

of Greece, Corsica, Cyprus, Sardinia, Crete, Elba, Madeira, The Azores and Canaries, and finally land him on the frosty shores of Greenland, Iceland, New Siberia and Novaia Zemlia; and if in imagination he could reach the pole itself, no doubt even there would be found a "dear little Island" big enough to carry the Union Jack.

The mere geographer might be puzzled in this wealth of Islands to select the right one without cross-questioning. But the man of the world knows at once that "the Island," when spoken of in this way, always means the "emerald gem of the western sea" that lies snugly in the arms of New Brunswick and Cape Breton, and whose northern crescent sweeps in the great bay of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Geologists tell us that it was not always an island, but that like Great Britain it once was part and parcel of the continent.

Let them have their way about that. The main point for us (especially in winter) is that we are now an island; and ever since we had a name to be known by, (and we have enjoyed several—Abegweit, Isle St. Jean, New Ireland, Isle de Prince Edouard) we have let that fact be known and not been ashamed of it.

The truth is we can't help it. Being an island we must remain such in spite of the promised tunnel. Our *dernier resort* is an earthquake.

Perhaps that is what shook us clear of Nova Scotia; and one day, working backwards, it may fill up the strait again. Or was it the gradual encroachment of the waves? And if the latter, and still in progress, where is it going to stop?

This reminds me of a problem set us by our good