



St. Andrews By-the-Sea

(NEW BRUNSWICK)

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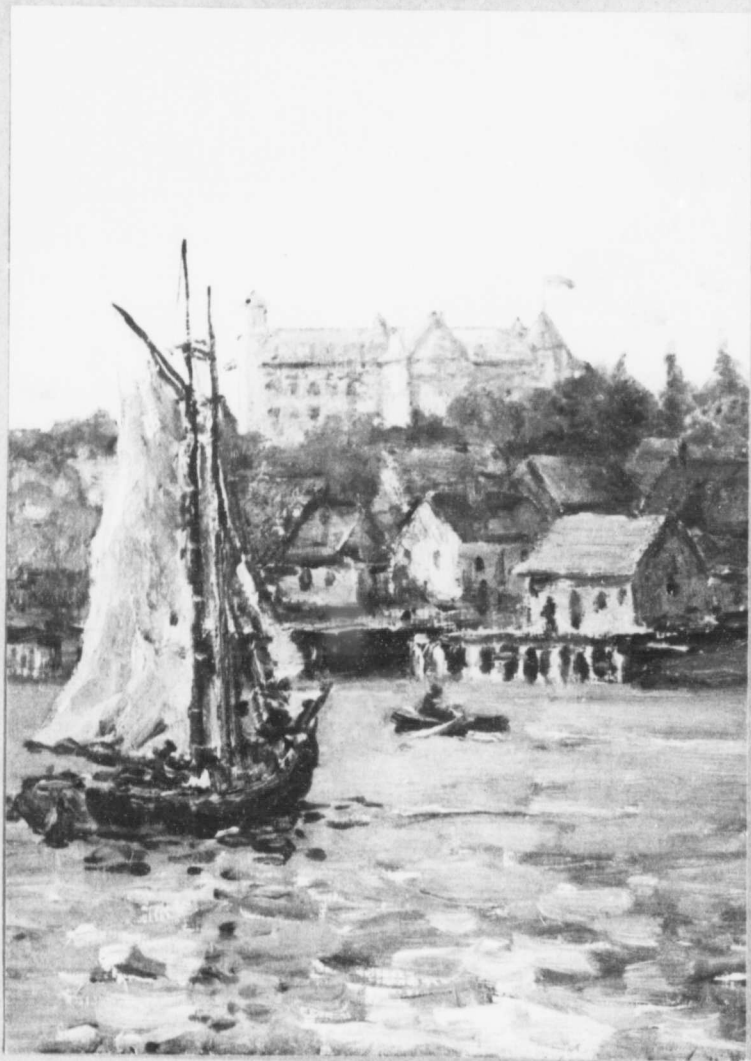
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1917
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The Canadian Pacific Railway ran its long arm down from McAdam, set the Algonquin Hotel on the hills with a sea view on three sides of it, and made St. Andrews the unquestioned Newport of the North.

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O the most of us the Pacific will never be anything but just the Pacific. The Atlantic is The Ocean.

There is a magic on its wave-thundered coasts—there is history, two thousand fog-banked years of it, calling across that grey prairie of the seas. That which is British in us, or mixed blood of all Europe pulls us to the Atlantic shores; that which is Canadian holds us there, for here on the red sand-stoned beaches of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in the years that have blown away into the forest, the rose, the shamrock, the thistle and the fleur de lis conspired together to produce the maple leaf of our Dominion.

It was in the spring of 1604 that a vessel sailed out of the harbor of Havre-de-Grace with everybody on board singing. There was de Monts, the noble seigneur dressed like D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers" with a plume nigh as long as his sword, and a charter half as big again, telling him that he had the rights of trade and colonization for all Acadia, a pleasantly-vague domain extending from Cape Breton down as far towards Florida as the polite Spaniard would allow. De Monts sang doubtless because he saw his dream of founding "an ancestral home" in the New World coming toward him with a sceptre in each hand.

"We were a motley assemblage of gentlemen, artisans and vagabonds numbering over a hundred and twenty in all," says Samuel de Champlain, his companion, in his quaint chronicle published in Paris in 1613.



"Katy's Cove" is kiddiedom rampant, and at rest. The water is so delightfully warm and calling, and so too are the sands! The long twisty, tree-fringed track that ambles from the Hotel to the bath house exercises a perennial fascination on the young-in-heart of all ages, and once in sight of this water one is lost to everything but a bathing suit. The tennis net, the bowling alley, the golf course, the wide-awned verandah, and the casino dancing floor all draw much of their charm from the swim-that-was and the swim-to-be.

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A month or so later the vessel sailed into another harbor with nobody to observe her but the trees on the shore and the cod in the sea. It was a noble, not to say an enormous harbor, a cast bay called Passamaquoddy bearing a long slender peninsula to the left of it, and, to the left of that again, a river "almost half a league in breadth" the admiring geographer tells us, up which the adventurers made what speed they could to an island that seemed to them formed by Heaven for the purpose of being fortified by France.

To-day we can take an afternoon spin from the old town of St. Andrews, out over the hard-packed road in our luxurious car and, from the wooded heights above the St. Croix, look down on the dark little tufted rock.

"Straightway the men began to gather together in fives and sixes each according to his desire?" Champlain observes. "Then all set to work to clear up the island, to go to the woods, to make the framework to carry earth and other things necessary for the buildings."

Gardens were planted—we can see them yet in the quaint maps with which the historian embellished his pages. When all was accomplished and the palisades grew like a frill of porcupine quills around the little toy settlement, we can imagine the ex-naval commandant by the light of his candle seeking a means of expressing to his King the whereabouts of "the river which flows around the island," "the lodging of our priest." "the oven where the bread is baked."

Then, details done with, he addresses himself to the sterner task of making a map of the whole coast, and verily, the King never lived who wouldn't be enormously interested in the sprightly production.

The Island itself stands up out of the water with the fluted edges of a Scotch shortbread. It is sprinkled with



The Blue Bay has a charming rival in the Pink Road, made of accommodating sandstone that grinds small, lies flat, dries quickly and gives the motorist the sense of scudding over solidified sunset.

There are hundreds of miles of good travelling around St. Andrews. The Joe's Point Road here sketched skirts the edge of the peninsula, crosses the golf course and strikes the St. Croix at its mouth; the St. John Road goes northeast through inland seas of forest to the capital on its far-famed Reversible Falls; the St. Stephen Road connects by hard white highway with Calais, Bangor, Portland and Boston, affording an opportunity for the student of history to trace and comment upon that imaginary but most lively line, the Maine Boundary, so long a question of dispute between Washington and Downing Street.

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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



The two St. Andrews Golf Courses live up to Scotch tradition in turf, and form, and caddies, and professional attendance. The main course has eighteen good sporting holes; a view of tossed trees and tumbled bay; and a glorious, glowing, blowing, health-bestowing everyday climate. Men and women from all over America and the British Isles come to St. Andrews to play, remain to practice, and retire to praise. The tea and muffins on the verandah of the trim little clubhouse too, are pleasing stimulant and a memory that urges repetition.

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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



When the irreconcilable Royalists shook the dust of Maine from their eighteenth century shoe buckles and sailed northward to camp in Canada after the Revolutionary War, they brought their house frames and their rose trees with them. This modest little dwelling cost its Tory owner \$300 to take down in Portland and put up in St. Andrews, and, as the "old Castine Coffee House" it has watched the first dour Scotch-covenanting village grow into the shipping town whose second childhood of true joy was doubtless reached twenty years ago, when it abandoned timber in favor of tourists, and blossomed into the quaintest and most exclusive summer resort in the Maritime Provinces.

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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-westering 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 days and follow Gloscoap the Micmac hero as he walks up the monee-quen-e-moosakesqw, which is none other than the hill above Waweig,



Everybody fishes at St. Andrews. The sardine boat, skirting the open mouth of the big circular weir, dances on the morning sparkles of the Bay; Izaak Walton of North-America-in-general, registered at the Algonquin, poises anxiously over the salmon and trout haunts of the St. Croix River even as did Champlain the Explorer three hundred summers before him; and the little folk, whether native-born or imported from the States for the season, hunt clams on the damp and adorable mud-meadows at low tide. The Province realizes over four million dollars every year from its waters, and Charlotte County heads the list for fisheries, just as it does for scenery, history, cookery and art!

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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



"The principal person in a picture is the light," said Manet, and at St. Andrews Light is regnant indeed. The sun calls to the deeps of the quiet Bay—the blue Bay of early morning, the silver-frosted velvet Bay of night—and out of the waters spring pale jonquils of dawn, tulip-tinted flowers of sunset, hyacinths of purple twilight that bloom in the fleeting shadows of the boatside, under the straying fingers of the clouds. The rocks about the Bay are as red as deep roses, and the pines are Chinese jade,—unburnished, set among the ivory shafts of the poplars. To add the last touch of witchery to the Maeterlinckian unreality of this dream landscape, there is the light mist of evening, a breath from the vast outer seas . . .

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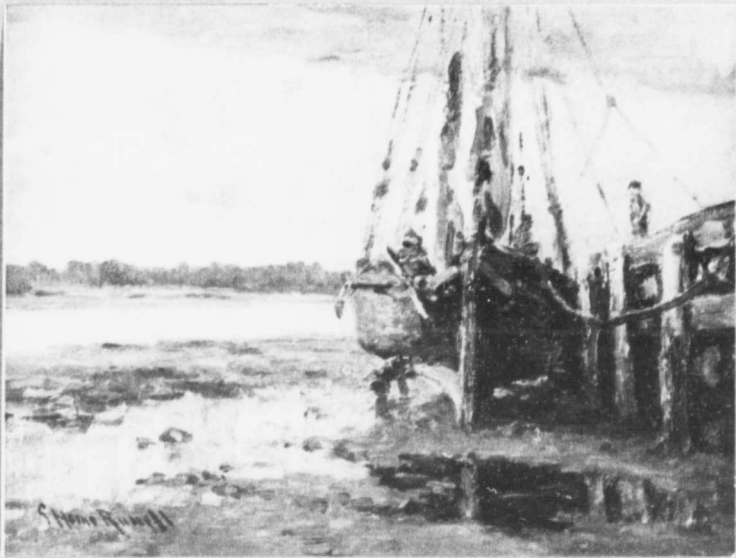
pious, since considering that it is a religious edifice, Greenock Church had a most Godlessly picturesque beginning.

After the death of Reverend Samuel Andrews, Anglican rector of an interdenominational Loyalist congregation, the Presbyterians grew restive. They would have a meeting place of their own. So they started to build. But unfortunately hard times intervened and the church remained, a half-shingled, hope-deferred, for many years.

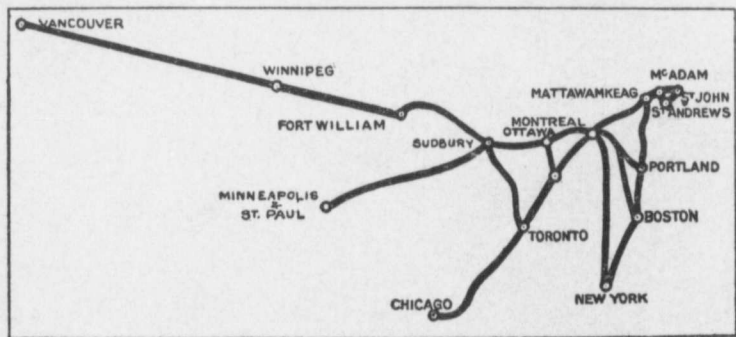
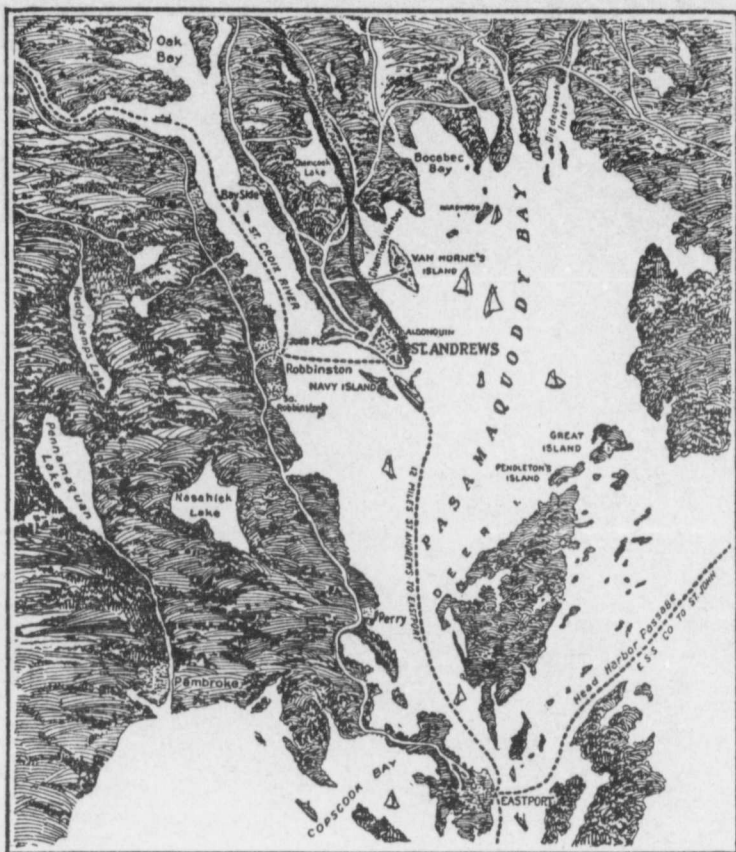
Then, one night there was a banquet in old St. Andrews and to it was invited Captain Christopher Scott, a Scotchman, and therefore a Presbyterian by inclination, but not given to attending anywhere but on his own quarter-deck. The speaker of the evening chanced, however, to refer jocularly to the unfinished kirk and the Captain's slumbering sectarianism got up and pounded the table. Unable to finish anything they'd started? He'd show them!

He did. A West Indian trader was requisitioned and sent south for mahogany; men scoured the forests of Charlotte County for bird's-eye maple; the design for the most marvellous pulpit was obtained from Greenock, where Captain Scott was born; and for two years two of the best workmen in town labored on that pulpit, while the Captain chuckled grimly—and paid all the bills.

To-day you can sit under a gallery whose railing is of mahogany and whose pillars are twelve solid shafts of bird's-eye maple, and you can look at a pulpit whose like is not to be found in all America, shining with lustre of court satin, and carved by true and loving hands. Over it there is a bronze dove which commemorates the settlement of the first and last quarrel that the militant Captain ever had with his Session. Behind the desk there are small square panes of clear glass and, fairer than any saint in scarlet and blue, the green trembling heart of an ancient elm.



The Bay of Fundy is a sky-blue, hundred-and-forty mile funnel, up which the white Atlantic tides race twice in the day, carrying with them fishing schooners and lumber barques that are left stranded on brown ooze by salt and dripping pierheads, up the 'Brunswick side and down the 'Scotia side for three hundred picturesque miles. Passamaquoddy Bay, set in ruby rocks and emerald trees, is a sapphire side-pocket deep enough for the largest vessels to float serenely at St. Andrews no matter what Fundy Tides do with the water. Only around the edges of the main harbor do blue fishing smacks perch on their yellow keels. The central soundings give a low tide depth of anywhere from forty to three hundred and fifty feet.





The red roofed Algonquin Hotel shines against the cool Bay, the cemented solidification of that "Ordre de Bon Temps" which Champlain the Explorer inaugurated on the St. Croix close by, first secret society in America, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There is a bay view on three sides of this Inn of All Joy, where one eats one's breakfast, plays one's golf, drinks one's tea and dances one's last number all to the interwoven scents and sighs and glories of the sea. Not a spot in St. Andrews without its treasured "view" and few views without the Algonquin in them, poppy-petalled color-note in a world of green.

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