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TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

TIME TABLE REVISED TO WEDNESDAY JANUARY 1ST, 1919.

GOING WEST

Station	Express Daily	Mixed Daily
Middleton	11.55	6.00
Lawrencetown	11.50	6.25
Paradise	11.57	6.40
Bridgetown	12.08	7.00
Tupperville	12.18	7.35
Round Hill	12.28	7.45
Annapolis Royal	12.42	7.30
Upper Clements	12.53	8.45
Clementsport	12.59	8.55
Deep Brook	1.06	9.10
Bear River	1.15	9.25
Imbertville	1.18	
Smith's Cove	1.22	9.35
Digby	1.37	9.55

GOING EAST

Station	Express Daily	Mixed Daily
Digby	12.05	1.37
Smith's Cove	12.20	1.57
Imbertville	12.24	
Bear River	12.28	12.12
Deep Brook	12.37	2.27
Clementsport	12.44	2.42
Upper Clements	12.53	2.52
Annapolis Royal	1.07	3.30
Round Hill	1.22	4.00
Tupperville	1.32	4.20
Bridgetown	1.45	5.10
Paradise	1.56	5.35
Lawrencetown	2.03	5.55
Middleton	2.20	6.30

R. U. PARKER,
 General Passenger Agent.
 GEO. E. GRAHAM,
 General Manager.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	TIME TABLE	Accom.
Wednesdays only	IN EFFECT Jan. 5th 1919	Wednesdays only

Read down	STATIONS	Read up
11.10 a.m.	Middleton Ar.	5.00 p.m.
11.41 a.m.	*Clarence	4.25 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	Bridgetown	4.10 p.m.
12.32 p.m.	Granville Centre	3.45 p.m.
12.39 p.m.	Granville Ferry	3.25 p.m.
13.12 p.m.	*Karsdale	3.05 p.m.
13.30 p.m.	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	2.45 p.m.

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W. A. CUNNINGHAM,
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 MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA

A LITTLE DISPLAY OF TEMPER



A Group of Rocky Mountain Sheep.

ONE bears of the affection of wild creatures and their devotion to one another, even unto death. This is undoubtedly true in many instances, but to my mind more wild animals die through displaying bad temper than through gentler sensations. I have seen a grand ten-point black-tailed deer brought down while bullying a game little spike buck; I have lain on the edge of deep pools and watched a surly pike ram his head into a net while attempting to intimidate a big bull trout. More-over I once saw a grizzly that died because he had lost his temper when a man approached as the bear was eating, and I was once an active participant in the death of a lynx that would have escaped unscathed had it not stopped to claw up a dog that it could have outrun on three legs.

On the other hand, there are many stories of affection. Once I was an interested observer of a she-bear putting a fast-climbing Dane up a tree and keeping him there while her twin offspring climbed neighboring saplings, and were, in her opinion, safe. I have been told of devoted trout that committed deliberate suicide because their mates had taken the hook. I know of enormous bull walrus off the coast of British Columbia who personally see to it that even the smallest pup is driven into the safety of the black waters when danger threatens. Then there are the tales of the male salmon guarding the spawning beds from buccaneering trout while the female salmon deposit eggs; and sailing men have told me of mother whales sheltering calves under their great flukes while the harpoons were reaching deep for the mother's vitals. All these are worth telling, and may be told, but at present the subject is temper leading up to the demise of the mountain sheep whose eighteen-inch horns had been the ambition of hunters for three long seasons.

He ranged the peaks a score of miles below Palliser where, from the highest pinnacles of his range he could look down the fair sweep of the valley and see C. P. R. trains toiling up or roaring down the grades. He did not know what they were nor did they bother his mind much. To him they may have been crawling flies. His simple life did not include them, his chief annoyances were the self-imposed duties of whipping young and ambitious bucks, keeping his band of ewes in proper subjection, and avoiding the two-legged creatures who crawled so clumsily about the rocks and frightened one with sharp noises followed by high-pitched whines. Once, when he had heard of the sharp sound and did not hear the whine, his side had hurt for a long time and the blood had flowed as if when an eagle or a mountain lion rips the hide, and he did not want to repeat that experience. So he was very watchful.

One day he stood on a wind-swept slope and gazed, high-headed, over the broad valley. Nearby his band browsed placidly. A youthful and indolent male edged over to a tale of the male salmon guarding the spawning beds from buccaneering trout while the female salmon deposit eggs; and sailing men have told me of mother whales sheltering calves under their great flukes while the harpoons were reaching deep for

been appreciation of what followed outbreaks of temper by the lord and master. A small stone, loosened by the hasty feet of the young buck rolled and clattered down the rocky grade.

Around behind a distant shoulder of rocks a man who had been fruitlessly hunting all afternoon had turned toward his valley camp, warned by the lengthening shadows of late afternoon. He heard a distant clatter of a rolling stone on loose shale and paused a moment before dropping to his knees and creeping noiselessly toward the point from whence the clatter came. The big buck, high-headed and watchful, but raging and foaming with anger, was just stepping down toward the impudent young male with every intention of inflicting the merited chastisement when the rifle cracked. The animal turned and fled, blindly and fast, half stunned by the blow that smote his shoulder and burned his interior. He ran instinctively upward while his band also scattered to the heights by other routes and the white man, breathless and panting, followed the blood drops that marked the path of his prize. He followed to the snow line and beyond, his hunter's soul gladdened by the crimson dashes on the white mantle. And at last, a half mile from where he had raised the band, and a thousand feet above the spot, he came upon the bighorn chief's body, half buried in the pure white of a heaven-climbing slide. One little display of jealous temper had ruined the life of the most astute Rocky Mountain sheep in the whole hunting country south of the C. P. R. main line.

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