

# THE HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY.

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## How We Raced The Tide.

There were three of us. It was a beautiful evening in July and we were sitting on the balcony of an hotel in a little town on the shores of Minas Baisin. We were not watching the sunset. It was too late for that; and already the broad full face of the moon could be seen above the horizon shrouding the misty headlands with a ghostly light and silvering the shimmering waters of the Baisin. But we were not admiring the moonlight. We were simply cooling off after a rather long "tramp" across the country. As I have said there were three of us, and the two besides myself we may for the purposes of this story know as Jack and Frank. My friend, Jack was the Stanley of the party. He was a born explorer. It was he who had been responsible for the tramp of which I have spoken and from the effects of which we had not yet entirely recovered. The responsibility, however, seemed to lie lightly on his conscience, for he was already trying to beguile us into a fresh expedition for the following morning to a point some six miles up the shore.

The locality which Jack proposed to visit was one famed alike for its natural beauty and for its interest to the mineralogist. Not far from the shore two huge masses of rock rising precipitously out of the water, form two small islands and give a name to the surrounding district. With their rugged sides scarred and covered with trees, these islands seem designed as a pleasuring ground for old King Neptune when with flocking troops of Nereids and Tritons he comes to have a picnic on *terra firma*. The larger of the two islands—

perhaps about three quarters of a mile in circumference—is the nearer to the shore and is separated from it by a channel which at low tide is left bare and can be easily crossed by anyone who is not afraid of slippery rocks or of sinking an inch or two in the soft, wet sand. The neighboring bluffs and, to a less extent, the islands themselves are veritable treasure-houses of specimens for the mineralogist's cabinet and owe the great majority of the visits paid them to the zeal of specimen hunters.

Jack's plan was to start early in the morning so as to reach the islands about half-past eight. There was low tide at that time, he said, and we could walk to the larger islands and have some time to explore its caves and cliffs before the tide forced us to retreat. Then, after doing the island, we were to walk home along the beach and examine the various cliffs and sections on our way. It was clear that this plan involved a pretty early start and a pretty plentiful supply of walking. It scarcely suited my taste; but I knew it would suit Frank's still less. So, like Brer Rabbit, I lay low. Frank seemed to be listening patiently.

"Look here" he suddenly broke out in a tone of disgust, "I like that idea of yours. Did you ever try how long a mile on a sandy beach is after you have scrambled all day among cliffs and stones?"

Jack modestly laid claim to some little experience.

"Well," continued Frank sadly, "I am not ambitious. I prefer to die at home. I made up my mind to that just three miles from here this afternoon."

Rather than break up the party Jack said he would forego the pleasure of the