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Halifax, N. S., September 20th, 1889.

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CLASS D.

The 31st Monthly Drawing will take place  
 On WEDNESDAY, Feb. 19th, 1890.

At 2 o'clock, p.m.

**PRIZES VALUE, \$50,000.**  
 Capital Prize—1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	\$5,000
1 Real Estate worth	2,000	2,000
1 Real Estate worth	1,000	1,000
4 Real Estates worth	500	2,000
10 Real Estates worth	500	5,000
30 Furniture Sets worth	200	6,000
60 Furniture Sets worth	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches worth	50	10,000
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2307 Prizes worth .....\$50,000.00

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It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a  
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**A BOARDING HOUSE INCIDENT.**

I was living in a boarding house in—let us say Gower Street. I was one of seven, five males and two females. I was a countryman transplanted to town; how I came to be there was simply from pure vanity. I had an idea that I was too good to be thrown away in the country. Let it pass—it was years ago and I was younger then and more foolish; I am only writing as a witness of the events that happened. I was not an actor.

There were five of us only when I pitched my camp in Gower Street; our hostess was of the usual "widowish" type. A portrait of the dear departed hung over the mantelpiece. It was some six months after I had been domiciled in the lodgings that the strange things happened that lead me to write this narrative.

As I said, I was young and vain, country bred and laboring under the mistaken delusion that I only wanted a fair show amongst my fellowmen to come to the fore. It was a vain delusion. I had just come to that conclusion when two new boarders entered our select little assembly. I was then a clerk in a stockbroker's office—I may as well state my social status.

The newcomers were man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Tuckett; she was good looking, and we, viz, the old boarders, all admired her. I need scarcely say we all disliked him. Now, I am not going to describe Mr. and Mrs. Tuckett. Let me abide by my former description, that he was the beast and she the beauty; also that their room was underneath mine, and owing to the scandalous way in which houses are run up in London, I got the benefit of a good deal of conversation not meant for alien ears. I could not help it. I vow on my honor that I often stuffed the bedclothes in my ears until suffocation was imminent, but through it all I heard! I heard! The first thing I heard was about half-past ten o'clock one night, and then I heard the beast say in a gruff tone:

"Bring me the bootjack."

"Would not any other Jack suit you, dear?" said a soft voice in persuasive accents.

"Ha," I heard, ground through clenched teeth, "you dare to play upon that hated name! But no matter—my time will come."

Then I heard a heavy sigh, and nought but whispered mutterings. What could it mean? Bribson was not the man meant, his christian names were "Vane H. court," at least he said so. What was this hated Jack? I was soon to find out.

It was a week after this that, in mounting the stairs to my room, I saw a used envelope lying on the landing. I picked it up. It was directed to "V. C. Tuckett, Esq." And that was not all. On the back was pencilled the following awful memo, "He dies at five."

When I descended to dinner I looked to see some mark of coming trouble on the features of the beauty or the beast. There was none. Unblushingly he glanced around and indulged in his usual remarks.

Unconsciously she looked at her plate and drove us frantic with her distracting beauty. Perhaps it was five in the morning when the tragedy was to take place; I made up my mind to wake and watch. I noted Bribson, our great masher that evening, he was calm outwardly, but the evidence of a slumbering volcano was apparent beneath that tight, stiff collar. I dared not take him into my confidence, for he had often told me of the violence of his temper when rendered uncontrollable by stories of unredressed wrongs, and I thought it would not be safe to let him know what was about to happen. There might be two victims instead of one. Meantime who was "Jack?"

I examined the envelope again and again, but, beyond seeing that it was a man's handwriting, could get no further clue.

"He dies at five," I muttered as I went to bed; "I will see that he does not," was the solemn oath I administered to myself. That night I heard voices. The brute said:

"Has Jack come yet?"

The beauty said, "No, I have not seen him."

"Then bring me my poison" said the beast, and I heard no more.

Poison then was the weapon to be resorted to, and how could I combat that? I made up my mind finally that I would seek Bribson and get advice from him. I sought him—that is to say, I invaded the sanctity of his bedchamber; I am sorry to have to state that he was lying on his back snoring great guns and looking as unlike a "masher" as anybody could. I felt rather nervous about awaking him for fear he would, on the impulse of the moment, fly at my throat and strangle me. However, I touched him and said:

"Wake up, old man; I have something to say to you."

He woke up, but his first words were incoherent. He muttered something about his watch being outside the door and his boots under the pillow; beyond that I could make no sense of it. I aroused him thoroughly, in fact I shook him regardless of danger until he sat up and was able to converse with me rationally. Then the whole nature of the man awoke. I had always regarded him as a humbug connected with little love affairs, but I must say that under present circumstances he behaved like a man.

After I had told him all I dreaded and suspected he got up, sought after an ancient foil he had in his possession, and which, as he said, his great grandfather had fought two duels with. With this in his hand, and to tell a true story, a short and scanty night raiment, he solemnly assured me that no harm should be done under that roof that night whilst he lived and wore a sword. I remember his shifting his foil from his right hand to his left and shaking me by the hand, saying:

"Rely on me, old fellow. Just you go to sleep and I'll see that no mischief happens."

Then I left. I was frightened that he might hurt himself with the foil, but he assured me that there was a button on the end of it, and subsided into bed, calmly embracing it.