

## THE EXPLORER

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### DOC. COOK.

Little Doc. Cook was a merry little crook,  
A merry little crook, you know;  
He sent for his dog and he sent for his grog,  
And he sent for his Es-ki-meaux.  
Now this little Doc. was a merry little cock,  
And fond of the flowing bowl;  
In a great big ship he went for a trip,  
And he dreamt that he saw the Pole.  
With an awful thirst, he got there first,  
And planted a great big flag;  
In a deep ice hole 'longside the Pole  
He acquired an Arctic jag.  
Then he staggered back across the crack  
Till he struck the nearest cable,  
The Eski-meaux he then let go,  
And wrote his famous fable.  
This merry little crook wrote a great big book,  
For he was devilish "leary,"  
With dough in the bank from the "gullible  
Yank,"  
He knocked the spots off Peary.  
So here's to Cook, the merry little crook,  
And here's to the flowing bowl,  
Old Bernier bold, the ice and the cold,  
And the good old Arctic Pole.