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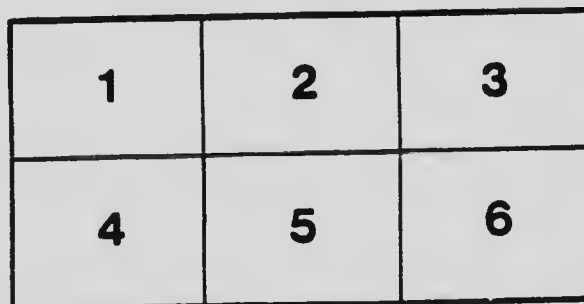
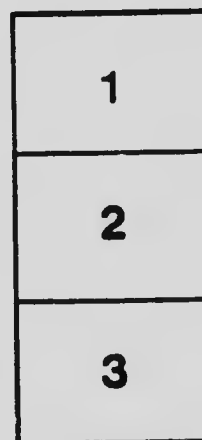
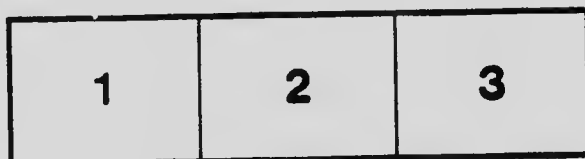
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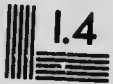
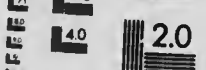
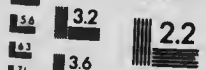
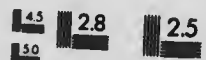
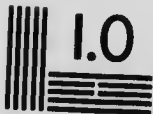
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Promotion Ballads

AND OTHERS ABOUT THE
INVINCIBLE NOTHING

SECOND AND REVISED EDITION

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TO
THE MEMBERS
OF THE
FRATERNITY OF TAURUS
THIS VOLUME
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED



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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,
And their wild prevarications
Of the gold beneath the mountains.

I should worry, I should tell you
To the forests and the rivers,
To the blue lakes of the Northland,
Came some of a tribe of Hotairs,
Came some Coldfeet and Dreamers,
Came some Pawnees and some Tinorns,
Came some Bustunbrokes and Bohmks,
Some who tried to get rich quickly
With inevitable experts
And their metamorphic theories,
And their wild prevarications.

INTRODUCTION

All these tribes were scratching, searching
In the mountains of the Northland
For its gold and for its silver
Down the slopes and in the valleys,
By the rushing of great rivers,
In the shadows of the forest,
By the melancholy muskegs,
Out the rocky point and backwards.

Should you ask me where I found them,
Found these tales so wild and wayward,
In the Bird's nest in the forest,
In the lodges of big schemers,
In the hoof-print of the con man,
In the eyrie of detectives,
On the trail of bank fund artists,
In log ruins in the valley,
From the man who kept the blind pig,
From the defunct grocery merchant,
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.
In the days of great explorers,
Searching through the wilder regions

INTRODUCTION

In a never heard of country,
Through interminable forests,
By the rushing of great rivers,
Came a party paddling shoreward
Where the rolling waves were washing
On the shingle and the sandbar,
When the sandy point was rounded
Came upon an Indian village
Nestled in amongst the cedars;
And 'twas there they heard traditions
From an old chief, and he showed them
On a crag above the fir trees
A great country, lake, rock, forest,
Rolling to the blue horizon,
Carved out in the Great Ice Ages.
Then he told them of the treasures
Buried in the hills and valleys;
This was known to his people
Long before the white man came there;
And he showed the tribal totem
Standing in the village centre,
Told the meaning of the carvings
To the top where stood a large stone,
Formed a crown with great tradition,
For the crown was solid silver.
Since those days all was forgotten

INTRODUCTION

Of the tales of buried treasure,
Though they lumbered on the hillside,
Cut big trees from out the forest,
Rolled them to the foaming rapids.
It was not until the builders
And surveyors of the railway
Came upon some bright new mineral
That the new rich land was known.

You shall hear about the blacksmith,
How he found the first big showing
That brought the tribes of men together,
How he threw his little hatchet
At a cottontail and missed it,
But scraped off a show of silver,
Like Saul, when he searched for donkeys,
Found instead a wondrous kingdom,
Hence this "tail" of great adventure.

So it was the blacksmith sitting
At his cabin door and listening
To a rising wind at evening
Roaring in the giant branches
As an organ in the forest,
Playing choir and swell together.
'Twas the Moon of Falling Leaves when
In the grass a rabbit rustled

INTRODUCTION

At the borders of the forest,
And the blacksmith, turning quietly,
Took his hatchet up and threw it
At the object in the grasses,
But it clinked and rattled over
Rock just hidden 'neath old mosses,
Which it tore away and furrowed.
When the blacksmith turned to get it
There appeared a bright new something
That reflected in the moonlight,
And he bent the leaves of silver
From their ancient rocky bedding,
Made a chain of heavy nuggets,
Piled the moss around to hide it,
Claimed the land and had it surveyed.
Called his many friends together,
Then they started all a-searching,
While the blacksmith met with others
Who had seen the wondrous values
In the claim, and then he sold it.
Straightway when he got his fortune
There began a celebration,
Night and day the feasting lasted,
Three whole days and nights alternate
This great founder knew of nothing,
But had visions wild and splendid—

INTRODUCTION

Thought the railroad track was coiling
'Round him like a monster serpent,
Also thought the fossil mammoth
Chased him up and down a glacier;
And they dosed him with the bromides,
But their all combined assistance
Could not stop the boat from rocking,
Even the medicine man was puzzled.
But at last when he recovered,
Found himself upon an island
With just water all around it.
To this day he cannot tell us
How he got onto that island,
Furthermore he cannot tell us
Of the passing of the fortune—
Perhaps the will of that great spirit,
Mitche Manito the evil.

Later on there came an expert,
Better known as the boaster,
He, the marvellous story-teller,
Heard about the land of silver
And of men who made big fortunes
Throwing hatchets round about them;
All he had to do was go there,
Get some inside information,
Find the ore where'er he wanted,

INTRODUCTION

Strip the moss in all directions,
Hold the claims for highest bidders,
Swagger 'round with all the big men.
He could raise great sums of money,
He it was who knew that country
Right up to the Arctic Circle,
And had been through many regions
That no white man ever heard of;
And it happened through some spirit
This great boaster, knowing all lands,
Lost himself within the forest.

Straightway he began to signal,
Set afire a ridge of tall trees,
That some distant forest ranger
Might take note and call out others.

Suddenly the village people
Camping all along the river,
Saw a fire break out behind them,
Saw a smoke that cast a shadow,
And they thought of tents and cabins
Scattered all around the townsite.
Off they went to stop the bushfire
Which had started in the outskirts,
And they came upon a wild man
Lost and lighting fires for signals
To some distant ranger's cabin.

INTRODUCTION

So it was they found the boaster
In a little patch of bushes
At the edges of the townsite.
In the days of northern wonders,
In the palmy days that followed,
A financial corporation
Called its chiefs and men together,
Brought directorate to council,
Came with all their plumes and feathers,
Right up to the land of Ophir.
Sat out as the breeze of morning
Played amongst the spruce and cedar
And the palisades of pine trees,
And they curved around the rock cuts,
Past blue lakes and wooded islands,
Tents and cabins of prospectors,
And where booms of logs were gathered
In the expanse below the rapids.
Then they reached the land of riches,
Went around amongst the wonders,
Heard great sayings of the future.
Then they met a man who drew them
With a wondrous proposition;
He had claimed an indication
And was out to get a buyer.
So the men with plumes and feathers

INTRODUCTION

Bought the mineral indication
Through reports by neo-experts;
Paid a little sum of money
And much paper to the owner;
Then while all was booming loudly
Went back to the council chamber,
Formed a company to develop.

As they were the present owners
Of the mineral indication,
To the company they sold it,
Paid themselves a quarter million,
All of money and no paper,
Which was borrowed by the sellers
From the financial corporation,
And 'twas they who had its trust funds
And they were the corporation.
Hence unto themselves they sold what
Was their own and double dealt it;
'Tis an ancient, honored custom.

Now had come the time for milking,
But there was the intrinsic value
Of the mineral indication.
Ere desired manipulation
And intended underwriting
Came a shortage in the audits

INTRODUCTION

Of the financial corporation.
May have been some more of Mitche.
Then the men with plumes and feathers
One by one they started touring,
Each has had his trip extended,
And were scattered to the four winds,
Underneath the star of evening.

Ye who love to get rich quickly
And who love the vaults of Nature
With their gold and with their silver,
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 rejoin-
ing 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.

THE RESIDENT ENGINEER

THERE was an old Indian dame,
A squaw who was "Tied Bull" by name,
 Made good use of her time
 And had managed to climb
To the heights of real yarn-telling fame.

She told this one about a young beaver
To each tenderfoot who'd believe her;
 The town'd a been wrecked
 But for its intellect
In a stunt it pulled off up the reever.

The beaver on its estimation
Built a dam at a high elevation;
 Here the town got its power
 By the kilowatt-hour,
With a flume to the high pressure station.

'Twas the Moon of Bright Nights or about then
A spring flood got up in the mountain,
 The worst in some years
 And tall were the fears
When it burst all around like a fountain.

THE RESIDENT ENGINEER

It washed down a camp and its drive
Of big timber, two thousand to five,
Where the beaver dammed bogs
Water rose, and the logs
By the hundreds began to arrive.

'Twas readily seen from the first
If those logs rushed the dam it would burst,
The town and its all
Would go straight to the wall;
Then the beaver prepared for the worst.

He went down the chutes for a surf ride,
When along came a sort of a neap tide;
He made the logs jam
Miles away from the dam,
And diverted the flood to the seaside.

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 a 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 thunders 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.

'Twas shown him by an Indian chief, Old Pie
Face was his name.
They knew of gold in wealth untold before the
paleface 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 young fellow named Spröcket
Who went up in the air like a rocket
 When he found 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 FAST MINSTREL

The tinorns 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 musee 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 Porcupine 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 tale
that's often told.
Some heavy swell—he took so well to an engin-
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 knothole
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 Cheeks '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.

THE ROCK EXPERT

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.

THE ROCK EXPERT

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

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

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.

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.

THE ROCK EXPERT

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.

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

Each half dollar had no fewer
Than sixty cents in silver pure.
For quarters thirty cents or so,
Dimes in similar ratio.

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 acerne.

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.

Many go through life by wits,
The world is full of counterfeits.
Some go through the pen, and hence
Their quarters cost them thirty cents.

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,
short case 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 off 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.”

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.

The veins, they whisper, blindly run;
In fact they're faulted in the rocks.
That's why he gave the place such knocks,
'Twas mostly traces to the ton.

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.

LIMITED RUBIES

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

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 birth, ay was

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 are 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 tinhorus 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 promoter 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.

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

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

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

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.

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.

And those who husbanded the golden Grain,
And those who had their life Investments ta'en,
To meet the worldly Hopes of aureate Earth,
Are down and out and filling up the Drain.

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

The moving Faker writes, but ere a Writ
Moves on, nor all your Lawyer's subtle Wit
 Shall work the Stitch in time to save the Nine.
Nor longer shall the Dividends remit.

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.

The Situation's cleared of any Snare,
The Dollars are worth Ninety Cents a Pair,
 So not a true Believer passing Notes
Should get Depreciation unaware.

AN OMAR FROM NORTHERN ONTARIO

And if the silver Mines where Rubes invest
End in the Nothing all Fakes end in, Yes;
 Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave it. Sure
Some have the Nothing, Thou must have the
 Rest.

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

Ah, 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?

SUCCESS

THE Snake at dawn had drunk his fill
And later took a sleeping pill.
His roadhouse in the mountain glade
Is where this novel scene is laid.
The eastern sky was growing red
When all the guests got into bed,
While through the mists across the bay
A swift canoe had made its way.
Nobody knew how they'd been shorn,
Oh! what a difference in the morn.

Now James the Snake in his cabin hold
Stored up much silver and some gold;
There were nuggets coarse to nuggets fine,
With ruby silver deep as wine,
For which he traded off his goods
To many people of the woods.
He took on deals, tried many claims,
But never rich got brother James.
He might have been a wealthy man
In early days when he began,
But just as he was almost there
Away he'd go upon a tear.

SUCCESS

He ran a blind-pig near the town,
Financed a dance-hall almost down,
Was also called the Terrible Turk
By residents of Rottenburg.
So James was known throughout the land;
He was as wild as Oscar, and
Was into every dive and den,
A dance-hall scandal now and then,
Most moonshine revels, stolen booze,
Rushed skirts with diamond-mounted shoes.
There were two people, James the Snake
And Painted Lady of the Lake,
And if they ever mentioned names
Included . . . was fusser James.

It seems they gave a dance that night
To which there came an old stage fright,
A crooked actor, and 'twas he
Who stood in well with cook Marie.
When in the cellar after wine
He came upon Jim's nugget line,
And after all were full of dope
He made his rounds as soft as soap.
Jim's friend, the yellow journalist,
Was first to find what all was missed.
They went for James, who found he'd laid
Behind the barrels in the shed

\$UCCESS

All night, and then a chase began
To catch that cook and highgrade man.
Of the nuggets they picked up two or three
In the wake of the minus Sweet Marie.
He lost in nearly all his games;
“Set back once more,” quoth gambler James.

The others went and left to mend
Jim and his journalistic friend;
Around the campfire on the sand
They sat and other business planned.
The journalist thought if anything
He'd go right back to publishing,
At which he was an old hasbeen,
And once had run a magazine.
'Twas his intention to create
A novel printing syndicate;
He'd run some yellow journals well,
Could make a yellow novel sell,
Certain hygienic books are sure,
Swift going, current literature;
Also was commercially wise
Of how it pays to advertise.
Being a good promoter he
Put through the deal quite readily;
They found that chances round them swarmed,
And so the syndicate was formed

\$UCCESS

Where James is hereinafter called
The Author, and got well installed,
And with the journalistic aid
A clever, wild romance was made,
To switch to Fortune's golden gleam
Chose social evils for the theme;
From close observances he took
A great idea for the book.
Quick-change artist now he poses,
Something of a moral Moses,
So well ordained for leading us
From out the Social wilderness.
The journalist he had to laugh
At Jim's first uncount pornograph;
He put the softest pedal down
And held it there and changed the sound,
Wrote in such passages as lent
Psychology and sentiment
To catch the reader, took a care
To hide a certain moral there;
Descriptive James made no mistake
Of Painted Lady of the Lake,
Her attributes, some items more,
'Twas hobohemian to be sure.
The book was printed, advertised,
The edition being largest sized.

SUCCESS

Appeared around most everywhere;
It held the morbid with a stare.
'Twas nearly dramatized to stage,
Being that year's literary rage.
An ordinary problem play,
It aired the vices of the day;
Each chapter had a lot of these
And usual inconsistencies.
It stirred the nation, its success
Caused divers comments in the press;
The volume very seldom missed
A big hit with a moralist;
Who'd doubt its infallibilities
Were rubbed with moral cantharides.
It got into the library
Of His Satanic Majesty,
Who'd list at keyholes with a grin
To those who read aloud within.

The syndicate began to grow,
'Tis a closed corporation now;
The rake-offs from the public yield
Great thousands when the lemon's peeled.
The roué author is retired
From his wild life, and now admired,
He has that certain dignity

SUCCESS

Success has given ; also he
And journalist have got a suite
In exclusive part of Easy Street.
Society has let them in,
Around they go by limousine.
No more James goes upon a tear,
He's mostly under doctor's care ;
Has expert consultations. These
Come high as engineering fees.
At last the book had had its run,
'Twas time to start another one
Much like the first, a perfect dream,
A second movement of the theme,
Which sequel hit a faster pace,
A libel on the human race ;
'Twas just another touch of Jim,
The critics put it up to him ;
Knowing he could not prove it so
He skipped and lives incognito.
He was a winner ; no one blames
A wizard with a nerve like James.

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

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.

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.

WINDY

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.

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

'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

Down beside the portage there was a cabin old,
'Twas full of wheels and machinery junk covered
in rust and mould.

Once the abode of a clever man with lots of time
to fool,

But now is better known because of a human
skull.

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.

THE INVENTOR

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.

"I have the financial backing of men like Car-
negi,
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.

THE INVENTOR

“ 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 pugg' house to waste life's
useful span.”

Everywhere this genius went everything got
queered.
People sought another town, values disappeared.
He was just a public charge, his debts none could
collect,
And now there stands a ruin of a boarding-house
he wrecked.

THE INVENTOR

Let they who alter natural laws always first take
heed,

“What the first morn of Creation wrote the last
great Dawn shall read.”

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

The skull was gone. Now wasn't that like a per-
petual motion fend?

JOE'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

His dreams were full of meaning and his life was
full of hope,
The same as Archimedes the time he found the
soap.
So he got in on the ground floor and headed off
a boom,
Then up the ladder of success, considering all the
room.

Just think of what a future this northern empire
had,
Imagine all those boulder hills in virgin forest
clad,
The mighty industries to come, the lumber, pulp-
wood, ore,
The paper mills, its water powers and railroads
by the score.

LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

At a meeting of two rivers where the railway also
came,
Lot heard about a veteran tract and found the
owner game.
It formed a natural townsite which figured to
his plan.
Another dispensation for the benefit of mau.

Lot took an option on the tract, and while the
prospect shone,
In payment gave the owner some factory sites
thereon.
Other capital was coming from a source where
there was pull,
But this was just a spare-rib from the confiden-
tial bull.

They started into plotting the day the deal went
through,
Subdivided all directions to where the hills
looked blue,
Even unto distant islands where the wild fowl
had their home,
And rock and swamp and alkali were advertised
as loam.

LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

He might have had an oil scare with squirts of
divers kinds,
But Cretaceous shales were waiting in the older
crystallines;
He might have had a lot of things, but then, as
will be seen,
Before they got a well at all ran out of gasoline.

To keep the weeds from growing he sowed the
streets with salt,
And also had the avenues all surveyed for
asphalt.
He had bohauks building cabins on restricted
villa plots,
On the mountain side selected high and dry hori-
zon lots.

He was strong on fire insurance, 'cause of bush-
fire's midnight glare,
Arranged with many companies to send their
agents there.
Having no bourse at that time, no place to buy
and sell,
His subsidiaries opened one within the log hotel.

LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

They also used the basement, in which a vault
was placed;
It held a safe and suitcase where Lot had cold
cash encased.
'Twas there the hot air shooters were wont to get
their range;
The place was duly chosen as the future stock
exchange.

The thing was underwritten for every slice of
stock,
The northern townsite company placed nearly
every block,
The floating population would stay a week or
more,
The only resident was one who took the ferry
o'er.

There was a lady dabbler with lots of heavy
grade;
In the northern empire townsite she took a few
in trade.
Some complex complications rose and Lot was
cornered tight,
And as the story goes he nearly got the widow's
might.

LOT'S REAL ESTATE DEAL

They looked for those developments where pulp-
wood forests grow,
There falls a mountain torrent, but it turns no
wheels below.
There is no sawmill's busy hum, no silver, cop-
per, lead,
And still beneath the conifers the granite hills
are red.

There are certain veterans living who ran Lot
out of town,
His wife had gone ahead of him and rubbered up
and down.
There was a money panic and a run upon the
vault;
They got the suitcase, which contained a pillar
of rock salt.

A RADIUM BOUNTY

FIFTY thousand dollars and expenses all the way,
Was read by a man with tomato can in a maga-
zine one day,
To be given to the founder as a bounty and then
some more,
Who could get a show of pitchblende or any
radium ore.
The founder got particulars and a piece of heavy
rock,
Made it "radio-active" like the dial of the
haunted clock
By covering the piece of heavy stone with phos-
phorescent paint
Until it would show in the darkness, giving a
glimmer faint.
And sure enough that very night the new-found
ore would stare
At every corner of the room and work its ghostly
glare,
Like the glow of punk in the bush at dark when
Indus sinks to sleep,
And those who saw it marvelled as the mystic
rays would creep.

A RADIUM BOUNTY

He let a mystery then leak out, but did no state-
ments make,
Until they sought the trail he took and the rocks
beyond the lake.
Throughout the hills, around the chutes that
piece of rock was known,
Indians called it the "Demon Star," told of the
wondrous stone;
Pilgrims landed at the point, calling at the
shrine,
None would credit the story until they saw it
shine.
Exclusive information bids and offers fell in a
bunch,
Thirty day options, interests, it was a real free
lunch,
When suddenly big business loomed and the
founder's fortune came
Out of the Nothing, and his roll flashed like a
magic flame.
He might have applied for the bounty, too, but
ere the thing got queered,
Blazed like a star of the Algol type and quietly
disappeared.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

If they say the lode is half a mile wide
It's safe to divide by ten ;
And if you are paying professional fees
Make sure of professional men.

If they offer an hundred thousand shares
For your name in the company,
And then talk of wide margins of profit.
Divide it by twenty-three.

Don't turn down good offers for your claims
In terms of some fabulous gain ;
The man with all day and nothing to do
Is the one who misses the train.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

If you make that fortune and meet old friends,
Don't turn up your nose and recoil;
Remember the tallest family trees
Have had their roots in the soil.

Climb up the ladder of success,
Get your leg 'round the highest rung;
What matters so long as you get there?
Sure the widow was built to be stung.

When the way ahead becomes crooked,
And you're cornered in the game,
To overcome a temptation,
Quickest way is to yield to same.

When choosing an alias
Choose also the fastest ship;
Nothing succeeds like success
For the man who knows when to skip.

Cut the theories 'neath the root,
Unless they bear the fruit sought;
Get this, there is no lode so good
As the one with an iron hat.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

Never go doubting experts,
It marks ignorance; anon
You may incite the wrath of gods
Like old Laocoön.

Always find good in the scheme of things
And life's great mystery;
But as long as there are ladies,
Love all and trust nobody.

Don't persuade your lady friend
You can make her rich in a day;
Mostly when Fortune flatters
She is doing it to betray.

This is a simple, natural law,
Who hath not found it so?
Beware of advice of youngsters;
Old heads on young shoulders won't go.

Those who blow about "myself,"
'Tis a kindly thing to warn,
That people know most egotists are
'Neath the sign of April born.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

They who make hurried exits,
Engaged on some crooked job,
May pick and choose good company,
'Cause the devil is no snob.

They whose fortunes are nebulons,
With a vast gulf fixed between,
Read up on economics
Why a dollar bill is green.

Always remember your place in life,
Don't swagger like a king;
A gentleman hobo and hobo
Sum out to the very same thing.

Sailors from Life's nursery
Adrift on the ocean of joys,
Should learn that empty vessels
Are the ones that make most noise.

Sidestep society borrowers
Who come with song and dance;
Only paupers and parasites
Can afford extravagance.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF MAX

That star boarder who lives best
Never a bill will meet;
And it's he who makes eternal demands
For concessions in his suite.

If a Dukhobor turn prudent
And come into town in tights,
He's taking a chance, because no man
Has a right to all of his rights.

Should all things fail and you go to the wall,
A thrifty loophole you'll find,
If you write a sex drama or dance-hall sketch;
When rehearsing pull down the blind.

FRIENDZIED FINANCE

FROM highballs to three golden balls, his record
in two years,
When unto him there came a pal now also in
arrears.
They borrowed on their chattels and almost on
their clothes,
Established little I O U's as only friendship
knows.

They imitated others, but soon 'tis found out that
The world may love a parodist but hates a copy-
cat;
The same as all good fakers ere they get through
life they see
That Truth is asset while a lie is liability.

FRIENDZIED FINANCE

Beneath the sign of Taurus they sat and mused
at nights,
They found the world is rich enough to keep its
parasites.
When their names were written with the never-
will-be-misseds,
Each turned over new leaves, each turned into
socialists.

The neophytes could use their nerve as a divining
rod,
They tried to form a company and draw a padded
wad.
Why could they not get gold bricks from the
heavy bullion scales?
Why did they not own oil wells in the Ananias
shales?

They slipped into an oil field with an anticlinal
belt,
Had reports by bearded experts where an indica-
tion smelt,
But went right up against it 'cause no oil had
ever been
From the Lower Mesozoic to the Upper Eocene.

FRIENDZIED FINANCE

There was a certain rich man, and there they
fixed their hopes,
So hung around rotundas and smoked long
Turkish dopes.
He took them to his office when they boned him
ou the stair;
With the nerve of Uncle Happy each grabbed an
easy chair.

Satan findeth someone still for idle hands to do.
They wanted several thousands and the oil
would squirt right through,
Also hinted that the world's wealth should divide
out evenly.
And after all the folderol the rich man turned;
said he:

"On careful estimation it has recently been
found,
Thirty cents to all men were my wealth divided
'round.
I can finance you and your friend and oil you
right away;
I've an interest in young people; here's your
thirty cents; good day."

THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

BENEATH a dome of solid blue and towering into
space

There rose a sort of mesa set in a desert place,
'Twas fluted like an organ and star-shaped at the
base.

Amongst the talus thrown behind there ran a
rock-cut stair,

An old grey ruin with its towers and arches
everywhere,

Like some dead Sardis ghostly rose on top of
sunset glare.

Someone explained the wall of stones, how, in
the bygone days,

An ancient people climbed the heights the moon
and stars to praise;

It was a temple of the sun where now the ruin
lays.

THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

Consider all the heavens. Upon that starry floor
Are writ the golden numbers of our fortunes (if
they're sure),
And bright orbs influence our ways as in the
days of yore.

And with a fine horizon about a mountain mere
We swept around the ecliptic where skies were
crystal clear,
Urania showed the stars that mark the waning
of the year.

There twinkled dim Aries that ushers in the
Spring.
And Aurigæ's great chariot was seen to curve
and swing
Beyond the rescuing Perseus adrift on soaring
wing.

'Twas near the time of Capricorn, and in the
midnight sky
More stars came out and danced around about
the galaxy.
The sight of all the heavens came creeping up on
high.

THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

Orion with his star-gemmed belt and nebula dim
white,
Those wondrous beams, the silvery streams
around the isles of light,
Lined in the east and trailed across the solitudes
of night.

There were the hazy Pleiades, with seven stars
to find,
And, like the seven sisters, their tresses all com-
bined.
With that queer light they formed one gem and
mystically they shined.

Between them and Orion great Taurus made his
way,
His horns were tipped by two bright stars, with
glittering gem display,
He charged upon the hunter through drifts of
stellar spray.

And in that constellation the scientists have
found
The centre of the Universe where theories
abound,
The sage of all the Zodiac in all its cycles round.

THE STAR WORSHIPPERS

He is the big sign of our times, a greater one
than Mars,
An oracle, a deity, the chief of avatars,
A sport, he shows his "V" along the Great
White Way of stars.

I hold it truth with all the guardians of
astrology,
From the golden age in which we live hencefor-
ward it shall be,
We call on brilliant Taurus to guide our destiny.

LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK

A MAN went out where the bull-moose calls,
Let his canoe go over the falls;
Canoe, hat, coat were washed ashore,
But the man was never heard of more.
Under another name he lives,
Got his insurance through relatives.

This is about a man with a hod,
Who carried bricks for a living wad;
He 'phoned to a place for a brick of gold
To be sent for assay and later sold.
The assay office received the brick,
And the hod-man followed up his trick.
He went and told the clerks out there
About a big mistake somewhere.
Of course there was, and the brick went back,
Through his courtesy, and he took a bush track.
Then there was offered a little wad
For the whereabouts of the man with the hod.

One day a stranger came to the bank
And wrote a full deposit blank;
Put two thousand to new account,
The next day doubled this amount,

LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK

And so on for a week or more
Till the balauce reached a thousand score.
Nobody seemed to get him. These
Were found to be retaining fees.
He was a diamond expert. He
Applied some new geology;
Cons came in and bought up ground
Where the same rock did abound.
Many followed at his heels,
He put through some heavy deals.
The bank has the fees and some mment stones,
But he left with half a million bones.

A man with an inventive streak
Sowed gold dust along a creek.
He let the news get through the bush,
And tried to cause a placer rush.
He started panning. We are told
He was the only one to find the gold.
He recovered his dust and away he rowed,
All he reaped was what he sowed.

A Venice merchant holding a claim
Tried to start the arson game,
Arranged touch-offs in coal-oil tins
To cover multitudes of sins.
The thing was staged with straw and chairs,
With Wun Lung's laundry shop upstairs.

LEAVES FROM A SKETCH BOOK

When the smoke began to roll,
Wun upset tubs down the stovepipe hole.
The fire went broke and the salvage corps
All got in on the ground floor.
Ere the insurance could be drawn
The owner had to leap like a fawn.

A company that formed again
Asked the president to buy a big vein.
When he saw the size of the gash
He lent them some of their own cash.

A fellow had a site on a hill
To set a concentrating mill.
It's a fright what that guy could afford,
He owed six hundred bones for board.

There was another funny case,
A young man right in diabase.
An expert said the ore was there—
Two months to be a millionaire.

Another, hearing of the wealth,
Jumped a job for the good of his health;
Followed the laws of nature, then
Like water found his level again.

A prodigal born 'neath a lucky star,
Brought in his friends per private car.
He went on thus till he went behind;
Now he's the "see me to-morrow" kind.

ODE TO A NUT

OH! hazel bough shading the source of springs,
Where grows the little nut in clusters gay,
Thy home is in the vale or mountain way,
Near walls of basalt where the deep moss clings.
What a pure life amongst the mountain rose,
Or near a violet bank in some smooth dell,
What wondrous natural history could'st thou
tell
Or Earth's great secrets where the garden blows.

It happened 'neath that very bough reclined,
Like Pan upon the hills, a man,
With special look and all the rips of Van,
Knowing the fruits yet careless of mankind,
And seeking in the leaves the kernel shape,
Ate for a living, slept where soft winds blow,
Found everything provided, bid me know
That he was jocund with the fruitful Grape.

ODE TO A NUT

Nature in all her branches, that he loved
And lived so undefiled, an ideal life,
Scorning the riches, knew no worldly strife,
The following he claimed was easily proved;
He never knew the wickedness of man
From sermons in the stones, from tongues in
trees,
From wildwood echoes or the mountain breeze,
Nor traced the vices where the violets ran.

And as he mused about the little nut
He found no wrong or evil hidden there,
So queer because it's mostly everywhere.
And based on his researches it seems that
Most good is simply here on approbation.
He showed, referring to the nut again,
How unlike the one that holds the human
brain;
Most obscene item in the whole Creation.

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.

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.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

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.

Amongst old junk and magazines upon the wet,
sprung 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.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

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.

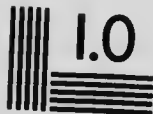
We first went north for a timber berth ;
But later found it wasn't worth
What we first thought, so arranged to lease
One half and kept the other piece.

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.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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4.5

5.0

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2.0

1.8

1.6



1.25



1.4



1.6



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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.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

THERE was a young fellow named Wooster
Who listened too much to a booster;
 He jumped a good job,
 And now has to rob,
'Cause he don't get the salary he uster.

A guy who camped back of the station,
Found a fault with a good indication;
 Two wise men from the east
 Got him soused at a feast,
And got the inside information.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There was a young fellow named Duckett,
Ran a shop better known as a "bucket";
 The detectives were on,
 And ere he was gone,
They wondered however he stuck it.

A young engineer up in Slawshum
Found some nuggets and started to wash 'em;
 By the time he had learned
 To sluice the right current,
The tailings had piled right across him.

There was a young fellow in hid'ing,
Who changed his location by riding
 On a brake-beam and slept.
 When he woke, out he crept,
'Cause the freight-car was left on a siding.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There is a dark fellow called Skinny,
Who goes in the hole every penny;
 The best of his schemes
 Coincide with his dreams,
Affording amusement to many.

There was a prodigious dream-shaper
Who invented a novel fly-paper;
 His fortune is due,
 And his girl won't come through,
And now he is out as a scraper.

There was a young man. To his sorrow
He was always insuring to-morrow;
 Through a rift in the smoke
 He saw he was broke,
'Cause the place had gone off like Gomorrah.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

They tell of a wise subdivider
Who extended the townsite much wider.
 The girl he took home
 Lived away 'cross the loam,
And he walked that much longer beside her.

A fellow who never-would-try-it,
Knocked Capital, used to decry it.
 When he found a good claim,
 Straightaway in he came
To get Capitalism to buy it.

There was a young fellow from college
With a string of gold medals for knowledge;
 The metal therein
 He pawned to begin,
To get on a line of bread hanlage.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There was a fat brewer named Sliver
Who had a moonshine up the river.
 Someone said, "Put her here,
 Life's worth living on beer";
But that all depends on the liver.

There was a society fellah
Who rushed a fat heiress named Stella;
 The silly young chap
 Let her sit on his lap,
And she tumbled right through to the cella.

There was a young fellow went beany
All over a fake of a queeny;
 He made several calls,
 And they went to the balls,
And he wound up a deal with a sheeny.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

There was an idealist so string-beaned,
Tried to steer busy men the way he leaned;
 He'd no troubles nor cares,
 Never craved gold nor shares;
But they found he was simply a dope fiend.

A socialist said that his portion
He'd divide amongst all. When a fortune
 Came to him through an aunt,
 He skipped on a slant,
And sought a new life and a short 'un.

There was a young suffragette guesser,
And a little wee mouse to distress her;
 She cut the bomb strings
 And grabbed for her things,
And was found up on top of a dresser.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

A moralist, somewhat a fumer,
Noted wrong in all things, loved a rumor;
 If someone made a break
 She a meaning would take,
Displaying a fine sense of humor.

There was a young writer so funny
That he got out his books by the ton. He
 Wrote novels on vice.
 They were nasty, but nice.
Now what a queer way to earn money!

There was a young lady whose mission
Was regarding all men with suspicion;
 She kept airing her views
 About ethical dues;
Now she's an old maid with ambition.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

An old fossil hunter named Horace
Had a shack of queer things from the forest;
 O'er the door was a bone
 Of an animal known
As a palæogigantosaurus.

There was a smooth sort of a troller
Who posed through the west as an oiler;
 The bull-wheel got stuck,
 And a rope ran amuck,
And he lit on the top of the boiler.



