

William Moody, lot 15, concession 11 :

The Moodys, without fail,
Will do for a tail
For my rhyme that's four miles and a half long ;
Now, I will say here again
I do not wish to offend,
With your permission, I'll here end my song.
Now, my kind reader,
If business should lead you,
And you ever should stop in our town
And inquire for the man
That drew up this plan,
There is no one would suspect E. B. Brown

⇒ FINIS ⇒