

## POULTRY.

## Our Early Chicks.

The mother-hen says, "Don't you cry,  
You lovely fluffy things;  
If you are cold, then come and lie  
Beneath my sheltering wings."

We had very good success in the chicken-hatching line this spring. Our hens commenced to lay about the 1st of January. About the 20th of March some of them announced their intention to raise babies. This was just what we wanted them to do. We had a nice warm house all ready for them, where they would not be disturbed. Instead of giving the would-be sitters a cold bath, or placing them in close confinement, we made them inexpressibly happy by giving them a nestful of eggs. The first one was set on March 26th, and up to this date (May 10th) we have set every hen that clucked. We have 61 chickens hatched and six hens sitting now. All the hens we set have good families with the exception of two. They were both set on Buff Cochins. One of them turned out to be an egg-eater. After she had been sitting about two weeks she went to work and ate five or six of the eggs, chicks and all. But she will never eat any more, for she is in the fattening coop now. Somebody will eat her soon. One solitary chick was all she had. The other hen was set on twelve eggs. The eggs were not as fresh as they should have been. She only had two chicks. Some of the eggs contained dead chicks and some were unfertile. As the Buff Cochins are slow, lazy hens, perhaps the chicks were too lazy to chip the shell. I have learned one lesson, however: I shall set no more Buff Cochins. We intend to set some more hens yet. We want to raise 100 chicks at least. This will mean plenty of work, but what of that, as long as there is money in the business! Our chicks are all smart, and growing nicely. But they have been well looked after ever since they were born. We have them in an ideal coop, where the sun shines in all day long. It is divided into compartments, which are occupied by four large families. It is amusing to watch the pretty little youngsters looking out at the windows. The first week we fed them every two hours and gave them water three times a day. Now we feed them four times a day and water twice. We never give them any sloppy food. Hard-boiled eggs, bread crumbs, and oatmeal constitute their bill of fare the first week. We dust the mothers with sulphur when they come off with their broods, and spread road dust in the coops so that the chicks can obtain plenty of grit. We keep them shut up until they are six weeks old at least; after that we let them out on fine afternoons for a run. But they must be watched, or something will happen them: Hawks, rats or cats may take a fancy to the little chirpers. One of our neighbors had eight early chickens. She let them out one day and forgot to shut them in at night. In the morning she found the disconsolate mother alone, bemoaning the loss of her beloved children. The rats had taken every one of them. So we chicken-raisers must be on the lookout and try to keep our coops rat-proof.

Well, farmer women, isn't poultry-raising pleasant, interesting work? I quite enjoy it. We have only kept about 50 hens since we commenced to farm, but we intend to increase the number this summer. We are going to kill every old hen this spring. Fowl sells readily for 10 cents per pound.

We have learned some valuable lessons from experience and also by reading the excellent practical articles published in the "Advocate." We know that the fresher the eggs are when set, the better chance of success we have. If possible, set them before they grow cold. The best place to make a nest for a hen to sit in is on the floor, in a quiet, secluded place, where the other hens won't bother her. I put a sod or road dust in the bottom and then a little fine hay on top. Quiet, good-tempered hens are the best to set, those that will let one do anything with them. We never like to let them sit on the nest; they have been laying in, but sometimes we find it hard to make them stay on the new nest, for biddy is a pretty determined lady and always wants to choose her own nest. After dark is the best time to move a sitter, for after the first night she may forget all about her old nest.

P. E. I.

MRS. A. RODD.

## Seeds for Identification.

I enclose several seeds which I found this year in rape seed. Can you tell me what they are? They somewhat resemble the description of bladder campion.

F. W. WRENSHALL.

Grey Co., Ont.

Ans.—The seeds received were subjected to careful microscopical and botanical examination by an expert, and are certainly pronounced not campion. They appear to be from a plant cut before it was ripe and are very probably one of the common goosefoot family.



W. J. BLACK, B. S. A.

Who joins the "Farmer's Advocate" editorial staff.

Columns might be written on the irrigation development of the Territories, the recent introduction of the beet-sugar industry on an extensive scale, erection of woolen mills and other kindred industries throughout the country, but, peradventure, that if the present rate of progress in all branches of agriculture and stock-raising continues for another ten years, the Northwest Territories will be a factor to be reckoned with in the race for superiority and supremacy in the world's markets for agricultural products.

C. W. PETERSON,

Deputy-Commissioner of Agriculture.

Regina.

## Extensive Coal Deposits.

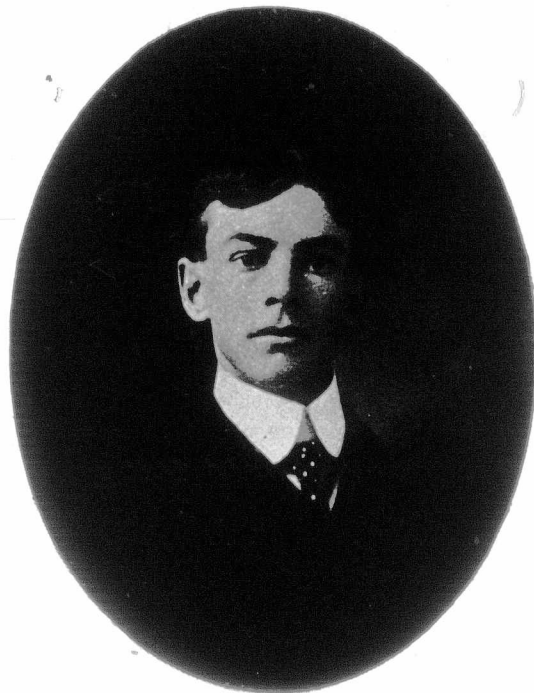
It is estimated that the workable coal under each square mile in the vicinity of Medicine Hat is 5,000,000 tons; of Blackfoot Crossing, 9,000,000 tons, and of Lethbridge, 5,500,000 tons. The coal of British Columbia is of good quality and abundant. Anthracite is being found in one area. It is estimated that the Elk River field contains at least 23,595,200,000 tons of coal. The question of "great scarcity of fuel" that haunts the mind of the intending settler should be banished forever when he reads the foregoing figures. The reader has no doubt heard that joke (long stale), "There'll be fuel, Biddy, when ye'r dead." And so there will in the Great Northwest for many generations to come. The fact that the price of coal often reaches \$10 per ton here is not an evidence of scarcity, but simply the result of not having keen railroad competition. It is the transportation that raises the price of any localized article. When we get a few more thousand miles of rails laid by opposition companies, it will surprise the natives what a great difference it will make in the price of fuel.

## Ontario Agricultural College Graduates.

We take pleasure in portraying in this issue the 1902 graduates of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, and the "Farmer's Advocate" bespeaks for them one and all careers of honored usefulness in whatever avocations they may embark. Judging by personal appearances and the thoroughness with which we believe they have taken their extended course, they will do credit to their alma mater. The degrees of B. S. A. were conferred at the University of Toronto on Friday last.



L. A. MOORHOUSE, B. S. A.



G. I. CHRISTIE, B. S. A.

## A Young Farmer on Turkey Raising.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":

I see, in your last issue, an invitation is given farmers to write to the "Advocate," and as I am a young farmer I would like to say something about the raising of turkeys. Here in Lanark County the land is principally high and suitable for turkeys, as there are lots of grasshoppers for them as soon as they are able to go after them. In Lanark Township there are hundreds of turkeys raised with little or no other feed during the summer months, and they serve a good purpose in transforming into a marketable product the grasshoppers which otherwise in many places would spoil the grain crops extensively. The fox is the turkey's worst enemy. Last year in Lanark Township foxes destroyed hundreds of dollars' worth of turkeys. Some farmers lost all they had. I think every farmer who considers there is money in turkeys should try to get rid of the fox, and I believe foxhounds would be the best means of frightening them away, as I know some farmers who keep foxhounds and foxes are a thing of the past around their farms. There are a great many foxes poisoned in winter, but there are always some left, and when their young are about two months old is the time they start to look for food for them. I have seen an old fox come into a flock of turkeys when a very short distance from the farm buildings and take them at all times of the day. They are very hard to shoot unless a person stays with the turkeys all the time, and then, if the wind is blowing the right way, they will get on the scent and are never seen. I tried this last summer. When I was not there, the fox would come and kill the turkeys, till at last the flock was all gone, which is very discouraging when the turkeys are three or four months old. I think the county should raise the fox bounty to \$5, and then people would take an interest in getting them, dead or alive. When the fall comes on, turkeys can be fed very cheaply on boiled grain, sugar beets, pumpkins, turnips, etc. They are especially fond of sugar beets and potatoes boiled, and with the addition of some corn on the cob in the evenings, they will get fat in a few weeks. We have tried this way of feeding for several years and I have never seen better fattened turkeys on the market. Some farmers say they eat too much to make it pay, but if they boil all the feed I think they will change their minds. Half a dozen hogs would, I believe, eat more than 150 turkeys, as



J. MURRAY, B. S. A.