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ST. ANDREWS

New Brunswick



PHARMACY QUODDY BAY



FROM THE ALGONQUIN, ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

CAN BE SEEN

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES OF LANDSCAPE, AND MOUNTAIN, RIVER, BAY AND ISLAND SCENERY.

VILLAGE OF ST. ANDREWS	150 feet below.	CHAMCOOK MOUNTAIN	3 miles.
JOE'S POINT	1 mile.	ROBBINSON, ME.	3 "
NAVY ISLAND	1 "	PERRY, ME.	6 "
MINISTER'S ISLAND	1 "	POINT PLEASANT, ME.	9 "
HARDWOOD ISLAND — Passamaquoddy Bay	4 "	and entire coast of Maine bordering on the Bay and River.	
HOSPITAL ISLAND " "	3½ "	POINT MIDJIC — mouth of Magaguadavic River, S "	8 "
DEER ISLAND " "	6½ "	THE OVENS — head of Passamaquoddy Bay	8 "
PENDLETON'S ISLAND " "	5½ "	CAMPORELLO — Bay of Fundy	11 "
MCMASTER'S ISLAND " "	6 "	THE WOLVES " "	17 "
BIG LETETE PASSAGE " "	6 "	GRAND MANAN " "	22 "
LITTLE LETETE PASSAGE " "	5 "	OUTLINE OF NOVA SCOTIA	75 "

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The largest Summer Resort across the border. Opens July 1, 1889.

. Beautifully located on the highest point overlooking St. Andrews, N.B.

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SURROUND THE HOTEL,
WHILE
IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY
EXCELLENT ROADS,
GOOD TROUT and SALMON FISHING,
SAFE
BOATING AND YACHTING,
AND GOOD BATHING ARE OFFERED



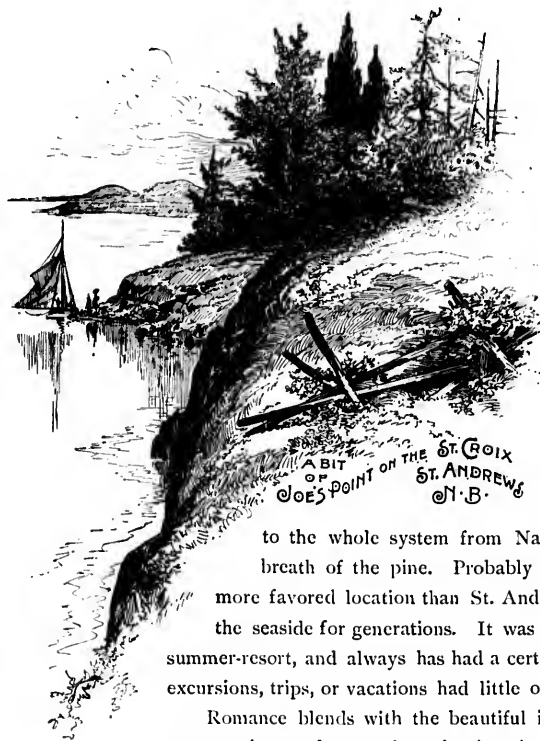
It is intended that the leading characteristics of the house shall be unsurpassed comfort and service, with polite attention.

Address, until July 1st,

For plans of rooms and full description,
see pages 39-40, this book.

FRED. A. JONES, LESSEE,

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N.B.



PREAMBLE.

"Ah! What pleasant visions haunt me as I gaze upon the sea,
All its old familiar legends, all my dreams come back to me."

With a charm of situation peculiarly its own, offering attractions to summer-visitors in pure air and water, delightful scenery, and hotel accommodations unrivalled, the NEW-GL summer-resort, St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, issues its invitation to the thousands seeking a resting-retreat from the toils and cares of business pursuits, the heat and dust of cities, or the *ennui* engendered by the too close devotion to home. Here no wasting fever, epidemic, nor malarial disorder saps the system's strength; but, cooled by the close proximity of Old Ocean, the breath of summer is as medicine, a balm rejuvenating the overtaxed nerves, brain, and body, and giving a tone

to the whole system from Nature's tonic,—the salt sea-air,—coupled with the invigorating breath of the pine. Probably no point along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick has a more favored location than St. Andrews. The old place has been a sort of "sleeping beauty" of the seaside for generations. It was marked and admired long before it was dreamed of as a possible summer-resort, and always has had a certain patronage of pleasure-seekers, even in times when summer-excursions, trips, or vacations had little or no plan or part in the life of any class.

Romance blends with the beautiful in Nature and adds greatly to its charm; for no sylvan scene attracts the eye but awakes the imagination also, peopling it with the actors in the stirring events

ST ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

of the past which mark this spot as the extreme outpost of the early French settlement in North America, dating back far into the seventeenth century, when the cross of the Jesuit was first planted on these shores by Saint Andre (or Andie), the reverend father, whose name still clings to Point St. Andrew,—the St. Andrews of today.

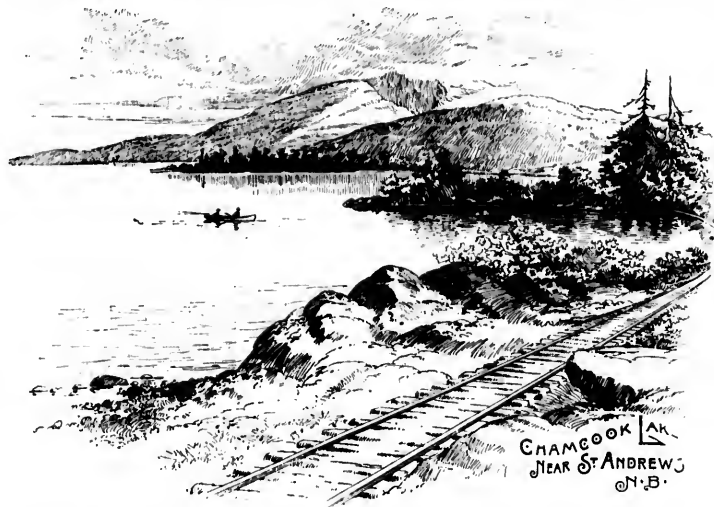
Later, the hills and dales surrounding this, the shire-town of Charlotte County, oft echoed the shrill war-whoop of the wily savage who, allied with the French, from St. Andrews as a rallying-point, issued forth upon those cruel raids which characterized the struggle between the Roses of England and the Lilies of France for the possession of the Western Continent. Today, the visitor of one summer roams afield where ages ago the painted savage worshipped beneath the cross and sent up his untutored prayer to the Great Spirit; or, embarking, plows the placid waters of the beautiful bay once dotted with bark canoes, and gathers inspiration with health in the pursuit of pleasure amid scenes, the theatre of events which have added pages to the history of three centuries.



CHAPTER I.

WHERE IS ST. ANDREWS?

Eastward, following the coast of Maine,—that rugged line of rocky headlands and deep indentations so famous as culminating the whole grandeur of the Atlantic coast,—the rocky fringe continues, until a lovely archipelago separates the



south-eastern corner of the State of Maine and the United States from the English Province of New Brunswick. Its Indian name, *Passamaquoddy*, reminds one that

“Our name is on your waters, you cannot wash it out.”

He who enters Passamaquoddy Bay from the ocean, through one of the three narrow, tortuous channels, passes from the open sea where the mighty waves advance and recede, break, roar, and foam against the rugged barriers of rock in the vain attempt to gain an entrance with him, into a smooth, placid bay, studded with islands of breezy summits, and with rocky, picturesque shores, here and there

indented with gravelly coves, where the dark-green waters break in gentle ripples on their shelving beaches, or gently

ON
PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

ST ANDREW'S NEW BRUNSWICK

sway the long sea-weeds clinging tenaciously to the crevices of the rocks on the more abrupt shore, as the great tides ebb and flow.

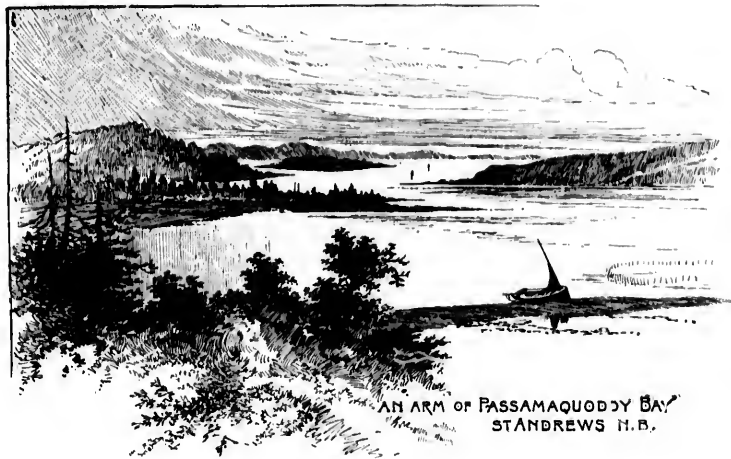
The sea billowy is passed and the steamer speeds merrily over the sea placid, crossing the twelve miles which intervene to the farther shore, and, with an insight into the beauties of the spot which shall develop with each hour of sojourn, reaches St. Andrews, with its welcome. But for the traveller who enters St. Andrews by rail is reserved that great transformation scene, when from a country landscape of field and forest he emerges at once into full view of the sea, which bursts upon the eye like a revelation. Three miles out, the train passes the largest Chamcook lake, so near that one can almost see the gamey salmon in its transparent waters waiting to challenge his skill; and the air is tempered to refreshing coolness by the breezes from off its bosom. This shall be a favorite resort of yours, O visitor. Whether disciple of rod and fly or not, you cannot resist the attractions of a three-mile drive, over roads which are perfection, to this secluded spot, this lake of the woods, nestling at the feet of its brothers, the Chamcook Mountains, which from time immemorial have thus stood guard over the sleeping lake. While one is making a mental note of this, the train bears him on past cove and inlet, with glimpses of the sea beyond, and finally comes to a halt at the convenient little depot, where carriages wait to bear the visitor to his hotel.

We have found St. Andrews! It is, then, situated upon a narrow peninsula projecting far into Passamaquoddy Bay from the New-Brunswick shore. A short distance off the wharves at St. Andrews runs that imaginary line which forms the international boundary between the United States and the British Province of New Brunswick. St. Andrews may be reached by direct railroad lines from Montreal, St. John, and Boston, and by the steamers of the International Line from Boston, Portland, and St. John, offering a choice of routes which will be discussed later and at length.



CHAPTER II.

ITS BEAUTIES AND PECULIARITIES.



AN ARM OF PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.
STANDREWS H.B.

beauty of THIS GRAND CYCLORAMA OF GOD? In the attempt to picture St. Andrews with the pen, it were better to divide it into two parts and illustrate what Nature and what man have each done for this charming spot.

Imagine, then, a town of some seventeen hundred inhabitants, quiet, tree-embowered, peaceful, nestling to the water's edge upon a narrow peninsula surrounded upon three sides by a broad expanse of dancing sea, gently rising from the shore

PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

"The infinite bliss of Nature
I feel in every vein,
The light and life of summer
Blossom in heart and brain."

Who can adequately describe the beauties of St. Andrews, when with the eye unaided one can see from his hotel-veranda the encircling line of seventy-five miles of sea-coast, with the sail-dotted bay for a foreground, and the opposite shore, so far from being flat and monotonous, rises into a succession of swelling dome-like hills which look in the twilight like dim distance-shrouded mosques? In the centre of such scenes as these, as it were upon a platform surrounded by one of those famous paintings, who can describe fitly the wondrous

ST ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

until, at a distance of two thousand feet from high-water mark, an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet is attained; yet so evenly graded is the slope, terraced there by the hand of Nature, that one perceives it not until, turning at the summit, the eye is charmed by the view seaward over the sleeping town. Turning to each point of the compass, the visitor sees an encircling line of coast, encompassing a broad expanse of sea, while beyond the narrow neck of land which connects St. Andrews with the mainland rise the Chamcook Mountains, forming an amphitheatre within whose walls rest the fairest in this the very home of forest-fringed lakes. This is the outlook from Fort Hill. It is here that man has placed his hostelry; "myne comfort in myne inn" means much amid such surroundings.

Occupying the highest point of land within the town, yet so far removed from it that whatever stir of commerce or trade yet remains to the sleepy burgh is hushed, the hotel site of the new Algonquin is particularly grand. Five hundred feet away stands old Fort Tipperary, famous when St. Andrews was a strongly garrisoned border-town, and today retaining a part of its ancient glory in the obsolete guns still mounted behind the earth-works, and in the officers' quarters and barracks, fast falling to decay. Late years have seen the earth-works bristling with arms and have heard the roll of the drums of British regulars upon but two occasions,—the first "the Trent affair," and again during the famous "Fenian Raid" of 1866. Then ships of war anchored in the bay, and transports landed company after company, until a full regiment of Royal Grenadiers occupied the walls of the ancient fortress and brought relief to the anxious citizens of the town.

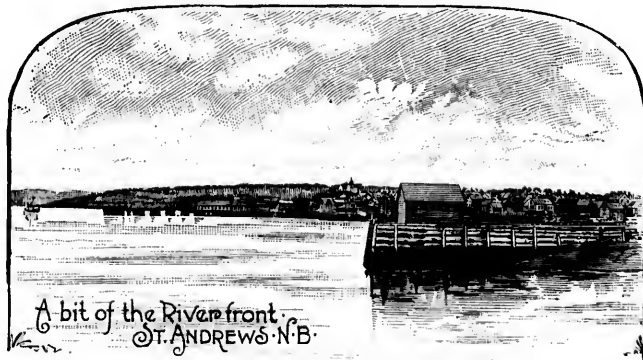
Leaving the magnificent natural scenery afforded to the eye from Fort Hill for a stroll about the quiet streets, one meets the picturesque at every turn,—in the old-fashioned quaint houses, with a display of flowers in the windows of the poorest, evidence of the natural cultivation of the people; and in the broken-down wharves which line the water-front of the town,



once teeming with the life of commerce. Never was a town more profusely blessed with flowers than St. Andrews, and, curiously enough, Nature has ordered that spring and summer blossoms combine at once to please; thus the species which are passed to the denizen of an American city bloom again for him upon his arriving at St. Andrews. Everywhere, rose and hawthorn hedges meet the eye and charm the senses, while the humblest cottage presents its mass of brilliant-colored flowers.

St. Andrews was at one time famous for its shipping. It is within the memory of the older inhabitants that a fleet of twenty square-rigged vessels waiting in St. Andrews Bay their turn to receive or discharge cargo at the crowded wharves was

no uncommon sight, while phenomenal stories are told of man's ability to walk from the lower end of the town to Joe's Point *upon the decks of vessels, stepping from one to the other.* True it is that St. Andrews once commanded the West-India and coasting trade of the whole province, and true, alas, that there remains today nothing of this far-reaching commerce save here and there a vessel, long condemned, falling with the unused wharf at which it lies into dilapidation, in its decay most picturesque; while about the ancient timbers the flashing, dancing waters of the bay leap and cling, as if in endeavor to awaken them from their



lethargy and again revive the old-time prosperity. Although its clangor and confusion have gone forever, the old town is still interesting, its quiet and restfulness, together with the embellishment which Nature and man have given it, constituting its principal charm for summer-visitors. The very streets of the town, laid out in the year 1784 by Deputy John Jones, surveyor for the Crown, and builded by the sturdy loyal forefathers of St. Andrews, are a novelty, formed as they are by avenues of

ON
PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

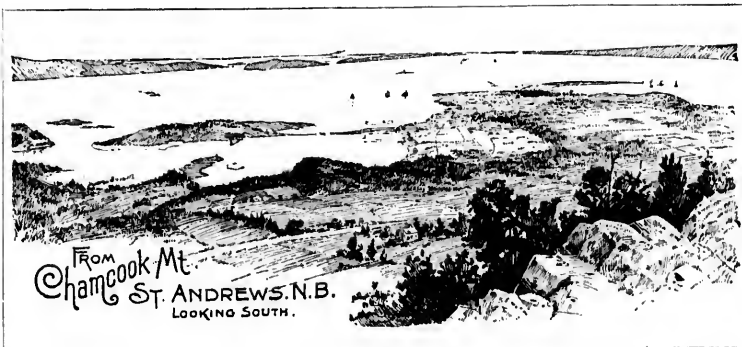
ST ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

a uniform length and sixty to eighty feet wide, crossing at right angles and dividing the town into sixty blocks each three hundred and twenty feet square.

THE DRIVES.—Leading from St. Andrews as continuations of the broad avenues of the town, are roads which are perfection as far as road-building goes.

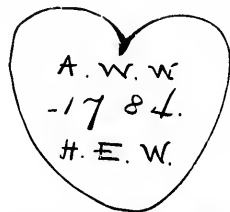
Forest-lined and shaded, these wide highways reach many charming spots by sea and inland lake, where the luncheon-basket may be unpacked and its contents eaten with an avidity born of the invigorating air. Or, if the lover of horse-flesh desires to speed, every opportunity is afforded by the magnificent livery of St. Andrews, where turnouts of every description may be had at phenomenally low rates. The roads about St. Andrews partake of the peculiar geological formation of the town,—a red sandstone,—which can be seen cropping out here and there, and through which the roads are graded, reminding one greatly of the famous “pikes” of the Middle States; while upon these rocky highways the horses’ feet strike and resound, a merry accompaniment to the wheels. No mud, no dust. The water from the severest rainfall remains not to annoy or dispel the pleasures of the drive, but percolates through the porous road-bed until, in

an incredibly short time, the lightest slipper is not dampened by pressure to the ground. Nor does the sun of summer form a dust, to rise in blinding clouds from under the wheels. Black silks may be worn upon the drive and not rendered unsightly objects by a thin coating of earth; no are gloves and faces soiled.



ON PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

The favorite drives are to Chamcook Mountain and Lake; the Shore Road, bordering the river; the Bar Road to Mowatt's Grove; and, at low water, across the Bar to Minister's Island. To visit the summit of Chamcook, the horses are left at the base and the ascent accomplished on foot, with a taste of Alpine excitement, although the climb is a perfectly safe one. For more than half way from base to summit, the mountain is bare of vegetation, save a scanty covering of moss, which at the summit is itself wanting. In altitude, Chamcook Mountain claims one thousand feet above the sea; and as tide-water washes its very base, the view from its one thousand feet may be far grander than if multiplied five times over, a hundred miles inland. Its companions are crowned with fir-trees, but the summit of Chamcook is bare. Upon its readily yielding surface of the prevailing red sandstone formation are carved the names of visitors to this mountain-top in the early years of American independence and the consequent coming of the Loyalists to inhabit the quiet town below. Not singly, but thickly covering the whole summit



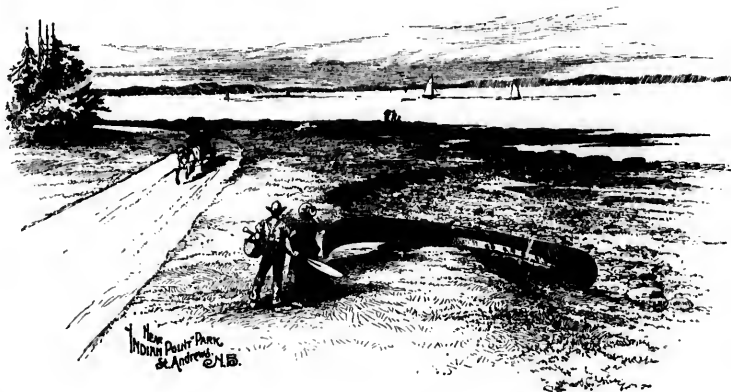
are these carvings. What tales they tell to the imaginative mind! Were they brothers, friends, or lovers? Who can tell! Facing seaward, the view is over the bay, and the islands which form its farther border, out over the ocean to where Grand Manan alone breaks the line where sky and water meet. Campobello, easily reached by steam or sailing craft, lies suggestively within sight. To the right and beneath lies the calm of the inner bay, reaching up to the mouth of the St. Croix, with Docie's Island almost directly opposite your lookout. The stream is traceable only a short distance before it is hidden by its own windings, yet you mark with interest the dividing-line between the Provinces and the States, so intimately near. The left dis-

closes a view across a sheet of water ten miles in width to Point Midjic and the mouth of the Magaguadavic; while above and beyond is marked in faint perspective the blue outline of the Nova-Scotia shore. Inland, the eye meets first the beautiful lake from which the mountain takes its name, the railroad winding along its shores until lost amid the rounded hills. Katahdin, in Northern Maine, the noblest peak east of the White Mountains, is added to the picture, which the visitor leaves with regret.

ST ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

Again, the drive is to the grove, a magnificent hard-wood growth within easy distance; and, if the tide be out, there exists in this direction the additional attraction of a ride across the Bar to MINISTER'S ISLAND, so called from its purchaser, Parson Andrews, him of Connecticut Loyalist fame. This ride will be for half a mile, exact measurement, through the bed of Old Ocean and *twenty feet below sea-level at high water*. The phenomenal tides make this possible. "Unlike the ocean-bed at other points, there tiring sea at St. Andrews presents no nauseating expanse of mud-flats; but from the surrounding ledges the sea for countless ages has been chipping, bit by bit, fragments of sandstone which form its pebbly beaches and its shining bed. Across this the carriage spins merrily, the horses' feet upheld and the wheels making scarce impression upon the unyielding substance. Great kelps and sea-weeds, left by the retiring sea, lie around awaiting the return of the water, which now lies upon each side of the narrow bar which at this season of the tide allows the passage.

JOE'S POINT.—Near the town is another lookout much sought. In reaching it, the road passes the old block-house of Indian warfare, suggestive still, standing in a delightful little bay of its own, and with its curiously-built projecting second story, from loop-holes in which the besieging savages who attempted to batter down the door were themselves knocked down by bullets from the rifles of the settlers within. Here may be seen guns bearing the monogram of George III.



INDIAN POINT.—But it is at Indian Point, as the extreme end of the peninsula is called, where Art has been called to supplement Nature, and the combined efforts of the two have reached a result delightfully novel. In the year 1700, this Indian Point saw the landing of Col. Church and his party from Massachusetts Bay, bent upon retaliation for the sacking of the town of Deerfield, Conn., at that time the most northerly settlement upon the Connecticut River, which had been attacked and burned at daybreak on the 29th day of February of the same year by three hundred French and Indians from Passamaquoddy. The point retains little of its old-time

ON PASSAMAQUODDY BAY



appearance save its contour, having been transformed into a public park, with many attractive features for the summer-visitors to the town. Ten acres of land, on the very end of the point, have been turned into a garden-spot, upon which money and landscape-gardening art have been lavished to form such attractions as the Boulevard (or race-course) around the point upon the water's edge, with a view seaward commanding the entire bay; and serpentine walks and drives leading from the border-road and winding in and out among the balsam-firs and pines, whose balmy breath induces health. The pebbly walks and drives present a unique appearance, the road-bed formed of the gray and the walks of the red gravel from the beaches about the bay. An artificial lake, large and island-studded, occupies the centre of the park, its shingly bottom distinctly seen through the three feet of clear water, suffi-

ciently shallow to allow of escapades in the bark canoes of the Indians, whose artistic wigwam is raised near by, without danger of more than a ducking. Adjoining the park are fifty-five acres of ground to be laid out in building-lots, and where some cottages are already finished, others going up, and many in prospect. The most scrupulous

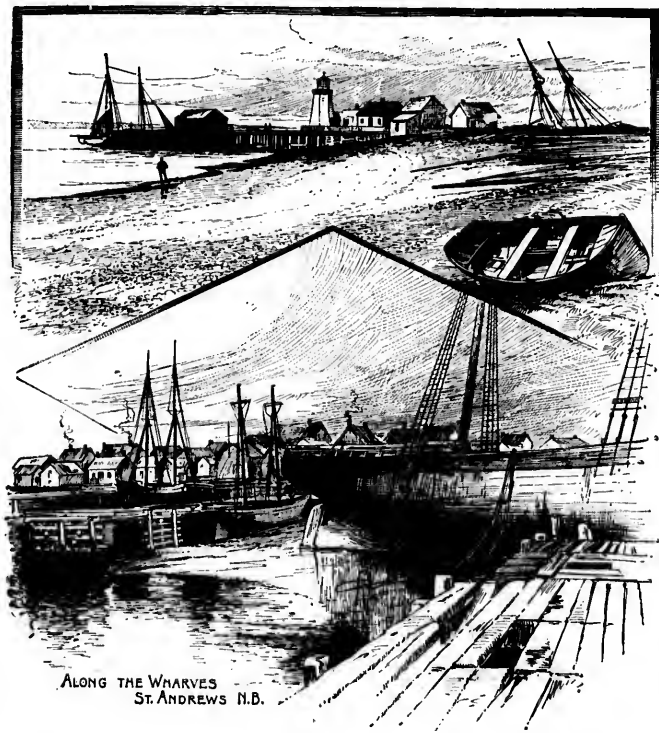
care is being given to the laying-out of the park and cottage-sites by a skilled engineer especially engaged for the purpose, and under whose supervision a system of drainage is being completed.

CHAPTER III.

ST. ANDREWS CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

"The sound of the church-going bell" goes out at St. Andrews from five denominational edifices. The English church, a neat Gothic structure, is beautifully situated and well filled each Sunday. Here the American visitor will find a charming novelty in the English service as it is rendered beneath the Crown. But the chief charm lies in the Scottish kirk, which, high upon its bell-tower, bears the carved and naturally painted image of an oak-tree, with the legend beneath, "Greenock Church. Erected 1824." Inside, there is the huge double-decked pulpit of solid mahogany, with sounding-board atop, and with two flights of steps, protected by gates, up which the preacher must climb to gain entrance to the red-curtained enclosure. One expects to be addressed by a preacher in the old-time periwig and smalls, and wonders if ye tything-man will correct the misdemeanor if he turns to survey the audience, fully expecting them to be members of the past congregations, among whom he had intruded in fancy. This church was built at a time when St. Andrews was the great shipping-port of the province, by one of her most prosperous merchants, who gave it to the parish, and who spared no expense in furnishing it in the most approved ecclesiastical style, as witness the mammoth pulpit brought from England at an expense of £500. Its like cannot be





ALONG THE WHARVES
ST. ANDREWS N.B.

ON PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

found on the North-American continent today. But the people of the parish were unappreciative to such an extent that the first yearly rates (taxes) were unpaid. Possibly they were willing to leave that also to the generosity of the donor; but, not to be trifled with, that gentleman, procuring a brace of pistols, mounted his double-decked pulpit one sabbath morning and in lieu of a sermon gave the congregation a volley in intimidation; then, after the last had vanished, leaving the odor of burning powder to mingle with the odor of sanctity, the donor, locking the door, betook himself home, and announced that when the congregation paid their rates they could have their church. A carved dove, bearing the olive-branch of peace, placed above the pulpit, attests the peaceful outcome of the strife, and leaves it to be inferred that thereafter the parishoners were more careful in payment of their dues.



Withal, the visitor will find much of interest as well as of pleasure and instruction from the Sabbath among St. Andrews churches, where he will encounter a majority of the people of this sober town, who are all the happier from having "been to kirk."

The town also boasts of a neat little marine hospital for the relief of seamen, and, being the shire-town of Charlotte County, possesses the court-house and county jail, both in an enclosure together, so that a stern judge may by a glance from the window see his sentence carried into execution, and both displaying, conspicuously, the lion and unicorn below the crown.

CHAPTER IV.

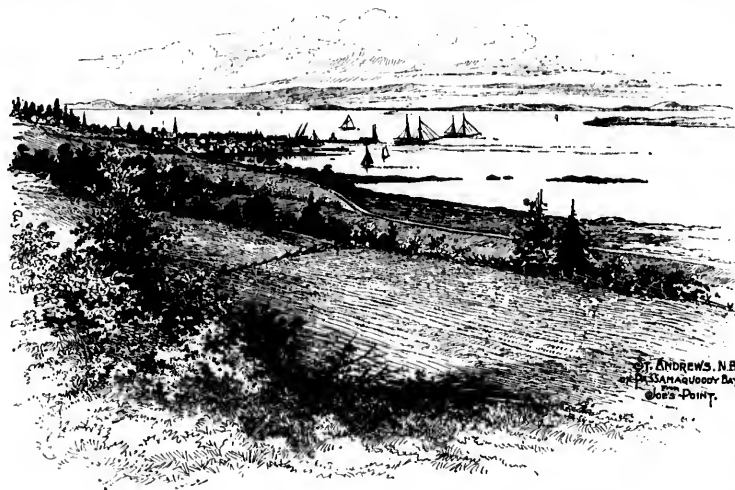
ST. ANDREWS FOR HEALTH.

"And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in the pleasant air."

Readers of summer literature are familiar with elaborate and detailed statements of the weather at various summer-resorts, where, if one may believe all that he reads, the thermometer never reaches the eighties, the sky is flecked with just enough of cloud to perfect the landscape, the days warmed by the summer sun to just the right temperature for comfort, the breezes are ever balmy, and the nights always cool. Fortunate is the writer, then, that he has not to draw upon the imagination nor gather dry statistics to adorn his chapter upon the climatic conditions of St. Andrews. No less authority than Gen. A. W. Greely, of the United-States Signal Service, in an article in "Scribner's," entitled "Where Shall We Spend Our Summer?" after detailing in much the above manner what people are led to expect, says: "There is possibly one place in the United States where such conditions obtain,—a bit of country of about forty square miles at the extreme south-western part of the United States, in which San Diego is situated; but even here, perhaps once in two or three years, the sultry blasts from the Mojave Desert pass over the low mountain-range and parch this favored district. . . . By a singular contrast, the second favored spot as to summer weather is the extreme north-eastern point of the United States,—

Eastport, Maine. . . . At Eastport, the prevailing summer winds are from the south, which makes the weather delightful." Gen. Greely, in the charts which accompany his article, places the mean daily temperature at 68° during the entire heated term. There is another phase of summer weather which is of equal importance with the question of temperature. This is the humidity of atmosphere. Again we quote Gen. Greely, whose chart shows that the belt denoting the driest atmosphere passes through Passamaquoddy Bay. He says: "It is further of importance to note

ON PASSAMAQUODDY BAY



St. Andrews, N.B.
Passamaquoddy Bay
Maine Point

that the quantity of vapor per cubic foot decreases as one goes northward, and the absolute amount of water in the air in New Jersey is fifty per cent greater than in Maine, while the quantity along the Atlantic sea-coast from Hatteras south is nearly twice as great. . . . A dry summer climate is assumed to be one where the atmosphere contains five and one-half grains or less of aqueous vapor to each cubic foot [our belt has only five grains], and on this basis it is safe to recommend the northern half of New England and New York." Gen. Greely can be considered an impartial writer, having no climatic warres to dispose of. In naming East-

port, he named the extreme limit of his country and consequently of his research. Eastport lies upon one of the islands which form the outer barrier of Passamaquoddy Bay, and is distant some twelve miles from St. Andrews; consequently the

ST ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

variation in temperature and humidity would be slight but for one singular fact, greatly in favor of St. Andrews,—Eastport has fog, while at St. Andrews it is a comparatively unknown quantity. That gray mantle of the sea, which robs the summer-visitor to the Maine coast of so many out-door hours, seldom approaches this favored spot closer than the fringe of islands which shut out the sea from its placid harbor. This is a striking phenomenon. Day after day, the famous fogs of the Bay of Fundy advance to envelop the bay of Passamaquoddy, but as often the rocky headlands clutch them in their grasp and hold them up to the wonder and delight of pleasure-voyagers in the sunlit bay beyond. Ask any resident or sojourner at St. Andrews the peculiarities of the place. He will tell you, first, of this singular fog freak; next, of the town's immunity from hay-fever; and he will then enter into a long dissertation upon the air and water of the town, stating facts which the visitor will substantiate after a short sojourn.

We have seen that the vicinity of Passamaquoddy Bay possesses an enviable climate both as regards temperature and humidity. Attention has been called to the peculiar formation of the soil, which allows no surface-water to remain, but provides, in the sandstone underlying all, a natural filter, through which water passes, taking with it all deposits on the surface. One cannot stir abroad without meeting gems of transparent fresh-water lakes, which surround the town and suggest the supply furnished at his hotel. One cannot but notice also the mighty tides which, twice each day, in their twenty to thirty feet rise and fall, remove all waste far from shore.

Upon the veranda, within your room, or elsewhere, you are fanned by the prevailing south winds, which bring a cool and bracing atmosphere suggestive of health, happiness, and physical rejuvenation, and before which vanishes like



an empty dream that comfort-destroying bane,—HAY-FEVER. For purposes of comparison, the mortality figures, showing the percentage of deaths to each one thousand inhabitants, for the year 1888, taken from official sources, are given: New York, 23; Chicago, 20.21; Boston, 24.57; Montreal, 34.37; Toronto, 22.26; Ottawa, 22.97; Quebec, 18.92; Philadelphia, 21.85; Washington, D.C., 22.40; Albany, N.Y., 23.81; St. John, N.B., 14.61; Newton, Mass., 19.24; Portland, Me., 18.20; Hartford, Conn., 20.70; Newport, R.I., 14.31; Los Angeles, Cal., 10; Bar Harbor, 10; St. Andrews, 7.82.



THE NEW ALGONQUIN.—So named from the fact that the Algonquin nation of Indians were, by the first French discoverers, found in possession of the region lying between the Atlantic Ocean and the St. Lawrence River. The popularity which St. Andrews has acquired as a summer-resort and the increasing request for accommodations have caused to rise upon that magnificent site, Fort Hill, a charming summer-hotel replete with every luxury that good taste may desire. Completed early in the season of 1889, and ready for occupancy by the first refugees from stifling cities, the Algonquin will be found delightfully fresh, new, and inviting. From its piazzas, which form a fourteen-foot-wide promenade about three sides of the hotel and three hundred and forty feet long, may be had an unobstructed view over the town which lies at its feet, taking in the grand panoramic scene before described from the summit of Chamcook Mountain. The dining-hall with its open fire-place occupies the south-western corner of the hotel,—the finest of locations, with a view seaward from the tall windows which extend to the floor of the veranda without. Above the first floor, which contains dining-hall and parlors, ladies' reception-room, card and smoking-room, with writing room connected, offices, and general reception-room opening from the large assembly-hall, connected by elevator (a convenience unpossessed by any Eastern summer-hotel), are eighty-five large, airy sleeping-apartments, which may be engaged singly or in suites, where one may sink to rest not

“Hushed by buzzing night-flies to his slumber,”

for mosquitoes are unknown, but lulled by the ever-present ocean-breeze, which cools the atmosphere until blankets are a necessity for comfort. A perfect system of sewerage, falling in steep descent, empties into the sea at a distance of two

ST. ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

thousand feet. A novelty in the form of *sea-water baths in the hotel* is provided, and sea-bathing by a neat little cove near by, which, being dammed and provided with flood-gates, is filled with water at all times of tide and renewed twice daily at the flood. Above the roof of the hotel extends a Gothic tower, opening from

which is an uncovered lookout eighteen feet square, which may be reached by elevator, and a height second only to the Chamcook summit for sight-seeing. With its charming situation, newness, modern architecture and appliances, together with its excellent equipment and management, the Algonquin cannot fail to please all who seek the welcome and cheer which exist within its portals.

THE "ARGVIL," a large and commodious hotel, opens its portals each summer season for the accommodation of visitors. Delightfully situated near Indian Point Park and its balsam-pine groves, it has for the past nine years received a regular patronage made up of persons and families who have come to regard it as their summer home. Upon the main business street of the village are several hotels of greater or lesser pretensions, which are open the year round; foremost of these is "Kennedy's," a very comfortable, well-kept house, having many modern improvements. Numerous private families will in the future, as in years gone by, throw open their homes for the reception of summer boarders.

THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS.—The summer population of St. Andrews is happily free from the boisterous element so common at seaside resorts near large and populous cities. It is not, however, a purely aristocratic gathering, though society is well represented. Shining lights in all professions are there, though it is not exclusively an intellectual throng. It is like an excellent salad, where each condiment is just sufficiently represented as to be apparent, yet of not too strong a flavor, and the whole a delight to the most epicurian taste. It is a selection of people who have found in St. Andrews the spot where the highest degree of daily pleasure may be had with least effort, forming the accompaniment to the absolute rest and healthful influences of the place.

CHAPTER V.

ST. ANDREWS FOR FISHING.

ON
PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

The vicinity of St. Andrews affords to the fisherman excellent opportunity for indulging his taste, whether it be for the cod, the haddock, or the mackerel of the "salt seas," or the land-locked salmon, the togue, the speckled trout, or the perch of the lakes, ponds, and streams.

The purpose of this chapter is not merely to refer in a general way to what the piscatorial sportsman *may* find, and then leave him to find it, if he can, but to record information of a reliable character that the tyro or expert may follow without wasting his time listening to glowing tales of fish that may be caught at this or that place, generally at greater distances than he needs to travel. In nearly every instance, the information is based upon personal experience, and if to the expert certain of the hints seem unnecessary, he must remember he was a beginner at some time or other, and would then have been very glad had he been given guidance on which he could depend.



First in order, we will take up the sea-fishing. There is any number of excellent fishing-craft in the harbor, whose skippers during the winter season follow fishing for a livelihood, but during the summer months, with their boats repainted and cleaned up, seek the custom of the stranger. These boats are usually sloop-rigged and of the "pinkie" shape,—that is, sharp at both bow and stern, ranging from twenty-five to forty feet in length, draw from five to eight feet of water, and are as safe as any sailing-craft afloat. For sailing or fishing, they will comfortably accommodate eight or ten persons, but if it is designed to spend one or more nights aboard, the bunk or sleeping-accommodations and cook's galley will be found better adapted to a party not exceeding four. There are also several very good and



commodious schooners whose skippers seek summer custom. The boats are large and safe, with comfortable accommodations for a party of six or eight. It is advisable to take along heavy, warm coats *always*, and if the trip is to cover a night or two, good rough blankets. Having engaged your boat and notified the skipper

how long it is desired to be absent, sufficient time should be given him to get on board his bait, lines, water, wood, and other supplies, and in this regard the older fisherman has learned by experience to *see* that such necessities and luxuries are at hand before he starts, for there is no more uncomfortable surprise than to get a dozen miles from port only to discover that the coffee, tea, sugar, bread, potatoes, onions, crackers, pepper, salt, milk, beer, water, bait, firewood, bowls, plates, spoons, or knives and forks have been forgotten. Neglect to fill the kerosene oil-can before sailing has caused the writer more discomfort than can be well described.

Sometimes good fishing is had at the mouth of the St. Croix River, midway between St. Andrews and the village of Robbinston, situated on the Maine border and three miles from the former place. The usual thing, however, is to direct the course south-east from St. Andrews, across Passamaquoddy Bay, to either the Big-Letete or Little-Letete passage into the Bay of Fundy, six or eight miles distant, get through the passage either on ebb-tide, or with a strong wind if it be flood-tide, and then your skipper knows where to direct his course and drop his anchor upon the "fishing-grounds,"—or, in other words, where professional fishermen are catching cod or haddock for the market. Besides the two species mentioned, you are almost sure to hook the hake, the dog-fish, the cucumber, and the sculpin, none of which are of any value, but serve to keep up the excitement. The sardine-herring caught in the weirs about St. Andrews is the best bait, and may be had for the asking. From one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet of water are generally upon the fishing-ground, and heavy cod-lines, with at least two hooks on each line, are used, with a small herring or half of a large one for bait. The heavy sinker carries the line to the bottom, from whence it is raised two or three feet. Presently the distinct tug of the fish is felt, and hand over hand the line is drawn up, until the sea-fruit is landed, glittering and struggling upon the deck.

At certain seasons,—late in August or during September,—schools of mackerel are announced to be in the bay, when, with a good sailing-breeze, grand sport is had with the troll-line and squid while circling through and around the

schools. In the event of a storm or gale coming up, good anchorage is near at hand in innumerable natural harbors formed by the protecting rocks and reefs with which the shore abounds, and as night comes on your skipper will get his boat safely anchored in one of these. The galley-fire is lighted; chowder and coffee are soon under way; the evening meal is disposed of; the pipes lighted, and, under the glittering canopy of stars which seem to shine brighter here than elsewhere, tales of adventure, travel, caught and uncaught fish are recounted, until below-deck, the blanket and bunk are sought, where sleep, sweetened by the purity of the ocean-breeze, prepares you for the next day's sport. The expense of such a trip for two or three days, including the skipper with his boat, lines,

PASSAGE ON PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

bait, and provision, can be figured at six or seven dollars per day for the whole party, a *pro rata* division of which amount among four makes about one dollar and a half each per day.

Before this reaches the eye of the reader, a steam yacht, open to charter by sailing or fishing parties, will be at St. Andrews, so that those who prefer to breakfast and sup at their hotel can readily, in the intervening time, have a day's fishing and not be



subject to wind or tide in going or returning.

INLAND FISHING.—In the order of their proximity to St. Andrews are the following lakes and rivers where good fishing is had: First and Second Chamcook Lakes, Third Chamcook Lake, Limeburner Lake, Bartlett's Lake, Stein's Lake, Snow-shoe Lake, Welsh Lake, Cram Lake, Turner's Lake, McCullough's Lake, Creasy Lake, Digdequash River, or Pine-tree Pool. Innumerable other lakes and streams are near St. Andrews, particulars of which the fisherman is



certain to obtain should he visit the vicinity; but enough are named in the foregoing list to afford continuous sport to the angler who prefers to make his hotel at St. Andrews his headquarters; for to nearly every lake named he can go in the early morning and return the same evening. Assuming that you are not

provided with a portable or folding boat, the Indians located on the edge of "Indian Park" at St. Andrews are always glad of the opportunity to "hire out" themselves and their canoes for fishing-purposes, the ordinary charge being two dollars per day for "canoe and Indian,"—the fisherman, however, being expected to supply food for the Indian as well as himself.

In the original order of naming the fishing-waters is recorded here hints as to each locality in detail; but it must be remembered that the condition of weather, and the skill and experience of the fisherman, are concomitants of successful sport on nearly any water.

FIRST CHAMCOOK LAKE.—One and one-half miles long and a mile wide. During the month of June land-locked salmon are readily taken with the fly, from off the rocky ledges alongside the New-Brunswick Railway track, five and one-half miles from St. Andrews. The train which leaves the station in the morning will take the fisherman to Chamcook siding, whence directly up the track a walk of half a mile to the ledges referred to is made; or, arrangements may be made with the conductor to let you off directly at the ledge; and similar arrangements to pick you up in the evening are possible. During July, August, and September, however, a boat or canoe is necessary to reach the opposite (or westerly) shore of the lake, where, by fishing in deep water with live bait or trolling with artificial bait or spoons, the land-locked salmon can be taken. During the season of 1888 a great many fine fish (land-locked salmon) were caught here, Mr. Thomas Odell, of St. Andrews, landing one which measured twenty-nine inches in length. Togue (or lake trout) are also abundant, but as a rule will only take the hook in June or September, unless the fisherman, with live bait, and fishing in one hundred to one hundred and seventy feet of water, should happen to get over their "laying-hole," when good sport is quite probable. Fish weighing from five to nine pounds may be taken in July and August.

THE SECOND CHAMCOOK LAKE, one-half mile long and one-half mile wide, may be reached by rail in the same manner as the first lake; or a very easy carry of fifteen to twenty rods from the head of the first lake takes you over

to the second. At the foot or southerly end of the lake a large boulder, rising five or six feet out of water, will serve as the sign-post. Directly off this, in fifteen to thirty feet of water, land-locked salmon, and good trout weighing from one-half pound to two and one-half pounds, can readily be taken.

THIRD CHAMCOOK LAKE, one-half mile long and one-fourth mile wide, is situated on the Frye road about seven miles from St. Andrews, and is best reached by putting boat or canoe on a wagon and driving to the house of Mr. George



Gibson, where the team may be put up, and directly behind whose house the lake lies. June and September are the only months to fish here, when fine catches of land-locked salmon are made. From the northerly corner of this lake a path leads through the woods, and up the mountain-side, a distance of half a mile to the shores of

SNOW-SHOE LAKE.—Starting from a large boulder on the western side of the lake, and following a straight line east to the edge of, or just beyond, the lily-pads, quantities of trout weighing from one-fourth to one pound are caught with fly, worm, or live bait. Near the northerly end of this lake good fishing is to be had. At the southerly end, but nearly to the eastern side, a good path takes you, after walking a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, into

WELSH LAKE.—Excellent fly-fishing at all times is found near the rocks at the head of the lake, on the northern end, around the entire shores, or in the lily-pads to the south of the rocky island situated near the northerly end. Bait-fishing—live bait, worms, etc.—is excellent at the southerly end of the lake, twenty to thirty feet eastward of a high ledge making out into the lake, and in twenty to twenty-five feet of water. Returning once more to the northern end, a

ON
PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

ST ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

passage between two ledges of rocks, through a somewhat tortuous channel of high rushes, leads you after a ten minutes' paddle to

CRAM LAKE, which lies side by side with Snow-shoe Lake, but divided from it by a low mountainous range. The water here is too deep, and of too dark a color to be favorable for fly-fishing, excepting in the spring and fall, when fish come to the surface to feed. But here the angler with live bait, fish fins, or worms can have all the sport he wants.

Shut in among the mountains, these lakes stand at an altitude of over three hundred feet above sea-level, each of them a crystal gem with Nature's wildest setting. No sign of civilization appears to break the majestic grandeur of the pictures. No sound save the cry of the loon or the rustle of the wind through the trees on the rocky hill-side mingles with the song or whistle of the fisherman, as, seated in the canoe-bow, impelled forward by the paddle in the hands of the copper-colored stoic in the stern, he lets hours or days float by, and wishes summer would never end and life be one long vacation,—and this, be it remembered, within two hours of your hotel at St. Andrews.

LIMEBURNER LAKE is about eight miles from St. Andrews by the New-Brunswick Railway, the track being directly alongside the lake. Good trouting is had here, the smallest fish during the summer months taking the fly near the shore, the larger fish taking live bait or worms in the deep waters. A mile farther on by rail is

BARTLETT'S LAKE, an excellent water for trout, but of a smaller size, running from one-fourth to three-fourths of a pound in weight. During lowery or rainy weather this is a good place to fish, because at such a time you are always sure of a good catch. The train will take you right to it in the morning, and you can take the return train back to dinner if you wish.

THE UPPER DIGDEQUASH RIVER, from twenty-five to thirty-five miles distant from St. Andrews, is reached from various points on the railroad,—from Lawrence Station, which is twenty-nine miles, or at Toby Guzzie, thirty-five miles. In fact, a delightful trip can be made by taking your canoe and Indian to any point upon this river near the railroad, and follow its course down to where it falls into Passamaquoddy Bay, a distance of about forty miles. Three days will cover it nicely, allowing sufficient time for casting the innumerable pools in its course, in any of which good trout are taken. The few "carries" that are necessary, over shallows or around dams, make the trip a very easy one. After



UNDER JOE'S POINT, ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

offer any evidence on the subject, never having succeeded in taking any of them; but white perch, many of them large-sized, will give the angler all the sport he cares to attend to. Following this road between two and three miles

passing under Maguire's Bridge, about five miles from the river's outlet, the course is between moderately high hills, with farmed fields upon either side. After passing under the highway bridge in front of the farm of Mr. Samuel McNish, to whom, with his good wife, the writer is indebted for many a night's hospitality, the house of Mr. John Johnston is reached. Opposite this farm lies one of the largest pools in the river, in which a good catch of large trout can ordinarily be had. This spot is known as

PINE-TREE POOL, and may be reached direct from St. Andrews over a good but hilly road,—a fourteen-mile drive. The fisherman who has descended the river by canoe, after fishing Pine-Tree Pool, will have to make a carry from that point to the tide water of Passamaquoddy Bay, nearly a mile and a half distant, over an excellent wagon-road. Either of the farmers, Mr. McNish or Mr. Johnston, will, with a hay-cart and horse, be found ready to accommodate, and thus save time and labor. Once in salt water, the canoe is headed for the bay, and from between the beautiful islands which stud its north-eastern end St. Andrews is plainly seen, nine miles distant.

BOCABEC LAKE is directly on the road from St. Andrews to St. George,—a distance of nine miles. The natives tell of enormous trout caught here early in the season, but the writer hesitates to

ON
PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

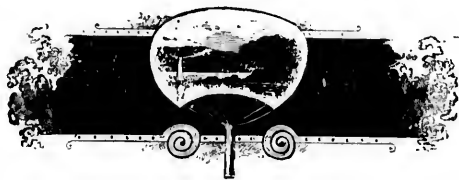
ST ANDREW'S NEW BRUNSWICK

farther on, and after descending a long gradual hill, the Bocabec River, with its highway bridge, comes in sight. Keeping up the left bank of the river for a mile, the road crosses the Bocabec at Bryan's abandoned mill; turning short to the left and following the road up a long hill for a distance of two miles (always keeping to the right), the house of Mr. Erskine is reached. For a trifling gratuity, one of his boys or hired men will show you the road, over which a horse and wagon can be driven to within thirty rods of

CREASY LAKE.—Within one hundred and fifty feet of the northern end of the lake, and midway between the east and west shores, in from twenty to twenty-five feet of water, your basket may be quickly filled with fine large trout. Nearer the shore the fly-cast is very effective, but in the deep water the writer has taken the larger fish with live bait.

MCCULLOUGH'S LAKE is within a couple of miles of Creasy Lake, and has a reputation for plenty of fine trout, but as the writer cannot speak of it from experience, he leaves the fisherman who visits it to follow his natural instincts.

No attempt is made here to guide the angler to the more distant fishing-grounds of Green River, the Tobique, Lake Entopia, and dozens of other waters within a day's journey of St. Andrews. For to all these places camping-outfits are necessary. But if the information given leads the fisherman to visit the places here mentioned, the writer is confident he will return another and another season, bringing with him his friends until these waters are as well known as many much-vaunted lakes and streams possessing not a tithe of the merit of those about St. Andrews.



A BIT OF HISTORY.




In the early part of the sixteenth century, much elation was felt in the rival countries of England and France over the acquisition, by discovery and settlement, of vast foreign dominions in America. Both nations coveted the same territory and set up rival claims, using all possible means to establish, each for itself, the firmer foothold upon the soil of the new continent. Sir Humphrey Gilbert had taken possession, for the Crown, of Newfoundland and the region two hundred leagues around, while the King of France had commissioned the Marquis De La Roche to conquer and colonize all the region bordering on River St. Lawrence. Thus, with each nation determined to hold its own and acquire more, it is not wonderful that existing rivalry between the nations engendered strife which resulted in great excitement, and many fierce encounters, if not actual war.



On March 7, 1604, two vessels set sail from the Old World bearing Pierre De Gast (Sieur Des Monts), the well-beloved friend of King Henry IV. of France, who had by royal patent the previous year granted to the Sieur Des Monts all the American territory between the 40th and 46th degrees of north latitude, with the royal authority to colonize and govern it according to his own judgment. With the voyagers came Samuel Champlain, as pilot, one of the earliest discoverers of the country. After an ocean-voyage of two months, the fleet landed on the southerly side of the peninsula of Nova Scotia. From this point they sailed along the shore of Nova Scotia, explored the Bay of Fundy, and thence proceeded to the waters of Passamaquoddy, which Des Monts and his men called a "Sea of salt water." This was the first expedition to these waters. Passing through the outer fringe of islands, which stood guard as today, sheltering the calm within from the boisterous sea without, the ships crossed the bay, even as today the steamboat follows in the wake of those of long ago, and ascended the Schoodic (St. Croix) River, passing within pistol-shot of the site of the present town of St. Andrews. Arriving, then, at a small island some

ST ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

three miles above St. Andrews, near the American shore, Champlain selected it as a suitable spot for defence, disembarked his forces and fortified it against encroachment from the Indians. This island (which they called St. Croix, from the fact that immediately above small streams flowed crosswise to join the larger river, thus giving it the form of the holy cross) was as Champlain describes it, "about three leagues in circuit." One readily finds this spot today. It bears a light maintained by the American government to mark the channel to navigation, which may be seen from your hotel, and vestiges of the earth-works still remaining mark it authentically; but the "three leagues in circuit" have been greatly reduced by the flow of the river and the tides, and future generations shall look for it beneath the surface, where lie many of the points and shores marked by tradition as the scenes of fierce battles between hostile bands of Indians when this island's history was making. Its name, too, has been dropped, and assumed by the river, while the island itself is content to bear in its stead the name of a belle of New Brunswick,—Theodosia ("Docie's," for short). Neutral Island, also, is a name the island bears, from the fact that during the long-disputed boundary question, when for fifty-eight years diplomats strove for an amicable settlement of the boundary-line between the United States and the British depend-





UNDER MINISTERS ISLAND ST. ANDREWS. N.B.

ing this attempt at colonization, this was practically a forgotten region. Meanwhile, other adventurers from Catholic France had visited the Magaguadavic River, farther east, and, as was the custom with discoverers from Catholic countries,

encies in America, this island was held as neutral ground, and enjoyed all the rights and privileges of *no man's land*.

Upon this island Champlain chose to winter the expedition. The Indians were disposed to be friendly to the newcomers; but of this the expedition were in doubt, and took every precaution to guard against attack. Prodigality in building their winter-quarters had caused a dearth of wood, and, as the long cold winter of the northern climate progressed, the water-courses were frozen, and the men were obliged to cross to the mainland for both wood and water. This they did at night, using every precaution against the supposed forest foe. To add to the horror of their situation, a new and deadly disease now came upon them. Thirty-six of the little band succumbed before a remedy was found in a simple antiscorbutic,—the boughs of the spruce steeped and drank. This medicine was recommended to their use by the Indians. The bodies of the thirty-six victims to the only epidemic (that of scurvy) which ever visited the vicinity of St. Andrews were carried at night to the mainland and there buried. When the survivors of the little party of seventy (Ogilby says ninety-seven) had sufficiently recovered their strength, Des Monts, about the middle of May, 1605, set sail in search of a warmer clime. For more than a century and a half follow-

ON
PASSAMAQUODDY BAY



set up the cross at its mouth. From this incident the river became known as the St. Croix, and as such, when confounded with the St. Croix of Des Monts, caused the knot which required so much diplomacy to unravel. Previous to the peace of 1783 very few settlers existed within the present limits of the town. Immedi-

ately after the close of the treaty establishing the independence of the United States of America, the Loyalists, as the adherents of the Crown were called, deserting their homes and in many cases their *all* in the new country, crossed the border into British dominion. Very many of them settled at St. Andrews, and there are houses now standing in the town whose frames were brought from Castine by their Loyalist owners and set up anew at St. Andrews; while in the English church, conspicuously placed above the entrance within, there stands the royal coat-of-arms, brought by that stanch Loyalist, Parson Samuel Andrews, from the church at Wallingford, Conn., when upon the establishment of American independence he removed from the republic to St. Andrews. In the year 1784, but one year after the treaty of peace, the town-site of St. Andrews was granted to William Gammon, who subsequently re-divided it among three associates,—Parr, Morris, and Bulkley. Not content with following cattle-paths until they were accepted as regular public ways, the fathers of St. Andrews called a competent engineer, and on the pleasantly sloping hillside overlooking the bay planned the site of a future city.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW TO REACH THERE.

The facilities for reaching St. Andrews, by numerous highways of steel and pathways through ocean waves, make it all the more desirable as a seaside resort. In going and returning from St. Andrews, there need be no retracing of steps, unless preferred; for a well-organized system of tours, arranged by the many lines in interest, affords a choice of routes to the traveller, and allows the going journey to be made by rail, the return by water, or *vice versa*; or by rail in both directions by different paths. There is no reason why St. Andrews should not form the resting-retreat for people of diversified tastes. For the inhabitants of the immense territory reached by the Canadian Pacific it has the especial

attraction of forming the only Atlantic-coast resort upon that great transcontinental route. The people of Montreal and adjacent territory who go a-summering are especially favored with facilities for reaching St. Andrews. For them, there is the choice between the Short Line (Canadian Pacific), which in fourteen hours, without change, will the coming season put a parlor-car between the city by the St. Lawrence and St. Andrews by the sea, or the White-Mountain route from Montreal to Portland, also in parlor-car without change, through the grand scenery of the Crawford Notch, passing directly through the heart of the White Mountains by daylight, and connecting in the Palace

ON PASSAMAQUODDY BAY



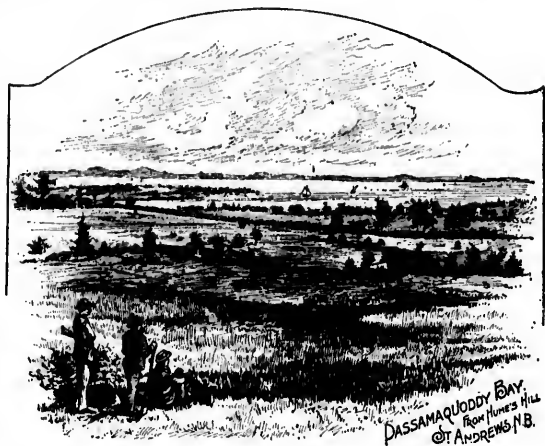
Union Depot at Portland with mid-day trains, offering every convenience of through Pullman buffet cars, which convey one to St. Andrews, arriving the same evening. The water route—that by the large, stanch, and finely furnished side-wheel steamers of the International Line—may also be taken from the terminus of the mountain line,—Portland,—and, bearing away, reach Eastport without intervening tiresome waits, where the smaller steamers of the Frontier Steamboat Company connect for St. Andrews, twelve miles across Passamaquoddy Bay. There is pleasure in thus travelling. One sits in his steamer-chair upon the upper deck, or beneath the convenient awnings, with book on lap, lazily enjoying the scene as the huge steamer skirts the Maine coast, or studying the queer saline types of

humanity so often met in the cruise along the eastern shore. Pilgrims from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, New England, New York, and points south take some one of the many lines converging at Boston and there board one of the through trains of the Boston and Maine Railroad for a run of twelve hours through the beautiful scenery afforded by Northern New England in summer. Embarking at Boston in the morning, the run will be made through by daylight, and St. Andrews reached with its decline; or, a refreshing night's sleep may be enjoyed by the patrons of the Pullman train

ST. ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK

leaving Boston at seven P.M. each evening of the week (Sundays included), and reaching St. Andrews at noon—but not running through to St. Andrews on Sunday morning. The entire journey may be accomplished in finely appointed Pullman buffet cars upon all day trains or in Pullman's finest sleeping-cars at night. The

International Line of steamers above referred to has its western terminal at Boston and makes tri-weekly trips east. The residents of the eastern part of the Province of New Brunswick and of Nova Scotia find in the New-Brunswick Railway (and with it the lines leading from the city of St. John and reaching all provincial points) a safe and speedy pathway toward St. Andrews, while the people of Northern Maine look to this same railroad as their means of reaching the sea-shore. The steamers of the International Line also may be taken at St. John, reaching St. Andrews upon the westward trip. The transportation companies which make up the route to be passed over are no embryo roads, with faulty equipment, necessitating slow time and tedious journeying, but trunk-lines of steel, over which the powerful locomotives draw the elegantly furnished trains at a speed which is the essence of exhilarating motion. Altogether, the journey by means of the elegant trains and steamers so far from being irksome, becomes one of the most enjoyable experiences of the outing.



PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.
FROM HUNES HILL
ST. ANDREWS N.B.

THE ALGONQUIN, ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

AMONG ITS ATTRACTIONS AND ADVANTAGES ARE:

LOCATION—150 feet above sea-level, with absolutely perfect drainage.

VERANDAS—240 feet long and 14 feet wide, affording views covering 75 miles in extent.

ELEVATOR—To all floors.

TOILET-ROOMS—On each floor, fitted in the most approved manner.

BATH-ROOMS—Giving a choice of fresh and salt water at will of guests.

OPEN FIREPLACES—In all public rooms and many of the guest rooms.

LIGHTED BY GAS—With the latest appliances in every room.

BILLIARD ROOM—On ground floor under dining-hall.

TENNIS GROUNDS AND CROQUET LAWNS—In front of house, and on Fort land adjoining.

ANNUNCIATOR SYSTEM—Connecting every room with office.

HEATED BY STEAM—Radiators on each floor.

THREE STAIRWAYS—Throughout the house, 70 feet apart.

EVERY ROOM—Affords from its windows unobstructed views.

DINING-ROOM—Has windows on three sides, and is replete with every convenience.

PARLORS—On first floor, with windows opening on three piazzas.

SMOKING-ROOM—Specially adapted to comfort.

WRITING-ROOM—A quiet nook in which to wield the pen.

OBSERVATORY AND TOWER—On roof of house, and perfectly safe for children.

BEDDING—Spring beds of the best make, and finest hair mattresses.

LIVERY—Guests supplied with all descriptions of vehicles and saddle-horses.

CUISINE—Of the highest order, and excellent service.

STEAM LAUNDRY—Complete in every detail.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH—In reception hall.

See floor plans of The Algonquin on pages 39-40.

THE ALGONQUIN

OPENS FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS JULY 1st, 1889.

THE ALGONQUIN takes its name from the famous Indian nation that the French discoverers found in possession of Canada in 1535.

Designed by Rand & Taylor, Architects, of Boston, upon the most approved methods of construction, it will be replete with every convenience and luxury now demanded by summer tourists.

Located on an eminence 150 feet above sea level, its piazzas (340 feet long by fourteen in width) and windows afford unobstructed views of Passamaquoddy Bay, Chamcook Mountain, River St. Croix, Bay of Fundy, coast of Maine, and the quaint, sleepy old town of St. Andrews beneath it.

Its drainage by perfect sewers, having an average descent of 7 1-2 per cent, falls directly into the sea 2,000 feet distant.

The house will be provided with elevator, salt and fresh water baths, ladies' and gentlemen's toilet rooms on each floor, parlors, reception, card, smoking, writing and billiard rooms.

It short, it is intended that the "ALGONQUIN" shall be an hotel of the very highest class, basing its claims for patronage upon excellence of equipment and management.

RATES PER DAY \$3.00 TO \$5.00.

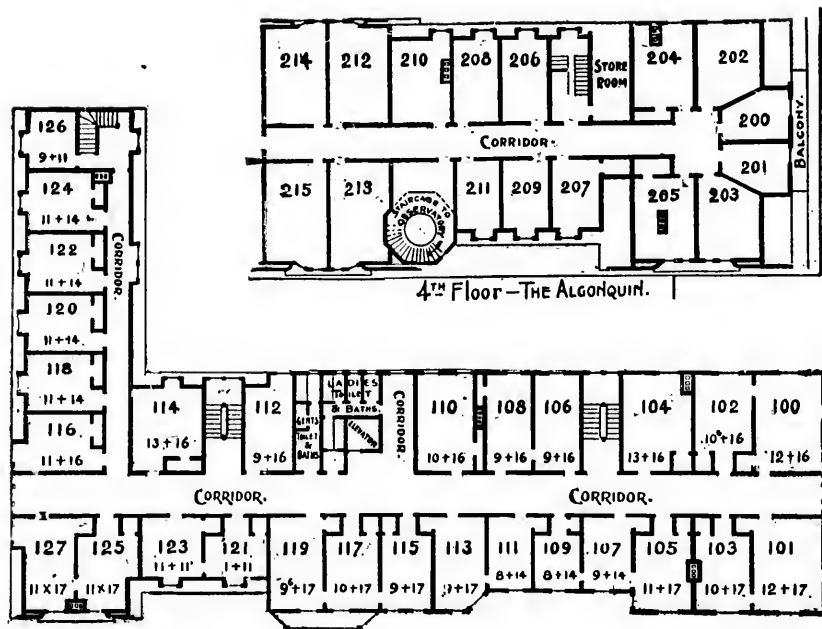
RATES PER WEEK \$12.00 AND UPWARD.

SPECIAL TERMS MADE FOR LONGER PERIODS, AND FOR FAMILIES.

Correspondence regarding rooms, rates, etc., should be addressed, previous to July 1st, to

FRED. A. JONES, Lessee of the Algonquin,

Proprietor Hotel Dufferin, ST. JOHN, N.B.



ST. ANDREWS LAND COMPANY.

SIR S. L. TILLEY,

President, St. John, N.B.

HON. B. R. STEVENSON,

Counsel, St. Andrews, N.B.

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

A glance at the accompanying map shows St. Andrews to be situated on a peninsula five miles in length, extending into Passamaquoddy Bay, which is seventeen miles long by six in width, and in point of attraction has but few rivals, with strong points in common and being often compared with the Bay of Naples.

The outer edge of the bay is encircled by mountainous island ranges, which serve to guard both the bay and peninsula from the objectionable fogs of the eastern coast. During the summer months cool breezes prevail, the thermometer seldom reaching 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

The entire vicinity is traversed by the finest roads. Salt and fresh water fishing is had within an hour's sail or ride, while the bay and lakes afford unsurpassed yachting and boating facilities.

The entire absence of mosquitoes and malaria, the general air of restfulness, together with the curative properties of the balsam-laden atmosphere, have made St. Andrews long and extensively known as an elysium for the hay-fever patient, jaded tourist, pleasure-seeker, and sportsman.

The town, of 1,700 population, numerous hotels and boarding-houses, has five excellent churches, schools, livery-stables, stores, markets, telegraph office, and a weekly newspaper, "The St. Andrews Beacon," while yachts in charge of reliable captains, canoes with or without their Indian owners, and row-boats can be hired on very reasonable terms.

SUMMER HOMES.

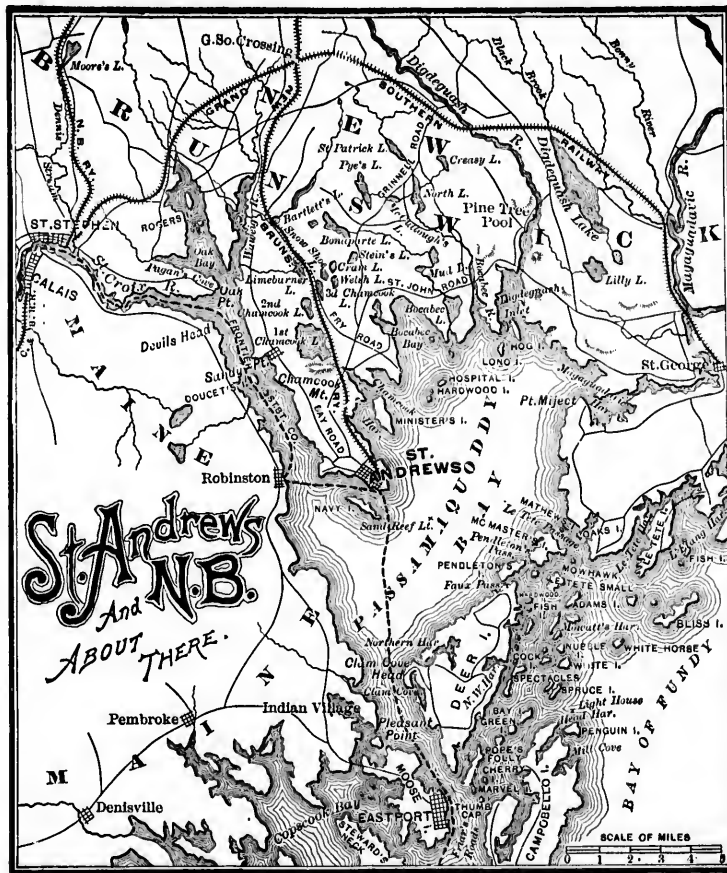
Probably no point along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick has a more favored location than St. Andrews. The old place has been a sort of "Sleeping Beauty" of the seaside for generations. It was marked and admired long before it was dreamed of as a possible summer-resort, and always has had a certain patronage of pleasure-seekers, even in times when summer excursions, trips, or vacations had little or no plan or part in the life of any class.

Its marked characteristics led to the formation of the St. Andrews Land Company, and their purchase of property in the choicest locations, with a view of securing for those desiring summer homes, selected spots from every one of which panoramic views are had. Close to the water in Indian Point Park, 30 feet above sea-level, and scattered along the rising ridge of Barrack Hill, 150 feet high, until reaching the amphitheatre of encircling hills 220 to 250 feet above tide-water, are presented building-sites which are adapted to meet the most diversified tastes, and can be purchased subject to reasonable and proper restrictions as to minimum of area and minimum cost of buildings to be erected.

Plans of the properties may be seen at the Company's offices in Boston and St. Andrews. This descriptive book will be mailed by addressing

EUGENE F. FAY, *Secretary*,
117 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

*This map is presented as a reliable
guide to the
fishing-resorts within fifteen
miles of St. Andrews,
descriptions of which are given in
Chapter V.*



Hand Avery Supply Co., Engrs., Boston.

CONTRACTORS FOR THE ALGONQUIN.

*The erection of the building and laying out of the grounds being under the immediate supervision of
Mr. L. M. S. HORTON, Supt. St. Andrews Land Co.*

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FACILITIES FOR REACHING ST. ANDREWS.

Based on the latest information obtainable at time of going to press regarding summer schedules of 1889.

FROM BOSTON.—Through train will leave by Boston & Maine, Maine Central and New Brunswick R'ys about 8.00 a.m., daily (except Sundays), arriving in St. Andrews about 9 o'clock same evening.

FROM BOSTON (by same route).—Leave Boston at 7 p.m. in Pullman Sleepers, arriving at St. Andrews about 1 p.m. next day.

FROM BOSTON.—By steamers of International Steamship Company, leave Boston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9.00 a.m., touching at Portland and Eastport, arrive at St. Andrews next day noon.

FROM NEW YORK and the South, passengers via Fall River Line, Stonington Line, Springfield Line, Shore Line, and N. Y. & N. E. Line connect with above trains and steamers in Boston.

FROM MONTREAL, OTTAWA, KINGSTON AND TORONTO.—Through trains leave Montreal by the Canadian Pacific Short Line about 8.30 p.m. in C. P. Palace Cars, arriving at St. Andrews the next day noon; also via C. P. R'y from Montreal at 9 a.m., via White Mountains, connecting at Portland with Pullman train, arr. St. Andrews following noon.

FROM MONTREAL, OTTAWA, KINGSTON AND TORONTO via Grand Trunk R'y and Portland, Me., train leaving Montreal at 8 a.m. in Pullman Palace Cars, connects at Portland on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings with International steamer, arr. at St. Andrews next day noon, or connect with Pullman night train, daily, over M. C. and N. B. R'ys at Portland, reaching St. Andrews next day noon.

FROM DALHOUSIE and points on Intercolonial R'y, connections are made at St. John by rail or boat for St. Andrews.

FROM BUFFALO.—Frequent trains for Boston by the Hoosac Tunnel Route or Boston & Albany R.R. convey passengers to Boston, where connections with trains and steamers are made for St. Andrews.

FROM CHICAGO.—In through Wagner Palace Cars, via the Niagara Falls, White Mountains and Bar Harbor Line, leave Chicago from Mich. Cent. Depot at 10.10 p.m., via Niagara Falls, White Mountains and Portland, arrives at Bangor, Me., at 5.30 the second morning, and St. Andrews at noon of same day.

FROM THE WEST.—Refer to summer time-tables of the Canadian Pacific, Chicago & Grand Trunk, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Bee Line and Wabash routes for definite information regarding trains reaching Montreal, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, at which points connections are made with the lines above named.

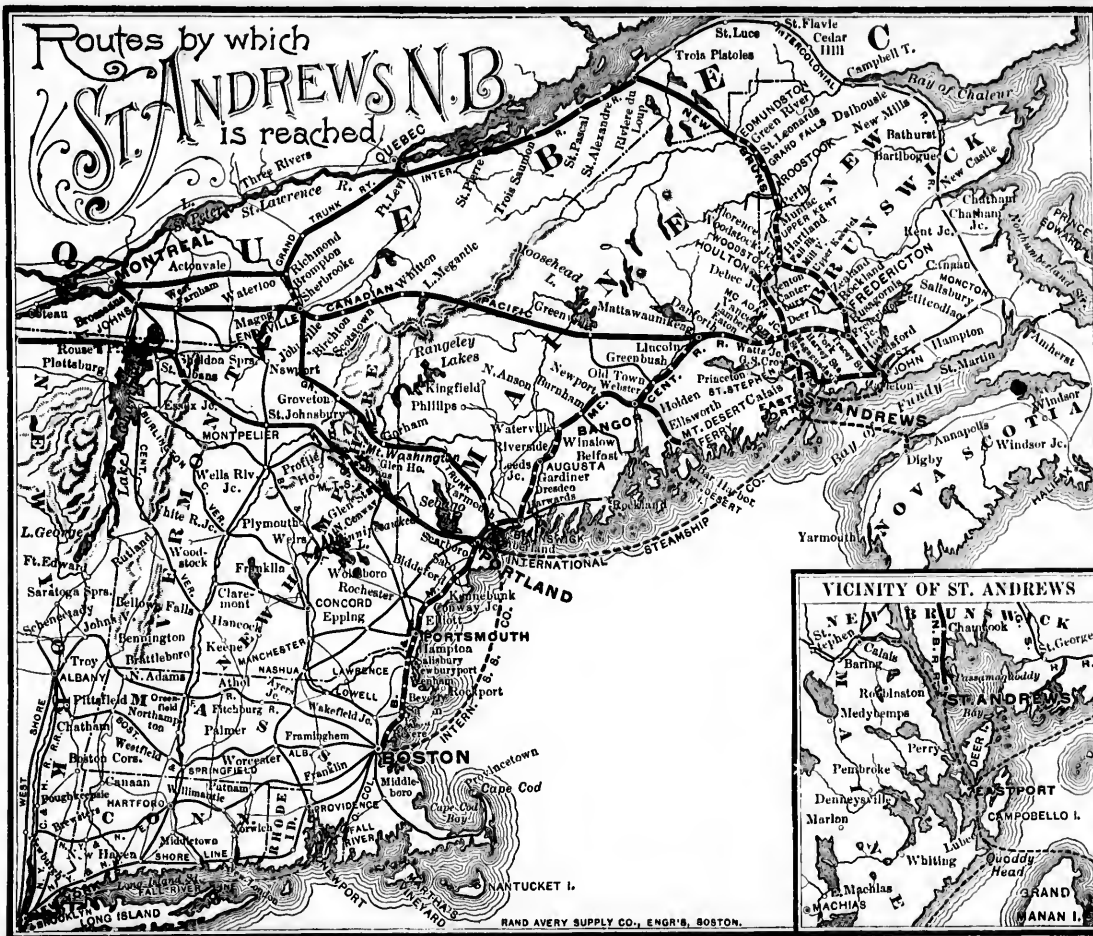
FROM ST. JOHN, all west-bound trains over the New Brunswick R'y make connections at McAdam Junction for St. Andrews.

FROM ST. JOHN, passengers by the International Line of steamers connect at Eastport, as above, twelve miles from St. Andrews, arriving at noon.

FROM CALAIS, ME., the Frontier Steamship Company runs a daily boat to Eastport and return, touching morning and afternoon at St. Andrews.

All principal lines have excursion tickets to St. Andrews on sale, and baggage can be checked through to destination.

Routes by which ST. ANDREWS N.B. is reached



RAND AVERY SUPPLY CO., ENGR'S, BOSTON.