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From the Month of July.
July 9, August 13, September 10, October 3,
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WORTH \$15,000.00.**TICKET, - - - \$ 1.00**
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1	Prize worth \$5,000	\$15,000 00
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1	" " 500	500 00
1	" " 250	250 00
1	" " 125	125 00
1	" " 62	62 00
1	" " 31	31 00
1	" " 15	15 00
1	" " 7	7 00
1	" " 3	3 00
1	" " 1	1 00
3134	Prizes worth	\$52,740 00

S. E. LEFEBVRE,

Manager,
81, St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

TWO SONNETS.

I — NOON.

All earth's at rest on this delightful day,
Behind me orchards blush, and at my feet,
Supremely fair, the valley lies, and sweet
With breathful blossom. Flushed and tired at play,
A wandering child, his ringlets tossed astray
In sunlight mazes, cradled from the heat,
Sleeps in the sheltering grass. From his retreat
A blithful bobolink flutes his roundelay.

A passing cloudlet shadows o'er the grass
Its wavering image, as a gentle breeze
Ruffles the tree tops. Whistling as they pass,
Smart ploughmen, eager for their hour of ease,
Press homeward. Now in its great lush of peace
Noon holds my soul, and dims even memory's glass.

II — DARK DAYS.

Earth's sweetest sounds to-day are out of tune,
The robin's note that a short while ago
Echoed this heart's own music frets me so.
I would, instead of songful, leaty June,
'Twere dull and drear November. Ah! how soon
Some hand defaces with its touch of woe
Our fairest pictures, and yet not to know
Grim-visaged sorrow, is it such a boon?

For seldom does the truest wisdom dwell
Where this guest enters not. We need grief's scourge
And sting—the rod of Him who knoweth well
How best upon a broader height to urge
His stumbling sheep. Dear Christ, if 'tis Thy way
We'll gladly walk in dark as in the day.

ST. EVLALIE.

M. J. W.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS TO A COUNTRY FRIEND.

Dear Friend,—What a comparatively poor, inadequate, unsatisfactory substitute for the living, sympathetic presence is the very best letter ever written! This is what I said to myself when I had finished reading your welcome epistle, which came to me yesterday, yet it is exceptionally interesting and attractive, your letters are always interesting and attractive.

Well, the living sympathetic presence is of the past, the very pleasant lang syne. Let us make the most and best of the epistolary substitute. Your vivid word pictures of country life and scenes fill me with longings that I had imagined to be dead. We are here, however, and consistency, if nothing else, demands that we remain here.

That romance in real life! Ah! I felt sure that you would be anxious to know more of it, and I shall not give you any pretext for skimming lightly over the intervening paragraphs, of really more important though less interesting matter, but will at once proceed with what you would read first, wherever placed.

The facts, as I give them to you, I gleaned partly from the gossip of an old lady, whose mother came out with Lord Cornwallis in 1748, partly from old letters found among my grandfather's papers, and partly from the lips of the hero of my tale.

Two families had for centuries owned and occupied adjoining farms in one of the most beautiful districts of Kent. Between the two families the most amicable relations had always been maintained. Occasionally the bonds of mutual friendship had been drawn more closely and strengthened by inter-marriage. At last trouble had come, as such troubles will come wherever poor human nature is concerned. A grievous wrong was done and suffered, resulting in bitter hatred, that spread like a foul contagion from two hearts that had loved, until it infected every member of both families.

Simultaneously, it would seem, both families decided that living in mutual hatred and close proximity would be unendurable, and that the only remedy would be to sell out the old ancestral home and move away somewhere, anywhere, as fate or providence might direct. Just then came the loyal offer of a free passage to, and twelve months' maintenance at, the naval and military station which it was proposed to establish on the shores of old Chebucto, and both families decided to take advantage of the offer, which they regarded as a special inter-position of over-ruling Providence.

Both families were assigned to the transport "Brotherhood." Oh, the bitter irony of it!

Imagine the consternation, the chagrin, when these people, who had sacrificed so much to get away from each other, met on shipboard, doomed to spend weeks together within such narrow limits!

A storm at sea, the probability that all would be lost, brought about mutual reconciliation, and harmony was restored between the families.

The hero and heroine of our little romance, whom we have so frequently met in our walk, are direct descendants of these families, and, besides, the father of the young lady and the mother of the young man are the only living representatives as far as known. In my next I may give you another short chapter if you are sufficiently interested to desire it.

I think, as you do, that there must be much less of acrimonious political party feeling in Hants County than elsewhere in this Province. This is due perhaps to the fact that the county papers, which largely direct or influence public opinion, feeling and action, are strictly non-partizan in their political utterances.

Why should it be otherwise anywhere?

It is an utterly absurd and untenable position, that our side only has the good of the country at heart; that our side is distinguished by all the political virtues, the other side by all the political vices.

I believe that the union of these British American colonies was almost a political necessity, that it was wisely conceived, was consummated in a statesmanlike manner, and has, under a wise and patriotic administration, resulted beneficially for the Dominion at large.