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Poetry.

LEAN HARD

Child of my love, "Lean Hard,"
And let me feel the pressure of thy care;
I know thy burden, child—I shaped it,
Poised it in mine own hand—made no proportion
Of its weight to thine own unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,
I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers!
So shall I keep My child within the circling arms
Of Mine own love, "here lay it down,"
nor fear
To impose upon a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet clever come—
Thou art not near enough—
I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel my child reposing on My breast.
Thou lovest me?—I know it; doubt no'e, then,
But, loving me, "Lean Hard."

Select Family Reading

Barbara's New Point of View

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

BARBARA, over her ironing-board, could hear the music, faint and sweet, of the "hidden orchestra" at the Rich House. It affected her curiosity—Barbara, the music-lover, angry at the sound of music! What was this ill little wind that was blowing Barbara's way?

"'Hidden orchestra'—hidden grandmother!" she snapped, thumping her iron spitefully down on innocent Georgia Lou's little nightgown. "I suppose they've 'hidden' it behind the cedars, in plain sight! It sounds nice and stylish to talk about Hidden Orchestras at their old lawn party! Though, to do the Rich House people justice, they were not responsible for the puffed-up little expression; it had its origin among the townsfolks themselves.

"Barby! Barby! Hush an' listen! Hear that, will you? That's the band a-playin' at the new house. Georgy Sue 'n' I've been down—"

"Josephine Ann Hill! Down there—in those looking clothes!"

Josephine Ann dug bare brown toes deep into the soft grass under Barbara's window. Guilt suffused the small brown face of her.

"We—we just—went," she faltered in dubious explanation. "Georgy Sue went ahead." Suddenly the memory of what she had seen, as well as heard, put embarrassing confusions to flight; Josephine Ann picked up her former air of importance. "I guess you'd wish you'd went, if you knew what they're doin' there! Maids with frilly aprons a-carryin' plates and things round to ladies in white dresses—my! An' the band over behind the lilacs a-keepin' right at it every live minute. Georgy Sue said if they'd invited us—"

Barbara turned sharply.

"You children go and play, and don't you let me hear o' you going down the road again!—not till you're 'invited,'" she added, with crisp sarcasm.

Barbara was tired—a little tiredder than usual—but it was not weariness that rankled in her soul. It was the memory of the insult that the Rich House people had offered her—in Barbara's mind it began with a capital "I," INSULT. No one knew of it yet, but, of course, she would tell David to-night when he got home. The thought of how his eyes would flash with indignation comforted her a little. David would be as angry with the Rich House people as she had been.

The ironing finished, she set away the board and tidied the little, hot room. Then she went in and sat on the side of grandmother's bed. As usual, the gentle peace of grandmother's room calmed and steadied her.

"I'm glad the ironing's done, 'Tired'ie," grandmother said.

Grandmother had a quaint, sweet way of calling people by the particular adjectives that described them at the moment. "Tiredie" described Barbara now. When peppery little Georgy Sue had one of her "spells o' temper," nothing cured her quicker than to have grandmother's gentle voice call her "little Maddie," though no one else in the world would have effected a cure in that way.

"I've been lying here counting pieces—shirts and pinafores," went on the gentle voice from the pillows. "Queer, isn't it, how a body can tell which is which by the sound of the iron? Most likely I get 'em mixed. Once, Tiredie, seemed as if—as if—by the way the iron got to thumping down—"

Barbara filled in the gap.

"As if I was a 'Maddie'!" she laughed. Already she felt better, and Rich House insult—even capital I ones—were retreating into the background of her mind. In the happy, humble little foreground was this bit of rest on grandmother's bed, the cool breeze filtering in the windows through the vines, and grandmother's dear self lying in patient quiet on her cushions. It was a plain little "foreground," but the simple medicine of it was good for wounded girl-pride.

"I was a Maddie, but I'm not now, I'm a—a Sorry! It doesn't pay to thump irons—I scorched Georgy Sue's best apron. Serves me right to have to patch it."

"Bring it to me, deary. I'm head patcher. There, it's going again now! Is it in my head, or can you hear music, too? I've kept imagining it every little while."

"It's down to the 'Rich House,' as the children call it. Real music, Grandie—they've got a 'hidden orchestra' down there, playing for their lawn party. I guess it's a pretty big time—kind of an Opening, you know. They are breaking the natives in, I suppose." In spite of itself the girlish voice was bitter. Grandmother, among the pillows, detected the tone—a gentle indignation, a gently feminine championship, sprang up in her. She could have risen on her lame old legs and tramped down-road to the 'Rich House' on the strength of them. "Why didn't you ask my girl to your party?" she would have demanded. "What kind o' neighborliness do you call it to leave her out?" But grandmother, among her pillows, only smiled bravely, because smiling was best.

"Well, I like their tunes!" she said. "You open the windows a little wider, Tiredie, and let them of it in."

David came home at six, by the road that ran past the Rich House. It was Barbara's custom to hurry up the supper preparations and slip down to meet him. She had a moment of indecision to-night, then her small, firm mouth closed with a snap, and, with her fair head high in the air, she tramped away. Past the lawn party without so much as a glance, on down the road to David. To onlookers it was a plain young creature with a curiously haughty air who went by.

"Davy!" she began, a little way off. "Davy Hill, don't you dare to turn your head an inch! Look straight ahead o' you every minute! When we get past 'em I'll tell you why. Yes, there's a party, but don't—you—look!" So they march militantly by the white gowns, and the music, and the gayety.

"Now I'll explain," gasped Barbara. She was out of breath as though she had been running. "David Hill, I was invited to that party! Me—I—Barbara Benjamina Hill! This is the way: 'I called to see if you would come to The Knoll' (that's the Rich House, Davy,)—'this afternoon—to dish out ice cream and wash dishes.' I was invited like that, David Hill!" She stood still in the road, her fair face flushed with indignation. She might have been the daughter of kings. The memory of her "invitation" to the Rich House flamed in her eyes.

"Well, David Hill?" She was keenly aware of disappointment at his slow-coming answer. She had expected him to flare out hotly.

"Well," David Hill replied, with disconcerting deliberateness, "I don't guess she had any idea of insulting you, Barble."

"'Don't guess'—don't guess!" exploded the excited girl. "I tell you she had the face to offer me fifty cents an hour!"

"Fifty cents!" ejaculated David. "And you refus—" He caught himself up just in time. Barbara was too intent on her own thoughts to notice. He began again with an attempt to soothe. "I guess she meant all right, Barble—don't you go and feel cut up! She's got a nice, pleasant face—I've seen her, goin' by. Probably she thought you might like a chance to earn a couple dollars as easy as that. Fifty cents an hour's mighty good—"

"Are you a Hill, or aren't you? You don't sound like one! I guess the Hills are good as anybody in this state—I guess you've forgot one was Governor once—I don't suppose she'd have offered him fifty cents an hour to dish out her ice-cream and wash her dishes!"

"There, Barble, you're all worked up—you'll make yourself sick. Supposing she did insult you, you didn't have to take the insult. You ain't down there dishing out, are you? You're walkin' home with me."

"No," Barble returned slowly, "I'm not down there, and what's more she'll never ask me—invite me—there again! She knows now how a Hill likes being insulted."

They walked on the remainder of the way in utter silence. David's face was curiously grave, and, though his big, brown hand occasionally patted Barbara's arm soothingly, she missed the outflame of sympathy she had looked for. Davy was tired, perhaps that was why. His young face looked careworn and lined. Suddenly a thought flashed into Barbara's head. Davy was hired to work for other people at twenty cents an hour! And Davy was a Hill. She had not thought of Davy's work in that light before. Now, remembering, she understood why he had taken her startling news so quietly. Davy was used to being insulted.

She caught his arm and stopped him.

"Davy, I never thought—oh, you poor old dear! Here you've had it to bear this ever so long! I won't have it—you sha'n't go back and stand it another day!"

"All right, I won't go," he said cheerily. "Come on home to Grandie. I'll race you up to the old pump!" But, in spite of his tone, Davy's heart was not cheery. He had brought it home to-night, a heavy load in his breast, because the work that Barbara scorned was finished, and he did not know where to turn to find more. It was so necessary to find it. Suddenly even as he raced with clanking dinner-pail, blank dismay seethed hotly through his soul, and the courage died in him. Barble—grandmother—no one knew the nagging, pressing need there was for the twenty cents an hour that he could earn. The burden of the little, fatherless and motherless family almost crushed him to-night.

Fifty cents an hour—for one hot little minute he could have caught his beloved Barble by the shoulder and shaken her roundly for losing the chance of that fifty cents. He could have declaimed loudly against false pride—as if any honest work could "insult" anyone!

But, one by one, the hot thoughts slipped away from him as he ran; the race to the old pump was good for David.

"Poor Barble—poor little Hill girl!" he could think presently. "She ought to have been invited to eat ice-cream—I guess she's as good as any girl there is there! Of course she felt insulted—it's different with girls. A fellow is made with a thick skin, and can stand things better. Now, you fellow, David Hill, you get hold o' your courage again—hear me talk? You haven't got to trouble Grandie and Barble to-night just because your down in the mouth yourself. Laugh for 'em—laugh, David Hill! Time enough to 'cry baby' when you're alone in a decent, retired way!"

David and Barbara could remember a very different kind of a home from this humble little one. Before the twin disasters that had robbed them of both parents, and before grandmother's "stroke," that had followed not very far behind, there had been many luxuries in their young lives. One by one they had been obliged to relinquish them, with the sudden cessation of the money that had made them possible. The little family had moved into the country and made the best of the new circumstances. "Grandie's" militant faith and gentle patience, and the quiet determination of David, had made life under the new conditions comfortable, at least. No one but Barbara hotly rebelled against the restrictions of it, and she rarely openly. It was the coming of the new people to the Rich House, a little way down road, that had opened the old wounds in her pride and ambitions. The culmination of her woes had come to-day, when the Rich House mistress had applied to her for help—like a servant! Instead of inviting her to the lawn festival with the other guests.

"Oh, I cannot bear it!" Barbara moaned, alone at last in her own tiny attic room. She had come up to bed as soon as the children were tucked away and Grandie made comfortable for the night. Still dressed, she sat on the floor beside the low little window, luxuriating in her troubles.

"David never sympathized with me! Not deep down in his heart—I was so sure he would! I thought he'd go down there and shake his fist at 'em!" She caught herself laughing at the picture she had conjured up. Laughter was a sedative to her disquieted mind. Presently she was sympathizing with David, in a quick change of mood. He had looked so tired at supper time, and, for all he had romped with the children and told gay stories to Grandie, he had been troubled. Barbara was sure he had been troubled; telegraphic wires connected her mind and Davy's, and silent messages slipped back and forth.

"Oh, I'm a wretch, sitting here pitying myself! It's poor Davy needs it—Davy, who has to bear being insulted every day! I never thought before! I'm going to find him and tell him I'm a selfish old thing."

She had seen him go stalking away in the soft darkness—to get off by himself, of course—as she had fled upstairs. She hurried down the narrow back stairway and away on the trail of David. The next house but one was the Rich House. It was brightly lighted; and Barbara could see people moving about in the big kitchen, through the uncovered windows. The servants were "cleaning up" after the party, probably.

Suddenly the girl stood still in the dark road. Something gripped her throat like tight fingers; she had seen Davy through the lighted windows! He was standing at a table washing huge stacks of saucers. She could see his face, and it was happy. Davy—a Hill—

Barbara wrestled with twin demons of pride and indignation, there alone in the night. Then suddenly along the little wires, from David to her, came the explanation of this shameful thing, and it was no longer shameful. Barbara understood. Davy was earning the money she had scornfully refused to earn.

The mistress of the Rich House herself opened the door to the young person she had called upon earlier in the day.

"Will you please show me the way to the kitchen—I mean are you willing to? It's Davy, my brother, out there washing dishes—I want to wipe them for him! Please let me!—oh, I know I didn't want to when you asked me before, but I do now. If I don't hurry I'm afraid he'll get through!"

Barbara's face was flushed and eager. To the kind but puzzled eyes of the woman at the door, it was a very different face from the one she had confronted that morning up-road at the tiny house to which she had been directed. That girl had held her fair head haughtily. This fair head—

"Please, ma'am! Oh, I mean won't you let me wipe Davy's dishes? He's—he's earning my money. He thought he ought to, we're so poor at our house. But he's worked all day—Davy's tired! I went to bed, but I came out to find him and tell him how ashamed I was. I thought he'd just come down the road a little way to be alone."

"My dear child!" The voice was half-laughing, half-anxious; it was a sweet and gentle voice that, even in her excitement, Barbara thought like Grandie's dear old voice. "Dear child, I'm not sure you're not crazy! How can I let crazy girls that materialize suddenly out of the darkness wipe my saucers for me?"

"It's for Davy—I want to show Davy! If I don't hurry—" Then Barbara suddenly laughed a little, clear, sane ripple of mirth. "I don't wonder you think I'm crazy, ma'am," she said, "but I'm not. I'm only selfish down to my boots! I thought it would hurt my dignity to work for you, and there's Davy been working all the time! It hasn't hurt Davy's dignity—he's the dearest—" She was getting excited again. The gentle lady put a hand on her arm and drew her into the lighted hall.

Somewhat later the brother and sister went home together. Barbara had a little covered dish of ice-cream for Grandie.

"Davy," she said happily, "how could I ever have thought it was below a Hill to wash other people's dishes? It's—up Hill!"

David was happy too. He laughed. "You're a funny girl! Grandie would call you 'Queerie'!"

They walked on a little farther, grown suddenly rather quiet. Then Barbara said slowly: "I ought to have known—I know now, Davy—it isn't work that degrades anybody. The idea—not good, clean soapsudsy work! It's being afraid you'll soil your hands doing it. It's feeling above that degrades, Davy."

"Yes," soberly nodded David in the dark.

REV. W. S. McTAVISH, D. D.
FIELD SECRETARY DOMINION ALLIANCE

Rev. Dr. McTavish is another of our Halton boys who have "made good." He is the son of the late Arch. McTavish, of Nassagaweya, and was born on the old homestead, lot 27, con. 5, near Knatchbull. He is a brother of Mr. Arch. McTavish, merchant tailor, Acton.

After taking the usual public school course at Bloomsbury School he studied at Rockwood Academy and afterwards at Georgetown Academy. From there he went to Toronto University and Knox College, graduating from the latter in 1884. Soon after graduation he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery at Toronto. Later he took post-graduate work in Union Seminary, New York. While a student at the Seminary he took charge of a mission in the Five Points, New York City, and there realized the tragedy of many a life in the slums, and what it was to be a great slum worker.

Dr. McTavish was ten years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at St. George, ten years at Deseronto, and six years at Cooke's Church, Kingston, always giving most faithful and highly satisfactory pastorates. He has held many important positions in the church and is a member of the Board of Management of Queen's University, Kingston. In his new position he will give the most of his gifted services to the advancement of the temperance cause.

In his early teens Dr. McTavish was the valued correspondent of the FREE PRESS at Knatchbull.

An English Chemist has Discovered How to Grow Hair

In England the ladies have entirely abandoned wearing rats, which is due entirely to this new discovery.

It has been proven that Henna leaves contain the ingredients that will positively grow hair. That they contain this long-looked-for article is proven every day.

The Americans are now placing on the market a preparation containing the extract from Henna leaves, which is having a phenomenal sale.

This preparation is called SALVIA, and is being sold with a guarantee to cure dandruff and to grow hair in abundance. Being daintily perfumed, SALVIA makes a most pleasant hair dressing. E. J. Hassard, your druggist, is the first to import this preparation into Acton and a large, generous bottle can be purchased for 50c.

FORGET IT

Drop the subject when you cannot agree; there is no need to be bitter because you know you are right.

START RIGHT

For young men starting upon their life work it is best to begin as I did, at the beginning, and occupy the most inconsiderable positions, then climb.—Andrew Carnegie.

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 tranquilizing 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.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

O, the friends we find in this good old world,
Loyal, and loving, and true, and strong,
That are glad with us when our hearts rejoice,
And staunch and helpful when things go wrong!
O, the friends we lose in this sad old world,
The friends who whisper a long good-bye,
And the friends who grant us never a word—
The friends who change, and the friends who die!
We each have murmured our broken plaint:
"O, the vanished hand with its tender touch,
And the old-time glance, and the old-time word—
The faith and the friendship that meant so much!"
Yet the friends we find in this glad old world—
Friends worth the finding, say what you will,
Who share our sorrows, our hopes, our joys,
And love us with boldness through good and ill.

Joan Blewett.

HOW TO LIVE.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from our Issue of October 11th, 1891

The six a. m. bell ceased on Oct. 1st, and will not likely be resumed until spring.

Mr. James Moore has returned to his farm above Crewson's Corners, after four years' residence here.

Mr. Alex. Kennedy has disposed of his stock and implements, and will remove from Norval to Guelph.

Messrs. Arnold Bros., glove manufacturers, have dissolved partnership, Mr. H. T. Arnold will continue.

The Central Bank liquidators have disposed of the last of the bad debts of $750,000 for $14,000. This will enable them to disclose another dividend of 6 per cent. making the total amount paid on the dollar, 99½ cents.

A handsome granite monument has been placed by Kennedy & Son, Guelph, in Fairview Cemetery, at the grave of the wife of Mr. John Allan, 3rd line, Erin.

At the home of Mr. Wm. Williams, last week the members of the Methodist Choir, spent an enjoyable evening as a farewell to Misses Martha and Mary Moore, who are removing to the old farm home near Crewsons Corners. Mr. and Mrs. Williams acted the part of host and hostess in a very generous manner.

Co. G, Lorne Rifles left on Tuesday for the bi-annual drill at Niagara. Perhaps owing to the lateness of the season there was not so much enthusiasm as in the old days when the brave defenders were escorted to the station by the band and hundreds of citizens.

At the Municipal Council another addition was made to the list of duties of the Municipal Officer, the By-law for appointment of Truant Officer being read the required number of times and passed, the name of Daniel Graham being inserted.

The Council declined the request of Bailiff Hemstreet for a crossing on River Street across Main, the committee considering it a bad precedent to allow private crossings.

The Editor and family have returned from a very pleasant visit to Montreal, going by rail, and returning by steamer, during which many places of interest were visited. Some eloquent preachers were heard; also two lectures—one by Will O. Maines, the "Boy Lecturer," of Brooklyn, N. Y., and one by Rev. Dr. Antliff, of Derby, Eng. An exciting trip down the Lachine Rapids was one of the events. Sir Richard Cartright was a fellow traveller on the steamer part of the way on the return trip.

Mrs. James McLam left last week on a visit to Pt. Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Easton left on Friday to visit friends in Sarnia.

Mr. Anson Smith, Sr., returned home from Glanford on Saturday morning.

Mr. O. O. Henderson left on Monday to resume his studies at Toronto University.

Mr. Thomas Kennedy, Registrar of Parry Sound, visited his Acton friends yesterday.

Mrs. George Matthews, of Bloomfield, N. J., has been renewing acquaintances here.

Capt. Kelly, of the Salvation Army Rescue Home, Toronto, has been a guest at the home of Mr. Francis the past week.

Mr. J. N. Brown spent a few days at the home of Dr. Uren this week. He left on Tuesday for Toronto to resume his course at the Medical College there.

Mr. D. Henderson, M. P., is home from Ottawa and is now to be found in his office.

MARRIED—At the Methodist Parsonage, Rockwood, on 30th September, by Rev. J. Hart, Mr. John Allen, to Miss Robena Auld, of Erin township.

MARRIED—At the residence of Alex. Campbell, Ballinafad, on 30th September, by Rev. Jos. Edge, John Stewart, Jr., Esquesing, to Miss Nellie E. Dailey, of Erin.