

CHAPTER III

THE first roses on Dominion Day! To pick the frail wild rose on its birthday and to watch the tight red buds of yesterday unfolded in perfect beauty at a time when roses in England are getting a little "passée," the great Rose Shows are over, and the Season drawing to a close.

Here it is just beginning. And how short it is at these Canadian seaside resorts—a bare twelve weeks and the visitors have come and vanished like a dream, leaving the farmers to settle down to their long icebound winter, when they are practically cut off from the South Shore and the railway by fifteen miles of turbulent water. A frozen, hummocky mass except where the Government ice-breaker crushes a way through.

There are, however, the beautiful months of September and October, after the harvest is gathered in, and great festivities go on in the village. The farmers return to their houses which have been rented to visitors while *they* have been crowded together in a "lean-to" or