

Men and Women of To-day.

Very few Presidents of the United States have had a greater faculty for making visitors feel at ease than William McKinley. It is not altogether policy, but it springs in a large measure from that same thoughtfulness for other persons' comfort which has been exemplified by his years of devotion to his charming and invalid wife.

Soon after his inauguration a member of the family of former President Harrison called at the White House with his wife to pay his respects. During General Harrison's administration he had been a frequent visitor at the Executive Mansion, often stopping there for weeks at a time.

Of course all of the attendants knew him and he had no difficulty in having his card taken direct to the President, who was presiding over a meeting of the Cabinet at the time. Mr. McKinley at once left the room and warmly greeted his visitors in the ante room. Not satisfied with this, he personally escorted the lady upstairs to his domestic apartments and presented her to Mrs. McKinley.

Then returning with the gentleman, he took him into the Cabinet room and presented him in turn to each member of his official family. After this, he took him upstairs to his wife, in Mrs. McKinley's rooms and left them both there, with the parting injunction to look upon the White House as their home whenever they were in Washington.

'You lived here once,' he said. 'You know the old place better than I do. It must have pleasant memories for you both. I shall esteem it a rare pleasure to have you drop in on us whenever you are in town. You may be sure that you will be welcome always.'

Mrs. Lowe's Introduction into Clubdom

Mrs. Rebecca J. Lowe, the President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in addition to her many other accomplishments has the reputation of being the best housekeeper in Atlanta, Georgia. Born with the domestic taste of a true daughter of the South, her home has always been of first importance.

But her broad sympathy reached beyond this limit, and as her children grew up and gave her greater leisure Mrs. Lowe saw in the Women's club movement in the North an avenue of culture (and progress for women which her State did not possess. So calling together a few of the representative women of her town to a meeting in her own parlor the first Woman's club of Atlanta was started. Other towns quickly took up the idea, and as a result of the effort Mrs. Lowe soon had the Georgia State Federation of Women's Clubs with herself as its first President.

The activity and progress of these Georgia clubs soon attracted the attention of the General Federation, and notwithstanding her recent entrance to clubdom Mrs. Lowe found herself a person of much importance at the convention held in Denver last June. Her election as President of this vast body representing upward of 100,000 of America's best women was a surprise to all. But already the wisdom of the choice is becoming apparent in several ways. Among these must be mentioned the interest she has manifested in the advance of working women.

In appearance Mrs. Lowe is most prepossessing, having preserved her youthfulness to an unusual degree considering her grown children. Her manner is gentle and retiring, and yet she possesses a dignity which befits her high office.

Wheeler Tells How They Raise Men in Georgia.

During a recent visit to the Army camp in Savannah, General Joseph Wheeler was entertained by a party of Northern men at the Do Soto, when, in the good-humor of after-dinner cigars, one of the gentlemen said laughingly:

'How is it, General, that the sleepy farms of the South produce such whirlwind fighters in such small packages?'

'Well, gentlemen,' said the little General, puffing at a large man's cigar, 'I believe I'll have to give you the answer an old "cracker" woman once gave me when I asked her a similar question. Not many years ago I had occasion to make a saddle journey through the pine barrens of Georgia, where most everybody is a

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'cracker' and mighty shillies. One day, however, I rode into a little community that showed such signs of thrift as to be quite out of keeping with the general character of the barrens. I do assure you, gentlemen, I rode up to a cabin where a gaunt old woman stood in the doorway, and asked her who owned these little farms that were so well kept.

'That farm on the left belongs to my son Jabaz,' said she, 'and the next one to my boy Zalim, and the next one to my lad Jason, and the next is my boy Potiphar's place, and—'

'Hold on, sister,' said I. 'How did you manage to raise such a fine lot of boys way off here in the woods?'

'Wal, stranger,' she answered, 'I am a widdy woman, and all I had to raise 'em on was prayer and hickory, but I raised 'em powerful frequent.'

President Harper as a Practical Joker.

William Rainey Harper, President of the University of Chicago, recently established his reputation as a practical joker in a way that left no doubt that he was a man accustomed to do his word upon a large scale. The story has already been told into the mass of college tradition and will long serve to illustrate one side of the character of the great Western educator. It was a cold, clear day, a football day, and Marshall Field, by the midway, was gay with battle-flags that foretold a stubborn contest.

The vast grandstands were crowded to their usual capacity, for this occasion, when Chicago meets her rival, the University of Wisconsin, is always one of intense enthusiasm and fierce partisanship. Bands tried ineffectually to drown the steady joyful shout of the 'rooters,' students and alumni trooped to the colors of their alma mater, and the eager throng poured steadily through the many gates.

At this time there appeared in a conspicuous place on the main grandstand William Rainey Harper, escorting President Adams of the University of Wisconsin. The players had not yet appeared and the reckless crowd centered its attention upon the two figures on stand. President Adams, seizing the moment turned to his host as the mighty cheer of the cardinal rooters thundered from the opposite stand, and pinned upon his breast, a broad cardinal ribbon, the colors of the University of Wisconsin.

Doctor Harper made no objection, but turned quickly, and unobserved made his way to the entrance to the stand toward which a number of members of his faculty were approaching. Foremost was a bashful instructor who was extremely anxious to be popular, and so was a faithful attendant at the football games. Doctor Harper met him on the stairs with unwonted cordiality.

'Glad too see you, Doctor, but where are your colors?' said the President. 'I insist upon you taking mine.'

The young instructor was so excited and overcome by the warmth of his welcome that he imagined the roar of cheers he heard was meant for him. He undoubtedly would be promoted—perhaps to the head of his department.

With a proud smile he sat down in the centre of the Chicago section; it was evident to him that his long-guarded discovery in neurology had somehow become known. Every one was staring at him. Suddenly a strong hand was laid on his and a harsh voice said:

'See here, sir; what are you doing with that cardinal ribbon? What do you mean by coming here to flaunt Wisconsin colors in our faces?' It was the voice of an influential Trustee, and on all sides rose fierce young partisans who wanted an explanation of his blood.

Far back on the grandstand, near the Trustee's empty seat, William Rainey Harper laughed at his little joke until he scarcely had breath enough to join in a boisterous welcome to the team as it came running on to the field.

How Riley Submits His Poems.

James Whitcomb Riley does not look much older than he did when he first became known to fame through his poems and lectures. He is of medium height, and is slight in build, and his face is clean-shaven. While he writes with extreme rapidity, he does not turn out a large

amount of work. His ideas are carefully considered before the task of composition is begun, and after ten poems are finished in the rough the poet copies it in a microscopic, copperplate hand, which in many instances is far more artistic than the types in which it afterward appears.

A short time ago Mr. Riley wrote a long poem for a New York newspaper. It was ordered in advance, and was to be sent in upon a certain day. Now, most writers especially poets, are dilatory. But the Hoosier bard is an exception to the rule. His poem arrived the day it was promised. It came by express in a formidable parcel. First were the outer wrappings of heavy brown paper, then some soft packing stuff, and beneath that the board covers within which was the manuscript, tied together with a small ribbon, and so neat that the editor was almost afraid to turn the leaves.

A Clothes-Fin that Cost Edison Ten Dollars.

Possibly one of the secrets of Thomas A. Edison's success as an inventor is his forethought. The Wizard of Menlo Park does not believe in leaving anything undone that can be done to further his researches. An illustration may be cited in his wonderful curiosity shop. This shop is a high-ceilinged room, the walls of which are filled with shelves divided into pigeon-holes and drawers. Here are kept and properly labeled all manner of materials used in laboratories and workshops. No mineralogist has a finer collection of specimens. As to woods, the Smithsonian Institution or the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History are not more complete. The collection, for instance, of bamboo fibre, used in the electric-light bulbs, comprises every specimen known to science.

Besides these, the shop contains everything that an inventor could possibly want, whether he were inventing a new dynamo or a hobby horse that would shy at bicycles or devising a gigantic electrical reproduction of the battle of Manila. Mr. Edison's idea in making the collection was to provide against any contingency that might arise.

'I want,' he said, 'to be prepared for any emergency. I don't want a million-dollar idea to go to waste while I am sending to town for ten cents' worth of material from the village store.'

When the shop was stocked Mr. Edison thought he would test its completeness. Therefore he offered a prize of ten dollars to any of his assistants who should mention any material of possible use not contained in the collection. The prize was won by a bright young man after a hard day's work. And the missing article was a clothes pin.

Stoddard's Little Jokes on the Frets.

In his library the other day Richard Henry Stoddard was talking with some friends about men and days that are gone.

'I met John G. Saxe one morning about fifty years ago,' said the poet. 'It was in Broadway, and I was on my way to the custom house, where I was employed. Saxe was a big man, a giant of a man, bluff and hearty. He was in a particularly happy mood this day, and before we had gone far he gave me the reason.

'My son,' he said, 'is doing better than I expected. He is making a great success.'

'How?' I asked.

'He has started a lumber yard up in Albany.'

'All out of his own head?' I inquired.

'I don't believe that Saxe altogether liked my question, but I meant no harm.'

Speaking of Saxe suggested other poets, and Mr. Stoddard asked whether any one could recall the conundrum once propounded concerning Fitz James O'Brien. O'Brien by the way, was a thorough Bohemian.

He lived up to his last cent, and seldom occupied the same rooms for any length of time. No one remembered the riddle.

'I'll tell you then,' continued the poet.

'I think it was Marshall who propounded it. It was, "Why is O'Brien like the Almighty?" The answer was, "Because he moves in a mysterious way."

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Bishop Potter's Dream of Interference.

During the recent controversy regarding the ordination of Dr. Briggs, Bishop Potter remarked to a reporter: 'I should think by this time the newspaper editors would learn that I do not confide my plans to the public press.'

And they should have learned it if experience is worth anything. Bishop Potter during his entire connection with the Episcopal Church, has never once been interviewed by a reporter. He is probably the only man of note in New York who absolutely refuses to talk for publication.

Once a reporter smuggled himself into the Bishop's office in the guise of a workman and learned the details of a plan which the Bishop desired to keep a secret. He was discovered, however, and the next day the Bishop altered the scheme entirely.

Mrs. Howe as a Cuban Patriot.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was one of the pioneers in the struggle for Cuban independence. She visited Cuba in 1857, and while there severely criticized the Spanish authorities for their methods. After her return she described her experience in a book entitled a Trip to Cuba, which was promptly prohibited from circulation in Spanish countries by the Spanish censor. So strong was the official feeling against the work that about two hundred Cubans who were found with the book in their possession were severely punished.

Since the late war this book has received a distinct boom, and the few copies in existence have become so popular that a Cuban publisher is considering the advisability of bringing out a new edition in Spanish.

Depew's Rule of Health.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew probably goes to more public dinners than any other American. He recently told the writer his secret of avoiding indigestion.

'I never drink more than one kind of wine,' he said. 'I smoke only two cigars I don't eat sweets, and I confine myself to the plain dishes and eat sparingly of those. My breakfast is a boiled egg, a glass of hot water, some dry toast and a cup of tea.'

Stevenson and the Beggar.

An American who visited the Stevenson at Samoa relates that the Samoans have a practice of beginning. They boldly ask for whatever they may covet wherever it may be found. The novelist became tired of this practice, and therefore said one day to a Samoan friend who had acquired from him a necktie, handkerchief, and some other trinket. 'Is there anything else you want?'

The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room.

'There is the piano,' suggested Mr. Stevenson ironically.

'Yes,' replied the native, 'I know but,' he added apologetically, 'I don't know how to play it.'

DISRAELI.

He succeeded once in mortifying William Gladstone.

Disraeli, it is said, only laughed once in the House of Commons. The incident is described in Sir John Mowbray's 'Seventy Years at Westminster,' published in Blackwood's Magazine for February. Mr. Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia.

Mr. Disraeli, speaking in opposition, pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse 'which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day.'

In reply Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation, 'the rhetorician of the day,' was intended for himself. Mr. Disraeli interrupted him with the remark, 'I beg your pardon, I really did not mean that. Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment.

Mr. Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation. His opponent had placed him in the mortifying position of applying a remark to himself which had no such personal reference—therefore Gladstone's wrath and Disraeli's smile. The Liberal leader proceeded with his speech, and condemned the 'serquipedalian words and inflated language' of the leader of the Conservatives.

In those days, when Disraeli, as the leader of the Conservatives, was educating his party, and Mr. Gladstone was leading the Liberals, a story was told which indicated the Tory estimate of both men. A conversation took place between Mr. Davenport, the beau ideal of the Tory country gentlemen, and Mr. Potter, a Liberal member of the House, with respect to the merits of their respective leaders.

It was cut short by Davenport saying: 'Your leader is a dangerous lunatic, mine only an unimportant rogue.'

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It was an open secret to the men who followed Disraeli most obediently while he led the House of Commons, says the Spectator, that in politics he no more recognized morality than he would have recognized it in a game of chess. He entered public life determined to win, but as to how he won he did not care one brass farthing.

A Child's Suffering.

Mr. Wm. McKay, Clifford N. S. Tells of His Daughter's Cure.

She was First Attacked with Acute Rheumatism. Followed by St. Vitus Dance in a Severe Form—Her Parents Thought She Could not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgeport N. S.

Wm. McKay, Esq. a well-known and much respected farmer and mill man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N. S. relates the following wonderful cure effected in his family by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

'About three years ago my little daughter Ella, then a child of ten years, was attacked with acute rheumatism. It was a terribly bad case; for over a month she was confined to her bed, and during most of the time utterly helpless, being unable to turn in bed, or in fact to move at all without help. She could not even hold anything in her hand. All power or use of her limbs had entirely gone and the pain she suffered was fearful.

By constant attention after a month or so she began to gain a little strength, and after a little improved enough to be taken out of bed and even walked around a bit after a fashion by means of a support. But now she was seized with a worse ailment than rheumatism. Her nervous system gave way, appeared completely shattered. She shook violently all the time, would tumble down in trying to walk. In attempting to drink from a cup her hand shook so as to spill the contents all over herself. She was a pitiable object. The doctors were called to her again and said she had St. Vitus dance in the worst form. She took the medicine prescribed and followed the instructions of her physician for some time, but without apparent benefit. She wasted away almost to a skeleton and we gave her up for lost. About this time I read in a paper an account of a great cure of nervousness effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them. I bought six boxes and the little girl began using them. The good effects of the first box were quite apparent and when four boxes were used, she seemed so much improved that the pills were discontinued. She kept on improving and after a few weeks was as well as ever. We were told that the cure would not last, that it was only some powerful ingredient in the pills which was deceiving us and that after a time the child would be worse than ever. All this has proved false. For now nearly three years she has had unbroken good health, nerves as strong as they are made, and stands school work and household work as well as a mature person. We have no doubt about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restoring to us our little girl, whom we looked upon as doomed to an early grave.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or shattered nerves, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after-effects of la grippe, headache, dizziness, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and hollow cheeks. Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Vastly Different.

As will be seen, it makes a great difference how one uses the muscular resources at one's command.

A member of an athletic club, after swimming the length of the large tank in the basement of the institution, came out puffing and blowing, apparently exhausted.

'You don't manage your breathing right,' said the swimming instructor. 'It ought not to tire you so. As to the upper part of your body, including your arms, you use exactly the same muscles, and in very much the same way, in swimming as in sawing wood.'

'No, sir,' gasped the swimmer. 'When it comes to sawing wood, I use the muscles of some other man.'

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When a novelist writes, "She eyed him closely," it doesn't mean that she was cross-eyed.

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