

1028/82/23

CU5417/82.18

21 JORDAN STREET,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

C.P.R. 1886.

Ye travellers of every grade,  
Who journeys long and short have made,  
Or who through regions wild have strayed,  
List to my tale.  
Your pains I trust will be repaid  
Nor interest fail.

And first the heroes of my story,  
Were they young rips or elders hoary,  
And sought they sport or martial glory?  
With muses aid,  
I'll set them each one straight before ye,  
In verse portrayed.

Chiefest, The Boss who first thought out  
The scheme which brought our trip about,  
A genial chap of purpose stout,  
His plans succeed.  
No friend his aid need ever doubt  
In time of need.

His brother next, a man of pills,  
In medicine learned and human ill,  
What brings the rain, what made the hills,  
He'll shew you plain.  
The milk of human kindness fills,  
His every vein.

Then comes "J.B." the kindest soul,  
That e'er smoked pipe or quaffed a bowl,  
In travelling skilled he takes control,  
With cautious hand,  
Of grub, and grog, and route the whole,  
With wisdom planned.

The Deacon next, a jovial chum,  
Full of quaint jokes and fancies rum,  
Of belly round and ponderous b-m,  
Search far and near,  
Choosing with care, you'll rarely come,  
Across his peer.

*SWO*

*W O*

*John Reams*  
*John Reams*

*William Baines*  
*William Baines*



(Sir Edmund's office address)  
21 JORDAN STREET,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

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The last a Scot, who feared the sea,  
And yet strange lands who longed to see,  
To tell of him his task must be,  
Who cares to try,  
The author of these lines is he,  
And so feels shy.

*Bells*

Yet stay, my memory nearly failed,  
One more there was who with us sailed,  
But business claims with him prevailed,  
And called him back,  
A loss severe: We oft bewailed,  
He'd left our track.

*I cannot remember  
who this was*

And last, not least, must find a place,  
Within these jingling verses, space,  
David, though born of swarthy race,  
Beyond all price,  
He comes to time with beaming face,  
But won't boil rice.

*The Jockey horse  
Cook.*

And now of regions where we strayed,  
Of hills, rocks, streams and verdant glades,  
Of perils past, and broad jokes made,  
Or emptied flasks,  
My muse should sing, but starts afraid  
To face such tasks.

For I must tell of bark canoes,  
With noble red men for their crews,  
Of bumper trout and ducks in "slews,"  
In masses flocked,  
Of sulphur springs and chinese stews,  
And stinks which shocked.

Memories of these, a tangled throng,  
Float in my brain, with influence strong,  
To tempt my pen, of these ere long,  
When time permits,  
I'll tell a tale or sing a song,  
As the mood fits.