

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

from which he can see, even as we do, the house of Kchee Quabeet, the big beaver, in the middle of Oak Bay.

But perhaps the biggest attraction at St. Andrews is—as it should be—golf. Nowadays nobody wants to go where he can't play, and there are few places that can boast of anything as good as the eighteen-hole course that the Scotch saint himself might have laid out, to say nothing of its excellent nine-hole postscript. The turf is slipped plush, the hazards are as natural as they are good, and golfers from all over the continent are a perpetual stimulus to each other in the matter of bettering their play. Almost every tee gives the golfer its own special version of that glory of bright bay, that wonder of ruby rock set in a sapphire sea.

But the St. Stephen Road lies before us. Gloosecap may make legends if he wants to. We'll make a record for the car. There is good going all the way to Boston if we were in the mood for it, via St. Stephen, Calais, Bangor, Rockland and Portsmouth.

Indeed the course is so unusual in its Venice-toned beauty that artists often choose the unplayed margin of it as a vantage ground from which to fill their note books with the slang-shorthand of their profession, in which pine trees grow with three wiggles of a pencil, and a yacht is two inverted V's on a double ground line. On sunny mornings before the golfers are abroad—little gay, green and rose and yellow doll-figures under the enormous bowl of the sky—the artist will bring his sketchbook here and splash the Scotch game full of Italian color before he saunters down into the town to catch a boy gathering clams on the dripping beach, or imprison the fine quaintness of some prim white house behind old willows.

Down among the trees on the quiet streets stand the Kirk, pilgrimage spot for the frivolous as well as for the