

# Saint Andrews-By-the-Sea The Newport of the North

One of the Most Fashionable Summer Resorts on the Atlantic Seaboard--A Mail Correspondent Gives His Impression of the Place--Many Beautiful Summer Houses Located There--The Algonquin Hotel is Being Well Patronized.

(Special Correspondence Daily Mail.)  
St. Andrews, Aug. 21. — St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, sometimes called "the Newport of the North," is undoubtedly the best advertised and most fashionable summer resort in the Maritime Provinces. For nine months out of the year it is a quiet old town but with the influx of visitors in June it takes on the life, bustle and style of an up-to-date watering place. Just why the words "By-the-Sea" should be tacked on to the name of Auld Scotia's patron saint which the town bears, is a little puzzling to the ordinary lay mind, but after all what's in a name? As a matter of fact St. Andrews is not by the sea although it has salt water on three sides. The town is located on a peninsula which borders on the estuary of the St. Croix River and Passamaquoddy Bay" called

"Quoddy" for short. A strip of American territory looms up right across the river, while opposite the harbor front is St. Croix Island, where Demonts, the daring French explorer, once made his abode for a brief period. There are a number of islands near by which break the force of the turbulent tides of the Bay of Fundy and cause calmness almost to equal to that of a mill pond to prevail on the waters. The roar of the breakers so common along the Atlantic seaboard is not heard at St. Andrews, and there is no surf bathing. Therefore the term "St. Andrews -by-the-Sea" scarcely means what it says.

Settled by Loyalists.

The town of St. Andrews was settled by the Loyalists from the United States at the time of the revolutionary war. In 1812 it was garrisoned

and a block house erected as a defense against the Indians. A few years later English engineers laid out the town site in the form of a checker-board, the blocks extending for 100 yards. The growth of the town has not been rapid, the permanent population being not in excess of 1,200 souls. All the same it is incorporated, is the Charlotte County seat and the people stand on their dignity as such. The C.P.R. doesn't quite own the town but its leading spirits from Baron Shaughnessy downwards seem to have a pretty healthy interest in it. The C.P.R. undoubtedly gave the place the proud position on the map which it occupies today as a summer resort and incidentally the directors of the great railway corporation contribute a liberal share in the form of taxes to the civic revenue.

While St. Andrews has much to interest the stranger there is nothing to hold a candle to the famous Algonquin Hotel. It is said to be the finest summer hotel on the Atlantic seaboard which is saying a good deal. The Algonquin occupies a commanding site in the upper section of the town, with salt water on three sides of it. From its windows and balconies a splendid panoramic view of the surrounding country can be obtained. This hotel opens in June and closes in September. It has accommodations for 350 guests and is nearly always filled to its capacity. The guests are attracted from Montreal, Toronto and the large cities of the United States, many coming from as far west as Detroit and Chicago. To look after the needs of the guests a staff of 250 persons is employed, which is almost one for each. Those who patronize the Algonquin want good service, are willing to pay for it and they get it. The golf course, said to be the finest in Eastern Canada, is located near the hotel and is very liberally patronized. Other outdoor amusements on an elaborate scale such as tennis and lawn bowling are provided for the guests. Many of the Algonquin's patrons include whole families. They bring

with them their motor cars and servants and make the most of life while in the town. The water supply for the Algonquin is brought from Chamcook Lake, a distance of four miles, it having cost the C. P. R. \$100,000 to install the system. The town itself has no general water supply.

The summer residences at St. Andrews are easily the finest in the Maritime Provinces. They are substantial structures with beautiful, well kept grounds and naturally attract much attention from visitors. The summer colonists include Baron Shaughnessy, C. R. Hosmer, C. B. Gordon and Lady Van Horne, widow of Sir William Van Horne, Baron Shaughnessy's summer home is known as Tipperary and is located on the site of an old fort of that name near the Algonquin. It is a large wooden structure, painted yellow with green trimmings. The ramparts of the old fort are still intact and give the grounds a rather odd appearance. Baron Shaughnessy has Mr. C. R. Hosmer, a fellow director of the C. P. R. for a next door neighbor.

The MacKay Home.

The most beautiful of the many splendid summer homes at St. Andrews was built by the late Senator MacKay of Montreal and is now occupied by his sons. It is located on the site of what was once the homestead of the late Sir Charles Tupper, on the outskirts of the town. It is approached by a beautiful gravel driveway shaded by cedar trees. Just before the house is visible the driveway branches off into a field and forms a loop on a high open space from which a charming view can be obtained. The house is of brownstone of chaste design and the lawn has the appearance of a Brussels carpet. Near the house and close to the driveway is an artificial lake where a large flock of ducks can be seen sporting themselves. Although the roadway is a private one autoists are permitted to take a run through it.

The Van Horne Estate.

No visitor to St. Andrews should go away without visiting Minister's Island, where is located "Covenhoven" the farm and summer home of the late Sir William Van Horne. The island is quite close to the mainland and is reached by what is known as the "Bar Road" which is only a road when the tide is out. An auto or carriage can cross the bar at low tide in a few minutes. Upon reaching the island the visitor is switched on to one of the finest gravel roadways to be found anywhere. It was built over twenty-five years ago and no difficulty has been experienced in keeping it in first class repair. This road leads down to the head of the island where the Van Horne mansion is located and makes a turn in the front yard in the midst of gorgeous flower beds, beautiful shade trees and shrubbery. To the left of the main house is a tennis court floored with red brick and the stables, cottages for employees, etc. are located in the rear. The farm buildings which are large and modern are on a hill in the centre of the island. The farm is said to be the finest in the province and was a source of much pride to Sir William in his palmy days. Covenhoven farm is always open to visitors when the tide is out, Sir William having made this a rule during his lifetime, and his daughter who is now the owner, adheres to it.

The Kennedy Hotel.

While the Algonquin is a very swell hotel many visitors to St. Andrews are content to view it from the outside. The limitations of their bank account make it obligatory on their part to put up elsewhere. With this class of people and the travelling public generally, Kennedy's Hotel fills the bill to perfection. This popular hostelry was founded by the late Angus Kennedy over thirty years ago, and is conducted under the management of his genial son, Frank Kennedy. It is a large three story wooden structure with spacious verandahs, and is located within a few rods of the harbor front. It is undoubtedly one of the best conducted hotels in the Maritime Provinces. The rooms are large, scrupulously clean and well furnished and the cuisine is of a high order. Manager Kennedy was brought up in the hotel business and knows it from A to Z. Motorists from the United States and provincial points make their headquarters at Kennedy's and once having enjoyed its bounteous hospitality they make it a point to return. Manager Kennedy will see that his guests see all of St. Andrews that is worth seeing and it will not be his fault if they do not go away impressed with the idea that it is the only summer resort of the map.

The Beacon.

St. Andrews boasts one newspaper, the Beacon, now owned and edited by Dr. Wallace Broad, a U.N.B. graduate noted for his scholarly attainments. Dr. Broad, after a strenuous career as a mining engineer in South Africa and China, has settled down to enjoy the evening of his life at St. Andrews. Like Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith of New England, he made the discovery late in life that a printing press was the proper medium through which to express men's thoughts, in fact the only medium that can take the exact impression of every thought that goes out of the heart of a human being. Wishing to keep his mind at work, Dr. Broad bought the Beacon and has been its editor and proprietor for three years. He has made substantial improvements in the paper and claims it is a world-beater for a town of only twelve hundred people. Many a good man has gone broke running an eight page paper in a four page town, but Dr. Broad has no fear for the future. The only cause for regret on the part of his fellow citizens is that he did not while sojourning in foreign lands discover and drink from a fountain of perpetual youth. The learned doctor may not be gathering in much wealth from his present occupation but he is giving the town a live paper and he is deserving of the hearty support of the community.

Deep Sea Sport.

Deep sea fishing seems to be the popular pastime with the young men in and about St. Andrews. They some-



**Old Dutch Cleanser**

**Old Dutch**

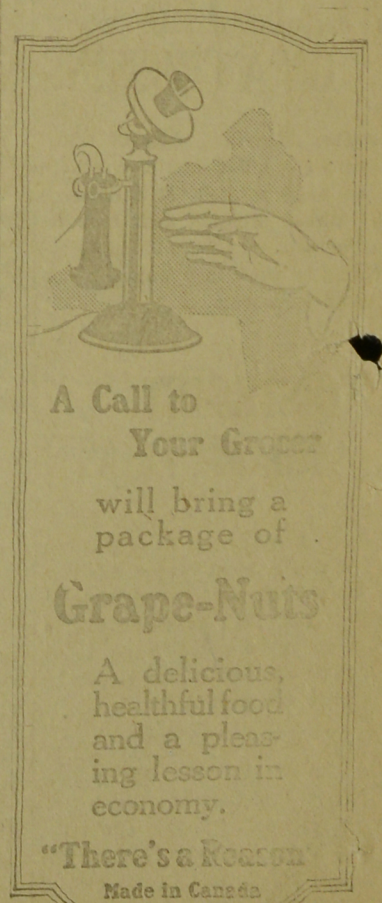
**You Will Be Proud of your pantry if you use Old Dutch.**

**It keeps things clean and bright with very little labor.**

Mrs. T. T. Gammage of Palestine, Texas, spun, wove and knit for soldiers during the civil war, and is now "do her bit" for soldiers of today.

times make a trip on the Sabbath Day in row boats and apparently take along a supply of a certain kind of "bait" so popular with many anglers when they wip the inland streams of the province. The writer witnessed a fishing party disembark at a wharf near Kennedy's Hotel just before sunset one Sunday evening. They each trailed a string of pollock and seemed to be quite proud of their catch. One fellow was noticed lagging behind the rest and an investigation showed that he was carrying a large fish and also a particularly heavy jag. Finally the jag got the better of him and he had to settle down on the edge of the wharf and he remained there until his companions returned with a carriage and carted him away.

When the Provincial Government finishes the great work on which it has now embarked and provides the province with a system of trunk roads like the state highways across the border, St. Andrews will enjoy even greater popularity as a summer resort. The town is only a few hours' ride by motor from St. John, Fredericton or Woodstock, and it is certainly a most delightful and restful place for a week-end sojourn. The people of St. Andrews are confident that when good roads become a reality motorists from the United States will pour across the border by hundreds at St. Stephen, run on to St. Andrews, thence to St. John and other points in the Maritime Provinces. The people are also hopeful that St. Andrews with its fine harbor, open all the year, may come into its own as a shipping port.



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## The Victory Won—our task but well begun!



*"Alcohol is more destructive than war, pestilence and famine."*

—William Ewart Gladstone

### THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT

The policy of the Dominion Alliance is to encourage the repeal of the Canada Temperance Act (Scott Act) in counties in which it has been operating. Where this is done the new Provincial Prohibitory Law would then become effective. It is always easier to enforce one uniform law. The New Brunswick Government cannot put its new law in effect in Scott Act counties, as the latter is Dominion legislation, which has precedence over provincial legislation. Friends of temperance who live in Scott Act counties are, however, asked to co-operate in the more thorough enforcement of that Act so long as it continues in operation.

The summit of the hill at last has been won after countless futile charges. Shouts of jubilation proclaim victory. The last German has fled. Flushed with success, the soldiers' caps are flung high in the air, but the old veteran captain shouts, "Off with your tunics, boys, and dig in for your lives! The victory is yet not ours—this summit must be *held!*"

For half a century the people of New Brunswick have fought the Demon Rum for possession of the province. The summit of the last commanding position is won. The Prohibition Law in New Brunswick was finally consummated when it went into effect May 1st, 1917. Let us not shout "Victory" too fervently. We have won only the *means* to a final Victory—the power to *enforce* province-wide freedom from the Traffic. The real fight is yet to come.

Are we going to leave to a few zealous and sincere officials the whole brunt of the fight? Or, shall we let them know that they have behind them, in their duty of enforcing the New Prohibition Act, a whole province full of reserve power and vigilant enthusiasm that will help and encourage them to consolidate this glorious heritage of Prohibition for ever!

### Help to Enforce Prohibition

Licensing of the liquor traffic has had a fair trial for many years. Within a comparatively brief period New Brunswick must vote again and decide for or against a permanent Prohibitory law. In the meantime, the Prohibition law must demonstrate its worth beyond doubt. Brief though the testing time may be, we believe the people will, by their hearty and sincere co-operation, make the result *decisive*. Never again in New Brunswick shall the enemy gain a foothold!

Every man and woman in this province shares the responsibility for the proper enforcement of Prohibition—not the officers of the law alone. *Your* duty is clear.

No matter where you live, whether the Canada Temperance Act or the new Prohibitory Law operates in your district, you are urged to use every legitimate means within your power to heartily support and aid the officers in their sworn duty of enforcing the law.

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