

est port, Scott's Bay, frincense, from which you may work your way by land to your desired haven. Sorry would I be to part with ye, specially in this here moment of jy; but ef ye've got tired of the Antelope, tain't no more'n's natral. Wal, now,—what d'ye say—shall we go up to Scott's Bay, or will ye contenoo on to Petticoat Jack, an accomplitch the riginal vyge as per charter party?"

The boys said nothing, but looked at Tom as though referring the question to him.

"As far as I am concerned," said Tom, who noticed this reference to him, "it's a matter of indifference where we go, so long as we go out of sight of this island. If the rest prefer landing at Scott's Bay, I'm agreed; at the same time, I'd just as soon go on to Petitcodiac."

"An what do the rest o' ye say?" asked the captain, somewhat anxiously.

"For my part," said Bruce, "I think it's about the best thing we can do."

The others all expressed similar sentiments, and Captain Corbet listened to this with evident delight.

"All right," said he, "and hooray! Solomon, my aged friend, we will have our breakfast on board, as we glide past them thar historic shores. Pile on what you have, and make haste."

In a few minutes more the anchor was up, and the Antelope was under way.