

The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

Vol. 5

SEPTEMBER, 1903

No. 7

Prince Edward Island.

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AWAY "down east" beyond battlemented Halifax, the land of Evangeline, and the Loyalist City of St. John, lies Prince Edward Island, the most fertile Province and one of the loveliest spots of the Dominion.

Apparently the most out-of-the-way of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, it is in reality but 24 hours from us by travel. Its beautiful climate — peculiar to itself — is yearly attracting larger numbers of our people and they find it to be a summer resort of such charm and novelty that they are enraptured. Sated with the noise of our bustling cities and eager to escape the superheated atmosphere, they hie away to this land in the sea and quickly regain tone and strength. In summer the delightful climate transforms everything, and

"Fills

The air around with beauty."

Verdant fields on every hand, with patches of forest here and there; prosperous farms and comfortable homes dotting the scene; beautiful arms of the sea cutting into the land in all directions; landscapes and seascapes of surpassing loveliness—this is the picture presented. The country is gently undulating and there is not a mountain or very high hill in all the Island. Stones are unknown and a Vermonter would miss his granite boulders. The soil is a disintegrated