

## Hunting Trip With Mr. Martindale Story of Former London Millionaire

Philadelphia Journal Tells of  
Putting With That Man  
Martindale.

The appended article clipped from the Philadelphia North American, entitled "In the Woods With That Man Martindale," gives a very interesting account of a hunting trip with Mr. Thomas Martindale, the well-known London Old Boy. It gives a fine view of one of the many sides of this versatile man, and cannot but be most delightful to his many friends. The article is as follows:

"That man Martindale!" Several years ago the North American coined this exclamatory summary of the versatile energies of Thomas Martindale, business man, public-spirited citizen, leader in civic movements, Trades League hustler, practical reformer, guardian of municipal franchises, platform lecturer, Wildwood boomer, big game hunter, etc., etc., etc.

A couple of weeks ago the phrase flashed itself across the memory of the writer as he stood watching the disappearing figure of "that man Martindale" in the thick of the Maine woods. We had walked four or five miles together back into the forest on the concluding trip of a week's most pleasant hunting association in the vicinity of Camp Martindale, on the shore of Cuxabexis Lake. Parting handshakes over Mr. Martindale's shoulder, and the last glimpse of him as he forged through the thicket in the direction of his objective point, several miles deeper in the woods.

He was headed for an old lumber dam, above which was a half-mile stretch of "deadwater" and bog, in the vicinity of which fresh moose signs had been found. Without the company of even a guide he intended to establish a solitary camp at the dam, and, by lying out in the open, rifle at hand, and the succeeding night, praying good fortune to get a shot at a big bull moose.

Human Bundle of Energy. There he went, "that man Martindale," back to a point in the unbroken solitude eight miles away from camp and forty or fifty miles away from the outposts of civilization, to keep a night's vigil with the denizens of the forest. Upward of three-score and ripe with all the experiences and rewards of a busy life, by all the rules of the game he should have been snug in his own comfortable home enjoying a pair of Philadelphia carpet slippers and dandling his grandchildren on his knee.

Instead, this incomprehensible bundle of human energy chose to make his couch on a rubber blanket stretched on the frozen ground, with two pairs of woolen gloves to prevent his fingers stiffening under the icy barrel of his rifle, and he slipped the light in the woods to get one crack at a moose.

But he wouldn't lack for company. Not he, "that man Martindale!" Every living thing and even the objects inanimate that were defined in starlight shadows along the shores of the "deadwater" were his wood friends of old years' standing. The loon with its childlike wail over the still water at dusk; the heron, arousing itself with startled scream from its perch along the shore, the muskrats, busy building their winter homes; the night-walking animals of the woods; stray bears, wildcats, "lucifers," and animals of less predatory quest; or the timid deer that left the bogs at night and travelled the ridges; all were old acquaintances.

Can't Be Discouraged. Each one, no doubt, would engage the attention and interest of the silent huntsman during the night, and help pass away the hours—none too long for him—until the gray streaks of dawn. He didn't get a moose that night, as I have since learned, but he certainly deserved it. However, he had deserved

## The Danger Of Piles

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Ointment

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it before, and not been rewarded for his pains, but yet was not in the least discouraged. Such perseverance could not fail to be rewarded, and Mr. Martindale got his moose a few days later. The story of his successful quest will be left for his own telling.

Throughout the famous deer country down the west branch of the Penobscot River from Northeast Carry, and the remote region northeast of Chestnut Lake, "that man Martindale" is known to all the guides and natives as "the best hunter who comes into the Maine woods." For fifteen years or more he has paid annual visits to the vast forests which stretch for interminable distances north and east from Moosehead Lake in search of big game, and his reputation as a "sport" stands high among the men of the woods.

In the days when caribou were plenty in Maine—before some mysterious tree blight killed off the junipers, which were their principal food supply—the best trophies of the Umbagogis region fell to his gun, and annually the guides who make their headquarters at Northeast Carry look for the "best heads" of moose and buck deer to "come out" along with Mr. Martindale.

"Guides told me that Mr. Martindale, 'hunted harder' than any 'sport' who went into the woods; and after spending a week at his camp I understood what they meant. Sunrises were about 5 o'clock, and the first streaks of dawn spread themselves over the forest ridges a half hour earlier, but 'that man Martindale' was up and stirring earlier still. In fact, as a usual thing, he had the camp aroused and breakfast over before the night stars ceased to shine; and if an especially early start in the canoes or back into the woods seemed desirable, he had our hunting parties off in the 'darkest hour before dawn.'

One morning it had been planned to wake the camp at 4 o'clock—which might be termed a leisurely awakening for a day's sport at Camp Martindale. By the misuse Mr. Martindale's watch had run about an hour and a half fast, and as we sat down to breakfast under the big oil lamp swinging from the roof of the cabin, one of the guides looked at his watch and exclaimed, 'Why, it's only ten minutes to 3!' Instead of two other watches proved this to be correct.

"Hm!" ejaculated "that man Martindale." "Well, so much the better. It will give you fellows (meaning the writer and his guide) an hour to call a moose before daylight at the point of land over at the deadwater, and if you can't fetch a moose, you will stand a good chance of getting a buck on the shore of the lake at sunrise."

Who could regret the loss of an hour's sleep in face of such cheerful optimism? Usually Hunts Alone. Then, when he got started o'mornings, whether on foot or in canoe, he hunted with might and main. If he tramped back in the deepest depths of the woods, he outstepped his guide. If he "still hunted" on a ridge or at old lumber yards, or camp, he sat motionless as a statue, alert as a cat, for hours at a stretch.

Generally, he hunted alone, for, as the guides told me, "he could do a better job by himself than with all the guides in these parts." His personal guide would be busy just the same. Mr. Martindale would send him off on daily excursions to "spot" a moose, and bring back reports of the signs of the game, especially moose. "There are lots of men who come into these woods who are better shots than I am," Mr. Martindale said to me, "but I believe in hunting the game hard and persistently, and that's successful." No one who ever hunted with this tireless, indomitable nimrod, or ever consulted any of his guides, will dispute the fact that he hunts "hard and persistently" or that he has been successful. But, as the guides also attested, Mr. Martindale is a good shot to boot.

He uses a rifle of large calibre—a 45-90 magazine gun—for two reasons. First, because moose is the particular game he seeks, and the large calibre, heavy power gun makes his quarry sure, and, because of a personal attachment to the weapon. It is a comparatively old gun that has done him much good service, but its particular claim upon his affections is that it lay at the bottom of Cuxabexis from an overturned canoe, and when it was recovered and fixed up it proved to be just as good as ever.

One shot, the first that Mr. Martindale made after our arrival in camp, sufficiently established his prowess in the lake. Just at sunrise when Mr. Martindale, looking down from the "dry kl," or the rain-and-weather-beaten dead stumps and branches that fenced the shore. Nothing was visible except the animal's head and a section of the neck about the size of a man's hand. Making a quick shot, seated in a moving canoe, with the water in the mark, he put a bullet through the deer's neck, behind the brain, and broke the vertebrae, the animal dropping in its tracks.

grass in a little clearing near the water, and Mr. Martindale's rifle instinctively went to his shoulder. One of the animals disappeared in a thicket in two jumps, but the other, on which the 45-90 was trained, turned back through the sparse timber in the clearing and presented a sure mark. It was a young doe, and Mr. Martindale lowered his rifle and allowed the beautiful little animal to lope away slowly out of sight.

Wouldn't Kill Young Doe. "No matter if the game laws of Maine did permit the shooting of deer, and no matter if the camp ran the risk of being shy of fresh meat until one of the harder-to-get bucks was obtained, he wouldn't pull trigger on the doe. It was an example of sportsmanship that brought its own reward to Mr. Martindale's guest, for the latter left camp a week later with the two deer which accompanied him as trophies out of the woods had antlers on their heads.

Always the freshest, most chipper man at Camp Martindale, after a hard day's hunt on the ridges or in the bogs after bucks, or a toilsome tramp through deserted, choked-up old lumber roads in search of the likeliest haunts of the moose, was "that man Martindale," old enough in years to be the father of any of the rest of us, but just as young as the youngest in spirit, and physical endurance.

After the dishes had been cleared of the last traces of food, and the bacon, and pipes were wreathing aromatic clouds of smoke under the rafters, he aided good digestion with still better stories. Some of them were about his early struggles in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, some were about his big game trophies of past years in Maine and New Brunswick, and still others were recent experiences in contact with individuals whom Mr. Martindale met a few weeks ago, while moose hunting in the Miramichi country. These latter he has promised to write in a series of articles for the North American.

Enjoyable as were the experiences of a week in the woods to one who was a "tenderfoot" on a Maine hunting trip, it was even more inspiring to see and catch the radiated energy of this true-born sportsman, and the personification of cheerful, good fellowship, tireless endurance, expert woodcraft and the highest ideals of sportsmanship. A man grown younger every day!

Little wonder, then, as I stood watching him plunge down into the woods that crisp October morning, there should revert to the mind, as an involuntary tribute: "That man Martindale!"

HUNTED GAS LEAK WITH LIGHTED MATCH Explosion Follows, Causing Death and Burning Down House. Toronto, Nov. 9.—G. F. Frost, aged 66, was instantly killed this afternoon by an explosion of gas in his house in Deer Park, north of the city limits. In searching for a leak of gas in the cellar, Frost lit a match. A terrific explosion followed, Frost being apparently instantly killed.

The explosion resulted in a fire that completely gutted the house. Frost's daughter made an heroic attempt to drag her father's body from the house, but was almost overcome by smoke, and had to be dragged out herself. Later the badly burned body was recovered.

Frost, who is survived by six adult children, was caretaker of Upper Canada College, which position he had occupied for 25 years. He was, therefore, widely known among Upper Canada College boys throughout the country.

MINISTERS ARE GUARDED The Suffragettes Creating a Reign of Terror in London. New York, Nov. 9.—The Sun has received the following cable dispatch from London:

Because there has been no suffragette demonstration on a grand scale within the past few days it must not be taken to mean that the militant women are abandoning their tactics. No cabinet minister can afford to hold a meeting without the most elaborate police precautions.

Yesterday when Prime Minister Asquith and his wife left Paddington Station for Davenport, where Mrs. Asquith christened the new ship, they were protected by a large body of police and got into the station by a subway. At a private afternoon in Eaton Square on Thursday a couple of ladies, apparently guests, attacked the Premier with cries of "votes for women," and he had to be escorted to another room. This afternoon a large number of suffragettes dressed in prison clothes drove through London preparing for a demonstration outside Holway jail.

On Thursday there was held the first meeting of the recently-formed Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, the president of which is the Countess of Jersey. The meeting was very well attended and the idea seemed to be very favorably received. The policy of the league is absolutely opposed to parliamentary enfranchisement of women, but favors the idea of giving them a share in municipal work.

REV. MR. BOWEN SELECTED. Toronto, Nov. 9.—At the annual meeting of the Canadian Council of Brotherhood of St. Andrew and Philip held today, W. J. McCrea, Toronto, was elected president. Other officers elected were: Vice-presidents, Rev. A. J. Bowen, London; T. Riches, Hamilton; D. J. Gordon, Kingston; chaplain, E. C. Cole, Barrie; treasurer, E. A. Breckenridge, Toronto.

## ELECTRIC CARS IN COLLISION

Two Mo'ormen Killed in it.  
On Crash Near Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 8.—At midnight on Saturday a collision on the interurban line of the British Columbia electric railway between Vancouver and New Westminster took place between Beconsfield and Gladstone, two suburban stations near Vancouver. Motorman Murdoch Macdonald, Vancouver, was killed; Motorman Jamieson, of the Westminster car, had his skull fractured and is dead. Both cars were running fast in the fog.

Two cars from Vancouver were let through at Cedar Cottage. The front one collided with the New Westminster car travelling fast towards Vancouver. The New Westminster car, driving down hill, ran into the rear of the Vancouver car, driving up hill, through it as far as the second compartment. The passengers were thrown to the floor, those in the first compartment being badly hurt. Seventeen were in the hospital. The injured were:

W. S. Sherik, contusion of the knee.  
A. Gray, broken leg.  
J. Farquharson, broken leg.  
G. Farquharson, broken leg.  
S. Lowery, city police force, cut head.  
A. C. Curran, Collingwood, cut head.  
W. McAddie, cut head.  
Frank Parr, cut head.  
W. S. Sherik, contusion of the knee.  
W. T. Harris, conductor Westminster car, head cut.  
A. McLeach, head cut.  
D. C. Craig, Cedar Cottage, hip hurt.  
A. Murgabroyd, badly shaken.  
Miss Bennett, Central Park, leg injured.  
Sylvester Johnston, Central Park, leg injured.  
Lee Chow, head injured.  
This is the first serious accident in the history of the company.

## BAND "BURGLED" A CRACK SHOT

Sensational Robbery of Mansion of a Rich New Yorker. New York, Nov. 8.—With the piercing ray of a burglar's dark lantern shining in their eyes, and two revolvers held by masked men covering them, the five members of the family of Charles E. Tayntor, a wealthy granite dealer, lay in bed in the Tayntor home in Borough Park, Brooklyn, for more than an hour this morning, while a third masked burglar packed up \$20,000 worth of jewelry and silverware. Then the burglars bound Mr. Tayntor hand and foot, and escaped with their booty. Mr. Tayntor is known as a crack shot, being a member of the New York State Rifle Association, and having been a contestant, it is said, in the recent Olympic pistol tournament at Bisley, England. It is believed that the burglars knew this, and took no chances with him.

The three men gained entrance to the house by breaking a window on the ground floor. One of the burglars struck Mr. Tayntor a crushing blow on the head with a black jack as he lay asleep. The blow stunned the sleeper, and a few minutes later, when Mr. Tayntor recovered his senses, he found three revolvers leveled at him.

Mr. and Mrs. Tayntor were made to sit in a room and two of the burglars held them covered while the third began search of the room. The noise awakened Alice Tayntor, the 15-year-old daughter, and she came into the room crying. The burglars ordered her into bed with her parents, and the child obeyed. A moment later Charles Tayntor, aged 8, and Harold, aged 12, came into the room, having been awakened. They were made to sit on the side of the bed.

The burglar who was ransacking the room found a jewel case with two wedding rings in it on a bureau, and was about to take them when Mr. Tayntor asked him not to. The robber replied that he would take everything of value he could find, but one of his pals said: "Don't take those wedding rings. I am a married man, and have some sentiment about wedding rings." The rings were left, but two toy banks belonging to the Taylor boys were broken and rifled of \$7. When the room had been completely searched the child began to weep downstairs and packed up silverware. Later he returned to the bedroom and commanded Mr. Tayntor to give a \$500 diamond ring he wore. The ring would not come off, so one of the burglars grimly drew a jackknife and was about to cut it off Mr. Tayntor's finger. Mr. Tayntor protested and begged permission to go to the bathroom and soak the ring off with soap and water.

"We will do that ourselves," said the man who appeared to be the leader of the trio, and he forthwith escorted Tayntor to the bathroom and secured the ring. The leader lifted Mr. Tayntor's pillow and found a revolver under it. He laughed and dropped the weapon into his pocket. Then the three men produced a rope and bound Mr. Tayntor's hands and feet and escaped.

## NOT ONLY THE INDIGESTION BUT ALL STOMACH MISERY VANISHES

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Nov. 7.....	Lake Manitoba.....	Nov. 14.....
Nov. 14.....	First class, \$72.50 up; second class, \$45.00 up; third, \$27.50 up; according to steamer selected. Complete sailing list just issued. Write to or call on nearest ticket agent, copy, or S. J. SHARP, W.P.A., Toronto.	

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## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

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Arrive from the east—\*3:40 a.m., 10:58 a.m., \*11:12 a.m., \*11:23 a.m., \*6:30 p.m., \*8:00 p.m., 10:10 p.m.

Arrive from the west—\*12:09 a.m., \*3:35 a.m., \*11:28 a.m., 1:10 p.m., \*4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—\*12:14 a.m., \*3:40 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., \*11:33 a.m., 2:05 p.m., \*4:25 p.m., \*6:53 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

The trains leaving at 7:30 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations.

Depart for the west—\*3:50 a.m., 7:40 a.m., \*11:15 a.m., \*11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., \*8:18 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:40 p.m. trains stop at all stations.

### LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:25 a.m., 4 p.m., \*6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., \*11:27 a.m., 2:20 p.m., \*8:10 p.m. (International Limited).

### STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—\*2:25 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:33 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.

Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:26 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

### LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:10 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

Trains marked thus \* run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sundays.

### PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Depart—5:40 a.m., \*7:10 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:30 p.m., \*3:40 p.m.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., \*12:20 p.m., 1:50 p.m., 4:40 p.m., \*9:20 p.m.

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Arrive—From the east \*11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., \*10:52 p.m. From the west—\*4:30 a.m., \*8:35 a.m., \*5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—\*4:40 a.m., 8:43 a.m., \*5:28 p.m. For the west—\*11:35 a.m., \*8:10 p.m., \*11:00 p.m.

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