

With a fair wind we soon made Grand Narrows Bridge. We passed, in the draw, another schooner. We found this rare occurrence quite exciting. On account of the narrowness of the draw and our speed, it was also somewhat dangerous. We soon passed Baddeck where we could see A. G. Bell's establishment, Beinn Breagh. His property consists of a headland about one and a half miles in length and six hundred feet in height. On the face of this hill is his magnificent summer house and on the crest we could see his famous Tetrahedral Tower.

Speeding up through Great Bras D'Or we anchored at six in the evening in Keeley's Cove, just inside Bras D'Or inlet. From here we could see the open Atlantic on which we expected to be next day.

The land along the north side of Great Bras D'Or is very high, reaching its greatest altitude, here, at Keeley's Mountain, 1045 feet in height. We undertook to climb this, and three of the boys who started on the right path, got within 100 feet of the top. The rest of us took the wrong way and were stopped less than half way up by a deep gully. Darkness falling we were forced to return to the ship.

Saturday dawned windy and wet and not fit to attempt the run around to Sydney. We anticipated a monotonous day, but we who went into the Captain's cabin did not realize the passage of time, for the old skipper kept us in an uproar with his amusing stories. Noon brought no improvement in the weather, so six of us, more impatient ones took the ferry across to Boulardrie, where we managed to engage teams to Sydney Mines, a distance of twelve miles. The drive across the Island was very enjoyable in spite of the unpleasant weather. Reaching Sydney Mines we soon caught the boat across to Sydney proper, arriving at eight in the evening. The rest of Saturday was occupied in the process of humanizing ourselves, which consisted in visiting the clothier, barber, boot-black, restaurant and post office.

Sunday, we spent very pleasantly. Some of us went to church and some of us didn't. But as this is an account of the voyage, I shall not dwell on our doings in the cities. The schooner arrived early Sunday afternoon when our party was again complete.

Monday was spent in "doing" the city and seeing what we might. The sights we saw, even the steel works alone, would fill a volume. A few of the boys got out to Glace Bay to see the strike but little was visible.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 27th, we set sail on our return trip. On the way out of the Harbour we passed a number of steamships, including a large French cruiser. We made good time until we entered Bras D'Or, where the head wind delayed us so much that by dark we were still fourteen miles from Baddeck at a place known as Campbell's Cove, on Boulardrie Island. Here we anchored and went ashore. Two of the boys went up to try to get some milk, but the farmers' wives were so frightened at their appearance that it was a very difficult task. A notable thing here was the fact that none of the party saw a man among the people of the settlement. It seemed to be a community of women. We built a bon-fire here and had a swim. After that the "orchestra" was brought on