

If you are growing Gray or Bald, If your Hair is Thin, Brassy, Dry, Harsh, or Weak, If you are troubled with dandruff, itching, or any humor or Disease of the Scalp, Use

**Yer's Hair Vigor.**

Yer's Hair Vigor is a medicine for the hair, which restores it to its natural color and growth, and prevents it from falling out. It is a perfect dressing and tonic for the scalp.

Prepared by J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

**Weekly Monitor**

Published Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Editor and Proprietor, H. S. PIPER.

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SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1885. NO. 52.

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Purely Vegetable!  
A Valuable Compound FOR RESTORING HEALTH.  
Hundreds have been cured! using this  
LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY.SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.**  
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.  
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS.  
MAKE HENS LAY.

**CUSTOM TAILORING!**  
FIRST PRIZE DOMINION EXHIBITION, 1881!  
CLAYTON & SONS, MERCHANT TAILORS, HALIFAX, N. S.  
BRIDGETOWN, and Vicinity.

**SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,**  
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,  
J. W. BECKWITH'S, BRIDGETOWN.

**ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,**  
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,  
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

**Flour, Corn Meal, and Oatmeal.**  
CROCKERY,  
P. NICHOLSON.

**J. G. H. PARKER,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

**J. M. OWEN,**  
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,  
OFFICE, COX'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

**W. M. FORSYTH,**  
STEWARDSHIP MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2,  
OFFICE IN LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.

**Poetry.**  
We Lay Us Down to Sleep,  
BY LOUISE CHARLES MOUTON.  
We lay us down to sleep,  
And leave to God the rest,  
Whether to weep and weep,  
Or wake no more, be best.  
Why vex our souls with care?  
The grave is cool and low;  
We've kissed love's sweet red lips,  
And left them sweet and red;  
We've kissed love's sweet red lips,  
And left them sweet and red;  
We've kissed love's sweet red lips,  
And left them sweet and red;

**Select Literature.**  
TWO TRUANTS.  
CHAPTER II.  
A PAIR PARLIAMENTS.  
A whispered passing word or two, a few hurried glances passed between the traveling companions, then the one had moved out of the narrow space of the Doctor's vision, and he was left facing the other, whom, blind though he was, he had described that was a pretty little girl, and dressed in blue.

**Responsible Prices.**  
The new Crown Theatre, in which Mr. Black, a marvellous actor, and a still more marvellous country manager, had been performing nightly with his company for the last month, was, in fact one of the largest of the kind in the Dominion. It was a magnificent building, and the interior was a masterpiece of architecture.

**Miscellaneous.**  
Don't Blame the Boys.  
The boys should not be blamed when they are heard to swear on the streets or in the city of Alleghany. A gentleman residing there has two very intelligent boys, who he has trained to work in a treadmill that runs his wife's sewing machine, thereby relieving her of labor.

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**Words Fail.**  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Having been afflicted all my life with Rheumatism, my system seemed saturated with it. It was entirely cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had no return of the rheumatism.

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

My climb on the tower that others of the party were following; but they had stayed behind in the prison-room and only myself and their leader pushed onward and upward to the little battlement on the top of the tower.  
The striking view, embracing palace and gardens, the glorious aspect of the river, and the stately Parliament, seen opposite, with the sun just sinking behind them, fascinated me who lingered to see, joy it, quite unconscious that my companion was watching her from a distance as color was brightened by the breeze, which just stirred the rings of her hair.  
Suddenly a sharp gust came, and blew off her hat. Another moment and she would have been over the parapet into Bishop's Walk. Captain Lonsdale, with commendable promptitude, made a dive into the gutter, and caught it. He turned, and stood holding his prize and looking at May, as she stood bareheaded—ten times prettier so,—puzzled and amused by her discomfiture, which was greater than the accident seemed to warrant.  
"Oh, I beg your pardon! It's all so suddenly. Please give it me back."  
He gazed anxiously to discover whether her hat was crushed or soiled, then finally restored it to May, who adjusted it as low over her brows as it would go.  
"He would know me again now to a certainty," she thought, with dread, then catching at a straw—"He said he had a bad memory; I hope it is true."  
They rejoined the party and descended the tower, May succeeding in finishing the rest of her lightness in silence. Captain Lonsdale made no attempt to push attentions forward, contenting himself with watching her from a distance as a pretty study. She walked round the garden with Mrs. Phipps, drank a cup of tea, then caught at the old lady's heaving suggestion.  
"My dear, I think that perhaps you ought to be thinking of slipping away. The Doctor and I start for Scotland by this very night's express."  
"O yes, please," May responded most readily.  
"It is very interesting," said May hesitatingly, quite uncertain whether manifesting an interest that he is in or out of character as a Dean's daughter. "But what will they do with future Archbishop?" she asked suddenly.  
"There is no room for more."  
"They will have to weed the collection," he said gravely, "retaining those who have done most brilliant credit to the See." "That would be a pity—to break the party."  
"But don't you know that we are shortly going to disestablish the Church?" she asked.  
"The thought of that when they designed the probable number to come. The space is possibly no further desired by the reform—the Episcopal abolished, and the new, merely—a historical relic, whom she knew directly from his photograph. Lord Stowell, the philanthropist whom she had heard speak at a meeting, a French litterer she remembered to have seen pointed out to her in a box at the Black, a marvellous actor, and a still more marvellous country manager, had been performing nightly with his company for the last month, was, in fact one of the largest of the kind in the Dominion. It was a magnificent building, and the interior was a masterpiece of architecture.

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"My dear, I think that perhaps you ought to be thinking of slipping away. The Doctor and I start for Scotland by this very night's express."  
"O yes, please," May responded most readily.  
"It is very interesting," said May hesitatingly, quite uncertain whether manifesting an interest that he is in or out of character as a Dean's daughter. "But what will they do with future Archbishop?" she asked suddenly.  
"There is no room for more."  
"They will have to weed the collection," he said gravely, "retaining those who have done most brilliant credit to the See." "That would be a pity—to break the party."  
"But don't you know that we are shortly going to disestablish the Church?" she asked.  
"The thought of that when they designed the probable number to come. The space is possibly no further desired by the reform—the Episcopal abolished, and the new, merely—a historical relic, whom she knew directly from his photograph. Lord Stowell, the philanthropist whom she had heard speak at a meeting, a French litterer she remembered to have seen pointed out to her in a box at the Black, a marvellous actor, and a still more marvellous country manager, had been performing nightly with his company for the last month, was, in fact one of the largest of the kind in the Dominion. It was a magnificent building, and the interior was a masterpiece of architecture.

My climb on the tower that others of the party were following; but they had stayed behind in the prison-room and only myself and their leader pushed onward and upward to the little battlement on the top of the tower.  
The striking view, embracing palace and gardens, the glorious aspect of the river, and the stately Parliament, seen opposite, with the sun just sinking behind them, fascinated me who lingered to see, joy it, quite unconscious that my companion was watching her from a distance as color was brightened by the breeze, which just stirred the rings of her hair.  
Suddenly a sharp gust came, and blew off her hat. Another moment and she would have been over the parapet into Bishop's Walk. Captain Lonsdale, with commendable promptitude, made a dive into the gutter, and caught it. He turned, and stood holding his prize and looking at May, as she stood bareheaded—ten times prettier so,—puzzled and amused by her discomfiture, which was greater than the accident seemed to warrant.  
"Oh, I beg your pardon! It's all so suddenly. Please give it me back."  
He gazed anxiously to discover whether her hat was crushed or soiled, then finally restored it to May, who adjusted it as low over her brows as it would go.  
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