

Yet these are but a few of the subjects dealt with for we have but space to hint of the wide scope of the magazine. Terms \$2.50 a year. Published at 13 Astor Place, New York City.

There has seldom been so fine a touch and so delicate an understanding of human nature in fiction as Grace King has evinced in her *Balcony Stories* in the *Century Magazine*. "One of Us" and the "Little Convent Girl" in the August number are especially worthy of note. They contrast favorably with the gruesome tale of "The Redemptioner," by Edward Eggleston and they blend with the quaint tale of "The Sister of Saints." "Mr Jones' Experiment" is a clever society sketch of a man who found the exact truth incompatible with the requirements of society. The continued stories, "The White Islander" and "Benefits Forged," are telling with interest, and several articles such as "The Philosopher's Camp," "Breathing Movement as a Cure," and the "Famine in Russia," give the proper amount of ballast to the number. Published by the Century company. Subscription price \$4.00 a year.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The tall, aged, sad-looking man ate a bountiful dinner at the restaurant, and then with a check calling for 75c. made his way to the cashier's desk. He banged down the check with a battered silver dollar, and looked sadder than ever.

The cashier picked up the dollar and examined it suspiciously. It had a deep dent on one side, and looked as though it had been plugged. At that moment the customer spoke. "It's very painful for me to part with that dollar. It saved my life once, however, and must do so again. At the siege of Vicksburg I carried it in my vest pocket, and the dent you see there was made by a bullet, which otherwise must have killed me. I have it since as a memorial, and it wellnigh breaks my heart to let it go; but I must—I have nothing else."

The cashier was plainly interested. "In what year was the siege of Vicksburg?" he asked.

"Sixty-three," said the man, promptly.

"And this dollar, returned the cashier, "is dated 1877, and is a counterfeit."

The sad man looked annoyed. "Of course it is," he replied. "How could I have an 1877 dollar in '63 if it wasn't a counterfeit?"

And the cashier was so dumbfounded that he passed out a quarter in change, and allowed the sad man to escape.—From the "Editor's Drawer," in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

A GREAT LOVE.

THE EFFECT OF A REFUSAL ON A FIN DE SIECLE YOUNG MAN.

Dashaway—And is there no hope?

Miss Summit—I am sorry to say it, Mr. Dashaway, but there is none.

Dashaway—Maude, you do not know what you say. I am no ordinary man. Love to me is not a passing fancy, the idle amusement of a summer hour. Beside this great undying passion of mine what is death? Nothing, I say—absolutely nothing. You cannot know what it means for a man like me to love. It came to me, not suddenly, but slowly, until it filled every crevice of my being, and now this great passionate yearning for you must have its answer. I will win you yet. I will be patient. You do not know me, Maude. I am a desperate man. I can wait. I do not ask you to love me yet.

Miss Summit—Mr. Dashaway—George—I am so sorry. I know it must be just awful for you, but what can I say? Don't you know that my heart belongs already to another?

Dashaway—To another? (Burying his face in his hands.) I did not dream of this. Then, indeed, there is no hope. But (proudly) do not think that I will kill myself. No! I am far too much of a man for that. I shall go to Africa. I shall yet show the world that I am not a coward. I will plunge in jungles. I will court deadly disease, for death now is robbed of all its terrors for me. But one thing you cannot deprive me of. No one can take from me the memory of my love for you. That will ever remain. Its chastening influence shall ever surround me. You may never see me again. Think of me sometimes as one who loved you, not wisely, but too well. I go. Farewell. (Rushes madly out.)

Cleverton—(The next day at the club)—I see Von Blumer's engagement is announced.

Dashaway—To whom?

Cleverton—Maude Summit.

Dashaway—That girl! Well, she's a nice little thing. I used to be in love with her myself.—*Life*.

THE SCOLD.

There was a little boy of seven years in her family whose business it was to prepare kindling wood. Sometimes he forgot to prepare it. Seven years isn't a very great while to live in this world, and sometimes people who have lived seven times seven forget things.

This woman, who scolded, entertains a memory which will abide with her forever. The memory is associated with the words of a dying child, uttered in delirium:—"Don't scold me, mamma dear, I forgot the kindling, but I'll get it now—and—please don't—scold—me."

The words have burned into her soul. They afford no measure of comfort. She hasn't scolded anybody for years. There is no one to scold.

The many truthful testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla prove that Hood's Cures, even when all others fail. Try it now.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent! Yes, many thousands. For the past 4 years I have had no sores!

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.



Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

HUGGINS' GOLDEN SYRUP.

ROTANIC.

CURES EROUOUS DEBILITY.

MALE OR FEMALE.

Hundreds of bottles sold. Sent, expressage prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00.

CHAS. E. HUGGINS, CHEMIST, HALIFAX.

LYONS' HOTEL,

KENTVILLE, N. S.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE RAILWAY STATION.

EXTENSIVE improvements having been completed in this house it now possesses 32 B. J. Rooms, 1 Ladies and 2 Gentlemen's Parlors, Sample Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Hot and Cold Baths. This house is conducted on first class principles, and it will be found, outside of the Queen or Halifax Hotels, equal, if not superior, to any in the province. Livery Stable in connection.

D. McLEOD, Prop.

KENTVILLE, N. S.

STATIONERY

—AND—

BLANK BOOKS!

Our Stock is very complete in every Department.

A. & W. Mackinlay,

137 GRANVILLE ST.,

HALIFAX, N. S.

EXCELSIOR GROCERY,

(POWER'S BLOCK)

27 Spring Garden Road.

A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUIT, Etc

ALWAYS ON HAND.

BUTTER & EGGS A SPECIALTY.

J. L. ARCHIBALD,

Telephone 857.

Proprietor.

BOSTON DRUG

THE CURE FOR

Drunkenness.

BOSTON DRUG will make a man sober in two hours. If you have "sworn off" and find that you cannot resist the temptation to indulge, be advised and use Boston Drug, a positive remedy for the cure of Alcoholism. If you wish to "taper" or reduce your daily average of stimulants, Boston Drug will assist you. Try it now. Sold in boxes at the Agency, London Drug Store, 117 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor, and Agent for B. LAURANCE'S GENUINE AXIS-CUT PRISMATIC SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES.

New Books at Allen's.

Island Nights Entertainments, by R. L. Stevenson50
In the Sunset of Her Youth, by Beatrice Whitby60
Stories from Black and White50
A Little Mink, by Ada Cambridge50
A Comedy of Elopement, by Christian Reid60
Dearest, by Mrs. Forester50
The Honourable Jane, by Annie Thomas50
An Auld Licht Manse, by J. M. Barrie50
The Masked Veil, by Richard Henry Savage50
The Doctor's Doren, by E. Everett Green50
An Imperative Duty, by W. D. Howells50
The Marriage of Elinor, by Mrs. Oliphant50
A Moral Dilemma, by Annie Thomas50
Children of Destiny, by Molly E. Seawell50
Cosmopolis, by Paul Bourget50

For sale by

T. C. ALLEN & CO., BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

MANY

of the BEST CHEMISTS testify:—

That AMMONIA is a disgusting drug.
That BAKING POWDERS containing it CAN NOT be ABSOLUTELY PURE.
The OFFICIAL REPORT of the Dominion Government shows
That a BAKING POWDER sold in this vicinity CONTAINS AMMONIA.

That **WOODILL'S**
German Baking Powder

IS A

Cream of Tartar Baking Powder,

AND

CONTAINS NO AMMONIA.

Printed by Halifax Printing Co.
161 Hollis St.