

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 1901.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR.

Mr. Vanderlip Nonplused.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, who recently resigned the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to become Vice-President of the City National Bank of New York, is noted among his associates for readiness in repartee. Only once during his career in the Treasury Department was he known to betray inability to frame a swift and appropriate remark when occasion called. It was on the day his resignation was to take place. A gold and silver loving cup, boxes of roses, and other tokens of esteem had found their way to his desk, and clerks followed in procession to bid him farewell. Among them was one who had written a brief tribute which was out without eloquence. It slightly embarrassed Mr. Vanderlip. Looking up from the panegyric to the young author, he said: 'I wish I could write English like this.'

'And I wish I could inspire it,' was the instant reply.

Mr. Vanderlip bowed and smiled. It was the first instance on record of his failure to overmatch the graciousness of a visitor.

Echoes from his recent European itinerary, which he undertook to study international finance and trade, tell of his ready wit in his meetings with foreign bankers and officials. Walking 'Under the Lindens' with a German statesman, Mr. Vanderlip was contending that, because of the resources of the United States, the ingenuity of American workmen, and the tireless energies of American capitalists, the commerce of this country must gain supremacy over the world. 'Already,' he declared, 'we are sending 'Russian' leather to Russia, 'Rhine' wine to France, cotton fabrics to Manchester, and sauerkraut to Germany.'

During the discussion they encountered a regiment of infantry, marching with fine stateliness and alignment. The band was playing one of Sousa's marches. 'There,' said the German sententiously, waving his hand at the soldiers, 'there is the symbol of ultimate dominion in all things; and we, you see, are the military nation.'

'Yes, and marching to an American tune,' was Mr. Vanderlip's comment.

The Clever Ruse of Mr. Hill.

The persistency with which ex Senator David B. Hill's friends are keeping him in the public eye lends timely interest to an incident in Mr. Hill's political history which has never heretofore been published and which reminds one of what he once said to a friend: 'I would sooner succeed and have the public think I failed, than fail and have the public think I succeeded.'

Ten years ago Mr. William F. Sheehan, a popular Democratic leader, wished to secure the nomination for Lieutenant Governor of New York, and it was generally conceded that he would obtain it. Mr. Hill, who was completing his last term as Governor, controlled the party organization in the State, and there was no doubt that the man selected by him for any position on the ticket would receive the nomination. At the same time, however, it was equally well known that all of Mr. Hill's selections would be fiercely combated on general principles by a strong faction that was arrayed against him.

That year Mr. Hill desired to go before the voters of the State with a harmony ticket, for it would aid materially the canvas for the United States Senate that he had arranged to make. The desire for harmony, however, was not sufficiently strong to induce him to let his opponents nominate men of their own choice.

A day or two before the convention opened at Saratoga it was understood on all sides that Mr. Hill's candidate for Lieutenant-Governor would be Mr. Sheehan, and the anti-Hill faction prepared to fight the nomination. What, therefore, was the amazement both of newspaper editors and of politicians when, on the morning before the convention was called to order, word came from Albany that Mr. Sheehan was not to be nominated.

The report, however, was utterly discredited till Mr. Edward Murphy, Jr., afterward Senator Murphy—one of the big men in the organization and a pronounced

friend of Mr. Sheehan, himself gave a confirmation of it. He said that he had been to Albany to see Governor Hill to put the finishing touches on the slate, and that the Governor had arbitrarily cut Mr. Sheehan's name off.

Following Mr. Murphy's statement came a story from Albany sent by reporters who had been in the anteroom when Mr. Murphy had had his interview with Governor Hill. The reporters had heard loud words in the Governor's private room and had finally seen Mr. Murphy fling angrily out of the executive chamber, his face red with rage. So intensely indignant had Mr. Murphy been that he stood in the doorway, holding the door ajar sufficiently long to let the reporters overhear his final protest hurled at the invisible Governor inside.

'It is a shame to treat Sheehan in this way,' the reporters heard Mr. Murphy exclaim, 'and I will not be a party to it!'

Not the least part of Mr. Sheehan's services had been his complete loyalty to Mr. Hill, and that Mr. Hill, after all that, should turn against the rising young statesman was deemed the blackest ingratitude. The newspapers, of course, printed full details of the perfidy, and the anti-Hill faction, which had been prepared to assault Mr. Sheehan, at once rallied around him as the centre of the opposition. 'Sheehan or nothing! Down with Hill!' became their rallying cry. Every anti-Hill Democratic newspaper in the State at once demanded the nomination of Mr. Sheehan.

One influential newspaper in New York city, which had been fighting Mr. Sheehan's claims most fiercely, swung around and declared in a column and a half editorial that the opposition of Mr. Hill was 'sufficient ground for Mr. Sheehan's indorsement.'

Mr. Hill faced this clamor with equanimity. He declined to speak for publication on the subject, and stated that the matter was in the hands of the convention. As it was well known that the 'hands of the convention' ordinarily meant Mr. Hill's hands—thanks to his control of the machine—this declaration, it was believed, meant a certainty of Mr. Sheehan's defeat. With each hour the forces that rallied to Mr. Sheehan's support at Saratoga gathered strength, but up to the very moment when the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor became in order the newspaper men and others of the wise ones, refusing to be misled by the popular clamor, felt that his chances were hopeless. It was another case of the machine against the people, and as usual the machine would win.

When the convention opened Mr. Sheehan was put in nomination by one of the anti-Hill men in a glowing speech. The nomination was seconded by another anti-Hill man who cried: 'Down with bossism and long life to the young statesman from Buffalo!'

Then came the balloting—and, to the amazement of the wise ones, Mr. Sheehan got the prize by an unanimous vote. The result was hailed as an anti-Hill victory—a victory of the people over the bosses.

It was not till some time afterward that the anti-Hill men woke up. In fact, some of them still imagine that they led in the first successful revolt against Mr. Hill's domination.

Others, however, realized that the 'old man had done them up brown once more.'

Mr. Russell's Doubt.

Professor Joseph French Johnson, who has resigned the professorship of Banking and Journalism in the University of Pennsylvania to become Professor of Commerce in the University of New York, bears a striking resemblance to Mr. So! Smith Russell, and has frequently been mistaken for that genial actor. In his humor, too, Professor Johnson is not unlike Mr. Russell. Wit and amiable satire often illumine the Professor's lectures. Recently in a public debate in Philadelphia in regard to the South African War, his opponent described the Boers as unwashed semi-barbarians.

'It is true,' retorted the Professor solemnly, 'that the Boers are not cleanly of person, but the English have driven them first from Cape Colony, and then from

Natal, to the desolate uplands beyond the Vaal where there is no water; and how, therefore, can you expect them to wash?'

Since the resignation of Mr. Dawes from the post of Comptroller of the Currency, Professor Johnson has been prominently mentioned as his probable successor.

In addition to his duties in the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Johnson was at the head of the College of Finance in the Columbian University at Washington, where he lectured four times a month. Secretary Gage is a great admirer of Professor Johnson, and during the latter's absence in Europe, recently, consented to address his students. Before doing so, however, the Secretary read over the Professor's course of lectures.

'I had thought,' Mr. Gage said to the class, 'that I might be able to give you some instruction on banking and the general theories of finance, but after reading over your Professor's lectures I am reminded of the farmer who, having accidentally come across a volume of Plato, remarked: "That fellow has got hold of most of my ideas."'

DIDN'T HAVE FAKE.

And the Conductor Refused Chauncey Depew's Eyeglasses as Security.

Senator Chauncey Depew a little while ago was so hard up that he tried to pledge his eyeglasses for a nickle. In the midst of other business he had remembered that there was to be an important meeting in another city of a board of directors of which he was a member, and there was barely time to catch a train. He ran for a street car, swung on to it, with coattails flying, and was anxiously studying his watch when the conductor tapped him on the arm. The senator thrust a thumb and forefinger into one waistcoat pocket and then into another. He plunged his hands into his trousers pocket. A blank look came into his face. He explored for, pistol, inside, overcoat pockets, then in a dazed way explained to the conductor that he must have rushed away without his pocket-book.

'You'll ave to get off the car then,' growled the conductor, grasping the bell rope.

'But I've got to catch my train on an important errand!' exclaimed the senator.

'Oh, come off I've met your kind before.' And the man of fares jerked the bell rope.

'But, my good man,' whispered the former president of the New York Central 'I'm Chauncey Depew.'

'I wouldn't give a — if you were Chauncey Olcott! You can't give me no game of talk.'

'But here, sir, if you don't think I will pay you the five cents take these as security.' And Mr. Depew removed his eye glasses and gold chain from his vest and extended them.

'Do you take this for a travelling pawn shop? Pay or get off.'

The senator gazed helplessly around the car, hoping to find some one to whom he could appeal. A tired looking laundress and an errand boy were the only other passengers. The senator left the car and missed the meeting.

'If that man had loaned me five cents on my glasses,' said Mr. Depew in telling the story afterward, 'I would have seen that he stepped into something much better than running a street car.'

Reformatory Lightning.

A group of men sitting on the dry-goods boxes in front of a country store were discussing a tremendous storm that had swept over the neighborhood the day before.

'There's no use in talking, remarked one of them. We are all badly scared in a thunderstorm.'

I remember one time when I was, sure enough, said another. It was about a year after I was married, and I was on my way home from town. It began to thunder and lighten when I was about half-way there, and the rain fell in sheets. I stopped under a big tree. I knew that wasn't safe, but I thought I'd risk it.

In a few minutes the lightning struck a tree about a hundred feet away, and I fell down, either from the shock or from fright—and I don't know which, to this day. But I get up again, and my hair rose on end when I remembered that I had a plug of tobacco in my pocket.

What had that to do with it? Nothing but this. My wife didn't

know I chewed tobacco. She hated the weed like poison. What if I had been killed and that plug of tobacco found in my pocket? I thought. I think I had the worst fright right then that I ever had in my life.

Well? Well, before the next flash came I took that plug out of my pocket and threw it as far as I could send it, and I have never chewed tobacco since.

The Light That Failed.

The man from Arkansas sighed as he communicated to the New Orleans Times-Democrat his retirement from service on committees.

I was living in Little Rock some years ago, and no committee was complete without my name. There was on one occasion a big function at the capital, and I was placed on an important committee. The hall was jammed with spectators, and we had every available band in that part of the country.

One of my duties was to look after the bands, so that the music could be kept going. Another member of the committee had scattered the bands around the hall, and had placed one band up in the gallery.

'I wish you would signal the band in the gallery to strike up,' he said to me, and I made my way down the aisle until I got to a point where the band could be easily hailed. I made the signal. The members of the band paid no attention to me.

I got excited and a bit angry; my signaling became more violent, and I went through a series of absurd arm movements, while my face was burning with embarrassment. I felt a man pulling at my coat tail, and as I turned around he said:

'Excuse me, but are you waving at that band in the gallery?'

'They are the biggest lot of blockheads I ever saw!' I said in reply.

'Excuse me,' he said again, softly, 'that is the band from the blind asylum.'

Too Particular.

A Business man who had eaten a meal at a restaurant where he frequently took his midday luncheon walked up to the cashier and said:

'I find I haven't a cent of change about me to-day. If you will kindly let me owe for this until I come in again, which will certainly be in a day or two, I will square up then.'

The cashier was not a good judge of human nature, or was under the influence of a momentary irritation, for she replied:

'We don't run any accounts at this shop. If you haven't anything to pay with, you can leave something with us as security.'

'I didn't say I hadn't any money,' the customer rejoined. 'I said I had no change. Please take the amount of my check out of this.'

And he took a fifty-dollar bill out of his pocket-book, and handed it to the astonished cashier.

'It will be better to pay it now, perhaps,' he added, 'than to leave something as security, for you will not be likely to see me again.'

Then picking up his change, which comprised about all the money the cashier could find in the establishment, he bowed and walked out.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Batting or Spiling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superfeet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY;

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE.—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—8 Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

It is a pleasant thing to have your family spend the summer at the seaside, especially when you only have to send them your salary every week.

PILL SENSE.—It stands to reason that Dr. Agnew's Little Liver Pills will crowd out of the market many of the nauseous old-timers. A better medicine at less than half the price is all the argument needed to keep the demand what it has been—phenomenal—40 doses 10 cents. They cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, and allay all stomach irritations.—5 Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

The waves break on the shore, and that is just about where all the seaside guests get broke.

TWO YEARS ABED.—'For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was.'—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2 Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

Our family has gone to the seashore, but Melly lost her bathing suit in her pocket book.

THOUGHT IT MEANT DEATH SURE.—Mrs. James M. Kim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: 'Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic.' Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

We don't seem to find things comin' our way as fast as they used to, said Meandering Mike.

A MODERN WEAPON IN THE BATTLE FOR HEALTH.—If disease has taken your citadel of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, South American Nervine is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold 'at the point of the bayonet,' trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

If other people would only be as reasonable as we are, what a heaven this earth would be.—Cranksisms.

CATARH FOR TWENTY YEARS AND CURED IN A FEW DAYS.—Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: 'I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith.'

There is nothing meaner than the man that is rich and has nothing but money.—The Autocrats.

FAULTY KIDNEYS.—Have you back-ache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you failing vision? Have you dizzy feelings? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any of these signs prove that kidney disease. Experience has proved that South American Kidney Cure never fails. Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

Woman first tempted man to eat; he took to drinking of his own accord.—Four Hundred Laughs.

ITCHING, BURNING, CREEPING, CRAWLING Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box. Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

Buctouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.