

and cedar—Nature's own nectar; a draught of it and you'll need no other stimulant. Then when the day's sport is over and the night comes, what a revelation is in store for you! Cuddled in your warm sleeping-bag, with plenty of blankets, you "lay me down" on your bed of spruce boughs, whose odors play thick about you, filling the air and soothing you quickly into babe-like slumber. In the morning, spryer than the sun, you leave your bed before him, armed with a double-edged appetite so keen and new you wonder where it came from. Trust me for what I tell you, and my words but faintly speak the novel joys which await you. Once more I say, forget "the shop" and all which that implies, and with the Poet Rowe you may exclaim to some purpose:

"Begone my cares! I give you to the winds."

T. M.