

forget, Billy. I'll spend a week of vacation time with you at Ruddy Cove."

"No," Billy replied. "You'll spend it at New Bay. Sure, me name is on the books, an' I'm goin' after lobsters with me own skiff in July."

"I'll go with you, if you'll take me," said Archie. "And I can never, never forget that you ——"

"Sure," Billy Topsail interrupted, flushing, "you'll go with me t' New Bay. An' times we'll have of it!"

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, b'y!"

And so they parted on terms of perfect equality.

That summer, Billy Topsail went to New Bay. But it was not in a skiff; it was in a swift little sloop, especially made to be sailed by a crew of one. It came North, mysteriously, from St. John's, to the wonder of all Green Bay; and its name was *Rescue*. And a letter came North for Bill o' Burnt Bay: which, when he read it, stirred him to the profoundest depth of his rugged old heart, for he roared in a most unmannerly fashion that he'd "be busted if he'd