

There is Chas. R. Stoneman, our post office man,—
But we must hurry along as fast as we can,
Else some of the worthie's will sure be left out,
Which will make them madder than being in it, no doubt.
In passing, I'll say that from South End to Milton
There's no kinder heart than beats in Brad Hilton.

In the rank of educators Murray Lawson claims renown
As a live encyclopedia of the shipping of the town;
In fact, on any old subject no one dares to dispute him;
But he ne'er goes to church—the preacher don't suit him.—

Pat Wyman and Kempton deserve passing mention;
The cads all revere them, and it is their intention
To teach every boy and girl under their care
The very best things to be learned anywhere.

The preachers—well here's a hard task I admit,
To get them all in the best way they will fit,
But here goes—let me see—there's the great Dr. Hill,—
He's a fairly good preacher, deny it who will.
Then Mr. Bezanson, and Philips comes third.
But I'd like to tell them, were I a small bird,
To cut it short quicker and let us home to our dinners;
They can't hope at one session to convert all the sinners
The rest of the clergy, we'll soon be without 'em,
So I think I won't bother any more about 'em.

In the music profession we have a great host
Of artists; I don't know which one is loved most,
Since old Neddie Sweeny ceased from his fiddlin',
The artists in that line have been very middlin'.
Of course Mrs. Helmes does the best that she can,
And we're all glad to hear them, woman or man.
Professor Roy Williams, he bangs ivory keys
From morning till night, and makes ones blood freeze
With his rare execution of classic and rag;
It's just born in him, and he's no hand to drag.
The singers? Great Heaven! Must I name every one?
If so, I'll be sorry, I ever begun.
There are Gardener and Cann, that pair so funny,
And Temple Quartette, who sing without money,
And Gordon Lewis, with his big deep basso,
And Mel Parker of Milton, our local Caruso.
And a soprano in Zion choir who'd beat Jenny Lind,
If she had the voice and a little more wind.
Dear me! there are so many, its very confusing,
And if I don't look out, I'll get some abusing
For putting folks last who think they should be first,
Or 'tother way about—I wonder which would be worst!