

When Time's Wings are Clipped.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

WHEN spring makes blithe advance towards June, and dusk comes late and the noon-day grows hot, in every city men feel an almost irresistible desire to throw up the struggle and get away from nervous-eyed Toil to some place—any place where a man may gulp down fresh air, work when he feels like it and—be a boy again.

For three months to have no "business relations," to talk to whomsoever he choose, to be clear of the ubiquitous *dilettante* politician—that porcupiny man bristling *cap-a-pie* with vagabond opinions upon church and state and everything known under the sun. That is bliss.

There must always be some who will have to stay, who will put their hopeless desires behind them with perhaps a muttered "confound it all," and then take the disagreeable inevitable quietly, in a way some men have, bringing the heroic into the commonplace.

But the heart of the Rover is perennial in the young man, and it is traditional among sets of bright young Canadians that there is nothing in the universe to compare with a canoe and camp trip for the summer.

And if they chance to be Ontario men their minds will turn to Muskoka's lakes—out of range of their hotels; to far Nipigon, if their purse is large; or to the northern highlands of the Ottawa valley behind the Gatineau and Du Lievre, to Nipissing, or better still, Tamagaming, and—O, rare! Abbittibi upon the height where even the vanguard of the "army of summer tramps" has not yet set foot.

Back among the hills close to nature's heart a man becomes more a man and less a "clothes-screen." He grows clear-brained, forceful, emotional, with mental faculties uncramped, a vigorous body, and buoyant spirits suggestive of windy hill-tops and racing mountain-streams.

One spring a band of young men met, smoked and held council over their usual summer trip. A map of the intended