



Maiden," and ventured to pay her his addresses. But she was not for him. She married Sir Alexander Bannerman, a merchant of Aberdeen, and just fifty years from the time when she had left Charlottetown a penniless lass she returned to it again as wife of its Governor, with all the city illuminated in her honour. Carlyle in his "Reminiscences" tells of their dramatic meeting on horseback at the gate of Hyde Park after the lapse of many years.

For a quiet, restful holiday few places have the same appeal as Prince Edward Island. From the time when the visitor sights its shores with their red cliffs rising from the blue Gulf waters and motors over the winding roads with their everpleasing diversity of light and shade, of hill and valley, of woods and waters; when he bathes on its sandy shores, and fishes in its streams, joins in its picnics or clam bakes, or rests amid the far-famed hospitality of its homes, he will find a state of society in harmony with the serenity of external nature where poverty, strikes and misery are unknown.

