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All accounts collected monthly.

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Established 1846
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THAT IS JUST as true to-day as when Franklin first said it. It is ever true. Don't fail therefore, to invest in business education and training, as given at the

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Racks and Magazine boxes in Hardwoods and Substantial Covers.
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ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

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" Dates	" Grape Fruit
" Nuts	" Grapes
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Fresh Lettuce, Radishes, Etc.

Fresh Oysters and Fish

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The advantage will be mutual. We have what you want.

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We grind Glasses for every eye defect and are expert in adjusting them.

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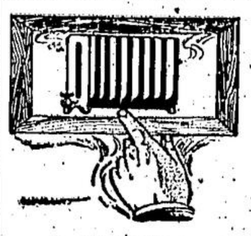

A Hot Point

is easily pointed out to you. Just have us instal your heating apparatus, and every "point" of your radiator will be a "hot point."

USE OUR PLUMBING on all job-work, new or old, and you will be getting work that will last, and that you can recommend.

Good Plumbing done at Reasonable Prices.

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16 Wyndham St. - - - Phone 543
GUELPH, ONT.

Poetry.

ALMOST A MAN

I don't wear dresses any more—
Its my coat and breeches
Cuffs and collar; pockets, too,
Made with many stiches.
I must have a watch and chain,
A silk umbrella and a cane!
No more kilts and skirts for me,
I'm a big boy, don't you see?

You can give away my dress,
And my other baby clothes,
Give away my horse with rockers,
I want one that really goes—
But two nice goats, I guess, will do!
And I want a carriage, too—
No more chairs hitched up for me,
I'm too big for that, you see!

I think I'll give my picture books
To my little sister Mary;
I'll go to school and learn to read
In the big dictionary;
Or, maybe, in a g'ography,
Or 'rithmetic, or history;
They're just about the size for me,
For I'm a big boy, don't you see?

—Selected.

Select Family Reading

The Story of Two Boys

"I HAVE the best story about boys, for boys, you ever heard, and if I could only write it in a manner acceptable to some boys' magazine, it would sell for a nice, snug sum."

A real estate agent made the foregoing statement in my hearing, and, having two boys I became interested.

"Well," I said, "let us have your story anyway. I may be able to apply it to my boys, even if we cannot get it into some publication.

The real estate agent invited me to come over and join him and gave me the following as an actual experience:

"Some seven or eight years ago our firm advertised for an office boy. We had dozens of applicants, but few of the applicants could satisfactorily answer questions, though most of them were high school students or graduates.

"One young man of the age of nineteen came in with a cigarette in his mouth saying, 'I see you want to hire' puff, puff, 'an office boy,' puff, puff, 'how much do you pay?'

"I looked the young man over. His trousers had three laps or folds at the bottom so that they extended to only about half way between the knee and the ankle; his hair was long and shaggy, with every appearance of not having been cut within the last six months; his face was clean-shaven; clothes fairly good, with a hat somewhat smaller than a sauce dish, covering only a small spot just back of the top of his head. After a careful survey for a minute or more—he continually puffing cigarette smoke into the air in perfect rings, or as a diversion breathing it into his lungs and shooting it out by way of his nose—I said 'would it not be just as well if we discuss what you can do and how much you can earn, before we talk about how much we pay?'

"'Do!' he said, 'why I can do anything you want done. I have just graduated from the high school.'

"I tried him at penmanship and he had a very illegible style; he had no knowledge of the manner of measuring land; he knew nothing of book-keeping. I gave him the name of a man to call on the telephone and deliver a business message. Do you think he could go through with it? No; he became all mixed up, and I had to do the talking.

"The young man's father was a well-to-do merchant, who had spent hundreds of dollars on the boy's high school education, but the practical side of the youth had been completely neglected. He was of no use to us without a training which we could not afford to give him, and he went away. Later he obtained a position in a grocery store and he is still there.

"This may be an extreme case, but this boy is a fair sample of the young men who are being educated in our high schools and many of our colleges.

"Among other boys who called was a graduate of the manual training school at ——. He was plainly, almost poorly dressed but his shoes were clean and he had a neat appearance, indicating care and at action to what he did have. He removed his hat with a gentlemanly air, saying, 'Are you Mr. ——?' An affirmative answer from me brought for the question: 'Have you secured a young man for your office work as yet?' I had not and so informed him, at the same time asking him what he thought he could do in our line.

"'Well,' he said, 'I think I might assist with most of things you require for a time, and I am sure I can learn the office work. If you are laying out a sub-division and require any surveying, I can do that for you.'

"'Can you do surveying, and where did you learn that?'

"'Oh, I took that at the Manual training school, and I paid part of my expenses there assisting at local surveying.'

"'Go on,' he continued, 'when you sell lots you sometimes build cement walks. If you own and have charge of buildings and your electric light wires or fixtures, your gas pipe or plumbing get out of order I can attend to any of those little repairs and save your bills in that line. I can hang doors, repair locks, screen windows or doors and do any small jobs of carpentry I can mix mortar, lay bricks and do any ordinary work in a mason's line, saving you charges for repairing breaks in the plaster or chimneys. I think I can hang wall paper as well as the next one.'

"I stopped him for a moment to command him and to ask if he had really learned to do all these things at the manual training school.

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'and many others, and we practised them until we knew everything about building. I am sure I could build a house complete, inside and outside fications, details, drawing, work and everything.'

"'Young man,' I said, 'you are just the kind of a person we are looking for but you are worth more than we can afford to pay you.' His face fell, his lip quivered and he hesitated but only for a moment. Then he said that he was willing to start in with small pay, whatever we could afford and work up. "'No,' I can't afford to keep you and you can't afford to stay with us. All we could pay you would be from twelve to fifteen dollars per week at the start, with an increase up to thirty-five or forty dollars. But, young man, you are wanted, and wanted badly, too. Shall I tell you what you want to do?

"'I shall be glad of any advice that you can give me,' was the reply.

"'Well, sir,' I said, 'you take our card with a letter that I will give you, go to New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland or any large city, go to some leading banks and ask for their real estate man; get from him the names of two or three of the largest and most reliable real estate firms in the city. You tell these men just what you have told me, and you will have no trouble in securing a position that will pay you more at the start than we could pay you at the end of a year.'

"'But,' he said, 'I have not the means to go with and no money with which to live until I can get a job.'

"'I can fix that,' I said, and I at once gave him a cheque for $200, taking his note for the same due in one year. After further talk and with profuse thanks he left. A few days later I had a long letter from the city of ——, in which he told me of getting a position at the second place at which he had made application. He was with the leading real estate firm of the city. In three months he sent me $100 and the balance sixty days later. To-day he is at the head of the largest real estate business in the city of his adoption, and he could buy and sell me several times.

"TWO BITS"

"Hello! You've got a giant here," I said to my blue-coated guide as I wandered through the little military graveyard at Camp Downing and stopped by a big mound, all alone in one corner. The old fellow touched his cap in salute before the tall, white headstone and dropped a handful of smoke-bush blossoms on the grave.

"Tain't no man, sir; it's a hoss; it's old 'Two Bits.'"

"But why is he buried here with the soldiers?" I questioned.

"Buried here, sir? Why, you must be a stranger, sure. I thought everybody knew about old 'Two Bits' an' his savin' Company A. It was two years ago, when them Apaches was on the warpath. They ambushed us at Dirty Creek, more'n twice as many of 'em as we thought was this side of San Carlos; but we managed to git into a little clump of scrub oaks an' hold 'em off till sundown. Then our captain see it was all up with us if help didn't come from the post; and he called for a volunteer to ride old 'Two Bits' past them an' carry the word. 'Two Bits' had been on the track in his young days, an' held the belt for long-winded results. Many's the time I've seen Cap clean up a hatful of Mexican dollars racin' him agin the cowboys' ponies. He was a big chestnut sorrel with white feet and white face, an' him and Cap loved each other like twin brothers. I've knowed Cap to go hungry lots o' times south', so's old 'Two Bits' could have his hard-tack, and he'd hold up his head an' drink out of a canteen like a reg'lar. It was mighty hard times if that old hoss did not get his share. Well, more'n a dozen boys offered to go; but Cap picked out 'Curly' White, the toughest and lightest man in the lot, to do the ridin'. While he was gittin' him ready, 'Two Bits' just stood and rubbed his nose on Cap's arm like he was saying that if we didn't hear the old troop bugles before mornin' it wouldn't be his fault. Then 'Curly' grabbed his gun an' swung into the saddle; an' we all hollered an' yelled an' made a break for the Injun lines on the side away from post, like we were bound to go through. That give 'Curly a chance, and he took it. Old 'Two Bits' shot up that valley like a streak, but there was a trail of Apaches behind him. We see 'Curly' drop the reins an' turn in his saddle, an' the Injuns fall back a bit. The race was nip an' tuck for a mile, an' once we see old 'Two Bits' stagger like he was hit; but he kept his feet and passed out of sight into the hills. Then the dark came down an' we waited. By daylight the bugles of the old Third was a-ringin' in the valley, an' we knowed all was well. An' 'Curly' and 'Two Bits'? Well 'Curly was shot clean through; but he lived, an' is wearin' shoulder straps to-day. An' 'Two Bits'? Poor old 'Two Bits'! He carried the word, an' he carried two big balls from Apache rifles till he fell dead at the colonel's door. The men he saved put him here, an' I don't reckon none o' 'em that's sleepin' 'longside grudges him his room."

—Our Dumb Animals.

A MISER'S REVENGE

An old miser who died in Wales, fell out with his relatives over a trifle several years ago, and he thereupon changed nearly all his money into bank notes. Each bank-note he tore into two, burning one portion and retaining the other. When his relatives came to examine his effects after his death they found, to their chagrin, valueless halves of the bank-notes and a letter which contained the paragraph:

"All my money I leave to my dear relatives to be equally divided between them. I am sure they will not quarrel about it."

The miser had destroyed the halves of the bank notes bearing the numbers.

REMARKABLE FLIGHT

A new flying record has been made by the French aviator Gilbert. In less than eight hours he flew from the north of France to Vittoria, in Spain, a distance of 512 miles, without alighting. From Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of three hundred miles, he travelled at an average speed of 74 miles an hour, and during the latter part of his journey he flew at an altitude of 10,000 feet in an endeavor to avoid a strong contrary wind. After covering in eight and a half hours what it takes an express train fifteen hours to accomplish, he was so little fatigued, that after a two hours' rest he resumed his flight and added 155 miles to his record—making 666 miles in less than eleven hours.

THE ONE WHO THOUGHT

"You look like an April day, Kit, a smile on your lips and tears on your lashes. Where have you been and what have you been doing?" Barbara Murray, just getting home from her day's work at the office, fell into step with the friend whom she had met at the corner where she left her car, and the two girls sauntered on slowly together.

"I always feel like an April day when I've been to see Ruth Cramer," was Kitty Everett's answer. "She is trying so hard to be bright and cheery for her father's sake, and at the same time their circumstances are so pitiful, that I always come away with tears on my lashes, even if I have a smile on my lips. Mr. Cramer has been almost a wreck since his wife died, and I'm afraid they're desperately poor. I don't believe he will ever be able to do much again, and poor Ruth has all that she can do to take care of him and look after the roomers that she has taken into their house.

"It's awfully hard," Barbara said, "and Ruth is a brave girl. I haven't seen much of her for the last year or two, but I think mother goes there quite often."

"The other girl's face lighted up. "Barbara, your mother is a saint! I'm sure Ruth thinks so, for your mother has done so many nice things for her."

As the two girls separated and Barbara walked on down the shady street toward home, she was conscious of a little glow of pleasure and satisfaction. Since her father's death, two years before, she had been the bread winner of the family, and the fact that their little bungalow was free of debt, had made it possible for her to provide comfortably for her mother. If Mrs. Murray had been helping Ruth Cramer, it was Barbara's money that had made the kindness possible, and it was the consciousness of this that gave Barbara her present comfortable feeling. It was pleasant to know that she too had done something to smooth the pathway for poor Ruth, who had found life very hard during the past few months.

On a bright Saturday afternoon three or four weeks later Barbara happened to meet Kitty Everett just starting out for Ruth's home, and after a little urging was persuaded to visit the girl who had been often in her thoughts since that other meeting with Kitty. Ruth greeted Barbara a little shyly, but her face brightened at sight of the latter's companion.

"You dear!" she said in a tone that made Barbara suddenly understand why Kitty felt like an April day when she had been with Ruth.

Your mother and Kitty have been like angels of mercy to me," she added, turning to Barbara. "They have come to see me so often, and your mother has written to me when she couldn't come. Such beautiful letters, too, so full of help and inspiration. They've helped me over a good many hard places. When she heard that I was going to take roomers, she sent me a bundle of sheets and pillow-cases and towels. You don't know how much that meant to me just then! I don't know how many cans of fruit and glasses of jelly she has has brought me. Once she slipped a five-dollar bill into a story she had left for me to read, with a note saying that I was to use it for myself and nobody else. I can't begin to thank her for all the kindness she has shown me. And Kitty has been just the same."

There were tears in Barbara's eyelashes as she came away from the house where Ruth was struggling against heavy odds to take care of her broken and discouraged father. At the same time there was a little feeling of disappointment in her to her heart, because Ruth had not seemed to recognize that she had a share in the kindnesses her mother had showed.

"I suppose that five-dollar bill was the one I had given mother," was her thought "And of course it was my money that bought the bedding and towels, and the jelly."

Her feeling that she should have had a share in Ruth's openly expressed gratitude was short lived however, for Barbara was a level-headed girl who usually saw facts just as they were, and the more she thought about the present case, the more clearly she saw that she had really nothing to do with it.

"It was mother who thought of the lovely things to do for Ruth, and that is what counts. The chances are that the five dollars meant some self-denial that I never knew anything about, and I'm very sure I can't claim any credit for that!"

At home that night she told her mother what Ruth had said, adding with a wistfulness that was new to her, "It made me feel bad that I hadn't done anything for Ruth."

"But you have, dear," her mother said quickly. "You and I are one, and the cost of what I have done comes from your pocket."

Barbara shook her head. "No, mother dear," she said, "it's just like you to try to give me the credit, but it doesn't belong to me. You were the one who thought of the beautiful things to do for Ruth, and you were the one who saved and went without so that you could give her the five dollars. I know you well enough! I haven't the shadow of a claim to any credit for what's been done. But—I'm going to try to have a little credit of my very own!"

PROVERBS OF A YOUNG LAYMAN

Of two evils chose either?
Selfishness leads to pelishness.
Whine not now nor at any other time.
Wise words in otherwise ears are wasted.
Words are like bullets; the tongue like powder.
In the house where order is law orders are few.
He who cannot help sinning cannot help sinners.
When you say grace, say it gracefully. Don't mumble.
To mind our own business is better than speaking our mind.
Acquaintance is friendship sprouting. Love is friendship ripened.
Keep thy heart with all diligence, for it will require all diligence to keep it right.
If there ever was a hell, there still is. Man can't abolish it. The best he can do is to escape it.
Let's have more walk and less talk; more doing and less wishing; more practice and less preaching.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, February 1st, 1894

Arnold Bros. have their new tanneries at Glen Lawson in operation.

At a meeting called by Reeve Pearson to consider fire protection for Acton, after some expressions of approval of the principle it was moved by John Cameron and Henry Grindell and resolved to proceed at once with the organization of a Hook & Ladder Co. and a Salvage Corps. A call by the Reeve for volunteers resulted in forty "good men and true" enlisting. These subsequently elected their officers as follows: Hook & Ladder: Captain, John Cameron; First Lieut., John Harvey; Second Lieut., George Havill; Sec'y.-Treas., John V. Kannawin. Salvage: Captain, H. Swackhamer; First Lieut., John Williams; Second Lieut., John L. Charles.

In the Baptist Church Rev. Mr. St. Dalmas, assisted by Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of Home Missions, conducted a memorial service for the late Peter Mann, Jr. The text was, "Prepare to meet thy God." Mr. Mann had been a member of the Baptist Church since March 1881.

Mr. and Mrs. David McKenzie, of lot 1, con. 2, Esquesing, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on January 18th. Their neighbors honored the occasion by a visit and some valuable presents as tokens of goodwill and esteem.

Mr. James Gray, miller, formerly with H. Horton, at Everton, and Eden Mills, purchased the Farrish Mills west of Rockwood.

The three sons of Mrs. S. A. Secord, John, of Orillia; Fred, of Johnstown, N. Y., and Percy, of St. Catharines, were all together with her last week.

Dr. McKeague and Mrs. (Rev.) J. W. Ross were called to the deathbed of their father at Welland Port last week.

Mrs. Harry Eldage, of Toronto, is visiting here.

Miss Fanny Bryers is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bartle at Niagara Falls.

BORN

WRIGHT—In Acton, on January 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wright, of Grindell & Wright, a son.

MARRIED

LAWSON-PARKHOUSE—In Acton, on January 21st, at the home of the bride, by Rev. H. H. Shepherd, Mr. Albert Lawson to Miss Sarah Ferguson, both of Acton.

DIED

MCKEAGUE—At Welland-port, on January 26th, Alexander McKeague, aged 78 years.

AYRE—At Kew Mills, on January 25th, James Ayre, father of Rev. James Ayre, aged 86 years 10 months.

WHETHER HE IS WATCHED OR NOT

It was the dull season when work was not pressing in the office, and the young man, who was the latest addition to the force, often found himself with nothing to do. One morning when he complained of this enforced idleness, the head secretary said briskly:

"I'll give you something to do. You can take this book where we enter our monthly sales and make up and enter the totals for the nine months just past."

There were pages and pages of figures in the big black book and for days afterward the young man spent all the time that he could spare from his regular duties, in footing the columns and putting in the totals. Three months later, in making up an annual report, the secretary drew off these figures and checked them with totals that had been found independently of the sales book. He was amazed at the number of mistakes he discovered.

"I don't believe I'll let you foot my book again," he said to the young man, "you make too many mistakes." The youth flushed, but said thoughtfully, "You never told me you were going to check these figures."

The secretary looked at the youth in astonishment. He was a very thorough and accurate accountant himself, and he could not understand the newcomer's point of view. "Do you mean," he asked slowly "that you're careful only when you think your work is going to be checked?"

The young man had virtually admitted that he did careless work because he thought that nobody would go over his mistakes if he made them. In that confession, he showed that he was not the kind of worker who climbs steadily upward and who makes himself valuable to his employer because he can be relied upon through and through. His words proved him one of the halfway workers who can be depended upon for accuracy and carefulness only when they know that there will be some check upon their work.

The worker who is careful only when he thinks his work will be checked up later on and his mistakes brought to light is unjust to his employer, and unjust to himself. He is hindering his own advancement to positions of greater responsibility and importance because he is forming and strengthening a habit that will make him unfitted for these better positions. The best work of which we are capable, at all times, whether we are being watched or not, is what fits us for the bigger and better positions that lie beyond our present one.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

Nearly everyone who has travelled in Russia has at some time or other run afoul of the official "red tape" of that country. So, at least had the traveller whose woes are the subject of an amusing story in a London newspaper.

His trunks had been examined, and the traveller was about to pass into the city, when an official, who had been scanning his travelling papers stopped him.

"These papers contain irregularities," said the official sternly. "You cannot stay in Russia."

"Very well," said the traveller. "I shall take the next train back to Berlin."

"Good! Let me see your passport entitling you to leave the country."

"I have none."

"Very well. Then it is quite impossible for you to leave Russia. I will give you twenty-four hours in which to decide what you are going to do."

No woman ever looks at matrimony from a man's point of view.

Most of us spend more time than money—for good and sufficient reasons.

Even an old soak has been known to generate dry wit.

SOME FUTURE DAY

Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference pass like dreams away—
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world and learned what's now unknown,
Have made life clear and marked out each a way,
We'll meet again; we shall have much to say.

With happier mood and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er talks as we used to talk,
And meet again on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant, yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and waters say—
Meet yet again upon some future day.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

CAUSE FOR ANGER

Mr. Wilkins was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him on the street. "That man Tomkins," he burst out, "has more nerve than anyone I ever met."

"Why?" asked his neighbor curiously.

"He came over to my house last evening and borrowed my gun to kill a dog that kept him awake nights."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why," shouted Mr. Wilkins, "it was my dog he killed."

THOSE PUNCTUATION MARKS

"O, dear!" sighed Warren as he came in from school one day, "I wish we didn't have to learn so much about periods and commas and semi-colons and such things. I hate them."

Mamma laid down her sewing and said: "Why do you hate them, Warren?"

"Why, it's so hard to remember when to use them and besides, I don't think they are much use. I don't see why we couldn't write sentences without putting in any punctuation marks."

Mamma smiled, and then, rising from her chair, she went over to the desk and got out a piece of paper and pencil. Then she wrote: "The little turkey strutted about the yard and ate corn half an hour after his head was cut off."

"Why mummie, how funny!" exclaimed Warren when he had read it. "How could a turkey walk around eating corn without any head?"

"He couldn't," replied mamma, "and yet I have written just what I intended to write. I have, however, left out all punctuation marks."

Then she bent down and punctuated the sentence. It then read: "The little turkey strutted about the yard and ate corn; half an hour after his head was cut off."

"O, I see," cried Warren. And then and there he resolved to learn all that he could about punctuation marks.—The Evangelical.

CREOLE SECRETS FOR SOUP

Here are some rules that the old Creole cooks give for soup making—and if you have ever been in Louisiana you know that their soup is worth emulating.

To get the most goodness out of a soup bone it should be fractured every inch of its length. The soup should never stop cooking from the time it is put on the stove until it is done, although it should at no time boil furiously.

Once the soup is started cooking, no water should be added, as this spoils the flavor.

The soup bone should be put into cold water and no salt should be added till the soup is done, as the salt stops the flow of the juices.

The soup should cook from five to seven hours at least.

All spices used in the soup should be put in whole—that is, whole black and white peppers, cloves, bay leaves, cloves of garlic, etc.

One quart of water should be allowed for every pound of meat and bone, to begin with. This is a rule of the Creoles, but they make rich soup. If weaker soup is to be made, or if vegetables as well as meat are used in the stock, the amount of water can be increased.

HIS IGNORANCE EXPLAINED

Pater familias, pestered by inquiries, at length rebuked his offspring saying he never asked his father so many questions.

"I suppose not," retorted the young hopeful; "if you had you would have been able to answer more of mine."

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 induces 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.