

Better than Gold

ago, on a trip to the Pacific coast of America. They took out a cargo of general merchandise to San Francisco and Victoria, British Columbia, and were to bring back wheat and tinned goods. But here's the letter,' he added, handing me the sheet—'you can read it for yourself; and there's a message for "Old Clive."'

I soon ran through the note which was written in Lou's characteristic style—a thorough mixture of boyish light-heartedness and manly self-reliance. The gist of the communication so far as I was concerned was contained in the last page. 'I wonder,' it ran 'if old Clive has got in through the militia, as he intended? If not, tell him to pack up his traps and come out here, or rather to the Canadian North-West. There is nothing talked about on this coast at present but the Klondike gold-fields which, greatly to the disgust of the U.S. authorities, are just outside the Alaskan boundary in British Territory. If he travels direct by the Canadian Pacific route to Vancouver he will be there almost as soon as we are, for we shall be at least another fortnight or three weeks at this port. It is almost impossible to get cargoes loaded, or unloaded. Half the dock labourers have been seized with the fever and have set off to Alaska, while the other half have struck for higher wages!