1900.

The Farm. 4

The Farmer Boy of 1900.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

The farmer boy who opens his eyes on the dawn of the year 1900, will see a country altogether different from that which greeted his grandfather of a hundred years ago. Then the farming part of the United States was small indeed, compris-ing only a narrow strip of land along the shores of the Atlantic; and not only that—that man who depended upon the tilling of the soil for a livelihood had a sorry time of it, being obliged to work around no end of stumps and rocks, and winning all he had by the hardest toil. In the way of machinery he had very little. His plough was of the rudest imaginable construction. About all he could raise anyway was corn and some few vegetables. He was obliged to depend on the game he found in the forests and streams to supplement the products of the soil. Neighbors were few and scattered widely.

A hundred years ago almost the only team the farmer had was a yoke of oxen.
No one but the wealthy could own a span of horses. Now oxen are to be seen no-where save in the districts most remote from the towns and villages. Even the horse is being replaced by steam or electricity. The carriage propelled by steam or electricity is no uncommon sight even upon our country roads.

Now our farming lands stretch away across the continent, three thousand miles to the Pacific. The broad prairies of the West teem with cattle and sheep, and the farmer must have most improved machinery, and plenty of it, to do the work upon his farm. Steam gang ploughs take the place of horses, and harvesters which reap, place of noises, and narvesters which reap, thresh and put into bags the grain he raises make the old fashioned cradle and threshing machine turn pale with envy. Instead of sitting by the light of the candle of tallow, our modern farmer eats his supper by the blaze of the kerosene lamp, or, even better still, the glare of gaslight. His wife does her cooking at a range which is a marvel of beauty and convenience, and makes the dresses and other garments with are not purchased readymade, with a sewing machine which had not been dreamed of a century ago.

Schools, churches, libraries, academies, colleges and other educational agencies are at his very door. Neighbors are within a stone's throw. Mills, factories and shops of all kind stand ready to take his raw material and convert it into cash. Railways, steamship lines and electric lines bring him into close communication with the city. He can go to sleep in New York and wake up in Chicago. Less than six days will put him across the Atlantic. Printing presses have brought the best newspapers of the world to his table.

So the farmer boy of 1900 must know things which would have seemed impossible to the lad of the early century. He must be able to hold the modern plough, to run a reaper, to ride the mower, to manage an engine and all the farm appliances which inventive genius has placed within his reach; to treat his horse and cow when ill, to try a lawsuit, to sit in the jury box intelligently, to help in making the laws of his town, county and State; to keep a small army of hands profitably employed, to market the products of the farm successfully, to address public meetings on any of the subjects uppermost in

ings on any of the subjects uppermost in the minds of the people whenever called upon, to shoe his own horses, make his own wagons and tools, and finally to do the work which formerly required the united efforts of a score of men in a dozen different professions. Very many sided must be the farmer boy of 1900.

What, in view of his opportunities and his privileges, should be the courage of the youth of the present? Should he feel it a burden that his lot is cast in the country? Should he be at all inclined to think that young men in other lines of business have an undue advantage of him, and be anxious and watching for a chance to slip away from the farm and allow himself to be swallowed up by that octopus, the city? The boy who looks at the matter in this light fails absolutely of rising to the grandeur of his calling. There never was a time when it meant more to be a farmer

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than now. The oldtime sentiment that the farmer is rather inferior to men in other professions, and therefore a being to be avoided, has long since passed away. Now we know that the brightest and the best men of the world have come from the country. As students they reach well up to men everywhere. If we wish to find a lad who is really "up" in all that is going on in the world to-day we seek him in the country.

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One of the leading magazines of the day

ountry.

One of the leading magazines of the day recently said:

"If you have a farm, keep it; if not, get one; for the time is coming when the population of this country will be divided into monopolists, dependents and farmers; and the farmer will be the most independent of all men, and will be the saving power of our institutions."

Upon this we have only one criticism to make. The farmer now is the most independent of all men, and he is the saving power of our institutions to-day. It is true that upon the farmer more than upon the farm must, after all, depend the future of the nation. Our farmers must be true men in every spot and place. But the point we had in mind is that we ought to cling closely to the farm, and do all we can to inspire our boys to do the same. Not all men can be farmers. We cannot if we would keep all the boys with us; but we should stop driving them away by our spirit of finding fault with the farm and everything upon it. Speak well of the farm. Hold its privileges high. Study its good and encurage the boys to help you make it better this year than it was last.

The farmer boy of 1900 may be a power for good. He will be if he rises to his privileges.—N. Y. Tribune.

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Them to do as Recommended—
Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills
to be a splendid Tonic.

Sr. John, N. B., Fr. 7.—One of the best known commercial travellers in the Maritime Provinces is Mr. W. H. Bowser of this city Mr. Bowser represents a confectionery house and has been on the rad for nearly twenty years. His portly figure and bluff hearty manner are known in almost every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

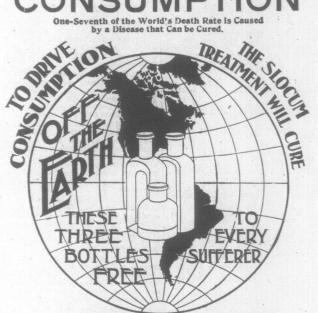
Mr. Bowser is one of the many knights of the grip who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills according to his experience do what they are recommended to do. His trouble was buckache and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him of it. Commercial travellers seem peculiarly liable to disorders of the kidneys. Nor is this remarkable when the circumstances of their occupation are taken into consideration. Constant change of diet, variation in drinking water, damp bed clothing and the hundred and one little hardships and exposures common to the life of a professional traveller cannot help but have a strious effect on the kidneys. They are the most susceptible to cold. Change of drinking water is especially severe on those organs, while alcoholic drinks do more to bring about Diabetes and other forms of kidney diseases than any other cause.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are in great demand among commercial travellers. Being such a sovereign remedy for Backache and all other kidney diseases, including Bright's Dis ase, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Bladder or Urinary Complaints, Drops: and Blood Disorders, it is only natural that travellers who generally know a thing of merit when they see it, should use Dodd's Kidney Pills I beg to state that I have used them for pain in the back

use Dodd's Kidney Pills I beg to state that I have used them for pain in the back and have found them to be sll you recommended, viz., a positive cure for all kidney trouble. I believe they are a splendid tonic—good enough for me anyway."

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sun shines-as that the rain falls to water the earth.

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each other's curative action.

each other's curative action.

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