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**Story of Agricultural Progression.**  
 Walter E. Andrews, in Farm and Fireside:  
 In a certain big State in the heart of the Middle West there lives a sunburned farmer who typifies (so far as one human life may) the most marvellous agricultural progression the world has ever seen—a rural progression which in rapidity, perfection of detail, and insistent, virile resourcefulness has not been equalled since the creation of the universe.

As farmers' names have not as yet kept pace with their environment, the man to whom I refer is known as plain 'Hank' Peters. Some day, perhaps his admirers will speak of him as "Mr. Henry Peters," but at present I fear his sturdy democracy would scorn the more dignified title. Although excessively particular about the pedigree and name of his live stock, he is more or less indifferent about his own name.

Some thirty years ago Hank Peters "located" a quarter-section of land that was just "five miles from nowhere." The roads were Indian trails; the land was covered with trees; in places stagnant water stood, breeding huge doses of "fever an' ague" and vast swarms of hungry mosquitoes. Three years passed. The trees had disappeared, and in their place arose a cheerless aggregation of stumps and a more or less cheerless cabin of logs. The mosquitoes were still on hand, and "fever an' ague" was a daily guest. Several settlers (attracted by the cheerful heroism of a bad ex-ample) had drifted into the neighborhood. They, too, raised a crop of stumps and endured chills and bites.

In the course of a few more years the Peters' log cabin was replaced by a remarkable structure called a "board house." The neighbors, looked at that shanty, spoke of it in tones of admiration. They referred to Hank Peters as a "risin' citizen."

Inside the house were a bare floor, a big fire-place, a few rude, home-made articles of furniture, enough to eat, and an extra chair for a possible guest. There was not much else except hope. During cold weather the family rode to town in a rough, home-made bob-sleigh that drew tears of envy from less favored neighbors; at other times of the year a squeaking, springless farm-wagon was the only vehicle in use. A ten-mile ride in it to town and back was a soul-stirring, nerve-racking experience peculiarly piquant. The Indian trails were now called "roads"—an impossible slander on the name during half the year, and an impassable slander the rest of the year.

The Peters had no sewing-machine, no organ or piano, no stoves, no curtains, no conveniences or luxuries. Their clothes were home-made. Their pleasures were home-made. Their troubles were not made at all; it was not necessary—life was "chuck-full o' troubles."

When Hank Peters planted corn he dropped the seed by hand and covered it with a hoe. He cut grass with a scythe, raked and pitched it with the sweat of his brow, dodged stumps and chills, and then went home to a dinner of corn-bread and fried pork. A rough shed was the only shelter for the livestock; God's sky the only shelter for the hay and fodder.

Cultivated fruits were as scarce as lightning-rods; daily papers or mails were unknown; the joys of living were condensed into sticks of "honey an' terbacker."

Today, should you chance to visit Hank Peters' farm, you would rub your eyes and look again. Where are the stumps, the swampy fields, the swarms of mosquitoes, the rude shed-barn, and the more rude board house, the lonely life, the monotonous grind? Gone, all gone.

Tile-drains have destroyed swamps, malaria, and mosquitoes at one masterful swoop. Time, muscle, and fire have eradicated the stumps. Genius and science have destroyed isolation and monotony. Hank Peters is all to be envied.

His fields are models of sleekness. So are his Jersey cows, his high-bred pigs, his driving and work horses, his pure-blooded hens. He still works hard at times, but not so hard as he once did. Horse-power, electricity, steam, and air power have taken many burdens and irksome jobs from his hands. He does more with his head and less with his hands and feet. He has more leisure, more comfort, more luxury.

The Peters' present farm-house, enlarged and improved, is a marvel of homelike comfort. In it are to be had almost every comfort and convenience that are found in a rich man's residence—pretty rugs, pictures, curtains, furniture, dainty china and linen, comfortable chairs and couches, new books and periodicals, hot and cold water upstairs and down, modern plumbing, a porcelain bath-tub, and a kitchen range. In the library (which room is also the owner's office) there hangs a telephone; in the cellar is a gas-machine and a hot-water furnace; in the attic is a billiard-room for the boys. The girls have a piano—and know how to play on it. The wife and mother has a sewing-machine and a rubber-tired carriage.

The boys and girls of the household play tennis, ride bicycles, and take dancing lessons. One boy is in college. The others could go if they chose, but instead they have preferred to take a short course at an agricultural school. They want to be twentieth-

century farmers, like their father; they have no desire to "leave the farm" for what other business could be more independent or desirable?

Hank Peters—much the same old Hank of log-cabin days—is in the prime of life. His face is lined with the furrows of past hardships, but there is now a certain calmness and serenity shining in his grey eyes that was not there thirty years ago. Sundays and evenings he wears good clothes, a collar and a patient smile; at other times he revels in overalls, jumper, and solid comfort.

The new barn is a constant source of delight to the owner. "Twas my pet dream," he remarks, reminiscently, "to own a barn big enough to turn round in. An' I've got it!" He has, and more, too. On the top of the barn is a power windmill that does more work in an hour than Hank used to do unaided in a day. It shells or grinds corn, saws wood, cuts fodder, and does many other useful things.

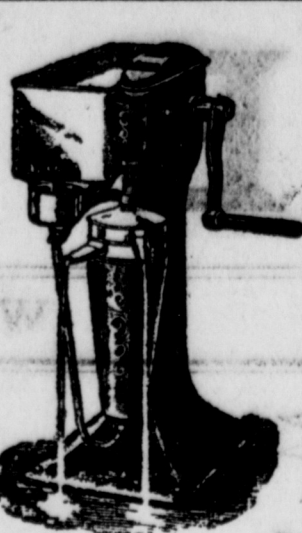
The name of the farm is on the steel mailbox by the roadside, and when the rural mail carrier comes on his regular rounds he sometimes deposits in that box (along with the daily papers and the other mail) a gonastray letter, which has been returned according to the printed instructions on the envelope, to "H. Peters, Lake View Farm." Hank has become a convert to printers' ink. He prides himself on his neatly printed stationery, and often puts an advertisement in the local papers. "That's business!" says Hank.

If he wishes to go to town he can either take the trolley-car which passes by the farm, or "hook up" the trotting-mare to the rubber-tired road-cart. The roads at last are worthy of the name. If he wants a sack of sugar or a piece of fresh beef, he has only to step to the telephone and order what he wants from the town merchant. The trolley-car brings the goods to his farm; it takes the younger children to an excellent town school; it makes visiting and church-going easy; it brings the farm into close touch with the town.

Modern machinery has brought a great change into Hank Peters' farm-methods. The ground is now plowed with a gang-plow, whereon the driver comfortably sits while four horses do the work. This plow turns two furrows at one operation, doing double the work of the old style "walking-plow" at one half the expenditure of human effort. A "riding harrow" follows the plow. Machine corn-planters do away with miles of weary walking and days of handwork.

In fact, almost all the operations of the farm are now accomplished while the operator is comfortably seated under a sunshade. There are horse-power machines for planting and digging potatoes, for sowing grain and distributing fertilizers, for spreading manure, and for mowing, raking, and pitching hay. Machines cut the corn, harvest the grain, and spray the potato-vines. Centrifugal separators whirl the cream from the fresh milk and save the housewife the labor of "setting," skimming, and washing a wearisome number of milk-pans; wind-power turns the churn, and electricity carries the butter to market—the housewife no longer need be a family drudge. She sets a better table. She has time to read and visit.

When the corn is ready to husk, a traveling "husker and shredder" comes to the farm. This wonderful machine, operated by steam-power derived from a traction-engine, husks the corn, dumps the ears into the crib, shreds the fodder—stalks, leaves, and all—into a fine, soft, palatable mass, and then blows it through a huge pipe up into the barn mow. The machine keeps several teams



The Magnetism is in his Tongue,  
 Not in his Machine.  
 His Patriotism is in his Pocket,  
 Not his Soul.

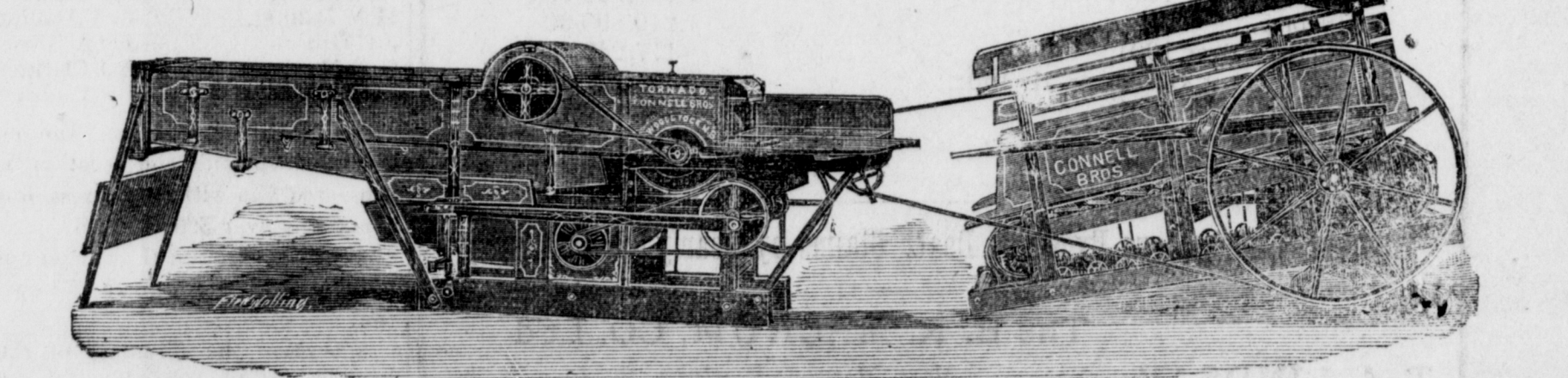
When they say the Tubular machine is no good, ask them how they know? There have been Tubulars here three years, the most of the others have been less than three months, and already are being found out, but the hurtman hates to squeal.  
 Buy The Tubular for I am here to stand by it.

**N. S. DOW, Agent, Woodstock.**

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<b>TORONTO EXHIBITION</b>	<b>ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD</b> when travelling via <b>ST. JOHN and the C. P. R.</b>
Single Fare, <b>\$22.20</b> Low Rates, <b>\$15.95</b>	From <b>WOODSTOCK, N. B.</b> SINGLE FARE ON <b>AUGUST 28th to SEPTEMBER 8th, INCLUSIVE.</b> AND LOW RATES ON <b>AUGUST 31st and SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1903.</b> All Tickets Good to Return until September 15th, 1903.
<b>Labor Day...</b>	<b>MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1903.</b> ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP BETWEEN ALL STATIONS SEPTEMBER 6th, 7th and 8th. Good to Return SEPTEMBER 8th, 1903. C. B. FOSTER, D.P.A., C.P.R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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 NON-POISONOUS. PREVENTS BLIGHT.

**Off With His Head.**  
 Prince Yuan Shikai, successor to the famous Li Hung Chang, once badly frightened an English woman with whom he was being entertained at some function in a Chinese town. The guest from across the continent happened to remark that one of the serving men, a Chinaman, had spilled something on her gown. Prince Yuan immediately replied that it would give him great pleasure to have the man's head cut off if that would in any way contribute to her comfort, and an order to that effect would be issued immediately. Forgetting the common extravagance of Chinese speech and courtesy, the poor English woman was quite wretched until she had secured the Prince's promise that he would not mention the occurrence to any one, nor think of it again himself.



**"Tornado" Threshing Machines,**  
 with "Direct Gear" Horse Power.

BRISTOL, N. B., January 14th, 1903  
 MESSRS. CONNELL BROS., Woodstock, N. B.  
 Gentlemen,—I suppose that you are anxious to hear from the Threshing Machine. She has been tried and come out with the following results: In 32 minutes, 34 bushels by measure; in 62 minutes, 58½ bushels by measure; by weight 64½ bushels; this is an accurate statement. Threshing capacity 60 bushels per hour; this Mr. Curtis and myself have decided as correct. She was not forced to run beyond the ordinary rate of speed, cleaned the grain very nice, no clogging, none thrown over, none carried out in the straw. Now gentlemen, there is something more that I will tell you; it would be impossible for one crew of men to tend this machine, they could not stand it at that rate of threshing. Give her grain that has been reaped with a Reaper, and put in the barn in good shape, and she will thresh 600 bushels in ten actual hours, and do her work with ease, and clean in good shape.  
 Yours truly,  
 EDWIN PHILLIPS.  
 SPRINGFIELD, KING'S CO., Oct. 11th, 1902.  
 MESSRS. CONNELL BROS., Woodstock, N. B.  
 Dear Sirs,—I suppose you are anxious to hear from the machine. To tell you the truth, I think her the most perfect I ever have seen, runs smooth, and does her work complete, will not waste no matter how fast you thrash, can take care of a bushel per minute with all ease. I am turning her with a very light team and every day I use her she seems to run faster.  
 Yours truly,  
 JAMES H. PICKLE.  
 Messrs. Cross & Gillis, of Lakeville, N. B., threshed 610 bushels grain in one day.

**CONNELL BROS.,**  
**WOODSTOCK,**  
**N. B.**