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The Cruise of the "Effie Howard."

One who has never seen the ocean will have difficulty in picturing the trip here described. But to the few readers who have been so fortunate as to spend their summers amid the salt-laden breezes of the Maritime Province coasts it should bring back fond recollections.

THERE were fourteen of us, a jolly crowd of landlubbers, set sail on the 8th of July, 1909, aboard the "Effie Howard," for a two weeks' cruise through the Bras D'Or Lakes to the Sydneys.

The "Effie Howard" is a stout little schooner which we had hired, together with a crew of two, her captain and owner, with a pilot. They had fixed her up temporarily and she made a fairly presentable pleasure boat when one did not object to "roughing it."

It was a bright Sunday morning when at Tidnish, a village on Northumberland Strait, we bade a fond farewell to our native shore. The wind was fair, and once clear of the land we started in to get the "hang" of our vessel and to put things to rights. To the majority of us a schooner was a curiosity, and the few exceptions posed as old salts. The provisions were already on board and all that remained was to tidy up our belongings and choose our berths. The bunks had been built "down cellar" and the problem of stowing fourteen fellows in six bunks was solved only after considerable prayerful meditation. By noon some semblance of order was brought out of the former chaos of suit cases, boxes, boots and biscuits, and we went on deck to "see the sea."

The little vessel was bowling along merrily. Pugwash and Wallace were soon passed and four o'clock found us off Amet Shoals. About here some of us decided to have some lime juice. One of the boys fished among the provisions, produced the bottle and mixed a half a dozen cups. As in our eagerness we gulped it down, it suddenly dawned on us that he had got the vinegar bottle.

Toward evening the wind freshened considerably and we turned in early. When we awoke next morning we were in sight of Port Hood, on the west coast of Cape Breton Island, where we anchored at nine o'clock about a mile from the town. Soon we took the ferry over to the mainland to see the place. Port Hood is a pretty little town, stretching about two miles along the water front. There are a number of good residences and stores. The life of the place is, of course, the large coal mine, to the south of the town. In the afternoon some of us explored Smith's Island, near which we were anchored, while some preferred to watch the interesting but extremely disagreeable process of preparing cod-fish, on the wharf near by. The dexterity with which the men dismember a fish is something marvellous.