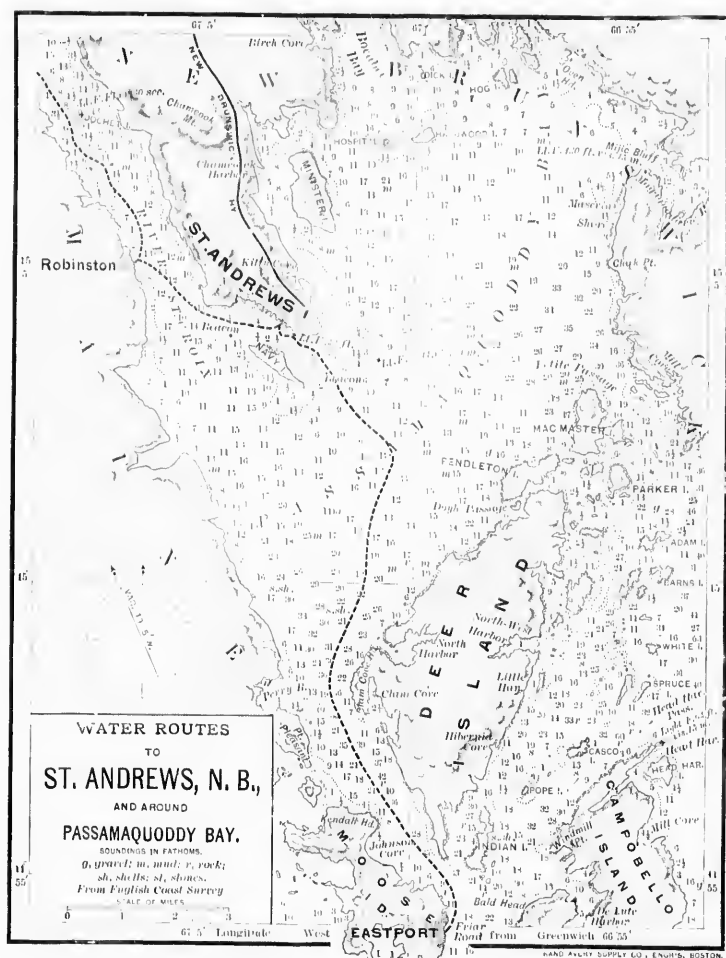


TO THE YACHTSMAN.



DURING past years yachtsmen have cruised eastward of Cape Cod as far as Halifax, N. S., but in few instances has their attention been called to the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay and the picturesque town of St. Andrews projecting into it. The above reduced scale-chart of Passamaquoddy Bay, made from the English Admiralty Chart, gives the soundings in fathoms at high water, and, as the average tide during July, August and September rarely exceeds twenty-two feet, it will be seen that the entrance to the Bay, via Eastport, affords plenty of water, even at low tide, for the largest vessel, while the Bay itself, seventeen miles long and an extreme width of six miles gives a fine regatta course. After leaving Eastport, and while passing through the Narrows, the stranger will be wise to have a Passamaquoddy pilot on board, but once in the Bay he has no sunken rocks to fear so long as he gives all bays a respectful distance, and he does not hug the land too closely. At high tide a vessel drawing twelve to fifteen feet can safely follow the dotted line to an anchorage off St. Andrews' Wharves, but at low tide the course should be laid due north from Clam Cove Head, leaving Naxy Island on the starboard, holding direct north until the Beacon known as "Niger Reef Block" opposite the north end of Navy Island is abeam; between the beacon and the point of high land northeast of it, in seven fathoms of water, fifty vessels can find good anchorage.

The fogs which prevail along the Maine coast and through the Bay of Fundy are seldom found in Passamaquoddy Bay, for the chain of mountainous islands which form its easterly boundary act as a barrier to the "sea-smoke." By this it must not be understood that the fog *never* comes in, but day after day, when it prevails outside, Passamaquoddy will be "clear as a bell."

The yachtsman who is induced to extend his cruise to St. Andrews will be charmed with the magnificent bay, which old sailors say is a strong counterpart to the Bay of Naples. While ashore "The Algonquin," a finely appointed hotel, fine roads, mountain ranges, fresh water lakes, and last, but not least, one quaint old town of St. Andrews, form a combination unequalled on the whole eastern coast.

During August yachtsmen intending to visit "The Algonquin" will do well to telegraph their coming, the probable date of arrival and accommodations required, when they may be assured of every attention and comfort.