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WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS, BOTTLERS FREDERICKSBURG LAGER

**ICE****901-905 FOURTH STREET**


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the metropolis—here these men find an opportunity and a field for the indulgence of their most luxurious tastes. Here is a beautiful and adequate setting and environment for the most perfect triumph of architectural art. No villa can be so graceful, no mansion so imposing, that the scenery and surroundings of San Rafael will not add to the beauty of the one and the grandeur of the other.

And these favored sons of fortune have not been slow to take advantage of the opportunity mentioned, and even before railroad communication was established there were blocks of handsome residences belonging to San Franciscans, and to-day, when the metropolis can be reached in fifty-five minutes, these blocks have expanded into whole streets, lined on either side with costly residences, beautified by wide-spreading lawns, evergreen hedgegrows, elaborate landscape gardening, lovely walks and stately avenues, shaded by the fragrant bay and eucalyptus, the larch, and the madrone.



Pure and wholesome water is one of the essentials for any city. In this respect San Rafael is not lacking. The supply is bountiful and the quality of the very best. It is supplied by the Marin County Water Company.

In addition to the winter rainfall, a constant supply of fresh water flows into the lake direct from hundreds of living springs high up on the mountain-side.

The invalid or tourist who tarries in San Rafael never experiences the feeling of isolation so common to most health resorts. San Francisco is but fifty-five minutes distant, and San Rafael itself is now a model city. Two lines of railroad—the California Northwestern and the North Pacific Coast—connect it with the metropolis, and run sixteen round trips daily. And yet a ten minutes walk takes one to the depths of the forest, and, in imagination, one is hundreds of miles from the haunts of men. The summit of Mount Tamalpais, the joy and pride of the people of Marin County, can now be reached from San Rafael by rail in perfect safety. The road is the most romantic within a hundred miles of San Francisco. Beginning practically at the sea level, it ascends the slopes of the veteran peak, now bobbing serenely into a wooded canyon, now dashing out on an open ridge, then taking a round on its course, and apparently “going back” on itself. As every new point of observation is reached, startling panoramas of the great, boundless landscape below are unfolded, until at last on the calm, weather-beaten summit, amid the regions of eternal silence, the vast unobstructed horizon is revealed. San Francisco, the Golden Gate, the limitless Pacific, the coast for a hundred miles north and south, the vast interior, flanked by the snow-clad Sierras, are all comprised in that great, comprehensive view. Words can not describe, neither can the painter reproduce in a whole gallery, the wonderful scenes and effects. The grade is scarcely perceptible, and there is nothing throughout calculated to alarm the most timid lady.

San Rafael is no longer a sequestered village, nestling almost unknown amid its sheltering hills. It is a live, stirring, flourishing city, with two lines of railroad connecting it with the interior of the county, and with the outside world. And when once men realize its wonderful advantages, land in its vicinity will advance until only the wealthy will be able to secure homes in the valley.

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**GEO. M. DODGE****601 FOURTH ST.**REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE  LOANS NEGOTIATED