

Next is Mrs. Cory Ryder
 All her neighbors, who beside her
 Have lived in peace for two score
 years or more,
 They can tell you of the pleasure
 They enjoyed in heaping measure
 As they visited at times within
 her door.

Mrs. Woodward we're recalling,
 And it truly is appalling.
 To think she left here forty years
 ago;
 Though to us she is no stranger
 Yet we fear there is a danger
 In Chilliwack she'd not know
 where to go.

Chapman's wife has long been taken
 And the valley she's forsaken—
 While here she lived and played
 her part quite well;
 Years ago they emigrated
 And a blacksmith shop created;
 Behind the anvil stood Emanuel.

Long before the roads were gravelled
 When on horseback people travelled,
 Not in buggies and in autos as
 just now;
 Robert Thompson came to settle,
 Smoke his pipe and boil his kettle,
 Up beside the little mountain
 with his frau.