



NEW IRON MINE, BELLE ISLE, CONCEPTION BAY.

sixth larger than Ireland, twice as large as Denmark, and contains 12,000 square miles more than Scotland. Comparing it with two of the Lower Provinces, we find it more than twice the size of Nova Scotia, and one-third larger than New Brunswick, while Prince Edward Island could almost be submerged in two of its largest lakes.

In another respect nature has dealt favorably with the island in its physical construction. It is pierced with numerous magnificent bays, which, in many instances, run from seventy to ninety miles inland, throwing out smaller arms in all directions. Placentia and Trinity Bays almost meet from opposite sides of the island and cut it in two. These great fiords have a striking resemblance to those of Norway, and are often not less magnificent in their scenery. They contain some of the finest harbors in the world, as well as countless coves, creeks and minor inlets, where the fishermen's crafts find shelter. These watery ravines bring with them the marvellous fish-wealth of the surrounding waters, and place it within reach of the fisherman's net and hook. At the same time, they

present unrivalled facilities for the transport of the products of the mine, the forest and the farm. To such an extent are the shores indented that it would be difficult to find anywhere an equal land area presenting such an extent of frontage to the sea.

Then, in the fish-wealth of its encompassing seas, the island possesses another rich and inexhaustible heritage. Not far from its shores are the famous "Banks," the greatest sub-marine elevations in the world—600 miles in length and 200 in breadth, the home of the cod and other commercial fishes. For four hundred years thousands of fishermen, of various nationalities, have been plying their calling on these Banks, but without causing any symptoms of exhaustion. All round the shores of the island are lesser marine plains, rich in finny treasures, on which year after year for centuries the fishermen have been reaping the harvests of the sea, that require no ploughing or sowing.

Nor is this all. The great Arctic current washes its shores, bearing on its bosom in spring vast ice-argosies on which millions of seals are born and