

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

bathe-in-ability at an earlier date each year, and keeps it later.

Another modern joy-producer installed on the erstwhile farm of the redoubtable Katy is the bowling green which lies in front of the hotel, if you are industrious as to records, you can make one there for yourself, since the turf is perfect and the air exhilarates the most city-wearied. If you prefer to consider sport as a spectacle, you can sit on the broad verandah, hard by the best pot of tea you have ever tasted, and watch the bowlers or the tennis players as you choose.

It hasn't been reported to us whether Katy ever danced or not, save and except the Highland Fling, but the trim white-pillared Casino would surely win the heart of any woman—and loose the heart of any man—and it is to be believed that it beguiles even the stern Gaelic ghost of the last of the McIntoshes, that time the moon's at the full, and the tide's at the flood, and the orchestra spills golden music into the white night.

When it comes to the planning of motor trips, St. Andrews is well satisfied with what she has to offer in the way of roads—the raspberry-colored highways of the lower levels, the hard white upper tracks that twist like feather-stitching mile on mile above the inland sea of forest. The roses and lilacs of spring are sewn into the green walls! the white and purple asters, the golden rod that matches the long-westerling sun, the red sumach berries light the autumn way. Here and there we pass a cottage, flower surrounded and at peace. But for the most part we can imagine ourselves back in the days of Champlain. We can even don the wampum and feathers of former times and follow Gloscoap the Micmac hero as he walks up the monee-quen-e-moosakesqw, which is none other than the hill above Waweig,