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VOL. XLVI—No. 34 BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1918 TERMS:—\$1.50 per Year in Advance. Single Copies 3 cents

FINAL SALE!

Men's White Flannelette Night Shirts
a beautiful quality (you will admire the workmanship and the materials) at much less than the present price of the flannel in them.

Super-Dreadnought Work Shirts
in Blue Mixture or Olive Khaki. Shirts that will hold you on to an apple limb. Fact! Besides a large range of lighter weights in a variety of materials.

Regetta or Fine Shirts
14 to 18 (eighteen) inches. WHITE SHIRTS, 2 styles, a full range of sizes.

I am offering a grand range of MEN'S STRIPED FLANNELETTE NIGHT SHIRTS at less than MY OWN present price of the flannel in them. This is no "Fairy Tale." I have the same quality, size! and the very same patterns in stock by the yard.

As an index to the size, I have supplied O. S. MILLER, Esq., with these Extra Out Size Night Shirts, and he has permitted me to say that they are "some" Shirts, and that he is well pleased with them.

It is impossible to enumerate the many lines not noted in this advt., but I would suggest that you see my Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, etc., before buying your Christmas needs, and BUY EARLY. It will cost you nothing to examine them or any other article in my stock and you will not be urged to buy. NO TELEPHONE ORDERS.

During NOVEMBER and DECEMBER my store will be open every day, excepting Wednesdays, from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m. Also open Tuesday nights until 10 p.m., and Saturday nights until 11 p.m.

WALTER SCOTT
"The Keen Cutter"
GRANVILLE STREET, BRIDGETOWN Next door Public Telephone Office

On Xmas Morning

No home will be complete if that new Sewing Machine has been overlooked

We have an assortment of attractive designs and are prepared to suit every taste and every pocket book. We have selected for the Christmas trade a model which we offer at

Special Price of \$35.00

A beautiful finished machine, drop head, everything the latest. Really a wonderful value. * * *

No more at this price after Christmas. Every machine is guaranteed by the White Sewing Machine Co.

On hand and for sale at reasonable prices. Shorts, Bran, Corn Meal, Flour in barrels, half barrels, 98lb. bags, 49lb. bags and 24lb. bags. You are not obliged to buy substitutes as Food Board has cancelled order.

JOSEPH I. FOSTER
Granville Street Telephone No. 55

TODD'S
REASONABLE GOODS
Cream of West Flour
GROCERY
THE OLD STAND
OF J. L. LLOYD & SONS

Christmas Photographs

What does anyone appreciate more than pictures of their friends? Then, too, they are so convenient to mail to friends at a distance. We have a large variety of styles, and would be pleased to make your CHRISTMAS GIFTS for you. Please come early to allow time for finishing.

We have a fine line of PHOTO FRAMES, also a few framed "CUPID" PICTURES, which make excellent gifts. Would be pleased to show you these at any time.

GEORGIA H. CUNNINGHAM
"The Photographer in Your Town"

The Time Has Come

TO MAKE THE

Christmas Fruit Cake

We have the Raisins, Spice, Figs, Dates, Citron, Orange and Lemon Candied Peel.
Also a full line of Chocolate, Cream and Nut Bars, and Fancy Biscuit. Just arrived. Nice Saucy Kraut.

GIVE US A CALL
Mrs. S. C. TURNER
VARIETY STORE

52 CENTS CASH
— FOR —
Fresh Eggs

GEO. H. BENT
BRIDGETOWN Phone 24-12

THE BIG DRUMMER

By E. V. Williams, in Rod and Gun.

Quit! Quit! Quit! Quit!
There was a slight rustle in the brush off to the left and all was still again.
The Mongrel was a good bird dog—he was sure—but right about here he most always got food; and this time was no exception to the rule. He stood with one foot uplifted testing the air with his nose. Many a better bred dog than he would make a far worse picture as he stood there at attention. His master, some yards away, gazed at him in admiration, and chuckled to himself: "Old Sport" and "big drummer" are matching wits again. My guess is "the drummer wins." Suiting the action to the word, he slipped the slide over the "safe" on his gun and sat down on a convenient stump.

The dog broke his pose and, casting a sidelong glance at his master, began a systematic forage up and down, across and back. At times he could be seen tantalizing "partridge smell" so strong that it seemed as if surely they must be right there, and then it would suddenly vanish. If the dog had but known, the "big drummer," from the lower branches of a small fir, had taken in his every movement for some ten minutes. Five other birds of the big fellow's particular covey, well taught by him, but with less real experience, were keeping well in the shelter of the undergrowth and giving the dog a merry chase. The drummer knew very well what the game was. Had he not rehearsed this very play himself time and time again! The last weeks of summer and all of September had been one constant practice, back and forth and across. The undergrowth hereabouts was well adapted to this sort of manoeuvring. Successive rows of blackberry and other vines made a veritable jungle of the top of the hill, and through this, like a series of tunnels, were the small trails. In places there was just room for a bird to run; a dog would never have been able to force himself through and this was the security the drummer had picked out for himself and his following when the guns had begun to bang on September first.

One place there was that the birds did not allow for. Leading right up in the very thicket of their bush house was a narrow lane of tall grass. This had been cut off from the ordinary observer's point of view by an old windfall, whose tangled branches completely hid the tall grass that filled a lane where at one time a narrow gauge railway had run to an old logging camp. Old Sport pushing through the tangle of branches stumbled on to the grass lane and in a minute's time he was following his nose straight for the cover where the partridge had sopped for a bit of rest, for truth to tell the old dog had given him a pretty smart chase. There were times when he was within three feet of the particular bird he was following, but the vines were so thick that the partridge could not have taken wing had he cared to, and knowing every foot of the ground he even sat still in certain places and studied the dog at a distance of four or five feet, while the dog fretted and whined as the sharp thorns of the bushes caught and even punctured his coat as he vainly endeavored to push his quarry.

But now—now it was different. The old dog was hot, mad, excited. Ordinarily he could keep his head with any of them, but instinctively he knew there was no chance for his master to shoot in such a place. He finished the grass lane with a rush and a bound that took him through the thin layer of vines at the end. Four grouse there were, within six feet of where he landed. There was a wild scattering and the birds ran in four directions down as many small lanes in the brush. Just for an instant the four-legged hunter was puzzled and he proceeded to chase down the most sizeable of the four trails. At the end of this trail was a ravine and at the edge of the ravine was the fir tree where the "big drummer" had watched proceedings for the last half hour.

Whirrr—rr—rrrr! With a rush of wings the first bird left the covey and sailed away across to the further slope. A startled hunter jumped to his feet and gazed openmouth, forgetting the gun in his hands, as a possible double tore away to the left and right.

Two more there were that Sport could not start at once. When the fourth bird started he traveled a short twenty feet above the ravine, when the sixteen gauge thirty yards away broke the silence and the crumpled stone dead in mid-air and fell half way to the bottom of the gorge, falling in a bit of hollow between two tree trunks. The old dog heard the shot, saw the bird fall, but in the retrieving he was to get a surprise. He rushed forward only to find himself on the edge of an embankment some sixty feet high. For ten feet there was a straight drop and for the next twenty there was a possible foothold. About in the centre of this there were two feathers floating some few feet above the ground. The dog marked the place and skirted along the edge of the embankment, and the gully there formed old Sport tried to negotiate. A bit of the uncertain foothold gave away and he half rolled, half fell some ten or twelve feet to the bottom. With a burst of wing power that startled everything in the immediate vicinity, the "big drummer" burst from the tree—but the big tree was between the partridge and the hunter.

UNREST IN GERMANY

THE SITUATION HAS REACHED A CRITICAL STAGE.

New Republic Has Been Formed—The Greater Part of South Germany Will Not Submit to the Terrorism of the Dictators in Berlin.

LONDON, November 26.—The latest reports received in London from Germany indicate that the internal situation there has reached a critical stage. Although a proclamation was issued declaring that all political power is in the hands of the German Socialist Republic and the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, opposition to such a government is growing outside Berlin.

A greater part of South Germany, including Wurttemberg, Baden and Bavaria, has declared it will not submit to the terrorism of the dictators in Berlin who have replaced the Kaiser and military.

FORMED A REPUBLIC.

An independent republic also has been formed in North Western Germany with Hamburg as the capital. Even in Prussia, according to the reports, feeling against the Berlin Soldiers' and Workmen's Council is gaining ground.

sudden interest the grasshopper chasing had suddenly stopped and the careless one was stretching up to his limit to watch something down the hillside. What that something was, the bird could not see, but it was evidently no friend, as the partridge on the hillside suddenly shot into the air and went away for cover an angle and speed that the best of shots would have found trouble in the following.

The bird farther down the fence also made a bolt through the air for the green timber straight back across the ravine, but the old drummer had another idea. This was the second time that day that the dog had discovered his hiding place.

With a warning "Quit! Quit! Quit! Quit!" he started on the run for the end of the fence. There was where the bush heaps began. There was where the stunted growth of firs and spruce were. Once there and he'd even take a chance with this nuisance of a dog, and the dog accidentally did the very thing that was most dangerous to the "big drummer's" plans. The ground between the dog and fence was comparatively open, no place for birds here, and as his master was coming up pretty fast he decided to hustle across to where the fence joined the brush at the edge of the wood.

In the shadow the grouse ran as fast as their legs would carry them. Fifty yards, thirty, the dog dropped out of sight in a miniature valley, while over the next hill came the man animal with his gun, and then the dog suddenly reappeared not more than twenty yards away. Two of the birds lost their nerve and bounded into the big fir, while the fainted leader hugged the ground and ran the faster.

Bang! Bang! It was what he had expected. His two companions crumpled up in the air. He stretched up, took a quick look at the dog, and as he came bounding over the fence to retrieve, the wise old leader scuttled under the friendly long hanging limb of a fir tree, ran a hundred feet or so and then burst into a corkscrow fight that twisted and turned, but eventually took him to the thicket from which he had fled in the morning, and at sundown the wise lady of the covey joined her big mate, and they were sleeping balls of smudgy gray against the darker shadows far up in the big fir when the moon looked over the hilltop that October evening.

Away down in the camp old Sport and his master admired five plump partridge that they were putting away in the ice house—glory enough for one day.

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