

Tales of the Road

NUMBER TWO

*"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."*

The Road in June

There has never been a year in the Canadian West when Lowell's famous lines were so true as the June of 1911. Through southern Manitoba in a motor car in June is a memory never to be effaced. The whole country was luxuriantly green and radiant with blossom—a veritable mass of bloom and fount of sweetness. Indeed, as you spun along over the country roads the whole air was full of perfume, dashed at intervals, as evening approached, with the pungent whiffs of smoke from many a smudge fire, where the cows were being milked.

The red lilies were out, and scores of other flowers—many the faces of old friends—many names unknown to the ordinary passerby. Stretched far on either side of the flowery roadways and trails were fields of grain, in varying shades of green, wheat, oats and barley, undulating in the gentle breeze, and whispering of coming millions of bread-stuffs. Most beautiful of all, the flax fields with their mile-long rows of feathery green plants, just breaking into seas of blue. It was a goodly and beautiful land, and I was glad that Coronation Day found me in the country and at the little old town of Morden, lying among the rich green fields, where every home has its garden and its shelter of trees, the first district in the West to prove the possibilities of growing roses; and here masses of Persian yellow, great trees of June roses with the bees buzzing at their hearts, white roses and crimson were seen in abundance. They were to be found in every garden,