ARE YOU?

here are just two kind of people on earth to-day—
Just two kinds of people, no more," I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
must first know the state of his conscience and health;

ot the humble and proud, for, in life's span
o puts on vain airs is not counted a man;

the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
each man his laughter and each n his tears.

e two kinds of people on earth I mean
people who lift and the people lean.

you go you will find the masses,
divided in just two classes.

nough, you will find, too, only one lifter to twenty who

t class are you? Are you easing e load
vertaxed lifters who toil down the road?

are you a leaner who lets others bear
our portion of labor and worry and care?

—S. J. E. Cox.

The MacFarlane Willows

Alice Margaret Ashton

THE MacFarlane farm was the show place of our country community. A good start in early life together with ability and native thrift had resulted in Grandfather MacFarlane's acquiring what was known among us at that time as a good-sized fortune. Before either of my grandparents was fifty years old they had built, beyond the big red barns, a pretty cottage for Uncle Stephen and Aunt Mary and have ceased to be active in working the farm.

Grandmother devoted her time to caring for her wide, rambling old farmhouse, and grandfather began to do all the odd jobs round the place that he had longed to do during the crowded years of his active life. He kept the plain substantial buildings neatly painted. There was never any question what the color of the paint should be; any color for the barns except red with white trimmings would have looked odd; any color for the house except white with green blinds would have been beneath the dignity of MacFarlane farm. He devoted much time and care to the fine orchard, which contained early and late apples of improved varieties, cherries, pears and plums, especially the delicious greengages without which no old-time Eastern garden was thought to be complete.

Under grandfather's care the wide dooryard became a place of beautiful beds and borders and flowering shrubbery. He set out hedges and trees along the roadside and the lanes; he trained vines over a rough and rocky corner of the grounds; he built lattice and planted shrubbery to shut off an undesirable view of the stables and the barnyard; and at last at the sunny southerly end of the house he built the spacious glassed room for winter plants that proved the wonder and delight of all the neighborhood.

What a riot of bright bloom and foliage glowed in that room! I can hear grandmother now describing to me the beauty of the plants for my childish edification and can almost breath the pungent fragrance and see the wonderful color of the blossoms against the snow outside. here were geraniums of every hue; there were fuschias and begonias and a wonderful cactus with enormous crimson cup-like blossoms. Our city-bred relatives called the room a conservatory, but we knew it simply as the plant room.

Grandfather and Grandmother MacFarlane took great comfort and pride in all the improvements and were constantly planning how they might make the place still more pleasant and delightful. Whenever they reached the top of the hill on their way home from the village they always looked with pleasure at their trim homestead. "Looks pretty good," grandfather would remark with satisfaction.

"How that row of maples has grown!" grandmother might respond. "There are just enough trees in the dooryard; I never admired a house mothered in foliage, and I don't believe foliage is healthy."

both realized that something was to make the place as attractay, would wish to see it. Somehow, it lacked a comfortable and homelike look.

It was only after several years of vain wondering and experimenting that Grandfather MacFarlane found out what was the real trouble. "The place needs background," he declared with conviction one day. "Everything is in front. I've observed that the prettiest country places have fine barns for a background, or have a slope of land or clumps of trees right behind the house."

Our barns were situated at one side of the house, beyond the garden and the little orchard. A few rods behind the house the ground dropped off abruptly in a rough ledge at the foot of which ran a little stream. In spite of the pretty plantings the house stood out bleak and bare against the horizon.

"You have discovered the difficulty, I do believe," said grandma. "It's real clever of you, Jonathan. I'd never have guessed what was wrong, but I see now, since you have pointed it out. Trees seem to be the only thing we can use; we can't move the barns or erect a hill! But how could we ever get trees to grow on that rough ledge?"

Grandfather said nothing, but he was not a man to give up easily.

One day while he and grandma and Uncle Stephen's wife were together at the big house he announced triumphantly, "I've got the idea. Willows! Willows will grow like weeds along that creek bottom. In five years they will be a fine background for the place and will improve year by year. I'm going to hitch up old Dolly right now and drive over to Elder Creek for cuttings."

"Why, Jonathan, the very thing," grandma exclaimed with animation. "Willows are real pretty a ways off, and nothing grows to beat them. But," she added emphatically, "I wouldn't have a willow tree any nearer my house than that creek bottom for anything."

Although th

had a way of occasionally saying something in a very positive tone and with a spirited tilt of her head that indicated a will of her own.

"Weren't you unwise to say that?" Aunt Mary inquired as grandfather started for the barn. "Father had that set look to his mouth, seems to me."

For a moment grandmother looked a bit chagrined; then she lifted her head and made a gesture. "I don't know as I've any cause to worry," she observed. "If brown beans won't grow on MacFarlane farm, I've my doubt about willow trees doing it!"

Aunt Mary laughed. She had heard of the episode of the brown beans, which had happened before she married into the family, and she admired pretty little Grandma MacFarlane perhaps because of more or less unsuccessful encounters of her own with the most prominent characteristic of the MacFarlane family. Grandfather was a good man, upright, kind, generous and as honest as daylight, but once his mind was made up he was "set." No one was ever sure what might not arouse his unyielding stubbornness. The affair of the brown beans had begun one evening after the elder MacFarlanes had had supper at the home of an old neighbor.

"Jane had a delicious supper," remarked grandma appreciatively on the way home. "Everything was good except the beans. I can't see why Irate keeps raising those brown beans; they certainly do not taste so good as the white ones." Perhaps at that instant grandma caught a glimpse of her husband's face, for she added judiciously, "Nothing can beat the white marrows that you raise, Jonathan."

"I liked the beans," grandfather had replied. "I intend to get seed of Irate and plant brown beans this spring instead of white sparrows."

Neither said anything further, but a week later grandfather came home with four quarts of brown beans and put them with some other garden seeds on the top shelf of the pantry. One night when the minister was taking supper at the farm grandma brought in a large dish of brown beans. If grandfather was displeased he did not mention it before the guest. But the next morning he inquired, "How'd you come to cook my seed beans, mother? Are we all out of white beans?"

"Why, no," grandma had replied; "but the white ones were all over in the granary, and I was in a hurry. The brown beans looked so clean and nice I thought I'd just use some. Irate has lots more seed; I'll get you some next time I go over there."

She was as good as her word. "Irate says," she remarked on returning, "he doubts whether you can raise these beans on this place, Jonathan. He says they need sandy land like his lower lot; and you know we've always been so glad that our farm isn't sandy."

"I guess they'll grow," said grandfather shortly.

But the beans did not grow. For three successive years he stubbornly procured the seed and carefully planted it; yet he harvested scarcely a brown bean!

"Funny now about beans," grandma often used to say when she served delicious white marrow beans to appreciative guests. "Irate Doyle raises real nice brown beans, but brown beans won't grow on this place. Jonathan has tried 'em over so many years."

And then grandfather's eyes would twinkle. He knew when he was fairly beaten. He could always appreciate a joke on himself—long afterwards! If there were any reason except the absence of sand that the brown beans failed to grow, serene Grandmother MacFarlane did not mention it.

Grandfather came home early with his willow cuttings; and after supper grandma went down along the creek bottom with him to help set them out. "They ought to do right well," she reasoned aloud as she dipped water from the shallow but rapid stream. "Willows need lots of moisture, and it is real handy here to water them. We must come down every evening and dip water round 'em until they get a good start. I declare I don't know when I've been so pleased about anything as I am about these willow trees. It was real smart of you, pa, to see why our place didn't look the way it ought and to think of these willows as a remedy."

Grandfather merely grunted and began to gather up the tools that he had used for planting.

"You through?" inquired grandma. "Why not set out the rest, seeing you have them?" She pointed to three especially fine cuttings that lay in the basket.

"I'm going to set them out in the dooryard," the old gentleman replied laconically.

With undiminished cheerfulness the little lady emptied her dipper and without another word followed him to the dooryard.

The farm buildings faced south. Neither tree nor verandah had been put at the front of the house to keep out the sunlight. During the summer, grandmother had always argued the sun would be too high to shine in unpleasantly at a south door or window, during the nine months that remained the sun would be most welcome. It was only the west side of the house that needed shading in the hot summer afternoons. "I like the east side fairly clear too," she would say, "morning sunshine is always a joy."

Grandma's reasoning was good. No pleasanter house could be imagined than her own. Living rooms were cheery with morning sunlight. The unshuttered south windows and doors were cool and airy in summer, but as the sun sank lower during the winter months it slanted, warm and pleasant, into the plant room full of gay blossoms and filled the big sitting room with cheer.

With spade and willow cuttings grandfather went straight for the sacredly preserved open space beside the front gate. While he dug a hole and firmly set one of the little trees into it grandma hastened to the well for a pail of water. "When the tree gets a little size it ought to shade the dooryard and the front of the house real nice," she observed, casting an appreciative glance upward as if at imaginary branches.

Grandfather made no comment. When he planted the second tree impertinently in front of the precious plant room grandma only smiled; and when he set the last tree close beside the pleasant west kitchen door she remarked cheerfully: "Now this one ought to do best of all, seems to me. The soil is extra good and deep right here, and this one will get lots of water, thrown out from the kitchen. I've got so I use the kitchen drain so much for everything that I'll probably have a hard time remembering the trees at first; but plenty of water can just as well be thrown out round this little tree without making an extra step, you've planted it so handy. They do say a willow can't get too much water."

All the willow cuttings received much care and attention. "I'll water these up here by the house while you attend to those down by the brook," grandma would say of an evening. "I believe to goodness I see green leaves or shoots starting out. Now, doesn't that beat all you ever saw?"

Never had any improvement on the place aroused more interest and solicitation. For the whole family realized that something about the buildings or their surroundings was amiss, and everyone believed that grandfather had hit on just what was needed to make the homestead attractive.

A few weeks it was evident that cuttings along the edge of the creek had taken root. But in the dooryard the tree near the gate began to wilt and droop. Grandma mentioned the fact to grandfather after one of her daily visits of inspection to the borders and the shrubbery. Grandfather went out alone to examine the cutting, but he could discover no mark of injury on it. Every evening the moist earth round it was proof that it had been faithfully watered. Yet the little tree drooped. By midsummer the cutting in front of the plant room also began to droop; and by fall not a willow cutting in the dooryard was alive!

The following spring when the frost had gone out of the ground Grandfather MacFarlane said that he intended to hitch Dolly and drive to Elder Creek to get three willow cuttings.

"I'll just go with you," his wife replied. "I love the woods and creeks in early spring."

Both went, and later they set out the new cuttings where the unfortunate cuttings of the year before had been. But, alas! the new ones also seemed destined to die. It is true that grandfather watched over them more jealously than before, and that grandma watered and tended them faithfully. They took root, and little green shoots started out bravely, but they did not last long. This time the tree near the kitchen door was the first to droop. Grandfather dug round the roots of it to see whether grub or insect was at work there; he found none; the ground seemed to be ideal. Yet one after another the cuttings died.

Every spring the old couple went to Elder Creek for willow cuttings; yet fall never found a live willow tree in the dooryard.

"It is so pretty down there by the creek," grandma used to say. "The brown water and the tender new barn and the pussy willows! I declare I can't bring myself to feel real sorry about the willows' dying, in spite of all the work we've put on them. For if it weren't for getting new cuttings I'd never get down Elder Creek in the early spring!"

Perhaps grandfather also enjoyed the little yearly journey to the creek; perhaps pleasure rather than obstinacy kept alive his determination to set out the three willow cuttings in the dooryard every spring.

It was astonishing that in five years trees could have grown as large as the willows down by the creek. Their roots went deep into the moist earth; their tops were high; their branches were thick and graceful. Already the white house shone like a great pearl against their lacy green foliage. MacFarlane farm was at last becoming a thing of genuine beauty.

"Kind of queer about willows," grandma used sometimes to remark when people praised the beautiful hedge along the creek. "Every tree grew fine down there; but willows don't seem to do anything in our dooryard. Jonathan has planted them every year now for five years, and they die off every time."

One day when she spoke of the willows in the dooryard, grandfather's eyes suddenly twinkled. "I give you my word I'll never plant another willow tree in this yard," he said; "but I'd like to know, 'Lizabeth Ann, what ailed those willow trees I set out. The soil is good, and I planted 'em best I knew how. Never any sign of their getting injured in any way. You certainly watered them faithful—"

"Maybe that was it, the water," suggested grandma, whose eyes also were twinkling. "You see, occasionally I used— the teakettle."

As long as grandfather lived he always delighted in telling about the willow trees and the teakettle. Once he was fairly beaten, he could see a joke as well as the next person.

No more willow cuttings were ever planted on MacFarlane farm; but to this day the old MacFarlane willows near the creek are the beauty spot of a lovely old country place. Every year they are faithfully trimmed and thinned and cared for. And many is the time that one of us later MacFarlanes has conquered an inborn streak of obstinacy by saying, "Oh, well, what's the use—willow trees won't grow in our dooryard, anyway."

LARGEST HORSE FARM EAST OF MANITOBA

It is not generally known that the most important horse breeding establishment east of Manitoba is situated at St. Joachim, County of Montmorency, Province of Quebec. This farm was started by the united efforts of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, the Quebec Department of Agriculture, and the French Canadian Horse Breeders' Association. The work is being carried on by the first-named and is under the direct supervision of Mr. Gus Langelier, who is also superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station, Cap Rouge, Que. There are at present, on the horse farm, over ninety horses, all pure-bred French Canadians; an idea of the scale on which breeding operations are conducted can be had when it is known that twenty-two mares have youngsters this year, while thirty-four are due to foal in 1923.

Part of the work is to improve French Canadian horses, but it is also clear that most of the problems of horse breeding, feeding, housing, and management, can be investigated as well with this breed as with any other. These problems are quite numerous: inbreeding, close in lins, and outcrossing; in feeding roughages, concentrates, pastures; in housing, the big special barn, part of the cattle barn partitioned off, cheap single-boarded shelters; in management, work or no work for breeding animals, prevention of diseases in youngsters, raising autumn colts. These in themselves show the advisability of having started such a farm.

What will be the future of the place? From an investigational point of view it is assured, as even a quarter of a century is not near long enough to solve many of the problems. As to the effects of any improvement of the French Canadian horse accomplishment thereby and the scope of the distribution of improved breeding stock, the future of that enterprise is really in the hands of the farmers of the Province of Quebec. If they show enough interest, no doubt French Canadian horses will continue to be bred at St. Joachim; but if it is found out, which is improbable, that French Canadian stallions and breeding stock are not in demand, then it will surely be in order to look into the question of using another breed for the experimental work at St. Joachim.

In the meantime, the Province of Quebec can boast of having the most important horse breeding establishment in Eastern Canada.

RAISING HIS SALARY

Clerk: "I camp in to ask you, sir, if you could raise my salary."

Employer: "It isn't pay day."

Clerk: "I know that, sir; but I thought I would speak about it to-day."

Employer: "Well, go back to your desk, and don't worry. I've managed to raise it every week you've been with us so far, haven't I?"

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION

"Now, Timothy," said the teacher, "which is correct, 'A hen is setting' or 'A hen is sitting'?"

"Well, miss," came back the prompt reply, "I asked father once, and he said he didn't trouble much about the setting or sitting. What he wanted to know was whether the hen was laying or lying when she cackled."

DOG INTELLIGENCE

In England, a short time ago, says an exchange, a medal was awarded a Great Dane for saving his master's life. A roaring, deafening wind was blowing, and the man was walking along a dark Cheshire road with his head down.

The dog was some distance behind, but presently he came up at racing speed, took a jump at his master, and sent him sprawling into the hedge. The dog himself could not escape the bonnet of the car which, but for his intervention, have killed his master, and was badly injured.

Quite recently an Irish terrier, of his own accord, paid repeated visits to a Croydon hospital for treatment, while in the boarding room of King's College Hospital, London, is a picture of two fox terriers escorting a wounded collie to that institution. The incident depicted is a true one. The owner of the dogs was a bookseller named Hutt, and his explanation of the dogs' sagacity was that they must have noticed people who had met with accidents being taken there. They used their knowledge when their friend, the collie, was run over by a cab.

Owners of bull terrier have countless stories to tell of their favorite breed. One of the best is of the animal which went to a dog show "on his own." He was a wonderful dog and had taken prizes everywhere, but eventually he grew old and his son reigned in his stead.

Evidently, however, he thought this was an oversight, on the part of his master, which it was his duty to rectify.

Consequently he jumped through a kitchen window, over several walls, made his way through miles of London's thickest traffic, and finally finished up at the Horticultural Hall, where he took his place on the stand.

LEARN TO LAUGH

Learn to laugh; a good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story; a good story, well told, is as welcome as sunshine in a sick-room.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself; the world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile; a good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic is not wanted anywhere.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under pleasant smiles; no one cares to hear whether you have headaches, earaches, or rheumatism.

You will pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that you can do, or any kindness that you can show to any human being, you had better do it now; do not defer or neglect it.

THE "NEW NORTH"

A Sportsman's Paradise

To men who spend their vacation fishing, hunting or canoeing, Canada is first among the countries of the world for the opportunities it affords for indulgence in either of these inviting, invigorating and exciting pastimes.

But there is one part of the Dominion which is particularly inviting to the sporting fisherman, the big game hunter or the canoeist. It is what is aptly termed Canada's "New North," reached via Cochrane, and comprehends that vast stretch of virgin country contiguous to the Canadian National Railways, Transcontinental Division extending across the upper part of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec for a distance of over a thousand miles, with Hudson Bay as its northern limit. To quote a travelled writer, "God made it well: "It is a virgin country just as God made it."

To the sportsman this northern country is a veritable paradise. Within its vast forests there roam at will nearly all species of big game common to the North American continent. Of the big and burly moose it is the home. Red deer have a wide range and in some sections are numerous, while caribou are to be had by the hunter who seeks them in their feeding grounds. In several districts bear are to be found, while the smaller fur-bearing animals are common to a wide range of territory.

Disciples of Izaak Walton will find in the numerous rivers and lakes all that the most ardent of them can desire, both in regard to extent and variety of fish which abound in their waters. Lake, or grey trout, ranging in weight from six to twenty pounds, are common to several of the lakes. Waters in which speckled trout abound are easily accessible, although, naturally, the more remote the districts the better the sport. In some of the rivers and streams are to be caught speckled brook trout (known also as the square tail trout) weighing from five to seven pounds. Good bass fishing is to be had in certain parts, and particularly in northwestern Quebec. One specie of fish which is common to some of the older parts of Canada not found in this far-northern country is the maskinonge. But in some of the waters flowing into James Bay are to be caught the lordly sturgeon, sportsmen having landed fish of this species ranging in weight all the way from twenty to two hundred pounds. In the waters contiguous to Hudson Bay excellent salmon fishing is occasionally experienced. Pike and pickerel are common to the waters of this northern wild.

To the canoeist who seeks adventure in territory beyond the fringe of civilization the waters of the northern parts of Quebec and Ontario afford ideal facilities. Rivers, many of them mighty streams which for generations have served as highways to adventurers, fur-traders and trappers bound to and from Hudson Bay, are almost beyond compute in number, the country being grid-ironed by them. Wonderfully interesting canoe trips, either extended or limited, are available. Take for example the six routes to Moose Factory all of which find their way into Moose River about 30 miles south of Moose Factory on James Bay.

Until within recent years this great new north was inaccessible to those who had but a few weeks' vacation at their disposal. It could not even be reached during an ordinary vacation term. Now, over the lines of the Canadian National Railways, the sporting fisherman, the hunter, the canoeist and holiday seekers in general can, occupying en route modernly appointed steel-constructed trains, reach points in this "Happy Hunting Ground" in the course of a twenty-four-hour journey from such centres as Toronto and Montreal and from New York, Chicago and Boston in approximately thirty-six hours.

And there is an interesting little booklet entitled "Where to Hunt, Fish and Paddle in the New North," obtainable from any office of the Canadian National Railways, which enables the holiday seeker to select his camping ground in this primeval paradise.

A number of sectional maps covering the sporting territory from west of Lake Nipigon to Western Quebec, in which are shown canoe routes and trails, will prove invaluable to the sportsman visiting the territory.

The booklet also furnishes information regarding guides, outfit and other necessary details.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
Right and Morning
Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothe, Refresh. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE BOSS

You may think the Boss be pretty near all-powerful. But he isn't. He's as helpless in the hands of time and events as you are. Especially he be helpless as to you. Don't think that the Boss can make you or break you.

He can't.

He cannot keep a poor man up or a good man down. He can pile titles and salary on top of a man, but if the man is weak the result will be only a grease spot.

On the other hand, the Boss may drape overalls and a ten-a-week salary around a fellow and put him at work cleaning cuspidors, but if the chap has brains and pep he will get the Old Man's job sooner or later, or some other job just as good.

The thing for the worker to do is to work to satisfy not the Boss but himself. Let him ask himself each night, "Have I delivered the goods to-day? How do I stack up? Have I accomplished anything? Is the cause in which I am engaged any further ahead by reason of my thought or effort? Have I earned my salt to-day, and a little more? Has the Boss made a profit out of this day's work of mine?"—American Mutual Magazine.

WARNED AGAINST CORN BORER

The Dominion and Provincial Entomologists who have been investigating the means of destroying the corn borer have again issued a warning for all farmers to clean up their barn yards and burn all old stalks before the first of July. As this pest is nearly now entering on the free flying or moth stage of its existence and soon will be laying eggs. There is only one brood a year in Ontario and the borers feed almost entirely on all varieties of corn.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Double action—Goes farther—Try it and you'll be delighted with the results.

EGG-O Baking Powder

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Partridge users throughout the Dominion testify to enjoying durability in excess of their greatest expectations.

A typical recommendation reads:—"Beyond all doubt the Partridge Cord tire is the best of its kind on the market to-day."

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

Battleships are not the only things being Scrapped these days

Lots of other things were scrapped before the Washington Conference became even a possibility---old prejudices---old grudges---old methods of diplomacy had to be discarded before it was possible to ask for bids from the junk man on a few billion dollars worth of "war canoes."

If you are to make the most of your opportunities selling your goods it will pay you to take stock of your methods of doing business, and scrap ruthlessly the old systems or prejudices that new conditions have rendered obsolete. And above all court publicity---secret diplomacy is as bad for your business as it is for the business of running a nation---ADVERTISE.

Advertise In The Acton Free Press

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Gold Medal Binder Twine

650 Feet to the lb. Beyond all doubt the best Twine on the Market

13 3-4c per lb.

GOLD MEDAL, 650 feet 13¾c
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Summer Shoes
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Very low prices on a lot of good goods in small sizes.

The quality is there and the prices are as low as the sizes.

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