

Mrs. Webb was once a Yankee,
 And she's seldom ever cranky,
 But somehow she has always been
 the boss;
 Making Raish attend his knittin'
 Wind the clock and oust the kitten
 And bring her fruit for jam and
 applesauce.

Next we think of Mrs. Hector
 And we very much respect her
 And gladly give her place among
 the troop;
 For she has a splendid record—
 Absolutely it's uncheckered—
 She's the widow of our old friend,
 Hector Toop.

Mrs. Williams, from Australia—
 And she surely would derail you
 If you should chance to speak ill
 of her Bob.—
 They from Ireland migrated,
 To the Bradshaw's they're related;
 Her royal blood within her used
 to throb.

Mrs. Whitfield, always pleasant—
 At Victoria she's at present—
 'Tis years ago but we do not
 forget
 When she moved down to the city
 And we said 'twas such a pity
 Time has not changed our views,
 we think so yet.