

We anchored at Pictou Landing and during the day visited the towns of Pictou, Westville, Stellarton, New Glasgow and Trenton; seeing all that was seeable and meeting many old friends.

On Saturday began the last and roughest stage of the voyage. There was a strong wind dead ahead and a heavy sea running. Our progress was a series of zigzags to Prince Edward Island and back. The little vessel was taking the green seas over her bows and seemed to rather enjoy keeping her bowsprit under water as much as possible; but for the most of us it was too much of a good thing. Sea sick? No, not exactly, but still the cook enjoyed a Saturday holiday. The calls on his talent were very few and irregular.

Towards evening the wind eased off slightly and we went below, just after having passed Amet Shoals light. Our attempts that night to keep from rolling out of our bunks were only moderately successful, but we lived till morning and came on deck to find Pugwash on our port beam. We put up past Northport and Amherst Shore and at one o'clock noon on Sunday, August 1st, 1909, dropped our dory to land the crowd, thus ending the famous cruise of the "Effie Howard."

The Troubles of a Junior Science Man.

I've some friends, not over kind, and to get them off my mind
I am going to try the very best I can,
Daily visitors and nocturnal, I will send them to the Journal,
They're the troubles of a Junior Science Man.

Now don't think that I am knocking, or that I my mind am locking,
'Gainst the good things that our dear professors plan,
And while I am confessing, just consider it a blessing
You've no troubles like the Junior Science Man.

With no parents dear to cheer me, when the spring exams are near me,
Comes the fear of being but an also ran,
And the following are the reasons, which I hope but for the season,
Are the troubles of a Junior Science Man.

There is General II to start with, and it will be hard to part with,
Its predominant ideas stress and strain,
When I've finished its discussion, I am in a dazed condition,
That I don't get over till I'm there again.

Then the next is General III, and I think we'll all agree,
That to mention it is all that's necessary,
With its detailed faults collected, even there were some neglected,
It would surely fill a generous commentary.

Next ones to disturb my slumbers, are those Mechanicals, Numbers,
One to Seven, may their souls soon rest in Heaven,
But just now, I greatly fear, that of getting them this year,
My best chances are not more than One to Seven.