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By the Camp Fire
Notes on Scoutcraft

Commissioner Rev. Geo. W. Tebbs

OWING to the absence from Ottawa of his Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, the Chief Scout for Canada, a large number of warrants for Scoutmasters and others have been delayed. The Chief Scout takes great pleasure in signing these most important documents, and we are sure that the Scoutmasters will not mind waiting a little longer in order that they may have their warrants signed by his Excellency in his own handwriting, as has been the custom heretofore. It is not likely that a similar delay will occur again for some time.

The recent visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales caused such a run upon Scout badges, that the supply at headquarters was seriously depleted, but a new supply has been ordered from England equal to the whole of last year's demand, and it is intended in future to keep a year's supply at least in stock.

St. Matthew's Troop, Hamilton, and St. Mark's Troop, Hamilton, won the prizes for the best collection of vegetables grown by Scouts at an exhibition recently held in that city.

Hamilton Troop No. 16 has been appointed official guardians of the Bird sanctuaries recently established in that city by the Bird Society.

How the Indian Hunts Deer.

Chief Thunderbolt, of the Iroquois Indians, Brockville, some time ago visited our Scout Troops and gave the boys lectures on Indian life and customs, which was most entertaining and instructive. His remarks about the way the "Paleface" hunts deer, and the methods the Indian uses, were most illuminating. He said: "The Paleface goes hunting deer in the daytime, which is wrong, for all wild life in the bush likes to sleep and rest in the daytime. The cat sleeps all day and makes noises all night, for instance. Then the Paleface sends out his dogs and they chase the deer a long way from camp, and if the Paleface shoots one deer, he has a long way to bring it into camp. The Indian goes out with his boy at night not far from his camp. He lights a fire, then another, and still another, till he has fires all in a circle. Then he sits quietly down and waits for the deer to come. When the fire bell rings in the middle of the night, and a big fire breaks out in town, Paleface gets up, puts his clothes on and goes out to see the fire. He likes to see a big fire. He is curious. So, too, is the deer. He sees fires and comes to look. Then the Indian and his boy shoot the deer, or if they only wound it, they can easily get the deer because the light of the fires has dazzled the eyes of the deer, and it cannot see where to go. So the Indian gets the deer near to the camp. That is the difference between Paleface, who is so clever, and the poor Indian who knows nothing."

The Boy.

Put me in touch with the heart of the boy,
Let me study his doubts and fears;
Let me try to show him the way of life,
And help him avoid his tears.

For the heart of the boy in its buoyancy
Is the one that is pure and free;
So put me in touch with the heart of the boy,
The heart of the Man-to-be.

Your Flashlight.

Here is a good way to revive a worn-out battery. Make a hole in

each of the cells of the battery with a nail, and then lay them in enough water to cover them and leave them for some time. When you take the battery out it will show as bright a light as when you first bought it. Another way is to place the battery in a hot oven for just a few minutes.

A splendid lot of equipment, such as rubber ground sheets, water bottles, billy-tins, first-aid dressings, haversacks, etc., were recently distributed to the Troops in Ontario from the Provincial Boy Scouts headquarters, who had received them from the Military demobilization stores. These are greatly appreciated by the Boy Scouts, who were lucky enough to get them, and they are now wondering whether they will get any of those \$1,000 discarded soup kitchens for camp use.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Name this child," commanded the clergyman, preparing to christen the twins. The proud father threw out his chest. "Lloyd George Foch Haig Marne Mons. Pemberton Billing Jones!" The clergyman gasped for second wind. "And the other?" The meek, nervous mother smoothed the dress of the one she held, and in a scarcely audible voice, answered: "Maude."

MINIMUM WAGE.

Two miners were discussing the minimum wage. "Say, Bill," said the first, "what's this 'ere minimum wage?"

Bill spat. "The minimum wage? That's what we gets for goin' down; an' if we wants ter take any more brass, we goes and does some work for it."—London "Morning Post."

ATTENDING TO GRANDAD.

Lynton, N. Devon, is claimed to be one of the healthiest places in England. Recently, a visitor began to talk to an old man there, and asked him his age.

"I am just over seventy," replied the rustic.

"Well," said the visitor, "you look as if you had got a good many years to live yet. And at what age did your father die?"

"Father dead?" said the man looking surprised. "Father isn't dead; he's upstairs putting grandfather to bed!"

A SHIRT-SLEEVE GENERAL.

It was in South Africa that General French earned the title of the "shirt-sleeve General"—a sobriquet that conveys a subtle compliment from "Tommy's" point of view. Actually French was often to be seen walking about in camp during his heavy marches in shirt sleeves, writes Mr. Cecil Chisholm, in his biography of Sir John French.

One afternoon a correspondent rode up to the lines, and, seeing a soldier sitting on a bundle of hay, smoking a dilapidated-looking old briar pipe, asked where the general was.

"The old man is somewhere about," coolly replied the soldier.

"Well, just hold my horse while I go and search for him."

"Certainly, sir," and the smoker rose obediently and took the briar.

"Can you tell me where the general is?" inquired the correspondent of a staff officer farther down the line.

"General French? Oh, he's somewhere about. Why, there he is, holding that horse's head!"

And the officer pointed directly to the smoker, still tranquilly pulling at his pipe and holding the horse.