

Men and Women of To-day.

How Mayor Harrison Boomed the Janitor.

Mayor Charles H. Harrison, of Chicago, tells his closest friends of an incident of his recent successful campaign for reelection that has amused the reporters. How he played second fiddle, as he says, to the chief janitor of the city hall, and diplomatically turned confusion and apathy into a boom for an Aldermanic candidate, is related by the city's chief executive.

I hurried to a hall in the Fifteenth Ward, said Mayor Harrison, where I was to make one of the last speeches of my campaign. Jostling through a great crowd before the entrance to the hall, I was surprised to learn that what looked to be an overflow meeting was a locked out through. The doors of the hall were closed, and the proprietor refused to open them until \$10 due as rent had been paid.

I quickly paid the sum due and the crowd was admitted to the hall. No one appeared to introduce me. That such a thing could be possible on the last night of the campaign I thought queer. Naturally I became impatient. Resolving to husband my time, for I had other meetings to address, I introduced myself by beginning: "Fellow-citizens—" A great noise interrupted me. A band was playing one of the popular marches and cheers were given for some one. The doors flew open and in marched John W. Gilda, Democratic candidate for Alderman, carrying his broad rimmed hat on his arm and wearing a satisfied smile that seemed to say: "Behold I am coming at the head of my legions."

Captain Farrell never stepped more majestically in front of the Cook County Marching Club than Gilda did coming down the aisle.

It took me but an instant to see that it was a Gilda meeting. Of course I devoted my remarks to encomiums on the chief janitor of the city hall. When I said that he would make a good Alderman the meeting applauded. My speech was well received, although I said nothing about the Mayorally candidate. Gilda was defeated.

Playing the Young Women at Any Cost.

The national movement for pensions for school teachers which is now engaging the attention of the public has no more influential advocate than Colonel Alexander P. Ketchum, former Chief Appraiser of the Port of New York and a member of the School Board for Manhattan. Colonel Ketchum has lived in the metropolis since 1839, and one of his hobbies has been the schools and the school teachers. The women in the profession have found in him a most ardent advocate for any cause leading to their betterment.

Not long ago there was considerable argument over the change in salaries and status. "Merit" held a large place in the examinations, and the question as to what merit really meant was raised. The women held that a superintendent could push a favorite forward who stood only fairly well in his examinations by making up the difference on "merit," and they added that the favorites were always men. The meeting was held late, and with the hours the controversy grew more and more heated. Finally, as it approached an informal caucus, Colonel Ketchum rose and started to make one of his flowery speeches about women being the best thought of the creator, and so on, when a Commissioner from the East Side nervously interposed: "This is all very nice, Mr. President, but it is most pertinent to the question."

"Oh, it isn't, is it?" replied the Colonel sarcastically; "well, neither is anything else here. I tell you, these dear young ladies don't know what they want themselves, and they are determined to have it and what's more they are going to get it."

Why Prof. Russell Knew it Word for Word

Miss Helen Gould is a graduate of the law department of the City of New York, and her instructor was Professor Isaac Franklin Russell, dean of the law college, who is responsible for the admission of more women to the bar than any other man in the world. In addition to his learning, Professor Russell is famed for the lucidity of his style in lecturing. He is able to make the most perplexing legal problems as clear as simple arithmetic, even to the minds of the dullest pupil. Once the Professor was lecturing on contracts before a large class of young women. He

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was explaining the question of consideration, and one of the pupils found the subject difficult. With wonderful patience the Professor went over the definition and illustrations half a score of times. Finally he said:

"If you will turn to page 170 of the textbook beside you, chapter 28, you will read 'A bailor leaves a traveling-bag with his friend for safe keeping or the merchant asks a neighbor to deposit a \$1000 bill to credit in the bank: in each of these cases we have to find the consideration in the trust and confidence reposed by the bailor in the bailee.' This principle," he added, "is illustrated by the famous case of Coggs vs. Bernard, Smith's Leading Cases, 199."

"My!" exclaimed the pupil, in wide-mouthed amazement.

"I trust continued the Professor, a trifle dubiously, 'that I have made it plain to you."

"Oh, dear, no!" returned the pupil. "I don't understand it a bit better. But won't you please tell me how you manage to remember the very words of all that stuff in that horrid book?"

"Perhaps one reason," replied the Professor, as he turned to the next subject with a little sigh of resignation, "is that I wrote that horrid book."

Colonel Cody Loses Faith in a Theory.

Colonel William F. Cody, more imposing in robust middle age even than he was in his early days, had an experience not long ago which had shattered his belief in two generally accepted theories as to animal training. It was behind the scenes of the Wild West Show, where the bucking bronchos and other unmanageable horses are kept. The Colonel was showing a friend from the far West around the show.

"How do you manage horses?" asked the visitor. "Through fear or kindness," answered the Colonel. "Some horses can be tamed by kindness, but with others fear is the only way to conquer them. Now, all of these horses that do not love me, fear me. I am as safe here as in my room at the hotel."

"I don't agree with you at all," interposed the visitor. "I believe that the human eye excites a fascination that no wild animal can resist. I have paralyzed horses and mules, bears and panthers, with a glance. Now, take that beast over there," and he pointed to a bumpy-backed pony that was gnawing viciously at its tether; "watch me fascinate it."

"It will be quiet, all right," said the Colonel skeptically, "because it is afraid of me."

The stranger fixed his eyes on the eyes of the pony and looked long and hard. Maybe the pony regarded it as an impertinence, possibly he didn't notice it at all, but was simply restless. At all events, with a sudden jerk he broke her tether and dashed at the Colonel and his friend. They gave a wild cry for help and ran to shelter. A cowboy came to their release, and a few minutes later the pony was gnawing its tether once more. After the show that night the Colonel asked his friend what he thought of the fascination theory.

"About as much as I do of your fear theory," he replied. "When it comes to bucking bronchos I guess a cowboy is about as good a tamer as you can find."

"I guess he is," said the Colonel.

A Gorgeous Gift for an Unbidden Guest.

Even Helen Gould is not more democratic than her beautiful sister-in-law, Mrs. George J. Gould, formerly Edith Kingdon, the actress. The old story is revived to the effect that she will entertain elaborately this winter in her New York palace, which has been closed since the marriage of her husband's sister to Count Castellane.

No better illustration of Mrs. Gould's amiability can be given than an incident of her last trip through the far West in her husband's private car. Mr. Gould was looking over his Southwestern railroad properties, and in addition to Mrs. Gould and his children he was accompanied by several railroad officers, and most of the journey was made on a special train. In New Mexico, however, it was necessary to add the Gould car to a regular passenger train for a few hours. This train made the regular stops. At a lonely siding a

shabbily dressed woman and a lanky little old-fashioned girl of seven or eight boarded by mistake the car in which Mrs. Gould and her children were, and the blunder was not discovered by the train hands.

The woman gasped with astonishment at the elegances of her surroundings, and the little girl timidly shrank into her sun-bonnet.

"I guess this must be one of them parlor cars," said the woman to one of the Gould maids.

Before the servant could reply, Mrs. Gould sat down beside the pair and asked whether she could not get something to eat or drink for them.

"Thank you kindly mum," said the woman, "but we eat just before leavin' hum. But that was before sunrise."

Mrs. Gould beckoned to the maid, and in a few minutes a table was spread with a light luncheon.

"We are just having luncheon. Won't you take a bite?"

Over the meal the women told her story. She was going to Las Vegas to attend the marriage of her eldest daughter to a young stockman. She had not seen a railroad train since leaving the East a dozen years before. She lacked only one thing to make her perfectly happy. She was too poor to buy her daughter a suitable present.

"What did you want to buy her?" asked Mrs. Gould.

"I had set my heart on a brooch."

Mrs. Gould left the table and went to a jewel case in the safe and brought out a handsome Oriental brooch from the World's Fair—a gorgeous piece of enamel work tringed with stones and made of gold.

"Would this do?" she asked smiling.

The woman almost cried with pleasure.

"But can you spare it?" she inquired.

"It must be worth five or six dollars?"

Mrs. Gould reassured her on that point and the luncheon was resumed. When the train reached Las Vegas it is difficult to tell who was the more astonished, a thin young woman on the platform, whose eyes were dazzled by a hundred dollar brooch, or the train conductor, who saw for the first time the passengers in the private car, and turned pale when he thought of the consequences.

Colonel Sinn's Practical Stage Purification.

Colonel William E. Sinn, the famous theatrical manager who died a few weeks ago in the Berkshire Hills, will long be remembered for his services to the vaudeville stage. During his career he would not allow anything to be said or done in a performance which to use his own words "would not suit a parlor."

On one occasion a vaudeville performer applied to the Colonel for employment. The latter refused.

"Did you ever see my speciality?" asked the Thespian.

"I did."

"Well, that would suit a parlor, wouldn't it?"

"It might and probably would suit some parlors," replied the Colonel, "but only after the occupants had all gone out."

How Two Brothers Prospered.

Carl Hauser, the German humorist of New York, says that he met a friend one day who looked very prosperous, although a few months before he had been quite shabby.

"You are doing well, now?" asked Hauser.

"Making money," was the response, "relying the only genuine indelible ink in the market."

"How's your brother?"

"Doing finely with an ink eradicator which takes out my ink instantaneously."

How Dewey Broke Down Social Bars.

Miss Thompson, the only newspaper woman at Manila during the siege, has lately returned to America crowned with

A WISE WOMAN

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DR. SPROULE,

The Eminent Catarrh Specialist.

A Short History of His Life and the Great Work He Is Accomplishing.



We give in this issue a brief sketch of the life of Dr. Sproule, the catarrh specialist, who has made such a great reputation all over the North American continent. Born of Scotch-Irish parentage in the north of Ireland some 40 years ago, the doctor received a most liberal education—first at the Londonderry academy and later at Trinity College Dublin, where, after a very extended course of six years, so as to thoroughly perfect himself in every branch he graduated in 1881 with much distinction, not only as a physician and surgeon, but also as a bachelor of arts, and thus acquired one of the best educations obtainable in any part of the world. His university course finished, the doctor determined to see the world and gained a position in the British Royal Naval Medical Service where he became familiar with the numerous and varied diseases incidental to the different foreign countries.

carefully studied the works of other specialists that had preceded him; went to all the principal institutions the world over where such diseases are most scientifically treated and learned the most successful means of eradicating them. He thus brings to bear upon disease a vast array of cases, statistics and valuable information, compiled by his own efforts, and by that means laid the foundation of the immense practice which he has for the last thirteen years been building up.

The doctor is an author of considerable reputation. His books and pamphlets on catarrh and allied diseases are considered standard, and his frequent contributions to medical and scientific journals are read with interest by doctors everywhere. He is also an able lecturer on medicine and kindred subjects.

Dr. Sproule's catarrhal practice is probably the largest on the North American continent. Although confined principally to New England, it extends to every state in the union and to every province in Canada. The system of treatment by correspondence, which he has instituted and for which he is now famous, has brought him in contact with thousands of patients all over the continent that he has cured without ever having seen.

The doctor is no stranger to the people of Canada. In order to learn the principal diseases of the country, and also to show the Canadian people that he could cure catarrh, he went to Toronto and practiced as a specialist from November 1897 to June, 1898. His success was phenomenal; from far and near the patients came, but by far the larger number lived away at too great a distance to interview the doctor personally. They wrote and were treated by correspondence, and with such great success that now the name of Dr. Sproule is almost a household word all over Ontario.

The doctor's headquarters are at 7 Duane street, Boston, where any sufferers from catarrh should take this opportunity and write him about their cases.

laurels. She says she owes her fame to Dewey.

"Admiral Dewey is a knight of the old school, I trow," Miss Thompson wrote to a friend in the East. "He heard that I was all alone in the city and that the officers' wives would not notice me because I was a bread-winner; and what do you think he did? He called upon me in state, and dined with me; then I was the first lady in the land."

When the Admiral was asked about the incident, he seemed annoyed but said: "Why, that wasn't anything. Every American woman is the first lady in the land."

Both Were Pleased.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them imperfectly. At a reception held in New York just prior to his leaving for Europe, Roberts was introduced to a distinguished French artist, who was here on a visit. The artist asked in his own tongue: "You speak French?"

"No," answered the poet; "I am sorry I do not, but I understand it well when it is spoken to me."

"I am so glad," replied the Frenchman; "you are the audience I have long wanted. I can talk to you all I please and you cannot talk back!"

A Popular Fish.

Senator Thomas C. Platt has been a regular patron of a certain hotel on Coney Island for many years. Behind the huge hostelry is Sheepshead Bay a favorite resort for amateur fishermen. On one occasion a guest went fishing and returned in the afternoon with his catch, which was some mysterious denizen of the deep. His friends crowded around and had much fun over the queer capture.

"It is all jaw!"

"It is all cheek!"

"It's skin and bones!"

"It's—but what did you call it?" asked the Senator.

"I don't know its scientific name," said the angler, "but we call it a 'New York Politician.'"

They Know His Business.

Professor Frank Rees, of Columbia University, who holds the chair of astronomy there, was a visitor recently at a country fair, where he soon made himself quite popular. While resting in a refreshment tent he overheard woman discussing him.

"So he's an astronomer? I wonder how it pays?" said one.

"Pretty well," said another; he tells fortunes from the stars at fifty cents apiece."

"That isn't all," added a third; "he makes almanacs, with jokes and advice to

take pills in the spring, and the druggists pay him as much as fifty dollars for them." The Professor rose and fled.

THE PENALTY OF CURIOSITY.

What his Undue Curiosity Cost a Young Mail Clerk.

A somewhat distressing but undoubtedly righteous retribution recently overtook a clerk in British postal service at Birmingham. Among the packets received at the office one day was one containing a pair of handcuffs, which were being sent from Derby to a manufacturer in Birmingham to be fitted with a key. The paper covering of the parcel had been torn during the transit, so that the handcuffs were exposed to view.

They were an object of curiosity to the clerks, and presently one of the young men jocularly clasped one of the cuffs around his wrist. It was then that he discovered that there was no key to unfasten it. The handcuff was on his wrist "to stay."

The young man went to the police station and an officer found a key that he thought would fit. But in turning it round, he broke it off in the cuff. Now the broken key would have to be drilled out, or the handcuff filed through, before the clerk could get it off.

The day was Sunday, and all the shops including the manufacturer's place were closed. The clerk returned to the post-office and explained his plight to the superintendent. The official ordered him to take the first train to Derby the next morning, explain the whole circumstance to the owner of the handcuffs, apologize to him, and then return to the manufacturer's and have the handcuff filed off.

Not Yet Awhirl.

"There is the horseless carriage," she said thoughtfully.

"Yes," he admitted.

"And wireless telegraphy?"

"Yes."

"And chainless bicycles?"

"Yes."

"I wonder," she said with a sigh, if it ever will come to armless courtships."

Then he has hastened to reassure her.—Chicago Post.

Indignant, but Confused.

"It struck me," said the man who was talking knowingly about politics, "that there were too many delegates at large."

"That's what I've allus said," replied Farmer Corfossed with animation. "It's been my opinion this long time that a lot of them fellers order have been locked up years ago."—Washington Star.

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