

operation is simple, and only takes about ten minutes to do a litter. The feed, however, does make a difference to sow at the farrowing time. The pure wheat and water left me with one dead and two living sows out of three, and all the litters dead. This year I fed bran and kitchen slops, and result is a litter of ten fine pigs and a very easy farrowing. I would say to your readers pull the black teeth always, they will be found loose. Such is my experience.

Oats to make good hay should be cut when top pickle is just turning, that is my experience the last five years. I have cut them at all stages from shot blade to ripe, and find they make the most satisfactory feed cut at this stage.

Chickney, Assa.

JOHN TEECE.

The Ideal Bacon Hog.

Professor Day, Agriculturist of the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, in the annual report for 1896 gives the result of an experiment which is the first of a series which it is proposed to make, and which was conducted at the Institution in that year in the feeding of five different breeds of hogs in groups comprising two of each breed fed under similar conditions, with a view to ascertaining the comparative gain in weight, the cost of production of pork, and the quality of the flesh from a buyer's and consumer's point of view. Prof. Day says:

"It cannot be too strongly emphasized, however, that a single experiment comes very far short of settling this question. There are many things which tend to make the results of such experiments very uncertain, chief among which is the individuality of the animals used, for it is a well-known fact that two animals of the same breed, and even of the same litter, will sometimes be found to evince a wider difference in characteristics than the average difference between two distinct breeds. It therefore follows that to obtain reliable information regarding the breeds requires years of patient and careful work, and I would ask those who read the results given to bear in mind that next year's work may materially alter the standing of the different breeds. This experiment is merely a first step; subsequent experiments will add new light, and I trust that no one will mar the usefulness of this work by drawing hasty conclusions."

It is not our purpose in this article to make comparisons between the different breeds or to draw conclusions as to any advantages one breed may have over another, as we quite agree that a single experiment does not determine such important questions definitely, and we have grave doubts whether a dozen experiments would do so, but we desire to call attention more particularly to another feature of the report, namely, the quality of the dressed carcasses and their values as given by an expert buyer. Mr. J. W. Flaville, Managing Director of the Wm. Davies Co. (Ltd.), Toronto, was asked to fix the value of the dressed meat of the different animals, in view of the demands of the markets open for Canadian products. His remarks regarding the general characteristics of each breed are based solely on the characteristics of the animals used in the experiment, and do not necessarily apply to the breed as a whole. With regard to a large proportion of the animals, the verdict was too fat, quite too fat in the back, a lump of fat, feed runs to fat rather than flesh, fat a little tender, belly too thin, unsuitable for export trade, etc., all of which faults we are inclined to believe may be overcome or remedied by careful selection for breeding purposes of animals within the breed which most nearly approach the desired type by enforcing exercise and by feeding such foods as have a tendency to produce flesh rather than fat. Coming to values, Mr. Flaville in his report makes a difference of $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per lb. between the short, fat-backed hog and the one with a thin belly as compared with the lengthy, firm hog with a deep and thick belly.

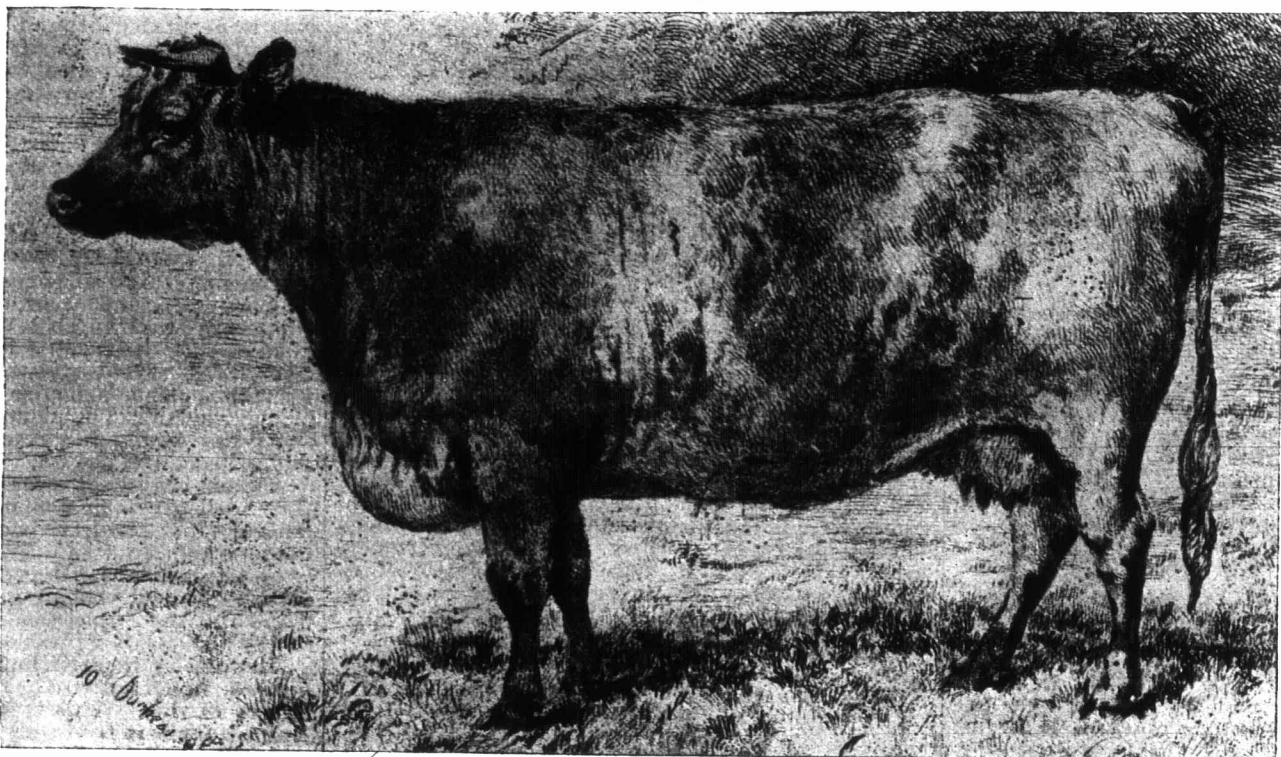
He says: "I am persuaded that what we want to cultivate in Canada is a hog which will develop well in flesh, have a deep side, well-proportioned ham and shoulder, and which will be put upon the market when weighing between 165 and 190 lbs. There should be exercised in breeding to develop a hog with a good thick belly, and special attention should be given to producing a type which will

back down even with fat and carry a side as nearly as possible even throughout."

These are points which the intelligent and progressive breeder of almost any of the breeds may attain to, and we have ample evidence that in the last few years the best breeders have made much progress in the endeavor to produce the ideal hog. It is only a question of time and the application of good judgment in selection, mating and treatment, and the end will be accomplished.

Fitting Pigs for Show.

It is well that every breeder of pigs should make a thorough study of the subject of feeding and learn how to properly balance a ration, so as to develop every part of the pig. Especially is this important when future breeding stock is to be fitted for showing. The feed that is richest in digestible protein and the best bone and muscle producer is ground wheat mixed quite thick with milk so that it has to be masticated. Other good foods mixed with milk are oats with the hulls sifted out, ground rye, shorts, and barley. For fattening young pigs especially nothing surpasses a liberal use of milk. The pigs should run on pasture of grass or clover and have access to pure water, wood ashes, charcoal and salt when being fitted. If treated in this way the pigs will not be injured as breeders, but will be benefited. It will develop bone and muscle, give a smooth, round back and loin, as well as strong legs and feet—just what every good judge is pleased to see. Not only will show pigs fitted in this way do well in the ring, but their future usefulness will not be impaired for having been fitted.



TENTH DUCHESS OF GENEVA, SOLD AT NEW YORK MILLS, ON SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1873, FOR \$35,000, TO LORD BECTIVE, OF UNDERLY HALL, ENGLAND.

FARM.

At the Sound of the Bell.

BY MRS. E. M. JONES.

As little birds instinctively spread their wings to leave the parent nest, so there are few young people on the farm who do not long, sooner or later, to try their fortunes in the city—to go somewhere, anywhere, for a change.

Making money on a farm is such slow work, they say, the drudgery so unceasing, and the amusements so few.

Now, it is right to look about us—a stirring ambition is a gift of God, and without it we cannot prosper, either in farming or in any other pursuit. But we should see that the gift is used properly, and that we make no mistake, for it is left to ourselves to judge correctly as to whether we are unfitted for our present surroundings and are fitted for a different sphere.

If there be any physical deformity or weakness making it impossible to perform even the lighter duties of the farm, it is well to change. Or, if we are certain that our vocation lies elsewhere, that we have for some other business a talent so great that it cannot be repressed, we should not hide our light under a bushel.

But the trouble is that we so often deceive ourselves. Frequently what we imagine the inspirations of genius are only discontent with our present lot, and ingratitude for the blessings around us. What we think the noble aspiration for a higher life is only an impatient greed for money, a desire to make it with as little trouble to ourselves as possible, to get rich by a short cut.

Now, as a rule there is no royal road to fortune, and well for us that it is so. There is no temptation

from the law that we shall eat bread by the sweat of our brow, whether in city or country, and it is only by patient industry, day by day, everywhere, by frugality, honesty and integrity that we can ever become both affluent and respected.

If you think a clever person is too good for the farm, it is the greatest mistake you ever made in your life. I know of no place where brains and ability tell more strongly, if we will only use them; but we don't.

We go on in the same old rut, and don't try to improve. We go into debt for improved machinery evolved by some other man's cleverness, and yet work our land badly, spreading on three acres barely the manure and labor that should go on one, and then fail to meet our payments.

We get our cows through the winter at what we fondly think is the least possible cost to us (although it is just the dearest way in the end); and then when they run us in debt, we say we "can't afford to pamper up our stock, they don't pay."

And when our neighbor says that his handsome cows make 300 or 400 lbs. butter a year, we say, "Oh, he is taking through his hat!"

Some men let the work drag through every waking hour of the 24: they sit down to meals in a careless way, they grudge the cost of papers and books, or of some society for the young people; they let the heavy end of everything fall upon their wife, so she can't be happy and cheerful; and when they find farm life the dullest in all the world, they yet make an outcry because their children are not happy and want to leave home. So the fault lies on both sides.

Now, believe me, there is no lot in this world so happy, so independent, and so free, as life on a well-managed farm. Good stock kept in the very best manner brings in a handsome return, and all the

family are proud of it. Work well and quickly done leaves leisure for social pleasures, while the newspapers are welcomed by old and young. Each contributor seems like a friend, new ideas are put before us, we learn how to do many things, and sometimes what is of even more importance, we learn how not to do them.

A good horse and creditable rig are on hand to be enjoyed by all, the best of food is on the table, and we know where it comes from; fruit and flowers are in abundance, and even music for those who enjoy it, and who does not?

Healthy and happy, we have spirits to enjoy the pleasures of life, while we also have strength to meet the trials and losses that are sent to us all, whether in town or country. Are we ill? We can rest in peace without feeling that our board

bill is running up all the time. Are we nursing a sick sister or brother? We don't feel that every hour by the bed of our dear ones means just so much less wages for us, we have no fear of work shutting down, and above all, we don't have to turn out, sick or well, at the sound of the bell, in wet weather or dry, and work in crowded rooms till ready to drop. I never hear that work bell ring in the city without feeling sorry for those it calls. It seems to say, "Come at once, even if your back is aching and your head splitting. Come, even if you are weak from the hot, stuffy rooms and the poor fare of a cheap boarding-house. Come, though your best friend lies ill or dying, or we will dock your pay."

You may say you have your evenings and your Sundays to yourself. Yes, you do, but at what a cost! And all the time haunted by the fear that at any time the shop or the factory may close, and you will be on the street.

I once knew a young girl who grew up on a farm. Her mistress treated her almost like a child of the house, paid her the best wages, helped her to choose her clothes and to make them too, took a deep interest in all Mary's friends, and even brought her old mother to the farm one hard winter and kept her for months, although the old woman was too crippled to be of the least use.

In time, the town spread out close to the little farm, and Mary began to keep too much company, and after ten years of farm life, decided to go into a factory.

She put all her savings into fine clothes, bought a sealskin jacket, bragged of the free evenings and Sundays, and sneered at those who live at service, especially in the country. True, her wages were good, and after a time she went to a far-off city, where the pay was even better. Some years passed, when a pitiful letter came, saying she had been ill