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MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890.

From the Month of July.
July 9, August 13, September 10, October 3,
November 12, December 10.

THIRD MONTHLY DRAWING SEPT. 10, '90

**3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.
Capital Prize worth \$15,000.**

**TICKET, - - - - \$ 1.00
11 TICKETS FOR - - \$10.00**

ASK FOR CIRCULARS

List of Prizes.

1 Prize worth \$15,000.....	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000.....	5,000 00
1 " " 2,500.....	2,500 00
1 " " 1,250.....	1,250 00
2 Prizes " 500.....	1,000 00
5 " " 250.....	1,250 00
25 " " 50.....	1,250 00
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
250 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
100 " " 5.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

3134 Prizes worth.....\$52,740 00

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
21, St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

SILENT SORROW.

If she unclosed her lips and made her moan,
She would not be so weary with her woe—
A burden shared is lightened; even so,
The weight is heavier than we bear alone,
And anguish pent within, turns hearts to stone.
The fellowship of sorrow to forego—
To suffer and be silent—is to know
The blackest blossom from the black root grown.
And yet, great joys and greatest woes are dumb;
Small is the sum that reckoning can compute—
The shallows bubble, but the depths are mute.
The great mid-sea our measure may not plumb:
King Love, King Pain, King Death, in silence come.
And meeting them we silently salute.

—Louise Chandler Moulto

I AM THY KNIGHT.

I am thy knight, and thou hast sent me forth
To battle with the demon of despair,
To conquer self, and from its ashes bring
The phoenix of my boyhood's fervid dreams;
To live the long, long years and make my life
Like to the sower as he passes by
Scattering the grain on rock and fertile field,
To reap or lose, as fate shall will it so.

No favor hast thou sent, as those of old
Wore lovingly and closely on their hearts
When they went forth to far-off Palestine.
But simply for thy word that it is best
And for the trust and message sent by thee,
Do I go on to conquer in the fight
Of man, the brute against the man divine.

Count me no idle dreamer—most of all
I pray you not on some high pedestal
Entrench my nature; I am but a man,
Who loves, and hates, is merry and is sad,
Has known of gladness and has tasted of woe,
And holds no higher honor to himself
Than truest love to all things true and good,
And pity infinite for suffering.

Here is my hand—and to the world my gage,
For as I journey onward in my quest
I shall not falter, even where I fall:
But having from the strength of thy rare soul
Caught some reflection of a light divine,
Full armed am I, and resolute as death
To face the utmost rigor of my fate,
To cleave to hope, to hope for happiness,
To be my better self as best I can,
And so through all the lapses of gay time
To be a man because I am thy knight.

—Ernest Metcalfe.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS TO A COUNTRY FRIEND.

My Dear Friend,—There comes, I think, to all of us who journey far enough on the road of life, a time such as you say has come to you, when home, always the dearest place on earth, becomes a heaven from which we care not to wander, and when if by compulsion we wander from that blessed heaven, we know no rest, no comfort, no real enjoyment until home again.

I think, indeed I have decided time and again, that I prefer city to country life, take it all together. Yet I confess that when I read your last letter, I longed for the dear old country home, the country air pure and fresh, sweetly laden with odors of hay, and with the voices innumerable, voices of insect life, songs and chirping of birds and insects, the low of cattle, bleating of sheep, tinkling of bells, shrill neighing of horses, voices of men and implements at work, voices of children at play, and of song from the mother and daughters about the homestead, that unite and blend together in most delicious harmony. Well, it is useless to recall the past, save for the melancholy pleasure which it affords. I shall never again guide the plow or follow the harrow. I shall never again scatter the seed, watch the tiny blade bursting through the soil, and the youth of the crops till the harvest time, nor shall I ever again join in the harvest home, rejoice in my own well filled bags, groaning scaffolds, and heaped up bins.

When the things of the yesterdays and the to days fade from the mind, as passes a reflection from a mirror with the object that occasioned it, memory will retain vivid recollections of twilight hours around the old stoop, beneath the stately poplars, of peaceful country Sabbaths, of quiet country strolls, and everything but quiet parties, picnics and expeditions, and of rural scenes and incidents innumerable to which it loves to recur.

The remoteness of the district school, and the imperfections which you have more than once referred to in your letters, and more particularly in your last, are of course inseparable from "schooling" in sparsely settled districts, and constitute one of the chief disadvantages of living in the country. Only at properly graded schools can children get instruction and treatment suited to age, ability, and advancement, but the adoption of the graded system is impracticable except in village schools and very thickly settled sections. It is, however, only fair to admit that the large majority of our country teachers evince a remarkable power, and most praiseworthy desire, to adapt themselves and their instructions to all grades of scholars, from the lisping toddler sent to school to get it out of the way, to the young lady who is "studying for a license," or the young man who is "finishing off" with book keeping and others of the higher branches of study. Great advance has been made in the science of education, and great improvement in methods of imparting instruction, since we went to old Dalhousie together, yet to my mind there is not only still very great room for improvement, but in some important respects, the old school was better than some at least of the new.