



Prince Edward Island

By ADA MACLEOD



TO NONE of the other provinces of Canada, however wide their domain or rich their dower, had there fallen the gift of so poetic a name as that bestowed on the little Province-by-the-Sea by its original inhabitants, the Micmacs—*Abegweit* (cradled on the wave.) On the eastern marge of Canada, Prince Edward Island lies, crescent-shaped, nestling still in the protecting arms of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and still is it known as a place of beauty and of rest, so that weary men and women come from far to sit by its fair waters and roam in its quiet woods, and delight their eyes in its strange harmonies of blue sea and vivid green turf and banks of terra cotta. It is about one hundred and forty miles in length with a width varying from three to forty miles, and is so deeply indented by water-ways that its coast-line measures about a thousand miles. Its red soil has been ground from the Permian or Triassic sandstone beneath, and this, mixed with the decayed vegetation of thousands of years, has produced a loam so fertile and easily cultivated that the province is now known as the "Garden of the