

Seeds of Pine

The Land of Cockaigne could not have been situated in the North, for in that most blessed land every Jack had his Jill and found no difficulty in keeping her. No! it was never in this latitude.

I went to two hotels before I could find a room. I should have registered at once instead of loitering



THE HAUSFRAU

at the station. In the first hotel they could "eat" me, but to "sleep" me was out of the question. In the second, a stout well-looking German—or, as I prefer to call him, "a coming Canadian"—took possession of me, remarking in one breath, but with an air of great punctilio, "You would in my house put up? Der conductor-man he so told me you to me might come. This my wife is. You should

become to each other known. She a bed for you will get—water!—towels!—whatsoever Madam she may desire."

"Urbanity" is the one word that fits the German, my host. His Frau, who is of the pure Teutonic type, has a heart of great goodness, with emotions that lie close under the exterior.