

A real lady, Mrs. Lewis,
 When we met she always knew us—
 I say "she always knew us when
 we met"—

She belongs to Sumas Prairie,
 She's as quick as any fairy,
 Though aged, she's very interest-
 ing yet.

And when thinking of these dames
 We come now to Mrs. James,
 Another Chadsey woman left alone
 You sometimes might perplex her
 But you'd surely never vex her;
 For goodness only she must now
 atone.

Jane McDonald from the Landing,
 Whom we now see proudly standing,
 She was widowed, but ambitious,
 strong and hale;
 We could see her through the wicket
 Take a stamp and gently lick it,
 Then place it upside down upon
 the mail.

Mrs. Mac the farm has fired
 For she says "I'm getting tired,
 I've given up my chickens and
 my calf,"

Mr. Mac delights to tease her—
 He's a wicked, old-time "geezer,"
 And the father of the valley
 telegraph.