it close to the peaceful hamlet of North Gorham, about three miles from Sebago lake on one side and close to the Presumpscot river on the other. It has not heretofore been supposed that there were any towns in Cumberland county which were in the woods of Maine. Nobody in Maine has looked upon Cumberland county as included in the forest primeval. It remained for somebody in Washington to make that surprising discovery.—Waterville Sentinel.

With Christmas only five weeks away, preparations of the great festival are quite proper to think upon. "Shop early" is an injunction coming more and more to be observed. To buy in advance of the day is not only to lend aid to the shop-keeping interests but is to do a real service to one's self as well, freeing the mind of the panic that is inseparable from duty postponed until the last moment.

Hon. Ira G. Hersey of Houlton, who was re-elected to the State Senate in September, will go into the Republican caucus as candidate for president of the Senate without opposition.

A STRANGE COMBINATION

A pet lamb, a dog, two stray cats and two gray squirrels is quite a combination to be going around together, nevertheless the capital city has a makeup of that kind that makes a practice of calling at a house on Court street. The lamb and dog are the property of Dr. R. H. Stubbs, who resides on Green street. Ever since Dr. Stubbs secured the lamb his coach dog, "Brewster," has cared for and protected it from any harm that might come its way. Every morning regularly the dog and lamb come over to the residence of Mrs. Holmes on Court street for a lunch. Upon arriving they meet their friends the squirrels and the two cats. The dog sits up and howls until Mrs. Holmes comes to the door to feed the combination. She opens the door and the strange array of animals enter where they are fed. Mrs. Holmes is a great lover of all dumb animals and they seem to realize that fact. All of the visitors are taken into the shed and fed, and the squirrels are so tame that they will eat from her hands and also crawl upon her shoulder. The dog and lamb are often seen about the different streets and all is well if everyone keeps strictly away from the lamb, if they don't it is a case of look out.—Gardiner Reporter Journal.

FOUR AMERICAN BOYS GOOD SHOTS

The following is taken from a booklet published by the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co:

"Rifle shooting, more than almost any other sport, develops self-control, the habit of concentration, and 'cold nerve,' " says General George W. Wingate, President of the Public Schools Athletic League of New York City. Unquestionably one of the most enjoyable of sports, rifle shooting is highly recommended, for the benefits which it confers, by such men as Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States and a famous hunter; Senator Elihu Root, and Seth Low, Presidents of the National Civic Federation and formerly President of Columbia University.

American Boys and Their Sports

This booklet is mainly about four American boys who are expert in using the rifle. They have learned to shoot better than many famous marksmen who are several times as old. They are winning fame with their victories and are having a good time doing it.

Boys like sports that are manly, and rifle shooting therefore makes a strong appeal to them. Ambitious boys find in this popular pastime a constant urging to do no less than their very best. Clean, healthful, manly sports, calling for skill, have done wonders for the development of American character, and the youth of the nation is always the hope of the future. There is manhood in the boys and boyhood in the men who seek such recreations.

A chapter on "fancy shooting" has been contributed to this booklet by Mr. Rush Raze, of Curtis, Nebraska, who is generally recognized as the highest authority on the subject. Mr. Raze is a master marksman, with either stationary or flying targets, performing feats which seem impossible. He uses two weapons at the same time; or he holds them upside down; or he covers up the sights; or he aims by the use of mirrors. This is only a partial list of the difficulties with which he challenges his own marksmanship; it is when he mixes these difficult stunts in every possible combination that his astonishing ability as a fancy shooter is revealed. His quick handling and sure-aiming of all kinds of firearms is almost wizardry.

Robert McGivern of Montana

Master Robert McGivern, who lives at Great Falls, Montana, is a Western boy whose skill with a rifle has made him well known all through the country. He has not yet rounded out his first dozen years, but he has received more attention from the newspapers and magazines than many of the best adult shooters.

Marksmanship seems to run in the McGivern family. Master Bob's father and mother, as well as his brother, are experts with the various kinds of firearms. Mr. McGivern humorously remarks that Bob has run off with more than his share of the shooting talent in the family—considering how very young he is. At any rate, this small boy from the great state of Montana has done some extraordinary things as a marksman, and his exhibitions have astonished and pleased thousands of spectators in widely separated parts of the country.

For most of his shooting Robert uses a .22 calibre rifle. He usually sends the bullet straight to the bull's eye of a stationary target, and is able to hit small objects thrown into the air. At first he could not shoot any better than other young beginners, perhaps not as well as some; but he liked the sport immensely and his parents marvelled to see how rapidly he gained skill. Robert also handles a pistol after the manner of champions. In a recent pistol match he scored 48 points out of a possible 50, standing twenty yards from the target. All but one of his shots reached the bull's-eye and that one came pretty close to it. Anybody might be justly proud of such a score.

Some people think that Master Bob's aptitude and skill came to him somehow as a special gift, but his father believes otherwise. Mr. McGivern explains that Robert's marksmanship has been developed by faithful practice, combined with a natural

fondness for the pastime of shooting.

James Colvin Francis of Missouri

James Colvin Francis has won the name of "Champion Boy Shot of Missouri," and when you know the wonderful feats which he has performed with a rifle you will agree with others that he deserves it. Like Robert McGivern, Master Francis belongs to a family which greatly enjoys the sport of shooting. His father, G. M. Francis, who is himself an excellent shot, has a sporting goods store and a shooting gallery at Collins, Missouri, the home town of the Francis family; and his brother George has shown remarkable ability at the targets. So when it comes to marksmanship James Colvin has had to hustle to keep up with his father and brother, and his shooting must be a great deal above the ordinary because now they can't keep up with James Colvin.

In the Francis shooting gallery this fourteen-year old marksman has knocked down ninety-five "travelling ducks" one after another without a miss. Anybody who knocks down fifteen in succession is thought to be doing pretty well, but the young Missouri champion multiplies that number six and then adds five! No wonder his reputation has spread all through the state and even beyond.

From July to October last year James Colvin travelled with his father's movable gallery to fairs, conventions and similar gathering places. In many cases there were thousands of shooters who tried their skill, but Master Francis defeated everybody who would contest with him. To continue this victorious record day after day called for something more than luck as you can easily understand. Not content with his score of ninety-five straight on the gallery ducks, the youthful expert is now trying to make it one hundred—a perfect score—and there is no reason why he should not succeed in accomplishing this difficult feat.

Not much is said about galleries as shooting schools, but it is a fact that hundreds of young men, like the Francis boy, have made their beginning as expert shots by "knocking down the birds" in some neighboring gallery.

Sergt. Otto Reynolds of California

Last spring a California high-school boy, eighteen years old, leaped into fame as a rifle shot by making a perfect score of 200 out of a possible 200. He is First Sergt. Otto Reynolds, a member of the rifle team of the Placer County High School. It was in the Interscholastic Championship Series, in which a number of teams were contesting for the Astor Cup, that Sergt. Reynolds made this remarkable score, equalled only once before in a public high school competition and only once at a military school. He had ten shots standing and ten shots prone, at a distance of fifty feet, the bull's-eye on the target being half an inch in diameter. The matches were all conducted according to the rules and regulations of the National Rifle Association.

In the standing position the young marksman's first and second sighting shots were both bull's-eyes. Reynolds then called for his record target and made ten straight bull's-eyes offhand. In the prone position he took two sighting shots and on his record score again made ten straight bull's-eyes. It is needless to say that he was not the only one who was holding his breath while the last shot was being sighted.

Sergt. Reynolds has done good work before. In the state shoot in the preceding November he made the top score. That was practically the first time he had had a good try-out, as he had not previously qualified for his school team. The success of Sergt. Reynolds is an illustration of the fact that a few months of conscientious practice will wonderfully develop a shooter's abilities.

Bloice Bowen of Colorado

Twelve years old, Bloice Bowen of La Junta, Colo., is a crack rifle shot. Only the other day Buffalo Bill called him the most wonderful boy marksman in the United States. Such praise does not mean that Bloice is a youngster who can shoot as well as a grown-up; it means that he is a marksman whose performances compare favorably with those of the most famous experts in the country.

Small in stature, he could easily pass for a boy eight years old. Bloice began fancy shooting about three years ago. At that time he was the proud possessor of an air gun. His father, William Bowen, who is an enthusiastic and successful trap-shooter, recognized his son's interest and aptitude and presented him with a .22 calibre Remington rifle. Since then the boy's proficiency and fame have grown by leaps and bounds and he has accepted many invitations from towns all over the West to give exhibitions of his remarkable skill. When professional shooters have come to La Junta, Bloice has always been on hand to get points by talking with them and by observing their work.

So this active and alert Colorado school-boy, who has not yet had a birthday with a "teen" in it, is able to perform many of the most difficult stunts in the repertory of the professionals. One of his astonishing feats of marksmanship is to outline an Indian head in a sheet of cardboard at a distance of twenty feet. In doing this he shoots more than 150 holes in the cardboard, and if one of the shots were misplaced it would spoil the effect. There are no lines or marks of any kind to guide the artist in making this picture. Another of his difficult accomplishments is to hit targets behind him, sighting with a mirror.

Buffalo Bill was in La Junta two years ago with his circus and heard of the lad's great ability. When he returned recently he had Bloice with him as his guest during the day, and the two crack riflemen—one old and the other young—rode together in the parade.

The Most Popular Rifle of All

Each of the four boys whose exploits we have told in this booklet uses a Remington-UMC .22 calibre rifle. Each has learned that a twenty-two furnishes sport of great variety. Target-shooting isn't all it is good for, neither is hunting; it is splendidly adapted to both purposes. Indoors or outdoors, summer or winter, day or evenings whether on specially constructed ranges or out in the fields and woods, whether with stationary or moving targets, the small-bore (.22 calibre) rifle is a faithful producer of sport.

The twenty-two is the most popular of all rifles. Nearly every master of marksmanship began his shooting career with a rifle of this calibre. Many of the most important competitions in the shooting world are devoted entirely to the users of small-bore arms. Both men and boys choose the twenty-two for all-round sporting purposes. For an afternoon's outing it is ideal. It is light, and when taken apart can be put into a suitcase. For hunting small game, like woodchucks and rabbits, nothing better could be asked; it is not intended for a toy and the best workmanship and best materials are demanded in its manufacture. The ammunition costs very little.

Opportunities in Rifle Shooting

There are always and everywhere plenty of opportunities for the pleasurable and profitable use of a .22 calibre rifle.

Whether hunting by yourself or in the company of others you never lack for the delight and enthusiasm which sportsmen, young and old, know so well.

You can learn to do "fancy shooting."

You who are Boy Scouts can win the Merit Badge for Marksmanship. This is a prize for good work at the targets. Ask your Scout Master about it. You boys who have not yet joined the Scouts will be informed concerning enrollment if you address National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The War Department of the United States issues a Junior Marksman's Lapel Button. You can secure information through the National Rifle Association of America, Washington, D. C.

Rifle shooting is being introduced into the schools of many cities and towns in the United States. Four thousand lads in the public schools of New York City are receiving instruction in rifle shooting.

In this country numerous rifle clubs have been organized in the last few years, and many others are now being formed. In England there purely for sport, with a membership of half a million. You can start

a self-supporting club in your town. The Remington Arms—Union Metallic Cartridge Company of New York City will tell you how to go about it.

The Usefulness of a Rifle

Did you ever stop to consider how many purposes a rifle may serve?

It provides fun. There is nothing more exciting or enjoyable than a contest of marksmanship.

A rifle is to the sport of hunting what a bat is to the game of baseball or a tennis racket to the game of tennis.

No camping trip is complete without a rifle.

Rifle shooting is an excellent training both physically and mentally, developing the qualities of self-control and precision; some of its benefits are keen eye-sight, obedient muscles and the habit of mental concentration.

It is a sport that takes one frequently into the healthful and invigorating open air.

Many busy men owe their power of endurance and of clear thinking to the fact that every now and then they take an afternoon off for the recreation of rifle shooting or devote a week or two to a hunting trip.

Rifle shooting, as has been suggested, develops in boys certain qualities that contribute to their success in later years, whatever occupations they may choose.

On a farm a rifle is useful for getting rid of the animals that do damage to the crops or prey on the poultry.

In time of danger a rifle protects the home.

If our country should ever be threatened by foreign foes there might be need of volunteers who knew how to use firearms. We all hope, however, that the United States will always be able to maintain honorable peace with other nations.

Familiarity with a rifle prevents accidents. Those who have accidents with firearms are the ones who do not know how to handle them.

The rifle supplies meat for the table, not only in the lumber woods and newly settled parts of the country, but wherever wild game is to be found.

The rifle proves its usefulness and value in a great number of different ways, only a few of which we have mentioned. You can think of other services which it performs.

One hundred years ago a boy who lived in Ilion, N. Y., wanted a rifle so much that he made one for himself at his father's blacksmith forge. The neighbors ordered rifles like it and the increasing demand kept young Eliphalet Remington and his father busy creating a brand-new American industry. Arms and ammunition made at the Remington-UMC plants of the present day are sold in all parts of the world and have an unequalled reputation for quality. Merchants in your town will tell you about these Red Ball Brand products.

DOG ATTACKS BEAR IN WOODS

Dryden, Me., Nov. 17.—Perley Fish of No. 6 is in town at the home of his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Howland, with a handsome black bear weighing about 250 pounds, which he shot on West mountain in Weld, near the No. 6 line. Mr. Fish started to hunt deer and told his wife to keep the little black dog, "Psyche," in the camp for a while. After she was let out she followed her master's track and soon overtook him. They struck a bear's track and Mr. Fish decided to follow that as it was against the law to follow deer with dogs. The dog ran ahead of him and in about half an hour he heard the dog bark up on the mountain. The man followed till he saw the dog on a rock and a big bear fighting it. The bear struck at the dog twice, first one paw then the other. Mr. Fish waited till the bear's head was in good sight then fired twice. One of the shots took effect squarely between the eyes, the other back of one ear. The bear fell back then crawled into her den, a distance of 12 feet. Mr. Fish got Ralph Stone to help him. They went into the den and tied a rope to the bear's leg and dragged her two miles, when they went for a team and carried her three miles.

CLASSIFIED

Don't want a word in advance. No headline or other display. Subjects in a, b, c, order.

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

FOR SALE—Village stands for sale in Phillips. Inquire of J. Blaine Morrison.

FOR SALE—Large male turkey, fifteen months old. Write, Box 5, Salem, Maine.

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

WANTED—Man owning horse to drive Grand Union Tea cart through Phillips, Strong, Kingfield and surrounding towns. Address Grand Union Tea Co., Lewiston, Maine.

WANTED—Colt or good young horse, work and drive. Weight about 1200 pounds. Telephone 27-7, J. H. Welts, Phillips.

ALL AROUND THE STATE

The silver black foxes which were brought to the Mirror Lake Fur ranch some weeks ago, for breeding purposes, are thriving splendidly in their new quarters and have grown so rapidly that they would hardly be recognized as the same animals which were placed in the pen only a few weeks ago. They are not permitted to mate until about the first of December.

Associate Justice Warren C. Philbrook was a business visitor Friday in Augusta and called at the courthouse. Judge and Mrs. Philbrook expect to come to Augusta the first of the week and will for the winter make their home at the Augusta House.

Engineer Hooper of the Maine Central, a resident of Waterville, surprised his friends by securing a good sized deer on a recent hunting trip to Spruce mountain.

One guide was heard to instruct some of his young charges in the forest, the morning after the snow storm of Tuesday, October 27. He told them that if they came across a fresh track that they felt sure had been recently made by a passing deer to take that track and follow it steadily, for it was a sure thing that they would encounter something on the other end of that track. These same boys found the desired track and followed it and they brought home a heart and liver that night.

There is a vast amount of interest to the proposed new hotel for Lewiston. S. H. Look, the promoter of the project, who has been doing a considerable amount of work during the past two months in the interests of the scheme, seems satisfied with what has been accomplished so far, and assures the people that the new hotel will be a fact. He has secured an option on the Scruton lot, so called, in Hospital square at the

junction of Main and Sabattus streets, and also has the lot on the corner of Main and Middle streets under advisement.

Hon. Harry R. Virgin of State street has been passing a few days at Camp Kezar lake and has greatly enjoyed the sojourn.

John H. Savage of Skowhegan has lately returned from a hunting trip up country with two fine buck deer as trophies of his skill as a marksman. Mr. Savage went to Jackman by auto and on the way landed one of the bucks, which weighed 175 pounds, at Cold Stream Bridge. He continued his journey to Spencer, walking the last twelve miles, to visit his son Frank, who is scaling for the Spencer Co., and while there killed another big buck. Mr. Savage certainly was the lucky hunter.

Frank J. Terrill of Worcester, Mass., an aviator, who has appeared at the Eastern Maine State fair in Bangor for the past two years, was killed in South Carolina, Friday, as the result of engine trouble, which caused him to descend. It is said he tried to avoid injuring the crowd and killed himself in so doing.

Hugh Hight and Walter Dunton of Skowhegan, while hunting on Pierce Hill shot a black bear, weighing 360 pounds. It is said to be the finest specimen of a bear ever seen in this locality. Mr. Hight was busy

"When there is moss on the north side of the forest trees," remarked an Augusta man last evening. "It is a sign among woodsmen that the winter will be a severe one." Woodsmen report this fall the absence of moss from the trees, and infer that the winter is to be mild.

As Roger Moulton of Bath was coming across Merrymeeting Bay one day, he watched an eagle swoop down from the sky upon a flock of black ducks and seizing one, make off to the woods on shore with his prey struggling in his talons. The eagle kept his prisoner in his clutches and no doubt dined on duck that day.

S. C. Ripley of Portland returned from an 11 days' trip back of Sebomook on the west branch of the Penobscot river. Mr. Ripley was accompanied on his trip by W. M. Tucker and F. H. Emmons of Steep Falls. Mr. Ripley brought home two fine deer. In returning from his camp they walked 14 miles to the railroad and Mr. Ripley said that they could not go 10 rods but what plenty of fresh deer tracks could be seen across the tote roads. At one time they ran into a bunch of seven deer on the way out.

An unusual hunting accident occurred at Duke lake, Lyndsay, Ont., by which William Hughie, Jr., lost his life. Hughie had wounded a deer which turned and attacked him while he was in his canoe, pitching him into the lake. A companion swam out to assist him and brought him ashore alive, but he died shortly afterwards from the wounds inflicted by the deer.

Reuel Carleton thinks he has the bullet that killed the big bear recently on exhibition at Young's market. He carried home a big rib roast and Mrs. Carleton, when cutting up the piece to serve, found the bullet. It was on the inside of a rib, having apparently passed through the bear's body and smashed against the rib. The bullet is a copper-jacketed one and the impact mushroomed the lead down to and smashed the upper part of the jacket.

Game Inspector Frank M. Robbins has placed in Great Brook stream about 3000 small trout. This will prove of great interest to local fishermen who will be glad to learn that the fish and game of this section is to be kept up wherever possible.

Charles Leighton of Brookline, Mass., who went through Portland last week carried with him the first Maine shot moose to be brought out of the woods this season. The moose had a fair sized head of antlers.

Warden George Ross of Vanceboro was in Bangor with a shipment of trout fingerlings going to Washington county. Two thousand trout were going to G. H. Walling at Machias, and 5000 to E. H. Smith for

Cathance lake. He took 10,000 trout fingerlings to Bucksport, from which station they will be distributed to Upper Patten pond by H. Rufus Googins.

Veteran Bath sportsmen say that it has been a very poor season for woodcock this fall, owing to the fact that because of the drought, the earth has been hard and dry, making it troublesome for the bird to obtain worms. So he skipped along for the most part southward on his flight instead of remaining as usual in the coverts here. Last year almost entirely through October rain fell making the woodland moist so there was good shooting of these fine game birds.

Col. Blaine Owen entertained a party of gentlemen friends Tuesday evening at his cottage on the east shore of Cobbosseecontee, serving them a venison supper, the menu of which included in addition to the juicy meat of the Maine deer lobster and various other delicacies. The feast was an excellent one and was greatly enjoyed, as was the occasion.

IS HE SEARCHING FOR WIRELESS?

If So, Secures Two Deer as Side Issue.

Is his Royal Highness, Prince Ferdinand de Bourbon Orleans, brother to the pretender to the throne of France, who is now ostensibly hunting in the Maine woods, really there looking for any alleged hidden German wireless stations?

This question has been raised here and it is thought that the proposition is not unreasonable, inasmuch, as Canadian authorities have instigated several searching expeditions for such a wireless plant. One such agent is said now to be working near Parlin pond, which is only 20 miles distant from the West Carry pond camps, where the prince and his retinue are now located.

The prince's heavy camp equipage includes 60 guns and rifles.

The guides with the duke's party are the best in that section of Maine being picked for their woodcraft and knowledge of the region where the hunt is being conducted.

Superintendent F. N. Beal in talking by telephone with parties in Stratton recently was informed that two deer had been secured by them. Also that the Duke had been indisposed for a few days and confined to the camp. He contracted malaria on his recent sojourn in India and has been afflicted with several attacks since and this presumably may account for his illness.

A dispatch from Portland to a Bangor exchange says:

"A wireless station, said to have been discovered by hunters in the woods about 20 miles north of Biddeford, will be investigated by two secret service men who are expected from Washington Tuesday. Its discovery has been reported to the navy department."

And here is how the New York Sun explodes a sensational story of another wireless station in the Maine woods:

"Word came to The Sun last night that the German wireless station at Parlin Pond, Maine, which Maine dispatches say is being sought for by his Royal Highness Prince de Montpensier, is in reality only a plaything put up in the woods a few years ago by a New York boy.

"Henry Piel of 10 Montgomery place, Brooklyn says that Parlin Pond is on property owned by his father, Michael Piel, and that a small wireless station, was put up there in 1909 by his brother, Rudolph A. Piel, who experimented with it that year and in 1912.

"Two years ago wooden bird nests were hung on the wires and since then nobody has tried to use the wireless station, Mr. Piel said."

Supt. F. N. Beal of the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes railroad is making arrangements for transportation for the Duke and his party, who plan to leave West Carry Pond Camps next Tuesday for New York.

CLIPPED FROM BANGOR PAPERS

News from Various Sections of Hunters, Wardens, etc.

Warden George W. Ross of Vanceboro was in Bangor, Tuesday, on business connected with the state inland fish and game commission. On Wednesday, he will distribute 12 cans of trout for Chipewiticook lake near Vanceboro from the Monmouth hatchery, and on Thursday, 12 cans of landlocked salmon will be distributed from Belgrade hatchery for Ezra N. Williams, Ellsworth. He also has another consignment of the little fish for planting in the ponds and streams of Northern Washington county. Mr. Ross is very popular with the other wardens, who have many nice things to say about him.

A communication has been received from a boy of 12 years named Sheldon Brown in which he relates a hunting experience in the woods of Northern Maine. He says: "As I was out deer hunting with one of the men from the farm by the name of Gardner, we came upon a large bear track. We followed it up and found that the bear had come across a wounded deer and was feeding upon it. We shot the bear and he weighed 500 pounds and measured 7 feet from tip to tip. We came home and got a team of horses and went into the woods and hauled him home.

A large bear passed through this inspection station Tuesday. It was killed by L. Jenkins of Peckville, Pa., and was a monster in size. He measured eight feet from tip to tip and weighed in proportion.

Deputy Chief John T. Mackie of the Bangor Police force and Harry T. Burr, Bangor employment agent for the Great Northern Paper Co., left on the morning train Wednesday, for Rockwood, whence they will go to Pittston farm on a hunting trip. Their friends anticipate a good treat of venison on their return a week from now.

John W. Coombs of the Philadelphia Athletics, Colby's famous contribution to national baseball, made a success of his hunting trip to Fort Kent recently, judging by the receipts of deer at Northern Maine Junction, Monday. Each member of his party got the two deer allowed by law. In the party besides Coombs were Herbert Penneck of Wilmington, Del., Dan Murphy of Norwich, Conn., John Lapp, Philadelphia, and J. R. Skowey of the same place. Coombs' deer were consigned to Kennebunk.

Game receipts at the Bangor station passed the 1,000 mark, Monday, and also established a record for 24 hour shipments from Saturday night to Monday morning, when 13 deer were received, with two moose and one bear. The receipts are still slightly behind the mark of last year at this time.

Chief Game Warden F. Ray Neal last Thursday seized two deer and 21 partridges, consigned to R. W. Chase, Boston. The shipment was not accompanied by its owner, nor were the proper tags affixed. No prosecution has been made.

W. L. Walker of East Corinth, Walter Farmer, Vaughn Mitchell, and Horace Mitchell of Charleston, returned Monday from a hunting trip to Katahdin Iron Works, securing several deer and reporting signs of moose, but did not get any.

A. C. Tibbetts of Hampden and G. N. Pond of Bangor, returned from a hunting trip to Rand Cove, where they secured deer.

Frank E. Mace of Augusta, formerly of Great Pond, Hancock county, to-day formally announced his candidacy for the position of land agent and forest commissioner, the position now held by Hon. Blaine S. Viles of Augusta.

L. F. McAleer, a Boston hunter, who is with a party consisting of another Boston man, Jack Hahn, and Joe Anderson, Frank Elms and Norman Dow, well-known followers of big game trails, stopping at Princess Point Pine Camp, run by W. W. White, had a very narrow escape from the attack of a big bull moose while out hunting the other day. In some way Mr. McAleer became separated from his companions and suddenly came out upon three moose in a dense growth of trees and under-

brush. He raised his rifle and fired instantly at a large bull, at the same time the moose charged down upon him. He had barely time to take refuge behind a tree as the infuriated and badly wounded animal rushed at him. With such terrific force did the bull moose charge that when it hit the tree behind the agile hunter was esconced that his right horn broke like a rotten stick. Taking advantage of the momentary bewilderment of the animal, Mr. McAleer raised his rifle again and fired the fatal shot. The other moose, one of which was a bull, made their getaway during the conflict. His companions hearing the shots came up and congratulated the fortunate and elated hunter. Ed Hall a noted bear hunter from Greenfield, after having dressed the slain moose, pronounced it the largest one ever killed in that section. Mr. McAleer expects to take the trophy back to Boston with him next Monday.

Judge Fred Emery Bean of Hallowell was one of the fortunate hunters that passed through Bangor Saturday. He had with him two deer, which he had killed. Mrs. Bean, who was with the party, brought back two deer and a fine moose to show for her prowess with the rifle.

Harry Wade, a well-known traveling man from Portland, had a fine deer to show for his outing in the big woods.

James K. Hackett, the actor, who shot a buck and two does, with several partridges, at Jackman recently, lost his does to the New York game warden because he neglected to obtain a shipping tag. Does may be shot in Maine but not in New York.

John T. Mooney and Reid Parkhurst have returned from a hunting trip to Sebomook after having succeeded in bagging one deer each.

A party of Pittsfield and Palmyra sportsmen who went up to Onawa about two weeks ago on a hunting trip returned from that place Monday, with six deer. Those in the party were H. L. Goodrich and E. T. McCabe of Palmyra; H. H. Nutter, T. A. Anderson and the cook, J. Chapman, of Pittsfield. They occupied the camps of Dr. G. B. Noyes of Stonington on the east shore of the lake.

Ernest Twombly, game warden at Howland, was a visitor to Bangor, Tuesday, on business connected with the game commission.

RAW FURS WANTED

Direct from the trapper. Highest market prices with good liberal sort. Goods held separate and all charges paid.

A. J. Hopkins, Hornerstown, N. J.

PapierMacheHead Forms
Mount Your Own Heads
DEER HEADS & NECK FORMS
Old Skulls of any animal fitted up with waxed mouth and tongue
Send for our Illustrated Catalogue
PAPIER MACHE SPECIALTIES CO., Reading, Mich.

FOXES WANTED

Alive, unhurt, all kinds, old or young. Also mink, marten and fisher. Will handle above named animals at all times of year. Write or wire what you have to offer, stating lowest price. Fur farmers wanting stock should write me for prices and information before buying.

M. F. STEVENS,
Dover, Maine

Tel. 64.15

WE GUARANTEE TO INCREASE YOUR CATCH OF RAW FURS IF OUR BAITS ARE USED. With each bottle we give a written guarantee, and if not satisfied your money will be returned. We must please you or lose money.

5000 BOTTLES HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD AND NOT ONE TRAPPER HAS ASKED FOR HIS MONEY BACK.

ANIMAL ATTRACTOR
will lure all flesh eating animals such as the raccoon, mink, skunk, civet, ermine, wolf, fox, lynx, opossum, martin, etc. Price (100-150 sets) \$1.00 postpaid.

MUSKRAT ATTRACTOR
For luring muskrats only. Price (100-150 sets) \$1.00 postpaid.

BEAVER ATTRACTOR
For luring beaver only. Price (100-150 sets) \$1.00 postpaid.

TRAIL SCENT
For making trails to and from sets. Very powerful odor. Economical to use. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

3 Bottles \$2.50 6 Bottles \$5.00
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME AND MONEY WITH BAITS THAT MAY OR MAY NOT BE GOOD. USE ATTRACTORS AND BE SURE OF RESULTS—AN INCREASED CATCH.

Animal Attractor Company, Stanwood, Iowa, Box M.

NYOIL
FOR GUNS AND FISH-RODS
William F. Nye is the greatest authority on refined oils in the world. He was the first bottler; has the largest business and NYOIL is the best oil he has ever made.
NYOIL HAS NO EQUAL.
Beware of scented mixtures called oil. Use NYOIL on everything where a light oil is needed. It prevents rust and gives perfect lubrication.
Sportsmen, use it liberally on your firearms and your rod. You will find it by far the best. Hardware and sporting goods dealers sell it in large bottles (cheaper to buy) at 25 c. and in trial sizes at 10 c. Made by
WM. F. NYE,
New Bedford, Mass.

NEW RECORD FROM THE WEST

Remarkable Pistol Shooting by Colorado Sportsman

Breaking world's records is no easy proposition, even in practice, when one is not laboring under a mental strain, and when the break of luck is with one. But when a man goes out after a record deliberately, announcing his intention beforehand, and when he succeeds in accomplishing his purpose, that is quite another matter.

For that reason the recent pistol shooting efforts of F. J. Dreher of Denver, are all the more remarkable. In a shoot against the records Mr. Dreher, using Remington-UMC ammunition, is credited with scores of 291 at 50 yards, 196 at 50 yards and 100 at 50 yards, the last being the best possible score that can be made. Each score made by Mr. Dreher is a new world's record and all have been allowed as official by the United States Revolver Association.



F. J. DREHER
Colorado's Champion Pistol Shot.

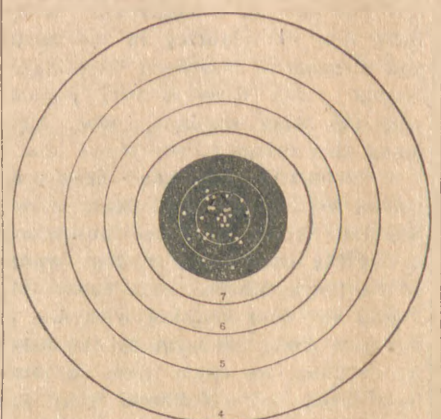
When Alfred P. Lane, the youthful American who won the world's championship at the Olympic games, held in Stockholm recently, was shown the record targets made by Mr. Dreher, he said, "Yes, that is certainly 'some score.' Any man who can go it with malice aforethought and intentionally and officially break records already hung up deserves unstinted praise. Records are broken once in a while by accident, but there is a vast difference between accidental and deliberate effort. In this case there does not appear to have been any accident. Mr. Dreher knew what the record was and stated that he was going to try to break it. His targets prove that there is no doubt about his achievement. Mr. Dreher is to be congratulated—he has set marks that sportsmen will strive a long while to equal."

The following data agrees with the United States Revolver Association records:

Shooting from 50 yards and firing 30 shots Mr. Dreher's score was 291. The best previous record made from this distance and with the same number of shots was 289, by Tom Anderton, April 4th, 1903.

Shooting from 50 yards and firing 20 shots he put up a new record of 196. The previous record, also made by Mr. Anderton, was 193.

Shooting from 50 yards and firing 10 shots, Mr. Dreher accomplished what every other revolver expert has tried to do, i. e., make a perfect score. His record, 100 can never be beaten and will hardly ever be tied. The previous record was 99, made in 1903 by Mr. Anderton.



The New World's Record Target.
(Reduced in size. Actual dimension of bull's eye 3.3 inches in diameter.)

Composite Picture of the Three Targets Made By Mr. Dreher, the Scores Being 100, 196 and 291, Respectively.

Mr. Dreher's most remarkable shooting is the "possible" score at 50 yards. So far as existing records show this feat was never before accomplished, certainly not in any event heard of by the United States Revolver Association, and it is doubtful if a perfect score has ever been made, even in practice.

A "possible" at 50 yards is a most extraordinary achievement. To make this score it is necessary to stand 150 feet away from the target, the bull's eye measuring three and three-tenths inches in diameter. Every shot of the ten must hit that bull's eye or cut the line which marks its boundary. A black ball of such a size, when put up 150 feet away, appears to be nothing more than a speck. A man has to have a pretty good eye to see the bull's eye at all, to say nothing of hitting it with a pistol bullet.

There must be a perfect co-ordination of at least five definite factors to achieve such phenomenal results in shooting—a clear and steady eye, absolute control of the muscles, an adamant set of nerves, an excellent pistol and ammunition that will go straight and true to the mark.

Mr. Dreher has been an athlete practically all his life. He is an enthusiastic bicyclist and is credited with being one of the cleverest boxers in the state of Colorado.

Since Mr. Dreher's records were

made there has been a renewal of interest in revolver shooting. Some new names are bound to be added to the hall of fame of pistol cracks before very long, but whether or no, it is a pleasure to note this added interest in a clean, wholesome sport.

ITEMS FROM THE STATE HOUSE

Friendship Man Pays \$50 For Killing Cow Moose

The Fish and Game Commission has been notified by Deputy Warden Amzi Hodgkins of the payment of a fine of \$50 by Wesley E. Larrabee of Friendship for the killing of a cow moose in Jefferson. This is the case where the hunter saw a bull and cow moose together and fired, bringing down the cow. The carcass was ordered taken to Gardiner where it was disposed of at the markets.

The Bangor Commercial of Nov. 5 and the News of Nov. 6 report the going into the woods, equipped in a manner that leads you to wonder what will become of them. One item reads:

R. A. Hall of Enfield and S. L. Brown of Bangor left Thursday afternoon for a trip to Grindstone, whence they will go 25 miles in the woods after big game. Mr. Hall is armed with a 35 Remington automatic equipped with a Maxim silencer, which is not often seen in the Maine woods. Mr. Hall thinks that the silencer will be of assistance in getting game, as the moose or deer will not be startled if the bullet does not hit him the first time.

Section 1 of Chapter 129, Public Laws of 1909, as printed on Page 70 of the Maine Inland Fish and Game Laws, reads:

"It shall be unlawful for any person to sell, offer for sale, use or have in his possession, any gun, pistol or other firearm, fitted or contrived with any device for deadening the sound of explosion. Whoever violates any of the provisions of this act shall forfeit such firearm or firearms and the device or silencer, and shall further be subject to a fine not exceeding \$100 or imprisonment not exceeding 60 days or both fine and imprisonment. Any sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable, inland fish and game warden or deputy inland fish and game warden shall have authority to seize any firearm or firearms and any device or silencer found in possession of any person in violation of this act, and on conviction of the party from whom such firearm or firearms shall be sold, the proceeds to be paid to the state treasurer and the device or silencer shall be destroyed."

When the above was called to the attention of the Fish and Game Commission it was briefly stated that the officials had nothing, just now, to say on the matter. That seemed to indicate to the Journal man that the same officials would have something to say later—both to the two hunters mentioned in the Bangor item and to the Journal.

Bob Cats and Deer

An item has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that reports were frequent of deer being killed by bob cats. The fish and game department, being queried concerning the report said that very few such cases had been reported to the department, though plenty of indications existed that bob cats were numerous.

The department in 1913 had an appropriation of \$1500 for bounties for bob cats. Two dollars was the bounty up to July 1 and \$4 for the remainder of the year. Of that amount \$852 was expended after Nov. 1, 1913, because of the fact that hunters delayed killing the bob cats until the skins were valuable. A balance of \$2 was left from the \$1500 appropriation.

The Legislature added \$500 to the appropriation for 1914, making \$2000 available. Up to last Saturday, \$1852 had been paid out, the bounty being \$4 throughout the year. The department sees nothing but a lack of funds to take care of the bob cat bounty talls for the rest of the year, as only \$148 remains, the valuable

skin season is now with us and last year's expenditures after Nov. 10 being \$852. Another increase in the appropriation will be necessary by the incoming Legislature.

The method of securing the bounty for bob cat, Loupervier and Canadian lynx is: The Statute provides that a bounty of \$4 shall be paid for every such animal killed in any town. The hunter must exhibit the entire skin thereof, with the ears, nose and tail thereon, to the town treasurer of any town, who then forwards the tail to the State Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game at Augusta.

KILLS FOX WITH STONE

Dr. Frank N. George Corners Animal in Park Avenue Yard

Killing a fox in the residential section of Worcester and without the aid of a gun, was the experience of Dr. Frank W. George, 756 Pleasant street, recently. Dr. George cornered the fox in a yard on Park avenue and then put an end to the career of the animal by hitting him on the head with a large stone.

Dr. George saw the fox recently crossing Pleasant street and headed onto Newton hill. He informed Win Tower, a brother member of Worcester fur club, and Tower went up onto the hill with Dr. George's hound Sally.

When near the top of the hill Tower saw the fox jump out of a clump of bushes and start toward the top of the hill. The hound at once took the trail and Mr. Fox made several circles around the hill. The fox evidently wanted to head toward Coe pond, but all along the Pleasant street side of the hill workmen are relaying the car tracks. This evidently scared the fox and it struck down toward Park avenue.

Dr. George was coming down Pleasant street in his automobile when he was surprised to see the fox cross Pleasant street at Park avenue. He turned into Park avenue after the fox, which turned into the yard where the ward 10, precinct 4 voting booth is.

Franklin Bolio, a driver for the Phoenix Plate Co., also saw the fox and with Dr. George started a search for it. Dr. George quickly found it in the corner of the next yard where there was a high board fence which the fox was apparently unable to get over. Mr. Bolio wanted to catch the fox alive, but Dr. George decided this might be dangerous as the fox did not look as if it would take its capture peaceably.

Before Mr. Bolio could get hold of the fox, Dr. George grabbed a large stone and a well directed throw ended the fox. Dr. George then took the fox home with him in the automobile.

Mr. Bolio came to The Telegram office last night and claimed the fox was a tame one belonging to a Mr. Chenette, who lives on Winfield street and that it had been seen by several school children around Newton hill. Dr. George, when informed by a Telegram reporter last night that Mr. Bolio claimed the fox was a tame one, said he was sorry he had killed it if it was a tame one.

Dr. George said he had heard a hound driving the fox early in the morning and later had seen the fox

go onto Newton hill. He found on examination that evidently the fox had been shot at some previous time for one of its hind legs was broken and this evidence accounted for the fact that the fox could not get over the fence where Dr. George found it.

Dr. George also said that if the fox was a tame one that it failed to show any signs of it, but simply seemed to be about scared to death. The fox weighed about 10 pounds.

FALMOUTH MAN KILLS DEER WITH AXE WEDNESDAY.

Portland, Me., Nov. 12.—It is not necessary to go far away into the dense Maine woodlands to kill a deer, says the Kennebec Journal. At least this is the way Messrs. C. Frank Colley and Deputy Sheriff John Williams of West Falmouth feel today.

Messrs. Williams and Colley who had been engaged in making repairs on the covered bridge over the Presumpsnot River, known as Lambert bridge, in West Falmouth, yesterday were picking up their belongings preparatory to leaving for their home at 5 in the afternoon, when Mr. Colley heard loud splashing from beneath the bridge.

He investigated and found that there was some large animal swimming in the river and attempting to make a landing on the bank of the stream.

Attracting the attention of Mr. Williams, he hastened to the other side of the stream with hammer in hand while Mr. Williams seized up a carpenter's axe, remained on the opposite side. The deer attempted to land several times on Mr. Colley's side of the river, but was frightened off by seeing the man near by.

Mr. Williams secreted himself and awaited developments. Suddenly the deer changed his course and swam rapidly, although laboriously, across the river, giving evidence of being tired after nearly an hour in the water. Mr. Williams was surprised to find that the deer was making directly for him, there being a kind of shelf of land overhanging the river bank which would afford an easy landing for the tired animal. For this the deer headed and in a moment had clambered out upon the bank. Like a cat, Mr. Williams leaped from his hiding place and dealt the deer a crushing blow with the axe on the head. The animal dropped to the ground without a struggle and expired.

It was a fine specimen of doe and was well worth the effort put forth by the two carpenters in securing her. The doe weighed just 102 pounds.

DIXFIELD HUNTERS

Perley Judkins and Ceylon Newall were at Weld the past week enjoying the hunting in that vicinity.

George Ricker and Ben Smith were among the lucky hunters the past week, each securing a fine deer.

Fred Chase, Frank Collins, George Ricker and Charles Foster enjoyed a hunting trip to West Byron last week.

Olie Paine and Willis Dunham each secured a fine deer during their stay at Dead River last week.



Saves Medicine-Money

Since childhood Miss Nan L. Connor has found

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

a reliable remedy for many ills. It does the work of higher-priced medicines, and saves many dollars.

Burnham, Maine: "I remember the 'L. F.' Atwood's Medicine from childhood, as a reliable remedy for many ills. It is as good for children as for grown folks. I know many people who use it constantly instead of more costly medicines. It gives a good appetite and helps to tone up the system."

[Signed] NAN L. CONNOR

Big Bottle—35c—At All Dealers

Liberal Sample—FREE—From Us

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



Ready!

To make a "batch" of old-fashioned, wholesome, home-made bread, a nice light cake and perhaps a pie or two—the kind of good living that makes the family smile.

All from William Tell and all always good—because this is the all 'round flour that keeps the cook in a good humor.

Extra nutritious and goes farther—a secret of Ohio Red Winter Wheat and the special process of milling yours only in

(29)

William Tell Flour

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

Catering to "Up State" Folks THE CHASE HOUSE

434 Congress St.,
PORTLAND, MAINE

Erected in 1911, and positively the only Fireproof Hotel in the City
Elevator Service, Private and Public Baths and every convenience for the comfort of guests including

HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER AND LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
SPLENDID RESTAURANT CONNECTED FEATURING POPULAR PRICE MENUS
American Plan \$2.50 per day, upward
European Plan \$1.00 per day, upward
Letters of inquiry regarding rates etc., promptly answered.
H. E. THURSTON, R. F. HIMMELEIN,
Proprietors.

A BLACK BEAR IS NIGHT WATCHMAN

His Duty Is Well Performed, But Some People Look on Him With Suspicion

EDDINGTON, Pa., Nov. 10.—This town has a black bear doing police work as a night watchman.

Eddington does not know just what to think of its force, but some persons, especially the children, are enthusiastic over it. Others regard the force with suspicion, but all treat it with the greatest respect. It weighs in the neighborhood of 200 pounds and has a mighty punch in either paw.

The bear was sent to D. C. Hanna, manager of the Philadelphia Pure Rye Distilling Company, from the Maine woods as a joke. But the bear was no joke. Mr. Hanna decided that, as a pet at his home, No. 4262 Parkside avenue, a bear would not be a hit among his neighbors. He recalled that he was in need of a night watchman at his plant, so he named the bear Boss and gave him the job.

The distillery covers nearly twenty acres of land, and Boss patrols all that. At night his headquarters are in the company's offices.

Boss is six months old and already is as large as a Newfoundland dog. He has an amiable disposition and plays with the cats of the distillery, but he has an inherited aversion to dogs. Rocks, the bulldog at the plant, he chased, and Malt, the Irish terrier, he ignores.

It was decided yesterday that a bath would not hurt Boss. Indeed, the bath was deemed imperative. Capt. Albert Quigley and John Hart, government officers, detailed at the distillery, and John Rigbey, the engineer, escorted Boss to a pond on the company's property. Boss waded in one side of the pond and out the other side and disappeared in the underbrush. Capt. Quigley, Har and Rigbey gave pursuit.

It was an hour later that they met a negro walking along one of the roads. He was looking anxiously over his shoulder and walking as if in a hurry.

"Ah you looking of a dog, ah mighty big dog?" asked the negro.

"We are looking for a bear," returned the rescue party.

"Ma goodness! Dat was him! Dat was him!" exclaimed the negro, and he hurried along without further explanation.

Boss was found a mile further on. He had located the Delaware River and was having a swim. Rigbey called him and the bear came ashore. He climbed a tree and there he stayed until he was dry.

It was different with the track inspector on the New York division. He saw the bear yesterday, stopped his train and had it backed up to get a second look. Then he climbed out of his observation car and made Boss's acquaintance. Both seemed to be pleased at the meeting.

Rigbey is the man to whom Boss shows the most respect. Rigbey is not afraid of a bear, but Boss did not know that at first. Boss nipped Rigbey on the hand. He may have been joking in a bearish way, but Rigbey did not appreciate the humor. He slapped the bear on the tip of the nose, and if there is anything which disgusts a bear and takes the fighting ambition out of him it is just this.

The bear eats, just like a policeman. He is not particular what he eats, and stays at it for hours.

GUN ACCIDENTALLY DISCHARGED AND MOHAWK HUNTER KILLED.

Mohawk, Nov. 8.—Shot through the neck with a soft-nosed 30-30 bullet, Ellis Shimmel, 19 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bayton Shimmel of that village, died at Cranberry Lake in the Adirondacks at 9.30 o'clock to-night.

This is the third fatality of the hunting season in the Adirondacks. None of the men killed has been the victim of a hunter who thought he was a deer. Donald Curran was found dead near Limekiln and is thought to have been murdered. John Lawless was killed at Malone when

his gun was discharged as he was getting into a boat.

It is thought that the young man stumbled over something while returning from a hunting trip in the vicinity of Cranberry Lake. His gun, a 30-30 caliber Savage, exploded as he felt the bullet entering his neck and tearing a great wound in it.

A doctor was summoned by his companions, S. A. Price and George F. Brown. The wounded man was put into Brown's automobile and with the doctor in the car they were about to start the 40-mile journey along the rough woods roads to Carthage when death occurred.

SOME OF THE DEER RECEIVED AT BANGOR.

The following are among those who have shipped deer through Bangor recently:

H. H. Eaton, Boston, 1 deer
Robert Robertson, Boston, 1 "
George D. Holbrook, Boston, 2 "
C. E. May, Boston, 2 "
W. W. Donnelly, Boston, 1 "
W. W. Donnelly, Fitchburg, Mass., 1 "
Dr. A. W. Van Piper, Passaic, N. J., 2 "
James W. Colgan, Boston, 2 "
H. E. French, Boston, 2 "
C. L. Chamberlain, Worcester, 2 "
Edith Wilson, North Vassalboro, 1 "

G. Pearson, Corinna, 1 "
E. C. Goss, Belfast, 2 "
C. E. Libby, Clinton, 1 "
C. M. Libby, Clinton, 2 "
C. H. McBridge, Westbrook, 2 "
C. E. Mason, Biddeford, 1 "
L. M. Clay, White Rock, 1 "
H. B. Staber, Hackville, Md., 1 "
J. C. Griffin, Skowhegan, 1 "
Mrs. M. P. Colbath, Bath, 1 "
J. H. Crocker, Bangor, 1 "
C. H. Estey, Corinna, 1 "
L. E. Burrill, Corinna, Mass., 2 "

Wm. D. Taylor, Boston, 2 "
F. J. Butler, Boston, 2 "
Henry Patten, Hudson, 2 "
L. S. Haynes, Portland, 2 "
T. H. Pratt, Portland, 2 "
E. E. Clifford, Portland, 2 "
F. G. Small, Portland, 2 "
F. A. Rafferty, Portland, 2 "
W. M. Stowell, Boston, 1 "
B. W. Rand, Boston, 2 "
C. E. Davis, Portland, 2 "
M. Shea, Boston, 1 "

Chas. H. Corliss, Boston, 2 "
E. E. Hose, Boston, 2 "
B. Selby, Bangor, 1 "
F. Marchi, Brewer, 1 "
J. Tarbier, W. Benton, 1 "
George Edmund, Waterville, 2 "
F. Beane, Waterville, 2 "
Chas. Luden, Portland, 2 "
Mr. Galpin, New York, 2 "
N. Hess, Boston, 1 "
E. Swett, Boston, 1 "
E. Swett, Appanary, R. I., 1 "
Paul C. Becker, Bridgeport, Conn., 1 "

Fred'k. Schwartz, Fairfield, Conn., 1 "

James Spearin, Bangor, 1 "
P. J. McAuley, Bangor, 1 bear
James McCursel, Bangor, 1 deer
F. J. Avoy, Bangor, 1 "
S. W. Brackett, Bangor, 1 "
Ralph Hunt, Hermon Ctr., 1 "
P. R. Glass, Boston, 1 "
Batchelder & Snyder, Boston, 1 bear
L. L. Powell, Saco, 1 deer
L. L. Powell, Saco, 1 moose
R. A. Smith, Bangor, 2 deer
J. W. Hollis, West Sebobeis, 2 "
Ross Linscott, Bangor, 1 "
Clarence Nutting, Orono, 1 "
George Bowden, Bangor, 2 "
L. L. Powell, Saco, 1 "

John Clayton, Lincoln, 1 moose
H. McGodwin, Lincoln, 1 "
L. S. Elliott, Boston, 1 bear
N. F. Speed, Bangor, 1 deer
O. P. Bourne, Portland, 1 "
Floyd Mosher, Boston, 2 "
Dr. R. J. Barrett, Boston, 1 "
Dr. R. J. Barrett, Morristown, N. J., 1 "

L. Van Gaasbeer, Morristown, N. J., 1 "
L. Van Gaasbeer, Boston, 1 "
A. L. Simmons, Bangor, 2 "
L. E. Covell, Boston, 2 "
I. N. Erisman, Philadelphia, 2 "
E. Heberle, Philadelphia, 2 "
J. P. Kennedy, Vassalboro, 1 "
M. L. Huston, Waterville, 1 "
Warren Littlefield, Kennebunkport, 1 "
Stanley Thurkeel, Kennebunkport, 2 "
George Goodwin, Kennebunkport, 2 "
B. F. Warren, Kennebunkport, 2 "

Paul Huskins, Bangor, 1 "
Eugene Gannon, Belfast, 1 "
Mayford Morris, Belfast, 1 "
Donald Hall, Belfast, 1 "
W. F. Bennett, Deering Jct., 1 "
J. A. Falworthshuy, Deering Jct., 2 "
J. A. Falworthshuy, Deering Jct., 1 moose
A. L. Bogg, Boston, 1 deer
Isaac Hodge, Plymouth, 1 "
James McKenzie, Boston, 1 "
F. M. Tompkins, New York, 2 "
Batchelder and Snyder, 1 bear
W. Matheson, Bangor, 1 deer
H. Knowles, Bangor, 1 "
J. Taylor, Bangor, 1 "
F. Ryan, Dexter, 2 "
Charles Claster, Winn., 1 "
A. Buck, Bucksport, 1 "
J. Lantes, Old Town, 2 "
Mrs. B. Hackett, New York, 1 "
J. Hackett, New York, 2 "
J. Curran, Portland, 2 "
D. Richardson, Boston, 2 "
Fish and Game Commission, 1 moose
James Bartley, Boston, 1 deer
F. A. Crawford, Bangor, 1 "
Fred W. Bunker, Bangor, 2 "
T. H. Wheeler, Boston, 1 bear
R. Thorndike, East Newport, 2 deer
L. Bussey, East Newport, 2 "
J. Moore, Boston, 2 "
H. Fenley, Boston, 2 "
H. J. Barton, Bangor, 1 "
J. C. Blanchard, Auburn, 2 "
A. W. Brewster, Rockland, 1 "
John H. Sippel, Wells Beach, 1 "
Mrs. W. A. Smith, East Orrington, 1 "
A. D. Williams, Belle Vernon, Pa., 2 "
Mrs. E. E. Hopkins, Bangor, 1 "
G. H. Waterhouse, Westbrook, 1 "
Harry L. Lowell, Westbrook, 1 moose
R. W. Hooper, Bangor, 1 deer
Austin Crocker, Boston, 1 "

TRENTON MAN PAID FINE FOR SHOOTING A COW MOOSE.

Chief Warden Frank M. Perkins has returned from Trenton, where Clarence Pierie of that town was found guilty of violating the game laws by shooting a cow moose. Pierie asserted that the occurrence was a mistake on his part, but of mistakes the state game laws take no account when game is unlawfully shot by any hunter. Pierie paid the fine imposed and was released.

"All violations of the game laws in Hancock county coming to the knowledge of the officials will be prosecuted," stated Chief Warden Perkins Saturday afternoon.

A party of Maine hunters, Ware Cobb and Pearson Keller of Lincolnville; Harry Buchanan and Jennis French of Camden, were in Bangor Saturday, on their way to Wypotitlock on a hunting trip.

Sixty-eight deer were received in Bangor, Friday night, and Saturday a fair day's receipts. Two moose and one bear also arrived bringing the total of 896 deer, 19 moose and 55 bears.

Chief Warden F. Ray Neal of Waldo returned to his home Saturday afternoon for the week-end.

STRANGE GREEN LAKE DOINGS

The first story was to the effect that when Postmaster Nealley saw his first deer in the woods he became so excited that he jumped through a camp window, sash and all, says the Ellsworth American. Run down



Commonwealth Hotel Inc.
Opposite State House, Boston, Mass.
Offers room with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day and up, which includes free use of public shower baths.
Nothing to Equal This in New England
Rooms with private baths for \$1.50 per day and up; suites of two rooms and bath for \$4.00 per day and up.
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Strictly a Temperance Hotel
Send for Booklet
STORER F. CRAFTS Gen. Manager

CAMP PROPRIETORS

Are you keeping your Camps open for the fall business? If so

Let The Hunters Know It

by advertising in the columns of

THE MAINE WOODS

One of the best publicity mediums for camp owners in the country.

the story resolved itself into this: Postmaster Nealley and Harvard C. Jordan were driving to their camp at Green lake, carrying a window sash which stood back of the dasher. A deer jumped and snorted close to them, the horse jumped, and Mr. Nealley put his feet through the window glass. So the story grew. Just what Mr. Jordan did is not clear, but any way, two or three days later he drove into town with a buck deer.

DOG SAVES A LIFE

Another man owes his life to a dog's sagacity. The Portland Press records the story, although not giving the man's name. The man, while on his way from the city in his motorboat to Great Chebeague island, fouled a buoy and the boat sank. He managed to free the tender and being without oars, drifted onto a ledge off Fort Gorges, where he was helpless. The dog now enters the scene for one, a fine watch dog owned by Charles Rust, custodian of the fort, became very excited about 9 a. m., and led his master to the door, but Rust seeing and hearing nothing went to bed. About 11 o'clock however, the dog again began barking and tore the bedclothes from the bed, so that Rust arose, took his lantern and went out, soon finding the unknown, whom he took to the fort and cared for.

BAD AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

Claude H. J. Knapp of the Boundary Line was very severely injured last week in an automobile accident some nine miles below Woodstock, N. B. Mr. Knapp and George H. Churchill of Fort Fairfield were driving along together, over a very wet and slippery piece of road, when somehow the automobile overturned twice. It is indeed a miracle that both the occupants were not killed. Mr. Churchill was considerably cut about the hip, the leg and the eyebrow, but not seriously injured. Mr. Knapp had three ribs and his breast bone broken, besides other jams and bruises. Very serious internal injuries were at first feared, but he seems to be doing nicely now at the hospital in Woodstock. The automobile was the same one in which Daniel Mullen, Mr. Knapp's partner, was riding some weeks ago when he drove over the bank of the St. John river near the bridge at Andover. It is fortunate indeed that this accident was not worse than it proved.

GUESTS FROM RUMFORD DANCE, EAT AND HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Last Sunday, Eddie Durrant of Albany visited at Hotel Farrar.

The trappers have had very good luck this fall, and have gathered in a large amount of fur.

Mrs. Dyke, who has been at the lakes during the summer months, has returned to Hanover for the winter.

The lucky hunters for the past week were, Ralph Knights, Arthur Cobb, Arthur Abbott and Ralph Richardson, the latter bringing in two. Surely "Bill" is a mighty hunter.

One evening last week twenty-five of the business men of Rumford came to Indian Rock Camp for a game supper. Bear meat, venison, partridge, and coon were a few of the choice eatables on the bill of fare. "Bill" Holt, with a white coat on and hair standing up straight was everywhere present and made everyone feel at home.

Monday evening of this week sixty-four people from Rumford came to Hanover to spend the evening and enjoy a good old fashioned dance in the hall. They came early and at 7 o'clock, Mr. Chase of Hanover Inn, had a fine supper ready, to which they did ample justice.

Mr. Hawks of New Gloucester, with W. C. Holt as guide, secured a large deer last Saturday.

EAGLE NEST HIGH AS A MAN

Some Years ago Willard Cunningham, the Seal Harbor and Northeast Harbor stage driver, on Mount Desert Island, was able to report a large number of eagles scaring over one of the big meadows on his route. For the past four or five years eagles have not been noticed, but they seem to be back again this season. Not long since two ladies discovered a large nest on Newport mountain and the nest has been visited by a good many people since then. The ladies daringly went close up to the nest and the bird that appeared to be the mother did not make much of a fuss. It is a risky thing to do this, however, as eagles disturbed at times have viciously attacked farm hands and vigorous men have had all they could do to protect themselves from very serious injury. The nest on Newport mountain is as high as a man, thick enough to hide a person standing behind it, and built up of sticks.

Where To Go In Maine

Lake Parlin House and Camps



Write for booklet.

H. P. McKENNEY, Proprietor,

Jackman, Maine

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



Are You Going Hunting?

If so, write me the number of persons in your party, how long you wish to stay in camp, and let me tell you

THE EXACT COST

of your trip at Chase Pond Camps as I shall make out rates to all during October and November. I will also send you names of parties who have hunted here that you may refer to in regard to hunting, camps, etc.

Guy Chadbourne, Prop., Bingham, Maine

YORK CAMPS,

RANGELEY, MAINE

J. LEWIS YORK, Prop.

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

Blakeslee Lake Camps

JOSEPH H. WHITE, Proprietor

A famous resort for anglers and hunters. Write for illustrated booklet and map. Address, Oct. 15 till May 1st, Skinner, Me. Summer address, Eustis, Maine.

WEST END HOTEL

H. M. CASTNER, Prop'r.

Portland, Maine

Thoroughly first class. The hotel for Maine vacationists, tourists and sportsmen. 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.

BEUGRADE LAKES, MAINE.

The Beugrade. Best Sportsmen's Hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world. Best trout fishing in Maine.

CHAS. N. HILL & SON, Managers.

OUANANICHE LODGE.

Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Me. World wide known for its famous fishing, vacation and hunting country. Norway Pine House and Camps, Dobels Lake. Most attractive situation in Maine. Good auto road to lodge. Plenty storage capacity for machines. From there one can take steamer to any part of the lake territory. The best hunting, fishing and vacation section of beautiful Washington Co. Address for particulars W. G. ROSE, Manager, Princeton, Me., Dec. 1st to April 1st.

BIG RESULTS

FROM SMALL ADS.

What have you for Sale or Exchange?

Look around and see if you haven't some Fire Arms, Boats, A Dog, An Automobile, A Camera, Tent, Hammock or something else you don't want.

Someone else is sure to want it

We have sold things for others, and we can do the same for you. Rates one cent a word in advance.

Address, Classified Department,

MAINE WOODS,

Phillips, Maine

THE FURBISHES IN THEIR NEW HOME

The "Boys" Now Apply Remedies After Their Night of Fun.

Rangeley, Nov. 17.—The steam mill has suspended operations for the winter after a busy season.

Mrs. Fred Ross and daughter Olive of Phillips are at the home of Dr. A. M. Ross.

It is understood that Mrs. Rose Adams has purchased the M. Chandler Ross house on Pleasant street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlie Pillsbury are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Saturday, November 14, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hamm a daughter, Monday, November 9. Mrs. Ida Morton is caring for Mrs. Hamm and little one.

Mrs. E. L. Haley is reported as seriously ill.

Wm. Tomlinson and C. C. Murphy attended the Laymen's Efficiency Conference as delegates of the Men's League.

Mrs. Leo. Taylor called on friends in town Monday.

Omer Ellis is spending a few days at his home in Chesterville, before leaving for Massachusetts, where he will have employment this winter.

Ray Harnden is again able to perform his duties as janitor at the schoolhouse after a week's illness. His place was supplied by C. L. Harnden.

Mrs. Tom Barrett has been in Portland the past week called by the death of her father, Francis Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Haley and family left Monday for their camp at Spotted Mountain, where they will remain for the winter.

Phil Huntoon has moved his family from W. T. Hoar's to the J. H. Lowell place.

Mrs. Annie Burns, who has been at Grant's Camps the past season is now working at the Tavern.

Fred Hamm has just completed a building on his premises to be used as a garage next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Osman Wright and little daughter are at Farmington for the winter, where Mr. Wright has employment.

Lucille, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huntoon met with a painful accident recently. While making candy, as she was putting it to cool some of the hot mixture was spilled on her left hand and wrist burning it quite badly. Dr. A. M. Ross was called to dress the wounds and it is hoped no permanent injury will result from the accident.

Miss Mildred Bangs of Portland has been the guest of Mrs. Alvah Sprague the past week.

Mrs. C. C. Murphy arrived home Thursday from the Sunday School Convention at Bangor. She was also the guest of friends for several days. Della Wilbur kept house for her during her absence.

Wallace Carlton is now occupying the lower rent of the Stanbury house and has recently purchased a piano of Dr. A. M. Ross.

Mrs. Wealthy Loomis was called to Farmington last week by the illness of her son Warren.

Marguerite Twombly has returned home from Auburn, where she has been attending school.

Rolla Toothaker has purchased the Fred Ranger farm, located at Bean's Corner. Mr. Toothaker and family leave Tuesday for their new home. Their many friends wish them the best of success in their new home.

Keith, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Murphy had a cyst removed from his arm Thursday. The operation was performed by Dr. A. M. Ross, assisted by Miss Clare Pearse, a trained nurse, who has been at Dr. Ross' private hospital the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Furbish moved into their new home Saturday, which they have recently built on the site of their former home. The house is very attractive and adds much to the appearance of the street.

Miss Ethel Thomas, who has been employed at the Tavern the past season left Monday for Lewiston.

The intermediate and primary schools will hold exercises appropriate to Thanksgiving Wednesday p. m., Nov. 25 in the intermediate room. All parents and friends are invited.

A goodly number of young people enjoyed a straw ride to attend the box supper held at the White schoolhouse, Friday evening. After a fine program the boxes were sold and a jolly time they had. The proceeds will be used to purchase a new desk and for other school purposes.

Julie and Agnes Hinds and friends were in town Saturday en route for Kennebago, where they will spend two weeks hunting.

Friends of Mr. John Lamb are sorry to hear that he is in poor health.

At the Grange Saturday night, the 3rd and 4th degrees were conferred. At the close of the work a delicious supper was served.

Mrs. F. C. Porter and Leon Robbins are reported on the sick list.

Much enthusiasm is being shown over the prospect of a chicken shoot which will be held on the knoll back of the Tavern Tuesday, Nov. 24. The ladies are also invited to shoot for the prizes. The management have about 50 fine birds and a good bit of clean sport is promised. Davenport and Robbins are in charge.

Dr. F. B. Colby and Miss Winifred Hinkley returned home Monday night from Rochester, Minnesota, where Miss Hinkley consulted specialists regarding her throat, who advised having the tonsils removed, also a course of treatment. They arrived in Lewiston Sunday night, Miss Hinkley being the guest of her aunt Mrs. E. M. Berry and Dr. Colby visiting relatives.

A party of "The Boys" started out for a bit of good natured fun recently. They being of a musical turn of mind their efforts centered chiefly on the construction of "The Tacs" and "Devils Fiddles." After a lively chase by several offended parties, the bunch repaired to their homes to apply various remedies to their sundry bumps and bruises, while one young man searched vainly for 24 hours for an effective eye opener for his left eye. Do you know him?

One day recently a citizen returned a hired gun to the store and as was customary the clerk in charge tested it to see if it was loaded. Failing to find any ammunition the gun was placed on the counter and feeling positive that the gun was not loaded idly pulled the trigger. To their great surprise the gun was discharged. The force was spent in a box of shot and no further damages done, not even to the side wall.

Riddle & Hoar announce a special Thanksgiving matinee Thursday, Nov. 26, at 2.15 p. m., offering the special two-reel feature, "The Diver" the scenes of which are laid about Niagara Falls. Six big reels will be presented. Furbish hall. Usual prices.

COUNTRY CLUB TOURNAMENTS

Rifle, Pistol Shooting, Fox Hunting and Equestrian Sports on the Program.

(Special to Maine Woods.)

PINEHURST, N. C., Nov. 21.—The war's embargo on European gold has no terrors for Americans, the first of the Pinehurst Country Club tournaments which inaugurates southern events, scheduled for December 3-5, closely followed by the eleventh annual holiday tourney, December 28-31. The twelfth annual midwinter tournament, January 5-9, starts the new year and is immediately followed by the annual winter meeting of the Advertising Golfers, January 11-13. The eleventh annual St. Valentine's tourney, February 3-6, precedes the women's event, February 10-13. The eleventh annual spring tournament, March 1-6 opens the month and the fifteenth annual United Championship, March 20-April 3, including women's, men's, open, and amateur-professional events ends it. The seventh annual mid-April tournament, April 6-10, concludes the program of Country Club annuals.

TRAP SHOOTING

The eighth annual midwinter handicap, January 19-23, with its \$2500.00 in added money, and special class events, is the big feature on the trap shooting program, which includes weekly events until April.

LAWN TENNIS

The fifth annual midwinter tennis championship, January 25-30, is preceded by the third annual St. Thomas' tournaments, December 15-18. Women's singles are scheduled for February 17-19, and a similar event for men February 24-26. The annual club championship occupies the week of March 8th.

OTHER SPORTS

Rifle and pistol shooting, fox hunting and equestrian sports, and base ball are other features on the program.

Herbert L. Jillson, Correspondent.

COOMBS JUST FROM BIG WOODS

Gained Twelve Pounds and In Best Shape for Two Years.

John W. Coombs, just back from a three weeks' trip through the North of Maine, 12 pounds heavier than when he left and proud possessor of two big bucks, said to-day to a Press reporter that he had heard nothing from Connie Mack in reference to request for waivers on him, Plank and Bender.

Aside from delayed newspaper clippings, he knows nothing about the baseball situation in the last three weeks and is not speculating much on the same.

"I have been in the woods where daily papers and mail of all kinds fail to arrive even irregularly," said he, "and I had heard nothing until I got to Fort Kent. Of course Connie Mack has used me fine and I have been out of condition two years, so I cannot complain. Of course, if I had any idea of negotiating with another club or league when I was at my best I should have consulted him before starting to make any change and I would naturally look for some such conference if he was planning to make a change. Maybe I shall hear soon and get the facts in the case which I am lacking at this time.

"If there was any loyalty on the team it had not come to my notice. I see the papers mention something of this kind and it is news to me as I think our team made such a showing in the league race as will show that story is unfounded. Everybody worked hard and with harmony, without which a pennant seeker cannot often win. I suppose Connie Mack knows what he is doing and I have no comment or criticism until I have all the facts and hear his side of the story.

"We had a great trip through the woods and down the river, good average weather, brought out 10 bucks, that the Bangor game warden told me was the best bunch of game he has seen this year. I am just dressing my two and one has nine points. Shawkey got two with 10, Lapp got one of the same and Dan Murphy and Jack Lapp also. Penock got two big ones and the boys are all home by this time. Lapp stopped off here Sunday with me and went on with Mrs. Lapp Sunday night.

"I gained 12 pounds and all the boys gained at least seven but the trip put me in the best shape I have been in for almost two years. We had no accidents and enjoyed the trip immensely. It was new for two or three of the boys and gave them an entirely new impression of this great game region. They all intend to make this an annual vacation in years to come."

Coombs will remain in Kennebec about a month and then plans to go South and will visit his wife's relatives in Texas. Much depends of course, on the team he signs with for 1915. If he plays with the Athletics he will carry out this plan and be in trim to join the squad at training-quarters in March.

FOOT OF SNOW IN MAINE WOODS

This morning, (Friday) there is a foot of snow on the ground, which fell through the night Thursday. Many hunters have started out on the war path to-day. A slight mist is falling, which may spoil the fun of the hunters if the cold increased enough to make a crust.