

## Seeds of Pine

my reason," says he. "If you write with a sense of life or colour along will come some weighty, grim fellows whose business it is to write stock quotations—leaden creatures, believe me—and they will distinctly sniff and sneeze out the word 'impressionistic,' by which they mean fanciful. Sons of bats! If once they tried to frame an impression in black and white they might have some proper comprehension of the word. Any uncouth man can state facts, but it is the telling what the facts stand for that hurts. A coarse man cannot take impressions except from a closed fist, which impression he would probably describe as a 'dint in the pro-file.' Such an one hears no farther than his ears, although, in not a few cases, this might be no inconsiderable distance."

"No, I will not become the local *littérateur*," continues the lad, "to be received by the community with a mingling of pride and sarcasm. I tell you what I will do: it is better to be a real-estate broker, in that all conditions tend to what you Colonials call 'a dead sure thing.' It is the only business in which a man reaps where he does not sow. I will surely be a real-estate man. This I will be."

We are come to Edson now—the terminus of the passenger route—but I am going to describe it in another chapter, for it would be ungrateful to bulk it with other events because of the sense of adventure I enjoyed from my visit thereto.