

- I am jes' an' ol' prospector, tramp the mountains overy day,
- An' is isn't very often that I make a preachin' play.
- But I've heerd these mining experts slingin' scientific stuff,
- Till I'm gittin'sort o' weary o' this highfalutin bluff:
- I bold that books an' science never hit upon a lead,
- Never built two modern wonders sich as Cripple Creek and Creede.
- But that every payin' prospect in the hilly West was struck
- By common sense an' jedgement, and by gol

darned luck.

Every scientific feller with his doubleaction jaw,

Tries to make you think his talkin' is the gospel and the law;

- And he'll pelt yer ears with language so magnificently grand,
- That it's more'n a prospector ever tries to understand.
- He'll talk o' this formation, an' he'll preachify o' that,
- Till you see the words a-smokin as they shoot out through his hat.
- But he never says a word 'bout what we need; that's royal pluck,

An' a purty liberal quantity o'

gol darned

luck.

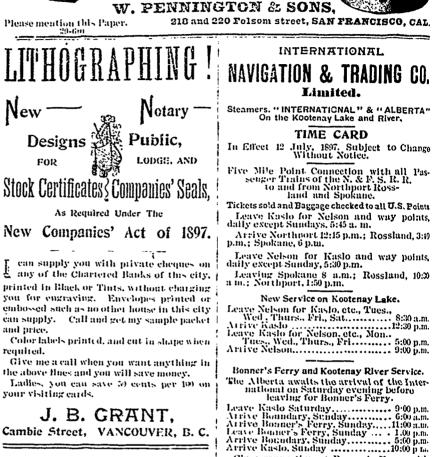
- See that lucky foller Stratton, jes' a tenderfoot that come
- From a rather tame existence back in good ol' Hoosierdom.
- Why, he couldn't tell a pay streak from a piece of Limburg cheese,
- Didn's know but gold was growin' on the bushes an' the trees,
- But he hit upon the idee thar' was money in the ground
- An' with honest nerve an' muscle went a monkeyin' around
- An' you see the big bonanza that his perseverance struck!

Was it science? No, 'twas nothing but his

gol darned

Juck.

- If he'd had a edication o' the scientific kinđ.
- An' had started with his knowledge to make a payin' find,
- To would yit be found a 'rastling' with the two-bit sort o' hash,
- With a head plumb full o' nonsense and a pocket short on cash,
- Bat he had some solid judgment an' a lot o' common sense,
- While the scientific roosters sit a crowin' on the fence.
- They kin keep a preachin' science till ol' Gabriel's trumpet talks.
- An' they'll never make a findin' that'll buy 'em shoes and socks;
- An' experience 'll teach 'em that the payin' leads are struck



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By uneducated men with lots of gol

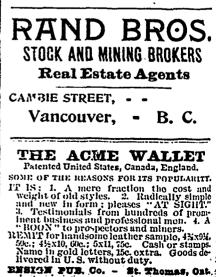
> darned luck.

> > The Oriental Hotel,

Close connection at Bonner's Ferry with trains East bound, leaving Spokano 7:40 a.a., and West bount, arriving Spokano 7:00 p.m. Kaslo, B. C., 12th July, 1877.

G. ALEXANDER, General Manager.

The flost Prominent Hotel in Vancouver EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS GRIEVE & BLANCHFIELD, - . Proprietor VANCOUVER, B. C.



As I said at the beginnin', it is seldom that I preach, An' I never fool with language out o' or-

- dinary reach,
- But when science gets a-trampin' on the toes o' common sense
- Then it's time to show your hand against the scientific gents.
- I may never make a winnin' with the shovel and the pick,
- But you'll always find me tryin' and a keepin' up my lick,
- An' if ever I should happen on the purty vallow truck.
- I will give the bulk o' credit to my

darned lnek.

gol

The C. P. R. is pushing construction on the Crow's Nest extension with all possible energy. At present 4000 men and 1400 horses are engaged in the work, and the chief contractor, Mr. Harvey, declares that by July the line will certainly be finished to Kootonay Lake.