

CHAPTER III

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE

IT is wonderful what steam can do. In ten days from that eventful evening I was at Montreal taking my ticket for Victoria, and five days later I stepped on to the platform at Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The train was very late and I was just wondering whether Louis Jocelyn, to whom I had wired from Winnipeg, would meet me there or at Victoria, when a hearty voice at my elbow exclaimed, 'Bravo, Clive! I'm jolly glad to see you, old man,' and the next moment we were gripping each other by the hand in a way that friends only do when they meet in distant lands; and such friends! Louis Jocelyn was my *beau idéal* of what a man should be—brave, strong, sweet-tempered, like his sister, yet capable of swift, passionate anger when injustice or treachery occurred; and withal, like Grace, he was a true Christian,