

A woman, to whom I had been speaking on the train, a Lunenburg woman, looked at me enviously, when I said I was on my way to Nova Scotia—for my first visit.

"I wish I could see Lunenburg harbor for the first time," she said, "when the ships return and the masts stand up like a forest."

She told me something about the coastline, with its indentations, and its coves, and creeks, and the ways of its people.

"The paved road has done a lot for the people," she said. "I am not one that wants to keep the fisherfolk as primitive as they are in some places, just to make the tourists stare and rave about them. I want them to have some comforts, too, and now they are getting them, even radios and tablecloths."

"There are places along the South Shore where the people once lived on fish and potatoes," she went on, "never bothering with any other vegetable, but with tourists coming and wanting meals, they began to make gardens, and live better, in every way. The women work in the hay fields with the men. Mary, my maid, whose home is on the South Shore, says she won't take her holidays until the haying is over. Her two sisters work in Boston, and have learned American ways, but when they come home they do what father says. When father says 'We'll make hay', they make hay, and they daren't talk back to him. The heavy father who can rule his household may have gone from other parts of Canada, but he still rules in some of the fishing villages on the South Shore."

We motored from Windsor to Chester, through upper Falmouth, following the Avon river, until we saw where it had its source. The streams here, no longer subject to the tide, are clear, but dark, as if the color of the trout had dyed the water. The road we travelled is winding