

or on pine needles and after a week's absence come face to face with your own fire in the shape of a blackened township. There's lots of surprises in store for you, my lad. I have known camp fires to burrow into a boggy soil, although doused with many pails of water, and remain there for two weeks, travelling underground until they came in contact with the dry duff of a fine old pinery, then to dart upward and turn hundreds of acres into a roaring furnace. The only safe way is never to take chances with a camp fire, never build one except on rocks or gravel and never go away until it is *dead out*. I have followed that rule now for twenty years."

"You certainly make the camp fire responsible for a lot of damage."

"Can't exaggerate it, because I have seen the proofs with my own eyes. I have crossed Canada with parties of geologists and civil engineers and forest engineers and seen so many thousands of acres lying charred and useless, so many rivers and streams dried up from lack of tree life, so many beautiful camping and fishing spots spoiled for all time, that I said to myself, 'Never you become responsible for this sort of crime.' And I believe I have lived up to it."

"But *smoking!*" said the Youngster. "Suppose that I"——

"Suppose that you threw down a lighted cigarette or a burning match alongside the trail, or emptied hot pipe ashes, I should feel like giving you a very good licking. Lighted tobacco and matches are just camp-