

ASTHMA FOR SIXTEEN YEARS

Well-known Orangeville Farmer spent hundreds of dollars in search of a cure. At last cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

It seems foolish to pay several hundred dollars for something which two dollars will buy, don't it? Yet that is just what thousands of asthmatics are doing every year, besides losing their health. They are trying to get free from the tortures of asthma, but unless they take Clarke's Kola Compound they will keep on trying. It is the only permanent cure. Mr. Allan Faulkner, one of the best known farmers in Dufferin Co. writes:—"For sixteen long years I have been almost a constant martyr to asthma. Only an asthmatic could realize what I have suffered. Many days and weeks I could not leave the house, and night after night could not lie down. I spent many hundred dollars in search of a cure and tried nearly all our local doctors and some in Toronto but became worse each year. My druggist, Mr. Stevenson, of Orangeville, recommended Clarke's Kola Compound about two years ago. I took, in all, eighteen bottles of this grand medicine during nine months; each week I gradually improved and am now completely cured. It is now over a year since being cured and I have not had a single attack since, and have gained much of my old-time strength and weight. No amount of money nor anything else could estimate its value to me."

(Signed) ALLAN FAULKNER.

I have for years been personally acquainted with Mr. Faulkner and can certify to the truth of the above statements. To order THOS. STEVENSON, Druggist, Orangeville. Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by Chemists everywhere. \$2.00 per bottle, three for \$5.00 or from the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Awkward Generosity.

A man from Dunedin once visited (the town of) Wellington. An Irish friend insisted upon the visitor staying at his house instead of at an hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to theatres and other amusements, paying all the cab fares, and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dunedin the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went into the saloon to have a parting drink.

"What'll you have?" asked the host, continuing his hospitality to the very last.

"Now look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keeping me at yer house for a month, an' payin' for a' the theatres an' cabs an' drinks. I tell ye I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—From the Scotsman.

Intelligence in Mice.

The organs of hearing and smelling in mice are very efficient, but their eyesight is, we believe, poor. Their intelligence is, we should think, low, as might be expected from the paucity of convolutions in their brains. We suspended a tin of flour at such a height from the ground that our little friends could not quite jump into it, though the smell of the food made them very persevering in their endeavors to do so. We then arranged a string so that by a detour they could get at the good stuff that way.

One mouse by following that course attained to the desired goal, but evidently by chance, for being startled out of the tin it continued for a long while to make futile efforts to recover its lost position by jumping up, never again seeking the road which had led it before to the object of its desire. For hours we have lain in bed watching mice trying in vain to spring into the tin of flour, none of them ever perceiving that there was a feasible road leading thereto.—Chambers' Journal.

SAW LIVING BUDDHA

DESCRIBED BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER WHO MET HIM.

The Place Was the Mongolian Plains While on Tour to Lhasa—An Amiable, Pleasant-Looking Man, With Undergarment of Yellow and Dark Red Robe Over It—The Interview Reported.

A search for Coleridge's Xanadu, the City of Kubla Khan, and the pursuit of game had brought Father Gysen, of the Belgian mission, and myself on to the steppes of Mongolia, and we stood near what remains of this ancient city. It must have been larger than Pekin, the ruins of three cities rolling for miles and miles, the walls enclosing traces of mausoleums, tombs, domes and pleasure

places, now the haunt of the wild duck and the hare. There stand ruined walls and towers, and there still flows "the sacred river," near which the wild Mongol has raised a memorial close to a sacred pool.

Half a mile from here our Living Buddha was encamped, his surroundings of nobos (cairns placed on knolls, and worshipped by the Mongols), forming a suitable setting to his camp. We, a party of four, two Europeans and two Chinese, one a Latin-speaking Roman Catholic convert, and the other my mafu (groom) rode up to it. I was riding an Arab, the remainder of the party were on Mongolian ponies. From a group of Tibetan and Mongol lamas we learnt that it was the camp of the Living Buddha on tour to Lhasa.

In the middle of the encampment we saw a large Mongol tent, which was pointed out as being that of the Living Buddha, now at his devotions. To our question whether we might pay our respects to him, the Lamas replied, "Wait a bit." Nothing possesses such a fascination for a Mongol as a horse, and very soon my Arab, on account of his size and appearance, became the centre of an admiring crowd. Seizing this opportunity I rapidly sketched the camp, but the desire to see what I was doing quickly brought a number of repulsive-looking Lamas round me. At this point the Christian convert, said to Father Gysen, in Latin: "They are deceiving you. He does not want to see you." Father Gysen and I consulted, and decided to insist on an interview.

We therefore proceeded toward the tent door, over which a screen of bamboo was hanging. To the Lama on guard we said that we were anxious to pay our respect to the Living Buddha. He disappeared into the tent, and coming out shortly after, invited us to enter, lifting up the screen. We threw aside our whips, obligatory with Mongols on going into a reception tent, and entered the sacred presence. The Living Buddha was an amiable, pleasant-looking man, with a Mongol type of face, high cheek bones and large ears. He was dressed in an undergarment of yellow, with a dark red robe over it. He was seated in the usual Lama attitude. We greeted him in Chinese fashion, and signs were made to us by the two Lamas to sit down.

Fortunately for us, a Chinese-speaking Lama came in, and through the medium of another who spoke Tibetan, we were enabled to converse with the Living Buddha. "How many li (a li is one-third of a mile) off is your country?" was his first question. Our reply: "About 40,000 li," caused much surprise to the questioner. "How did you come here?" he asked, and we answered, "in a ship." He then asked if we had ridden to the camp on Mongolian ponies, and we explained that one was a Mongolian pony and the other an Arab. To further enlighten the Buddha, the interpreter demonstrated with his hands the size of the Arab pony. We were then permitted to put a few questions to the Living Buddha. In reply to our first enquiry, he stated that his headquarters were Lhasa, but that he travelled most of the year. He had just come from Torranor (Lama Mio, about a day's journey distant, where there is an enormous lamasery). He had, he told us, been staying at Lama Mio, and was then returning to Lhasa. He informed us that he was thirty years of age.

During this conversation I glanced around the tent. It was lined with dark red; above the Living Buddha's head was a red canopy and hung round were death's heads painted on paper. We were then presented with brown sugar and it was hinted to us that the interview was at an end. We accordingly withdrew. Outside the tent door was the covered cart in which the Living Buddha travels, and which he enters unseen. The camel which draws the cart was standing near it. We said good-bye to the attendant Lamas, and mounting our ponies rode off.

When out of sight I dismounted and from memory sketched the likeness of the Living Buddha, not having ventured to do so in the presence of the superstitious Lamas, who might have thought that I was casting a spell on him.—London Daily Graphic.

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3 cases of the latest New York Spring styles of Ladies' Hats, trimmed and without trimming will be taken out of bond to-day and spread on sale in our stores ready for Wednesday morning.

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Feb. 20—dtf

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Via Intercolonial Railway.

TO GENERAL PUBLIC

Local and through issue return tickets will be sold going March 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; returning until April 1, 1902, at first-class one-way fare.

TO TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

Return tickets will be sold going March 21 to 23, inclusive; returning until April 8, 1902. Local issue and to points on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, at first class one-way fare. Through issue at first class one-way fare to Montreal added to first class one-way fare and one-third from Montreal.

NOTE—Local issue implies that tickets will be issued on all points on the Intercolonial system. Through issue implies that tickets will be issued to Detroit, Mich.; Port Huron, Mich.; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Port Arthur, Ont., and all stations in Canada east thereof, March 25—d6l.

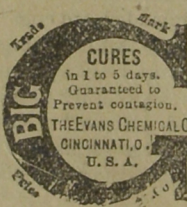
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