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See that you get Dustbane, for imitations are not so good.

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Well Done and Quickly at only
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Builders, Contractors and Owners say to us:
"When it comes to fine hardware you certainly have the goods."
We guarantee that if you see our buildings hardware lines you will see hardware that will please you as to style, quality and price. We stand firmly behind Bond Hardware. Write for information. "We have just what you want."

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Limited
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OUR SPECIALTY
Is absolute accuracy in eye examinations and perfect eye glass or spectacle satisfaction at absolutely fair prices.
We feel sure you'll approve of this platform, as evidence of the fact that we stand by it we can refer to hundreds of satisfied customers in this vicinity.

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We have also a large assortment of Boys, Youths, Misses and Children's and the prices are right.
We do not sell you a $3.00 shoe for $2.99 or a $1.50 for $1.49 but a $3.00 is $3.00 and $1.50 is $1.50.
Rubbers of all kinds always in stock.
Repairing promptly attended to.

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The great Stock Tonic.
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MANAGER
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THE HALTON-DUFFERIN HEROES

Halton may well be proud,
And Dufferin shout aloud,
For the loyalty of all their sons,
Who are ready to handle the guns,
They are brave and noble souls
Who are bound to reach the goals;
Success they are sure to meet,
And the Germans they will defeat.

For God, and King, and Country
And, tho' our homes are empty,
We could not bid them stay
Tho' our hearts ache, night and day.
Somebody's boys must go—
Some must hurry to quell the foe;
All are bound to "do their bit"
And want their battalion to make a hit.

When unfurl the shot and shell,
Of the Kaiser's men who yell—
May they be strong against the wrong
For to Canada they belong.
When they see their comrades fall,
May they remember, life's not all
In vain, to those who train;
They can endure the strain.

To save our country and flag
Their efforts will never lag;
They are bound to do and dare,
So cast to the wind every care—
Except for home and loved ones.
Many have lost their noble sons;
Go forth, brave soldier boys,
May your lives have many joys.

Remember then, where'er you go,
Your work will surely show
By the zest with which you fight
That you are bound to defend the right.

Of those, who cannot leave
Their homes; but they will heave
Many a sigh for you who are far away—
For whom we all will surely pray.

That the time will come and soon,
When you will all be home
Brave heroes from the war,
All having travelled, oh, so far!
Cheer up, lads, you are sure to win
And wherever you have been
You'll not forget, what you have seen,
Even when old and on your staves you lean.

MRS. T. PERRYMAN.

Hesslip, Feb. 15th, 1916.

DAME FAME AND KITTY O'CONNOR

BY CAROLINE CURTIS

TWO umbrellas were hurrying up the street, side by side. From underneath each protruded a short bedraggled skirt and a pair of shoes sludgy with moisture.

"This is what one night call rain," said a voice beneath the more porous of the umbrellas as an especially sharp gust of rain found its way in at rips and rents. The merry ring of the voice brought a protest from underneath the other umbrella.

"Kitty O'Connor, how can you? Here am I reduced to dark discouragement by two days of steady downpour, while you—" The sentence was unfinished.

The Casting Company had been forced to decrease its output and two weeks before had laid off half of its force. Kitty O'Connor was one of the newer stenographers and she had been hunting a place ever since.

"Oh, I've only had seven and a half refusals to-day," said Kitty. "And there's but one and three-quarters looked for tomorrow."

"Seven and a half? One and three-quarters?" Mary was very literal.

"Yes. Mr. Peterson of 'Peterson & Quary' seemed to take it so to heart that the concern wasn't in need of my services that he apologized all the way down stairs, and I felt like going back to comfort him. That's only half a refusal. And to-morrow I go to the Employment Bureau and, as it's my last hope, their refusal counts as one and three-quarters."

"But what makes you go at all, Kitty? You know the girls says they absolutely insist upon years of experience in their office force."

"I know it's useless," Kitty told her. "But the Employment Bureau needs a stenographer, and it isn't for me to pass even a locked door without giving it a push. I just wish Dame Fortune would toss me her little gold key. You wouldn't see me letting it slip through my fingers."

And with her usual regard for her sincere devotees, Dame Fortune at that moment apparently flung her little gold key, a big brown-paper parcel sliding from a too-swiftly turning delivery wagon. Kitty caught it up and called:

"Boy! Boy! Stop!" But the delivery wagon rattled on its way unheeding.

"Now what do you suppose it is?" asked Kitty.

"Liver for the cat," Mary replied. "Come along. It's raining harder than ever." But Kitty was opening the package.

"That's where you're wrong," she said. "It's a big lot of thirty-cents-a-pound beefsteak for somebody's dinner."

"I don't see what difference that makes. It isn't yours. And if it were I don't see as you could cook it over an alcohol lamp without any alcohol. Drop it and come along." Mary's tone had grown decidedly impatient. But her friend's impatience only goaded Kitty to further deliberation.

"I know perfectly well that it doesn't belong to me, but I don't know that it's any more the property of the dog that lives over the street. Let's see," turning to the label, "it was sent by the Ford Market to J. J. Hunter, 130 North Pine."

"Well, if you're thinking of returning that meat to the Ford Market, I'm going home," and Mary and her umbrella started to cross the street.

"I'm not thinking of returning it to the market. It's seven blocks back, and any way there's not another delivery to-night and the Hunters need this steak for dinner. Pine is only two streets over. I say we deliver it."

"And go four blocks out of our way in this downpour? Not I! I'm wet enough now."

"Oh, come on, Mary. There's a dear! Just think, the maid may be in tears because the meat hasn't come, and Mrs. Hunter scolding her for having forgotten the order; or it may be Mrs. Hunter is in tears. Perhaps she's a young bride and this may be her first dinner. And think of having it all spoiled because the steak doesn't appear. And perhaps Mr. Hunter has invited a business friend to his home. Who knows?"

"Well, then, come on! And be quick about it! We could have walked two of the four blocks while you stand here arguing."

Kitty laughed softly under her umbrella and refrained from further details of the suffering Hunters. Mary did not seem to care for them!

130 North Pine proved to be a handsome little colonial house, and its windows, all aglow, made a pleasant contrast with the wet and darkening street. "What did I tell you?" said Kitty. "Dinner guests! They'll probably offer me a hundred dollars reward for getting their steak here before six."

"Doubtless!" said Mary. She was still grumpy. "You run up to the side door with it. I'll walk on slowly."

Kitty ran. The opening kitchen door showed every sign of busy preparation. The cook was in a rush. "Meat?" she questioned. "We've not ordered any meat." She glanced at the directions which Kitty pointed out. "Oh, them Hunters live at 130 South Pine. The Fords are forever getting us mixed," and she fairly slammed the door in Kitty's face. Kitty followed her friend so slowly that it was nearly a block before she joined her. Then she told her of the mistake. It was the last straw to Mary's temper.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied with your reward, Katharine O'Connor!" she grumbled. "Next time I let you lead me four blocks out of the way on a fool's errand, I'll know it. Throw—down—that—meat, and come along!"

"I'll do no such thing, Mary Warner. I have started out to take the Hunters the meat, and I intend to carry it through!" And Kitty and her umbrella turned "right about face."

Mary flung something out about "catching her death of cold," but Kitty paid no heed. She was very much offended with Mary.

Her irritation and obstinacy sustained her through four blocks of brisk walking. Then they faded and Kitty realized she was getting wetter every minute. If there is a certain excitement to hunting a situation that keeps up one's spirits in spite of repeated failures, if hope really does cause "spring eternal" in the heart of a healthy young person at such a time, there is still a limit to this buoyancy; and one cannot walk up and down the city to save carfare, receive "seven-and-a-half" refusals, getting drenched to the skin, without an ultimate sinking of the heart. Heart-sinking had come to Kitty. In proportion as she could be light-hearted and merry, so also she had a capacity for dejection. What cared she now for Mrs. Hunter or a disappointed Mr. Hunter, or a guest? That was all foolish nonsense anyhow! People who were rich enough to afford a heavy package of thirty-cent steak, had doubtless dispatched their chauffeur for a fresh supply long ere this. This meat would be too late for their dinner, anyway. And as for herself, what business had she to get so tired and wet? To-morrow she would be ill, as Mary had said. And visions of pneumonia, fever, and doctor's bills floated through the steak bearer's mind. But Kitty kept doggedly on.

130 South Pine! Yes, this was it! And this was Mr. Hunter himself rushing down the walk and almost upsetting Kitty in his haste. He raised his hat and "begged pardon" and was about to rush on again when Kitty thrust the package into his hand. "Our steak!" he ejaculated in astonishment. "It's just in time." And he turned and darted back into the house without not one single word of appreciation for the weary girl who was walking twenty extra blocks to bring him his dinner. Kitty's anger carried her well on her homeward way. After that died out, she just picked up one wet foot and put it in front of the other, and so on and on. She thought about a roaring fire, a steaming dinner of chicken bouillon, escalloped oysters, and thirty-cent beefsteak. And then she was too tired to think, and just walked and walked.

When she finally reached her boarding place, she found that Mary had relented. She had turned on the heat in Kitty's hall bedroom and lighted the gas jet.

But Kitty was too tired to appreciate even her sandwiches and coffee—the latter reversed on the heater—that her friend had brought up from the supper table.

The next morning the sun was shining gloriously and Kitty forgot her premonitions of pneumonia, put on a fresh shirt waist, ate a big breakfast, and started out buoyantly to meet her one-and-three-quarters refusal. It came promptly. The Employment Bureau required men and women of training and "experience." Kitty had exactly two dollars and fifty cents in a little chamois bag tied around her neck, and she did not know of another place where she could even ask for work!

And then, at the door, she met Mr. Hunter. She would have known him anywhere by the way he rushed straight into her in his haste, and by the hearty voice in which he "begged pardon." He was about to rush on his way up the stairs when he wheeled and almost collided with Kitty again as she started to open the door.

"Are you the young woman who brought the steak last night?" he demanded so abruptly that Kitty caught her breath.

"I am," said Kitty and she opened the door. There came to her remembrance of Mr. Hunter's rude omission of thanks.

"Wait a minute!" Mr. Hunter called after her. "I beg your pardon, but I don't believe I thanked you, last night. You see my wife was away and I was giving a bachelor's party and needed the steak so that I was glad to get it and never considered how you happened to have it, until my wife asked me. And now will you accept my sincere apologies and hearty thanks, and tell me how it came about that you delivered Ford's meat?"

Mr. Hunter's manner was so frank and courteous and his curiosity so thoroughly sincere that Katharine laughed.

"It slipped off a delivery wagon at my very feet. I couldn't make the delivery boy hear. I had it on my hands, you see."

"But it was marked North Pine. My wife noticed that. Where did you encounter it?"

Katharine told the remainder of the story of the straying steak, laughing as she did so.

"And you mean to say you came all that way?" Mr. Hunter stopped and stared. Presently he said: "Would you mind telling me why you took all that trouble for entire strangers?"

Kitty laughed again. It seemed very natural to explain to Mr. Hunter, for he seemed the sort of man who would understand. "I started out with a vision of a wife weeping because the meat hadn't arrived to feed her dinner guests; and after I'd started, why, I hated to leave it to the dogs, you know. And—it wasn't mine to give to dogs."

Mr. Hunter was the sort of man who could "understand." His keen eyes read sympathy and persistency behind Kitty's merry words. "I thank you again, Miss ——"

"Katharine O'Connor," said Kitty.

"I thank you, Miss O'Connor, and if ever I can be of service to you I shall consider it a privilege," and he handed Kitty a card with "Employment Bureau" in the corner.

Then Kitty suddenly remembered that she had reached the end of her resources and that there was something she wanted right that very moment and wanted very much indeed.

"I'm looking for a place as a stenographer, Mr. Hunter," she said. "You do not know of any—"

"Stenographer? Stop in a moment, please." Mr. Hunter led the way to an office, asked the customary questions in a businesslike way, hastily excused himself, and departed with a characteristic rush.

He was back in a short time. "We need a stenographer here," he said. "We usually insist on experience, because our stenographers don't just stenog, but do other things. But if I judge you rightly, you can do other things. We'll give you a month's tryout if you care to attempt it."

Kitty did care. A month later, she celebrated her permanent appointment by a cafe dinner, with Mary and two other girl friends as her guests.

"Hold on, girls, I'll order for you," she said as she glanced over the menu card. Then as her eyes sparkled she beckoned the waiter to her. "A planked steak for four," she said, "if you please, we have leisure to wait."

UNCONQUERABLE
KAISER:—"No, you see—you've lost everything."
KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM:—"Not my soul."
From Punch of October 21, 1914

"And Moses said unto the children of Gad and to the children of Reuben: Shall your brethren go to the war, and shall ye sit here?"—Numbers 32: 6.

May not Albert of Belgium and George of Britain well say unto Canadian young men: "Shall your brethren of France, and Belgium, and Russia, and Italy, and Serbia and the British Isles go to THE WAR and shall Canadians sit at home?"

Young Men of Halton, show the true stuff within you and resolve to join the 164th Overseas Halton and Dufferin Battalion. DO IT NOW.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Feb. 27th, 1896.

J. L. Charles has disposed of his grocery business to Mr. Cornfield, of Dundalk.

John Cameron has placed a 14-foot steel windmill on his planing mill for power use when steam is not on.

Rev. J. W. Rae, of Acton, was the unanimous choice of the West Toronto Presbyterian congregation this week for a call to the pastorate there.

The first anniversary of the new Knox Church was held on Sunday and Monday. Rev. Alex. McMillan, B. D., Toronto, preached in the morning from Daniel's Prayer and Confession, and in the evening from "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," etc., Psalm 24: 7. On Monday evening Mr. McMillan lectured on "The Scottish Covenanters."

Knox Church has issued a souvenir volume, giving an epitomized history of the church from its organization in 1845 to its jubilee, 1895. Photogravures of the four ministers who have been in charge, Revs. John McLachlan, Lachlan Cameron, D. B. Cameron and J. W. Rae are given, as well as of the fine new church building.

Mrs. Mina Ching and children, of Park River, North Dakota, returned home on Tuesday. She has been spending a couple of months with friends here.

Rev. Wm. Hartley, of First Baptist Church, Guelph, has accepted a call to St. Thomas.

BORN

TALBOT—In Erin, on February 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Talbot, a son.

WARREN—In Esquesing, on February 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Warren, a daughter.

SMYTH—At 131 Portland St., Toronto, on February 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Smyth, a son.

DIED

RAE—In Acton, on February 22th, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. J. W. Rae, Acton, aged 11 years and 2 months.

MASSEY—In Toronto, on February 20th, Hart A. Massey, in his 72nd year.

MACDONNELL—In Fergus, on February 16th, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B. D., Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, aged 53 years.

IF YOU WERE THE "BOSS"

If you applied to yourself for a job—would you get it?

Think it over.

Just be "boss" for a few minutes—then check up your record for the past month as an employee.

Remember now, it's your money meeting the payroll.

Have you, as an employee, filled your hours with productive conscientious labor, or have you been too busy watching the clock?

Have you produced enough in that month to make you a profitable investment?

Have you put your shoulder to the wheel—forgotten petty differences and difficulties—or have you put sand in the bearings?

Have you asked questions and improved—or have you been too wise to learn?

Have you analyzed what you are doing, and why, or used instinct instead of reason, and got an indifferent and methodless result?

Have you allowed your mind to become poisoned with anger, worry or envy, and by so doing contaminated and reduced the efficiency of others?

Have you gone through the month, a vision of pay day the oasis in your desert of work? And have you let this vision shut out from view all else in the day's work that would build you to a size where you would give yourself a job?

Or have you been heart and soul in the work—on the job every minute with a breath of vision that made of the desert of work an oasis of opportunity?

Check up. Be truthful. Would you give yourself a job?—J. R. Worden, in the Artisan.

A BAD LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" said Aunt Kitty, meeting little Marian on the gravel walk with an armful of books to be put away.

"O please don't stop me, Aunt Kitty," said Marian; "please don't. I promised Amy Lee to come back as quick. We are playing keeping a boarding house. Amy is cook, and I am housekeeper."

"Well, Miss Housekeeper," called Aunt Kitty as she passed, "I am very sorry for your boarders."

"Why, Aunt Kitty?" Marian came to a full stop and looked back in surprise.

"O, never mind," said the aunts, walking on. "You are in a hurry now, but some day I'll tell you."

Many times that long Saturday little Marian took a rest from keeping boarders and fell to wondering what Aunt Kitty meant. And on another day she asked her.

"I mean that you are not a good keeper of your own wonderful little house."

"Why, auntie, mamma keeps our house," said Marian.

"O, I don't mean the big house, with wide porches and bay windows. I mean your own tiny little house that God has made you keeper of—the one he built for your soul to live in."

"Do you mean my body?" asked Marian.

"Yes. That is a wonderful little house; and yet you do not mind abusing it, my little housekeeper. When you get your feet wet and had the croup, that was neglecting your little house and doing it harm. When you are greedy about candy and cake, you are spoiling your house. Sometimes you don't want to take your bath, and that is being a very bad housekeeper; and when you don't go to bed early, that is bad too."

"I must go and tell Amy Lee about it," said Marian soberly—My Lesson.

An excuse is the only thing that's easy to find when you're looking for it.

LA GRIPPE

If you're sore to the core,
With aching bones, and husky tones,
When you speak, and you're weak
In the knees, and you sneeze,
And sometimes cough your head near off;
And you note that your throat
Feels quite raw, and your jaw
Feels as if you had a "tiff,"
And dull pains vex your brains—
Then you've caught it!
You have got it!
Just the grippe.

If you feel a heat steal
O'er your frame like a flame,
Till you burn, and you yearn
For cold ice at any price;
Then, like a flash, the shivers dash
From head to feet, a chill complete,
And you shake, and you quake;
There's desire for a fire,
And something hot on the spot,
To quickly drink, as you think
"Never to be warm again!"
You have got it!
Yes, you've caught it!
Just the grippe.

It is in the air, just everywhere,
Microbe of grippe, taking a trip!
Yes, up and down, through all our town,
By night and day it seeks its prey.
It is the "fad," when you are sad,
Or if you sneeze, or cough, or wheeze,
Or feel too warm, or chills alarm,
To wear a look of grim dismay
And with the sourest voice to say:—
"I have caught it!
I have got it,
This old grippe!"

WHAT DRIVES MEN TO DRINK

To the Editor:

The Literary Digest, September 18, 1915, has an article under the above caption, the first sentence of which reads: "The impulse to drunkenness is disease." After pointing out that men drink for various reasons it says that those who, "drink to get drunk are abnormal; they are diseased." This fact has been brought out distinctly in the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court. Judge Olson of the Court says, "We have yet to find the first case of the kind where there is not a tendency to epilepsy, dementia praecox, manias depressive insanity, or feeble mindedness." All this means that the man who frequently gets drunk is of unsound mind and should be so treated. In the State of Kansas they send chronic drunkards to an asylum for the insane. In Ohio they have an institution to which the habitual drunkard may be sent by the judge on application by the friends until he is considered cured. I know a clever young man who went to an asylum and begged the Superintendent to take him in for a year till he would have a chance to break off. There are many such pitiful cases for which there is no such provision made notwithstanding the revenue from traffic that causes it.

It is a serious reflection on our civilization that there is no provision made for this class, most of them the victims of the license system. We see such men going down for years wasting their substance in the saloon beggaring their families and becoming a nuisance and often a menace to society and nothing can be done to help them. They sometimes try desperately to break off but what hope in the presence of the open barroom and the treating custom? The physician is not allowed to send them to any institution unless he is very rich. There is neither hope nor help for him till he becomes insane or commits a crime. But what caused this diseased condition? "The curse causeless shall not come." Statistics generally point to a drinking father or grandfather. He was probably ignorant of the fact that his drinking would injure his children and grandchildren.

Then for God's sake help us to spread this truth far and wide that the sins of drinking parents are visited on the children and grandchildren.

H. Arnott, M.B., M.C.P.S.

JUST PLAIN FOLKS

"Do you know what I'm going to be when I grow up, Nora?" This question came from Ted, who was curled up on a kitchen window seat with a book near where Nora was ironing.

"No, dearie." Nora folded a towel and hung it across the clothes horse, smiling indulgently at the dreamy little face. She and Ted were fast friends, and to her he had brought all his hopes and inspirations. "What are you going to be?"

"A hero."

Nora didn't seem as delighted at this announcement of what appeared to be a noble ambition as Ted could have wished. She turned to the range for a fresh iron and touched it with a moist finger to see if it was hot enough before she replied. And then she spoke slowly: "Is that so? Well, now, I can't say that I ever thought much of heroes as a class. I like just plain folks. Now, there's a lot of people who have done great things who are always letting the little ones slide or leavin' 'em for somebody else to do or makin' an awful fuss about 'em in one way or another. There's a kind of heroism in most folks if you look for it, and I like best the kind that crops out in the things of life—the little duties done well, the little trials borne bravely, the little sorrow kept back so as to be able to help other people bear theirs. Yes, I think I'd much rather associate for everyday living with just plain folks."

"Well," reflected Ted, as he closed the book and climbed down from his seat to bring in the chips Nora had asked for some time ago, "maybe, after all, I'd just as lief be plain folks of the right sort, and this is a good time to begin.

"Bless the boy!" said Nora softly as she folded the last piece of shining linen.—Selected.

STILL UNSATISFIED

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"Well, he has served three terms in the penitentiary."

"And what is he doing now?"

"Trying to earn a postgraduate course."

Miller's Worm Powders are a prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as a worm expellent, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and other ailments that follow disorders caused by worms in the stomach and bowels.