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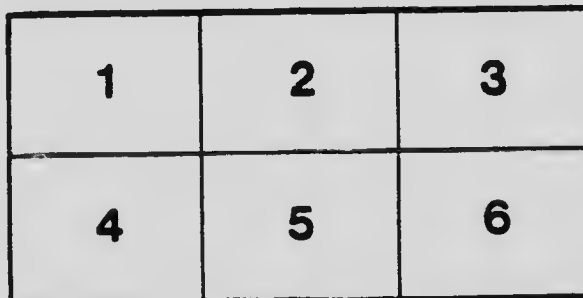
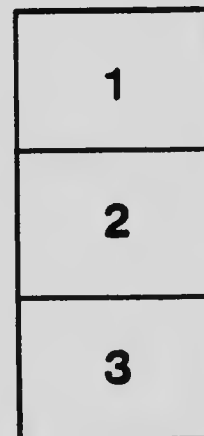
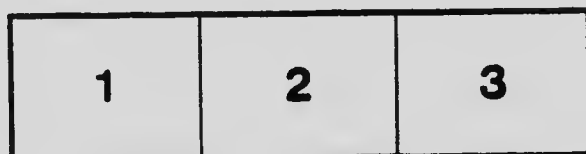
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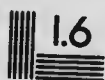
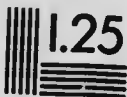
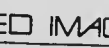
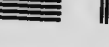
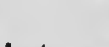
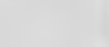
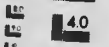
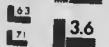
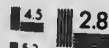
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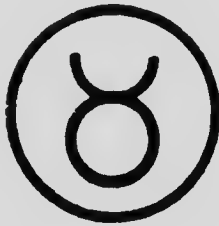
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Promotion Ballads

AND OTHERS ABOUT THE
INVINCIBLE NOTHING

BY

H. M. NELSON

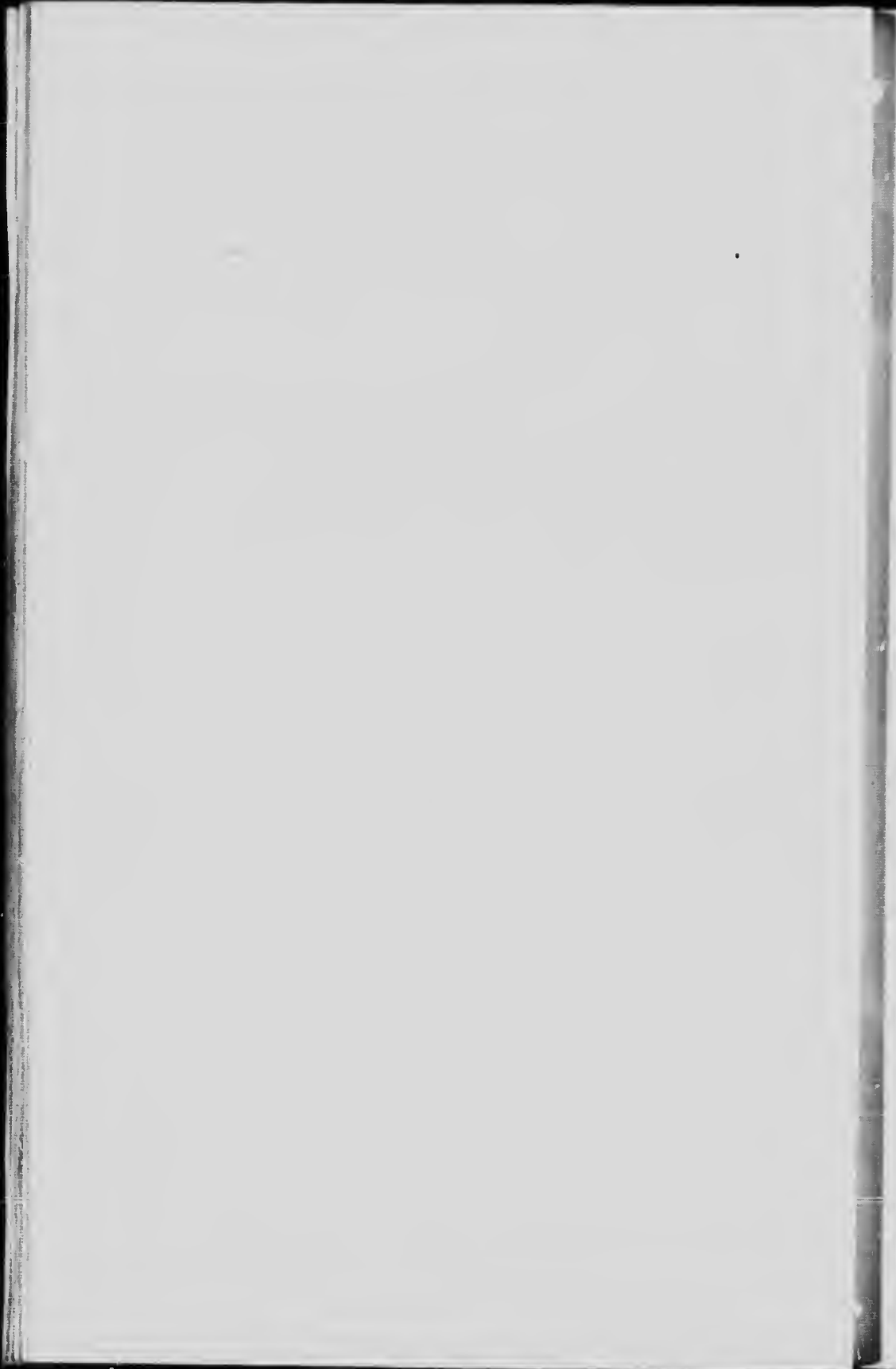


AUTHOR'S EDITION

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MAINLY ABOUT
THE
EXPERTS, DREAMERS, FAKERS
AND CONFIDENCE MEN
OF A MINING
COUNTRY



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INTRODUCTION

SOMEWHAT AFTER HIAWATHA

SHOULD you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions
With the odor of the muskeg,
With the dew and damp of rainstorms,
With the curling smoke of bushfires,
With the rushing of prospectors
And their frequent repetitions,
Like the thunder in the mountains.

I should worry, I should tell you
To the forests and the ridges,
To the blue lakes of the Northland,
Came some of a tribe of Hotairs,
Some who tried to get rich quickly
With inevitable experts
And their metamorphic theories.

Should you ask me where I found them,
Found these tales so wild and wayward,
In log ruins in the valley,
On the trail of bank fund artists,
In the hoof-print of the con man,

INTRODUCTION

In the Bird's nest in the forest,
In the cabins of fire rangers,
From the factor and his traders,
In the long grass 'round the smelter
With its old reverb'atories
Rusting, sliding down the grade line
And the myth reduction process
That reduced some family fortune.
From the man who kept the blind pig,
From the defunct grocery merchant,
Ye who love to get rich quickly
And who love the vaults of Nature
And free lunches, served to-morrow,
By the easy watercourses
Come up to this Northern lakeland,
Camp in someone's old log cabins.
Have the sun shine through the cedars,
Take the summer treasure-hunting;
Choose a good site for the smelter;
Be a winner 'mongst the thousands.
Then return with Nature's rake-off
To the sphere of Idle Classes,
To the stewardship of the Blessed.

THE WILDCAT PROSPECTUS

THE gilt-edged Nothing,
Tied with golden cord ;
That country rock, its depth,
And all about its hoard.

The eucharistic codex
Of non-committant lies,
The Korân of the widow,
The sucker's Paradise.

THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

OUT in the part called the Hesperides, where the
golden lemons grow,
A lot of claims were bought and sold with merely
a sulphide show.
It's boom was one of the loudest. That's where
that big rush went,
Right in line with the Taurus Mine was half a
million spent.

The hanging wall was granite, with tons of ore
in sight.
All the rest of the country-rock was an acid
porphyrite
With a tilting that hints at enrichment, glaci-
ated, and what is more,
The veins went right to the cellar through the
Keewatin floor.

THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

Two cons were landed on those shores, but far
apart. 'Tis said

They looked it over separately and talked it o'er
in bed.

Assays were high on the surface, higher the con-
centrates,

With a large per cent. of extraction on all the
amalgam plates.

With finest feathers one of the cons walked into
the owner's rooms;

The place was full of scheming men, of fine cigars
and their fumes.

The manager saw right away he was up against
a real mountaineer;

When it came to the data *re* the rocks he called
in the engineer.

Well, that con he bought the mine outright and
paid a thousand down;

That pal of his was meeting men at the best hotel
in town.

When it was noised amongst the hills that the
Taurus had been sold,

All of the other properties began to get signs of
gold.

THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

Then that pal he bid on the Taurus, too, which
meant a bigger sale.
Wires were hot to the outer world, traffic was
good on the trail;
The owners got a tip somewhere that Fortune
was throwing a sign,
Offered extra thousands to get back the Taurus
Mine.

Then a deal was on to freeze out the con, and the
extra thousands he got
Also turned over something on a fraction adjoining
the lot.
'Twas time to migrate to pastures new, there was
nothing left to hock.
All was complete, and that pal of his winked
from behind a rock.

The owners were waiting upon that pal, refusing
big offers by wire,
But later they found he was out in the bush, and
there got chased by a fire.
The only way was the tie camps out on the west-
ern trail,
And thence in by the logging chutes on the gaso-
line with the mail.

THE BALLAD OF THE TAURUS

Many besides the owners came through the
effects of that rush.

Neither the seller nor buyer have been seen any-
where in the bush.

Though one man heard from the porter who went
out on a southbound train,

That someone on his car had thousands while
squaring up the gain.

MOUNTAIN STREAM

THERE'S a plunge of mighty waters down and
outward to the sea,
Washing all the sands of ages with the golden
dust left free,
Which piles all up along the banks for an eter-
nity.

It comes from heights where glaciers pile mor-
aines up here and there,
All down through dark pine ridges, shooting
spray darts at the air,
Far below to misty valleys with the wildwood
everywhere.

It tumbles in the forest and it echoes in the wild,
Where it drops with foam on cold, dark stone
beneath, eternal piled,
Then dips and falls to cañon walls, by ancient
strata tiled.

MOUNTAIN STREAM

Such was the confidential stuff from the man
who lost his all

In an upper bunk near the rafters in the moun-
tain cabin hall,

With the moonshine in a syrup tin and totems on
the wall.

And few there were with fine cigars who talked
into the nights,

Then bursting with some splendor came the
sweeping northern lights,

And all would hear the latest dreams inspired by
mystic sights.

He charmed with tales of moonlit trails and
lands of midnight sun.

How he went bust through wanderlust until he
struck this one,

Where the heavy concentrates in deep rock riffles
run.

That's shown him by an Indian chief, Old Pie
Face was his name.

They knew of gold in wealth untold before the
pale face came,

Along this stream the yellow gleam traced out
the road to Fame.

MOUNTAIN STREAM

By day he led them on to where they sought the
golden bars,
As damp night drew across the sky they camped
beneath the stars,
Till they beheld the land of streams from off
volcanic scars.

They came upon the creek and sluice where hin-
dered currents ran;
Here was the little black sand streak that gath-
ered in each pan,
And in the streaks were golden grains found by
the leading man.

He sheldonized into the wilds the day the claim
was sold;
Two engineers who gave good steers had an
instrument which told
That each and every tiny grain was simply den-
tist's gold.

THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL

THERE was a prospector called Sprocket
Who went up in the air like a rocket
When he struck a good lead.

But it all went to seed—
He came down with his hands in his pockets.

With full-blown tie and panama and an actress
not so slow

There came a dead-line artist with a burlesque-
vaudeville show.

Somebody went and told him he'd be wealthy in
the fall

If he would take the summer off and pike the
Montreal.

THE LAY OF THE FALF MINSTREL

The tinhorns see him coming and they get their
samples out,
The hasbeens know about a show on easy water
route;
They tell their dreams of copper streaks and
heavy mineral zones
To our dime nusee Aladdin who is naming com-
plex stones.

They prospected where all trails led around Gow-
ganda's field;
It nearly caused a separate rush what each assay
would yield.
He had the goods all through the woods, an
option here and there,
Some water-powers and townsites, and they
called him Billionaire.

He'd a stand-in with the roulette and a big flash-
roll unfurled,
Just as the name of Porempine was tearing
'round the world,
He got in with an engineer, a blind-pig man by
trade;
They staked out everything in sight to a water-
power cascade.

THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL

It was the time when booms began, when claims
are bought and sold.

He rolled right down to Cobalt town with a
that's often told.

Some heavy swell—he took so well to an eng-
eer's mistake,

And a broker neat from the upstairs suite in the
roadhouse by the lake.

He gave interests for assessment work which
stripped a lot of rock.

Then he gave an extra interest for some ever-
ready stock.

An unforeseen depression pressed—he was losing
in the game.

The people of the roadhouse—he assigned them
half a claim.

They kept him till he spoiled. He knew they'd
never get the hook.

They didn't care to let him go for fear they'd
lose the cook;

He gave her silver bracelets and a silver nugget
chain,

Until, between the two of them, they'd "silver"
on the brain.

THE LAY OF THE FAST MINSTREL

The lady of the roadhouse—she was strong on
dollars, cents.

She used to tell her troubles through a kuothole
in the fence—

“ He must be going puggle, way he talks at every
meal,

And has the cook all going 'bout some million
dollar deal.”

He had telegrams and offers when she'd dun him
for the rent,

She used to raise rimwrackers, though he'd never
raise a cent ;

Sure, he couldn't buy a Silver Fizz, but took in
every show ;

You'd see him with the Painted Checks 'way
down in bald head row.

At last they got him cutting wood, but ere the
half was sawn,

One evening late he caught a freight and sat it
up till dawn.

The people of the roadhouse—they got there just
the same ;

They're in the lumber business from the timber
off the claim.

PROFESSIONAL

THE shingle was over the door
Where those two engineers sampled ore,
 And the rocks and the books
 Filled innumerable nooks
From the highest-up shelves to the floor.

The one was a freshie from school,
Who flourished in town and played pool,
 While the other began
 As an insurance man,
But now sits and applies some book rule.

Once a large piece of quartz from a reef
Was found with a show of gold leaf;
 It ran high in gold,
 And the claim could have sold;
Of the district this mine became chief.

PROFESSIONAL

It is thought a few widows got rolled
In investments for some hundred-fold ;
 Their hopes had been lain
 For the rest of the vein,
But one day it ran out of gold.

But the mine and its prospects fell down,
The brokers closed office in town ;
 This professional shop
 Made the same sudden stop,
And the district has lost its renown.

And many have asked how and why
These amateurs got paid so high,
 And were hoisted up there?
 Sure, these specialists were
Subsidiaries of somebody nigh.

Like the case of the technical man,
Didn't know how a diamond-drill ran,
 And who claimed a degree
 Which would style him M.E.,
When he couldn't wash gold in a pan.

PROFESSIONAL

**Think of the experts to-day
Who must climb to professional pay;
While the money there is
In an engineer biz
That is run in the red-tape way.**

THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

'Twas in the golden country in the very dawn of
spring,
In blew an old prospector who promotion songs
did sing.
He sought the best of experts, as few engineers
could tell
A certain piece of ore he had, yet which he knew
quite well.

He was from the western regions where he'd
landed deep in need,
Out there in the sluicing business, followed fool
on fool stampede.
This time he had it all his own, a way to get in
right,
So sat around hotels and showed a piece of syl-
vanite.

THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

And when they gazed in wonder on this novel,
showcase ore,

He claimed that it would assay to ten per cent.
or more;

Then raked in all the options on a claim he nearly
sold,

Where dipped a vein of sylvanite, a telluride of
gold.

Then he was hounded all around, and he was
wined and dined.

Came two silver-throated buyers who determined
on this find.

Some who had tried to jump his claims had other
stunts in view;

He let them have the option and then all the
payments drew.

He hinted at the perfect ease with which he
washed and vanned

In beds of creeks where colored streaks were
traced amongst the sand,

And about deep-seated stringers where the light
and dark rocks change,

They'd find the stuff on any bluff behind the
Dogwood Range.

THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

Inevitable was a rush, and merchants set about
To do a rushing business. Cleaned their ancient
stocks right out.

The run was more on camping goods, on flour,
old stocks of cans,

Canoes were at a premium, bacon, beans and fry-
ing-pans.

From the blue hills of Temiskaming prospectors
head the rush,

By nameless lakes and rivers, o'er the muskeg,
through the slush.

Tellurides are all the rage, they seek the basic
sills

That contact with the quartzites in the nowhere
Dogwood Hills.

From the snows deep in the valley to the highest
mountain pines,

Discovery posts are lining up along the trail of
finds.

By fallen trees the cabins rear and tents are on
the shore;

The campfires gleam by the deep-gorged stream
where rapids roll and roar.

THE BALLAD OF THE SYLVANITE

The news came back which said the lost Brey-
fogle Mine was found.

They liked the indications so they staked for
miles around.

Apart from tellurides they found some iron, a
rusty red;

While all the rest that showed up best was com-
mon stuff called lead.

Way o' in the Cordilleras the founder lands
again,

He tells a joke where miners smoke and get real
yellow grain.

He got an eastern circular, and lo! in headlines
bold—

“The country has another wealth. Unknown ore
of gold.”

THE COUNTERFEITER

BACK from a point of shelving shore
He ran a mint like the one before;
Some old log ruins piled in the grass;
And the trail, it took a mountain pass.

Coins were made to order there
And hidden under a barrel chair.
Every time I called around
He'd dimes and quarters by the pound.

On the side he ran a little shop
Where certain travellers used to stop.
'Twas here he carried on a trade
For large assortments of highgrade.

And this he then would melt and mould
Into the specie that he sold.
Each coin he cast was above its par,
So I melted them back to a silver bar.

THE COUNTERFEITER

One-half was silver in coins I spent,
While his ran ninety-nine per cent.
I carried out quarters by the sack
And brought the purest bullion back.

For years he carried on this trade.
I got the rake-off on each coin made.
Few money-changers ever knew
Such interest as this did accrue.

One day while trying new alloys
It is supposed he smelt a noise—
A broken crucible in the grass,
And in the sunset yawned the pass.

“Something for nothing.” His policy
Others tried the same as he.
Everyone who played this rôle
Came out away deep in the hole.

LIMITED RUBIES

A SCINTILLATING gem we see
About a sojourn in the hills,
And also of a type that fills
A precious metal country.

He came away up to these wilds
'Cause someone said 'twas awful rich,
That he his future jobs could ditch;
Fortunes were worn in many styles.

Away where far-off hills look blue,
He got up on the Height of Land,
With Gold and Dross on either hand.
Would that all theories were true.

The veins, they whisper, blindly run;
In fact they're faulted in the rocks.
That's why he gave the place such knocks.
Somebody's prodigal son.

LIMITED RUBIES

One day the silver cord did break.
A pal sneaked out the old suit-case
And met him at the time, the place;
Helped him a hurried exit make.

So he migrated further on
Amongst corundum syenite,
And said he spotted rubies bright.
'Twas here he crossed his Rubicon.

They set around a big stockade
And watch-tower, all designed by Stealth,
Grim warden of a nascent wealth,
And then began to make a raid.

Then came some old hands at the game;
'Twas put upon the foreign bourse,
'Twas common garnet and, of course,
The country's got another name.

The jewellers use this little clause:
"No trouble should their brow adorn
If they this gleaming gem have worn."
'Twould seem the founder's birthd^y was

LIMITED RUBIES

In July, when some bright stars shine,
But when the stones were just as good
As the true Burmese "pigeon blood."
Sure he was born 'neath April's sign.

All the world loves a winner. And
It loves a faker just as well.
Again the same old world would swell
The syndicate that played his hand.

THE INVESTIGATION

THE ones who had bought it at ten cents per block
Were lately regaled with "Discovery of Rock."

They were working together and making a kick,
When they heard nothing more of the first golden
brick.

'Twas the directorate first, but now it appears
They were shoving the blame on the engineers.

It must have been rich when 'twas right in a line,
Just fifty miles off from the Hollinger Mine.

No mention was made in the yearly report
Of the place turning into a summer resort.

In order to get at the facts of the case
Some parties went in and inspected the place.

THE INVESTIGATION

When they came to the mill it surprised them to
find
A gyrating smokestack propelled by the wind.

A lot of old tailings formed into a crust
With a vanner and stamps decorated in rust.

And this, that, those, these, and the rest went to
show
That the place was abandoned some ages ago.

And they found right away that the best of the
camps
Were now the abode of some tin horns and tramps

Who had made alterations for running a "pig,"
With the merchandise hid in a gravity jig.

The property failed and its chances were thin
Until the blind pig and successors moved in.

A tin of tobacco was easy to trade,
Or anything else for a piece of highgrade.

They met a promotor all ready to start,
With a sack of rich ore to display on the mart.

THE INVESTIGATION

They have covered the ground and report having
seen

The dip and the strike where the vein should have
been.

They appointed receivers. Have sold all the
wood.

Machinery's for sale, and it's nearly all good.

They have found out a lot that they don't want to
know;

But where did the company's president go?

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

Now the New Year reviving last Year's Hire,
The thoughtful Hasbeen takes another Flier,
Where the LEFT HAND OF FORTUNE
throws the Cow,
Puts out and sets a Wilderness afire.

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

IO
TE
Come, fill the Sack and by the Dust of Spring
Another new promotion Song we sing :
The Silver Bird had such an easy Way
To fly—and lo! a Bird is just the Thing.

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

Waste not your Flour all in a vein Pursuit,
And this and that Recorder don't dispute;
Better be [redacted] with the Engineers
Than live on [redacted] and desiccated Fruit.

D

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

They say the Tinhorns and the Hobos keep
A Tavern in the abandoned Camps and reap;
Where some Promoter, down and out the Pass,
Stamps Ore, then puts the sinking Fund down
deep.

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

The President has gone with all he owes,
And Syndicates, et al, where no one knows;
 Still some Corundum Rock its Ruby yields,
And still a Broker in his Office blows.

O

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

So come with old K. M. and jump the Lot,
One tenth is Ore and all the rest is Rot!
Let the Provincial G. report the Depth,
Or Students start a Theory—Heed them not.

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

The Claims are rich in Nickel's tender Green.
And farmer's Banks can stand a Limousine;
 But heavy on it lightly, for who knows
What Keeley Cure may touch a Spring unseen.

IO

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

1.

Listen again. One Evening near the Close
Of a great big Deal, ere another Winter froze,
Into an assay Shop he crawled alone
And switched rich umpire Samples in the Rows.

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

Here with the Highgrade buried 'neath the
Bough,
A case of Ale, another Rush and Thou
Beside me scheming in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness beats Paradise enow.

O

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

Oh, Moon and Moonshine! Long shall there
remain

A Part of Silverland out near Lorrain:

How oft hereafter buying shall they look
Through this same Region after one big Vein?

THE BALLAD OF COTTONTAIL

HE was a smooth explorer and he lived upon the
slopes,
Who offered quarter interests and threw in
assorted hopes
Of lands of buried treasure. All the facts were
crystallized.
Then produced a string of rocks of which some
certain few were prized.

“Behold, I grade these samples, know where
values start and stop,
So seek not those professionals at Deyell’s assay
shop.
I have my own trained experts, tie to surveys that
they ran,
Nor do I use one theory or reports by Beidel-
man.”

THE BALLAD OF COTTONTAIL

"I was the first in Silverland to form the first
big ring,
And also I'm the man who put the 'nip' in
Nipissing.
I came here from the Ozarks, know the whole
Pacific Coast,
And opened up vast regions—that no other man
can boast."

"I prospected Temiskaming right through to
Hudson Bay,
And covered up deposits of a dozen ores that pay.
There's diabase in every place and precious metal
shows,
All buried under verdant moss and bloom nobody
knows."

His stories entertained us as we sat upon the
shore;
They were bound in full Munchausen and meas-
ured ten by four.
He was like a lotus-eater, and ever kept in view
That Satan findeth someone still for idle hands
to do.

THE BALLAD OF COTTONTAIL

He was comical, quixotic, fantastic and absurd,
And so unreal, romantic, the best I ever heard.
That's how he made his living. I remember some-
one laughed
When he told us that Geology was not the master
graft.

His chain was platinum nuggets, and when we
asked him straight,
He told a confidential with a place called Golden
Gate.
From snowy heights he sat and watched claim-
jumpers lose their ways;
The thing had been a secret, well—since Mesozoic
days.

“ I went to look for rubies and I struck a show of
tin.
That tallest pine that tips tree-line is where the
lodes come in.
I followed the formation till it dipped beneath a
strand,
And then picked up another one exactly like the
Rand.

THE BALLAD OF COTTONTAIL

"Then came I to a region, in the Great Ice Ages
stirred,

The region of the West Wind, home of the Thunder
Bird.

The Eskimos have reddish hair—it's all in my
report—

And the fauna and the flora are a very different
sort.

"Across a string of mountains right up against
the sea,

There ran a sort of Clagget shale, and long it
puzzled me.

Then knew by my divining rod, which acted on
the straight,

That I'd got amongst the platinum and, behold,
'twas Golden Gate."

Now he is independent, toileth not, much less
doth spin,

Many watch for the silver sails of a ship that
should come in.

He is always off on business each and every time
they call,

So they wrote him several letters, and there came
back folderol.

MODERN CLASSICS

THE forehead is a little screen,
So wisely placed to hide the obscene.

Some writers think that the fairy tales
From the bush and hills or along blazed trails
Are not complete unless they find
Some spicy lays to joy the mind.

And one there came with pen in hand,
Made money by his writings and—
Why did poor writers, as of yore,
Not specialize in dance-hall lore?

He made such hits with this new style
That Fortune could not help but smile;
Through stringencies he coined the tin,
Like Brewster's millions coming in.

MODERN CLASSICS

'Twas funny, but he'd never cite
How all the wrongs should be set right.
An unnecessary evil, he,
Not the Ithuriel we see.

In low-down, cheap-booze joints alone,
Most of his tales acquired their tone.
It often happens some big wads
Are rolled from out the worst of frauds.

There's ready money loose these days
For persons skilled to write such lays.
Would that all power were given unto me
To write a whole anthology.

\$UCCESS

BILLY was a college man, an engineer by birth,
Who did not excavate to find the secrets of the
earth;
Who found them all in theory, so accomplished
nothing big,
And who got a job at mucking, but was too
ashamed to dig.

He came up here to put an expert's business into
shape,
And kicked because the country was bounded by
red tape.
He swore because some lesser lights ran every-
thing their way,
Some who had no college papers—simply drew a
red tape pay.

SUCCESS

So Billy was a ne'er-do-well and mostly went
down grade,

And oft we wondered how he lived and what he
called his trade.

One day there came a showdown, and his calling
he had missed—

He was just as wild as Oscar; should have been
a moralist.

Somebody put him wise how lots of pornographic
men

Lead the Life Elysian through a nery pen.

The pen is mightier than the dope; so argued
Billy, why

Could he not rise on stepping-stones and so get
up that high?

The glory of the mountain heights, the rapture of
the woods,

The twilight and the summer moon would start
poetic moods.

Likewise the streaming northern lights at the
zenith far unfurled

Fitted a northern romance to be given to the
world.

SUCCESS

He started on a novel then for all that it was
worth.

A novelist?—why, sure, he was an engineer by
birth.

He fell down with the publishers like other
scribes we meet,

And found that if he kept it up 'twould put him
on the street.

He started into prospecting and with a woolly
man,

And mentioned of the novel like a nugget in a
pan.

His pal began to give him tips which made the
book worth while,

And said to him, "Go on, you haven't heard the
latest style."

He told about a dance-hall at the outskirts of the
town—

"Delilah hit a tango till the Devil turned her
down."

They said such things and did such things, their
jewels were all ashine,

Fiddle and song went all night long, and they
finished up with wine.

SUCCESS

Bill hunted 'round the outskirts for a week, but
only swore;
All his imagination got fired up that much more.
'Twas there he stopped and thought before a
mighty norite wall
That the woolly man was kidding—there was no
such place at all.

But straightway Billy added to his book this
latest theme.
His publication efforts were a very different
dream.
He had to hold his readers in a sentimental way;
So these interesting topics formed a sort of prob-
lem play.

Some parts were spicy, fishy, and others tough
and raw;
The plot upheld as sacred stunts like those of
Harry Thaw.
“They said such things and did such things,”
wore diamond-mounted shoes,
And the place was ever haunted by the evil spirit
—booze.

SUCCESS

The publishers began to bid, the reading public
bought;
Sure, Kauffman wasn't in it; other gems were set
at nought.
Each reprint was a million books, and in the
trade they note
Just one best seller all that year—the book that
William wrote.

And now he's off in Europe, and I had a card
from Rome;
He's touring while he builds a fifty thousand
dollar home,
And he's taking in the Holy Land on his honey-
moon. They say
He's working on the sequel—a sort of problem
play.

WINDY

WINDY was a dreamer.
Windy came to grief
When he tried to sell a claim
Upon a hungry reef.

A sort of depression was pressing,
A smelter went up the spout,
Claims of building stone went to the wall,
Windy went down and out.

He was strong on social evils,
Dabbled in every cause,
Made some new amendments
To a code of Sunday laws.

WINDY

O'er morning hills and crystal lakes
A Sabbath stillness falls;
A gentle breeze is springing up,
Far off the torrent calls.

Across the lake a stamp-mill
Was running; someone said
On each breeze that blew toward
Could be heard its measured tread.

Windy made his usual rounds,
Inspected every shop;
Paddled out across the lake—
Ordered the mill to stop.

Stepped by some high-speed rope drives
Onto a slippery plank,
Fell into an agitator,
Thence to a settling tank.

Dodged a rumbling tube-mill,
Up where the big stamps roar;
With a knowledge of corporations,
Fled by the nearest door.

WINDY

And even to this very day
He hasn't paid his bills;
Nor has he ever bothered
Big corporations' mills.

He advocated lots of things,
But whenever it came about
That they practised these, then Windy
Was the first to ball them out.

While waiting on the Great Perhaps
He found that a drinking joint
Had made its name and was starting up
Out on the wooded point.

Then he got to agitating,
Quoted from divers dives,
Said that Millionism's booze
Destroyed good human lives.

They say he's up there howling yet,
And his propositions jar;
But remember, this same demagogue
Never destroyed a bar.

WINDY

'Twas after Windy disappeared
Some creditors came 'round.
They held a meeting to discuss,
And this is what they found:

A lot of extra corkscrews;
Quite empty were the tills,
And underneath a secret floor
Were seven moonshine stills.

THE INVENTOR

ONCE on the mystic Wendigo, while heading off a
storm,
Canoes were driven before the wind up in a north-
east arm;
We landed at a campsite near to an old tote-road,
When lo! there lay a human skull which housed
an ancient toad.

One said 'twas not a dead-head, but merely in a
trance;
Another one, he was on to bet that it was the
ghost of a chance.
May have been a writer of classics or a windy
man, who knows?
Again, he may have been lost with the claims
when the deal had failed to close.

THE INVENTOR

A stormy wind was howling, so we sought a
screening wood ;
All along in the lightning's flare could be seen
where each ridge stood.
We dried ourselves and crawled right in, but ere
to sleep we went
The flaps were blown loose again and that skull
looked in the tent.

It said: " I've a proposition of a strictly gilt-
edged sort,
And now am in a position to furnish a full report.
It involves a great invention ; never the world has
seen
An appliance to run on its home-made power, a
perpetual motion machine.

" The principle is a series of large momentum
balls,
And two of these get lifted up at each time one of
them falls.
It is fitted with direct drive, has planetary gears.
And the energy of the fly-wheel has baffled all
engineers.

THE INVENTOR

" I have the financial backing of men like Carnegie,
And later a working interest will be sold to the
real John D.
This is the chance of a lifetime. Come in, the
water's fine;
Patents are canned in every land and the bulk of
the stock is mine.

" I was a super-genius, and then were the thou-
sands spent
To help along such a noble cause, and that's how
our fortunes went.
I broke myself and family and my wife's rela-
tions, too;
I was patron saint of landlords whenever a bill
fell due.

" Then they got me in the asylum; I'd a deal on
with the guard.
He used to polish a plate of brass, 'Perpetual
Motion Ward.'
One slippery day I got away and through to the
wilds I ran—
It is not well in the puggle house to waste life's
useful span."

THE INVENTOR

Next morning they talked of fly-wheels and about
that driving weight;

For every force to start the machine there was
one to kill it straight.

We searched around the campsite, through the
dark woods that screened;

The skull was gone, but I thought how like a
perpetual motion fiend.

THE THEORIST

THEY sent a student to the camp,
And he was textbook wise;
He had six corners to the names
For rocks of any size.

He started on a gabbro,
With a shade of blackish green;
And showed them all a xenomorph
Of rhombic hypersthene.

The camp was in a region
Where the ground was all the same;
But a lumberjack, he produced a piece
Of a rock no one could name.

It was a piece of set cement
That had hardened in the bag,
And was carefully chipped all 'round to clear
The impression of the rag.

THE THEORIST

'Twas pronounced a fine-grained trachyte,
Had triclinic plagioclase,
A transition through to rhyolite,
With ferro-magnesian base.

All camps must have their theories,
And this one said no ore
Could ever vein Keewatin rocks,
The underlying floor.

On a mountain of Keewatin stuff
He mounted up again,
To clear away the talus
From a theoretic vein.

Down crashed the blocks of weathered rocks
Into the silent world,
Like a Cyclop's sledge one caught a ledge
And an avalanche was hurled.

And as the echoes died away
There came a voice behind,
Warning that if he was wise at all
He'd get that off his mind.

THE THEORIST

Right in the valley down below
Was a cache of dynamite,
And if one of those rocks went through the roof,
He'd be up in the air all night.

One later day he found his way
To the mountain side alone,
And a rock went down that barked some trees,
And a dense black smoke was blown.

They ran the winding mountain trail,
Ere looked they at the change,
Where every tree and bush was gone
That stood within the range.

A search was made for the student kid
Which occupied a week,
And they came on sliding footprints
In the mud along the creek.

But he's a bearded expert now,
And didn't do a thing
When he came back to this country;
Put the "nip" in Nipissing.

THE THEORIST

And also he's the one who put
The " phone " in phonolite,
And discovered incidentally
Another sylvanite.

Then borrowed without license,
By a very crooked track,
The Breyfogle from Nevada,
But had to put it back.

He told of rare and valued ores
In the hills that stretched away;
There was many a show in the great plateau
That took in Hudson Bay.

To many he's a genius,
And he may look well in frills;
But the species is quite common,
And its habitat the hills.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

In later years I passed along the trail of bygone
days,

Now grassy grown, a branch line of the rush.
I wandered in the pathless woods and out by
camping bays,

Passing old abandoned shafts throughout the
bush.

Along this trail of memories where Fortune led
us on,

There were relics of the bunch who lost or won.
Amongst the newly-grown shrub the autumn sun-
light shone

On olden, roofless shacks whose day is done.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

All down the ridge I wandered on by marks of
many finds,
Until a clearing opened out ahead;
And there another cabin with its shady group of
pines
Stood out against the foliage gold and red.

I tapped upon the old, warped door; no voices
rang inside.
A ghostly knocking echoed through the room;
There was no invitation to come in and warm
your hide.
Without the bid I passed into the gloom.

I stumbled on a dishpan and a blackened bean-
pot slid,
And to other resting-places made its way;
I opened up a window covered by a soapbox lid,
As on a mystery shed the light of day.

Upon a three-legged table were rusty forks and
cans,
The ancient corner bunks were falling in;
Across their mildewed mattresses were plates and
frying-pans,
Some sample rocks and bottles in a tin.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Amongst old junk and magazines upon the wet,
spring floor,

A streak of soot passed o'er from left to right;
It traced a sort of cycloid right out the kitchen
door,

Left by some helpless stovepipe in its flight.

There were ashes in the kitchen where the old
triangle rung;

The interior was done in browns and greys;
Tar paper like stalactites from the rusty ceiling
hung,

'Round the table of the nights of silver days.

And there inside the mud-chinked door a painted
board hung down,

Some self-made expert's shingle or a sign?
I turned it up and left it for the tourist out from
town;

You can see it, and it reads "The Baron Mine."

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.

THE CON'S CONFESSION

A simple freeze-out followed, and
We lost all title to the land.
The bunch that stung us all went broke
On ground that assayed thousands. Joke.

Our intentions were fine but didn't make good.
Then, again, we've been misunderstood.
It happened like this: We met the bunch,
Who asked us into town for lunch.

These fellows had stood up so straight
That they leaned over backwards. Fate
Had foiled them when they used the mails,
And everybody hit the trails.

The complications were of such
A nature that 'twas best to clutch
The cash in hand, forget ground floors,
And tour away to alien shores.

We got one scare at a big hotel
From the looks of a guy in the next room. Well,
No one was to move or open his mouth—
'Twas only a bank clerk tearing south.

THE CON'S CONFESSION

The farmers banked on silver pure,
Then the world got wise to the Keeley Cure;
An ill wind arose, was the next we heard,
And blew down the nest of another Bird.

We stayed down there and blew our wads,
And met with more financial gods,
Until things came around to par;
Then took a chance, and here we are.

You've a land up north that can't be matched,
And the best of all, it's hardly scratched.
There are diamonds there (which is talking
some),
Including hints of radium.

We are always on for all big schemes,
And often make success of dreams.
We have con-nections around the world;
Each page of our cable code is curled.

'Twas ever thus—that same old ruse—
Heads I win and tailings you lose.
It's true the world wouldn't go at all
If it wasn't for mining folderol.

;

ed,

king

