

And the hour was midnight, yet the Western sky
From the horizontal Sun was all aflame,
When with my empty pack I sauntered down
The one long tented street that made the town,
Hungry and sick—sick of a losing game,
And broke for the price of a whiskey-straight to
drown
The ragged thoughts a-limping thro' my brain—
Till I saw a crowd and went beside to hear what news
again.

XI.

And there was a gaunt old ruffian, shaggy-brow'd,
Who on a barrel, as far as I could tell,
Ranted in drunken ecstasy of Hell !
They suited well his theme—that Klondike crowd :
Men dogg'd by shadows of despair and crime,
With women reckless of all aftertime ;
Miners, traders, villains unavow'd,
And nondescript of every race and clime ;
With the red police of Canada beside—
For they keep tab on everything clear down to the
Arctic tide.

XII.

But Hell ! What use had I for Hell that night ?
And sullen I turn'd away, when I felt a whack
From a heavy open hand upon my back,
And, turning quick, my doubtful eyes caught sight
Of a college chum of mine—one Julien Roy—
Whom I'd not seen for years. Christ ! 'twas joy