

**LETTERS OF
A SON IN THE MAKING
TO HIS DAD.**

—By REX McEVoy

[Mr. McEvoy will write for this paper a series of letters from the west. They will appear from time to time under the above heading, and will give a picture of the great Canadian west from the standpoint of a young Ontario man going out there to make his way. These letters should be full of interest for every Ontario father.]

Heron Bay, Ont., Aug. 9th.

My Dear Father,—

Perhaps it would be well to explain the shakiness of my handwriting before going any further in this letter. Although everybody in our car is in excellent spirits, we are all sober. The fact is, however, that in spite of the little movable table which the porter has fitted up for me, the motion of the car occasionally makes my writing rather shaky. They are great little tables that fit into the side of the car near the windows and they are supported at the other end on one leg. They come in useful for all sorts of things. We use them as dining tables, and just now an old man and his three sons just across the aisle are playing a game of cards on their little table. They are going out to take up some of the irrigated lands of Alberta which are watered by the C. P. R. irrigation canal. I got acquainted with them through mother not putting a cup in my valise when she packed the grub for me to eat on the trip. I borrowed a cup from them and traded two bananas for a cup of coffee and some dried beef. They are a fine jolly crowd in this car, and there is all sorts of fun all the time, especially at meal times.

I am mighty glad already that we decided I should come out west this summer, even if I don't stop here. Why, I never realized before what a big place Ontario is. Of course, that big map of the Dominion hanging on the school-house wall, showed that the Province was some size, but here I have been travelling along for pretty near twenty-four hours, and we have to go over fourteen hours more before we get to Manitoba. We cross the boundary at Rennie, just 1161 miles from the Union Station, Toronto, where you saw me off when I climbed up into this car in the Canadian Pacific train for Vancouver.

Do you know, Dad, for all they talk of the West, we have a good line of country in Ontario. We didn't see much of Muskoka, as we passed through there at night, but I woke at Muskoka station and raised the blind at my window and saw the trunks of the nearest trees looking ghostly in the electric lights of the station. Behind them was black mystery. Of course, I couldn't see much, but it looked as though the folks that go there for their holidays ought to get a pretty good change from the cities. At breakfast time, on the first morning of our trip, we were in the Sudbury district, and it's something to make us throw out our chests, and feel proud to think that the richest nickel and copper deposits in the whole world are right here in Ontario. Moose Mountain Range is close here, too—the greatest known iron range in Canada. This ought to be a great manufacturing district some day.

There is not much timber round the line just near Sudbury. The trees die when they get to be six or nine inches through. Poplar trees grow about twenty feet high and then they die, and everywhere you can see these young trees covered with dead, shrivelled leaves. Low bushes give the only touch of green to be seen, and everywhere there are rocks of all kinds, sizes and shapes. There are rocks that you could play duck on the rock with, and others that are bigger than our barn at home, with all sizes in between. It must have been a tremendous job putting the railroad through here. It seems like railroad building was what mother says woman's work is—it's never finished. Every little while we pass a gang of men who are busy doing something to the track. They build culverts of concrete sections and turn streams through them, then they fill in solid all

round them, so that a number of little bridges have been done away with. Long trestles have been filled in the same way with solid banks in some places thirty or forty feet high. The line crosses deep valleys on these high banks, and if there is a stream in the bottom of it, the railway may cut a new channel for it through the solid rock. I would like to see how they managed to get over this country in the days when they used to go to Winnipeg by ox-cart.

I saw my first real live Indian to-day. There are lots of lakes all through this country, you are hardly ever out of sight of water in this part of Ontario, and just as we passed one lake I caught sight of an Indian tepee on an island, with a squaw bending over a fire. There was a birch-bark canoe—the genuine thing—drawn out of the water and lying upside down, close to the tepee. You go for miles and miles in the train without seeing anybody, and then you may come on a little clearing with a little bit of a wooden house, unpainted and looking more like a box with windows than a house. But there may be a flag-pole alongside, where the Union Jack is run up on holidays. The children who run out of these cabins and wave at the train, as it goes by, seem quite glad to see someone, even if it's only to shout "howdy," as the train rushes by.

We passed a grave to-day, where, I suppose, some settler is buried. It was all alone in a small cleared space among the trees and bushes. It looked awfully lonely in that wilderness, but there must have been someone to think kindly of the man who is taking his last rest there, for a wooden picket fence had been built round the grave, and a weather-worn wooden cross stood at its head.

Say, Dad, I do wish you could have been with me this last half hour. We have just come into view of Lake Superior. All day we have been rolling along between fairly high hills. Just as the shadows of evening were coming on we turned down the valley of a river, and suddenly came in full view of the wide expanse of Lake Superior. It was grand. The lake was a bright blue, far out to the horizon, where a blue mountainous island loomed up. In shore, a hundred feet or so below us, the waves were dashing in snowy breakers on the rocks. All about the lake were high, rolling hills, their wooded sides bathed in the mellow ruddy light of sunset. The track here winds in and out around the hills, and sometimes goes through tunnels, while at other times it runs along a precipitous wall, at the foot of which the waves constantly dash.

For some reason, the view of those great hills, and the mighty lake in the sunset light made me think of us singing "Abide With Me" in the church at home, especially that verse:

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me."

Perhaps it was the thought that the waves of this lake were dashing about that distant island, and at the feet of those hills, for untold centuries without change, that made me think of the hymn. It was a sort of glimpse of eternity.

We are running on with constantly changing views of the lake, which is disappearing in the gathering night. It is immense. I would sort of like to hear the hum of the separator at home now, and I can imagine that you are about hitching up Nellie to go to the post office. Well, I must say good-bye now as the porter is beginning to make up the beds. Tell mother I will write to her.

Your loving son,
JIM.

WATER AND SALT FOR CALVES

Calves, like other farm animals, get thirsty even though milk forms a large part of their ration. Calves three months of age will drink as much as five quarts of water daily per head. They like to drink often, sipping a little at a time. A half barrel cleaned and replenished twice daily, will serve nicely as a water trough. Another good device is an automatic waterer which may be easily cleaned, situated a little above the floor to keep out the litter. Salt is essential to the development of the calf, as of other animals, and should be kept continually available.

ENGLAND'S LARDER.

It Might be Stripped Pretty Quickly if She Had a War.

With ships bringing foreign food supplies into England at the rate of £434 worth every minute of every day in the year Great Britain cannot accumulate a stock of provisions large enough for a year's supply, some experts say not enough for half a year.

"Others doubt if we could hold out for three months without foreign supplies," says the Queen, "and all agree that three weeks war, or even threat of war, would enormously increase the price of foodstuffs. In the ordinary way the proportion of food and drink brought over the sea is over 42 per cent. of our total imports, being in round figures £250,000,000 out of a total of £550,000,000. Of this sum £70,000,000 goes for grain and flour alone, and nearly fifty millions for meat, in addition to sixty-three millions for food and drink not otherwise specified, and excluding fifty millions for food, drink and tobacco subject to duty.

"What we as a nation have to fear is not invasion but starvation. To the great mass of the people of this country the question is not Shall we win or lose in war? but, shall we have enough food to live on when the next big war comes? It is to meet such an emergency that the use in this country of silos for grain, or national granaries, has been advocated.

"The cost of creating and maintaining silos might be considerable, though we suppose the cost of a single dreadnought would easily cover it; but as an insurance against panic it would well be worth the expense, while as a safeguard in time of war and against imminent famine it would be invaluable, and might easily turn defeat into victory and disaster to safety.

"Gibraltar is provisioned for two years and Malta has silos which keep corn good for as long as four years, thus supporting the truth of the Biblical statement that Joseph in the dry climate of Egypt fed the people with corn stored for seven years. The idea is the gradual collection of an amount of wheat equal to one year's import and its automatic renewal by exchanging it for a new grain as it arrives at the different ports."

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri. "It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Graps-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SUITED FOR A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Mrs. Casey (answering "boy wanted" ad)—"Shure, sor, he's that truthful he wudn't tell a lie for anything, but Oi hov another boy that isn't so pertikler, if ye'd maybe loike to see 'im."

It's easy enough to be good natured if you have nothing else to do.




THE SECRETARY BIRD.

An Interesting African Bird of Many Curious Ways.

One of the most interesting birds, in both appearance and habits, is the secretary bird from the dry and open parts of central and southern Africa. The male is fully four feet high, the greater part of that length "being contributed by his neck and legs." The general color is ashy-gray, the breast white, the wings, thighs, and abdomen black. The middle tail feathers nearly reach the ground, and on each side of the head are two long black tufts which give the bird its popular name of secretary, because, in the days when quill pens were used, writers were in the habit of carrying them stuck over their ears, says Saint Nicholas.

The bird's food consists of snakes, rats, lizards, and other living animals, which it kills with its feet, and swallows whole, unless too big, when the beak tears them to pieces. When ready to kill, the bird lifts either leg as may be convenient, and brings down the foot in a terrific blow like that of a great hammer, usually striking the victim on the head. If the first blow fails to kill, the bird follows it with others in rapid succession. When the dead animal is too big to be swallowed whole, the bird, seizing the head in his beak, holds the body down under his foot and stretches and pulls it until its flexibility pleases him, when he swallows it, generally head first.

Secretary birds are usually found in pairs, each pair "having a certain hunting-ground which they defend fiercely against intrusion by their neighbors." The nests are very large. They are built of sticks, and are generally placed in a dense thicket or in a small tree. The two eggs are bluish white.

NEW OFFICIAL SECRETS BILL.

Great Britain to Draw Line Against Spies Altogether.

The publication of the text of the new bill which is to take the place of the official secrets act of 1890 indicates the changed opinion in the British Isles upon the subject with which these legislative measures deal. While the existing act was mainly directed against the theft or misappropriation of confidential documents, the new bill is of a different character.

In it spying is specifically described as an offence, and any person who, with a purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the state, approaches a prohibited place and makes plans and sketches or obtains plans which might be useful to an enemy, will be liable to penal servitude.

In the old law this punishment could only be awarded to a person communicating or intending to communicate secrets to a foreign state, but the last named term is absent from the new bill in which the wrongful communication of information to "any unauthorized

person," is treated as a misdemeanor.

Another new feature of the bill just introduced is the widening of the scope of the clause which defines a "prohibited place." As Lord Haldane said, the places barred from public access under the old law were too few. Nowadays it might be just as important that persons should not go into a private dockyard where a British man-of-war was building as that they should not go into a government dockyard.


Therefore the definition in clause three of the new bill is made very comprehensive, and now embraces any work of defence, factory or dockyard, camp or office, telegraph or signal station belonging to the government, or any other place for the storage of instruments or plans of war.

Beyond this, power is given to be exercised in time of emergency to prescribe other places as prohibited on the ground that information concerning them, or their actual destruction, would be useful to an enemy. Thus, any railway, road or channel could be declared prohibited for the time being as well as any works where war materials were being stored or repaired.

COULDN'T HELP IT.

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained the boss.

"Well," explained the breathless clerk, "I have to button up the ashes, and shake down a shirt waist, and carry out the furnace every morning."



ZAM-BUK SAVED THIS BABY

Mrs. M. Barrett, 602 Moreau St., Montreal, says:
"A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50¢ a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for \$2.50. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for piles.

Zam-Buk