

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

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ruminating on the bill of £61 charged by its southern owner to its northward-emigrating purchaser, said bill to include taking down in Maine and setting up again in New Brunswick.

To-day you can stand on the rolling greenpeach-bloom lawn of the golf course, spotted with scarlet flags, and look out over the fringe of trees at the great blown bay. You'll see a yacht drifting like a double snow-flake against the Italian sea. But you won't catch sight of a tree-masted schooner beating up from Jamaica, not a barque carrying ton timber bound for Liverpool. For the chapter that opened with the Loyalists closed forty years ago, and another bit of hand-hammered history took its place when the Canadian Pacific Railway ran its long arm down from McAdam, set the Algonquin Hotel on the hills with a sea-view on three sides of it, and made St. Andrews the unquestioned Newport of the North.

In the old days the site belonged to John McIntosh, whose daughter Katy seems to have been the Amazon of the town of whom all bad little boys were prodigiously afraid. If Katy's Cove hadn't been so warm to bathe in when the tide was full, the brawny arm of its owneress wouldn't have interfered with summer enjoyments. One day, however, so tradition runs, a young swimmer was caught like a tadpole in the last pool the tide had left and, after due chastisement, told his conqueror that some day—SOME day—a man bigger'n she was would come down and dam Katy's Cove so there—and the kids could bathe in it forever! The which prophecy was taken over bodily by the Railroad and to-day fulfills itself on every laughing splashing afternoon. The climate at St. Andrews is two weeks ahead of St. John anyhow, but the water of Katy's Cove—shallow bright sun-warmed and breeze-ruffled—boasts a temperature higher than anything else in the neighbourhood, one that reaches