

When about to leave, it was announced that Prof. Shaw was able to accompany them, a hope which had been previously cherished but now abandoned. In order to accommodate themselves to the tide, they steamed outside the marshes and waited till Prof. Shaw arrived in a small boat. Then a start was made and soon the stern serenity of Blomidon's rugged brow confronted the excursionists. Here some members of the party broke faith with the fair ones by not landing, but it was soon perceived that the ruling powers did not intend to permit a landing short of Ile Haute. These productive regions were left for exploration on the return voyage. The trip was pleasant in passing from Blomidon to Split, but after safely navigating through Split rips, matters were somewhat changed. The startling fact came to light that there was a strong south-west wind sweeping up the bay, which threw in great confusion old Fundy's tumultuous and exceedingly turbulent waters. This made the passage from Split to Ile Haute of prime geological importance, for soon tremendous upheavals followed by immense fault-findings were chief characteristics. Some said that nothing lower than the sub-carboniferous strata was moved, while others claimed that according to the best of their personal knowledge the Primordial were pretty thoroughly shaken. A third part even went so far as to say that the very foundations of the archæon were tossed in the wildest confusion. On deck the sights were phenomenal. Old Neptune began vigorously to demand tribute which was rendered hastily and right worthily. Many are said to have cleared eighteen feet (more or less) at a single bound in order to reach the side of the boat, such fascinating allurements did it present to their greedy and craving souls. Others, who had made their abode on the upper deck, did not wait to come down the accustomed circumlocutory stairway, but descended from upper to lower deck, a distance of about twelve feet, by one head-long plunge, utterly heedless of bumps or scars, such was their ardent desire to attain a lower level. It is thought that if half as much vivacious activity had been displayed by some of the Juniors on field day no other class would have won a single prize.

Upon reaching Ile Haute, owing to the unsettled condition of the elements (both inward and outward), it was considered unadvisable to land, so Captain

Davidson headed for the Joggins arriving there with flood tide. Some who had become weary of the ways of the restless deep sought repose on *terra firma*. Others not so inclined towards earthly things spent the night calmly and serenely in different parts of the boat.

The morning was taken up with visiting the coal mine and examining the strata which are rich in fossils and easily detected along the beach.

After leaving Joggins an enjoyable trip was made to Sackville. Here fog and windy weather caused a stay of two days. Too long to please such roving hearts, but the time was spent profitably. Fort Cumberland, the ship railway with its grand and imposing structures of solid masonry, and Amherst were all visited, much valuable information being gained. But what afforded special pleasure was the inspection of the Ladies' College, a rare privilege enjoyed by an Acadia boy when at home, and in fact never under the sanction of the supreme authorities. After they had entered the spacious and elaborately furnished reception room and waited a few moments, the genial principal appeared. He took much delight in displaying the roomy and well equipped apartments of the college. Many things of interest did not fail to escape the visitors' searching eyes, but to relate them all would require the pages of volumes.

Sackville was left in the distance with Friday's morning tide and the staunch little craft after a day's hard toil anchored with the darkness in West Bay, again waiting the tide's good will which permitted a landing in Parrsboro about midnight. The next morning was spent visiting friends and viewing the town till high water enabled them to leave, and they turned their course homeward.

The journey was freighted with its usual trials and hardships, pleasing to some and displeasing to others. The modes of eating and sleeping were not altogether commendable to the best interests of a happy life, yet the accommodations were equally as good as in previous years. When the Hall was reached a little soap and water together with a change of raiment produced such a difference of outward appearance and inward spirit that none could complain, but were loud in their acclamations of the enjoyable week spent on the expedition.