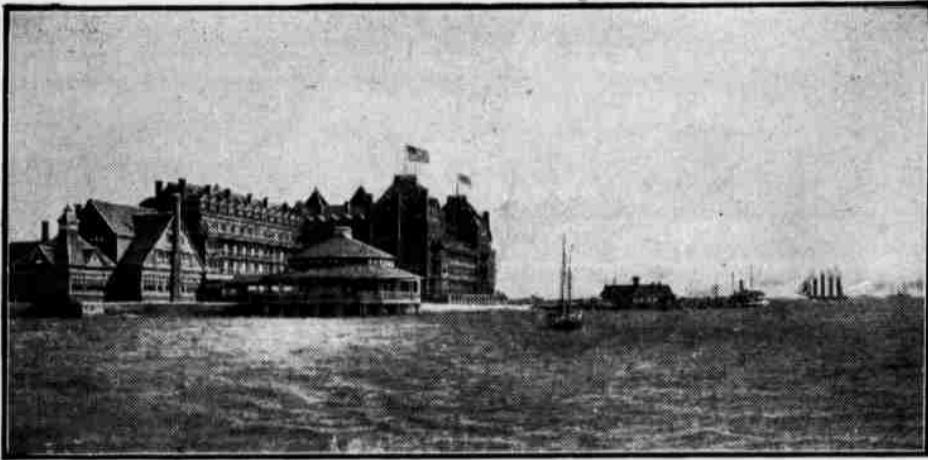




# HOTEL CHAMBERLIN IN THE HOLLY INN LOBBY

OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.



The Most Magnificent Resort Hotel in America.

Open all the year.

New Management 1903

GOLF, TENNIS, SAILING, HUNTING	FORTRESS MONROE, the largest Military Post in the United States.	A GREAT GAME PRESERVE 10,000 Acres
	HAMPTON ROADS, the rendezvous of the North Atlantic Squadron.	
	Best Shooting East of the Rockies, From Sept. to May.	

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The daily sailings of the handsomely appointed steamships of the OLD DOMINION LINE

offer the most delightful way to reach Pinehurst.

Leaving New York at 3 p. m., daily, the traveler has the advantage of a spacious stateroom, excellent cuisine and a restful, bracing sea-trip down the coast, reaching Norfolk next morning, to finish the trip on the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

A landing is made at the HOTEL CHAMBERLIN, OLD POINT COMFORT, where stop-over privilege permits of an agreeable break in the journey to Pinehurst.

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### OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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H. B. Walker, V. P. & Traf. Mgr.

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Provides excellent New England cooking and table board at a moderate price.

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IN comprehensiveness, variety of design and beauty of workmanship the very exceptional stock of The GORHAM Co., Silversmiths, will be found particularly satisfactory.

Every possible requirement of the FAMILY TABLE SERVICE, including choice patterns in FORKS AND SPOONS; an unequalled assortment of Dinner, Tea and Dessert Services; as well as a unique collection of highly artistic and varied Individual Pieces may be seen at their warerooms.

## The GORHAM CO.

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths,

Broadway and Nineteenth St., New York.

### Veteran Fisherman Recalls Days Experience in Northern Maine.

#### Thrilling Tale of a Battle With a Monster Speckled Trout

---A Guest's Story.

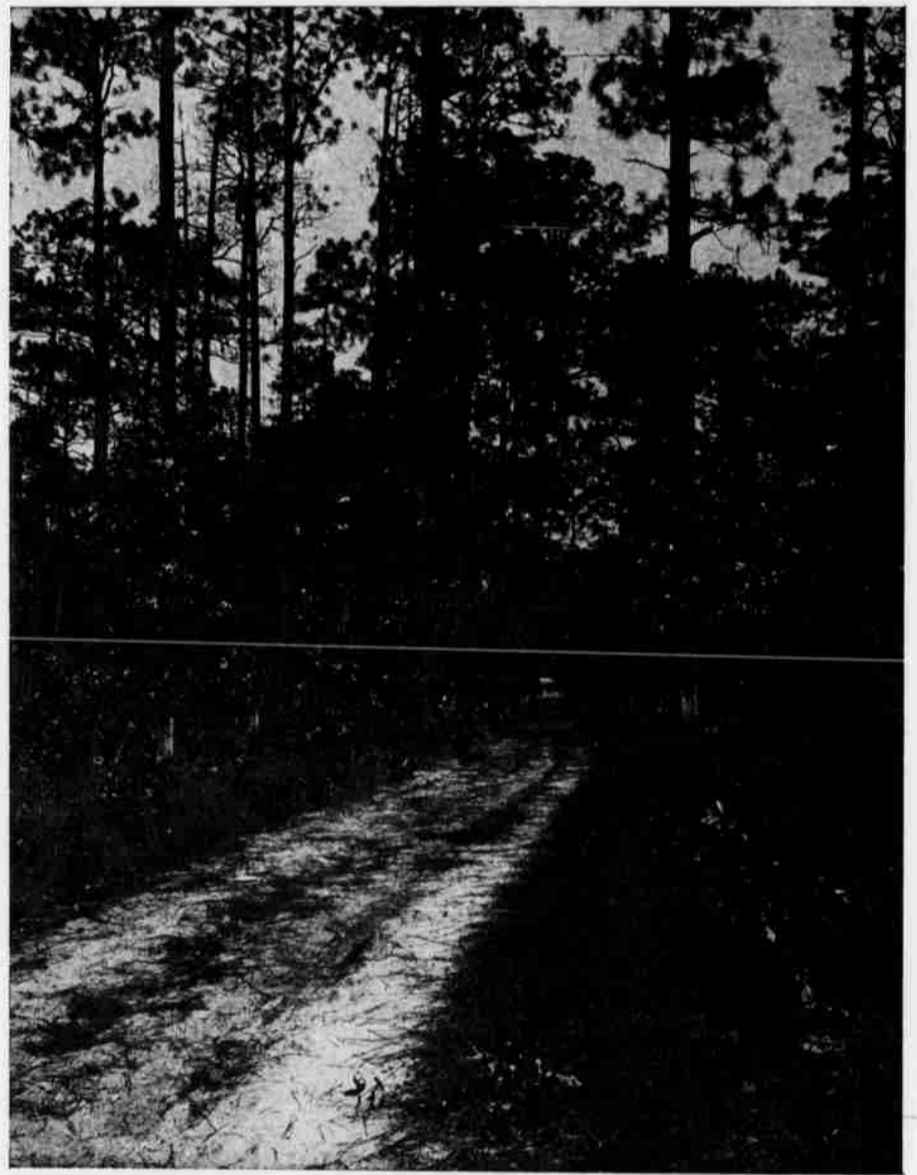
"I HAVE HAD many days' fishing," said the veteran angler as he settled back in a chair at The Holly Inn, the other evening, "and I've enjoyed the sport in quite a range of territory, but the best days' sport I ever had in my life was at a small and unknown pond,

dreamed about, and it's well worth the journey for the experience.'

"And so we started, lugging a canoe and supplies for a week, and reaching our destination after fourteen hours of tedious, difficult travelling.

"It was a strangely wild and beautiful place, and I believe the guide was right when he said that he didn't believe the place had been fished more than half a dozen times in the last twenty years.

"The pond lies in a niche in the mountains, and the stern cliffs rise straight out of the water on all sides, and the water is as cold as ice and as clear as crystal, evidently supplied from cold springs underneath. Great spruce and cedar trees have fallen down the mountain sides and are piled up in the water in reckless confusion, beneath which are



SPRING DAYS AT PINEHURST.

called Little Dingley, lying at the headwaters of the Penobscot river, in Northern Maine.

"It's twenty miles in there from the Canadian line, and a rough, hard journey; ten miles by buckboard, a tramp of eight miles over a spotted trail, and then a push, slide and tumble down a brook that always seems to be just low and rocky enough to make wading uncomfortable and canoeing an impossibility.

"I'd been kicking to my guide about fishing close to camp and describing the kind of sport that I wanted to have just once before I died, until at last, he proposed the trip in to the little pond I have mentioned. 'It's a rough journey,' he added, 'but mark my word, there is sport there, the like of which you never

deep, dark caverns, in which the trout love to hide.

"As I stood on the shore the morning after our arrival and looked across the little sheet, barely a quarter of a mile wide, and not more than twice as long, I felt amply repaid for the hardships of the journey, for there is no stranger freak of nature in the Maine wilderness. Directly in the centre of the pond two huge twin rocks rise straight out of the water, which, ten feet away, is apparently bottomless.

"Breakfast over, the guide was pushing the canoe toward those huge rocks. Reaching them we alighted on one and he instructed me to cast my flies over by the side of the other boulder, which was some thirty feet away.

"Half a dozen times the flies trailed