

ESTABLISHED 1878.
The Weekly Monitor
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.
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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writer's name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.
H. S. PIPPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor
Advertising Rates.
One Inch—First insertion, 50 cents; second insertion, 40 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.
One Square, (two inches wide by one inch high) first insertion, 25 cents; second insertion, 20 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.
Half Column—First insertion, \$5.00; second insertion, \$4.00; one month, \$15.00; two months, \$22.00; three months, \$30.00; six months, \$50.00.
Full Column—First insertion, \$10.00; second insertion, \$8.00; one month, \$30.00; two months, \$45.00; three months, \$60.00; six months, \$100.00.
Yearly advertisements charged off as usual, unless otherwise specified. Extra per square for each additional insertion.

A Great Cause of Human Misery
In the Loss of
MANHOOD
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Cutler's celebrated *Essays* on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excessive indulgence in the pleasures of the senses.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.
The celebrated and distinguished Dr. Cutler's *Essays* clearly demonstrate, from thirty years' experience, that the most dangerous and incurable diseases of the human system are not those which are usually supposed to be incurable, but those which are the result of a disordered state of the system, and which may be cured by the use of his *Essays*.
This *Essays* should be in the hands of every young man and every man in the land.
Address:
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 ANN ST., N. Y.
Post Office Box 4584.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.
It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effective, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, thin, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use the hair is thickened, and baldness often, though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brassy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.
The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under any conditions of disease of the scalp and hair are impossible.
As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair the Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HELLO!
AGENTS can make more money selling our
TELEPHONES!
than in any other business. Send \$4 for sample and write to get catalogue and money refunded. Large profits.
U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,
137 N. W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for
The Monitor
KEEP YOUR MONEY AT HOME, BY PATRONIZING A LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND STOP TAKING DOLLAR WEEKLIES THAT CONTAIN ONLY GENERAL MATTER, WHILE THE MONITOR LABORS FOR YOUR BENEFIT IN EVERY WAY.
ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR.

Ready - Made CLOTHING!
BUFFALO ROBES, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of
Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes,
consisting of
Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers, &c.
Splendid Assortment of
FALL SUITS
Pants and Vests. Also,
1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes, Stone Blankets.
All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH.
BEALES & DODGE,
Middleton, Nov. 78.

MONCTON Refined Sugars.
ALL orders for the above received on or before the
LAST DAY OF MAY,
will be filled and delivered the
FIRST WEEK IN JUNE,
—BY—
W. B. TROOP,
Granville, May 23rd 1881.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 22 King St., West, Toronto, Ont., is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.
\$2

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.
VOL. 9. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1881. NO. 11.

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Parlor and Church Organs.
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In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are
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THE LOCAL MARKET.
Registered Under the Companies Act 1852 to 1879.
English, American, Canadian and Australian
MEATS
Provision Depots.
CAPITAL - - - \$100,000.
OFFICES—Central Depot and Market, 34 Upper Thames Street, E. C. (near Cannon Street Station) London, E. C.
BONDING WAREHOUSES—Cold Storage, 21 London Street, E. C.
TALLENBAM, Esq., Gen. Manager.

TO GRADUATES AND FARMERS,
Attention is called to 30 B. TIMOTHY and 200 B. RED CLOVER, in stock and offered very low for CASH.
GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS in abundance 1200 Rolls Paper at cost.
BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS, the cheapest in the market.
Full stock of Groceries and Hardware.
MURDOCH & CO.,
Bridgetown, April 18th, 1881.

THE GREAT BARGAIN!
His Beautiful Residence at
LOWER MIDDLETON.
The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, good Stabling for 2 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds surround it with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees. Choice varieties of fruit nearly all which are in bearing, some trees which bear yearly 20 barrels or more. The grounds are all well stocked with a good variety of fruit trees. The situation is superior to any other in the County, and is only a few minutes walk of three places of public conveyance.
A LEO, Small Farm, 2000 ACRES, in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lower Middleton Railway Station. The House contains 6 Rooms, the best of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with some which soon increase to 100 or more barrels. Cuts about 100 tons of hay yearly with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small cost and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired.
EDWARD H. PHINNEY,
Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, RICE, MANDRAKE, BANGELLO, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITY OF THE MOST VALUABLE TONIC.
THEY CURE
All Disorders of the Stomach, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and especially
SICK IN GOLD.
Who are put for a case they will cure you or give you a refund.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and take them before you sleep. Take up tobacco and drink water.
Bridgetown, June 29th, 1881.

BRIDGETOWN Drug Store!
THE subscriber has removed the Bridgetown Dispensary to
QUEEN STREET,
where you may find Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Spices, Resins, and Perfumery, Stationery, Cigar Tobacco, Cigars and Confectionery. Physicians' Prescriptions scrupulously compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch.
J. DENNISON.

FOOTRY.
Trodden Flowers.
There are some hearts that, like the lowing vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Sprinkle dust and soil, and do not weep,
But there are other hearts that will not rest,
The lonely love that hants their eyes
And looks for other hearts that will not rest,
That would fond faith with anger wean
And out of their springs draw life from
Oh, Nature! shall it ever be that will
Ill through their love to mingle, good with good?
Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing hearts of uncomplaining love—
Meek love that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove?
Though virtue were forever and a moment,
Why should the reed be broken that will
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes
Feel unwept anguish swelling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke
Of sighs?
Love weepeth always—weepeth for the
For we that always, for we that may be
Why weepeth hand smitten weep at
Love and hate, avarice and pride?
Pain whate'er, so low is your love,
Love weepeth always; love weepeth not.

CHOICE LONDON GOODS.
which they offer at lowest prices.
Ladies' Brown and Black Silk Umbrellas.
Ladies' Zenilla do, at 38c. each.
Gents' Alpaca and Gingham Umbrellas.
Mourning Goods.
Wide Black Crapes, Black French Cashmeres, Black French Merinos, Henrietta Cloth, Choice Black Northwick Crapes.
NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, from 11 sets to 27 sets per yard.
TOILET SETS, TOILET CLOTHS, WHITE BRILLIANTS, WHITE MARSEILLES, HALF BLEACHED AND BLEACHED TABLE LINENS.
CARPETS!
HEMP CARPETS, all prices.
English Floor Oil Cloths, superior quality, &c. &c.
IN STOCK.
Ladies' HAND BAGS, in Straw and Morocco.
Valises, all Sizes.
GENTLEMEN'S & LADIES' Travelling Trunks
From 75c. to \$6.50 each.

A SPECIALTY!
One Size MANCHESTER PRINTS.
We invite attention to our very large and varied Stock of Spring and Summer Trade Goods for Men and Boys.
R. R. & CO.,
Bridgetown, N. S., April 26th, 1881.

PROSPECTUS!
THE subscriber has, after six years of labor in research and compilation, prepared for publication and has now nearly ready for the press, a
"A HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF ANNAPOLIS,"
from 1604 to 1867.
This book will comprise about 400 or 500 pages of matter, and will be printed on good paper of great quality. The initial chapters will relate the story of the discovery of the Province, and the foundation of Port Royal, in a connected narrative from 1604 to the present time. The latter part of the book will describe the events which form its history under its new name of Annapolis Royal, from the latter date to the present time. The book will be divided into separate parts, and will be sold at an amount of the first edition of the book, and will be sold at the price of the original edition, and will be sold at the price of the original edition, and will be sold at the price of the original edition.
The subscriber has also very nearly ready for the hands of the printer another work entitled
"Memoirs of the Members of the Assembly of Nova Scotia."
WHO HAVE HELD SEAT FOR THE COUNTY OF ANNAPOLIS AND THE TOWNSHIPS OF ANNAPOLIS, from 1758 to 1867.

MEMOIRS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSEMBLY OF NOVA SCOTIA.
WHO HAVE HELD SEAT FOR THE COUNTY OF ANNAPOLIS AND THE TOWNSHIPS OF ANNAPOLIS, from 1758 to 1867.
This work will be a general reading book of the present generation. It will embrace more or less extended biographies of some of the most eminent men who have assisted in moulding the institutions and laws of the Province, as well as in shaping the Social and Religious aspects of the times in which they lived. Among these may be specified the names of Alexander Howe, Thomas Barclay, Thomas Mudge, Benjamin Coates, James Moody, Colonel Legat, Abraham Gesner, Thomas Chandler, Benjamin, John Johnston, Thomas Bishop, Joseph Winniett and James William Johnston.
These memoirs will make a volume of over 300 pages, and will be printed on good paper of great quality. The book will be sold to subscribers only at one dollar and fifty cents per copy, and will be delivered to subscribers only if they be delivered to subscribers only. These memoirs will be delivered to subscribers only if they be delivered to subscribers only. These memoirs will be delivered to subscribers only if they be delivered to subscribers only.
Bridgetown, June 29th, 1881.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Parlor and Church Organs.
For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Respond, they are Unsurpassed.
A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.
In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are
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Tom Bolliyar's Wife.
Somebody knocked at the door. And such a night as it was—the snow and the wind making it dreadful to think of while you sat beside a roaring fire, to alone being out on the dismal flat where the little house stood, and the wind howling round it. It was quiet inside, the loudest sound being the moan of the wind and the hiss of the feathered snowflakes falling down the wide-mouthed chimney to the floor below.
A woman was sitting by those flaring logs, mending a little child's frock. The little slippers, in various warm stages, placed before the fire, told a story that she shook the snow from her shaggy coat and the wind and the hiss of the snowflakes and the fire disturbed the room. Sitting there, sewing and with a woman's mind far away from what she was busy at, and the stranger by means of her own wandering thoughts, the woman started, somebody knocked at the door.
She arose hurriedly, suppressing a cry and unlocked and flung the door open. A woman in the snowy darkness said, "Where do Tom Bolliyar's wife live?"
"Yes," she answered, her hand upon the door, "I live here." "Where do Tom Bolliyar's wife live?"
"Lads, will you ask me in I've news of Tom?"
"I have! Come in, sailor, and tell me what you know!"
"In the light and warm, dressed in the shaggy mantle of a sailor upon shore, he looked at her with a look of great surprise, and she, not frightened, but startled, bewildered—the look that came in her face when the opened the door and peered out at the men—then from the bewildered look another came, one of understanding, comprehension, and she said to him, calmly:
"Sit by the fire; you must be chilled through this gruesome night!"
The startled look seemed to have flown from her face to his, but he said, more harshly:
"I am chilled through, Tom Bolliyar's wife, and that ain't no lie, 'cordin to Scripture. Are you all alone here, woman?"
"No," she said, pointing to the six warm little shoes. The man looked at them, and then turned his face away from her for an instant.
"Now, sailor," she said, "what's the good news of yours?"
"Ain't you afraid of me, ye lone woman?"
"No!" she said.
"No!" he said, "I'll tell me the news!"
"Tom Bolliyar's wife, ye frustrate me!"
"I don't know ye ain't afraid of me—why should ye be?—I-I kinder thought you might be, though. But—I'm a rough sailor, and I'll tell you the news!"
"Oh, please! I hurry up with the news!"
"I don't know how to commence the news, but you a settin' there so unaccounted!"
"Oh, it's a yarn, oh? Well, wait, sailor! I'll put some wood on the fire—then fire away!"
She put the log on, set down the stool and the little foot of the blue and took up her needle and thread, and she said, "Now, he said, 'I'm ready!"
"The man had his mouth open. Despite his bronzed skin and the fire from the logs something else sent that flush over his face that now sufficed it.
"He said, 'ye a little nervous, anyways?'
"Oh, no, no! not at all! I'm steady enough to count the threads while I stitch this band of our Sun's frock—Narcissa's!"
"Oh, dear!"
"Tom Bolliyar's wife, I've that to tell you! I'll make ye beg of 'em steady—Tom Bolliyar's been gone three steady—and ye've not!"
"If you know it, sailor, what do you say for me? Don't you suppose I can find the months that m'ke three years?"
"When did you hear 'em Tom last?"

he ruffled, and his eyes were watery.
"Six months ago," she said, "and he was sailing from Madagascar, and had'n't time to say much!"
"Ye know six months ago," said the man, solemnly, and suppressing his strange anger, "ye'll not be likely to hear from him again in a hurry; he won't write soon!"
"I expect not. There ain't much news of him writing, anywise, seeing I can't answer, not knowing if I'd send my letter to sea that they find him!"
"Lads, he'll find his way agin no more, Tom won't. There now!"
"That's a pity for Tom," she said, "biting off her tongue, for he always likes to write a bit about the children, Oh, dear!"
The man looked at her in blank amazement.
"Tom Bolliyar's wife, I think I'll commence that there yarn I promised!"
"Lor, sailor, you don't mean to say you ain't never heard of him? What a notion! He'll be down here in a minute, and you'll never, never, come home no more!"
"She smiled up in his face.
"Why? He's simply asked."
"Because—he's drowned dead," he replied.
"I don't believe it, sailor!"
"But I was w' him all the time, I orter know!"
"That's what you orter knowed at? If you thought so, much of him as you say, why didn't you down trying to save him, if nothing else?"
"I—I—well, I was washed ashore. But Tom Tom—oh, lor! poor Tom, he's went!"
"Oh, dear! If that's the case, I might as well make up my mind to be a widow!"
"I'll rather think so. Well—why don't you ask him? What a notion! He'll be down here in a minute, and you'll never, never, come home no more!"
"I'll get that way after awhile, sailor!"
"But I tell ye, Tom Bolliyar ain't no more! He's drowned dead, him that was your husband!"
"Well, I can't help it, can I? I didn't drown him, did I? I'm a widow, ain't I?"
"No, I'll tell you what I think about it. Tom was sailor, I can't live here all alone, now, can I?"
"What do you mean, Widder Bolliyar?"
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