

could be bought. Signs told us that hand-made rugs and quilts were ready for us, and in support of this, we saw samples on fences and verandahs, and about this time we began to notice that we were crossing the railway track very often. That is true of the whole South Shore. The highway and the railway track cross and recross, seeming to vie with each other in showing the traveller everything that is to be seen. No one can see it all, but we drove slowly and did our best.

Little sheltered coves, with canoes at anchor, beaches of pure red sand, where people lay in the sun; a party of picknickers, opening their baskets; a woman on the verandah of a lovely white house, shelling peas; two women driving by with a horse and covered buggy. (I am sure they had a laprobe embroidered in chain stitch); a white house, with rain barrels at each side, painted white, too; fish drying on the shore in front of Frolic school; cobblestone houses at Dublin Shore; and always the sea with its fishing boats, steamers, fuel barges, and at least one lovely yacht with gleaming sails, a stranger, a painted lady, among the hard-working craft!

At Liverpool, we stopped for supper at a neat little restaurant where tourists with bandanna handkerchiefs on their heads sat at the next table. We wanted to reach Lockport for the night, but a fog settled in from the sea, and we stayed at White Point Beach, where the great rollers of the Atlantic threw spray on the rocks, and filled the air with a sound so much like a heavy rain that every time I wakened I had to resist the impulse to get up and shut windows all over the house.

We agreed that the Pubnico villages should be seen—there are so many of them, all in a row, on both shores of Pubnico harbor. There is Lower West, Middle West, and West Pubnico, and the same number of East Pubnicos, and at the head of the harbor Pubnico itself.