

"Schooner, ahoy!"

"Boat, ahoy!"

"Where are you bound?"

"Schooner Dart — St. John."

"All right. We want to go aboard."

In a few moments the boat was alongside, and the boys were all aboard. They waved a farewell to the landlord, who dropped astern, and then turned to the skipper to make known their wants.

The first look which they gave to the skipper, who was standing there before them, was enough to fill them with surprise and delight. In that broad, thick-set frame, and that honest, jovial face, they recognized an old friend and a cherished one — one, too, who was associated with the memories of former adventures; in fact, no other than Captain Pratt. At so strange and unexpected a meeting they were all filled with amazement. One cry burst from them all, —

"Captain Pratt!"

The worthy Pratt, on his part, was no less surprised, and, it must be added, no less delighted.

"Why, boys, where in the world have you sprung from? Have you been a cruizin about Minas Basin ever since? It looks like it; but raily now — it can't be — it can't raily."

"Well, not exactly," said Bart, who then and there began to give a brief outline of the adventures of the "B. O. W. C." since the time of their visit to Pratt's Cove, where they had last parted with their worthy friend.