

Weekly Mirror

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1880. NO. 32

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N.S. HENRY E. PIPER, Proprietor.

Advertising Rates: One Inch—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 45 cents.

For Sale, or to be Let. A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING FOUR ACRES OF LAND.

The Scientific American. THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large newspaper, published in the most beautiful style.

THE PATENTS. The Patent Office, Washington, D. C. has issued a patent...

MANHOOD. HOW TO RESTORE IT. We have recently published a book...

The Silverwell Medical Co. 411 N. York, Post Office Box 4566.

DENTISTRY. BRIDGEWORK AND LAWRENCEWORK. All the labor will be done...

1000 GENTS WANTED FOR VIGORIN. C. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY. Parlor and Church Organs. For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Respond, they are Unsurpassed.

ANCHOR LINE. London to Halifax & Boston. ANGLO, ELYSIA, ALSATA, TRINACRIA.

MONEY TO LEND! The Annapolis Building Society. Loans of Money on Real Estate Security.

GREAT BARGAIN! His Beautiful Residence. LOWER MIDDLETON.

Godfrey Bros. Wholesale and Retail Grocers, Consignments, Apples and Produce Respects Fully Solicited.

Dr. E. N. Payzant, Physician, Surgeon & Dentist. Middleton, N. S.

Dr. S. P. Whitman, Dentist. Would respectfully inform his friends in Annapolis County...

Ready-Made CLOTHING! BUFFALO ROBES, &c. JUST RECEIVED from Montreal...

Splendid Assortment of FALL SUITS. Paris and Vests, Also, 1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes.

Edmund Bent LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Sales attended promptly in any part of the County.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

The Chance Shot

It was a pleasant place truly, that old-fashioned living-room, with its trimly patterned walls, lined with cheap, pressed prints...

The robin's song was all unheeded, as Farmer Bell's glances wandered out of the window...

Jack went up to the north meadow, still in quest of palm which rose to his lips...

Linus stood erect, her lips compressed, she considered the matter settled.

"It is true, every word" roared the frate old farmer, pointing his hickory stick upon the floor.

Linus stood erect, her lips compressed, she considered the matter settled.

"Oh, Mr. Garney," cried Linus, with tempestuous earnestness, "do try, please, to see if you can't find a way."

"Yes, father," returned Linus, smiling, "I'll do my best."

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It was certainly an ambiguous negative, but Farmer Bell chose to apply to it the first clause of his command.

Yet he was not quite satisfied. His suspicions were well founded.

There were stolen conferences across the pasture lanes, at milking time, and often Lina, hunting the sweet feed-strawberries...

Yet she would not do as Rhoda had done. "We can wait," father in sure do give his consent one time or another.

In dry meantime Farmer Bell's wounded foot healed slowly—very slowly, owing to the chronic state of ureter, the village doctor said with a smile.

So the days slipped by; coming at length to a sun-brown afternoon in July, the air was dewy with heat, and the whole earth seemed asleep.

Farmer Bell sat in his accustomed easy chair by the south window. A wondrously drowsy lazily above a rose tree without...

Farmer Bell's face flamed an angry red. "Dotter the bees," he cried, "I'll shoot 'em!"

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