## Ituckly © Ilnnitor.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1876.

VOL. 4
Fiteckly fatonitor,

## Every Webheedhy at Briligetoon

sAKYOTJN and PTPEB, Propritors.







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 Silver and Brass Plater



 Flour, Oatmeal, Conmeal, Etc.

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| GLASS! GLASS |
|  | White Lead, Olls, Brushes,


 Monuments, Grave-Stones TABLE TOPS, \&c.


FURNYTURI WIBRRCOHS
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| ct Elitaratu |  | The dear, familiar hall of their old brown stone palace; their own beauti-ful parlor, and the same pictures on the hondeme walle |
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| blosems on the bare vines that lattio ed Pansy's pretty window. 'Are you ill,Floretta? asked Pansy, in an anxious voice. <br> ' $N o$, Pansy, pet; I am not ill, but I |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| Pansy sprang to her sister's side, and twined one arm tenderly about her haughty shoulders. <br> Why are you miserable, dear! I |  |  |
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| should not be miserable if Frank Ray ${ }^{\text {'D D }}$ 't,Pansy! Don't speak of him |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| I must forget him, or I shall go mad $1 \%$. The majestic beauty flung herself in to |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| ed her soft, slender hands, blazing with <br> gems, to her throbbing forehead. |  |  |
| Pansy gured upon her sister in un. peakable surprise and grief. This <br>  one so proud and self-reliant os |  |  |
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| you don't tell me what troubles you; asked the little maid, stroking with her satiny hand Floretta's blue-black tres |  |  |
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| I don't want to be comforter,' ans wered the agitated girl. 'I feel asByron must have felt when he wrote: byron mus her |  |  |
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| They have torn me, and I bleed. <br> 'I don't understand you in the least, |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Floretta,' responded Pansy, with her clear pure eyes fixed wonderfully on |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| The girl made a perceptible effort to regain her rigid serenity. Some day |  |  |
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| Pansy must know the truth, so she <br> would tell it now, and have it over. <br> I have broken $m y$ engagement |  |  |
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|  |  | Theol orely child woman hid her hlush- |
| Frank Raynor,' she said. 'He has lost <br> every penny of his fortune. Hie is <br> scribbling poems at a dollar a rhyme |  |  |
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| of course I couldn't be the wife of any man, no matter how much he loved me, if he were as poor as that. So I gave |  |  |
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| 'I am ashamed of you, Floretta,' ans-wered Pansy, while her delicate apple |  |  |
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| 'I would have'followed Frank Raynora beggar through the streets if I lovedhim. I don't believe you know themeaning of the word love, Floretta |  |  |
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| meaning of the word love, Floretta Treylayn.' |  |  |
| that you should talk like this? You are only a child, and know nothing of |  |  |
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| sure than the poor, aspiring, unknown |  |  |
| Frank Raynor could ever do? <br> 'A fig for society l' exclaimed Pansy, |  |  |
| indignantly. 'Society is a sham, woven |  | mend thyell, rather than ithe world. |
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| pocrisy. Gire me thelove of on honest refined and industrious man, and your |  |  |
| silvered humbugs may break into bub. bles for my derision. |  |  |
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| the stately belle, rising with great dig. nity. I thought my sister would un- |  |  |
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| Your cheeks are hot and your eyes are |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| like living coals. You are trembling from head to foot. Perhaps you love |  |  |
| Frank Raypor. You may haye him it you can get him. I don't begradge |  |  |
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| Pansywent to the window, and for long time stood contempiatiag |  |  |
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| Bye.and by sho give atternoe toon |  |  |
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