

THE AXE IS NO LONGER THE GLORY OF PINE TREE STATE, GIANTS IN THE OLD DAYS

Bangor, Maine, July 29—Time was when a man who was handy with an axe was worth good wages in the woods of Maine, but today the ability to chop down a lot of trees in a given time is of no great advantage. Maine still cuts hundreds of millions of feet of logs, but most of the harvest is small stuff for pulp, and it is sawed, not chopped. The axe has given way to the saw, and anybody can use a saw. There is neither skill nor pride in the work.

The old-time native woodsman, like the old-time sailor, is a vanished type. He was a robust and picturesque figure, lending color to any scene and life to any occasion. He put great vigor into all his activities—working, eating, drinking and fighting, and the dramatic stage missed a good bet when it neglected him, while literature might have been greatly enriched had it preserved his sayings, his superstitions and his songs.

Tales as strange as any that ever came in with the sea wind have been brought to Bangor by returning woodsmen—tales of deaths foretold by the mournful call of night birds, by visitations from a spectral snow-white moose upon which bullets had no effect and by the scratching and yowling of invisible wolves at the camp door. Most of these legends live today only in the memories of aged men who once swung the axe along the headwaters of the Penobscot and chief among them that of the phantom axeman of Sourdahunk—a man who worked alone and unseen, and who could, without the least effort or exhaustion, fell more pines and spruces in a single night than a dozen good men could bring down in a day.

The late Patrick Connors, of Bangor, where he had been made welcome to one of the four famous Connors broth-ers whose record as log drivers neverdriving and logging seasons. Maguire has been equalled, was a hard-headed and some of his friends sat around

practical lumberman, in no way given to romancing, and contemptuous of all superstitions, yet he felt bound to admit that there was something supernatural about the way Old John, a character very well known along the Penobscot in the 70's and 80's, could fell trees. "I know he could do what no ten ordinary men could do with an axe, because he proved it to me—he took me out at daybreak and showed me what he had done since the crew turned in the night before," said Connors.

Where Old John came from no one knew. He was a Tipperary—that much was known of his origin, but he seemed to have no particular place of abode in Maine, although he divided his time between the forests, the log drives and the woodsmen's boarding houses of Bangor.

Old John was a quiet man, almost morose. Tall and angular, with muscles like leather, the heaviest axe was a toy in his hands. He worked, ate and did everything else in silence, and he would not work at all if anybody else was within sight or sound. All day he would loaf around the camp, and at night he would pick up his axe, light his pipe and start for the cutting. In the morning John would return to camp and then the boss would go out to see what he had accomplished. There were the trunks, scores of them, felled and trimmed and ready for the sled. No mortal man could have done it. How did old John do it? That was the mystery of Sourdahunk, never solved.

Old John died as mysteriously as he had lived. It was summer time, and he was at Frank Maguire's sporting camp at Eddington pond, near Bangor, where he had been made welcome to

the table, playing cards and drinking beer. Old John got out of his bunk, accepted a glass of beer, then lit his pipe and passed around the table, shaking hands with all the party, saying: "So long, boys, I'm going now." Back he climbed into his bunk, and there in the morning they found him dead.

Tobique Indian

Another remarkable axeman was Martin Francis, a Tobique Miramichi Indian, who came to the Penobscot from Chatham, N. B. about 1870. He, also, preferred to work alone, and although not credited with supernatural powers his capacity for work was astonishing. He averaged 100 trees a day, rather more than twice the work of an average man. He used to undercut the trees, chop a deep notch low down on one side, six in a row, and then fell a seventh, so that in falling it would carry down the whole row. He was as handy with the rifle as with the axe, and his one boast was that he had, in 1872, killed two caribou with the same bullet. Woodsmen credited Francis with the gift of prophecy, and he admitted his ability, inherited from his mother, a Micmac squaw, to foretell events, especially mournful or disastrous events. "That boy, he drown tomorrow," he said to a Bangor lad who was serving his first season on the West Branch. And sure enough, the boy was drowned while helping to break a jam.

Francis seldom came to Bangor, or to any other settlement. When he did visit the city he slept on a bed of boughs before an open fire, rising with clock-like regularity every hour to put on a fresh log.

THREE KILLED WHEN AIRPLANE EXPLODED

Mrs. A. C. Blossom, wife of the famous architect and a member of Parliament, her son Bruce, and Prince Otto Erbach Furstenau of Germany were killed tonight when their aeroplane exploded in the air and crashed in a thousand pieces.

Mrs. Blossom was Emily, daughter of Samuel G. Bayne, president of the Seaboard National Bank of New York, before her marriage. Bruce, who was 21 was piloting the plane, which left Heston Airdrome, Middlesex, early in the evening for Southampton.

The plane was over Hankley Commons in the vicinity of the country homes of David Lloyd George and Viscount Snowden when, according to a few chance onlookers, it suddenly appeared to break to pieces and crash to earth with a terrific explosion.

Spectators rushed to the scene and found the three bodies scattered in the common and the plane in many pieces. The cause of the crash will probably never be known.

GIANT MOTOR SHIP ARRIVES AT HALIFAX

Halifax, N.S., July 28—The giant motorship "Britannic" arrived in port yesterday morning with over 300 cruise passengers from New York City. This is her first visit to the port this year. She sails again tonight at six o'clock on return voyage to New York City. Cruise passengers had a day of sight-seeing and were agreeably impressed with the city and its attractions, particularly the de luxe Nova Scotian Hotel, owned and operated by the C.N.R. in which several adjourned for lunch. The ocean liner cruisers from New York have been well patronized this year and they are forming one of the outstanding tourist developments in Nova Scotia.

When a friend who is in the insurance business makes a social call now and then after you have taken out a policy you wonder whether its friendship that brings him or whether he's keeping tab on your chances of living a little longer.

Robert Quillen recalls that many were denied a horse and buggy in the old days, "all for want of the installment plan." The work of keeping the stall clean deterred many.

THE EMPIRE CONFERENCE

(By J. R. Andrews)

To Canada:

Pray to the God of Empires for our needs;
Pray for a deep, new wisdom, free and pure
From thrall of ancient feuds and creeds;
Pray for a strength to do and to endure
The fret of discords, tides of selfish fright
That madly strain to gather gain by might.

To The Men of Empire:

Well do you know that greatest Empires fall,
That might is but a cycle men devise;
But every cycle leaves some seedlings small
From which new types of Empire may arise;
The world is trembling at an unknown door
That you must swing and enter in before.

As some strange fear creeps in at midnight dread
And slows the heart awhile to vagrant beat,
So halts the world, expectant for the tread,
The shuffle of Disaster's coming feet;
And to your meeting in our Northland dear
They turn their wistful eyes for hope and cheer.

To you, from all the land upon the earth,
Do wise men turn, intent to hear you say
The words that shall ring clear with deeper worth
As down the future they shall find their way
To stir and lead to some new, happier state
Where Peace may dwell, and men shall not know Hate.

Your's is a task beyond the common man,
To light new torches down untrodden ways
That men may walk in safety, as they scan
The coming dawn of brighter, calmer days;
Though Sacrifice may call still to the height endure,
And make the British Empire more lofty and secure.

KISS IS SAFER THAN HANDSHAKE

Paris July 28—A kiss is cleaner than a handshake.

This is the cheering news that has just come from medical men here who are discussing the evils of too much french hand-grasping.

Little microbes, say some of the physicians, love nothing better than a beautiful hand, and naturally they find their path to the mouth in very quick order.

The kiss, too, is of course, they say, full of danger, for it is often long enough to permit the transfer of hundreds of germs.

MIDSUMMER

Now the calm days recur in bright array,
The balanced year sedate and slow goes by,
In due proportion falls each glistening day
A steady sun swings wide across the sky.

The heliotrope that ever sunward yearns,
Is coaxed to wakefulness and, trim, puts on
Its best attire, and to the light it turns,
As to the mother bends the woodland fawn.

Why flushes every apple cheek again?
And why such exquisite color on the peach?
Ask of the sun who from a golden fane
Touches each fruit and flower in eager reach.

—CLARENCE MILLIGAN, in Chicago News.

Red Rose Tea

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A woman who marries for money The young ladies attending the works more than eight hours a day. Teachers' Institute put the "Queen" One can be famously indignant in Queen street yesterday. without losing his temper. Why If a mob had any sense there would be no mob.

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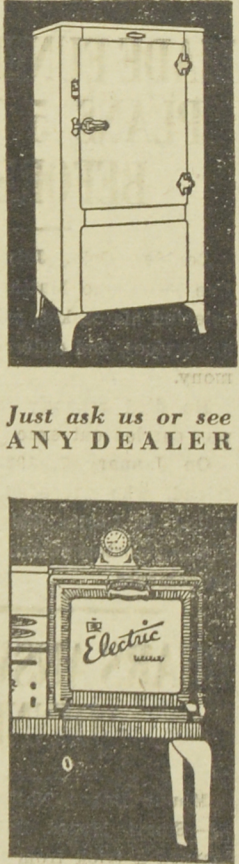
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