

1906

Pamphlet for Ouananiche Lodge and Sunset Camps, Grand Lake Stream, Washington County, Maine

Will G. Rose

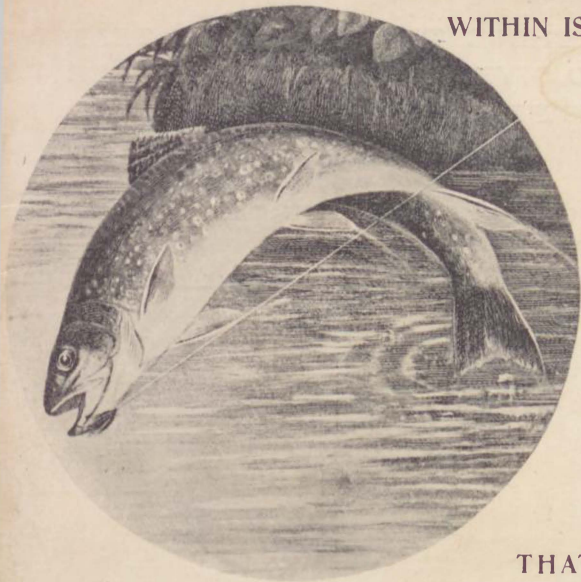
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GRAND LAKE STREAM, WASHINGTON COUNTY, ME.



WITHIN IS CONVINCING
PROOF
FOR THE
FISHERMAN,
VACATIONIST,
HUNTER,
AND
ALL-ROUND
ENJOYMENT
SEEKER,
THAT HERE AT

Ouananiche Lodge and Sunset Camps

IS A GOOD PLACE TO TIE UP

"Old-fashioned home cooking," the kind that tastes right. Fish broiled out doors over hard-wood coals. Beans baked in a bean-hole.

A PIPE DREAM.

There's a stream away off yonder that is calling me to-day;
I can hear above the traffic every word it has to say.
It is saying, "Come on hither, I am waiting here for you,
Please come out into the woodland, there is pleasure here for you."

Oh, the endless roar of traffic cannot drown that sweet appeal,
And I hear above the waters now the singing of a reel;
And a tautened line sweeps past me, and I dreamily behold
On the open page beneath me just a leaping bar of gold.

You may all poke fun at "pipe dreams," but thank God for those of mine,—
Dreams that take me for a moment out beneath the birch and pine;
Out to where the brook is calling, as I hope 'twill always do,—
"Please come out into the woodland, there is pleasure here for you."
—Joe Cone, in *New York Sun*.

All inquiries cheerfully answered. Address from April 15 to October 31

W. G. ROSE,

GRAND LAKE STREAM, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MAINE, OR
108 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Telephone, Main 6600, the year round.

Teams, Guides, and Canoes supplied on application. Row-boats are rarely used, but will be supplied if desired.

REASON YOU SHOULD VISIT MAINE.

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECH OF HON. W. T. HAYNES.

This unbroken forest is said to be seven times larger than the Black Forest of Germany. Hidden within its shade are about 1,500 lakes, with probably three times as many rivers and streams. This lake system of the State of Maine is the most remarkable of its nature to be found on the face of the globe, in its extent and picturesque character, and for its value in an economical way, forming as it does, in connection with the streams and rivers, a string of reservoirs affording vast storage for the water powers below. It is said that there are but three or four places on the globe within which a like number of lakes are to be found on the same area. This combined water surface is estimated at 2,300 square miles, so that our State has more lake surface than 1,000,000 square miles of territory situated in the central or western part of our country. This helps to relieve our atmosphere of that dry and burning heat in the summer season which prevails in so many other sections of our land, and in connection with her hills and mountains gives to Maine that wonderful picturesque scenery that is attracting tourists and pleasure-seekers from all parts of the world, and is fast gaining for us a most enviable reputation as a land conducive to pleasure, health, and comfort.

In connection with these forests, lakes, and streams, I cannot but comment on our great fish and game interests, which have had such a rapid development during the past ten years. In 1867 our commissioner of inland fish and game said, "Our fresh water fisheries are, in general, economically valueless, and this on account of netting, spearing, and fishing at any and all times." In 1870 the first feeble attempts at restocking our ponds by artificial fish culture were made, and this work steadily progressed and strengthened until about 1890, when several fish and game associations were formed within the State, finally resulting in what is now the Maine Sportsman's Association, through whose efforts the work has been pushed with vigor until our inland territory has become a most popular resort for the sportsman, summer visitor, and tourist.

The revenue derived to the State from this source is little appreciated by those who have no personal knowledge of the same. In 1903 ex-Governor Chamberlain named it, in a popular address, as "one of the greatest things wrought in Maine," stating that in that year alone we had exceeded 133,000 non-resident visitors, not including those at our seashore resorts. In the year 1905 this business employed about 1,700 regular guides, to guide 3,642 resident and 8,291 non-resident sportsmen or vacationists, furnishing 74,651 days' work, for which was paid about \$300,000. Over \$1,500,000 is paid out annually for board alone at our inland hotels and sporting camps, at which are employed over 1,500 male and 2,500 female help. In 1897 there were shipped from the State 3,556 deer and 156 moose, according to the railroad reports, while in 1905 this had increased to 6,799 deer and 253 moose.

Our lakes and ponds, which fifteen years ago had been depleted of nearly everything in the shape of an edible fish, are now well stocked with perch, black bass, trout, and landlocked salmon, while their shores are lined with summer cottages, and populated during the summer season by people from all parts of the globe. Many an old farming town from which the young people fled during the period of 1870 to 1890, and which had been burdened with debt and taxes until those who remained were left in a condition of discontent and poverty, has found that by the development of its fisheries every acre of land within its borders is worth more to it than the average acre of land, and that the summer cottages around it are now paying quite as much of the town's tax as the other property; while the ready home market for all kinds of farm produce and surplus labor, thus created, has brought life and hope to many a village where life and hope were strangers. This industry is estimated to leave about \$16,000,000 annually in our State.

MORE REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD VISIT MAINE,
AND PARTICULARLY THAT PART CALLED "WASHINGTON COUNTY."



OUANANICHE LODGE.

The south-east corner of the State of Maine is a happy remnant of the ancient wilderness. The railroads will carry you around it in a day, if you wish to go that way, making a big oval of two or three hundred miles along the sea and by the banks of the Penobscot, the Mattawamkeag, and the St. Croix. But, if you wisely wish to cross the oval, you must ride or go afoot or take to your canoe. Probably you will have to try all three methods of locomotion, for the country is a mixed quantity. It reminds me of what I once heard in Stockholm. That the Creator, when the making of the rest of the world was done, had a lot of fragments of land and water, forests and meadows, mountains and valleys, lakes and moors, left over, and these he threw together to make the southern part of Sweden. I like that kind of a promiscuous country. The spice of life grows there.—*Henry Van Dyke, in the January Subscriber.*

We feel that our territory has been wonderfully blessed in this particular promiscuous country. The Grand Lake region is full of it, and, when you come to the water end, the United States government surveys gives:—

Grand Lake	drainage area	236	square miles.
"	" storage	60	" "
"	" rainfall	43	inches per annum.

The run-off per annum about one-third; this is a conservative estimate.

PRIMITIVE.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the author of "Fisherman's Luck" and many other charming books, is fond of the wilds.

"Give me for a vacation," he said one day at Princeton, "a trout country where the nearest town is ten miles away, and where this town, when you visit it, is so primitive that the store-keeper will say to you:—

"'No, sir: them's two articles I don't keep; but the clams, I reckon, ye kin find at the post-office, an' the onions ye kin git at the barber's acrost the way.'"—*Exchange.*

We can nearly fill the bill.

"BETTER REASON" WHY THE COMING INTO MAINE SHOULD BE CONTINUED INTO WASHINGTON COUNTY, AND INTO THAT PARTICULAR PART CALLED THE GRAND LAKE TERRITORY.

One of America's Foremost Piscatorial Artists,

WILLARD B. GILLETTE OF THIS CITY, DESCRIBES HIS EXPERIENCE. [Troy, N.Y., *Budget*, Aug. 5, 1906.]

WHERE THE OUANANICHE ARE CAPTURED.—FISHING GROUNDS THAT ARE PICTURESQUE IN THE EXTREME.—ABOUT THE GAMY FISH.—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

Willard B. Gillette, of this city, who recently spent a vacation fishing in Maine, in speaking of his trip there, says:—

"Accompanied by a Trojan friend of mine, I had the pleasure of visiting a place in the State of Maine that some of your readers may be pleased to know something about. It is known as Grand Lake Stream, situated in the south-eastern part of the State and very near the New Brunswick border.

"Leaving Troy at 10 A.M. on the Boston & Maine, and Boston at 10.06 P.M., lands one at Princeton, the nearest station, at 12.20 noon the day following. The trip by daylight, which would be more pleasant on account of the beautiful scenery, would necessitate remaining over either at Boston or Portland the first night, and Bangor the second. We reached Portland the first day, and left the following day over the Maine Central Road, stopping at Bangor for the night. Leaving Bangor the next morning at 6.50, we arrived at Princeton at 12.20, and at Grand Lake Stream at about 3 P.M."

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

"The ride from Portland to Princeton takes one through a beautiful and interesting country. Woods, mountains, lakes, streams, and meadows give one a variety of scenery that is very pleasing.

"On arriving at Princeton, we had lunch, and then boarded a launch for a twelve-mile sail through a chain of three lakes, at the end of which we were met by a team, and driven two and one-half miles to our destination. One may go by team from Princeton instead of by launch."

AFTER THE OUANANICHE.

"We secured beautiful rooms on the banks of Grand Lake Stream, which is as pretty a spot as one could wish to see. There are several cottages that nestle among the many spruce and pine trees which surround one with invigorating odors.

"After dinner on the second day of our stay we started for the lake, about five minutes' walk, to make the acquaintance of the ouananiche (pronounced wananish), also known as land-locked salmon, or *Salmo salar* landlocked, which, in my opinion, is more correct, for they resemble closely the sea salmon.

"Being unable to find a guide unemployed, we were very doubtful about being successful in landing any of the beauties. However, luck being with us, we succeeded in catching six in about two hours, which we thought was excellent for strangers in a strange land.

"The Grand Lake salmon are small in size, ranging in weight from one and a half to five pounds. While small in size compared with Sebago or Schoodic and Clear Water Pond salmon, which grow to weigh twelve and fifteen pounds, they make up the difference in numbers. I saw one string of fifteen taken by a Philadelphia lady, who was accompanied by a guide. It is not uncommon to take thirty or forty in a single day fishing.

"In color these fish tend more to the rich olives and browns than to the sea salmon, with very many more crosses and spots. Their fighting qualities are equal in every way to their brothers, the sea salmon, making their long rushes and jumping clear out of the water many times before being landed—if landed at all."

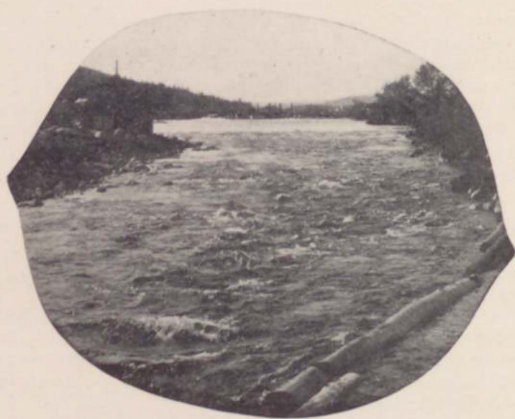
PLENTY ROOM FOR ANGLERS.

"Grand Lake Stream, where most of the fishing is done during July and August, is about one minute's walk from the cottages. There is a mile and a half of water to satisfy the angler, in which are fine pools and rapids where with a six or eight ounce rod and the regular line of trout flies the most exacting follower of Izaak Walton may be fully satisfied."

Mr. Gillette and friend were guests of Ouananiche Lodge.

Col. Philip Reade has been at Grand Lake Stream, Washington County, Me., enjoying the excellent ouananiche fishing in the water of Mr. W. G. Rose. He sends the following statistics of his catch September 18, which will be of interest to all fishermen: Caught at Munson Island Shoals: hour, 11.09 A.M.; lure, silver-gray fly, trolling, angle-worm attached, fish of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; 11.20 A.M., home-made trolling spoon with angle-worm attached, fish of $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. With the same lure, at 11.41 A.M., 12.04 and 1.48 P.M., fish of $2\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{3}{4}$, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., respectively; at 2.40 P.M., trolling with a fly rod, "Professor" fly, no worm on, fish of $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.; at 3.04 P.M., trolling in Round Cove Bay with home-made spoon, fish of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; at 3.40 P.M., fishing in the rain from canoe, double catch, two ouananiche hooked and *both* landed, each $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Total weight of 9 ouananiche, $17\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.—*Army and Navy Journal*, Sept. 26, 1906.

ONE OF THE FINEST SALMON POOLS IN THE WORLD.



THIS BIT OF WATER IS OWNED BY THE PROPRIETORS
OF OUANANICHE LODGE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27, 1906.

MR. W. G. ROSE:

Dear Sir,—Now that the busy season at the Lodge is over, why cannot I have a letter? Not certain of your address, I am sending this to the Stream; and, whether you are cutting ice there or cutting off coupons in Boston, I hope you and yours are well and happy. I would know who caught the largest fish this season at the Stream,—I mean real fish. Not the one that "got away," neither those that are caught by the guides (sitting around the stove at the post-office).

The shore line of Grand Lake is one of its grandest features. No other lake that I have seen can compare with it. I hope to learn that you have had a good business this year. You certainly have everything now at the Lodge to make guests comfortable. The Wisconsin lakes have been well patronized this year. Great catches of muscalonge and pike have been reported. For my part, I fail to see much sport in fishing where a cod-hook and revolver is necessary.

The long rest in Calais in 1904-05 was followed here with a season of "hustling," depriving me of the usual visit at the Stream; but I was there in my dreams, hooked on to a monster salmon that tried to pull me out of the canoe, alas! to awake and find it to be some mercenary schemer *pulling my leg!*

I hope to be with you next spring, and will have one of my boys with me. He has learned how to catch muscalonge. So I think we better set him on Caribou Rock, and let him bob for togue.

Please extend regards to Mrs. Rose and Miss Katherine, and write me first leisure. Sincerely yours.

J. L. W.

PARMALEE ISLAND.



WHITNEY COVE.

BOSTON, June 1, 1906.

Dear Billy, —Bait-can and trap duly received. Many thanks. Regretted more than I can express not being able to put in a few weeks with you at the dear old stream. Had miserable weather at ——. Stayed $2\frac{1}{2}$ days. No fish. Left, and stopped 7 days at ——. Wife housed 5 days there, owing to rain. Took only 8 trout (brook trout), $5\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and some good bass. You have got the place and proposition and people only need to try other places to find out their mistake. Warm regards from both.

Sincerely,

L.

P.S.—Write as to fly fishing, if you get time.

///

This man is a sportsman of the first water,—

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 13, 1906.

TO THE ROSES OF GRAND LAKE STREAM:

Dear Hosts,—Here I am back again in the harness at the daily grind, and, as I look back upon my disappointments and misconnections in New Brunswick, the truth of the proverb, "It's an ill wind," etc., is made manifest.

Indeed, I am thankful, as they led me to where my wants were most prodigally met, even exceeding my expectations. My catch of 66 of the hardest acrobats of the fin in six days of fishing needs no further comment.

I tell all my Waltonian friends that Grand Lake Stream is their Mecca, and a pilgrimage there, properly equipped, will yield results that can be produced nowhere else in the United States. What, a salmon pool within two minutes of the house? Where else can this alone be found? You see, I'm tooting the Grand Lake horn to drown the band; and, if Grand Lake doesn't become better acquainted with the City of Brotherly Love, 'twon't be my fault. Already fruit is ripening. A friend, Mr. Weeks, will visit you next week. 'Twill be a stay for weeks, though he remain but one. Joke! Ha! ha! Send me a few of your cards, that my missionary work may be official, and I will help line your coffers. Grand Lake Stream may, like other earthly things, be destroyed, but its memory is mine; and away back in the darkest recesses of the subjective mind lies the sentiment, echoing the lines of the Irish poet, Moore,—

You may break, you may shatter

The vase, if you will.

But the scent of the Roses

(Pardon the pun)

Will cling round it still.

With kindest regards to all and best wishes for your health and prosperity, I am,

Respectfully,

LEO H. P.

IT IS THREE MILES TO BOAT LANDING OR TWELVE TO TRAIN; WE CAN TAKE YOU TO EITHER COMFORTABLY.



This description from "Mary Garvin," by Fred Lewis Pattee, is so mighty good, we quote verbatim:—

"Wal, naow. Ye see an old feller by the name er Bradley, Major Bradley they call him, a great fisherman they say, that's fished in about all the water there is anywhere I guess, gut it inter his head that he could ketch trout in the pond here 'ith a hook 'n' line."

"Can't be did," exploded Squire Zeb. "Can't be did, only through the ice. It's ben tried afore. Tried it myself a hundred times. They won't bite." He straightened up stiffly with his head cocked on one side like a man who expects to be disputed and is prepared for all comers.

"Wal, naow, that's what I said yesterday, but that feller's gone 'n' done it. I see the fish, 'n' I talked 'ith the feller 't saw 'im pull um out. You see day 'fore yesterday, after the ice went out, he gut Ira Johnson—you know Ira—to go up 'n' row the bo't fer 'im, 'n' they pulled out jest a leetle beyont Calf Island. He hed one er them slimpsey dude fish-poles with jint in 'em, 'n' a leetle windliss 'n' crank on the handle. Ira sed the hull thing wa'n't a speck bigger'n a good stalk er blue-jint grass. Then he baited the hook 'ith a dead shiner so 'twould whirl in the water, 'n' then he let it drag wa-a-y out behind the bo't. Then he told Ira to row kinder slo-o-w, kind-d-er slo-o-w up toward the big lage. That shiner kept a-whirlin' 'n' a-whirlin' way back there, and they hedn't ben a-goin' more'n twenty minutes 'fore—whang! slap!—a big fish grabbed that air bait like er boy fallin' inter the brook, 'n' then he streeked like a scat pat-rige. He let 'im hev it, 'n' let 'im run jest's long's he wanted ter, then he begun to wind up that line on that leetle windliss jiglet on the handle er that dude pole. I swann, Ira sed the tip end o' that thing wa'n't bigger'n a rye straw, 'n' it bent almost double lots er times. He'd wind awhile, 'n' then the fish'd go it, till I vum Ira sed he gut him so close to the bo't that he scooped him r-i-ght up out er the water 'ith a big scoop-net. Wal, suh, he gut five uv um 'fore he cum in, 'n' one uv um weighed eighteen pounds. I see um myself: they're laying on ice 'n' the drug store winder." He looked around with the air of one who expects to be contradicted.

.

They are speaking of our lake trout, or togue. This fish, though not so gamy, makes a great fight (under water), is splendid food fish, equal to any, and have been taken in our waters over thirty (30) pounds.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith opens his new book, "The Wood Fire in No. 3," with this seasonable introductory note:—

"To those of you who love an easy-chair, a mug, a pipe, and a story, to whom a well-swept hearth is a delight, and the cheery crackle of hickory logs a joy, the touch of whose elbows sends a thrill through responsive hearts and whose genial talk but knits the circle the closer, as well as those gentler spirits who are content to listen,—how rare they are!—do I repeat Sandy MacWhirter's hearty invitation: 'Draw up, draw up! By the gods, but I'm glad to see you! Get a pipe. The tobacco is in the yellow jar.' Yours warmly,

"THE BACK LOG."

David Harun would call this a "heartening" welcome. It's a neighborly spirit he shows. So draw up.

.

We have the fireplace full with mugs. You'll have to bring the filler.

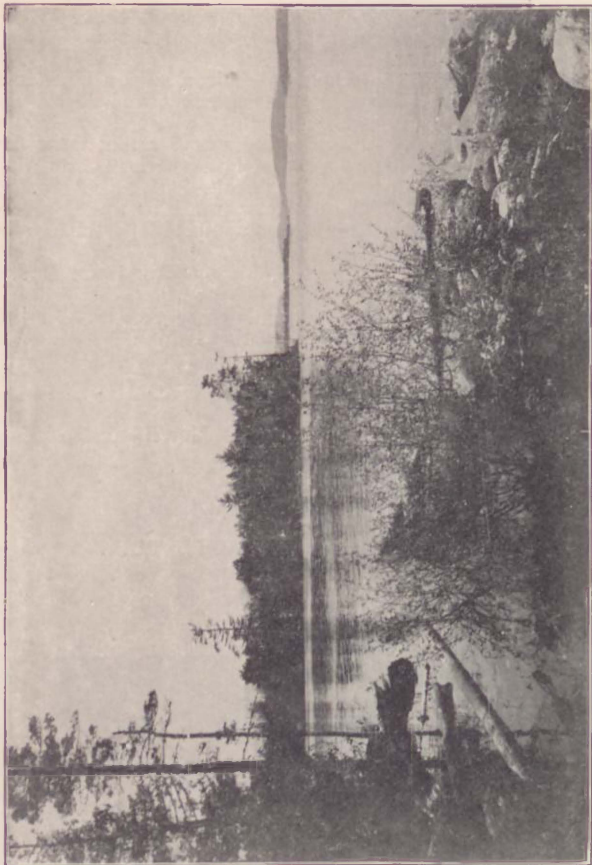
HERE YOU'LL FIND THE OPEN FIRE.



OUTLOOK, SUNSET AND HARMONY CAMPS.



TRANSPORTATION TO THE CAMPS.



NORWAY POINT LOOKING UP LAKE.

We cannot do better than quote from the *Eastern Maine Practical Guide*:—

Nearly in the centre of Eastern Maine lies Grand Lake. To do justice to one of Nature's finest products, we wish to give it special mention. Here are nearly 50 square miles of water, running to good depths, over a clear bottom over which are scattered very large granite boulders. Its water is very clear, making it possible to see bottom in 20 feet of water, and so near does it seem that a novice will think to touch it with his paddle. Great boulders stand in plain view far below the surface.

High ridges of beech, and birch and evergreens extend around the lake, in a measure no doubt accounting for the purity of the water, in that there is no flat land draining into the lake. These ridges furnish good filter beds for surface water.

This lake is the only natural home in the United States of the ouananiche of a few Canadian rivers. The St. Croix River is one of the few rivers in North America that can make such a claim. Man has transplanted the salmon into many northern lakes, but here it is our privilege to see one of the old homes of the ouananiche, and also to find the best fishing to-day in Maine.

The people on the St. Croix are indeed fortunate who draw their water supply from these waters, whose freshness and purity have for ages attracted this incomparable fish. I have never visited this lake without wishing again that some great centre of population could draw its water from this reservoir, fed by 25 lakes and ponds and all but 2 easily accessible.

Go to this lake if you can. It is in many respects the most beautiful sheet of water in New England, and from it as a centre a variety of long cruises in canoe can be taken, coming to the railroad at different points.

Lewey Lake. Ducks.

Long Lake.

BIG LAKE. Ducks, moose, deer, ruffed grouse.

Big Musquosh Stream. Canoe, 5 miles.

W. MUSQUOSH LAKE. Clear water, sandy bottom, hills around. Salmon. From Talmage 10 miles by team; up Big Musquosh, two mile-carries.

Bonny Brook. Short deadwater.

Scott Brook. Short deadwater.

Little River. Short deadwater.

Grand Lake Brook. Short deadwater.

Little Musquosh. Canoe 3 miles.

Clifford Stream. Canoe $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, carry, right, 1 mile, canoe to CLIFFORD LAKES (2). Two-mile carry from head to Machias waters.

Grand Lake Stream. Canoe $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, haul 3 miles to salmon and brook trout.

GRAND LAKE. Salmon, togue, brook trout.

Ox Brook Lake. One mile, north side. Brook trout and perch.

Trout Lake. One and one-half miles carry out of Whitney Cove. Trout.

Junior Stream. Canoe 3 miles. Pickerel and pout.

JUNIOR LAKE. Salmon.

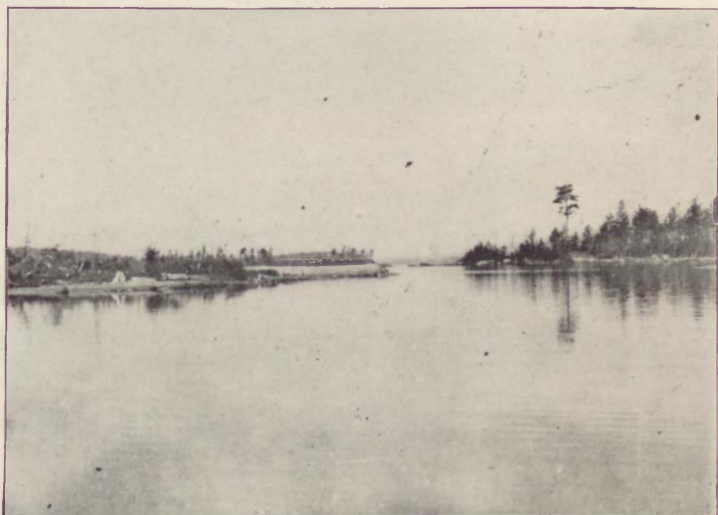
Scragley Lake. Canoe, carry $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to Pleasant Lake. Trout. Duck Lake.

Bottle Lake Stream. Canoe to Bottle Lake, carry $\frac{3}{4}$ mile into Dobsis Lake. Road to Winn.

POKUMPUS LAKE. Joins Grand. Salmon. Go south to Wabash Stream, canoe $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, carry $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to Wabash Lake (through two ponds and three carries of 1 mile, all to Machias Third Lake). Go north in Pokumpus to Locks, 30 rods carry to

DOBSIS LAKE. Salmon, trout. Haul $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Shaw's to Fourth Machias Lake.

AS THE ABOVE ALL REFERS TO GRAND LAKE AND PLACES THAT CAN BE VISITED FROM OUR COTTAGES AND CAMPS, REFERENCE TO THIS AND MAP MAY PROVE ADVANTAGEOUS AS TO ROUTING, ETC.

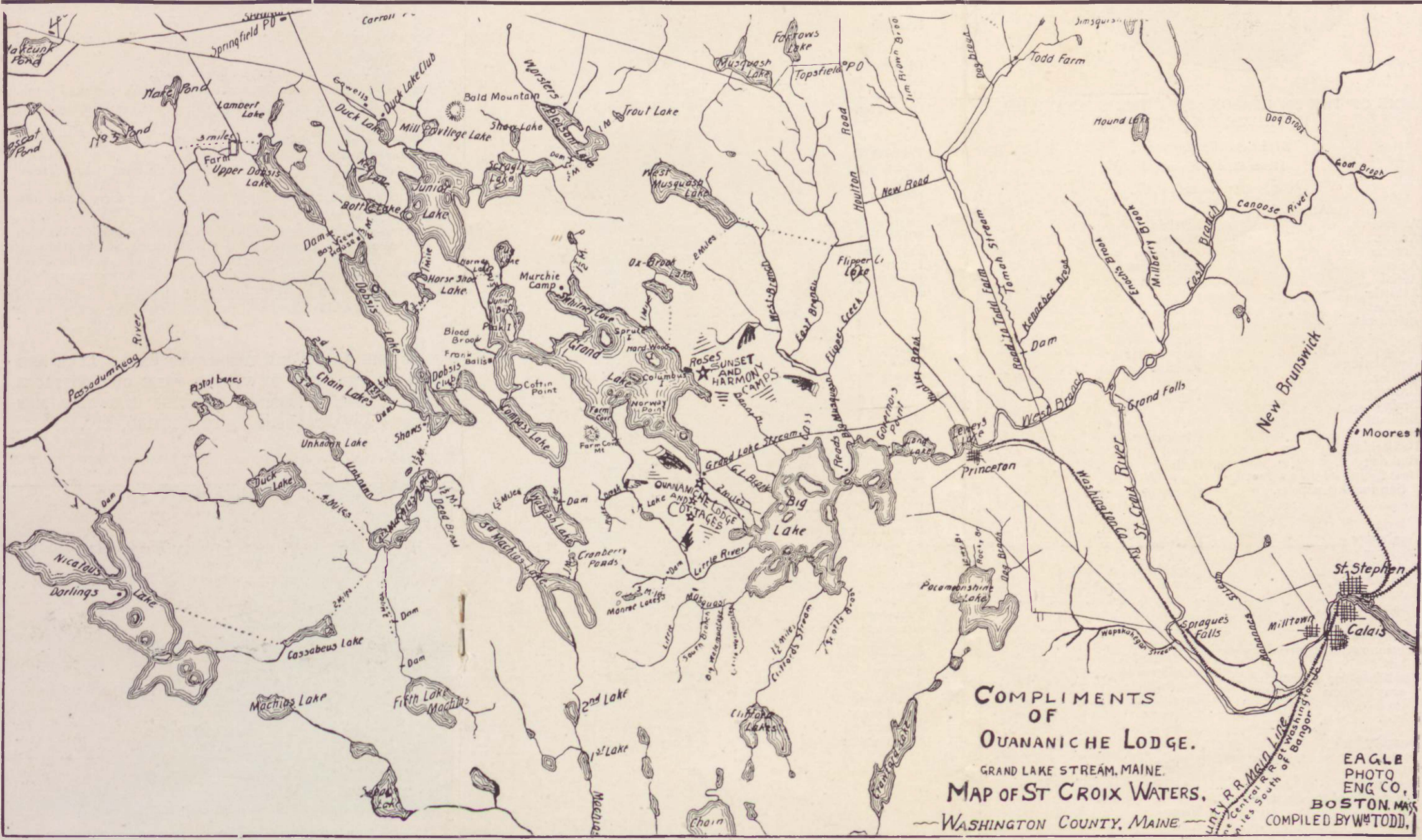


GRAND LAKE. POKUMPUS THOROUGHFARE.



EAGLE PHOTO ENG. & PRtg CO. BOSTON.

Panoramic View. Village of Grand Lake Stream, showing about Two Miles of Fishing Waters. Four-fifths of Land in sight is our Property, giving our Guests many Exclusive Privileges.



COMPLIMENTS
OF
OUANANICHE LODGE.
GRAND LAKE STREAM, MAINE.
MAP OF ST CROIX WATERS.
WASHINGTON COUNTY, MAINE

St. Stephen
Calais
Milltown
Sprague's Falls
Wapahamog Stream
Wapahamog River
St. Croix River
New Brunswick
Moore's
Princeton
Gowling's Point
Hart's Brook
Rocks, or
Pocomashine Lake
Little River
Cranberry Ponds
Monroe Lake
Little River
Climax Lake
Chain Lakes
Machias Lake
Fifth Lake
Cassabew Lake
Natick Lake
Dorlings Lake
Natick Lake
Duck Lake
Unknown Lake
Chain Lakes
Pistol Lakes
Passadumkeag River
Duck Lake Club
Bald Mountain
Shore Lake
Scraper Lake
Duck Lake
Farm Upper Dobsis Lake
3 miles
Lambert Lake
Natick Pond
Houlton Road
New Road
Houlton
Flipper Lake
West Branch
Grand Falls
St. Croix River
Wapahamog River
Wapahamog Stream
Sprague's Falls
Milltown
Calais
St. Stephen
Moore's
New Brunswick

EAGLE
PHOTO
ENG CO,
BOSTON, MASS
COMPILED BY W. TODD,

THE ABIDING PLACE OF THE PRINCE.



SOME OF THE 264 REASONS WHY THE OUANANICHE IS PRINCE OF THE POOL.

Alphabetically Expressed.

[From *Shields' Magazine.*]

COL. PHILIP READE, U.S.A.

A.

Attractive
Active
Artistic
Agile
Aerial
Athletic
Acrobat
Aristocrat

B.

Bewildering
Battler
Brawny
Brainy
Brilliant
Bronze
Bewitching
Bull dog
Bass fishing merely a foundation for Ouananiche.

C.

Combative
Conjurer
Contortionist
Catapult
Churner
Compensation
Clean
Champion
Continuous struggler from birth
Candidate for Piscatorial Insane Asylum

D.

Doughty
Dart
Dash
Diplomat
Degenerate of the *Salmo salar*?
No.
Delusive

E.

Electric
Elastic
Effective
Excitement
Exhilarator

F.

Finny
Flash
Flapdoodler
Fascinating
Fierce
Fighter

G.

Glisten
Grand
Gallant
Game
Gladiator

H.

High-bred
Heroic
Hypothesis be hanged!
How did he get there?

I.

Impetuous
Impulsive
Intelligence
Indomitable
Irresistible
Iridescent

J.

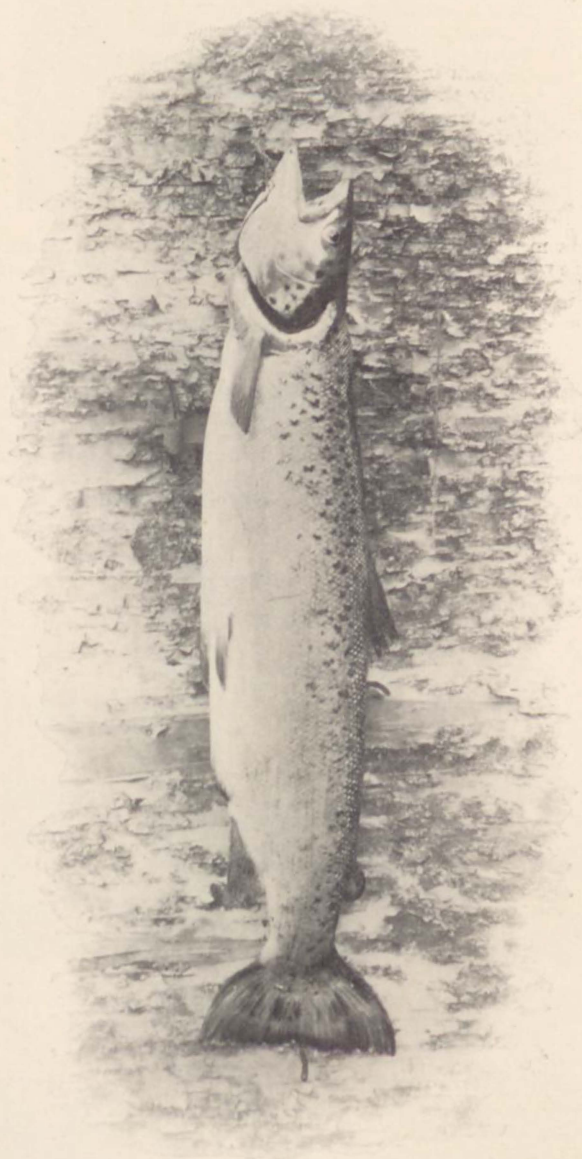
Jumper

K.

Keen
King

Lustrous	L.	Sensational	
Lure		Sinew	
Leap		Shaker	
Lofty		Shapely	
Lively		Smasher	
Leopard		Smiter	
		Skipper	
		Seether	
		Silver flash	
Magnificent	M.	Shuttlecock	
Mid-air		Strenuous struggler	
Manœuverer		Splasher	
Marvel			
Mettlesome			T.
Muscular		Tempestuous	
Monarch		Telegraphist	
		Terrific	
	N.	Torrential	
Neurotic		Tingler	
		Thrill	
	O.	Thrash	
Obstinate		Tug	
Olive		Tumble	
Ouanan		Tumultuous	
Opalescent		Turbulent	
		Tempter	
	P.	Trojan trickster	
Pellmell		Theories be hanged!	
Plucky			
Pliant			U.
Plunger		Unloosed	
Proud		Uncertain	
Puzzler		Unyielding	///
Perfection		Unrest	
Projector			V.
Picturesque		Valiant	
Pyrotechnist		Velocity	
Prince of the Pool		Vigor	
		Vigilant	
	Q.		
Quarry			W.
Quickener		Wary	
Quiver		Warrior	
		Whirl	
	R.	Whirlpool	
Rush		Watch terrier	
Radiant			
Restless			X.
Resistful		Xantippian terror	
Reckless		Xenophonic conqueror	
Racket ball			
Revelation			Y.
Royal River Knight		Youthful	
Rough Rider of the Rapids		Yankee	
		Yerk	
	S.	Yokel	
Supple		Yunker	
Swirler			
Submerged			Z.
Silver bar		Zealot	
Sovereign		Zest	
Springy		Zodiac	
Sportive		Zounds!	
Strong		Zigzag rusher	
Spellbinder		Zoological wonder	
Sumptuous			
Symmetrical			
Somersaulter			

“THE PRINCE HISSELF.”



Courtesy of the Boston & Maine R.R.

OUANANICHE.

AT SUNSET CAMP.

National Sportsman, November, 1905.

BY G. B. WRIGHT.

I have promised several times to give you a little account of my fishing trips to the State of Maine, and, as I am confined to the house with a bad cold, and my mind wanders to my fishing trips, as all sporting minds do when relieved from business cares, I will give you a brief account of one of my many pleasant trips.

Our party consisted of eight men, who claim the heavy-weight fishermen championship of New England. The weight of the party was a few pounds over a ton, one of the party weighing three hundred pounds. We met, according to agreement, in Boston, and took a sleeper over the Western Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad at 7.45 P.M. The trip was uneventful until we arrived at Bangor at about 3 A.M. the next morning. Here we took carriages and looked the town over, returning to our car about 7 o'clock, at which time we started over the Washington County Railroad, and arrived at St. Croix Junction about noon. We changed cars here, and after about eighteen miles' ride we arrived at Princeton, where we had dinner, after which we took a small steamer up Big Lake to the foot of Grand Lake Stream. The steamboat trip from Princeton was very interesting, as the lake at Princeton was full of logs, and it was very amusing to watch the boatmen pick their way along through millions of feet of such obstructions. About one-third the way up Big Lake we passed an Indian reservation with its school-house and church and quite a few good-looking houses. After about one and one-half hours' sail we arrived at the foot of Grand Lake Stream, and here we were met by one of the best fellows in the business, Mr. William Rose. Our party was loaded into a buckboard and wagons, and soon we were rattling along over a fine road toward the village of Grand Lake Stream. At the village everything was in readiness for us, and our steamer "Sunset" was already under steam, and without delay we loaded our boxes, rod cases, traps, and ourselves into the steamer, and started on the last leg of our journey, arriving at Sunset about 6 P.M. Sunset will accommodate a party of eight with ease, and its location is grand, standing on an elevation about one hundred feet above the level of the lake, commanding a very extensive view of the lake and surrounding country. After a good supper, a few stories from the gang, we went to bed, and dreamed about all kinds of big fish. The next morning we were up bright and early, and after breakfast took four rods and kit and started out to try our luck with the salmon. The wind was blowing a gale from the west, and, as our starting point was on the east side of the lake, we found it rather rough for fly fishing, so took the steamer and went across the lake to the more sheltered shore, and here the fun began. Mr. Rose had informed me that the fly fishing was not as good as it would be later, as it was just between trolling and fly fishing, but I, being a crank at fly fishing, kept at it. We came in about 1 o'clock with eight as pretty salmon as one would care to catch, weighing from two to four and one-half pounds each. And talk about fighters! I have caught all the different kinds of local game fish, such as small-mouthed black bass and brook trout in lakes, weighing from one to four pounds, landlock salmon, and the Sunapee saibling, which has the reputation of being a great fighter, and I must say that the landlock salmon of Grand Lake gives them all cards.

Any fisherman who knows his job can get twenty salmon each day at Grand Lake that would weigh from two to four pounds, and have more fun catching them than he can the same number of fish in any other lake in New England.

Now one word about the camps and guides. The camp is well kept. The beds are fine, and the food is as good as can be had anywhere, good variety and well cooked. The beans, of which Mr. Rose makes a specialty, are cooked in the ground and are first-class.

I have employed many guides in the different parts of Maine, and must say that the guides of Grand Lake are without exception the best class of fellows I ever employed, always ready and willing to do all they can for you.

Mr. Will Rose is a very painstaking, pleasant man, always trying to do something for the comfort of his guests, and I hope that it will be my good fortune to visit his camp again in the near future.

FISHING SQUIBS.

GROVER HUNTS RABBITS.

[From the London *Financial News*.]

Mr. Joseph H. Choate was asked to define the difference between ex-President Cleveland and President Roosevelt. "Well," he said, "Mr. Cleveland is too lazy to hunt, and Mr. Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

KENTUCKY FISH STORIES.

Out on the veranda of a little Kentucky hotel several "colonels" were sipping mint juleps and telling yarns about the weather.

"When Ah was in thaw mountains, sah," said a lanky old gentleman, "it began to rain one aftahnoon, and before thaw shower was ovah thaw was fish all ovah thaw ground. Bass, trout, and carp fell right out of thaw clouds, sah."

Then an old gentleman, who was rather corpulent, placed his glass on the table, and said:—

"Cunnel, that thah was a pretty good yahn, but it don't tech thaw experience I had fohty miles south of Frankfort. Why, sah, it began to rain thah one day, and fish came down by thaw ton. But that isn't thaw strangest of it. A thundah stohm arose, th' lightnin' struck thaw field, fried thaw fish just as nice as if they were fried in youah own kitchen, an' "

But the other "colonels" fled.—*Chicago News*.

A BANGOR MINISTER'S STORY.

BY C. S. BRACKETT, NEWPORT, ME.

A certain minister of Bangor, Me., joined a fishing party of his friends for two weeks in a woods camp. Sunday morning some of the boys wanted to go fishing, and got away without being seen by the minister; but one fellow, slower than the rest, was caught by the minister just as he was setting up his rod. The fisherman made excuses, and added, "I suppose you would not care to go?"

In answer the minister told the following story: "When I was settled in the church at Dixmont, in the first years of my ministry, I was called out of bed one night to marry a couple who had both been bereft of their first partners by death. When I got to the place where I asked the man if he took this woman to be his lawful wife, he exclaimed, 'Look a-here, parson, what in h—l do you think I'm here for?'"

A FISHERMAN AND HIS CATCH.

The fisherman was discontented.

The reasons for his discontent were not plain to the eye. There had been as good a fly water as any one could want. There had been enough breeze to ruffle the surface, enough cloud to prevent glare. He had picked just the right flies from his book to suit the river, and the fish rose freely to them. He was carrying home as fine a dish of trout as any man could wish for, and had scrupulously thrown back everything under 10½ inches. But even these things did not please him. He sucked hard at his cold pipe, and bit at fate as he tramped on inn-ward through the gathering dusk.

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This young man the hero in (Kate Meredith, financier), was very much in love, and it only shows how strong the ruling passion is to a true sportsman (and any person only saving a 10½-inch trout is a thorough one) when he could forget everything, and bury his troubles with the sound of the running waters and click of the reel. He deserved his good luck.

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY WAY OF MAKING A MAN.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his baby-clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy.
Make gold his god, its jingle his joy.
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

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How much better is the following way, and how the American people would be benefitted if the advice below could be followed.

WHILE WE ARE GROWING OLD.

[From the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.]

A little less work and a little more play, particularly a little more play out of doors, upon golf links, upon tennis courts, amid the brown fields of winter where birds are shot or green fields of summer where birds are heard to sing, keeps a man young. He grows old when he ceases to play, and often he dies suddenly about the time he intended to return to play.



A COUNTRY FOR CHILDREN.

RATHER FISH THAN FARM.

"Good weather for crops, eh?" chirped the traveller, one of your superficial optimists.

The farmer shook his head sadly.

"On the contrary," he replied, for he was an educated farmer.

"No?"

"As a matter of fact, the crops are suffering."

"On account of the weather?"

"On account of the weather."

"Bright sunshine following copious showers,—do crops suffer in such weather?"

"Naturally, crops are bound to suffer in any weather which makes fish bite. If these conditions continue, we shan't raise much this year."

And the farmer shook his head again, and sighed heavily.

THE COW.



On the Regular Ouananiche Staff
Cream on Cream the Coffee and Cereal Improver.

THE ENIGMA.

"I see why milk should please,"
Said the cow,

"And butter, too, and cheese,"
Said the cow.

"But why beefsteaks should be
Constructed out of me
Is what I fail to see,"
Said the cow.

"I see why men take trips,"
Said the fish,

"In steam and sailing ships,"
Said the fish,

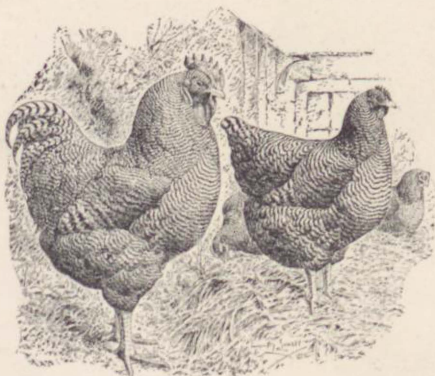
"But why they make me bite
On hooks hid out of sight
Is what gets me, all right,"
Said the fish.

"I see why people beg,"
Said the hen,

"At breakfast for an egg,"
Said the hen.

"But why a butcher lout
Should send me up the spout
Is what I can't dope out,"
Said the hen.

—Thomas R. Ybarra, in *New York Times*.



THE HENS.



Courtesy B. & M. R.R.

THE FISH AND THE MAN.

WHERE THE PUNKIN PIE IS BUILT.



STREAM IN MIDDLE DISTANCE.

No wonder we love pumpkin-pie.

THE CONTENTED PUMPKINS.

The Garden Truck went on a strike
And made an awful racket.
The foolish Cabbage burst her head,
The Onion split her jacket.

The Peppers burned, and Beets grew red,
While Kale growled like a sinner.
The Pop Corn cried, "I'll never pop
For any creature's dinner."

The yellow pumpkin laughed aloud,
With voice so rich and mellow,
"Why, that's just what you're planted for,
You foolish, selfish fellow!

"I've gathered all the sun and dew
To plumpen me and sweeten,
So I can make the nicest pie
That one has ever eaten.

"And, when they pass me twice around,
I'll feel I've done my duty
If father says, 'Ma, save them seeds:
That Pumpkin was a beauty.'"

—*Rochester Post-Express.*



DUCK LAKE.



CURB AND BUCKET, FAMOUS OUANANICHE WELL.

Thirty feet deep, never less than eight feet water, temperature forty-three to forty-five degrees.



A LODGE OUTLOOK.

NOT TOO BAD FOR AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLDER.

A NIGHT HUNTER.

G. P.

A snow-white tent stood on the beach in the quiet woods of
Maine,

While down in the reeds the frogs piped up to tell of a coming
rain.

The night was dark, the water was clear,
And the whole of the lake was lonesome and drear.

And out from the tent there came an old man

With long gray beard and face dark with tan,

With gun on his shoulder, his paddle in hand

And walked cautiously down to the beach of white sand.

Stepped into the canoe so buoyant and light,

And paddled softly away into the blackness of night.

From the shore off to the far-away side

Came the bull-moose call to his timid bride.

The moose stood out on the pebbled shore,

His shapely head fine antlers bore.

The hunter took aim with a steady hand,

The moose that stood there so stately and grand,

Wounded and ferocious, with a plunge and a roar

Sank down in the sand to plunge never more.

The great form was dragged into the canoe,

And paddled quietly back o'er the waters now blue.

The cow moose called out a defiant snort,

And plunged noisily away to go where she ought.

TO A TROUT FLY.

False thing! Yet with such grandeur drest.
E'en as the bird,—thy nakedness is blest
With feathered garb, both vain and rare,—
Beneath resides no beauty there!
Under those flaunting wings of thine
Lurks murder,—a barb'd, cruel tine!

Helpless thing! Thine every movement false.
Thou cannot fly, nor creep, nor waltz
Across that crystal current; but, in thy flitting
Airily along, thou art but in delusion tripping
And skipping to beck and nod of yonder silken line,
Obeying and betraying every sign.

Perish'ble thing! How long couldst thou endure
If to thy gaudy, gauzy, craft-concocted lure
A monster rose? A warrior true with lightning flash
Should dash upon thee, lash and splash, and gnash
Thee in his pain-throed jaws? How oft-times traitor
Then thou'd turn against thy maker!

Toy-like thing! Who first thy texture frail contrived,
Pray tell? And from thy baublishness derived
Such pleasure as doth thrill some savage breast?
Doting upon thee; altering thy vain-glorious crest?
False thing! With secret joy we rail thee!
Yet stay! Promise some day thou'll not fail me!

—Will Cumback Ludlow.



LITTLE FALLS,
GRAND LAKE
STREAM.



GRAND LAKE
FROM SUNSET.



SUNSET CAMP,
GRAND LAKE.

WHEN THE TROUT BEGIN TO RUN.

Mamma says that pa's a puzzle,
Says she can't quite make him out.
Ain't no corkin' up his muzzle
When he's talkin' 'bout the trout;
He's a fisher, is my daddy!
Guess he's somethin' like his son;
For he jes' goes all to pieces
When the trout begin to run.

'Fore I wake, he's up an' fixin'
All his tackle, bait, an' lunch;
An' the way he tries to hurry
Seems as though he had a hunch;
Then he gets a flask o' snake-cure
"For the rattlers"—just like fun!
Mamma says that dad is crazy
When the trout begin to run.

Onct my daddy took me with him,
But he made me keep so still
That 'twas worse'n some old funeral
'N I almost had er chill;
Guess the snakes they must 'a' bit him,
Though I didn't see a one,—
For he emptied the whole bottle
When the trout began to run.

Never makes a bit o' difference
If he brings home fish or not,
Daddy always tells my mamma
'Bout the whoppers that he caught;
But the days that I waz with him
Seems he didn't catch a one,—
Daddy tells some funny stories
When the trout begin to run.

—*Western Field.*



FISHY PLACES.

The common brook trout has about forty-eight red spots on his sides, eight fins, including the tail, a heart shaped like a beech-nut, and by the coloring the male is readily told from the female.

Trout differ in color, according to situation and surroundings. A trout in water deep enough for protection lives in the sunshine, takes the color of the water and ground he inhabits, and on a light, sandy bottom is almost invisible; but at the head of the stream, where he must keep hidden, he is almost black over his back. Usually in open water trout are light over the back and mottled parts, while underneath their bodies gleam like silver, especially if seen through the water. In some streams where there is a trace of lime, trout add crimson pectoral fins and a deep, pink-flushed breast to their array of fetching colors.—*J. M. English, Vilas, Pa.*



THE FALL OUTFIT.

MAINE FIRE AND OTHER DONT'S.

[From *Woods and Waters*.]

Let every person who goes into the forest-keep in mind the following list of dont's:—

Don't build a camp fire until all the dry leaves and inflammable material have been raked away to a safe distance.

Don't go away and leave your camp fire burning. Extinguish it completely before you move on.

Don't leave a smudge burning while you are absent.

Don't throw down a lighted match or stub of a cigar. When you light your cigar or pipe, extinguish the match before throwing it on the ground.

Don't set fire to a birch-tree for the fun of the thing.

Don't burn a bee tree or use fire to smoke out game until every possible precaution is taken to prevent the flames from spreading.

Don't go away and leave the tree on fire.

Don't carry firearms during fishing season.

Don't carry fishing tackle during hunting season.



MOUTH JUNIOR STREAM.

Last season, 1906, was in the early part of great doubt on account of the raising of the dam by the St. Croix Water Power Company to double its former height (namely,—from six to twelve feet), thereby increasing its storage capacity to considerable more than double. Many thought it would ruin the fishing. The writer took a different view in regard to the spring fishing, and felt that, with half a gate for the stream supply after logs had been driven through, the conditions would be nearly ideal. This judgment was confirmed by our having the best May fishing ever known, catches of a dozen to fifteen being every-day occurrences, and twenty to twenty-five happening frequently enough to cause no great comment. Dr. Frank Johnson, the well-known sportsman and writer, took in late May twenty-nine salmon, one day, beating his own record of twenty-eight made some years ago. These were all returned to lake.

The early June sport on stream was disappointing, as the building of the dam the previous winter necessitated shutting water off entirely, or practically so, creating a condition on the stream simply murderous to all fish life, either the eggs, fry, young fish, or adults.

Much talk of many kinds, indignant and otherwise, as to the methods and powers of corporations, was indulged in. It would seem there is a just and easily defined limit as to their powers. However, the holding of the water from the stream had a very bad effect. The gates were opened the 31st of May, but not enough water let on to fill the best pools to the need of the fish or fishermen. We have no doubt this will be remedied the present season, as the people who handle the gates are all sportsmen themselves and have a keen appreciation of the situation, and we feel sure, after the satisfactory showing of the wonderful recuperative powers of Grand Lake, they will not hesitate to give the necessary flow of water.

The logs (that are such a bugbear here, as elsewhere, wherever logs are being handled and fishermen ply their art) were much in evidence on account of delays that, we hope, will be much improved, if not quite overcome, by the use of a steamboat about to be built for the purpose of towing. The material and machinery is now being assembled, and it is the expectation of all concerned that the craft will be in commission the coming spring. With this outlook it seems, with the great quantity of water, there should be a steady and plentiful supply on the stream all through the season. This will go far to creating results entirely satisfactory to all parties.

The later arrivals during July and August had good sport, as the weather averaged cool and fish were constantly on the stream. September was an improvement of 1905, which was thought to be good enough. So much for the fishing.

The hunting season on the bird end was not over-fair, but big game proved numerous. The writer, having occasion to be frequently on the road between Grand Lake Stream and Princeton, never knew so many deer, and on five different trips saw moose, and twice was held up for quite a little period by the monarch of the woods.

We offer as evidence of satisfaction a few of the many letters received from guests. Some one remarked, "Poor evidence, Billy: you can buy them by the yard." The reply was: "Well, when we became proficient enough to produce documents as good as these, 'breathing the atmosphere of woods, waters, and honesty,' the writer would not want long for a job with Lydia or Beecham. On the other hand, such publications as the *Army and Navy Journal*, *Shields' Magazine*, and the *National Sportsman*, with the

leading dailies, don't go into anything that's not about right."

In these days of revelations as to packing methods and agitation concerning pure food laws, etc., it may be well to say a word regarding our supplies. Milk is probably first in order. We keep a couple as fine Jerseys as any one would wish, and have pasture galore on high dry land, well watered. Speaking of the lacteal fluid reminds me of the remark of a particularly irascible old gentleman, who one day said: "Yes, there's ——. He never made a success of anything until he went into the milk business. He had a fine well in the start, but never struck his gait until he bought the —— farm, and that had a river plumb through the middle of it." Whether this river or something else, before shuffling off, he was at the head of a banking concern. As we have both the well and a river, it may look a little suspicious, though, we feel sure, from the evidence in the empty glass, 'tis safe to say, if weakened, it must have been high-class, to begin with. Our butter has been from one farm for a dozen years. Beef, the Chicago loins, lamb, veal, poultry, pork, and eggs are of local production. Vegetables home-grown. The plentiful supply of fish gives us a selection of the best in that line. All our condiments, jellies, preserves, and sauces home-made, and are from the old-home formulas, and, while we appreciate the products of the 57-variety man and others of his high standard, feel, "with couple exceptions," we can give him points, and to spare. An experience related by a guest, not at Grand Lake Stream, is too good to go by. The waitress, he said, seemed to keep well poised; though, to the relater, in things coming along the quality was not up to what he had been led to expect. However, it was in a country where great stress was laid on "pies and things." The girl had not played her long suit until the proper opening arrived. Pulling herself together, she said, "For dessert we have, in pies, open-faced, cross-barred, and kivered, with bread pudding." "For Heaven's sake, say that again," said the man. She repeated the order, but it had to be interpreted to him. If you come and see us, we'll put you wise as to what she had for pastry.

One particular gratifying thing happened quite a few times last season. The head of the house came down early, looked us over, and later returned with his better half. The bringing of his wife after a first visit, we consider, is paying us a very delicate compliment, as we pose as a man's place, though somehow the wives of these chaps we like so much, "after we get over the uneasy feeling of a new woman about," prove to be the best of fellows.

The little church which is a monument to visiting sportsmen, and such a credit to those townspeople who stuck to the good work until its completion, was dedicated last season. The library is growing fast. Mrs. Rose, with the funds so generously given her, has added some half hundred new books, so now there are between five and six hundred volumes.

Things point now to a very busy season, and we look for the lake to open early.



THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

KEEP THESE TWO PAGES TO TEAR
OFF AND GIVE A FRIEND. THE WHOLE
STORY IS PRACTICALLY HERE.

A MEMO OF THINGS WANTED ON TRIP TO GRAND
LAKE STREAM.

VERY LITTLE TROUBLE TO PUT THESE TWO PAGES
IN AN ORDINARY ENVELOPE.

We have frequent inquiries for land for building and other purposes. We have recently added considerable more than our original purchase, giving us many beautiful locations desirable for clubs, individuals, or families, furnishing ideal conditions for outing purposes. Write for particulars. State what and how much you need, and we'll do our best to satisfy you.

RATES:

\$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

July and August, \$12.00 to \$15.00 per week.

AT SUNSET CAMP

We board guides at charge 25c. meal. Furnish shelter and cots without charge. Guides furnish their own bedding.

AT OUANANICHE LODGE

We do not board guides or send out lunches for them, but, when requested by guest, will put up lunch for guide at regular rate.

Season April 25th to October 20th.

On account of extra price we are paying for everything used, we are obliged to charge a slight advance over former seasons.

Our boats will be \$7.00 per day with extra charge if we go above Junior Stream, of from 50c. to \$1.00 as distance and load demands. Boats if kept a week will be let at old prices, except when used above Junior Stream a price commensurate with service will be charged.

These rates include an engineer.

DATES OF ICE GOING OUT OF GRAND LAKE FOR TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

YEAR	DATE	YEAR	DATE
1878	April 26	1892	April 30
1879	May 10	1893	May 9
1880	May 2	1894	April 30
1881	May 3	1895	May 2
1882	May 6	1896	April 29
1883	May 9	1897	May 4
1884	April 30	1898	April 27
1885	May 5	1899	April 27
1886	May 3	1900	April 29
1887	May 11	1901	April 25
1888	May 17	1902	April 8
1889	April 26	1903	April 20
1890	May 8	1904	May 5
1891	May 4	1905	April 28
		1906	May 3

Fishing begins as soon as the ice leaves.

In lower end of lake there is good fishing before the main body of ice leaves.

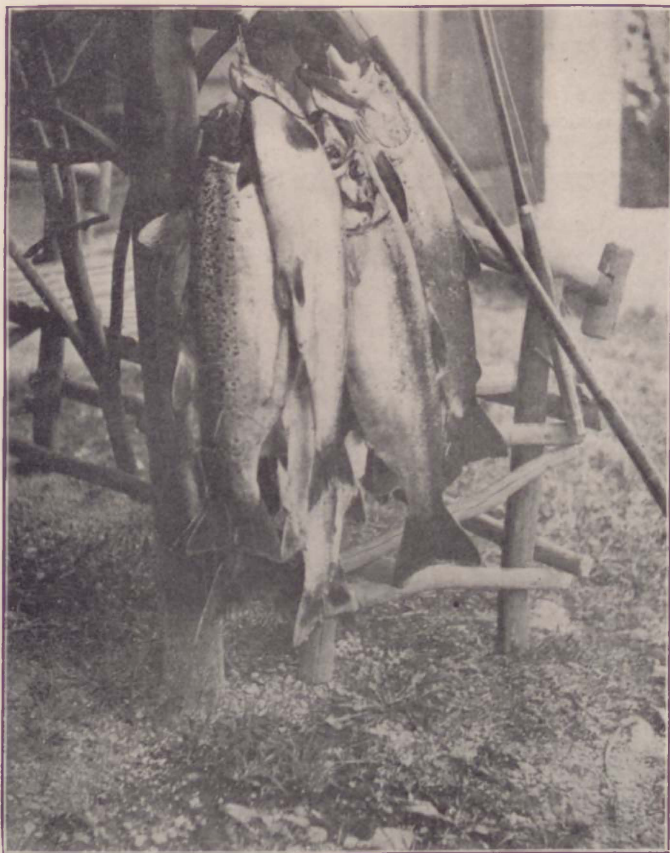
WYU

(Extract from speech of Hon. Thomas B. Reed.)

A TOAST

"Here's to the State of Maine, the land of the bluest skies, the greenest earth, the richest air, the strongest and, what is better, the sturdiest men, the fairest and, what is best of all, the truest women under the sun!"

TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON, via Boston & Maine, at 7 and 10 P.M. These trains arrive at Princeton about 12.30 the following day. "Single fare, \$9.20; return, \$15.75. Return tickets, May 1 — November 30. Sleepers on all trains." Time is allowed here for dinner. Daily stage runs to Grand Lake Stream. Favorite route is by boat across lake. Our teams meet the boat at landing.



THE SEVENTH SEASON OF THIS STATEMENT.

A good fisherman, with proper appliances and guides, can duplicate this string any fishing day from ice-leaving until June 20, and during September the sport is right royal.

We doubt very much if any other place in the United States dare make such a statement, and be able to make good.

All inquiries cheerfully answered. Address from April 15 to October 31

W. G. ROSE,

GRAND LAKE STREAM, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MAINE, OR
108 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Telephone, Maine 6300, the year round.

Teams, Guides, and Canoes supplied on application. Row-boats are rarely used, but will be supplied if desired.