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H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to Terms Reasonable.
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Also agent for The Union Insurance Co. England.

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CUT FLOWER GROWERS.
Funeral and Wedding Orders Specialty.

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There's a rivalry between makers as to the merit of their goods.

Mechanical skill has advanced to a marvellous degree in watchmaking.

If you can think of an advantage that can be incorporated into a watch to make it a more reliable or more durable timepiece — something new—you can sell your idea for a fortune.

This rivalry is good for you. It lets you possess the most accurate watches that can be made at the lowest possible prices.

We can demonstrate this for you any day. Our stock is large. We carry all the leading makes. We lay them down here, counting us and you the smallest price. We are always glad to talk watches with you.

SAVAGE & CO.
G. T. R. Watch Inspectors
GUELPH - ONT.

ACTON PUMP AND TILE WORKS
C. B. EBBAGE, - Proprietor
Acton and Georgetown

Our premises are now fully equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances for manufacturing—

Pumps and Pump Supplies
Tile for wells, cisterns, culverts, etc
Steam Pipe Fitting Tools and Pipe Supplies.

Orders promptly filled.
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8 Trip Service (except Sunday)
Leave Toronto 7.30, 9, 10, 11 a.m., 2, 3.45 5.15 and 7.00 p. m.
Ticket Office—Ground Floor, Traders' Bank Building, Toronto

Best of Everything
For the Farm

When I took this Business over from Mr. Bennett in 1908, I took advantage of the fact, that there was no one else in the same lines here, to select from the various Canadian and American Manufacturers the most popular Machines for the Farm. The result is I have the sale of every Machine which I would care to handle and although my sales have been large I have not yet met with a single case of failure to produce the most satisfactory results. Among the most popular machines I may mention the following: The Melotte Separator, the Climax Saw Thistle Killer, the Ball Bearing Disc Drill, the Crown Gang Plow, the New Disc Harrow without Pole and the Bell Roller. Remember especially the Climax Cultivator, the Disc Drill with Ball Bearing and the Matchless Melotte Separator. Call and get names of many delighted users of these machines.

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Your chopping will be done quickly and well, on either plates or stones, if taken to the—

ROCKWOOD Chopping Mills

Flour - Oatmeal
Bran - Shorts
The best at lowest prices.

HARRIS & CO.
Limited

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We are going to double our Floor Space and to make room for other Goods while the Alterations are in progress, we have REDUCED the Price of our

Refrigerators
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Screen Doors

If you are interested NOW is the time.—Nearly two months of Hot Weather yet to come.

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"RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE"

GIRLS WANTED
Operators on Ladies' Lawn Waists and Whitewear. Girls experienced on power Sewing Machines preferred but learners will be taught. Clean, healthy well ventilated, well lighted workrooms. Steady work at good wages. This work will train you to do your own sewing. 7-6
THE STAR WHITEWEAR CO.
BERLIN - ONT.

Gentlemen !

Are you thinking of getting a new tailored suit this season. If so you are doing yourself an injustice in the matter of fit and selection; you are not doing the right thing by your bank account, if you do not see our samples of Hobberlin Cloths, and give us an opportunity to explain the advantages of purchasing your new suit through us. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Suits $15.00 up. It costs you nothing to compare our values.

Ladies !

We are preparing for an extensive Fall business by placing in stock the finest selection of goods we have yet shown. Some of the earlier arrivals are now ready for your inspection. See our line of wrapperette patterns at 9½c yard. They are remarkable value. All summer goods at reduced prices.

Boys !

Did your mother come here and get you that new school suit yet? If not you better get her to come in and see what we are doing in suits or she may miss one of the best bargains offered her for many days. A good selection still left and remember, the price is away down.

W. E. MOORE
Mill Street - Acton, Ont.

Men's Hats

Made in England and never intended to be sold for less than from $2.50 to $3.00 per Hat.

We have Men's Hats as low as 25c.

OUR PRICE $1.00

The best Hats and Caps for the least money.

CAPS AT BARGAIN PRICES

Going out of the Hat business our only reason.

Come early and get the choice.

L. N. E. La Fontaine
95-97 Quebec St.
GUELPH - ONT.

Poetry.

TO CANADA

O wilderness of luxury!
O haven of humanity!
Thou last kingdom of the West,
Where man in flight from man may rest,
And 'neath thy million azure domes
Of wood-and-prairie-measured skies
May 'throne his kin in generous homes,
And thrill with zest for high emprise!
New Canada, thy vast domains
Thy verdant vales and boundless plains,
Stored by the Guardian Father's hand
With bread in plenteous excess,
And ores of treasure measureless
Reveal the Eternal Spirit's plan
To nourish man 'gainst want, ills' reas.
Free from oppression's groan and tear,
The hand of God hath laid thee bare
To wait the needy hand of man.

Young Canada, and may'st thou be
Mother of sons well worthy thee!
Pure-uplifted as are thy snows,
Harmonious as thy water-flows;
Strength-driven emperors of earth,
Eager for plunder reft from toil,
And may they strive in quietude,
'Till grandly regal thou may'st stand,
Young empress of an earth renewed,
Where God and man go hand-in-hand!
And may they with their hearts and eyes
Follow thy mountains to the skies,
And, gazing in their footsteps, scan
The message in the flower that dies,
That, Earth-unfolding, every deed,
O'er tranquil paths of love, may lead
Nearer to God and nearer man!

—Canadian Magazine.

Select Family Reading

A FRANTIC REDRESS

IT was a hot, sultry July morning and the harvesting season on the farm of Joshua Allen was at its height. Outside the great farmhouse which stood on a noble hill all was silent and serene, but inside there was a clatter of dishes and a cloudy brow, for Joshua Allen's young wife was cogitating furiously over the fact that her husband had gone to the field without providing her with wood with which to get dinner for at least a dozen men. "He may be the master of Maple Grove Farm," she said to herself, "but I'm tired of this sort of thing and I'll show him before the day is over that there's a mistress at Maple Grove Farm, too."

"Jane," she impatiently called to her little maid-of-all-work, "take this basket and go out and search the premises and see if you can't find some wood. Pull the pickets off the garden fence—if you can't do any better. It's time those pies were in the oven this minute."

Reluctantly Jane took the basket and went off, knowing full well what it meant "to search the premises for wood"—for had she not done that before till now there was scarcely a chip on the wood-house floor or a splinter on the adjacent rail fences? As Jane took the basket and went out Mrs. Allen wiped the beads of perspiration from her brow, which had contracted into an ugly frown. She was angry, humiliated at the repeated necessity of sending Jane to search the premises for wood—which not only irritated her but inflicted a senseless burden on the shoulders of her little maid.

"No wood!" she exclaimed aloud to herself, "and dinner to be cooked for all those men? And he expects me to have it exactly on time when he comes in—the personification of good nature, and as radiant as a June morning! And my face looking like a thunder cloud!"

She glanced quickly up into the little looking-glass that hung against the kitchen wall and cried out:

"Edith Allen, I didn't know that it was possible for you to look so ugly! I wonder if the time will ever come when you will look that way all the time? Of course it will—and all because of that wretched old woodpile where there is never any wood! I declare if I don't hate the very sound of wood! Hate it? I should say I do! I never hated anything so in all my life—and if I keep on hating it I shall soon hate Joshua, too! No sir! I just can't stand this any longer—and I'm not going to! I'll do something—but what? And being compelled by an earnest desire to do something to relieve the terrible predicament she was in and not knowing what to do or how to do it she threw her apron over her face to hide any angry flood of tears.

Suddenly an idea entered her brain and springing to her feet she cried:

"I'll do it! I'll do it—if it kills me I'll do it!"

Startled, was she by the abruptness of the idea and what a daring thing it would be for her to carry through that she could scarcely restrain her feelings.

"Why has such an idea as that never come to me before? I wonder what Joshua will say and do? Well, I can't say what he will say and do—I only know that this thing cannot go on any longer or I shall lose my love for him and he will lose his respect for me."

At that moment Jane entered the kitchen, hot, tired and disgusted at the meagre result of her search.

"I can't find any wood," she impatiently exclaimed, "and I'm about ready to melt, too."

"Never mind, Jane," Mrs. Allen calmly said; "I guess we can manage somehow. Empty what little you have in the woodbox and take the basket and go to the garden and get the vegetables for dinner. Perhaps you'll have better luck getting them than you did getting wood."

Jane wondered at her mistress's composure all the time she was collecting the vegetables together—and all the time Mrs. Allen and she were preparing them for dinner. It was something new to her to see such wonderful calmness when there was such a good reason for being exactly the reverse. This made the time seem to pass swiftly by and she was surprised almost beyond belief when Mrs. Allen looked up at the clock and said:

"Now, Jane, it is time to call the men to dinner. Run please and ring the bell."

Away Jane flew and grasping the dangling rope the welcome tones of the dinner bell rang out far over the adjacent fields till it reached the listening ears of the master of Maple Grove Farm. As the last tones of the bell died away Mrs. Allen went to take the last look at the dining-room table, set with such exquisite care, then returned to the kitchen and looked calmly through the open window toward the harvest field. She caught sight of the men entering the lane, which led to the great red barn, her husband in the lead, and she knew that it would be but a very short time when they would all enter the barnyard, having stabled and fed the horses and they would come up to the great watering-trough to have their heated faces. Joshua Allen, always in the lead, was the first to enter the kitchen. He came with his straw hat in his hand, tired, from riding the reaper the whole forenoon, and hungry as well as hot.

"How cool you look, Edith," he said, looking into her face with a pleased expression. "I declare if it doesn't make me feel cooler just to look at you."

"I am cool, Joshua," she replied slowly, considering."

Her voice sounded a trifle unnatural to him but not enough to arouse his suspicions. Always lover-like in his manner toward his wife he walked up to her and encircling her slender waist with his brawny arm said:

"I've been watching that curtain the whole forenoon, dear, as it fluttered in and out the window—seemingly beckoning to me. With every turn of the reaper around the corner that curtain flung itself out toward me and reminded me of the time when you used to wave your handkerchief at me through your schoolhouse window. Those were halcyon days for me—and for you, too, Edith?"

Poor Edith! She was scarcely prepared for such tenderness from her husband on such a day as this. And her redress? It was too late for her to turn back now.

"And then," he continued, without waiting for her to reply, "I half imagined that I could see your bonny face at the window—and the first love of my heart sprang up afresh. It is so good to love, and be loved, it makes the labor seem easier, the sun not so hot and the seat of the reaper softer."

A deep flush suffused Edith's fair face at hearing all this and she somehow felt that she was not worthy of such love, and her intrepid spirit began to weaken but she uttered not a word. Joshua Allen's nature was extremely sensitive to repulse and as his wife showed no inclination to respond to his loving words his arm slipped from her waist and drawing himself up half-haughtily asked:

"Is dinner ready, Edith?"

"You may call the men," she coolly replied.

He stepped to the back door and stood a moment looking at the men as they loitered fanning themselves with their straw hats under the maple trees, then called:

"Come, boys, dinner is ready. Come right in."

Slowly they filed through the great airy kitchen—each one greeting Mrs. Allen with a nod or smile of recognition. For had she not taught the district school the two summers before and knew them all—either personally or by sight?

Opposite her husband Edith took her place at the table, the farm hands seating themselves at the other places. On each end of the long table was a low, glass dish filled with the coolest looking of sliced cucumbers and ripe tomatoes garnished with crisp lettuce leaves, a plate of snow-white home-made bread and a dish of golden butter. Close covered turcens of fresh clean napkins covered the main part of the dinner. On a quaint old sideboard, within easy reach of Edith's hand, were three pies, their sickly appearance disguised by a thick coating of white sugar.

Their seating at the table was followed by a moment of silence in which the low voice of the master of Maple Grove Farm was heard thanking the Giver of all things for the blessings of the midday meal, then with pardonable pride, he lifted the snow-white napkin from a huge platter which was directly before him—exposing to fourteen pairs of eyes the carefully prepared bodies of several spring chickens. The truth flashed upon him in a moment, and he raised his angry eyes and they were met by the unflinching ones of his wife. Livid with rage he quickly uncovered dish after dish of carefully prepared but uncooked vegetables. His throat worked convulsively in his effort to control himself, and his jaws were set together with the firmness of steel. He knew that he was undergoing a test point; that every one at the table was critically judging him and he felt the depth of his humiliating position. Then the color left his face and white as a sheet he looked steadily into the victorious eyes of his wife and asked:

"Mrs. Allen, provided you have wood, how long will it take you to cook this dinner?"

"About an hour, Joshua, I think," she answered, a crimson spot having come into each cheek at the thought that her formidable redress might turn her husband's love for her to hate.

"All right!" he exclaimed, rising abruptly from the table, "and you boys, take books or magazines or papers or anything you like to amuse yourselves with while I cut the wood to cook this dinner with myself."

Mrs. Allen followed him as far as the kitchen, knowing full well that it would tax her energies to the utmost to keep him from burning the dinner to a crisp. Before the hour was much more than half up the dinner was back on the table, cooked to a turn, and Joshua Allen stood again in the back door calling to his farm hands.

"Come right in, boys, don't wait another minute. The dinner is all on the table."

During the hurried cooking of the meal Joshua Allen and his wife had not looked at each other, but when he passed her a plate filled with the best of the chicken and vegetables their eyes met in a questioning gaze then common sense, justice and reason which were paramount characteristics in both their natures brushed the clouds of doubt away and they burst into a laugh. Then everybody broke into a whole-hearted laugh, even little Jane, who fairly danced around the table, exulting in the result of her mistress's experiment—and, it is safe to say that from that day to this the swindle of Joshua Allen has not only proved satisfactory to his wife but has been her joy and her pride.

EPIGRAMMATICALS BY DINKELSPIEL

Vun a man's brain vas full mit fire-water he always uses his mouth as a fire escape.

Der man dot is always talking about his troubles soon runs ould of steady listeners.

Never lose your temper vare a bigger man can find it.

Der lazier a man gets mits his work der rushier he gits mit der growler.

Der man dot makes a door mat of himself must expect to get stepped on.

It vas a nice idea to became a self-made man if you doan'd fall in love mit your occupationment.

Some peoples save up for a rainy day and den make foggy vadder a good excuse to spend deir money.

Der vorld is full mit men dot vas always trying to get someding for nodding and der place dey got it is mostly in der neck.

Efery desire vas born in a man eggsept der desire to mind our own pizziness, vich is a wakened taste.

Der moment a man dinks could someding orfulnal der neighbors get ould deir hammers because dey dit not dink of it before he dit.

It vas easy to be a philosopher und speak vise vords of wisdom vile stooding under der lampost on der corner of Easy Street. But der fellow dot can be a philosupher und meet der vorld mit a song in his t'roat vas der volf is sitting outside on his doorstep und der valking delegate of poverty is facemaking at him through der window, he is der chin dandy.

DELIGHTFUL CORN-ROASTS

We never allow our summers in the country to go by without having at least one corn-roast celebration. In the first place we build a three-sided wall of logs or stone inclosing a space four or five feet square for our fireplace. In this a large bonfire is started, during the burning of which the company present sit around telling stories and singing songs.

When the fire is burned down to a red-coal bed, we lay on corn in the husks and potatoes. The cook of the party tends these with a large five-cent meat-fork tied securely to a pole; now covering up some more with ashes, now preventing others from burning by poking them away from the fire; while the rest of us arrange an old disused door across two sawhorses for a table, placing thereon wooden plates, salt, butter, and so forth.

The corn and potatoes should roast about half an hour. About five minutes before these are done some frankfurthers are placed in a piece of poultry-netting and suspended over the fire across two up-right poles. When all are soft to the touch of the long fork, they are picked out into large pans. The corn and the potatoes will be black or nearly so on the outside, but when opened and spread with butter and salt we find them far sweeter than when cooked in the ordinary way.—From Woman's Home Companion.

TO CLEAN PAINT

The ordinary whitening sold by grocers and stores is excellent for cleaning paint, and does not injure it in the least.

Mix it with cold water to the consistency of cream; wring a clean cloth out of warm water, squeeze it as dry as possible, dip it in the whitening mixture, and rub the paint until all the stains disappear.

A wooden skewer, such as butchers use, is excellent for pushing the cloth into crevices and corners. Rinse off the whitening with warm water and a clean cloth, and then wipe the paint as dry as possible.

If rubbed until quite dry, the polish will be restored to the paint, and it will look like new.

The Ladies of Acton May Now Grow Beautiful Hair

E. J. Hassard, backed up by the manufactures of SALVIA, the Great Hair Grower, guarantees it to grow hair.

SALVIA destroys Dandruff in ten days.

The roots of the hair are so nourished and fed that a new crop of hair springs up, to the amazement and delight of the user. The hair is made soft and fluffy. Like all American preparations SALVIA is daintily perfumed. It is hard to find an actress who does not use SALVIA continually. A large bottle for 50c.

TWENTY-YEARS AGO

Notes From our Issue of September 4th, 1890

Mr. Joseph Lasby had ten sheep badly worried by dogs on Sunday night, four of which were killed.

From five grains of two-rowed barley sown in a plot six inches square, Mr. Thos. Easton was rewarded with a crop of 2280 grains, fully developed.

Wakefield Bros., Guelph, have purchased Mr. Matthews' butchering business.

J. A. Murray is buying grain for McCrae & Howse, Guelph.

Rev. W. C. McCormick, pastor of Churchill and Caledon Congregational Churches, closes his ministry on the last Sabbath in September. He has declined a second call from the Newmarket congregation.

Montreal Witness:—The "sardine" industry on the Bay of Fundy is somewhat remarkable.—Of course there is not a sardine within 3000 miles, nor a gallon of olive oil within ten miles of the canners, but there is any quantity of small herring along the north shore and cotton seed oil can be brought up from the south in petroleum vat cars very cheaply. Exactly how the transmogrification takes place can never be accurately known to the uninitiated, but certain it is that baby herring, cotton seed oil, tin cans and labels are fed into one end of their factories, and cans of sardines direct from the Mediterranean come out at the other.

No citizen has taken a greater interest in improving his home and surroundings than Mr. Jas. McLam. He has during the present year built a substantial retaining wall along two sides of his house lot, filled in the space, levelling off with a neat terrace and lawn, and also added a neat verandah to the house.

Rev. John Hart, Rockwood, preached twice on Sunday in the Methodist Church on "Well with the righteous," and "Ill with the wicked,"—Isa. 3: 10-11. He is an earnest, straightforward preacher.

Rev. Jas. Brolsy, Fergus, died on Tuesday, at Palmerston, suddenly, from neuralgia of the heart. Ten days ago he was in Acton apparently enjoying good health. He renewed his subscription to the FREE PRESS, remarking that he thought he had taken it from the very first. He was an able preacher, and stood well with his brethren. In 1857 he taught school in Acton, and entered the ministry the same year, his first circuit being Orangeville. Mrs. Brolsy is a daughter of the late Abram Matthews, and sister of Postmaster Matthews, of Acton.

Mr. John Williams has sold the corner lot, Mill and Elgin Sts., purchased last spring from the Ryder estate for what he considered a very good figure, to Mr. N. P. McLam at an advance of 40 per cent. Mr. McLam has come into possession of a fine piece of property.

Mr. David Little, Nassagaweya, son of the first postmaster at Moffatt, died in Guelph, having given up farming and moved there owing to ill-health four years ago.

Limehouse:—Mr. and Mrs. John Moore have returned from a visit to Chesley and Morriburg.——The special services in the Methodist Church conducted by Revs. Thos. Gee and W. M. Patton are well attended and considerable interest is manifested. Able assistance is given by Mrs. Gee, who is a talented musician.....A party of the young people of the Methodist Church, Acton, eleven in number, attended the evangelistic services on Monday evening.

Mr. Geo. Worden, has returned from Portage la Prairie.

Miss Minnie Nelson left on Monday to attend the Model School at Milton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kenney spent a week very pleasantly with friends at Kilbride.

Mr. W. H. Ebbage left on Tuesday for Butte City, Montana. The FREE PRESS wishes him success in his far western home.

Mr. Thurtell Brown left last week to enter the drug store of his uncle, Mr. R. N. Thurtell, Teswater. Thurtell is a most exemplary young man and his many friends here unite in wishing him success.

BORN—In Esquesing, on Sept. 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mann, a daughter.

CAN YOU GUESS

Why is Alike honeysuckle? Because it follows it.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up.)

What is the difference between an old cent and a new dime? Nine cents.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat, and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.—Children's Magazine.

JOHNNIE ANSWERED THE QUESTION

"There were only three boys in school to-day who could answer a question that the teacher asked us," said a lad to his mother. "And I hope my boy was one of the three?" said the fond parent. "Well, I was," answered the lad. "I am very glad; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnnie?" "Who broke the window?"

WHY HE STAYED

Jonah explained his sensations inside the whale.

"It was moving day and I didn't feel any more uncomfortable than at home," he cried.

Sadly he made his way to the new flat.

HEIGHTS

Thank God for heights. All men may tread the plain.
Only the earnest unto heights attain.
God made them, meant them for his pilgrim's feet.
Their soil is rugged, but the air is sweet.
The path is long, but from the summits high
The traveller sees new land and clearer sky.
But seek them not alone. He never meant
That man should be with his own weal content.
Those peaks are lonely, if thou have no friend
Spurred by the voice the upward way to wend.
His is the eminence who strives to be
Great that his toiling neighbors may be free.

THE POWER OF ATTRACTION

When we speak of magnets, our thoughts turn naturally to the little horse-shoes which were the delight of our childhood, which would pick up a needle or a tack, and hold it fast by a mysterious power which the wisest cannot explain. But there are in the world human magnets, with a power of attraction quite as wonderful as that of the little steel horse-shoe for the needles.

Some girls are magnets of happiness. Continually they draw to themselves all sorts of simple joys. Dorothy always has a good time," a girl said wistfully not long ago. "I wonder why." The reason is that Dorothy is a magnet. Bright, pleasant, enjoyable things are irresistibly attracted to her.

Sympathy is so strong in some girls that it acts as a magnet on all who need sympathy. People in trouble come with their story of things that have gone wrong, and go away strengthened and cheered. It costs something to be a magnet of this sort. The giving out of help and courage is a drain on one's resources. But it pays, after all. There are no more blessed lives than those which draw to them the discontented and the needy to give cheer and help.

Since one can be a magnet of happiness or a magnet of helpfulness, it is strange that any girl should be willing to be a magnet of an opposite kind. But the girl who is suspicious and critical, who is always anticipating snubs and unkindness, is a magnet of unhappiness and discontent.

JUST TO CAUSE A SMILE

"Look here, Jane," said the mistress reprovingly, "this chair is covered with dust." "Yessum," answered the imperturbable Jane; "I reckon nobody ain't sat in it lately, mum."—Chicago News.

"Pa," said little George, "I've chopped down your favorite cherry tree." "That's a good start toward the presidency, my son," responded wise Mr. Washington; "now split it into rails."—Pittsburg Post.

The teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if any one could tell her what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically. "Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is." "Please, ma'am, it's sausage!" —Everybody's.

"Can you give any evidence in regard to the character of the deceased?" "Yes, your honor; he was a man without blame, beloved and respected by everybody, pure in his thoughts." "Ah! you knew him very well?" "No, your honor; I copied that from his tombstone."

A lawyer of Omaha entered an eating house, and was immediately approached by a waiter, who observed cheerfully: "I have frogs' legs, deviled kidneys, pigs' feet, and calves' brains." "Well," said the lawyer sternly, "you look it; but what's that to me? I came to eat."

EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN

The editor of one of Japan's large dailies pays a glowing tribute to Christianity in the following words: "Look all over Japan. More than forty million people have a higher standard of morality than they have ever known. Our ideas of loyalty and obedience are higher than ever, and we inquire the cause of this great moral advance. We can find in it nothing else than the religion of Jesus Christ."

Every failure can be a step toward success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error.—Boylston.

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.