

ASTHMA

Can be Cured

It is being Permanently Cured Daily
by Clarke's Kola Compound

Why do you continue to suffer from this
ribble, torturing disease, now, honestly, why
you? You know it is tearing down your
tem and making your life miserable. There
only one way out of your difficulty. Take
Clarke's Kola Compound. It has cured
ousands of others and will cure you.

Mr. R. N. Hume, C.P.R. engineer, Western Division,
Kamloops, B.C., writes:—"For more than twelve
years I had been troubled more or less with asthma,
and during the last two years the attacks became so
severe and frequent that I had to lay off work for weeks
at a time. Many nights I could not sleep lying down
at all. Nothing I could get gave me more than a little
temporary relief until the C.P.R. doctor prescribed
Clarke's Kola Compound for me in Dec. '97. I took
in all three bottles which helped me from the start, and
since completing the third bottle have been completely
cured. I have not had a single attack of asthma now
for nearly three years, and express a pleasure in re-
commending anything so worthy as Clarke's Kola
Compound. I know a lady in our town even worse
than I was, whom it has cured."

Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by Chemists every-
where. \$2.00 per bottle or three for \$5.00. Book on
Asthma mailed free by the G. & M. Co., Limited, 121
Church Street, Toronto, Canada

OUR SISTER OF THE SEAS.

E. Pauline Johnson's Panegyric to New-
foundland—A Plea for Closer and
More Intimate Relations.

Dear little grey old sister colony,
lying far out from our eastern hem,
where the broad Atlantic roars in
from Ireland and flings itself on
your beetling coast. And so that
most wonderful of modern wizards,
Marconi, has selected you for the
greatest scientific experiment of the
age! And now you will always be
quoted through these vaster lands
of ours as having been honored by
science, and as having responded in
all your old-time fidelity to Mar-
coni's trust in you. You are noth-
ing if not faithful. Faithful to
yourself, to your grand little
mother island across the seas, to the
wanderer that sleeps within your
gates and to those who delight to
honor you, and whom you honor
in return.

When did I see you first, with
your proud hillside city smiling
down on that unrivalled harbor at
its feet? For the moment your
sturdy shoulder was bared to a gale
that shrieked across the Cabot
Straits, hurled itself against your
iron and granite shores, that smiled
with grim indifference alike on sea
and hurricane. How that tempest
roared across your five hundred
miles of grandeur—rock and canon,
gorge and "topsail"—and swept un-
relentingly over your Queen City,
nestled in its southeastern fastnesses.
And the city laughed mockingly
at the gale, tossed its fogs seaward
and lifted an untroubled brow above
the driving winds and rains.

It was only when the next main-
land mails arrived that we learned
with horror that this same storm
demon had wrecked far-away Galves-
ton and plunged fair Texas in garbs
of woe. But what cares New-
foundland for tempests? Oh, the
stupendous beauty of her! How she
laughed out at that storm—laughed
in the security of her godlike
strength, her immutable coasts.
How quickly came her golden suns,
her turquoise skies; how fair, oh!
how indescribably fair, her harbor
of St. John's, with its network of
masts and rigging, its wealth of
craft from every clime, and always
and ever one or two of those grim
old British battleships, with their
sleepless eyes, waking and watch-
ful, to guard this eldest born of all
the lion's cubs; and away up on
that glorious lift of rock crowned
by the marine signal station, the
vivid colors of the signal flags flare
out across the sky, speaking so
mutely, so momentarily, to in-
coming ships at sea.

And it is here, on this ragged
steep, that Marconi is winging his
thought across the water wastes;
here, where five hundred feet of per-
pendicular rock drops sheer to the
ocean's edge; where "the Narrows,"
linking the Atlantic with the love-
liest harbor in the world, grin with
their granite teeth at the sea; where
the city sleeps at one's feet, and in-
land the large acres of countless
homesteads stretch northward; where
flocks of goats wander with nimble
feet amongst the dizzy ledges, and
the violet rim of sea and sky sweeps
unbrokenly along the eastern hori-
zon. Mine eyes have seen many of
nature's wonders—the looming Rock-
ies, the towering Selkirk, dark
canons where hurls the mighty Fraser—
but the fairest thing I ever saw

is this scene. God gives one as he
stands on Signal Hill. And when did
I see you last, you beautiful, far-
away City of St. John's? Ah, what
a sight you were that day! Dark
happenings in the vast republic
south of us had made the world shud-
der. "Will he live?" everyone was
asking. "Will he live, that warrior,
statesman, President, against which
a demon hand had been lifted." The
train was swinging round Concep-
tion Bay, was climbing the awful
steeps, was scurrying through its
last hour of the overland run. All at
once the city burst into view. The
wonder of it, the marvel of it all!
One long, simultaneous, sorrowful ex-
clamation swept through the car,
and then, this scene, all blurred, in-
distinctly I saw innumerable blotches
of color showered over the entire
city. On every building, on every
ship in the harbor, the stars and
stripes hung listlessly—at half-mast. Not a breath
stirred the air; old Signal Hill had
buried her face in a veil of fog—
mourning, mourning everywhere.

In mid-harbor H.M.S. Alert, taut
and tidy, jaunty and trim as ever,
had hoisted the American colors. Close
to her lifted the huge hulk of that
grand old battleship, H. M. S. Char-
yabdis, "Old Glory" flying half
way up her mainmast. Near by a
big grey Norse merchantman, further
on a Barbadoes liner, across harbor
the sealers, the whalers, the count-
less coast craft paid the same tri-
bute, simple but mighty in its im-
port. One's eyes grew wet with

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SICK HEADACHE,
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PRICE 25¢ A VIAL OR 5 FOR \$1.00
AT ALL DRUG STORES.

watching. Here was this little, old,
far-away British colony, struggling
with poverty, torn by internal polit-
ical controversy, this rugged, debt-
ridden, yet wondrously wealthy, is-
land, lifting its brave little head, and
forgetting its own heartaches, while
it called out in royal sympathy to
the great, monied, luxurious country
that wept out its grief in bitter tears
under a southern sky.

And you loyal little sea-girt sister
of ours, we in Canada don't see you
half as often as we should, but the
ties are being daily more closely
woven. Modern enterprise and capi-
tal have placed you nearer to us
now; we can lean towards each other,
clasp hands, and some day per-
haps our fingers will forget to loose
their clinging, and we will walk hand
in hand throughout the years.—E.
Pauline Johnson, in Toronto Globe.

Men in Toronto Factories.

The 1901 census of manufacturing
industries in Toronto shows a very
satisfactory increase over the figures
of ten years ago. In the census
of 1891 every establishment employ-
ing from one person upwards was
counted, while in the recent enumera-
tion only factories which employed
five persons and upwards were in-
cluded in the reckoning.

The total number of industries ten
years ago was 2,109; last year they
are about 1,200 less.

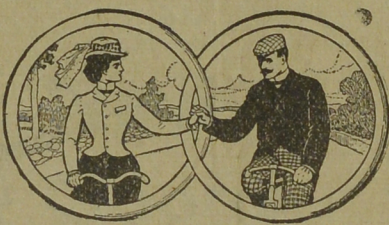
Ten years ago the number of em-
ployees in all establishments was 24-
480, and the aggregate of wages paid
for labor was \$9,042,125. In 1901
there were about 44,000 workmen in
factories employing five persons and
upwards, and the amount of wages
paid for labor was about \$15,500,-
000.

Ten years ago the value of pro-
ducts in all factories was \$42,489,-
352. For the last year it is, in
round numbers, \$59,600,000.

For Saturday and Monday.

In Men's and Boys' Clothing Dept. over 500
Men's Suits in all the New Spring styles, fresh
from the makers, perfectly tailored and selected
personally for this trade. You can find anything
you want among them, prices easy to reach,
\$3.85, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.50 to \$12.00. The
Boys' Clothing have arrived. They are beauties.
Bring your boys and get them fitted out, the
prices are correct. Suits \$1.50 and upwards.
Over 600 pairs of Boys' Odd Pants at 39c. 45c.
and 65c. Men's Hats, all the new styles in soft
and stiff at makers' prices. The store over the
dry goods store has been fitted up for Ladies'
Hats. Call and see the newest New York pro-
ductions in Trimmed Hats, ready to wear, from
\$2.00 upwards. Come early and get best selec-
tion as they are going fast. Ladies' Tailor-made
Suits, Skirts and Shirt Waists, made on the
premises, a big stock to select from and prices
away down for the class of goods. Ladies'
White Wear, Linens, Towels, Napkins and a
new lot of stylish Dress Goods, all will be placed
on sale at special low prices on these days and
scores of other goods will be found at lowest
prices.

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Feb. 20—dtf

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at lowest term of interest.

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Feb. 14.—dwtf

EASTER HOLIDAY FARES.

Via Intercolonial Railway.

TO GENERAL PUBLIC

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

TO TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

Return tickets will be sold going March 21
to 29, 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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They build up the System, renew Lost
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prove the Appetite, make Rich Red Blood,
dispell that Weak, Tired, Listless, No Ambition feeling and
make you feel full of Life and Energy.

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Grippe, Shortness of Breath, General De-
bility or all troubles arising from a run
down system.

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