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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 -&c

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	" " 10	3,000 00
500	" " 5	5,000 00
100	" " 25	2,500 00
100	" " 15	1,500 00
100	" " 10	1,000 00
250	" " 5	4,935 00
500	" " 5	4,935 00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740 00

S. E. LEFEVRE, Manager,
81, St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

AT BEST.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow,
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighten go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will, the winds may wait,
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul, the shortest line
At best will bended be;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

Weep not for me.
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends,

I still am near.
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth.
Now, too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread—its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth scenes as they pass;
We, on the shore,
Share in the bosom of our rest
God's knowledge, and are blest.

—Cardinal Newman.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Well, eucampment week is over, and the crowds of pleasure-seekers (on an "exertion after pleasure," Aunt Samantha would say,) together with some thirty or forty thousand "boys in blue," have left us to clean up our streets and eat our baked beans in peace and solitude. The parade was a grand and inspiring sight, in spite of the fact that very few of the companies marched anything like well; and the presence of so many one-armed and generally battered-up veterans was pathetic to a degree when one reflects how they came to such a pass. I was coming out of Tremont Temple the other day with a friend; an old veteran stood leaning against the entrance watching the crowd go by. In the jostle of the thronged door-way my friend stepped on his foot, causing him to cry out with pain. "O," she cried, quick as a flash, "pardon me, I thought that was a wooden leg." The man laughed heartily, but evidently did not know whether to consider himself complimented or not.

There were hundreds, yes, thousands, of Relief Corps women here, some of whom were very pretty. Mrs. General Alger was as sweet and really beautiful a woman as I saw, and Mrs. Logan is every bit as handsome as her picture. But after all there were few prettier than our own Mrs. Florence Barker, or charming little Mrs. Walis.

As to the fashions for August, there is little that is absolutely new. The blazer still rages, and is made up after some natty and original designs.

Tailor-made gowns grow plainer and plainer. The less material a tailor can get into a skirt and yet have it hang properly the "smarter" is the gown. "Fit" and "hang" are, of course, the principal features of all such frocks. Parisian dressmakers have adopted the train as best suited to the "fourreau" skirt that is to cling closely to the figure. We shall probably all follow the style, no matter how inconvenient it is, though some of us who are not blessed with plump and pretty figures ought to know better. Women are advised by those who pretend to know to laugh well in their sleeves now that they have plenty of room. It is threatened that they are soon to be so tight that not even a "ghost of a smile" may have room to exist in them.

Another rumor is that Suede gloves are to be deposed. Kid are to take their places. White gloves are coming "in" again, and to be well dressed in the evening will be indispensable.

Then I suppose we shall all fall into bondage to them again. It is too bad. The shades of tan and gray which have been *en vogue* for some years with evening dress were so serviceable for street wear afterwards, and although white kids may be dyed black, they are always more or less "crocky" and unserviceable.

The striped wool and-cotton flannels are liked for summer petticoats, with stripes of color on white, and the edges scalloped with color. Pale blue or silk flannels of solid color and fine white flannel skirts have feather-stitched tucks and hem, or else embroidery done on the skirt, or on a flounce sewed upon it. Some of them are awfully pretty, and they are almost universally becoming.

New Autumn jackets of pale heliotrope cloth, with Sabrau waistcoats richly braided, will be cut longer than any of the models we have become familiar with for several seasons past. Some of the other jackets, in black, brown and pale gray and tan, will reach nearly half way down the skirt. These jackets, such as are suitable to wear, I mean, are worn a great deal over white or light shirt waists, with a wide silk sash, a turn-down collar and a regular "four-in-hand" tie. They are what the girls here call "no end swell," and have set the fashion for turn-away collars and white shirt-fronts.

Light-colored batiste chemisettes are already shown for house wear, having a tucked front and turn-over collar edged with a fine plaiting. Other