

substitute it for water. Give water to chicks from the start. Curds may be given two or three times a week, also fresh buttermilk.

A chick must not be allowed to tread in water as dampness is fatal. Water should be given in such a manner that only the beak of the chick can become wet.

When the chicks are busy scratching it is a sign of thrift. When chicks seem to be continually crying it means more warmth is needed. Warmth is as important as food.

THE FARMER BOY.

O farmer boy without alloy
 And pleasure at thy command,
 Why seek to roam, and leave thy home
 To wander through the land?
 Why roaming life with all its strife,
 And sin with all its glare,
 When now thy days in honest ways
 Are passed without a care.
 Why sigh for this, with all its bliss
 Grand nature gives to thee?
 Why coldly spurn her love and turn
 To shallow mockery?
 How can'st thou grieve her heart and leave
 Without regret and pain,
 Her sparkling rills and grassy hills,
 Her fields of waving grain,
 The summer long her round of song,
 Is hovering in the trees.
 Her beautiful flowers and sunny hours
 And musical birds and bees.
 Her scenery's free for you to see
 While on your way to school.
 Her springs are clear for you to share
 And there your thirst can cool,
 O farmer boy, with all the joy
 Kind nature gives thee now;
 Can'st thou not see a King is he
 Who hopefully guides the plow?

—Selected.



MUSKOKA AND ALGOMA.

While I am aware that winter is not the best time to come to proper conclusions as to the favorableness or unfavorableness of any

country for agricultural pursuits, yet a person may gain some slight knowledge to this effect even in winter, and besides there is the novelty of a trip through this region in winter, which has become so noted for summer tourists, but in cold weather there are few who care to undertake the journey, except on business in connection with railroads, lumbering, or mining, which are the chief pursuits in this North Western portion of Ontario.

The Hon. Charles Drury, ex-Minister of Agriculture, was to have joined me at Orillia, but on my arrival there he had not appeared, and the journey into the Northern country was commenced not in the best of spirits, as there had been some "big tales told" concerning rocks, bears, snow and frost; however, the writer plucked up his courage and commenced the trip, the object of which was to try to give some encouragement to the few farmers we expected to find there.

After leaving Orillia, there are some very nice farms, with good buildings, but soon one enters where the timber has recently been cleared. On the left of the track stands an old stable that was built, no doubt, by the lumbermen. The roof is gone, and growing up within its bare walls is a tree, that flourishes well within the protection of its fallen, hewn, and builded companions. Away in the distance the setting sun glistens on a church steeple, and the snow that hangs in pure white festoons from the trees, which skirt either side of the road, lend beauty to the scene.

In some places the railway company has begun planting wind-breaks along the exposed parts to protect from drifts, and repair the destruction that ought never to have taken place, for there are thousands of acres through Muskoka that should not have been cut. At the Institute meeting, held at Bracebridge, a paper was read on the advisability of replanting some parts of the country, which was warmly endorsed by practical men who discussed the question. All were agreed as to the need of it, the only thing was, how best to accomplish the desired result.

There is nothing remarkable to note between Orillia and Bracebridge, as it is a succession of timber land wholly or partially cleared, lumber villages with great piles of lumber stacked in every direction. (most of the houses in them are new, and as a rule are not very substantial) rocks, river, and stream, with plenty of deserted log cabins along the route, which have either been the abode of lumber-