

## Results of Experiments in Feeding Pigs and Lambs.

BY ELMER LICK, OSHAWA.

The following experiments were undertaken to settle to my own satisfaction whether it was possible to feed barley meal to hogs with a reasonable prospect of satisfactory returns for feed consumed. And in the case of the lambs to see whether I could or could not make lambs increase in live weight. I am firmly of the opinion that we, as ex-students, owe it to the O.A.C., our fellow ex-students, and to ourselves, to report what we are doing in an experimental way in the REVIEW. Please read the fifth paragraph of the annual address to Experimental Union, found on page 69 of the REVIEW for February. Barley meal and skim milk with water was all the pigs received, the meal was soaked a portion of time in a barrel with the milk or water, as the case might be.

At the beginning of the experiment, Jan. 20th, the seven pigs weighed 684 lbs., and 109 days old. On February 26, they weighed 1078 lbs., a total gain of 394 lbs., or an average gain in 37 days of 56.27 lbs., or a trifle over 1½ lbs. per day for each pig. During the 37 days they consumed 1355 lbs. of barley meal and 1728 lbs. skim milk. To produce one pound of increase of live weight required 3.4 lbs. barley meal and 4.4 lbs. skim milk. Or valuing skim milk at 25c. per hundred, and barley meal at 1c. per lb., 1728 lbs. skim milk, \$4.32, and 1355 lbs. barley at 1c., \$13.55, a total of \$17.87, or a cost of \$4.53 per hundred of increase. Manure for labor. The above are the facts, readers draw whatever conclusions you feel inclined. The pigs were a cross between a Yorkshire improved boar and Berkshire sow, were a thrifty lot and good squealers. February 26 the heaviest weighed 175 lbs., and the lightest 132 lbs.

The lambs were a cull lot, the good ones all being sold earlier in the season, the butchers wanted these four, but at such a ridiculous low figure that I made up my mind to lose more or gain something, in any case learn what could be done.

January 20 the four weighed 263 lbs.; Feb. 26 the four weighed 318 lbs. A total gain of 55 lbs., or 14 lbs. each, the smallest in every case gained more than the others heavier, 18 lbs. being gain of lightest and 11 lbs. the gain

of heaviest, so apparently the poorer ones are the ones that will in all probably give best returns for feeding. They were fed on pulped turnips, ground oats, barley and clover hay. No weights were kept of food consumed, but I am perfectly satisfied that the increase in weight will more than pay for food consumed, leaving manure for labor and an increase in value for a good profit on the transaction.

"The lists are oped the spacious area clear'd  
Thousands on thousands piled, are seated  
round ;

Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard  
No vacant space for lated wight is found.

Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound  
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,

Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;  
None through their cold disdain are doom'd  
to die

As moon struck bards complain by love's sad  
archery.

- Byron.

A short account of a bull fight I saw some years ago at Seville may perhaps be of interest to some our readers.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we entered the Plaza del Toros, which is circular built after the plan of a Roman amphitheatre. The seats are divided into 2 classes, named Sombra and Sol, the former being much the better as the sun does not shine upon it. The ring is about 100 yards in diameter, and round it are seated some 14,000 spectators. The scene is a very brilliant one owing to the enumerable coloured umbrellas and fans.

Punctually to the hour the gates of the arena open and in march the whole band of Picadors, Banderelleros, Chulos, and Matadors, most gorgeously dressed in gold, silver and coloured Silks. After making a circuit of the ring, they halt before the box of the Captain-General, and salute. This reminds one exactly of the picture of the gladiators shouting to the Emperor, "Ave Caesar morituri te salutant." They then range themselves round the ring, a gate opens and in rushes a majestic looking bull, who gazes about for a moment as if quite astonished at the novel scene, snuffing and pawing up the ground, but suddenly catching sight of a red silk shawl, he dashes at it, and the Chulo who is holding it, very gracefully eludes him. Other Chulos with shawls then dart in front of him, till he is nearly mad with rage. Then comes the