

an old bachelor woman-hater, who in his younger and more susceptible days had been jilted by a fair heart-breaker. In order to escape from the wiles and witcheries of the female sirens he took

only a miserable male. But however that may be, the lone bachelor flew to the rescue of the lone widow. His heart went out to her in her distress. The widow also lost her heart in sav-



THE MOOSE THAT PAID A VISIT TO POPE'S FOLLY

up his abode on this lonely island. For some time all went well. He built himself a cabin and lived a kind of Robinson Crusoe life. He found some consolation in what the wild waves were saying. Every wave as it dashed itself against the rock-bound coast must have proclaimed in language which poor Pope could not fail to understand that it too had been jilted.

One day a boat containing a poor forlorn woman—a widow—was driven upon this rocky shore. Some versions of the legend aver that she allowed herself to drift upon the rock, but this is evidently a corruption of the story by one who was not a man, but

ing Pope from his now famous folly.

This is a romantic explanation of the origin of the name of this little island. The higher critics would no doubt dub this story a myth and relegate it to the Apocrypha, but it is no more improbable than the common explanation that this man Pope, during the war of 1812, established a trading-post there and lost all.

Shortly after Pope's Folly had become American territory the President of the United States visited Eastport. Some Canadian wag reported that Mr. Taft had come to take possession of his newly-acquired territory. The only way in which he could