

Never was there a pleasanter meeting. It was altogether unexpected, yet not unnatural, for Captain Pratt was a frequent cruiser over these waters, and was now, as he informed them, on his way to St. John with a cargo of deals. The jovial captain made them tell the whole story of all their adventures since they had last parted with him, in the Bay of Fundy, in the country about the Bay de Chaleur, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at Anticosti, Sable Island, and Mahone Bay, and thus acquainted himself with every particular of the wonderful story which they had to tell. The worthy captain regarded it all as a joke, and at every fresh incident his homeric laughter burst forth in long, irrepressible peals.

But such a story occupied some time in the narration, and before it was ended the schooner was far out of the Strait of Minas, beyond Ile Haute, in the Bay of Fundy. On one side lay the Nova Scotia shore, on the other the coast of New Brunswick. Before them extended the waters of the bay.

Night came, and they all slept. On the following day, in the afternoon, they reached St. John.

Their adventures for a time were over. Bart took all his friends to his own home, where they spent two or three days.

Then they separated, Phil going to Nova Scotia, and Bruce, Arthur, and Tom to Prince Edward Island. Pat remained with Bart for the rest of the holidays.