

Men and Women of To-day.

The Man of the Hour in South Africa.

Sir Wilfrid Milner, K. B. B., G. C. M. G., Governor of Cape Colony, and Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the Bloemfontein Conference with President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, is one of the most talked-about men in Europe to-day. His mission to "Oom Paul," while abortive, indicates a new policy on the part of Great Britain, and it is the general belief that it could have been instructed to no better man than the young South African administrator.

Sir Alfred has won his way to his present post by persistent hard work, begun in old Balliol under Doctor Jowett and in company with Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. H. A. Argyll. New College, Oxford, elected him to a Fellowship in 1881, but the future Commissioner resigned it and entered journalism on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, under Mr. Sted. From the editorial desk he went into politics, first as a candidate for Parliament as a Radical, and later on as Mr. Goschen's private secretary. He served in the finance department at home and in Egypt, under Mr. Goschen and Lord Cromer. He made budgets under Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Then came his appointment to South Africa in which he has won his chief time.

A good interviewer Sir Alfred makes. His newspaper training helps him there. He has learned both sides of the art. He can talk without saying anything, and interrogate without asking questions. He is imperturbable, unemotional and insinuating. He accomplishes many things without working apparently. He never seems to be busy. Yet he is in his office twelve hours of the day, and in his study till midnight.

In appearance he is slender, active and dark. His hair is beginning to show the silver threads of age, but his face is that of a college boy, fresh and clear.

Who's Who, the British Commoner's "Bucks," puts him down as having no special recreation save work. But this is a slander. He is a tennis player of note.

Talmage's Grievances Against Composers.

Probably no American preacher has had his sermons more faithfully reported and more widely published than Dr. D. Witt Talmage, who has recently left his Washington pastorate to devote his whole time to writing and lecturing. Doctor Talmage believes the press is mightier than the pulpit, and is a most congenial companion when among newspaper men.

"Many years ago, when my sermons first attracted the attention of city editors," said Dr. Talmage in a recent conversation, "you reporters used to make me fume and fret, but since I have come to know you better I have transferred much of my wrath to your adversary, the compositor. My eyes were opened when, after annoying blunders in print, I determined to report my own sermons for a certain New York morning paper. It chanced that the first time I reported myself I was preaching a sermon on the Penitential Psalms, in which sermon I said with emphasis:

"You will notice that in these verses the name of God does not appear once. Is not this significant?"

"Calm and confident that this time the sense of my sermon would not be distorted by careless reporting, I picked up the paper on Monday morning and read:

"You will notice that in these verses the name of God does not appear once. Is not this magnificent?"

Prinking for the Portrait Painter.

"One of the most difficult tasks of a portrait painter, says William M. Chase, the eminent artist, 'is to keep his sitter in a natural pose. It is the man whose likeness we want—the real man. Some persons do not realize this, and often a subject will change his appearance as far as possible before going to a studio. He will dress himself in an unusual costume. He puts on his best clothes and his company manners. I remember once being commissioned to paint the portrait of a very distinguished New Yorker. He was a General and had been a statesman of national fame. As I knew him, he was an ideal subject for a painter. His head was leonine. His hair

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Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

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was snow white, and his complexion was pink.

"The first day that he came to my studio he was alone, and I made a very satisfactory beginning. The next visit his daughters came with him, and I noticed that they did not view my work with much enthusiasm. I had made their father look too old, they said. The next time, I hardly knew the general. He looked ten years older. His shoulders were square and his cheeks were round and plump.

"There!" said the youngest daughter complacently. "We want you to paint father as he is now."

"What have you done with him?" I asked.

"The young woman drew me aside and said: 'We have put "plumpers" in his cheeks (you know how hollow they were!) and we have had the tailor pad his shoulders. Don't you think he looks better?"

"I'm afraid I didn't tell her exactly what I did think!"

L'arrad From a Crispie.

Lady Henry Somerset is always a prominent figure at the meetings of the International Council of Women, especially when they are held in London. On such occasions her place, the Priory, is thrown open to the American delegates and their friends. It was at a tea in the Priory, during the latest London meeting of the Council that Lady Henry told how she came to devote a large part of her life to slum work among the children. Lady Henry, by the way, is almost as well known in this line of effort as she is in Women's clubs and British temperance work.

"It was this way," she said. "I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting day while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held a crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful. I was told yet to my surprise the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth.

After the doctors left I said to him:

"How could you possibly stand it?"

"That's nothin'," he answered; "why, I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about it's being a bee if I didn't."

How Stanton's Feet y Affected the Rat.

Frank L. Stanton, the well-known writer of verse, is the wonder and amazement of everybody who has followed his work. Not long ago, Mr. Stanton had completed his work and was about to leave the office when he discovered that the three poems that were to constitute part of the column fitted well with the details of a Northern publisher's request. Taking them out from the copy which was ready to go to the composing room, he mailed them North, and in less than a half hour had written three substitutes, all of which were copied with unusual frequency.

Some of the poet's negligence is shown in the way he preserves his work. The poems are cut out of the Constitution and put into cloth bags. Recently when he was getting ready his new book, Come One With a Song, he went to these bags and found that the rats had gnawed in and had a feast of reason.

The experience, however, has given rise to the belief among Mr. Stanton's associates that since then the rats in Atlanta show a strange deformity—all having two short feet and one long foot—the anaesthet being not infrequent in the poet's work.

Took His Cheeks Instead of his Scalp.

General Guy V. Henry, late Commandant of the United States forces in Porto Rico, will carry to his grave the scars of a terrible and nearly fatal wound which was inflicted by the savages in the great Sioux uprising of 1873. The General was slashed in the face with a knife, and the first impression is that he has lost both cheeks. Shortly after his arrival in Porto Rico a native cocoanut paddler made bold to ask him while counting his change, how he came to lose his cheeks.

The General smiled and replied: "When

I was fighting the Indians in my country I was wounded and fell from my horse. The savages didn't think much of my scalp, and so, by way of compromise, they took my cheeks."

Mrs. Henry is in this country interesting her countrywomen in the work of the Colonial Aid Society, of which she is President. During her husband's official term in our new possession she started many classes for young girls and boys in the study of American history. In one of these classes there was a young girl who had studied just enough of our early annals to misunderstand the subject thoroughly. On a particular day the talk was upon the early patriots and their wives and the teacher eloquently held forth upon the virtues of Hannah Adams, Abigail Adams, Miriam O'is, Martha Washington, and others of like fame.

"Oh yes," spoke up the girl, who knew all about America, "they were great women. They came from Massachusetts didn't they, where they burn witches, and it was because of this that George Washington started the Revolution in Virginia and had the Declaration of Independence signed in Philadelphia?"

WOMEN'S SECONDHAND CLOTHES.
Changes in the Trade Caused by Extravagant Fashions.

The second hand clothing business as regards women has attained some curious developments.

"Now, these are art galleries," said an auctioneer. "We sell rare mosaics, Carrara marbles, oil paintings, cabinets, and rich bric-a-brac. But this morning I sold fifty hats and bonnets, the stock of a retiring first-rank milliner, and twenty-five lots of second-hand silk lined gowns and wraps, dinner, ball and street costumes, the real creations of world-famous modistes. You saw that tall, rather distinguished-looking woman who went out a moment ago? She wouldn't strike one as a second-hand clothes dealer, would she? But she bid in nearly the whole consignment, and she'd make a pretty figure out of it, and make a number of clients happy as the result of her morning's work. She doesn't confine her operations to one locality or to two or three. She goes about things in a dignified, matter-of-course way that always scruples and assures her trade. Transactions confidential is prefaced with an asterisk at the foot of her announcement cards—cards that she sees to it reach the right people, and she has dressmakers, cleaners and remodellers all ready and at hand. I know of four or five other notably successful second-hand dealers in various parts. The best of them do a legitimate business with people too wide awake to be taken in. The rising mark of luxury has put a distinct commercial value on clothes."

A dress made of the best silk or cloth that can be found, and lined, trimmed, and fitted out with costly material, has always value. The same thing with good jewelry that is a little old-fashioned, with dimity, linen, and fine white goods only needing making over to be as serviceable as ever; with shoes a trifle off the latest type, but scarcely worn, with opera cloaks and furs only needing the cleaner's and remodeller's care, with flannels slightly shrunken and worn, but good for a long time still. All these the dealer turns to good account. A fashionable woman now has to have so many and variously assorted appointments for different functions, and must comply so strictly to the styles, that the clothes don't get a chance to wear out before being thrown aside; and, moreover, they are so costly, and those that must replace them are so costly, that any hard cash put in the owner's hand on their account is not to be sniffed at. The second-hand dealer has evolved from these conditions; and to bring the people who could use these cast-offs in sight and touch of the bargains is easy enough to those who know how.

"A lady suddenly called into mourning, having distinctive new costumes made by first-class artists, will dispose of same at half value; seen between 5 and 9, second room apartment, 519 Blank Street," will be the form of the advertisement. No 519 is in a good neighborhood; the lady called into mourning must be a fashionable person, with things worth seeing, the readers conclude. They go to see and price; the dealer knows how to display her goods. The lady in mourning does not of course, appear, and the cleansed and remodelled costumes from the art-galleries sale find find buyers. Lady going abroad for a year will sell her scarcely used outfit of costly robes and gowns, all bearing trademarks of well-known makers, is another private sale announcement issuing from the same source. The address in this case proves to be the parlors of a well-established dressmaker.

"That's an Arnaud gown worth \$500. The price now \$95," says the saleswoman as the fine figured young woman model, revolves slowly in order to show off a superb peach-blow satin, trimmed with effective lace and flots of ribbons. The customer knows good stuff when she sees it. She knows when a dress is built on good lines, and although she may not swallow the entire \$500 fable, she realizes that when the dealer has taken \$25 off the \$95, she will be getting the worth of her money. She sits down in a rocker to think it over, while an attendant brings her a pick up and gets ready to show off the other bargains. The women who go to overhaul, price, and size up the wares are of the sort who never buy cheap things in a shop, and who never wear cheap clothes, however plain but who although ambitious, are limited in means, and have to exert all energies in "making out" on a skimpy allowance. They would never take a gown or a wrap with a soiled lining in it, or a rubbed or worn foot frill but the bureau looks well to these details before off ring and in nearly every case gives good value. The manager knows well when to put in a word that will give romantic interest or additional importance to her wares.

"That's a Vanderhouse gown, came straight from the family," she says in regard to the black-cloth gown that a pretty young woman customer is trying on in the private rooms. "I happen to know just how and when it was ordered from Robinson, in London last year. Just see the quality of that silk lining, and the cut of the sleeve is exactly what they are wearing now." That open net effect on white on the poke is a nice touch; suits your style. Some time I'll tell you how I happened to get this lot. The young lady likes the suit. Well, here is the hat to go with it. Such tips and that dear old buckle mark it at once as uncommon. The whole thing, with extra stock collar and belt, will go for \$20, and it will wear for three winters, and never look commonplace.

"The young woman, who travels for a novelty company, and depends upon dress and good looks for her entering-wedge in strange cities, pays the \$28 cast down, and turns to look at the stock of fancy waists and silk petticoats.

"I'm delighted to have found you out, a picturesque looking woman is saying as she puts the pretty hair ornament she had been examining back on the table. "I open with a concert and variety company on the 1st of September and need just three costumes; good, showy looking, but not expensive. I can't go the price of any of these here. Not over \$20 apiece, all evening gowns. Send me word promptly when you have anything, and put me down for the red kersey cloth cloak. I must have that," and she takes leave in excellent humor.

"The dealer puts down many important memoranda during the day. Mrs. K. at the family hotel, wants a wide skirted silk velvet gown, something good, but, as reasonable as possible, that she can cut up in to coats and hats for her two little girls. Never mind how frowsy or soiled the waist is; the skirt breadths are the main things. Miss Smallwages, the typewriter, wants a real sealskin wrap. Later in the day a pen-and-ink artist, a married woman, who is hard up comes in to sell the pawn ticket for her sealskin sack that has been in detention for two winters. The two needs fit in as it made for each other. People in search of imported corsets, of silk underwear, of tea gowns, skirts, and negligees, come to the 'exclusive accommodation' fit to find them.

Some patrons are of the sort that the uninitiated might think out of character with second hand transactions; some are curiosity seekers, who examine the goods critically and buy only some inconsequent trinket as pledge of good faith; others are of the humdrum, plodder, and toiler class, looking for substantial, good wearing bargains, and nothing for show or a smart effect. One young woman looks in for an outing costume; another for a plain gray travelling suit, and they are willing to overlook a few wear-and-tear marks if the cut is fashionable. Nobody asks for the cheap, common wares. They know well from the loca-

tion and the dealer's methods that she caters to a discriminating trade, has just the things, for instance, that the poor relation's family would have thanked her for.

"The professional packer and unpacker and the professional house-opener and general overhauler intrusted with the charge of making a shut-up house fit for occupancy against the coming of the home brood, is a main element in the cast-off clothing agent's success. It is the professional unpacker and airer-out who neither knows nor cares about the poor relation, and who studies her own individual interest in furnishing garments and souvenirs from the great rich family belongings to the enterprising clothes broker. This slightly worn but textured velvet mantle, with fine passementerie, might as well be included in the mass of not-wanted things, hustled into the big clothes basket for the mistress's careless inspection. That child's costume made by X., the children's clothes specialist, is slightly worn at the wrist and may as well go along with the rest; and that silk and linen mixture morning gown so rumpled in the skirt, would do good service when smoothed out and furnished with new ribbons. The professional packer has rare chances, and the clothes agent, notebook and pencil in hand, is on the spot to see that she neglects none. The gleanings of the two are worth more than the auction sale to the accommodation list.

"The storage-house left-overs are another resource for the second-hand dealers to tap. Very slight personal effects are frequently to be got by simply paying the amount lent on them. The people who deposited them, and who meant to pay at the time, are either gone and everywhere over the world, not knowing or caring what becomes of their things. Wholesale firms, retailing shirts and jackets at manufacturer's prices for their own purposes, are another source to be taken advantage of; also things detained in the Custom House over long, or that have been worn once or twice and brought through the Custom House by special agents traveling for the second-hand trade.

SCURVY IN ALASKA.

Arctic Seafarers are Now of Opinion the Dread Disease may be Averted.

The N. Y. Sun recently reported that a score of miners had perished of scurvy in Wind City, on the Wind River, in Alaska. They had no vegetables nor fresh food, their medicines were soon exhausted and about half the men in the camp died of scurvy. If they had equipped themselves as Arctic explorers do nowadays it is probable they would have escaped the terrible visitation.

Those who venture into the far North without knowing the hygienic rules required for the preservation of health, or the means for preventing scurvy take their lives in their hands. The sad fate that often overtakes them awakens sympathy, but they invite it.

Six years ago six Russian priests were sent to labor among the Samoyeds, who live near the south end of Nova Zembla. A comfortable hut had been erected for their use, and they might have spent the winter in good health if it had not been for the fact that as priests of the Greek Church they were not permitted to eat meat. Their religion, however, permitted them to partake freely of salt fish and with tea and bread comprised their diet. A more dangerous bill of fare for the Arctic winter could hardly be invented. They had with them a Russian boy, who ate what the priests did, except that he did not touch salt meat, as the natives gave him a plentiful supply of fresh reindeer meat.

When the traders who had seen the party established in their new home returned in the spring they found that all six of the priests had died, while the boy was in good health. True to their conviction that duty required them to refrain from eating meat, the priests had clung to their salt-fish diet, and scurvy spared not a man of them.

When explorer Jackson went to Franz Josef Land his party of seven men camped on the shore while the the crew of the Winward, which had taken him north and was prevented by the ice from returning that season, lived on their ship. The land party ate pretty freely of fresh bear meat during the winter, but the crew of the Winward preferred tinned meats and some of them refused to eat any bear meat at all. The Jackson party lived in good health for three years and not a man among them had been sick when they returned home. On the other hand the crew of the Winward, who did not like such fresh meat as the Arctic afforded, in the one winter they spent north suffered from scurvy and one man died of it.

What she Wanted.

Mrs. Fadd—Have you any sympathetic ink?

Clerk—I think so. What color do you wish?

Mrs. Fadd—Black. You see poor little Fido died last night, and I wish to send out cards announcing the fact.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department O. Q. The Institute, "Longcot," Gunnersbury, London, W., England.

A WISE WOMAN



Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a

PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK

Written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. I am sure you'll be delighted with it.

WRITE TO-DAY

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal