Ayer's Cherry Pectoral "Orrville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1882, "Having been subject to a bronchial affection, with frequent solds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective

a prompt relief, and is the most amedy I have ever tried.

JAMES A. HAMILTON,
Editor of The Crescent."

"Mt. Gilead Ohio, June 26, 1882.

"I have used AVER'S CHERRY
PROTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend if

Dr. L.O. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1873 The Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION ... \$1.50 per an num, in advance; if not paid wi months, \$2.00 of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER, Editor and Proprie

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HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED We have recently published new editor of DR. CULVER WELL'S CELEBRATED ES

SAY on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental: and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

SPrice, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated anthor, in this admirable Essay, dearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself what his condition may be, may cure hims

The Culverwell Medical Co. 41 Ann St., New York BRIDGETOWN

(LIMITED.)

TO MANUFACTURE

STOVES, PLOWS, HAY CUTTERS, MILL and Other Castings. All work attended to promptly. Charges

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WE SELI Cordwood.

A. J. MORRIGON, Merchant Tollor, Middleton, M. S.



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1886.

BIG

HIS MONTH

GENERAL STORE

LAWRENCETOWN.

SHIRTS,

A SMALL LOT OF

GENT'S GENUINE

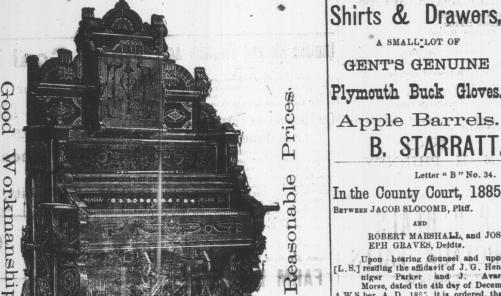
nications solicited on all matters FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL

VOL. 13.

food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA, the Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. i stamps. Furnished in large cans, price \$1.00, by mail, \$1.20 circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.



Non-Freezing FORCE PUMP These Pumps are admitted by thousands who are using them to be the best in the HEAVY Orders Promptly Attended T



ACADIA ORGAN COMFANY.

FIRST CLASS CHURC & PARLOR ORGANS BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA

MONEY (

AT 6 PER CENT.

N. S. P. B Building Society The usual Large and Varied Stock of ENGLISH, SCOTCH,

DAVID FALES.

The Worth

sant fire they sat one night, Husband and wife alone, and they talked of the changes they

Ob, Mary, my wife I' he said.

How much am I worth?' she smilingi asked, He looked in her tender face He looked in her eyes, then own,
And thought for a little space.

| Iights of the near hotel showed through why, sno I don't allow the life to court his You are worth the life I've spent with the white drift. Emma Elisa would walk man's dyin' and comin' to life to court his you are with Miss Ritter when she had to go. own widder—this way.

You are worth my girls and boys.' You are worth the years that are yet You are worth the world to me;

you More than forty years ago; A million is but a bagatelle To the whole wide world you know.' So then, we have never been poor

now,
So tell me the difference, Frank?'
'It isn't much,' he said; with a smile;
'I've gathered a million from the pile,
And locked it up in a bank'

Plymouth Buck Gloves. The Madonna of the Tubs. and pulled her black dress.



half-shut door.

seen,
And how the years had flown;
Of the sons, now scattered far and near
And the daughters wood and wed,
"We're only two in the house or

When we were alone forty years ago,
So young, and happy, and poor.
There wasn't a prettier girl than you.
Nor a better one I am sure.
I promised you then I'd make you rich,
If you'd only share my life;
I'm worth a million pounds to-day I
A million of money, dear, wife !'

You are worth its richest joys; ou are worth more gold

Oh, Mary there is not gold enough
To say what you are worth to me!'
Well, dear, I was worth the world

What ailed Rafe?

Now isn't it nice to know

That you were a million billionaire

More than forty years ago !

We were happy then, we are

Christmas Storu.

Apple Barrels.

B. STARRATT.

(Come here, said Helen Ritter, sobbing to — come here and let me hold you, and tell me all about it.)

(Come here and let me hold you, and tell me all about it.)

(Come here and let me hold you, and tell me all about it.)

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(Come here, said Helen Ritter, sobbing to first it is a stat. I don't know.)

(Come here, said tell noiler noile fast and furious.

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COPY OF THE CALL

AT THE WAY & CO.

AT THE WAY AT

NO. 39.

consequently feeble. If you are suffering from such feelings,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla s just what you need, and will do you incal-

enlable good.

No other preparation so concentrates and combines blood-purifying, vitalizing, enriching, and invigorating qualities as AYER's

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5. tures, and a little about the painter, but to do the rowin'. But I kep' him, for I would forgive.' We misunderstood each not so much, as they chatted quietly.

reckoned his mother'd tike to have the other somehow, Helen. For Love's sake Ready, mother?' asked Rafe at the body. I thought I'd make shore along give me the right to find out how.' some o' them desarted beaches. So I kep' 'Oh,' said Helen Ritter, lifting her arms him, but I covered his face, and I couldn't with a gentle and beautiful motion that Presently, my son.'

him, but 1 covered his face, and I couldn't with a gentle and beside

Coming, mother?' begged Emma make shore, and it was God Almighty

Thought take told me I had never quarcold. I rowed for six days—nigh to himself, she told me I had never quar"Tumin' mummer?" called the other seven. I like to died—Nelly Jane, don't relled with the—man I—loved."

take on so ! Don't, my girl! Set in my
lan awhile-never mind the children
When they moved to shut the hotel door

Just as she came out among them, quiet starved! There, Nelly Jane! Give me a It seemed that Henry Salt had picked again, and gentle with her strange, dull mite of suthin' for her, can't you? She up another verse to this long-suffering gentieness, and stood so, a little apart from dooz look starved. Don't want nothin' but song upon the voyage, for past the bowledge, them, looking on, Rafe got up and went to his window where the curtain hung half drawn (balf-mast, they called it), and why, what a girl you be! Why this is

lights of the near hotel showed through Why, sho! I don't know but it's wuth a forth: the white drift. Emma Eliza would walk over with Miss Ritter when she had to go.

Miss Ritter said she liked a little snow.

How heavy was the calling of the sea! It was like the chords of a majestic, mighty organ built into the walls of the world.

The children chatted about the artists, and pointed out their rooms yonder, specks of light in the dark hotel. Miss Ritter said she like artists, and pointed out their rooms yonder, specks of light in the dark hotel. Miss Ritter now. One night, that last night before I

of light in the dark hotel. Mass Ritter
paid little attention to the artists She
now. One night, that last night before I
sighted the Rose of the West, I was nigh
what siled Rafe?

What siled Rafe? The child had been standing with his was o'the sight o'Job—he looked so face pressed against the window where the But I couldn't bear to heave him over A number of rivers that can be found curtain hung at half-mast; his yellow hair Well, that night-I heard Rafe singin'and in almost any atlas possess remarkable falling forward looked like a little crown. Emma Eliza playin' to him on the instru- characteristics which entitle them to rank

As he stood he began to croon and hum ment, and I heard Rafe sing 'Pull for the shore, fa-ther.'

But what ailed Rafe? He drew away the shore!'

'In a minute, yes my dears.' lap awbile—never mind the children. When they moved to shut the hotel door Mother, Miss Ritter says she's found Why, how you do shake and tremble!—for the snow was drifting in—and so somebody to buy the instrument. Mother, Why, look-a-hear! I DIDN'T DO IT. I'm a stood for a moment between the storm Miss Bitter says she wants an instrument. Hvin' man. I've got you in these here without and the shelter within, Rafe and She says she'll give a hundred and twenty- arms. Bless the girl ! Emma Eliza, what five dollars for it. She says she wants an ails you marm? Has she took on this ing shrilly, instrument very much. Comin' mother?' way all this while-for me? How peaked she looks, and pale and saller-kind o'

looked out. It was snowing fiercely. The like courtin'—old married folk like us roundly on the gale his deep base trolled

Remarkable Rivers.

ODDITIES OF STREAMS OF WATER. among the natural curiosities of the world. In Algeria, for instance, there is Pull for the shore, fa—ther.'

if he hasn't sung that one before since father—' whispered Emma Eliza, but stopped, sobbing. Rafe was humming 'Pull for the shore.'

Pull for the shore, fa—ther.'

I heard him plain as judgment, with the girl j'inin' in the chorus. But I heard into true ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one Rafe quite plain and leud,

Pull for the shore, Fa—ther, pull for white stored by the union of two rivulets, one for which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering the shore!' But what alled kare? He drew away
from the window; the boy had turned
quite pale; and yet it could not be said
that his delicate, transparent face showed
fear. He went up slowly to his mother,
and pulled her black dress.

'Marm, I see my fa—ther.'

the shore!'

Cur'ous w'an't it? How'd that hymn tune
know her chart?, navigatin' all them waters after me? I heard my little soo singing to his father—me's good as a dead
and pulled her black dress.

'Marm, I see my fa—ther.'

through a peat marsh, imbibes gallic acid.
Letters have been written with this compound of iron and gallic acid, which
unite to form the little river. In Columbia there is a river which, by admixture
with sulphuric acid, becomes so sour that through a peat marsh, imbibes gallic acid.

In the Courty Court, 1885
Berwam Jacob Blocourn, Putt.

Berwam Jacob Blocourn, Putt.

No Ber Mark Jacob Blocourn, Putt.

Robert Mark Jacob Blocourn, Putt.

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