

This would not be a difficult matter. When we consider that the champion butter cow has produced over 1,200 lbs. of butter fat in one year, and that there are many cows with records of 800 lbs. or over, while our average cow is producing around only 150 lbs. a year, we see how easy it would be to effect this increase. The room for improvement is very great. The average cow makes a poor showing, indeed, when compared with the great record dairy cows.

But it is not necessary to form comparisons between the common barnyard cow and the triumph of the breeder's science and skill in order to find startling differences in annual yields. Mr. C. F. Whitley, in charge of dairy records at Ottawa, states that he has found contrasts running something like this: One herd of 14 cows gives on the average 7,732 lbs. milk and 248 lbs. fat, while a neighbor's herd of 14 cows average only 4,537 lbs. milk and 155 lbs. fat. In looking over the records in 11 districts, Mr. Whitley found that the average difference between the high herd averages and the low ones amounted to 4,639 lbs. milk and 140 lbs. fat. The test certainly locates the slackers and loafers and furnishes the most reliable data at the farmer's disposal for the improvement of his herd.

In no way can the production of a herd of cows be increased faster than by breeding out the poor cows and breeding the best to good sires. As a sire's worth is determined by his ability to transmit desirable traits to his offspring, we should know that he comes from a productive line of ancestry. The well posted buyer of a dairy bull is not satisfied that the animal be only well bred. It must be proven that he carries in his blood lines the ability to produce both milk and butter fat. If to this is added type and fashionable breeding, so much the better, but the greatest test of the dairy bull is performance of his ancestors.

Weed out the low producers and breed the best you have to the best obtainable. That is the only sure road to dairy herd improvement. Milk and fat production is largely a matter of inheritance. Good feeding is necessary to bring cows up to their maximum capacity, but this is strictly limited by their inherited qualities. We used to say that the bull was half the herd. We know now that he is more than half, for the qualities of high production are largely transmitted through him. If bred consistently his progeny will soon dominate the herd. Its total yield, even though no change in feeding methods are introduced, can soon be greatly increased through his influence. If by attention to this matter of breeding for capacity the average yield of the milk cows in the Dominion were increased by only ten lbs. of butter fat and 300 lbs. of milk a year, most of that \$8,000,000 would be profit for the dairy farmers to add to their bank accounts or to buy comforts for themselves or their families. It will take some time to bring up the average for all the cows of the country even by this small amount, but this is one case in which the individual need not wait



A Substantial Appearing Place. The Home of Mr. Bennet, Halton Co., Ont.

on the mass. He may get his share of the increase by simply going after it.

## Where the Discards Go

### A Study in City Meat Supply

By R. C. DANIEL.

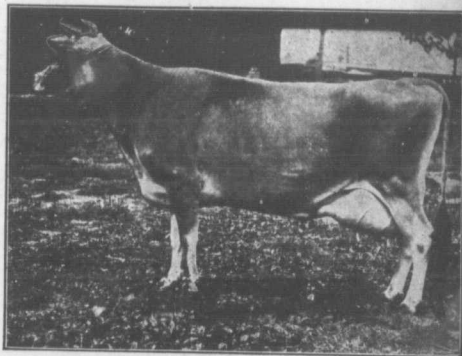
SOME time ago I was visiting a friend, a veterinarian with a practice just outside one of our large cities, when I learned something about the meat supply of that city that made me

thank heaven I was my own meat inspector. The family were early risers, and I, of course, was usually up betimes. One morning, just as sunrise, I happened to look up the road and saw a man driving perhaps a dozen cattle toward the city. Becoming interested, I walked out to the gate to see them pass. The spectacle they presented was pitiable. They looked worse than a war stained troop of German prisoners. The maimed, the halt, the lame and the blind were there. Other drovers had culled and reculled the herds of the neighborhood, and these were the discards, gleaned from many barnyards. Little I thought that by any process they could be rendered edible.

Returning to the house, I asked my friend, the veterinarian, what this meant. He informed me that the cattle were being driven by a drover and butcher who had a small slaughter house outside the city limits, and who made a specialty of collecting inferior cattle, killing them and disposing of the carcasses to the poorer class of meat shops in the city. "One morning," he said, "I had a professional call down

near his slaughter house, and being curious to see how he managed his business, I walked over to see him at work. Just as I got there, he was driving an old cow in to slaughter. 'Well,' he said, 'how do you like the looks of her? Think she's a lunger?' 'I don't think anything about it, I know it,' I said. 'Oh, I don't know,' he replied. 'She may clean up pretty well.'

"I watched him as he proceeded to kill and dress her," continued my friend. "When she was opened it was plainly evident that she was in the last stages of tuberculosis. Her lungs were in fearful condition, literally stuck to the ribs, but when that butcher got through with her, you wouldn't have known it. First, he cleaned the ribs off thoroughly with a blunt knife. Then he washed them down with warm blood, after which he applied his 'polisher.' This was made of bone and shaped so as to smooth down any roughness that had been caused by the blunt knife where the lungs had been scraped from the ribs. After-



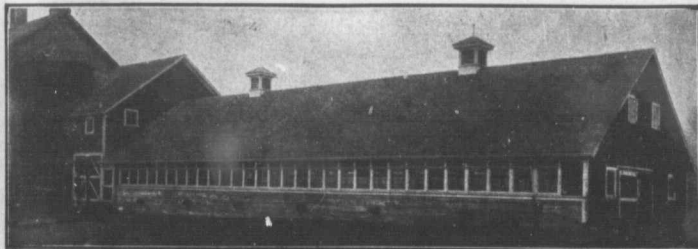
Meadow 2nd of Kirkfield, Grand Champion Jersey Female at the Canadian National Exhibition. Owned by R. J. Fleming, Toronto.

—Photo by an editor of Farm and Dairy.

wards the meat was sold to city vendors, and evidently got past the inspectors, for, as you see, he is still in the business."

I asked my veterinarian friend why he did not report this state of affairs to the city authorities. He said he had mentioned it to some of them, but that they had refused to get excited over the matter. Now, when I am in the city, I am somewhat careful of the meat I eat and avoid those dishes in which the quality of the meat can be so thoroughly disguised. I am glad I live in the country where it is not necessary to use those preparations which are the destination of cutters and canners and bologna' bulls. Whether we get our meat from the local beef ring, or kill it on our own farm, we are sure that nothing but healthy young stuff ever reaches our table.

As soon as harvest is over is a good time to go around the fences and cut and remove any burdocks that may have escaped previous detection. The hooks on the burrs were developed to catch in the fur of animals, so as to provide for dissemination of the seed.



The Home of a Fine Ayrshire Herd. On the Farm of Shannon Bros., Cloverdale, B.C. This farm was visited by an editor of Farm and Dairy in July and the herd received special notice in our Western Canada Number.