

The Man Who Rules Russia Single-Handed

A great and grim struggle is taking its course in Russia. It is the struggle of one strong man against countless adversaries. Piotr Arendievitch Stolypin, the Premier, is facing the fiercest of all parties, and facing it in no spirit of patience or humility, but with the fierce strength of Ajax defying the lightning, and with a Promethean audacity against all attacks, however near his heart the blows may fall.

For five years M. Stolypin has held his office. When the ship of State was still shaken by the storms of war abroad and revolution at home, the then Governor of Saratoff took the helm. He has had his periods of calm weather, he has encountered hurricanes, and he has shown himself a skilful pilot. Now is the time when, if he would retain his captaincy, all his powers must be put forth. Not even when the Terrorists' bomb wrecked his villa was he ever so near disaster as in these days. His fiercest friends are alienated and his foes roused to fury. Can he prove as fresh that he is, as his own belief, the indispensable man in Russia? "L'etat, c'est moi" has been his motto. For him to prove it.

The struggle began in the early days of March. The Premier brought it upon himself. He introduced into the Duma a measure known as the Western Zemstvo Bill, the effect of which, in brief, would be to confer a measure of self-government upon eighteen million inhabitants of the Western Provinces of Russia. The Bill passed the Duma. The Premier saw breakers ahead in the Upper House, the Council of the Empire, and made his plans accordingly. Deputations—it is questioned whether their members were bona-fide travellers—arrived in St. Petersburg and brought the Little Father to put the bill into force. The wires were pulled, the puppets moved, and on March 15 the Premier went, light heartedly to the Council Chamber to watch the passage of the Bill.

The sequel in its way recalled Caesar's last appearance in the Senate. The Premier made a short incisive speech and called the House to pass the Bill. But he had blundered in his calculations. Senators Treppoff and Darnovo spoke against the Bill. It was thrown out by twenty-four votes. The very stronghold of the government had fallen.

The council, most faithful and obedient of servants, had taken its oath. M. Stolypin, pale with anger and dismay, rose and left the House. Next day he resigned the premiership. A chorus of jubilation arose from his enemies.

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He put into force, for the first time since the first Duma met, a clause of the Constitution, Article 87, which provides that in extraordinary circumstances, while the Duma is not sitting, make any law that seems necessary, subject to its being presented to the Duma for ratification or rejection within two months after the Parliament has resumed its labors. With this stroke of the pen, M. Stolypin set out to annihilate all opposition. He sent the Duma and the Council of the Empire about their business. He adjourned them by Imperial decree upon a Saturday, and upon the following Monday, he promulgated, again by Imperial decree, the Western Zemstvo Bill. The stroke was daring. M. Stolypin's reasoning, though false, was simple. "The measure," he said, "will not appear high handed to the conservatives of the Council of the Empire, who are accustomed to welcome extra-Parliamentary legislation as the defenders of the crown's prerogative could not contain their fury. The Duma, openly doubted, and sent packing by the man whom it had supported, was in an uproar. The Monarchist Press violently assailed the Premier for lowering the flag of the Empire. The Liberal and Radical newspapers condemned him as a wolf in sheep's clothing who had at length cast aside his disguise. Even M. Panskevitch, the most extreme member of the Extreme Right, spoke against the Premier. M. Stolypin had not one solitary friend to stand beside him. Even the Czar wavered. An audience was granted to Senator Treppoff. The Premier, alone and without a single ally, faced the hurricane and waited for it to subside.

Waiting brought him little profit. The president of the Duma resigned and M. Stolypin's supporters in the Lower House were disorganized and dismayed. The Council of the Empire.

It Makes New Friends Every Day.—Not a day goes by that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil does not widen the circle of its friends. Orders for it come from the most unlikely places in the west and far north, for its fame has traveled far. It deserves this attention, for no oil has done so much for humanity. Its moderate cost makes it easy to get.

made of sterner stuff, resolved to bring him to book. The weathercock at Court was veering round to their quarter. The councillors gave notice of an interpellation, requesting an explanation from the Premier of what was styled his breach of the fundamental laws of the Empire. The Premier waited yet a little, and then, on Friday last accepted the Council's challenge in a tone of high defiance.

Rising in the council chamber, whose galleries occupied by Grand Dukes, Ambassadors, and the chief politicians of St. Petersburg, the Premier went straight to the point. If the use of Article 87 were illegal he personally took the responsibility for it. The kernel of the matter, he said, was this: that the Council held that the "extraordinary circumstances" which alone justified the use of Article 87 could only arise when Parliament was not sitting. The government maintained that such circumstances could arise when Parliament was sitting. The decision as to what were "extraordinary circumstances" was not a matter either for the Council or the Duma, but for the government; neither Council nor Duma had the right to question such decision. His action, though exceptional, was legal and justifiable. The interpretation which the Council placed upon Article 87 was neither correct nor acceptable. And with that blunt statement the Premier resumed his seat.

The Council, however, was not to be browbeaten. It decided by 99 votes to 53 that the demand for an explanation was not affected by the Premier's declaration. And fresh troubles and thorny obstacles lie in the Premier's path. The Duma has to give its second decision on the Zemstvo Law within a month. Who can say what attitude it will adopt, or whether the hatred of the dictatorship may not triumph over desire for the law?

The struggle is still in progress. It grows near its climax. Whatever the upshot, none will deny a measure of admiration to Piotr Stolypin, a man fighting with his back to the wall, a man who, however misguided, is not afraid to stand in these days of treachery and to uphold the doctrine, "L'etat, c'est moi."

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF THE LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE

A most unexpected advance in long-distance telephony has been achieved by means of what London Engineering describes as a new type of submarine telephone cable, laid last year between Abbott's Cliff, near Dover, England, and Cape Grisnez, in France. This cable is regarded by the engineering community as the most important advance in long-distance telephony over submarine cables. What is technically termed commercial conversation—that is ordinary conversation as distinguished from the exchange of messages by experts—will be possible between towns in England and on the continent where the cable distances are not more than a few hundred miles. In other words, the new cable in connection with un-laid serial land lines, containing eight hundred pounds of copper to the mile, will enable conversation to be maintained, say, between London and the city of Astrakhan, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, or clear across the whole continent of Europe.

This great achievement is, however, adds our expert authority, by no means the end of impending telephone progress. Telephone engineers look forward with hopefulness to the time when it will be possible to transmit the word from any one point on the globe to any other. That day is still a long way off, but that it will come is the firm belief of those qualified to form an opinion as to the possibilities of electrical science. Already, we read, Mr. J. J. Carey, of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, has set before himself the establishment of telephonic communication between the east and west coasts of the United States, a distance of some three thousand miles, and before the end of the present year he hopes to bridge a great portion of the gap that now exists.

"The problem to be solved is one of many complexities and difficulties, but one of the most hopeful signs of progress lies in the fact that it has been agreed between the engineers of various countries to adopt the same standards of construction and to adopt the same laboratory in recording the values affecting the efficiency of telephone circuits. In this change, and in the scientific spirit that is abroad, lies the best promise of improvement and advance. The matter is one which must be left entirely to the experts. To the average individual the telephone—like the telegraph, the phonograph, electric light, the steam engine, and many of the other commonplaces of modern existence—is still a mystery. We avail ourselves of the conveniences and facilities they afford; but how much does the man in the street, to use a convenient term, know of the why and wherefore of the hundred and one scientific miracles which he employs as a matter of course in his daily life?

"Take this latest improvement in telephony, what will it convey to the average man to tell him that it has been effected by putting coils of wire in the circuit of the submarine cable, which have the effect of setting up in the circuit an inductive action antagonistic to that already in the cable, or, in the circuit, that these two neutralize each other, and in consequence conversation is rendered possible over a longer distance? Is it of much avail to explain further that a well-insulated cable is to all intents and purposes a Leyden jar, and is to a certain extent charged by each electrical impulse that passes through it? Some few of us may retain a hazy recollection of primitive experiments in the science room during our school days; but that remembrance of the foil-covered receptacle known as a Leyden jar helps one very

little to understand the mysteries of the submarine cable, or how the introduction of inductive coils at every mile and a half of its length removes the defects of inductiveness and weakness of sound when speaking through it by means of a telephone. It is enough for him to know that the work of the electrical engineers will enable him to speak with his correspondent at Paris from Dublin or Glasgow or Edinburgh instead of from London or Liverpool, which up to the present has been about the limit of the exchange."

The distinctness of the sounds transmitted by long distance telephone has greatly increased in recent years. This is due in part to the advance in electrical engineering, a science which has done more for telephony than any other factor in its development. One essential feature in telephone progress was early recognized. This was that cables with books is usually confined to long distance talking as little as possible. The high electrostatic capacity of such wires greatly affects the transmission of electrical impulses. In view of the rapid advance in submarine telephony with books is usually confined to long distance talking as little as possible. The high electrostatic capacity of such wires greatly affects the transmission of electrical impulses. In view of the rapid advance in submarine telephony with books is usually confined to long distance talking as little as possible.

CRACKS IN BRITISH JAILS LITERARY CRITICISMS

When the English criminal is put away for a long term of imprisonment, he is in the way of becoming a connoisseur of literature. While practising his highly-developed trade of annexing other folks' property, his acquaintance with books is usually confined to volumes kept by bookmakers, but once inside jail he becomes an intellectual person. At least, if one is to judge by Home Office reports, he develops distinct literary preferences.

There is a library in every big prison, run by the chaplains, assisted in some cases by well-behaved prisoners. Educated prisoners, who are sent to intellectual fads in jail as in the cultured society from which they are drawn. There are men at Maidstone Jail who demand the works of Bernard Shaw and Herbert Spencer, who despise the fiction of the day, and who only read the works of their favorite high-class author. Often enough their demands cannot be met by the prison librarians.

Curious fashions in books sometimes run through a prison. The less-literate prisoners are subject to a curious form of vanity, and think that to be seen reading Shakespeare is a hall mark of respectability. There is, consequently, such a demand for the works of the Bard of Avon that it outruns the supply.

Sometimes Dickens becomes the rage. Recently an ex-convict had something to say about "Oliver Twist" in the way of criticism. "The general moral of that story is all wrong," he said. "Look at Bill Sykes, with his black eye and his bulldog. A man who was getting such a lot of money as he was wouldn't be knocking about a neighborhood like that. The general moral, with the well-meaning, is that there's a fellow, teaching boys to be thieves. You'd never see an old man teach a boy. If a man in the swell mob was found taking an innocent boy with him—these days, he'd stand a good chance of having his head knocked off by the other professionals."

Among the most popular authors are six living writers. Mrs. Henry Wood heads the list, followed by Charles Dickens, G. A. Henty, Rider Haggard, Sir Walter Scott, Wilkie Collins, Captain Marryat, Alexander Dumas, Sir Isaac Newton, and the late Lord Lytton, Charles Russell, Charles Kingsley, Rolf Boldrewood, Walter Besant, Rosa N. Carey, Edna Lyall, Hall Caine and Conan Doyle.

Bound volumes of magazines, American and English, are the favorite reads in the prison. The most popular is "The Strand Magazine," with "Sherlock Holmes" stories in them, while the Roman Catholic library did not.

Other aspects of the prison literature are given by Frederic Martin, who, in his book, "A Holiday in Gaol," boasts of having written a novel in his cell. This literary prisoner is a veritable Mark Tapley, who asserts that the year and a half he spent in Wormwood scrub prison was the time of his life. The picture of the prison is a gloomy one. "Free from all care, able to eat the prison food with enjoyment, and with practically as many books as I wanted. I had an enviable time of it; and I often thought with dismay of the time when I would be compelled to go back to the busy world, and be worried by the landlord and the rate collector."

USES FOR OLD BROCADE

Pieces of fine old brocade that have belonged to her grandmother or perhaps a great aunt are among the most valued possessions of many a girl who has probably often looked at them and wondered how she would ever be able to use them.

Of course, she enjoys their beauty, and yet it seems a pity to do nothing with them. Now some one has discovered a most delightful way to use them. A piece of landscape old brocade will make a most ornamental tray. It is used over the actual wood on a tray and a piece of glass. A girl cannot make this herself, she has to have a cabinetmaker do the work.

In having a tray made to order in this way she can choose whatever shape she wants, and if she wishes to use some particular table to serve tea, the tray can be made in a shape especially suited to that table.

In the same way she may use one of the beautiful pieces of Chinese or Japanese embroidery that are often brought home by people who visit those countries and almost as often do not

seem to fit into any particular place. The effect of these brilliant embroidered pieces of old and fashioned brocade under glass is most charming, and this use of it preserves the material indefinitely.

If a girl has more than enough of the material she can use the left-over piece to make a tea caddy to go with the tray. This will not last as long as the piece that is under glass, but it is very pretty to have the two match and will give pleasure for a long time.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

The school children of Toronto had at their credit on March 10th last in the Penny Savings Bank \$164,384.85; of which amount it is said one boy deposited the tidy sum of \$500. This splendidly illustrates the advantage of a convenient means of depositing small amounts. But what is of greater importance to our young people, and to older people also, is that they should have some plan of investment for their savings that may be of permanent advantage to them, a plan that, when old age arrives and their earning days are over, will furnish an income that will enable them to live in comfort, happiness and dignity for the remainder of their lives. Such a plan is provided by the Canadian Government by its Annuities Act. If, for example, the lad referred to, who we will assume for the purpose of illustration is 15 years of age, will avail himself of this plan, and will deposit with the Government one-half of the amount which he has already saved, or \$250, he will receive at 60 an annuity of \$154.85; and if he will add to this \$250, \$20 a year from 16 to 60, he will receive a further sum of \$245,700, or a total income of \$400.55 a year for life, payable in quarterly instalments. If he should die before 60, all his payments would be returned to his estate with 3 per cent. compound interest; though the same payments would secure for him a larger annuity if he did not wish to provide for this return.

If the pennies of the children had not been deposited in the savings bank, there is little doubt that in the majority of cases they would have been spent on trifles; but while the custodian of their savings is the savings bank, the temptation to withdraw will constantly recur. If deposited with the government for the purchase of an annuity, they cannot be withdrawn, for if they could be the object aimed at would probably in 99 cases out of 100 never be attained. The advice of Sir Walter Bagehot, "Use the youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof; use it as the springtime which soon departeth and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provision for a long and happy life," is good advice still, though given over three hundred years ago and can now plant and sow where the harvest will be sure and abundant, for the annuities plan is positively the only plan open to you that will enable you to spend your principal and interest without the possibility of becoming smaller no matter how long you may live.

In youth life seems limitless and boundless, but before middle age is reached the shortening process becomes daily more real. There is no time to sow "wild oats." Statistics show that 45 per cent. of men and 35 per cent. of women lose their entire accumulations; that at 60, 9 per cent. are dependent upon their daily earnings or on their children for support; and that of those who fail at 45 only 2 per cent. ever recover their financial standing. The advantages, therefore, which the annuities system presents as a means of making provision for old age should be apparent to everyone. In an interview a few days ago with an old lady of 90, who is an inmate of a poorhouse, she said she frequently cries for hours at a time at the thought of having to end her days in such a place. But no one who has purchased a Canadian government annuity need ever be afraid of ending his or her life there, as no process of law can deprive him or her of it. The wolf will never enter their door.

Anyone of the age of five or over who is domiciled in Canada may begin and may receive the annuity at 53 or any age thereafter; and any person now of the age of 55 or over may purchase an immediate annuity. For a small addition to the ordinary rate an annuity may be continued for a certain number of years though death occurs before the number of years expires. Literature explaining all about this most provident system may be obtained at the post office or on application to S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, to whom letters go free of postage. He will be glad to give you all information if you will write to him.

RESTRICTIONS AGAINST IMPORTING CATTLE REMOVED

Dr. J. G. Rutherford, veterinary director-general, announced that the restrictions imposed upon the issuing of permits for the importation into Canada of cattle, sheep, other ruminants and swine from Great Britain, by reason of the existence of foot and mouth disease in that country, have been removed.

The recent outbreak in Great Britain was not of a very serious character, and the authorities were soon able to get it under control. The removal of the restrictions will enable Canadian breeders to take up the importation of breeding cattle as of old.

THE VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN LAMBOUNIQUE—A STORY

It was a terrible voyage that the captain and his servant Fiquou were forced to make. But luckily it did not end in tragedy. The narrative, written by Rudolph Bringer, one of the younger French writers, appeared recently in Le Petit Journal, of Paris, and is translated for us by Edward Tuckerman Mason. It is a delightful little story of a delicious old humbug who remains one of Tartarin of Tarascon.—Current Literature.

Behind the Screens in Peking

The present discontent in China, with its latent possibilities of armed insurrection, recalls the vague mutterings that arose before the Boxer rebellion in 1900. The awful experiences of the American and European envoys and their families during the long siege by the Boxer fanatics and Chinese soldiery are vividly set forth by Mary Hooker in Behind the Scenes in Peking, a book recently published. It was early in the spring that the boxers began the rioting and then, as now, no one attached much importance to the outbreak. Indeed, it was not until the end of May that foreigners found it advisable to come in from the cool hills, fifteen miles away, and congregate for safety's sake in the legation buildings at Peking, which could be more readily defended.

"I felt," writes Mrs. Hooker at the end of the story of battle and murder and fevers and partial starvation, "I felt exactly as children feel who have been having a wild game of make-believe all day, when the grown-ups break in and say, 'Come, children, there has been enough of this.' And so it was with us; these terrible times are over, and there is nothing for us to do but to remain passive, and try and get some sort of equilibrium into our lives again; and as we dined together that last night there was a strong feeling—though we did not speak of it—that nobody but ourselves, who went through this incredible eight weeks of horror, could ever know really what the siege in Peking has been, and that we might all talk until doomsday, but the world will never understand."

The transformation of the beleaguered legation buildings into armed fortresses is effected before the reader's eye. The handful of American and European marines allowed by the Chinese government to come up from Tientsin before the destruction of the railroads is disposed to the best effect, and the tragic defence has gone on for weeks, with many deaths and wounds, when we come to this:

"When we turn the room into a nursery for the children (for we cannot keep them always in their own room, nor can we allow them to be much in the compound, as half the time it is thick with exploding bullets), it is then a sight to behold. There are a good many children here. Their one game is 'Boxer,' and they copy in miniature what we grown-ups are playing in earnest. The younger ones are forced into being the attacking force, and I am afraid when the big ones refuse they occasionally get very real bumps on their heads. They have small sandbags and barricades, and their Chinese war-whoop of 'Shah! shah! (Kill! kill!)' is a credible imitation of the real thing. It is very clever, and they are all very full of life, and I help them to play, for it's a good thing that they don't realize what all this may mean, and we hope relief will come before they lose their spirit and courage. The Boxer spirit, the Mission, so lately vacated, was looted and burned last night. So much happens in every twenty-four hours I can hardly keep account of it all, and as a background to the hourly horrors that develop is the continuous snipe, snipe, snipe, mostly by our own men, who are in the roofs of buildings shooting at the constantly approaching incendiaries."

Already there was scarcity of food, although there was abundance in native shops under the guns of the Boxers. Therefore—imagine our surprise when, late in the afternoon, a Chinese cart driven by Fargo Squiers, a boy of fifteen years came thundering into the British compound with the upper part of the cart riddled with bullet holes. He was heading for the two rooms in Dr. Foul's house which had been allotted to his family, and his freight consisted of dozens of tins of the above-mentioned supplies from Imbeck's death-surrounded shop, which he had procured at the greatest risk to his own life. The committee were about to order him to unload his desirable cargo with them, to be used for the food of the public, but upon learning that the boy had ridden into the jaws of death to procure these supplies, and had dared to do what no man in the compound had dared to do, they told him he could have the disposition of them, for by his rash valor he had well earned the lot.

It seems he procured a Chinese cart, and forced two coolies to go with him. On their way to Imbeck's one was killed by a bullet in his head, and though the other survived to help him load the cart, after arriving in the courtyard of the place, he had difficulty work, as coolie number two tried to run away, and twice the boy had to point the muzzle of his rifle at him in dictating what he would do if he made any further attempts. They were fairly free from shots while actually loading the cart. On the return trip every yard of the way they were peppered by bullets, and the second coolie was wounded but not killed. This boy saw what he thought he ought to do, and he did it; but what a terrible price might have been paid for these stores."

"This afternoon we were in Mrs. Colman's room, and her sweet baby was asleep in a funny, old-fashioned, high-backed crib. Although the sound of exploding bullets was to be heard outside the house, we were much startled to feel one—you can't see them, hit the headpiece of the baby's crib, detaching it from the main part, and bury itself in the opposite wall. An inch lower and it would have cut through the baby's brain. His mother picked him up, and all of us flew into a room on the other side of the house, where we would be free from shot, at any rate coming from that direction."

"I was at the hospital with Mrs. Squiers this morning. Several men were brought in, and they all had to wait their turn to be operated upon, and the two nurses were so busy assisting with the operation of the moment that nothing was done for a wounded Cossack who was laid on the floor. He was covered with blood, and it trickled down his chest and formed into a pool all around him, his face an olive-green

the color one sees in unskillfully painted pictures of death—so livid, I never believed even dying people could look that way. He lay there for some time, every one in authority too busy except to tell me to do what I could for him, and keep the flies from bothering him until he should die probably in twenty minutes."

The temptation to quote many incidents from the book is difficult to resist. It would be interesting to tell of the length of the terrific firing with which the Chinese entered in the Fourth of July at three o'clock in the morning, and of the sudden premonition of death that overwhelmed a brave, big diplomat. He rushed to his piano and expressed the agony of his soul by playing with great vigor "The Ride of the Valkyries." Madame de Giers, the wife of the Russian Minister, was a veritable angel of mercy in the hospital. Colonel Shiba, the Japanese commandant, was a very friendly hero. Under the strain of the long siege, the various nationalities penned in together began to show great jealousy of one another. On the morning after Captain Strout's death Herbert Squiers, Secretary of the American Legation, was unanimously elected Chief of Staff to Sir Claude Macdonald.

"I am confident," says the author, "that it is greatly due to the strong personality of Mr. Squiers that, as a legation, we held this extraordinary balance of things in Peking, which places the Americans in the lead on this diplomatic chess-board. I had a shot today with Sir Claude Macdonald, and M. de Giers, the Russian Minister, and both volunteered two highly complimentary criticisms of things American during the siege. One was that the services of Herbert Squiers had been simply invaluable during the most trying part of the summer; that he held people and things together when people did not even dare whisper their fears to one another. The other criticism was that our marines led in their intelligent work as soldiers. The accuracy of their shooting is extraordinary, and their ability to step forward, one after another, on the death or retirement of an officer, and take his place is remarkable. They show the greatest aptitude to command, and are in no way disconcerted by the sudden increase of responsibility."

VALUABLE TIARAS SHOWN IN LONDON

One of the most interesting collections of jewelry ever brought together in this country has been on view at Cartier's, where for \$5,000 are to be seen the magnificent tiaras belonging to the leading families of the United Kingdom which are to be worn by peeresses at the coronation. The proceeds resulting from the exhibition will go toward the Prince Francis of Teck memorial fund for the Middlesex Hospital.

Until recently the pride of place, as regards magnificence and costliness, among the exhibits, was given to the Duchess of Westminster's tiara, which has five sprays of brilliants, three of the largest having magnificent diamonds in the centre. It is valued at 20,000 guineas, or \$100,000.

Yesterday, however, the Duchess of Marlborough arrived at Cartier's with her famous coronet. She apologized for not sending it before, saying that she had only just heard of the exhibition. Immediately it was placed in the premier position. It is a full coronet of brilliants with a wonderful collection of antique pear-shaped diamonds, two of which, according to the Duchess, once formed part of the King of Spain's crown.

Louise, Cartier valued it at 25,000 pounds, or a little under 125,000 dollars.

Another exhibit of great interest is the brand new tiara made for Lady Decies, presented by her mother, Mrs. George Gould, at a cost of \$40,000. It is in Renaissance style, with eleven sprays resting on a scroll base. It is composed entirely of brilliants mounted on platinum, a feature being eleven magnificent pear-shaped diamonds, cut in the newest style. It is interesting to learn that the whole work was carried out in America, the mounting alone taking two or a half month to complete. Altogether sixty-three tiaras have been lent with an aggregate value of \$1,250,000.

If the pipes from your lavatory basin are clogged it is likely with soap. This will happen and often causes an offensive smell. Mix salt and soda, force it down the pipe, and leave for an hour, then pour down a large kettleful of boiling water.

THE POSTMASTER TELLS HIS FRIENDS

THAT THEY SHOULD USE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR KIDNEY ILLS.

He had Backache for a long time but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. That is why he recommends them.

Dymont, Ont., (Special).—John O. Berg, postmaster here, and well-known throughout this entire neighborhood, is telling his friends that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure for all forms of Kidney Disease. And when they ask how he knows, this is the answer he gives: "I was troubled with Backache for a long time and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. That's why I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

And the postmaster is not the only one in this neighborhood who has found relief from their Kidney ills in the old reliable remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Others there are whose Rheumatism has been relieved, whose Dropsy has vanished, and whose Urinary Troubles have been cured. For if the disease is of the Kidneys, or caused by the Kidneys being out of order, Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure it.

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quickly stops pain, cures colds, headache, toothache, etc.

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