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

JAMES A. HAMILTON,
Editor of The Crescent."

COUGHS. "Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882.
"I have used Ayen's Cherry
PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good
effect, and I am pleased to recommend it
to any one similarly affected.

HARVEY BAUGHMAN,
Proprietor Globe Hotel."

PREPARED BY Did. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1873. The Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. 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.

Weekly Monitor.

H. S. PIPER.

Editor and Proprietor

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1

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SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20. 1886. VOL. 13.

I never expected you could,' retorted ' Not at all,' replied the lady, promptly. BIG Poetry.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. PARSONS' PURCATIVE PILLS

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

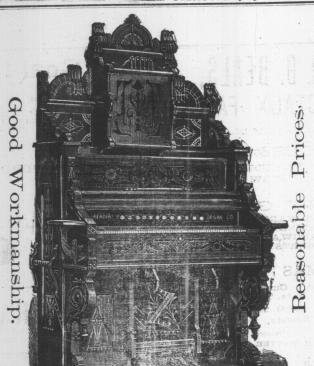
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Lawrencetown Pump Company (ESTABLISHED 1880.) N. H. PHINNEY, Manager CELEBRATED

lubber Bucket Chain Pump -ALSO :-MONCTON

Non-Freezing FORCE PUM These Pumps are admitted be thousands who are using them to be the best in the Dominion. Orders Promptly Attended To.



GENERAL STORE LAWRENCETOWN.

HEAVY WOOL SHIRTS, On whose scant ranks but iron front The battle broke in valn,-

A SMALL LOT OF On soft Pacific slopes—beside
Stranger floods that northward rise GENT'S GENUINE Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide-Plymouth Buck Gloves.

Apple Barrels. Beneath Egyptian sands! STARRATT. Oh mystic Nile! thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams Are mixed with far Canadian fields

LETTER " A," No. 89. And murmur of Canadian streams In the Supreme Court 1885. But thou, my country, dream not thou! Between, ISABEL HATELY, JAMES B SHEARER and JANE SHEAR. ER. Administrators of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately, deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately deceased, Plaintiff. Experiments of the Estate William F. Hately deceased, Plaintiff. Experi Bursts the uprising sun!
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Select Literature.

AND



[From the Century Magazine.] child of nations, giant-limbed, Who stand'st amid the nations now inheeded, unadored, unhymmed, With unanointed brow i

young gentleman.

ushel?' he asked.

' How? What do you mean

· Ever been in Paris, Mr Lando?'

Ever been in Vienna, Mr. Lando?"

Ever been in Geneva, Mr. Lando?

'Ever been in jail, Mr. Lando?'

overnor for the good of my 'ealth.'

'Yes, of course, Belt.'

'Of course I have, Bell.'

'To be sure, Bell.'

o do with it, eh. Bell ?' 'Yah. Who stole a watch?'

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone! How long the indolence, ere thou dare Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame— Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear A nation's franchise, a nation's name

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire. The place of race and age! kind of way :

see to every wind unfurled The flag that bears the maple-wreath; Thy swift keels furrow round the world Its blood-red folds beneath;— Thy swift keels cleave the farthest seas ;

Thy white sails swell with alien gales; he steam on each remotest breeze, The black smoke of thy pipes exhales. O Falterer! let thy past convince.

Thy future,—all the growth the gain,
Thy fame since Cartier knew thee, since haven't.' Thy shores beheld Champlain! " Why, Mr. Lando, I saw you there." Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolf and Montwere you doing there to see me?'

Quebec, thy stoned citadel, Attest in burning song and psalm How here thy heroes fell! Oh thou that bor'st the battle's bruni At Queenstown and at Lundy's Lane

'A Jersey cow, eh, Bell?' Whose was the danger, whose the day, the friend. Shirts & Drawers, At Chrysler's Faim, at Chateauguay Storming like clarion, bursts our ears

For grace's sake Miles was obliged to means the other, of course.' They wait; but some in exile, some

ne not do I know whose it is. If it

Dr.J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass, Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

NO. 41.

the contrary, he looked up and regarded part about it, and of course the others 'Little beggah seems to find it a good Miles with a grave and searching gaze, don't matter. I can't think, though, why joke, any way,' Lacy cried. 'I'm a great rather disconcerting to that quizzical the mother has chosen me.' hand at nursing. Our adjutant's wife in 'Ah, well, you see, Captain Ferrers,' the White Dwagoons had there — all at 'Are you judging me out of your own said the adjutant's wife, with a smile, 'it is once. I say, Mis. Gway, stick something

should say you are the greatest favorite in
'Do you happen to know anything of
the matter?' Bootles persisted.
'1? Oh no. On my honor I don't.'
'Oh, Bootles is this, and Bootles is that;'
'Mrs. Gray therefore fetched the child's 'Ah! As the colonel said just now, that 'Bootles wouldn't turn a dog from his white coat and cap and those other white settles the question. You're a very witty door; 'Bootles would share his last six- woollen articles which Bootles now disfellow, Miles, very. I shouldn't wonder, pence with a poor chap who was down,' covered to be leggins, and quickly transafter a while, if you ain't quite the sharp and so on. I have heard, Captain Ferrers, formed the little woman into a sort of

are like the clown's jokes at the circus- among three poor tramps who had begged operation with intense interest. one gets to know them. They're in this no more than a pipe of tobacco. I have La figla del wreggimento,' laughed Lacy. heard of your standing up for'-with a 'I declare, Bootles, she's quite a credit to deeper smile- the poor devils of casuals; us. I never saw such a petite mademoiselle. and if I hear it, why not others? why not | Bootles started. It reminded him of

> 'You know I don't go in for being saint. 'Mademoiselle Mignon,' he said care lessly; ' not a bad name for her.'

'Ot course I have, Bell-at least- 'That is just it. If you did you would 'Vewry good,' returned Lacy, preparing that's to say-I mean-no, of course I have no more influence than Major Allar- to present arms. dyce, whom every one laughs at. But He proved himself a much better nurse you don't; you're one of themselves, and than Bootles. He gathered the child on 'You saw me in jail, Bell? And what yet you always help a man when he is his left arm and marched off to the antedown; you will do any unfortunate crea- room in front of which the officers were "Oh !' grandly, 'I was staying with the ture a good turn. Oh, I hear a good deal, standing about, waiting for church. They though you choose to make light of it setup a shoutat the sight of him, and crowd-"And hadn't stealing a cow something And you know, Captain Ferrers, we are ed round to inspect the new importation. not told that the good Samaritan made a Mademoiselle Mignon bore the inspection great spluttering about what he did; but calmly, conscious perhaps—as she was the professional saints, the priest and the such a knowing little person-of the effect 'Yah. What time is it, Mr. Lando?' Levite, passed by on the other side.' ''Just about milking time, Bell, my 'You are very complimentary,' Bootles fur of her cap.

said, blushing a little; 'much more than 'What a pity she ain't twenty years 'It's all very funny once, you know, I deserve, I'm sure. The fellows '-laugh-older!' was the the first comment, and it Miles, Bootles ended, disdainfully. 'But ing at the remembrance-' were much was said in such a tone of genuine regret when you've been to the circus half a less merciful. Then about the child. Daw- that all the fellows laughed again. Miss dozen-times you don't see anything to son suggested sending it the police-station. Mignon gobbled with satisfaction. the colonel to the workhouse; and one Seems a jolly little beggar,' said and

laugh, for every one else roared, except Mrs. Gray caught the child to her breast 'Chut—chut—chut?' remarked Mis Bootles, who went on speaking very grave- with a cry of dismay, and Bootles went Mignon.

I know it's very amusing to make a Yes, as I feel as you do about it. I all my life, asserted another voice. joke of the affair, to say I know more about it, and that's all about it. It it than I will confess. I have told the would be on my conscience all my life. colonel on my honor that the child is not Besides some day the mother might come grumbled old Garnet. were mine I should not have made the colonel says, there is no claim on me, yet, you mind, Major Garnet, sir,' cried Hartog, story public property—it's not in reason if for the sake of a few pounds I had 'we shall all be dead by then;' but this, that I should. My colonel suggests the workhouse, Dawson the police-station—one simply means the other, and I can't bring me to do it, It is an awful thing for the child of a tramp or a thief to be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse, and this is not be record in a workhouse.

the mother of this child?'

ly at all.'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the

Miles. 'It wouldn't be natural if you 'Well,' Bootles told her, 'I've been did.'

'This time Bootles did not laugh; on to be expected; but the colonel takes my cluck!'

rather inconvenient sometimes to have a on it, and I'll take it out and show Miles character for great kindness of heart. I wound.'

These are thy manhood's heritage!

Why rest with the babes and slaves? Seek man of the regiment. Only your jokes of you emptying your pocket to divide snowball. The two men watched the

the mother of this child? one who had been jilted by his friend and True. But I think you all overrate died for love. He had always called her my charactef,' Bootles replied modestly. Mademoiselle Mignon.

of her big, star-like eyes under the white

'Never saw such a jolly little beggar in

be reared in a workhouse—and this is no common person's child. For anything I know it may belong to one of you.'

the letter is genuine, and that it was not written or intended for me. It reads to me like the letter of a woman who was desperate.'

'Don't know. Open your mouth, little one,' said Lacy gravely.'

At this point Miss Mignon made a desperate.'

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