The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIII.---NO. 28. Every Subscription Paid in Advance. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1908. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE
Free Press Steam Printing Office,
MILL STREET. ACTON, ONT.

Terms of Subscription—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

English office: 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us news subscriptions and advertisements, and where our readers can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Highest cash prices paid on delivery.
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Forty Years of Successful Business
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from Jan. 2nd. Enter any day for long or short course. New catalogue ready. Write for it if you have any idea of a college course. Address W. H. Shaw, Principal, Central Business College, Toronto.

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Toronto	†9 00 a.m.	†5 30 p.m.
Washago	12.45 a.m.	9 00 p.m.
Parry Sound	3.10 p.m.	
SOUTHBOUND	No. 2	No. 4
Parry Sound	†9 00 a.m.	†........
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Old Iron, Rags and Rubbers
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Good Prices paid.
Second hand stoves and repairs for farm machinery supplied.
MORRIS SAXE,
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Poetry.

LOOK UP.

This world's a pretty good old world,
In spite of all you hear
Of aches, and pains, and turmoil,
And hours dark and drear.

So what's the use of sighing,
And counting up our woes,
Or talking of our mishap,
Till everybody knows.

Just how much trouble we have had,
How many are our ills!
How much we've paid the doctor;
How bitter were his pills.

Nor yet how much we're worried,
Or how new clothes we need;
Or e'en of all we've had to lose—
Because of others' greed.

Just lift your eyes up higher,
Away from greed and woe,
Behold all nature's beauty,
Wherever you may go.

List to the birds a-singing,
And note the flowers gay,
Or watch the little children
So happy at their play.

A multitude of blessings
Attend us from above,
And nature all about us,
Proclaims our Father's love.

Ah, yes, let's stop our sighing,
'Twere better far to sing;—
And mayhap to some brother
A ray of hope 'twill bring.

Select Family Reading

Adelaide Jandell's First Year of Wage-Earning.

By Isabel Graham Bush.

"I don't see what can be the matter with mother. She used to go with me everywhere." Adelaide paused a moment in the upper hall and slipped the last button of a delicately-tinted glove impatiently into its buttonhole.

"I should think you'd know." The young woman turned with a startled frown. A boy of fourteen years, perched in the hall window-seat, peered out at her from behind the muslin curtains. "Just imagine mother trotting along beside your toggery in that old brown silk of hers. She's got the real Van Dyke pride you're so fond of talking about. But just wait till I get through school!"

With a bang the geometry went to the floor, and Prescott Jandell flew down the stairs and closed the front door behind him with an energy that sent a tremor through the quiet house. His sister paused for a moment in surprise, then followed down the street, a graceful figure in an elaborate suit, with its accessories of hat and gloves that perfectly harmonized.

A short walk and Adelaide stopped at a little house set back from the street like a shy, brown bird peeping securely from sheltered boughs. A corpulent, red-faced woman opened the door and greeted the caller heartily.

"I've just been wonderin' why you wasn't more neighborly. Come right into the settin'-room. Esther's gone down to the store, but she'll be back in a minute."

There was a change in the little home. Adelaide noticed it as Mrs. Leeds volubly discoursed upon the happenings of the neighborhood, without seeming to expect a reply. The old wall paper with its glaring colors, no more gave offense to the artistic eye. Delicate, subdued tints lent harmony to the simple furnishings. There were new muslin curtains at the windows, and an easy chair or two. Excellent copies, quietly framed, of Raphael and Titian, took the places of two crude portraits in crayon.

"Things look a great deal different than they used to, don't they?" commented Mrs. Leeds, noticing Adelaide's furtive glances.

"Of course you know it's all Esther's doings. I never was educated up to such things, but I've learned a lot this summer. It's wonderful how much that child's done with just one year's salary. She's changed the house all over; it ain't just this one room. There ain't anything expensive, but it looks real tasty, and it's made life a good deal more worth livin'. She's subscribed for more magazines, too, that her pa's always wanted—he's sech a reader—an' one for Dicky, to keep him off the street. I don't have to worry about him any more. He's doin' fine in school, and Esther's goin' to see him through college when he's ready."

The door opened and a young woman entered. She was small and slight. The light brown hair was brushed simply back from a bright, winsome face, and the blue eyes looked straight at the person with quiet self-possession. "Here's the silk, mother; it took quite a while to match it."

"I'm goin' to show Adelaide my new dress," and Mrs. Leeds displayed, with much pride, a rich black silk in the last stages of completion.

"I told Esther she ought to 'a' got it for herself, but she wouldn't hear to it. She knew I'd always wanted one. When we was first married we was always economizing to pay for our home, and then there was the children to bring up and educate, so we never seemed to be able to spare the money. Your ma knows how it was, for we were young folks together. And she knows how nice it is to have a daughter earning a fine salary, too, I guess."

A wave of warmth flushed Adelaide's cheeks. She rose to go. Another call was simply out of the question, with that uncomfortable feeling taking possession of her. She reluctantly turned her steps toward home. The house was locked. Her mother had gone out alone. Taking the key from its hiding-place, she let herself in.

Instead of going directly to her own chamber, she wandered slowly through the lower rooms, conscience-smitten. Here was a faded rug, a shabby table-cover—there were many things needed for her parent's comfort and pleasure. A new lamp for father's failing sight, and the scientific journal that he enjoyed so much, but seldom allowed himself the luxury of a copy.

Adelaide turned away with an aching heart. She sank into a low chair in her own chamber. It was a large, sunny room, having a southern exposure. How bare and comfortless her mother's looked beside it! A large slice of her own salary had gone into its furnishings, which were dainty and expensive enough to have suited even a more fastidious person than its occupant.

That afternoon Adelaide's thoughts were turned inward in searching accusation. "Yes, Prescott is right. I see it now. To think I had to wait for him to show me my faults! That's the reason he's kept so aloof this summer. I haven't helped him one bit, and he's worked so hard all the vacation to get his clothes and books for school." And Adelaide suddenly recalled the fact that with his first earnings he had purchased his mother material for a white muslin dress and insisted upon paying for the making. And what had she done? Simply fussed and fretted because her father had not been more successful in business; because their home was so plain; because her mother could not appear in more style. Esther Leeds and her mother often went out together. Adelaide winced at the thought of the unwieldy figure in rustling silk. A vision of a graceful, gentle-faced woman in a carefully preserved dress of brown, vanished in a teary mist.

Until within the past year, Mrs. Jandell and her daughter had been devoted companions—through the latter's public school course and the four years at college in her own town. "The Jandell Twins," Adelaide had called them, proud of the slender little woman who entered into all the "doings" of the class with as much enthusiasm as the members themselves.

But when, armed with her college diploma, Adelaide secured a coveted position in a Western high-school, there came a change. It was bewildering for a young woman who had been obliged all her life to count the pennies, to receive each month a salary half as large as her yearly allowance at home had been.

In spite of parental advice and many good resolutions, it had vanished before her wants, which multiplied with amazing rapidity—treats, rides, small teas that were small only in name. It was so pleasant to be considered the most popular teacher in Auburn. When the mind becomes self-centered, it is easy to run on from little extravagances to greater. It was but a short time before Adelaide's earnings seemed very meager indeed. There were so many things that a young woman really needed; she wondered how she had lived without them so long!

And thus it happened that when the summer vacation came, only a small portion of her salary remained. Nearly all of that had been spent in a trip around the lakes. Adelaide went slowly over it all with impartial justice. Wasn't there some mistake in the person? Could it be the same Adelaide Jandell who had discoursed so beautifully, in the young people's meeting of duty and self-sacrifice?

The sunlight disappeared, and little shadows hovered in the corners of the chamber, fit companions for the gloomy figure in the white rocker. There were steps upon the stairs, across the hall, then a gentle tap at the door.

"Why, Adelaide, what is the matter?" Mrs. Jandell eyed the troubled face wonderingly.

"I've been asleep and just awakened. Come in, mother; I want to talk with you." The older woman sat down, still more mystified. "I've just discovered," said Adelaide, dropping on the cushions at her mother's feet, "that I'm a feminine Rip Van Winkle. I've got my eyes open now—but to think of the years I've lost, if I reckon them by my neglected opportunities! Oh, mother why did you let me sleep so long?"

Mrs. Jandell took the young hands closely in both hers. She understood now. "My dear, sometimes one learns best from experience. Besides, it was your first year of release. All your schooldays you had been obliged to deny self.'

"And did not you and father 'deny self' in order to get for me those schooldays?" broke in Adelaide. "Oh, the sin of selfishness!"

"There, dear, don't be too hard on yourself."

"Well," said Adelaide, "you and father must take this room for your own when I am gone. You gave me the pleasantest one in the whole house, and its only fair that you should have a chance to enjoy it now. I'll take down some of this useless bric-a-brac and bring in father's things he's so fond of. It will be quiet here evenings and this light is just right for weak eyes. Prescott must come, too. Poor boy! He's going to have an easier time next year."

That evening Adelaide lingered long over the contents of her pocketbook. "Barely enough to last me until my first month's salary, and I wanted to get something for mother. Well, it can't be helped now, but I'm so thankful I'm going to have another chance."

The pupils in Auburn High School were somewhat puzzled that fall at the change in their teacher.

"She's ever so much dearer," announced Linda George the senior class-president. "I thought I had reached the superlativest degree the very first week she came, but this year she's—"

"Just opened her heart and taken us all in," finished Margaret Murray, with a tender little thrill in her voice.

Two months later, the expressman left a box at the Jandell residence. Besides a lustrous gray silk for the mistress of the house, and appropriate gifts for the other members of the family, it contained a small, quaintly-framed picture of the hero of Irving's tale.

"It was awfully good for Adelaide to send me those books," said Prescott, instantly won to his old allegiance to his lovely sister, "but I don't see why she sent the picture." He viewed it with a critical eye. "For my part, I never had much use for the old fellow—sleeping when he ought to have been improving his opportunities. He was just missing the best part of his life. I suspect there's a moral to it, but—"

"I think you've found it, Prescott," laughed his mother.

ARGUMENTS OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

If the arguments against local option presented by the liquor interests in the series of advertisements now appearing in the Globe and in other newspapers are the best that can be offered it is no wonder the trade is left without a friend in the daily journalism of this Province. The emphatic black-faced declaration that "Local Option makes Dives: Local Option makes Drunkards," carries with it its own refutation, and involves the liquor traffic itself so inextricably in the making of "dives" and of "drunkards" that the wonder grows why an association of business men spends money in making public the compromising confession. It is the liquor traffic that makes "dives," for every place in which the traffic is carried on illegally or out of lawful hours, whether that place is a gorgeous bar-room in a great hotel or a greasy hovel in a dark alley, is a "dive." And it is the liquor traffic that makes "drunkards," for were there no traffic there would be no degraded and helpless victims. It is the appetite the traffic creates and the gain made out of it by its promoters that give the "decent bar" its occupation, and it is that lust for drink and for gain in defiance of public opinion that "substitutes the 'blind pig' for the 'decent bar.'"

Friends of temperance reform should be doubly heartened by the line of defence to which the liquor traffic is driven in the present local option campaign. That traffic has almost no platform advocates left. We do not know of one newspaper in the province that champions its cause. The advertising columns of most newspapers are open to its announcements as to those of all other legalized businesses. But no daily journal feels under obligation to the liquor interests beyond the privileges of public discussion in a free country. The best method of promoting temperance reform is an open question in Canada, and prohibition, local option, government control, high license, low license, and all other proposals are matters for discussion; but certain it is that the bar-room has disproved its right to be regarded as a useful or necessary institution in civilized society. Communities in which public opinion is strong and active in favor of local option would do well to wipe out the bar-room altogether, and they may do it the more deliberately and confidently because of the lame arguments presented by the liquor interests.—Globe.

TUNNELLING THE ALPS.

The war of tunnels is on in the Alps. The completion of the Simplon route, followed by the tunnelling of the Bernese Oberland, now in progress, has revived discussion in France and Italy of the project for a great series of tunnels under Mont Blanc and the Juras. The object would be to prevent the diversion of traffic toward the Valley of the Rhine. Engineers have calculated that a tunnel of about eight miles length would suffice to penetrate the giant of the Alps. The cost is placed at $12,000,000; that of piercing the Juras at $23,000,0000. The cost for approaches to the Mont Blanc tunnel is estimated at $3,000,000. The shortening of the route between the English Channel and Northern Italy would be only sufficient to save two hours' time on the railroad, but the friends of the project expect that these two hours would surely give to France the traffic that she now loses.

WAITING FOR TEMPTATION.

"There are some persons," said Mrs. Burdette one day, "who don't wear the blue ribbon with sincerity. They wear it, perhaps, about as hypocritically as it was worn by an employee of a certain brewer.

"This employee, after years of dissipation, appeared one day at the brewery with the blue ribbon on his breast. Nothing was said to him, and he wore the ribbon for some months. Then one day the head of the firm, happening to notice the man's badge, approached him.

"'Why Frank,' he said, 'it's strange to see you, a brewer, wearing the blue ribbon!'"

"'It does look strange, sir,' the man admitted.

"'Well,' said the brewer, 'why do you do it?'

"'It is like this,' said the workman. 'I wear the ribbon because it makes men like to tempt me, and when I'm tempted I succumb, sir.'"

CATCH-WORDS.

Users of everyday catch-words may be interested to know that they are constantly, and, doubtless, unwittingly quoting that ubiquitous person Shakespeare. "Dead as a door nail; long and short of it; getting even; rag-tag; birds of a feather; that's flat; mum; scarecrow; auld; milk-sop; loggerhead; bag and baggage; a mere song; dancing attendance; send him packing; kill with kindness; Greek to me; ill wind that blows no good; give and take; an eyesore; to boot," and "the man in the moon," are all his.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Gleanings and Siftings from our New Year's week issue, 1888.

BORN—At Princeton, Dec. 30th, 1887, to Rev. T. Albert and Mrs. Moore, a daughter.

BORN—In Acton, Bower Avenue, on Jan. 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Speight, night agent, G.T.R., a son.

BORN—At Ashgrove, Dec. 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Wigglesworth, a son.

BORN—On Dec. 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. David Kenney, Milton, a daughter.

MARRIED—At the residence of the bride, Dec. 20th, 1887, by Rev. C. Cookman, Asa Hall, Esq., Acton, to Mrs. Chas. Wright, Binbrook, Ont.

MARRIED—In Toronto, Dec. 28th, by Rev. Coverdale Watson, Mr. W. J. King, son of Mr. W. O. King, formerly of Acton, to Miss Annie Carroll, of Toronto.

MARRIED—In Guelph, Dec. 27th, by Rev. Dr. Torrance, Mr. David Black, to Miss Eliza Jane Hillis, both of Nassagaweya.

All the candidates nominated for the Municipal Council having withdrawn, a second nomination is ordered for to-day, Jan. 5th.

At Limehouse, on the 26th December, Mr. John Newton had all his family to celebrate his 75th birthday, Dec. 12th, and also his golden wedding day. Arriving in 1812, Mr. Newton taught school in an old log school house on John Scott's farm, being about the last under the old system of boarding around with the pupils. In bringing up his family of seven children he has never had a death or sickness in his family, not a dollar ever having been spent for doctoring.

Another Dominion election for Halton, Mr. John Waldie having admitted bribery by agents, thus losing the seat.

Messrs. Mark Sutton and Bros. have fitted up the skating rink for the season. They claim that it is perfectly safe.

The School Board will be composed of Messrs. Geo. Hynds, J. E. McGarvin, Dr. Lowry, Thos. Ebbage, Isaac Francis, and A. E. Nicklin, there being no voting, Mr. Wm. Williams not consenting to stand for election.

Mr. D. Cowan, 6th line, Erin, lost an eye the other day from an injury by a cow's horn.

The Herald speaks admiringly of an address by Rev. Jos. Fennell, of St. George's Church, at the Methodist Anniversary, when he remarked that he thought the time was coming when the churches would be united.

A stormy night caused an attendance smaller than usual at the Brick Church service. Mr. Geo. H. Kennedy, of Georgetown, was chairman and Rev. R. Phillips, of Acton, and Revs. Swann and Barnby, pastors, and Mr. H. P. Moore gave addresses. Readings by Messrs. Strachan and Bailey, of Rockwood, and Johnson, of the vicinity and music by Rockwood Methodist Choir.

Mr. Richard N. Thurtell, an old Acton boy, has been elected a member of Teeswater Council.

After years of earnest toil and the pressure of pastoral duties, Rev. G. A. Gifford, of Ripley, who will probably succeed Rev. R. Phillips in the Methodist Church here, has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.,) from an American University of high standing.

GREENOCK LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 20th, the Greenock Literary Society held their monthly open meeting. There was an unusually large gathering of members and visitors, many of the latter coming from Acton, Ospringe, and the surrounding country, while a large representation from the Everton Society were also present.

Mr. R. S. Near, 1st Vice-President, occupied the chair and gave a brief address, welcoming all visitors, and especially the friends from Everton Society. A programme was then rendered consisting of: An opening chorus, "The Maple Leaf Forever," recitations by Messrs. J. H. Leslie, J. L. Allan, and Miss Margaret A. Near; solos by Mrs. Midgely and Misses J. M. Allan and M. Johnston; speech by Mr. Hampshire, an instrumental by Mrs. J. E. Pearen and several musical selections by the orchestra.

The debate was one of especial interest and showed thorough preparation by the debaters on both sides. The subject was: "Resolved that Canada will make greater national progress in next fifty years than the United States." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Henry S. Leslie and John Macpherson and the negative by Messrs. Wm. Near and H. C. Curry. Decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The judges were J. McMurchy and W. Hampshire.

The meeting closed by singing God Save the King.

NASSAGAWEYA.

A reunion of the Langrill girls was held at the home of Mrs. John Bell, Nassagaweya, on Saturday the 21st inst., the surviving members of the family being all present. A sumptuous repast was served at noon, after which the guests retired to the drawing-room where a delightful afternoon was spent. About twenty guests were present, those from a distance being, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cornell, and son Sheffield, Mrs. Hayward Cornell, Rockton, Dr. and Mr. L. H. Wilson and two children, Armada, Mich., and Miss E. Jean Agnew, Corwhin.

RELICS IN GRAVES.

Jerusalem papers report that on the opening of the graves at Pergamos a number of rare relics were brought to light. In one grave lay a golden rosary. In two other tombs two wreaths were found, representing artistically made gold imitations of oak leaves. A wolf's head of gold was discovered, as well as various farming utensils, swords and other weapons. The antiquities were sent to the Museum of Constantinople.

THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE.

Just a little bit o' tater,
Just a little bit o' bread,
Just a little bit o' piller
Where to lay your sleepy head
When the workin' day is ended,
Just a roof-tree's shelter, too,
Also just a little lovin'
When the clouds are crowdin' you.

Oh it's just the bit of lovin'
Makes the world seem green and glad;
Just a little bit o' baby
With its arms held out to dad;
Just a little baby's mother,
Workin' round you with a song—
Oh the world is never gloomy,
And the day is never long.

Just a little care-free cottage,
With the vines about the door,
Just a laughing giggling baby,
You can tussle on the floor
When the workin' day is ended,
Just a roof to shelter you,
Also just a little lovin'
An' a babe to holler "Boo."

HIGH SCHOOL HONOR ROLL.

Standing of the Pupils at the Last Examination of the Year.

The following is the standing earned by the High School pupils at the examinations held prior to the closing of the school for Christmas holidays:

MIDDLE SCHOOL.

PART II JR. TEACHERS

Class I—M. Chapman, W. Grindell, A. Harvey, I. White.

Class II—M. Richmond.

JR. MATRIC.

Class I—A. Speight, A. McDonald.

Class II—M. Moffat, E. Garvin, A. Dills, I. Graham, G. Johnstone.

Class III—B. Husband, K. Smith, A. O'Brien, F. Mullin, H. Griff.

LOWER SCHOOL.

Class I — H. Black, E. Black, E. Faulkner, E. Anderson, H. Hurd, S. Pearson, R. Nelson, A. Pirstbrook, J. McDonald.

Class II—A. Kenney, H. Brown, L. Wiles, K. Plank, N. Williams, M. O'Brien, G. Husband, C. Plank, E. Hunter, C. Swackhamer, C. Sharp.

Class III—B. Mullin, D. Folster, J. Gibbons.

MIDDLE SCHOOL.

Highest in Algebra—I. White, W. Grindell, A. McDonald, A. Speight in Ancient History—A. Harvey.

LOWER SCHOOL.

Highest in Chemistry—E. Black; in English literature—E. Anderson.

W. H. STEWART, Principal.
MISS M. NORTON, Assistant.

NOT A FAMILY NECESSITY.

"Mamma is all alone to-day, Bessie, dear, and if anyone rings you will answer the bell."

Presently the bell sounded. As Bessie responded to the ring her mother inquired, "Who is it, dear?"

"Thomone thelling thilver polish," announced the child.

"Say no, thank you, and close the door," continued the mother sweetly.

The child obeyed, and a moment later the bell again was heard.

"Who is it this time?" asked the mother in a tone of annoyance.

"Oh, mudder, mudder! here's a man with a wooden leg."

"Mercy! another peddler?" voiced the susceptive woman. "Tell him we don't want any."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for children that gives the mother the guarantee of a government analyst that it is absolutely free from opiates and poisonous soothing stuff. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and simple fevers, and bring teeth through painlessly. They give baby sound natural sleep because they remove the cause of crossness and sleeplessness. Mrs. Ralph Judd, Judd Haven, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have given me great satisfaction both for teething troubles and constipation." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SOFT HEAD.

He was a dandy of the first water, and had about as much intelligence as the average watermelon.

"Ya-as," he said, "my hands are soft." And he glanced pensively down upon them. "Do you know how I keep them so, Miss Sweetman? Well, I always sleep with my gloves on."

A little red gleam came into her limpid eyes.

"And do you sleep with your hat on also, Mr. Green?" she queried.

He replied solemnly that he did not, and to this day he knows not why everybody laughed.

NOTICE

To the People of Acton.

All persons in Acton must hold themselves responsible for any weakness or suffering caused from old age, chronic coughs or colds, bronchitis, weak lungs, run-down conditions, stomach troubles, nervousness or poor blood when we are willing to sell them the real cod liver preparation, Vinol, and return their money if it does not benefit.

The reason Vinol is so successful in restoring health and creating strength is because it contains in addition to tonic iron all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, but without oil or grease to upset the stomach and retard its work.

Unlike old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions, it is deliciously palatable, agreeable to the weakest stomach, therefore, unequalled as a strength creator and tonic reconstructor.

Our local druggist, E. A. Robertson, says: "It is because we know so well of what Vinol is made that we ask every run-down, nervous, debilitated, aged or weak person in Acton, and every person suffering from stubborn colds, hanging-on coughs, bronchitis or incipient consumption to try Vinol on our guarantee." E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, Ont.