

Clive Forrester's Gold

ironed, to the cruiser, which at once proceeded to the island to secure the rest of the pirate gang. They were subsequently made over to the United States' authorities, as the acts of piracy had mostly been committed in American waters and on American ships.

As for ourselves, we steamed direct to Vancouver, where we landed the captain and most of the crew of the ill-fated *Polar Queen*, a few electing to be engaged by Captain Watson to assist our crew on her homeward voyage. At Vancouver, not to be outdone by Clive Forrester, I spent a lot of my gold in inducing a large contractor to send a shipload of food by *St. Michael* and along the Yukon to the Klondike, though I held my fears as to whether it would ever reach its destination.

However, it was all that I could do, and I did it—mortal man could do no more—and it only left me a modest fortune to take home. However, I had my share in the mine and I told myself it was to my interest that those in charge of it should be preserved from starvation.

Dear old Clive! Without that consideration I would have given my last farthing to save him one pang of hunger. Should I ever see him again, I wondered, as I left Vancouver, at length, to go home in the *Dolphin* at Captain Watson's urgent request.