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Editor and Proprietor.

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MOVING PICTURE SHOW
Open Every Night—7 to 10 o'clock.
BEST FILMS PROCURABLE
(Changed Nightly)
Patronized by the leading citizens
Admission - - 5c
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Has received the sole agency for this famous paint, manufactured by Brandsaw - Henderson, Ltd. It is the purest paint sold. Popular Colors:
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C. C. Speight
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Funeral and Wedding Orders Specialty.
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always do exactly what you expect of them. For sale everywhere. FERRY'S 1910 SEED ANNUAL Free on request.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

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Having recently installed some of the latest improved machinery for bread making, is now in a better position than ever to supply our customers with Bread, Cakes, etc., of first-class quality.
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.
Ice Cream, and all kinds of Fruit in season.
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Main St., Acton

BUY IT AT BONDS
Indisputable Proof
We will show you a sample of
RUBEROID ROOFING
taken from the roof of a Foundry Building after
17 YEARS OF SERVICE
and still in perfect condition.
We have now the agency for this, the Best Roofing Possible to Secure. We ask your enquiry and will furnish full information. Buy it at Bond's.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Retail Phone 97 - - GUELPH

HOW WRINKLES COME
Many a young woman in this town is wearing a prematurely old look through defective eye sight.
Defective Vision is the Cause
When reading is an effort, and the brows pucker it is time to come to us before the wrinkles become permanent. The right glasses will make reading a pleasure and smooth out many a wrinkle.
A. D. SAVAGE
Optometrist & Optician
MOVING:—About March 25th.
"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"
Cor. Wyndham & Douglas St.
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What Happened To Jones
And a lot of other People Is Described In The HOME PAPER
TAKE IT REGULARLY
The Acton Free Press.

Miss Florence Murray
. . . MILLINER . . .
Hazard's Store; next Statham's Grocery
Spring Millinery
—ON—
Display
All the ladies of Acton and vicinity are cordially invited by Miss Murray to call and inspect the many new styles shown. Miss Smith, of Wroxeter, an experienced milliner, is assisting Miss Murray.
Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

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Begs to inform the ladies of Acton and surrounding vicinity that he has been appointed Agent for three of the largest Wall Paper houses in Canada. 1500 samples to choose from. Prices Right.
Also that he is prepared to repair all Granite, Aluminum and Enameled Ware. Knives and Scissors Ground—Furniture Repaired.
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We desire to impress on you that we make to individual measure only.
Call and see the nicest range of samples in Canada—also best value.
Fit and Style Satisfaction guaranteed.
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GUELPH ONT.

Poetry.

THE LAND OF NOBLE DEEDS

He found it in a charmed book
That lay within the inglenook,
And hastened on with glad surprise,
With quickened breath and shining eyes.

And came to jousts and tournaments,
To caravans and shining tents,
To fearless men with prancing steeds
For 'twas the Land of Noble Deeds!

A hero shone on every page,
For this was in the golden age
When men were men and knew no fear,
And saw the path of duty clear;
When every stripling was a knight
Who fought for honor and the right;
When none passed by a brother's need—
For 'twas the Land of Noble Deeds!

He read the volume to the end;
Then sighed for someone to defend,
Some lonely pilgrim in distress,
Some beggar by the way to bless;
He longed for scenes to stir the blood,
For wild escapes from fire and flood—
And never knew that he who reads
May find the Land of Noble Deeds!

Dear boys, it lies before your gate;
A thousand noble deeds await
The hero with the heart of gold
And temper that is true and bold;
He has no need to ride away
To fight for God from day to day:
The road is at your door that leads
To every Land of Noble Deeds!

—Glen Catherwood.

Select Family Reading

THE SEQUEL OF A TEMPTATION

By Harriet Lummis Smith

MARK had gone over his books twenty times in order to account for the extra ten-dollar bill whose presence in his cash drawer was a perplexity. Dinner was long since past. Alone at his desk he had worked hours trying to find the discrepancy. Now he was driven to the conclusion that someone had overpaid. There was a ten-dollar bill which belonged to no one.

He took the top bill from the pile and fingered it thoughtfully. It was new, and rustled crisply as he smoothed it out on the desk before him. Ten dollars! It struck him as a suggestion coincident that it should be that particular sum.

Only the evening before, Mark had received an invitation to become a member of the Macaulay Club. The members of the Macaulay Club were ambitious for development, mental as well as physical. They debated the questions of the day with earnestness. There were college boys among the members of the Macaulay Club. Mark thrilled with pride over the acknowledgment of his fitness to rank with them.

And yet he had not accepted the invitation, and was reluctantly facing the prospect of declining it. For the annual dues were ten dollars. And though ten dollars is not a large sum, it looked big to Mark just then. What with his father's illness and the increasing cost of almost every necessity of life, every penny of his little salary was spoken for as soon as it came due. To save ten dollars out of the sum reserved for himself seemed out of the question, even though he was foolish enough to contemplate dispensing with his lunches for an indefinite period.

And now here was a ten-dollar bill that was uncomfortably in the way, and which had kept him at his post two hours over time. Why shouldn't he have the benefit of it? Somebody had overpaid, of course, but that somebody did not know it. Besides—

He had played with this thought without admitting to himself that it was more than play. Now suddenly he found himself engulfed in a torrent of temptation. Thoughts new to him went whistling through his brain.

It was an unfair world. He was working for fifteen dollars a week, and it was eight o'clock, and he was tired and faint with hunger. And Mr. Mortimer had been playing golf all the afternoon, and drew a salary bigger than he could ever hope for. He might as well pick up the good things as they flew along. It was only ten dollars now.

He had gone so far almost without realizing what was happening to him. Now his instinct of self-preservation stirred. He was talking like a thief, yes, and a coward, too, bracing himself up for the wrong he meant to do by accusing other people. He sprang off his stool, and paced the room nervously. A cold perspiration broke out over his body. He had been so sure of himself, and yet, all in a moment, his principles had quivered like reeds in the wind, the foundation of his self-respect had been shaken as by an earthquake.

"I never would have done it," Mark told himself. But the experience had been illuminating. When again he prayed the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," would not this scene rise before him? could he get rid of the thought that he had played with temptation?

He locked the ten-dollar bill away with the rest of his cash, and went home. The next morning he went direct to Mr. Jasper. "I have ten dollars I can't account for. Somebody—"

"Ting-ting-ting!" buzzed the telephone, and Mark reached for the receiver. A worried voice sounded over the wire.

"This is Flemming & Crane. I was ten dollars short in my cash last night. Thought it possible I overpaid you on that bill yesterday. Gave you two tens? Oh—" The accent of relief in the harassed young voice made Mark look grave. He realized as never before that dishonesty on the part of anyone means suffering for someone else.

It was six months later that young Dean was sent out collecting. Mark was pleased. Warren Dean was only two years his junior, but it was really his recommendation that had secured Warren the position, and the older boy had anxiously watched the progress of the younger.

It was with a feeling of responsibility that Mark noticed at the close of a busy afternoon that Warren did not look well. There were bluish lines under his eyes, and his lips twitched nervously. "What time do you go to bed, youngster?" he asked, as from superior heights of experience.

"When I get ready," replied Warren. Mark was too much interested in another matter to notice the boy's gruffness. "Didn't Mrs. Leicester pay that bill?"

"She says she'll pay it next week."

"That's odd," Mark observed. "Never know her to let a bill run over before."

"I s'pose there's got to be a first time," snapped Warren; and Mark looked at him wonderingly. Certainly the boy was not himself.

He might not have thought of the matter again had it not been for something that happened later. As he passed Mrs. Leicester's little shop on his way home, one of the girls ran out to stop him. "Mrs. Leicester wants to speak to you."

Mark turned, and in a moment found himself confronting the smiling proprietress. "I've got a surprise for you," she said. "I'm going to give you back some money."

Mark look puzzled, but did not speak as she went on. "When I paid my bill to-day, the young man gave me twenty-five cents too much change."

"Paid your bill?" Mark repeated. "Did you pay your bill to-day?"

"I always pay my bill on the fifteenth, don't I?" the plump little woman demanded.

With an extra quarter in his pocket and a new anxiety in his heart, Mark resumed his walk.

There could be no question as to what had happened. Warren needed the money, and had borrowed it, intending to replace it from his next week's salary.

After dinner that night Mark went to Warren. In the latter's little upstairs room there was a succession of trying scenes. At the start Warren was defiant, but that mood changed, and, cowering with the fear of exposure, he flung himself on Mark's mercy. "I needed money so," he pleaded.

Mark talked long to Warren. "I will stand by you," he promised.

The boy drew a long breath. "You've been mighty good to me," he said. "I don't deserve it. I should think you'd wash your hands of me."

Then the older boy thought back to his own temptation not many months before.

"Warren," he said, "we all need to pray often. One never knows when temptation will face him. Let this be a lesson to you, and out of this temptation try to grow strong, so you may help another when tempted."

LEARNING TO SAY "NO"

"No" consists of two letters, but in it is contained the history of thousands of successes, while tens of thousands of failures are due to the fact that one has never learned to speak it when it should be spoken. Against our own better judgment, we often yield to another's urgency, and come too late to the realization that the word "no" would have saved our self-respect and our pocketbooks, to say nothing of our standing in the outside world.

You learned to say "no," in all probability, by the time you were fifteen months old, but have you yet learned to say it at the time when it is needed?

A LITTLE PATRIOT

When Giuseppe Rossi came from Italy, he and his father and mother went to live in a part of New York called "The street of all nations." People who live there come from every part of the world.

The woman who cleaned the halls in the house where Giuseppe lived was German. She was using a worn-out, tattered old flag on Washington's birthday to clean the dust. Suddenly she was violently attacked by the small Italian boy, who began beating her about the body with his strong little fists. Then he lowered his head, and, running at her like a goat, he butted her off the steps to the sidewalk.

When later he was arraigned before a magistrate, the boy explained. Pointing to the woman, who appeared against him, he said: "She clean wid de flag. She wipa de mud a wid it—da flag a what over day in school a we mak a him so," and Giuseppe reverently raised his hand in salute.

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN

It has been wisely suggested, says an exchange, that the women who succeed are those who go to their work with a determination born of courage and positive conviction, and whose energies are absolutely tireless. It is true they are often not so well paid for the same work as men, but that is one of the mistakes of the day that will soon be rectified. We are growing wiser, and one of the things that is most important for everyone to know is that there is no sex in brains. Those who fail are usually those who expect too much and presume, on account of their being women. There is plenty of work and money for the sharp woman who will fight every difficulty. Everybody loves a fighter, whether it be a man or woman. Fighters who see nothing but success at the other end of the long road; fighters who believe in themselves and their efforts, and who plan their daily battles as a general plans campaigns; fighters who are brave, above board and generous in the struggle—these are the heroines of daily life, and they command success and respect by thoroughly deserving it.

BILLY

One day Billy was a stranger; at the end of a week he was as much at home as any boy on the street.

"We are glad he came," Teddy Farr said. "We like him."

And the other boys said pretty much the same thing.

"Why is this Billy such a favorite?" Mr. Farr asked Mrs. Farr.

"I don't know yet," said Mrs. Farr. "I am watching to find out."

When three more weeks had passed, she thought she knew.

A group of boys were out in front of her gate one afternoon, and she heard one of them say: "Pshaw! What fun we play? I wish the snow hadn't all gone into mud."

"We had just finished our fort," said another, "and were ready to begin, but it washed down in the night."

"Anyway, we had fun making it," said Billy. "It's not waste the whole afternoon. Let's start and play something that doesn't need snow."

When Mrs. Farr looked again, they were sailing ships down the gutter and discovered the Mississippi with great excitement.

Another time Teddy had to go on an errand, and asked the others to keep him company.

"O, we can't!" objected somebody; "we've got it all planned to walk out in the other direction and see the place where the fire was last night."

"Why wouldn't it do," said Billy, "to go with Teddy first? We needn't come all the way back, need we? There ought to be some short cuts, I should think."

Well, when they had put their heads together, they remembered that there were.

Then there was the day when Joe Hall lost his arithmetic. Joe hated to miss any of his lessons.

"Never mind," said Billy. "My book will do for both until yours turns up. We are pretty quick at it, you know. We can manage."

When the mud froze hard and the snow came again, and the boys brought out their sleds to go coasting, Billy appeared with the funniest home-made bobs that was ever seen. "It isn't very pretty," he said cheerfully when the others were trying to be polite and look as if they saw nothing different in it, "but it will do. When you go scudding downhill on it, the feeling is just the same."

"If," said Teddy during a rainy recess, "Will Pritchard had only come to school to-day, we could try that new game he was telling us about."

"Let's try it anyway," said Billy. "We can play all we remember and make up the rest. That will do until we can get the real thing."

On one sad afternoon, when they were having a game of ball in the schoolyard, Billy broke a cellar window. After a crash there was a pause of dismay.

"We must have kept getting nearer to the house without noticing it," said Billy.

"How would it do," suggested Joe, "to be quiet until we are asked about it? Maybe Mr. Nevin will think that the street boys did it. They broke one."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Billy quickly. "It wouldn't be fair."

He told Mr. Nevin and paid for the pane; and after that he was short of money for some time, for Billy was poor.

After the three weeks Mrs. Farr said to Mr. Farr: "I think I know why the boys like Billy."

"Why?"

"Because he has a delightful habit of getting the best for himself and his friends out of what he has at hand. He makes things 'do' except the things that won't do at all. I like Billy myself," she said smiling.—Sallie Campbell, in Evangelical Messenger.

MAKE IT HONESTLY

There was a man a few years ago who got out of a respectable business to open a hotel in a Scott Act county, expecting to make a fortune selling liquor in defiance of the law. A friend of his met him just before he began the undertaking and said to him, "J——, you have been making a comfortable living at the business you have been in so far, haven't you?" "Yes, I have," was the reply, "but I don't propose to go on working and slaving for a bare living. I think in my new venture I can make a tolerably good thing in four or five years, and get out with a little balance in the bank, and, at the same time, not have worked half as hard." "J——," said the friend, "you mark my words.—It will be a curse to you and your family, and you will lose every dollar you ever owned, and I certainly hope you will." Six years or more passed and neither met. At a certain celebration in an eastern city, the friend relates, he was hurrying along the crowded street, when whom should he see but J——, rather much the worse for wear. "Hello, J——," said he, stretching out his hand, "how are you getting along, how is the family?" "Oh," said J——, "I haven't got any now. My wife and children are stopping with her folks, and I do not see them often. You see I met with bad luck up at X——. I was fined twice, and was up the third time and had to skip, and somehow there was no money in the thing. I have just got back from the States, and am waiting for something to turn up." "What about the bank account?" interrupted the friend. "Oh, that's all cleared out long ago," and the bleary eyes revealed where any small remainder went. The friend did not say, "I told you so," but putting his hand on J——'s shoulder, expressed the hope that he would still be a man and get into some honest employment. Every day one sees the words of the wise man verified, "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished."—Solomon, in Canadian Baker and Confectioner.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Brevities From Free Press Columns of April 17th, 1890

Plowing is on deck with nearly every farmer.

Messrs. Worden Bros. are building the foundation for a new brick-veneered house on Park Avenue.

A wholesale firm in Hamilton has received $1,500 from a customer who skipped out seven years ago.

Mr. W. Williams, shoe merchant, erected a neat and attractive sign this week.

Mr. Donald Guthrie, Q. C., has been selected as Reform Candidate for South Wellington in the local election.

Mrs. Jennie B. Cameron is having a large addition built to her premises so long occupied by Mr. Geo. Hynds, Jeweler.

Found—On Main Street, on Saturday, a bag apples which apparently fell from a farmer's wagon. Owner can have them from Mr. Donald McDonald.

Rev. Mr. Willoughby died on Monday morning at Brantford. Thirty-five or forty years ago he was pastor of the circuit of which Acton Methodist Church formed a part. Some of our citizens who now have large families of grandchildren were married by Father Willoughby.

Mr. Geo. Grant, of Hallinafad, on being about to remove to St. Mary's, was visited by the members of his church and presented with a valuable watch, and Mrs. Grant with a beautiful brooch, accompanied by an affectionate address, signed on behalf the class by Miss Maggie Thompson.

Rev. J. E. Howell, M. A., of Berlin, will conduct the quarterly meeting at Ebenezer on Sunday, April 27th.

The fine heavy draught dray horse which has been driven by Mr. John Matthews, drayman, for the last two years, died this week. The loss is serious, the animal being valued at $200.

Mr. H. P. Moore, President of the Halton Sunday School Association paid the Disciple Sunday School a visit last Sunday which was much appreciated. The school hopes that this will not be the last visit of this kind and is pleased that the Association has a President who takes such an interest in the work.—Com.

Mr. Lachlan Kennedy left on Tuesday for the North-West and British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. James Firstbrook, Toronto, were guests at Sunderland Villa during the week.

Messrs. Anson Smith, Sr., and Anson Smith, Jr., spent several days with friends in Glanford.

Arthur Enterprise; Mr. J. A. McMillan, formerly of Arthur, has commenced business at Acton. We can recommend James as a jewel, and the smart, tidy village of Acton is an appropriate setting. We don't like to broach the subject, but we wish Jim to hear a pin drop and gold ring. Watch and weigh it.

The ice men have shipped ten cars of ice this week. After May 1st they will proceed to ship until the whole has been removed.

Messrs. G. Statham and R. Moore are suffering from sprained ankles sustained at the ice house.

MARRIED—At Rockwood, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, on Tuesday, 15th inst., by Rev. Father Finnegan, S. J., Mr. John Kennedy to Miss Sarah McGeague, both of Eramosa.

MARRIED—At the home of the bride's mother, on April 15th, by Rev. J. W. Ross, Mr. Finlay McQueen, conductor M. C. R., St. Thomas, to Margaret M., daughter of the late Wm. Cripps, Erin.

DIED—At Lowell, Mich., on April 15th, Charlie, only son of Robert and Harriet Flanagan, formerly of Acton, aged 11 years.

DIED—At Milton, on April 10th, Agnes Moore, relict of the late Alex. Robertson, of Esquesing, in her 82nd year.

WORTH WHILE

"Dear, you were not very kind and cordial to Stella's friend."

"But mamma, I'll never see her again, very likely, and I met her for only a few minutes. It didn't seem worth while to try to be especially nice to her."

May's mother sat silent a moment, thinking. Then she said gently: "Yesterday auntie came home from down-town and told us how pleasantly a young girl in a book-store waited upon her. Do you remember how she enjoyed telling of it and how happy it seemed to have made her?"

"Yes," answered May, reluctantly.

"And last Sunday you were delighted with Miss Innes' lovely friend, and so pleased because she said something to you."

"Yes, I know."

"And grandma enjoys so much sitting by the window and catching a glimpse of a smiling face each morning, though she has never met its owner. Dear, our lives are made up of such little things. It's always worth while to try to make some one happy, though it's only for a moment. That moment may be multiplied a hundred times in the life of the person to whom it was given. Very few of us can give to others great happiness! but we can lend them happy thoughts, impulses towards better and sweeter things, delight in the love we show them."

And this time May was ready with a hearty, "Yes, mamma, I know it's so when I stop to think of it."

A NEW SENSE

Lillian caused much merriment at the table one day when she found fault with the mineral water that they gave her to drink. Her mother asked her: "Why don't you like the water, dear? What does it taste like?" She answered: "I don't like this old water at all, it tastes like my foot's asleep."—The Delineator.

THE RAINBOW

There are seven sisters that live all day
In a wonderful house of light;
And they sail away in the twilight gray,
Out on the sea of night;
And never till morn are those sisters seen,
For they stay in bed, they stay in bed—
Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange and Red.

But when it is day once more, once more,
They rouse themselves from sleep;
If the rain begins to pour and pour,
It will soon be time to play bo-peep.
But they will hide if the clouds have almost fled;
Then we say there's a rainbow overhead.
It is only the seven sisters seen
In the house of light at the open door—
Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange and Red.

—St. Nicholas.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN

An observing boy will become an observing man, and as boy and man will have an advantage over those who have not cultivated the faculty. A child may know more than a philosopher about matters which may not have come under the observation of the philosopher.

A little girl entered the study of Mezeral, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel," he said.

"I don't need any," was her reply. And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes and put the live coal on top.

No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a poor conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Galileo noticed the swaying of a chandelier in a cathedral, and it suggested the pendulum to him. To another inventor the power of steam and its application were suggested by the kettle on the stove. A poor monk discovered gunpowder, and an optician's boy the magnifying lens.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist. "Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose. "I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud; the other, nothing. Are there drones among wasps as among bees?"

"Both are alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do-nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they puddle it upon the nest and fly away for more materials."

You see one boy observed a little and the other a great deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

ROUND SHOULDERS

Round shoulders are a very common physical shortcoming. The inclination of the average man and woman of to-day is to gradually become round shouldered. As one advances in years there is always a slight tendency to develop slowly but surely the stoop that comes with old age. In fact this failure to hold one's self erect is one of the signs of age, and one might also say it is one of the causes of old age. For a straight spine is absolutely essential to the proper performance of the vital functions of the body. When the spine is held erect the organs are maintained in their proper position, and when in proper position are naturally better able to carry on their functions.

There are two frequently observed phases of round shoulders. One is the actual rounding of the shoulders themselves, and the other is the appearance of a sort of a hump in the back just below the neck. Where the defect is caused by the malformation of the shoulders themselves, those exercises which are inclined to bring into active use the muscles of the back between the shoulders, will in nearly all cases pull the shoulders back into proper position, provided that they are as vigorous as they should be. The vigor can be developed by proper treatment.

Round shoulders which are caused largely by the malformation of the upper part of the spine and neck, naturally make it advisable to give a great deal of attention to exercises for the neck.—Physical Culture.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.