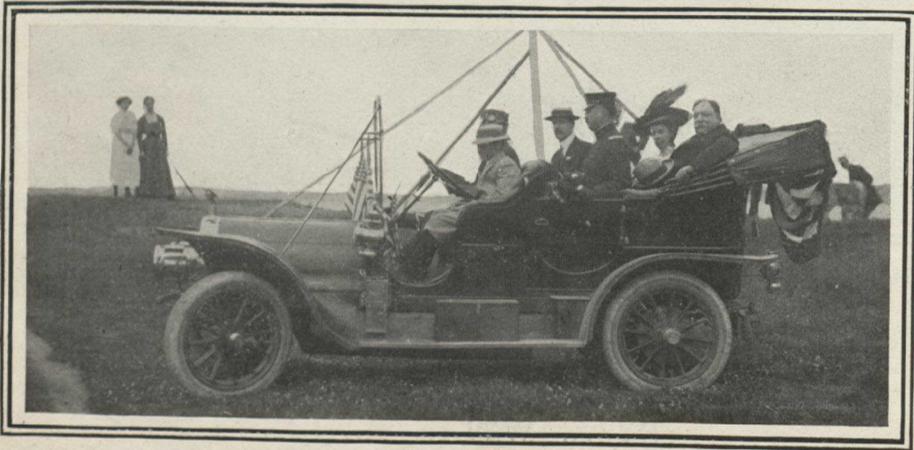


tation of the wording of the Treaty be grouped with the unnamed islands which were declared to belong to Great Britain; but the little islet, the rock of contention, is so near to the American shore that the most loyal Canadian, as he views the situation, cannot wonder that Ambassador Bryce and

spruce, is situated between Lubec on the American side of Passamaquoddy Bay and Campobello on the Canadian side. If it is a worthless bit of rock, it is a picturesque bit, and contributes somewhat to the charm of one of the most beautiful spots that the eye of man ever rested upon. This is the



PRESIDENT TAFT AT TODD'S HEAD, THE MOST EASTERLY POINT IN THE UNITED STATES

Secretary Knox awarded it to the United States. The only wonder is that anybody ever took enough interest in this worthless bit of rock to put two great nations to the trouble of settling such a dispute.

Great interest was taken this year in the work of the Commission on both sides of the international boundary line. A few days before the result was made public an American paper said: "It is not expected that any serious complications will follow, no matter which Government gets the island, but the final decision will be eagerly watched for and a flag-raising will probably take place as soon as it is known to which country Pope's Folly belongs. Passamaquoddy Bay must be a place of leisure, or the people must be island-fiends, if anybody would go to the trouble of a flag-raising on such a poor worthless spot."

The little rocky islet, which is crowned with a thick scrub growth of

scene of Mr. William Hope's "Eastport," a beautiful picture which is now in possession of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and which has greatly enhanced the reputation of this well-known Canadian artist.

No wonder De Monts and Champlain, as they sailed amongst these beautiful islands, through this enchanted region, during the summer of 1604, felt that their willing souls would gladly stay in such a land as this, and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss. During the winter of that year, when, as Champlain tells us, the cold was so intense that they sold cider by the pound, the souls of these brave French explorers learned another tune. They preferred to sing themselves away to Port Royal as soon as the spring opened.

There are two or three different legends as to how this little islet got its name, one of which has an interesting touch of romance about it. Pope was