

KAISER BILL'S MISTAKE OR THE PROSPECTOR'S DREAM

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The news went rattling round the world: The Kaiser's doom
was sealed,
An armistice will soon be signed, for the Central Powers
yield,
And with the news there sprang a spirit, 'twas fierce, wild
eyed with greed;
The gnawing hope of golden gain, for it's gold the nations
need.

Lo, what news from out the chaos of a badly muddled world?
What thrills it brought from northern trails, where magic
spells are hurled!

Where the goal in life's attraction is a call to pick and pan,
And the vital blood of action athrill in the pioneer man.

How the spirit generated—'twas contagious as the 'flu,"
And once in a while a man cashed in; but what is that to
you?

'Twas the ray of hope that lingered, yes, the burning spark
of light
Bound Old Bill and me together in unwritten pledge that
night.

Well, we both knew a little, and our nerves were all elate;
We had played the game together since the year of nineteen
eight—

Faced the frost fiend grim and bitter, then the nuskeg and
the fly—

Now we're on the trail together, and we'll find the gold or
die.

Many a trail leads northward, to the brink of a boundless
land,

But only a few lead onward to where Hudson lost command.
Bill and I are enthusiasts, and we fear no man or beast,
So we break a trail through swamp and swale that leads us
to the east.