

ST. ANDREWS BY-THE-SEA, N.B.

caraway seeds, (which are meant to signify bushes), an occasional gooseberry on a stem being a conventionalized tree. Out in the ocean which, unlike modern map seas is wrinkled with ripples, excited fish-beasties wag their tails high out of the water and spout whalefully. There's one in the lower right which has such fancy fins around his moon face that he looks like the younger of the Sistine cherubs.

But the gay Frenchmen were sadly lacking in knowledge of the ways of the north, so, with the spring, the little settlement melted from the St. Croix to appear over across the Bay of Fundy at Annapolis Royal. And history, having devoted enough of her precious time to the Passamaquoddy country, put up the shutters for a hundred and fifty years. Only the Micmacs and the Maliseets roamed the Autumn-tinted woods: watched the soft mists of Indian summer puffed into the golden air from the peace-pipe of the Great Spirit who would soon sleep; saw the "moon of the falling leaf" give way to the moons of grinding ice and auroral night; and waited patiently till the spring came back again and reddened into June roses along the forest trails.

Then, after a century and a half, Passamaquoddy held out her blue arms to other settlers of sterner stock, and the great tides of Fundy carried them to the green silence of New Brunswick where they could be as British as they chose. And so the second chapter of St. Andrews opened with the sound of hammers, when the United Empire Loyalists unloaded the house frames brought from the rebellious south and planted them in that town which was soon to rival St. John, with a hundred square-rigged vessels in port and commerce with Britain and the Indies humming along the piers.

The old Castine Coffee House with its shut eyes of mystery still stands at stone's throw from the main street