

buildings in the town, also two livery stables, no fewer than three telegraph offices, and a weekly newspaper—the *Beacon*—which has been shedding its radiance over the town for two months past. Besides these, St. Andrews can boast of a base ball club, cricket and lawn tennis clubs, and a first-rate brass band.

About the most important corporation connected with the town is the St. Andrews Land company, of which Lieut. Governor Tilley is the president, and Mr. Robert S. Gardiner, of Boston, vice-president. The remaining members of the company are composed principally of representatives of

their brick block on the corner of Water and Princess Royal streets. This building has three floors. The lower one was designed for the purposes of a club-room, and was elaborately fitted out with marble lavatories, and the usual necessities, all gotten up in the best style. The second floor, it is expected, will be occupied by a bank some day; the rooms on the other floor are for offices. The *Beacon* occupies the club-room section, and can boast of one of the neatest little offices in the province. The Land company also secured from the town a grant of something like 55 acres at the

divided up into building lots. There are 68 building lots in this section of their territory. A sample cottage—and a very pretty one it is—has been erected on one of these lots, and superintendent Horton, to whose skill and energy much of the advance that has been made is due, says that eight others will be begun shortly. Mr. Donald Smith has secured one of their lots at the upper end of the town, and it is his intention to begin building on it before long. Other lots belonging to the company have been also taken up and will be built upon soon.

No description of St. Andrews would be complete, I feel, without a reference to its magnificent summer hotel, the property of the Algonquin hotel company. The Algonquin stands on an eminence overlooking the town, and commands an outlook of sea and island, river and mountain, which cannot be surpassed anywhere on the American continent, and which has few equals on European soil. Eight months were spent in the erection of the building, which occupies an area of close upon 12,000 square feet. It is constructed of wood, after designs furnished by Messrs. Rand & Taylor, of Boston, and its external appearance is at once imposing and attractive. There are four floors exclusive of the basement, the latter, owing to the contour of the ground, being about one half the size of the other floors. Entering the main floor from the broad piazza, one steps into a hall 20 feet wide by 46 feet long, running at right angles with which is a corridor 12 feet in width and 96 feet long. There are a pair of handsomely-carved ash

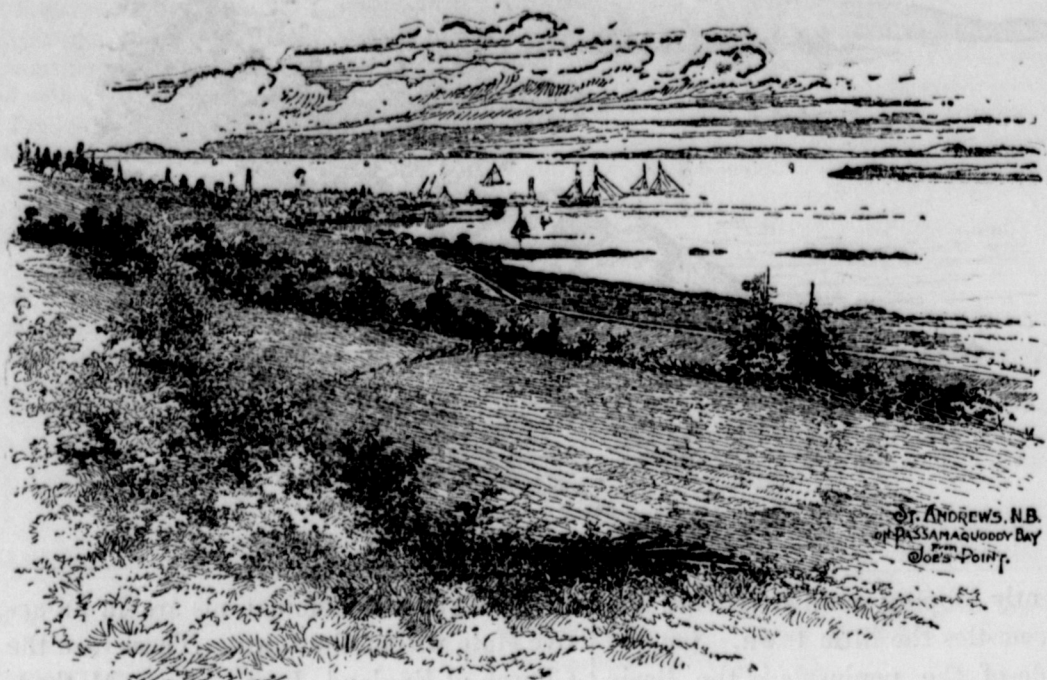
At the eastern extremity of the corridor the main parlor is found, occupying a space of 25x46 feet. It is painted a pure white. On either side of the entrance are two mirrors the height of the room, and there is a cosy fire-place in one corner. The parlor furniture is remarkably handsome. The dining-room, 36x42 feet, is situated at the western extremity of the corridor. It is expensively fitted up, and the view from it is very beautiful. Attached to the dining-room are the kitchen, serving and silver rooms, the pastry cook's closet and the refrigerator. The culinary arrangements are most complete, and so they should be, where there is a *chef* getting \$240 a month. There are a number of other rooms on the main floor, including a ladies' parlor, gentlemen's smoking-room, baggage-room and barber shop. The floors above are intended as sleeping rooms, for the most part. There are ninety of them. Every window commands a panoramic view of rare beauty, and the furnishings of each are both rich and comfortable. There is an electric button in every room, and a gas jet as well. On the top of the hotel there is an outlook termed "The eagle's nest." It is roofed over and railed in, and on a warm day would just be the place to spend a few hours in. It is needless to remark that there is an expansive view to be obtained from the "eagle's nest." The water for the hotel is pumped from the vicinity of Kitty's cove, and is stored in large tanks in the upper part of the building. There is a tank for fresh and a tank for salt water, each capable of holding many hundreds of gallons. Jumping from

almost as soft as velvet, for pedestrians, but notwithstanding this, and despite the warnings that are posted up, visitors still prefer to walk on the newly-sodded ground. A tennis court has been laid alongside the hotel, and within a stone's throw almost are the grounds of the Algonquin base ball club. Two young bears have been furnished with rooms on the grounds outside the hotel, and will, doubtless, provide lots of fun for the guests, and possibly an item or two occasionally for the *Beacon*. Two flag-staffs, one flying the Union Jack and the

I am afraid my letter has already exceeded the limit accorded me.

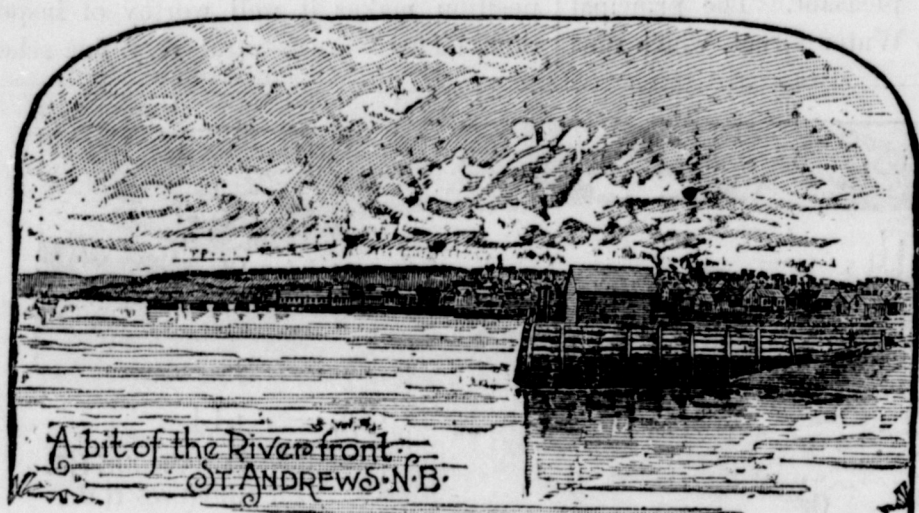
I will conclude by saying that nowhere on the American continent exists there a spot so admirably suited by nature for a summer resort, with such splendid facilities for boating, bathing, walking, shooting, driving, fishing, or cycling, and nowhere along the North Atlantic coast is there a better or a safer port for shipping, nor a place where there is so much room for carrying on a large commerce as at St. Andrews.

R. E. ARMSTRONG.
St. Andrews, June 24, 1889.



such large transportation corporations as the Canada Pacific railway, the International Steamship company, Maine Central railway and New Brunswick railway. The object of this company was really to popularize and fit out the town as a summer resort. Since their advent, scarcely two years ago, they have made a great many improvements, and have spent a vast amount of money in furthering their object. They have secured a large number of the most desirable building lots, and as the demand increases for buildings, they will erect cottages and business houses on them. One of the handsomest buildings is

extreme point of the peninsula. When this land fell into their hands, it was little better than a cedar swamp, but the expenditure of money and a good deal of labor, has made it one of the most beautiful spots imaginable. That portion of the land lying nearest the water, has been stripped of its growth of trees, the ground nicely graded and drained, beautiful little walks and drives cut through it, and a miniature lake located within its bounds. Flowering plants and shrubs will be planted in it, and many other attractions added. Behind the park gravelled roadways have been laid, and the ground



pillars on the four corners where the corridor crosses the hall, with broad spaces at their base for statuary or vases of flowers. Near at hand is a red granite fire-place. On the right of the main entrance the manager's desk is located, and within easy reach of it is the telegraphic instrument. There is a small reception room to the left, and opposite the side door of this room, the elevator is located.

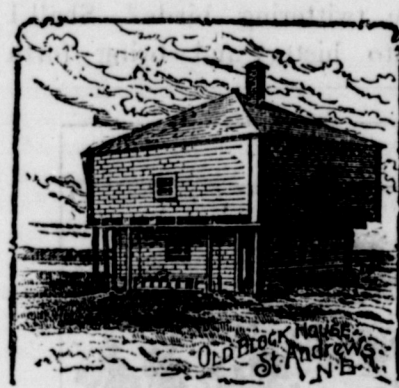
the "garrett to the cellar" there will be found in the basement, billiard and wine rooms, servants, dining rooms, laundry and engine room. There are two ice cream tanks operated by machinery also in the basement.

The approaches to the hotel, and the grounds on either side, have been artistically arranged. There is a white gravelled road for teams, and a red gravelled walk,

other the Stars and Stripes, adorn the grounds.

The manager of the Algonquin is Mr. Fred. A. Jones, of the Dufferin hotel, than whom no more capable man can be found.

I would like to have a word to say about the other hotels in the town; about the ancient fortresses that exist in the neighborhood of St. Andrews, about the block-houses that were built many years ago to protect the townspeople from the Indians' raids, and of which at least one remains about the military grounds at Ives' point; about the proposed water and lighting



people, and a great many other things, but systems; about the nature and extent of the business done here, and the prospects for the future; about the hospitality of the

FROM THE SEASHORE.

Before the Summer Campaign.

Yes, it's off. Jack's the dearest old fellow; I'm really sorry for Jack: But you know, dear, whenever we quarrel, I always can "whistle him back."

That stupid old proverb is nonsense: I've thought ever since I could stand, it's the bird in the bush that's worth having—Worth twenty tame birds in the hand.

Poor Jack! He is awfully handsome, And perhaps has two thousand a year; One cannot afford to be silly. We are going to Newport, my dear.

And two ears will be there, it is rumored; And De Trillon, who is rolling in gold: And who knows if—? Poor Jack! he could hardly Expect our engagement to hold!

Such affairs are only for winter—In summer you have to be free; But—I always liked Jack: and next autumn—Why, if nothing occurs—we shall see.

—Life.

The Maiden's Repartee.

Ah, he was a giant both brawny and brave, And she was the belle of the beach. And he was o'erthrown by a seven-inch wave, While she swooned away with a scream.

That eve in the ball-room the maiden appeared; He tenderly asked of her if She faintest that morning because she had feared, For his life. Her reply was a sniff.

And, "No, it was not for your life, I feared, But I was oppressed by the notion—The way you opened your mouth was so weird! You surely would swallow the ocean."

—Harper's Bazar.

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