

Clive Forrester's Gold

though not accustomed to speak about it. 'Deeds, not words,' was his motto.

'I'm just as glad to see you, Lou,' I replied, 'for I was feeling a bit stranded after this tremendous railway journey, almost without a break from Montreal.'

'Well, it's nothing to what's in store for us from here to the Yukon,' replied Lou; 'but you look as if it would not affect you much—what a giant you are, Cli! I really believe you've grown since I saw you at Christmas!'

'I'm afraid I've grown a bit heavier,' I said, laughing, 'but not taller.'

'Oh, you needn't trouble about the weight,' replied Lou—'the Pass, and what's beyond, will soon reduce that for you; but six feet four inches is rather an inconvenient height to stow away in a tent or canoe.' And he looked me up and down with a half admiring, half quizzical smile on his handsome face.

'Come, you're not so very diminutive yourself,' I said, laughing. He stood nearly six feet in his stockings, and was well proportioned and muscular.

'Oh, I'm all right amongst ordinary mortals,' he replied; 'it's only when I'm near you that I feel so insignificant. But come along,' he added, catching up some of my *impedimenta*, 'or we shall miss the boat.'