Cotopaxi, Eighteen Thousand Feet High; Most Sublime of All Earth's Volcanoes

Nearly Double the Height of Etna, and Eruptions on a Correspondingly Sublime Scale—Its Thunder Heard a Distance of Seven Hundred Miles.

[T. P.'s Weekly, London, Eng.]

The eruption of Vesuvius recalls Byron's historic visit to the crater of Kilauea, near the base of Mowna Roa in the island of Hawaii. Lord Byron and a party of officers from the Blonde frigate, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, witnessed here "a scene more horribly sublime than anything the imagination of man ever pictured even in the idler visions of unearthly things"—presumably a polite periphrasis for "hell." Arrived at the brink of the crater they stood looking down into a fearful gulf 1,500 feet in depth and upwards of two miles in circumference. The edge of the crater was so steep that it seemed as if by a sigle leap they could plunge straight into the abyss, whose surface had all the agitation of the ocean. Billow after billow tossed its monstrous bosom into the air. The conflict of sounds—muttering, sighing, groaning, roaring—helped so the suggestion of a Dantesque inferno that one of the party, after a single glance, turned away, saying, "Call it cowardice or what you please, but I dare not look again!" In the abyss were counted about 50 cones of various heights, all active chimneys of volcanic fires, some ejecting smoke and steam; some ashes, lava and boiling water; some fragments of rock. What, by the way, was the name of that heroine, a Christian convert, who once descended to the surface of this abyss to plunge a stick into the fiery deluge, in order to convince her own people, who looked on from above, of the basclessness of their belief in Pell, the god of the Kilauea fires, who was supposed to punish with instant death such an intrusion into his sanctuary?

TWELVE THOUSAND ENGULFED.

The great proconsul, Sir Stamford Raffles, records one of the most tremendous volcanic eruptions which have occurred in historical times, that from the Tomboro Mountain in the island of Sumbawa, which began on April 5, 1815, and continued with some intermissions until the following June. The sound of the explosion was heard at Ternate on the western coast of Gilolo, 720 geographical miles distant, and even as far as Sumatra, a distance of 970 miles! The ashes from the mountain, wafted 300 miles off to Tara and Celebes, caused there a more profound darkness in the daytime than had ever been known in the pitchiest night; while the sea to the west of Sumatra was coated with a mass of cinders two feet thick and many miles in extent, though which ships found it difficult to force their way. In the island itself violent whirlwinds carried high up into the air men, cattle and horses, while its surface was altered out of all recognition—hills having been turned into valleys and valleys into hills. The area over which the effects of the eruption extended was upwards of 2,000 miles in circumference. Only 26 persons escaped alive out of a population of over 12,000.

COTOPAXI.

The sublimest of all the earth's volcanoes is that of Cotopaxi. If the 4,000 feet of Vesuvius were planted upon the top of the 10,000 feet of Etna their combined heights would fall short of Cotopaxi's by 4,073 feet. Its eruptions have been on a correspondingly sublime scale. In 1738 its fires ascended 2,953 feet above the crater. In 1744 the thunder of its eruption was heard at Honda, on the River Magdalena, 700 miles distant. In 1768 the inhabitants of two neighboring towns were obliged to use lanterns in the streets by day owing to the density of the vast quantity of ashes ejected. During the explosion of 1803, Humboldt, at a distance from it of 200 miles, heard its thunders day and night like the discharges of a park of artillery.

ETNA, A CATARACT OF FIRE.

Etna is the most classical of volcanoes, celebrated as it is by Thucydides, who records three of its eruptions; by Pindar, in his first Pythian ode, and by Livy, who speaks of an eruption and earthquake which took place in 43 B.C., shortly before the death of Caesar, which is was supposed to portend. The two most disastrous of all, however, occurred in the Christian era. In 1169 a violent earthquake, felt as far as Reggio, in a few minutes destroyed Catania and fifteen thousand of its inhabitants. As it was the vigil of the Feast of St. Agatha, its cathedral was crowded with a congregation, including two bishops and 44 Benedictine monks, who were all buried beneath its ruins. During this eruption the side of the cone of the great crater towards Taormina fell into the crater. On March 8, 1669, the sun was suddenly obscured, a whirlwind blew over the mountain, and there were successive shocks of earthquake, increasing in violence for three days, which converted Nicolosi into a heap of ruins. On March 11 a fissure twelve miles long, six feet wide, and of unfathomable depth, opened in the side of the mountain, extending from the Piano di St. Leo to Monte Frumento, a mile from the summit. Towards the close of the same day a new crater opened, a mile below the others, and vomited forth a torrent of lava two miles wide, which, after encircling Monpilieri, submerged Belpasso, a town with a population of 8,000. Around this new crater opened seven mouths of fire, with which in three days they united, forming together one large crater 800 feet in diameter. From this flowed a torrent of lava, which on March 23 destroyed the town of Mascalucia. It then divided into three streams, one of which destroyed San Pietro, the second Camporotondo, and the third Misterbianco. It flowed on still, submerging fourteen other villages till it reached Albanello, two miles from Catania, where it undermined a hill, carrying it, with its cornfields and a vineyard with its vines, which floated for some considerable distance upon its fiery surface. The river of lava was arrested in its progress for a time by the 60-foot high walls of Catania, but these it at last surmounted, and came pouring over them in a cascade of fire to the destruction of the city. On April 23 the river of lava, 600 yards broad and 40 feet in depth, reached the sea, whose seething waters it boiled into vast clouds of steam. As the length of this river was at least fifteen miles, while its average breadth was between two and three, it must have covered at least 40 square miles of surface.

DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE.

On the morning of May 8, 1902, being Ascension Day, and therefore a Feast of Obligation, all the shops and stores of St. Pierre were closed, and the town was given up to piety and pleasure, when in a moment the whole side of Mont Pelee seemed to open, and from it rushed down on the doomed city a perfect whirlwind of fire. Having devoured St. Pierre like stubble, it rushed into the sea and set ablaze all the ships in the harbor. Those who escaped death by fire and shook were asphyxiated by the sulphurous fumes. The only man found alive in the city was a prisoner condemned for murder, who was discovered two days later unhurt in his cell; while of the crew of the Roddam, which was unburned, seven were roasted alive on the deck, and eight escaped the same fate only by jumping overboard.

AN ASTONISHING SHOT.

Defoe, who was in the habit of inventing news for Mist's Journal, gave in the number for July 5, 1718, "an account of the Island of St. Vincent in the West Indies, and of its entire destruction, on the 26th of March last, with some rational suggestions concerning the causes and manner of it." Then follows a most circumstantial account of the volcanic eruption, which reads like a prophecy of the destruction of St. Pierre. You have the midnight darkness, the showers of ashes, etc. Here is his account of the eruption itself: "About midnight the whole Island of St. Vincent rose up into the air with a most dreadful eruption of fire from underneath the earth, and an inconceivable noise in the air at its rising up. It was not only blown up, but blown out of the very sea with a dreadful force, as it were, torn up by the roots or blown up from the foundations of the earth." Ships that came to inquire into the damage suffered could nowhere find the island, to their utter bewilderment. "At last all concluding, as it really was, to their great confusion, that the said island was no more—that there appeared no remains—except three little rocks, nor any tokens that such an island had been there; but that, on the contrary, in the place of it, the sea was excessive deep and no bottom to be found at two hundred fathoms." A few weeks later the wily journalist writes: "They pretend to tell us a strange story—that the Island of St. Vincent is found again, and is turned into a volcano or burning mountain; but we must acknowledge we do not believe one word of it."

Story of a Sevres Vase

A wealthy manufacturer in the potteries is at present the subject of a good joke. While on a continental tour he purchased a Sevres vase for some hundreds of pounds and brought it home most carefully.

Thinking that the foreman of his works might gather a hint from the design, he called that gentleman in and showed him his treasure "How do you like it?" he asked.

The foreman took the vase in his hand, turned it over and returned it with the brief reply: "I don't think that I can learn much from it."

"Why not?" asked the manufacturer.

"I don't like telling you, sir."

"Come — out with it."

"Well, I designed that vase myself. It is a foreign imitation of our own work, and is worth £25 at the outside."—Liverpool Post.

Roman Good Roads.

A careful estimate shows that the Romans spent from $30,000 to $100,000 per mile on their roads; yet Europe knew no road-building worthy of the name from the fall of Rome, about 400 A. D., to the coming of Napoleon's Tresaguet, 1,400 years later. For a millennium and a half the roads of these men who built for eternity were the best roads in England, Europe and Asia Minor, and though many of them quickly disappeared if neglected, a large number remain to this day, and a much larger number have served as the foundation of modern roads. One road which Bergier examined in France was raised twenty feet about the surrounding country, and a vertical incision revealed the following sections:

Section 1—A "fill" of 16½ feet.

Section 2—A foot layer of flat stones and cement.

Section 3—A foot layer of flat stones without cement.

Section 4—A foot layer of firmly-packed earth.

Section 5—A half-foot layer of small metal in hard cement.

Section 6—A half-foot layer of large metal and cement.

The width of Roman roads varied from 120 feet at home to 18 or 20 feet in England. The lesser width made a great reduction in original cost, as well as in cost of maintenance. In the case of the narrow roads on the island the work was well done. "Two furrows were first made," writes W. B. Paley, "at the proper distance apart; the earth between was dug out for a foot or two, and the bottom rammed and beaten down tightly. Upon this the first stratum of material was laid and the lime poured over it; then larger stones were placed upon that, and the interstices filled with mortar, after which sometimes came another layer similar to the bottom one. The whole was often three feet thick, or more, and was rounded in the center to prevent water lodging upon it."—Archer Butler Hulbert, in The Chautauquan.

TULL THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC FARMER

HE WAS BORN IN 1680 AND INVENTED USEFUL IMPLEMENTS.

[Rev. Thomas Gregory in the New York American.]

So slow has been the invention and introduction of new agricultural devices, remarks an author, that if Ruth had revisited the earth at the beginning of the nineteenth century she might have seen in the fields of the husbandman everywhere the sickle of the reapers behind whom she gleaned in the field of Boaz, heard again the beating on the threshing floor, and felt the old familiar rush of the winnowing wind. Cincinnatus returning then would have recognized the plow in common use as about the same as that which he once abandoned on his farm beyond the Tiber as his country called him to battle for her imperiled liberties.

The first scientific farmer, so far as the records show, was one Jethro Tull, an Englishman, who wrote and labored in the cause of agriculture between the years 1680—1740.

Tull claimed that, since it was from the soil that plants mainly derived their nourishment, the finer the condition of the soil the better would be the results to the farmer.

A great hobby with Tull was the thorough pulverization of the soil. He claimed that it was from fine earth, not from hard clods, that the plant got the nutrition it needed to make it productive.

He also insisted upon deep plowing, to give moisture to the plant's roots, and upon frequency of cultivation, to keep the surface open to the influence of the rays of the sun.

In a word, it was the Englishman who first strove to impress upon men's minds the idea that farming was a science, and that in order to get good crops agriculture needed to be carried on upon scientific principles.

Tull, furthermore, believed that there was no reason why agriculture should be carried on almost wholly by brute strength. He believed in saving as much of man's labor and strength as possible, and he set himself to the task of finding ways and means of doing farm work that should be an improvement upon the old muscle-wearying methods.

His thinking took shape in the invention of a horse hoe, a grain drill and a threshing machine—not much of a threshing machine, it is true, as compared with those of today, but still a great improvement upon the old-time flail.

The impetus given to scientific farming by Tull started the movement which was later on taken up with enthusiasm by Arthur Young, the correspondent and friend of Washington.

Young did a great deal for agriculture. By his pen, by travel and painstaking investigation and experiment, and last but not least, by a series of bright and useful inventions, he did more for the ancient art than any man of his day and generation.

With the birth of modern chemistry, and through the writings and experiments of such men as Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Jefferson, Justus von Liebig and others, agriculture began to look up as it never had before, and today, as a result of those men's labors, the farmer is beginning, for the first time since farming began, to get from the earth something like a fair return for his toil.

I say "beginning," for there can be no doubt that we are simply upon the threshold of successful farming. A hundred years hence, when the truths of chemistry shall have been almost universally applied to the agricultural act, returns such as would now be considered miraculous will be the common order of the day.

We have been merely playing with the earth heretofore. When we get down to the principles and practice of a scientific husbandry, our harvests shall be manifold what they are even today.

Where Looks Don't Count.

"I visited Miss Marie Corelli when I was in Stratford," said a young woman. "She lived in a quaint house of dull red brick. She is very pretty and very rich, and she likes Americans.

"Miss Corelli was full of fun. She talked about woman's overregard for appearances. She said that she herself was too prone to think that, if appearances were all right, everything was right.

"Once, in her childhood, Miss Corelli said she was yachting on the English coast.

"As the yacht sped along there was a sudden swerve, and the helmsman said:

"'By Jove! I believe she's broken her rudder.'

"'Oh, well,' said the young girl, 'what does it matter? It's under water, and I'm sure nobody will notice it.'"—Exchange.

What Evarts Said.

When the Hon. John B. Alley, of Lynn was a member of Congress he, with others of the New England delegation in Washington, had given a dinner on Forefather's Day. Ex-Secretary of State Evarts was one of the guests. In the after dinner exercises Mr. Alley had taken much time in relating circumstances in which he was the most conspicuous figure.

Evarts was next on the list of speakers, and, in beginning his remarks, said: "I have listened to my friend Alley with profound interest and respect. The many events of national and state history with which he has been connected are truly wonderful. But there is one he has omitted, doubtless through his well known modesty. I refer to that ever memorable morning when, after the discovery of America, Columbus turned to him and said: 'John, where had we better land?'"—Boston Herald.

Some Snakes Are Great "Bluffers;" Harmless, They Hiss and Show Fight

Actually Mimic Those of the Poisonous Varieties in Effort to Frighten Intruders—Many Popular Superstitions Current About Reptiles—Will Never Pursue Human Beings.

[Dr. Lange, in the Chicago Tribune.]

The sun is doing its best in the late Indian summer day. You are enjoying a quiet ramble along a rocky bluff. Suddenly you hear a low rustle in the dry leaves. You look and see a garter snake disappear under a stump. Within a few rods you hear and see other snakes, and you wonder what they are all doing here. They are preparing to go into hibernation in their winter quarters, and a rocky bluff or a deserted quarry are favorite places. Here the snakes from the neighborhood collect and crawl into deep crevices and holes below the frost line to sleep away the long northern winter.

Snakes, like other cold-blooded creatures, are much more dependent on external conditions than most warm-blooded animals, who carry a natural furnace within, and whose blood remains at the same temperature winter and summer. Not so with snakes. In hot weather they are quick aand active; under low temperature they become sluggish, and, if they make a mistake about their winter quarters and freeze stiff, they never wake up again.

HIDE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

The favorite hiding grounds of snakes are often also favorite haunts of our early spring flowers. Visit these places in April or May and you may come upon enough snakes to make you question whether or not you really are seeing things as they are. The snakes are having their mating season, and you may find from five to ten of them in one confused coil. Once, when I was picking early violets around an elder bush, I found five garter snakes coiled and twisted into a tangle on the elder branches about six feet from the ground.

Almost every county boy has found turtle eggs, but snake eggs are not so easily found. Once I was exceptionally fortunate to find the eggs of the milk snake at the country bridge. My farmer friends were repairing the old bridge, and when the crowbar detached some rotten planks I found a whole string of snake eggs under them. There was about a dozen of them, and they were all connected at the ends. They had white, leathery shells like turtle eggs. Some had just hatched and in others the little snakes had just pierced the shells and their heads were sticking through the shell. The little things were about six inches long, but they coiled up and struck at a stick just like their parents will do.

A TERRIFYING ENCOUNTER.

Last summer I had an experience with a blow snake that almost made me think I had been punished for those snake collections of my boyhood. I was walking along a sunny river bank, when I heard an awful hissing. "Listen," I said to my friend, "there's a big blower; he is over yonder," and I started towards a clump of pines. "Look out," my friend called, "he is right in front of you." And there he was. His head and neck as flat as a man's hand and his brown mottled body over two feet long.

I set up my camera and took his picture. Whenever I moved a little he hissed like a small steam engine. When I had finished taking his picture, and he neither retreated nor advanced for an attack, I poked him with a long stick. Immediately, as if by a magic touch, he went through a grewsome performance. His mouth opened wide, showing all red inside., then he writhed and wriggled, drawing the twisting coils of his body through his gaping, slimy mouth, from which the forked black tongue hung as limp as a thread. When he began to writhe he also emitted a most horrible odor. In a moment the writhing ceased, but the snake had completely turned over on his back. His under side presented a peculiar livid green, the abdomen was depressed, and the ends of all the ribs showed through the skin. The mouth was still gaping and the animal lay perfectly still. I touched him several times, but he did not move. He was in a spasm and presented a horrible sight. Thus he lay for seven minutes; then he slowly turned around and began to crawl away.

I touched him again with a stick, and immediately he went into spasms again, but not quite so violently and without emitting the odor. This time he remained rigid only five minutes, and then began to glide towards the nearest bushes.

BLOW SNAKE A FEARFUL BLUFFER.

Now, what does this peculiar behavior mean? It simply means that the blow snake or spreading adder (Heterodon platirhinas) is perfectly harmless, but that he is the greatest liar living. His whole performance is a bluff to scare you. If his big-looking flattened head and his fearful hissing do not scare you, and you touch him, he opens his mouth wide and begins such an awful twisting and wriggling that you run away, thinking he is coming for you to poison you, if not to eat you alive. If your nerves are strong enough to stand this performance also, he apparently commits suicide, so there is no use of harming him further. If you stay through it all, he gives up the whole show and makes for the nearest brush as quickly as he can.

All harmless snakes, if they do not simply try to get away like the pretty green grass snakes, try to scare the intruder by hissing and showing fight. Some of them actually mimic the poisonous snakes. The common milk snake, for instance, will vibrate its tail so rapidly that it makes a noise like that of a rattlesnake.

The general resemblance of harmless snakes to poisonous snakes undoubtedly often saves the former from their animal enemies, but does not help him with the woodsman and the settler. The average man simply kills every snake he sees.

The story that they charm birds so they cannot escape is a superstition Old birds often act crippled in the presence of an enemy, in order to draw him away from their nest. If a bird thus comes within reach of the snake he is seized. Another superstition is the story that the milk snake, or western water snake, will suck milk from the cows. Many people believe it, but I never found one who had seen it. It may be that a snake will drink sweet milk out of a pan, because it is well known that they drink water quite freely, and the story of their milking the cows may have originated by their accidentally getting into a milk pan.

SNAKE SUPERSTITIONS MOSTLY FALSE.

There are many interesting points connected with the habits and structure of snakes, and many are the popular superstitions current about them besides those already referred to.

There is the story about the hoop snake that takes its tail into its mouth and rolls along like a hoop in fierce pursuit of you. The whole hoop snake is a myth. No snake moves that way. A snake moves by means of its numerous ribs, which are very loosely jointed to the backbone. The lower ends of the ribs are pushed forward and then pulled back, while the scales of the abdomen catch on the ground, the grass or brush, and thus the whole body is pulled along. On a smooth surface, like a cement sidewalk, a snake moves with some difficulty.

How can a snake swallow an animal of greater circumference than itself. The snake's lower jaws are joined to the head and to each other by elastic bands. These bands and the outer skin and the stomach stretch like rubber, and enable a comparatively thin snake to swallow a large morsel. No snake can chew its food or even tear off pieces from its prey. All stories to that effect are fables. Snakes do not need food as regularly as warm-blooded animals. After a big meal they can fast for weeks and even months without harm, but if kept permanently without food they will starve.

It is a common superstition that an injured snake will not die until after sunset. It is true that a wounded snake will die slowly. A rattlesnake's head will bite and can poison some time after it is cut from the body. The nervous system of all cold-blooded creatures is not so strongly centered in the brain as it is in warm-blooded animals, hence a severe injury will not produce instant death.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH POISONOUS SNAKES.

Is there any way to distinguish the harmless snakes from the poisonous ones? There is no general rule for this purpose. The only way to do is to become acquainted with the snakes of one's own region. The black snakes, the tiny red and green grass snakes, garter snakes and black snakes are harmless. The rattlesnakes and water moccasins are poisonous.

An easy way to catch an innocent snake is the following: Put your foot on the snake just behind the head, so that it cannot turn its body around or twist its head around. Then grasp it firmly right behind the head, and it is absolutely in your power and cannot bite you. In this way I have secured for purposes of study any number of our innocent snakes without being bitten. One must not throw his weight on the animal so as to injure it. As to poisonous snakes, I either kill them or leave them alone. They are too dangerous to take home.

Stories of snakes pursuing human beings are fables originating in a scared imagination. All our snakes belong to the humble folks of nature as far as man is concerned. Their only desire is to be left in peace. The object of rattling and hissing is to warn off any intruder. The wild animals and even range horses and cattle have learned to respect the warning. They seem to know instinctively that the warning might be backed up by the dreadful poison fangs. The poisonous snakes must have had a rather easy time on earth before man, their arch enemy, appeared, because until then, practically every living thing was afraid of a full-grown rattler. Man always has waged a relentless war against all snakes. The possibility of being suddenly poisoned by a creature whose presence one did not suspect and whom one could have no intention to harm, has worked upon man's nerves. Few of us would agree with the eminent naturalist, John Muir, that rattlesnakes are such innocent creatures that nobody should molest them. The trouble with the poisonous snakes is that they don't know that the other fellow is harmless, and as most men don't know whether a snake is harmless or not, there can be no friendship between man and the serpent.

Bobby Jonks: His Hand and Pen.

"Man is an animal, but you can easily detect him from the rest of them when he has his hat on. He is of few days and full of things that the doctors cut out if they get half a chance. My Uncle Bob is a bachelor. A bachelor is a man who smokes in bed and burns himself up every once in a while and goes to glory a-hollerin', while everybody else says 'Oh, pshaw!' and 'Did you ever?'

"All bachelors are wise, but my Uncle Bob knows 'most everything; he says he believes he'd be in Congress right now if it wasn't for his modesty—no, honesty. But, says he, there is one thing he never could fully make up his mind about, and that is whether clam-digging is fishing or agriculture. A hog is a quadruped; the love of money is the root of all evil—thus we see why the motto of a rich man so often is 'Root hog or die!' A man is either a biped or a cripple, according to whether he has messed around in a sawmill or not. The difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs. A three-legged stool is a tripod, and is mostly used by country editors. A turtle is a quadruped, but he can't climb a tree and get off a good joke about making a noise like a nut. Neither can some people.

"On the only three occasions in a man's history when he cuts any particular mustard he is called 'it'—when he is a baby, a bridegroom and a corpse. And in all three instances he is said by his admiring friends to look real natural. Man was made to mourn, but Uncle Bob says the dad-dogged fool always thinks he can get out of it by marrying again. A woman may be as handsome as a circus horse, but she is never satisfied to let another woman be handsome, too. It's different altogether with a hog—he is perfectly contented to let everybody else be hogs if they want to. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud."—Watson's Magazine.

Jewels in the Modern Watch.

"Jewelers, when watches are left with them for repairs, are frequently insulted with the remark:

"I trust there is no danger of crystals being substituted for the jewels in the works of my watch?"

For a great many persons think that there are dishonest jewelers who make a practice with "full jeweled" watches of substituting crystals for the jewels at an enormous profit.

As a matter of fact, there is no truth in this suspicion. A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, would not steal the jewels in a watch, for they are valueless; they only cost 10 cents apiece.

In antique watches the jewels were often costly, in modern watches they are never worth more than $15 a gross—Chicago Chronicle.

An Equivocal Apology.

When John Scott (Lord Eldon) was at the bar he was remarkable for the sang-froid with which he treated the judges. On one occasion a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that "he was surprised at such a decision." This was construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend John Scott, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent, was called, John rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal:

"I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgotten himself as to treat your honorable bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships. Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place at this court every day—had he known you but half as long as I have—he would not be surprised at anything you did. —Tit-Bits.

Suppose you do like the tea you are using. How do you know it is the best tea you can get for the money?

MANY were satisfied with the tea they were using before they tried Red Rose Tea.

When they tried Red Rose Tea they found it had that "rich fruity flavor," found it was strong—that it requires less to make a cup of good tea than the brand of Ceylon alone they had been using.

Now, why not be sure you are getting the best tea to be had.

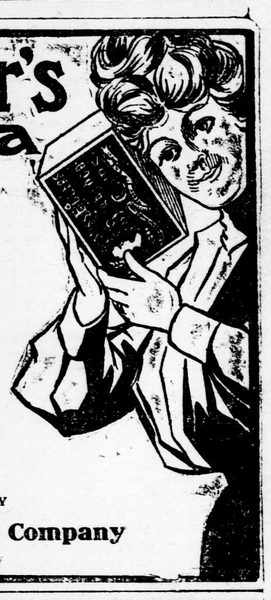
You cannot be sure till you try Red Rose Tea.

Red Rose Tea is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks

St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

Miss Euler's Saratoga Chips



The careful housewife should always have a package of Miss EULER'S in the house. They help a meal out wonderfully. Every member of the family will like them, and so will the unexpected guest. All Grocers. **10c., 20c.**

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NESTLE'S FOOD.

Nestlé's Food protects baby against colic, cholera infantum and the ills of the "second summer." Physicians say that Nestlé's Food Babies are so nourished that

Hot Weather can't affect them.

Baby's health depends on baby's food. Nestlé's Food means healthy babies.

Sample (enough for 8 meals) sent free on request.

THE LEEMING, MILES CO., Limited, Montreal.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

MIDY

Heart, Throat, Liver and Skin

DR. AGNEW'S FOUR FAMOUS SPECIFICS CURE COMPLETELY THE WORST DISEASES OF THESE PARTS—DREADFUL HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN THIRTY MINUTES.

Heart disease will affect people differently, but in all cases it must be viewed with great alarm. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the one remedy that can be safely depended upon in times of trouble. It will give relief in thirty minutes.

Mr. Thomas Petry, of Aylmer, Que., was troubled with severe heart complaint for five years, the pain, at times, being so severe that he could not attend to business. Every other remedy failed until he tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which gave immediate relief, and his words are these: "I have now taken four bottles of the remedy and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease."

A cold in the head need not be trifled with, for it is catarrh in an incipient condition, and catarrh is not to be trifled with. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, as scores of clergymen, members of parliament, and prominent citizens in the Dominion have borne testimony, drives away a cold in the head like magic, and where this has assumed the shape of aggravated catarrh, producing deafness and throat trouble, it effects a permanent cure.

It is not always safe to take pills for liver trouble. They not unfrequently create other troubles that are serious. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, whilst thoroughly certain of relieving all liver trouble, give no difficulty either at the time or afterwards. They are pleasant to take and cost only 10 cents.

Remember that Dr. Agnew has displayed in getting at the seat of trouble is manifest in his treatment, as in the other three remedies. This contains the elements that give speedy and permanent relief in all skin diseases and is peculiarly effective in curing Itch. 35 cents.

Keep the Littel Ones Safe and Healthy

LACTATED FOOD

A Preventative of Summer Complaints.

Infant mortality is always high in summer time. This is largely due to the character of nourishment that infants receive. The little ones, who are deprived of mother's milk, are mostly fed on cow's milk, too often diluted, sour, and fatal to weak stomachs.

To mothers who are anxious for the safety of their babies in summer time we would confidently recommend Lactated Food, now so generally prescribed by physicians and so universally used by mothers all over Canada.

Lactated Food prevents cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhea and fevers; it promotes perfect digestion and healthy growth, and during the teething period it is the ideal food. Give Lactated Food a trial, dear mother, if you would keep baby well and strong.

Health in The Home

Wall coverings containing arsenical coloring matter, stuck on the wall with paste that moulds, impregnate the air with disease germs; and paint obstructs wall respiration. "Walls to be healthy must breathe." Kalsomine rubs and scales off.

Church's Alabastine

A Healthful Wall Coating

is the cheapest, the easiest to put on, and the most sanitary wall-covering. It is a porous cement which hardens with age, and admits of the free passage of air through the walls. Economical—lasting—healthful—and beautiful.

In twenty tints and White. Sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for free booklet of instructions to decorate with ALABASTINE.

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