

GEOGRAPHY.

BEAUTIFUL CANADA.—A Canadian shows neither patriotism nor good judgment if he spends his money in a summer sojourn on the coast of the United States. After having been in every province of the Dominion and State of the Union, not only once but fairly often, I can confidently recommend Prince Edward Island as the most healthful and delightful place for a summering in America. Nothing but the expense—which is not great—of reaching this smallest and yet most attractive province of Canada, prevents it from becoming the popular summer resort of all inland Canadians. As everybody knows, it is a long thin island about one hundred and twenty miles in length and varying from two to twenty miles in width. Its soil is a red clay loam, somewhat sandy in places, and very similar to that of Cuba, which is supposed to have naturally the richest soil in the world. Almost every portion of the Island is pierced by rivers and inlets up which the tide sweeps, creating breezes that are startling to the Ontario visitor. Eighty degrees is considered unusually hot, and when the people of the other parts of Canada are sweltering, Prince Edward Island is draining away its primitive life rocked by a wind that is almost always strong enough to swing a hammock. Counting the bays and inlets, the Island must have over three hundred miles of coast, and as many of the farms run down to tide water and are available as summer homes, nearly all the tourists of Ontario could be accommodated. Prince Edward Islanders build large houses; food and labor are cheap, and four and a half or five dollars a week for board in a farmhouse, or six or seven dollars in a hotel with the privileges of a beach, are considered reasonable figures.

To be a guest in a Prince Edward

Island farmhouse is not like being a summer boarder by the lakes. The Prince Edward Islander believes that he is only half doing his duty if anything is omitted to complete the pleasure of a guest. With one accord they seem to care more for the honor of the Island and the complete satisfaction of the visitor than for the money there may be in keeping boarders. Indeed, the whole Island is something like a big village where everybody appears to know almost everybody else. The visitor at one farm is considered the guest of the province, and the tendency is to overwhelm the stranger with the gentlest and sincerest hospitality that is imaginable.

With salt-water bathing, either in the surf or in quiet bays, a climate that is never too hot and is always pleasant, level roads—good for bicycling—and easy access to all points by boat or railway, it is simply perfect as a health and summer resort.

To reach this model summer resort one may take the C.P.R. at Toronto in the morning and in the evening of the next day be in Summerside or Charlottetown; or one may take the Richelieu Navigation Company's steamers to Montreal, transfer to the *Campana*, and after a voyage down the St. Lawrence and in the Gulf around Gaspé, and past the bay of Chaleurs, on the fourth day out reach Summerside or on the fifth day Charlottetown, or Pictou on the mainland. The Quebec Steamship Company treat their passengers well, and nowhere can I remember a more delightful sail than from Montreal, past Rivière du Loup, Cacouna, Rimouski, Father Point, Cape Chat, Gaspé, Perce, with its wonderful pierced rock, to Summerside and Charlottetown. The cost is not great and the accommodation excellent. Then one may go by steamer or train to Lévis and