

Letters:

From a Self-Made Mother to a Home-Made Daughter.

"Dear Gertrude—Now that you are out of finishing school, I shall expect great things from you. Don't think of getting married yet. At present do not bother about how much money a man has. What you are after is experience, and oftentimes you can get it better from the poor than from the rich. Later you can discriminate. When any money is spent on you, however, never fail to be appreciative. It's a fatal mistake to allow a man with money to know how much of a fool he is making of himself. Above all things, say your prayers every night. It's a good sedative, and you need sleep at your age. Your affectionate Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—I am glad you are visiting in New York. Everyone should go to New York occasionally to acquire the proper nervous pitch. But I want you to remember that just because you are moving around in good society you mustn't drift too much with the current. You've got to work for a living just the same as all the rest, and it's going to depend altogether on yourself whether you get the right one to work or not. If I hadn't known that your father, when I first met him in Pittsburgh, was the right man to work for a living, I might have been a cloak model to-day. So keep your eyes open and learn all you can. I want you to draw a prize in the marriage lottery, but to do that you must sit up nights. Your affectionate Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—I've just been reading what you have written about late suppers and a midnight tete-a-tete, and this is only a word of warning. Go slow! Remember that health and beauty are the same in all languages, and you can't make your husband walk a chalk-mark with a ruined digestion. By all means have a flirtation if you can, but have it in business hours. Don't be afraid to wreck any young man's life. If he's poor, it may be the means of making him a future; and if he's rich, it doesn't matter anyway. Your affectionate Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—The announcement of your engagement was telegraphed on to the papers here, and I read it this morning before your letter came. It's all right as long as you don't marry him. But remember that one engagement does not make a winter in town. Do not let him monopolize you too much, however. You must fit yourself for married life as early as possible, and early habits count. I enclose a check for a thousand. Buy a brooch with it. Your affectionate Mother."

"Dear Gertrude—Have you found out how much he is really worth—not what the papers say? This is important. When I married your father he didn't have a cent. But I had faith in him. Nowadays, however, it is not faith, but cash, that counts. You will find it a difficult matter to guess accurately, but here are a few rules: If he talks big and spends little, look out. If he spends big and talks little, beware. He's unbalanced. If he lets you do all the ordering, don't trust him. He's not good business. If he spends one day and doesn't the next, break off the engagement at once. He's a gambler. But if he spends steadily, silently, unconsciously all the time and pays taxes on at least two million dollars (see papers) he's all right. Your affectionate Mother." —Tom Masson in "Life."

Haying Parties Again the Mode.

With the fashions in dress of our grandmothers their mode of entertainment is coming in again, says an English exchange. Once more the hay-party, erst while called the "hay junketing," by reason of the "junket" partaken of during the festivity, has become the order of the afternoon in country places, and even pleasure-jaded Londoners find it restful and pleasant to sit on a haycock.

There has always lingered an aroma of romance over hay-making. It suggests honeysuckle and wild roses, and such Arcadian lovers as Chloe and Strephon, Phyllis and Lubin, and carries us back in thought to the days when Marie Antoinette and her ladies played at being les belles fermieres, and lovely Lady Sarah Lennox nearly gained a crown by winning the heart of George III. while tossing hay in the meadows of Holland House.

The hay-party of to-day is much like the ordinary garden-party, with a little gentle hay-tossing thrown in. Tea is served in the park or meadow, and haycocks serve as seats and tables. A cow-Jersey for choice—well groomed, and wearing a wreath of flowers, may be tethered handy, so that those who like it may drink warm milk and enjoy syllabub.

In the days when the King, as Prince of Wales, used to accept the loan of Sir Alan Mackenzie's house near Ascot for the race week, a meadow was always left unowned so that the princesses might enjoy the cutting, and subsequent hay-making, and the risk made from it used to be called "The Princesses' Risk."

She Crushed Him.

"Casandra," sighs our hero, "there is something within me that thrills me to the innermost recesses of my soul. I must tell you of the haunting heaviness, of the doubt, the dread, the pain that tills me—"

"Percival," titters our heroine, "have you been eating green apples?"—"Judge."

Too Plebeian.

"So you have decided to get another physician." "I have," answered Mrs. Cumrox; "the idea of his prescribing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are!"—"Washington Star."

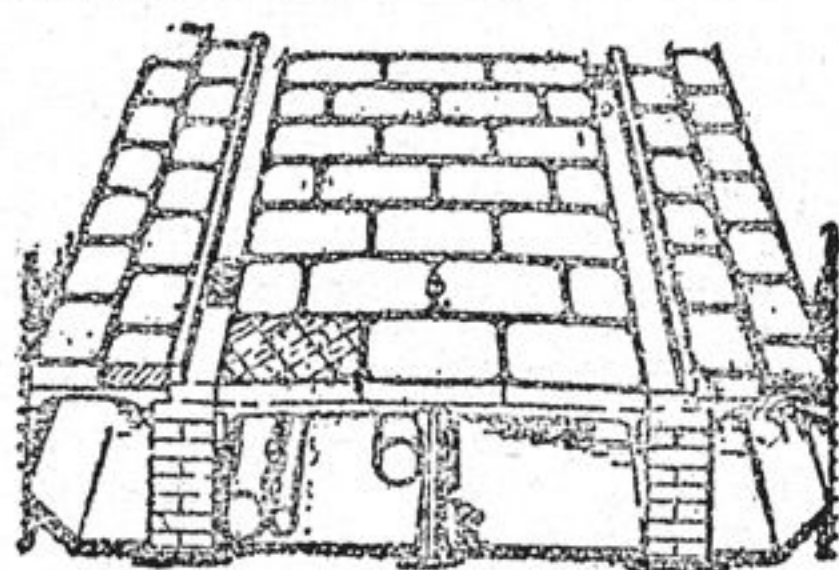
Fortune for a Flower.

The flower pot was like a toy. The moss in it would not have made a teaspoonful. Out of the moss two tiny leaves, each less than a half-inch long, peeped. They were variegated leaves; their right halves were green and their left halves white. Pot, earth, leaves and all, this plant would have slipped easily into a man's waistcoat pocket. And yet \$10,000 had been offered for it. It did not weigh an ounce. There was nothing to it but two tiny leaves upon a stem less than an inch long. Yet it was worth \$10,000. It was an orchid in the collection of Mrs. George B. Wilson of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wilson's orchids are said to be the finest in America; some say the finest in the world. The little plant was a cross between a Cattleya aurea and a Cattleya labiata. It was two years old, and it would be five years more before it would begin to bloom. But it was the only orchid in the world with leaves half green and half white, and therefore, Sanders, the English collector, seeing it in November said: "I will give you \$10,000 for it."

But Mrs. Wilson's gardener replied: "We buy all we can, but we never sell." Mrs. Wilson lives at Forty-third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. Ten years ago she bought the orchids of Erastus Corning of New York—40,000 plants, which Mr. Corning had been forty years in gathering. She engaged for her gardener Alphonse Pericat, who had been head gardener at the orchid farm of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild of Paris, and she sent off, with a roving commission, Henri Barrault, a skilled orchid hunter. For the last ten years, thanks to the daring and the industry of Barrault, and thanks to the patient art of Pericat, her collection has been growing greatly. It is practically a collection that represents 50 years of work. It numbers 20,000 plants, over 2,000 of which are unique, with duplicates nowhere in the world, and it is worth (as Erastus Corning spent \$100,000 on it, as Mrs. Walton has spent \$250,000 on it, and as Pericat has propagated from it over 2,000 hybrids) close upon \$1,000,000.

To Save Pavements.

It has come to the point where there is seldom a day, winter or summer, when the gas, electricity or sewer men are not tinkering away at something underground which necessitates tearing up the streets and piling the earth along the curb until traffic is blockaded, says The Philadelphia Public Ledger. It has taken an Englishman to improve upon this condition of affairs, as a glance at the accompanying illustration shows. His idea is to suspend the paving between the rails of the street car tracks on trusswork, which will provide a vacant space, beneath the



A NEW IDEA IN ROADWAY CONSTRUCTION.

surface of which the gas and electric pipes may be placed. This construction may later be applied to the water and sewerage systems, provided some company inaugurates a scheme to sell heat as water and gas are now sold, when the new enterprise can be utilized to prevent freezing of the water in surface mains in the winter. When this system is put in operation the laborers will only remove the trussed plates which cover the conduit in which the pipes are to be laid or repairs made, and in place of the piles of dirt the passer-by will see neat rows of paving blocks and steel plates, offering no obstacle to traffic and soiling no wearing apparel for the person who chances to walk down the street. This system of roadway construction has been patented by Gilbert D. Wansbrough of London, Eng.

Mooris Almanac and Canada.

Knowing the covert belief which the majority of mankind places in soothsayers, says The British Canadian Review, London, and that much confidence is placed in the prognostications of Old Moore's Almanac by the lower classes in this country, one would almost believe that some "cute official of the Canadian Immigration Department had interviewed the editor of this quaint publication, seeing that the most happy anticipations held out in the coming year are mainly connected with Canada. "Old Moore" tells us that at the commencement of the year "our sister colony is skating with death on what looks like very thin ice," but we are glad to be reassured "the fair maiden will not fall through," and we are greatly cheered by reading that "Old Moore" predicts "a most prosperous future for this grand country." In February, we are told that "Canadian rails will be strong." During April we enterprising Yankee will apparently endeavor to make a corner in corn, and as the prophet tells us that "England will be well on the alert, and the Yankees 'will burn their fingers,' we feel comforted. In July we are told to expect news from British Columbia "which will bring a heavy rush of miners to that colony." As British Columbia is a large territory, it is perhaps a pity that "Old Moore" could not have indicated more nearly the location. We wonder if he has heard about the recent discovery of rich quartz in the Lardeau district? In September we get this cryptic prophecy: "The whole of the empire will have occasion to rejoice on the receipt of some wonderfully good news which will come to us by cable from Canada, business in many quarters will improve in consequence, and the increase of emigration to that colony will be very marked." "Old Moore's prophecies" may very likely help to swell the tide of emigration to Canada, as this penny almanac is widely read by the masses, many of whom still believe in Mother Shipton and others of that ilk.

Tragedian—I can't eat this bread, my dear. It's like lead.
Wife—Why, John, I thought you liked heavy rolls.—"Dramatic Mirror."

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CHAS. WISE, Com. C. W. BURGESS, R. K.

CANADIAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meet in the Orange hall on Francis street west on the first and third Mondays in each month.

ALEX. MCGEE, N. G. J. T. THOMPSON JR., Sec.

O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE L. hall on Francis St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.

J. T. THOMPSON JR., W. M. J. F. VANCE, Rec.-S.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS. Court Phoenix No. 182. Meet on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.

D. GOULD, Chief Ranger. THOS. AUSTIN, R. S.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS. Fenelon Falls Lodge No. 626. Meets in the Orange Hall on Francis street west on the first Thursday of each month.

F. SMITHMAN, Chief Ranger, P. DEYMAN, Sec.

CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. FENE LON Falls Circle No. 127, meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block the first Wednesday in every month.

P. C. BURGESS, Leader. R. B. SYLVESTER, Secretary.

A. F. AND A. M., G. R. C. THE SPRY Lodge No. 406. Meets on the first Wednesday of each month, on or before the full of the moon, in the lodge room in Cunningham's Block.

F. A. McDIARMID, W. M. E. FITZGERALD, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH—QUEEN ST. REV. D. Benj. Davies, Minister. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Bible Class and Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Praise and prayer service on Thursday at 8 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—COLBORNE Street—Rev. John Garbutt, Pastor. Sunday service at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—COLBORNE Street—Rev. R. C. H. Sinclair, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting every Tuesday at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

CALVATION ARMY—BARRACKS ON Bond St. West—Captain and Mrs. Banks. Service every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8 p. m., and on Sundays at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7.30 p. m.

ST. ALOYSIUS R. C. CHURCH—LOUISA Street—Rev. Father O'Leary, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 p. m.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, BOND ST. EAST. Rev. A. S. Dickinson, Rector. Sunday service: Matins 10.30 a. m., evensong 7 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion first Sunday of every month at 10.30 a. m. and third Sunday of every month at 8 a. m. Sunday School 2.30 p. m. Thursday every week as follows: Catechising of children at 7 p. m., evensong at 7.30 p. m., choir practice at 8.15 p. m.

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POST-OFFICE—F. J. KER, POSTMASTER. Open daily, Sundays excepted from 7.30 a. m. to 7 p. m. Mail going south closes at 7.35 a. m. Mail going north closes at 11.25 a. m. Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mails.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. A postmaster is not obliged to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearsages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.