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The Boy Scout's Forest-Book

By Robson Black.

Here's for an excursion to the forest!

A new sort of excursion this time—no hauling water up hill or driving tent pegs or striking camp. Any boy is eligible, in or out of uniform. The only stopping-places allowed are the pictures, but outside of that one rule, the Scout is free to pursue his way independent of fellow troopers or his officers.

This trip to the forest follows a brand new path. You know the old way of hiking—take the main road north of the town, turn to the left at the second concession and up the cow path, other side of the farmhouse, until you see the maple woods. This time we hike with winged feet over whole provinces. Now we are in British Columbia stalking like pygmies through the marvellous Douglas Fir and Cedars, now in the dense Spruce forests of Quebec, this moment looking down upon an Ontario paper mill, and in the twinkling of an eye taking a snap shot of a New Brunswick waterfall.

The Boy Scout is the natural friend and ally of the Forest. He has none of the old-fashioned terror of it, because he has penetrated its long and beautiful lanes and knows how extremely kind and generous it is, how it has befriended him in the hot summer days, how it has given him shelter from storms, provided him with the fun of fishing and hunting, and asked hardly one favor in return.

Some man who makes his living twisting out facts and figures said that without the Tin Can,