

Hence turned the inquisition loose
On Aleck, termed in jest "The Moose"—
A careful, cautious, silent man,
Built on the elephantine plan,
So wise he was, the tale was told,
That all he touched was turned to gold;
His simple ways and kindly heart,
His generous hand, so swift to part
With ready coin, if proof were sure
'Twas needed aid to sick or poor,
Made him in land, not deemed his home,
A Citizen, a Knight of Rome.

Of him 'twas thus the story ran
How once, when in the Vatican, .
In special audience with the Pope
For some religious brand of dope,
He turned abruptly as to go,
Said, "Mr. Pope, let's kiss your toe,
Y' see I've little business rush,
My time is short, I'll hae t' mush."
Though this be jester's tale or not,
It much were like the worthy Scot,
Who, bred in rough ways of the hills,
Had little use for courtly frills.

RE DOMINION CREEK.

There seemed an opinion, that out on Dominion
This son of New Scotia was first in the swim;
And facts went for showing, that favors then going,
Denied unto others were granted to him.
'Twas not intimated, nor insinuated
That interests were given, or money was spent,
It was only Big Aleck, who "spokit the gaelic,"
But the boys in the office knew just what he meant.