

Seeds of Pine

This last hour I have been in n. ind-to-mind talk with an Englishman who does not think much of Canada. He speaks of our "dismal respectability," our "tombstone virtues," and our provincial small-mindedness. We call our gardens "yards," and have no manners to speak of. Indeed, nothing but a major operation could remedy our boorishness.

Now, all he says is quite true *but I don't believe it*; besides, his English-sure way of summing us up is irritating to my sense of patriotism.

In some places up here he has had to sleep in "puppy's parlour," which means with his clothes on. This must have been uncomfortable in that he still wears leather puttees which are the true hall-mark of men from the British Isles. He talked about our cold winters and how unbearable they were, just as if the cold were not the sepia the North shoots forth to protect herself from joyous loafers. I did not say this, for one cannot be polite and patriotic at the same time, and it is well to be polite . . . only I remarked that one of these cold days we will shut off the Gulf Stream instead of sending it out to heat up England.

I have no doubt he has private means, for he has travelled widely and is a well-educated man. He came here to have "a go" at homesteading. "Have you succeeded?" I ask. He does not reply except to ejaculate, "Farming—my hat!" whereupon we both laugh, he at the Canadians and I at the English.

The average youth from England finds it trying to be stripped of precedent, and there is nothing