

Men and Women of To-day.

Wealth of Humor in McKinley's Cabinet.

President McKinley and all the present members of his Cabinet are men of wit and humor, although they conceal it as much as possible from outsiders, realizing that the public does not respect and admire wits and humorists in official life. They have seen over and over again that the people prefer a man of talent who is always serious in public to a man of genius who is frequently or even sometimes funny, and they are careful to avoid the danger on which so many statesmen have wrecked their careers. But in private, and especially at Cabinet meetings, they allow their wit and humor full play. Most of the men who have been in the Cabinet during the McKinley Administration have been fond of fun if not fun-makers themselves, and few Cabinet meetings have been held which were not made agreeable by entertaining repartee and witty comments on men and affairs. In the dark st days of the Spanish War Mr. Dooley's conversations with Mr. Hinnessey were read in Cabinet meeting, sometimes by the President, sometimes by others and all the hits at the Administration were as much enjoyed as the hits of people outside of it. President McKinley, who is himself one of the best story tellers in Washington, draws frequently from his large fund of anecdotes for the illustration of whatever subject may be before the Cabinet meeting, and if the topic has a funny side he will draw attention to it as quickly as any of his Cabinet officers. 'In all the two years and a half that I have sat with him at the Cabinet table,' said Secretary Long the other day, 'I never saw President McKinley give the slightest sign of irritation or impatience even when he was under great stress and trying circumstances. On the contrary, he has always been patient, and even cheerful. He is the most amiable of men.'

His humor and his sense of humor have helped him greatly to maintain this amiable attitude and to lubricate the Cabinet wheels. Secretary Hay is perhaps the wittiest man in the Cabinet, and his unconventional reports of State Department affairs at Cabinet meetings greatly delight his colleagues. 'These negotiations,' he said in reporting at a Cabinet meeting on the Alaska boundary question, 'are being carried on in rag time. I answer their propositions in twenty-four hours, and they answer mine in twenty-four days.'

Secretary Elihu Root manages to hold his own as a humorist and wit at the Cabinet meetings. To one of the Washington correspondents who expressed the hope that his administration might be a success and that his relations with the newspaper men might be good, he said quickly, with a smile, 'I'll try to behave so that you won't have to get out a round robin about me.'

Why Captain Goodrich is Not an Admiral.

Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., who did such notable blockading service during the war with Spain, passed several years on the Asiatic station in the early nineties. He is a staunch believer in upholding the dignity of the American flag, and in every port made formal calls upon the local authorities, and entertaining them in model style when they visited his ship in return. The Captain is slender and rather short in stature, a fact which means nothing in the Western world. In China, however, it is different. The ruling Manchu class is much larger and stronger physically than the Chinese proper, who constitute the bulk of the governed. Upon this is based a general belief that no man can be great unless he has a big body.

On one occasion Captain Goodrich visited the perfect of Amon, a fine looking personage weighing over two hundred pounds, and in a few minutes the Captain had fascinated the latter by his brilliant conversation. When the call was nearly over, the mandarin, with a courtly bow, said:

'Your Excellency, I understand now how you, although a little man, have become the commander of a great warship. I am certain that if you were only a little fatter you would surely be an Admiral.'

Solving the Mystery of a Haunted House.

It seems a pity to let the light in upon accepted mysteries. When, for instance a handsome mansion has worked long and hard to gain the reputation of being a

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haunted house, it is positively cruel to reduce it to a commonplace, respectable establishment. Yet this has just been done by Dr. Marie Elizabeth Zakrzewska of Boston, a retired physician and the founder of the famous New England Hospital for Women and Children. Her story of the haunted house is as follows:

'In the early sixties I bought a fine old house in the suburbs of Boston. It had been unoccupied I do not know how long and it was said to be haunted. It had not one ghost but a colony of these uncanny creatures. My friends remonstrated both before and after the purchase, and a few who were more than ordinary superstitious would not visit me except in bright, sunshiny weather, when I am told all self-respecting ghosts retire to some unknown realms.

My servants were the worst of all. They heard things and saw things, and got so excited that they behaved more ridiculous than a legion of phantoms. Finally they secured a priest to come in my absence and exorcise the evil spirits. About that time I had the place painted and put in charming order. Either the exorcism or the paint discouraged our spectral friends, because they came no more.

'Years afterward one of my patients, a well to do German woman, said to be.

'I must tell you a secret, Doctor. When we first came to Boston we were wretchedly poor. None of us spoke English, and shortly after our arrival my husband and one of my sons found themselves out of work. We had no money. Your house was empty and was rumored to be haunted, and we determined to profit by the rumor. We moved in and stayed there over two years. We used charcoal for fuel which gives no smoke; and the only light we burned was in an inner room invisible from the street. We made a noise now and then, and I suppose some of us were seen through the windows by the passers-by. It changed our luck, however, and from that time on we got ahead. But the reputation of the house when we moved out was terrible.'

A Servant not Worth Healing.

Florence Nightingale is still alive and active, although she is close on to the four score mark. Through inheritance she is rich, having an attractive home in London and a beautiful country seat known as Claydon house in Buckinghamshire. During the last thirty years Miss Nightingale has worked steadily to improve the sanitary condition of the many villages in her neighborhood. Neat cottages replace former hovels, swamps and unhealthy areas have been drained, the quality of the drinking water has been improved, and a rudimentary knowledge of nursing and first aid to the injured has been disseminated through the peasantry.

Once Miss Nightingale herself set the example by nursing an ailing farm laborer who occasionally worked upon her estate. He was past middle age, and his wife, who knew nothing of nursing, took a deep interest in all that was done. It was not the interest of affection, but of wonder and bewilderment. One afternoon she curtsied and said:

'Your Ladyship, Thomas only got eight shillings a week when he was strong, and now that he is old and worthless he doesn't get more than five. Don't you think it would be cheaper to let him die and get another man for the farm.'

Thomas J. Lipton, Irish-American.

The latest trip to Sir Thomas Lipton across the Atlantic on the Cunarder Campania is in marked contrast to his first visit to America. That happened in 1871, and Lipton then a boy of fifteen, was a steerage passenger. It was in America that he earned the money which proved to be the nest egg for his present vast wealth.

The foundations of the colossal fortune which Lipton has built up within the past twenty eight years are hard work and careful personal attention to details. He himself names as the essentials of success: 'Energy, industry, good memory, and equability of temper. Don't be discouraged, work hard, work honestly, and you are bound to succeed.'

But in addition to his business integrity, Sir Thomas has the keenest sympathy with the poor and needy. During the Diamond Jubilee, while taking tea with the Lord

Mayor and Mayoress of London, he incidentally learned that the Poor Fund was being subscribed slowly.

'How much do you need?' he asked.

'Oh, a considerable sum. We will need it all about £30,000, and only £5000 have been subscribed, replied the Lord Mayor. Without any further delay Lipton wrote a check for the £25,000 and handing it to the Lord Mayor, said:

'If that won't see you through, call on me for more.'

One of Lipton's keenest enjoyments in his daily morning drive to London behind his pair of Kentucky thoroughbreds. His home is Oridge, near Southgate, about nine miles out of London, and from the window of his study one can catch a glimpse of the glistening dome of St Paul's. His hobby is the cultivation of orchids, of which he possesses a rare collection. In order to give his vast interests personal attention Lipton travels extensively, and the billiard room of his house is decorated with trophies which he has picked up everywhere in his journeying.

Mrs. Helmuth's Recipe for Conducting Clubs

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, the former President of Sorosis, who has been elected President of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs and is a member of the National Committee, is best known among club women for her quick wit. At a particularly complicated election in New York where the voters were getting more and more bitter and matters were getting more and more tangled up as time flew, she saved the organization from dissolution by her ready humor and her good memory. She arose and said:

- 'Ladies, let us make the early rules of the Pilgrims the order of the day.
- 'Touch no State matters.
- 'Pick no quarrels.
- 'Repeat no grievances.
- 'Reveal no secrets.
- 'Maintain no ill opinions.
- 'Make no comparisons.
- 'Lay no wagers.
- 'Make no long meals.'

Ever since then these rules have been known among the elect as 'Fanny's recipe for club elections.'

Another time there was an adjournment after a heated argument, and a prayer was to be offered at the opening of the new programs. Just before the woman preacher began, Mrs. Helmuth said:

'Dear friends, after we have finished the Lord's prayer, let us silently ask that there be more knowledge and less noise vouchsafed to us.'

And the prayer was answered.

Mark Twain Wrote to Queen Victoria.

Mark Twain's recent experience with Royalty in Vienna recalls an incident of his life in England about fifteen years ago, when he was in the heyday of his financial prosperity. He had settled down in London for rest and observation when he received from the tax office an income-tax blank to fill out. These papers rank foremost among the most puzzling of English official documents. They comprise four pages of closely set type, and ask all manner of questions, pertinent and impertinent, direct, indirect and cross. Not one Englishman in four wholly comprehends all of the inquiries at first reading, it is said.

When Mr. Clemens got this paper he conceived the idea that it had been sent to him personally by the Queen, which seemed plausible, as it begins with 'Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen,' etc. So he wrote a personal letter to Her Majesty, and directed it, together with his replies to the questions, to Windsor Castle. But instead of mailing it he sent it to a daily London newspaper, which printed a full page of the letter and catechism. It was irresistibly funny. The humorist hesitated as how to address the queen, and finally hit upon 'Mam' which happens to be the correct way. This settled, he expressed



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his gratitude to her for her friendly interest in his affairs, which was really more than he had expected. It ended by regretting that his nationality prevented him from being taxed by her government, but assured her of his kindest regards and warmest well wishes.

The letter was the sensation of the town at the time, and its humor was sufficiently broad to appeal even to the editors of the London comic weeklies.

He Knew the Family Secrets.

Robert C. R. Reid, the 'Czar of Newfoundland,' has just arrived home from Algiers, where he has been sojourning for his health. Mr. Reid controls the entire finances of the colony, and is to Newfoundland what Cecil Rhodes is to South Africa. Mr. Reid was born in Scotland, and started life as a poor boy. He always had a ready wit, however. When he became famous and rich one of his poor relatives arrived in St. Johns, and started the story that he never recognized the poor members of his family.

Reid heard of this, and while walking through a hotel one morning he spied the distant cousin. He walked straight up to him and, patting him upon the shoulder, cried out: 'Why, my good fellow, are you here? Did you use your brother's bail money to skip the country?'

The relative, it is said, never again remarked that Reid forgot his family.

A One-Sided Pleasure.

A lyceum bureau man says that the Bishop of London, Mandell Creighton, who succeeded Doctor Temple when he was elevated to the Primacy of England, will lecture in America next season. The Bishop is a charming wit, as well as a great scholar. Like James Russell Lowell, he has a horror of lending books, especially his favorites. A fellow clergyman once visited the Bishop and took a fancy to an old edition of Shakespeare. He borrowed the volume, and did not think to return it for several months. Finally the minister returned it with a letter saying:

'My Dear Bishop: I have great joy in returning the volume you loaned me.'

The Bishop answered: 'My Dear Brother: All the joy is mine.'

Two Kinds of Sickrooms.

Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased she asked: 'Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?'

'Certainly, madam; they haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength.'

'I see, sir. Your conception of a sick-room is a slaughter house; mine is not.'

A Non-Committal Address.

Ex Assemblyman Mahlon Chance, a Republican campaign orator, after delivering a fiery address on one occasion, was accosted by an old man who had sat in front of him all the evening.

'That was a fine speech, Colonel.'

'Thank you, sir. I am glad you liked it.'

'Oh, yes, I liked it just rate. But say, Colonel, what ticket are you for, anyway?'

ARCTIC IRON ORE DOCKS.

Preparing to Ship Swedish Ore to England From a Newway Flood.

The Scandinavians are about to construct a thoroughly up-to-date harbor at the terminus of ofoten fiord, Norway, of the railroad from the Gellivara iron mines in Sweden. The harbor will be about 130 miles north of the Arctic Circle. The ore docks to be built there will rival those of Lake Superior in size and convenience. The trains laden with ore will be run out upon the quays, the bottom of the cars will be opened and the ore will be discharged into great pockets on the floor below. The steamships tied up at the quays will be loaded in the same way, the floors of the ore pockets sloping at such an angle that when the doors are open the ore will be carried by gravitation into the holds of the vessels. They will be loaded at the rate of 1,000 tons an hour, and fifty to eighty men will be able to handle 1,200,000 tons of ore in a year.

This news is of the greatest interest to British iron manufacturers because Sweden is likely to be their main source of iron ore for many years to come. The mines of Bilbao, Spain, have long fed the blast furnaces of England with much of the iron ore that country has turned into pig iron. But the Spanish mines are now almost exhausted, and Sweden is coming to the front as the source of British supply. The Swedes have no coal with which to smelt their ore, and they are therefore willing to sell their product abroad. The most famous centre of their iron mining is at Gellivara, not far from the Baltic, and considerably north of the Arctic circle. It has an apparently inexhaustible supply of ore and for years a railroad has brought it

down to the Baltic for shipment. But as this narrow arm of the sea freezes over in the winter, there are only four or five months' navigation in the year and the railroad has not been a first rate success. This is the reason a railroad is now building from Gellivara across Sweden and Norway to Oloten, where the warm influence of the Gulf Stream drift keeps the ford open the year round, and so a constant supply of ore may be forwarded from this new Atlantic port to the British blast furnaces.

The Swedish ore contains a little too much phosphorus to be easily reduced, but otherwise it is regarded as among the best iron ores. The expense of mining is very small, as it can be shoveled by the machinery in open cuts upon the cars, as is the case with much of Lake Superior ore. It will not cost much over \$2 a ton delivered at Oloten, and it is expected that the freight rates on the ore vessels will be low. The iron from this ore is unsurpassed for the manufacture of tool steel, bicycle spokes, harness mountings, horseshoe nails and many other articles. Our blast furnaces obtain their ore from the Lake Superior mines at a cost of about 50 cents a ton freightage, and it is not likely that the transportation charges on the Swedish ore can be fixed at so low a figure.

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Equal to Everything.

A well-known major who had risen from the ranks, probably owed his promotion to his readiness of retort. One day a young officer who saw him mounting his horse said—

'Major do you know what you remind me of?'

'No,' said the major; 'of what?'

'Why,' replied the other, 'of the statue of George III, in one of the London streets.'

'Ah,' rejoined the major 'and do you know what you remind me of?'

'No.'

'Well, then—just of the dirty little street boy looking at it.'

Again, he one day met a lady entering a ball room.

'Good evening, miss,' said he.

'Good evening,' answered the lady coldly.

'You are looking very well to-night, miss,' rejoined the major.

'I wish I could return the compliment,' said the lady, who detested him.

'Oh, but you would if you were to tell a lie, as I did,' retorted the major, with perfect assatroid.

Bears in Death Gulch.

In the Yellowstone National Park is a ravine called Death Gulch, because it is evident that animals occasionally perish in it on account of the excessive quantity of carbonic acid in the air. In this respect it resembles the celebrated Dog Grotto near Naples. Both are in the volcanic region where active eruptions do not now occur, but where mephitic gases issue from the rocks and settle in low places. A recent visitor to the Yellowstone Park reports having seen the carcasses of eight bears in Death Gulch.

Mrs. Hix—'I'm glad to hear that your husband is working again.' Mrs. Dix—'But he isn't working; he has a physical job.'

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