

take possession of it in person was to enlarge the island or curtail the President. Neither of these schemes being immediately feasible, Mr. Taft landed at Todd's Head, the most easterly point of the United States, and looking out upon the newly-acquired island, proclaimed it American territory.

Whether President Taft's object in visiting Passamaquoddy Bay was to take possession of Pope's Folly or not, his visit was a happy one both for Americans and Canadians. In his public address he said: "You are close enough to Canada to know Canadians and to value them as neighbours. Canada is a great country—we are just beginning to learn how great a country it is. We have reached a time when neither ought to be envious of the other, but each ought to be convinced that the more prosperous the one is the more likely the other is to be prosperous, and that the growth of trade of one means the growth of the trade of the other. It is pleasant to see that all the controversies between Great Britain and the United States, which in the past have been many, are now settled or are in course of settlement by arbitration, and that this is the first time in the history of the two countries when that could be said."

The President came, he saw Pope's Folly, he conquered all hearts, American and Canadian, and he went away carrying a case of sardines, if we are to believe a picture in a Boston paper.

A few days before Mr. Taft arrived, a moose, stealing a march—or rather a swim—on the President, tried to take possession of Pope's Folly. It was thought to be a Canadian moose from Campobello whose righteous indignation had been aroused by the action of Ambassador Bryce in giving the island to the United States, and whose manifest intention was to keep the President from effecting a landing; but the island proved to be too cabined, cribbed, confined for this lordly

denizen of the forest. He is said to have made two unsuccessful attempts to jump over the island before taking again to the water. He then made at once for Eastport, as if looking for new worlds to conquer, and landed at Todd's Head, just where the President a few days later had his picture taken. The moose also had his picture taken and both are now encircling the globe on picture post-cards.

A narrow channel separates Pope's Folly from Campobello, an island of unrivalled beauty, which has become a most popular summer resort, with its fashionable hostelries, cozy villages, winding tree-shaded roadways, handsome summer cottages, and enchanting glimpses of Passamaquoddy Bay on the one side and the Bay of Fundy on the other.

The picturesque headland of Campobello, which juts out towards Pope's Folly, is called Friar's Head from its supposed resemblance to the head of a monk. The emphasis in the preceding sentence falls on the word *supposed*. It looks about as much like a monk as the constellation Leo looks like a lion. The early settlers of this region were of a deeply religious bent which enabled them to see in almost every rock some Christian symbol. On Grand Manan, which lies a little distance off from Campobello, out in the Bay of Fundy, there is a rock which is called the Bishop, and another the Southern Cross.

Just across the Bay from Pope's Folly, in full view, is Indian Island. This "sea-nymph of the bay," as it has been called, has a most interesting history. It was the burying-ground of the Passamaquoddy Indians. It was to them a sacred place, to which they carried their dead. They could find no more beautiful spot from which to start their dead on their long voyage to the Islands of the Blessed, the Land of the Hereafter.

Here the first Englishman in these parts made his home and established