

fires in concentrated form. They all have the possibilities of another 'Porcupine fire horror,' and for a man to carelessly toss away the beginnings of a conflagration is to brand himself an amateur woodsman and an enemy to society."

By this time we had made away with the bacon and were glorying in the nectar of campfire tea. The Youngster, of course, had finished first, and was lending a hand at striking camp.

Up from the shore came the guide, lugging two pails of water. He emptied them on the small bed of coals and returned for a further supply. Not until the fourth pail had immersed the blackened remnants of the fire did he look contented.

"I see you take no chances," remarked the Veteran.

"I too learned my lesson," answered the guide. "If the forests are not kept *green*, there's no hunting and fishing, and no tourists—and the guide's job disappears. This is only self-defence."