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For the Family

Beside the Camp Fire

NOTES ON SCOUTCRAFT
By Rev. GEORGE W. TEBBS

THE Burlington Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs go into camp on the Hamilton-Toronto Highway between Burlington and Bronte, August 30th to September 4th, and will be pleased to have visits from brother Scouts who may be travelling along the great white way.

The Brockville Scouts provided funds for their annual camp by collecting and selling waste paper, and realized quite a large sum from this very commendable way of raising funds.

Specimen copies of the official paper of the Boy Scouts, "The Canadian Boy," are being sent to all Troops who send in to the office a list of names of the Scouts, with their addresses. The address of the office is Bank, National Building, Ottawa.

Origin of Our Modern Way of Saluting.

In the olden days, when a knight arrived at a neighbouring castle, he took off his helmet to show his host that he did not suspect them of ulterior motives and did not anticipate a bang on the head with a sword or a mace. To enter helmeted amounted to saying that he preferred to run no risks. From this has come the custom of a man baring his head as greeting.

That a man should take off his right glove before shaking hands with a woman, comes from the same period, when travellers wore gauntlets, which were removed to avoid injuring an uncovered hand.

The custom of firing salutes in the artillery comes to us from the time when guns were first used. It was then considered polite and courteous to any great personage who happened to arrive at the castle to load all the guns with shot rounds—not blank—and to fire them off as he arrived at the threshold. The reason for doing this was to show how they trusted their guests by emptying all the guns just before they came into the range of them. This practise was not kept up very long. Blank rounds were soon fired, instead of real ones. They were not so dangerous!

The origin of saluting the quarter-deck when one boards a man-of-war is that in days gone by, when a crucifix was always placed in the stern of the vessel, it was, of course saluted by all who came on board. Though the crucifix has disappeared the custom remains, and men salute the place where it used to be.

The custom of offering the right hand in greeting is practically the same as that of bearing the head or of firing salutes. When one man met another in long-ago times he held out his unarmed sword-hand to show that his intentions were not evil.

The habit of mounting a horse on the near side came about because as a man wore his sword on the left he could not very well mount his horse on that side. This must be a comparatively recent custom, for swords were worn quite short and on the right side even in the first years of the Christian era.

Rusks.

Though it may seem strange to a tenderfoot, old Scouts know that neither bread or meat are wholly necessary to keep them well fed. Biscuits are good for camp food, and can

be carried in your pocket or haversack. One of the best kinds of bread for camp is what the Boers and most South African hunters use—"rusks." These are easily made. Get a stale loaf, cut it up into thick slices or squares, and bake these in an oven or toast them before a hot fire until they are quite hard like biscuits. They can be carried in a spare haversack or bag, and will do instead of bread. Soft bread gets easily damp, sour, and stale in camp.

What Scouting Means.

To Boys:—

Good comradeship with other boys in out-of-door pursuits and games. Training in resourcefulness, observation and self-reliance.

Instruction in handicrafts or hobbies, which may help them to make their way in life.

A chance of being ready, when need arises, for any public service that a boy can render.

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

"Yes, that is where he made a mistake," said McLean, referring to the latest act of stupidity on the part of McFarlane.

"I don't call such an action as that a mistake," replied old Cormack, dictatorially, "I call it a blunder."

"Well, it's all the same thing," returned McLean.

"No, you are wrong there," was Cormack's reply. "There's a great deal of difference between a blunder and a mistake."

"I should like to know what it is," answered McLean, skeptically.

"Well, suppose you went to call on some friend, put an old umbrella into the stand, and took away a new one when you left, that would be a mistake; but suppose you put down a new one and brought away an old one, that would be a blunder; d'ye see?"

ONE OF THE LITTER.

There is a family in England whose patronymic is "Lindsay-Hogg." It is not a pretty name, but, with and without the prefix, there have been many famous men who have borne it, amongst them, Lords and Generals and Privy Councillors. Here is a Lindsay-Hogg story, told in an English newspaper:—

"Always try and catch the name of the lady you are introduced to for 'taking in to dinner.' It is worth while."

"This is the advice of a gentleman who did not know who his dinner partner was when he asked her, with reference to a late dance that was being given a few miles off at Sir Lindsay-Hogg's country house, 'Are you going along to the Piggerian tonight?'"

"Oh, yes!" brightly replied Miss Lindsay-Hogg. "You see, I'm one of the litter!"

A grammar school teacher having asked for a short essay employing certain words ending with "tion," a pupil handed in this astonishing production: "Father's hair is a recollection; mother's is an acquisition; sister's is an aggregation; brother's is a conflagration, and baby's is a mere premonition."—Presbyterian Standard.