

THE CON'S CONFESSION

We earned no living, just came to secure
The ill-starred cash of rich and poor,
Through long-named stones, and here and there
Built Trout Lake Smelters in the air.

Just up the track there's a landmark shown,
The spot whence a silvery bird had flown;
Likewise we flew from the rock and pine
To the palms of the restful Argentine.

We first went north for a timber berth;
But later found it wasn't worth
What we first thought, so arranged to lease
One half and kept the other piece.

Next thing we knew there was silver found,
And thought it ran right through our ground.
You could sell anything for a claim those days,
And we got tied up a dozen ways.