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CLASS D.

The 34th Monthly Drawing will take place
 On **WEDNESDAY, May 21st, 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.....	300	3,000
30 Furniture Sets worth.....	200	6,000
60 Furniture Sets worth.....	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches worth.....	50	10,000
1000 Silver Watches worth.....	10	10,000
1000 Toilet Sets.....	5	5,000

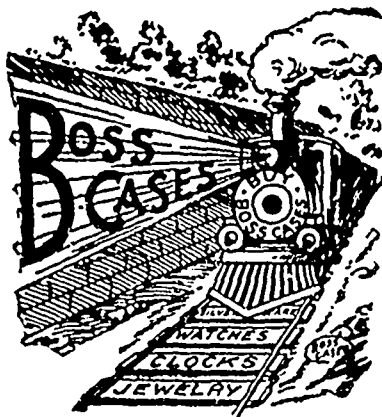
2307 Prizes worth\$50,000.00

TICKETS \$1.00.

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a
 commission of 10 per cent.
 Winners' names not published unless specially
 authorized.

**DRAWINGS ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY
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 Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 O'clock.

Passengers by Tuesday evening trains can
 go on board on arrival without extra charge.

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A CAPTAIN'S UMBRELLA.

Captain Fortescue danced for the best part of one happy evening with the prettiest girl of the season. And the gallant captain fell desperately in love with her. He went home in the bright mistiness of an early summer morning in a high fever of excitement, for he believed that Miss Bracegirdle viewed him with considerable favour.

The next afternoon he went to call on her. She seemed to him even more beautiful in the daylight, and in a simple dress; he became momentarily more and more in love. And now he fancied that not only Miss Bracegirdle but her mother regarded him with kindly eyes. In that case he had but to go in and win. He resolved so to do, and left the house so full of his passion and his thoughts that he forgot—his umbrella. This was no unusual circumstance.

Captain Fortescue was given to forgetting his umbrella, and leaving it in a hansom cab or any other convenient place. Thus it happened that this which he had now left was the only one he possessed.

The next day he knew Miss Bracegirdle was going to an afternoon fete at the Botanical Gardens. He intended to meet her there. But it was showery, thunderstorm weather, and he felt that to visit the Botanical Gardens without an umbrella would be dangerous and difficult. Besides, an umbrella is often admirably useful during the progress of a love affair.

He had learned by accident that the Bracegirdles were going out shopping in the morning. He determined, therefore, to call and ask the housemaid to give him his umbrella.

It seemed exceedingly simple, but luck was against Captain Fortescue. The maid who admitted him the day before had this very morning departed in a four wheeled cab with two boxes on top of it, her "month" being "up." A new maid had taken her place—one of a less smiling disposition than the last.

"I called here yesterday afternoon," said the captain, "and left my umbrella; will you let me have it?"

Something in the sternness of the eyes which were upon him made him falter before he had said the last word of his request; it suddenly occurred to him that he might find it a little difficult to prove that the umbrella in question was indeed his own.

"No, thank you," said the maid; "I have had enough of that at my last place. I'm not going to get into trouble here. Better take an honest trade, young man."

With which piece of advice she shut the door in Captain Fortescue's face, leaving the officer astonished, quenched and crestfallen. He straight way went and bought a new umbrella. Armed with this, and admirably attired in other respects, he went to the Botanical Gardens, where he met Miss Bracegirdle, who seemed more charming and more graceful than ever.

As soon as seemed at all decent he called again, feeling very contented with himself and his fate. But when he asked whether Mrs. Bracegirdle was at home, and the stern maid eyed him for a silent, awful instant, his spirits fell strangely.

"She is not," said the maid, and shut the door with an abruptness that gave him a singularly disconsolate feeling.

When about an hour later the ladies came in and the maid brought them some tea, she said to Mrs. Bracegirdle—

"If you please, ma'am, that young man has been here again who came one day with the umbrella dodge. He asked if you were at home—of course he knew you were not—and I suppose he had some plan of getting into the house, but I shut the door in his face and would not listen."

"That's right, Eiza," said Mrs. Bracegirdle. "Never give them a chance to get inside the hall. There's been too much of that stealing of coats and umbrellas in this neighborhood; it never would happen with a sensible housemaid. Master Harry leaves his things hanging in the hall, so that it would be quiet easy to carry off a coat or umbrella if you left the man there long only for a minute. If he is so impudent as to come again, the moment you see who it is shut the door."

The next afternoon was Mrs. Bracegirdle's day "at home." Captain Fortescue had not intended to go then; he wanted the lovely Miss Bracegirdle to himself, not surrounded by a crowd of admirers. But as he had not been able to see her the day before, he determined to brave the crowd and be content if he got but one smile all his own. And so he presented himself once more at Mrs. Bracegirdle's door, this time knowing her to be within.

But when it was opened, and he confidently framed the phrase, not as a query, but an assertion, "Mrs. Bracegirdle at home?" and proposed immediately to enter, the maid said shortly, "No, she is not," and quietly shut the door upon him.

No words can describe his feelings. He stared blankly at the handsome door, well shut and firm, that suddenly closed upon him and separated him from his love.

What could this awful thing mean? Had Mrs. Bracegirdle heard something—false, of course, and uttered by some other base admirer of her daughter—which had made her take this cruel step? It was impossible to guess. It was impossible to knock again and ask. It was ridiculous to stand staring at the door. He turned, descended the steps and walked thoughtfully down the street.

Before he had gone half way he met a hated rival, a very fine fellow, whom he had only begun to hate in the last three or four days, since he had noticed that Miss Bracegirdle sometimes gave him very charming and encouraging glances.

Captain Fortescue walked on slowly, and listened for the confident rat-tat-tat of his rival. He heard it, listened and looked back. The door was opened and the visitor instantly admitted.