

Clive Forrester's Gold

It's all I can do myself to sit still to write these lines. There's a spirit of unrest abroad, and if it were not that the skipper has entreated me "for the men's sake" to set a good example and help him to steady the crew, I believe I should have levanted long since! I must say I hate this sense of responsibility, and when we reach Victoria I doubt if it will be effectual to keep me to my duty. If Clive decides to come out, tell him to cable probable time of arrival to me at Victoria (c/o Captain Watson, ss. Dolphin) and I will be on the look-out for him. And be sure to send a note by him to Watson telling him to give me my discharge, or whatever you call it, so that I can act on the square and not be forced to sneak away like a thief! For I'm going to Klondike, and if old Clive comes—and with his constitution and brute strength he's just the man for the trip—we shall be able to chum together, and in all probability make our pile and return within the year. By way of a little encouragement you can tell him that I know for a fact that £20,000 worth of gold has been secured by one man as the result of only three months' work on the Klondike placers.

'PS.—It will be odd if the black sheep of the family, your scapegrace younger son Louis, should return home a millionaire!