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At 8 o'clock, A.M. Returning FROM BOSTON every SATURDAY at Noon.
Passengers arriving by train Tuesday evening can go direct on board steamer.
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NEW STOCK, NEW PATTERNS:

Fancy Checked Tweed Waterproof Cape Coats, 52 to 56 inches long.

Black Cashmere Cape Coats, Black Winchester's.

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BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892

7 and 20 January
3 and 17 February
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3 and 17 August
7 and 21 September
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7 and 21 December

3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.

Capital Prize worth \$15,000.

TICKETS, - - - - \$1.00

DO. - - - - 25c.

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List of Prizes.

1 Prize worth 15,000.....	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000.....	5,000 00
1 " " 2,000.....	2,000 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
200 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
100 " " 5.....	500 00
100 " " 2.....	200 00
100 " " 1.....	100 00

3124 Prizes worth.....\$52,740 00

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

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE KNIGHT'S LAST COMBAT.

"For how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his Gods."

A knight in gleaming armour, waits
At the head of a winding stair;
Alone he stands; his iron hands
Are clasped as in prayer,
And up from below comes the rushing foe,
Then a sudden halt; and a murmur low
Breaks on the evening air.

The knight stands leaning on his axe,
And his giant form looms tall;
A lantern swings from a hook, and flings
Grim shapes upon the wall;
The axe gleams bright in the feeble light,
As the foe leaps up to attack the knight,
And the shadows deeper fall.

As bearded rye 'neath the reaper's steel,
Falls fast in the autumn fair;
So, for every blow, a cloven foot
Goes rattling down the stair;
The huge axe gleams in the flickering beams,
As fell and swift as the lightning streams
Through the tortured midnight air.

And still those fiery forms strive
To hew a passage then;
While grim and tall, above them all,
The warrior holds the stair
Still rages the fight, while the lantern's light
Streams brighter as darker grows the night
And hotter the murky air.

Till all bear back from the fatal sweep
Of the giant warrior's arm;
Of that hero band none dare to stand
When the red blood flows warm;
As Horatius faced the Tuscan frown,
And kept the gate till the bridge went down
In the Tiber's yellow foam.

So for an hour that dauntless knight
Made good the narrow ground;
Tho' the flags are dyed with the crimson tide,
That flows from many a wound;
Tho' his brow is wet with blood and sweat,
And his eye grows dim and dimmer yet,
As the death shades gather round.

Then up from the court on his failing ear,
Comes a bugle's martial blast;
And he sees, by the torches blazing clear,
His comrades gathering fast;
But his deafened ear no more can hear
The clash of arms and the ringing cheer,
That peals from the ranks of his comrades dear,
As he feebly totters past.

He raises his mighty form erect,
As the soldiers close around;
His senses reel; from his dripping steel
Red blood gouts stain the ground;
Around his head;—too great a task,
He whirls his bloody battle-axe;
Then slowly sinks upon his knee,
And dies, while murmuring—"victory."

Hauteport.

NERO.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE LIMESTONE CITY.

Since last writing to THE CRITIC my wayward steps have taken me to a good many places, and among them the sturdy city of Kingston was my abiding place for a short time. This city reminded me more strongly of Halifax than any other I have ever seen. The soldiers from the battery and the cadets from the Royal Military College lent a martial air to the place, which was not unpleasant to eyes accustomed to look on red-coats as a constituent part of the community. These familiar-looking features of the town, as well as the fortifications, the Martello towers, etc., and above all, the noon gun, kept home sickness at a distance. The strictness of the regulars at Halifax is not, however, a feature of the militia of Fort Henry. I visited that war-like structure one day accompanied by a friend, and the solitary warder was only too glad to show us all there was to see and tell us all there was to tell about the place. In fact, he was very communicative, and his frequent reference to history, and doubt of our knowledge of it, was amusing. We assisted at firing the noon gun, saw the three-pound bag of powder rammed in, (which he told us was the charge "all over the universe,") and this duty over, were conducted all around the walls of the fort by our obliging friend. The view of Kingston and the harbor, the peninsula on which the Royal Military College buildings stand, and Navy Bay, as well as the numerous islands in the vicinity, is splendid from that vantage ground. It is always satisfactory to get a view of a place as a whole from the highest point available, and so fix in the mind "the lay of the land." It helps wonderfully in finding your way about afterwards in a comparatively strange city.

While I was in Kingston the interesting closing exercises of Queen's University took place. These extend over four days, a sermon in connection with the convocation being preached on Sunday, a science lecture being delivered on Monday evening, the valedictories occupying Tuesday afternoon, and the convocation and presentation of degrees coming off on Wednesday. Queen's appears to be in a flourishing condition, and the students, male and female, are bright, wide-awake and thoughtful. With a broad-minded Christian man, such as Principal Grant, at the head of affairs, it is only natural that this should be the case.

One of the interesting features of the convocation was the presentation,